

ly with the scattered traces of wrecks. Near the Manacles, a liner's steel lifeboat serves as the water tank of a house, and in the next cove another ship's lifeboat inverted, forms the roof of a cottage. You listen to chill tales of wrecks on dark nights—the men working with the lifeboat, the women with fires and blankets, and above, in the Church of St. Keverne, with the white sea mist swirling through the porches, you read in granite and brass the records of the wrecks of a hundred years. But the sun breaks through, lighting the high road and showing a short cut across country. You skirt the wonderful fields south of St. Keverne—sixty bushels of wheat to the acre is the rule, and barley, sown and reaped in nine or ten weeks, gives seventy-five!

It is not good to cut across country. Those Cornish hedges! Steepest and most prickly of all hedges! The highway was a comforting sight and we sat on the gate smoking our pipes and extracting thorns. The old farmer was interested:

"Them's only thorns," he said—"there's no snakes here."

"What do you do in case of a snake-bite?" I asked.

"Some folks say a charm."

"What kind of charm?"

"Depends on the kind of snake."

"Well, for the bite of an adder?"

"In case of adder bite they say 'Bradgty — Bradgty — Bradgty' three times before eight, eight before seven, seven before six, six before five, five before four, four before three, three before two, two before one, and one before every one."

"Every one what?"

"Oi don't know."

The Lizard road lay white in the sun. Now this road is excellent, but summer's afternoons and fresh breezes are made for sailing. The little "quaypont," safest of sailing boats, dips past the Manacles, a group of treacherous rocks, grim-looking and cruel even in the mellow sunlight, and skirts the gray crags

of a picturesque coast, which teems with stories of smuggling and wrecking. Some will tell you that these stories are not true. Our boatman was a Cornishman. He should know.

"Did they smuggle?" said he, echoing the question. "You see that bit of a place? Two hundred and eighteen ankers of brandy they landed in one cargo."

"Proustock's" handful of thatched cottages looked innocent enough in the summer sunshine.

"Did they go wrecking?" he continued. "Many's the ship they brought ashore at night by driving a cow along the cliffs with a lamp on its tail. Why! the children used to finish their prayers, 'Good-night, daddy, good-night, mammy, God send a ship ashore before morning.'"

When a wreck came, "one and all" worked to remove everything of value from ship and crew. As with smuggling, many excellent men saw no harm in the practice. Indeed, when the door of a certain church opened during divine service to the cry, "A wreck! A wreck!" the minister exhorted his congregation to start fair—by waiting for him to remove his surplice.

Between the high cliffs of Cadgwith Cove the boat is beached, and, quite by accident, the coastguard watches you land. Slowly you wander among the net-hung walls and sweet-scented gardens, peeping into packing yards and seeing natural pillars of solid rock, lobster pots and boats and more nets. The charm of this little village holds you, and you linger among the thatched cottages, or on the steep, overhanging cliffs till the sun sinks, painting a last splendour on the drifted clouds in the south-east. Lizard town lies but a mile distant, but you set out hurriedly for your path lies "on the tops of the hedges" and it seems well to pass before daylight vanishes. The stone Cornish "hedge" is high and broad and on the top a strip of thick, grassy turf is worn by a de-