

Myriam E. L. L. L.

BLACK'S GUIDE TO CORNWALL

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BLACK'S GUIDE
TO
CORNWALL

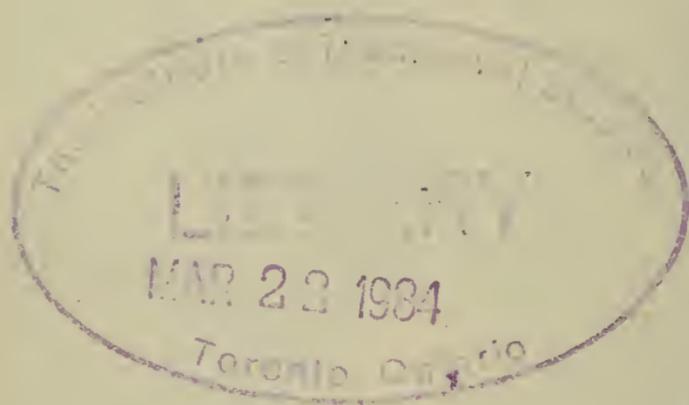
EDITED BY
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TWENTY-SECOND EDITION
WITH MAPS AND PLANS

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PREFACE

IN the present edition of our *Guide to Cornwall* greater importance has been given to the popular coast resorts, some of which are coming more and more into note both as summer and as winter havens. With these, as far as possible, we have connected the various points of interest most often visited on excursions from them, so that different sections will serve as small handbooks to Fowey, Falmouth, Penzance, the Lizard, the Land's End, Newquay, Tintagel, and other spots where strangers are most likely to take up their quarters.

As usual, we have tried to make our pages both readable and practical, entering into the spirit of the scene without over-loading our descriptive outlines with too much detail, which, in the case of a longer stay at any place, could be sought in local guides and more elaborate works, duly referred to for the benefit of our readers. Our principle is that a guide-book for use by passing tourists may contain too many facts as well as too few, the latter fault, of course, the more unpardonable: our aim has been to avoid either extreme, with regard for proper proportion and the needs of the kind of reader chiefly kept in view.

On one head, we have, perforce, failed to be as explicit as might be desired. Several Cornish mansions possess not only beautiful grounds, but valuable collections of paintings, antiquities, and other objects of attraction. Our endeavour has been to learn from the owners, or their agents, if, when, and how strangers will be made welcome, or at least tolerated, in inspection of such treasures. Some of our inquiries have

been most courteously met by the information that will be found in its proper place ; others, by significant silence ; while in certain cases it has been more or less distinctly intimated that the proprietors do not wish to encourage inconvenient sight-seers. Yet even when "no admission" is the rule, some slight local interest or introduction will often be found to pave the way for exceptional favour.

The hotels, as usual, are roughly placed in the order of importance and expensiveness ; but in the case of pensions no such arrangement is attempted.

Even "Guides" are liable to be led astray by human error ; so here, as always, we shall be grateful for any suggestions of correction or amendment. For valuable assistance, in this way or in others, the Editor's thanks are already due to many friends and furtherers.

Note to Twenty-second Edition.—The book has again been revised and as far as possible brought up to date. The attention of readers is called to the Itinerary of Cornwall roads (at the end), which should be useful to motorists as well as to cyclists.

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COACHES, MOTOR COACHES, AND
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PENZANCE COACHES. (SUMMER)

G.W.R. ROAD MOTOR CARS

Penzance, Pendeen, and St. Just four times daily (extra cars on Thursdays and Saturdays; get bill at Station). Fare, 1s. 1

Penzance and Land's End, three trips daily. Fare, 1s. 8d.

Helston to the Lizard, four trips daily. Fare, 1s. 9d.

Helston to Porthleven, four trips daily (extra trip on Saturdays). Fare, 7d.

St. Austell and Bugle, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, twice daily; Friday and Saturday, three times each day. Fare, 9d.

St. Austell and St. Dennis, four times daily. Fare, 1s. 1d.

Redruth and Falmouth, four-times daily. Fare, 1s. 6d.

Also two cars daily to Portreath and Carharrack Fare, 8d. and 6d. (Extra car on Fridays and Saturdays.)

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Several times daily all the year round to St. Just, and on Thursday and Saturday to Crowlas.

L. AND S.W. RAILWAY

North-East Cornwall (in season). Four-horse coaches to Bude, Boscastle, Tintagel, and Camelford in connection with trains. Fares (Bude to Boscastle), 6s. and 7s. (return, 8s. and 9s. 6d.). Between Boscastle or Tintagel and Camelford Station, 2s.

COACHES, STEAMBOATS, GOLF CLUBS

COACHES (*continued*)

Wadebridge, St. Columb and Newquay (in season) once daily, coach each way. Fare, Wadebridge to Newquay, 4s. (return, 6s.).

STEAMBOATS

Penzance to Scilly Islands (Isles of Scilly S.S. Co., Ltd., 6 North Parade, Penzance). Sailings of R.M. Steamer (weather permitting), Monday, Wednesday, and Friday to Scilly Islands, starting about 10 A.M. Fares, single, 10s. Average passage, four hours. Return boats, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 9.0 A.M.

The times of sailings are liable to alteration.

Steam launches (in season) run nearly every hour, leaving Extension Pier, Penzance, to Mousehole and Lamorna Cove. Motor launches run nearly every hour to St. Michael's Mount.

Truro to Falmouth by water (daily, summer; River Fal S.S. Co., Ltd.). Fare, 9d. (return, 1s.). Tickets permit return by rail.

Up the Tamar (daily, summer). Fare, 1s. 6d.

GOLF CLUBS

BODMIN (Royal Cornwall). 9 holes. 5s. weekly, 10s. monthly.

BOSCASTLE. 9 holes. 7s. 6d. weekly.

BUDE (North Cornwall). 18 holes and 9 holes. (In season), 7s. 6d. weekly, 20s. monthly (ladies half-fees). Hotel course, 12 holes. (In season), 10s. weekly, 20s. monthly.

GOLF CLUBS

- FALMOUTH.** 18 holes. 10s. 6d. weekly, 30s. monthly.
- FOWEY.** 9 holes. 6s. weekly, 20s. monthly.
- LAUNCESTON** (St. Stephen's). 9 holes. 4s. weekly,
12s. monthly.
- LELANT** (West Cornwall). 18 holes. 15s. weekly,
40s. monthly. 9 holes. 7s. weekly, 21s. monthly.
- LIZARD.** 9 holes. 5s. weekly, 15s. monthly.
- LOOE.** 9 holes. 7s. 6d. weekly, 21s. monthly.
- MULLION.** 18 holes. 10s. weekly, 30s. monthly.
- NEWQUAY.** 18 holes. (In season), 15s. weekly, 60s.
monthly.
- PENZANCE.** 12 holes. 7s. 6d. weekly, 20s. monthly.
- ST. AUSTELL.** 18 holes. 1s. 6d. per day.
- SCILLY ISLES.** 9 holes. 5s. weekly, 15s. monthly.
- TINTAGEL.** 9 holes (two courses, one belonging to
the Castle Hotel). For both, 5s. weekly, 15s.
monthly.
- TRURO.** 9 holes. 4s. weekly, 10s. 6d. monthly.
- WADEBRIDGE** (St. Enodoc). 18 holes. 10s. weekly,
30s. monthly.
- WHITSAND BAY.** 18 holes. 10s. weekly, 15s.
monthly.

Note.—Many of the golf clubs do not begin "season" rates until end of July ; almost all have special rates for Easter.

INTRODUCTION

THE "Duchy of Cornwall," as this south-western appendix of England loves to be styled, is a country of markedly individual characteristics, distinguishing it from all other parts of the kingdom. Many strangers crossing the Tamar, "over that fairy bridge of Brunel's, hung aloft between the blue of the river and the blue of the sky," are fain to fancy themselves in another country ; and as they advance, it is to find that impression deepened which gives a Cornish tour something of the interest of foreign travel. Truth to tell, this interest is mainly confined to the broken and wave-beaten coast-line, almost uniformly striking, and often magnificent, broken by frequent fishing havens that to more than one sense suggest the kind of picturesqueness looked for under a Mediterranean sky. Inland, the scenery, dear as it may be to those who have known it from childhood, is apt to affect the unfamiliar eye as dreary in its monotonous expanse of rough brown moors, swelling up into low ridges, scarred by mines and topped by smokeless engine-shafts to take the place of trees—"a most unclassical Campagna, covered with the ruins of obscure industry." Even the dignity of height is wanting here, Brown Willy, the loftiest point in Cornwall, being under 1400 feet.

Cornwall's jovial neighbours are in the way of asserting that it does not grow wood enough to make a coffin. This of course is a calumny ; but timber here has to be sought for in the sheltered hollows, often nourishing a thick growth of oak-coppice, as well as statelier trees, among them the small-leaved Cornish elm, so rarely found in

other counties. On the open heights, flowering its best at that season when, as poets tell us, kissing comes most in favour, glows a profusion of gorse, including the double-blossomed sort, which, with the various heaths, the white *erica vagans* and the *ciliaris* their peculiar pride, and the splendid cliff-carpeting of the sea pink, the hardy bloom of brambles, and the graceful verdure of tamarisks in warm nooks, as well as the stains of lichen upon hoary rocks, themselves often finely tinted, go far to relieve the prevailing dulness of colour. Brick appears rarely where its becoming background of green is wanting; but white-wash is much used, with lively effect, on the open landscapes. The stair-like Cornish stiles, the substantial walls and hedges, the conical "windmow" stacks, the prominence of church towers and other beacon marks, are striking features on the face of the country.

The time when Cornwall is seen to the best advantage is perhaps in spring, which here comes to meet one from the Atlantic; or in late autumn, while a hectic glow still lingers about "the good gigantic smile o' the old brown earth." Those who love the "high midsummer pomps" might feast their eyes more fully elsewhere. In winter this scenery suffers less than that of most other parts. As the question of weather is a most important one to tourists, we will begin with it in sketching the qualities of a district which gets more than its fair share of what wind and rain are going in our island.

The **Climate** of Cornwall is the most equable on the British mainland, owing to the manner in which this tongue of land, almost surrounded by sea, is washed by the Gulf Stream and brushed by the prevalent south-west winds. The southern end, less exposed to other influences, is remarkably mild in winter and not often hot in summer, the usual range of temperature being about 20°. Snow and frost seldom hold out long against the mild breath of the Atlantic; yet, now and again natives are surprised and strangers disappointed by a visitation of exceptional severity, as in the spring blizzard of 1891 and the long

hard winter of 1895. Such a climate has the defects of its qualities; it takes all the bracing force of sea air to save it from being relaxing in its humid softness, which, indeed, seems not to hurt the health of those born under its mists and clouds. Tourists, taking one month with another, must reckon at least every second day as likely to be more or less wet, and will be lucky not to come in now and then for a week of rain; but all the more clear and lovely are the glimpses of sunshine, for which, in winter, Cornwall has a good chance of being better off than its neighbours. As hinted above, the sea winds prevent timber trees from reaching any great size in open situations; but lower growths show singular luxuriance in sheltered nooks, especially of the south coast. About Falmouth and Penzance, and in the Scilly Isles, several varieties of palms, cacti, and camellias, and other exotics flourish under the open air. The olive tree has been planted with success in a few places. The Austrian pine, and other foreigners of this species, do well in the western parts. Stone fruit, however, and apples and pears, do not generally gain the same full flavour as in Devon, for want of dry heat.

Geology.—The Carbonaceous formations of North Devon extend into the north-western angle of the county, but by far the greater part of Cornwall belongs to the Devonian or greywacke series of rocks, consisting of slates and shales, which occupy much of South Devon, and occur again in North Devon and Somersetshire. From the Devonians four large patches of granite project at intervals. The Land's End district forms the most westerly of these granite patches. A large mass of serpentine occupies the district about the Lizard Head; and the Devonian rocks are traversed by numerous veins and outbreaks of trap and of "elvan,"—the name locally given to porphyries, granitic and felspathic. But to a great extent the cliffs are of slate, taking on a grimly bristling roughness under the lashing of the waves, especially along the storm-beaten walls of the north-west coast-line.

Of the mineral veins, for which Cornwall has so long been famous, tin is found in both granite and slate ; copper for the most part in granite. The most important Cornish copper ore is the sulphuret, commonly known as grey ore by the miners ; but copper pyrites, or the bisulphuret of copper, occurs far more frequently in both Cornwall and Devon. The tin of Cornwall has been known and worked from a period long before the dawn of certain history. Copper, which lies deeper in the earth, and consequently cannot be "streamed" for, was almost unnoticed in the county until the end of the 15th century, and little attention was paid to it until the last years of the 17th. No mine seems to have been worked exclusively for copper before the year 1700 ; soon after which a Mr. Coster gave great impulse to the industry by draining some of the deeper mines, and instructing the men in an improved method of dressing the ore.

Unfortunately, the Cornish mines have come to be worked at much disadvantage. In every sense they were going down, and the deeper the workings the more expensive it became to bring up the metal, while in other parts of the world their rivals were in the position of our early miners, who got their easy gains near the surface. For the tin trade, Cornwall found a chief competitor in the Straits Settlements, where the mineral was abundant and the labour cheap. As there, moreover, payments are received in gold, and expenses mainly paid in depreciated silver, the vexed controversy of bimetallism came in to trouble the heads of Cornish village politicians. Another disputed question has been as to attracting outside capital by making the mines into Limited Liability Companies. Hitherto most of them were mainly owned in the neighbourhood, and often in small shares, which spread the interest in their prosperity and gave honest Cornishmen something of the excitement without the guilt of gambling. This diffused speculation is quite a feature of the local character ; it has been said that nearly every Cornishman feels certain of being descended from King Arthur and of being destined to make his fortune in a mine, as so many

have done before him. But first the copper and then the tin mines ceased to yield fortunes, till quite recently the high price of metals has revived the latter, while the tardy introduction of capital from outside, even from America, has gone to improve machinery and generally to stir up enterprise, so that tin mining, at least, bids fair once more to rank with the prosperous industries of granite and slate quarrying, and china clay working. But in the last half-century, when the fisheries too fell off, many Cornishmen, singularly attached as they are to their own soil, found themselves obliged to emigrate. The miners of Cornwall turned up all over the world, now in the Transvaal, now in South America, as once behind the walls of Lucknow, recalling their old trade to baffle the sapping of the wily sepoy. In one generation the population decreased by 50,000; then in 1911 it had slightly risen again to 328,098 over an area of 1350 square miles.

In the mining districts, where this population groups thickest, it is drawn into clusters which here and there run together without rounding themselves off with municipal dignity, unless they go to swell some former nucleus of intercourse. No town in Cornwall contains more than about 15,000 inhabitants; and even then this figure is reached by counting in straggling suburbs that can hardly be distinguished from large independent villages. On purely agricultural land, the population is more disseminated, as on the coast, where, however, it gathers every few miles into snug fishing villages, while the "church town" of large moorland parishes may be a mere hamlet.

The Geology of Cornwall has thus had such an influence on its progress that we are led into considerations which might appropriately have followed a sketch of its history, when we pass to man from nature.

History.—Cornwall, like the rest of England, is first found inhabited by a Celtic race, who may here have supplanted a still older stock. In such a familiar feature as the saffron with which Cornishmen still love to colour their cakes, enthusiastic antiquaries have seen a touch of early

Oriental intercourse ; but we have no authentic knowledge of this country until after the Roman conquest of Britain. It remains uncertain whether Phœnician or Carthaginian traders actually visited the "Cassiterides," or whether they obtained their supplies of tin through Gaul. But we know that the tin of the district was largely exported from a very early period, and that the mines were still worked under the Romans. Cornwall formed part of the British Kingdom of Damnonia, which long resisted the advance of the Saxons westward, and remained almost unbroken in power until the reign of Ine of Wessex (688-726). From that time the borders of the British Kingdom gradually narrowed, until, about the year 926, Athelstan drove the Britons from Exeter, and fixed the Tamar as the limit between them and the Saxons of Devon. So at least say some authorities, while others place the boundary on a line between Plymouth and Tintagel, and reduce Athelstan's exploit to driving back a fresh Celtic irruption, perhaps made in alliance with the Danes. The British bishop, Conan, submitted to Archbishop Wulfhelm of Canterbury after Athelstan's conquest, and was reappointed by him in 936. The Cornish see was afterwards merged in that of Crediton, then in 1050 the place of the united sees was transferred to Exeter, where it remained till 1876. Cornwall, although the mass of the people remained Celtic, speedily received Saxon masters, and in the Domesday Survey the recorded names of the owners of land are all Saxon. The Conqueror bestowed nearly the whole county on his half-brother, Robert of Mortain, and thus arose the Earldom of Cornwall, which, considered too important a possession to be held by any one under royal rank, came to be an appanage of the heir-apparent to the crown. In 1336 the earldom was raised to a Duchy by Edward III. in favour of his son, the Black Prince, and of his heirs, eldest sons of the Kings of England. Since that time the Prince of Wales has always been Duke of Cornwall. The Duchy originally included Dartmoor Forest ; and its income is at present derived from lands in Somerset and Devon as well as in Cornwall itself. The history of the Duchy is

virtually that of Cornwall. There has been little to connect it with the general annals of the country except for rebellions under the Tudors, and during the Civil War, when Cornwall was for the most part royalist. Besides much skirmishing, there were two important battles within its bounds, that of Braddock Down (Jan. 19, 1642-3), and that of Stratton (May 15, 1643), both gained for the King. The more important histories of the county embrace Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*, Drew's *History of Cornwall*, Hal's *Parochial History of Cornwall*, Polwhele's *History of Cornwall*. Among recent works on the subject are Daniell and Collins's *History of Cornwall*, the *Church History of Cornwall*, and the *Parochial History* published by Mr. Lake.

Antiquities.—No part of England preserves so many antiquities of the primæval period. These chiefly abound in the district between Penzance and the Land's End, but they occur in all the wilder parts of the county. They may be classed as follows:—(1) *Cromlechs*. These in the west of Cornwall are called "quoits," with a reference to their broad and flat covering stones. The largest and most important are those known as Lanyon, Caerwynen, Mulfra, Chun, and Zennor quoits, all in the Land's End district. Of these Chun is the only one which has not been thrown down. Zennor is said to be the largest in the British Isles, while Lanyon, when perfect, was of sufficient height for a man on horseback to ride under. Of those in the eastern part of Cornwall, Trethevy near Liskeard and Pawton in the parish of St. Breock are the finest, and have remained intact. (2) Rude uninscribed *monoliths* are common to all parts of Cornwall. Those at Boleit, in the parish of Buryan, are perhaps the most important. (3) *Circles*, none of which are of great dimensions. The principal are the Hurlers, near Liskeard; the Boskednan, Boscawen-un, and Tregeseal circles; and that called the Dawns-un, or Merry Maidens. All of these, except the Hurlers, are in the Land's End district. Other circles that may be mentioned are the "Trippet Stones," in the Parish of Blisland, and one at Duloe.

(4) Long *alignments* or *avenues* of stones, resembling those on Dartmoor, but not so perfect, are to be found on the moors near Roughtor and Brown Willy. A very remarkable monument of this kind exists in the neighbourhood of St. Columb, called the "Nine Maidens." It consists of nine rude pillars placed in a line, while near them is a single stone known as the "Old Man." (5) *Hut dwellings*. Of these there are at least two kinds, those in the eastern part of the county resembling the beehive structures and enclosures of Dartmoor, and those in the west, comprising "hut-clusters," having a central court, and a surrounding wall often of considerable height and thickness. The beehive masonry is also found in connection with these latter, as are also (6) *Caves*, or subterraneous structures, resembling those of Scotland and Ireland. (7) *Cliff castles* are a characteristic feature of the Cornish coast, as for example the "Little Dinas" near Falmouth, Trevalgue, near St. Columb, and Treryn, Mên, Kenidjack, Bosigran, and others in the west. These are all fortified against the land side. (8) *Hill castles*, or camps, are very numerous. Some of the so-called "castles" seem to have been circular arenas of assembly, in later times, under the name of "planguary" used for the performance of religious dramas.

One of the most difficult problems of British archæology is to fix the epoch and race to which these prehistoric remains belong. The old theory of the days of Dr. Borlase and his followers, that they are Druidical, is now obsolete. The tendency of modern research is to throw their date back into a remote past long anterior to Julius Cæsar's conquest of Britain and the Christian era. Possibly they belong to an age before the arrival of even the Celts into Western Europe.

Of early Christian and mediæval antiquities the most noticeable are crosses, scattered all over the county, and of various dates, from the 6th to the 16th century, many resembling the early crosses of Wales; inscribed sepulchral stones of the 7th and 8th centuries, of which the "Mên scryffa" in Madron is a good example; and oratories of the Early Irish type like St. Pirans. This county is particularly

well off for holy wells, whose wonder-working virtues are still not forgotten by a half-believing, half-jesting generation; and beside these wells will often be found the ruins of ancient baptisteries consecrated by the shadowy memory of some saint. The crosses number over three hundred.

It is well known how rich Cornwall was in local saints—St. Piran, St. Nectan, St. Morwenna, St. Juliot, St. Eval, St. Ervyn, and countless others, whose names are hardly met with beyond its border. Almost every letter of the alphabet forms an initial in the peculiar nomenclature of Cornish parishes. The churches, for the most part, belong to the Perpendicular style, and show a simplicity in keeping with their surroundings. They are generally low in the body, but with high and plain granite towers. The rich tower of Probus, however, is an exception, and that of St. Austell, as well as the Church of St. Mary Magdalene at Launceston, the exterior of which is covered with sculpture. A peculiar feature found in several instances is a campanile or separated belfry. Within, the chief local characteristic is the absence of a chancel arch.

The castles of Launceston, Trematon, and Restormel seem to be of the time of Henry III., but the mounds which occur in the first two are no doubt much earlier,—possibly marking British strongholds. Tintagel has but a few shapeless walls. St. Michael's Mount, although castellated at an early period, has nothing more ancient than the 15th century. Pendennis, Star Fort, and others, are of Tudor date.

Language.—Of the Celtic tongues, Cornish and Armorican (the dialect of Brittany in France) resembled each other more than either of them did Welsh, nor is this the only trace of a connection which geographical situation has made natural.

The literary remains are very scanty. The old Cornish language was spoken till the 18th century, still surviving in a few fishing and mining terms, as in names of persons and places, "Pol, Tre, and Pen." Mr. H. Jenner has lately published a handbook to this language, which

he and other Celtic enthusiasts would like to revive. Within living memory, he asserts, fishermen used a mixture of Cornish phrases. The numerals (not yet forgotten in Newlyn and Mousehole) are :—

1. Un.	4. Padzher.	8. Eith.
2. Du.	5. Pemp.	9. Nau.
3. Tri.	6. Wheth.	10. Deig.
	7. Seith.	

The Cornish of our day are a mixed race, mainly Celtic, well made and sturdy in form. As in Ireland, the aristocracy has been largely of Norman or Saxon origin ; but these grafts have quickly taken the qualities of the old stock ; and here, as in Ireland, there seems something in the soil or the air to make intruders soon become *Cornubiensibus Cornubiensiores*. For Cornishmen are strongly marked by clannishness of an even more accentuated type than that found in west-countrymen generally, and seem to regard their fellow-subjects over the Tamar almost as foreigners. "Going to England" is the phrase with one who leaves his native county. The character of the people has been strongly tempered by the exciting pursuits of mining and fishing, not to speak of smuggling and wrecking practices that held out here after civilisation had tamed the lawless instincts of their neighbours. Even in this century the inhabitants of the Cornish coast proved hard to teach that a wreck was not fair game ; and dark stories are told of how a ship would actually be enticed unto destruction on this cruel shore, that human vultures might gather to her plunder. The grandsons of those wreckers now man the lifeboats ; yet something of the old Adam still seems to run in their blood, for it is said that a Cornishman will work harder and for less wages upon a wreck than at any other job. A rough population it must have been among whom John Wesley came, and found here an arena for an inspiring struggle with the devil. The results of his labours are well known ; probably the hottest Churchman will admit that Methodism has been a regenerating force, through which a people not easily tamed have become remarkably sober and orderly. Other forms of dissent

flourish, notably the Bryanite or Bible Christian sect, which has its stronghold in this corner of the country. On the other hand, the Established clergy, by a natural movement of repulsion, are apt to lean towards the High Church side. It should be said that an imaginative temperament gives a strong tinge of superstition to Cornish religion ; but stirring devotion here seems to have a wholesomely practical effect.

One point may be confidently insisted on : if Cornish clannishness is quick to resent the intrusion of outsiders in business, the idle stranger may be assured of friendly civility. His Celtic blood, and his independent pride, make every Cornishman more or less a gentleman ; so there is no part of England where the manners of all classes leave so little to be desired. We have used the word civility ; but that poorly expresses the hearty kindness with which a visitor will find himself welcomed and furthered, so long as he remember not to abuse goodwill, to despise well-meant efforts, or to insult prejudice. Few who make their holiday quarters in Cornwall but come back with a warm memory of the honest solicitude of some motherly hostess, the untutored courtesy of some boatman, the rough willingness of some miner or labourer who has turned aside to help the bewildered wayfarer. Here indeed it seems that—

“ Stranger is a holy name ;
Rest and a guide, and food and fire
In vain he never must require.”

While the temptation of gain, and continued commerce with those who place the heart in the purse, have done something to sophisticate some Cornwall hostelries, there are others where one is amazed that so little advantage is taken of opportunity to tax a visitor for entertainment offered as if “all for love and nothing for reward.” And if some of these lodgings for travellers be not over-luxurious in their accommodations, we have good authority for holding that better is a dinner of tough fowls and plainly cooked herbs, under certain circumstances, than a *table d'hôte* menu and a host of Swiss waiters whose attentions

become overpowering at the moment of payment. One who can fare on Cornish cream and Cornish cakes will find himself always at home here, nor, if his coming be expected, will he go without more solid repasture. But should his lot be cast in farm or cottage, a tender soul must harden himself against the draughts of fresh air likely to be freely supplied at most seasons of the year.

The backbone of travelling in this county is the Great Western Railway, which runs from Plymouth to Penzance, with branches to the narrow limits on either side. In the north part its rival, the London and South-Western Company, has taken an inch that may before long become an ell. The adventurous Cornishmen were early in welcoming railways with Celtic impulsiveness, but had not always counted the cost with Saxon prudence, so some side lines will be seen lying idle, overgrown with rust and grass, and others that are used only for the conveyance of minerals. The diffused grouping of the population leads to the railway communication being supplemented by many local coaches, omnibuses, and motor services, most of which find no place in imperial time-tables, but might often prove helpful to the leisurely traveller. The cyclist need not fear to be often brought to a stand here, though he must duly beware of abrupt steeps and rugged moorland tracks. One way or other the tourist will have little difficulty in getting about Cornwall; but this is a county the best points of which cannot be so well seen as by the pilgrim who with staff and scrip—not to say waterproof and stoutish sandals—fares sturdily on foot. To “One and all,” as the Cornish motto has it, we wish *bon voyage*; and, we hope, have done our best to make the wish no idle compliment.

THE NORTH COAST.

WHILE the south of Cornwall is a sea-girt promontory, its northern part forms a triangle wedged in between Devon and the sea, ending in a tongue of land only a few miles broad. This latter part, then, makes a natural *annexe* of a North Devon Tour, much visited by tourists, who go no farther into the county than they are taken by the coach drive from Bideford to Bude, or on again to Camelford. The chief attraction here, as elsewhere in Cornwall, is the coast-line; but in the southern part of this division lie the wildest moors and highlands of the county. *Launceston* is its only town of any importance, except those lying on the line of rail by which we shall enter the southern division from Plymouth, where our present trip, and the next returning inland, will leave us. Let us begin with a place standing out of the highway of travel, but well meriting a visit, even at some inconvenience, as a striking and characteristic introduction to Cornish scenery.

Morwenstow, the northernmost parish of Cornwall, has come into note of late through the fame of its former vicar, the Rev. R. S. Hawker, an eccentric divine but true poet, whose ballads and pictures of old Cornwall have done for it, in some degree, what Wordsworth or Scott did for their beloved scenes. Even in his day, this secluded spot had begun to be visited by one or two hundred strangers annually; and now it is a place of pilgrimage for all tourists who can appreciate something out of the common, which is long likely to be kept far from railways. The distance from Bude is about 7 miles, but two or three more by the high-road through *Kilkhampton*, from which it is 4 miles. There is a little inn not far from the church; but its accommodations are such that the visit is commonly made a matter of a day's excursion.

Two or three miles from the Devonshire boundary at *Marshland Mouth*, the Morwenstow glen descends to the sea, shut in to the south by the cliff of its own name, and to the north by *Henna Cliff* (the Raven's Crag), 450 feet, "a magnificent face of splintered and contorted schist, with alternating friable slaty beds." These heights give a view of the Atlantic from Hartland Point to Padstow; and it is well seen how this iron-bound corner, fretted and worn by winter storms, gets its terrible reputation for shipwrecks. Mr. Baring-Gould, in his *Life of Hawker*, tells us that the sea can be heard miles inland, "like the roar of a hungry caged beast"; and how the poet-vicar had sometimes to shout the service at the pitch of his voice. "The road to Morwenstow from civilisation passes between narrow hedges, every bush in which is bent from the sea. Not a tree is visible. The whole country doubtless a century ago was moor and fen. At Chapel is a plantation, but every tree crouches shrivelled, and turns its arms imploringly inland. The leaves are burned and sear soon after they have expanded."

Upon the cliffs is shown the well of *St. Morwenna*, one of the many peculiar Cornish saints, who has given her name to the place. The church stands steeply above the village, and is of great interest, a medley of Norman and Early English, with some curious ornaments which in part it owes to its celebrated incumbent. The rood-screen is composed of ancient fragments pieced together by him with modern work, a parish clerk of the pew and gallery period having thought to do him service before his arrival by cutting down and burning "a rubbishing old screen that hid the chancel." There is a rude font, probably Saxon. The arcade of the north aisle and the south arcade of the nave are to be noted. A remarkable decoration is a vine carved in wood along the church. A fine memorial window to Hawker was added in 1906.

Mournfully interesting is the churchyard containing the graves of so many shipwrecked mariners, whose bodies came on shore here torn and mangled by the cruel rocks, or beaten to death rather than drowned by the fierce waves. Hardly a winter passes without wrecks; Mr. Hawker records that he had buried more than forty strangers in the first ten years of his incumbency. The figurehead of the lost ship was sometimes set up over the crew as a tombstone; and at least one such memorial is still to be seen here. Similar relics will be noticed serving as grim

garden ornaments along the coast. It is only in our own day that the inhabitants have wholly lost their heartless satisfaction in these disasters, looking to the sea to profit them by its regular harvest of wreckage; and the same strange superstition was current here as Scott found in the far north, that whoever saved a drowning man was sure to meet with some injury at his hands. Thanks, in part, to Hawker's humane indignation, wrecking is now a name of the past; but still the hymn "for those in peril on the sea" must have a moving significance in this parish. The sad memorials of shipwreck so common on this coast are mostly of recent date, for it is only in our own century that the law enabled such victims to be buried in consecrated ground.

A little to the south lies *Tonacombe*, a small but very perfect specimen of a 16th-century mansion. Mr. Baring-Gould justly expresses his surprise that Charles Kingsley, in laying some of his *Westward Ho!* scenes hereabouts, should have overlooked this house, when he has made so much of other ancient seats.

Along the coast, southward, the Upper and Lower Sharpnose Points and Stanbury Mouth bring us to *Combe Valley*, which will be mentioned as an excursion from Bude.

The coach road from Clovelly to Bude (15 m.) is not particularly attractive, holding back from the sea, as it does, on a bleak moorland ridge to avoid the deep hollows of the coast. Near the border of Devon, marked by *Wooley Barrows* to the left, rise the Tamar and the Torridge, which, like the Rhine and the Rhone, set out close together to reach the sea at different sides, the latter doubling back to Bidford, the Tamar forming the boundary of this projecting strip of Cornwall.

Kilkhampton is the first place of any note we reach, distinguished by a large restored church, Norman and Perpendicular, with fine oak carvings and coloured glass to show, "rich with the monuments and offerings of five centuries of Grenvilles," among whom are prominently celebrated Sir Beville Grenville, the Cavalier hero, and that Sir Richard made famous in Tennyson's ballad. Kilkhampton has another literary association less familiar to this generation, as it is said to be the scene of Hervey's *Meditations among the Tombs*. There is an inn here, and the coach waits long enough for a visit to the church. Stow, the Grenvilles'

lordly home, for centuries one of the great seats of the west, was in this neighbourhood, but has long been demolished.

Three or four miles farther, passing by *Stamford Hill*, scene of Sir Beville Grenville's victory over the Roundheads, which curiously enough bears the name of the defeated general, Lord Stamford, we reach *Stratton (Tree Inn)*, a quiet little place with the air of having seen better days. It also has a fine restored church, with some painted windows and an old monument of the Arundel family. Stratton was the birth and burial place of Anthony Payne, the "Cornish Giant," that doughty henchman of Sir Beville. From this it is a couple of miles to *Bude*, now terminus of a branch line (L. & S.-W. R.) from Halwill Junction.

BUDE.

Grenville, Falcon, Globe, Temperance, etc. ; several pensions.

Bude Haven, as is its full style, is a delightful place, combining firm sandy bays and wide open downs with a variety of rock-fringed coast. It is cut into two parts by a broad canal and the sandy mouth of a stream, on one side of which break stand the church and the Falcon Hotel, a comfortable old-fashioned hostelry, of a good size, with all modern accessories ; near it are a few houses, while the main part of the town rises on the opposite side, with the modern Grenville Hotel in the palatial style. The long, low mansion, prettily covered with creepers, that lies between, is the Castle, formerly residence of Sir Goldsworthy Gurney, inventor of the steam blow-pipe and the Bude Light. Vessels of 300 tons can be got into the canal harbour, where a few masts usually help out the picturesque effect. There are no terrific hills, though the ground is by no means flat. On the north side is an open common called the *Summerleaze*, where there is the North Cornwall Golf Club with 18-hole links for men, 9-hole for women. Here also are tennis and cricket-grounds. On the downs beyond is a small golf-course free to visitors at the Falcon Hotel. (*See pink pages.*)

The climate of a watering-place is the most important matter, and on this head it may be said that Bude has the usual Cornwall characteristics of equable mildness, with some points to its advantage. In winter it appears to be, from a careful record of ten

years made by Mr. J. Arthur, only a trifle less warm than Falmouth, and all the year more than a trifle less wet, having a rainfall of rather under 33 inches to 43·24 at Falmouth, and 23·33 at Margate, to bring in a contrasting term of comparison. It claims to have 149 wet days to Falmouth's 197. The death-rate is as low as 13 per thousand. These figures would seem to qualify Bude as a winter refuge, but as yet it is chiefly patronised by summer visitors.

Bathing-places for ladies and gentlemen will be found on the sands under the Summerleaze, tents being used instead of machines. At the point on the other side, the Breakwater, a substantial causeway, joins two masses of rock, the farther of which stands up like a miniature St. Michael's Mount, crowned once, it is said, by a chapel, and underneath it is an old smugglers' cave. Beyond this Breakwater there has been contrived among the rocks a small but excellent swimming-bath, graduated in depth, known as Sir Thomas's Pool, which is available and quite safe when not overswept by the angry tide. But strangers cannot be too strongly urged to caution in bathing, several fatal accidents having happened. The chief danger is being sucked back by a ground sea; but the billows are always apt to be boisterous on these "thundering shores of Bude and Boss," and local advice is to be prudently taken here.

Boating, of an amateur kind, is almost impracticable in the bay; but the lower reach of the canal affords a safe scene for family navigation, unimperilled even by the risk of collision with a barge, as the working of this canal has recently been abandoned.

Near the head of the Breakwater, a rough path leads up to an octagon look-out tower and a pleasant stretch of turf, access to which from behind is rather impeded by Efford House and its grounds, but these downs may be also reached by a road from the church, where a luxuriant tamarisk hedge bespeaks the mildness of the climate. It will be noticed that the railings and the seats are placed a little way back from the edge of the cliffs, a hint as to their dangerously crumbling character. The gates for the rocket carts remind us of another peril of this coast, where holiday guests may come in for the tragic excitement of a shipwreck.

On the northern side of the harbour there are also agreeable rambles to be taken along the cliffs, or on the sand, tide permitting. A favourite goal is *Northcott Mouth*, not quite 2 miles.

The walk might be continued along the coast to *Duck Pool*, thence up *Combe Valley* to *Kilkhampton*, where there is an inn, and home by the high road, a round of about 13 miles.

A shorter round of 8 or 9 miles may be suggested as showing the character and chief points of interest of the country immediately inland. Leaving the town by the road over the golf course, in $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile **Pough Hill** is reached (pronounced *Puffil*), where the church contains some good oak pews, an old font, and two recently-discovered and restored frescoes, besides a copy of King Charles's letter of thanks to his loyal Cornishmen, which will be found such a frequent ornament of Cornwall churches, and has been engraved on the minds of so many young Cornubians fidgeting under long sermons. From this another mile and a half brings us by the road, or through a private way at the head of the village, over the battlefield of *Stamford Hill*, to *Stratton*, where also the church stands open. A leafy lane then conducts us to **Marhamchurch**, which is a good point of view, and where we may visit the first inclined plane of the canal, an engineering wonder of its day, now abandoned. Turning down the canal by the steps at the bridge, one will soon reach this precursor of so many mountain railways, where heavy boats were drawn up on rails by the simple machinery of buckets sunk into deep wells to be alternately filled and emptied. A longer plane is to be seen at *Hobbacott Down* farther up, and the tow-path of the deserted canal makes always a pleasant walk. By its wooded bank it is about 2 miles from Marhamchurch to Bude.

The little town has prospered of late, though it is still unsophisticated enough, with not much over a thousand inhabitants. It began life as the harbour of Stratton, which now has to depend on an omnibus from Bude Station. The opening of the railway has made it accessible, and its original features and combination of sand, cliff, and downs have brought it into popularity. It is picturesque too, with the masts of the "ketches" rising oddly behind the houses, and the peculiar breakwater stretching out to sea. Summer coaches still run along the coast-line in either direction.

Bude is evidently the "Kilkhaven" of Dr. George MacDonald's *Seaboard Parish*, its breakwater "worn by years of contest with the waves," and its "long, low ridges of rock . . . hollowed

and channelled by the terrible run of the tide across them, and looking like the old and outworn cheek-teeth of some awful beast of prey." "Shark's fin" and "shark's tooth" are epithets which aptly occur to other writers in describing the cruel rocks characteristic of this shore, here relieved and softened by rare stretches of yellow sand.

The coach road from Bude to *Boscastle* (16 m.) is on the whole not particularly interesting, though it passes over the ridge of *Tresparrot Down* (850 feet), from which on a fine day can be seen at once Exmoor, Dartmoor, Brent Tor, Brown Willy, and Rough Tor. Strangers may be puzzled on these uplands by the sight of sheep feeding chained together in couples, which is done to prevent them leaping the turf walls in search of pastures new. Every now and then companions of the chain have to be changed, else they would grow cunning enough to lay their heads together for a joint leap; but it takes some months for a sheep to evolve so much resource. There are no places of any size on the road, but plenty of guide-posts to direct the lonely traveller as to its chief ramifications.

The foot traveller would do better to follow the coast-line to *Boscastle*, even if he increase the distance by taking every point of the cliffs. By roads or lanes, also, it is possible to hug the shore more closely than the coach route does, and to turn aside for the most striking points on the coast.

Ejford Beacon (nearly 200 feet) is the first prominent point south of Bude. From this we pass over the downs round *Wide-mouth Bay*, where the cliffs reach a great height. *Millook Mouth* is about 5 miles, beyond which the coast road begins to turn a little way inland. *Dizard Point* (7 m.) has an extensive recent landslip to show, as well as fine cliff views. From this another hour's walk by the headland of *Castle Point*, crowned by traces of a circular camp, brings us to the village of *St. Gennys*, and on to *Crackington Cove* between *Penkenner* and *Cambeak Heads*, where a new bathing place is springing up.

Here the pedestrian often makes the mistake of turning inland for the road over *Tresparrott Down*, so as to avoid the projections and indentations which lengthen his rough way. But a grand bit of the coast is thus missed; and even if he do not hold round *Cambeak Head*, he should cut across it to go on to the *High Cliff*,

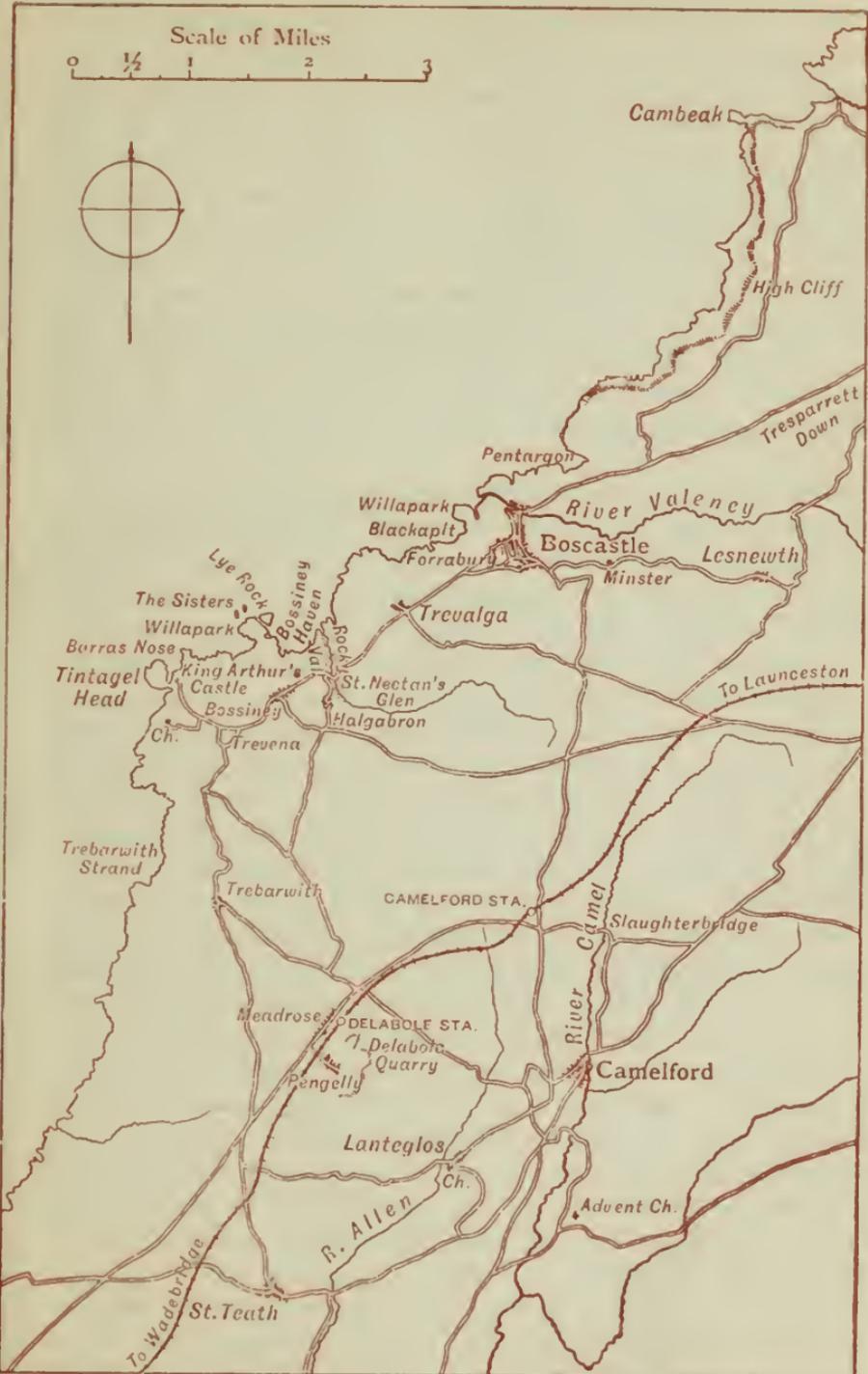
where the long down drops into the sea with a sheer height of 700 feet, the highest rock face in Cornwall. About 2 miles farther on, at *Pentargan*, his way along the cliffs is barred by a landslip, and here he may turn down to the road for the last mile or so into *Boscastle*, from the heights above which can be seen the three towers of *Forrabury*, *Trevalga*, and *Tintagel*, standing almost in a row.

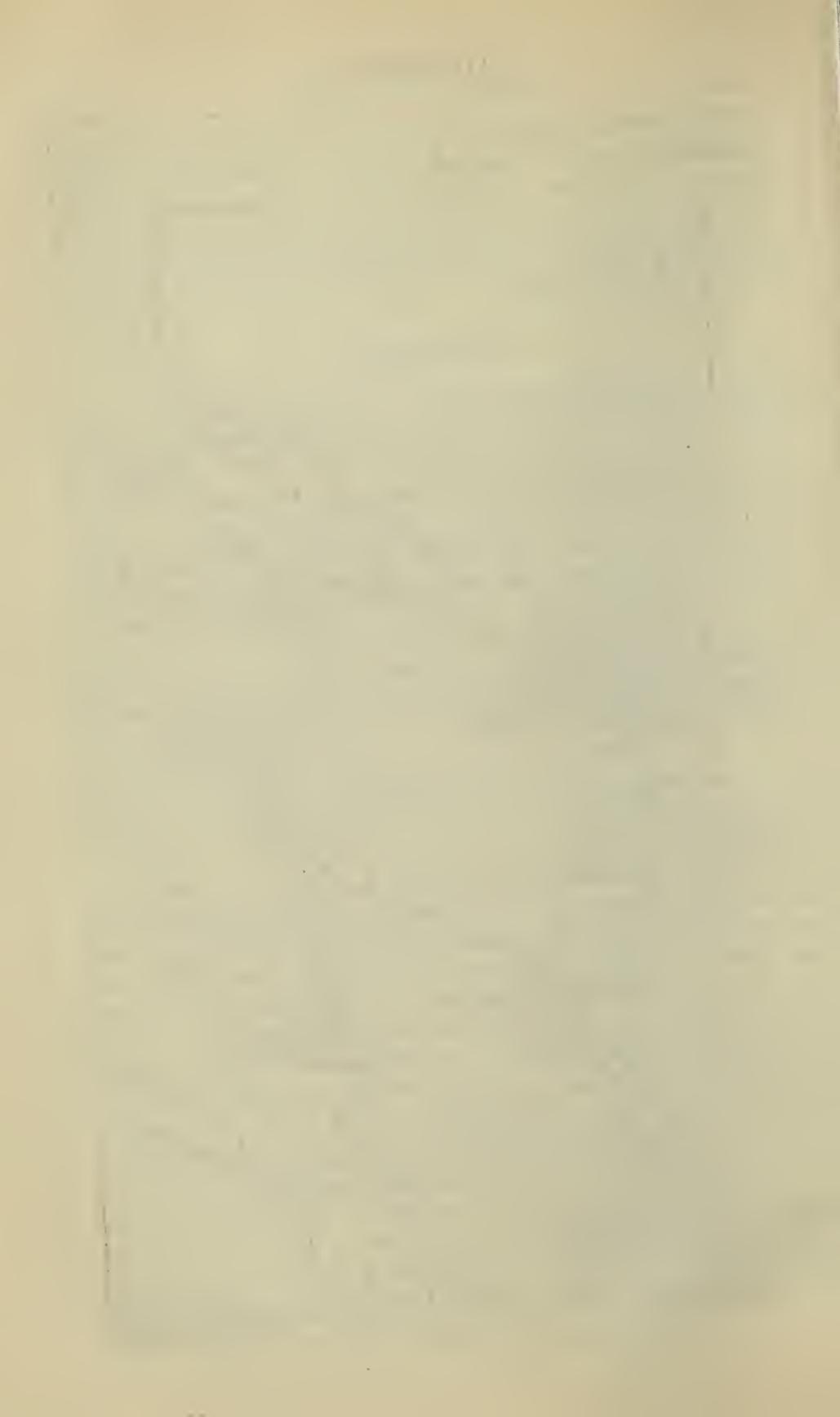
BOSCASTLE.

This is one of those places secretly treasured by artistic souls, which has even found some to call its stern beauties unsurpassed in England. For long the difficulty of access kept it little visited; now the approach of the railway within a few miles makes it more easily reached by coaches from *Camelford* or *Bude*. It has one good hotel (*Wellington*) where coach passengers can break their journey; there are also some small boarding-houses, and many that let lodgings where goodwill goes far to make up for rough accommodation. A smart new row of villas near the bottom of the village hints at inevitable development that grieves its warmest admirers, yet there is still plenty of room for building before the unique charm of the spot comes to be trenched on.

The name is said to be derived from the De Bottreaux family, the site of whose castle may still be traced here. *Boscastle* appears to have been once a place of rather more importance than at present. It is now a village of a few hundred inhabitants, built for the most part well up in a hollow, divided between the two parishes of *Forrabury* and *Minster*, which are separated by one of the two streamlets uniting at the bottom. In this lower part, near a little bridge, stands the *Wellington Hotel*, where you may sleep in one parish and dine in the other. A stroll up the fields at the back of the hotel will give a view of the straggling townlet, and of the mound where the castle stood as its nucleus. Beyond the bridge, shut in by steep slopes of wild land, is the harbour, which forms the most remarkable feature, reminding old soldiers of that of *Balaclava*, and to other travellers, in some respects, suggesting the entrance to *Passage* in Spain. So completely is this little valley shut in by steep slopes of wild land, a stranger might hardly guess he was close to the sea, till the brook makes a sudden turn between winding walls of rock, where all at once it has become a tidal estuary

TINTAGEL





The little quay is provided with enormous hawsers and stout warping posts, which hint at the difficulty of getting a vessel into this crooked harbour, once has been gained the narrow entrance between the dark, curving headlands that almost close it in. Near the mouth is a blow-hole, to be looked out for at low-water, and another at the island off the entrance. The jagged profile of this rock, like so many others, is considered to suggest the face of Napoleon. On the left-hand side, steps lead down to a small bathing pool under the rocks, where a dip may be had in one's depth when it is not overflowed by the tide. Swimmers can launch out into the harbour, but caution is needful, especially on an ebb tide. Like most of its neighbours, this cannot be called a good place for bathing and boating. A bathing-place for ladies is hardly to be had here.

The headland on the right is traversed by slaty paths, where a slip would be easy and might be fatal. One leads up to the flagstaff look-out, another to the knoll above the harbour mouth. Thence, making our way northwards along the coast, in ten minutes or so we look down into *Pentargan* cove and waterfall. There is a path from the cliff through a swing-gate; and one can also descend to the cove from a farmhouse on the Bude road behind. Below the black walls of this cleft, the sea has in certain lights a strange blue tint, broken by creaming eddies upon some half-submerged rock. It is best to go at low tide to see its features at their best, when also one has the chance of coming upon a seal. The rapidity with which the tide waves come dashing in is itself a spectacle, to be beheld with due caution. Beyond *Pentargan* are the Seal Caves, which can be visited by boat under favourable circumstances, and where seals are sometimes caught alive, though not so common as formerly on this coast.

On the other side of the harbour, a good path leads up to the prominent *Willapark Tower*, from which there is an extensive view as far as Hartland Point on a clear day. The neck of this promontory is on either side gnawed into by one of the sunless gulfs so characteristic of the Cornish coast. The farther one is known as the Blackapit, and may be descended into by a path. It is this, apparently, which plays a tragic part in the story of "John Herring." Behind it, *Forrabury Church* lies sheltered by the headland. The general character of the building is Early Perpendicular, but the walling of the chancel belongs to the 13th century. The arches, by which the nave com-

municates with the chancel, are the oldest portions of the edifice, and one, at least, is ante-Norman. In the north-west angle of the chancel remains a hagioscope. The font is old and good, and there are some benches of oak finely carved. Remark the chancel-screen (Late Perpendicular), and the arabesque carvings of the pulpit.

A romantic legend is associated with this church, and forms the subject of one of the Rev. R. S. Hawker's ballads. The Lord of Mottreaux, at the petition of the inhabitants, had presented them with a peal of bells equal to those of Tintagel. The ship bringing them from London had arrived off the harbour, when the pilot, a Tintagel man, caught the sound of his own parish chimes, suggesting to him the duty of thankfulness to heaven. But the captain, less devout, held thanks for the prosperous voyage due rather to his own stout ship and the favourable wind. To rebuke this impiety, a terrible storm came on, and the ship was dashed against the rocks, none but the pilot being saved. So it is that this church has no bells; but when a storm is coming up from the Atlantic, superstitious ears hear a solemn tolling from beneath the waves.

A more authentic story of disaster is commemorated by three recent tombstones in the churchyard, showing the dangers of rambling on this coast. A gentleman from London slipped on the rocks, stunning himself and falling into the water. A friend went in to save him; the sister of one is believed to have held out her umbrella to help them on land, but she was dragged in, and all three were drowned.

The other Parish Church, **Minster**, will be found hidden in a wooded ravine on the opposite side of Boscastle. The road leaves the head of the village by the Camelford coach road, presently making a turn down hill to the left, to ascend the opposite slope and come down on the church after about a mile's walk; at one point this lane branches, but should be followed always to the left. A pleasanter way—indeed the prettiest inland walk about Boscastle—is by the *Minster Valley*. From the Wellington Hotel, some hundred yards up the Bude road on the right, turn through the iron gate of a farm, and you will find a turf path leading up a deep valley, on one side thickly wooded, on the other clad with gorse and brambles, dappled with broom. At the bottom of the wood runs a brook, where trout may be caught, yet not without license, to be had at the hotel. After a mile or so, where the

valley divides into two glens, you would have a choice of gaining the upland lanes, or scrambling for miles up the course of the stream; but to reach the church, which stands out of sight at the head of a side hollow to the right, you cross the brook by a wooden hand-bridge, some ten minutes from the mouth of the valley, and take a steep path upwards. Gentlemen in knickerbockers who go rambling on these rough slopes would do well to imitate the "well-greaved Achæans"; indeed those "cast-off weeds," mentioned by another poet, would come in useful here, if one be tempted to pick the blackberries that grow so thickly beyond reach of the children. In approaching the church, defended below by a quagmire, go up a little, so as to drop down upon it from the road, already described, which would bring one back to the Wellington in a round of about 3 miles.

The chancel and part of the north wall retain their ancient Early English character, but the remainder dates from the 16th century, and is very good and characteristic. "The carved oak roofs are especially fine, and here, as elsewhere in this neighbourhood, are retained many of the ancient benches, all of black oak, and covered with rich and beautiful carving." The east windows have been recently restored, but a fragment of stained glass, presenting the Trelawney escutcheon, has been preserved. On a monument in the south aisle may be read a curious epitaph to a couple who lived for half a century in such loving union that—

"She first departing, he a few weeks tried
To live without her, could not, and so died."

From Boscastle to *Camelford* is about 6 miles, but the station lies more than a mile short of the town. The pedestrian may save a little by taking the steep old road from the head of Boscastle. To *Tintagel* it is a hilly road of 4 miles, keeping a little way back from the coast. From the lower part of Boscastle, also, one cuts off a corner by taking the steep ascent past *Forrabury Church*. To the left runs a bold, bleak range, said to have been an ancient barrier between the Saxons and the Celts. To the right appears the church tower of *Trevalga*, near which some slight traces of a British village may be seen. About half way, at *Longbridge*, or *Longabridge*, comes a deep hollow, up which we catch sight of a wooded combe resembling the *Minster Valley*. A mile or so up this is the waterfall known as *St. Nighton's Kieve*, made famous in one of *Maclise's* pictures. The approach

is through private grounds; and the key must be got from the old manor-house behind *Trethevey* farmhouse at the top of the descent, where a board arrests the attention of passers-by. From this point carriages may be driven almost to the fall, for which *St. Nectan's* is another name.

“The *Kieve* is the basin or bowl into which the cascade plunges, worn apparently into its present form by the long-continued action of the water. The bowl used by the miner in washing his nuggets of tin is called a keeve. There is another leap of about 10 feet, and you may descend to it by returning to the outside of the rocks, scrambling down to their base, and along the narrow, slippery path leading into the chasm. Here you see an arch below the edge of the Keeve, in which, a flat slab having lodged, the stream is broken as it shoots through, and falls a thin flickering curtain into the pool beneath. The best view is from the farther margin of the stream, and to cross on the gravelly shallow below the pool will scarce wet more than your shoe soles. The effect is singularly pleasing. You are at the very bottom of the dell, in complete seclusion, with trees above trees on each side, forming a screen that admits but a dim light, a glimpse of the upper fall through the arch, and the pretty noise of the falling water—no other sound audible, save the occasional twittering of a bird. There is a strange charm in the ceaseless splash and gurgling murmur—part of Nature’s music, produced by the simplest means. . . . Retracing your steps, you see where the stream flows past the massive slab or slate-rock lying in its bed, and disappears in the brake. Then up the damp weedy path to the top of the bank, where stand the walls of a cottage, once the habitation of two recluse ladies who lived in it some years” (Walter White’s *Londoner’s Walk to the Land’s End*). This couple, like the celebrated “Ladies of Llangollen,” made a romantic mystery for the neighbourhood, even more mysterious in this case, since they died without revealing their names.

Below Longbridge, in fact a short bridge, this stream reaches the sea through the “Rocky Valley,” which is, from the road, exceedingly picturesque, and would well repay a digression to its mouth, at the risk of some rough and wet walking. Here stands a mill identified with the name of Creswick, the painter of this coast. The view from *Hall Gabron*, above the bridge, is also worth turning aside for.

The road leads up a stiff ascent to **Bossiney**, once a Parliamentary borough, now sadly come down in the world. It has still the remains of a British fort to show, a huge mound formerly used for elections, and from the north end a lane leads down to the beach much admired by artists and occasional bathers. A short mile on begins the more prosperous village of *Trevena*, headquarters for the Tintagel district. But it is better to approach Tintagel Head by the longer and more arduous way, if way it may be called, along the bends of the coast, offering some very fine points as it does.

The stream running through the Rocky Valley falls into the sea by a cascade, which at high tides seems to have difficulty in forcing its way down against the breakers. Here we have on the right *Long Island*, that should rather be called Tall Island, garrisoned by ravens. A walk along the cliffs in this direction, which demands caution, brings us to the white rock known as the *Marble Fountain*, then round the point to the *Lady's Window*, a curious aperture in the edge. Below—to be visited only by boat—like so many other points here, lies the gloomy chasm of *Trevithick Gut*.

Mounting to the left, we soon come over a bay, at the nearer end of which, known as *Benooth*, steps have been made that facilitate bathing when the beach below is exposed by low spring tides. The other end is *Bossiney Hole*, from which we pass round by the *Lye Rock*, and the promontory called *Willapark* ("look-out point," like that at Boscastle), below which lie the *Sisters*, two rocky islets. On the *Lye Rock*, separated from the shore by a deep chasm, was wrecked in 1893 an Italian vessel, the gallant rescue of whose crew by four Bossiney men deserves commemoration. The next projection is *Barras Nose*; then beyond this the grand mass of Tintagel Head comes into view; and behind, the village of *Trevena*, which we gain by a farm road.

TINTAGEL.

HOTELS.—*Castle, Wharnccliffe Arms, King Arthur's Arms, Clifton House, Tintagel House, etc.*

There has long been jealousy between Boscastle and Tintagel, as would appear from the story of the lost church bells, already quoted; and still they keep up a certain good-natured rivalry as

to the patronage of visitors. Their situations being so different, the preference is a good deal a matter of taste. Boscastle Hotel is right down at the bottom of one of the "shafts" or ravines so highly developed in Cornwall, while Trevena, the main village of Tintagel, is scattered over an open upland. The latter place is 4 miles off the main route of coach travel, which some of its visitors judge an advantage. Omnibuses meet trains twice a day at Camelford Station in summer, and once (about 4 p.m.) all the year round. In the season there are conveyances from Bude and Boscastle. (*See pink pages.*)

The accommodation for strangers has been much developed, to the discontent of fastidious artistic eyes, which are particularly scandalised by the erection of a large hotel, the *King Arthur's Castle*, to flaunt its comforts above the stern seclusion of Barras Head. This building, however, has been so contrived as to seem as little incongruously offensive as possible. The old-established Wharncliffe Arms Hotel in the village is comfortable in homely style. "Fry's Lodgings," and other friendly quarters, have developed into boarding-houses, while rooms can be looked for in Trevena, and in the neighbouring farms and hamlets.

The great attraction here is, of course, the ruins of King Arthur's legendary castle, Tintagel, half a mile from the village. To reach it we make for the bold peninsular headland that forms such a salient feature on the south side of the gorge below Trevena. The best way is to go straight down the gorge, without crossing the stream, till we reach the cottage where the key is kept.

Strangers may well be puzzled who do not come prepared for the fact of there being two castles, the original relation of which is a matter of controversy. The more noticeable fragments of one crown a hillock on the mainland; the other stands opposite on the inner face of the headland joined to the coast by a high bridge of rock, close to which the sea has bored a deep tunnel. Some hold that this causeway has been worn away through the same agency, and that the two buildings originally made one; others, that they were connected by a drawbridge, the fortress on the land side serving as an outwork. It is also suggested that the two parts were of different dates. In any case, these fortifications must once have well deserved their title of *Dundagil* ("the impregnable castle"), though long they have crumbled upon wind-swept turf.



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KING ARTHUR'S CASTLE, TINTAGEL.

Even in Reformation days, sheep were feeding about the broken battlements; and within this century, portions have been thrown down by landslips.

Having obtained a key (more than one are kept in stock) we are allowed to mount to the further and more interesting ruin without being bothered by a guide. Fee as you please. Making for the isthmus, we note signs of prosaic industry in this romantic cove, and specially the tackle used in letting down boats, or loading small vessels from a natural wharf. Provided with the key, we mount flights of stone steps, which are steep enough to turn back some giddy or gouty pilgrims. By this slippery ascent, samphire may be seen growing to tempt the venturesome; but to ordinary heads and feet we need hardly recommend caution here. The gate one is trusted to open for one's self, and then enter the enclosure, where hours may be dreamed away in recalling the chivalric lore centred by tradition in this rocky stronghold. It is impossible for anyone to be disappointed in Tintagel, for owing to its position no photograph does it justice. The ruins themselves may be merely mediæval, and they are small in extent, but standing as they do magnificently they give ample scope to the imagination. They completely bar the entrance to the headland, which cannot be reached except by the door.

The fragments and traces are in such an imperfect state that visitors at all competent to form an opinion must be left to do so without any help of ours, beyond the statement that authorities have differed as to the Roman, Saxon, or Norman origin of this or that part. Nor can we dogmatise on the legends connecting Tintagel with King Arthur's Court. We found an American fellow-tourist much disappointed not to be shown here the Round Table, and even half expecting the Holy Grail to be on view. The late Poet Laureate has something to answer for in giving such clear-cut form to the cloudy visions of old romance. Whether that semi-mythical hero were a Breton, a Welshman, or a Cornishman, his geography must be pronounced more hazy than his history. Puzzling hints as to the locality of his knights' adventures lead us all over the British isles, and beyond; and those are as likely to be right as not who believe Lyonesse now buried beneath the stormy sea between the Land's End and the Scilly Islands. This hint only we would throw out, that in the days when these legends took shape, the terrible and inaccessible outer coast of

Cornwall presented itself as an unknown wonderland, fit scene for marvellous deeds. Readers of Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, however, do not need to be reminded that Tintagel does not figure in his compilation as patriotic Cornishmen would have it.

Let us, by all means, give ourselves up to such poetic dreams as have grown to haunt the Cornish headland; but when it comes to history we may as well be content with the information given to Mr. William Howitt by some boys, who could only tell him, "Lord bless you, sir! this castle was built before we were born." Perhaps, in the present generation, school boards may have brought about a disbelief in King Arthur; but every Cornish lad could once tell you that he certainly lived here some time or other, and how his spirit revisits Tintagel in the form of the red-legged chough, still now and then to be seen among the flocks of more common wildfowl inhabiting the fastnesses of this coast.

After passing through the ruins we see a path running back at an acute angle to the heights above. This leads to the wide plateau at the summit of the headland, on which, almost at once, we find the remains of St. Juliot's Chapel, as investigated and cleared by the late Rev. R. B. Kinsman, vicar and constable of Tintagel. The stone altar stands in an almost perfect state, with a vault on either side lined with slate; one containing a singular recess, which may have been a receptacle for relics. The position of the chancel screen can be made out by the recesses from which it has disappeared.

Even should these traces arrest not the stranger, he will scarcely fail to make his way to the outer edge of the "island," as it is called here, for the sake of the seaward and coastward views to be had from such a point of vantage. There is a spring of fresh water at the top; and some curious hollows, known as "King Arthur's cups and saucers," will be noted in the slate rock. The Castle Head is mined by a cave, through which one can walk at low tide, locally known as "Merlin's Cave."

Returning to the cottage, we may now mount by a sloping path to the ruin on the mainland, which is open to all. From here a path leads by way of the golf-links (9 holes) to the church, some little way beyond where the weather-beaten tower has stood for centuries upon a tall cliff overlooking the Atlantic,

no doubt so placed, like many other Cornish churches, to be a beacon for navigators of this perilous coast. In its graveyard lies authentically buried Mr. J. D. Cook, the great editor of the *Saturday Review*, strange companion for those knights of the Round Table. So violent here is the fury of the gales that it seems necessary to support the very tombstones by buttresses of masonry.

The church is cruciform in plan, and comprises a nave and chancel, transepts, porches, western tower, and a Lady chapel between the north transept and the chancel. The main walls of the nave and chancel are undoubtedly Saxon. The north transept is chiefly Early English; the south transept Early Decorated. In the interior of the nave are some questionable Early English and Perpendicular insertions. The tower is the latest portion of the building, and appears to have been built in imitation of the original structure.

“The ‘Ladye Chapel,’ now used as a vestry, opens into the chancel, and is not so evidently Saxon as the portions of the nave and chancel mentioned above, but we have little or no doubt but that it may be safely referred to that period. The windows are extremely small, round-headed, and deeply splayed. The original stone-altar remains, slab and all, in a perfect state, except that only four out of the five crosses on the slab remain. On either side are curious corbels, or rather brackets, on which images formerly stood.”—*Building News*.

The interior has recently been restored, and the windows have been filled with stained glass, in part the workmanship of the late vicar. The principal points remaining to be noticed are: the Saxon door and windows of the nave; the Norman great south doorway of the nave; the Transition-Norman chancel-arch; the oak reredos made out of ancient carved pew-ends; the Easter sepulchre or founder’s tomb, Decorated, in the chancel; the Perpendicular oak rood-screen; the curious Norman font and the Roman milestone preserved in the south transept.

The road dipping down into the valley and returning to the village passes, in the hollow, the old vicarage with rectangular fish-ponds, an ancient archway, some mullioned windows, and a huge stone dovecote in its garden.

There is little more to be seen about Trevena by the hurried tourist. The old Post Office has often made a subject for artists, as the ancient cross before the Wharnccliffe Arms Hotel has engaged

the attention of antiquaries. The headland and the cliffs beyond are pierced with caves not easily visited ; but the tunnelled one under the castle is accessible at low tide, as are two or three others in this cave. A mile or so inland rise the traces of a British camp, slightly elevated so as to give an extensive view over a white stretch of this tableland fringed with cliffs. Congenial spirits not pressed for time will find this a neighbourhood in which days or weeks may be spent with pleasure and profit.

Two miles or so to the south of Tintagel comes a break in the coast, offering softer beauties, to be gained either by road or along the cliffs. At the mouth of a wooded combe stretches **Trebarwith Strand**, where Creswick made some of his grand sketches of lashing water and storm-beaten rock, and where, in fine weather, the tints of both sea and shore are the despair of artists. This spot has the here rarer attraction of a sandy beach, no doubt destined to become a popular bathing-place some day, now that the new railway running parallel to the coast, a little way inland, has opened up the country north of the Camel Estuary. Trebarwith is about 3 miles from *Delabole Station* (see next page).

Beyond we have the sweep of **Port Isaac Bay**, at the southern end of which lie the havens *Port Gavorne* (hotel, small) and *Port Isaac*, robbed of their trade in slate shipping by the railway, that brings them an increasing number of visitors, whose only complaint is against a want of good bathing beaches, unless at *Tregarget* in the centre of the bay. Farther south is *Porthqueen*, a harbour sheltered by *Kellan Head* ; then this fine stretch of coast-line may be looked back on from *Pentire Point*, worth some miles of rough scrambling aside from the road to the ferry at the rising watering-place of *Rock*, where we cross the Camel for Padstow (p. 66). Not far from Rock, towards the mouth of the estuary, is the half-buried church of *St. Enodoc*, which might be visited on the circuit by Pentire. The walk from Tintagel to Rock would be at least a matter of 4 hours, and by divagations to the seaside might easily be spun out over the whole day. The station at *Port Isaac Road* is a good hour's walk from Port Isaac or from its neighbour the old church of *St. Endellion* ; and at *St. Kew Highway* (for *St. Kew*, some way to the west) the line has receded still farther from the projecting coast. **Port Isaac** has of late years notably risen in esteem as a quiet resort.

CAMELFORD AND LAUNCESTON.

TINTAGEL'S chief communication with the outer world is at *Camelford*, whence a line in connection with the London and South-Western Railway through Launceston has been pushed on to *Padstow*, with stations at *Delabole*, *Port Isaac Road*, *St. Kew Highway*, and *Wadebridge*, from which last place passengers go off to *Bodmin* (p. 61). The stage to Wadebridge was formerly done by coach from *Camelford Station*, which ought rather to have been called *Camelford Road*, since it lies more than a mile from the town, with no accommodation at hand but a small temperance inn.

The road from Tintagel to Camelford (nearly 6 m., but $4\frac{1}{2}$ to the station), on which a distant view of Rough Tor is the most striking point, leads us near the *Delabole Quarries*, yielding the best slate in England, while they are not so large as more than one of the huge slate scars on the outskirts of Snowdon. A little attention will soon render intelligible the various operations the slate has to undergo. The platform which projects over each pit, and which suspends the guide-chains employed in raising the slate-blocks, is called the *Papote Head*. Good slate should be of a light-blue colour, clear and sonorous, and rough, firm, and close to the touch. The rock-crystals, known as "Cornish diamonds," are here both numerous and beautiful.

These quarries make traffic for *Delabole Station*, on either side of which are the slate-roofed and slate-sided cottages of *Pengelley* and *Meadrose*. From *Pengelley* it is a short 2 miles to the little town of *St. Teath*, pronounced *St. Teth*, which has a church worth visiting. The tower dates from 1630; the main building seems to belong to the reign of Henry VII.,

whose arms are emblazoned on the east window, as the carved pulpit bears those of the Carminowe family, boasting their descent from the time of King Arthur.

CAMELFORD.

HOTELS.—*King's Arms, Darlington, Hooper's Temperance, etc. Sunnyside Boarding-House, near station: Melorne Hotel.*

Here we are 14 m. from Launceston, 14 m. from Bodmin, 33 from Truro, 11 from Wadebridge, and 229 from London. Situated on the Camel or Cam-alan, "the winding river," in the parish of Lanteglos, the town is small and irregularly built, its most notable feature being perhaps the Town Hall, crowned by a camel of canting heraldry. It had two members in Parliament until disfranchised by the Reform Bill. Among its representatives may be named James Macpherson, the author (or compiler) of "Ossian," and Lord Brougham. It gave the title of Baron to a branch of the Pitt family, which expired with the duellist Lord Camelford, in 1804.

A side road near the station takes us, at about $\frac{1}{2}$ m., to *Slaughter Bridge*, which commemorates by its name the legendary battle in which King Arthur fell. A hundred yards or so up-stream a guide points out (6d. a head) a monolith with Latin inscription as King Arthur's tomb! Here, too, took place, in 823, a great engagement between the Britons and the Saxons under King Egbert.

Lanteglos, the Parish Church, 1 mile south-west, was built by Richard, Earl of Cornwall, and dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket. It contains a splendid font, a carved roof, and, among numerous interesting memorials, an altar-tomb, with effigy, to Sir *Thomas de Mohun*, d. 1400. At *Fentonwoon*, in this parish, was born Captain Wallis, the discoverer of Otaheite.

The *Delabole* quarries ($2\frac{1}{2}$ miles), now attainable by rail, were usually visited from Camelford. A more arduous excursion is down the wild valley of the *Camel*, past the village of *Advent* (probably a corruption of St. Anne), and by *Michaelstow*, with an ancient church and a square camp, apparently Roman, on the top of its prominent *Beacon*, to *St. Breward*, a considerable village, locally known as *Simonward*, or on by the Bodmin road to *Wenford Bridge* (about 7 m.), from either of which points

one can gain **Henter-gantick**, the Cornish "Valley of Rocks," a savage ravine whose sides are piled with huge masses of granite, and its depths fretted by the foaming waters of the *Lank* river. The Camel here, and its tributary the Lank, though not for tender tourists, offer some of the most rudely picturesque scenery in Cornwall; but its wildness is rather spoilt by granite works. A proposed adaptation of the old mineral line from Boscarne, near Bodmin, would open a way to these sequestered scenes.

The main excursion from Camelford is to the summit of *Brown Willy* (Bron-Willi), or to its rock-crested neighbour *Row Tor* (Rough Tor). The distance is about 6 miles, the greater part of which may be driven as far as *Landavery Rocks*, but the rest makes a rough walk. Brown Willy is the highest point of Cornwall (1375 feet), Row Tor about 60 feet lower, and, in fine weather, the view from either is at least a wide one, extending from Lundy Island to the mouth of Plymouth Sound. We shall return to these points in our excursions from Launceston (p. 39).

CAMELFORD TO LAUNCESTON.

Taking the rail eastward, through a country of fields that find it hard sometimes not to relapse into patches of moorland, past three small stations that show few neighbouring habitations to justify their smart newness, and with burrows and cairns as its chief landmarks, after three-quarters of an hour we come to *Launceston*, where the richness of Devonian scenery seems to have strayed over the border, and we are invited to halt at one of the most pleasant spots in Cornwall.

Roadsters making this journey for themselves (16 m.) will cross the high, bleak moors of **Davidstow**, which has an interesting church, but not much else to admire now, though it is said that this poor parish could once boast of three chapels, respectively dedicated to St. Michael, St. Augustine, and St. Helena. The river *Alan*, or *Camel*, rises in the hills north of Davidstow. At the *Victoria Inn*, about a mile short of Davidstow, goes off a road to Tintagel (6 m.) and Boscastle (5 m.), which would be the shortest way in coming from Launceston. Another notable hostelry on this road is at *Hallworthy*, scandalously known as "All drunkards" inn. A short digression northwards here would take us to **Warbstow Barrow**, one of the most prominent and picturesque points of these moors—"a lofty hill that soars and

swells upward into a vast circular mound, enthroned, as it were amid a wild and boundless stretch of heathy and grassy moorland." The top encloses a crater, large enough to hold thousands of people, in the middle of which rises a mound, judged by Mr. Hawker to be a Viking's grave, of the exact shape and size of his dragon-ship, that served as pattern for such an enduring monument; but the country folk give it out as one of King Arthur's various tombs. Eight miles from Launceston, on the old coach road, we may turn to the left for a rather more picturesque route by the villages of *Tresmeer* and *Egloskerry*, both with stations on the railway.

LAUNCESTON.

HOTELS.—*White Hart, King's Arms, Castle Temperance, etc.*

The two railway stations, G. W. R. and L. & S.-W. R., adjoin each other.

"Scarcely another English town has such a picturesque and continental appearance," pronounces Mr. Baring-Gould of this place, whose position, on a gentle slope declining to the bank of the little river Kinsey, is signified by its ancient name, *Dunheved*, or the "swelling hill"; while its principal attractions are indicated by its modern appellation, *Lan-cester-ton*, the Church-castle-town. Its picturesqueness of grouping and situation are, perhaps, seen to most advantage from the north, on the St. Stephen's road, whence the hill, on whose sides it clusters, seems to rise suddenly out of a fertile plain, the stately tower of the Church, and the ivied masses of the Castle forming the most prominent objects in a fine landscape. From the Launceston side of the valley, in turn, the church tower of *St. Stephen's* is a conspicuous feature. This outlying suburb is said to be the older place, and the name may also be derived as *Lan-stephan-town*; but the Castle and Priory on the other side gave importance to Launceston, which after a period of decay became for a time the assize town of the county, though only 2 miles or so over the Devonshire boundary. It is now a thriving market borough with about 4000 inhabitants.

The railway lands us at the bottom of the hill, up which we turn by almost any more or less steep thoroughfare to find most of the sights of Launceston close together. Principal among

these is the *Castle*, which soon arrests attention. It occupies the site of an old Saxon stronghold, and from its commanding situation may well have been the "Castle Terrible" mentioned in *Morte d'Arthur* as the neighbour of Tintagel. After serving its time as a feudal fortress, by the Reformation days it had fallen into decay; but in the next century was repaired and garrisoned for King Charles. It now remains, perhaps, the finest ruin in Cornwall, and one of the best examples of a circular Norman keep. The precincts were laid out as public grounds by a Duke of Northumberland, then constable of the castle. Admission free; but to ascend the keep get key at porter's lodge (6d. a head).

The Castle, in its day of glory, consisted of three wards or courts, the first protected by a wall not quite 3 feet in thickness, the second, at a distance of 6 feet, by a rampart 12 feet thick, and the inmost by a rampart 10 feet thick and 32 feet high. The inner tower, or keep, had a basement floor, and two upper stories. Into the lower room opens a door on the north side, and a staircase built in the wall winds partly round the tower to the first story, obscurely lighted by two small windows, and provided with a fireplace. The general character of the architecture is late Norman. The court between the tower and wall was evidently roofed in with timber, the joist-holes being still distinctly visible.

At the foot of the mound whereon these ruins are placed stands a gate-tower approached by a flight of modern steps. A wall encircled the mound, and was strengthened by the gate-tower, but its ruins are very scanty. This was the outer wall, 3 feet thick and very low, and probably designed simply as "a parapet for soldiers to fight from, and defend the brow of the hill." In the gate-house is shown the room in which George Fox was confined. The county gaol used to stand within the Castle walls; and the open space used as a playground was formerly the place of execution.

Almost opposite the Castle is a smart new *Town Hall*, used for entertainments. Leaving this behind, and passing through the lively little market-place, we soon come upon the *Church*, a striking and spacious building, recently well restored. The tower is the most ancient portion, though its quaint clock face must belong to another age. The body of the church was built of granite early in the 16th century, and is remarkable for the richness and profusion of its external carvings. Such a rare show

of sculptured granite seems alone worth a visit to Launceston. A Latin invocation of the Virgin and other devout phrases are embossed round the whole of the base on shields, a letter to each shield—“*Hail Mary, full of grace! The Lord is with thee. The bridegroom loveth the bride. Mary hath chosen the better part. Oh, how terrible and fearful is this place! This is surely none other but the house of God and the gate of heaven.*” The rose, the pomegranate, and the Prince of Wales’s feather are ornaments much repeated. The figures of minstrels will also be noticed. The south porch is large and handsome; it has a room over it, and basso-relievos, in front, of St. Martin and St. George and the Dragon. Beneath the east window is a niche containing a prostrate figure of St. Mary Magdalene, to whom the church is dedicated, as to which the youth of Launceston have, and act upon, a curious superstition, that whoever can throw a stone on to the saint’s back without its falling off, will be in luck before the end of the year. Inside, the restoration is effective, and a Lady chapel has been constructed. The pulpit is worth notice, as are the numerous memorials, especially one to the royalist soldier Sir Hugh Piper and his wife. In the vestry room is exhibited a copy of Charles I.’s letter of thanks to his faithful Cornishmen, which makes an ornament of many churches in the district. This vestry was formerly used for meetings of the Corporation, and once, strange to say, was the site of a shop separating the tower from the church.

Over against the time-honoured tower, a fine new Wesleyan Chapel raises a protesting spire to remind us that we are now in a country of stout dissent. Beyond the churchyard we come to a little esplanade commanding views of the valley beneath and of Dartmoor in the distance—a miniature of the famous terrace at Berne. From this a pleasant walk runs down to the station, past the Passmore Edwards Free Library. In the streets we may notice more than one tastefully restored building; some quaint old topheavy houses are still to be seen defying the weather behind a breastplate of slate armour peculiar to this region.

But we have by no means exhausted the sights of Launceston. Near *St. Thomas’s Church*, in the valley between the town and *St. Stephen’s*, have lately been discovered and enclosed the ruins of the *Priory*, founded in A.D. 1126, of which only scattered fragments were hitherto known. The doorway which figures as entrance to the White Hart Hotel came from the Priory remains,

as did a stone monument in the churchyard. Of the walls which formerly encircled the town several portions remain, including the old *South Gate*. The *Gatehouse*, once used as a prison, has now been restored and serves for a *Museum*, containing several objects of interest, among them carvings in ivory by French prisoners of war detained here at the beginning of this century. The Museum is opened free on Thursdays and Saturdays from 2 to 6 P.M. in winter; 2 to 4 P.M. in the summer months; and at other times by application at an address placarded outside. The Guildhall contains an equestrian portrait of Charles I. attributed to Vandyke.

It will be seen that Launceston is an unusually interesting town for its size; while, standing as it does in the centre of finely varied scenery, it puts forward a fair claim to be also taken as a centre for excursions, and seems to deserve more tourist patronage than it has had. The extension of the Camelford Railway has deprived it of its importance as a coach station; but a four-horse car now runs regular trips, thrice a week in summer, to the lions of the neighbourhood. Particulars of these and other excursions in connection with the railways will be found in a small local guide published by the editor of the *Cornish and Devon Post*, from which, though to quote from another guide might seem false heraldry, we make free to extract a few hints as to rambles in the immediate vicinity.

“There are some charming walks about Launceston, of short distances and commanding extensive views. There is the walk up the old Madford Hill to Windmill, then on round by the College. Another down Chapel and up St. Catherine’s Hill, or down through the Willow Gardens to Wooda. A third, round by quaint St. Thomas Bridge (seeing the Church and Priory Ruins *en route*), and up St. Catherine’s Hill again, will give two entirely different and lovely views of the Castle and Town from two opposite field gateways. Another lovely walk is to the old Chain Bridge, across the Tamar (about 3 miles altogether), or to St. Leonard’s Bridge and the farm of that name, formerly the old Borough Lazar Hospital; and still another quite as enjoyable is along Ridgegrove Road, up Green Lane, over St. Stephen’s Down, and down Gallows Hill (a hill on which an old gallows formerly stood). Visitors must not fail to visit Windmill, close to the town (over which they should understand there is a public right-of-way) and obtain the magnificent panoramic view from

there." To which we may add the beautiful banks of the Tamar, forming the boundary of Devon, close at hand. Across this river in Devonshire, 9 miles from Launceston, are the ducal cottage and grounds of *Endsleigh*, a favourite excursion from Tavistock also; tickets of admission to be had at the *White Hart Hotel*. The walk upon the Cornwall side of the river here is very beautiful, but runs through private domains. Turning up the Tamar, we should soon find it accompanied by the deserted Bude canal, whose tow-path makes another pleasant walk.

The same authority quoted above reminds us of the several packs of foxhounds, harriers, and other hounds within reach of Launceston, besides half-a-dozen trout streams, mostly preserved, but tickets can be had.

From Launceston, moreover, there are many long excursions to be taken, worth a little patience and some stretches of monotonous scenery. Omitting here the drive to Tavistock (13 m.), which soon carries us into Devonshire, we find three main routes radiating to different points of the compass.

1. The road northwards to *Bude* (19 m.), by which also may be gained *Kilkhampton* and *Holsworthy*. This road passes out by St. Stephen's, and soon has to cut across a projecting corner of Devonshire. On the borders of this are the beautiful and extensive grounds of *Werrington* (3 m.) watered by the river of that name. Ten miles out, 2 miles to the left, the fine church of *Week St. Mary* stands conspicuously; then comes *Whitstone*. On the rest of the road there is little to be said, and not much to be seen except wide stretches of "characteristic" scenery.

2. The road to *Camelford* has been already glanced at, as superseded by the new railway; but soon leaving it to the left, a stout-hearted and stout-limbed traveller can take that to *Bodmin* (22 m.) over another stretch of country for which also we must use dubiously complimentary epithets. This is a bare and lonesome region of elevated moors, with but few oases of cultivation, which one ought to see who would know what the interior of Cornwall is at its most Cornish. *Five Lanes* is a hamlet and inn 8 miles on the road, close to the old parish church of *Alternun*, which has a fine oak screen and the repute of a sacred well. Mounting on the moors for 4 miles more, we come on the *Jamaica Inn*, now a temperance house, but not quite such a solitary landmark as it once was.

The *Five Lanes* and the *Jamaica Inn* are both points from which is often made the ascent of **Brown Willy** and **Row Tor**. From the latter it is only between 3 and 4 miles to Brown Willy, and a mile more to its rough-topped neighbour. The nearest point of attack, however, is *Trevelyan's Gate*, to which visitors are taken on one of the regular car drives from Launceston.

From the Jamaica Inn the path winds round a peculiar hill, or conglomeration of hills, the *Tober* or *Two Barrows*, 1122 feet high, and then crosses a wild and somewhat marshy moor to *Brown Willy*, 1375 feet above the sea. From the summit of the rock-piled steep one can see over a great part of the county. *Row Tor* is remarkable for its profuse garniture of irregular masses of granite. Though not quite so high as Brown Willy, it is more imposing in character, from the boldness and grandeur of its elevation. A little spring at its base is the source of the Fowey. The course of this infant stream points out the situation of another lofty height, the *Garrah*, 1080 feet, and the circular British camp of *Arthur's Hall*. In the vicinity of Row Tor are the remains of several *Hut-circles*, or British villages, and to the west of the hill lies a Druidic memorial—a *Logan Stone*, 15 feet long, 12 feet broad, and 4 feet thick,—so easily shaken that the tourist may probably be disposed to test the quality ascribed to it by the poet:—

“ Firm as it seems,
Such is its strange and virtuous property,
It moves obsequious to the gentlest touch
Of him whose heart is pure ; but to a traitor,
Though e'en a giant's prowess nerv'd his arm,
It stands as fix'd as Snowdon.”—*Mason*.

Fog and bog are the two dangers to be guarded against in wandering over these wild heights, where an unguided stranger may well chance to lose his way.

Half an hour's walk or so, south of the Jamaica Inn, will be found **Dozmare** (pronounced *Dōsmēry*) Pool, a black lonely tarn, about a mile round, which has been called bottomless, but is in fact only a few feet deep. It lies upon a tableland several hundred feet above the sea, and just beyond it rises the crest of *Brown Gilly* (1100 feet). This lake might well have suggested the cold mere into which Excalibur was hurled. Its situation and aspect have led it to be connected with more vulgar superstitions, especially hovering round the memory of one *Tregagle*, a Cornish

villain who in the dim past is understood not only to have played the romantic part of the unjust steward, but to have sold his soul to the devil for 100 years. The lordly mansion which he built for himself by such foul means has naturally vanished in the dark water of Dozmare, while the wicked owner is still condemned to empty out the lake with a limpet shell, and to weave ropes of sand, as is the doom of another troubled and sinful spirit on the Bude coast. This variant of a classical legend has a feature apparently of later date, for part of the unjust steward's penance is said to be adding up his own accounts, which always come out wrong by sixpence or so. Bank clerks on a holiday should not fail to visit the scene of such visionary toils, and if of archæological tastes, may seek out several hut circles on the surrounding moors.

The rest of this long road may be briefly dismissed. Beyond the now unlicensed inn at the hamlet of *Bolventor*, its half-way stage, it is nearly 1000 feet above the sea. *Temple*, about $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. farther, formerly belonged to the Knights Templars, who erected a Church here, that long ago was suffered to fall into a melancholy ruin, but is now restored. This lies on a loop, to the left of the cyclist's road. There is another inn some miles on; and thence the road descends into Bodmin.

It was after coming so far that the Rev. W. Gilpin resolved to see no more of Cornwall; but then this lover of trees had last century's ideas of the picturesque, and he found all the road from Plymouth to Honiton "unvaried and uninteresting." Yet even such a lover of Cornwall as R. S. Hawker compares the Bodmin moors to "the bleak steppes of Tartary or the far wilds of Australia."

3. The road to *Saltash* for Plymouth, also superseded to a great extent by the more roundabout railway route, is another stretch of some 20 miles, which leads one through more pleasant scenery. Five miles from Launceston we come to the *Inny* river, a little way short of which is the *Sportsman's Arms*, where a halt might be made. To the east of this lie the **Carthamartha Rocks**, a picturesque disruption of the limestone, commanding a grand view. Upon the *Inny* lies *Treacarrel*, the remains of a Tudor mansion amid beautiful scenery, usually visited from Launceston *via Lezant* (6 m.). Between the villages of *Stoke Climsland* and *Linkinhorne* with its large church tower some way to the right, this road converges with one coming from *Five Lanes* (p. 38).

As a half-way point, where our road crosses the coach route from Liskeard to Tavistock, we come to **Callington** (*Golding's Hotel*), a place of about 2000 inhabitants, which lies at the base of *Kit Hill*, an elevation of granite, 1067 feet above the sea, forming the highest point of **Hingston Down**, from which there is a grand view. Callington, commonplace enough nowadays, boasts that it was once a seat of King Arthur. The *Church*, dating from 1450-60, contains some good memorials—especially a monument, with effigy and figures, in alabaster, to Lord Willoughby de Broke.

A mile or so on the Saltash road, a path leftwards across the Common leads to *Dupath Well*, a renowned spring arched over by a small baptistery, in old days a place of pilgrimage. The chapel is built of granite, garlanded with ferns and grasses, and seems hoary with the winters of many centuries.

Here also the leisurely pedestrian might well turn aside for some half-dozen miles digression by *Hingston Down to Weir Head* or to *Calstock* (*Ashburton Hotel*), those favourite Plymouth excursion points, for a view of the windings and finely-wooded cliffs of the Tamar. Devon and Cornwall here unite their scenery in a very effective way, rather marred indeed by the obtrusive signs of mining industry which populates this district. Kit Hill sets a good example by being crowned with a monumental shaft that might be taken for something less prosaic; and the tower on Mount Ararat beyond St. Mellion is also distinguished among vulgar chimneys.

From Callington, the road to *Saltash*, running between the Lynher and the Tamar, passes by *Viverdon Down*, where we may make another digression to **Cothele** (Earl of Mount Edgecumbe), a fine castellated quadrangular pile of granite, *temp.* Henry VII., rising on the south-east slope of Hingston Down, and overlooking a rich breadth of hanging woods, which descend to the very bank of the Tamar. The interior, carefully preserved as model of a Tudor mansion, is full of ancient tapestry, armour, and carvings; and admission to it may be had in the absence of the family. The *Chapel* contains some coloured glass, a crucifix, and a memorial to Sir Richard Edgecumbe. On the way from the high road to Cothele lies *St. Dominic's Church*, a restored building of no small interest.

St. Mellion, 5½ miles from Saltash, is a village worth a halt at its ancient *Church*, which possesses a more than ordinary number

of old memorials. The effigies of the Corytons, of Newton on the Lynher, 3 miles west, are striking.

Saltash is almost a suburb of Plymouth, with which it has frequent communication by rail, steamboat, and ferry. To it we will accordingly return as an excursion often made from the latter place.

There is a motor-car service on the switchback road between *Callington* and the G. W. R. station at *Saltash*; and a light railway has been bridged across the river from *Calstock* to the L. & S. W. R. station of *Beer Alston*.

NEIGHBOURHOOD OF PLYMOUTH.

EVERY schoolboy knows that Plymouth is not in Cornwall, but on the borders of the adjacent county, with the waters of the Sound between them ; yet it cannot altogether be left out of consideration by Cornish tourists. Our *Guide to Devonshire* has shown more at length what are Plymouth's claims on the attention of tourists, especially as an excellent centre for excursions. The place itself, made up of the three towns of *Plymouth, Stonehouse, Devonport*, has many attractions in its stately *Citadel*, its fine block of *Municipal Buildings*, its busy *Dockyard*, its military and naval displays, its good bathing-places ; above all, in its *Hoe*, perhaps the finest sea-side promenade of England, from which, as from the rival walks of *Mount Wise* at Devonport, can be had such magnificent views upon the wooded windings and creeks of the Sound and on the Cornish shore opposite. Barring a certain over-softness in the climate, we maintain that Plymouth has every reason to count as a pleasure resort. And if it be not in Cornwall, there is no Cornish town from which, in summer, such a number of trips into that county can be so easily taken. The railway companies give cheap tickets in connection with coach and steamer services, enabling one to visit within the day many of the chief beauty spots both of Cornwall and Devon. In the fine season a whole fleet of excursion steamers ply daily to various points, going up the various estuaries which make the special features of the scenery hereabouts, or along the coast as far as Falmouth in one direction, Salcombe and Dartmouth in the other, 1s. or 1s. 6d. being the usual fare for these trips, or as little as 6d. for a turn out to the Breakwater. *Mount Edgcumbe*, reached by a few minutes' ferry, is one of the most famous scenes in Cornwall ; and other very pleasant peeps of this county come into the favourite walks and sails about the "Three Towns."

A Guide to Cornwall, then, appears to do no more than its duty in saying something of the neighbourhood of Plymouth, more fully dealt with by our Devonshire Guide, where at this point we were sometimes tempted to stray a little way into Cornwall. First, a list of Plymouth Hotels will be in place; then an account of the Cornish excursions most commonly and conveniently made from over the border.

HOTELS.—*Royal and Lockyer*, near the Theatre, Lockyer Street; *Grand and Central*, on the Hoe; *Duke of Cornwall and Albion and Continental*, opposite the Millbay Station; *Farley*, Union Street; *Great Western*, near Millbay. **DEVONPORT:** *Pier*, near G. W. Docks; *Royal, Durnford*.

BOARDING-HOUSES.—*Hoe Mansions*, Elliot Street; and others on the Hoe. The G. W. R. chief station is at *Millbay*, under the Hoe; the L. & S.-W. R. terminus at *Friary Station*, behind *Sutton Pool*. Both lines share the suburban stations of *Mutley* and *North Road*, the latter stopping place of some G. W. R. expresses; and both have stations at Devonport.

The *Devon* and *Cornwall* shores are connected by ferries from *Admiral's Hard* to *Cremill*; from *Mutton Cove* to *Cremill* and to *Millbrook*; from *Morice Town* to *Tor Point*; and at *Saltash*.

SALTASH, THE LYNHER RIVER, ETC.

Saltash (4 m.) may be reached in a short railway run; but on fine days the pleasanter way is by steamer from *North Corner*, Devonport, at the half hours, returning at the hours; or less frequently from the Hoe Pier. The boat threads her course up the *Hamoaze* (pronounced *Hamoze*), the principal anchorage for ships of war stationed at Plymouth, where costly leviathans of the latest pattern contrast with the tall hulls and square port-holes of the obsolete training ships. Beyond the dockyards this thronged road widens out into an inlet on either hand, that to the left the mouth of the *Lynher River*, skirted by the grounds of *Anthony House*; then we come into view of the *Royal Albert Bridge* at Saltash, one of Brunel's greatest conceptions. Its length is 2240 feet; its breadth 30 feet; from its foundations to its summit it rises 260 feet, sufficient to clear a man-of-war with all her canvas set. For permission to inspect the bridge apply to the stationmaster.

There is not much else to see at Saltash; but from the pier we

may go up past the church to the old quarter of *St. Stephen's*, where a good view over the Tamar and the hilly country through which we passed on the way from Launceston, may be had from *St. Stephen's Mount*, reached by the main street, with a turn to the right after passing the *Green Dragon Inn*.

Round the head of a little creek behind *St. Stephen's* (2 m.), or by ferry, we can visit **Trematon Castle**, an ivy-draped ruin among woods. Several interesting features survive of this strong-hold dating almost back to the Conquest; but the materials have in part been used for a modern mansion. (Permission must be obtained from the estate agent.)

Hence a ferry will take us across the *Lynher* to **East Anthony**. The mansion, built for Sir W. Carew in 1721, contains fine pictures by *Holbein*, *Vandyck*, *Lely*, *Reynolds*, and other master artists. The road past *Thankes*, well situated on a wooden slope overlooking the Hamoaze, leads to *Tor Point*, one of the main ferries between Cornwall and Devon, where we can return to Plymouth by Devonport. The steam bridge leaves the Devon side half-hourly at the quarters, returning at the half-hours.

MOUNT EDGCUMBE.

The grounds of Lord Mount Edgcumbe's seat on the Cornwall shore are the chief lion of the neighbourhood, and justly so, for it is hard to say whether the view of them from Plymouth, or the view of Plymouth from their wooded heights, be the more beautiful. The park is open to the public the first Saturday in each month and every Wednesday except the one preceding such a Saturday. On any other weekday a special permit must be obtained from the Manor Office, Stonehouse (not far from Admiral's Hard Ferry). The party must not exceed six persons and must be accompanied by a guide, whose fee is 2s. 6d. A regular ferry service runs between Admiral's Hard and Cremill. Small boats can be taken from Devonport.

The *Mount* is the extreme end of a promontory, 4 to 5 miles in length, and 3 miles in breadth. The *Mansion*, a castellated Tudor building, of red sandstone, was built by Sir Richard Edgcumbe in 1550. The *Hall*, in the centre of the building, rises to the second story, and is adorned with Doric columns and pilasters of Devonshire marble. The pictures are chiefly family

portraits, including four by Sir *Peter Lely*, and four by Sir *Joshua Reynolds*. Visitors are not admitted to the house, nor without special order to the Gardens—English, French, and Italian embellished with fountains, vases, busts, and statues.

The outer grounds are extensive enough to take up a whole afternoon in wandering through their beauties, with charming views at every point, especially from the south side, an abrupt and craggy cliff, planted with luxuriant evergreens. Slanting upwards to the left from the main entrance in front of the house, near the farther end of the garden, we find a drive leading by a ruin on a knoll, then to the right of a wide hollow in which lies *Beachwood Cottage*, one of several refreshment houses within the park. The road turning high up along this hollow leads through a gate and an arch into the finest part of these grounds, *Laurel Walk*, a winding terrace of evergreens that from a considerable height looks out over the open sea. At the end of this, passing above *Picklecombe Fort* and *Picklecombe Cottage*, one can descend to *Cawsand*, or strike up on the right for *Maker Church*, to come round the other side of the park with views up the estuary. There are many other byeways over the heights that form this Cornish paradise. Unfortunately, great mischief was done to these fine woods by the ruinous blizzard that so much amazed our south-western counties in the spring of 1891.

CAWSAND BAY, WHITESAND BAY, ETC.

Skirting the grounds of *Mount Edgcumbe*, a pleasant walk or drive may be taken to *Cawsand*, on the other side of the point, then continued round the whole of a deeply indented peninsula lying between the open sea and the *Lynher River*. Omnibuses to *Cawsand* run from *Cremill Ferry* several times a day; but the distance is only an hour's walk. From the road, leaving the park gate on the left, a path soon turns off to the right through the exercise-ground of the Training Ship boys, where an obelisk stands on a hillock as a sea-mark. This path leads to the Steward's house, by the wooded edge of *Millbrook Inlet*, with an outlook over the *Hamoaze*; and it might be continued all the way up to *Millbrook*, an economical residence for dockyard people, retired skippers, and the families of such, from which there is a road

(1½ m.) across to the coast at *Whitesand Bay*, and a rather longer one to *Cawsand*.

The path beyond the Steward's house, however, leads us up again to the high road from Cremill, which we ascend for about a mile to *Maker Church* at the top, where opens the view on the other side of the promontory. This church, whose *Lychgate* and old *Font* are noticeable, stands above the park. A gate in the wall of the field before the church shows a footpath leading down to *Picklecombe* and *Cawsand*; or the road carries us on more satisfactorily in dirty weather.

Kingsand and *Cawsand* are parts of a quaint and picturesque little village, with narrow, winding streets, on the shore of *Cawsand Bay*, which has been such a joyful sight to so many English tars returning from foreign shores. At the southern end of it is *Penlee Point*, where a pretty walk through a wood will lead us to a curious grotto hewn in the rock, giving a fine look out on the Sound with the Breakwater and Staddon Heights opposite.

To go all round this point and along the next bay would add a mile or two to our walk, which might be shortened by cutting across by road from Cawsand to *Rame*, beyond which we should not fail to regain the coast at *Rame Head*, a very picturesque promontory, above which stand the ruins of *St. Michael's Chapel*. The view here is on the open sea with the *Eddystone Lighthouse* full in sight, and the coast stretching southwards to the Lizard.

From *Rame Head*, we pass into *Whitesand Bay*, along which a road runs from Rame village to *Tregantle Fort*, an easy couple of hours' walk. To go on by the shore of Whitesand Bay as far as *East Looe* (p. 58) would make about 20 miles from Plymouth. At *Port Wrinkle*, about half-way, golf links are beacons by the *Whitsand Bay Hotel*; then *Downderry* (*Seaview Hotel*), a few miles short of Looe, is a favourite point for trips (drive from *St. Germans Station*).

Tregantle is on the neck of the peninsula, and from this point we can find another way back by turning a little northwards to *Sheviock*, where there is a good old church, containing a stately monument to Sir Edward Courtenay and his wife. Now skirting the *Lynher River*, we take the road to *Anthony*, also with an ancient church, containing a monument to Richard Carew, whose *Survey of Cornwall* we may sometimes have occasion to quote. Some way farther on lies *Anthony House*, still a seat of the Carew family. This has already been visited from Saltash; and now again we come by it to the ferry at *Tor Point* for Devonport.

PLYMOUTH SOUND.

The Sound and its puzzling labyrinth of inlets may be roughly compared, in arrangement if not in size, to a hand with outstretched fingers, the palm represented by the harbour itself. The thumb, then, is the *Catwater*, curved deeply in between *Mount Batten* and *Catdown*, containing the estuary of the *Plym*, which here loses its name in that of the *Laira*. The forefinger points to *Sutton Pool*, its extreme points euphoniously named "Bear's Head" and "Fisher's Nose." The second finger indicates *Mill Bay*, lying between the Hoe and Stonehouse, whose head forms the *Great Western Docks*. The third finger points up *Stonehouse Pool*, etc., which divides Stonehouse from Devonport. The little finger, which ought to be the largest, stands for the anchorage of *Hamoaze*, formed by the estuary of the Tamar, whose east bank is for some distance taken up by the Royal Dockyard, Gun Wharf, and Steam Yard. Beyond the latter *Keyham Lake* runs inland. On the opposite side the shore is deeply indented by *Millbrook*, *St. John's Lake*, and other creeks, then below Saltash by the estuary of the *St. Germans* or *Lynher* river, itself branching off into numerous arms. Above Saltash unite the waters of the *Tamar* and the *Tavy*.

Off the Hoe lies the low fort-crowned island of *St. Nicholas*, commonly known as *Drake's Island*, whose formidable defensive works are of great importance, as commanding the entrance to the Sound. It is about 3 acres in extent, half a mile distant from Stonehouse, and connected with the Cornwall shore by a range of low rocks, called the *Bridge*, impassable even at high water, except for the smallest and lightest craft, and sometimes at low tides so dry that the island almost loses its character. Civilians, we fancy, are not encouraged to visit this place of arms, except on business, else we should recommend its views of the Sound.

Some two miles down the Sound is seen the low mass of the *Breakwater*. It also is insulated, having on either hand a good channel, which admits the egress or ingress of the largest ships at any time of the tide. Between its wall and the north shore forty sail of the line, besides smaller vessels, can ride in safety. It was commenced in 1812, under the direction of Rennie, and for thirty-four years took the daily labour of 200 men. The *Lighthouse*, at

the west end, of white granite, 55 feet high, and 114 feet diameter at its base, was constructed in 1841. At the east end stands a beacon, with a hollow globe for the shelter of shipwrecked seamen. One can walk along the top, when the waves are not too boisterous. The Breakwater may be visited by boat, and is a favourite point for short steamboat trips.

Near the extremities of the Breakwater are on opposite sides *Bovisand Fort*, a recent erection of immense strength, and *Picklecombe Fort*; and half-way between, the *Breakwater Fort*—the three together making a formidable line of defence for the protection of the port.

To the **Eddystone Lighthouse** there are two or three excursions, in the fine season, almost every day. Passengers do not land at the lighthouse, which stands on a reef in the open sea, 14 miles from Plymouth. The scenery of the Sound being left behind, they have the chance of falling in with some great armoured cruiser or other leviathan of the deep, even perhaps of a naval squadron steering into Plymouth.

For trips up the *Yealm Mouth*, with its picturesque villages, and to other points, we must refer the reader to our *Devonshire Guide*. Full particulars are daily advertised in the local papers. Handbills of the excursions for the day will be found at the piers on the Hoe, where most of the sea and river pleasure boats start, but those belonging to the G. W. R. Co. from their own pier in Millbay Docks.

UP THE TAMAR.

This is a very popular and well-managed excursion, the steamer running to *Weir Head*, 25 miles from the Hoe, in about two hours with half a dozen stoppages, which makes a cheap sail for 1s. 6d. There is at least one boat almost every day in summer.

Beyond Saltash the Tamar expands again into what is, at high tide, a wide lake, branching out within 2 miles in four directions, the most northerly branches being the Tavy on the right, and the Tamar itself on the left. On the left bank of the Tamar is passed the village of *Landulph*, whose church contains a brass, with a long inscription, to Theodore Palæologus, said to be the last descendant of the Greek Emperors, buried here 1636. A little farther we pass, on the same side, the hamlet of *Car Green* (Inn), 2 miles beyond which the channel of the stream bends suddenly

back to the left and forms a deep horse-shoe. At the back of this bend, on the Cornish side, is *Pentillie Castle*, surrounded by lovely grounds and venerable woods, beyond which rises the hill called Mount Ararat, crowned by a tower. The woods overhanging the river bank here are its most pleasing feature.

Beyond Pentillie, we reach, in less than 3 miles, *Cothele Quay*, the landing for *Cothele House* (see p. 41), which is not seen from the water, but near Cothele Quay we have a glimpse of a little chapel built by an ancestor of the Edgcumbes to commemorate his escape from the tender mercies of Richard III.

Above Cothele the river commences a succession of eccentric windings. On the Cornish side, we halt at **Calstock** (*Ashburton Hotel*), where the river is bridged by a rail to Beer Alston. Some excursionists disembark here to stretch their legs and taste the produce of its famous strawberry beds, or otherwise refresh themselves while awaiting the return of the boat. Yet beyond is the best part of the river course, where it twists and turns through miles of green-clad crags and pinnacles, making a circuit round Calstock Church, from which there is a fine view of its wanderings along the *Morwell Rocks* on the Devonshire bank. The finest reach of all, perhaps, is the last, ringed about by broken and wooded cliffs at **Weir Head**, where the steamer has to be turned with caution, and starts back as soon as she can get her head down stream, carrying us away from scenes which we would fain seek again for more than a peep at their charms of rock, wood, and water. A sad eyesore here is the mines, whose shafts do worse than obtrude themselves among such sylvan beauty, for at more than one of them the production of arsenic discolours both wood and water.

PLYMOUTH TO LAUNCESTON BY RAIL.

This journey takes us through the western edge of Devonshire, on whose beauties we here can only touch. The G. W. R. and the L. & S.-W. R. have both branches to Launceston, the former of which will be preferred as more direct, and, on the whole, more picturesque. It leaves the main line at *Marsh Mills* to mount the course of the Plym through the beautiful Vale of Bickleigh, skirting the heights of Dartmoor to the right, then crossing the *Walkham* valley to *Tavistock*. This pretty town is little over an hour's walk from the Cornwall border, over which, and along the

course of the Tamar, very pleasant excursions may be made hence. The L. & S.-W. R. from Devonport crosses the Tavy and takes high ground above its wooded valley, where in a few miles it changes from muddy flats to a mountain stream. To the left are fine views over the estuaries. At *Beer Alston* we look across to *Calstock* and the windings of the Tamar. This line reaches Tavistock high above the town and the right bank of the Tavy, whereas the G. W. station is lower down on the other side.

Beyond Tavistock, the rival lines cross each other, running on side by side to *Lidford*, where the G. W. R. turns down the valley of the Lid direct for Launceston, while the L. & S.-W. takes a long round to it by *Okehampton* and *Halwill Junction*. From Launceston, the latter has the advantage of carrying on its passengers to *Camelford* and *Padstow*; but as the two stations adjoin each other at Launceston, it would be easy to transfer from one to the other, leaving time to visit the town (p. 34).

PLYMOUTH TO PADSTOW.

THE G. W. R. line into Cornwall goes out by Devonport from *Millbay Station*, where the London carriages are reversed, a hint for travellers particular as to facing the engine. It may also be remembered that the principal Cornish expresses are apt to pass on through the outskirts of Plymouth, not running into Millbay, passengers for which must, at *North Road*, take care that they are not carried far beyond their destination.

From the left side of the train there are views over the *Hamoaze*, and up the *Lynher River* opening opposite as we approach Saltash viaduct. It is a pity the architect of this grand bridge did not forecast the desirability of more than a single pair of rails, when all the rest of the line is being doubled. From the height of the viaduct, slowly crossing into Cornwall, we have a last glance upon the harbour and shipping of Plymouth.

Beyond the bridge, we overlook, on the left, the shores and creeks of the Lynher River, which at low tide offer stretches of marshy flat, no enticing welcome to Cornwall scenery. On the other side are the villages of *Anthony* and *Sheviock*. To the right we soon have glimpses of the stack-crowned hills among which our way wound on the road from Launceston by *Callington*. Seven miles beyond Saltash, our next Cornish town strikes us by its slaty and stony coldness.

St. Germans (Inn: *Eliot Arms*) is now a small straggling place which once ranked much more highly in the county. Tradition derives its name from *St. Germanus*, Bishop of Auxerre, who in the 5th century visited Britain to lend a hand in subduing both the heathen Picts and the heretical Pelagians. Here he is said to have founded a monastery; and though Bodmin vied with St. Germans as a centre of religious life, the latter was

the usual seat of the Cornish Bishopric from the days of Athelstan to those of the Conqueror, when it became joined to the diocese of Exeter.

The present church (104 feet by 67 feet) has a Norman west front, but its other portions are of later date; the south-west tower, Perpendicular, and the south aisle, Decorated. The octagonal north-west tower dates from the 13th century. The chancel fell into ruins in 1592. The nave has been more than once restored. The deeply-recessed Norman *porch* in the west front, with its finely-carved foliage and chevron mouldings, makes a striking feature. The north *aisle* is separated from the nave by five massive circular pillars; the south aisle by round pillars which support six pointed arches. The windows present several examples of Early Geometrical tracery. The Norman font, the carved *miserere*, and the seat known as the *Bishop's Chair* are other relics of antiquity. Among the Eliot memorials is a fine one by *Rysbrack* to *Edward Eliot*, d. 1723, imitated from the Duke of Buckingham's monument in Westminster Abbey, and one to a cadet of the family killed at Inkerman.

Port Eliot (Earl St. Germans)—formerly called *Porth Prior*, from an Anglo-Saxon religious house granted to Richard Eliot in 1565—stands beside the ancient church, and notwithstanding extensive modernisation, retains a venerable and stately character. The grounds are extensive and beautifully arranged, where a branch of the river Tidi widens into an ornamental lake. The house contains a good collection of pictures, which, as in more than one other mansion of this neighbourhood, is particularly rich in examples of the local master Sir Joshua Reynolds. Among these are: *Bel and the Dragon*, *Rembrandt*; *An Old man* (the head by *Quintin Matsys*), *Rembrandt*; *John Hampden*, date 1643; *Family Picture of Richard Eliot, Esq., his wife and family, with Captain Hamilton and Mrs. Goldsworthy*—date 1746—*Sir Joshua Reynolds*; *Sir Joshua Reynolds*—by himself; and several other Eliot portraits from the same hand.

We now follow the railway for 8 or 9 miles to Liskeard, passing on the left the grounds of *Catchfrench*, and on the other side of the line the woods of *Coldrinick*. On each side, also, there are camp-crowned hills. Then a mile or so to the right rises the spire of *Menheniot* Church, a feature as rare in Cornwall as in Devon. From the viaduct at *Menheniot Station* we have a

pretty glimpse of wood and valley scenery, which might tempt us to stop here an hour or two for a stroll to *Clicker Tor* on the left, a rough height of serpentine rock covered with heath and fern. This line abounds in viaducts, now turned from wood into stone. There is a lofty one on either side of *Liskeard Station*, which stands upon the spur between two valleys. A coach runs between Liskeard and *Tavistock Station* (L. & S.-W. R.)

LISKEARD.

HOTELS.—*Webb's, Temperance, etc.*, in the town; *Stag*, at the station, half a mile off.

This old market town of a few thousand inhabitants is chiefly interesting to strangers as halting-point for visits to some of the most notable antiquities of Cornwall. It stands pleasantly on hill slopes, and in the valley between, which, on reaching the main part of the town from the station, we must cross to our right for the church, rising in restored dignity above its close-packed graveyard. This is one of the largest churches in Cornwall, second only to Bodmin. The body of it is Perpendicular; but the tower (which has been rebuilt) had a Norman arch, and some curious gargoyles. The interior seems somewhat cold in general effect, relieved by the glow of the end windows.

Farther along the slope of the same hillside, we reach the site of the Castle that gave Liskeard its name—"the fortified place." No stronghold now appears, but a rustic police-station. The ground is laid out as a small park, recently extended to the top of the hill behind, from which there is a clear view of *Caradon* and the neighbouring heights, whither we soon direct our steps, for an excursion to the *Cheese wring* and the *Hurlers* is not to be missed by any conscientious tourist. The several objects of interest in this direction may all be "done" in one day, and must be visited partly on foot, though we can drive most of the way on a rather dull road.

TO CARADON, CHEESEWRING, ST. CLEER, ETC.

The road (6 m.) leaves the town at its upper end. Those who drive will not want directions; so we will rather consider the pedestrian, and he may be advised, even although it add a couple of miles to the walk, to follow the line of the mineral rail

way, which runs up the valley under the G. W. R. viaduct beyond Liskeard. There is no passenger service; but occasionally, by making friends with the officials, a lift may be had on trains carrying coals up from *Looe*, or granite down to it. We understand that no objection is made to using this line as a pathway; and in any case its route may be taken as a guide, at least one way of the tramp to and from the bare moors about Caradon.

The glory of the great **Caradon** copper mine, once a sight here, has departed for the present; but we may, without much difficulty, ascend *Caradon Hill* (over 1200 feet) for a fine view from Dartmoor to beyond Falmouth, and up the valley of the Tamar. The mining village at its foot, to the east, is *Pensilva*, round which are some very pretty walks in rough gorges; then we might walk on to *St. Ive*, to find ourselves on the Tavistock coach road, 4 miles or so from Liskeard. This round would make a morning's or afternoon's work.

Having come so far, however, few will not push on to the **Cheesewring**, which is the most famous lion of this neighbourhood. Below the slopes of Caradon there is an inn called the "Cheesewring Hotel," from which the railway will lead us in a short mile within sight of the *Cheesewring*, rising like a gigantic mushroom on a hill strewn with huge rocks. It is about 30 feet high, a pile of weathered granite slabs, the upper ones so much overhanging those beneath that it seems as if a touch might topple over this inverted monument. Such a freak of nature has, of course, been attributed to the mysterious Druids, but a more probable theory represents it as a huge cairn, laid bare by the gradual denudation of the surface-earth, and wrought into its present shape by the action of atmospheric influences upon the softer portions of the granite. From this elevated position, a fine prospect is commanded of Western Devon, of the Cornish hills and valleys, and the seas which spread away on either hand.

The granite quarries here are in full working; and but for the Duchy of Cornwall's fostering care, the Cheesewring would have fallen a victim to the commercial vandalism which has destroyed *Daniel Gumb's Rocks*. Daniel Gumb was a stone-cutter, who showed at an early age an intense love of books, and especially addicted himself to the study of astronomy and mathematics. Near the Cheesewring, in 1735, he dug out for himself and his family a cavern or hollow at the base of a projecting mass of granite, and there pursued his favourite studies

till his death. Traces of this eccentric philosopher still remain in his name and the figure of the 47th Proposition of Euclid's first book, carved by him on the stone that once gave him shelter. The *Phoenix Tin Mine*, as well as the quarries, is at present open, and might be visited by the tourist; but we reserve an account of this industry for a district which may be considered its headquarters.

To the north of the Cheesewring rises the conical *Sharpitor* or Sharp Point Tor (1200 feet), its western side scored with the ruins of ancient Celtic settlements; and away to the left towers *Kilmarth* (1280 feet), crowned with a circle of strangely-shaped rocks. Beyond are *Trewartha Tor*, east, and *Hawks' Tor*, west. The view from Kilmarth, conspicuous as a serrated ridge from many of the hills around Plymouth, is very fine, but the ascent rougher than that of Caradon. These heights, and the moors extending beyond them to the road between Launceston and Bodmin, are dotted with barrows, hut-circles, and other traces of the far past, to be looked for as a pleasing change from the deserted mines that make such a harsh feature of Cornish scenery.

In returning to Liskeard from the Cheesewring, we may take the mineral railway as a guide to other points, which are sometimes visited in a different order.

Not far from the Inn already mentioned are the **Hurlers**, remains of three large Sacred Circles, many of the stones overthrown or wanting. The legend makes them players at the good old Cornish game of hurling, who were turned into stone for playing on Sunday, as the "Nine Maidens," at more than one place, were for dancing. It is remarkable how often this story turns up both at Devon and Cornwall, the more so as it must date from a pre-Puritan age, long before Sabbath-breaking became an offence. Perhaps some antiquarian could tell us that the original legend related to Good Friday, or some other fast of the old Church.

On a prominent point to the east of the line, about a mile south of the Caradon mine, is *Trevethy Stone* (sometimes called *Trethevy*, with the second alias of *Tredavy*, while this stone is also styled the "Quoit" or the "Graveyard"), one of the largest cromlechs in Cornwall. On the other side, we may turn off to what is known as the *Half Stone*, the fragment of a granite cross, marked with the name of *Doniert*. an old king of Cornwall, said

to have been drowned A.D. 872. It is in a field within a mile of St. Cleer.

Farther on, within 3 miles of Liskeard, to the right of the railway going down, we come to the Church of St. Cleer, a considerable village, separated from its neighbour by a down 750 feet high. *St. Cleer* was an English missionary, martyred in Normandy 894. The Church here is in part Norman, and has a fine tower. But more ancient are the *Well* and *Baptistry*, not far off, the latter carefully restored, and the *Cross*, 9 feet high, which form a group by the wayside. Like the *Dupath Well*, this is a spring of very old sacred renown, in which lunatics used to be ducked when learned doctors knew no better cure for insanity.

If not yet satiated with sight-seeing, we might here turn westward to St. Neot, 5 miles from Liskeard, and rather nearer (3 m.) to *Doublebois*, the next station on the G. W. R. This village boasts a church which is one of the lions of the county, notable for its fine Decorated tower, its carved roof (dated 1593), its stone reliquary, 18 inches by 14 inches, which once enshrined the arm of St. Neot, and, above all, for a series of fifteen windows exhibiting the deeds of various saints in mediæval stained glass, restored, in 1829, at the cost of the patron of the benefice.

St. George's Window represents that great champion of Christendom in his wars against the Gauls, in his victory over the dragon, obtaining his arms from the Holy Virgin, falling into the hands of his Gaulish foes, trampled under foot by the horse of the King's son, torn to pieces with iron instruments, boiled in molten lead, and marvellously restored to life by the Virgin. *St. Neot's* miracles and virtues are similarly set forth in the window appropriated to him, given by the young men of the parish in 1628. The *Harris*, the *Callawaye* and *Tubbe*, the *Borlase*, the *Martyn* and the *Mutton*, are family memorial windows; the *Chancel*, the *Creation*, the *Noah*, the *Acts*, the *Redemption*, represent scenes from scriptural history; the *Armorial* shows the nine orders into which the Angelic Hierarchy are arranged, and the *Young Women's Window*, a gift from village maidens in 1529, is emblazoned with the figures of *St. Patrick*, *St. Clara*, *St. Mancus*, and *St. Brechan*. The *Wives*, in turn, inspired by the example of their juniors, presented, a year later, a window commemorating the local *St. Mebered* and *St. Mabena*, as well as the Virgin and our Lord.

LOOE, ETC.

Here may be made a divergence to the coast at *Looe*, often visited by Plymouth excursion steamers, and for which Liskeard has become a closer knot of land communication.

A local Company, now absorbed by the G. W. R., extended an old mineral line by a long and steep curve rising from *Combe Junction* to pass under the G. W. R. and double back to its *Liskeard Station*. The promoters of this improvement hope eventually to get powers for carrying passengers up to the *Cheesewring Quarries*, on the higher portion of the line at present used only for mineral traffic. In any case, the new facilities already sanctioned should help to give Looe the position it deserves in the bathing-place world.

The branch journey to Looe is now a matter of half an hour or so, through a pleasant valley, beside a rushing brook, with stopping places at *St. Keyne* (p. 61), *Causeland*, and *Sandplace* (near *Morval*, p. 59). Below Sandplace, the stream quickly widens into a sandy estuary; then, some half mile above East Looe, opens a large pool, which, when glorified by the setting sun, is quite beautiful, with the sea-birds hovering over it and the boats ranged in a row beneath the overhanging trees. Another opening in the heights lower down shows us where the West Looe river comes in to swell the stream pouring out through the harbour of this double town, joined by a bridge some way up. The whole route is pretty, and the smooth, well-engineered road keeps the railway company nearly all the way. Between Sandplace and Looe charming woods rise on each side.

East and West Looe (Hotels: *Looe, Ship*, etc.) present features that will soon become familiar to the traveller on this coast—an inlet deeply sunk between wooded banks, on each side of its mouth a fishing village packed closely in the hollow, new villas and cottages climbing into the sun above, a rocky sea front and airy cliff walls. The chief ganglion of the place is the old town

of East Looe, a labyrinth of narrow gray, unsavoury streets, and quaintly cramped alleys, more admirable to artists than to sanitary reformers, while close by are breezy heights and open shore to restore the balance of salubrity.

The church tower round which East Looe huddles is mainly a modern building; the old parish church, *St. Martin's*, stands a mile off on the heights behind. The most prominent public building here is the modern *Guild Hall*, in whose porch may be seen the remains of the pillory. The old Guild Hall makes a picturesque relic. In West Looe, *St. Nicholas' Chapel* has been restored and reconsecrated to its sacred character, after serving for a time as Town Hall, and even, it is said, as a theatre.

Looe was once noted as a seaport, and later on as a rotten borough. Now, in addition to fishing and the export of granite and other minerals, it would fain make its fortune as a seaside resort, for which its fine situation and mild climate seem well to adapt it. Hitherto it has been chiefly an excursion place for the Plymouth people, accommodation of the better kind being rather deficient, and lodgings here much run upon in summer. But now Looe is laying itself out to attract better-class guests, especially beyond West Looe, where a whole colony of villas has sprung up to fringe the seashore towards the triangular *St. George's Island*. Just at the corner are the *Headland* and *Nailzee Pension-Hotels*.

Looe is more open than Fowey, and the western as well as the eastern approach is good; the inlet is wide, and from the bridge both sides of the town can be well seen. The older houses, with the town hotels, Post Office, etc., are on the East. There also are the bathing-machines in the season, reached from the West side by ferry. The nine-hole golf-links are beyond the station.

Pleasant walks may be taken along the cliffs eastwards, and inland from East Looe. Behind *Sandplace* is *Morval House*, an Elizabethan mansion, much admired for its mullioned roofs and garlanded windows, as well as for its gardens. Near it, the pinnacled tower of the parish church rises among trees, a little to the left of a high road which would carry us back by another route to *Liskeard* or *Menheniot*.

On the other side of the inlet, boating parties up the *West Looe River* are much in favour; and some fishing is to be had here. An afternoon's excursion might well be made along the coast in this direction to *Polperro*, 4 miles by road, on which is

passed Talland, with a church separated from its ivied tower, after the Italian campanile fashion, not unusual in Cornwall.

Polperro (Inns: *Tourist, Ship*) is not unlike Looe, "only more so"; and it also is much minded to set up as a resort for strangers, on the strength of its reformed character as a picturesque den of smugglers and fishermen. Built in a rocky inlet narrowing into a ravine between slate cliffs, 400 feet high, it is so economical of space, that in some of its alleys two donkeys can hardly pass each other. These cramped passages have a very continental look, and to the nose also they strongly suggest a Mediterranean port, a kind of picturesqueness that has attracted a small school of foreign artists, among others, who are making the name of Polperro in one way as did for it in another the "History" of Mr. Couch, the naturalist, who was a doctor here. The "Polperro fossils" which he discovered, and the remains of a submarine forest on the beach, are well known in the geological world. Close to the quay is a cavern, haunted by the ghost of one Willy Woodcock, who entered to explore it, but was never seen again in the flesh. On the hill above are the ruins of a chapel. Both to the idle sight-seer and to the man of science, Polperro counts as a choice spot, which, if it lay less out of the way of railways, would probably soon lose much of its peculiar charms, and whose lovers will prefer us to say as little about them as may be.

Hence one could push on in 6 or 7 miles more either to *Polruan* or *Bodinnick* Ferry, for Fowey. If we return to *Liskeard*, a more direct road might be taken, that leaves W. Looe some couple of miles on the right, passing *Trelawne House*, home of the Bishop of that name, whose imprisonment among the "Seven Bishops" by James II. so much stirred his fellow-Cornishmen.

"And shall Trelawney die? And shall Trelawney die?"

Then thirty thousand Cornish boys will know the reason why!"

The chapel and pictures are sometimes shown; among them, portraits of Queen Elizabeth, taken in her youth; of Bishop Atterbury, and of Bishop Trelawney himself, whose pastoral staff and other memorials of the family may be seen in the ancient church of *Pelynt*, which is some way off the road westward.

Another demesne to the right of the road farther on is *Trenant*, formerly the residence of "Anastadius" Hope. On the wooded hill above are the remains of a circular British camp,

once connected with *Lerrin* above Fowey by a line of entrenchments called *The Giant's Hedge*. The grounds of *Trenant* are beautifully situated at the head of an inlet running up between abrupt hills clothed with verdure, which may be explored by boat from *Looe*, with the aid of the tide.

Some 2 miles farther on, the road carries us by the village of *Duloe*, where a halt may be made to visit the old church, the remains of a sacred circle, and a well dedicated to *St. Culey*, not far off.

St. Keyne, under 3 miles from *Liskeard*, is the next village, whose lion is a more famous well, some half mile to the left from the ancient church. We all know from *Southey's* ballad, the remarkable property attributed to its waters; the husband or wife who is first to drink of them rules for the remainder of their married life! The legend has it that *St. Keyne*, a Welsh princess, daughter of good King *Brechan*, bestowed this wonder-working well upon the villagers in return for the chapel which had been consecrated to her. It is arched over by some weather-worn stones, upon which, in a fantastic manner, grow three venerable ash-trees, a wych-elm, and a hoary oak.

Having thus shown our reader how two or three days may be very well spent at *Liskeard*, we carry him on by the G. W. R., that, past *Doublebois* Station, below the more vernacularly named village of *Dubwalls*, soon enters the wooded valley of the *Fowey* River, prettily accompanying it all the way, on the right, to *Lostwithiel*, short of which, however, we turn off on the branch line at *Bodmin Road*, near the confluence of the *Cardinham* River.

Here we change into a train which carries us up this side glen, with the woods of *Glynn* to the right, and *Castle Kenyoc*, a camp-crested hill, on the left. The scenery is all very enticing for the 3 or 4 miles that bring us to another place not to be passed over in haste.

BODMIN.

HOTELS.—*Royal, Town Arms.*

“The Monks’ Town,” as its name means, was once the chief place in Cornwall, and intermittently seems to have shared with *St. Germans* the honour of being capital of the diocese. From *Launceston* it took over the rank of county town, and though

outstripped in prosperity, even in dignity, by Truro, it is still the seat of the Assizes and the County Buildings, as well as a military depot, for which distinction its central position well qualifies it. The population is just about 6000.

The description of Bodmin, penned by Carew in Queen Elizabeth's time, will apply to it now, with not much variation, except for the offshoot, a little way outside of the town, grown up about the station, and the Barracks above it. We go straight down to an opening, where on the left are the *Assize Courts*, and *Public Rooms*, and on the right the *Post Office* in a little street turning up to the Church, that lies in the lowest part of the hollow. In the other direction rises the long street in which are the chief shops and hotels, and half way up (left) the *Free Library* presented by Mr. Passmore Edwards in 1897. This street then goes out as the road to Wadebridge (7 m.).

The town's patron saint was St. Petrock, who in the 6th century established here a small monastery of the Benedictine order. His tomb and shrine were once extant in the chapel attached to the west end of Bodmin Church, and his bones were long treasured in a fine ivory casket, still reverently preserved in charge of the municipal authorities, to whom application must be made to see this remarkable reliquary, the best specimen of a kind rare in England. The true founder of Bodmin, however, seems to have been Athelstan, who in A.D. 936 made it the site of a Benedictine Priory, only some small fragments of which can still be found. At the end of the 15th century, Bodmin strongly took up the cause of Perkin Warbeck; and it shared in the troubles of the Reformation.

Of the great religious commotion of the West, a story is handed down, paralleled by a similar grim jest said to have been enacted at St. Ives. The mayor, one Boyer, had been compelled by the rebels to provide them with supplies. After their defeat near Exeter, Lord Russell commissioned the king's provost-marshal, Sir Anthony Kingston, to pass through Cornwall and inflict summary punishment upon all who had aided them. He arrived at Bodmin, and was sumptuously entertained by the mayor. During the banquet he requested his host to have a gallows made ready for the execution, as he said, of a refractory townsman. After dinner the mayor informed him that his order had been executed. "Well," said the provost, "let us go thither and see the man hang." Arriving at the place of execution, Sir Anthony

inquired if the gibbet was of sufficient strength. "Yes," said the mayor, "without doubt it is!" "Then up with you, Master Boyer," rejoined the provost; "it is meant for thee!" "Surely," cried the hapless mayor, "you do but jest." "I'faith no," rejoined the provost; "thou hast been a busy rebel, and there is no excuse for thee!"

The *Church* is the most noticeable building, dating from 1468-1472, except the tower and north chancel, which were probably built about 1125; and the whole has been restored in our time. It is the largest church in Cornwall; length, 150 feet; breadth, 63 feet. The tower contains a good peal of bells and chimes; Bodmin is one of the towns that keep the custom of ringing curfew. The spire, which formerly sprang out of the tower, was destroyed by lightning, 1699. The Norman *Font* is beautifully sculptured. There are some good modern windows. An octagonal piscina with eight apertures, was once used as a poor-box. The most interesting memorial is the tomb, with effigy in pontifical robes, of *Prior Vivian*, titular Bishop of Megara, d. 1533. Near this, to the north of the altar, a tablet to *Cicely*, wife of *Bernard Achym*, d. 1639, is lettered with an almost illegible inscription.

"Democritus would weep to see
 Soe faire a flow're as this to be
 Call'd to paye her Nature's duetye,
 Blasted in her primest beautye.
 In Infancye her Vertue's worth
 Began to bud and blossome forth,
 And as to riper age she grewe
 Each day produced a virtue newe,
 That shee had beene her sexes pride
 Had shee, alas, not too soone dyede.
 Nature in her had done its parte,
 And that was perfited by Arte;
 Yea, Grace through Nature soe did shine
 You would have thought her half Divine
 Her Charitye as yet appears
 In poore men's faces writte in teares;
 And if for Pyetye you looke,
 Witnessse this Temple and her booke.—
 Reader, then guess the rest by this,
 Shee was a soule made fitt for Blisse."

Adjoining the chancel stands the *Chapel of St. Thomas*, profusely decorated with ivy. *Berry Tower*, fragment of a chapel of the Holy Rood, will be found on the hill to the north, where

the new cemetery is. To the north-west are some remains of a *Leper Hospital* of the 13th century.

RAMBLES ROUND BODMIN.

1. The first spot for which the agile stranger will make is *Beacon Hill*, south of the town, marked by a tall monument to General Gilbert, and commanding one of the most extensive views hereabouts. Beyond lies *Halgaver* or "the Goat's Moor," where every July was held a saturnalia of the lower orders, and offensive individuals, after a mock trial and a summary sentence, were ducked in muddy water as a punishment. The monument will be seen close to the station.

2. Three miles south-west, on the road to Truro, is the village of *Lanivet*, where two stone crosses adorn the churchyard, and *St. Benet's Monastery* preserves some memorials of its whilom dignity; a lofty range of buildings, with mullioned windows and a tower, over whose decay the ivy flung its luxuriant concealment, but of late years it has been somewhat spoiled.

3. About the same distance, or a little farther, lies *Pencarrow*, a seat containing some family pictures, often visited for its *pinetum*, and the circular camp on the highest part of the Park. The way passes *Dunmeer Bridge*, near which *Dunmeer Castle* is another earthwork. *Pencarrow* means "Head of Streams," which will be a hint as to the character of the landscape, here enriched by fine woods. One can start out the Wadebridge road to the end of the town, then turn off to the right by the Asylum. In the same direction is struck the next line mentioned.

4. Northward we might take a long stretch over the Bodmin moors, already traversed in our excursions from *Launceston*. The mineral railway up the *Camel* to *Wenford Bridge* (7 m.), at present not open for passengers, would be our guide to the wild neighbourhood of *Henter-Gantick* (see p. 33), and we might also push on to *Brown Willy* or to *Camelford* in a walk of 4 or 5 hours.

5. North-eastwards, a shorter round would be to *Cardinham*, thence to *Warleggon*, from which we could strike across to *Temple* on the *Launceston Road*, or go on to *St. Neot*, if not already visited from *Liskeard*.

6. One of the most beautiful walks is to *Glynn Bridge* (4 m.), down the river valley of which we had such a tempting glimpse from the railway branch to Bodmin. Soon we pass to the

right *Castle Kenyock* or *Canyke*, a large entrenchment commanding a good view. *Glynn*, the seat of the Lord Vivian, is finely situated among woods to the left of the river. We are informed that tourists are not admitted even to the grounds, which seems a pity.

By keeping a mile or so down the right bank of the *Fowey*, one might return so as to include **Lanhydrock**, which is perhaps the chief lion in the Bodmin neighbourhood, standing about half way between it and *Lostwithiel*, 3 miles more or less. This famous mansion of the Robartes family has gone through some vicissitudes like its owners, who took the side of the Parliament against Charles I., but, accepting the Restoration, were rewarded with the Earldom of Radnor, a title now extinct.

Lanhydrock House occupies three sides of a quadrangle, the north and south wings respectively bearing date 1636 and 1642, while the many-pinnacled and much-decorated gateway dates from 1651. A stately avenue of sycamores, planted in 1648, leads from the park-gate to this lodge or gateway—a distance of half a mile. The grounds are finely wooded, and diversified with many a bold sweep of rich green sward. The *Gallery* is 116 feet long, its ceiling and cornices embellished with scriptural subjects. There are several family portraits, of no great interest as works of art. A room is shown as that of *Tregeagle*, the Cornish bogey, who, or a namesake of his, was steward so late as the beginning of last century. There are no fixed days for seeing the place, and we fear that absolute strangers would not be made welcome.

In the rear of the house, and against a background of massy foliage, stands the parish church, a Perpendicular building, with an embattled tower, nave, and north and south aisles. A granite cross decorates the churchyard, and there are numerous memorials of the Robartes in the interior of the church.

From *Bodmin* to *Wadebridge* a twenty minutes' run brings us through the green scenery of the Camel valley by a line made originally for the carriage of minerals, which is interesting as being one of the oldest bits of railway in the country, second only, if we mistake not, to that between Liverpool and Manchester. From *Boscarne Junction* the L. & S.W. Railway have a mineral line running to *Wenford Bridge* and *St. Breward* (p. 32). *Wadebridge* is approached by a view of the grey pinnacled tower of *Egloshayle*.

Wadebridge (Hotels: *Molesworth Arms*, *Commercial*, *Cornish Arms*, *Temperance*, etc.) possesses a bridge of 17 arches, the longest and one of the oldest in Cornwall (320 feet). It has recently been widened, but so as not to destroy its ancient character. The little town occupies a pleasant situation straggling along the winding estuary of the Camel, which at this point, on the flux of unusually high tides, or after heavy rains, swells to a considerable extent, and takes on a certain air of grandeur. The bridge and the growing town about it unite Egloshayle on the north side of the river and **St. Breock** to the south, both with fine old parish churches, the former containing a stone pulpit believed to be the work of a former vicar who built and endowed the bridge. Coaches to *Newquay* still start at Wadebridge; and 6 miles of road, along the north side of the estuary, lead to *Rock* (p. 68), opposite Padstow; this is the best way to Rock, as the ferry at Padstow is uncertain, and there might be difficulties with much luggage. Omnibuses run all the year round to Rock and St. Isaac, starting at 2 P.M., and in summer also at 6 P.M.

The road to Padstow (8 miles) by *St. Breock* turns inland through two other villages:—

St. Issey, in a wild, hilly country, might detain a wayfarer by the prospect from *St. Issey Beacon* to the south, beyond which rises the ridge of *St. Breock's Down*, 730 feet or more above the level of the sea.

Little Petherick has a quaint Early English *Church*, restored with taste a few years ago. It is situated near the head of *Dinas Cove*, a pretty inlet of the Camel, round which the Padstow road has to make a turn.

PADSTOW.

HOTELS.—*Metropole* (first class) near station; *Caledonia*, *Ship*, and *Commercial* Inns by the waterside.

This place is a port of old renown, on a coast where safe harbours are rare. It has suffered much of late years from the silting up of its harbour by sand, which here answers the definition of dirt as matter in the wrong place, since it is in high esteem for agricultural manure, owing to its large proportion of carbonate of lime. Padstow has still, however, trade enough to

support a population of nearly 3000. There is some mixed fishing, whiting, bass, etc., in winter and spring, but "nothing doing" in the trade during the summer months. The entrance at present is too narrow, and obstructed by a bar called the *Doombar*, off which is the conspicuous island of Newland.

We first hear of Padstow in Saxon times as the residence of St. Patrick, and afterwards of St. Petrock, one of his disciples, —whence its original name, *Petrock's Stow*. After Cornwall was subjugated by Athelstan it became known as *Athelstow*; and it bore that name when Leland wrote of it, *temp.* Henry VIII. Like other Cornish towns, this keeps up a quaint May-day ceremony, in which a "Hobby-horse" plays the chief part.

The little town lies in a deep hollow opening on the waterside, where, from a cramped market-place, winding roads and patches of street mount up to the *Church* near the head of the coombe, above which the *Place* is hidden in rich woods.

The *Church* of St. Petrock contains a Norman font, sculptured with figures of the Twelve Apostles on slate, a pulpit panelled with old carvings, a quaint Prideaux monument with kneeling figures, and numerous other family memorials of different periods. It was long believed that those who were baptized in the font would never be hanged, but the superstition vanished when one of its protégés, named Elliott, was brought to the gallows for a daring mail robbery. The chancel, containing a niched statue of St. Petrock, is the oldest part of the building, and dates from the 15th century. The new chancel screen is noticeable, as are parts of the old roof, and the remains of the ancient cross in the churchyard.

Place House, the seat of the Prideaux-Brune family, was built in the reign of Elizabeth, on the site of a monastery founded by St. Petrock, and destroyed by the Danes in 981, when they plundered and set fire to the town. This spacious castellated pile upon rising ground at the west end of Padstow has a very stately appearance. It contains many of the early pictures of Opie and other portraits of the Prideaux family. A fine hedge of tamarisks and another of myrtles bloom in the court before the house, and the grounds are agreeably diversified with broad open lawns and clumps of venerable trees. Strangers are occasionally admitted on application to the Manor office at Padstow.

Though a mile or so from what can be called open sea, Padstow makes some pretensions as a watering-place, and lodgings can be found in summer. There are good golf links (at Rock). In the town is an unusually good *Institute*, with reading-rooms, billiards etc., open to visitors on a small subscription; and in *St. Saviour's Walk* a pleasant promenade overlooking the estuary, by which one may go out to *Stepper Point* for good sea air, and occasional exciting spectacles of the adventures of vessels in attempting the bar. The estuary affords good boat sailing and fishing, and wild fowling in winter.

On the other side, connected by a ferry (row-boat, winter; steam-boat, season, fare 3d.), is **Rock** (*Hotel*, small). Here are the 18-hole golf-links laid out by Braid, the bathing beach, and the best of Padstow's attractions for summer visitors. A short walk along the sandy shore seawards brings us to the ancient chapel of *St. Enodoc*, which had once nearly been buried in the shifting sand-hills like that of *St. Piran*. Though recently repaired it retains an old-world, weather-worn air, in keeping with the rude, quaint wood-work of the interior, which contains a plain old Norman font. Service is performed here on alternate Sundays. Above it rises the bare, desolate, and sandy elevation (209 feet) of *Bray Hill*; and beyond we may scramble out on the grand cliffs of *Pentire Head*; while the roads behind open up excursions to *Tintagel*, *Camelford*, etc. At Polzeath, overlooking Hayle Bay, lodgings may be had, and there are boarding-houses. There is a sandy beach, and the links run out in this direction. Unreached by railway, and only connected by omnibus three days a week with Wadebridge, Polzeath is not in immediate danger of being spoiled.

On the Padstow side, a walk of 4 or 5 miles may be taken to *Trevoze Head* and its lighthouse. Between this and *Stepper Point* curves a fine bay, one of the nooks of which, *Trevone Bay*, is about 2 miles from Padstow, and by its rock scenery, bathing, and fishing, has of late years attracted a good many residents and visitors. In the next inlet, *Harlyn Bay*, remarkable prehistoric remains have recently been found. The plainest way to these points is by the steep road past Padstow Church and Place and on by the telegraph wires till the road leads above Trevone. Southwards of Trevoze Head, to be reached by cutting across its neck, begins one of the most remarkable stretches of Cornish coast scenery, which the reader will find described in our next section.

We have now carried our survey all round the northern and broader half of the Cornish peninsula, with occasional diversions inward, and once striking across it from Launceston to Bodmin. Few of the places mentioned are beyond reach of a day's excursion from Plymouth, where, it may be hinted to economical tourists, cheap return tickets are given daily, in the season, by certain trains to Liskeard, Bodmin, and other points.

NEWQUAY.

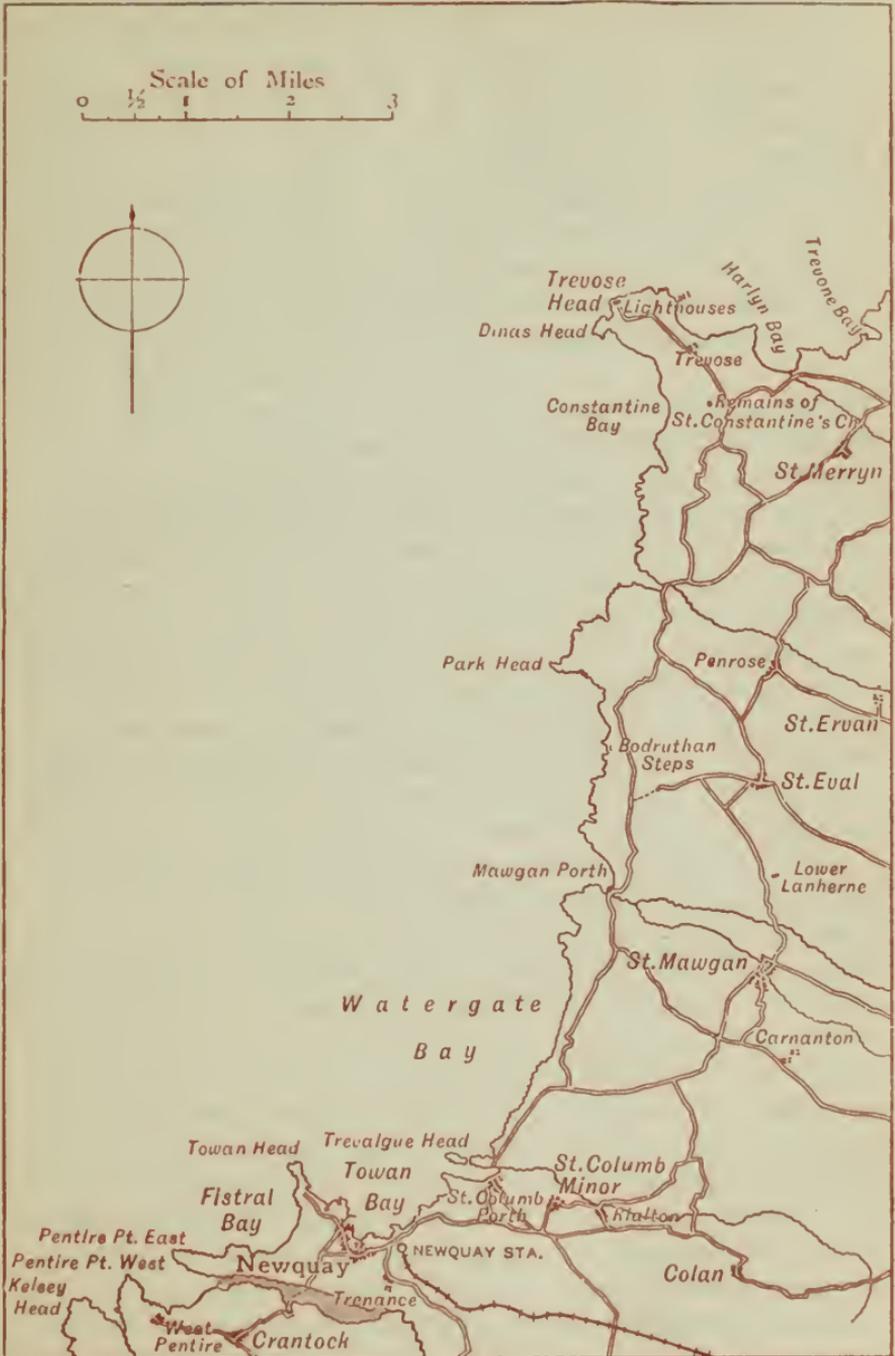
FROM WADEBRIDGE AND PADSTOW TO NEWQUAY.

THE L. & S.-W. R., with its ally the North Cornwall line, are understood to have long had their eye on a continuation from Wadebridge to the rising resort of Newquay. For the present this design is in abeyance, and the journey has to be done by coach, leaving Wadebridge every afternoon, and Newquay every morning (except on Sundays), in connection with the London expresses. The road (16 m.) is over *St. Breock Downs*, passing the conspicuous *St. Issey Beacon* to the right, and to the left a little beyond it, a line of stones called the "Nine Maidens," then through *St. Columb Major*, to which we shall return presently.

For pedestrians the best way is along the coast from Padstow and Trevoise Head, about the same distance, more or less, according as one sticks to the inland roads or turns along some of the most striking points on the Cornwall coast. We have heard the distance called twelve miles by the shortest cuts ; but the leisurely tourist is more like to make twenty of it, passing all round in sight of the sea by very grand cliff scenery celebrated in the paintings of Hook and Brett.

Were we to cut across *Trevoise Head*, as already explored from Padstow, we might take to the cliffs again from *Constantine Bay*, behind which stands the ruined tower of a church destroyed by the sands. South of this, some couple of miles inland, roughly speaking, and a mile or two apart, come three churches dedicated to the Cornish Saints, *St. Merryn*, *St. Ervan*, and *St. Eval*. The last, on a road bearing towards *Mawgan*, was built by Bristol merchants as a sea-mark, and its tower is very prominent also over the surrounding country. Almost in a line with it on the coast will be

NEWQUAY



Walker & Boutall sc.

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found the group of natural curiosities known as **Bedruthan Steps**, one of the great sights of Cornwall, since it unites the varied characteristics of broken cliffs, fantastic forms of rock, yawning caverns, and pleasant sands, gigantic confusion mingled with peaceful beauty. To survey these attractions to advantage, it is necessary to choose the time of low water, as some of the caverns can only be explored then; and there is danger in lingering before the rapidly advancing tide. A safe road has been made down the cliffs to replace the ladders which are said to have given this place its name, taken by others, however, as a metaphorical allusion to the rocks which seem to form gigantic stepping-stones across the bay. (Charge of 1s. per horse for vehicles.)

The schistose rock here is crookedly stratified and confusedly fractured, thus standing more exposed to the force of the breakers which have worn them into so many strange shapes. In our own generation the archway forming a natural bridge between two points was destroyed by a storm, and the broken promontories are always in process of being cut through into islands. Now, the most striking feature is the rock called after Queen Elizabeth, from its supposed resemblance to her head with crown, ruff, and farthingale. Another remarkable point, pierced by two arches, is at the eastern extremity of the bay; but most of the finest rocks and caverns are towards the western end. The caverns had best be left alone without a guide. From the *Red Cliff Castle* above, the view is quite fine enough for timid visitors. In a storm from the westward the spectacle must be specially fine.

Here we are 8 miles from Newquay, to which, leaving the other lions of the coast for excursions from this rising watering-place, we may push on without delay by *Mawgan Porth*, where opens the beautiful vale of Lanherne, *Trevalgue Head* with its grand rock scenery, and *St. Columb Porth*, little over a mile from the Newquay Station, welcoming us at this end of the town. On *Watergate Bay*, between *Mawgan Porth* and *St. Columb Porth*, has been opened one of the large new hotels that testify to the admiration of this neighbourhood. Once across the opening of *Columb Porth*, pedestrians should not take the turns of the road, but follow a more direct path, keeping as near the coast as private grounds will allow it to go. This path falls into the road at one point, but again goes off to the right, leading almost into Newquay.

NEWQUAY.

HOTELS.—*Headland, Atlantic, Victoria, Edgcumbe, Great Western, Red Lion,* etc., besides smaller inns.

PENSIONS.—*Beachcroft, Fistral Bay, Moirah, Ravenscroft, Trenarren, Penolver, St. Rumons, Marina, Trevanion, St. Brannock's, Beresford,* etc.

This rising watering-place differs from most Cornish resorts in being no higgledy-piggledy, half foreign-looking port, for which the epithet quaint must not be done to death. There was here an old village, once a new one, the home of fishermen, smugglers, and wreckers, if all stories are true; but since the opening of the railway from Par, this has been overlaid by a modern town of over 3000 inhabitants, with room for more; and the stranger might walk from end to end without seeing any relic of antiquity but the curious little weather-beaten "Huer's House" on the Beacon, now overshadowed by a big hotel that makes a conspicuous landmark for many a mile, and has a rival within a few hundred yards. The Huer's House, small as it is, was once the most important public building of Newquay, from which through the summer keen watch was kept for the appearance of the pilchards, proclaimed by joyful outcry and the blowing of huge trumpets heard far over the country round. But for several years the pilchards have fought shy of this bay; and its old, more disreputable occupations being also things of the past, Newquay now mainly relies on shoals of visitors, who have gone on increasing from hundreds to thousands. These are chiefly summer guests as yet, often tempted to linger late into autumn, but the Newquay people would have us understand that theirs is a pleasanter winter haven than might be supposed, little sheltered as it might seem to be to the north and east, but washed by the Gulf Stream, and chiefly exposed to the prevalent south-west wind, not to be guarded against by any shelter. The climate certainly seems to be mild and equable, while more bracing than that of other south-western resorts, and with a rather more moderate rainfall than is common in this quarter.

The main advantage of Newquay as a family bathing-place is the configuration of the coast-line, here affording an unusual extent and variety of rocks, sands, coves, caverns, and pools. In some respects it resembles Broadstairs with houses standing on heights

overlooking a succession of sandy bays guarded by great cliffs but easily accessible from above. In front of the town, from the eminence known as the Beacon, *Towan Head* stretches out for the best part of a mile, a narrow tongue of land, swelling into hillocks of sandy turf, edged by richly-veined cliffs, reefs, and chasms, ended by a wildly broken maze of rocks from above which can be seen the coast stretching away on either hand, miles and miles of natural wonders, southwards to *St. Agnes Head*, and farther north to *Trevoose Head* near Padstow. *Towan*, which gives the point its name, is the vernacular for sand-hill. On the south side, between it and *East Pentire Point*, lies *Fistral Bay*, fully exposed to the Atlantic rollers, which sometimes rage against its sandy shore, as if threatening to swallow up the golf-links behind and throw their spray over the lines of houses that look out here at a respectful distance from the sea. *Towan Bay*, on the other side, is wider and more sheltered, round which the greater part of the town curves in one main thoroughfare of a mile from the Beacon to the Railway Station, beyond this invading *Tolcarn Head*, and pushing out its advances towards *Porth* at the other end of the bay. On the rising ground behind also, villas and lodging-houses are grouping themselves under the name of *Mount Wise*. Most of the houses take lodgers, where for the greater part of the year strangers would have ample choice of accommodation, but in the holiday season people must be packed here like pilchards.

The pier and harbour lie just under the Beacon, from which the shore of Towan Bay winds in and out with a succession of jutting points and beaches of shell-sand so firm that tennis, cricket, and other games are played on them. Another feature is the rocks being honeycombed with caves, that enter into serious competition with the bathing machines, which, however, will be found duly drawn up on the beach used by both sexes. On this side is the safest bathing, though bold swimmers may prefer to breast the breakers of *Fistral Bay*. Boating and fishing are also to be enjoyed securely in Towan Bay, the whole shore of which is a happy hunting-ground for juvenile naturalists and explorers, some parts being visibly more safe for very youthful diversions than others. The tide also has to be reckoned with in frequenting the more adventurous points.

Visitors may subscribe, weekly or otherwise, to the golf club, with links on the Towan Bay side of the headland; and at

Mount Wise flourishes a tennis club, also open to strangers on subscription; while the matches on the seashore are quite a public spectacle in the season. Two very large hotels, the Atlantic and Headland, stand on the Beacon; the Victoria, equally large, is in the main street overlooking the Bay; the Edgcumbe, also a good size but less pretentious, is at the Porth end of the town in a beautiful situation; the Great Western, smaller, is near the station, and the Red Lion near the harbour. In 1911 the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert stayed at Newquay and greatly enjoyed the golf. There is a Club open to strangers at a small subscription. Newquay is the most successful bathing-place in Cornwall. Its prosperity is shown by a new Church and the great Pavilion for entertainments on the Town Bay.

We understand that at least two or three novelists have been inspired by the scenes of this district, which are done justice to, from various points of view, in old Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*, De la Beche's *Geological Survey of Cornwall*, Mr. Borlase's *Nænia Cornubiæ*, Mr. Blight's *Crosses and Antiquities of Cornwall*, and the late Mr. H. S. Stokes' poem, *The Vale of Lanherne*. Besides these descriptions, Newquay has more than one satisfactory guide-book of its own, to which we must refer the reader for a list of the many fragments of antiquity to be hunted up in the neighbourhood, and of the cliff caves which make its chief boast. The most celebrated are perhaps the *Tea Caverns*, an old smuggler's store-house under the coastguard look-out house upon Towan Head, the occupants of which may be applied to for advice and guidance; then at the other extremity of the bay, near Porth, the *Banqueting Hall*, in which concerts are sometimes given. A mere enumeration of all the caves hereabouts would take too much space; and it might prove dangerous to follow too brief directions for visiting them, either by boat or on foot. Generally speaking, the tide must be studied, and lights are sometimes required for such adventures, on which one may chance to encounter an alarming apparition that is not a ghost but a seal.

To those accustomed to look for foliage elsewhere than in hollows, the country behind Newquay at first seems rather bare and commonplace; but this impression will disappear on closer acquaintance. Over *Mount Wise* we may strike by various paths and lanes into the pretty valley of *Trenance*, to come down upon

the wide bed of the *Gannel*, where at low tide there is so little water to so much sand and marsh, as to suggest an African *wady* rather than an English stream. We may follow its course upwards to *Trevemper Bridge*, a mile and a half out of the town, or downwards to the plank bridge, which we shall presently cross by the road for the coast southwards. The crooked lanes leading down to it are favourite walks, where the high railway viaduct will keep us from straying too far, when we may seem lost so near the station. Passing under this viaduct, a road presently lands us on the new pavements of streets springing up at the eastern end of the town.

TO CRANTOCK, THE PIRAN SANDS, ST. AGNES HEAD, ETC.

The road south turns up near the Central Hotel above the harbour, leading past a singular mansion easily recognisable under its name of the "Tower." At the top of the ascent, alongside the Cemetery, a track goes off to *East Pentire Point*, where some couple of miles' walking brings us opposite the prominent *Goose Rock* and *West Pentire Point*, beyond which projects *Kelsey Head* with its dependency *The Chick*. These points are not to be confused with *Pentire Head* above Padstow. At East Pentire Point are to be seen a cave and a blowing-hole; and the waves dashed against it by a storm make a fine spectacle. This is a pleasant coast walk that avoids the perils of the golf-links.

Following the road inland from the cemetery, strangers will be surprised by a sudden dip into the broad estuary of the *Gannel* that winds behind Newquay, and here runs out, not unpicturesquely, between the two Pentire Points. The road takes its own way across the sands; for pedestrians there is a plank bridge just possible for cyclists who do not mind a scramble; this however, is covered at fuller states of the tide, when, if one cannot get a cast across by boat, the nearest bridge must be sought 2 miles up the course of this vexatious current. Safe across the channel here, tracks in the sand lead to a little cove, where another streamlet has to be crossed on a wooden bridge, for the use of strangers who make a point of going dryshod. Once over these difficulties, the road leads straight uphill. At the top we turn to the right for *Crantock*, soon visible in the next depression.

The Church of **Crantock**, a good 2 miles from the centre of Newquay, is an ancient and primitive structure of the "blown sandstone" which counts as one of the geological curiosities of this neighbourhood, sand, shells, and pebbles firmly cemented together by the action of the waves so as to form a very durable building material, hardened by exposure to the air. This church, which like many others in Cornwall, stands always open to visitors, has now been restored, and in the process were discovered fragments of the rood screen and carved bench ends. The old carved pulpit and font will be noticed. The registers go back to the 16th century. The chancel is unusually long in proportion, a feature reminding us that Crantock in its palmy days was a collegiate church with a dean and canons as well as minor clergy.

In the village itself is little of interest unless the true Cornish feature of a holy well, once used as a baptistery. But the former dignity of its collegiate church, and the human remains and stone coffins dug up here, go far to bear out a tradition that this was long ago the site of an important town and port upon the Gannel, then a more navigable river. *Llangarrow* or *Langona* is the name handed down by the legend which tells us how its inhabitants allowed themselves to be corrupted by a strain of criminals settled among them, till a depraved generation provoked the wrath of heaven and a fearful sand-storm overwhelmed the great city with its seven churches, over which now stretches a slope of thinly-peopled farms. Here we can pass on to the village of *West Pentire*, and farther to the fine beach of *Holywell*, so named from a well in a cave of its cliffs, where miraculous cures used to be sought. At the western end of the bay are *Penhale Head* and the grand *Gull Rocks*, which might form the end of a 5-mile walk from Newquay. Some 2 miles short of this point, *Porth Joke* between *Kelsey Head* and *West Pentire Point*, or *Crantock Sands* at the mouth of the Gannel, below the village, make nearer points for an excursion.

The ridge beyond Crantock displays as landmarks, near the sea, the buildings of *Wheal Golden* mine that at a distance might well be taken for the tower of some stately fane; and inland, *Cubert Church*, noticeable by its rare feature of a spire. Beyond this ridge we descend upon the famous **Perran** or **Piran Sands**, for which the shifting dunes of Holywell have already prepared us. This waste is 3 miles long, and almost as broad, the parish

name *Perranzabuloe*, "Perran in the Sand," showing how the dunes have pushed their devastation. The parish church has been replaced three times; and in 1835 what is believed to have been the original chapel of *St. Piran* was discovered after being buried for seven centuries like a Cornish Pompeii. This "lost church," about the middle of the bay, should be found with the aid of local guidance, as it is easy for tourists to lose themselves on such a "perfect desert of miniature mountains and valleys, in some places overgrown with thin, dry grass, in others dotted with little pools of mud and stagnant water." It is edged by a flat, bare heath, almost as dreary, upon which, near the hamlet of *Rose*, appear as a landmark the turf walls of *Piran Round*, an ancient amphitheatre where mediæval miracle plays, once much in favour with the Cornishmen, used to be performed, and perhaps grimmer scenes in earlier days; or it may have been an open-air council room. *St. Piran*, whose legend has been more amusingly than reverently handled in Q's "Delectable Duchy," is the patron saint of Cornish miners.

At the end of the sands the little watering-place of **Perranporth** (*Perranporth Hotel*, etc.), 8 miles from Newquay, has been much in favour with Truro excursionists, and begins to come into wider notice as a haven of refuge from the "madding crowd." The cliff and cavern scenery is very fine, all the more as in contrast with the adjacent dunes. From *Chacewater*, near Truro, a railway branch goes across to Perranporth and on to Newquay.

From this region of sandy encroachment the road home might be varied by steering for the spire of *Cubert*, thence either by *Crantock*, or by devious roads from *Trevemper Bridge*. If we still would push on, the *Cligga* cliffs, a mile or so beyond Perranporth, are a very fine point, though the dynamite factory, blocking up the shore here, cannot be called an attractive feature in any sense. Beyond we may continue some 3 or 4 miles to *St. Agnes Head*, whence extends to *St. Ives Bay* a long line of "porths" and rocky points, now running parallel to and within a few miles of the G. W. R., from which this part of the coast may be most easily visited. Turning inland by *St. Agnes Beacon* (620 feet) and the village of **St. Agnes** (vernacularly *St. Ann's*), birthplace of Opie the painter, we reach the confines of the great tin-mining district about *Redruth* (p. 107) $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles from St. Agnes.

TO MAWGAN, BEDRUTHAN, ST. COLUMB, ETC.

The walk along the coast northwards may be repeated more than once, since so many caverns and picturesque points are to be found on the line of cliffs. The road leaves Newquay as a continuation of the main street eastward. Soon after it gets clear of the houses, at the top of the first ascent, a footpath goes off to the left, which will be found both a pleasanter and more direct way to *Porth*, little over a mile by this path.

St. Columb Porth (*Temperance Hotel* and *Boarding-House*), which before long seems likely to count as a suburb of Newquay, is a hamlet at the mouth of a small estuary like that of the Gannel, to be crossed on foot only at low tide, though there is a sound bridge to carry the road traffic. Beyond, projects the mass of *Trevalgue Head*, which turns out to be an island, accessible by a narrow footbridge, and once crowned by one of those strong cliff camps so frequently to be traced on this coast. The archaeologist will be interested in a kitchen midden and several barrows recently opened. The geologist will find a rich field in the varied and fossiliferous rocks exposed to view. The botanist, and not he only, will admire the sea pink with which this headland is softly carpeted. Then, besides a remarkable *Blowing-Hole*, there are several caves to be sought out—besides minor ones, the *Banqueting Hall*, the *Cathedral Cavern*, the *Boulder Cavern*, the *Fern Cavern*, and one politely known as “*The Infernal Regions*”; so that it may well be that the stranger gets no farther than Porth on his first excursion. It should be mentioned that whereas a former owner of *Glendorgal*, the house on the Newquay side of Porth, was by no means indulgently disposed towards strangers, his successor proved more laudably unwilling to keep these wonders to himself.

Up the valley will be seen the stately tower of **St. Columb Minor** Church, two miles from Newquay, which belongs to this parish. Here was its parish Church, as well as the police station, a detail which we trust will be of no interest to our readers. The church has been restored, but still contains some memorials of the past. A little way beyond it are traces of the ancient Priory of *Rialton*; and *Colan* has a church interesting enough to serve as excuse for a couple of miles’ walk westward.

Following the coast-line, we come successively to *Phillory Cliff*

to *Zacary's Islands*, alias the "North Cornwall Lions," and to *Watergate Bay*, where the cliffs fall away in a hollow where stands the large *Watergate Bay Hotel*. Thus, on or near the shore, is reached *Mawgan Porth* (6 m.), where, if our goal be not *Bedruthan Steps* 2 m. farther (p. 71), we may turn up the stream to visit one of the sweetest of Cornish valleys.

Mawgan village (*Falcon Inn*) lies less than 2 miles above its porth, nestling among trees in the vale of *Lanherne*, which ranks as perhaps the choicest excursion from *Newquay*. The direct road is under 6 miles; but there are various ways of going, none of them very straight, as is the way of Cornish roads, the best that by *St. Columb Minor*—a little long, and lengthened still if we go by the *Carnanton* woods, through which visitors are allowed to pass. Some opportunity should, by all means, be taken of visiting these woods, rich in gigantic ferns. The road from the Porth cuts off a corner by turning inland and making a steep drop into the valley. Guide posts will be found at cross roads where pedestrians are like to miss the way. The point known as *Mawgan Cross* is distinguished by a small granite cross of great antiquity.

The Church of *Mawgan*, which stands open, has been well restored. It possesses a fine pinnacled tower, built about 1430, and the interior is adorned with numerous memorials to the *Arundell* family, among which may be particularised brasses dated 1578 and 1580. Remark also a brass of an ecclesiastic, d. 1480, the carved screen, and circular Norman font. The carved pulpit and seat-ends are noticeable. In the churchyard stands a very ancient and curiously-sculptured cross. The stem of a boat, painted white, commemorates ten poor fishermen who, one dreadful night in the winter of 1846, were cast ashore at *Beacon Cove* frozen to death. Close to the church, is one entrance to the beautiful *Carnanton* woods, where refreshments may be had at *Lawrie's Mill*.

The church is adjoined by a Roman Catholic *Nunnery* that makes one of the lions of *Mawgan*. The chapel, to which strangers are admitted on application, contains two paintings, attributed to *Rubens*, and has lately been enriched by a beautiful altar. The mansion belonged to *Lord Arundell*, by whom it was presented to Carmelite refugees from the excesses of the French Revolution, at the same time as *Stonyhurst* was, by similar generosity, bestowed upon the exiled Jesuits of *St. Omer*. The nuns are never seen, unless by a doctor in case of necessity, and hardly an instance is known

of their renouncing their vocation. Strange that such a lovely spot should be chosen in which to renounce the world, an example that moves us to ask, with Töpffer, whether the prize of folly should belong rather to those who live as if already dead, or to those who seem to forget they must ever die!

Through the Vale of Lanherne from Mawgan, it is a delightful 3 miles' walk up the wooded course of the stream to *St. Columb Major*. The carriage road skirting the Carnanton woods would be about a mile longer, but if our goal by it be *St. Columb Road Station*, a mile can be saved by turning off to the right at the cross road (guide post) about a mile short of the town. From *St. Columb* to the station (omnibus) is $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles of ups and downs; and by high road to Newquay under 8 miles. Pedestrians equipped with a time-table should remember that the Vale of Lanherne is least of all to be missed; and the distance thus, from Mawgan to *St. Columb Road*, is about the same as the shortest way back to Newquay.

St. Columb Major (Red Lion)—its affix dropped in everyday parlance—standing out on high ground, is a good old market town of nearly 3000 inhabitants, renowned for the Cornish sports of wrestling and hurling, which seem to be dying out, though the latter is still ceremonially kept up in this and the adjoining parish.

Hurling, to use an Hibernicism, may be called a kind of hand football, played on a wide ground, and in old days with great spirit, not to say brutality. The Irish hurling, by the way, is a different game. A similar game, *la soule*, was once popular in Brittany, early in our century lingering among the *Chouan* districts of the south, and even still, we understand, in the centre of the peninsula: an account of it will be found in Rio's *Petite Chouannerie*. Imaginative French writers find in the name *Soule* a hint of primitive sun-worship.

On Shrove Tuesday, a game is played through the town of *St. Columb*, the ball being thrown up in the market-place, and the church tower serving as a stand for spectators. The sides are "Town" and "Country," the goals are two miles apart on the Newquay and Padstow roads, and a match ball is gaily silvered, while turnips may be used for practice, which goes on weeks before. The "hurl" is not always decided on one occasion but may go on several times. There is also in the season a match on the Newquay sands which attracts hundreds of sightseers, visitors as well as natives. So many take part in the actual game that they have to be distinguished by the badges they wear. Accidents sometimes result in the rough and tumble. As Newquay is in the parish of *St. Columb Minor*, it is true to say the game only survives in

these parishes. It is interesting to quote Carew, patriarch of Cornwall guides.

“The ball in this play may be compared to an infernal spirit, for whosoever catcheth it fareth straightways like a mad man, struggling and fighting with those that go about to hold him; and no sooner is the ball gone from him than he resigneth this fury to the next receiver, and himself becometh peaceable as before. I cannot well resolve whether I should well commend this game for the manhood and the exercise, or condemn it for the boisterousness and harm which it begetteth; for, as on the one side it makes their bodies strong, hard, and nimble, and puts a courage into their hearts to meet an enemy in the face, so on the other part it is accompanied with many dangers, some of which do ever fall to the players' share; for proof whereof, when a hurling is ended you shall see them retiring home as from a pitched battle, with bloody pates, bones broken and out of joint, and such bruises as serve to shorten their days; yet all is good play, and never attorney or coroner troubled for the matter.”

The Cornish style of wrestling, on the other hand, is, or was, gentle compared with that of Devonshire, the shoes of the men being taken off. At the *Red Lion* of St. Columb a silver punch bowl commemorates the prowess of Polkinhorne, its former landlord, the champion wrestler of Cornwall, or, though not without dispute, of the western counties. It seems a pity that this manly exercise, also, has somewhat fallen into disrepute through a too close connection with the public-house interest.

The stately Church of St. Columb, thoroughly restored in our own generation, is a cruciform building of considerable dimensions, whose older portions date from the 12th century. The general style, alike of nave, north and south aisles, transept, chancel, and chancel aisles, is Early English of that period when it was verging upon the Decorated. The stone altar, the font, the south window, and the chancel-arch are worth examination. Remark the memorials to Sir *John Arundel* and — *Hoblyn* of Nanswhyden, d. 1756. The building was injured in 1676 by an accidental explosion of gunpowder. In the severe winter of 1895, long to be remembered here, as elsewhere, this church narrowly escaped another calamity, the belfry being struck by lightning just as service was about to begin, which caused a general stampede of choristers and congregation. More alarm than damage, however, was the result. One man, flung down from the belfry railings on to the floor below, came off without serious injury.

The moated Rectory, also restored, makes another sight. The hill beyond the town on which the ancient restored mansion of

Trewan stands, commands a fine view; and we have already mentioned the beauties of the Vale of Lanherne, leading from St. Columb down towards the coast, and of Carnanton woods, 2 or 3 miles on the road to Newquay.

NEWQUAY TO PAR.

The railway from Newquay bifurcates soon after leaving the station; one branch goes across the county to join the G. W. R. main line at Par; the other by way of Perranporth and St. Agnes goes to Chacewater junction much further west on the main line. Through carriages are run between Paddington and Newquay by way of Par all the year round. This saves a change; but the alternative route by express to Chacewater and thence to Newquay takes less time. The actual distance from Truro to Newquay is only 12 or 13 m., but the way by rail is much longer. For St. Agnes and Perranporth see p. 77.

On the Par branch, the first station after leaving Newquay is St. Columb Road.

St. Columb Major lies $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles north of *St. Columb Road* Station, where a bus meets the trains. About as far from the station on the same side but more eastwards, is **Castle-an-Dinas**, a large entrenchment on a prominent height (730 feet) locally known as "King Arthur's Castle," the adjacent bleak expanse of *Tregoss Moor* being called "King Arthur's hunting-ground." There is not much to hunt nowadays; but some rough shooting, wild duck, snipe, and such like, might be had hereabouts by those who can get it.

From St. Columb Road, the line mounts on to a region of moorlands, where here and there on the horizon some lonely church tower appears as a landmark—notably that of *St. Dennis* on a hill to the right—but soon the heights begin to be scarred and crested by dismal signs of the China-clay industry, which is the chief one in this region. Two or three branch lines to the right are for the conveyance of minerals only. The highest ground is reached near *Roche Station* (12 m.), the best point for visiting the **Roche Rocks**, which a mile or so on the right rise with such conspicuous abruptness as to suggest a huge ruined castle.

Roche (Hotels: *Rock, Victoria*), on the skirts of *Tregoss moor*,

is a place of considerable size, with a Norman font in its fine old church, which was rebuilt in 1822; and the churchyard has an old Cornish cross to show. *St. Roche's Well* is or was held in esteem by marriageable lasses, who on Holy Thursday cast in pins and needles to determine their fates by the number and brightness of its prophetic bubbles. It was also reputed a cure for lunatics, who, as elsewhere in the old barbarous days of Cornwall, would here be half drowned out of what wits they had.

Half a mile from the church stand up the *Roche Rocks* (680 feet), crowned by huge masses of quartz and schorl wildly piled one upon another. In the centre are the scattered ruins of a Decorated chapel, dedicated to St. Michael, which has been the abode of two or three hermits. An adjoining spring ebbs and flows, it is said, in accordance with the tides of the distant ocean. Legend runs riot in this lonesome and desolate region. Hither, in the depth of the stormy night, flies the wicked Tregeagle, pursued by a demon huntsman and a pack of demon-hounds.

Two miles beyond will be seen **Hensbarrow Down** and **Beacon** (1034 feet), the highest point in this part of the country, by which little over an hour's brisk walk would bring one down to *St. Austell* and the main line; or in about half the distance, we could descend to *Bugle*, the next station on the branch we are following.

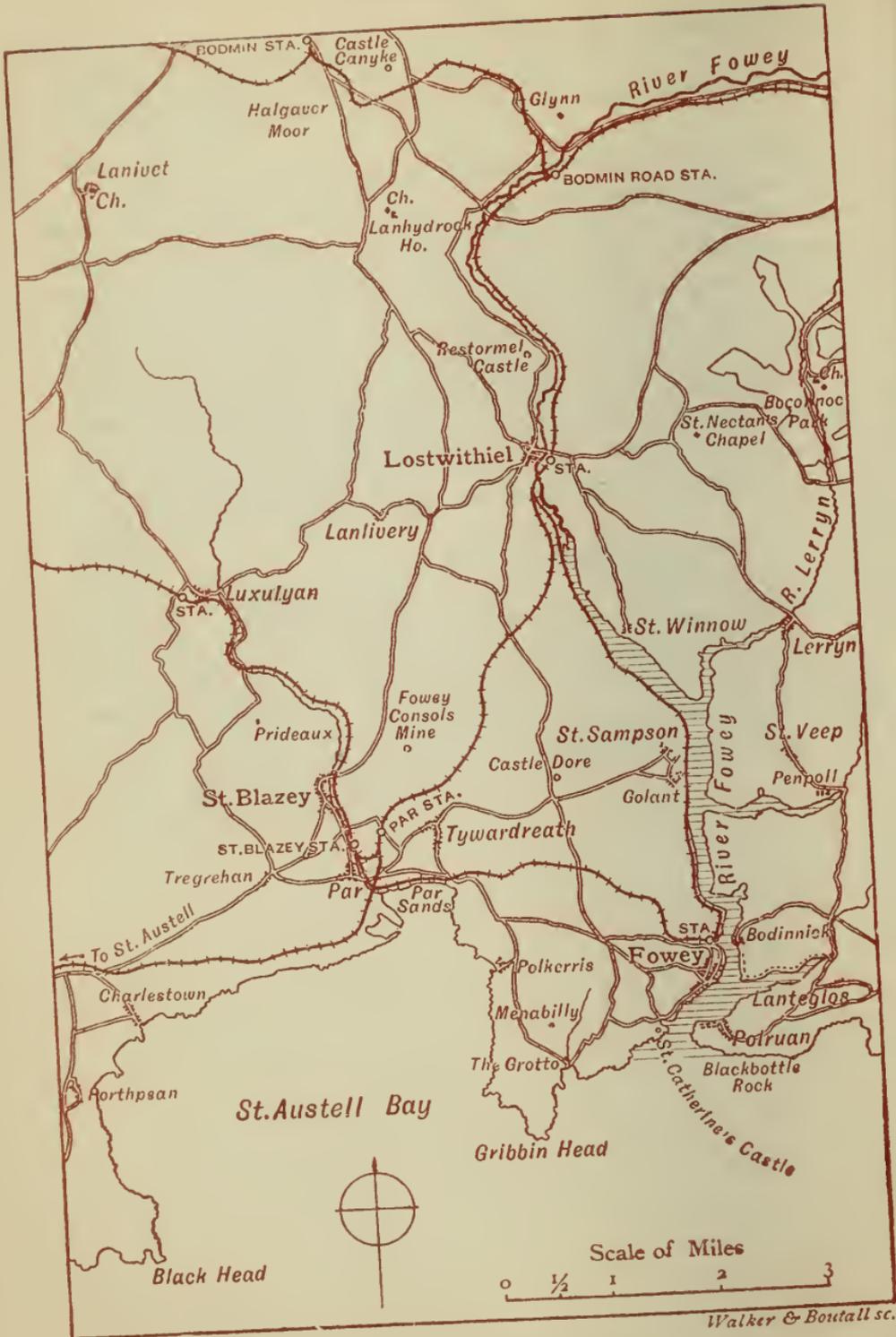
After *Bugle Station* comes *Luxulyan* with its granite quarries, of note to tourists as entrance to the famous **Luxulyan Valley**. This is a deep wooded valley set in bare slopes strewn with a profusion of blocks and boulders, some of enormous size. One known as the "Giant Block," is believed to be the largest in Britain if not in Europe; and among the masses of common granite are some fine specimens of the pink porphyritic rock, known as *Luxulianite*. Out of a boulder of this, weighing 70 tons, was hewn the Duke of Wellington's sarcophagus in St. Paul's. Beyond Luxulyan, the railway is spanned by the lofty *Treffry Viaduct*, built to carry a tram line for minerals, which quits the railway at this station. Luxulyan Valley is richly wooded, and its slopes, covered with trees, mossy boulders, bracken and innumerable species of fern, are most varied and beautiful. It is all the more remarkable coming after so windswept and desolate a region as that just traversed. The village of *Luxulyan*, with an inn and an ancient restored church at the head of the valley

near the station. If we chose to walk on by **Lanlivery** and its fine Perpendicular Church, 4 or 5 miles would bring us to *Lostwithiel*, where the main line is struck a few miles above *Par Junction*.

From here the line drops between wooded slopes towards *St. Blazey*, where the country opens out, sadly disfigured by stacks, mounds, and pits of white slime, which is China-clay in process of preparation (see *St. Austell*). Most of these mines, however, are deserted, and the weather-beaten tower of the parish church seems to grace a place that has seen better days. We have nothing to say about **St. Blazey** (*Pack Horse Inn*), except that the hills and woods above are pretty and must have been prettier before the mines broke out round this scattered market town, stretching itself down almost to *Par Harbour*, a few hundred yards beyond which the railroad carries us into *Par* station.

Par (small *Hotel* and *Station Refreshment Rooms*) is the Swindon Junction of Cornwall, known also by the "Par Consols," as is the name of the network of mines so hideously visible on the hill behind. The place has a breakwater and a little port, busy with fishery and the exportation of China-clay; but its chief interest for tourists is as a link between those two rising resorts of the opposite coasts, **Newquay** and **Fowey**, which here have communication with the main line.

FOWEY



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FOWEY.

THERE are two short railways branching out upon the promontory ended by Gribben Head, where *Fowey* is the place of most note for tourists. In coming from the south or west, this resort is reached through *Par* by a train which, after mysteriously starting off in the opposite direction as far as *St. Blazey*, on the Newquay line, there reverses its course, coming back under the main line, passing round the harbour of *Par*, and cutting through a valley (4 m.) to arrive at *Fowey*. The G. W. R. Co. in 1896 restored for passenger traffic an old mineral line down the bank of the *Fowey River*; and passengers from the north can thus more quickly attain *Fowey* by changing at *Lostwithiel* for this picturesque route. We may as well, then, turn back to *Bodmin Road*, where we left the main line that runs on to *Lostwithiel* and *Par*, still following the course of the *Fowey River*. Three miles brings us to *Lostwithiel*, whose chief lion, the ruins of *Restormel Castle*, may be seen to the right on an eminence, almost hidden among trees. From *Lostwithiel* to *Par* is $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles more; and here our attention will be taken by the less picturesque remains of the *Fowey Consols Mine*, crowning the slope with mounds which under a blazing sun suggest a model of the Great Sahara.

LOSTWITHIEL

Royal Talbot Hotel, King's Arms, Temperance Inn.

For the odd name of this town some odd explanations have been suggested, but it is probably from the old Cornish *Lostwithiel*, a court or palace. Though having only about a thousand inhabitants, this was once one of the towns which at different

times had the honour of being, in some way, the chief place in Cornwall. The county elections were held here up to the Reform Bill, and so was once the Stannary Court in the old *Duchy House* or *Shire Hall*, standing at a corner near the right bank of the stream, which may be followed from the station. Close to this, on the right, is the Church, handsomely restored, a 14th-century building, remarkable for its Early English tower, crowned by a decorated spire, which rises out of a graceful octagonal lantern; also for the curious five-shafted, eight-sided font sculptured with grotesque figures of a priest, a lion, a huntsman, and an ape; and for the workmanship of the east window. It suffered shameful desecration from the Roundheads in 1644, when Lord Essex's troopers used it as a stable, and are said to have christened a horse "Charles" in the font.

The bridge over the *Fowey* is also a fine old mediæval structure. Good trout and salmon fishing, a thing rarer in Cornwall than in Devon, can be had here; and the idle tourist who took up his quarters at *Lostwithiel* for a few days would be bound to make at least four excursions.

1. The ruins of **Restormel Castle** stand on a wooded hill picturesquely overlooking the right bank of the *Fowey*, a good mile above the town. Built in Plantagenet days, this stronghold seems soon to have fallen into decay, but even in its fallen state it was defended and taken during the Civil War. The remains consist of little more than the wall of the circular keep, with a tower and gatehouse, shrouded in ivy and creepers, but the fine situation and the fair landscape around make this a very favourite point, reached by road turning right at the *Talbot Hotel*.

At the foot of the hill is the modern *Restormel House*, in whose grounds an iron mine has been worked. Pleasant walks may be taken in the woods, and farther up the course of the *Fowey*.

2. To **Boconnoc**.—This celebrated park lies across the *Fowey* about 4 miles towards *Liskeard*. On the way is passed *St. Nectan's Church* and *Beacon*, the former a Late Perpendicular building with a curiously small belfry and a Norman font from an older edifice. In or close to the park itself are the little churches of *Boconnoc* and *Braddoc*, containing some curious relics of the past.

The park is of great extent and beauty, a carriage road winding for 6 miles through its scenery, varied by wood and water, hill and dale, with a lordly show of those forest trees which are

rather rare in Cornwall. The lawns alone cover more than 100 acres. Charles I. had his quarters here in 1644 and an old oak is shown under which, it is said, an attempt was made to assassinate him. An obelisk on a knoll near the house marks one of the entrenchments made then. A circle of trees is pointed out as having been used for a secret cock-fighting arena in later times. Boconnoc has been the home or residence of other celebrated characters, worthy or unworthy, among them the wicked Lord Bohun of Queen Anne's time, Governor Pitt of Madras, his grandson, the great Earl of Chatham, born here 1708, Lord Grenville, George III.'s minister, and the eccentric Lord Camelford, killed in a duel a century after Lord Mohun's infamous encounter with the Duke of Hamilton.

Boconnoc House, haunted by such mixed memories, is of little interest architecturally, but has some good portraits of Governor Pitt, by *Kneller*; Bishop Lyttleton, do.; General Earl Stanhope, do.; Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland, by *Lely*; Right Hon. George Grenville, by Sir *Joshua Reynolds*; Richard, Earl Temple, do.; Sir Richard Mohun, by *James*; and a bust of William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham, by *Wilson*. Two ebony chairs, fashioned, it is said, out of Queen Elizabeth's cradle, are among the other interesting curiosities.

The interior of the mansion is not usually shown, nor can the park be visited without permission.

3. A visit to the *Luxulyan Valley* by railway to Luxulyan Station, or by road through *Lanlivery*, as already described on the journey from Newquay to Par.

4. By the river to *Fowey*, where we will at once place the reader as centre of this district.

FOWEY.

HOTELS.—*Fowey, Ship, King of Prussia*, etc.

PENSIONS.—*St. Catherine's*, etc.

Fowey is well off for literary fame. A century ago its attractions were celebrated by the now somewhat dusty muse of "Peter Pindar," who lived here for a time. Fowey claims, not without controversy, to be the "haven under the hill" of Tennyson's ballad. Of late years it has had bold advertisement as the "Troy Town" of a resident author known to the outside world as "Q." The report of its beauties has gone far abroad, so that it does not lack

holiday visitors. Now it begins to invite winter guests, to whom is promised a fairly mild climate, unless the wind be from the east. A first-class hotel and comfortable boarding-houses have recently been built, which was all Fowey wanted before trying to rival Falmouth or Salcombe. In 1913 the town received a new Charter of Incorporation as a Municipal Borough.

This is no mere mushroom watering-place, but a town with a history behind it, that was once the chief port in Cornwall, holding its head up beside Plymouth and Dartmouth, a position it owed to the excellent harbour formed by the mouth of the Fowey. It sent many ships to the Crusades, and to Edward III.'s Calais expedition contributed 47 ships and 770 mariners—a quota only exceeded by that of Yarmouth. Its stout seamen, the "Fowey Gallants," as they styled themselves, refused to own the superiority of Rye and Winchelsea, and having defeated them in a desperate sea-fight, quartered the arms of the Cinque Ports upon their scutcheon. They then turned their arms against their "natural enemies" the French, and with fire and sword harassed the entire coast of Normandy. In the reign of Henry VI. the French returned the visit, landed in the dead of night, surprised the town, set it on fire, and slew many of the townsmen (A.D. 1457). A heavy blow was dealt to its prosperity by Edward the Fourth. After he had concluded peace with France, the Fowey gallants continued to make prizes of whatever French ships they could get hold of. King Edward sent pursuivants among them to insist upon observance of his treaties. The Fowey gallants slit their ears. Then the irate Plantagenet had them enticed to Lostwithiel, where the ringleaders were summarily hung. A heavy fine was levied upon the town, its vessels being also handed over to the neighbouring port of Dartmouth as a lesson against piracy. At this time were built blockhouses defending the harbour, whose weather-worn remains still face each other from the opposite shores; a chain also was stretched between them to keep out intruders. On the heights above may be seen a ruined fragment of *St. Saviour's Chapel* over Polruan, and over Fowey the stump of a windmill, which have long stood as sea-marks for the mouth of the harbour. Nearer the entrance, at *St. Catherine's Point*, is the fort dating from Henry VIII.'s time.

Fowey is now a place of some 2000 inhabitants, with a dependency about as large in *Polruan* on the other side of the harbour mouth, to which plies a regular ferry (1d.) from below the Fowey



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Hotel. Higher up, another ferry from the "Railway Hotel" carries one across to *Bodinnick*; and, if we remember right, it is only here that vehicles can be brought over. The harbour runs inland for miles, branching off into wooded creeks locally known as *Pills*. Vessels of 4000 tons can enter between the bold headlands of its mouth; and the lake-like sheet within is commonly astir with shipping, for the most part to be loaded with Chinaclay for all parts of the world. With the aid of two lively tugs, vessels may constantly be seen going out or coming in; and in rough weather, wherever Fowey folk do congregate, there is much talk of telegrams to announce the safe voyage of the *Mary Jane*, or a disquieting want of news from the *Saucy Sall*. Yachts, too, often put in to this snug and pleasant haven, which now and then is proud to entertain a man-of-war, and once welcomed no less a visitor by sea than Queen Victoria, to commemorate whose landing here in 1846 a somewhat inelegant obelisk fills a gap on the shore.

Fowey does not much concern itself with fishing, which may be the reason that it is less odoriferous than other towns of this coast, yet it has good old houses to show, and some patches of cramped slum. It lies along the shore of the inlet, mainly in one long, crooked street, so narrow that the little omnibus which plies to the station has often to heave-to when another wheeled craft fills the fairway. The railway ends at the landward end of this thoroughfare, and at the other the town gathers itself up into a knot about its little quay, round which will be found the Church, the Post Office, the Town Hall, the modest Yacht Club, the banks and chief shops such as they are, the old *Ship*, and the quaint *King of Prussia* Inn, beneath which is the old fishmarket.

The Church, more than once rebuilt and restored in 1876, has one of the highest towers in Cornwall, the effect of which is rather lost by the low position of the edifice. A pleasant walk between trees runs through the churchyard, from which one entrance into the Church will be found always open. The interior displays a good waggon roof, a carved oak pulpit, an old font, several interesting memorials of the *Treffry* and *Rashleigh* families, some curious epitaphs, a reredos erected by the Vicar in memory of his wife, and stained-glass windows commemorating the late *Dr. Treffry*.

This fine fane is rather too closely elbowed by meaner build

ings. Then above it is overlooked and thrown into shadow by a structure of stateliness unusual in the very heart of such a town. *Place House* or *Place*, the seat of the *Treffrys*, that long have played a leading part here, was restored and enlarged by a representative of the family, whose fame half a century ago went beyond the borders of Cornwall. Mr. Joseph Treffry was a man of remarkable enterprise and public spirit, to which are owing the Breakwater at Par, the granite viaduct called by his name at Luxulyan, and more than one railroad and canal, while he had his own hands full of commercial, mining, quarrying, building, and agricultural undertakings. He died in 1850, to be remembered as one of Fowey's chief benefactors.

This remarkable mansion occupies the site of a royal palace, the *Kune Court*, or King's Court, reputed to have been the residence of the Earls of Cornwall. The older portions date from 1457. On the occasion of the French assault upon the town, in that memorable year, "the wife of Thomas Treffry," says Leland, "with her servants, repelled their enemies out of the house, in her husband's absence; whereupon he builded a right faire and strong embattled tower in his house, and embattled it to the walls of his house, in a manner made it a castle, and unto this day it is the glory of the towne building of Foey." Many of the apartments are of high interest, especially the Hall, lined with polished porphyry from a quarry belonging to the proprietor. On the walls are emblazoned the arms of Edward VI. and the first Earl of Bedford, and the scutcheons of the *Treffrys* and *Tresilhneys*. The ceiling is of oak, elaborately wrought. Among the numerous curiosities is a fine original portrait of Cromwell's chaplain, *Hugh Peters*, a native of Fowey, and a *Treffry* by the mother's side. But now that Fowey has so many visitors, they must not expect admission to these sights.

Behind the *Ship* the thoroughfare doubles back, following the course of the shore, which soon rises to a low cliff, site of the large Hotel. Here, a mile from the station, under the name of the *Esplanade*, and on the slope above, are nearly all the new lodging-houses, gradually working their way along to *St. Catherine's Point*, where the harbour opens into the sea. As yet a plentiful show of white-wash is almost the only amenity of a watering-place to be noted, but the views hence over the inlet make up for artificial adornments. There is no beach for bathing machines, but a little farther on coves may be adapted to that purpose with help of the

tide. The strong point of Fowey, as a holiday resort, seems to be its boating in beautiful land-locked waters. The fishing also, both in the estuary and its tributaries, is praised for its variety. In summer the Plymouth excursion steamers call here, and trips may be taken to the neighbouring ports. Lastly, there is a golf course (9 holes) on the promontory near the ruined forts, and many walks in the neighbourhood.

WALKS FROM FOWEY.

To Pridmouth Bay and Menabilly.—What may be called the visitors' end of Fowey seems a little shut in by its position towards one horn of the haven; but several pleasant walks will be discovered by familiarity. The Esplanade road ends in a private drive through which pedestrians are allowed to cut across into the high road for Par and Lostwithiel that has mounted by a steep ascent out of the centre of the town. To follow the coast we must dip down past the mansion of Point Neptune into the cove and hamlet of *Ready money*, beyond which a lane climbs the wooded hill of St. Catherine's Point, where dogs are not permitted to accompany their masters. Presently this lane divides: the path to the left leading out on the Point to the ruined Fort, from above which there is a fine view over the harbour. Higher up appears a crown formed by two intersecting arches that cover a tomb of the *Rashleigh* family, on whose domain we are here permitted to trespass. From the quiet inlet, edged by houses and dotted with shipping, we now emerge upon the open sea to take our way along it southwards.

Hence the coast-line might be followed by active walkers. But the next point of interest, *Pridmouth Bay* (about 2 m.), may be more conveniently reached by bearing a little inland by the right branch of the lane up to the Point, that presently turns to the left, skirting the plantation, then strikes across fields to a farm, beyond which another wild lane leads down into the bay, with one hiatus supplied by following the wall of a field into which this lane opens.

Pridmouth Bay, into which opens the combe filled by the wooded grounds of *Menabilly*, is a pretty spot in favour for picnics. A popular sight here is the Grotto formed by the late Mr. *Rashleigh* to illustrate the variety of Cornish minerals. Admission

by application to the nearest cottage ; a small gratuity expected. It is an octagonal erection of marbles and serpentines, relieved with shells, crystals, and pebbles, the sides a mosaic of fossils, jaspers, agates, shells, coralloids, and so forth. In the centre stands a table fashioned out of 32 specimens of polished Cornish granite. Here, also, are two rusty iron links of the chain which formerly protected the entrance of Fowey Harbour.

At the house is a valuable mineral collection, containing fine specimens of sulphuret of tin, malachite, fluors, sulphuret of copper, blocks of tin dating from the prehistoric era of the Cornish mines, cubes of ruby copper, lustrous topazes, and shimmering crystals. At the east entrance of the park is a Celtic sepulchral memorial known as the *Longstone*.

From Pridmouth Bay it is a climb of a few minutes to the square Tower, more prominent than picturesque, serving as a sea-mark at the point of *Gribben Head*. Here we have a grand view both inland and along the coast in both directions. Round the cliffs we may now push on for some couple of miles to the little port and sands of **Polkerris** (Inn), near the head of St. Austell Bay, and take a short cut homewards across the base of the peninsula (3 m.), or by *Tregaminion* Chapel, and the gate of the Menabilly Drive, a favourite Sunday afternoon stroll from Fowey.

Fowey River.—What should be the choicest promenade here, up the river bank towards Lostwithiel, is monopolised by the old railway transformed in 1896 into a new one, by which passengers will have an enticing approach to Fowey. A beautiful sail may be had to **Golant** (*Station and Inn*), a village 2 miles above Fowey, reached also by a somewhat circuitous road in about 4 miles, which may be shortened on foot by taking a lane to the right soon after passing Fowey Station. A picturesque point of the wooded bank is the *Saw-mill* on a little creek some half-mile short of Golant, beyond which rises the church of *St. Sampson*, recently restored, and worth inspection ; as is that of *St. Veep* up *Penpoll Creek*, an inlet on the opposite side. Off the points formed by more than one of these inlets or *pills*, the tide sometimes races out with a force that may prove dangerous to inexperienced boatmen.

Above Golant the shoals of ebb tide have to be taken into account, but boatmen familiar with the channel may ascend all the way to Lostwithiel, passing the pretty church of **St. Winnow**,

or may turn up a wooded branch to the right for Lerryn (2 m.), one of the most beautiful scenes on the river, rivalled by the bit about St. Winnow, above which it loses its sylvan charms for a time as we approach Lostwithiel, about 7 miles from the upper end of Fowey. The streams forming the Lerryn Creek come down from *Bocconoc Park*, which is about 2 miles above the navigable water. From Lerryn a cut across country to Looe may be taken by the line of the *Giant's Hedge* (see p. 61).

Lostwithiel is about 6 miles by the direct road, which parts from that to Par where a mysterious prehistoric stone has been erected opposite the Menabilly gate. Less than half way to Lostwithiel is the circular camp of *Castle Dore*, scene of the surrender of Essex's army to Charles I. in the Civil War. Here we may turn off to the left for Tywardreath, site of a former Benedictine Priory, and the ecclesiastical mother of Fowey. The church contains some fine old carving and a modern alabaster reredos, as well as the tomb of the last prior. We are now close to *Par*, by which the round home to Fowey would be about 9 miles in all.

The best walk here is, in our opinion, that on the opposite height of Bodinnick, reached by the ferry (1d.), beside the Railway Hotel. On landing, take the road straight up the hill, then turn to the right by the first lane leading into *Hall-Walk* along the brow of the steep hillside overlooking the harbour, with Fowey and Polruan on either side. Close at hand are the old Hall of the Mohun family, now a farmhouse, and the desecrated ruins of St. John's Chapel.

The turf walk ends at a wall, beyond which we look down into the inlet of *Pont Creek*. There is nothing but an occasional scramble through furze and brambles to prevent us following the edge of the height to the hamlet at the head of this creek (1½ m.), into which we can descend by another rough lane through a wood. The road from Bodinnick would also have led us here, and now runs on to *Polruan* (about 2 m.) by the other side of the creek, with good views of the harbour. Before leaving Pont, however, we may ascend to the Church of *Lanteglos* above, which has a curious old cross to show, a picturesque porch, and memorials of the Mohun family. This church has also a fine peal of bells, often heard across the water at Fowey. The

keys may be had at a cottage below, and after leaving the church by the gate opposite the porch, we can take a lane that presently strikes into the road leading us down upon **Polruan**, which we enter by the fragment of an ancient chapel so prominent above it. Another fragment of antiquity, a Cornish cross, will be noticed by the roadside close at hand. On the rocks below is a white cross, known as *Punchey Cross*, for which has been claimed some dim association with a legendary landing here of Pontius Pilate, and which practically serves to mark the mouth of the harbour.

Polruan, like Bodinnick, but on a larger scale, is one of those half-foreign-looking ports, dear to the artistic eye rather than the sensitive nose. From the height above, there is a grand view of the coast. Behind the prominent ruin of *St. Saviour's* begins a path along the rugged cliffs, which should by all means be followed as far as *Black Bottle Head* (400 feet) round the corner. Farther on, we understand, the edge of the cliffs becomes impracticable, but by a choice of rather wandering roads, on which we must refer our reader to local guidance, he might reach *Polperro* (see p. 60) in 6 or 7 miles; the road from Bodinnick would perhaps be more easily followed. The ferry from Polruan pier (1d.) will land him just below the Fowey Hotel. The round we have indicated by the two ferries and the head of Pont Creek would be some 5 miles' walking.

CENTRAL CORNWALL.

THIS section, following the Great Western main line, deals with the chief towns of the county through which it successively passes, and with some places to be visited from them.

Four or five miles beyond *Par Junction*, we reach *St. Austell*, which, strictly limited to its legal bounds, has a population of only a few thousands, but if its straggling dependencies be taken in, may count as one of the largest towns in Cornwall. This modern prosperity it owes mainly to its position as the centre of the China-clay trade, the only kind of mining that in Cornwall can be called at all flourishing at present. The stranger here will soon be struck by traces of this white material, which Cockney tourists have been known to take for flour. In its prepared state it might well be mistaken for chalk. The whity discoloration of the streams hereabouts is easily accounted for when the process has been seen. A short account of this industry will not be out of place.

China-clay, or *soft growan*, is a species of *moist granite*—that is, the rock once so firm and tenacious has been reduced by the decomposition of the felspar into a soft adhesive substance, not unlike mortar, which, purified from mica, schorl, or quartz, proves well adapted for the manufacture of the best kinds of pottery. It is identical with the Chinese *kaolin* or porcelain clay. When this *growan* is of considerable adhesiveness, and, from its containing a larger proportion of quartz, resembles the Chinese *petuntze*, it can be excavated in large blocks or slabs, and exported as “China-stone”; but the *kaolin* or *China-clay* requires a more careful treatment. This is piled in *stopes* or layers, upon an inclined plane, and a stream of water is then directed over it, which carries with it the finer and purer portions, and deposits them in a large reservoir, while the coarser residuum is caught in pits (*catch-pools* or *catch-pits*) placed at intervals, a process that

may be compared to refining syrup out of molasses, unless creaming seem a more appropriate simile, and for its latter stages, the baking of paste into crust. From the reservoir all the water is drawn off, and the clay removed to pans, where it is passed under the influence of a *drying-machine*, thoroughly relieved of moisture, properly packed up in barrels, and removed to the seaside for shipment.

The discovery of China-clay in Cornwall is due to W. Cookworthy, the Plymouth Quaker (A.D. 1768), and though it was not accepted at first with much favour, the quantity now obtained annually in the county amounts to some hundreds of thousand tons, employing thousands of persons in its production and exportation.

ST. AUSTELL.

HOTELS.—*White Hart, —Queen's Head, Perry's Temperance.*

The labyrinth of narrow and remarkably crooked streets which, in Leland's time, was but a mean village, and during the Civil War was taken by Charles I., appears to have derived its name from St. Auxilius, a Celtic bishop and martyr. Its *Church*, restored in 1870, is one of the handsomest in Cornwall, though the general effect is somewhat injured by the vicinity of shops and houses, over which rises a lofty Perpendicular tower, in three stories, with shapely-pinnacled buttresses, and groups of decorated niches filled with statues of God the Father supporting the Saviour on the Cross, the Virgin Mary and Joseph, three saints, and the twelve apostles. Everywhere the ornamentation is fanciful and delicate. On the buttresses of the south side are sculptured the emblems and implements of the crucifixion, the ladder which Christ carried, the spear which wounded his side, and the nails which transfixed his hands and feet. Over the porch is a Cornish inscription,—*Ry Du*, "Give to God." The oldest portion of the building is the Early English chancel. The interior is not unworthy of the elaborate external work, the stained windows being particularly good.

The Church lies a little below the station, with the Market-House, Post Office, chief hotel, etc., beside it, and the main street opening hence from a corner. The *Menegew* or *Mengu* Stone, that was the *palladium* of St. Austell, seems to have disappeared from the market-place. The town slopes on into a deep valley where runs a pretty stream fouled by the chief industry of the neighbourhood, that goes on chiefly up the road to the west of the station.

From St. Austell should be visited the China-clay workings

that seam the dreary hills above, particularly the **Carclaze Mine**, where, for centuries, tin was quarried in the open air. It is now abandoned to the China-clay workers, but would be remarkable, even were all mining operations totally suspended, on account of its singular picturesqueness and uniqueness of character. Its name is derived from the gray rock or *carclaze*, in which it has been excavated. Like a vast crater, it yawns on the table-land (600 feet) some 2 miles north-east of St. Austell. The tourist, when he comes suddenly upon it, after a wild moorland ramble, will imagine himself transported into some mysterious "Tom Tiddler's ground," and that Titans have been hewing out a palace, whose foundations are designed to occupy an area more than a mile in circuit, and 140 to 150 feet in average depth. In this direction, not far from the town, is **Menacuddle**, where, within private grounds, may be visited a pretty cascade and a holy well, with the ivied remains of its baptistery. Beyond Carclaze might be reached *Hensbarrow* and the *Roche Rocks*, and by a road turning northwards, from the way to *St. Blazey* (4 m.), the *Luxulyan Valley* (see p. 83), past the fine park of *Prideaux*. Or, half way between *St. Austell* and *St. Blazey*, one might turn back by *Tregrehan*, whose rich grounds make a strong contrast to the surrounding mines and quarries.

To the seaside, also, a diversion could be made from St. Austell, which has for its port, 2 miles off, **Charlestown** or *Polmear*, busy in the China-clay trade. A mile to the south of this is **Porthpean** (The *Glen* Boarding-House), which would fain be known as a watering-place. Near the grounds of *Penrice*, in a meadow on the road to *Pentewan*, stands a tapering granite pillar, about 12 feet high, known as the *Giant's Staff*, for which Tregreagle is naturally responsible. It seems that, crossing the Duporth hills one stormy night, he lost his hat, and being embarrassed by his staff, flung it aside that he might pursue his search for the hat with greater ease. He could not find it, and when he returned for his stick, that also, in the darkness, had disappeared. The next day, however, both hat and staff were found by the villagers. The hat, an oval fragment of granite, remained on the neighbouring hill until, in November 1798, it was hurled off the steep and cast into the sea by some soldiers who imagined it to be the cause of the constant rain with which, during their camping out, they were afflicted.

The bold precipitous point of *Black Head* separates *St. Austell Bay* from *Mevagissey Bay*, round the corner of which we reach *Pentewan* (Inn: *Ship*), 4 miles south of *St. Austell*. Its tin stream works are no longer in operation, but the place derives some importance from the surrounding quarries. A mineral line runs here from *St. Austell*, and there is talk of a passenger service one day. In the neighbourhood is *Heligan*, a large mansion with beautiful grounds and gardens, to be seen by permission. This takes one a little out of the way for *Mevagissey*, only 2 miles or so along the shore.

Mevagissey (Inns: *Ship*, *King's Arms*), noted as the great place for turning pilchards into "Cornish sardines," is a large fishing village of some couple of thousand inhabitants, who contrive to be surprisingly hearty and healthy under what seem very unsanitary circumstances, having in a recent year had the lowest death-rate in the county. A new harbour is being constructed, which should add to its prosperity. The church has two parallel aisles, probably due to its two patron saints *Mewa* and *Issey*. The town is picturesquely cramped and confused, after the fashion of *Looe* and *Polperro*, a characteristic that attracts artists, as do the beauties of the adjacent coast. Philistine visitors, who did not mind the prevailing odours, would find here good bathing and boating.

An omnibus runs between *St. Austell* and *Mevagissey*. The tourist who depends on his own legs is sure to make another hour or two's walk of it along the cliffs and coves of the coast, by *Portmellin* ("the yellow cove"), and its remains of a British camp, *Chapel Point*, *Gorran Haven*, another fishing village, whose church, town, and inn stand a mile or so inland; and so to *Dodman Point*, nearly 400 feet high, from which we look back to *Rame Head*, across the wide bay sheltering so many harbours and inlets.

Beyond the *Dodman* curves *Veryan Bay*, round which we can keep past the grounds of *Caerhayes* (pronounced *Craze*), to *Porthloe* (Inn), another fishing village, where *Nare* or *Penare Point* forms the next turn in the coast-line, and the last before reaching the corner of *Falmouth Bay*.

If from *Mevagissey* or *Porthloe* we would make for the nearest point on the railway, it would be a matter of 6 or 7 miles to

Grampond Road Station (Inn). By the road from Porthloe, we should pass through the old-world village of **Tregony**, where are the scanty ruins of a castle and some legacies of antiquity in the parish church, properly that of *Cuby*; then either road would bring us by **Grampond**, once notorious as a rotten borough, which, however, had one so soundly honest representative as John Hampden. The station lies nearly 2 miles beyond, where the railway has crossed the Fal, and runs through a pleasant country, dotted by several ancient camps, and with some softer bits of valley landscape than one looks to see in Cornwall.

While at **Grampond Road**, one might turn along the south of the line for 2 or 3 miles to **Probus Church**, which is well seen from the railway (*Probus* and *Ladock* platform). This church is one of the Cornish lions, in right of its tallest and finest tower in the county, erected, as Carew tells us, "by the well-disposed inhabitants" in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; though, from its surpassing excellence, one would have rather ascribed it to the palmiest days of Perpendicular Gothic. In design it resembles many of the fine towers of Somersetshire, as well as that of Magdalen College, Oxford. Entirely built of granite, and ornamented with the most delicate sculpture, it reaches an elevation of 108 feet, surmounted by eight clusters of foliated pinnacles, 13 feet higher. There are three storeys; the lowest, occupied by three canopied niches for statues; the second, with a single window and clock dial; and the third, with a double window and panelling above. The intermediate pinnacles and the general elegance of the decoration produce an effect of graceful lightness. This tower has a peal of bells not unworthy of it. The rest of the building was restored a generation or so back. The legend displayed on panels removed from the ancient rood-screen—"Jesus, hear us, thy people, and send us Grace and Good for Ever"—is in obvious allusion to the saints to whom the church is dedicated, a married pair, *Sts. Probus* and *Grace*. A sepulchral cross commemorates *I. Wolvedon*, 1515, and the tomb of *Thomas Hawkins* is enriched with well-executed figures in white marble, of a female consoled by an angel. The font and pulpit are Perpendicular in style, but of recent construction, as are the reredos and the decoration of the chancel roof.

A college of secular canons, for a dean and five prebendaries, was founded at Probus before the Conquest, and suppressed by

Henry VIII. The vicarage house is still termed the *Sanctuary*; and the churches of *Cornelly* and *Merthyr* are regarded as daughter-churches of *Probus*. In the church-town itself there is nothing but an inn to detain the tourist. It straggles along the main road with a melancholy air, and one cannot help wondering that so squalid a collection of houses should be able to boast of so stately a church; especially as there is no ground for supposing that *Probus* was ever richer or larger than at present.

Hence by road to *Truro* is about 5 miles by *Tresillian Bridge*, farther if one thence kept down the *Tresillian Creek*, taking the more picturesque way by *St. Clements*.

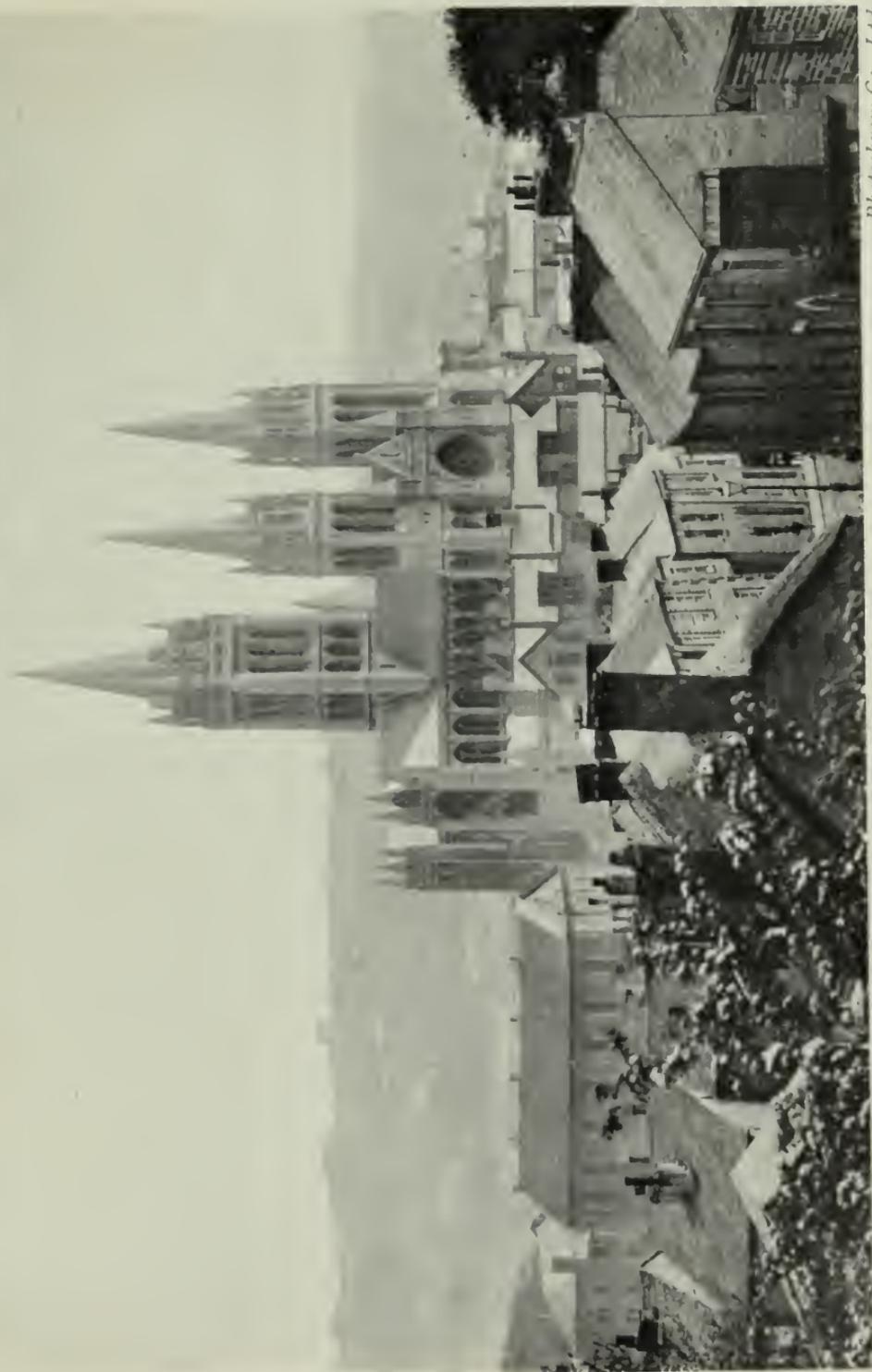
We still linger at *Grampound Road Station* to suggest another turning aside in the opposite direction. Hence a conveyance runs to *St. Columb*, and a walk of 3 or 4 hours in its wake would take one over the backbone of Cornwall. Or if one started on this divagation from *Probus*, the first stage of the way in the valley of a pretty stream, and by the picturesque village of *Ladock*, would pleasantly contrast with the more bare and open scenery reached as we mount towards *Fraddon*, and perhaps go a little way off the road to climb the granitic mass of **Callaquoiter Rock** (690 feet). Here the way for *St. Columb Road Station* holds on to the left; to the right we gain the *Bodmin Road*, and soon arrive at the half-way house between *Bodmin* and *Truro*, the little lonely *Indian Queen Inn*, about which might be explored the moorland scenery already described on the railway route from *Newquay*.

After these digressions we get back into the train at *Grampound Road*, from which it is a run of some 8 miles to *Truro*, with prospects which hardly, in general, would rouse the yawning tourist to any guess of what beauties lie hidden on either hand.

TRURO.

HOTELS.—*Red Lion, Royal, Clyma's Temperance, etc.*

From the long and lofty viaduct by which the station is approached, we have to the left a good view of *Truro* lying below; its most prominent feature the many-spired cathedral, which gives



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its right to rank as a city and as the most important place in Cornwall, though neither the county town nor the largest in population (12,000). It certainly is the stateliest of Cornish towns, and more than most, it has a well-to-do, thriving air, though like its neighbours it has suffered from the depression in mining. The Stannary Court was held here till recently, its business now being discharged by the ordinary tribunals. Besides its old Grammar School, Truro has a new High School for girls, and other important educational institutions. The annual fair on Holy Thursday—announced, as at Kingsbridge, by a glove hung out from a window in the principal street—is, or was, a lively spectacle.

Truro dates at least from the Norman Conquest, mentioned in Domesday Book when there were two Truros, the great and little; the former Truro proper where the cathedral is, the other, on the east side of the river, *Truro Vean* or little Truro. The town grew up under the shadow of the Earls of Cornwall's fortress, of which nothing can now be seen but its site surrounded by a wall on an elevated mound near the railway. About 1130, its lord, Richard de Lacy, Chief Justiciary of England, granted it a charter of incorporation, renewed by Elizabeth in 1589. From her time, Truro has been the largest commercial town of Cornwall. Carew speaks of it as in his day of wealth and importance. Hence "ye pride of Truro" became a proverb in Cornwall, probably because the Truro townfolk regarded themselves, with reason, as more civilised and enlightened than the miners and country folk around them. "Proud Truro" is still a nickname of the city, which naturally has not grown humbler-minded since the old Cornish see, merged for eight centuries in that of Exeter, was revived by creation of the bishopric of Truro in 1876.

Among men of note born here were *Samuel Foote*, in 1721, at the town residence of his father's family, the Footes of Lambesso—now the *Red Lion Hotel*, Boscawen Street—the brothers *Richard* and *John Lander*, the adventurous explorers of the Niger, to whose memory a Doric column stands at the top of Lemon Street; *Dr. Thomas Harries*, in 1734, one of the founders of the London Missionary Society; in 1760, *Richard Polwhele*, the historian of Devon and Cornwall; *Henry Martyn*, in 1781, one of the most earnest and self-denying of missionaries, the son of a common miner. Truro gave the title of Baron to the eminent lawyer and Lord Chancellor of our own century, Sir Thomas Wilde.

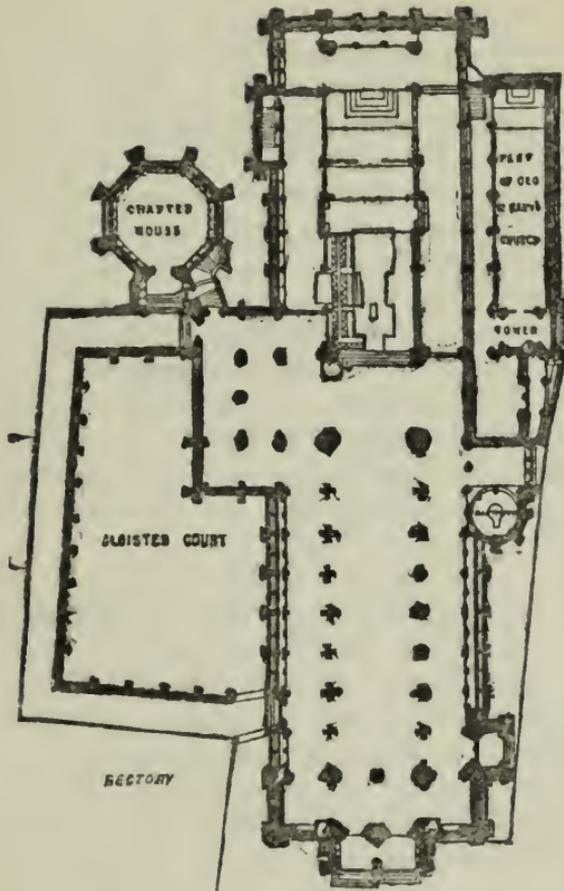
The city is situated on a peninsula formed by the rivers *Allen*

and *Kenwyn*, which below unite with a branch of *Falmouth Harbour* called *Truro Creek* or *River*. This creek expands at high water into a lake 2 miles in length, deep enough for vessels of a hundred tons' burden to load or unload at the quays. Between the *Allen* and *Kenwyn* lies *Truro* proper, the suburbs of *St. Clement's* and *Kenwyn* stretching to the east and west, and mounting on the hills that enclose these waters. The railway station stands high above the town on the west of the valley running up behind it. Following an obvious thoroughfare, the stranger must descend a good part of a mile before reaching *Boscawen Street*, a striking medley of old and new buildings, in or about which are the chief shops and public institutions. The *Post Office* will be seen looking down *King Street* into *Boscawen Street*, rather hidden away behind which is the *Cathedral*. The *Red Lion Hotel*, as has already been mentioned, is in a notable house; it is worth seeing on account of the fine old staircase.

The old parish church of *St. Mary* has been in part incorporated with the *Cathedral*, else it would have been surely better to choose a more open and prominent site for such a fine edifice, which now, like so many of its mediæval fellows, is at the disadvantage of being too much blocked up by meaner buildings. In 1880 the erection of the *Cathedral of St. Mary* was begun; and though still incomplete, it was consecrated in 1887. In 1903 the completion of the nave was celebrated. The foundation stone was laid by King Edward VII., then Prince of Wales and Duke of Cornwall. In 1910 were finished the two western towers. The chapter-house and cloister, shown in the accompanying plan, are not yet completed. The original architect was J. L. Pearson, R.A.

Part of the old *St. Mary's Church* forms an additional south aisle on a lower level. The memorials of the parish church have been placed in the north transept. They include the elaborate *Robarts Monument* with semi-recumbent effigies of *John Robarts*, d. 1614, and his wife; close by, in the north chancel aisle, is an interesting terra-cotta alto-relievo, which should not be missed; the inscription tells all that is necessary. In the Crypt is a monument to *Owen Phippen*, who, taken by Algerine pirates, managed cleverly to turn the tables on his captors. The *Baptistery* is dedicated to *Henry Martyn*, the missionary. The choir is very striking, with its graceful shafts, and the stalls and Bishop's throne of teak wood. The reredos is an elaborate work, which some judges find out of keeping.

The Cathedral has a rich set of altar plate. The south transept commemorates the work of the first bishop, afterwards Archbishop Benson.



PLAN OF TRURO CATHEDRAL.

The other churches, *St. George's*, in the west suburb, and *St. Paul's*, on the left bank of the Truro, are modern, with some stained glass.

The *Town Hall* and *Market* are in Boscawen Street, from the end of which we turn to the right for the *New Bridge*, a good view-point for the river and the town. There is a valuable *Theological Library*, over a stationer's shop near the bridge, the nucleus of which was the gift of Bishop Philpotts. Behind the

Post Office in *Pydar Street* is the *Passmore Edwards Free Library* and *Technical Schools*, a handsome block of buildings. In River Street, running into Boscawen Street from the West End, is the *Museum* of the *Royal Institution of Cornwall* (admission free), here may be seen a good collection of Cornish minerals and antiquities, with geological and zoological cabinets of great interest. The *Victoria Gardens* have been laid out as a Jubilee Memorial below the Railway viaduct. Above the station are the County Education Buildings, opened 1913.

The suburbs of Truro are very attractive in their beauties of wood, hill, and water. One pleasant stroll is to Kenwyn, a short mile north of the station, where are the residence of the Bishop, a pretty church, and a fine view down the valley. From the other side of the city, also, one has good views on the way to *St. Clement's* (2 m.), a restored church beautifully situated on the *Tresillian Creek*, notable for its old frescoes, and for one of the most ancient Cornish crosses. Here one might walk on to Malpas (pronounced *Mopus*), another pretty place, where there is a ferry over the water for *Tregothnan* and *St. Michael Penkivel*. The direct road from Truro to Malpas, half an hour's walk, is along the left bank of the Truro River.

Tregothnan, seat of the Boscawen family (Viscount Falmouth), stands upon rising ground above the Fal river, of whose silver windings, and of the ship-studded expanse of Falmouth Harbour, it commands a delightful prospect. The gardens and plantations are of great extent and beauty. Not less lordly are the Deer Park, the Rookery, and the long entrance drive opening miles away at *Tresillian Bridge*. The mansion, designed by Wilkins, the architect of the National Gallery, exhibits a combination of the details of Early English and Tudor. Its square central tower forms a conspicuous feature, and the roof-line is broken by numerous fantastic chimneys and quaint turrets. Among the art treasures are several of Opie's pictures. The house is not shown; and strangers must be content with a view of the grounds from the river.

The village of *St. Michael Penkivel* stands on the left bank of the Truro, above the woods of *Tregothnan*. Its noble Church dates from the 14th century. In the tower is an ancient oratory, with an altar of stone. The brasses are numerous, and commemorate among others,—*John Trembras*, d. 1515, "late parson of this church," and *John Boscawen*, d. 1564. A fine monument

of marble, designed by Adams, the bust by Rysbrach, is inscribed to the famous memory of *Admiral Boscawen*.

On the other side of this peninsula, between the Truro and the Fal, *Lamorran Creek* is a very pretty spot, with a church and ivied tower to show, and an ancient cross.

It is not very easy to give directions for longer walks about Truro, the country being so much cut up by inlets and winding rivers, upon which the most beautiful spots are situated. On the whole, as few strangers make any long stay here, we may refer them to a good map and local advice, or to their own eyes. Almost any part of the county may be reached hence by rail or otherwise, within the day. On the early closing afternoon, Friday, and on Saturday, cheap tickets are given. Those who did not despise leisurely locomotion might find help in the several omnibuses which ply to different towns in the neighbourhood. The western coast is now reached by a branch line from *Chacewater* to *Perranporth* (p. 77), with a way-station for *St. Agnes*. The great excursion taken here is that by steamer down the river to *Falmouth*, a voyage of little more than an hour, through beautiful scenery. The boats run in summer only, as tide allows, and tickets are given to return by rail.

Truro to Falmouth by Water. The starting-point of the steamers is near the Bridge; but at low tide we may have to embark or land at *Malpas* (2 miles), which is no great loss, as here begins the best of the scenery. On the left are the grounds and mansion of *Tregothnan*, and the church of *St. Michael Penkivil*. Opposite stands the ancient chapel of *Kea*. At the bottom of this reach, the *Fal River* joins the *Truro*, then below comes what Queen Victoria pronounced the finest part of the trip, *King Harry's Passage*, where there is a steam ferry across to the peninsula of *Roseland*. Both shores are well wooded and indented with beautiful creeks. On the right extend the fine grounds and classical mansion of *Trelissick*, below which the river expands into the opener *Carrick Roads*. To the right open the deep *Restronguet Creek*, then *Mylor Creek*; on the left can be seen the church of *St. Just in Roseland* prettily placed on its inlet. *St. Just Pool* is a naval station; and now we have *Falmouth Harbour* full before us. Turning away from the point and harbour of *St. Mawes*, we enter the *Penryn River* by *Trefusis Point* and land at *Market Strand Pier* in the old part of Falmouth.

The tourist might return to Truro by rail, or by a choice of roads, the most attractive of which are the most devious, the shortest distance being some 10 miles. The difficulty here is, of course, reckoning with the heads of the various inlets we have passed on the river trip. The best way on foot would be to cross the ferry at *Flushing*, strike across to *Mylor Bridge*, thence to the ferry over the mouth of *Restronguet Creek*, and so to **St. Feock**, where the church and its belfry stand separate—campanile-fashion—as is not uncommon in this region. Hence, if one were thinking of one's dinner at Truro, it would be well to bear to the left for the new church of *Kea*, where the city is straight in front. But it would be pleasanter to keep nearer the water passing by *Pill Creek*, behind grounds of *Trelissick*, round the head of *Coombe*, to the old chapel of *Kea*, then cross to *Malpas*, and have the last half-hour of the walk along the left bank of the *Truro River*.

The railway between Truro and Falmouth will be best treated when we come to make our centre at the latter town.

Truro to Redruth and Camborne. The first stations on the way are *Chacewater* and *Scorrier*, from either of which it is a few miles to *St. Agnes* and the west coast. The scarred country, though not without picturesque nooks of vale and valley, displays a depressing prospect of bare hillsides dotted with rubbish heaps, shafts, engine-houses, often not even in activity to enliven the scene. From *Chacewater* goes off the branch to *Perranporth* and *Newquay* (p. 77).

Redruth and *Camborne* are the joint capitals of the district. "So sit two kings of Brentford on one throne." Were we to ask which of them took the lead, the answer would depend on whether it were in the mouth of a *Redruth* or a *Camborne* man. These neighbours love one another like two of a trade, or, shall we say, like *Margate* and *Ramsgate*. *Redruth* stands upon its pride as an ancient borough, which even begins to attain the dignity of going down a little in the world, though it has still almost as many inhabitants as *Truro*. *Camborne* boasts the biggest population in *Cornwall*, if the parochial district be reckoned, over which spreads a great congregation of separate dwellings, the tenement system being unknown here. On the right of them extends the busy and smoky parish of *Illogan*, which, with no

place larger than a village, has a population of 9000. These three parishes, then, are the most thickly populated part of the county. Redruth and Camborne are connected by a tramway.

REDRUTH.

Tabb's Hotel, London and Temperance Inns.

A substantial-looking town, chiefly of one long street stretching out branches on every side, and flinging its arms, in the shape of dusty highways, into the quarries and mines which cover the surrounding district. The Church, dedicated to St. Uny, and dating only from 1761, is situated under Carnbrea Hill, a mile or so from the town. It contains a monument to *William Davey*, from the chisel of Chantrey. The Druids' Hall is one of the chief buildings of Redruth. Near the back of it may be seen the tablet commemorating the house where Murdock discovered coal gas and the locomotive steam-engine, which he used only as a curiosity.

Travellers are apt to stop here rather on business than on pleasure bent, yet several points of much interest might be visited from Redruth.

About a mile out of the town, towards Truro, is the hollow known as **Gwennap Pit**, forming a large amphitheatre in the side of *Carnmarth* (750 feet). This is celebrated as a favourite preaching place of John Wesley's, who, in his seventieth year, addressed here a congregation reckoned at 32,000—"one of the most magnificent spectacles to be seen on this side heaven," he exclaims on another occasion. The Wesleyans still hold their Whit Monday anniversary meetings here. The church of *Gwennap*, with its campanile, is some 2 miles farther on; about as far to the north stands the church of **St. Day** (or *St. Dye*) on an elevation that gives a view of this undermined region. Between Gwennap and the village of St. Day were the Consolidated and United Mines, the most important of all the Cornish copper mines, occupying a superficial area $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, worked at a depth of 1750 feet below the surface, and branching out, in a thousand levels or galleries, to an extent of 63 miles.

Omnibuses ply between Redruth Station and **Portreath** (*Jordan's Hotel*), a little harbour and watering-place, among cliffs and woods, at the mouth of the *Red River* running down from

Redruth. The distance is under 4 miles. Portreath stands about the middle of the bay between *St. Agnes Head* and *Godrevy Island* with its lighthouse. To the latter and the corner of *St. Ives Bay* it is a walk of two or three hours along the coast past the large park and mansion of *Tehidy*, which contains some fine pictures by Gainsborough, Vandyke, Lely, Reynolds, etc.

A mile south of Redruth, comes its most renowned lion, the stony hill of *Carnbrea* (740 feet), crowned in the middle by an ancient castle, and at the farther end by a tall monument to *Lord de Dunstanville*, which makes a good landmark far and wide. The view also is very extensive, looking right across the county to the sea on either hand, and down upon the thickly grouped mines. The way up is by a path opposite Redruth parish church. Borlase considered *Carnbrea* as a chief seat of the Druid worship, in his day the usual fashion of accounting for the rock basin and traces of stone circles found here.

Carnbrea has a station of its own, beyond which we pass by a succession of mines with such odd names as "Tin Croft" and "Cook's Kitchen." Approaching *Camborne*, the train runs right through the workings of *Dolcoath*, the most famous mine now working in Cornwall, and the deepest, going down about a third of a mile into the bowels of the earth; while its outlet is on elevated ground where the machinery becomes well displayed to the strangers who often visit this busy scene, a less gratifying prospect, of late years, to the shareholders. The high price of tin, however, has recently revived this industry, our remarks on which below must be qualified accordingly. We trust that *Camborne's* spurt of fresh prosperity may result in permanent improvement.

CAMBORNE.

HOTELS.—*Commercial, Tyack's, etc.*

This town is the chief scene of the old Cornish drama of the *Beunans Meriasek*, Life of Meriasek, the last-discovered poem in the old Cornish language, so that, after all, Redruth can have no right to despise it as a fungus growth; but it has made great progress since the development of the Cornish mining system. It might be called an Oxford of mining students, who are taught theory in its Mining School, and practice *à la* Mr. Squeers in a mine of their own.

At Camborne lived Trevithick, who is claimed to have first used the steam-engine for moving a carriage. A toy locomotive had been previously constructed at Redruth by Murdock.

As one goes down from the station, the first public building reached is the *Passmore Edwards Library*, such an institution as seems rather the rule than the exception in Cornish towns. Farther down, behind the *Market*, rather hidden away in its pretty churchyard, stands the Church, a spacious and well-cared-for one of granite, with a good carved pulpit, Pendarves monuments, and other relics of antiquity. Hence the town straggles on in a somewhat commonplace style, and through it lies the way to *Dolcoath Mine*, the chief lion of Camborne, about a mile off.

On the north side, it is hardly an hour's walk to the coast, where another hour's walk westward would take one to *Godrevy Point*, at the corner of St. Ives Bay.

On the other side of the railway, half an hour or so brings us to **Pendarves**, a modern mansion of granite, which contains a good but small picture-gallery, and a collection of minerals. A church, occupying the site of an ancient oratory, schoolhouses, a parsonage, and other buildings, erected in 1842, mainly through the liberality of the late Mr. Pendarves, form an attractive assemblage on the higher ground of the well-wooded park, within which is also the large stone known as *Carwinnen Cromlech*.

But now, lest Camborne should cry out against us for treating it more scrimply than Redruth, we will present some account of the **Cornish mines**, which seems called for here, though at the risk of being skipped by light-minded readers.

Tin, as a metal, was held in high repute by the civilised nations of antiquity. They obtained it principally from Portugal and the north of Spain, and the great tin-mart was stationed at Cadiz, supposed by some to be the Tarshish of Scripture. From thence the adventurous Carthaginians pushed their researches in every direction, and at length discovered the *Cassiterides*, or tin-islands, and the shores of Britain, which they are accused of trying to monopolise for their own advantage by giving out erroneous reports of their geographical position. The Phœcean Greeks, however, in due time explored the Atlantic Ocean, and discovered the secret source of Carthaginian wealth. Marseilles or *Massilia* then became an important commercial entrepôt. Finally, Publius Crassus, some years before the coming of Julius Cæsar, made the same discovery,

and published it to his countrymen, who immediately commenced a traffic between England and the coast of Gaul, instructing the natives in their system of mining, and encouraging them to cross the Channel in their leather-bound skiffs. The tin was deposited in the Isle of Wight, or at St. Michael's Mount—for which was the real *Ιχθυς* of Diodorus Siculus remains a moot point—and from thence exported to certain ports on the coast of France. The Cassiterides may have been the Scillies; or possibly the deeply-indented shores of Cornwall deceived the strangers, while indeed some parts now joined to the mainland—for instance, the peninsula between Penzance and St. Ives—appear once to have been insulated.

The tin trade continued, with various fluctuations, through the centuries of anarchy which followed the departure of the Romans. After the Norman Conquest it is said to have fallen into the hands of the Jews, whose smelting furnaces still exist under the denomination of *Jews' Houses*. But the veritable history of the Cornish tin-trade dates from the time of Edmund, Earl of Cornwall, who, in order to promote its development, made the miners of Cornwall independent of those of Devonshire, granted them the privilege of holding their own courts for all suits relating to the mines except those of life, limb, and land, and established prisons for criminal miners at Lydford and Lostwithiel. The *Stannary Parliament*, to consist of twenty-four deputies from different divisions, was shortly afterwards instituted, its places of meeting being appointed, at Truro for Cornwall, and Crockern Tor on Dartmoor for Devonshire. The mine-owners, in return for these great privileges, agreed to pay to the Earls of Cornwall a certain duty upon every hundredweight of tin, and several towns were selected, whither the blocks of metal should be brought for the purposes of *coining* (or stamping) and assaying. By recent regulations the control of the mines has been placed in the hands of a Vice-Warden for each county, who must be a barrister of at least five years' standing, and the Stannary courts of judicature; from whose decisions an appeal lies to the Lord Warden, assisted by three members of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and finally to the House of Lords.

The *peroxide of tin* is usually found to run in veins or *lodes*, from east to west, averaging in breadth from 12 to 40 inches, but differing greatly in depth. A pit is sunk, and a *cross-cut* or gallery excavated from north to south, so as to cut across all the lodes which may exist in the locality selected. A lode being found, a license to work it must be obtained from the owner of the soil, who is then called the *lord*, and receives as his share (or *dish*) about $\frac{1}{8}$ th of the ore raised. The adventurers divide the remainder among themselves according to agreement.

Care has then to be taken for the *drainage* of the mine, which is partly effected by the excavation of an *adit* or tunnel, through which superfluous water may be pumped into some adjacent valley, and, more thoroughly, by steam-engines of great size and power. In some mines, however, water-power and manual labour are still

brought into requisition. The steam-engine (Trevithick's high-pressure boilers) pumps the water into the adit at the rate, perhaps, of 1200 to 1600 gallons a minute.

The descent into the mine is made by means of the *shaft*, a rectangular well about 9 feet by 12, divided into three parts by a wooden partition. The labourers make use of one, and the others are reserved for the removal of the ore, and the *deads*, or refuse. The machine employed is called a *whim*, and is worked by horses or a steam-engine. As one bucket (or *kibble*) descends, another is raised to the surface. The bowels of the earth are penetrated in a horizontal direction by *levels*, or *galleries*, worked at various depths, and reached by means of *shafts*. These excavations are principally effected by blasting with gunpowder, and are carried to such an extent, that miles upon miles of ground are traversed. Thus, at Gwennap, the rock has been tunnelled for a distance of 60 miles. At Huel Cok they have been carried under the bed of the sea, and it is said that when abandoned on account of its danger, only four feet of rock remained between the miners and the waters of ocean. The miners work eight hours at a spell, are naked to the waist, and, notwithstanding the contrivances adopted to secure a good ventilation, suffer so much from the intense heat, that they have been known to lose 5 lbs. in weight during one spell.

The ore is dealt with by the following processes:—1. It is first *spalled*, or broken into small pieces, and then reduced to powder by means of *stamping-mills*, worked by steam power, which force it through a plate of iron pierced with small holes. A stream of water then carries it into several pits—the *crop*, or *head*, that is, the best portion, falls into the first, and the residuum, the *slime*, or *tail*, into the others. 2. The *crop* is next removed to the *buddle* (a large pit), and deposited on an inclined frame of wood—the *jaggging-board*—where it is again subjected to the washing process, and separated into parcels of different value. “When the ore is rich, there is little difficulty in washing away earths, in consequence of the greater specific gravity of the tin ore; but in poorer ones this is more difficult, especially when they are mixed with copper and other ores which are likewise heavy”—(*Dr. Thomson*). 3. The *crop* having again been selected, is further purified by tossing and stirring it in a large *keeve* full of water. The tin sinks to the bottom, is once more assorted, and the selected portion is now removed to the *burning-house*, or, if entirely free from *mundic* (i.e. ferruginous and arsenical pyrites), to the smelting-furnaces. 4. In the *burning-house* the ores are placed in small reverberatory furnaces, fed by Welsh coal and kept at a moderate heat. They are frequently turned over by an iron rake, to expose fresh surfaces. Sulphurous acid and arsenious acid being volatilised, the sulphurous acid escapes, and the arsenious acid is condensed in properly constructed horizontal flues. 5. Removed from the *burning-house*, the ores are again *tossed*, or washed, until fit for *smelting*—that is, deoxidation. The smelting-furnaces are of the *reverberatory* kind, holding each from 12 to 16 cwts. of ore

which is prepared by mixing it with coal, or Welsh culm and slaked lime. It is then heated into a state of fusion, and kept so for about seven hours. The lime, uniting with the silicious and argillaceous matter still adhering to the tin, forms a slag which floats on the surface of the fused metal. The slag is raked off through the door, while the fused metal pours off by a tap-hole in the bottom of the furnace, and is *laded* into moulds, which form it into slabs of a moderate size. The *slag* is pounded, stamped, and washed, and the tin, or *prillion*, extracted from it is again smelted. 6. The slabs removed from the moulds are now placed in a *refining-furnace*, and gradually melted, that they may be purified of iron, copper, sulphurets, arseniates, tungsten, or slag. The fused metal is then skimmed, and being laded into granite or cast-iron moulds, is fashioned into blocks of 3 or 4 cwts. each, containing about 75 parts of metal, and ready for sale. The coining or stamping is no longer effected in the coinage-towns, but at the mouth of the mine.

The elaborate machinery of our day was of course unknown to early workers, who are believed to have used the simpler process of *streaming*, that is, placing the ore under running water so as to remove all alluvial matter, which, when it can be done, is said to produce the purest metal. Tin-streaming is still practised in some parts of Cornwall, both in the Camborne and St. Austell districts.

In our Introduction we have given some reasons for the late depression of this ancient and once profitable industry, and for its present more favourable prospects.

Copper-mining, which dates from a later beginning, seemed like to come to an end before tin-working. The two metals are often found together, as in the case of lead and silver, but copper is got with more difficulty and expense. The miners who deal with each metal are a different class, no more meddling in one another's province than an oculist competes against a dentist. Still less does any Cornish miner take kindly to coal-mining, the perils and hardships to which he has been used from boyhood being of a different order. The great copper mines are at present in a bad way; some, once worked for copper, are now given up to tin. What we say about copper-mining, then, might almost as well be put into the past tense; yet of late one or two mines, such as that of *Levant*, near St. Just, have shown some signs of activity.

On the slopes of two hills, and in the hollow of the valley between, are the banks of the copper-mines, and the ground is dotted with groups of work-people, women and girls, in bright-coloured attire, hammering at lumps of ore, or sifting and washing them in the numerous water-courses which ripple around. The copper extends beneath the valley from side to side, and is richest where it lies deepest. Shafts descend to the lodes or veins in which the ore is embedded, where a succession of ladders wearies the legs and tests the patience of the curious explorer. The miner's tools are—a gad, a pick, a sledge-hammer, a borer, a claying-bar, a needle, a scraper, a tamping-bar, a shovel, and a cartridge-tool for blasting

with powder. These, with fuzees, slow match, powder-horn, corve, and wheel-barrow, complete his equipment.

The first step, when the mining engineer has ascertained where the copper lies, is to sink a shaft and work a gallery until the lode is reached. This is the business of the *tut-workers*, who are generally paid so much a cubic fathom for the rock they excavate, earning, on an average, 45 to 65 shillings a month. The men who work the ore are called *tributers*. They generally undertake a particular portion of the lode, working in a sort of club or guild, called a *pare*, and dividing themselves into three gangs, each of which labours eight hours at a time. These adventurers hire their "pitch" from the mine-owner, pay all their own expenses, and receive a certain percentage on the ore they procure; so that they have a direct interest in their work, and every inducement, moreover, to work intelligently, as upon the nature of the ore which they excavate depend their profits.

The ore being brought to the surface in baskets, has now to undergo sundry cleaning and purifying processes. It is broken up with hammers, or by tampers worked by water-power, and the first quality—*prills*—divided into walnut-sized pieces by the *cobbers* (young girls). The *second* quality—*dredge-ore*—after having been crushed, is cast into a sieve or "jigging" machine, and "jigged" up and down in a *hutch* of water. The worst quality—*halvans*—is mixed up with the residuum of the better sorts, and separated into *strakes* and *tyes*. Formed into parcels, or *doles*, they are then all ready for sale.

The *Sale* or *Ticketing-days* take place weekly at Redruth (only) now. A dinner is provided in true English fashion at the expense of the mine-owners, who there meet the agents of the principal mining companies. The latter, having already acquainted themselves with samples of the different ores for sale, now hand in sealed tenders, or *tickets*, stating the prices they are willing to give for respective *doles*. These tickets are opened, read aloud, and the highest bidder becomes the purchaser. The ore is then shipped for Swansea, to undergo the process of smelting. Here is another of Cornwall's misfortunes, that her want of fuel has obliged her to part with this industry to Wales.

The business of a mine (*huel*, *wheel* = "work") is usually placed under the control of a *purser*. The mining operations are superintended by a *captain*, who, in large mines, is assisted by *grass captains* and *underground captains*—the former, as their name implies, attending to the works *above* ground. The title of "captain" in Cornwall is apt to be used as loosely and liberally as that of "colonel" in the backwoods of America.

The miners, as a class, are noted for their sobriety and prudence, an improvement from the past, which, as perhaps the strongest Churchman would not deny, they owe largely to the work of Wesley and his followers. Upon emerging from his underground labours, "the miner goes into the changing-house, a place appointed for the purpose,

washes, and takes off his woollen working-dress ; then, if the mine is not deep and his labour too great, on repairing to his cottage he cultivates his acre or two of ground, which he obtains from the heathy downs on lease upon easy terms, for three lives, at a few shillings' rent. Then by degrees he has contrived to build a small cottage, often a good part of it with his own hands, the stone costing him nothing ; or it may be he has only taken land for the growth of potatoes, to cultivate which he pares and burns the ground, and rents a cottage at 50s. or 60s. a year, with a right of turf fuel, which he cuts and prepares himself. Many miners have tolerable gardens, and some are able to do their own carpentry work, and near the coast others are expert fishermen"—(*Cyrus Redding*). Some interesting details relative to Cornish mines and miners will be found in Mr. Walter White's amusing volume, *A Londoner's Walk to the Land's End*; and in Mr. Wilkie Collins's *Rambles beyond Railways*. Anthony Trollope's *Three Clerks* contains an amusing account of the moral as well as physical crookedness and darkness of the mining world.

The tourist who descends into a mine will have to assume a fitting attire—a shirt and trousers of flannel, a stout pair of shoes, a cap of linen, and a broad-brimmed hat, or helmet, designed to protect the head from blows against the rock. A candle is then fixed to his hat by a lump of clay, and he is ready for the adventure.

When we have left behind us the Cyclopean stithies of Camborne, *Gwinnear Road* is the next station, where the branch goes off to *Helston*. To the left rises *Gwinnear* with its prominent church, several points in which are of much interest. Two or three miles to the right is *St. Gwithian*, its church also a remarkable one, long threatened by the invading sand, in which, two generations back, were discovered the buried remains of an *Oratory*, that may be the oldest Christian building in England, but some authorities give it a later date. The vagrant sand has now been kept within bounds by the planting of rushes ; but from the railway can be seen how the coast-line has changed its rocky face for a line of dismal *towans* (sandhills), among which a dynamite factory finds an appropriate site ; and the church of *Phillack* is also seen standing in perilous dignity with these dunes as its too close background.

Hayle (Inns : *White Hart, Steam Packet*) is a busy little port on the wide sandy estuary, which at high water has a very pleasant aspect. The *towans* here, half overgrown with grass and rushes, are cheerful enough in the sunshine. But it suffers by comparison with its neighbours across the estuary, and the big chimneys and rows of monotonous little houses lying near the station are not

attractive. The big chimneys of the Explosives Factory on the east soon too come into view, and though there is a beach the town is not on the open sea, but overlooks the tidal estuary. Hayle has a fine new church of its own, and a good harbour, but, as we fancy that its visitors come chiefly from not very far away and do not patronise guide-books, we will take leave of it with best wishes for prosperity and success in its brave struggle against the sand that ever threatens invasion both by land and water.

The farther end, towards Phillach, is called *Copperhouse* (*Cornubia* Hotel) a hint of the Tubal Cainery that makes one of Hayle's occupations. Through this comes in the road from Camborne (5 miles).

From the high railway bank we have a view over the mouth of the *Hayle River* to *St. Ives* at the end of the bay. But the line turns a little way south to get easily over the flats of the inlet (crossed also by a long causeway bridge to *Lelant*); then at *St. Erth Junction* one must change for *St. Ives*, the main line running on a few miles farther to *Penzance*, both of which places should be dignified with an independent section

FALMOUTH AND THE LIZARD.

Truro to Falmouth.—For Falmouth, by nearly all trains, one must change at Truro to a branch of about 12 miles long, which keeps well inland to avoid the creeks. Before long a high viaduct crosses the **Restronguet Creek**, beside which runs a mineral line from *Redruth* to the little port of *Devoran*. The prospect from the train over this sandy estuary is not very enticing, till it reaches **Perranwell Station**, beyond which we look down on the wide valley of that name, where the *Kennal* pours down into Restronguet Creek amid a strange mixture of the practical and the picturesque, mills, wheels, and shafts protruding from its rocky and wooded sides. Below, to the left, appear the village of **Perranarworthal**, the masts at *Perran Wharf*, and beyond, the grand woods of **Carclew**, famous for its sub-tropical gardens.

Farther on, *Penryn* is well seen from the railway, but we will not stop here at present. The train now passes round behind the back of Falmouth, with views on to the open sea and the valley of the *Swan Pool*; then we are almost at the station before becoming aware where the town lies, mostly along the *Penryn River*, whose mouth forms the inner harbour opening out to *Carrick Roads*.

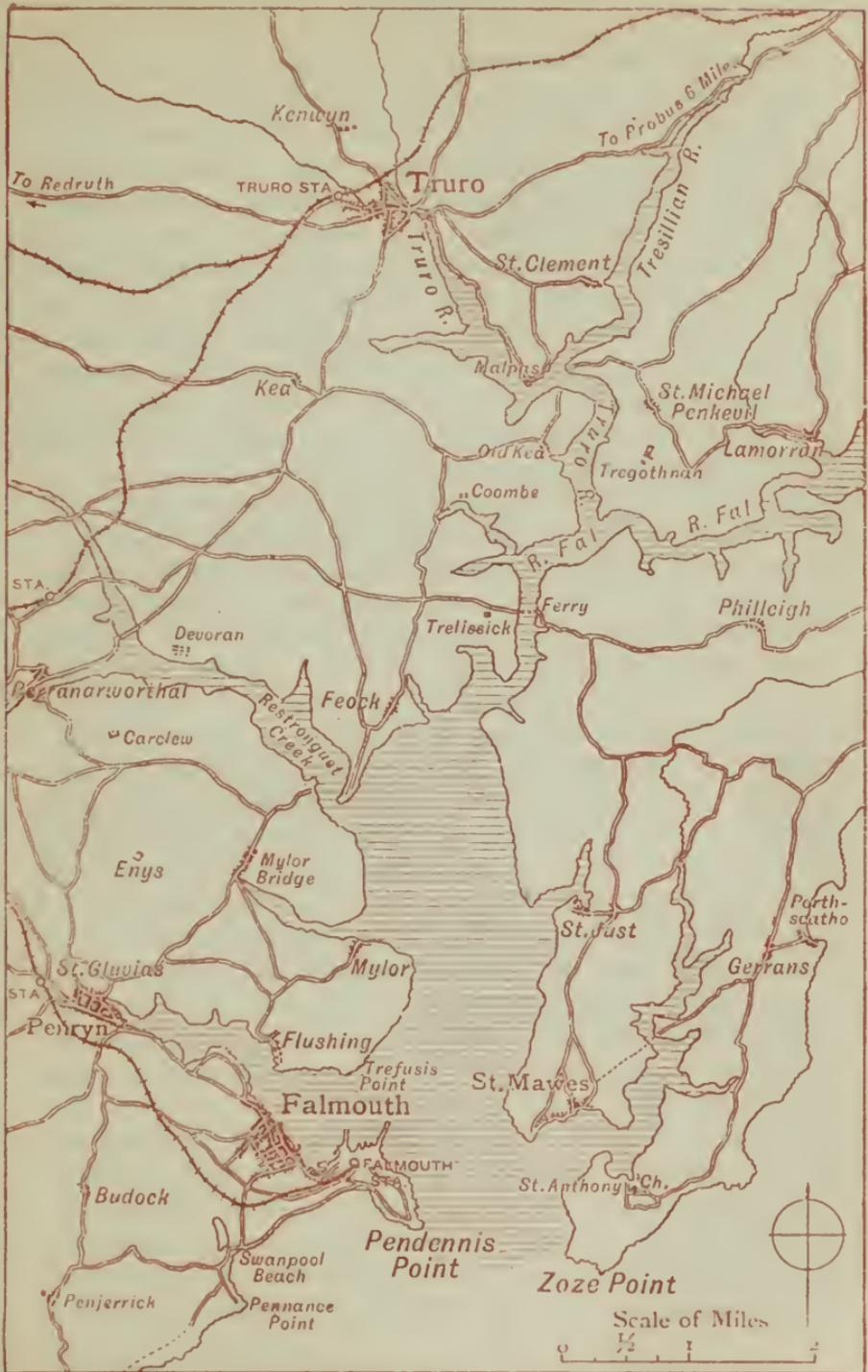
FALMOUTH.

HOTELS.—*Falmouth, Greenbank, Pendennis, Bay, King's, Royal, Riviera, Albion, etc.*

PENSIONS.—*Penwenack, Gyllyndune, Trajfulgar, Pentargan, Boscawen, etc.*

The position and aspect of Falmouth are peculiar, in some respects recalling Plymouth. The railway carries us past the town, the station being at the neck of the peninsula beyond, from which we are able to see how Falmouth has two faces, one

TRURO AND FALMOUTH



Walker & Boutall sc.

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of better class and newer houses looking out from a height upon the open sea, while the old port huddles along the shore of the inlet, presenting still much such a line of blackened wharfs, patched-up houses, tide-washed stairs and jetties, as must have wearied so many fretful eyes windbound here a century ago. For then Falmouth was a great packet station, where voyagers came to do as much of their uncertain journey as possible by land, as now ocean telegraph cables find their last firm hold in this protruding tongue of England. The place, however, is of no great antiquity, dating apparently from the early part of the 17th century, when it began to rise with the fortunes of the house of *Killigrew*. Towards the end of that century it became the Government Mail Packet Station, till steam altered the conditions under which this service could be performed. Many allusions to it in literature show how thus Falmouth was once relatively a port of more importance than now, when its distance from the centres of trade goes far to neutralise the advantage of its magnificent harbour. By one direct express train it is reached in about 8 hours from London; and steamers between London and Dublin call twice a week. The population is about 13,000.

From the station we look down upon the docks, by which we pass into the long, narrow, main thoroughfare, its crooked reaches known by different names—*Arwenack Street*, *Church Street*, *Market Strand*—beyond which one ascent is nicknamed *Ludgate Hill*, till it may be said to end at the renowned *Greenbank Hotel*, and the ferry over to *Flushing* on the other side of the inlet. The two central points are the Church, near which will be found the *Post Office*, the *Polytechnic Hall*, the *Public Subscription Rooms*, and the chief shops, including that “*Old Curiosity Shop*” which is one of the sights of the town; then the spacious Market Place, opening opposite one of the most frequented piers, and itself the port of many coaches and buses for inland voyages. Here stands the handsome *Free Library*, one of many such Cornish monuments to the liberality of Mr. Passmore Edwards. In the Polytechnic Hall is an interesting *Fishery Museum* (admission free), besides occasional exhibitions. Over the Market Place, on either hand, rise the higher residential quarters of the town, whose best houses now gravitate towards the sea-face on the other side of the ridge.

Among the few ancient buildings let us mention *Arwenack House*, soon passed on the way from the station, the old mansion

of the Killigrews, opposite which the *Killigrew Monument* raises its queer pointed pyramid. The slope above shows a fine elm avenue, leading to what was once a rope-walk, now turned into a promenade leading to the new *School of Art*. Below this again we may find open during the summer months the *Falmouth Art Gallery*, an exhibition chiefly of the artists settled here, among whom are several well-known names who have swarmed off from the Newlyn group.

Falmouth, as Byron tells us, has long been a snug nest of Quakers; and the Fox family are still well represented among its chief citizens. We should, then, distinguish the *Friends' Meeting House*, above the Church, a neat little building of Gothic aspirations, whose resemblance to a steeple-house would surely have scandalised George Fox. Behind lies a curious little graveyard, where past generations of Friends lie in deeper peace than they could attain through life. Close at hand is a *Wesleyan Chapel*, also of architectural pretensions and containing a fine memorial pulpit. The *Parish Church* above the main street, which has a distinction in being one of the few English churches dedicated to King Charles I., has now been restored; and another ecclesiastical antiquity, "the Rector's Rate," is in the way of being abolished after much heart-burning. The finest building the Establishment has to show is perhaps *All Saints* on the top of the hill, reached by *Killigrew Road*, a street running up from the lower side of the Market Place. On the high ground here is the *Recreation Ground*, provided with an excellent cycling track. The valley leading up to this quarter is oddly named the *Moor*, though it makes one of the most solid and prosaic parts of the place, containing the *Town Hall*, with some interesting portraits to show.

Killigrew Road also leads us to what should be reckoned one of the most important Falmouth institutions, the *Meteorological Observatory*, a building that may be recognised by the Wind Gauge on its top, giving at first sight the idea of a flighty pawn-broker's sign. The resident Superintendent we found obligingly ready in giving information and showing the instruments. From him, and from the published annual reports, we have received certain statistics the gist of which is of no small interest as going to prove the superiority of Falmouth as a mild and genial winter resort, in which character it may be said to be handicapped by the very accuracy with which such observations are made.



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FALMOUTH.

While, for instance, at its rivals', where the matter is in private hands, the *Jordan* sun-gauge will be used, acting as a recorder of light rather than heat, here the sunlight is measured on the *Campbell-Stokes* principle, practically by means of a burning glass, which, as we have seen, was taking no effect a quarter of an hour before a clear winter sunset. Yet, though at this disadvantage, Falmouth can show the highest average of winter sunshine on the mainland of Britain, being surpassed only by Jersey in a record of ten years. When, from diagrams exhibited in the Observatory, we note the wide range of variety, from year to year, in the amount of rain and sunshine, it becomes clear how easily the statistics put forward in favour of any watering-place can be "cooked" to deceive the unwary. But the calculations here made honestly in the cause of science are still most convincing as to Falmouth's merits. The thermometers, exposed in an airy and slightly elevated situation, for a quarter of a century, were not known to mark more than $12\frac{1}{2}$ degrees of frost. The general average of equability also is very remarkable, ranging for twenty years between a mean of 60·1 for August to 43·7 for January. For the same period the average of rainy days was 211, with a mean annual rainfall of 48 inches, which certainly reads rather high; but we may be assured that the Falmouth sky, if apt to weep lustily while about it, is all the clearer and brighter afterwards, with fewer moods of dismal sullenness than in some drier regions. A few phenological observations may also be quoted for the month of February 1891: "On the 1st crocuses were in flower; on the 12th a red admiral butterfly was seen; larks were singing on the 23rd; a lizard was caught on the 26th; and on the 28th honeysuckle was in leaf." In the severe February of 1895 we ourselves can testify to icicles being found on one side of a wall, while on the other hydrangeas were in flower, and the last chrysanthemum bloom had not yet faded.

In the hollow below the Observatory, *Kimberley Park* gives practical confirmation to its reports, since here may be seen flourishing, yuccas, bamboos, dracænas, acacias, and other tender plants, which almost qualify this small but pretty pleasure ground to rank as a garden of acclimatation. The gardens of more than one seat in the vicinity bear out the same good character for the winter climate, the welfare of their exotic vegetation depending less upon spells of great heat than upon an absence of extremes in temperature.

These facts and figures have justified Falmouth's friends in claiming for it a very high or even the highest position as a British winter haven for delicate throats and lungs. It has long been popularly said, with apparent reason, that the village of Flushing, as the spot here most fully sheltered from cold winds, had the mildest winter climate in England. Some years ago a distinguished physician, Sir Edward Sieveking, so emphatically brought the claims of Falmouth and Flushing before what may be called the invalid public, that the town seemed about to establish itself firmly as a wintering place; and a fair number of winter visitors have ever since been found at the hotels. What may tell against the success of Falmouth is a want of such amusements and amenities as are provided so amply at foreign resorts, while the climate, however gently it may deal with delicate constitutions, does not always encourage their enjoyment of the beauties of sea and land, which are the main attractions here. On the other hand, some visitors would thank us for letting them know that the authorities set their faces against disfiguring advertisements, noisy open-air performances, and all such baits for vulgar patronage. The town is already too heavily rated, and wants means for the expense of improving and "booming" its natural advantages. Perhaps the eight or nine hours' journey from London is another drawback. Still, we believe it to be only a matter of time for Falmouth to take the same rank as some other wintering places which, with at least no better reason, have gained more notice; and that its merits become recognised as they deserve is shown by the number of new hotels and pensions opened since our last edition. To our thinking, it is the pleasantest winter station in Cornwall.

As a summer resort Falmouth stands in need of no advocacy, unless before judges severe on the point of bracing air. The shore, on the sea-side, seems a good deal taken up with reefs; but there is a sandy and shingly beach beyond the Falmouth Hotel, provided with machines and other accommodations for ladies and gentlemen. As for boating, the difficulty here is to keep off the water. The Sound affords a safe sailing ground and harbour for vessels of every size or rig. The most squeamish landlubber will have to trust himself at least to a ferry, if he would "do" the neighbourhood thoroughly; and experienced watermen will be always at his service at a tariff, beginning modestly with three-pence, the fixed fares justly increased at night or in rough weather.

This is the headquarters of the *Royal Cornwall Yacht Club*, whose regattas enliven the bay in summer.

EXCURSIONS FROM FALMOUTH.

To Pendennis Head, the Swan Pool, etc.—The first walk to be taken here is that to *Pendennis Head*, round which a carriage drive has been laid out. The road starts at the Falmouth Hotel, presently joined by a flight of steps from the Railway Station, and runs for a mile, overlooking the sea, to the point occupied by **Pendennis Castle**, a building, we fancy, more imposing than strong in a military sense. The oldest part is the Round Tower, dating from Henry VIII., now the Governor's residence. The works have of late been strengthened and brought more "up to date," to the loss of mere sightseers, for whom the Castle is now closed, as a rule, through suspicion of possible spies of foreign powers. Amateur photographers and sketchers must remember how jealously Mars frowns on these arts of Apollo. On the opposite point, near the Lighthouse, another fortification has recently been erected, as what Orientals would call the *juwab* of Pendennis.

The headland is dappled by coppice wood, through which we can stray here and there, but may be brought up by the ditch or forbidding *chevaux de frise* of the Castle. If one scramble by thorny and slippery tracks to the plateau above, the military authorities will probably not grudge him a fine view on either hand. Seats and shaded nooks will be found on the drive, which round the point doubles back to look over the open sea and away along the winding coast-line to the cliffs of the Lizard. A liberal fare for driving round Pendennis Head from the station is 2s. ; 3s. if a halt be made at the fort ; and 4s. for the farther round we are about to indicate.

At the neck of the peninsula we could strike back to the station by the red coastguard houses. But on foot one should rather continue along the very pleasant cliff walk edging the sea, which will bring us past the bathing beach and a small stagnant pool, then on to the larger sheet that, under the name of the **Swan Pool**, is one of the lions of Falmouth, a fresh-water lake, half a mile long, separated from the sea by a narrow bar of sand along which runs the road. This seems to be a dammed-up reservoir of the same kind as in Devonshire is called a *Lea*. About a quarter

of a mile beyond we may go out to *Pennance Head*, where Falmouth folk are in the way of ending their favourite constitutional with a fine view.

Strangers who have found it an hour or so's walk round to this point may be surprised to learn how near they are now to the centre of the town. From the *Gyllyngvaes Bathing Beach* a marked path leads over the hill in a few minutes. Farther on, just short of the *Swan Pool*, another road by the Cemetery takes us through one of the pleasantest suburbs, then by the unpromising-looking descent of Swan Pool Street into the main thoroughfare. If we pass beyond the Swan Pool, a pretty round may be made to reach the town near the top of Killigrew Road by the long avenue opening almost opposite the Observatory — *Bull's Avenue*, as it is called, on which the public have a right-of-way.

Budock.—This avenue itself makes a very favourite walk, and leads to some of the pleasantest spots of the neighbourhood. Descending it we soon find a path to the right, which goes obliquely down into the valley and under the railway; then we can plainly see it remounting the opposite slope towards the Church of *Budock*, also full in view, a popular Sunday afternoon stroll of a couple of miles. The church contains some interesting brasses of the Killigrew family and memorial windows. Thence our ramble might be airily extended on *Budock Downs*.

Penjerrick.—This, one of the properties of the Fox family, is renowned for its acclimatising garden and rare show of exotics, which make Penjerrick one of the sights of the neighbourhood. By courtesy of the owner, Wednesdays and Fridays are named as days when visitors can usually be admitted on presentation of their cards. The road is a drive of 3 or 4 miles in the Budock direction. But more recommendable is the walk down the long avenue already mentioned, and up a path seen continuing it on the other side of the valley, above which it strikes into the road.

Penjerrick was the residence of Miss Caroline Fox, whose letters were so favourably received in the literary world. Other neighbouring seats of the same family are *Rose Hill*, to the garden of which strangers are not admitted, and *Grove Hill*, noted for a good collection of pictures, including works by *Titian*, *Poussin*, *Claude*, etc., which of late has been somewhat scattered, but

what remains may be seen by sending in one's card to the courteous proprietor.

To **Penryn**, 2 miles from Falmouth, up the inlet of that name, omnibuses run frequently, the stations in each case being at the farther end of the towns, from most parts of which one has to walk nearly as far to take the train. The easiest way of walking is by the road past the Greenbank Hotel and Flushing Ferry, along the shore of the inlet. About halfway, at the head of a bend, a more direct road strikes over the hill into this ; and here, if a view of Penryn be enough for us—not such a good one as from the railway—we might turn back by the telegraph posts, till at the top of the ascent a Cornish stile and path to the right bring us to the *Beacon*—a broken knoll with a seat on the top, from which may be enjoyed what is perhaps the widest prospect immediately around the town. This path runs on westward into the Budock Road, about a mile out, from which we can thus return by Kimberley Park. But if, still in a vagrant mood, one took the first lane to the right, it would soon gain the terraced road by the Observatory and the Cemetery ; or if, before reaching the former point, one followed another lane dropping to the right, he would gain the valley debouching on the Swan Pool, and could thus in a couple of hours' stroll pass all round the beauties of "Fair Falmouth." Did he not care to go down to the sea, Bull's Avenue would take him straight up to the higher part of the town.

PENRYN.

HOTELS.—*King's Arms, Vivian's Temperance.*

Penryn is a place of nearly 5000 inhabitants. Motor omnibuses, of the usual type about here, run every quarter of an hour or so between the respective market-places of Falmouth and Penryn. The source of Penryn's prosperity is the granite quarries in the neighbourhood. The granite works at the Falmouth end of the town are worth a visit from those interested in the polishing process. This granite itself Londoners can often see without leaving home, for instance in Waterloo Bridge.

Penryn stands finely situated on a hill sloping down to its river. The old parish is **St. Gluvias**, whose restored church looks upon the long main street. Among the gardens at the back of this street may be traced with difficulty the site of *Glasney College*,

believed to have been the centre of Cornish literature in the Middle Ages, where most of the relics of the old Cornish language, which have been handed down to our times, were composed and copied out. These were mainly dramas or miracle plays for the instruction of villagers. A collection has been translated and printed by Mr. Norris.

About 2 miles south of Penryn we might visit the celebrated *Mabe Quarries* on the Helston Road, and if we cared to call at *Helland Farm* could see a very ancient Cornish font and crosses. The same distance north-west brings us to *Roscrow Viewpoint* (500 feet), commanding a magnificent prospect. Thence we could make a detour back to Penryn by the grounds of *Enys* for other fine views. Leave must be asked at the lodge to enter these grounds, beyond which an unsatiated Rambler might follow the road on to the *Perranwell Valley* and *Carclew*. While at *Mabe*, he might similarly have pushed south a few miles to *Constantine*, also a place of quarries, but one of the prettiest villages in Cornwall, and could hence return along the Helford River and by the coast.

From Penryn, moreover, one might stroll across in half an hour to *Mylor*, which is about the same distance from Falmouth, once the ferry has been crossed at *Flushing*, which should not be forgotten in our excursions, though there is nothing particular about this snug village except its sheltered situation. From the village at the head of *Mylor Creek* we have a very pretty walk of a mile or so down its wooded shore to *Mylor Church* at the mouth, an old building restored, worth seeing if only for its situation, and the tall ancient Cross in the Churchyard. Here we look across to *St. Just Pool*, the quarantine station of Falmouth, and the peninsula of *Roseland*. This reminds us that we cannot get on far here without taking to the water. From *Mylor Church* and Dock it is a mile or so back to *Flushing* by the road, a longer walk round the coast, and some pleasant rambling might be done about *Trefusis Point*, the woods of which are so well seen from Falmouth. The way most to be recommended is by a field path round Trefusis, through the "picnic-field" where refreshments are provided for excursionists.

TO ST. MAWES, PORTHSCATHO, ETC.

One pleasant short excursion is by the small but well-appointed steamer which runs all the year, several times a day, from the Market Strand Pier for *St. Mawes* and *Gerrans*, on the opposite peninsula. The crossing takes rather over half an hour, costing only 6d. return; and many who enjoy being much on the water might do so cheaply by means of the half-crown weekly season tickets. This trip lands us in the much-indented peninsula of **Roseland** (probably so-called from *Rhos*, a Celtic word for heath or gorse), where we must be careful in studying the question of ferries and the time tables of steamers, if we do not wish to be left "so near and yet so far" from the haven where we would fain be back, full in sight yet perhaps separated hopelessly from us by the chance of wind and tide, while the devious walk round the head of its central creek is not one to be undertaken by falling shades of night or gathering storm-clouds.

The boat holds her way more or less smoothly across the mouth of *Penryn Creek*, then over the *Truro River*, making for an inlet at one corner of which stands the castle of *St. Mawes*, opposite its bigger twin-brother of *Pendennis*. Round this point it either brings up along the quay, or lands its passengers by boat for **St. Mawes** (*Ship and Castle, St. Mawes*), a large village loved by excursionists and sea-bathing families not too exacting in their requirements. Some of the steamers go no farther than this point, in which case a good mile's walk and the crossing of a halfpenny ferry must be substituted for our next stage on the way to *Gerrans* by water.

The boat proceeds, soon opening a creek to the right, where we see well displayed the *Place* or mansion of **St. Anthony in Roseland**. Here we may land by boat to visit the pretty restored church and its churchyard, where a stone coffin will be noticed half buried among ferns, ivy, and moss; or to walk on to the lighthouse at **Zoze Point**. A high road, marked by telegraph posts, would lead us hence to our destination at *Porthscatho*, for which, going as far by water as the steamer will take us, we disembark about a mile farther on at the pierless landing of *Porthcuil* (pronounced *Percuel*). Here an omnibus will usually be found waiting, for threepence, to spare the walk by a road running above the long creek, which at high water so prettily winds its way far into the bowels of the land. There is no other road, so one cannot well miss

the way till a mile of it brings us into the high road from *St. Anthony*, beside which, close by, is seen the spire of *Gerrans*, a name more familiar to us than we may be aware, for the ancient chief whom it commemorates, *Gerranus*, appears to be the shadowy original of Tennyson's *Geraint*. *Gerrans* (*Royal Standard Inn*, with picnic room) is the church town perched on the ridge, beyond which another half mile brings us down to its more important member on the shore.

Porthscatho (*Feathers' Inn*, also with accommodation for excursionists) is one of those cheerful white-washed Cornish fishing villages, where one may chance to get a house for a song all the year round, and lodgings not quite so cheaply in summer. As yet it makes a very unsophisticated scene for family holiday-making, protected from fashion by its remoteness of access; but *Porthscatho*, even before being provided with a resident doctor, has risen to the dignity of drainage, and enjoys a good water supply. Its chief attraction is the fine view over *Gerrans Bay*, and the cliff paths on either hand; then there are pleasant inland strolls by sheltered lanes, where flowers and ferns may be found up to Christmas. A walk of several miles would carry us round the bay to *Nare* (or *Penare*) *Head*, passing on the way "Tregeagle's Quoits," some huge blocks of felspar which of course were hurled here by that ubiquitous and much-tormented bogle. Just visible over the head is the top of *Veryan Beacon*, supposed to be the burial-place of *Gerranus*; and off it lies a tall island, the *Gull Rock*, reminding us of the *Bass* in the Firth of Forth, and of more than one *Mewstone* on the Devon coast. Round this corner comes *Veryan Bay*, beyond which appears the fine outline of the *Dodman* cliffs.

In the other direction, about 5 miles would carry us to *St. Anthony* and the *Zoze Point*.

There are good fishing, safe bathing and boating in *Gerrans Bay*; and easily-contented parents who have youngsters to tan and old clothes to air could not do it better than at *Porthscatho*. The little harbour, such as it is, seems not to have been improved by the building of the new pier, which has a curious history. In the great blizzard of 1891, a German vessel was driven on to the beach here, where she lay for months unhurt, but so firmly wedged in that she could not be moved till the rocks imprisoning her were blasted away by dynamite. To this the Board of Trade consented only on condition of these rocks

being replaced by masonry, which, however, does not prove so effectual against the force of the waves as that outer breakwater of Nature's own making.

This is only a specimen of many amphibious trips to be taken hereabouts, the principal one that to *Truro*, under which we have already described it as a panorama of land and sea-scapes wonderfully cheap at a shilling or so. For a shilling or less in summer, we can take part in other frequent excursions as advertised—to the *Helford River* south of Falmouth, to **St. Just** (a couple of miles by road above *St. Mawes*), its church, containing memorials of the Boscawen family, very prettily situated on a shallow creek, with the churchyard climbing the slope above in terraces of fern-grown graves; less often up the *Fal* to the *Ruan River* creek beyond *Lamorran*; occasionally round the point of *Roseland* and up the outer coast to *Caerhays*; then in autumn up a creek on the right of the *Fal* to the plum gardens and orchards of **Coombe**, among which the good folk of Falmouth love to make luscious picnic, not without an eye to laying in stores for the winter. Daring navigators may make the Lizard for half-a-crown and sometimes adventure themselves as far as Plymouth or Penzance, along the whole south coast of Cornwall. If we scorn to mingle in such popular outings, steam launches and sailing boats are always to be had by those as ready to spend gold as silver. A sail round the harbour may be suggested, and to *St. Just Pool*, some two miles up the estuary, from which H.M.S. training ship *Ganges* came to be removed to the very different climate of Harwich. Twice a week there is a regular service of boats all the way to *Dublin* and to *London* by Plymouth, Portsmouth, and Southampton.

In summer, also, the Jersey cars and other sociable vehicles come out like snakes to wind their way to many corners of the county, far and near. Twice a week, for four shillings, we can drive right across to *Perranporth* on the opposite coast. Half-a-crown takes us a turn, now and then, round by *Redruth* and *Gwennap*, with a peep into the valley of *Perranwell*. Every Friday, at least, there is a car to Helford for one shilling. Friday is the early closing day here, when, as on Saturdays, cheap railway tickets for some points are to be had, and when these driving parties, of an afternoon, may be more numerous and noisy than usual. Besides such pleasure caravans, Falmouth, as

is the way of Cornish towns, has several omnibuses and other vehicles of business plying all the year round to various points; for instance, services twice a day to *Redruth* and to *Helston*, which might be of use to the leisurely and lowly-minded tourist, who could probably combine a good deal of walking with the anti-bilious jolting of these helpful conveyances.

The grand excursion here is of course that to the *Lizard*, which by car usually costs five shillings, and by boat half as much, without reckoning a wholesome economy in diet that may be the experience of such a voyage. A sovereign is quoted as the fare for a one-horse carriage to the Lizard, and thirty shillings for a two-horse trap to carry several persons, the driver in each case expecting five shillings extra. Those who travel on "Shanks' Mare" would find the distance 17 or 18 miles the shortest way.

THE LIZARD.

The driving road from Falmouth, unless one goes round by *Helston*, has to turn inland to cross the head of the *Helford Creek* at *Gweek*, where we enter the peninsula of *Meneage*, i.e. "the stony place." To the left lies *Mawgan in Meneage*, whose Church is one of great antiquity, and, from the effigies and monuments it contains, of unusual interest. At *Halligey*, not far off, are singular subterranean galleries, which may have been formed by some pre-historic Duke of Portland, but their origin and purpose remain dubious. Near the village is the castellated mansion of *Trelowarren*, the seat of the Vyvyan family from the reign of Edward IV. The present building belongs to the early 17th century and contains pictures by *Vandyke* and *Kneller*. Visitors are allowed to pass through the grounds, and may as well take the opportunity, since flourishing greenery is about to become rare on their way.

The roads from *Helston* and *Gweek* soon join to run straight on for the Lizard over a dreary tableland rising to some 300 or 400 feet in the *Goonhilly Downs*, the woods of *Bonithon* forming an oasis half-way. Just north of this, at *Cury Cross*, is a small temperance House and an Inn. Beyond *Bonithon* we come out on to moorland, gorgeous in autumn. The whole road is hilly with one or two precipitous rises and falls. Fields replace the

moor before the end is reached. The motors stop before reaching the village to put down visitors for the *Housel Bay Hotel*, the way to which lies down a by-road. The approach is disappointing, as the land is cultivated almost up to the edge of the cliffs. But, as at Land's End, this feeling is replaced by admiration on arrival. For further see p. 131, and for the G.W.R. motor-bus service see pink pages.

On foot one goes most directly by the *Swan Pool*, and may keep the coast a little farther, but from *Maen Porth* had better take the road to *Helford Passage*, cutting off *Rosemullion Point* and *Mawnan*, from which, however, fine views can be had.

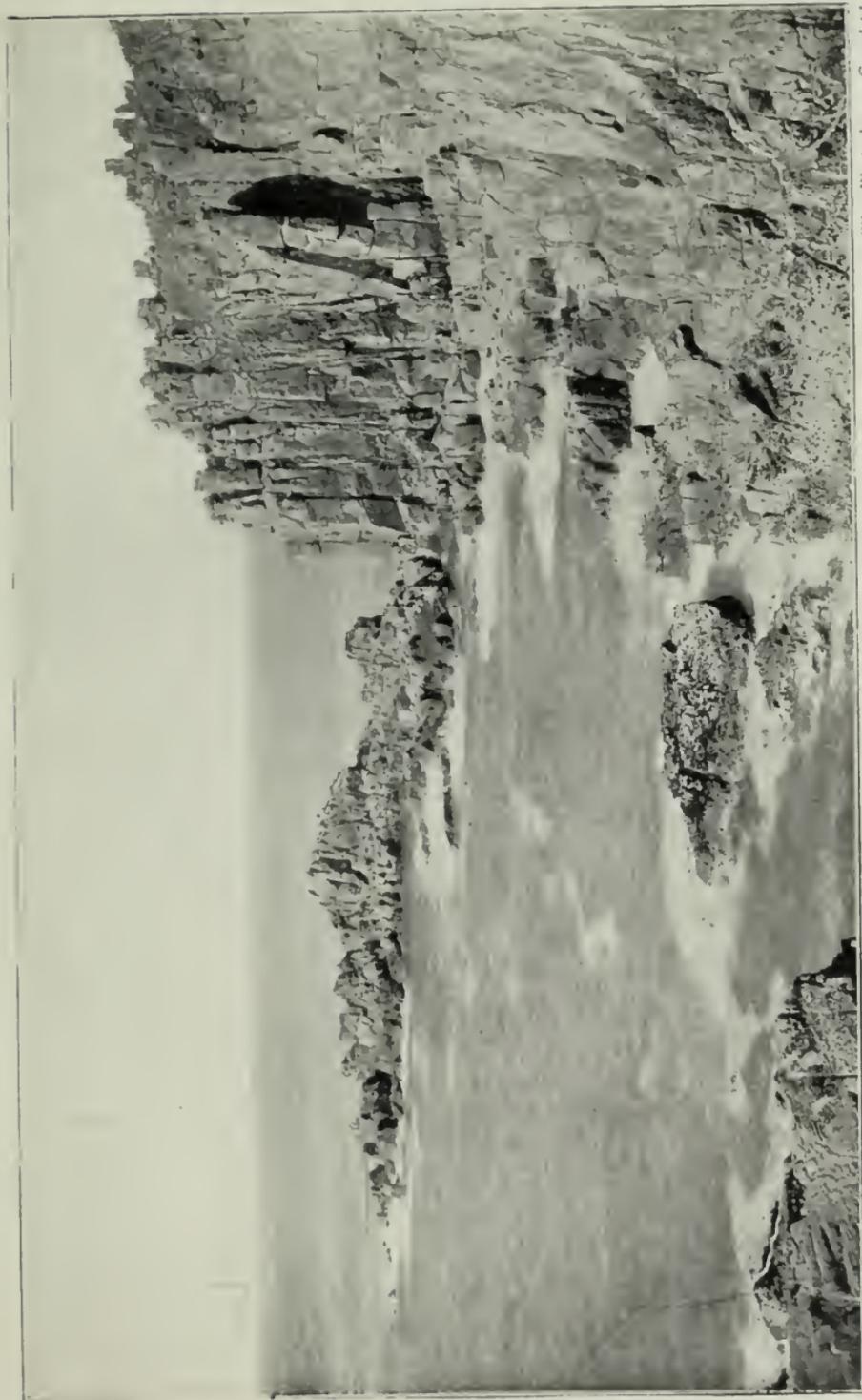
It is thus some half-dozen miles from the Swan Pool to the Ferry (*Inn*), across the **Helford River**, here nearly a mile broad at high tide, opening out into the ramifications so characteristic of this county, and that once formed a haven for piratical desperadoes. The entrance is commanded by two British camps, the *Great* and *Little Dinas*, garrisoned in the Civil War, and captured by the Parliamentary troops. *Helford* itself is only a pretty village. Some 2 miles east stands **St. Anthony in Meneage**, on a sub-peninsula formed by a small creek between *Dennis Head* and *Nare Point*, to be distinguished from its namesake north of Gerrans Bay, as this St. Anthony from the other Cornish parishes that have the same popular patron saint. **Manaccan**, another village near the head of this creek, was at one time the residence of the antiquary Polwhele, rector of the parish and of St. Anthony in Meneage. Both places have ancient and curious little churches.

The creek just mentioned prevents us from hugging the shore at first; but from *Manaccan* we may strike it at *Nare Point*, and thence, more or less steadily, all the way to the Lizard, the cliffs can be kept, low at first, but now displaying the rich and changing colours of the serpentine rock, streaked with hornblende, diallage, felspar, slate, and schistose greenstone. Inland, the country is cursed with barrenness, save on two or three spots, where the decomposition of mica, slate, felspar, and hornblende has wonderfully fertilised the soil. Here, however, may be found the beautiful Cornish heath, *Erica vagans*, pink and white, remarkable as flourishing best upon serpentine, peculiar indeed in Britain to West Cornwall, and the *E. ciliaris*, most beautiful of its tribe. But as there is so little to be seen on the soil, we will rather take to the sea to have a better view of this grand coast-line.

Beyond *Dranna Point* and *Porthhoustock* (pronounced *Proustick*) Cove we come in sight of **St. Keverne** upon a steep hill, about a mile inland. This village, birthplace of *Inclledon*, the singer, has a fine church with some old carving, and a monument in the churchyard to the victims of the wreck of a transport returning from the Corunna expedition, while a stained-glass window commemorates more than a hundred lives lost in the "Mohegan" disaster on the *Manacles*, those dangerous rocks where two American liners have been wrecked of late years. The new *Coverack Headland Hotel* offers quarters near this scene of many sea tragedies. Inland, *St. Keverne Beacon* rises over 300 feet, past which we steer round *Lowland Point* into **Coverack Cove**, whose pier and quiet little cliff-defended village lie under *Crousa Down*, its summit crowned by huge fragments of diallage, named the *Brothers of Grugith*, *i.e.* heath. In the neighbourhood are found rare varieties of heaths, besides tamarisks and other uncommon plants, luxuriating in the sheltered combes. The cliffs now assume a greenish hue, and are pierced with fantastic caverns (*hugos*, Cornish) and jagged fissures. Very lonely and desolate is this long line of coast, against whose ramparts rolls the long fierce swell of the Atlantic.

After rounding *Black Head*, a bold projection of the serpentine, we observe that the coast trends away suddenly to the westward, and the sandy shore recedes into the sheltered depths of *Kennack Cove*. The coast again turns to the south, and we pass *Caerleon Cove*, and the rock-heaped point of *Ynys Head*. Inland lies the village of **Ruan Minor**, with the gray old Early English baptistery and clear crystal spring of *St. Ruan's Well*; and beyond lies *Grade*, its church an ancient pile of mossy stones. Farther inland is **Ruan Major**, with another old church near the main road from Helston, on which motor 'buses ply to the Lizard.

Cadgwith (in Ruan Minor parish) is a little fishing village, lying at the mouth of a romantic dell. It boasts of its beautiful sheltered situation, and the strange amphitheatrical hollow of *The Devil's Frying Pan*, 200 feet deep, into which, at high tide, the sea-waters foam and rattle through a natural arched entrance. Near this also are two grand caverns, known as *Raven's Hugo* and *Dolor Hugo*, the latter an old smuggling store. To return a little up the coast, *Caerleon Cove*, a mile or so from Cadgwith, is close to the rocky valley of **Foltesco**, often visited



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LAND'S END.



for a sight of the serpentine quarries and works here. Besides having so many attractions of scenery at its doors, Cadgwith wishes the invalid public to know what a mild winter climate they would find here, if they only knew it; and that it is one of the several places near the Lizard where accommodation for visitors can be had at a comfortable hotel or in lodgings. *Helston* (p. 136) is the nearest station.

Resuming our way down the coast, a little way back, we have *Landewednack*, whose ancient church, proud of being the most southerly in England, presents some Norman features, a hagio-scope, a leper's window, a font preserved as the workmanship of an old rector, and a pulpit of serpentine as the gift of a modern one. In the graveyard are tombs of the same material, and some with sad tales to tell, both of the plague and of shipwreck. The cliff called the *Balk of Landewednack* is much explored for the beautiful specimens of serpentine found here. Beyond the village, on the cliff, is the *Amphitheatre of Belidden*, a pile of turf-covered terraces, vaguely supposed to have been a Druidic temple. A little beyond it a rock called *The Chair* commands a fine view of the picturesque coast and the far-sweeping sea. On the landward side, *Landewednack* makes almost part of the Lizard Town.

The south end of the bay is *Beast* (or *Bass*) *Point*, from which the direct Spanish Cable goes off to Bilbao; and here the offices of the Telegraph Company and Lloyd's Signal Station tell us we are near the corner of England.

Round *Penolver Point*, the next indentation is the picturesque *Housel Bay*, favourite bathing-place of the Lizard, where in its own grounds stands "the most southerly hotel in Great Britain," right on the edge of the cliffs and overlooking some of the finest rock scenery in Cornwall. Facing due south, it is a veritable sun-trap. It is open all the year round. The approach from the land side is dull, and does not give one an idea of the charm of the cliffs and the view.

Behind this, some half-mile inland, the *Lizard Town* modestly keeps itself retired, not much of a town, but with two hotels, the *Lizard* (known as Hill's) and *Caerthilian*, and lodgings crammed in the holiday season. A light railway to the Lizard is in view. At present motor-cars run between Lizard Town and *Helston*, the service being more frequent in summer; but out of the season trains are met and passengers carried at a very

cheap rate (see pink pages) over the somewhat dreary stage of 11 miles.

Lizard Town itself is rather a dreary wind-swept little place redeemed by the great bushes and hedges of *Veronica*, which, when its pinky-purple flowers are out, is a glory. There are many places where polished serpentine mementoes, candlesticks, vases, etc., can be bought. A perfect star of rough roads and tracks goes out cliff-wards, many being very steep.

Any one approaching from the land side and having only a short time to spend at the Lizard should turn down the road leading to Housel Bay and pass out on to the cliff path at the end. The rocks on the west or lighthouse side of the Bay are finest. Only in this way can the grandeur of the coast be grasped. It cannot be seen at all from above, and the maze of roads from the town is bewildering.

Beyond Housel Bay is the *Lion's Den*, a funnel-like chasm where the earth fell in suddenly on February 19, 1847. A tall rock column marks *Bumble Point*, the eastern of the three projections which form the **Lizard Head**.

The *Lighthouse* has a revolving light of 1,000,000 candle-power, flashing every three seconds, aided in foggy weather by a siren. Visitors are not now admitted without special arrangement, by writing, beforehand.

At the edge of the cliff below, a mass of slate, known as the *Batha*, is officially declared the southernmost point of our country, latitude 49° 58' north, and longitude 5° 12' west, if, like Mr. Mantalini, we deal cavalierly with fractions. Round the next corner is the station of the motor lifeboat. **Polpeer Cove** has some fine caverns, notably one lofty one beautifully tapestried with ferns and seaweeds. This metaphor we borrow from the Rev. C. A. Johns, whose *Week at the Lizard*, though published many years ago, would still be a good guide to scenes where man, with his restless activity, can little restrain or hasten the slow changes of land and sea.

In our limits, indeed, it is impossible to do justice to the many wonders and beauties here crowded into a few miles of grandly broken coast. Having arrived at this point either round the shore or from the *Lizard Town* behind, we now trace the cliffs northwards, making some attempt to indicate if not to describe its most famous nooks for about half a dozen miles.

At the Lizard comes a break in the serpentine, and the rocks take a sterner face of slate, looking down on the stage of grim tragedies enacted below. Off the west end of the triple promontory lies a dangerous reef whose name *Menanvawr* has readily been corrupted into *Man-o'-War Rocks*, in memory of a transport lost here last century with 700 men on board, under dramatic circumstances duly vouched for by the oldest inhabitant. Farther on, near the *Crane Gully*, a spot known as *Pistol Meadow* is said to be so called because of the quantity of firearms washed on shore with the bodies, 200 of which were buried here, where not every Cornishman cares to walk after nightfall. The chine of *Caerthillian* and *Pentreath Beach* lead us on by a stretch of land-slip to *Carn Mellin* (the "Yellow Rock") that forms the southern end of *Kynance Cove*, near which the traces of some ancient British hut-circles may be sought out. The direct way to *Kynance Cove* from Lizard Town is by one of the delightful wall-tracks so common in Cornwall, and then over the Moor, but this is an impassable bog in winter.

By this route the walk is only about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles as against 3 by the cliffs. In the deep valley of the Cove lies a small "private hotel" where refreshments and non-alcoholic drinks can be obtained. In winter the Cove at low tide shows bare and brown and stony, all the sand being washed away. But *Kynance Cove* is, by common consent, the most remarkable bit of rock-scenery along this coast. To quote Wilkie Collins the novelist: "What a scene was now presented to us! It was a perfect palace of rocks! Some rose perpendicularly and separate from each other, in the shape of pyramids and steeples—some were overhanging at the top and pierced with dark caverns at the bottom—some were stretched horizontally on the sand, here studded with pools of water, there broken into natural archways, no one resembling another in shape, size, or position, and all, at the moment when we looked on them, were wrapped in the solemn obscurity of a deep mist, a mist which shadowed without concealing them, which exaggerated their size, and, hiding all the cliffs beyond, presented them sublimely as separate and solitary objects in the sea view."

The most striking mass of rock, joined to the land at low water, is called *Asparagus Island*, from its growth of *Asparagus officinalis*. A deep fissure pierces it, the *Devil's Bellows*, through which a jet of water is occasionally forced, by compressed air, with a

tremendous roar. A smaller spout is called the *Post Office*. These, however, only work at half-tide, and visitors can only go across at low tide or between 2 and 3 hours on either side of it. However, the Bellows can be seen from the headland overlooking Asparagus Island, at one particular place. Three caverns in the cliff are respectively named the *Parlour*, the *Drawing-room*, and the *Kitchen*. The *Steeple Rock* is another prominent feature.

A good view is to be had from the height above *Tor Balk*, popularly known as "Tar Box." Below, the cove should be visited at ebb-tide. Besides the danger of being cut off, the rocks are so abrupt, and so treacherously smooth from the polishing of the waves, that unsure feet and giddy eyes should think twice before trusting themselves to random exploration. Guides, however, may be had, who will exhibit the dungeons and battlements of this stronghold of nature with as little peril as may be; then the stranger will hardly get off without some specimens of the serpentine and steatite rock, the cutting and polishing of which forms one of the chief industries of this holiday resort.

Kynance cannot be called a safe family watering-place; but for those who would spend a few days letting its features sink into memory, quarters may be had at the Lizard hotels and elsewhere around, or even at the small hotel in the Cove itself.

From here round to *Mullion* makes some two hours' easy walk, mostly on turf, with several dips to cross.

The northern end of *Kynance Cove* is *Rill Head*, a bold promontory commanding fine sea-views on either hand. On the crest of it we see the *Apron String*, a heap of stones dropped from the devil's apron when he designed to help the smugglers of this coast by building a bridge across the channel. The stranger is surprised not to hear of Tregeagle in this connection; but Cornishmen know their own history best. The next projection is called the *Horse*, which naturally overlooks the *Horsepond*. The precipitous cliff beyond is tunnelled by a deep cavern known as *Pigeon Hugo*, or *Ogo*, only to be visited by boat. Then comes *Gue Graze*, or the *Soap Rock*, where the serpentine exhibits thick lodes of a soft gray substance called *steatite*, formerly made use of in pottery work.

By *Vellam Point* and *Pradanack Head*, round which there

opens a wide view of *Mount's Bay*, not to mention all the coves and caves that honeycomb the cliffs beneath, we reach the next favourite resort of **Mullion Cove** or *Porthmellin*. The mouth of the cove is blocked up by an island which protects the little fishing and lifeboat station here, a mile back from which stands **Mullion** (*St. Malo*), whose restored church has a motley tower built of granite and hornblende, with some interesting memorials, and a curiously sculptured crucifixion over the west door ; but its chief pride is the very remarkable oak carvings that may escape the eye of the careless or uncultured visitor. In the village is a good old thatched inn, to whose comforts many grateful visitors have testified, also a newer one ; and a newest hostelry, the *Polurrian*, stands on a headland between the adjacent *Polurrian Bay* and *Mullion Cove*, then farther on the *Poldhu Hotel*, with its golf links, is the newest of all. The chief lions here are the island, and a very fine cavern, floored with sand and quiet pools, to be entered at low water ; to which may now be added the Marconi station of wireless telegraphy, locally accused of brewing bad weather.

From *Mullion* one might turn up to the road for *Helston* (7 m.), or from *Poljew Cove* (alias *Poldhu*), the next indentation, gain the high road by **Cury**, whose old church claims to have taken a lead in introducing the English Liturgy into Cornwall, as the last Cornish sermon is said to have been preached at that of *Landewednack* towards the end of the 17th century. But the country inland strikes a chill after the glories of the coast ; and it would be pleasanter to hold on by the sea for a few miles more, past **Gunwalloe** (Hotel) with its weatherbeaten church and isolated tower, said to have been built in performance of a vow made in a storm, past the hard-named *Pedngwinian Point*, *Halzaphron Cliff* and *Cove*, and *Gunwalloe Cove*, where many unhappy mariners lie buried, and where among the towans of this shore Captain Avery, the pirate, is said to have buried whole chests of treasure to inflame adventurous imaginations. Then, some dozen miles from the *Lizard*, in the middle of *Mount's Bay*, we come upon the most remarkable of those dammed-up estuaries which are such a feature of the south Devon coast, and occur here and there in Cornwall.

Looe Pool is a lake 2 or 3 miles long, formed by the waters of the little river *Cober* and other streams, separated from the sea by a bar of sand, where the salt and fresh water come so close

that it is said a man once scraped a channel between them with his stick. Formerly the Pool was much discoloured by refuse from mines in working above ; and after heavy rains it swelled so as to stop the mills and threaten to flood the country, on which occasions it was customary for the Corporation of Helston to present the lord of the manor with two leather purses, each containing three halfpence, in consideration of which he gave his permission to cut through the pebbles and sand of the bar. The spectacle of releasing the imprisoned waters is now a thing of the past, the lake being regularly drained by a tunnel. The practical and scientific spirit of our day, also, seems in danger of forgetting that for this bar no one is to blame but poor Tregeagle, who, condemned to clear the coast of sand, was awkward or mischievous enough to drop a sackful across the mouth of the Cober. It is still remembered how the *Anson* man-of-war was wrecked here in the beginning of the century. Now that the mines begin to be as dead as Tregeagle, wrecked on adverse circumstances, this pool is able to fulfil its natural destiny as a fish preserve, and good trout may be taken here. The adjacent manor of *Nansloe* was granted on condition of providing at any time a boat and nets for the use of the personage elsewhere known as the Prince of Wales, but whom loyal Cornishmen prefer to style Duke of Cornwall, if ever he had a mind to fish in Looe Pool.

By the *Nansloe* side, or better by crossing the bar, and passing through the Park of *Penrose*, where must be a great collection of those leathern purses, whatever have become of the halfpence so often presented to its owner—from whom, by the way, permission to fish must be obtained by anglers—we reach in under 3 miles the town that puts us in touch with railways again.

HELSTON.

HOTELS.—*Angel, Bell, Temperance Inn, etc.*

This town might not be much visited unless as the nearest station for the Lizard (11 m.), yet it has some pleasant neighbourhood in the vale of the *Cober*, downwards by the *Looe Pool*, and upwards towards *Wendron*, not to speak of the wild heaths around. Helston, with a present population of about 4000, is a borough of some antique dignity, for King John granted its inhabitants the privilege of exemption from paying toll any-

where but in the City of London, and from being impleaded except in their own town. It had once two Members of Parliament, but has now only its fair share of one. The name is popularly derived, in the style of canting heraldry, from a personage still more terrible than Tregeagle, who is said to have dropped here a stone afterwards incorporated in the walls of the Assembly Room. The adjacent *heyle* or marsh has also been suggested as the origin of the name, which, however, seems once to have been spelt *Henlistone*. It is not our part to settle such disputes.

The town consists of four dull streets, meeting at the *Market House*. At the foot of the main street, near the Bowling Green, is a granite arch erected to the memory of a local worthy. The church is of little interest, and the old *Castle* and *Priory* have quite disappeared. Perhaps what a French tourist would call the chief "monument" here is the new Public Rooms, containing a hall, with reading and billiard rooms.

As Epsom and Doncaster have their short term of fame, so that of Helston is mainly based on the annual celebration of the *Furry Dance* on 8th May, a holiday of immemorial antiquity, when any one found at work was liable to be ducked in the Cober. The streets were decorated with garlands and flowers, through which, and in and out of the houses, the people danced hand in hand, claiming the right to enter any door; and there was a great gathering of oak branches in the woods, besides much noisy music and other stimulants to excitement. The proceedings did not fail to include the making of a collection. The *Furry Tune* may be called a local anthem; and not less notable are the rignarole verses sung to usher in this festival, beginning—

"Robin Hood and Little John,
They both are gone to the fair, O!
And we will away to the merry greenwood,
To see what they do there, O!"

The verses also contained allusion, in a similar vulgarised strain, to the Spanish Armada, which appears to have been tacked on to the original; but what can we make of the concluding chorus—

"God bless Aunt Mary Moses,
With all her power and might, O,
And send us peace in merry England
Both by day and night, O."

We have spoken of the Helston Saturnalia in the past tense, because we are not sure how far to promise the future tourist a participation in the delights of "Flory Day." After holding out against the influence of Wesley, the custom became gradually modified by the soberer spirit of the 19th century, and one recent year even its maimed rites were honoured in the breach. Since then, however, the observance has been revived with fresh vigour. From our point of view it would be a pity should it be allowed to die out, for then, *Looe Pool* also being tamed and regulated, a guide-book would have little to say about Helston, except that, besides market vehicles to other points, coaches and motor cars run to the Lizard in the season, while there are passengers to fill them, and while the projected light railway remains a project.

Helston Branch Line.—The journey to the junction at *Gwinnear Road* is a matter of less than half an hour. On the way are the stations of *Nancegollan* and *Praze*. The former would be the nearest point for **Tregoning Hill** (600 feet) to the south, and its neighbour **Godolphin Hill** (500 feet), under which, among disfiguring mines, lies the old mansion of *Godolphin*, now a farm, reminding us of the connection of this vicinity with a family once famed in English history. From *Praze* we could turn aside, on the right, to **Crowan**, where an old church contains some memorials of the St. Aubyns, and *Crowan Beacon* commands a fine view. *Clowance*, a seat of the St. Aubyns, has a pretty park and some good pictures; but their owner informs us that these attractions need not take the ordinary tourist out of his way.

Note.—Mr. H. Jenner of the British Museum, who is well versed in Cornish antiquity, explains "Aunt Mary Moses" in the above song as no less a personage than the Virgin Mary, *Mary Mowes*. "Aunt" is used in Cornwall, as in America, by way of respect to old people. Cf. Hawker's poem *Modryb* (i.e. Aunt) *Marya*. The words sung at a recent celebration seem to be of less archaic interest—

"As John Brown was walking home,
He met Miss Sally the glover;
He kissed her once, he kissed her twice,
He kissed her three times over."

ST. IVES.

WE now come to deal with the peninsula of **Penwith**, of which *St. Ives* is the capital on the north, and *Penzance* on the south. At *St. Erth Junction* goes off the short branch to *St. Ives* (4 m.). This is one of the prettiest bits of line in Cornwall, and makes a far better approach to *St. Ives* than either of the roads. But it is a pity there are no through trains from *Penzance*. The stations on the way are *Lelant* and *Carbis Bay*, which some day may come to be called suburbs of *St. Ives*.

ST. IVES.

HOTELS.—*Tregenna Castle*, in its own grounds, above the town; *Porthminster Hotel*, above the station; *Chy-an-Drea* (also a boarding-house of the same name). In the town, *Western*, *Queen's*, etc. Many boarding-houses including *Trevesa* in the *Porthminster* quarter.

The railway lands us below the elevated quarter of *St. Ives* known as *Porthminster*, where the best of the new houses have been built. From the "Terrace" here, and the "Malakoff" bastion at the corner, there is a fine view over the bay to *Godrevy Island* with its lighthouse, *St. Agnes Head* beyond, and *Trevoise Head* sometimes descried in the far distance; then, to the other side, upon the old town thickly huddled together at the neck of the peninsula called the "Island," so as to suggest, in miniature, the situation of *Llandudno* below its *Great Orme's Head*. The rocks here are not particularly bold or striking, and beyond the *Hayle* river the coast-line is made up of barren "towans," falling away into a featureless shore; but the sweep of the bay is very graceful, and the colouring of the water often imitates the brilliant hues of the *Mediterranean*.

Descending the road from the Terrace, or taking the shore walk below the station, we soon reach the stately Church tower (120 feet) that marks the heart of the town. A good specimen of a true Cornish church, though of unusual breadth, containing, besides two aisles, a half-aisle or "Trenwith Chapel," it stands so close to the sea that in rough weather its windows are washed by the spray; and the east window was in 1903 shattered by a dynamite explosion at Hayle, across the bay. Several of the windows are filled with modern glass; that representing *Faith, Hope, and Charity*, to the right of the entrance, should not escape notice. This church is specially rich in old oak carvings on the pulpit, the bench ends under the tower, and those of the Trenwith aisle, and the front of the choir, which are said to have been the work of a blacksmith, and bear among their devices the emblems of his trade. The waggon roof, the pavement, the Norman font, and several monuments to local families are also noteworthy.

From the church we pass out into the little cramped market-place, round which are grouped some very quaint old buildings. Into it leads, on one hand, a small bit of High Street, and at right angles to this, on the other side, Fore Street, where the Post Office is, and which, skirting the harbour, forms the longest and straightest thoroughfare. All around branch off obscure openings into that labyrinth of narrow, crooked, dark, roughly-paved streets, alleys, courts, stairways, what in Scotland would be called "closes," and other feats of crowded domestic architecture, which make St. Ives almost unique among English towns. One element of the picturesque, as presented in Catholic countries, is not wanting here—an ancient and fish-like smell, which might convert the most determined enemy of tobacco, where the explorer must often hold his nose, as well as stoop his head and look to his feet. The names of some of these nooks are as singular as their aspect—the *Digey*, *Puddingbag Lane*, *Chy-an-Chy*, *Street-an-Garrow*, *Bunkers' Hill* will serve as examples. In spite of smells, this close-packed town has hitherto been very healthy, while defying, in its former want of sanitary appliances, all the theories of science, and still flying in the face of *fin-de-siècle* notions of decency by the practice of some old inhabitants. It is to be hoped that modern sewerage will be carried out thoroughly, so as to give no handle of reproach to *laudatores temporis acti*. The strength and stature of the population, indeed, is said to have suffered from frequent intermarriages, though in past days

there has been an infusion of Spanish and other outlandish blood, as may be guessed by the foreign type of some faces that would not strike one as strange at Bordeaux or at Cadiz.

From the harbour we pass on to the rocky slopes of the Island, blackened with nets spread out to dry. This has been an actual island, like the whole peninsula now joined to the mainland by the Hayle Sands. On this island stood "from time immemorial" the little chapel of St. Nicholas. This was partly demolished by the War Office in 1904, when the new battery on the point was erected. In 1911 Sir Edward Hain rebuilt the chapel at his own expense, and had incorporated in it all the original stones that remained, as is set forth in a neat inscription on the exterior wall. There is a fine view of the town from the little platform of the chapel, and also of the two bays, Porthminster and Porthmoor, with their exceptionally fine sweeping sands, so unusual in Cornwall.

On the hillside are to be seen rows of modern houses, where the cheaper sort of lodgings may be had.

Beyond Porthmoor Bay, the next headland is Clodgy Point.

St. Ives at one time held a much more important position among the towns of the west, and is fortunate in having its history set forth with unusual minuteness in a goodly volume by Mr. J. H. Matthews, as he was in finding rarely full materials to work upon. The borough accounts and records from A.D. 1639 to 1776 had been available, when in 1890 a tattered bundle of papers was discovered by accident, which, carefully examined and restored, proved to be an earlier volume, carrying the municipal archives back to 1570. These records, largely drawn on by Mr. Matthews, are a treasure of side-lights into the political and social life of two vanished centuries, and help us vividly to realise the troubles and pastimes of St. Ives citizens. From first to last there is a great paying out for drink and other refreshments, 4s. now being expended for beer at the beating of the parish bounds, and four times as much being again laid out at the tavern upon "our Recorder and other gents." Parsons coming to preach are treated to wine, and shipwrecked sailors and strangers, one is glad to know, are sent on their way not without provision. Beer given the ringers at the proclamation of the Lord Protector cost 10s. ; but on Charles II.'s coronation it flowed in barrells to more than ten times that amount. Sixpence was paid for "whipping a thief," and as much for

administering the same salutary discipline to a "maid that would drown herself." Whipping of such offenders, and mending of the stocks, cage, and pillory are frequent items of expense. One shilling was spent on beating the parish bounds into the fickle memory of boys, who in those days were thought never the worse of chastisement; while it cost £1:2s. "taking the Quakers to Launceston" to jail there, George Fox among them probably, whose descendants, by the whirligig of time, now fill such a respected place in this country. "Amending the drum" also figures more than once in the municipal accounts, which, on such occasions as the king's birthday, record lavish expenditure on drummers, fiddlers, and the like. We have picked out some of the more trivial of these extracts, which abound both in instruction and amusement. But St. Ives has some grim records, as that of its rebel Portreeve hanged in the Market Place on a gallows prepared while he was entertaining the king's commissioner at dinner.

To our own century belongs the diary of a local Pepys, one John T. Short, a manuscript, still extant, that provides us with a remarkable abstract and brief chronicle of his time, dealing with small matters as well as great. This diary has been published by Sir Edward Hain in *Prisoners of War in France, 1804-14*, 7s. 6d., and includes the narratives of John Tregarthen Short and another St. Ives man, Thomas Williams, giving details of their ten years' captivity. Short established the Navigation School at St. Ives, famous in its day among west-country sailors. The book should be read by every one interested in St. Ives.

These artless narratives remind us how St. Ives has known the pains of war, and taken its share in manning the wooden walls of Old England. At the present day its harbour makes a good port of refuge on a coast very ill off for safe havens; and a score or more vessels will sometimes take shelter here in rough weather. St. Ives has a locally-owned line of steamers whose names all begin with *Tre*, as Truro sends forth a fleet in *Pen*; but we fancy Cardiff to be their chief port of departure. The office of this Company, a remarkable Georgian mansion, should be noticed in the centre of the town. For long its chief maritime concern has been with the pilchard fishery, of which it may be considered as the headquarters, though perhaps surpassed in number of boats and men by the fishing villages of Mount's Bay.

Pilchard Fishery.—The pilchard, though not very different in size and other respects from a herring or from a large sardine, is almost peculiar to the Cornish coast, living habitually in deep water not far west of the Scilly Isles, and in the past, arriving in great shoals. Twelve millions of pilchards are said to have been taken in a single day; and the indications of such a great army of fish passing the Land's End, pursued by hordes of dog-fish, hake, and cod, besides vast flocks of sea-birds, is the buried treasure of a St. Ives boy's dream. When brought to shore the pilchards are carried to the cellars to be cured. They are then packed in hogsheads, each containing about 2400 fish. These casks are largely exported to Naples and other Italian ports—whence the fishermen's toast, "Long life to the Pope, and death to thousands!" Spanish customers, from a mistaken idea of their being smoked, called them *fumados*, hence the Cornish name "fair maids."

The pilchards are expected in August, September, and October, when their appearance gives rise to general excitement at a place like St. Ives. Often have been described the patient watching of the *huers* on the cliffs, who with a huge trumpet at length announce their joyful discovery; the rush of men, women, and children to the shore with shouts of *heva! heva!* which is Cornish for the classic *Eureka*; the marshalling of the seine boats; the shooting of the huge nets. But alas, the golden days of pilchard-fishing are past, the shoals arriving having been very small in recent years, and herring-fishing, October-December, has taken its place as the principal fishing industry of St. Ives.

These exciting scenes have been to some extent also superseded by the old method of drift-net fishing, where the boats, by night, go out farther to sea to meet their prey, and the incidents are not so dramatic if the results prove more satisfactory. The drift fishing is accused by some old people of frightening away the pilchards from less fortunately placed stations, perhaps on the same principle as Tenterden Steeple was the cause of Goodwin Sands. It is certain that they no longer favour parts of the coast where once their yearly coming brought no small gain. The manner of curing also has changed, the old way of drysalting having given place to pickling in tanks of brine, which, it appears, cannot be profitably done except on a large scale; then often an enormous catch goes to waste for want of proper means to deal with it, and the windfall of the sea is turned into manure for the land. The new way of pickling does not seem to recommend itself to Italian tastes, for the Cornishmen are losing hold on their best market. Perhaps they have their own fault to blame: we have heard of a case where a cellarful of bad fish, condemned by the officer of health as a nuisance, was shipped off as fit food for the benighted foreigners, who keep their Popish fasts to fill British stomachs. At all events, from one cause or another, the pilchard fishery, like the Cornish mines, is not what it once was. The gigantic haul of 1833, if we are not mistaken, turned people's heads, so that all along the coast they went in for this adventure with

much the same speculative spirit shown in mining ; now too many rotting boats and nets tell a tale of disappointment. Mevagissey, as we already mentioned, deals largely in that small variety known as the Cornish sardine. The real sardine, it appears, shows a disposition to fight shy of the French and Portuguese coasts ; and any ill wind that kept him permanently absent there, would blow nothing but good to Cornwall, whose old toast of the three F's—" fish, tin, and copper !"—is not at present a very rousing one.

Mackerel are taken on the southern coast also, but not to any large extent at St. Ives ; they are looked for from March to July. Conger eels of great size, weighing from 60 to 120 lbs., are found near the shores, and among other fish should be mentioned mullet, hake, and John Dory. Readers desiring full information as to deep-sea fishing at the various points round Cornwall, may be referred to Mr. E. W. Rashleigh's *Brief Guide to Edible Cornish Fishes*, published by Mr. Wellington, Fowey.

Even when the pilchard fishery was in its prime, this did not prevent St. Ives from falling for a time behind other towns of the county, in relative position, out of which decadence it has now been revived by the railway, and by the influx of summer visitors who come in larger numbers yearly, faster than new houses can be built to accommodate them all during the height of the season. The town has a permanent nucleus of guests in the artistic colony who have settled here, after the example of the famous *Newlyn School*, near Penzance, that finds itself already surpassed in numbers. What with artists, pupils, and congenially-minded amateurs, the St. Ives School is reckoned at about one hundred strong, leavening the whole place with a flavour of tobacco, knickerbockers, and æsthetic criticism. These genial Bohemians have not altogether toned down certain Philistine prejudices of the inhabitants, but they form a friendly society among themselves, and have a snug club, including lady members of the craft, who are in force here. Models abound in the marked features of the natives, in their old-world dwellings, and in the coast scenery of the neighbourhood, which will most years be found well represented on the walls of London Exhibitions, and always in the local Art Gallery at Mr. Lanham's, close to the Market Place, who may be called the " Whiteley " of St. Ives.

The crowd of ordinary seaside visitors are expected in August and September, when the more bracing air of this side recommends it over the sheltered and relaxing south coast of Cornwall, though, indeed, the winter is seldom severe, and many constant admirers make their home or haunt here at all seasons. The

frequented bathing beach is in *Porthminster Bay*, where tents and machines are used. The sands of *Porthmeor Bay* on the west, and the rocks of the Point beyond it, are preferred by men who bathe in more untrammelled fashion. Amateur sea fishing and boating are great employments; but as for bands, balls, and other resources of sophisticated idleness, St. Ives considers itself, and rightly, to have no great need of such un-Cornish attractions. There is no saying to what height of fashion St. Ives may grow; but hitherto its main attraction has been the stretch of sand, rare in Cornwall, with rocks for more adventurous bathers.

Our outline of the walks to be taken is in the usual order. After reconnoitring the country from an elevated point close at hand, we shall follow the railway by road back to *St. Erth*, next turn inland, and finally travel the coast in the other direction, so as to bring in several places of note not elsewhere described.

Having started our reader on these three chief roads out of St. Ives, we must remind him that he has still no idea of the number of lanes, field-paths, and moorland tracks on which he may ramble here and there till the whole neighbourhood becomes familiar. There is little danger of losing the way, unless by confusing the many engine-houses which, on the horizon, are such frequent land-marks. Guide-posts, indeed, are much to seek, it being taken for granted that every person worth considering knows the way from childhood; but the natives, where they can be met with, are singularly courteous and ready in giving directions, while the stranger may sometimes be conferring a real favour in letting a man hear the sound of his own voice.

Those who have not time or mind for walking may see a great deal of the country by joining the Jersey Car Excursions, which start three or four times a week in the season, from the Western Hotel. Advertisements will not be wanting of the precise routes, which may vary, but some cars run to Gurnard's Head, and the Botallack Mine, to the Land's End and Penzance for 4s. 6d.; others to St. Michael's Mount and Prussia Cove; and one all the way to the Lizard and Kynance Cove, over 25 miles, which must be called cheap at 5s. Shorter drives are also available, as well as occasional trips by a steam launch, which is another resource for inactive summer visitors; and pleasure boats are to be had for rowing or sailing in the bay, beyond which inexperienced mariners will not do well to trust themselves unpiloted.

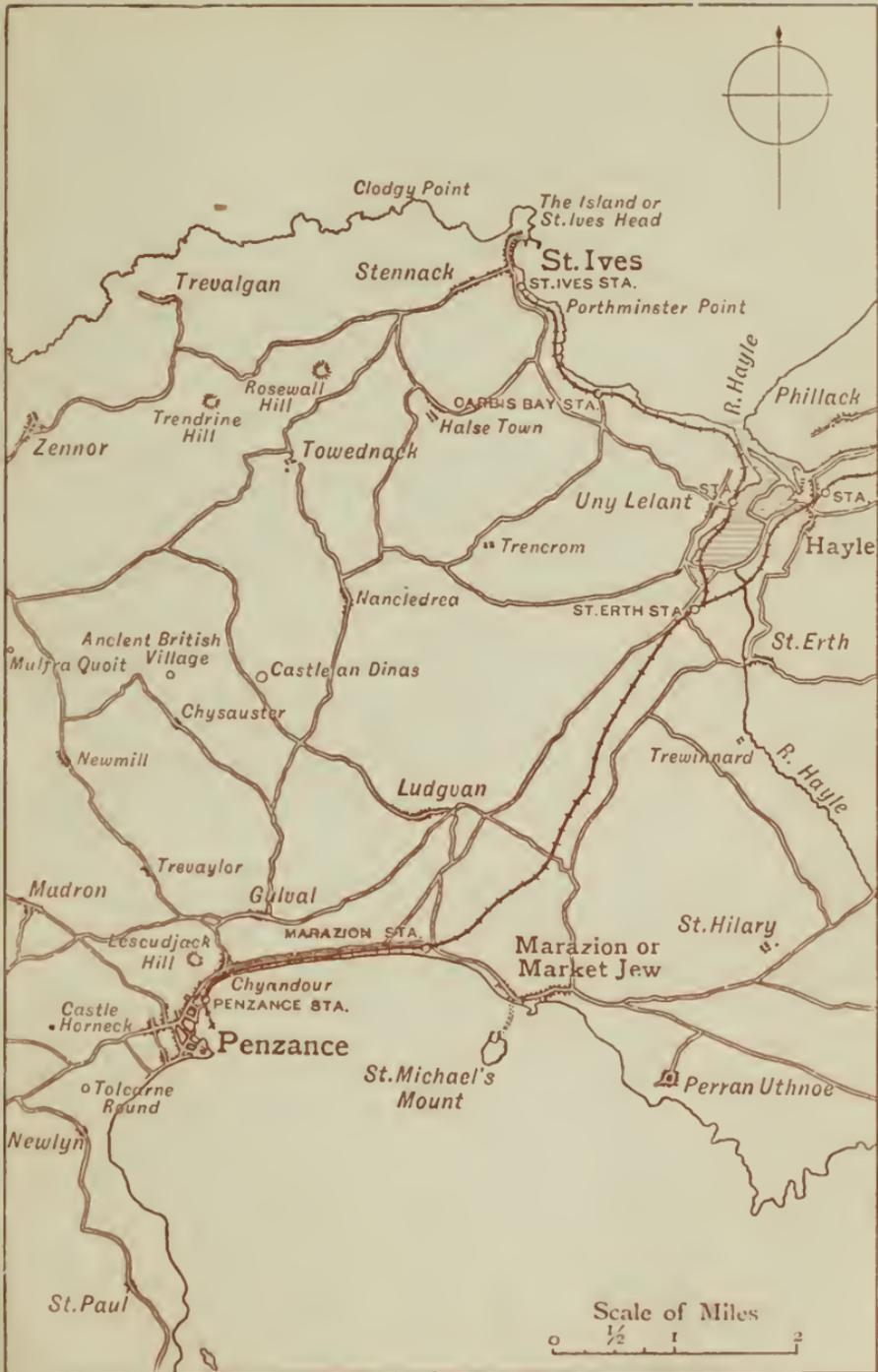
The Knill Monument.—By more than one lane behind the *Tregenna Castle Hotel*, with but little guidance but following one's eyes, one can ascend in an easy half-hour to a wind-blown wood, from the middle of which rises the queer triangular monument known as *Knill's Steeple*. This *folly* in the way of monuments, which serves as a capital land and sea mark, was built by one John Knill, a collector of customs at St. Ives in last century, who, like other local worthies, is said to have made a fortune by means that would now be held rather disreputable. He meant himself to be buried here, but going to London, and losing a great part of his property, he had to be content with a more commonplace grave. By his will, however, this eccentric character instituted a quinquennial festival to be held here, in which the vicar, the mayor, and a troupe of little girls dance solemnly round his cenotaph to the sound of fiddles. There are bequests for prizes, for a marriage portion, and for a dinner on the occasion, which may perhaps console the official personages for making themselves ridiculous. The ceremony is still carried out every five years (25th July 1896), and, like the *Helston Furry Day*, finds excuse for a good deal of revelry.

While on the head of old customs, we may mention that the almost obsolete Cornish game of "hurling" is kept up here in a ceremonial fashion. A ball to be plated with silver is used as nucleus for making a collection on the old feast day of the parish. In connection with this we observe it stated that over the door of the *Cornish Arms* inn, on the Lelant Road, may be seen fifteen silver balls on a black field, as heraldic shield of the county; but the real Cornish arms we understand to be fifteen golden bezants arranged in a triangle.

From Knill's Monument we may find our way over a rough moorland, still more broken by deserted mines, down to the little Wesleyan Chapel above *Carbis Bay*, which can most easily be reached by about a mile of the high road, leaving St. Ives at the Porthminster end, or by cliff walks rather shouldered out of the best position by the railway. From the road, at the chapel, we descend to the bay, alongside a pretty ravine. But this place belongs to our next more extended excursion.

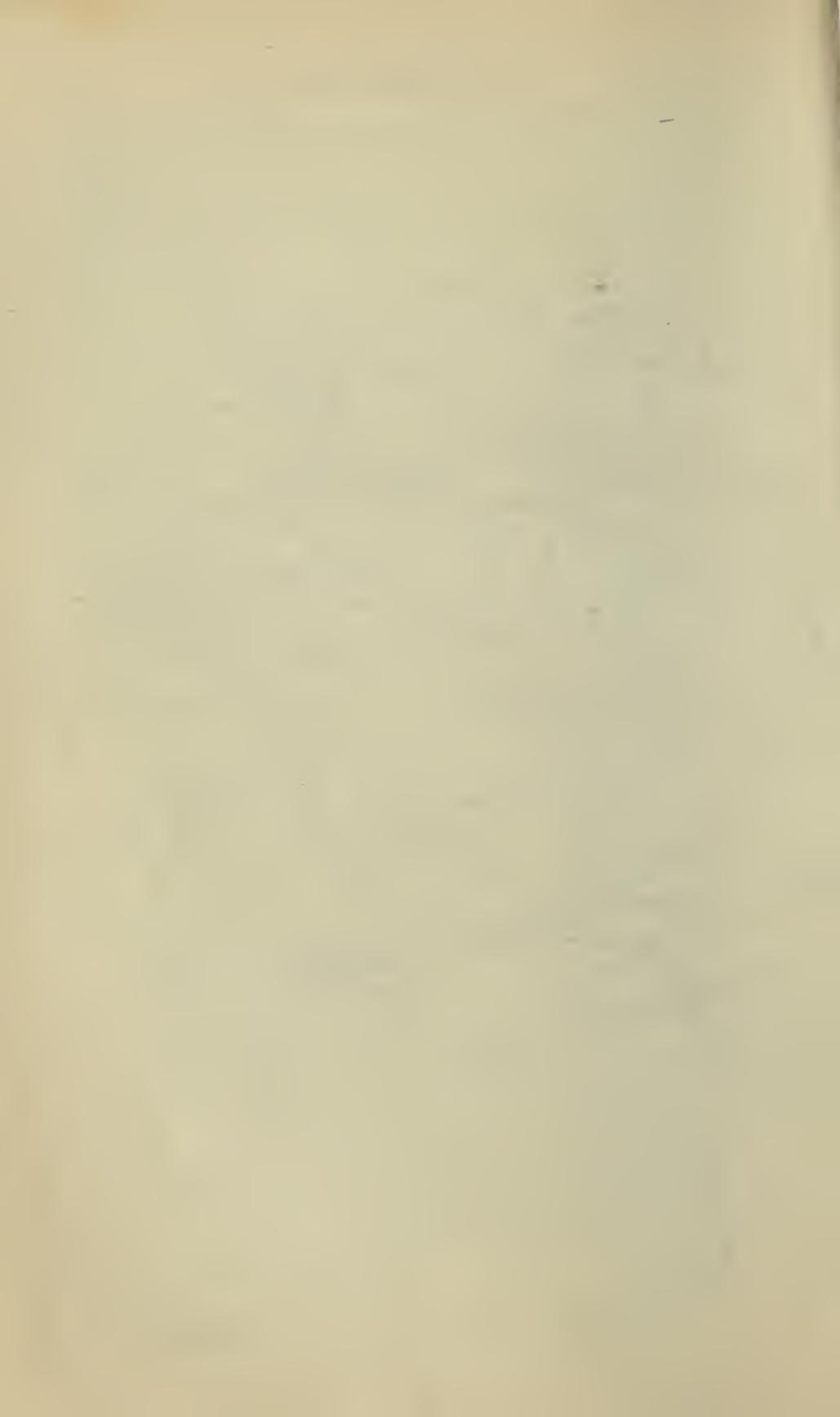
The stroll up to Tregenna Castle is itself a pretty one, and its grounds are noted for hart's tongue ferns.

ST. IVES AND PENZANCE



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TO ST. EARTH.

Carbis Bay (Hotels: *Carbis Bay, Hendra's, Caerthillian*, etc.) is a rising dependency of St. Ives, though at present it may have a rather unfinished look. Here is a popular Pleasure-Ground of the place-to-spend-a-happy-day order, with magnificent yellow sands rivalling those of St. Ives. Like so many Cornish places, Carbis Bay consists of terraces on the side of a hill. It is a much smaller place than its neighbour and is noted as a family holiday resort. The hotel stands on the shore at the bottom of the gorge, and new lodging-houses are springing up above the fine beach of sand. The hostelries here are spoken of as remarkably comfortable at a moderate rate of charges, which may be explained by the patronage of golfers and other all-the-year-round visitors. St. Ives is only a mile away, to which Carbis Bay will soon be linked by a chain of airy villas. Between the latter and *Lelant* are the Golf-Links, where many of the St. Ives people and other neighbours have taken the prevailing epidemic in a severe form.

Hawke's Point, the headland beyond Carbis Bay, is another site of tea-gardens, a great place for picnics, with a Wishing Well, in which many crooked pins are dropped, and if the unspoken wish be a pleasant day's outing, it will often be fulfilled. A path leads to the embowered Grotto at the top, where there is a fine view over Hayle Harbour.

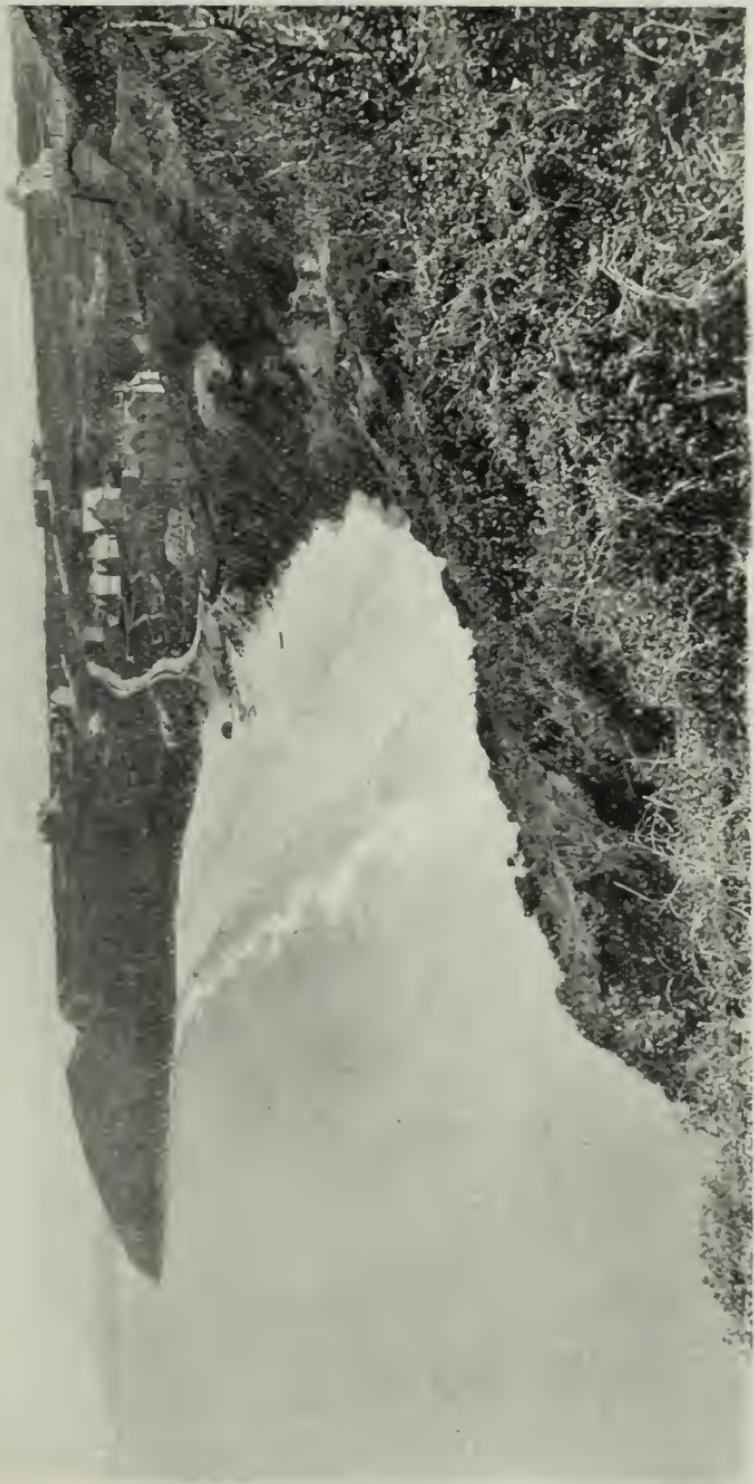
The road, soon turning up this estuary, in about 3 miles from St. Ives, comes to **Lelant**, with the famous West Cornwall club golf-links. Near by is a "Dormy House" for golfers, well kept and open all the year round. The course is 18 holes, with 9-hole course for ladies. The church of *St. Uny*, close at hand, has interesting features in the remains of Norman arching, rare hereabouts, and a fine pointed arch of the 15th century, besides a curious font and dial. We find an old cross in the churchyard, and several others to be sought out within the bounds of the parish. Behind it are the woods of *Trevethoe*, over which rises *Trecrobben* or *Trencom* Hill (550 feet), with an ancient castle on the top and some fine rock scenery, which have suggested legends of giants' handiwork. The village of Lelant, with the station, is about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile away. Here there is an hotel (small). From *Lelant* the Hayle River may be crossed by a

causeway bridge towards St. Erth, or by ferry-boat to the *Weir*, whence is reached the quarter of Hayle known as *Copperhouse*.

St. Erth is a large village, lying to the east of the railway, with a well-restored church and a pretty churchyard. An ancient cross may be found where one would hardly expect to see such a relic of popery, in the yard of a dissenting chapel. There are ironworks here, once used for copper. A little way up the river are the avenue and manor house of *Trewinnard*, now a farm, but containing some old tapestry, and a curious specimen of a family coach, preserved from early days of such conveyances. Two Roman camps can be traced in this parish.

TO PENZANCE BY CASTLE-AN-DINAS.

The road just described is that usually taken in driving to *Penzance*, for, though it adds a mile or two to the distance, its ascent is not so trying as on the old road cutting right across the central heights of the peninsula, which should be preferred for walking. This road (8 m.) leaves the back of St. Ives by the valley called the *Stennack*, but visitors at the Tregenna Castle Hotel, or the Porthminster end, can gain it by following the lane which goes off opposite Porthminster House, soon doubling back to the left, to pass between the *Tennis Club Ground* and the park of Tregenna. When one has got almost to the latitude of Knill's Steeple on the left, a path and stiles must be taken across the fields to the right, which will bring one into *Halsetown*, that bears a curious resemblance to a toy village spread out on the hill-side by some giant's child. Bearing through this, a little to the right, one strikes the old Penzance road. Upward it runs over wild moorlands, by boulders and smokeless engine shafts. Over the ridge we descend through the scattered hamlets of *Nancludrea*, which, with its three taverns, looks as if, like the mines around, it had seen better days. Beyond the brook, at the bottom, the ground again rises, swelling up to the height of about 750 feet, where stands the beacon tower of **Castle-an-Dinas**, an old British fortification (*Endennis* on some maps). The road passes this on its right about half-way to Penzance, but leisurely travellers might well ascend for a view over the whole peninsula and the sea on each side. It is said that two dozen parish churches can be seen from this point. A mile or so to the west of it would be found the fortified British village of *Chysauster*, remains of much



antiquarian interest. If we hold on by the road, it drops down upon a fine prospect of Mount's Bay to *Gulval*, where, opposite the churchyard gate, a broad field path will carry us to the road from Marazion, just outside of Penzance, soon reaching the railway station, from which a return might be made (10 m.) through *St. Erth Junction*; or, to the left, *Marazion Road Station* is under 2 miles from *Gulval*.

TO TOWEDNACK, ZENNOR, GURNARD'S HEAD, ETC.

The road westward does not at first keep very near the coast, but, at first identical with the old road to Penzance, goes out by the *Stennack*, past the Western Hotel, and up the valley behind the town. The route we are now giving forms part of the *Atlantic Drive* from Penzance by way of Land's End to St. Ives, and so back to Penzance (for details see pink pages). The description that follows must be taken the reverse way by those who go by the motor-cars of the G.W.R. instead of on their own wheels from St. Ives. Here it begins with a very long ascent.

On the high road our guide will be the town lamps, which, as is the custom with frugal Cornish communities, may be put out betimes, unless when and where they can serve as beacons to the fishermen. Passing the "New Church" of *Halsetown*, to the right, at a blacksmith's shop, the road divides, left for Penzance, right for Zennor. Above this point rises the rugged *Rosewall Hill*, suggesting nothing so little as roses. The name is that of an old local family, perhaps derived from a Celtic word for heath.

Behind this height lies **Towednack** church town, a short 3 miles from St. Ives, to be reached either by turning almost at once to the right from the *Penzance Road*, beyond the parting just mentioned, or by taking a short turn to the left from the *Zennor Road*, more than a mile on, where it makes a wide bend inland. The low church of *Towednack* is not likely to be confused with the tall engine houses that dominate it. The absence of pinnacles on this tower is accounted for by the persistent hostility of a certain ghostly enemy very active in Cornish legends. The church has no other feature to catch the ordinary tourist's attention, but an architect would find some points of interest, in the tower staircase, for instance, and the early chancel arch.

In the give-and-take of well-worn jokes which tickles rustic wit, the Towednack people are said to have built a wall round the cuckoo, to which they retort on St. Ives men, "Who whipped the hake?"—whereby hangs a tale—and hurl back scorn for scorn on Zennor, as the place where "the cow ate the bell rope," the sting of which probably is that she could get nothing better to eat. Gotham always is the next parish, or in the next county, as here "Lincolnshire Yellow bellies" or "Wiltshire Moon rakers" are paralleled by "St. Ives Hakes" and "Towednack Cuckoos."

The church tower points to a path which will lead us on to the moor beside a quarry, whose granite is about to see life in the new harbour of Mevagissey. Behind rises a ridge, crowned by what in Devon would be called *tors*, one of which, known under two or three names, *Trendrine Hill* in the Ordnance Survey map, is about 800 feet high, and looks out as far as the Scillies in clear weather. Over these heights we come down again on the Zennor Road, which, after taking a wide curve inland, mounts again to pass behind the *Eagle's Nest*, easily recognised by its prominent situation, and by its being the only elegant house in a stony neighbourhood, which one local guide book aptly compares to Connemara, while a Crimean veteran, whose lot is to live here, has been strongly reminded of the Balaclava valley of death, but he admits with a sigh the likeness to Irish wilds for uncongenial solitude. Instead of eating the bell rope, however, that cow would have done well to stray afield on the strip of plain reaching down to the sea, where farms are seen making shift to flourish below the moorland heights.

From the Eagle's Nest, the road again dips downward, and round the next turn we come in sight of Zennor (5 m.), the way to which might or might not have been abridged by trying to cut straighter across country. Here we find an inn and a restored 15th-century church, containing an ancient font and a curious carved bench end, representing a mermaid, which has its legend of an unhappy youth seduced by a sea maiden, as so often happened in the good old times. Zennor would hardly hold up its head as a true Cornish parish without some fragment of an old cross, and one accordingly is to be seen here. Some way from the church is a logan-stone, and, on the hill above, *Zennor Quoit*, said to be the largest cromlech in the country, if not in Europe.

Some 2 miles more brings us to **Gurnard's Head**, the grandest piece of rock scenery within the St. Ives district. The way down to it leads past the *Gurnard's Head Hotel* (small), standing by the side of the road near the village of Trereen. After passing the houses keep left across some stiles and fields, and soon the great mass of rock comes into sight. It is a good long walk down, and, like most of these side-excursions, can only be thoroughly enjoyed with ample time at one's disposal and picnic provision. **Gurnard's Head** is more solid and less broken in appearance than the Land's End scenery. Some people think it finer.

We have now come a good way from St. Ives, but, while we are about it, may as well push on about as far to cover a stretch of coast which may not be reached from Penzance. The next parish is *Morvah*, and as we advance towards the Land's End, the scenery seems to grow more wild, more desolate, more truly Cornish, like the stump of a cigar gathering up the dregs of its flavour. Our local guide is very amusing about the parish patriotism of these regions, known as the "high countries." They are, or were, it seems, Cornishmen of the most Cornish, like the inhabitants of *la Bretagne bretonnante*, over the Channel. "Natives of these places once considered themselves vastly superior to the inhabitants of St. Ives and Lelant, and every bare-legged infant thanked the goodness and the grace that made him a happy Zennor, Morvah, or Towednack child. But the times are altered now; tea and slops have supplanted the old-fashioned wholesome country diet, flimsy hats and dresses have taken the place of comfortable homespuns, country dances are condemned as not sufficiently genteel, the fiddler is extinct, and quadrilles and polkas are politely warbled by the popular though execrable concertina. However, much of the 'auld world' still lingers in the high countries. Visitors will here perhaps see, for the first time, the immense open chimney, with dried furze and peat-turf piled up on the earthen floor of the kitchen." In spite of new facilities in the way of better roads and public motor-trips, one gets perhaps more of real Cornish flavour here than elsewhere still. The population appears not to have increased; too many tumble-down empty cottages tell their tale of mining misfortune. It was somewhere in this neighbourhood that an enterprising artist and his wife led a Robinson Crusoe existence in an abandoned engine-house.

Once upon a time this region must have been relatively more populous, its natural fastnesses recommending it to our British forefathers for securing Home Rule against Saxon or other intruders. Did one keep to the heights, he could come to *St. Just* by a line thickly studded with antiquities, cairns, barrows, cromlechs, camps, and ancient settlements, the most remarkable of which, perhaps, are the singularly preserved beehive huts of *Bosporthenis*, between *Trereen* and *Mulfra Hill*, with its *Quoit* or *Cromlech*; then behind *Morvah*, **Chun Castle** and *Cromlech*, the former one of the best specimens of a circular camp. We do not attempt to go into further detail, as readers capable of taking interest in these remains are like to be provided with better guidance, such as Mr. Borlase's *Nænia Cornubiæ*. There is a Penzance Guide by the Rev. W. S. Lach-Szyrma, which gives a full list of the antiquarian points in Penwith.

If we lengthened our walk by hugging the shore, we should still have a fine stretch of cliffs and coves, of which the most prominent feature is *Bosigran Head*, site of another cliff castle, and of a logan-stone. Below *Carn Galver*, to the left, the highest land hereabouts, by moors and mines and hamlets not worth naming to be forgotten, the road leads us on to *Morvah*, of note only as church town of a scattered parish. Hence it is a mile or two to **Pendeen**, that has two inns and some sights to show, besides its cove and headland, in the artificial cavern of *Pendeen Van*, apparently a subterranean place of concealment, such as are met with elsewhere in the county—in the old manor-house of *Pendeen*, now a farm, the birthplace of Dr. *Borlase*, the antiquary, —and in the modern church, built by the Rev. R. Aitken, the well-known revivalist, as an imitation of Iona Cathedral, containing memorials to him, a fine reredos, and painted glass.

One more bend of this coast let us take here, though it might be more conveniently explored from *St. Just*, lying a mile behind the farther end. We soon come to the *Levant Mine* and the smaller *Geavor*, almost the only Cornish copper mines that seem to be doing not badly. A little farther on is the more famous **Botallack**, over which is now written *Ichabod*. Yet still this submarine mine forms an extraordinary scene, bespeaking man's bold dealings with nature. The extreme depth is 1050 feet, and some of the galleries stretch hundreds of feet under the ocean-bed. The roar of the sea was sometimes so terrific that even the stout hearts of the miners would fail them when working the sub-

marine galleries. The descent used to be one of the features of a Cornish tour, but this mine is not at present in a state to be visited.

The next bold projection is *Kenidjack Castle*, then we come round to **Cape Cornwall** (230 feet), which, from its commanding attitude, seems worthier to be the farthest point of England than the *Land's End*, now full in view, and soon to be visited from the other side of this peninsula.

This corner of Cornwall had an unexpected prospect of fortune in the discovery of radium. The *pitchblende* ore, left as rubbish of the mines, lay neglected so long as the uranium extracted from it was not much in demand. But with the discovery of radium, such rubbish heaps proved to be mines of this priceless element, and for a while a new lease of prosperity seemed to be promised, but this has not carried continued success. The St. Ives Consolidated Mines, after working hopefully for some years, have now been liquidated, but rather from over-capitalisation than because there is not ore to be found.

PENZANCE AND THE LAND'S END.

FROM *St. Erth Junction* the railway runs across the neck of the Land's End peninsula, which one might traverse in little over an hour's walking. There is some talk of a ship canal between *Mount's Bay* and the *Hayle River*, to restore this projecting corner of the county to its ancient position as an island. On the farther side is reached the station of *Marazion Road*, from which we must turn a mile or so back along the shore for the town, with *St. Michael's Mount* full in view to guide us, rising grandly over the blue waters of the bay.

MARAZION.

HOTELS.—*Godolphin, Marazion.*

This venerable town is locally known as *Market Jew*, from which it has been supposed an ancient Jewish colony. The connection of Jews with Cornwall is an old story : a legend among metal workers represents Joseph of Arimathea as engaged in the tin trade, travelling between Phoenicia and the Cassiterides, where it is even said that he brought the boy Jesus. But nowadays there are scholars who doubt if Jews were ever settled in Cornwall, and laugh away as a corruption the name *Jews' houses* given here and elsewhere to old smelting places ; then the fanciful etymology of *Marah Zion* ("bitter Zion") is brought down to the plain prose of an old Cornish word for market. *St. Michael's Mount* may put in a very probable claim to be the *Ictis* of the ancient tin trade. More shadowy seems the location here of *Lyonnesse* and the scene of Arthur's great battle. Marazion was certainly a considerable place in old days, flourishing both as a port and as a goal of pilgrimage. But after serious losses from a French attack in

Henry VIII.'s reign, and during the Cornish insurrection of 1549, it never recovered its importance, gradually falling into the shade of its former dependency, Penzance. Now little better than a big village, it has a modified prosperity in the concourse of summer lodgers, but rather of excursionists and tourists who visit it from more successful resorts. The winter climate of Marazion is one of the most genial in Cornwall; and this, with its pleasant situation, might well bring visitors to stay longer than a few hours. On the whole the place strikes one as more dignified and less dirty than most fishing villages of this coast. The one winding street has been a good deal smartened out of its antiquity. About its most open part, opposite St. Michael's Mount, will be found the chief buildings,—the Hotels, the *Post Office*, next door to which is an *Institute* with reading-room, lecture hall, etc.; then, on the other side, the most pretentious edifice in the town, the ground-floor occupied by a bank, the rest by municipal offices. Close at hand is the harbour, and the head of the causeway leading over to a tiny suburb at the foot of the Mount—the Acropolis and Alhambra of Marazion.

St. Michael's Mount is a rugged conical peak over 200 feet, insulated at high water, and commanding the waters of Mount's Bay from the Lizard to the Rundlestone. As in the case of its grander Breton namesake, it has long been crowned by a monastic fortress, now enlarged and adapted as the castellated mansion of Lord St. Levan.

The legend runs that it was originally enclosed by a great forest. Its Cornish name, indeed, is *Caraclowse in Cowse*, "the gray Rock in the Wood," which seems an awkward circumstance for the *Ictis* Island theory. The sacred character with which the Mount's imposing position naturally invested it is very ancient. To an anchorite who had fixed here his solitary dwelling, the Archangel Michael himself appeared,—hence Milton's allusion to "the great vision of the guarded mount." St. Keyne, in the 5th century, journeyed hither from Ireland. Some rude defences protected its steep at a very early date, for Edward the Confessor's charter, in 1047, to the Benedictine monks, whom he settled here, expressly grants its *castella* and other buildings. After the Conquest the Gilbertines took the place of the Benedictines, and their cell was attached by Robert, Earl of Cornwall, to the Abbey of St. Michael, on the coast of Normandy. The resemblance of St.

Michael's Mount in Cornwall to that of Normandy is striking, and their historical connection certain. As an alien religious house the Cornish monastery was confiscated by Edward III. in his war with France, and afterwards bestowed upon Sion Nunnery, in Middlesex. In 1533, its site and revenues were granted to Humphrey Arundell of Laherne, who forfeited them in 1549. In Charles the Second's reign the estate was purchased of the Basset family by the St. Aubyns, who remain its owners.

All through the ages of faith, this was famed as a shrine and a sanctuary, besides playing its part as a stronghold. During the absence of Richard I. in Palestine, one Henry de Pomeroy having murdered a king's messenger, fled hither, dispossessed the monks, and held the hill on behalf of John Sansterre. But on Cœur de Lion's return, he was compelled to surrender, and to prevent himself from falling into the enraged monarch's hands, opened his veins and bled to death, or, according to another account, leapt his horse off the rock into the sea. The Earl of Oxford, flying from the battle of Barnet, *temp.* Henry VI., obtained admission in the disguise of a pilgrim, and, assisted by several of his followers, raised the Lancastrian standard, then made so stout a defence, it was deemed advisable to bribe him with a pardon upon condition that he yielded up the castle (A.D. 1471). Another refugee was Lady Catherine Gordon, the "Fair Rose of Scotland," and the beautiful wife of Perkin Warbeck; but she was soon torn from her sanctuary by Lord Daubeny. During the religious commotions which desolated Cornwall and Devonshire in 1549, the insurgents crossed the sands at low water, and, sheltering themselves under trusses of hay, climbed to the assault. They captured the castle, soon afterwards re-captured by the royalists, when Humphrey Arundell, the rebel leader, was beheaded. And, finally, its royalist garrison, under Sir Francis Basset, was compelled, during the Civil War, to surrender to a body of Parliamentary troopers under Colonel Hammond. The Mount was visited by Charles II., and in 1846 by Queen Victoria, whose footprint upon the pier is marked by an inlaid brass.

St. Michael's Mount is reached from Marazion by boat, or at low water (8 hours out of the 24) by a paved causeway, 1200 feet long. There is a steamer several times a day (in summer) from Penzance. A fishing hamlet, with neat grey houses, lies about the small harbour and pier, above which rises the precipitous rock. The body is of granite, resting, on the north side, on a substratum of



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ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.



slate, and streaked on the south-east by veins of glittering quartz. Beside the causeway will be seen an insulated mass of greenstone, on which a chapel once made the first station of pilgrims.

The only parts of the Mount now shown are the Terrace and the Chapel. Visitors are taken by a guide at stated hours, easily ascertained at any hotel. They pass through the lodge up the hill and turn, right, to the Terrace. It is Lord St. Levan's wish that no payment should be given; but the British tourist's love of "tipping" is hard to restrain. In the castle itself the chief room is the ancient Hall, now called the *Chevy Chace Room*, enriched with a cornice representing the fox, stag, boar, wild bull, and other hunting emblems; also some old furniture, and trophies from the Soudan brought back by a member of the family. Among the portraits there are two by *Opie*. The old Cross, before which so many a knee has been bent, will be seen outside the chapel. The *Chapel* shows details both of Decorated and Perpendicular, and is enlivened with some modern stained glass. Beneath it is a vault or dungeon where a skeleton was discovered during alterations. Above, a stairway leads up to the tower, and the stone lantern (not open to visitors), erroneously called *St. Michael's Chair*, which commands a noble panorama of the Cornish coast and the wide-spreading Channel. It is said by the gossips that the husband or wife who first sits in *St. Michael's Chair* will obtain the highly-prized privilege supposed to be conferred also by the first draught of the waters of *St. Keyne's Well*; but here the feat seems a little difficult, not to say dangerous, for nervous brides. The real "*St. Michael's Chair*" is a rude crag on the west side of the rock.

"Who knows not Michael's mount and chair, the pilgrim's
holy vaunt;

Both land and island twice a day, both fort and port of
haunt?"

There is a neat new church in the town; and the churchyard of the old parish church of *St. Hilary* (burned and rebuilt) is, says the Rev. W. S. Lach-Szyrna, one of the most interesting in England, for "here one can see at a glance parochial remains, nearly *in situ*, within a few yards, from the age of Constantine the Great to Victoria; *i.e.* the whole range of the history of the Christian Church in Great Britain a period of 1570 years." The spire of this church, a mile east, is one of the few spires in Cornwall.

To Helston by the Coast.—The country behind Marazion is somewhat uninteresting ; but a fine walk or sail of some ten miles may be taken along the coast to *Porthleven* or *Looe Pool*, where we touch the limit of our exploration from the Lizard.

The village street, becoming a road, leads us out upon a prospect of broken ground and rugged cliffs, with a good back view upon the Mount. The high road soon turns inland ; but one can keep on more or less near the coast. The first village is **Perranuthnoe**, from the high ground above which are more extended prospects. The church has some good features in its altar and sanctuary, its ancient font and carved figure of St. Peter. Towards the dark cliff of *Cudden Point*, stands the modern *Acton Castle*. Beyond Cudden Point the shore curves in among the rocks to form the caverned recess of **Bessie's Cove**. In the largest cavern a natural shaft, or tunnel, ascends to the surface of the cliff.

Prussia Cove is now tenanted by coastguardsmen and fishermen, and there may be some difficulty of access to its fine fern-arched caves, and its beach studded with various kinds of sea anemones. It takes its name from a host of the former "King of Prussia" inn here, a daring smuggler who, towards the end of last century, carried his lawlessness so far as to erect a battery on the cliff, and to fire upon a man-of-war, that then made short work of the contraband stronghold.

Sidney Cove is the site of an abandoned mine ; but the long stretch of *Praa Sands* might well invite new hotel enterprise.

Pengersick—or *Pen-giveras-ike*, "the head fort of the Cove"—consists of two embattled towers, the remains of a castellated pile erected in the reign of Henry VIII., by one Milliton, who, in repentance of a secret murder, secluded himself here for many years. Still more romantic legends haunt these lonely walls, on which may yet be traced curious paintings, carvings, and inscriptions. Below the castle lies a wide stretch of sand ; and beyond we come to *Trewavas Head*, a fine mass of granite, where are noticeable a Raised Beach and the pillar-like *Bishop's Rock*.

The next bend of the coast brings us to *Porthleven* (*Commercial Inn*), with a harbour that may claim to be the most southerly in England, but has the disadvantage of being difficult of access in stormy weather. This place, with its sands and cliffs, seems to be a rising resort for summer visitors.

Hence it is under two miles to the *Looe Pool* ; but the shingly

beach makes no good walking; however, to see the grand breakers on the natural wall thrown up by the sea is well worth some trouble, especially if there is a high wind.

The high road from Marazion to Helston, straighter and shorter, passes under *Tregoning Hill* and near the village of *Germoe*, said to have been founded about 460, by an Irish king, named *Germochas*; where are to be seen a very old Font, and among other uncommon features of the church a puzzling structure outside known as *St. Germoe's Chair*; then by *Breage* (pronounced *Bregue*), also ascribed to Irish enterprise, its founder having been *St. Breaca*, whose church has a fine tower, besides ancient frescoes of the 15th century—of our Lord and *St. Christopher* (gigantic), *St. Michael*, *St. Corentin*, etc.

The road, in the other direction, from Marazion to Penzance (3 m.) is flat and not very interesting. After the first mile the railway cuts it off from the sea, though on the other side of the line there is a shore walk between two crossings that may be taken when a red flag does not proclaim it occupied as a rifle range. To the right are seen the villages of *Ludgvan* and *Gulval*. We enter Penzance by the docks and the railway station.

PENZANCE.

HOTELS.—*Queen's, Mount's Bay*, on the Esplanade; *Western, Union*, in the town; *Perrow's* and *Central* temperance, etc.

The *Riviera Palace* stands in its own grounds off the *Alverston Road* on the outskirts of the town.

BOARDING-HOUSES.—*Beachfield, Marine, Sunnymede*, etc.

This is one of the several places which, from a certain point of view, might claim to be the most important in Cornwall. It is clearly that best known to strangers. Its own population makes over 13,000, considerably increased by the adjacent fishing villages of *Newlyn* and *Mousehole*; and we are not sure but that, excluding in each case doubtful suburbs, it is, or will soon be, the largest town of the county, if *Camborne* starve on the mining depression. Yet Penzance has no claim to antiquity, principally dating from the reign of *Charles II.*, when it was made a coinage town. In 1595, it was sacked by the Spaniards, who landed at *Mousehole*, destroyed that village and *Newlyn*, and set Penzance on fire. Having thus accomplished an old Cornish prophecy, which is said to have predicted that strangers would here bring about this very

calamity, they were fiercely attacked by the townsmen, and compelled to retire. In 1646 the town was ravaged by the Roundheads under Fairfax. Ever since the railway was made, it has been coming into repute as a winter station for invalids.

Having thus briefly disposed of its history, we proceed to outline the geography of Penzance. Lying on a declivity at the north-west edge of Mount's Bay, encircled by low hills on the north and east, it has four chief streets meeting crosswise at the *Market-Place*, blocked up by a *Market House*, at one end of which will be found an ancient cross built into the wall, and at the other a marble statue of *Sir Humphry Davy*, who now stands as the centre of his native place, looking down upon a scene that, on market days, is a very lively one in its motley concourse of farmers, fisher-folk, and miners. Here, on the left of *Market Jew Street*, by which we have mounted from the station, is the *Post Office*. To the left we turn down *Chapel Street* for the harbour, and for the oldest church, *St. Mary's*, erected in 1835 on the site of the chapel of Our Lady, relics of which, the alms-box and a small font, are preserved. The top of the tower affords an extensive view of the surrounding country. Daily service is held in this church, which has a good organ and peal of bells.

St. Paul's, Clarence Street, erected 1843, of cut and rubble granite, in the style of the 13th century, and *St. John's*, 1881, in the Early English style, near the station, are to the right of Market Jew Street, from which, at the *Market House*, we can take *Causewayhead* to gain the upper quarter, where the most prominent building is that of the West Cornwall Infirmary in *St. Clare Street* leading to the cricket ground.

If *Market Jew Street* be the Cheapside of Penzance, its prolongation, *Alverton Street*, soon brings us into what may be considered the Pall Mall or Piccadilly quarter. *Clarence Street* goes off to the right, and to the left *Morrab Road*, in and about which lodgings of the best kind may be looked for. Just beyond Clarence Street, appears on the right the fine granite block of the *Public Buildings*, opened a generation ago. The right wing contains the *Guild Hall* and other offices of the Corporation. *St. John's Hall*, in the centre, with a good organ, is used for lectures, concerts, and meetings. Here also are the Penzance *News Rooms* and *Institute*, *Chess Room*, etc. The left wing is appropriated to the *Royal Geological Society of Cornwall*, which gives free admission to its museum and library. In a different

part of the edifice, the *Natural History and Antiquarian Society* has its collections, including a fine one of aquatic birds and rare birds of passage shot in the neighbourhood; also models of the many interesting antiquities to be sought out around Penzance.

Near the head of *Morrab Road* will be found another group of educational institutions in the *Free Library*, the *School of Art*, and *Art Museum* (open daily: small charge on Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays); then, next door, the *Mining and Science Schools*. Near the bottom of this road, to the left, bloom the *Morrab Gardens*, acquired a few years ago for public use, where *Morrab House* now contains the *Penzance Library*, an unusually valuable one for such a town, since besides a large selection of general literature, it includes many rare volumes, in the late Mr. Halliwell-Phillips' legacy of antiquarian, dramatic, and Shakespearian works; Mr. Pedler's important collection of philological volumes; and another bequeathed by the Rev. John Orme, rich in patristic, theological, and general ecclesiastic lore. Open 10 to 5, Fridays 10 to 1.

The vegetation of the gardens shows us how well qualified this place is to be a winter haven. Palms, bamboos, eucalyptus and other tropical plants flourish, and, in the season, the camellia bushes are a sight, with the glory of their waxy blooms. Below the *Morrab* quarter we come down upon the *Esplanade*, where Penzance, looking out across the narrow head of the bay in an unfinished but not inelegant sea-front, with *Newlyn* and *Mousehole* facing it from the opposite shore, makes a somewhat feebler attempt to be a summer resort also. The bathing on the shingly beach is not very good, especially at low water; but at the head of the *Esplanade* will be found the *Public Baths*, with sea-water swimming basin, beside which a small pavilion has been built for entertainments; and bathing machines stand beyond. Near this, *Alexandra Road*, another new thoroughfare where strangers might look for quarters, leads up to the line of *Alverton Street*. Returning along the *Esplanade*, a very pleasant stroll or lounge on a sunny day, we reach the *Battery*, the rocks beyond which make an excellent swimming place, available all day. Beyond, we come into the stir of the Docks. In this neighbourhood were last kept up the curious customs of St. John's Eve, which once made much copy for guide-books, when there was a general blaze of torches, tar barrels, and bonfires, and youngsters ran about celebrating mysteries, the origin of which they no longer understood; but,

whether sun-worship or Druidism, or what not, be at the bottom of it, young Christians gladly take any excuse for noise and excitement.

We do not mean to insinuate that Penzance is not a good place for summer quarters. On the contrary, its own attractions and those of the neighbourhood are such, that it will never want for visitors; and if it be less bracing than Margate or Matlock, it is often cooler in the hot weather. But its strong point is as a winter refuge for weak chests and throats, when, in spite of the frequent rain, we have it on the authority of Sir James Clark, that there is no other place in England where invalids can spend so much time out of doors. It may be there are other Cornish nooks with just as mild and relaxing a climate; but no other has laid itself out for winter patients so well as Penzance, especially in the way of both outdoor and indoor recreations, and good accommodations. But among available pastimes, skating is not to be looked for unless once in a way every ten years or so.

The immediate neighbourhood of the town is what the French would call a well *accidented* oasis, the outline varied and wooded, the soil of extraordinary fertility, which, with the help of the mild winters, produces a crop of early vegetables, potatoes and broccoli in particular, that make no small part of its dealings with London and less favoured regions. Grapes, tomatoes, and asparagus are largely grown under glass. On a March Good Friday we have seen the station almost blocked up with boxes of flowers going to London for Easter, most of which, however, probably came from the Scilly Isles. There are many seats and villas in the vicinity, whose gardens would be a pleasant sight for those fortunate enough to gain admittance, several of them belonging to members of the Bolitho family, a name figuring here as that of Fox at Falmouth.

Beyond the limits of this sheltered strip, Nature shows a more hard and wrinkled face, which yet often breaks into a smile, even among impressively frowning features. Though there are richly-wooded spots in the hollows, the general character of this country is such, that winter makes not so much difference to its rugged charms. Dull weather seems in harmony with its dark open moorlands, broken here and there by stone walls and fields of black earth, or by the lonely group of farm buildings on some ridge, or by the far-seen square church tower standing out pro-

minently as landmark of a treeless coast. Never are the Atlantic's broken battlements seen to such advantage as when a winter storm rages against the caverned base of those piles of roughly square blocks, which seem to have been heaped up by giants, poised upon each other as if a touch could send them crashing in ruin. On a fine calm autumn afternoon, when the sun shines over the sea upon the gray cliffs adorned with bright patches of lichen, and the turfy paths winding among brown bracken and brambles, and the clumps of gorse still gay with their hardy bloom, one might almost forget the flight of the seasons, as, on a genial March day when youngsters may sometimes be seen bathing in the sea, one is here easily cheated into believing that summer has really come. There are many picturesque bays and ravines, with little fishing villages hidden away in them, haunted by artists.

From Penzance to the **Scilly Islands** (see p. 174), a boat runs twice a week in winter, three times in summer, and daily in the months of May and June. The distance is about 40 miles, and the passage takes from 3 to 4 hours, therefore it will be seen this trip is not to be lightly undertaken.

As our rule is, we will first indicate the shorter outings to be made round the town. (See pink pages.)

1. **Madron**, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles north-west, is the mother-church of St. Penzance. The road goes out by the cemetery, then crosses meadowy uplands. To the right lies *Hea* (pronounced *Hay*) *Moor*, where the *Wesley Rock Chapel* enshrines the granite rock from which John Wesley proclaimed the gospel to the wondering Cornishmen. *Madron Church*, 350 feet above the sea, is Early English in character, and contains some old memorials. A tombstone commemorates *George Daniell*, the founder of the schools—

“Belgia me birth, Britaine me breeding gave,
Cornwall a wife, ten children, and a grave.”

Remark the wayside cross in the neighbouring hedge, and look for its pedestal in the village street.

Madron Well, 1 mile north, is a chalybeate well, once highly esteemed for its curative property in cases of lameness and scrofula, and its prophetic powers in respect to love and marriage, tested by young men and maidens, who on the first Sunday of May still drop rush stalks pinned cross-wise into its waters, and read

in the bubbles their future fates. But another well, now dry, seems to be the one whose sacred character is shown by the mouldering walls of the ancient Baptistery close by, veiled in trailing ivy, mosses, lichens, and parasitical climbers. From Madron to *Lanyon Cromlech*, or the *Giant's Quoit*, is some twenty minutes' walk, from which we may turn aside, a little to the left, for the fine pile of rocks called *Trengwainton Carn*. The upper slab of the cromlech is 18 feet long, its breadth 8 feet, and three rude masses of stone about 5½ feet high support it. A similar cromlech may be seen in a field adjacent to Lanyon Farm. Farther on, some way up the road from Madron, to the right, are the *Men-an-Tol*, or Holed Stone, and the remarkable *Men Scryffa*, or Written Stone, 8 feet long, bearing the inscription—*Rialobran Cunova Fil*. Standing here, and looking towards the east, the tourist will just be able to discern the *Boskednan Ring*, or sacred Druidical arch, 68 feet in diameter, composed of eleven stones, three of which now lie upon the sward. The *Men-an-Tol* has been supposed to have been used for initiation, though some regard it as a rude sun-dial for calculating the solstice. Who the *Rialobran*, or the *Cunoval* or *Cymbeline* of the *Men Scryffa* was none can tell. An interesting inquiry has been made into these subjects in the *Revue Celtique* of Paris. The stone circle of the "Nine Maidens," and the picturesque abandonment of the old *Ding-Dong* Mine, should also be sought out in the same vicinity.

By this time we are well on across the promontory, where the road through Madron would bring us to *Morvah* on the "North Sea," as it is called here. Returning from Madron, one might take a pretty path by *Rose Hill* and the grounds of *Castle Horneck*, which leads into the *Alverton* quarter of Penzance. Or by the beautiful scenes of *Trereife* (pronounced *Treeve*) and *Tolcarne*, we might pass round to *Newlyn*, which would be a divagation of only a couple of miles or so.

2. To *Trevaylor*, etc. Behind the station is the pleasant suburb of *Chyandour*, and the circular camp of *Lescudjack*, which gives a good view over the town. Here also are some of the fine villas and gardens which ornament Penzance. From *Chyandour*, or up *Causewayhead* and by *Trannack Lane*, we could reach the mansion of *Trevaylor*, about as far out as Madron. Opposite the gate, a path runs down to the wooded *Trevaylor Bottoms*, where a very pretty walk may be taken up the stream to rejoin the road at *New Mill* (Inn), a mile or two beyond which the Crom-

lech called *Mulfra Quoit*, and some ancient hut circles are to be found on the left. If, having been tempted so far, one cared to push on, one could thus cross to *Zennor*, or to *Gurnard's Head*.

3. Through Chyandour, also, to the right, we may come to *Gulval*, or reach it by a path turning off through the fields soon after we get clear of houses on the *Marazion Road*. Here we pass over one of the garden lands of Cornwall. There need be no fear of missing the way, for on the hill rises the tower of *Gulval Church*, distinguished by some Early English details, and a curious inscription on the belfry wall, not to speak of an ancient cross in the churchyard, which in Cornwall, indeed, is hardly a distinction. The churchyard and the vicarage garden, with their show of exotics, testify to the mildness of the climate.

We may climb to the mossy rocks of *Gulval Carn* for the sake of the sea-view which their elevated position commands, and turning off to the north-east make across the fields to *Ludgvan*, where the erudite and amiable *Borlase* (1696-1772), historian of Cornwall, was rector for fifty-two years. There are memorials in the interior of the old Norman Church to members of the Davy family. The well of St. Ludgvan has this charm, that no one baptized in it comes to be hanged, a privilege belonging to several sacred springs of Cornwall, where it would have been more to the purpose to insure against drowning. Facing now to the north-west, we catch sight of the rugged outline of *Castle-an-Dinas*, a tower and an ancient camp on its summit, under which, either by Ludgvan or from Gulval, we might hold on to St. Ives (see p. 148). The road between *Gulval* and *Ludgvan* is about 2 miles.

4. To *Newlyn* and *Mousehole*, is the walk of Penzance, by a road which continues the Esplanade, the gap between the two places being passed over in a few minutes as one turns round the head of the bay to Newlyn Harbour. Passing a few untidy cottages one comes out on to an asphalt walk running beside rather primly laid-out public gardens, called the Penlee Gardens, opened 1914; with good tennis-courts, both grass and asphalt, also bowling-green, bandstand, etc. The great stones piled up on the beach tell of the force of the sea even in the bay. The complete promenade from end to end forms a good dry walk.

Newlyn (several *Inns*) is a large fishing village, almost a suburb of Penzance, best known to the outer world by the works of the so-called "Newlyn School" of artists, who here form a

sociable colony, and keep up a dramatic club, sometimes giving public performances for charitable purposes. The main feature of this school is a Belgian or Parisian treatment. Among its members are or have been Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, Messrs. Bramley, Craft, Langley, Garstin, and Gotch. The Passmore Edwards Exhibition Gallery stands at the Penzance end of Newlyn; it is open 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Admission 6d.

St. Peter's Church, Newlyn, is a handsome granite edifice in the valley at this end, with a terra-cotta reredos and a good deal of stained glass. There are two piers at Newlyn, and the new harbour between them is one of the best for small craft in the West of England. The fish cellars of Newlyn deserve a visit. Much of the older part of the town is built in courts—some very quaint and picturesque. Owing to the fish-trade ice-making is a prominent industry, as is also the artistic brass and copper beating started by Mr. Mackenzie. The very artistic Fishermen's Institute down by the harbour is a credit to the place. It was built by Miss Nora Bolitho to her sister's memory, is run by the Deep Sea Fishermen's Mission, and is well patronised by the men for whom it is intended.

Mousehole nestles in a shady hollow, opening out upon two small piers of granite, some fantastic groupings of rocks, and the glorious Bay. The Spaniards made a descent on it in 1595, and the cannon ball which killed one of its worthies, Jenkin Keigwin, is treasured as an interesting relic in a cottage opposite the *Keigwin Arms*, the only old house then spared. Off the harbour lies *St. Clement's Isle*, a mass of felspar once crowned by an oratory, which formerly gave the name of *Port Enys* to Mousehole (Enys, an island). Here died, in 1788, aged 102 years, *Dolly Pentreath*, famed as the last person known to have spoken Cornish. The *Mousehole Cavern* is not far from the village.

From Mousehole, we may take a path up to Paul above; or striking inland a little, and then turning back to the coast, the pedestrian will reach *Lamorna Cove*, a lovely nook. There, following inland the course of a small stream that ripples into the sea, we reach the high road, and gain *St. Paul*, commonly called *Paul*, a large village with an ancient church tower prominent on the heights, which command a grand view of Mount Bay to the Lizard. The remainder of the church was rebuilt after the descent of the Spanish in 1595. In the south aisle (dedicated to S. Pol de Leon, the Breton bishop who founded the parish) is

the only extant epitaph in Cornish—to Captain Hichens. Dolly Pentreath lies buried in the churchyard, where a tomb to her memory has been erected by the philological piety of Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, as a monument to the old Cornish language.

From Paul back to Penzance is half an hour's walk, mostly down hill. But strangers should be aware of the charms they would find by following up the course of the stream from *Newlyn*, leading to *Trembath Valley*, and by *Buryas Bridge*, through scenery picturesque in a style less common hereabouts.

Pleasant excursions may be taken by cars running to *Helston*, *Gurnard's Head*, the *Lizard*, and various points sought by strangers, not to speak of the omnibuses and vans that ply here regularly, even to places served by the railway. There are frequent steamer trips also to *St. Ives*, the *Lizard*, *Falmouth*, etc.; and here start the mail boats for the Scilly Islands. The favourite excursion is of course to the *Land's End*, at a return fare of 2s. 6d. There is a regular G.W.R. motor service.

There are motor omnibuses several times a day (7 m.) between Penzance and *St. Just in Penwith* (as it is formally called in distinction from its namesake in *Roseland*) (see pink pages). About $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles out on this road is the Penzance golf ground of 18 holes, not greatly used by visitors as the much superior one at Lelant is accessible by rail. **St Just** (Hotels: *Wellington*, *Commercial*) is a town of miners, who call it *St. 'Oost*. In the middle of the town an open space surrounded by green mounds and now used as a playground by children is the *Plan-an-Guare* (locally "the plane"), a British amphitheatre, 126 feet in diameter, once used for the miracle plays so admired by Cornishmen. There is a 15th-century Church, with two very curious and interesting frescoes, of our Saviour and St. George and the Dragon, on the north wall; these were only uncovered comparatively recently. There are several ancient burrows and sacred circles in the neighbourhood.

THE LAND'S END.

The shortest road, by *Sennen* (10 m.), is not the favourite one. On the right, about 4 miles from Penzance, is **Sancreed**, whose church has recently been well restored, and the churchyard contains one of the best Cornish crosses. On the left we pass the

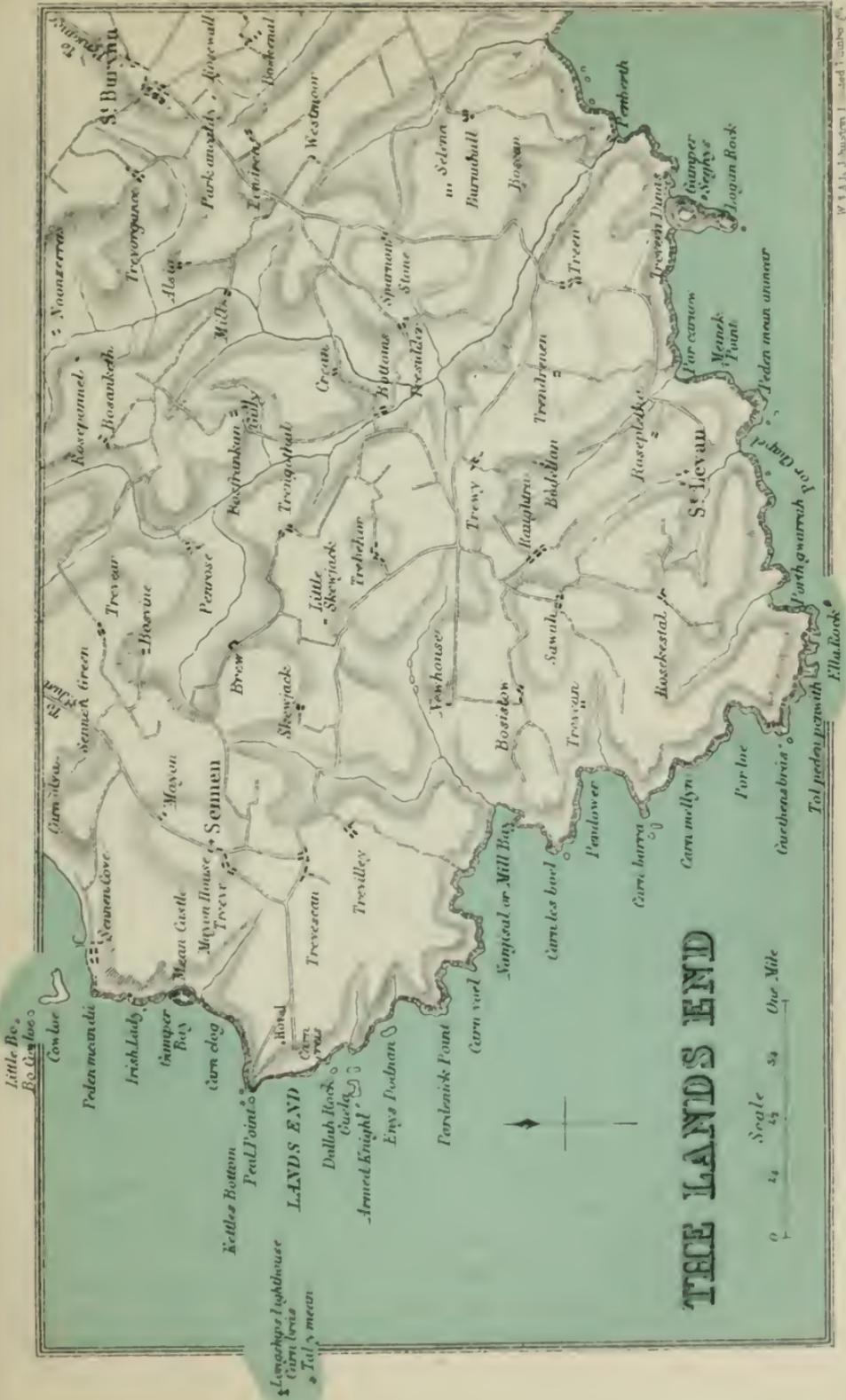
Boscawen stone circle ; then on the right *Chapel Carn Brea* (800 feet), and *Bartiney* rather higher, which stand up proudly as the most western hills in England. **Sennen** Church town has an inn which boasts itself on one side, "The First," and on the other "The Last Inn in England." But the modern "Land's End Hotel" may now lay claim to this distinction. The westernmost church of England, restored and well cared for, contains an ancient dated font, a mediæval statue, and a fresco of a city (probably intended for the New Jerusalem).

The most striking approach to the Land's End is from *Sennen Cove*, picturesque in itself, and a very convenient centre for tourists who wish to do the region thoroughly. There is good sea-fishing near here, and lodgings can be had.

That we may not have to return, we will briefly indicate the points of the coast between the *Land's End* and *Cape Cornwall*, along the shore of *Whitesand Bay*.

Pedn Men Dhu—*i.e.* "the black-rock headland." The rock at its base is named the *Irish Lady*. *Sennen Cove*—"above is the village of Sennen." *Vell an Dreath*—"the mill in the sand." *Carn Towan*—"the sandy carn." *Carn Barges*—"the kite's carn." *Carn Mellyn*—"the yellow carn." *Polpry Cove*—"the clay pit." *Carn Leskez*—"the carn of light," where the Druids, it is said, were wont to kindle their sacred fires. *Carn Glos*—"the gray rock," opposite which lie the *Brisons* or *Sisters*, two rocky islands off the south side of *Cape Cornwall*. *Priest's Cove* is close under the headland.

The more interesting road, taken by the cars one way, so as to let their passengers visit the *Logan Rock*, turns off to the left from the former for **St. Buryan** (Inn : *Ship*), whose lofty tower makes a landmark in a rather monotonous prospect. Here Athelstan, after he had subjugated the Cornish Welsh, founded a college of Augustinian canons. Its fine Church, now restored, contains a coffin-shaped monument to Clarice, the wife of Geoffrey de Bolleit, and an ancient Norman arch. There was in the church a very fine Flemish screen of the Renaissance style, part of which may be seen in the vestry. There is an old cross at the entrance, and another in the churchyard, which also shows a monument to the late Mr. Augustus Smith, lord-proprietor of the Scilly Isles. This church, like *Crantock*, had at one time the rank of a collegiate one with a dean and canons.



TREC LANDS END

Scale
 0 1/4 1/2 3/4 One Mile

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On the left, as we continue our route, we pass *Boskenna*, a picturesque mansion. Descending into the deep hollow which opens upon the sea at *Penberth Cove*, we next climb the hill to the hamlet of *Treryn* (pronounced *Treen*), where refreshment, and, if needed, a guide may be procured. From this to the grand promontory of *Treryn Castle*, or *Treryn Dinas*, is a fair walk. Go to the top of the village, where, in an open space near a cottage (where cycles can be left), is a stone stile. The path leads over several fields and similar stiles downwards. Walking is easy till the coast is reached. There it becomes a scramble among rocks to reach the grand promontory. Once upon it keep by the path round to the right, where, beneath a crest of sharp rocks, one like a leaning obelisk, the **Logan Rock**, will be found. It is a mass of granite weighing $65\frac{1}{2}$ tons, nearly 17 feet long and 30 feet in circumference, which was formerly so poised upon its axis that it could be easily shaken, and yet soon regained its equilibrium. In 1824 it was overthrown by Lieutenant Goldsmith, a nephew of the poet. The Admiralty ordered him to replace it. Those who are not sure of foot and eye would do well to wonder from below.

The road we have come is about 9 miles. The pedestrian might have reached the same point more deviously, yet agreeably, leaving Penzance by way of *Paul Hill* and the *Lamorna Valley*, near the head of which is a curious artificial cave known as the *Fogou* or *Fog-hole*, where some Cavaliers were hidden in 1646. Having climbed the ascent to *Bolleit*, or *Boleigh* (a farmstead)—the “place of blood”—scene of Athelstan’s defeat of the Britons in 936, on the right of the road, you now pass two upright stones, 12 and 16 feet high, one in each field, called “the Pipers”; and farther on, after passing a blacksmith’s shop, come on an ancient cross and the *Holed* stone (both on the road). The latter is said to have been used by the Druids for tying down their human sacrifices. In a field to the left of this is the circle called the “Merry Maidens,” consisting of nineteen upright stones, and measuring 30 paces in diameter. A footpath across the field, from the smithy, leads the visitor right through the circle, and joins the road just at the “holed” stone. These poor merry maidens, like other untimely revellers of old Cornwall and Devon, were turned into stone for dancing on Sunday. Near *St. Just* there is a circle with the same name and legend.

Hence one can strike to the right, and follow a tolerable road into the church-town of *St. Buryan*, from which the carriage route may be followed. But some might prefer to hold on by the shorter road to *Penberth*, even if they did not care to follow the coast all the way from Lamorna, by *Boscawen Point*, *St. Loy's Cove*, the Mermaid's Cave of *Porthguarnon*, *Merthen Point*, *Penberth Cove*, and *Cribba Head*, beyond which we come to the Logan Rock.

For driving to the Land's End, the road now cuts across inland, 3 or 4 miles, by barren moors and scattered hamlets. But though the distance is twice as far, it would be a pity to lose the chance of walking round this corner, which many judge the finest cliff scenery in Cornwall.

The first point is the pretty little cove of **Porthcurnow**, whose sand, formed of comminuted shells, and often dotted with fine unbroken specimens, invites one to a bathe that may be had in retired nooks, where the modest swimmer is little likely to be surprised unless by sympathising youths. For here is the landing-place of more than one Telegraph Cable; and in the ravine behind are the buildings of the *Eastern Telegraph Company's Station*, a school where cadets are trained to use the delicate instruments required to deal with feeble electric currents passing hundreds of miles under the ocean. The station with its dependencies is perhaps the largest, certainly the most imposing, place in the parish, as its young garrison form the most lively part of the population. They call themselves the "Exiles," and profess to bemoan their lonely lot; but what with football, cricket, billiards, even a theatre and occasional balls, seem to have not a bad time of it by help of hearty British pastimes such as they may miss in the distant foreign posts for which their duty destines them. In their off-hours the free and easy flannels and blazers of these castaways are much in evidence about the country, strewn with shreds of the cabalistically marked tape which make the main object of their study.

The signalling instrument used here is the *Siphon Recorder*, which, like a stylograph pen, traces a thin line of ink upon an endless tape; then this line, deflected to right or left, takes a wavy form, like the outline of a mountain chain on a rude map, which deflections answer to the dots and dashes that are the commoner signs of the Morse alphabet. It takes some learning to spell out these silent signals; and

visitors, courteously admitted to inspection, will be impressed, if not instructed, by the wonderful devices of science which to the uninitiated seem nothing short of mysterious. It is told how an old farmer and his wife could not restrain their amazement when the working of the Siphon Recorder had been duly explained. "Dear me!" said the good woman, "and does that tape come all the way from Spain?" "No, you fool," the husband rebuked her, in the pride of masculine intelligence. "Of course it is only the ink that comes from Spain."

The longer Atlantic cable that takes the water at Sennen had to be worked with still more delicate instruments. But Marconi wireless telegraphy has now begun to claim its own place and may in time oust the older method altogether.

Above *Porthcurnow*, inland to the west, stands retiringly in a hollow the Church of **St. Levan**, small and solitary godfather of several surrounding hamlets. There is some very remarkable carving inside, and a fine old cross in the churchyard, which has also a *lych stone* for resting coffins on. Nearer the sea will be found traces of the *Baptistry* of St. Levan, who, like other Cornish saints, had a holy well of his own.

Lodgings can be had, but not many of them, at farms in this neighbourhood, which would be a most enjoyable sojourn for a week or two if one did not mind post and papers being rather late in arrival.

We regain the cliffs to follow them steadily henceforth to the Land's End, noting the main features, but begging the tourist to remember that we do not attempt even to name all the points, caverns, gullies, fissures, and lichen-stained rock masses in which this corner is so rich. By *Manack Point*—*i.e.* "the Monk's Point," *Pedn Mean an Mor*—"the headland of stone in the sea," *Carn Vesacks*—"the rock outside," and *Pol Ledan*—"the broad pool," we come to **Porthgwarra**—the "higher port," a fishing village at the entrance of a deep ravine that sometimes gives harbour to artists. There is a curious tunnel here through which boats are launched into the sea. Beyond, are *Polostoc*—"the cap headland," as resembling a fisherman's cap; the *Ella Rock* island; then comes the point which some call the finest in Cornwall.

Tol Pedn Penwith—that is, the "Holed Headland" in Penwith, is named from its *Funnel Rock*, a pit or chasm, about 100 feet in depth and 8 feet in diameter, cut apparently as smooth as a wall might be, from the slope of the cliff to the sea roaring below. The bottom of the funnel can be visited at

low water. The *Chair Ladder* is another remarkable feature of the cliff. The *Rundlestone* lies off this point about 1 mile, its position indicated to mariners by the two conical beacons placed on the headland. Numerous disastrous wrecks have nevertheless occurred in this vicinity.

From *Tol Pedn Penwith* we go on towards *Pardenick Point*, its rival in grandeur, passing successively *Porth Looe*, a rocky cove, which, quiet as it looks, has also been the scene of shipwrecks; *Carn Barra*, the "loaf-carn," a fantastic mass of rock; *Zawn Kellys*, the "Fallen Cave"; *Mill Bay* or *Nanjissel Cove*, "the Cove under the Vale," one of the most romantic points on this romantic coast; the chasm called "The Song of the Sea"; *Carn Voel*, the "Chilly Carn"; *Zawn Ruth*, the "Red Cave"; *Mozrang Pool*, the "Maid's Pool," a sheltered recess in the shadow of *Pardenick*, "the hill upon hill," that striking promontory where the Titans would seem to have been surprised by the Gods while erecting a huge palace for their king.

Beyond this comes the island of *Enys Dodman*, sometimes visited by boat for the sake of its rock archway. Off *Carn Greab*, the "Cock's Comb Rock," lies a group of rocks, the *Guelaz*, some of which bear fantastic resemblances to natural objects. One of the most conspicuous is known as the *Armed Knight*. A mass of granite on the side of another carn here is called *Dr. Johnson's Head*. Again and again we have been deceived by the resemblance of the rocks to hewn shapes, while we are often astonished how such nicely poised masses could have taken their place without human handiwork.

The **Land's End**, 293 miles from London, the *Bolerium* of the ancient geographers, and the western extremity of England, is a point of horridly broken granite, roofed by turf and pierced by a cavern, its extremity crumbled into huge boulders and foaming reefs. From the cliffs above its height may seem insignificant, but it commands a grand prospect. Over a mile from the shore rises the tall shaft of the *Longships Lighthouse*. The insulated rock on which it stands is 60 feet high, and the granite building itself 52 feet. Some miles to the south another dangerous point is marked by the *Wolf Lighthouse*. To the north extends the curve of *Whitesand Bay*, bounded by *Cape Cornwall*.

But though at first sight the dun-coloured walls of the hotel and the broken earth-terraces may be disappointing,

there is no visitor who goes away disappointed. *Land's End Hotel* stands on the very edge of the cliff. On the seaward side it has been enlarged, including a delightful modern lounge lit by a semi-circular sweep of windows facing seaward. It is an extremely comfortable hostelry, and in the summer months is usually crowded so that accommodation must be booked in advance. The season is a long one, extending to October. Though some may shrink from the idea of staying here on account of the number of "trippers" who appear, they may be assured that the "trippy" element extends over very few hours of the day and those by no means the best. The hotel is open all the year round. Motor-trips out on a moonlight night are by no means uncommon even in winter.

Close to the hotel is Penwith House Hotel, in humbler style. The splintered rocks forming the actual Land's End have a curious pinky tinge and are streaked here and there by vivid yellow stains of lichen. Even on a calm day the foam never ceases to churn around them, and after a storm it flies high, sending fairy flakes far inland. Any one climbing out on the promontory and looking back will see a grand sight. The curious horizontal and vertical cracks split the granite from end to end and side to side, and give the appearance of mighty blocks fashioned artificially. Along this coast indeed it is often difficult not to mistake the rocks for fragments of ruined castles.

Thus, though the approach may be tamer than expectation, the actual coast never fails to evoke admiration.

But here is the end of Cornwall, of which we now take leave, unless for a visit to the scattered Scilly Isles, that from this nearest point, some 25 miles away, may or may not be seen reposing like light clouds against the western sky.

THE SCILLY ISLANDS.

For steamers see pink pages. Golf course at Hugh Town, St. Mary's.

THE granitic rocks that compose this picturesque group, lying 25 miles west by south-west of the Land's End, are about 300 in number, of which 40 bear herbage, but only 5 are inhabited. Those which form the parish of St. Mary are: St. Mary's, Tresco, St. Martin's, St. Agnes, Bryher, Samson.

The Scilly Islands are supposed to have been known to the Greeks as the *Cassiterides* or Tin Islands, and to the Romans as the *Sillinæ*—a term derived (it is said) from the Celtic *Sulleh* "rocks sacred to the sun." Others prefer, as the original root, Cornish *Silya*, signifying "the conger."

After the withdrawal of the Romans, they were settled by a small Celtic population, but in the 10th century Athelstan achieved their conquest, and annexed them to Saxon England. During the Civil Wars, the Cavaliers of the west long maintained them for the king, sheltering here Prince Charles, with Lords Capel and Hopton, after the defeat of the Royalists of Devon and Cornwall in 1645. Sir John Grenville fortified them strongly in 1649, and despatched from their ports numerous cruisers, which inflicted serious injuries on the commercial marine of the Commonwealth, till at length Blake and Sir George Ayscue were ordered to proceed to the Scilly Islands and drive out the Royalists. Tresco and Bryher were speedily captured, and Sir John was compelled to surrender St. Mary's in June 1651.

These islands now form a portion of the Duchy of Cornwall, but they have a separate county council, and the inhabitants pay neither income-tax nor property taxes. From the reign of Elizabeth to that of Victoria, they were leased to the old Cornish family of Godolphin. The succeeding lessees or lord-proprietors,

Mr. Augustus Smith and Mr. Smith Dorrien, have been unceasing in their efforts to improve the condition of their "subjects." The only town is *Hugh Town*, on St. Mary's, now being fortified as a naval coaling station.

The inhabitants are, of course, largely engaged in the fisheries, and have a natural aptitude for sea-faring pursuits. A strong, vigorous, and hardy race, their average longevity would be remarkable were it not for the tribute of lives which the perilous seas annually exact. Of late years, principally through the proprietor's influence and example, farming and flower-growing have been much adopted, and the early potatoes and flowers of the Scilly Islands are now famous in the London markets. Oats and barley are grown to some extent; the wheat crops are poor and scanty. Many of the islands are numerously tenanted by rabbits, as well as by goats and deer. Samphire is found in large quantities upon the cliffs. Sea-wrack is the principal manure, and when dried is also used as fuel. Wind and rain prevail to a great extent, and although the wind may be violent it is almost always more or less of moderate temperature. The land is therefore covered with a peculiarly fresh and luxuriant verdure, but a garden must be protected by a wall of earth and a fence of brambles, otherwise the rude sea-breezes would soon uproot the plants. The botanist will find numerous tribes of the beautiful fern family growing wild in Nature's own conservatories. To geological inquirers these "wave-bound rocks" will afford a field of interesting research. They are the off-shoots, as it were, of the granite-hills that stretch, like a huge spine, through Devon and Cornwall, and are said to have been anciently united to the neighbouring coast by a now submerged country, perhaps that wonderland of old chroniclers, where

"All day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter-sea;
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonesse about their lord."

The granite often assumes remarkably picturesque formations, and the red felspar which is its chief ingredient relieves the whiteness of the quartz by its depth of colour. Chlorite, schorl, and hornblende are frequently to be met with, and occasionally specimens of lead, copper, and tin.

The climate is that of Cornwall, mild and equable to a still more marked degree; thus, while the average temperature at

Falmouth is about 50°, that of the Scillies will be rather over 51°, ranging between a maximum of 60° to a minimum of 40°, roughly calculated. In a record of these years, we observe the rainfall to be less than on the mainland, though the number of rainy days is about the same on the islands, which have often sunny days after wet nights. Snow is rare. These characteristics should qualify the Scillies as a winter resort, and they seem now seeking to make themselves attractive in this capacity. The two hotels of *Hugh Town* have been rebuilt or enlarged; and pensions are inviting visitors, who in times past have complained of a difficulty in finding good lodgings, or at a price not too high for their pretensions.

For a shorter visit, the main drawback is the difficulty of getting there, and a certain uncertainty about leaving. The passage at all times is apt to be rough, and in stormy weather may be delayed. Invalids are therefore a little timorous in trusting themselves to be "rolled to larboard, rolled to starboard," even in view of such a grand coast-line; but the sea-nursed sons of Scilly look lightly on a voyage known to them as "up along" or "down along," *i.e.*, to or from the mainland.

Once landed, one finds peace where the great excitement will be the safe arrival of the mail, twice or thrice a week, for strangers are not likely to share the sensation of local interest when, for instance, some unhappy urchin may have been caught stealing a few coppers, and the whole police force of St. Mary's will be absent for a week carrying the criminal to Bodmin gaol. The weather, especially in the early flower and vegetable season, becomes here a topic of quite absorbing concern. Any patient for whom perfect quiet was the prescription, could not do better than come to the Scillies.

In winter, two boats run weekly to *Hugh Town*; oftener in the fine months, when sometimes one can return to Penzance the same day.

ST. MARY'S.

Hugh Town. HOTELS.—*Tregarthen's, Holgate's; Lyonesse Private Hotel, etc.*

The largest of the Scilly group is about 9 miles round, and may easily be "circumperambulated" in a day. The town stands on a sandy isthmus where the waves sometimes meet, threatening

to overwhelm its streets and to make an island of the peninsula beyond known as the *Park*. This peninsula, a smaller edition of the whole island, some mile and a half in circumference, is the promenade of Hugh Town. We enter it past the chief edifice of the place, *Star Castle*, an Elizabethan fortress so named from its eight projecting bastions. The modern forts have been now dismantled; and one can pass round for fine views over the sea and the neighbouring islets. On the height will be seen an alarming apparatus, which is no gallows or guillotine, but a gigantic telegraph for communicating the weather report to passing ships.

The *New Church* stands at the eastern extremity of the High Street, and contains some memorials, removed from the old church, of gallant sailors who perished with Sir Cloudesley Shovel off the Gilstone Rock, October 1707. This neat little fane was erected in 1835-38, mainly at the cost of Mr. Augustus Smith.

The *Old Town* is now a mere hamlet at the head of a bay to the west beyond *Peninnis*. The *Old Church* here, in part restored, has long been used for funerals. Here rest the remains of those lost in the wreck of the *Schiller* and other disasters among this perilous archipelago. The churchyard is finely situated and beautifully adorned by exotic plants. A rock in the village is named *Castle Carn* as the site of an old fortress now hardly traceable.

Having thus "done" the town, let us set out on a tour round the island, the most noticeable features of which are named in order:—

Porcrasa or *Porth Cressa Bay*, round whose strand runs a path.

Buzza Hill, commanding a good view of the town beneath, of a considerable part of the island, of the Pool and Road, and of the waters of St. Mary's Sound. On the top is a ruined mill, and another stands farther towards the end of the point, marking the road.

Penninis—*i.e.* the head of the isle—a noble pile of granitic rocks. Here stands a lighthouse, built in 1911 to replace that on St. Agnes. It is of iron, and 45 feet high. "Caverns, vaults, and niches are hung with ferns and lichen. Through those in a line with the wind rushes a howling blast; others are snug and sheltered spots, where you may repose awhile and listen to the thunder of the waves." About midway up the slope lie the "rock basins," erroneously connected

with the sacrificial worship of the Druids, and vulgarly called the *Kettle* and *Pans*. A similar cavity, but concave in form, is noticeable in the *Tusk* or *Tooth* Rock. There are other fine bits of crag and cave scenery hereabouts, among which the *Monk's Cowl*, like its neighbour the "Tooth," will be recognised by its shape. Close to this, an enormous boulder, estimated at over 300 tons, seems a rocking stone. A remarkable crevice shaft is known as *Izzacumpucca*.

Piper's Hole is a miniature cavern, held by local belief to be the extremity of a subterraneous or rather subaqueous passage, which opens into another "Piper's Hole" in Tresco.

The *Pulpit Rock*, over which projects a *Sounding Board* 47 feet long by 12 feet broad, should be ascended for the sake of the prospects obtainable from its summit.

Hence one takes a rough path along the eastern side, crossing the promontory of *Carn Lea*, to look down on *Old Town*, then keeping along the sandy beach soon arrives at

Tolmen Point, the eastern point of Old Town Bay, so named from the Druidical perforated stone (or *tolmên*) on its summit.

At *Porth Minich* the beach is composed of white quartz, curiously contrasting with the encircling rocks of red felspar.

Blue Carn shows granite masses indented with numerous rock-basins.

The *Giant's Castle* appears to have been used as a British camp, and a triple vallum is easily discernible. Near it rests the huge *Logan Stone*, 45 tons in weight, but so finely balanced that it will obey the motion of a lady's hand. Several Celtic *tumuli* crown the ridge of *Sallakee Down*, the neighbouring hill.

Porth Hellick, *i.e.* the cove of Willows, is where no grass will grow, whisper old folks, on the spot at which Sir Cloudesley Shovel's body was washed ashore. From this point, the walk may be abridged by a mile of road back to Hugh Town.

The tourist will find many points of note hereabouts. The *Drum Rock*, another *tolmên*, or perforated stone; *Dick's Carn*; the *Clapper Rocks*, with their basins; the barrows known as the *Giant's Graves* on *Clapper Down*; and on the height, towards the east, the *Giant's Chair*, where, as old tradition tells, the Arch-Druid watched for the rising sun.

The *Deep Point* is the easternmost extremity of the island, and *Pellew's Redoubt* commemorates gallant Lord Exmouth, who, when Captain Pellew, was commandant of the Scilly Islands.

Between *New Quay* and the brook which ripples into *Watermill Bay*, lie some curiously stratified porphyritic beds.

Inisidgen Point (observe the barrow on its summit) has an island opposite. A little beyond comes the northern end, behind which the circular tower of *Telegraph Hill* commands a fine panoramic view of the whole island from its highest point. The *Longstone* is a Druidic pillar, 9 feet high, and there are several barrows on the heights; but the western shore is not so impressive as the other side.

Carn Morval, *Porthloo Bay*, and *Parmellin Bay*, a good bathing place, complete our circumambulation of the Island.

In the interior, one will do well to seek the summit of *Maypole Hill*, and having enjoyed the landscape it commands, to dip down into *Holy Vale*, a pleasant hollow, embowered with elms and sycamores, and enlivened with a few rustic cottages. *Rocky Hill* is another pretty spot, nearer the town.

Tresco (Inn: *Canteen*), the second in size, but the most celebrated of the Scilly group, is separated from St. Mary's by the shallow *Crow Sound*. (Steam launch in summer, 1s.) Its ancient name was St. Michael's, and the village is called *Dolphin*, by an easy corruption of the name of its former lords, Godolphin. There is a new church, handsomely ornamented.

The Abbey is a beautiful seat of the lessee of the Duchy, Col. Smith Dorrien, the grounds open to visitors (gratuity to gardener). Two lakelets add to their charm, and the archæologist will be interested in the flower-mantled ruins of the old Abbey, founded as early as the 10th century, then, *temp.* Henry I., attached to the opulent monastery of Tavistock. The visitor to Tresco might almost imagine he was in some isle of the Pacific: *Dracenas*, *Palms* of many varieties, *Bamboos*, *Cacti*, *Aloes*, *Escalonias*, and other plants of sub-tropic regions flourish in the open air.

Chiefly to be noticed at Tresco are: *Piper's Hole* (guide and boat at the *Canteen*, charge, 5s. for a party), a deep cavern 200 yards in extent, with a broad pool of water in the middle; *Cromwell's Castle*, a circular tower 60 feet high, 20 feet in diameter, with walls 12 feet in thickness; and the ruins of *Charles's Castle* on the hill above, 150 feet above the sea.

St. Martin's (no inn) lies to the north-east of Tresco and the north of St. Mary's. It offers for inspection the shell-abounding

St. Martin's Flats, on the south coast; *Cruther's Hill* (75 feet) on the south-east; *Tinckler's Point* and certain Druidic remains, on the west; and east, *St. Martin's Head* (160 feet) with a tower on the summit 40 feet in height, known as "The Day Mark." From the summit you enjoy a most curious and beautiful view, the small islets and rocks which make up the eastern group of the Scillies forming a sort of Archipelago, fantastic in shape and dazzling in colours. To many of these islets one may pass at low water on foot, and there are few of them which will not repay a visit. The *Sugarloaf*, east, is 83 feet high; *Great Ganniley*, 107 feet; *Meneuwethan*, 47 feet; and the two *Arthurs* are marked by granite-covered tumuli.

To the north lie the *Seven Stones* (13 miles from Hugh Town), a perilous reef pointed out by a light-ship, traditionally called "The City," and supposed to be tokens of that "Lyonnesse" which the ocean-waters so completely engulfed in the Long Ago.

The *Lion Rock*, *Plumb Island*, and *Pennagie Island* lie to the north-north-west of *St. Martin's*, and may easily be approached at low water.

St. Agnes lies $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles south-west of *St. Mary's*. At high water in spring tides the sea sweeps through its valley, and divides it into two isolated hills, of which the north-eastern one is named the *Gugh*. Here there is a Druidic rock-pillar 9 feet long, fancifully named "The Old Man Cutting Turf," and several barrows covered, as is common in these islands, with slabs of granite, to protect from the winds, perhaps, their hallowed contents.

The south-east part of the island is *St. Agnes* proper, and its coast is sufficiently picturesque to deserve a leisurely exploration. A curiously-wrought carn, on the height above *Warna Bay*, is known as the "Nag's Head," and *Camberdrill Point* is distinguished by its sharp-pointed rocks. In *Priglis* (corruption of Port Eglise) Bay stands the Church erected about half a century ago on the site of a small building which dated from 1685, when the inhabitants piously devoted to its foundation the salvage-money received for saving a French barque from total loss. The *Lighthouse*, 72 feet high, still stands but no longer shows a light. The Cove is a famous fishing-ground, where the islanders often obtain the most astonishing "hauls." The "Punchbowl Rock," on *Wingletang Hill*, beyond the Lighthouse, boasts of a rock-basin about 12 feet in circumference.

Bryher Island—so named from *brê* (Cornish), a hill—opposes on the west a lofty barrier to the seething waters of the Atlantic, and on the north throws out the promontory of *Shipman's Head*, 65 feet. From *Watch Hill* a noble prospect may be enjoyed. On the west side lies the *Gweal*, a small eight-acred "isle of gulls," easily accessible at low water. About a mile to the west is *Scilly Island*, a rock some 300 yards in diameter, which gives its name to the entire group. On the north-east a small and rugged rock is known as *Hangman's Isle*.

Samson, to the south, is now uninhabited save by deer, rabbits, and the personages of *Armored*; but it once made a haunt for smugglers, as we learn in that popular romance.

St. Helen's (anciently *St. Elid's*) has also as its only inhabitants deer, goats, rabbits, and sea-fowl. Here, if it were ever needed now, is the *Pest House* for keeping quarantine.

In *Tean* there is a large rabbit-warren, and the shore is distinguished by some small coves of exquisite beauty.

The triple-headed *Menavawr* springs 140 feet out of the sea, and is rarely picturesque in its natural features.

Round Island, *Northwithial*, *Mincarle*, *Maiden Bower*, the lofty rock of *Castle Bryher*, *Annette*, and the other islets generally, insignificant as they are in point of size, will still be a joy to the lover of the picturesque who has the heart to disturb flocks of gulls nesting in a wilderness of sea pinks.

The *Bishop Rock* lies in the extreme west ($7\frac{1}{2}$ m. from *St. Mary's*, 32 m. from the mainland), and supports a noble lighthouse of granite. This "Tadmor of the wave" occupies the place of a structure of iron which, when all completed but the lantern, was washed away in the terrible storm of the night of the 5th of February 1850. To lay the foundation of the present building occupied two years.

The *Gilstone Rock* (near the small islets of *Roseviar* and *Rosevean*) was the scene of Sir Cloudesley Shovel's shipwreck in 1707, when a British fleet, returning from the siege of Toulon, was driven off its course by a series of storms, and forced upon this fatal rock in a thick tempestuous night. Three ships perished, and 2000 men, out of the crews only one man escaping, who, cast upon the *Hellwethers* reef, remained there some days before he could be rescued. Sir Cloudesley's body was thrown ashore,

stripped and buried by some fishermen, but afterwards removed to Westminster Abbey, where an absurd monument commemorates his services and records his fate. To that great tragedy local tradition adds a grimly dramatic prologue. A sailor on board the flag-ship, belonging to the islands, is said to have declared that the course held would bring her on the rocks of Scilly, only to be at once tried for inciting mutiny, and hanged at the yard-arm a few hours before his warning came too true.

The most disastrous wreck in our own day was that of the German liner *Schiller* (on the *Retarrier Ledges*, a little farther west) with a loss of 300 lives.

The Scilly Islands, with their dangerous reefs and yeasty currents, have been fatal to many a goodly vessel; and the islanders will relate many a wonderful escape, and many a sad tale of suffering and death. But their more terrible features are not discernible by the voyager who steers on a summer day over the gently-rippled waters

“Between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass.”

For further information on this little-known group, the reader may be referred to Dr. G. Smith's *Cassiterides*; Mr. North's *Week in the Isles of Scilly*; Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillips' *Rambles in Western Cornwall*; Mr. W. W. White's *Londoner's Walk to the Land's End*; and Wilkie Collins's *Rambles beyond Railways*. But perhaps the most enticing guide-book that could be consulted is Sir Walter Besant's *Armored of Lyonesse*, where the author throws himself with wonted gusto into making the best of his unhackneyed scenery; and he has also contributed an introduction for the excellent little Handbook to *Lyonesse*, recently brought out by the "Homeland Association," that seeks to impress on the British public the often-neglected beauties of their own country.

CYCLING ITINERARY OF CORNWALL

I.

	Miles
WESTERN ROUTE—BIDEFORD TO THE LAND'S END.	
Clovelly Cross (from Bideford)	10
<i>r. to Clovelly, 1½ m.</i>	
<i>Morwenstow (p. 14), 3 m. to r. by byways short of Kilkhampton.</i>	
Kilkhampton (p. 15)	10
<i>l. to Launceston (II.-IV. p. 34), 19 m.</i>	
Stratton (p. 16)	4
<i>r. to Bude (p. 16), 2 m.; l. to Holsworthy (p. 18), 8 m.</i>	
Tresparrat Down (p. 19)	11
<i>r. to Boscastle (p. 20), 4 m., and Trevena (Tintagel, p. 26), 8 m.</i>	
Victoria Inn, Davidstow (p. 33)	4
<i>r. to Trevena, 6 m.; l. to Launceston (p. 33) 13 m.</i>	
Camelford (p. 32)	2
Wadebridge	11
<i>r. to Rock, (p. 68) 6 m.; l. to Bodmin (p. 61), 7 m.; 2 m. on, r. to Padstow (p. 66), 6 m.</i>	
St. Columb Major (p. 80)	8
<i>r. to Newquay (p. 72), 8 m.</i>	
Fraddon (p. 100)	3
<i>l. to Truro (p. 100), 12 m.</i>	
Mitchell	4
<i>l. to Truro, 7 m.</i>	
Scorrier (p. 106)	11
Redruth (p. 107)	2
<i>l. to Falmouth (p. 115), 10 m.</i>	

	Miles
Camborne (p. 108)	3
<i>l. to the Lizard (p. 128) by Helston (p. 136), 21 m.</i>	
Hayle (p. 114)	6
St. Erth (p. 115)	1
<i>r. to St. Ives (p. 139), 4 m.</i>	
Marazion Road Station (near)	4
<i>l. to Marazion (p. 155), 1 m., and Helston (p. 136), 11 m.</i>	
Penzance (p. 159)	2
Land's End (p. 167)	10
(by St. Buryan, 3 m. longer.)	106
[Land's End to St. Ives by Gurnard's Head and the coast is 21 m. A hilly road.]	

II.

CENTRAL ROUTE— LAUNCESTON TO TRURO.

3 m. out, r. to Tintagel (I.)

	Miles
Bolvantor (p. 40)	12
Bodmin	10
<i>r. to Wadebridge (I.), 7 m.; l. to Liskeard (p. 54, III.), 12 m.; l. to Lostwithiel (III., p. 85), 6 m.</i>	
Lanivet (p. 64)	3
<i>l. to St. Austell (p. 96, III.), 8 m.</i>	
Fraddon	9
Probus (near—Route III. joins—p. 99)	7
Truro (p. 100)	5
	46
<i>Truro to Redruth (I., p. 107), 9 m.</i>	
<i>Truro to Newquay (I., p. 72), 15 m.</i>	
<i>Truro to Perranporth (p. 77), 9 m.</i>	
<i>Truro to St. Agnes (p. 77), 9 m.</i>	
<i>Truro to Falmouth (p. 116), 11 m.</i>	
<i>Truro to St. Austell (III., p. 96), 14 m.</i>	

III.

SOUTHERN ROUTE—
PENZANCE TO PLYMOUTH.

[The shortest road is (about 77 m.) as on Route I. by *Camborne* and *Redruth*, turning off at *Scorrier* to *Truro* (25 m.). We give here the loop line, taking a more southerly and longer course to *Truro* (30 m.).

	Miles
Marazion (p. 154)	3
Breage (p. 159)	7
Helston (p. 136)	3
<i>r. to the Lizard</i> (p. 131), 11 m.; <i>l. to Redruth</i> (p. 107), 10 m.	
Treliever	9
<i>r. to Penryn</i> (p. 123), 1 m., and <i>Falmouth</i> (p. 116), 3 m. (<i>Another road to</i> <i>Falmouth turns off a</i> <i>mile nearer Truro.</i>)	
Perranarworthal (p. 116)	3
Truro	5
Probus (p. 99)	6
<i>A little short of Probus, l.</i> <i>to Fraddon</i> (I.), 7 m.	
Grampound (p. 99)	2
St. Austell (p. 96)	6
<i>l. to Bodmin</i> (II.), 11 m.; <i>r. to Mevagissey</i> (p. 98), 6 m.	
St. Blazey Gate	3
[Here, 1 m. short of St. Blazey, a longer loop may be taken near the coast by <i>Par</i> (p. 84), 1 m., <i>Fowey</i> (p. 87), 4 m., ferry to <i>Bodinnick</i> (p. 93), <i>Pelynt</i> (p. 60), 5 m., <i>Looe</i> (p. 58), 4 m., and thence back to the main road in 9 m. more, 23 m. in all.]	
St. Blazey (p. 84)	1
Lostwithiel (p. 85)	4
$1\frac{1}{2}$ m. short of <i>Lostwithiel</i> , <i>r. to Fowey</i> , 6 m.; at <i>Lostwithiel, l. to Bodmin</i> (II.), 6 m.	

	Miles
Liskeard (p. 54)	11
<i>l. to Callington</i> (p. 41), 8 m., and <i>Tavistock</i> , 18 m.; <i>r. to Looe</i> (p. 58), 9 m.	
Menheniot Station (p. 53), <i>near, to left</i>	3
[In coming from Plymouth, one turns off left for <i>Looe</i> , be- yond <i>Polbathick</i> , at head of the creek across which is <i>St. Germans</i> (p. 52).]	
Shevioc (p. 47)	8
Anthony (p. 47)	2
Tor Point Ferry (p. 47)	3
Devonport	1
Plymouth (p. 41)	1
	—
	81

[From Devonport the tram line leads into the centre of Plymouth, or, once over Stonehouse toll bridge, a quieter road might be found to the right through Stonehouse to Millbay Station.]

IV.

EASTERN ROUTE—(Connecting
the above)—PLYMOUTH TO
KILKHAMPTON.

	Miles
Saltash (p. 44) <i>Ferry</i>	4
St. Mellion (p. 41)	6
Callington (p. 41)	4
<i>l. to Liskeard</i> (III.), 8 m.; <i>r. to Tavistock</i> , 10 m.	
Launceston (II.)	10
Red Post Inn (p. 34)	14
<i>r. to Holsworthy</i> (p. 18), 5 m.; <i>l. to Bude</i> (p. 16), 5 m.	
Kilhampton (I., p. 15)	5
	—
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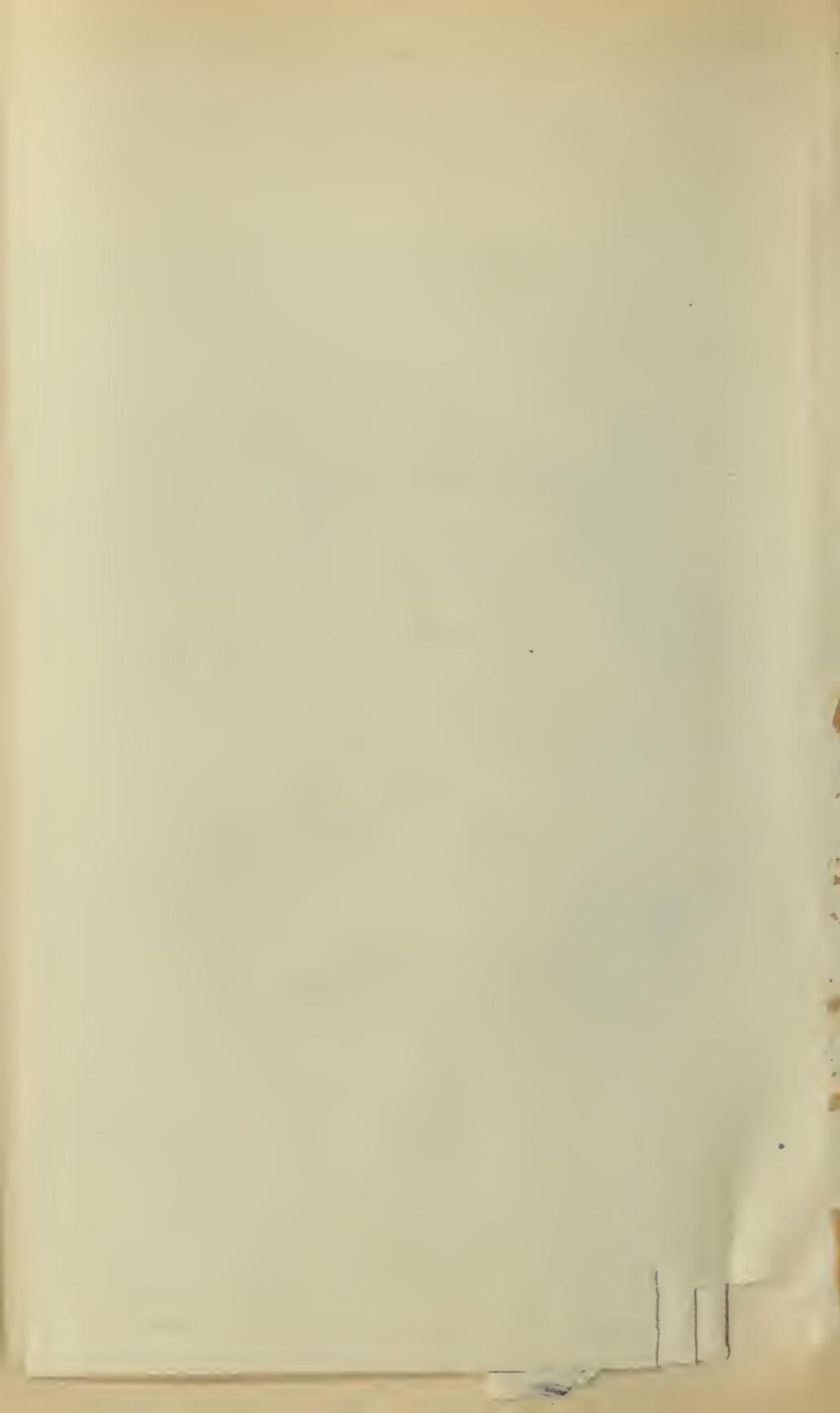
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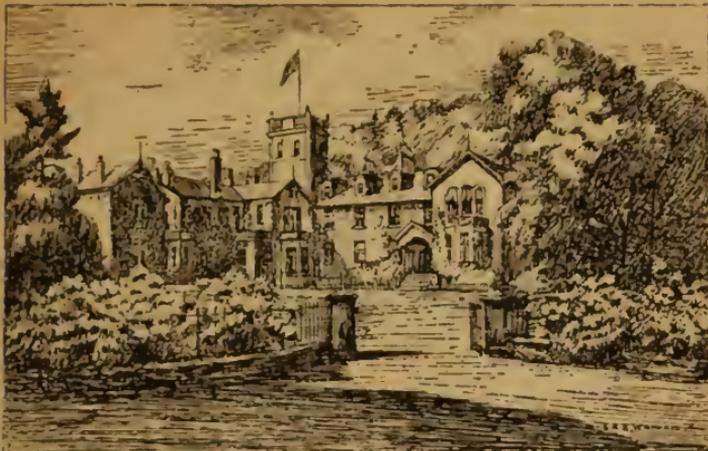
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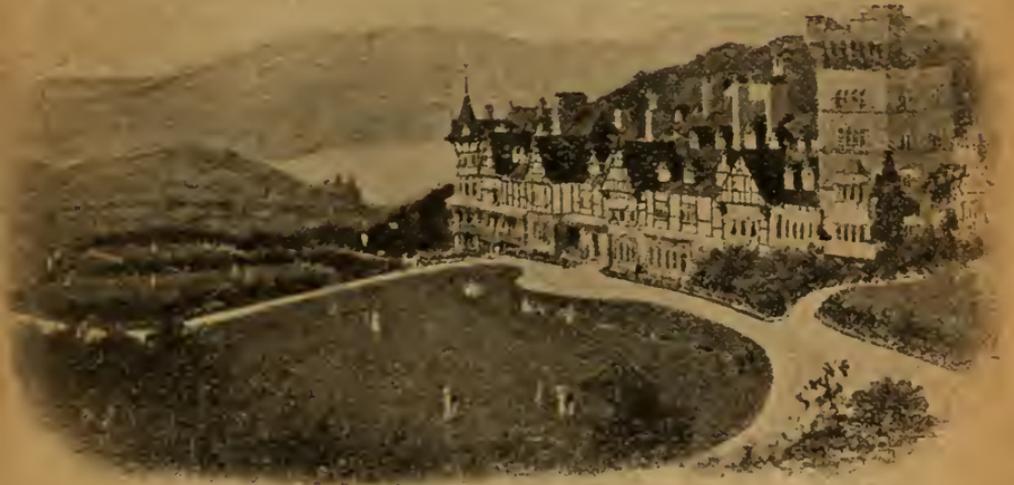
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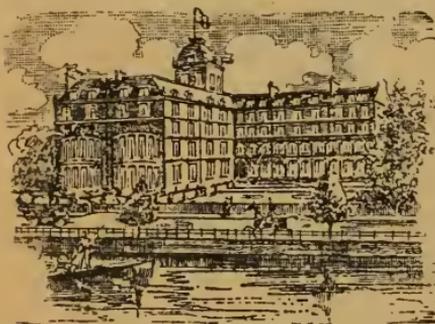
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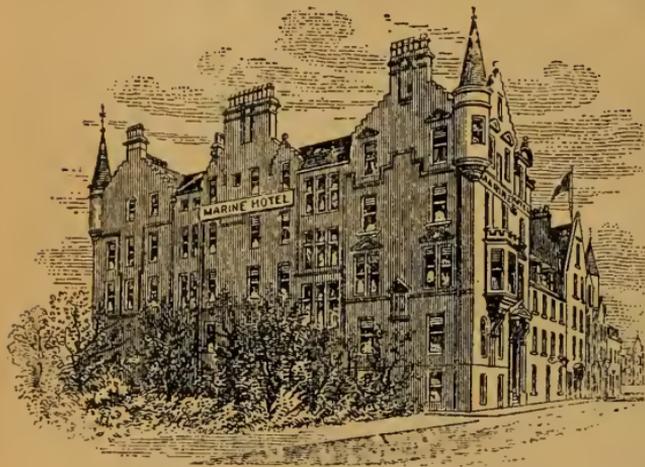
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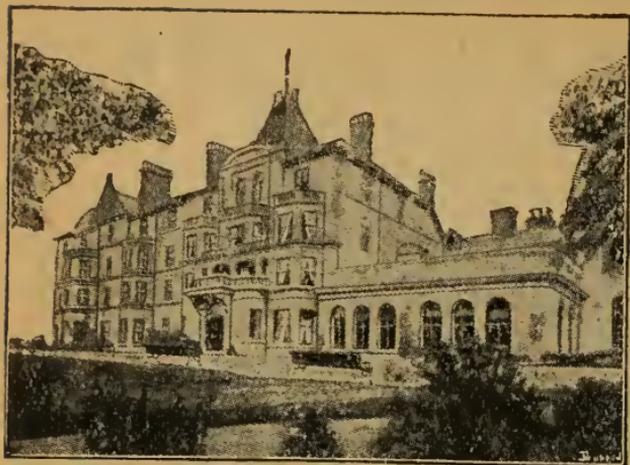
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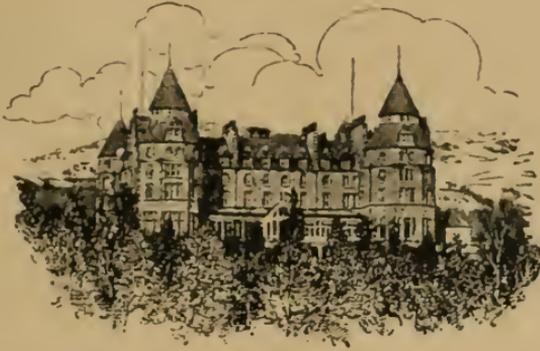
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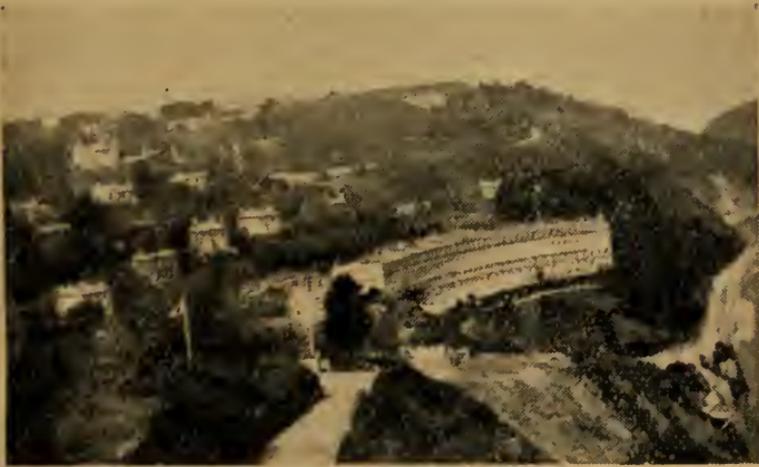
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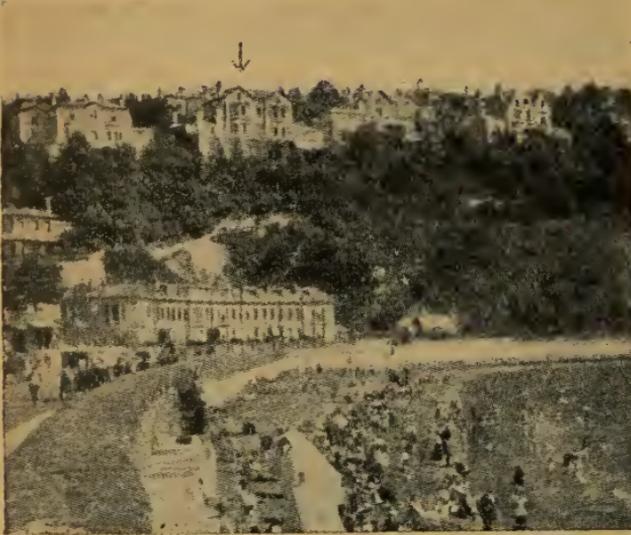
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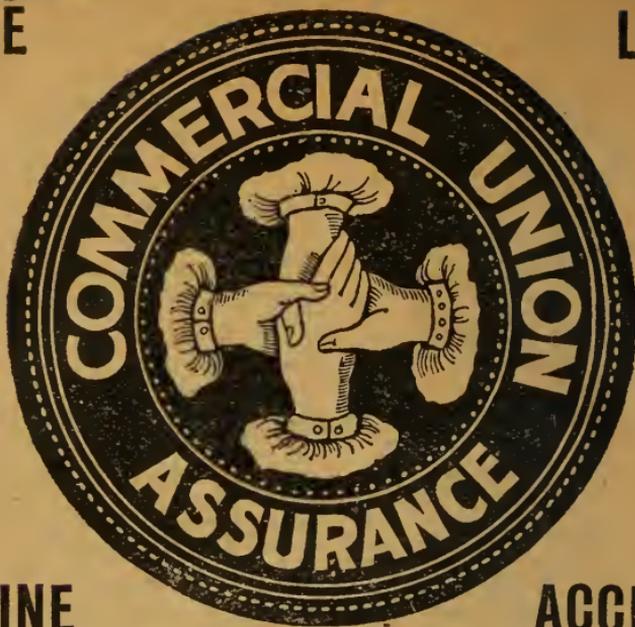
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