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Cornwall Out Of Season

Off season Cornwall: deserted windswept beaches, roaring, out-in-the-elements clifftop walks, those ancient looming hedgerows and the winding, white-washed villages which, when tourist-free, make you feel like you've stepped back in time. Welcome to the Cornwall of du Maurier, John

Betjeman and William Golding, of Barbara Hepworth and Ben Nicholson, in other words the craggy, often bleak yet always beautiful Cornwall which has inspired so much art. To kick off this special Cornish edition we're taking you on a wintery tour of some of our favourite beaches from the stark and rocky tip of Land's End to the wide and golden surfing haven that is Polzeath. [Read More](#)

Road Trip To Roseland



If I could choose anywhere to hide away from the dreariness of a cold and wet January then it would have to be the Roseland Peninsula in South Cornwall. There is nowhere else quite like this ancient valley of woodlands, beaches and steep, winding villages, a place of lyrical-sounding Celtic names and deep-set mystery.

I'll stay at the [Lugger Hotel](#), a former 17th century coaching inn right on the harbour slipway of Portloe, a ridiculously pretty fishing village.



Stand on the harbour and feel the nautical, cut-throat history of this place seep into your bones. You're not mistaken – one of the Luggar's original landlords, the wonderfully named Black Dunstan, was hanged for smuggling in the 1890s. These days, though, the Luggar is a shrine to quiet luxury. The food is exceptional – I once ate the best steak of my life here – and the whole place is geared to ultimate relaxation. After a cold and blustery walk along the cliffs, I'll drink hot toddies by the fire and fall asleep to the sound of waves crashing outside my window.

In the morning I'll head for Portscatho, another white-washed fishing village and from there it's just a short hop to one of my favourite beaches, Porthbeor, at the very tip of the Roseland Peninsula. In the depth of winter I'll have this stretch of shining, pale gold sand all to myself.

Tea and possibly a cocktail at the wonderful Tresanton Hotel in St Mawes, another steep and curving fishing village, which is the most chocolate box of all. Fond memories of the [Tresanton](#), Cornwall's first boutique hotel. We stayed here when it opened 12 years ago with our brand new baby and along with the incredible comfort and service I remember a passing guest snatching up the tiny, crying bairn so we could eat our breakfast in peace – a random act of kindness I've never quite forgotten.

At some point, just for the hell of it, I'll take the old [King Harry](#) chain ferry across the beautiful River Fal and once on the other side, it would be downright lazy not to visit the famous [Trelissick Gardens](#). Alighting back on the safety of the Roseland Peninsula I'll nip into the [Roseland Inn](#) at Philleigh, a 16th century oak-beamed beauty which serves real ales and the best Guinness in the county.

I'll make time too to eat at the [Driftwood Hotel](#), a blue and white clapboard, Martha's Vineyard kind of place which has just earned itself a Michelin star. And then I'll hurry back to the Luggar to bag my place by the fire, open up a book and listen to the sea crashing against those craggy Portloe rocks.