

**A LONDONER'S WALK TO  
THE LAND'S END AND A  
TRIP TO THE SCILLY ISLES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649044245

A Londoner's Walk to the Land's End and a Trip to the Scilly Isles by Walter White

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

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TRIP TO THE SCILLY ISLES.

BY WALTER WHITE,

AUTHOR OF

"A MONTH IN YORKSHIRE," "ALL ROUND THE WEAVER,"  
AND OTHER BOOKS OF TRAVEL.



THIRD EDITION.

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"Turpe est in patria vivere, et patriam ignorare."—LIVY.  
MOR.

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LONDON:  
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

1879.

1857241



BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

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ON FOOT THROUGH TYROL.

A JULY HOLIDAY IN SAXONY, BOHEMIA, AND SILESIA.

A MONTH IN YORKSHIRE. *Fifth Edition.*

NORTHUMBERLAND AND THE BORDER. *Second Edition.*

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EASTERN ENGLAND, FROM THE THAMES TO THE HUMBER.

HOLIDAYS IN TYROL: KUFSTEIN, KLOBENSTEIN, AND  
PANEVEGGIO.

## FOREWORD TO THE SECOND EDITION.

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HAVING in mind happy recollections of my rambles through the Land of Rock and Legend—of the inspiration thereby gained for after hours with the pen—and the present satisfaction arising out of a hope realised, my pleasure in writing these introductory pages becomes a threefold pleasure. I can remember, moreover, the circumstances that prevailed when, six years ago, I offered a few quires of manuscript to certain publishers: how that one replied, “You have contrived to make a stale subject interesting; but as a book nobody would buy it:” another, “You have directed your industry into a channel that will never pay:” another, “The best thing to do with it would be to publish the chapter about the Portland Breakwater as a magazine article:” an eminent firm in Cornhill made me feel that a refusal might be rendered palatable; more so, as some have recorded in their praise than others’ acceptance; but whatever their soothing it was quickly dissipated by the next, who, without bestowing a glance at the manuscript, said bluntly, “We couldn’t look at any but a first-rate book.”

Feeling diffident of my ability to write acceptably about a walk on our side of the Channel, I had prepared only one half of my narrative; so drawing what seemed the logical inference from the replies above-mentioned, I laid the manuscript aside, and there it would have remained had not a friend advised me a week or two later to offer it to the present publisher; whose opinion proving favourable, my chapters in due time took shape in type, and neither he nor I have reason to be dissatisfied with the result. For the past



three years the work has been, in the language of the trade, 'out of print,' yet with a continuance of demand, which it is hoped this second edition, reduced in price, and convenient for the pocket, will satisfy and enlarge.

When the first edition appeared I had no thought of attempting anything further on the subject of home-travel, but my inclination for long walks being year after year gratified by long, sunshiny holidays, I have, as some readers know, renewed my endeavour with yet more of favour, and with gratifying consequences in the form of friendly communications from many parts of the kingdom, which have led, in some instances, to acquaintance and friendship that promise to endure. "Come and see us when you travel this way; you shall have a hearty welcome," is the oft-repeated invitation; and by complying therewith I have enjoyed the sympathy of hearts that love their country, and have brought away pleasing reminiscences of happy English homes. And with this enjoyment there comes the hope that my attempt may inspire some one of active foot and ampler opportunity than I can expect for myself, to present us with a picture of the England of our own time which shall equal the abounding interest and grandeur of the subject.

Of this present edition it seems desirable to say a few explanatory words:—certain errors which eluded the vigilance of the former reviser are herein rectified, and in some places there is a slight modification of narrative, yet without altering the essential character of the book. There is, I have been told, a native Cornish name for white ale—*Loberagol*; and Mr. Robert Hunt made me aware that my palate had deceived me when tasting that singular beverage, for he wrote:—"White ale is a pure malt-wort with which is mixed a good number of eggs. It is fermented with some peculiar preparation sold only by one family in Devonshire

—kept a strict secret, and retailed as *Ripening*. It is drunk very new, and contains no gin. Sometimes it is made hot, and then sugar, gin or rum, to the taste of the drinker, is added.

“*Flip* made with white ale—more eggs, sugar and rum—makes a man’s hair curl. Knowing me to be temperate, you will of course not suspect my knowledge on this latter particular to be other than theoretical.”

Another error appeared in connexion with the Trelawny song, which, never having seen except in a written copy given to me by a Cornish maiden who sings it delightfully, I conceived to be the stirring ditty of the olden time referred to by historians; but the Rev. R. S. Hawker of Morwenstow kindly set me right by a letter, in which he explained:—“With the sole exception of the chorus, this ballad was written by me in 1824-5, and was soon afterwards inserted in a Plymouth newspaper. It fell into the hands of Mr. Davies Gilbert, who reprinted it, under the impression that it was the old song of the seventeenth century. Sir Walter Scott, moreover, in similar mistake as to author and era, called it the only spirited ballad of that age. The recent error of Mr. Dickens on the same point has been lately acknowledged in *Household Words*.”

The original song appears in *Records of the Western Shores*, one of the little books in which Mr. Hawker has preserved a few Cornish legends and hoary traditions in poem and ballad, and which, printed at long intervals, have now become rare.

As regards matters of fact, the descriptions which were accurate seven years ago will in some instances no longer apply, and we must prepare ourselves to hear of progression and change. The Portland Breakwater is still stretching farther upon the sea, being now, as Mr. Coode informs me, more than a mile and a half in length, in which four million

six hundred thousand tons of stone have been deposited: another half-mile will have to be laid before the work is finished. Fortifications are in course of building on the Island: Weymouth has a railway, and Lyme Regis has become accessible by omnibus from Axminster, the nearest station. A remarkable cave has been discovered in the hill above Brixham, containing bones of animals and other vestiges of past ages, which carefully excavated and picked out under the direction of competent palæontologists, supply important data on one of the most interesting questions in geological science, as may be read in the *Proceedings* of the Royal and of the Geological Society. On the shores of Plymouth Sound the wayfarer may now see military works which did not exist in the year when the *Royal William* conveyed French troops to the Baltic, and he will perhaps hear that the dangerous reef of rocks that stretched out from the Devil's Point has been blasted. The Tamar no longer stops the way of the locomotive, being spanned by the bridge which commemorates the late Mr. Brunel's engineering skill; and the cheerful sight of the four-horse mail has disappeared from the great high-road of the Duchy, for the railway extends to within a morning's walk of the Land's End. Handsome villas are rising on the slopes round Penzance, and wealthy folk from the chilly parts of England find a genial residence on the shores of Mount's Bay. The *Ariadne* no longer skims the sea between Penzance and Scilly, but has given place to the *Little Western* steamer, which if less graceful is less capricious, and makes the passage every other day in from four to five hours. Worthy Captain Tregarthen still commands, somewhat mellowed and perhaps a trifle more rotund than he was; but as great a favourite with passengers as ever. The *Land's End Inn*, three times larger than when I saw it, now styles itself *Hotel*. The Logan Stone is not immovable, for it has been set logging many times since my