

Place House figured in many of the raids on Fowey. In 1457 the French landed soldiers and seamen, who burnt one-half of the houses to the ground, and slew all whom they found. Some escaped the massacre by fleeing to the hill country, but the stoutest men, under John Treffry,

and a half or more centuries ago.

From the time-worn quay a burly, good-natured boatman takes you around the old harbour and lingeringly you explore the many creeks. Each has its smugglers' caves and a wealth of romance and tradition. But even Fowey must be left, and, mur-



AT PORTHOUSTOC

LIFEBOAT INVERTED TO SERVE AS ROOF FOR DWELLING

Esquire, fortified themselves in his new-built house of Place, and, defending it throughout the night, compelled the French to retire.

No doubt such raids as these were provoked, and no doubt the Cornishmen, in vengeance, fired many a French town. But on this hot and peaceful afternoon, hearing only the rustling of the trees and the sound of sheep cropping, you gaze at the distant tower and think of the stout ancestor and his stalwart men who, high above the smoking town, fought through that night of terror four

muring with Shelley, that you "would fain stay here forever," you take your departure from this most beautiful of harbours.

If you would know for a leisurely journey the perfection of travelling you will let your boatman row you on the flowing tide to Lostwithiel. The oars lie on the water and you drift smoothly past the deep woods and hillside villages which flank the lovely river until the countryside levels out into the meadows of the most beautiful inland part of Cornwall. Too soon you see the spire