



SALTASH

"THE PICTURES QUEENESS WHICH TEMPTED TURNER STILL LINGER'S
IN ITS NARROW STREETS"

past the old "Cockle Shop" and you are soon a hundred feet above the river. The houses become more modern as you ascend, until at the crest of the hill, some bear a date so recent as 1800. There, turning through the gate, you strike into a meadow and stand entranced at the beauty of the landscape. The wide estuary of the Tamar, outspread like a lake of Italian blue, is fringed with velvety fields and beautiful wooded slopes, and from a mass of green foliage springs the square stone tower of Landulph Church. In the distance the hedged hills fade into the soft blue line of more distant Dartmoor and over a blue sky the white clouds drift slowly.

At a thatched cottage, boasting a garden of many colours, the good woman gave me a meal. Superstition dies hard in the West Country for on the wall among the pictures hung a discoloured piece of bread.

"Yes, it's bread," she said, in response to my question. "Bread baked last Good Friday—it hangs there the year round. It's not for anyone particular. It's good if anything ails the cattle or the family. We mixed a little up in a warm mash for the cow when she was sick."

Twilight brought train-time and an August moon nearing the full. A train is a commonplace, but the Tamar by moonlight is an event. Lingeringly, I left the woods of Warleigh and pulled slowly down stream. Mysterious shadows haunted the banks, no breath of air stirred the leaves, and the water, silvered by the moon, mirrored the still graces of the trees. The whole countryside was a fairyland, so beautiful as to seem unreal.

Westward from Saltash the road shows mile after mile of rolling moorland, golden with gorse in spring-time, and purple when the heather blooms. Here and there you see the old mule tracks, which, stretching silently across the moor, were the highways of Cornwall before the