



MY TRIP TO THE LAND'S END.



T is early morning, and I am at Paddington Railway Station. The year is well worn into summer, but there are no signs of the season here, beyond the heat, and this comes with smoke and odours that are not agreeable. There is a dull movement of half-awakened porters, and the usual mixed and monotonous noises are beginning for another day. These things do not oppress me much, for I am walking beside a train that will start in a few minutes and carry me with it. I am going to the Land's End. My traps are stored in their places, and in my pocket I have a ticket for Plymouth, where I intend to break the journey. Therefore, although I am in London, I am not thinking of shops, and crowds, and office matters, but of streams and blue skies, and moors and seas; and now and then of the cool, sweet cider that is made in the West, and of strawberries and Devonshire cream—the kind of cream that will not run out of the cup, though you turn it upside down.

At last we have left the station, and rattled past bewildering miles of dingy houses and grim-looking work-places, and now we are gliding amongst fields and trees green with grass and new leaves. I have a fellow-passenger. He too is going to Plymouth, but no further, and his errand is one of business. We talk of holidays, and he speaks to me of the places he has seen. He tells me he has already had his annual term of pleasure, and this year he has been content to stay in his own country. He has been fishing and walking for a month in the North. He smites as he confesses that, although an Englishman, he knows but little of England beyond its lines of rail and centres of business. He has had an idea that it is necessary to go over sea to find scenery that can be really enjoyed, but now he is willing to admit that there is a good deal of delusion in this. He has

been thousands of miles to commence walking tours, and can speak of his rambles in half a dozen countries; and yet there are scores of beautiful spots in Great Britain that he has not seen. Well, he is at least frank in saying so. There are, perhaps, many people who could tell a similar tale, but who would not care for the task.

A day in a railway carriage generally seems very long, but we have passed the hours pleasantly enough. While we have been talking or reading we have been carried through county after county, until now we are at Exeter, and really in the Western land. The train moves again, and in a little while we are at Dawlish, enjoying the most pleasant surprise of the day—the first sight of the sea! The waves are breaking within a few yards of us. I begin to have great holiday expectations, but while I am thinking of the few enjoyable days in store for me I fall asleep, and when I awake the train is coming to a standstill on the ticket-platform at Plymouth. When I attempt to use my legs again, I realise how thoroughly tired I am; and my only desire now is to have my traps in a cab, and go to supper and to bed.

Morning is here again, and I am enjoying an early breakfast near an open window. The sun is lighting up the white tablecloth, and I am thinking how fortunate I am in the weather, considering how many rainy days the people of Plymouth suffer in a year. I am not going to the Land's End until to-morrow, but all my little holiday movements have been carefully planned, and I know perfectly well what I am going to attempt to-day. I shall walk about the neighbourhood until noon, and then I shall go on board an



SHAKING THE LOGAN STONE.

excursion steamer, that will carry me thirty miles up, perhaps, the grandest river in Great Britain—the Tamar.

My quarters are close to the Hoe, and my walk thither only runs away with a few minutes. What a glorious place it is! Surely there could scarcely be a finer promenade. From this Hoe, or hill, I can see the land and the water for many miles. Below is the Sound, with its merchant vessels at anchor; and there are emigrants and ironclads, and foreign ships of war; and amongst them move the smaller white-winged craft, with seaward and homeward-leaning

While I am strolling away my thoughts are disturbed by the booming, tearing noise of cannon. Turning to the Sound again, I notice a vessel about a mile off, half hid with smoke. Another flash leaps through the cloud, cracks, and groans away in echoes—another, and another, and another. This is the salute of a foreign man-of-war that has just come in. The salute will be returned from the Citadel, which stands at the eastern end of the Hoe. After a pause the return firing begins, from cannon I can see where I stand.

How this warlike sound recalls the past history



"AN EARLY BREAKFAST" (p. 620).

sails. To the right is the ever-charming Mount Edgcumbe, and further to the right the spires of Devonport. To the left are Staddon Heights and Mount Batten; and further to the left, and far away, the wild hills of Dartmoor. Turning to the water again, I see Drake's Island, and about three miles away the Breakwater, stretching across the entrance to the Sound, where it meets the shock of the sea and protects the vessels in the great bay in the roughest weather. The waves are beating against it, and running over its granite floor in white sheets that shine in the sun. Beyond the Breakwater is a crowd of sail. These are trawlers on fishing-ground, and they will come home, perhaps, heavy with mackerel, or mullet, or conger, or "hook-and-line whiting." Beyond the trawlers may be clearly seen the Eddystone Lighthouse, fourteen or fifteen miles away.

of the place!—Drake, Frobisher, Hawkins, and Howard going out to meet the Spanish Armada; the men in the *Mayflower* looking for a new land, and justice; Edward the Black Prince on his way to France, and victory at Poitiers; the arrest of Sir Walter Raleigh; the landing of Catherine of Arragon; Drake going on board his little vessel to sail round the world; Captain Cook looking for his great work, and starting for a thousand adventures in the world; and, about sixty-two years ago, the *Bellerophon* sailing into the Sound with the dreaded Napoleon on board.

Full of these thoughts I walk through the Hoe Park, to spend an hour or two in Plymouth streets with their soldiers and sailors. When I am tired of this recreation, I rest a little while, and then make my way to the steamer at Mill Bay, to spend the rest of

the day on the water. I am pleased to find that there are not many of us on board, and that the weather is indeed worthy of summer. We move away in good time, and soon leave behind the Sound and its ships, Keyham and its Government works, and the fairy-land of Mount Edgcumbe. And now we are in the middle of the Hamoaze, with all kinds of craft about us. Especially noticeable are the old wooden line-of-battle ships. Here they rest in their ruin, full of suggestions, and crowded with history. They have lost their war-paint, their little guns and big sails, but even now they are more picturesque than such modern giants of the sea as the *Minotaur* and the *Thunderer*. Our steamer passes quickly by, as though the old ships were of no account, and we have not time to see much of them. An "old man of the sea" is so roused by the sight of them that he cannot hold his peace, but must needs do his thinking aloud. "There was some seamanship wanted in working vessels of that kind," he says. "There was some credit in bringing them into action. That's how we won our old victories, in getting round the enemy—it was seamanship. Now it's all hammering and engineering, and a matter of who's got the thickest plates and the heaviest guns."

Now we are leaving the Hamoaze, with its sleeping ships and summer shadows, and are nearing waters that are more quiet, between banks that are less busy. There are the houses of Saltash, "straggling up the hill;" and below them is Brunel's great work, the Albert Bridge. When we have passed under the bridge we have the first undisturbed and romantic view of the river. It spreads before us, broad and peaceful, like a great lake of light. Far away, and stretching for miles around, are hills on hills, and between them fine touches of colour. Looking nearer home we may notice the residence of some rich man, proud of his ancestral acres; or a church tower, "half covered up with leaves;" with here and there an orchard, and now and then a cottage.

A bend in the river brings us to the glorious woods about Cothele, with trees from the top of the hill to the water's shelving brim; and in the shadow of full-leaved, sun-lit branches, the river seems cool, and we can see far into it. Amongst the trees and behind the hills for miles, there are many quaint and curious legend-laden places that cannot all be seen from the steamer, nor visited in half a day. Away we go for miles, the river bending in all directions, and showing us sequestered nooks as fair as ever crow flew over. We have passed Calstock, and are coming to the end of our ride. The river is gradually narrowing, and now it is not wide enough for our steamer to turn in. The wash from the paddle-wheels bends down the reeds on the banks, that are so near we could almost jump to land. In a few minutes the steamer stops, and we leave it for a ramble before returning to Plymouth.

Two or three of us find a cottage, where we have tea and cakes, and cream and strawberries. The countrywoman, who gives up her best little room, is full of thanks for our custom, and smiles as though great fortune had come at last to her. The next

undertaking is to walk about a mile up a wooded hill in search of the Morwell Rocks. The underwood is thick with ferns and wild flowers. There are patches of ground blue with bluebells, and the trees are covered with small ivy. At last the Morwell Rocks are about us. We suddenly stop, for we are at the edge of a precipice. Below is a green valley with a river flowing through it. We have gone as far as we can, and we make up our minds that here we will sit till Time says we must return to the boat. What an enchanting spot! More like the most beautiful parts of the Rhine than perhaps any other bit of river scenery in this country, but unfortunately it is as yet inaccessible by railway; it is said, however, that one of the two great companies which divide the district is meditating some extension in this direction. All I can say is that if it be done it must open up a large tourist traffic.

I am beginning my third day while most people are a-bed. I am once more in a railway carriage, and on my way to the Land's End, hoping to breakfast in three or four hours at Penzance. The trains do not move very quickly on this line, and I am glad to know this, seeing that to a great extent it seems to be made up of viaducts that are not suggestive of safety. It is a strange country—bleak and barren; and yet it has beautiful woods and waterfalls, and between the hills many sheltered nooks that almost defy the seasons, showing their blossoms all the year round, in spite of directions given by the calendar as to when they should blow.

Penzance is a charming little place, and St. Michael's Mount, the "craggy ocean-pyramid" that once stood in a forest and now stands in the sea, reminds one of a picture in the fairy part of a pantomime, or a painting on a drop-scene. I have engaged an open carriage to take me the ten miles to the Land's End, and I am already moving over the ground. I have no one to speak to but the driver; still "solitude is sometimes best society." He handles his whip like a lecturer using his stick at a panorama, pointing to this place and to that, and giving me plenty of information in few words. The fleecy clouds throw their gliding shadows over the lanes, and white cottages with the sun on them make blinding patches of light on the hill-sides. The sea looks at us from one side and then from the other, and I am so conscious that I am going to the Land's End, that I begin to have an absurd feeling that I am being driven out of the world altogether.

Much of the land is divided only by mounds of soil and stones, topped by old scraggy hedges. Here and there, however, are stone walls, but they are without mortar. There are plenty of wild flowers, and there are strange birds about that may not be found in any other part of England. The road leading to the great headland of the Land's End slopes gradually towards the sea, and then the descent is suddenly steeper to the rugged precipice.

I leave the driver to take out the horse and entertain himself at "the first and last inn," whilst I go alone, with such guidance as I have gleaned, to

explore the awe-inspiring wonders about me, thinking of Druidical rites and the mighty, mysterious doings of Cornish kings. Time has "written no wrinkles" on the land here any more than he has on the sea. In the depths of this unsullied grandeur there are no suggestions of progress or civilisation, nor any traces of man whatever. The weather-beaten cliffs appear very much as they did thousands of years ago—as they did when the victorious Roman saw them. They are not crowned with walls, nor windows, but by last- ing tons of granite, untouched by trowels, and where never plummet fell.

Here the waters of the Channel meet the thundering shock of the Atlantic. What a magnificent sweep of tumbling waves! The sea in places is green, and now and then brilliantly blue, the sun and clouds blending a thousand tints on its surface, and the lights and shadows coming and going with strange, fantastic charms. Who shall give an idea with pen or pencil of the enchanting confusion made up of a thousand sounds and changing colours, and waves maddened out of all order into spray, and the swelling sea plunging and clutching at the rocks, and reeling back defeated to rage and roar again at the calm old enemy of granite that is for ever "laughing the siege to scorn?"

Leaving the tumult for a calmer scene, I find a towering cliff, and looking over I can see the waters breaking gently enough on a smooth shore, and half-way down sea-birds are sailing, but—

"the murmuring surge,
That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high."

About twenty-five miles away may just be seen the Scilly Isles, like a mist; and nearer, about two miles away, is a lighthouse called the Longships, that keeps "the stately ships" from the rocks. I find the Logan Stone, which is poised on a stupendous group of granite rocks. It weighs between sixty and eighty tons, yet a man with his hand can easily make it rock. When I have visited Porthcurno Cove and the splendid headland known as Tol-pedn-Penwith, I find the driver, who congratulates me on returning alive, as though I had been sent to recover some priceless gem from an enchanted cave guarded by monsters of the deep.

When I have refreshed myself, I am ready for a comfortable seat in the carriage, and a pleasant ride to Penzance. Now that I have been satisfied, I am glad to think that I shall soon be again in the land of the living; ay, even the land of trains, and crowds, and newspapers.

GUY ROSLYN.

THE REQUIREMENTS OF A YACHTING CRUISE.

BY A CAREFUL HOUSEWIFE.



I WAS but just seventeen when I married, and almost the only clouds which arose during the first few happy years had reference to housekeeping. I was so inexperienced, and had so little knowledge to aid me, that the mistakes I made were appalling. In time, however, I got wiser, and was beginning to be rather proud of my powers of management, when suddenly my husband bought a yawl of some fifty tons, and I found that all the arrangements for our domestic comfort therein would devolve on me.

Now it may happen to some of my lady readers to be in the same predicament, and to know as little as I did; and as knowledge is decidedly power, and would have been highly prized by me, I propose giving them the benefit of the experience I gleaned, trusting it may be of service to them.

We women soon learn that a little common sense and patience carry us through most difficulties, and that, where men are concerned, it is advisable not to ask too many questions. My husband, I found, expected the necessary knowledge to come by intuition; and as I did not want him to find me more stupid than my fellows, I kept my eyes open, and learnt all I could. But I fear, if I had not gone down to inspect our new possession before I took up my quarters on board, I should have arrived with my belongings packed in the usual trunks and dress-baskets, not realising that there could be no room for stowing such

away, and I should have had the trouble of unpacking, and returning the boxes by train. As it was, we had to take all we could in bags and collapsing portmanteaus. A fifty-ton yacht conveyed nothing to my mind: it might have been a vessel capable of holding any number of people, or it might have been a mere nutshell. I soon, however, found out that, among the 3,000 odd yachts belonging to the different yacht clubs, the tonnage varies from two to over 600 tons, those of two tons coming under the head of yachts rather by courtesy, being in fact mere sailing boats; that they are divided into three classes—cutters, yawls, and schooners. A cutter has one mast; a yawl, two of unequal size, one small; and a schooner, two of equal height.

The *Agnes* had accommodation for five of us, and five crew. The ladies' cabin held two berths, and there were three other cabins, besides the main cabin, where, on a pinch, we could have stowed away two more, letting them sleep on the two sofas. We were to devote the month of June to our first cruise, with three friends on board, so I had to provide a liberal supply of stores, which consisted of some thirty tins of preserved soup of various kinds, one for each day (and these, by-the-by, proved very palatable, especially with the addition now and then of onion and sauces); some twenty bottles of preserved fruit, which we ate with moulds of rice and oswega; jams of all kinds; plenty of hard biscuits of different sorts; preserved milk, to use when fresh was not to be had; pickles; tins of preserved tongue, and some dried ox-tongues,