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**TRADITIONS AND HEARTH-SIDE  
STORIES OF WEST CORNWALL  
VOL. 1  
William Bottrell**

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**WILLIAM BOTTRELL**



Traditions and Hearthsides Stories of West Cornwall, Vol. 1 by William Bottrell.

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## Preface

Before the commencement of the present century, the district of West Penwith, to which the legends in this volume for the most part belong, was, from its almost insular position, one of the most secluded and unknown parts of England. The estuary of Hayle (by which it is bounded on the east) and the Mount's-bay approaching to within three miles of each other, sever it in some measure from the rest of the county, with which, some three score years ago, from the badness of roads and scarcity of wheel-conveyances, it had but little communication, either commercially or otherwise. Then persons, living west of Penzance, were regarded as great travellers if they had "crossed over Hayle," which, at that time, was a dangerous undertaking, on account of its shifting quicksands; and people living further east were looked on as foreigners by the west-country folks. Indeed, few persons, except those born before Buonaparte filled the country with dread of an invasion, can form an adequate idea of the singular seclusion in which the inhabitants of West Penwith existed.

And even this small district comprises two very dissimilar regions, the inhabitants of which are also distinguished by peculiar traits of character. Bordering on the northern shore, barren moor-lands and rock-strewn hills, topped with granite cairns, mark a tract rich in tin and copper, but, except in some few places, unproductive on the surface, and almost worthless for the purposes of agriculture. These wild moors and hills were, for the most part, inhabited by a class of old-fashioned tanners, happily not yet extinct, who, as is usual with the industrious miners of Cornwall, varied their ordinary underground labour by breaking-up and clearing of stone small patches of the heathy moorland or furze-covered hills.<sup>1</sup> Many hundreds of acres have thus been brought under cultivation by men of this stamp, who, notwithstanding their want of education (few indeed learned to read even), were often found to be very intelligent, and to possess a good store of mother-wit, sharpened by their hazardous under-ground occupations, and by a communication and exchange of ideas, facilitated by their working in company.

This primitive race of the hills knew next to nothing of any occurrences beyond their immediate neighbourhood, and being, like all the Celtic race, of a loquacious turn and sociable disposition, their chief resource for passing the eventide, and other times of rest, was the relation of traditional stories or, as they say "drolling away the time" in public-house or chimney-corner; many old legends have thus been handed down and kept alive. No doubt the adventures in these wild tales are often embellished by the droll-teller's fanciful invention. From the dwellers in the lonely hamlets of the northern parishes have been obtained all the giant-stories and many weird legends belonging to this wild district; which, for the most part, are very unlike the more cheerful drolls told by folks living on the warm rich land of the southern coast. An old tinner of Lelant (one of the comfortable class who worked best part of his time "to bal and farmed a few acres out of core") has often related to me the long giant-story with which the volume begins. It generally took him three or four winter's evenings to get through with the droll, because he would enter into very minute details, and indulge himself in glowing descriptions of the tin and other treasures found in the giant's castle; taking care, at the same time, to give the spoken parts literally as he had heard them from his ancestors.

<sup>1</sup> The work of Mr. Thomas, Mine Surveyor, informs us that from 2,000 to 3,000 tons of stone was frequently cleared from a single acre.

About a century and half, or two centuries, ago, a comparatively refined and opulent class dwelt on the lands of West Penwith, on which the earliest vegetables are now raised for the London markets. The ancestors of many families of note (now removed to other parts) then resided in various old mansions, west of Penzance, the remains of which are now in a ruinous condition and occupied as farmhouses. Many legends associated with these forsaken seats have been told me by aged relatives of my own, and other old people of the West County. My thanks are due to several others, however, who take an interest in our ancient traditions, for the more recent communication of old stories, some of which will be found in the present volume.

In most cases the stories are given as related by the droll-tellers, except where our local dialect might be unintelligible to the general reader, or when (as is frequently the case) they indulge in a plainness of speech which the fastidious might regard as indelicate. On this account it became necessary to curtail and alter some stories in order to make them presentable.

It may be well to observe that, in a great number of our legends, the Devil is a prominent personage; yet the mythical demon or “bucca-boo” of our drolls has but few of the malicious traits of his Satanic Majesty, and the Old One is generally described as being outwitted in the end. When the same old tale occurs in different forms, care has been taken to preserve the most interesting version.

A word as to the arrangement. It was first intended to commence with the most ancient legends and to place the giant-stories, fairy tales, &c., in separate sections: but, this being found inconvenient, the plan adopted is to give the stories as they relate to various localities, proceeding from Hayle westward. Particular stories, however, and other subjects deemed of special interest, may be easily found by a reference to the Index.

In a very few years these interesting traditions would have been lost, unless they had been preserved in some such form as the present volume is intended to supply; since modern customs, and the diffusion of the local news of the day, are superseding, in even the most remote districts, the semi-professional droll-tellers who were formerly welcomed at all firesides, fairs, and feasts for their recitals of the old ballads and stories in which they abounded, and of which their audience rarely tired.

As some of the stories, related since the prospectus was issued belong to Places beyond West Penwith, it was thought proper to alter the title to that of “Traditions and Hearthside Stories of West Cornwall.”

I beg to tender my most sincere thanks to subscribers for having countenanced and encouraged my efforts; and should the public receive this collection with favour, a second series, containing other legends of the West, will be published.

WILLIAM BOTTRELL

St. Clare Street,  
January 1st, 1870.

# I. Legends Of The West-Country Giants

## The Giants Of Towednack

“Of Titan’s monstrous race  
Only some few disturb’d that happy place.  
Raw hides they wore for clothes, their drink was blood,  
Rocks were their dining-rooms, their prey their food,  
Caverns their lodging, and their bed their grove,  
Their cups some hollow trunk.”

Ancient traditions tell us that, long before monks or saints set foot in Cornwall, a mighty race of Titans dwelt in our hills, woods, and carsns, who were anciently the masters of the world and the ancestors of the true Celtic race, and who, as they exceeded all other people in health and strength of body, were looked upon as giants. One of this potent race, called the giant Denbras, long dwelt among the hills of Towednack, until one Tom, who lived somewhere about Bowjeyheer, slew him in fair fight and got possession of his treasures, which were the making of many old high-country families, who keep fast hold of some of the riches, thus acquired, to this day.

When Tom was a young man he was always going about with his hands in his pockets, and never cared for doing much except rolling the big rocks from over the fields into the hedges for grounders. About such work as that, he said, he could feel his strength, and get the cramp out of his joints. He was not a very big man to look at for those times, when men in general were twice the size they are now. He was no more than eight feet high, but very broad-backed and square-built—full four feet across from shoulder to shoulder, and the same width all the way down to his cheens (loins), with legs and arms like iron for hardness. Tom’s old mammy was always telling him to go and do something to earn his grub, because he would eat a pasty at every meal big enough to serve any two ordinary men. To please her he went over to Market-jew one morning to look for a job. He first called at the old public-house near the road to the Mount, kept by one Honney Chyngwens, who was a famous tin-dealer, brewer, and mayor as well,—and there never was a better mayor of Market-jew. Whenever any of the townfolks had a dispute he would make them fight it out, or drink it out, and if they did not speedily settle the matter he would belabour them with his stout thorn stick until they were sworn friends. There never was such another notable mayor of Market-jew until the first was elected of the mayors who always sat in their own light.

The brewer told Tom that he wanted to send a load of beer over to St. Ives, and would be very glad if Tom would drive over the wain-load of beer. “With all my heart,” says Tom, who soon got three or four yoke of oxen fixed to the wain, and the brewer put on an extra barrel for Tom to drink and to treat folks he might meet on the road. Down by Crowlas a dozen men or more were alongside the road, trying, without being able, to load a dray with a tree which they wanted to take away to build a church. “Stand clear,” says Tom, as he came along, and, putting a hand on each side of the tree, lifted it into the dray without so much as saying “Ho” to the oxen. A little farther on the old road from Market-jew to St. Ives (wherever that road was) Tom found that a giant who lived thereabouts had built the walls of his castle-court right across what used to be the high road. “Well,” says Tom to himself, “I don’t see what right the old villain of a giant has got to build his hedges across the king’s highway, and to enclose the common lands, any more than I or anybody else have: the road belongs to go straight through here where he has placed his gate. They say he is a monstrous strong fellow; well, so am I,

and which is the best man we will soon try. He waent eat me I s'pose. My old mammy never told me I should come by my death that way at all. I be cuss'd if I don't break down his gates and drive right through." Tom ran full tilt against the giant's gates, smashed them open, and entered, calling out to the oxen, "Come along Spark and Beauty, Brisk and Lively, Wilk and Golden, Neat and Comely;—yo hup; come hither ho." As the wheels rattled over the caunce of the castle-court out came a little yelping cur of a dog, that with his barking waked up the giant, who came out a minute after—stretching himself, rubbing his eyes, and looking at a distance, before he saw Tom and the wain near him.

Tom wasn't the least bit frightened on seeing Old Denbras, the hurler, as most people called the big man, who stood about fifteen feet in his boots. His girth was more than proportionate to his height, because he was very big-bellied, the effect of his gormandizing, old age, and idle life. The hair of his head, from exposure to sun, wind, and rain, had gone to look like a withered brake of heath. His teeth were all worn down to his gums, from grinding up the bones of the goats, which he ate raw, with all the skin on. "Hallo!" says the giant, "Who are you, you little scrub, to have the impudence to drive in here and disturb my nap. Es the beer for me? I didn't expect any." "You are heartily welcome to a drink," Tom answered, "but I am on my way to St. Ives, and will keep upon the old road, and the right road too, in spite of you and a better man than you." "Thou saucy young whelp, to break into my castle and spoil my after-dinner nap: begone to the rightabout, or I will soon pluck a twig and drive thee out." "Not if I know it it," says Tom: "don't crow too soon my old cock." The giant now looked as black as the devil, and, going down the hill a few steps, he plucked up a young elm-tree about twenty feet high or so. Tom seeing what he was up to, whilst the giant was coming up the hill, breaking off the small branches and trimming the twig to his mind, handed off the barrels, and overturned the wain, then slipped off the wheel that turned round on one end of the exe, and took the oak axle-tree, (fast in the other wheel) out of the gudgeons in which it worked round under the wain. The giant was so slow in his motions that all this was done, and Tom held the axle-tree and wheel aloft, before the giant had trimmed his twig to his mind. "Now," says Tom, "if you are for a fight, come on; the exe and wheel is my sword and buckler, which I will match against your elm tree." And at it they went.

Tom, seeing that old Denbras had become very blear-eyed, rheumatic, and altogether crushed and shakey, felt loth to fight with him. That he mightn't hurt the old man he did little more than ward off, with the wheel, which served him for bucklet, the ill-aimed blows of the giant's twenty-foot twig. Denbras was so slow in his motions that Tom often had the chance of giving him a thrust with the sword end of his weapon, yet he thought it a pity to wound the old fellow, and only sought to tire him out, disarm him, and thus make a bloodless conquest of the giant, who often fell to the ground with his twig, as it slipped off the edge of the buckler. Then Tom always helped him on his forkle-end again and gave him a drink. Seeing the sun declining, Tom thought he would just tickle the giant under the ribs to make him fight faster, that they might end the battle the sooner. For this purpose he turned ends to his weapon, and, careful not to do any grievous harm, he gave the giant what he meant to be only a slight thrust, but, not knowing how to manage his strength, the exe pierced the giant's stomach and came out close beside his back-bone. The giant fell on his back: his pottle belly caved in like a pierced bladder. The force of the fall, and weight of the wheel, drove the exe into the ground and nailed the giant to the earth. Tom was much grieved to see the mischief he had done, and to hear the moans of Denbras.

"Cheer up, my dear," says Tom, "you will do again yet; I'll do the best I can for ee. I wouldn't have hurt ee any more than my daddy and know it; but who would have thought that your skin was so thin?"



When, with much to do, Tom drew the axe out of the giant's body, the blood ran down the hill like a mill-stream, and the giant roared like thunder.

"Do stop the bellowing and bleating, the noise and mess, confound me," says Tom, "have the heart of a man to bear up with the accident, and keep your hands on the holes, do, to stay the bleeding till I can cut some turves to plug them up."

Tom tore and kicked up the turf for dear life and stopped the giant's wounds with it as well as he could. Then he fetched a barrel, knocked in the end, and held the beer to the giant's mouth. "Come, drink away my hearty," says he, "and we shall have some good play yet."

"It's all of no use, my son," groaned the giant, "I feel that I shall kick the bucket soon; I'm going round land fast, yet no one can say but I died in fair fight, and I like thee better, for the sake of thy fair play, than any other man I ever fought with in all my born days, and 'fair play is good play,' whatever may betide. Thou art a true Cornish boy; I love thee like a brother: I have no near relations, and will make thee my son and heir; all my lands and treasures I give to thee. Now my breath is getting short, bow down thy ear my son, that thou mayest hear my dying wishes. Down in the caves of the castle there are lots of tin, gold, silver, and other treasures. Mind the names of the dogs that watch the entrance, but tell it to nobody else: they are called Standby and Holdfast. All my lands, for miles away to the north, all the hills between this and the sea, are stocked with oxen, deer, sheep, goats, and other beasts, more than one can count—all rolling in fat, and all I give to thee, my son; only bury me decent, under a burrow, and don't let anyone abuse me after I'm gone. Be kind to the dogs, for my sake; and the tame cattle, poor things, I'm as sorry to leave them as if I'd been their father."

Tom held the giant's head between his arms, resting against his breast, where it lay so still that he feared Denbras had settled his accounts with all below the moon. Yet a few minutes before the last gasp he roused himself to say, "Tom, my dear, I wish above all things to be buried after the fashion of the old people of the land. Take me to the top of the hill—a little higher up where the stone is placed; there I used to delight to stand to catch the first glimpse of the rising sun, or sit at eve and look out over the sea and this beautiful land, with my tame fawns, kids, lambs, rabbits, and hares, all sporting around me on the dewy heath.—Thither lead me, that I may take the last look of the hills where my race have so long lived."

The giant rose, supported by Tom, reached the summit of the hill, and sat on his favourite seat. On the western side of the stone on which the giant sat, a large flat rock, placed on edge, formed the back of his seat. Similar stones lay on either side, ready to be raised around him, after his death, and a large quoit near by, to cap the whole. Here, casting his eyes around, he bade farewell to the blue sea and sky—to the heath-covered hills, with their flocks and herds—to the cliffs, caves, and barns, which gave him shelter and sport.

"My eyes can no longer behold the glorious sun," moaned he, "and, now, farewell to thee, my dear. In thy arms I die content, my son."

"Oh, my dear daddy, don't go yet," says Tom; "stop a minutes or two longer, and tell me what in the world I am to do with your wives? You haven't eaten them all, have ee? They say, down in the low countries, that they suppose you have settled them that way; because, if what they say is true, you have enticed scores into your castle, and none ever came out again." The giant sprung up in a rage. "Oh! the wretches; may the devil fetch them, for their slanderous tongues. I hoped to die in peace with all the world. Now listen to the truth, my son. The women know better, whatever they may say. Long before my first old woman was dead, they were always beating round my castle to see if I would take home another. All the stones I slung around from the top of the hill would not make them stay away. The little, sickly, palefaced women were the most troublesome of all. No use for me to tell each one

who came to my gate, that she was of a most unsuitable mate for a giant's wife, and too weak to stand the wear and tear of a rough hill-country life. They would take no denial. The consequence was that in a short time they all died, as one may say, a natural death, and all of them blessed me with their latest breath. Under the burrows all around us, I have buried my dearest. On the sunny hill they rest, deck'd out and dress'd, and in their richest and rarest. What more could one do for them?"

The violent anger produced by the mention of this evil report, and the great exertion with which the giant spoke to clear his character, caused the plugs to be blown out of his wounds, when blood and breath escaped anew; yet once more he looked on Tom, and, smiling, said, "Now, my son, I'm glad to leave this wicked world," then bowed his head and died, resigned.

Tom, seeing that it was all over with poor old Denbras, raised the flat stones on edge around him, placed the stiffening giant's hands on his knees, and laid out the corpse as decently as he could for the time. Then he hastened down to his oxen and found them lying down, stretched out in the sun, quietly chewing their cuds. The innocent beasts, all unconscious of human pride and strife, had a comfortable rest during the time of the mortal combat and death of the giant. It was only a few minutes' work for Tom to replace the wheel he had taken off the exe, turn over the wain, heave it between the wheels, reload, bar securely the castle-gates, and drive out through the enclosures on the St. Ives side of the giant's domain.

Tom worked with such haste and fury to stifle the grief he felt for the giant's untimely fate, that the beer was left in the old dirty town under the hill, and Tom (returning by another road) got back to Market-jew before dark. Yet, being the eve of the ancient festival of Midsummer, according to immemorial custom the bonfires were already blazing on all the hills around—on Mousehole Island, on the Holy Headland (Pensans), on the crest of the Mount, and on scores of other prominent places.

Tom found the brewer in the street, near his house, beside a large cask of flowing beer, to which he was treating all corners, and encouraging them to keep up with spirit all the ancient festive observances of the Midsummer tide. Long before dark, young and old, rich and poor, with hands and hearts united, were dancing, to the music of pipe and tabor, round the various bonfires scattered up and down the good old town. The brewer, well pleased to see Tom back so early, with the cattle looking fresh enough to start on another such journey, offered him good wages and wished to bargain for a year. "I should never desire a better place than this," said Tom, "where there is abundance of grub and the best of drink ever flowing; but my great-granfer, up in the high countries, died this very day, and left me all his land and tin. Luckily, I went up that way to-day to hear from him. Sorry I am to leave ee, but must be off, before morning, to take possession and bury the old gentleman decent."

By midnight Tom departed for the hills, whilst the bonfires were still blazing, with hundreds dancing around them, and one and all wishing health and long life to the jolly old mayor of Market-jew.

On his way to the hills, Tom wished his old mammy good-bye, telling her he had met with a good place a long way off. Then he went down to Crowlas for a woman he had been courting a long time, told her of his luck, and that he was come to take her home; but not a word of what had happened did he mention to anyone else. They arrived at the castle by the break of day. When Tom called the dogs by name they let him and his wife Joan enter the castle-caves without so much as a growl. Here they found no end of tin and treasures, such as were found in the giants' castles of old. Soon after day-break Tom and his wife proceeded to bury the giant. In the castle-court they found the club and sling with which Denbras slew the game he wanted: these Tom placed on the giant's knees, and Joan laid green oak-branches and flowers

around him; then they worked with a will, and before sunrise they collected so much stones as raised the barrow gradually sloping, even with the tops of the flat uprights which enclosed the giant. Then, by the help of poles, or such contrivances as were only known to the old folks, they placed the quoit or capstone over the head of Denbras, which hid him for ever from the light of day; and, before the sun sunk below the hill-tops, they had raised as noble a barrow over the giant as any to be found on Towednack hills; yet they were not without adding, time after time, to the carp of the giant's resting-place. The land, as far as the eye could reach, with the cattle on scores of hills, from their castle to the northern sea, was all their own. Here Tom and Joan lived for many years in peace, plenty, and content: no one knew or cared what had become of them, and they cared as little about the rest of the world. As soon as Tom saw himself lord of the castle and lands, he took good care, whenever he had leisure between seed-time and harvest, and during the winter, when he had no corn to thresh, to strengthen his hedges, so that no one should again make a king's highway across his ground: he soon saw a large family growing up around him, as rough and ragged, wild and strong, as the colts on the downs. 'Tis said that when Joan weaned her children she put them to suck the cows or goats, which took their sucklings as naturally as if they had been their own calves and kids: this was the principal reason why Tom's children grew so strong. To be sure some of the boys, nursed by the Nanny-goats, grew up so shaggy that they looked very much like old bucks, as well as their children after them: on that account some of their posterity, who settled in these regions, acquired the name of Zennor goats, which they retain to this day. No matter for their looks, Tom's boys were able to work and help their dad by the time they were a year or two old; then they were for ever extending their hedges over the common lands, and no one to say them nay, or to come near them for fear of the giant, who was still thought to be living there. Some portion of these hedges, made by Tom and his boys, on the outskirts of his lands, may still be seen near Carn Stabba, and other parts of that neighbourhood, built with such large rocks as no ten men of these days can lift: they are still known as the giant's hedges. His farm included part of St. Ives parish, as well as the parishes of Zennor and Towednack. Some say the castle was on the high ground between Nancledrea and St. Ives; others place it near Huel Reeth: wherever it was, they lived there many years unknown to anybody, in a land flowing with milk and honey. There was no end to the cattle, and everything else they wanted, on their own domain. Tom's eldest daughter had become marriageable before his old mammy even was aware that the giant had been dead long ago, and that her great boy stood in his shoes.

One morning, Tom was out hedging, as usual—strengthening his fences near the gate on the Market-jew road, when he heard the noise of some one hammering away on the gate. By the time he called out, "Who is there? You can't come in, if you are ever so good looking!" The bolts and bars were knocked off the gate, and in marched a travelling tinkard (as the worker in tin was then called), hammer in hand, and a leathern bag of other tools on his back. "Hallo, my man, where are you bound for?" says Tom. "Bound to keep on the old road to Saint Ives, and to see on my way if the mistress of the castle may have any pots or pans to mend, in spite of your gates and hedges. The people complain that the old giant who lives up here, is hedging in all the country. I've never seen the giant that I cared for yet. I suppose you are the giant's eldest son, as you are a fine stout chap? Well; what say you, shall we try each other's mettle with a match of quarter-staff or single-stick?"

"With all my heart: I don't desire better fun than to try my strength with one who is a man, in any way of manlike play you like, single-stick or naked fists, wrestling, hurling, slinging, or throwing the quoits; take your choice."

"Very well," replied the tinkard, who said his name was Jack, "I'll match my black-thorn stick against any timber you can rise."

Tom took up the oak bar that Jack had broken off the gate. In a moment he was ready and cried guare (play). The tinkard, taking his black-thorn stick in the middle, made it spin so fast that it looked like a wheel flying round Tom's head and ears: the oak bar was soon struck out of his hand—the blood streaming from his nose, and one of his eyes shut up. Tom didn't know the play;—though the few downright blows he gave came down with the force of a sledge hammer, they had no effect on the tinkard, because he wore a leather coat, the like of which was never seen in the west country before. This coat, made of a black bull's hide, left almost whole, was without a seam, and dressed with the curly hair on it. On the breast, back, and shoulders it was as hard as iron, and roared like thunder whenever Tom stuck it, which made him think he had to deal with the devil. "Yet," thought Tom, "if he is the old one he has no cloven foot, and is very civil to give me plenty of time to pick up my stick and never strike when I'm unarmed."

They fought a long time, and Tom, much to his surprise, got the worst of it.

"There, my dear boy, you had better give in," says Jack, as, with a sweeping blow, he sent Tom's cudgel over the gate. "I might have sent you sprawling more than a score times if I had a mind to, but I see you don't know this play, for which science is of more value than mere strength." The tinkard then put his thorn stick into Tom's hands and showed him how to make some of the easiest cuts, guards, passes, &c.

Whilst the two men were thus playing, and, from fighting, fast becoming the best of friends, Joan wondered whatever had kept Tom out so long after the dinner-time, because he was mostly ready for his mid-day meal before the sun was at the highest. When she came out to see whatever had kept him so long, she was surprised, and glad in truth, to see a stranger within the castle-gates. Although one might think she had everything heart could wish for, yet she was longing to hear what was going on in the rest of the world. She told the men to make haste in to dinner, and blamed Tom for not letting her know he had a visitor, that she might have got something better to set before him than the everlasting beef and peas. When the tinkard threw off his leather coat and hood before sitting down to the board, Tom saw that he had met with his match in an active young man who was not above the ordinary size, with a cheerful face, as brown as a berry, framed in an abundant crop of curling chestnut hair. That the guest might have the better welcome, Joan tapped a cask of the strongest beer, intended for the nearest tide (feast), and placed barley bread, cream, and honey before the stranger, with mead to drink at the end of the repast. Tom promised that they would go to the hills for some game in time for her to prepare a better meal in the evening.

After dinner, Tom, as usual, took his three hours' nap: Jack mended the lady's pots and pans the while. By the time he had finished Tom awoke, and proposed to put off till the next day the wrestling-match they had agreed on before dinner, that they might go at once to the hills. The dogs were called out, and the tinkard, seeing that the only instrument of chase possessed by the master was a sling (which served his purpose very well, as, hit or miss, stones were plenty enough), cut a young elm sapling, for want of better wood, soon fashioned it for a bow, and strung it with a cord which he took from his never-failing leather bag. On their way to the hills Jack barbed, notched, and feathered a good sheaf of arrows, cut from the thickets. All these contrivances were new to Tom, who had often heard of bows and arrows, but had seldom seen and never used them: yet he was convinced that they were much better for hunting gear than his sling and stones, when he saw the ease with which Jack laid low the fleeing hart and doe: he killed ten head of game to Tom's one. In less than an hour the children, who all followed them, gathered up more game of all kinds than they could make use of in a week. You may be sure Joan was proud enough to see them return so soon with

the loads of venison, mutton, hares, and rabbits, which would enable her to make the good cheer in which her heart delighted, when she had a guest to partake of her dainty dishes.

Tom and Jack found they had taken exercise enough for the day, and, whilst the mistress of the castle, assisted by her eldest daughter (called Genevra, or more commonly Jenefer), prepared the supper, the master showed his visitor over the castle-caves, where, amidst much that Tom regarded as mere useless lumber collected by the giants of old, Jack the tinkard found many useful tools, and bars of iron, which he valued more than the golden bracelets, strings of amber beads, or those of crystal, flowered with bright blue, red, green, and purple, or the plates of gold and silver, shaped like suns and half-moons, which they found in a secret door, and which marks would have passed with the ignorant for accidental scratches of the mason's tool.

They had not examined half the treasures of the castle-caves, when the mistress bade them hasten up to the evening meal. "Look ee here, children," says Tom, as he threw on the floor a handful of amber and crystal beads for the boys to play marbles with, when he sat down to the board; "these are the trumpery things that the old fools of giants swopped (exchanged) their tin for, to please their wives, I s'pose, as the women are always fond of such trinklams." And the tinkard, placing a string of pearls to encircle Genevra's head, took his seat beside her. Jack had partaken of many good Cornish pies in his journey from the Tamar to Market-jew, yet he had tasted none to equal the excellence of those prepared by Joan, in which he found the various kinds of meat thoroughly cooked, dressed, and seasoned with such herbs as made the most agreeable combination of flavours. It would make one's lips water to smell the savoury steam of the pies of hares and rabbits, with pork and parsley,—of the venison pasties, roast lamb, and sweet herbs,—rich hot cakes, baked on the hearth, eaten with honey, besides the milk, cream, cheese, and other dainties from her dairy in profusion.

Jack said that near the country whence he came, they often put such an ill-assorted mixture into the dishes they called their pies, that the very smell of them is sickening, and the flavour abominable. No, the true Cornish pie is only to be found in the West, made in such perfection as to be worthy of its ancient renown.

The lady of the castle was much gratified to see the guest enjoy her good fair, and to see the delight of the children playing with the golden wheels, and strings of amber and crystal beads, which she wished to examine when at leisure, and Genevra longed to place some of the glittering trinklets on her arms and neck.

Whilst the men were hunting, Joan and her daughter had been to the hills for fresh-flowering heath, and for rushes from the moor, with which they had spread the best bedplace in the hall for the stranger. Soon after supper was over, the mistress, thinking her guest must be weary with so much fighting, playing, hunting, and eating, showed him where she had made up a bed for him, and wished him good night; Tom left him to repose as well, after agreeing to have a wrestling-match the next day.

Early the next morning Tom and Jack were seated on a stone bench, near the blazing furze fire, which Joan was keeping in under the crock; at the same time, with ladle in hand, she was stirring pounded pillas into the vessel of milk, to make hasty-pudding for breakfast, and Genevra and some others were grinding or crushing the parched grains in the old stone troughs, which in those times (before water-mills were invented) served to grind the corn. Whilst the cooking went on, Jack the tinkard told them of his adventures.

He was bred in a country more than a month's journey to the East, and many days' travel from the river which divided Cornwall from the rest of the land. He never knew his father, and the first circumstance he well remembered was living on the moors amidst the hills with

a company of men, some called them giants, who streamed for tin in those cold regions, where the hills were covered with snow a great part of the year. Merchants, from a city at no great distance, often came to the moors to purchase tin, and they brought the tinner's tools and food in exchange. One of these merchants, taking a fancy to the streamer's boy, gave him the name of Jack. He didn't know that he had any name before he was taken to the city by the merchant and taught the trade of a tin-dresser and a worker in various kinds of metals. By the time he grew to man's estate he had contrived to learn much of many other handicrafts: he had also acquired many of the stone-workers' mysteries among the rest. In this distant city he was well off as need be; yet, from hearing so much of the treasures of the giants' castles, and of the wonders of the rich tin land of the West, he determined to traverse the country: to this intent he furnished his wallet with the most useful tools of his craft and worked his way down to Market-jew, that he might learn for himself what was to be found there. He saw but little to surprise him on the way, although he had heard of many uncommon things, but they were all past and out of date, except what he was told that morning, in Market-jew—how a terrible big giant still lived up in Towednack hills, not far from St. Ives. He little thought the giant he sought, who was so much feared in Market-jew and all the country round, would turn out to be his good friend Tom. For his part he never feared to encounter any giants, as he mostly found that the larger the men the more gentle they are.

In this portion of the droll, the old folks of Lelant and Towednack (where the story is best known) relate many uninteresting details with respect to the week of games and feasting which celebrated the arrival of the tinkard in their country. It suffices to say that a week was passed in alternate feasting and trials of strength and dexterity between the two men. Tom won the prize in all games in which brute force was more required than science: the tinkard was always the victor in such as depended more on dexterity and trained skill than mere strength: consequently, Tom was the best wrestler, hurler, and bob-player, but Jack beat him all hollow at quarter-staff, and archery. He was also Tom's match in the use of the sling.

We shall only notice the sports of the wrestling-day, as that was attended by a circumstance which led to such an intrusion from the outer world as interrupted the peace and pleasure of the giant's castle for a short time.

Soon after breakfast the two men commenced their wrestling on the green near the castle. Tom laid the tinkard on his back as flat as a pancake every hitch; yet (remembering how unwittingly he had killed the giant) he placed Jack on his back as carefully as if he had been a basket of eggs, or a newly-born babe; but with all his care the tinkard was soon glad to cry for quarter and declare Tom to be the best man. The more the two men proved each other's strength and dexterity, the better friends they became. Joan and Genevra, as soon as the pies were put down to bake, took off their towsters, put on their clean aprons, took up their distaffs (which were always at hand, that every minute not otherwise employed might be made the most of in adding to the stock of yarn) and came out to see the men's play; whilst the children, cattle, and dogs had a race round the hill, the elder children riding on anything with four legs that they could catch. Tom and Jack were so much taken up with their games that they had forgotten to secure the open gate (unfastened by Jack the day before), and when they were at the height of their sport two men from Tregendar, in going home from bal, spied the giant's gate broken open.

"Why look ee here, comrade," said one. "Can old Denbras be dead, and somebody broken into his castle? He must have been as good as dead long ago, by all accounts, as he have never been seen nor heard of for years; I'll go in and see what's going on, you, of thee west (thou wilt): come, cheer up, you, and let's venture."



The two tanners, in shaking and quaking, passed through the gate, and, creeping along behind the thickets for a good way, came in sight of a big boy and girl mounted on a young bull;—they were riding back to back—the one holding on to the tail, the other grasping the neck, of the beast; another was astride an old buck goat; the whole galloping around the hill like mad, followed by the cows, colts, dogs, and even the pigs, that seemed to enjoy the sport as well as the rest.

“I say, you,” says the tanner, “esn’t that what one may call a regular cows’ courant? But only to think of the giant having such a young family in his old years!”

This cows’ courant so excited the tanners’ curiosity that they went up the hill till they saw the two men wrestling, with the women looking on; then they quatted (stooped) down in a brake of furze to watch the play without being seen. At last the wrestlers gave over their play, and Joan, coming down the hill to look after the children and cattle, now going, helter-skelter, through the boggy moors, passed near the men of Tregendar.

“Can I believe my own eyes, you?” said one tanner in a whisper, “I never seed Joan of Crowlas in my life of that esn’t she. Sure I ought to know her, for I thought we were sweethearts; yet she left me in the lurch, and went off no one knew where (as people then supposed) with great Tom of Bowjeyheer, because they were both missed, if thee dost remember, one Midsummer’s eve, some ten or a dozen years ago.”

When Joan repassed then, in going up the hill a few minutes after, they had such a near view as convinced them that it could be no other than herself. The tanners, bursting with surprise, didn’t know what to think, and feared to venture any farther; they had seen two stout chaps enter the castle, and didn’t know how many more of the giant’s boys might be inside. Seeing the coast clear, as Joan passe in, the tanners turned tail, ran home, and told their wives what they had seen. By night there wasn’t a woman, and but very few men, in Market-jew and St. Ives, or in the country between but had heard that Joan of Crowlas was the lady of the giant’s castle. No one knew how she could have lived there so long, have such a family—boys no more than ten or a dozen years old, as big as men—and nothing of the matter be known; but the women of St. Ives, above all others, determined to find out all about it, if they lost their lives in the attempt: they would chance the giants. Scores from the Stennack to Charnchy and the Dijey, who had never seen nor heard of Joan before, found out all at once, now that she was the mistress of house and lands, how she was some sort of relation to them.—Oh! what a blow-out of cream, cake, and junket they would have up at Cousin Joan’s!

Early the following morning, Jack turned out to dress and string two cross-bows, which he had made the evening before, for himself and Tom;—the bows were made the archer’s own height, with arrows a yard in length for Jack, and others much longer for Tom. Jack also made small bows and arrows for the children, to train them in their use. When all were ready they passed a few hours in shooting at a butt (the tinkard hit the bull’s eye almost every time, when Tom’s arrows seldom struck the target); then Jack the tinkard blew a merry blast on his hunter’s horn, and away they all went to the hills, like foresters bold, that they might try their arrows in shooting some of the wolves and foxes, which were getting too numerous amongst the hills and tarns of Towednack, and in Zennor cleves.

Joan was left in the castle, all alone, or with only a few old dogs for company, as Genevra, with a light bow, and arrows feathered by Jack with the greatest care, was also gone to the chase, in which she took great delight. Early in the afternoon the mistress of the castle was much surprised (in casting a glance through the look-out) to see a company of women and children coming up the hill: by the time she got out to see who they were, and what they

wanted, the foremost of the party came up with hands outstretched, and hailed the lady of the castle, when many yards from the door in which she stood.

“My dear cousin Joan, how glad I am to see ee! How are ee an soas, and the dear old gentleman? How comfortable you are settled here, to be sure, with the old gentleman-giant, in this grand house! And how es the sweet old dear? I was thinking, as it es very cold up here on the hills, to knit a nightcap for his dear old head in the winter evenings, and have brought a piece of yarn in my pocket that I may take his measure. Where are the Cheldren? Do leave me see them, that I may kiss them all, the beautiful great dears!”

Joan replied, to the effect that she did not remember ever having had the pleasure of knowing the dame.

“Dear me,” says she, “I’m a purty near relation too; for my husband’s sister married a cousing to your own uncle’s wife: I always took your part, cousing Joan, when the rest of the women coming behind said that you were gone the country with great long Tom the hedger of Bowjeyheer, as I always said you knowed better than to throw yourself away upon a poor piljack: better be an old man’s darling than a young man’s slave.—I believe ee fax.”

Joan was confounded with the impudence of the women, who were for pushing their way into the castle without being asked; when, happily, an old dog began to growl within, and set others barking, which stopped the intruders’ progress until Joan thought of saying, “I might be glad to see ee another time, but the old giant es sleeping now: he caent abide to be disturbed when having a nap: he often sleeps for weeks together. I knaw his regular times of waking, and taeke good care to have a few sheep or goats ready for him as soon as he begins to stir; else he would have devoured me long ago. Now, of the barking of the dogs should hap to waeke him you will never see the Dijey any more. I am very glad to see such near relations, but you had better taeke my advice and make haste home whilst you have a whole skin, and you had better wait till we send for ee before come again.”

Hearing this, they went off as fast as they could scamper, abusing Joan, the giant, and all the family, as soon as they got out of hearing.

Joan succeeded in driving the cousins away just before Tom and Jack came back from the hunt, when the tinkard so well secured the gate with a wooden lock that the crowds of unwelcome visitors who continued to arrive at the gate were unable to enter the giant’s domain.

(The old drolls make a long story out of the impertinence and selfishness of the summer’s friends, who endeavoured to force themselves into the happy abode, which we omit, as it contains but little that is new.)

The following day, after Jack saw that the gate he had broken open was so well fastened as to keep out all unwelcome visitors, he told Tom, who was putting another row of stones on the hedge against the highroad, that it was time for him to say farewell and continue his journey.

“Not yet, me dear,” says Tom, “et shall be a long spell before I will hear thee say good bye, of ever I do; and what should’s t thee leave us to wander the world for? Ef it es to search for tin that thee art wandering the country, taeke as much as thee hast a mind to from the castle-caeves; only stay here: I don’t care for the tin and trash: all et’s good for es to buy land, and havn’t I got more acres, miles, of land already than I can tell what to do weth; all stocked with the finest cattle. We shall never want for beef nor mutton, nor need we better clothing than our honest homespun. Taeke as much as thee hast a mind to of the land too, only stay here; I love thee like a brother, and Joan and the young ones the saeme.”

Sooth to say, the tinkard, being as loth to leave as Tom and his family to part with him, it was decided that Jack should make his home in the castle. He might ramble over the country, for a change, when he listed, but the gates should be ever open to him.

Tom and Joan found that the tinkard could teach them and the children many things they had no notion of. Being skilful in working metals he made iron implements for the better cultivation of the land than the clumsy wooden tools in common use; and, knowing how to dress the skins of beasts, Tom and his family were soon supplied with fine buff coats and other garments of fine leather in the place of the raw hides before worn by them as their common working and winter's dress.—The homespun and knitted woollens were then only for grand occasions. (These noted leather coats were worn in the west, and retained in the northern parishes long after the homespun became the general wear for all kinds of garments in more modish districts; and no kind of clothing was more suitable for the rough wear and tear of a land covered with a wilderness of thorns, furze, and briars.—If anyone going to a new and rough country (such as Cornwall was in the giant's time) will pay attention to the tinker's plan for making the same, or at least as much as is now known of it, he may some day bless the old drolls for preserving some remembrance of the tinkard's coat.)

Jack made the first leather coat for Tom, by carefully slaying a young bull of the size to furnish a hide of the capacity required for the intended wearer. The skin was opened up the belly, breast, and neck, and taken from the head so as to form a hood of that portion. When the skin was flayed from the head, neck, and breast as far as the knife could be worked, the shoulders were unjointed, that the skin of the fore legs might be taken off whole, to form the sleeves;—the greatest difficulty was to unskin the fore legs without cutting holes in the sleeves: the hind quarters were cut off the length desired, and gores let in, if required, to give more spread to the skirt. The hide, turned inside out, was donned by Tom as soon as taken off the bull, and the best part of the tanning, and other dressing, was given to the coat on the wearer's back: the hide, thus treated, shrunk or stretched so as to make an exact fit. Tom's back was well belaboured in dressing the coat, that the leather might be made supple, but he didn't mind all the curring of his hide when he saw how nicely the garment came to his shape. The front was fastened together, when desired, with loops and silver skivers (skewers), and the neck or collar closed with a handsome clasp of the same metal. The younger boys had similar garments fashioned out of calf or goat skins, and when they were all rigged out they were as proud as peacocks of their new coats. Square-skirted coats were the prevailing fashion of Tom's time. We never hear that Tom or his boys ever sported anything approaching the cut of Paddy's favourite swallow-tails, or the style of the French modern dress-coat. If the boys wanted larger sleeves to jackets than the calves or goats required for their coats, the tailor had only to slash the sleeves under the arms, and let in gores to make them more comfortable or fashionable.

(We are apt to despise old fashions, yet we do not know of more suitable garments than Jack the tinkard's coat for the rough life of the bush.—There can be no necessity for all the dressing to be done on the owner's back we suppose.)

In Tom's time, Morvah and all the lands near the northern seashores were uninhabited except by one harmless old giant (without any family) who lived among the rocks in Carn Galva, and another somewhere in Morvah who was equally inoffensive; all this part of the country being then overrun with herds of deer, goats, and many other sorts of game and wild animals, and the low ground covered with thickets. Jack the tinkard often went thither to hunt, and Genevra, who soon became fond of the chase and expert with the bow, often went with Jack and her brothers to the distant hills of Morvah, where the game was the most abundant: here

the delight of the chase, and the pleasure of each other's company, would often keep the young man and maiden long after the sun had dipped into the western sea.

Genevra and Jack liked Morvah downs and each other's company so well, that they agreed it would be pleasant enough to live up there by themselves but Jack thought that as her father was the lord of a castle and land, he might regard a poor travelling tinkard as too mean a match for his daughter: however they decided to ask Tom's consent, for fashion's sake; for they had made up their minds to do without it, should there be any difficulty on that score. Genevra told her lover, come fair come foul, true love would make her his, to wander the wide world over.

The tinkard told Tom and Joan that he thought of getting married and wished to have Genevra for his bride, but if Tom thought he wasn't rich enough to be his son-in-law he would leave the castle at once.

"Thee do'st know well enough, without asking," Tom replied "that of I had the pick of the whole world, and Market-jew besides, to choose from, I should find no one I liked so well as thyself, and I be bound the old woman es of the same mind. What do'st a say Joan, doesn't thee love the jolly cuss of a tinkard as well as one of thy own sons? But what do the maid Jenifer say to the bargain?"

"I'll answer for her," Joan said; "if Genevra swore that she dedn't love the tinkard I wouldn't believe her. For, what does she place the golden hoops on her arms, hang the pearls in her ears, and the crystal beads on her neck, or pass so much time to dress and braid her long black hair, but to make herself appear more fair in Jack the tinkard's eyes? Call the maid and lev her spaek for herself."

As in these simple, honest times, none (not even the women) thought of making a mystery of anything, Genevra, like a dutiful daughter, told her parents that she was willing to be ruled by their pleasure.

Very soon after, Tom, Jack, and the boys built a dwelling on the part of Morvah Down which Genevra liked the best. The habitation was called Chy-goon, or, for shortness, Choon, which means the downs' house: it was about thirty feet long and fifteen feet wide, with a door in the middle of the front and a small window on each side of the door: the large chimney and wood-corner took up the whole of one end, and a bedplace was screened off in the other: a linhay at the back served for spence and dairy: the side walls were raised to the height of eight feet or so, that a talfat might be made over one end when the family increased. Tom wanted to have a stone bedstead made in the lower end of the house like the one in his castle, where a large flat stone, or quoit, about twelve feet by eight, was raised on other stones about four feet from the ground. A good substantial bedstead like that, he said, was far better than any shakey thing Jack could make out of timber; besides, there were rocks enough to choose from near at hand to make a shapely bedstead, as well as the benches and table, without any cutting or cleaving; but timber to make the things would have to be brought from the Morabs of Ludgvan or Gulval—miles away: 'twas bad enough to have such a distance to go of the poles to timber the roof and make the door. Whilst the men were building the walls, the women and children pulled the heath and cut reeds and rushes for the thatch, which, when covered over with a layer of turves, was wind-tight and water-tight, and strong enough to stand all the tempests of that high and stormy part of the country. They built a few crows for the calves, pigs, &c., and made the stone troughs which were wanted for various uses. The furze and turf were all cut, carried, ricked, and thatched securely. Little more remained for the men to do about the house; so during the spells of rainy weather they had begun to dig a fougou or vow (cavern) in the side of the hill, to serve as a more secure place of shelter if

required. All the building-work was dry-walling: no one could beat Tom at that kind of work. The most shapely stones were chosen for the dwelling house. The large grounders were first placed in, all round; many of the long stones, raised on end, made the required height of the walls; then the spaces between were soon filled in with such stones as would exactly fit the places. For the crows and outbuildings they were not so particular; great part of the walls for these were already made by the large rocks they found standing handy about: all they had to do was to tumble in others to join them together, so as to form an enclosure. No matter what the shape might be, they could roof them all the same with poles, heath, and turf. All the nice fixing about the place was left to the women.

Tom was so delighted in building that he was always adding to the old giant's castle as his family increased. He built a tower at one end to see if he couldn't make as good work of it as a towerlike building at the other end, which contained the woman's chamber;—this was raised many feet above the other rooms (which were all on the ground floor), and carefully roofed with strong timber to bear the weight of thatch and turf: the floor was raised, by many feet of the bottom of the tower being filled in with small stones covered smoothly with clay. This carefully-constructed room must have been the private chamber of the old giant's wives. On the walls of this favourite retreat were hung many old-fashioned musical instruments, such as dulcimers, cymbals, timbrels, or tambourines; and on the floor, harps of different sizes, all unstrung, with Genevra trying her untaught fingers to sound the ringing wires in unison with her sweet voice, when she sung the wold old ballads her mother taught her.

Joan, in her younger days, had been one of the best dancers in Ludgvan, and none in the country round could excel her in beating the time on the tambourine, or in singing the old ballads to which they danced every Midsummer, when the bonfire was blazing: she made Tom join in the old hand-in-hand dance, which he shuffled through like a capering bull. She often wished some wandering harper could be brought into the castle, that Genevra might be taught to strike the strings aright; her own quick ear would do the rest. Now Jack had the skill, not only to play well on the harp, but to make the instrument; yet he despised the whole tribe of harpers, and rhymesters, or bards and minstrels, who, he said, seldom spoke anything in which there was more sense or reason than in the empty sound of their clanging cymbals; and, to make their jingling rhymes, they often pervert the truth, which, in their estimation, if of less consequence than mere sound: however, with all his abuse of the minstrels' art, he, to please Genevra, strung the harps and taught her to sweep the strings with ease. He hung the rim of her tambourine with little silver bells and cymbals: when he saw her on the green, holding it aloft, and, at the same time that she made the ringing music, move through the dance sprightly and graceful as a fawn, he would take his harp and sing of love and beauty, truth and constancy, with other such-like fancies as come into the heads of love-struck youth. Tom would sit and laugh the while, to see, as he said, the wise Jack making a fool of himself by turning harper and rhymester to praise the graces of Genevra. Then the curious old owls, as tame as the pigeons and poultry (all unused to such music), would fly down from their ivy-bush on the tower, range themselves (with their wise-looking young ones between them) on the cope-stones of the castle-court wall, as near as they could get to the harper, flap their wings, and screech, in chorus, hoo-hoo hoo, to-wit, to-woo.

One evening, when Tom had finished building Choon, the two men returned from Morvah early. As supper wasn't ready when they came back, to pass the time till the porridge should be boiled, Tom challenged Jack to play a game of bob in the castle-court for some old gold coins, found under the rest of the things in the giant's locker: Tom threw a handful to Jack for him to begin with. The bob, with the broad gold pieces on it, was at one end of the court, and the mit at the other. At the third throw, Tom's quoit cut off a large piece of turf from the green bank, which was piled up against the inside of the court walls. In picking up his quoit

from the caunce, for another throw, Tom saw that what he had always taken to be a pile of earth, overgrown with grass, was a heap of sparkling grey stone, rounded balls, and black glistening sand.

“Look here, you, Jack,” says Tom, “see what a heap of small black stones, sand, and lumber the old fools of giants have piled up to the top of the walls, and covered over with turves. I wish the stuff was all away, that we might have a clear swing for the quoits.”

“Why Tom, my old dear,” says the tinkard, when he had looked at, handled, and poised the stones, “wilt thou never learn to know tin? Why, if half of these green banks, heaped up all round the court, in many places higher than the walls, are made of such rich stuff as what’s in my hands, there’s tin enough here to buy all the land between Hayle and Pedn-penwith. Thou may’st well bless the old giant,” Jack continued, slapping Tom on the back, “richer tin was never seen. Hurrah!”

Here Joan and Jenifer came out to see the tin.

“But I tell thee, Jack, I don’t care a cobbler’s cuss about any more tin. As I have asked thee before, what need one wish for anything more than we have got? The only thing I can think of that one might like to have, now and then, es a barrel of the strong beer brewed by my old master, the mayor of Market-jew (bless his fat sides and rosy cheeks, which show the honesty of his brewing); and, as he es a tin smelter too, he might take some of the stuff in exchange. To be sure Joan’s brewing es mostly purty good; yet the corn esn’t always well malted, and the grains, dried on the hearthstone, may be burnt or only half roasted, and sometimes she puts too much bitter herbs to make et keep longer than I want et to—mugwort, ground ivy, agrimony, centuary may do; but then she must have savoury and pellitory to boot, so that sometimes she brews a queer mixture. Besides, one may like a chaenge now and then.”

Joan made wry faces at Tom, but she didn’t say much, whilst she thought that, out of the tin, she might get new gowns for herself and Genevra, against the wedding, and that they would like to be seen at the fair-a-mo at St. Ives in something grand and becoming their rank, as dames of the castle.

It was soon decided that the women would, the next day, make sacks out of the spare skins, the men contrive pack-saddles, and the boys bring home horses from the hills, to take a few hundred of tin to the smelter for a sample.

By the following afternoon, the sacks were made, filled, and everything ready for taking the stuff to the smelting-house the next morning. About sunset the tinkard was standing on the western side of the castle, admiring how well the great stones were put together by the old builders (with all the largest placed to rest on each other, to break the joints, so that if half the stones in the wall were taken out the rest would stand), and, on looking towards the top of the wall, he spied a little loop-hole high up, and something glistening through it, in the setting sun: he had never seen such a look-out in any chamber inside the castle, and when he threw in a piece of tin so as to find the place within, it rung where it fell as sweet as if it struck on silver bells. He paced the distance from the angle on the outside to find the place within, but in the castle there was neither the tin-stone nor any such window to be seen: then, taking his hammer, he beat along the wall till he came to a part which sounded hollow; yet here there was nothing to be seen but great stones like those in the rest of the wall.

“Ah!” said Jack to Tom and the rest, “see now if another of the giant’s lockers isn’t hereabouts.”

Tom was for ripping out the stone with a bar of iron.



“Wait a bit,” says the tinkard, as he caught sight of some curious markings, the meaning of which was only known to the builders of those ancient places, and some few, like Jack, who were admitted into the fellowship of the craft. Contriving to draw the attention of the lookers-on to something else, Jack touched a large square stone with the tip of his finger, in the place shown by some secret sign. When Tom and the rest looked round again, they saw that the large rock had swung back on a pivot, laying open a closet, in which they saw heaps of silver and gold, in plates, platters, goblets, and flagons;—there were golden chains and pieces of gold like flattened rings, large enough to be worn on the arms or ankles; besides, there were ornaments in the form of silver moons set round with glittering gems, like stars of every colour. In, under, and among the whole, were heaps of old gold coin, as rough and cracked round the edges as if a blacksmith had beaten them out with a stone hammer on a stone anvil.

“Whatever could the ould giants do with such lumber?” says Tom, “I’d rather have one of my cows than all the glistening things in this hole.”

Whilst Joan took some of the drinking vessels outside the door, to view then in better light, Jack, by a slight touch, made the rock roll back into its place, and when they returned to the giant’s locker, seeing nothing but the dead wall they thought the place enchanted.

The next morning, by sunrise, Jack and young Tom, or Tom Vean, as he was mostly called were passing down the Mount side of Trassow hill, with four horses and a dozen sacks of tin: old Tom would’nt turn out before his time for all the tin in the country. Jack found out that the brewer was now the captain of the Royal Archers of Penwith, still the only tin smelter, and the mayor or king of Market-jew, and so he ought to be for he always gave a fair price for tin, though the play was all in his own hands. Yet he was rolling in riches, which he spent freely, for the good of town and country. Kings were plenty in Tom’s time: they say that Gweek had a king then. If such a poor, out-of-the-way place as that had a king, a town so rich and flourishing with tin and trade as Market-jew ought to have had half-a-dozen. A richer lot of stuff had never passed through king Honney’s furnaces than what Jack brought him.

When the tinkard told him that the owner of the rich store of tin was his man Tom, who came into his granfer’s land and good luck up in the high countries, one Midsummer’s eve some dozen years ago, the good man’s delight was unbounded; for nothing rejoiced his heart so much, not even a gallon of his best beer, as to hear of the welfare of anyone he liked; and who didn’t he like?—He was such a good fellow himself that he couldn’t believe the devil and his playmates, or anyone else, to be half so bad as the saints make them out to be.

When king Hanibal was told that all Tom wanted for the tin was a cask of his beer, he called some of his men to yoke the oxen to the wain, whilst others loaded it with the best in his cellar, from which he sent plenty of other good drink as well as the beer.

“But avast there,” said Jack, “You musn’t send all the value of the sacks of tin and more too, in drink for Tom: I want a piece of strong stuff of some sort to make a gown for his wife Joan, and I am going to buy something to make a dress for his maid Genevra, who is to be my wife before long, but I don’t know what to choose among the women’s faldelals.”

For answer king Hannibal called his wife Penelope (or Pee as he mostly called her to save his breath), and told her all about Tom’s luck, and how Jack wanted something good to make bettermost garments for Tom’s wife and daughter. The dame, who was as good-natured as her fat husband, had great store of silks, velvet, cloth of gold, and silver tissue, shawls, and other rich fabrics from the East, which were often taken from the merchant captains in exchange for the tin, and these goods were sold by the dame to rich persons who came to Market-jew and the Mount from the most distant parts of the country. She chose out four pieces, to make as many dresses for Joan and Genevra (two were of the richest purple silk,

flowered with gold, for the lady of the castle, two of the clearest blue, sewn with silver sprigs of dainty needlework, for Genevra), besides many yards of ordinary cloth for common wear, and some shawls, which looked like a flowery mead, many yards square, yet of so fine a texture that the largest might be drawn through a finger-ring. The lady also sent gold and silver lace for garniture, thread, and everything else which was required, besides her last new gown for a pattern.

The wain-load of drink had been despatched long before Jack was ready to start for home, after having agreed with king Honney to bring him down, by the time a merchant-ship was expected at the Mount, so much tin as would make a larger smelting than he ever had before. The smelting-day, according to ancient custom, was to be a grand feast, when Tom and all his family were to come down and meet the other great folks who had plenty of tin in their ground. Jack placed on his horse the bales of rich things the lady sent, with her love, to Joan and Genevra, and a charge to have them made against the smelting feast, when their best wain should be sent up for Joan and the children.

The next job was to find Tom Vean, who had gone off with the brewer's children to see the wonders of the town. The crier was sent round to find them: they heard the crier's horn from the Mount, and came over just in time to save the tide. After kisses all round and promises to see them again soon, Jack and the boy Tom jogged away back to the hills.

About halfways home they met the brewer's wain coming back, with Tom and Genevra on the road to meet them. Tom was mad to know the news, and what was in the bales which Jack carried with so much care before him. "The devil a word," says Jack, "shall either you or Genevra get out of me before we get home to Joan and the children, to shew you all together what we have brought for the women, as well as drink for you, my dear old daddy Tom."

When the bales of rich cloths, and other things for the children which Jack hadn't seen put in, were opened out before Tom, Joan, and Genevra, the two women fairly cried as if they had their gizzards split, and even great Tom blubbered like a baby for company to the rest. One can't tell how their joy, or surprise, or something, made them act so like fools; yet, no, not like fools, for all the time they were laughing and crying by turns they felt ready to burst with joy and love for those who had shown them such kindness.—They felt that all outside the castle wasn't to be despised—that intercourse and fellowship with some of the rest of the world would add to their pleasures and content.

"Now go to bed, Tom, my son," says Jack, "after he had told him more than a score times how the mayor and his wife looked, and what they said; then he took a large brass jew's-harp from his pocket for Tom (the only instrument he ever played), and several smaller ones and whistles for the children. Whilst the women were still admiring the beautiful fabrics spread out before them, the tinkard went to the tower for his harp. As he entered the castle-hall Tom rose, to act the herald's part, calling "a hall, a hall, for the harper!" Joan entering into the spirit of the hour, gaily called to her daughter, "plaece the red wine and sweet mead on the board to cheer the minstrel's heart before he sings." A barrel of ale was then broached, wine poured into the silver goblets, and with one accord they all drank to the health of their good friends in Market-jew; then, in the fulness of their joy, all rose at once, took their brimming beakers and flagons to the castle-court, and cheered with such a heart that the shout they made on Towednack hills was echoed by Trink and Trecroben; and the Mount, taking up the joyous sound, sent it to the fireside and hearths of their good friends in Market-jew: and, when the shades of evening fell on the hills, a bonfire was made on the Garrack zans (holy rock) before the door, around which they danced hand-in-hand whilst the tinkard harped and sang,

“Thou art lord of the world, bright tin!”

In a few days, more tin-sacks were made out of anything they could contrive, and many more horses brought from the hills to carry the tin to Market-jew. An ox-dray was also sent up by king Honney (the mayor), to get the tin down sooner. Tom had, more than once, been down, with Jack and the boys, that he might help to keep the horses in the tracks, and to reload the sacks, which often fell off as the horses passed over the rocky hills. The jolly old mayor, in his joy to see his man Tom as big as a lord, always made him take so much of his best drink, that he had to be taken home on the brewer’s dray, to which he was fastened with all the ropes they could muster, for fear of accidents, because he could never see, stand, nor go, nor lie on the ground without holding—when he left Market-jew for the hills.

In a few weeks, more tin was taken from the piles in the giant’s castle-court to the smelting-house yard than king Hannibal ever saw there before; yet there was but a very small hole made in the heaps which surrounded Tom’s castle; besides which, the purest of all—the stream-tin, in the castle caves—had never been touched.

Great preparations had been made by Joan and Genevra, in order that they, and all the family, might appear so well rigged out that the kind mayor and his wife might not be ashamed to present their high-country acquaintances to the rest of their friends. When the day for the smelting feast came, by the time the first signs of dawn appeared in the sky, all the household were down at the brook taking their morning wash: they had all scoured themselves as bright as gard and clear water could make their skins rosy, before the thrushes and blackbirds, in the hawthorn and honeysuckle brakes which overhung the stream, began to sing to the music which the water made in rippling round the rocks. The ladies of the castle didn’t think it best to display the richest jewels found in the giant’s locker: Joan only placed a few strings of amber and crystal beads around her neck, and a gold chain; to which necklet were fastened a bloodstone and glennadder, to protect her from adders and other harm, and these hung over her robe of purple and gold, which last was seen through the transparent folds of the shawl which she wore as a veil over her head and shoulders. Genevra merely hung a few strings of pearls around her neck, clasped a pair of massive gold and diamond bracelets on her arms, and placed hoop-shaped rings, hung with choice pearls, in her ears. A circlet of gold and diamonds kept in place the folds of a silk gauze scarf, starred and fringed with silver, which, flowing over her shoulders and rich wavy black hair, reached below her waist. The men and boys were all in their new buff coats; and, before sunrise, the brewer’s wain, drawn by the finest oxen in the mayor’s possession, was at the castle-gates: a few bundles of straw, tightly bound, were placed across the wain to make a comfortable seat for the lady and her youngest children. Tom and the tinkard, with Genevra and the elder boys, were all on horseback. Joan turned the skirts of her rich gown up over her shoulders, and tied up the shawls and other fine things (which she and Genevra intended to put on when they came to Market-jew bridge) in a nackan, that they mightn’e be foused (rumped). As the cavalcade passed through the outer gateway, the tame nurse-goats (who considered themselves important members of the family), to show that they had no intention of being left behind, sprung over the hedge, followed by the pet lambs. Cows, pigs, and calves—seeing all, the family going off—wanted to go to. The hobby colts got out, in spite of everything, and off they trotted by the side of their dams, followed by the goats and dogs: the lambs had to be taken on the wain with Joan and the children. Genevra’s doves flew along for many miles over the road, often alighting on her head and shoulders. The old watch-dogs howled, the pigs screeched as if their hearts were breaking, and the cows bleated as if they never expected to see the rest of the family any more. Joan had much to do to harden her heart so as to leave the poor sorrowing beasts for a few hours; but pride came to her aid when she thought how, only a few years ago, she and

Tom went to the hills, poor and unknown; yet now, through the almighty power of Tin, they were going out in grand state, to make merry cheer, and feast with the highest in the land.

It was tedious travelling in olden times, when the few roads were all carried over the hills, as all the low grounds were then a wilderness of thorns, briars, and scrubby trees, which gave shelter to wolves, wild boars, and many other noxious animals. The old folks say that down to much later times, the moors and cleared ground of the lowlands were so infested with adders that they were not only uninhabitable, but that it was unsafe for cattle to leave the hills during the summer months;—this may be the principal reason why the most ancient habitations are generally found high on the bleak hill-sides. However, the brewer's wain, with its motley freight of the lady, children, and lambs, was got safely over the rocky hills, and on Tregarthen moors they were met by king Hannibal and his wife Penelope, who came, accompanied by men and fresh oxen, to help the convoy over the boggy moors between the hills and the town. Penelope, after kissing Genevra, mounted on the wain with Joan, gave her and the children a dram, whilst king Honney and his men made the rest take a drink all round, and yoked the relay of oxen to the wain. Long before arriving at Market-jew bridge, they were regaled with merry minstrelsy, and saw many dancing to the shrill sound of tinkling harps around the fires where oxen were being roasted whole—their bellies stuffed with all sorts of small game. Mutton, and many other kinds of meat, were seething and boiling in large crocks, over turf fires made on the beach, where many savoury pies were also baking. When the mayor's lady had taken Joan and her daughter into the house (which was also the hostelry as well as royal palace of the tinsmelter king), she didn't know which to admire most—the modest beauty of Genevra, or the simple honesty and good nature of Joan, who presented Penelope with some of the rarest jewels found in the giant's locker, as some return for the rich stuffs, and more valued kindness, of the brewer's dame, or mayor's lady, or Honney's queen (call her which you will).

By the time the women had fixed their dresses to their mind, and given and exchanged jewels as keepsakes, the crier had been round the town with his horn summoning high and low to the feast. The long and strong tables, placed under the shade of spreading trees on the green, were groaning under the weight of the great pewter platters of roast, boiled, and baked, flagons of wine, and jacks of beer. Many great lords and ladies of the neighbourhood were waiting at the high board to receive Penelope and her guests, who, preceded by harpers and minstrels, and followed by the townsfolk, were placed at the cross-board, which was raised as a table of dais on a terrace of green turf, and canopied by broad-spreading oaks.

They say that in the olden times (when Tom of Towednack lived in his castle), kings even were glad to be invited to the smelting-feasts. There were persons just as grand at the board with Tom and Joan; among others the merchant captains, who were often royal princes, and the lords of Godalwin, Tregonan, and Pengersec. The latter was the most noted of the guests—not so much for the great riches he had acquired in the East, many years ago, as for his skill in the magical arts which he learned in that part of the world where all the overwise men come from. High and low brought their own knives and wooden spoons;—as for forks, those substitutes for fingers hadn't yet been thought of.

The grand folks were regaled with venison and beef-steaks, which, cooked on the slowly-congealing blocks of molten tin, were always regarded as a dainty dish. The enchanter of Pengersec made much of Tom, and drank his health so often that Tom, in returning the courtesy, soon became as drunk as a lord, and lay stretched, with many more in the same condition, under the board.

The dinner wasn't over at the lower tables, among all the Curnows, Corins, and Laitys, who came in droves from all the country round, when Joan wanted to return;—she heard, or

fancied she heard, the cows, on the hills, miles away, bleating to call her home. The oxen were yoked to the wain to take her and the children over the moors, and the mayor's lady went with them as far as the foot of the hills, where, after many expressions of love and regard, they parted,—Joan not choosing to ride any farther, as she, with the children, kids, and lambs, could skip over the hills much faster than the oxen could wind along the road among the rocks and cairns. Jack and Genevra saw Tom put to bed all right in the mayor's hostelry, then mounted their horses to take their way to the hills.

When the Ludgvan hurlers and young men of Market-jew were going down to the green, as fast as the silver ball could be cast from hand to hand, Jack and Genevra following as far as their road lay, half-way to Chyandour, their galloping steeds could scarcely keep pace with the swift-footed hurlers. At the same time, there were wrestling-matches and many other games taking place on the green.

By the time Joan had milked the cows and goats, finished her other evening work, and put the children to bed, daylight had left the sky;—she then took her supper outside and sat to eat it on the stone bench beside the door. Whilst she was looking down on Market-jew (which was all alight with the fires on the green at which the cooking was still going on), and wishing that all the rest of her family were safe within the castle, Genevra and Jack walked into the court, having turned their horses into the moors below.

“Oh! I am glad you're come, but where's Tom?” said Joan, as they placed themselves beside her; “you should never have come home and left him behind with the conjuror. Ah! how often I have wished this day that the tin had never been seen. Who wouldn't rather be sitting here in a homespun petticoat, bedgown, and towser (wrapper), eating barley bread and honey, and drinking new milk at one's ease, than be perched at the mayor's grand board as stiff as a stake, decked out in purple and gold, afraid to move lest the gay gown should be foused.” Then, turning to Genevra (whose silk and silver dress was glittering in the starlight, and the jewels on her neck, breast, and arms, shining like the stars above), she said, “Throw away the strings of pearls, child, which bind thy glossy black hair, for neither they, nor the chains of clear crystal, amber, and gold can make thee more lovely; and the heavy bracelets of red gold and glittering jewels only burthen thy arms.”

They were all tired; yet they had no inclination to sleep, but sat in silence—Genevra resting her head on her mother's bosom. Jack leant against the wall, listening to the chatter of the tame birds, nestled in the ivy which hung overhead. Here, beside the old blinking owls were perched a pair of restless noisy magpies—Joan's favourites, that would talk with her by the hour, and carry off everything that struck their fancy to their nests, where her thimble and thread were mostly to be found. Close by the owls as they could well get, on the other side, were a pair of choughs, that took great pleasure in being with Tom;—wherever he went, hedging or digging, the birds would be near him, often calling, “Tom, Tom,” in a voice so like Joan's that, every now and then, he would be running in at the call of the birds. And now all the birds—talking and croaking together, in the most doleful tone—often repeated the name of Tom.

“Ah, me!” says Joan, “hear the dogs howling and the birds grieving for Tom; they know, better than we do, the bad luck that's in store for him. I would give ten times the tin and treasure to have Tom as contented as he was a few weeks ago.”

Jack assured her that the mayor's lady would take all the care in life of him—that Penelope gave Tom a cordial as soon as she returned from seeing Joan and the children off to the hills.

This speech wasn't the least bit of comfort to Joan, who, knowing better than the tinkard the weakness of female hearts, and seeing how the ladies of Market-jew admired the burly build,

health, and strength of her giant Tom, who was still in his prime, with his easy good nature, feared that the blandishments of the gay dames of the town would lead him oftener to stray outside his fences than the spells of the conjuror Pengersec.

There they sat, sad and weary, till past the turn of the night. Then the waning moon arose, which reminded Joan that it had only to measure another week to the new harvest-moon, when Genevra would leave her to become the tinkard's bride. At last they went to bed, and the sun was high in the heavens, the next day, when the lowing of the cows, impatient to be milked, and the bleating of the sheep wanting to be let out of the folds to their pastures on the hills, awakened Joan from her uneasy slumbers. Dinner-time was nearly come before their breakfast was over. During the morning meal, Joan said she heartily wished that the giants of old, who collected so much tin in the castle-court, had left all the stuff down in Trewe bottom, whence she supposed it had been brought, as everybody said that the old bals thereabout had been worked before the flood; yet, whenever these bottoms were streamed, though they had been worked over and over again, they always found more tin.—Nancledrea bottom, too, was handy by for old Denbras and his giant forefathers. Besides, they had a moor-house on Embla green, which is still called the Giant's House; that distance of a few miles was nothing for them to stride from hill to hill with their sacks of tin; and, by all accounts, in old times, any quantity of tin-stones might be picked up from the face of the ground, all over the high-country hills.

"But I can't rest," she continued, "for thinking of Tom, the great bucca, like all the rest of the giants, with more strength than knowledge, to be made drunk so soon with that crafty conjuror when he would often drink gallon after gallon at home, without being more stupid than usual: surely the enchanter must have mixed some of his magic powder in Tom's drink: they say, he can by that means send any person's spirit out of their body to wander in such realms of delight as were never seen by mortal eye, and when they return they are never more like their former selves, but discontented ever. Neither I nor Genevra could look round to see what was going on, without encountering the piercing black eyes of the swarthy sea-captains and their tawny crews, who looked as if ready to devour us. I went away from the castle very happy and proud, but during the day often wished myself home in the hills."

Penelope, too, whilst they sat at the board, had whispered fearful things of the maidens of Market-jew who had sometimes been wedded by the eastern seamen;—of others taken away, and never more heard of; but the sailors always left their wives behind; and all they ever gave their brats, besides their hot blood and swarthy skin, was their own grand outlandish names. In the drive over the moor she had also told Joan how the enchanter of Pengersec could, with equal ease, raise the devil or the dead; and how the old giant of the Mount was even afraid to show out of his cavern ever since one night the Pengersec, by his spells, bound him to a rock, where he was lashed by the sea till morning. The old giant, being hard-up for food, waded from the Mount over to Pengersec lands to get a young bullock for his supper: the conjuror, by his books, or by the aid of his familiars, found out what the giant was up to, and allowed him to catch a young bull, tie his four feet together, and drag him on to the edge of the cliff, so that he might, when standing on the beach below, slip his head between the tied legs and the belly of the bleating beast. When he got the legs over his head he sat down on a rock, surrounded by the rising tide, that he might fix the bull on his shoulders, comfortable like, before he waded off to the Mount, but when he tried to rise he found that he could neither stand, nor move hand or foot; no more could he get the bellowing bull from his shoulders;—there the poor old giant had to remain all night with the foaming waves lashing round his head, into his mouth, and over him: he could scarcely keep his head above water. If the old giant hadn't been hard of hearing the bleating of the bull and the roaring of the waves would have made him deaf before the morning, when the enchanter, thinking that he had punished



him enough, raised the spell and let him go, bull and all; yet not before he and his servants had the fun of seeing him on the rock, the water up to his lips, with the bull floating round his neck, and of pelting him well with pebbles they flung from the beach, as he waded off home. Since that time neither the old giant nor any of his brood have ever ventured to the main land.

But that's nothing to what they say of Pengersec's magic glass, with which he can draw fire from the sun, and set the whole country in a blaze, or of his making gold (by the aid of the devils who come at his call) out of clay and common stones, which he burns in a furnace, placed in a tower that none but himself and spirits of darkness, ever enter. The fire and brimstone is ever seen blazing within; yet but little is known of what takes place there, because the few strangers who make up his household are bound, by dreadful oaths, never to disclose the secrets of the magician's abode.

"Now go, Jack, my son," says Joan to the tinkard, "and see whatever can be keeping Tom so long from home, and don't come back without him."

As they looked out of the door, two horsemen were seen approaching the outer gate.

"Speak of the devil and see his horns," says the tinkard; "behold our great bucca Tom, bringing the enchanter into his castle: no one can mistake the Lord of Pengersec, on that fiery steed, which seems to tread the air and spurn the ground.—Some say that his horse is no animal of flesh and blood, but a mean devil or under fiend he has broken in, and bound to serve him."

"Genevra, child vean," says Joan, "keep to the chamber in the farther tower, and I will prepare the supper alone: the dinner-hour is passed now, but supper must be got; for if the Old One himself came to the castle, one's bound to treat him to the best cheer the place affords; and perhaps, after all, neither the devil nor his mate is so bad as they are made out to be."

The ladies of the castle left the tinkard to receive Tom and his guest, and to place bread and wine before them when they enter the hall. Tom took the visitor over his lands to see all his flocks and herds, except the sheep, goats, and young cattle, which his children watched, whilst they pastured on the distant hills: these sheep, goats, and young cattle were all brought home at night, and folded near the castle or shut up securely in a strong-walled bowjey (sheep fold and house) among the hills, if at a distance; because all the northern hills and the forests of Ludgvan were then swarming with wolves. Pengersec's admiration of Tom's hedges and praise of his cattle won his heart, and Jack, in spite of a natural dislike, for which he could give no reason, could not help being charmed, at times, by the agreeable discourse and easy courtesy of the great lord. Joan, assisted by some of the younger children, who were not of the age nor size to be of much note yet, did the milking, prepared the supper, and dressed herself and Genevra in a way to show respect to their guest; and, for all the devilish black character of the enchanter, they could not help admiring him when he entered the hall and saluted them with the air of a prince: at the first glance they thought him the handsomest man they ever saw: his dark complexion wasn't of the tinkard's healthy bright brown, but of a sallow hue, tinged with black, which made him appear rather grim when he stood in the clear sunshine, yet the lightning-glance on his eye, the curling black hair, flowing beard, and stately mien, made him appear such as women admire; besides, his long flowing mantle gave him the look of a king in his royal robes.

Joan rejoiced to see Tom home again, safe and sound, and was charmed with the lord of Pengersec, when he praised the beauty of her children and the order of her house, just the same as his admiration of Tom's hedges, cattle, and tin had sent the sleepy giant off to a fool's paradise. Genevra feared the man, she knew not why; his glance, when directed

towards her, held her spellbound like a bird before an adder. He tried the glamor of his fine speeches on the tinkard too, but when their glances met it was like the flashing of forked lightning on an iron-stone rock, or diamond cut diamond; yet there was music in the tones of the enchanter's voice which charmed the senses in spite of reason. Joan placed before her lordly guest such a repast as would please a king. The healths of all were often drunk and returned, in the richest wines and strongest beer, by all but Jack, and the night quickly passed on in revelry and song.

The boys were unable to get the sheep and cattle near the castle until Jack drove the visitor's horse away down the hill. The colts, cows, and other cattle gathered around the tinkard, trembling and moaning, as they will often flock round a person they know during a violent thunderstorm. When Jack came back from folding the sheep, Pengersec's horse was nowhere to be seen: he told their strange guest that his horse was gone out of sight, but it could'nt get over the hedges. "You dont know that. Yet, never mind," the lord replied, "if he were as far away as Tregonan hill (ten miles or more) I've only to whistle, and he would be at the door in one minute."

Joan and Genevra sang many old songs which the guest much admired; then Pengersec took the harp: he was said to be such a cunning minstrel that he could make the harp speak, and that he often used his minstrelsy for the purpose of his magic art. Now, when he first ran his fingers over the strings, the harp seemed to screech and cry in agony, as if to drown the shrill whistle, echoing from hill to hill, which he sent after his horse, and which was answered by the neighing of the steed from Godalwin hill ten miles away: the cows, and other cattle near the castle, were so frightened that they all galloped off, bellowing and bleating, to the carns and cliffs. Pengersec stood up, and, running his fingers over the strings, he sang many sweet melodies, learned from the eastern princess he had brought to Pengersec, to be the mistress of his castle; though the words were all unknown, yet the melody of voice and harp even charmed Jack into forgetfulness of the minstrel's evil fame: when the music ceased a moment, Jack went out to see the time of night by the rising and southing of the noted stars which served as clocks in those times;—the height of certain stars, and the remnant of the waning moon glimmering over the carns on the hill of Trencrom, told him that midnight was passed: on looking through the court-yard doorway he saw the enchanter's steed standing near the heaving-stock, in the shadow of the wall;—the eyeballs of the beast shone like coals of fire, and the breath from its nostrils looked like the blue flames of brimstone;—then Jack entered the hall, and saw Pengersec standing in the midst of clouds of smoke or vapour, which spread throughout the castle with an intoxicating perfume. A metal band, set with seven precious stones, for the planetary signs, encircled the magician's head; his mantle, spread wide, showed round his waist the broad leather girdle, on which were many strange magical figures; on his breast hung the magic pentagram; in his hand he grasped the conjuring-stick which he was waving over Tom, Joan, and the rest, who, all but Genevra, were laid on the ground as dead as the stones on which they lay.

Jack was nearly overcome with the intoxicating fumes of the incense which rose around the enchanter;—everything seemed to shimmer and swim before his dazzled vision when he looked at the conjuror waving his wand in the midst of the curling clouds of smoke. The tinkard was so entranced that, when he saw Genevra, unable to speak or rise, stretch out her hands towards him, he was powerless to move, and unable to hinder the magician from taking Genevra into his arms; but when he saw her, like one dead, hanging on Pengersec's shoulder, as he bore her to his horse, the lover's heart moved again and awakened him from the magic trance. The enchanter, bearing the helpless Genevra, passed out. Jack sprung after them into the castle-court, but only to see the enchanter place the maiden on his horse, spring into the saddle, and gallop off, leaving a train of blue fire to mark their track, all down the hillside

from the castle-court to the lower gate. Now, here the enchanter stopped a moment; whether the demon-steed was unable to rise off the earth with the innocent maiden, or Pengersec feared to take the leap with his precious burthen, he did not attempt to spring his horse over the iron spikes which the tinkard had placed on the top of the gate, but tried in vain when he lifted the latch to push open the gate, because, you remember, the gate was secured by a lock of the tinkard's contrivance, which could not be opened by anyone unacquainted with the secret of its construction. At the instant the magician bore off Genevra, Jack felt the charm-stone or amulet (which had been hung on his neck when a child, to protect him from the spirits of darkness, sorcery, and witchcraft) leaping on his breast like a thing alive, as much as to say, "Try *my* virtue when everything else has failed!" Jack had thought but little, and believed less, of what his mammy had told him about the virtue which abode in the bit of ironstone she hung on his breast. Yet now, quick as thought, he followed her directions, by first touching his forehead and mouth with the stone; then, when he placed it on his breast near his heart, he felt the courage of a lion; his lips were unsealed to speak a word which broke the spell, and his brain told him to use his bow;—Jack aimed his arrow at the enchanter's naked left hand, stretched out to pull the bobbin that lifted the latch. "There, catch that, devilskin," says Jack, as the bowstring twanged, and the arrow flew;—and Pengersec did catch it too, for the arrow went right through his open left hand and nailed it to the oaken gate: just as quickly as the arrow flew, Jack arrived, hammer in hand. With the first blow of his hammer he broke the enchanter's right arm; then he tore Genevra from his grasp, and laid her on the grass, to all appearance dead;—then he gave a vigorous blow to the diamond star which blazed in the forehead of the steed, and with the ring of the hammer Jack spoke a word which makes the devils quake and tremble. The demon-steed shrunk to the ground like a shrivelled-up skin, which, in a twinkling, changed into a black adder, that crawled away under the gate and left the rider hanging by his hand.

The enchanter, seeing that he was now forsaken by his familiar, and at the mercy of the tinkard, begged to be released.

"No, not yet," says Jack, "I pay no regard to begging, kissing, or praying, and you don't budge an inch till I've stripped you of all your devil-spun toggery, and Genevra is restored to life."

Some blows of Jack's hammer smashed the frontlet of stones which shone on the magician's head; then, placing the claws of his weapon between the clasp of Pengersec's cloak and his neck, he wrenched the collar open, tore the garment from his shoulders, and from his waist the magic girdle, which fell to the ground with the gold chains and diamonds the ungrateful guest had stolen;—he then pushed open the gate, and, with a blow of his hammer, knocked off the iron arrow-head which had passed through the timber and held fast the conjuror. Pengersec, released and stripped of all his magical machinery, seemed changed from a big, dark, handsome man into an old, withered, ugly, filthy wretch that was loathsome to behold; his sunken orbs gleamed in their sockets like the eyes of an adder ready to spring on its prey, as he slunk away, mumbling curses and threats of vengeance. "Begone, wretch," says Jack, "I fear thy curses no more than I heed thy prayers; and don't show thy nose over Towednack hills again, for with my charmed stone, strong bow, and hammer, I defy every conjuror, witch, wizard, and devil west of Carn-brea."

As soon as the lord of Pengersec slunk away, Jack's first care was to release Genevra from her enchanted trance by a counter-spell;—for this he fetched, in the sleeve of his coat, living water from the spring below, which he sprinkled over the enchanted maid in passing nine times round her, following the course of the sun, and repeating at each turn the charm which thus begins (and which is still used as a cure for epileptic fits, &c.),—"Three spirits came

from the east, two with life and one with death,” &c. (We omit the rest of this charm, in which sacred words are so mixed up with an ancient superstitious practice, that it is nothing less than blasphemous; yet such practices are still common amongst us.)

The ninth time the tinkard passed round Genevra (sprinkling the water and saying the charm), she murmured her lover’s name;—when he raised her from the ground and supported her on his breast she was still in the regions of enchanted visions; yet the sound of her lover’s voice brought him into her dreams, and she clung to his neck, still murmuring in her troubled sleep, “Oh! my beloved, let us escape from this strange land, where the glaring light, and glitter of crystal, gold, and purple blind one. The ceaseless music tires me to death, but here one can neither die nor sleep, with the everlasting harpings of the unearthly-looking beings, dressed all in white. Oh! let me hide in thy bosom from the face of the enchanter, whose stern looks freeze my blood. Let us haste to the hills and cars, where long ago we lived, and loved; there the summer’s day was all too short, from early dawn, when the birds greeted the rising sun, to dewy eve, when the gentle moon shone over the sea; and the lambs, kids, and fawns sported around us among the flowers, heath, and ferns. Thither let us return—that we may again hear our mother’s voice, the noontide song of the lark, the calling of the cleaves, and the roaring of the sea, where the clouds sometimes hide the sun, that we may have shadow and rest!”

Jack placed the iron-stone on her burning forehead and pressed her to his breast;—the charm soon restored her reason, and, when she unclosed her eyes and beheld the honest loving face of the tinkard, all her enchanted visions fled like the spectres of an unnatural dream. The tinkard then, displaying his amulet to the admiring gaze of Genevra, said “Blessings on thee, Spirit of the iron-stone!—thou ray of the bright star of the north, around which all other stars revolve! Thou impartest some of thy virtue to the magic vase, by whose direction mariners from unknown regions find their way over the trackless ocean to the land of tin—to the happy land where the sacred sun, from whom all beings derive light and life, loves to linger, before he gives place to the rulers of the night! When sun, moon, and stars are shrouded, by black clouds, from the sight of the tempest-tossed mariner, thou showest him the spot where, behind the storm-woven veil, the beacon-star still shines! Thou mysterious, invisible spirit! who shall say where thy power begins or ends!—To my good blade and hammer, even, thou showest thy love, and givest some of thy virtue, all-powerful spirit of iron!”

When Jack had finished his rhapsody about the bit of loadstone he descended to mother earth, and thought of Tom, Joan, and the rest, and placing his arm around Genevra’s waist he supported her tottering steps to the castle-hall, where she was grieved and confounded to see father, mother, and children all in confusion on the floor, like a herd of stuck pigs. “Never grieve, nor fear, Genevra dear,” says Jack, as he well drenched the enchanted sleepers. The fresh water from the spring so far restored the prostrate crew that they came round to snore in a natural way; then the tinkard faced towards the east, and made some signs in the air with his hammer, the mode and use of which are only revealed to the brethren of certain ancient mysteries: he next left the sleeping inmates of the castle to the care of Genevra and with a long pike, carried a few faggots of furze down near the gate that he might burn all the enchanter’s machinery and purify the place. With the long-hilted pitchfork, or pike, he threw the enchanter’s cloak, girdle, frontlet, and conjuring-stick into the flames;—the stick jumped up, changed into a winged serpent, and flew away, howling and hissing, through the smoke towards Pengersec: as the cloak and other things burned, they sent off troops of demons of all shapes and sizes: and these, ascending with the flames, forked lightning, and smoke, raised the wind to a howling tempest. The lightning flashed, the thunder roared louder and louder. “Howl away, devils,” says Jack, “all your noise and ugly faces can’t harm an honest tinkard!”

The dawn was breaking when Jack returned to the castle, where all was fair weather;—the children were rising from their beds of rushes and ferns. Jack went with them to the distant hills to seek the cattle which had been frightened away with the devilish doings which took place during the night.

(Now that tranquility is again restored to the giant's castle, before we begin the history of another day, we may remark that from what we find in some fragments of old stories (which are still floating in remote places, like waifs and strays) it is certain that the loadstone (sometimes spoken of as the stone of knowledge, stone of virtue, &c.) was regarded here, in Tom's time, as a kind of divinity, or at least it was venerated as the shrine of a deity, and was thought to possess much greater power than the little discs or wheels of moorstone, rudely polished, with a hole drilled in the centre, which the mothers in the high countries, and in other places too, perhaps, still hang from their children's necks as a charm, or kind of talisman, to keep their precious offspring from being ill-wished, blighted by an evil eye, led astray into the bogs, or from losing themselves among the pig-sties and turf-ricks through the tricks of the piskies; and, above all, that the small people may not make changelings of the young ones. Yet, in spite of all their care, it often happens that the small people (fairies) steal the pretty babes and place their own wisht-looking brats in their stead).

The glorious sun, the holy sun, high in the heavens, had driven far from the castle all spirits of evil when Jack and the boys came home with the cattle;—they found that Joan, though she still felt much stupified, like one getting out of a long drinking-bout, had managed to prepare the morning meal. Tom—sick, sore, and crazy—thought he must soon die: in his time people were rarely sick more than once in their lives, and that was when they died. Sometimes Tom raved about going to see the fine things which the enchanter had promised to show him in his castle;—at other times the mayor and ladies of Market-jew were uppermost; but when he could no longer eat his porridge, he thought of his old mammy, who yet lived down by the long sheep's house and fold near the place which is still called Bowjeyheer, in Ludgvan. She was one of the wise women of old, who were skilled in charms, herbs, and white witchcraft, like the tellars of to-day, who can read everybody's fortune but their own.

When Tom was in health and strength he never thought of the old woman, but as soon as he was taken sick Tom Veane was sent to bring her to the castle. She wasn't at all surprised to find her Tom the lord of a castle and lots of tin; for she knew he was born to good luck, yet didn't think he would find it so near by. Joan cursed the tin as the cause of all the mischief, "That all depends," says the old dame, "whose hands it falls into. Tom should have kept out of bad company; but, like other fools, he made feasts for wiser men to eat, and only yesterday he thought a nod from a lord was as good as breakfast. Now, Joan, you go about your work," the old granny continued, "leave the boy Tom and his tin to me; I'll soon cure the one and take good care of the other, for all that's amiss with Tom is high living and lazy times;—the fat is all but grown over his heart;—in a few days more, by drinking Honney-the-Brewer's beer, the thing in his breast would be so clogged that it wouldn't be able to move. Now, Tom, my son, you are to eat nothing but barley bread, and drink nothing but vervain water, or something else of your mammy's brewing for a week or more, till your big belly be reduced to a healthy and handsome size, and you can go on with your hedging again: I will cure or kill thee be sure, for now thee art of no use in life, but only a trouble to thyself and everyone about thee."

During the rest of the week, whilst Tom was doctored by the old dame, Jack and the boys were away in the kills killing game for the tinkard's wedding.

We know next to nothing about the marriage ceremonies in Tom's time, or whether they had any of more consequence than that of jumping over the broom.—However, the bridal took

place on the first day of the harvest moon. All the cousins were invited: these, with the mayor of Market-jew and all his family, made some hundreds of wedding-guests, who enjoyed the fat feasting and merry games till night, when all the young men and maidens, with light torches, accompanied Jack and Genevra over the hills to their new home in Choon. The feasting and games were kept up on Morvah hills all the following week: it was easy to have good feasting then; the young men had only to hunt the hills and moors for a few hours to kill game enough to feast on for a week. Tom got over the feast very well, as his old mammy, with her knitting in her hand, always sat beside him with her piercing grey eyes fixed on his trencher, and stuck her knitting-needles in his side when he had eaten and drunk enough. Every year after, when the tinkard's wedding-day came round, all their relations came from far and near to keep up the remembrances of the happy time by holding high festival in Choon: a week or more was always passed in hunting Morvah hills and carns in the mornings, and in feasting, or the ancient games, during the rest of the hours of daylight. In a few years the number of Tom's and Jack's posterity had so increased that the union of all the family on the first Sunday in August (which in latter times was fixed for the year-day of the tinkard's wedding feast) became such a crowd that the assemblage assumed the character of a fair; and the remembrance of this fair is observed in Morvah down to the present time.

After the tinkard had settled in Morvah, he became known all about by the name of Jack of the Hammer, because he was said to have performed many wonderful feats with that tool, both in working and fighting,—such as making millstones, killing wolves, and smashing the skulls of sea-robbers who landed on the shores to steal the tin. In a few years, when Jack had a large family grown up, they cleared and cultivated large tracks of the lower lands, which, until then, were overgrown with thickets of brambles, hazel, and oak. In breaking up the ground they found no end of tin, which they piled up around their dwelling-place and covered over with the turf and furze-ricks, that it mighn't be stolen.

When Jack's family numbered a score or more, the small dwelling built just before his marriage was much enlarged, and a strong wall constructed round the whole, to secure their tin and cattle against the robbers of the northern sea; for in those times large bands of the red haired rovers frequently landed on Genvor sands, or in Pendeen, Porthmear, Pendower, and other coves along the coast: whilst some of the fiery-headed crew watched the boats, others fired and pillaged all the country round. As the family increased the old crellas, or crows, which still remain, were built within safe distance of Choon castle. Much of the strong walls, built by Jack of the Hammer and his sons to fortify their dwelling on the downs, may be seen to this day. In a few generations Jack's posterity spread over the land, and many of them settled in a part of the country more to the south and west, which was still richer in tin than the hills of Morvah: some of their old works, which the tinnerns call coffins, may still be seen about Bosorn and Bellowal. They also built, on Morvah waters, and farther down toward the west, the first mills known; among others the ones near Carn-y-vellan and Nancledrea;—then the troughs (querns) in which the old people ground their corn were seldom used except to crush the pillas.

Tom and his family always lived on the best of terms with the hearty, honest, mayor of Market-jew. Best of all, the enchanter hadn't the chance to serve Tom any more dirty tricks; for a short time after the sorcerer was beaten out of the castle by the tinkard, people say that his time was up, and his master came one night in a thunderstorm, took off Pengersec, and burnt his castle to the ground. This event happened hundreds of years before the pirate-ship was stranded on the sands of Pengersec cove, and the sea-robber (with the treasures saved from the wreck of his vessel) built the present castle on or near the ruins of the enchanter's abode.

We hear but little more about Tom and Joan, because the old woman kept herself alive a long time by eating little else but pillas porridge and drinking her decoctions of agrimony, bettany, vervain, and other herbs that she knew all about. She took good care to make her son lead a sober respectable sort of life, and pass his time in hedging more lands, and she only let the tin be taken from the castle when there was a chance to get other people's land for it in exchange;—in this way she contrived that all Tom's sons should have large estates. From these high-country boys all the oldest families in those parts are descended. To be sure, some of them have left the country, died out, or become poor and unknown (when they are much the same as dead to the rest of the world), yet some of the brood are still found in the Trehwells, Tregarthens, Trenwiths, and others, who took their names from the places where their ancestors lived. The ancient family of the Curnows, too, are said to have come from the Towednack hills. Besides, one of Tom's daughters, called Tibby, or Tiberia (wherever she got the grand name from) was married to a Ludgvan man who had a large run of rushy moors all along the morabs of Ludgvan and Gulval;—from the bulrushes and reeds, in the midst of which the descendants of this couple lived, their family acquired the name of Hoskin, and this family still preserves the remembrance of the giant's daughter in the name of Tiberia, as the family is never without an aunt Tibby. In Jack of the Hammer and Genevra, or An Jinnifer, as she came to be familiarly called, many of the ancient families of Morvah and the adjacent parishes had their rise.

The celebration of Morvah fair connects the giants' age with the times we well remember, when such crowds came to Morvah from all the parishes round, on the August Sunday, to keep up this remarkable holiday, that a three-acre field would not hold all the horses ridden to Morvah fair, so that each horse might have a mouthful of grass and room to toss up his heels; and one may be sure there were plenty of riders for the number of beasts, from the old saying of "riding three on one horse, like going to Morvah fair." More than a score often got a lift on the same horse, as we should take turns to ride and run, holding fast by the girths, legs, or tail of the horse, that we might keep all together. When we arrived in Morvah, none but the old folks ever thought of going indoors;—we young folks seated ourselves on the hillside, hedges, rocks, anywhere, to eat, drink, chat, and enjoy the fun of Morvah fair games. In the afternoon many of the youngsters would ride away, helter-skelter, to Carn Galva, to gather hurts (whortle-berries), and have a bit of courtship on the way back. Some few got home by morning, but many stayed in Morvah all night, and often all the week, when they had no harvest work to call them home. Morvah fair was for us the grand day of all the year, when hundreds on hundreds, from east and west, used to meet to see each other and high-country cousins; and we hope it will never be forgotten as long as a rock remains on Morvah hills. In these happy simple times we have often sat on the hill the best part of the night, to listen to some old Morvah croney's story about their old giant who had twenty sons, and how he would have them, and all their descendants, to meet in Morvah on August Sunday, for the sake of keeping up his wedding-day and the remembrance of their relationship in all time to come. Now, the giant of whom the Morvah people used to tell these legends is none other than Jack of the Hammer, or Jack the Tinkard. In after years, when his doughty deeds were only imperfectly remembered by his descendants, they, for more glory, made him out to be a giant, just as they have magnified the deeds and made giants of many other heroes; and Jack (if anything like the character given of him in the old folks' drolls) was worth a big bundle of many old giants and saints, as the former, by most accounts, did little more than hurl great rocks from hill to hill, or play bob with the quoits they have left about among the cairns. As for the Cornish saints, the poor-tempered set, they were often fighting, cursing, or tricking each other, as is proved by the legends of St. Just and St. Keverne, and others, who came to share the popular homage with our old giants.

(It may be necessary to remark that in ancient times (before the country was divided into parishes), much more land was comprised under the name of Morvah, than the small parish of that name. Morvah means the sea-coast or country near the sea, and has much the same signification as morabs, morveth, &c. The saying is often heard among the old folks that Morvah was the ancient name for all the high countries in which Choon is included. It is somewhat remarkable that, among the primitive people of the high countries, the saints, to whom the northern churches are dedicated, have not succeeded in getting their names attached to the parishes. In the three parishes of Morvah, Zennor (holy land), and Towednack, more curious usages and legends are preserved than in all the rest of the West. From the inhabitants of the huts among these northern hills one may still hear many a strange story about distant places, as well as those relating to their own neighbourhood. In some versions of the Towednack story, Jack's encounter with the enchanter is related somewhat differently; yet all are, in substance, the same, and the above is the most general. This portion of the legend seems to belong to much later times than the rest of the story. We have reason to think some old traditions about Pengersec are mixed up with the high-country droll, because in Breage many old legends are preserved, in which an enchanter of Pengersec castle always figures with a witch of Fradden, an eastern princess for a wife, &c.)

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### **The Giants Of Carn Galva**

Among these rocks and stones, methinks I see  
 More than the heedless impress that belongs  
 To lonely Nature's casual work!  
 They bear A semblance strange of Power intelligent,  
 And of design not wholly worn away.—*Excursion*.

One can't fail to pass a pleasant time, should the weather be fine, among the rocks and glades of Carn Galva. Above all, if we ramble hither through the ferns, heath, and furze, in the whortleberry season, we may pick the rich fruit, roll in the shade, or bask in the sun, on the beautiful green patches of turf, as soft as velvet, to be found everywhere; or one may ramble in and out, and all around, playing hide-and-seek, through the crellas between the earns, whence the good old Giant of the Carn often sallied forth to protect his Morvah people and their cattle against the incursions of the giants of other carns and hills. Those of Trink and Trecrobben were the most troublesome, because they lived near, in castles strong and high.

Now, they say that when the Trecrobben giant once got the cattle, or tin, into his stronghold, he would defy all the other giants in the country. By the traditions, still preserved in Morvah, the Giant of Carn Galva was more playful than warlike. Though the old works of the giant now stand desolate, we may still see, or get up and rock ourselves upon, the logan-stone which this dear old giant placed on the most westerly carn of the range, that he might log himself to sleep when he saw the sun dip into the waves and the sea-birds fly to their homes in the cleaves. Near, the giant's rocking-seat, one may still see a pile of cubical rocks, which are almost as regular and shapely now as when the giant used to amuse himself in building them up, and kicking them down again, for exercise or play, when alone and he had nothing else to do. The people of the northern hills have always had a loving regard for the memory of this giant, because he appears to have passed all his life at the earn in single blessedness, merely to protect his beloved people of Morvah and Zennor from the depredations of the less honest Titans who then dwelt on Lelant hills. Carn Galva giant never killed but one of the Morvah people in his life, and that happened all through loving play.



The giant was very fond of a fine young fellow, of Choon, who used to take a turn over to the earn, every now and then, just to see how the old giant was getting on, to cheer him up a bit, to play a game of bob, or anything else to help him to pass his lonely time away. One afternoon the giant was so well pleased with the good play they had together that, when the young fellow of Choon threw down his quoit to go away home, the giant, in a good-natured way, tapped his playfellow on the head with the tips of his fingers. At the same time he said, "Be sure to come again to-morrow, my son, and we will have a capital game of bob." Before the word "bob" was well out of the giant's mouth, the young man dropped at his feet;—the giant's fingers had gone right through his playmate's skull. When, at last, the giant became sensible of the damage he had done to the brain-pan of the young man, he did his best to put the inside workings of his mate's head to rights and plugged up his finger-holes, but all to no purpose; for the young man was stone dead, long before the giant ceased doctoring his head.

When the poor giant found it was all over with his playmate, he took the body in his arms, and sitting down on the large square rock at the foot of the carp, he rocked himself to and fro; pressing the lifeless body to his bosom, he wailed and moaned over him, bellowing and crying louder than the booming billows breaking on the rocks in Permoina.

"Oh, my son, my son, why didn't they make the shell of thy noddle stronger? As soft as plum (soft) as a pie-crust, dough-baked, and made too thin by the half! How shall I ever pass the time without thee to play bob and mop-and-heede (hide-and-seek)?"

The giant of Carn Galva never rejoiced any more, but, in seven years or so, he pined away and died of a broken heart.

So the Morvah people say;—and that one may judge of the size of their giant very well, as he placed his logan-rock at such a height that, when seated on it, to rock himself, he could rest his feet comfortably on the green turf below.

Some, also, say that he gathered together the heap of square blocks, near his favourite resting-place, that he might have them at hand to defend his Morvah people against the giants of Trecrobben and Trink, with whom he fought many a hard battle, Yet when they were all on good terms they would pass weeks on a stretch in playing together, and the quoits which served them to play bob, as well as the rocks they hurled at each other when vexed, may still be seen scattered all over this hilly region.

Surely a grateful remembrance of this respectable giant will ever be preserved by the descendants of those he protected in the northern hills.

We have often heard the high-country folks relate this legend of their giant in a much more circumstantial manner than we can attempt, because we do not, like the good Morvah holk, give implicit credence to all the traditions of Carn Galva. Yet this romantic region makes us feel that

"Surely there is a hidden power that reigns  
Mid the lone majesty of untamed nature,  
Controlling sober reason."—Mason's *Caractacus*.

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### **The Giants Of Trecrobben And The Mount**

Some of the giant race were still to be found in the high countries a few centuries ago, who had six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot, but they were much smaller than their forefathers. In old times one of this extra-fingered, double-jointed race lived in his castle on Crobenhill, at the same time that a cousin of his kept house in a cavern of the Mount, about

three miles from Trecrom. These two giants being on very friendly terms made one cobbling-hammer serve for the use of both. This hammer they used to throw forth and back between the Mount and Trecrom, as either of them happened to want it. One afternoon the giant of the Mount called from the mouth of his cave, "Hallo up there, Trecrobber, throw us down the hammer, west ah?" "Iss, in a minute; look sharp and catch en," says he. It so happened that the wife of Careg-Cowse (as the giant of the Mount was called), having her full share of curiosity, wanted to see Trecrobber, to ask after his old woman, and to know what was going on up amongst the hills. The sun shining bright at the time, dazzled her eyes when she came out of her dark cave, and before she had the time to shade her face with her apron, whilst she was poking in her husband's way, down came the hammer, whack hit her right between the eyes, and settled her. The noise the giants made in mourning over the death of the giantess was dreadful to hear;—the roaring of Tregeagle was nothing to their bellowing, echoed from hill to hill. Trecrobber buried his treasures deep among the cairns of his castle, and grieved himself to death for the misfortune to his old croney's wife. Every now and then, down to the present time, many persons have dug all about the cairns on Trecrom, of moonshiny nights, in hopes of finding the crocks of gold that the giant buried there, but whenever they dig so deep as to touch the flat stone that covers the mouth of the crock, and hear it ring hollow, out from the crevices of the rocks and cairns come troops of frightful-looking spriggens who raise such dreadful weather that it scares the diggers away.

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### **The Giant Wrath Of Portreath**

In old times there lived in a cavern on the sea-shore, about ten miles to the east of Hayle, a giant called Wrath, who had a bad character given him by the people of St. Ives. Folks didn't believe half the evil they said of him, but thought their fears of the giant, when alive, made them take the dastardly revenge of abusing him when dead. Yet whether he liked or disliked them it's hard to say, because if he killed them he ate them, according to their own accounts—a proof that his stomach was as strong as his arm. The place in which Wrath lived is the fissure or gorge near Portreath, known by the name of the Giant's Zawn, or more generally by that of Ralph's Cupboard. This latter name, of recent date, was given to the place after it had been inhabited by one Ralph, a famous smuggler who found the place most convenient for his trade. By being better acquainted than most other persons with the reefs and currents on this rock-strewn coast, Ralph did not fear to run his little vessel into the gorge on the darkest nights, safely land his goods, and whistle at the king's men. In the time of the giant Wrath this remarkable gorge was a deep cavern or zawn, into which the sea flowed, as it does still at high tide. The roof has fallen in since the death of the giant. Here Wrath would lie in wait and watch for any ships or fishing-boats from St. Ives that might come sailing by. If they approached within a mile of his hole, he would wade out, tap the fishermen or sailors on the head with the tip of his finger to settle them, then tie the ships and boats to his girdle, and quietly draw them into his den. He would save for provision the well-fed and fleshy men,—the lean ones he threw overboard.

Ships bound for St. Ives, sailing in too deep water for him to reach by wading, he sunk by slinging rocks on them from the cliff above. Many of these rocks may still be seen above water at ebb-tide, and form a dangerous reef stretching away from Godrevy Head. Long after the death of the giant, his hole was the terror of the fishermen of St. Ives, who always avoided the Cupboard, as they said that nothing ever came out of it had had the bad luck to get into it; yet many unfortunate vessels were often drifted thither by currents and driven in by storms, to become the prey of the demon of the cavern. Many believed that much of this

legend was created by the fears of the fishermen out of the natural dangers of the rock-bound coast about Portreath.

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### **The Giant Bolster, Of Saint Ann's**

Only a few giants' steps from Portreath there dwelt in Saint Ann's another huge giant called Bolster, who made nothing of striding from the beacon to Carn Brea—a distance of six miles or, more. The Saint Ann's people say that Bolster fell in love with the beautiful Saint Agnes, who was a pattern woman of virtue. We think that monkish invention is apparent in this legend, because our real old giants were never the fools to waste their wind in filling the air with such a tempest of groans and sighs as Bolster is said to have blown after the cruel Saint Agnes, who served her tall lover, at last, too treacherous a trick, as an honest body might think, for any female saint to invent. After coquetting with the giant, she asked him, as a last proof of his love, to fill the hole in the cliff at Chapel Porth with his blood. The giant, thinking he could spare blood enough to fill many such holes, without hesitation stretched his great arm over the hole, plunged a knife into a vein, and torrents of blood gushed out and flowed into the hole. The love-sick giant, ready to do anything to please the fancy of the fair saint, bled himself to death without discovering that, as fast as the seething gore issued from his arm, it ran into the sea through a hole in the bottom of the pit. The cunning saint, well aware that the hole had an opening at the bottom into the sea, thus got rid of her hill-striding lover.

Some may think that Saint Agnes served Bolster no worse than he deserved, because he was a married man all the time that he persecuted the blessed saint with his troublesome love; besides, he was a most cruel husband. Whilst he was going over the hills galivanting the saint, he compelled the unfortunate giantess to pick all the stones from the ground at the foot of Bury-Anack or Barytanack (as the Beacon was called in Bolster's time), on the side of the hill nearest Saint Ann's town. She was made to carry the stones in her apron to the top of the hill, where they may still be seen, forming many burrows. She laboured so dilligently that, at this day, the farm which is now made out of this part of the giant's land is remarkably clear of stones, although all the surrounding farms are as stony as the Fourborough Downs. Bolster himself, before he became enamoured of Saint Agnes, must have been an industrious, hardworking, giant enough to throw up the great gurgoe or hedge, miles long, which is still called by his name. Any one who will take the trouble to go to Saint Ann's may still see great part of this earthwork, thrown up by the giant, which, when he completed it, extended from Trevaunce Porth to Chapel Porth, enclosing all the richest tin-ground on the giant's land. As a proof of the truth of the tradition respecting the way in which the giant Bolster came by his death, the inhabitants of these parts still show the red stains in the hole at Chapel Porth, marking the track of the giant's gore which fell in torrents and flowed for hours down the hole, while the

“Fretted flood  
Roll'd frothy waves of purple blood.”

## II. The Piskey-Led Commercial Traveller's Ride Over The Hills, Etc

"I hate the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and say, 'Tis all barren.'" Sterne.

"How low soever the matter, I trust in God for high words."—*Love's Labour Lost*.

Not so very long ago, a traveller was staying at one of the three or four commercials' favourite resorts at Penzance. The gentleman had often been to that town, but had not visited St. Ives, although he was curious to see the place, with the name of which he had been familiar from the time he could lisp the old nursery rhymes about "The man of St. Ives, who had seven wives," &c. Our traveller started on horseback from Penzance early in the morning, that he might have plenty of time to explore the famous old place, and to visit some of the Lelant mines lying near his road. After visiting Providence mine, and having a long chat with that intelligent and amiable old patriarch, Captain John Anthony, he arrived, about three o'clock, very sore and very hungry, "at the town that went down on the sea-shore to get washed, and hadn't the strength to get back again." After satisfying his stomach with a splendid fish dinner and other good things, readily served at the "Western" Hotel, he sallied out to view the new pier, of which the men of St. Ives are so proud. From seeing many quaint, picturesque old houses around the Market-place, he was induced to wander through the labyrinth of alleys and landes into the back settlements, hoping to find some structure ancient enough to pass for the habitation of the mythical personage of the seven wives. He found some dwelling which he thought (reasonably enough) must have been built before Noah's time, when it might have been thoroughly washed, but the traveller did not think it could ever have been cleansed since, from the sickening smells, and stunning odours of the very essence of stench, which saluted him at every turn, as he picked his way through the Dijey, and leaped the gutters about Charn Chy. It was in the midst of a busy fishery season, and he saw enough, and smelt too much, to satisfy his curiosity, without proceeding any further quay-ward. As soon as he got back to the "Western", he fortified his rebellious stomach (that now detested fish) with good store of Mr. Hodge's best brandy. Then he was got on board his nag, and took his course up the Stennack, intending to return to Penzance by the old road, and examine the works and machinery at Wheal Reeth mine on the way.

I expect he must have reached Cripple's Ease, as he said that he stopped at a roadside inn to make more particular enquiries about the nearest way to the mine; then, after wandering through miles of lanes, that seem to lead to no place in particular (always, he would swear, following exactly the directions given him) without coming to Wheal Reeth, he found himself, at ten o'clock on a dark foggy night, he did'nt know where.

From all I could make out, by his description of the place and people he next encountered, he must have rambled through the intricate bye-lanes to some place on Lelant Downs, when, seeing a light shining from the bedroom window of a cottage, he rode up to the gate of the small enclosure before the dwelling, pushed open the wicket, rode into the garden, and tapped at the window (whence the light shone) two or three times with his whip; then he heard a woman's voice just inside the curtained casement: "Jan, art a sleepan Jan? dedst thee hear that nackan?" "Iss," replied Jan from the bed, "open the winder and see what's there." "No I weddent for the world, I am sure a es a sperat, or a token; what else can ever come to this out-of-the-way place this time of night, I should be glad to know: I tell thee Jan, a as a warnan for to make thee think of thy latter end, for thee to turn from thy evil ways and mend, for thee art

a great sinner and most abominable liar (as thee dost know as well as I can tell thee), but thee art too proud to own at. May the Lord break that stony heart of thine."

"Hold thy tongue thou fool, and open the winder," says Jan, "or I'll get out of bed and see."

"No thee shusen't, for a es the old one come for thee; I'll pit out the light and come into bed to thee."

The traveller, getting tired of hearing the woman's sermon or banter (hard to say which) tapped the window again, at the same time he happened to cough. "There Molly," says Jan, "dost a think thy sperat have catched a cold. Thee cust hearn's coughan 'spose. I have heard of the sperats, as well as the knackers in the bals, making all sorts of queer noises, yet I never heard of a sperat to cough, or sneeze before; must be some of the boys up the hill, going home from bal, who want a light for their pipes; I'll get up and see." Suiting the action to the word, Jan sprang out of bed, drew back the curtain, and opened the windows. Though the man in the fog was within three or four feet of the window, Jan not being able to see him when he first came from the glare of the candle-light, called out, "Hallo, what cheer, where are 'e, and who are 'e an? what do 'e want?"

"I took the liberty of calling to enquire the way to Penzance."

"Ha! I'm beginnan to see thee now: a man and hoss! I do declare, but what dost a do here? but dus'na move an inch for what thee dust do, nor thy hoss nether: whatever made the bufflehead to ride into my garn (garden)? thee west destroy my bed of leeks, but I can't understand thy lingo at all, thee art speaken like a forraner to me: what do 'e mean to say at all! speak plain: what dost a want here this time of night?" "Tell me the road to Penzance if you please?" "The road to Penzance! why there's scores of roads from here to Penzance, take whichever thee has got a mind to; ef one es'nt anuf for thee, take two ef thee west, but dosna move an inch tell I come down," "My good man, only have patience to hear me, and I'll pay for your bed of leeks. I lost my way in trying to get from St. Ives to Wheal Reeth. If I am near the mine now I shall be glad to stop in the count house, stable, or any place, over night. I am so sore I can scarcely sit on horseback." "The Lord bless 'e sir. I'll be down to 'e in a minute: you are one of the venturars I spore? how sorry I am that I didn't know 'e before: lev me put on a few rags and I'll be down in a crack: excuse me sir, please. I'll be down in a jiffey, quick as a wink, and put 'e in the road to the town or the bal."

"No, my good man, don't come down by any means; besides, I've nothing whatever to do with mines," "Ha! arn't 'e a venturar, an? who or what are 'e, an? and where ded 'e come from?" Here the man, who was preparing to dress, stooped down again, with nothing on but his shirt and night-cap, and stretched himself halfways out of the window, the better to see the night-rider. The fog had now become a slag (half mist, half rain), when the traveller replied, "I'm a pin-maker from Birmingham." "A pin-maker! A pin-maker! Why a great man like you don't make the things the women fasten their rags with, do 'e? And you are come from the place we cale Brummagam, where the buttons come from: that' an outlandish place a long way off, es'na? but lord, you can never get a living making pins, ef you make niddles too. And the hoss thee hawt picked up upon the road I spose? Now, don't 'e move an inch. A poor pin-maker! why, don't 'e do anything else but that to get your living, an?"

"Why no, and get a very good living too."

"Why, hast a got a wife, an?" "Yes, a wife and family." "Why, thee doesn't mantain thyself, wife, and family, makan pins and niddles, dost a? What can they have to eat, an? Molly, dost a hear what the man es tellan of? A will take thee to believe 'n, for thee west believe anthing that any fool may tell thee." Now the woman came, and poked her head, covered with her petticaots, out of the window, over the man's back; so great was their curiosity to hear his

story. When the commercial explained to the astonished couple how he belonged to a manufactory where pins and needles were made by machinery, and where hundreds of hands, of all ages, were employed, Jan, without stopping to put on much clothing, came down, brought the traveller in, slipped the bridle from the head of the tired and hungry horse, and let it graze along the road (no fear of the horse straying far). In the meantime the good wife got a comfortable cup of tea for the weary, piskey-led, traveller.

The worthy couple were quite sure that the pin-maker was piskey-led, because, when they went over-stairs, a few minutes before his arrival, there was no appearance of the fog, which they both assured him was raised by the mischievous, laughing goblin, as well as the many other strange appearances that beguiled him. Such as making narrow lanes and by-paths look like broad turnpike roads; what seemed to him to be candles, or blazing fire-light, seen through cottage-windows, when approached were found to be nothing but glowworms shining in the hedges; and to prevent the piskey having any more power over him, they persuaded him to turn his coat inside out. As our good couple kept a cow, the pin-maker was regaled with many dainties from the dairy, besides a treat of blackberry cake, thickly spread with delicious scalded cream. Notwithstanding the simplicity of the couple, whom the traveller at first thought to be a very uncouth pair, he remained with them three or four hours, well pleased with their frankness and cordiality.

The tinner, in his quaint way, gave much curious information about mining affairs and miners' tricks—much that the traveller would never have heard from the officials of the count-house or mine-brokers, who were not all favourably spoken of, any more than the smelters, who the miner said still try to squeeze out the same profits from the poor tinner's labour as when he gained just sufficient to enable him and his family to live comfortably, and which was more than double as much as they all (children big and small, who ought to be at school, and the mothers who have more than enough to do in the house) can now contrive to scrape together. Much he said in praise of the owners of some mines, who are keeping on the works (merely that the people may have employment), without any hopes of present profit, and great risk of ultimate loss to themselves.

After many mutual good wishes, and the absolute refusal of the proffered payment for leeks, tea, and trouble, and—what the stranger valued most—the hearty good will with which they entertained him, the traveller left, with his coat turned inside out, and accompanied by Jan as far as the bottom of Nut Lane, where he was glad enough to find himself out of the land of mist, and once more on the turnpike-road, about daybreak. Having to go slowly, very slowly, on account of the soreness he felt from having been so long in the saddle (to which he was not much accustomed), it was after sunrise when he hailed with heartfelt joy the first sight of the Mount, from Tregender hill, and returned to his inn about the same hour he had left it the previous morning, much to the satisfaction of his host, who had been rather uneasy about the long absence of man and horse, knowing that the traveller intended to return early in the afternoon of the day he went to visit St. Ives. The anxiety of mine host did not proceed from any fears that the jolly traveller would be enticed into grief by the blandishments of the mermaids of St. Ives, who are sure to be seen staring from the openings of their caverns (all the way from their Green Court to Cham Chy), with eyes and open mouths strained to unnatural dimensions at any stranger who may chance to pass by, roaring out to each other, “Who is that, you?” “Where did he come from, an?” “Drag in the cheeld, you! There's a cow comean, or sh's a mad bull, esn't she? Waen't she bit, you?” No, no; the host was well enough acquainted with the place, to know that all the fascinations of the Sirens of the Dijey would be powerless when smothered in such a malodorous atmosphere, to all but those who are “to the manner born.” He rather feared that man and horse might have found their way into some deserted tin-work, or unfenced shaft on the moors.

The weary explorer of back-settlements and bye-lanes (wanting sleep more than breakfast) was glad to lay himself on the comfortable bed he left four-and-twenty hours before, to have a little rest before he started for Birmingham. We hope that when he comes this way again, he will bring down good store of pins and needles for our Molly, and another story of his adventures for us.

### III. Uter Bosence And The Piskey

#### *A Midsummer Night's Legend*

“Joculo:—O you are a dangerous farie! I care not whose hand I were in, so I were out of yours.

“Fairy:—Will't please you dance, sir?

“Joculo:—Indeed, sir, I cannot handle my legs.

“Fairy:—O you must needs dance and sing,

Which, if you refuse to do,

We will pinch you black and black,

And about we go.”—Lylie, *Mayde's Metamorphosis*.

Little more than two centuries ago, great part of Sancreed parish belonged to the ancient family of Bosence, when an old gentleman called Uter Bosence lived on the estate of the same name, in that parish.

The old man was a widower, with an only son, also called Uter, who was the pride and joy of his father's heart. Young Uter Bosence was known, far and near, as the champion of the wrestling-ring, the most expert hurler, and noted horseman in the West. His favourite pastime was to tame the wild colts that in these times (when but a small proportion of the land was enclosed and cultivated) had the run of hills and moors, until they were many years old.

Young Uter is said to have had some secret method of taming them, so that in a few days he could make the wildest colt perfectly docile without the use of whip or spur; at the same time they would become so fond of him as to follow him the same as his dogs.

The young Uter had long been engaged to his cousin Pee Tregeer, of St. Just, who passed a great part of her time in Bosence, to superintend the housekeeping at harvest and feasts-tides. She was now, on this Midsummer's eve, staying there to make the few arrangements required for her wedding, which was intended to take place in a few weeks. Her brother William Tregeer, and Uter, had been as much attached to each other from childhood as brothers ought to be. They were so near a match in wrestling, boxing, and all other manly exercises, that they often bruised each other black and blue by practising—not for the mastery, but that each might train the other to be the best man in his parish. On the afternoon of this Midsummer's eve there was a wrestling-match at St. Just. All the standards having been made long before, the prizes were to be won that afternoon. The two young men were at the wrestling, each one being the champion standard for his own parish. The best prize, a pair of silver spurs, was won by Uter after a stout contest with his comrade, Will Tregeer. Lanyon, of Tregonebris, gained the second prize—a gold-lace hat; and another Sancreed man won the pair of embroidered gloves, the usual third prize. The St. Just men were much chagrined to have all their prizes carried off to Sancreed. It was the usual custom then, whenever large parties of young men went from one parish to take part in the games held in another, to take their silver ball with them, that they might practice hurling on the road. The Sancreed boys had their ball with them then, as they wanted to keep their hand in against the next day, when a match was to be played between Sancreed and Buryan. Tregeer and the St. Just men proposed that the victorious wrestlers should try the game of hurling with them, that evening, from St. Just to Sancreed church-town. The St. Just men were then noted for being the most expert hurlers in the west country, and had carried off the balls from all the parishes round, and from Sancreed, more than once. The wrestling being over many hours before dark, the challenge was accepted, so that instead of passing the evening together, as usual, in the parish



in which the games were held, the ball was thrown up at St. Just Cross. With a swift run, and smart contest over hills and moors, the St. Just men kept the ball amongst them best part of the way, until they arrived at Trannack downs, when the Sancreed party, getting hold of the ball, sent it to Uter Bosence, who, with the rest of his party, being well acquainted with the ground, took right across the country, over the rocks and cairns on the downs, through the bogs, and old stream-works on the moors, straight for church-town, and bore their ball in triumph into the trough in the church porch long before the St. Just men got out of the bogs in the moors. Sancreed men were proud enough of their double victory, and treated the men of St. Just, and all-comers, to the best in the "Bird-in-hand," if that was the sign of the ancient hostel in those days. It was not felt to be any disgrace to the losers to be beaten on the run, with which they were quite unacquainted, once in a while; so the carouse was kept up with high glee and good fellowship until near midnight, when all left the public-house for their homes, that they might have a little rest before going to Buryan, where the principal games of the west were to be held on Midsummer day. Uter, and the young men belonging to Botrea, Durval, Trannack, and other places near, with the St. Just men, reached the end of Botrea land all together. Uter, wishing to speak with Will Tregeer, the two young men went on together as far as the stile on the church-road leading from Botrea townplace into the field. Here they sat awhile, and the rest of their Sancreed comrades went on before to the different villages in the side of the hill.

The weather was so calm, and the air so clear, that the young men could distinctly hear the wild music to which the dance was kept up around the bonfires on the Beacon and Caer Brane hills. After the two friends had said their say, and agreed where to meet the next day, they lingered together some time looking at the young men and maidens, with hands firmly locked, dancing in a ring around the blazing fires, or pulling each other for good luck over the embers, that they might extinguish the fires by treading them out, without breaking their chain, or rather ring. Then they vainly tried to count the fires to be seen blazing on all the hills far away. The young men, waiting at the end of Botrea land, called to Will Tregeer to come along or they would go home without him. Uter said he could get on very well alone: he wasn't at all tipsy, only a little lightheaded, as he had only drunk a few mugs of beer to cool himself after the run. Over a while he had taken two or three horns of brandy for fear of a chill. He wouldn't have Will Tregeer go any farther with him, as he had only a few fields to cross to bring him home. Soon after they wished good night, Uter remembered that the old gentleman, his father (who liked to keep up the ancient customs), had agreed to go with Pee Tregeer, and the rest of the young folks, to the bonfire on Trannack hill, which Uter could still see blazing away in all its glory, with the young people dancing around it. He had also promised to come to Trannack hill for them on his way home from St. Just, not expecting then that a hurling-match would bring him back before night. His father and Pee Tregeer might still be waiting for him on the hill. That he might be there as soon as possible, he took his course across Botrea and Bosence fields, straight for the hill. He knew every inch of the ground, and could find his way, as he thought, by night as well as by day.

When he got into the field on Bosence, called Park-an-chapel, a cloud of fog rising from the moors (so thick that one could scarcely see a yard before him), entirely surrounded Uter or buried him, we may say; yet, although he couldn't see the bonfires then, he could hear the singing plainer than ever. He steered his course for the eastern side of the field, as near as he could guess toward the place of an opening in the hedge through which he intended to pass into the next field. He soon came to the fence, but found no opening; searched forth and back; wandered round and round, without avail; then he tried to get over what appeared to be a low place in the hedge; but the more he climbed the higher the hedge seemed to rise above him. He tried ever so many places, but could never reach the top of the fence, and, every time he

gave over, his ears rung with such tormenting, mocking laughter as nothing but a piskey ever made. He was very anxious to reach the hill, and above all to get out of this field, as it had a bad name, and was shunned by most people after nightfall. The ugliest of sprights and spriggans, with other strange apparitions, such as unearthly lights, were often seen hovering around the ruins of the old chapel, or oratory, which stood in this field, and departing thence in all directions. These ruins were so overgrown with brambles and thorns that there was but little of the building to be seen. Uter had often laughed at the stories of those who had been piskey-led; in fact on the subject of spriggans, piskeys, small people, and all the rest of the fairy tribe, he was no better than an unbelieving heathen, and would often blaspheme and abuse the merry and innocent small-people, who are now seldom seen on account of the increased pride and wickedness of the world. Uter had turned round and round so often that he neither knew what course he was steering nor in what part of the field he stood, until he found himself among the thickets surrounding the ruins; even here he heard the same teasing, tormenting, laughter proceeding from inside the chapel. Then he took it into his head that some one in flesh and blood was following him about in the mist. He soon got out of temper, and threatened to let whoever, or whatever, was dogging his footsteps, feel the weight of his boot as soon as he could lay hands on him, and send him to the place of which one need not mention the direction as well-dressed respectable people such as we are have no business there. Knowing now where he was, and that it would be an easy matter for him to get on the church-road and be home in a few minutes, he sat himself down to rest and draw breath, on a long stone, lying close by the doorway of the ruined chapel.

Uter felt so very stiff and weary that he would as soon pass the night where he sat as go a step farther. He thought to have a comfortable smoke at least (tobacco was just come into fashion then, and the use of the fragrant weed regarded as a mark of distinction by the young beaux). He took his tinder-box from his pocket, struck a light for his pipe, which was no sooner in full blast than he heard all sorts of strange noises in the old building. Looking towards the entrance, he saw it filled with the most frightful sprights and spriggans one ever beheld—all sorts of unnaturally-shaped bodies were topped with heads like those of adders. The ugly things kept hissing, grinning, throwing out their forked tongues, and spitting fire at him all the time; others were making a horrible dance, and cutting all sorts of fantastic capers on the roofless walls of the chapel, and hanging down from the gable close over his head, hissing like serpents all the time. Uter rose to get away from the ugly sight as quickly as he could, and was no sooner on his forkle-end than he saw, standing close before him, a being (whether beast, sprite, or demon he knew not) much like a black buck-goat, with horns and beard more than a yard in length; but a goat of such a size, with such flaming balls of eyes and such a length of tail behind, was never seen on hills or moors before. The ugly thing, standing on its hind legs, danced round, trying all the time to get a firm grip of Uter with the hairy paws, in the place of hoofs, on its fore legs. Uter did not like dancing with such a partner, yet he could hardly hinder his feet from keeping time to the music ringing from the surrounding hills. He was rather scared, but not afraid, for he feared nothing in this world, give him fair play and no favour. He tried to keep off the thing (which must have been the piskey) by striking its long hairy paws with his black thornstick. He had no sooner hit the thing than the cudgel was snatched from his hand, his heels tripped up, and he was laid flat on his back; then he was sent rolling down the hill faster and faster, till he went like a stone bowled over cliff, tossed over the hedge at the bottom of the field like a bundle of rags, then pushed through the brambles and furze on the moor, or pitched over the bogs and stream-works on the piskey's horns; then whirled away like dust before the wind. When he fell down he was pitched up again, and not allowed a moment's rest from rolling or running until he passed the high-road in Botrea bottom, and was driven by piskey or demon smash against a high rock at the foot of the Beacon hill, where he was found quite insensible the next day.

Uter's father and affianced bride remained late on Trannack hill, as the old gentleman liked to join in the ancient pastimes that united all classes of the people, as well as in those manly exercises for which the men of the west have in former times been famed. Besides, he might have believed (as many did not long ago) that dancing round the fire in an unbroken chain-ring with, hands firmly locked, the prescribed number of times, leaping through the flame and treading out the fire, insured good luck for the year, and was the surest preservative against the spells of witchcraft, blighting of an evil eye, and many other calamities to which we are subject from the powers of darkness.

They were not surprised because Uter did not return, as he often stayed with Will Tregeer over night, when anything in the way of games was going on in St. Just. In the morning, when Tregeer came to Bosence, not finding Uter there, he said nothing to alarm the old man, but went to the neighbouring villages to enquire after his comrade, when all the good folks, young and old, dispersed to make search over hill and dale, moor and downs.

Uter was soon found lying, apparently dead, at the foot of the rock—the flesh almost cut from his ribs with the rowels of the prize spurs, which he wore as a trophy, suspended by their straps to the leathern girdle that, according to the fashion of the time, he wore round the waist; the spikes of the rowels, full an inch long, had pierced his flesh to the bone in his rolling over nearly half a mile. The silver buttons, large as crown-pieces, beautifully engraved and embossed, were all torn from his coat. They say that these buttons were sought for, and continued to be found on Uter's and the piskey's route, many years after. No wonder that the old folks, even the giants, were fond of the game of bob, when the buttons were so well worth the labour of throwing the quoits after them. Uter was soon taken home. When he came to himself he told how he was served out by the piskey. Some say, he was never so strong a man after the piskey encounter as before. However, he soon got well enough to be wedded, and seldom went to the games to prove his strength after he took home his wife, but paid more attention to his farm and family; so perhaps the rolling did him good, on the whole.

Such is the story just as it was told me a few years ago by William Bosence, of Sancreed. The name of Uter is still kept up in the Bosence family. I did not venture to suggest (what was in my mind all the time) that, perhaps, the frightful vision was merely the production of a drunken dream, well knowing that to show the least scepticism respecting the cherished belief of the old folks was a sure way to be regarded by them as something worse than a heretic. Besides, there is little reason in pretending to be so over wise as to scorn their harmless fancies, when, little more than a century ago, no one doubted that these phantoms often appeared, and tales of possession and witchcraft were circulated as articles of faith. Then the most learned and most religious men were not exempt from this weakness.

There are still some remains of the old chapel of Bosence to be seen, which are well worthy of a visit. The site of the ruins is about half-a-mile north-west of Sancreed church. Those who wish to see some of the most interesting views of the Mount's-bay and neighbourhood should not fail to climb the Beacon hill and Caer Brane, as few landscapes are so beautiful as the view (obtained from about half-way up the Beacon hill) of the bay and the diversified scenery of its shores. From the summit, the contrast is remarkable of the wild and romantic hills and cairns on the north and west, with the prospect of soft rural beauty in the opposite direction. Should one feel inclined to extend the ramble a mile farther towards the west, to drink from the crystal fount of St. Uny's holy well, and explore the fogou (cavern) and circular hut near it, the pilgrimage would ensure a good night's rest and pleasant dreams.

## IV. The Old Wandering Droll-Teller Of The Lizard, And His Story Of The Mermaid And The Man Of Cury

*(Given as an example of the manner in which old Cornish Drolls were constructed, on some simple and well-known Legends.)*

“To you will I give as much of gold  
 As for more than your life will endure;  
 And of pearls and precious stones handfuls;  
 And all shall be so pure.”  
 Duke Magnus, Duke Magnus, plight thee to me,  
 I pray you still so freely;  
 Say me not nay, but yes, yes!  
 “I am a King’s son so good  
 How can I let you gain me?  
 You dwell not on land, but in the flood,  
 Which would not with me agree.”—*Duke Magnus and the Mermaid.*

From a period, more remote than is now remembered, to the present time, some members of the family called Lutey, who for the most part, resided in the parish of Cury, or its vicinity, have been noted conjurors or white witches. They have long been known, all over the west, as the “Pellar Family.” The word Pellar is probably an abridgment of repeller, derived from their reputed power in counteracting the malign influences of sorcery and witchcraft.

According to an oft-told story, the wonderful gifts of this family were acquired by a fortunate ancestor, who had the luck to find a mermaid (here by us pronounced meremaid), left high and dry on a rock by the ebbing tide. Some forty years ago, uncle Anthony James—an old blind man, belonging to the neighbourhood of the gifted family—with his dog, and a boy who led him, used to make their yearly tour of the country as regularly as the seasons came round. This venerable wanderer, in his youth, had been a soldier, and had then visited many foreign lands, about which he had much to tell; but his descriptions of outlandish people and places were just as much fashioned after his own imagination, as were the embellishments of the legends he related, and the airs he composed for many old ballads which he and his boy sing to the melody of the old droll-teller’s crowd (fiddle). However, in all the farm houses, where this old wanderer rested on his journey, he and his companions received a hearty welcome, for the sake of his music and above all for his stories, the substance of most of which every one knew by heart, yet they liked to hear these old legends again and again, because he, or some of his audience, had always something new to add, by way of fashioning out the droll, or to display their inventive powers. Uncle Anthony had much to tell about ghosts, witchcraft, and conjuration; curious traditions connected with some old families formed the substance of many strange tales; he had always something new to relate concerning the extraordinary powers of his neighbours, the white-witches of Cury, and of many other things which were equally wonderful and fraught with interest to us simple folks at the Land’s-End.

Among all the favourite legends, related by this humble relic of our old bards, none were oftener told, or more varied in the telling, by adding to the story whatever struck his fancy at the moment, than the following

## DROLL OF THE MEREMAID

Hundreds of years ago, there lived somewhere near the Lizard Point a man called Lutey or Luty, who farmed a few acres of ground near the seashore, and followed fishing and smuggling as well, when it suited the time. One summer's evening, seeing from the cliff, where he had just finished his day's work of cutting turf, that the tide was far out, he sauntered down over the sands, near his dwelling, in search of any wreck which might have been cast ashore by the flood; at the same time he was cursing the bad luck, and murmuring because a god-send worth securing hadn't been sent to the Lizard cliffs for a long while.

Finding nothing on the sands worth picking up, Lutey turned to go home, when he heard a plaintive sound, like the wailing of a woman or the crying of a child, which seemed to come from seaward; going in the direction of the cry, he came near some rocks which were covered by the sea at high water, but now, about half ebb and being spring tides, the waves were a furlong or more distant from them. Passing round to the seaward side of these rocks, he saw what appeared to him a fairer woman than he had ever beheld before. As yet, he perceived little more than her head and shoulders, because all the lower part of her figure was hidden by the ore-weed (sea-weed; query, is *ore* a corruption of *mor*, sea?) which grew out from the rocks, and spread around the fair one in the pullan (pool) of sea-water that yet remained in a hollow at the foot of the rocks. Her golden-coloured hair, falling over her shoulders and floating on the water, shone like the sunbeams on the sea. The little he saw of her skin showed that it was smooth and clear as a polished shell. As the comely creature, still making a mournful wail, looked intently on the distant and ebbing sea, Lutey remained some minutes, admiring her unperceived. He longed to assuage her grief, but, not knowing how to comfort her, and afraid of frightening her into fits by coming too suddenly on her, he coughed and ahem'd to call her attention before he approached any nearer.

Looking round and catching a glimpse of the man, she uttered a more unearthly yell than ever, and then gliding down from the ledge, on which she reclined, into the pullan, all but her beautiful head and swan-like neck was hidden under the water and the ore-weed.

"My dear creature," says Lutey, "don't 'e be afraid of me, for I'm a sober and staid married man, near thirty years of age. Have 'e lost your clothes? I don't see any, anywhere! Now, what shall I do to comfort 'e? My turtle-dove, I wouldn't hurt 'e for the world," says Lutey, as he edged a little nearer. He couldn't take his eyes from the beautiful creature for the life of him. The fair one, too, on hearing his soothing words, stayed her crying, and, when she looked on him, her eyes shone like the brightest of stars on a dark night. Lutey drew near the edge of the pullan and, looking into the water, he discovered the fan of a fish's tail quivering and shaking amongst the floating ore-weed: then, he knew that the fair one was a mermaid. He never had so near a view of one before, though he had often seen them, and heard them singing, of moonlight nights, at a distance, over the water.

"Now my lovely maid of the waves," said he, "what shall I do for 'e? Speak but the word; or give me a sign, if you don't know our Cornish tongue."

"Kind good man," she replied, "we people of the ocean understand all sorts of tongues, as we visit the shores of every country, and all the tribes of earth pass over our domain; besides, our hearing is so good that we catch what is said on the land when we are miles away over the flood. You may be scared, perhaps," she continued, "to see me simply dressed, like naked truth, because your females are always covered with such things as would sadly hinder our sporting in the waves."

"No, my darling, I am'at the least bit frightened to see 'e without your dress and petticoats on," Luty replied, as he still drew nearer, and continued as kindly as possible to say, "now my

dear, dont 'e hide your handsome figure in the pullan any longer, but sit up and tell me what makes 'e grieve so?"

The mermaid rose out of the water, seated herself on a ledge of the rock, combed back her golden ringlets from her face, and then Lutey observed that her hair was so abundant that it fell around and covered her figure like an ample robe of glittering gold. When this simple toilette was settled, she sighed and said, "Oh! unlucky mermaid that I am; know, good man, that only three hours ago I left my husband soundly sleeping on a bed of soft and sweet sea-flowers, with our children sporting round him. I charged the eldest to be sure and keep the shrimps and sea-fleas, that they mightn't get into their daddy's ears and nose to disturb his rest. "Now take care," I told them, "that the crabs don't pinch your dad's tail and wake him up, whilst I'm away to get 'e something nice for supper, and if you be good children I'll bring 'e home some pretty young dolphins and sea-devils for 'e to play with. Yet noble youth of the land," she went on to say, "with all my care I very much fear my merman may wake up and want something to eat before I get home. I ought to know when the tide leaves every rock on the coast, yet I was so stupid as to remain here looking at myself in the pullan as I combed the broken ore-weed, shrimps, crabs, and sea-fleas out of my hair, without observing, till a few minutes since, that the sea had gone out so far as to leave a bar of dry sand between me and the waves."

"Yet why should 'e be in such trouble, my heart's own dear?" Lutey asked, "Can't 'e wait here, and I'll bear ye company till the tide comes in, when you may swim away home at your ease?"

"Oh, no, I want to get back before the turn of the tide; because, then, my husband and all the rest of the mermen are sure to wake up hungry and look for their suppers; an, can 'e believe it of my monster (he looks a monster indeed compared with you), that if I am not then at hand with half-a-dozen fine mullets, a few scores of mackerel, or something else equally nice to suit his dainty stomach, when he awakes with the appetite of a shark, he's sure to eat some of our pretty children. Mermen and maidens would be as plenty in the sea as herrings if their gluttons of fathers didn't gobble up the tender babes. Score of my dear ones have gone through his ugly jaws, never to come out alive."

"I'm very sorry for your sad bereavements," said Lutey. "Yet why don't the young fry start off on their own hook?"

"Ah! my dear," said she, "they love their pa, and don't think, poor simple innocents, when they hear him whistling a lively tune, that it's only to decoy them around him, and they, so fond of music, get close about his face, rest their ears on his lips, then he opens his great mouth like a cod's, and into the trap they go. If you have the natural feelings of a tender parent you can understand," she said, after sobbing as if her heart were ready to burst, "that, for my dear children's sakes, I'm anxious to get home in an hour or so, by which time it will be near low water; else, I should be delighted to stay here all night, and have a chat with you, for I have often wished, and wished in vain, that the powers had made for me a husband, with two tails, like you, or with a tail split into what you call your legs; they are so handy for passing over dry land! Ah," she sighed, "what wouldn't I give to have a pair of tails like unto you, that I might come on the land and examine, at my ease, all the strange and beautiful creatures which we view from the waves. If you will," she continued, "but serve me now, for ten minutes only, by taking me over the sands to the sea, I'll grant to you and yours any three wishes you may desire; but there's no time to spare,—no, not a minute," said she, in taking from her hair a golden comb in a handle of pearl, which she gave to Lutey, saying, "Here, my dear, keep this as a token of my faith; I'd give 'e my glass, too, had I not left that at home to make my monster think that I didn't intend to swim far away. Now mind," she said, as Lutey

put the comb into his pocket, “whenever you wish me to direct you, in any difficulty, you have only to pass that comb through the sea three times, calling me as often, and I’ll come to ye on the next flood tide. My name is Morvena, which, in the language of this part of the world, at the time I was named, meant sea-woman. You can’t forget it, because you have still many names much like it among ye.”

Lutey was so charmed with the dulcet melody of the mermaid’s voice that he remained listening to her flutelike tones, and, looking into her languishing sea-green eyes till he was like one enchanted, and ready to do everything she desired; so stopping down, he took the mermaid in his arms, that he might carry her out to sea.

Lutey being a powerful fellow, he bore the mermaid easily on his left arm, she encircling his neck with her right. They proceeded thus, over the sands, some minutes before he made up his mind what to wish for. He had heard of a man who, meeting with similar luck, wished that all he touched might turn to gold, and knew the fatal result of his thoughtless wish, and of the bad luck which happened to several others whose selfish desires were gratified. As all the wishes he could remember ended badly, he puzzled his head to think of something new, and, long before he came to any conclusion, the mermaid said,

“Come, my good man, lose no more time, but tell me for what three things do ye wish? Will you have long life, strength, and riches?”

“No,” says he, “I only wish for the power to do good to my neighbours—first that I may be able to break the spells of witchcraft; secondly that I may have such power over familiar spirits as to compel them to inform me of all I desire to know for the benefit of others; thirdly, that these good gifts may continue in my family for ever.”

The mermaid promised that he and his should ever possess these rare endowments, and that, for the sake of his unselfish desires, none of his posterity should ever come to want. They had still a long way to go before they reached the sea. As they went slowly along, the mermaid told him of their beautiful dwellings, and of the pleasant life they led beneath the flood. “In our cool caverns we have everything one needs,” said she, “and much more. The walls of our abodes are encrusted with coral and amber, entwined with sea-flowers of every hue, and their floors are all strewn with pearls. The roof sparkles of diamonds, and other gems of such brightness that their rays make our deep grotts in the ocean hillsides, as light as day.” Then, embracing Lutey with both her arms round his neck, she continued, “Come with me, love, and see the beauty of the mermaid’s dwellings. Yet the ornaments, with which we take the most delight to embellish our halls and chambers, are the noble sons and fair daughters of earth, whom the wind and waves send in foundered ships to our abodes. Come, I will show you thousands of handsome bodies so embalmed, in a way only known to ourselves, with choice salts and rare spices, that they look more beautiful than when they breathed, as you will say when you see them reposing on beds of amber, coral, and pearl, decked with rich stuffs, and surrounded by heaps of silver and gold for which they ventured to traverse our domain. Aye, and when you see their limbs all adorned with glistening gems, move gracefully to and fro with the motion of the waves, you will think they still live.”

“Perhaps I should think them all very fine,” Lutey replied, “yet faix (faith) I’d rather find in your dwellings, a few of the puncheons of rum that must often come down to ye in the holds of sunken ships, and one would think you’d be glad to get them in such a cold wet place as you live in! What may ‘e do with all the good liquor, tobacco, and other nice things that find their way down below?”

“Yes indeed,” she answered, “it would do your heart good to see the casks of brandy, kegs of Hollands, pipes of wine, and puncheons of rum that come to our territory. We take a shellful

now and then to warm out stomachs, but there's any quantity below for you, so come along, come."

"I would like to go very well," says Lutey, "but surely I should be drowned, or smothered, under the water."

"Don't 'e believe it," said she, "you know that we women of the sea can do wonders. I can fashion 'e a pair of gills; yes, in less than five minutes I'll make you such a pair as will enable 'e to live in the water as much at your ease as a cod or a conger. The beauty of your handsome face will not be injured, because your beard and whiskers will hide the small slits required to be made under your chin. Besides, when you have seen all you would like to see, or get tired of my company and life in the water, you can return to land and bring back with you as much of our treasures as you like, so come along, love."

"To be sure," said Lutey, "your company, the liquor, and riches below are very tempting; yet I can't quite make up my mind."

The time passed in this kind of talk till Lutey, wading through the sea (now above his knees), brought her near the breakers, and he felt so charmed with the mermaid's beauty and enchanted by the music of her voice that he was inclined to plunge with her into the waves. One can't, now, tell the half of what she said to allure the man to her home beneath the flood. The mermaid's sea-green eyes sparkled as she saw the man was all but in her power. Then, just in the nick of time, his dog, which had followed unnoticed, barked and howled so loud, that the charmed man looked round, and, when he saw the smoke curling up from his chimney, the cows in the fields, and everything looking so beautiful on the green land, the spell of the mermaid's song was broken. He tried long in vain to free himself from her close embrace, for he now looked with loathing on her fishy tail, scaly body, and sea-green eyes, till he roared out in agony, "Good Lord deliver me from this devil of a fish!" Then, rousing from his stupor, with his right hand he snatched his knife from his girdle, and, flashing the bright steel before the mermaid's eyes, "By God," said he, "I'll cut your throat and rip out your heart if you don't unclasp your arms from my neck, and uncoil your conger-tail from my legs."

Lutey's prayer was heard, and the sight of the bright steel (which, they say, has power against enchantments and over evil beings), made the mermaid drop from his neck into the sea. Still looking towards him, she swam away, singing in her plaintive tone, "Farewell my sweet, for nine long years, then I'll come for thee my love."

Lutey had barely the strength to wade out of the sea, and reach, before dark, a sown (cavern) in the cliff, where he usually kept a few tubs of liquor, buried in the sand, under any lumber of wreck, secured there above high-water mark. The weary and bewildered man took a gimlet from his pocket, spiled an anker of brandy, fixed a quill in the hole, and sucked a little of the liquor to refresh himself; then lay down among some old sails and was soon asleep.

In the meantime, dame Lutey passed rather an anxious time, because her husband hadn't been home to supper, which the good man never missed, though he often remained out all night on the sands to look after wreck, or with smugglers or customers in the "sown" and on the water. So, as there was neither sight nor sign of him when breakfast was ready, she went down to the "sown" and there she found her man fast asleep.

"Come! wake up," said she; "and what made thee stay down here without thy supper? Thee hast had a drop too much I expect!"



“No by gamblers,” said he, rising up and staring round, “but am I here in the “sown” or am I in a cavern at the bottom of the sea? And are you my dear Morcenna? Ef you are, give me a hornful of rum, do; but you don’t look like her.”

“No indeed,” said the wife, “they cale me An Betty Lutey, and, what’s more, I never heard tell of the lass thee art dreaman about before.”

“Well then, of thee art my old woman, thee hast had a narrow escape, I can tell thee, of being left as bad as a widow and the poor children orphans, this very night.”

Then on the way home, he related how he found a stranded mermaid; that for taking her out to sea, she had promised to grant his three wishes, and given him the comb (which he showed his wife) as a token; “but,” said he, “if it hadn’t been for the howling of our dog Venture, to rouse me out of the trance, and make me see how far I was from land, as sure as a gun I should now be with the mermaidens drinkan rum or huntan sharks at the bottom of the sea.”

When Lutey had related all particulars, he charged his wife not to say anything about it to the neighbours, as some of them, perhaps, wouldn’t credit his strange adventure; but she, unable to rest with such a burden on her mind, as soon as her husband went away to his work, she trotted round half the parish to tell the story, as a great secret, to all the courtseying old women she could find, and showed them what Lutey gave her as the mermaid’s comb, to make the story good. The wonder (always told by the old gossips as a great secret) was talked of far and near in the course of a few weeks, and very soon folks, who were bewitched or otherwise afflicted, came in crowds to be helped by the new pellar or conjuror. Although Lutey had parted from the mermaid in a very ungracious manner, yet he found that she was true to her promise. It was also soon discovered that he was endowed with far more than the ordinary white-witch’s skill. Yet the pellar dearly purchased the sea-woman’s favours. Nine years after, to the day on which Lutey bore her to the water, he and a comrade were out fishing one clear moonlight night; though the weather was calm and the water smooth as a glass, about midnight the sea suddenly arose around their boat, and in the foam of the curling waves they saw a mermaid approach them, with all her body, above the waist, out of the water, and her golden hair floating behind and around her.

“My hour is come,” said Lutey, the moment he saw her; and, rising like one distraught, he plunged into the sea, swam with the mermaid a little way, then they both sunk, and the sea became as smooth as ever.

Lutey’s body was never found, and, in spite of every precaution, once in nine years, some of his descendants find a grave in the sea.

Here ends the droll-teller’s story.

(That the extraordinary powers, said to have been conferred by the mermaid, have continued with this gifted race, down to the present day, there are hundreds alive to testify among those who yearly consult Tammy Blee and J. Thomas. This worthy couple of white witches seem to be equally successful in the exercise of their art, though many say that the former only is of the true old pellar blood. So strong was the faith in this woman’s power, a short time since, that many believed she could raise spirits from their graves. We have heard of a person who employed, and well paid her, for that purpose, not seven years ago. We will relate this adventure when we learn more particulars of the transaction, which terminated in a way Tammy little wished or expected.

It is somewhat remarkable that, from a very remote period, the parish of Cury, or its vicinity, has been the head quarters of persons noted for performing extraordinary cures. There have been various opinions with respect to the derivation of the name of Cury (pron. *Cure*). We

will suggest another, which may be as probable as some others. It has occurred to us that the name of this place may be derived either from St. Gueryr, or from some other Cornish saint, equally celebrated, in ancient times, for effecting miraculous cures, as we find the following passages of great interest to Cornish antiquaries) in *Alfred le Grand*, by Guizot:—

*“Un jour, tout en chassant, il (Alfred) était arrivé dans le Cornwall près de Liskeard: il vit un village et le clocher d’une église; il y entra. Là était enterré un saint homme du pays de Cornwall, appelé Saint Guéryr, nom de bon augure pour un malade; car il avait au temps d’Alfred et garde encore aujourd’hui, dans le patois du canton, le même sens que le mot français guérir.”*

Alfred, as is well known, was afflicted with a disease which had hitherto baffled all ordinary means of cure. May not the patron of Cury be the saint referred to in the above quotation? There is also much curious matter about Alfred’s cousin, St. Neote, in the above work).

## V. The White Witch, Or Charmer Of Zennor

### Part First

“The Cornish drolls are dead, each one;  
The fairies from their haunts have gone:  
There’s scarce a witch in all the land,  
The world has grown so learn’d and grand.”—  
Henry Quick, of Zennor

A few years ago, an aged tinner of Lelant told us a story in which, among other matters, he related something about the doings of the captain of a stream-work with the black and white witches of Zennor and the Pellar of Helston, which will throw some light on certain proceedings and afford a sketch of characters but little known.

The spoken parts of the story are, for the most part, given in the tinner’s words, to serve as an example of the every-day language of the old country folk:—

When Jack Tregear (who tells the story) was a youngster, he worked for Uncle Matthew Thomas, who employed ten or a dozen men, off and on, in streaming some of the moors in Trewe Bottom. These moors, which lie up towards Zennor from Nancledrea, have been streamed for tin over and over again. They say that there are still to be seen about Trewe the remains of old bals which had been worked before the Flood. Uncle Mathy had a cothouse and a few little quillets and crofts up in Treen, or some other place near Zennor cliff; but here he was seldom to be found, as he left his few cattle, and the land, to the care of the old woman and the children, to do the best they could. Some of the men were often away from the stream-work, for weeks on a stretch, as they formed good part of a noted crew of Ludgvan smugglers who always made three or four trips every summer, over to Roscoff, in Brittany, for brandy, silk handkerchiefs, lace, and other things.

The goods were mostly run in on the eastern green, landed about Long Rock, and good part of the liquor taken off the horses (kept ready waiting) up to the moors, and secreted among the stream-works.

Uncle Mathy and all his men had a venture. Our free traders ran but little risk then, as there was no Preventive Service of any note. The excisemen were supposed to keep a sharp look-out, but they were often the greatest smugglers of all. If the boat escaped the revenue cutter they didn’t care a cuss for anything else.

No riding officer would like to venture among the stream leats and bogs in Trewe moors, where scores of ankers of brandy were often kept among the burrows till the innkeepers, gentry, and other regular customers wanted them. Now and then there was a bit of a shindy with the streamers, excisemen, and riding-officers for mere sham, and the smugglers would leave an anker or two, now and then, to be taken, in places where they never kept their stock. This served for a decoy, and the government crew knew well now that was their share and they had better not look for any more.

The streamers built a much larger moor-house than was usual for such sized tin-works, because many of the men lived down in Ludgvan, and others over in Towesnack, miles away from the work: besides, as some always remained on the place by night, when there was much liquor to be disposed of, and as they wanted a good shelter for bad weather, all hands turned-to and soon got up a house more than thirty feet long and twelve feet wide, with a

broad deep chimney in one end, and a wood-corner that would hold a cartload of turves, and furze enough to do the cooking for a week. Between the fireplace and the end wall of the house, there was a place contrived to be entered from the wood-corner, large enough for storing away a score of ankers or more, besides other goods which required to be kept dry. When the wood-corner was full of fuel no person could see that the chimney-end wall was double. A low doorway, no more than four feet high, was made in the middle of one side wall. There was room enough and to spare, on the left side of the entrance, to pile up more tin than they ever washed out in six months; so they had no occasion to take their stuff to the smelting-house when the price was low.

On the chimney side of the door some planks, fastened to stakes driven into the floor, kept together, quite tidy-like, a few bur'ns of heath, rushes, ferns, or straw, which served for the men to stretch themselves on when they had to remain there over night. There were no windows but the portholes all round, which were wanted to have a shot at the wild fowl that came over the moors in large flocks in the winter, and settled down on the fowling-pool at the back of the house. "Well", says Uncle Jan, "that old moor-house was a comfortable place enough, with the tin piled up in one end, a blazing turf fire in the other, and plenty of good liquor at hand. We lived there like fighting-cocks. When we wished to have a few rabbits for a pie one had only to go out with the dog, and half-a-dozen nets to set in the gaps round a barley arish, and come back in an hour or two with as many rabbits as were wanted for a week. The place was safe enough too, for if any of the preventives had a mind to pay us a visit, one man inside could keep out a hundred. The door was made low on purpose that if any persons we didn't want stooped down and poked their heads in, one could crack their skulls as easy as so many eggs into a frying-pan."

Many of the hardy old gentlemen, from the town and about, who often came over the moors hunting in the winter, would stop and pass a jolly night with the streamers. Capt. Mathy seldom went home, from Monday morning till Saturday night, when there were much goods in the moor-house, and, as Jack Tregear's quarters were some miles away, he mostly brought his week's provisions and stayed there for company. When the Ludgvan men were on a trip to France, the captain and Jack had all the place to themselves except when the innkeepers or others came there to deal for the liquor. Jack and Uncle Mathy got on capitally together. After supper they would drink a good jug of toddy between them; then turn in; but the worst was, best part of the night Capt. Mathy would keep Jack awake by talking about the places where he thought crocks of gold and other treasures were buried among the rocks in the Giant's Castle on Trecrobben hill, and about Choon and Bossigran Castles as well. And it was thought by the old people that much riches were put in the ground at no great distance from the quoits (cromlechs), barrows, and rounds, when the red-headed Danes, the pirates, settled here for seven years, made the people quit their old dwellings, give up to them all the enclosed and cultivated lands, and go to live on the commons and wastes in the best way they could. It was then that the old natives made the gurgoes one may still see about on the cliffs, moors, and other land not worth cultivating. Many of the rich people, who then buried their treasures and went to Wales, or over sea to seek for help to conquer the pirates, never lived to come back.

A few years after, when King Arthur drove all the Danes, he didn't kill, over cliffs into the sea, there was nobody living here who knew the meaning of the marks made on some of the rocks found about in out-of-the-way places, to show where to dig. They say that there are records still kept in Wales concerning what took place then, which would explain all about where the gold is to be found if one could but get hold of them.

“I wish we could but catch a spriggan, a piskey, or a knacker,” says Capt. Mathy one night, “ef one can but lay hands on any of the smale people unawares before they vanish, or turn into muryans (ants), they may be made to tell where the goold es buried.”

“Ded ‘e ever hear of anybody who ever catched on?” Jack asked.

“Why ess, and knowed his son too; he was my near neighbour, and lived in Trevidga: he told me all about et. One day Uncle Billy, his father, was over in the craft, Zennor church-town side of the hill, cuttan away down in the bottom, where the furze was as high as his head, with bare places here and there, among the brakes all grown over with three-leaved grass (white clover), hurt-trees (whortleberry plants), and griglans (heath). Uncle Billy was cuttan an openan into one of these place, thinkan to touch pipe there, eat his fuggan (heavy cake), and have a smoke. As he opened the furze, to come to work his hook handy, he spied the prettiest little creature of a smale body one ever seed, sleepan away on a bank of wild thyme all in blossom. The little creature wasn’t bigger than a cat, yet every inch like a man, dressed in a green coat, sky-blue breeches and stockings, with diamond-buckled shoes; his little three-cocked hat was drawn over his face to shade en from the sun while he slept. Uncle Billy stopped and looked at am more than a minute, langan to carry an home some way or other. ‘Ef I could but keep am,’ thought he, ‘we should soon be rich enow to ride in a coach.’ Then he put down the furze-hook easy, took of the cuff from his arm, and slipped the little gentleman into the cuff, feet foremost, before he waked up. The little fellow then opened his pretty brown eyes and said, ‘Mammy! where are ‘e, mammy and daddy! and where am I? And who are you? You are a fine great bucca sure enough; what are ‘e caled, an?’ says he to Uncle Billy. ‘I want my mammy! can ‘e find her for me?’ ‘I don’t know whereabouts she do put up,’ says Uncle Billy; ‘come, you shall go home with me, ef you will, and live with our people till your mother do come for ‘e.’ ‘Very well,’ says the spriggan, ‘I dearly love to ride the kids over the rocks, and to have milk and blackberries for supper; will ‘e give me some?’ ‘Ess, my son, and bread and honey too,’ says the old man Uncle Billy, as he took the small body up in his arms and carried him home.

“When the little chap was took out of the curze-cuff and placed upon the hearth-stone, he begun to play with the children as if he had lived with them all his lifetime. The old man and woman were delighted. The children crowed for joy to see the pretty little man jumpan about, and they called am Bobby Griglans. Twice a day a little chayne cup of milk, fresh from the cow, was given to Bobby. He was very nice in his diet, and didn’t care for anything but a drop of milk, and a few blackberries, hurts, or hoggans (haws) for a change.

“In the mornings, when the work was going on, he would perch himself up on the furze and ferns in the top of the wood-corner, to be out of the smut and dirt. There he would sing and chirrup away like a robin redbreast. When the hearth was swept, the turfy fire made up, and the old woman fixed on the chimney stool, to knit for the afternoon, Bobby would dance for hours together on the hearth-stone, before her; the faster the knitting-needles clicked, the quicker Bobby would spin round and round. Uncle Billy and An Mary wouldn’t leave Bobby go out to play, for fear he might be seen, or run away, before the next good moonlight nights, when he promised to show the old couple the exact spot, on Rosewall Hill, where there was lots of money buried, and another place on the hill where there was a good lode of tin.

“Three days after Bobby Griglans was catched and carried up to Trevidga, half-a-score or more of the neighbours came, with their horses and leaders, to help Uncle Billy to get home his furze from the hill, in trusses, and to help him make the rick for winter, as the custom was before wheel-roads were made and wains came into use. The old man didn’t like for the spriggan to be seen, so he shut him and the youngest children up in the barn and put a padlock on the door. The smale people had been getting scarcer and scarcer, as so much

laming and love of unpoetical facts came into fashan, until they were nearly all frightened away. However, Uncle Billy would keep his out of sight for the time, because you see it was become such a rare thing to see a spriggan or piskey that the folks would be coming about in troops to have a look at Bobby, who didn't like to be gazed at and made to show all his parts to strangers. 'Now, stay in the barn and play like good children, but ef on of 'e cry, or try to get out, you will get your breeches warmed with a good wallopan,' says Uncle Billy.

"The children wer sometimes heard laughan and sometimes cryan. Bobby passed the time dancean on the barn-boards and peepean through the cracks in the door at the furze-carriers; but, as soon as ever the men went in to dinner, up jumped Bob, unbarred the winder, called to the children, 'Come along, some, quick; now for a game of mop-and-heede' (hide and seek). Bob and the children jumped out and away, to play among the trusses of furze dropped all round the stem of the rick. In turnan a corner they saw a little man and woman no bigger than Bob. The little man was dressed just like an, only he wore high ridan boots with little silver spurs. The little woman's green gound was spangled all over with silver stars; diamond buckles shone in her high-heeled shoes; and her little steeple-crowned blue hat, perched on a pile of golden curls, was wreathed round with griglan blossoms. The pretty little soul was wrigan her hands and cryan, 'Oh! my dear and tender Skillywidden; wherever can'st a be gone to? Shall I never cast eyes on thee any more, my only joy?' 'Now go 'e back, do,' says Bob to the children, 'my dad and man are come here too!' On the same breath he called out, 'Here I am, mammy.' By the time he said 'Here I am,' the little man and woman, with the precious Skillywidden, were no more to be seen, and they have never ben seen there since.

"The children got a good threshan for leavan Skillywidden get away, and serve them right, for ef they had kept an in tell night, he would have shown their daddy where plenty of crocks of gold are buried, and all of them would be gentry now."

"Old tinnors will have it," continued Mathy, "that underground spriggans are nothing more than the sperats of the Jews who used to work the bals. I know the first verse of an old song about King John and the Jews. Here it is:

"An ancient story I'll tell you anon,  
Which is older by far than the days of King John;  
But this you should know, that the red-robed sinner  
Robbed the Jew of the gold he had made as a tinner."

"Captn., ded 'e ever know one to see the knacker workan under ground?" asked Jack. "Ded I ever know one! I have, known scores of tinnors, in my time, my son, who have seen the little buccas workan away, or settan down for touch-pipe, and the men liked to see them too, because et es a sure sign that, wherever they are seen or heard, the lode es rich ahead. Many a good tribute-pitch I have found by the sound of the knackers; for, wherever there es good ground, one es sure to hear the sound of their picks.

"Why I ought to know somethan about them, for I once seed three workan away as plain es I now see thee, my dear, settan upon the chimley-stool weth thy pipe in thy mouth. When I was twenty years younger I worked in Balleswidden for a spell. I always worked on tribute when I could; that suited me better than wages, for, work or play, I was then my own master.

"One night I was workan away for dear life, the sweat going over me like rain. I was in good heart, because for every stroke of my tool I heard three of four clicks from the knackers, workan away ahead of me. By the sound they seemed to be very near. My head ached, and my back too, when I said to myself, 'I'll only break a foot or two more and touch pipe a bit.' After a few strokes the ground crumbled down loose and easy, and I found that I had broken into a vug (an aperture in a lode, frequently lined with crystals and of capacious size). My

eyes were dazzled at fust with the glistening of the bunches of diamonds and crystals of all colours which hung down from the roof and surrounded the sides of this sawn in the lode, which I came on just like as when one do break a spar stone and find, sometimes, the clearest Cornish diamonds in the middle of en. When I rubbed my eyes and looked sharper into the inner end there I spied three of the knackers. They were no bigger, either one of them, than a good sixpenny doll; yet in their faces, dress, and movements, they had the look of hearty old tinnners. I took the most notice of the one in the middle. He was settan down on a stone, his jacket off and his shirt-sleeves rolled up. Between his knees he held a little anvil, no more than an inch square, yet as complete as any you ever seed in a smith's shop. In his left hand he held a boryer, about the size of a darning-needle, which he was sharpan for one of the knackers, and the other was waitan his turn to have the pick he held in his hand new cossened, or steeled.

"When the knacker-smith had finished the boryer to his mind, he rested the end of the hammer-hilt on the anvil and looked out towards me.

"What cheer, comrade,' says he; 'I couldn't think where the cold wind was coman from, and my light es blown out.' 'Aw! good mornan, es that you? how are 'e, an?' says I; 'and how is all the rest of your family? How glad I am to see 'e; I'll fetch 'e my candle in a wink, that you may see better; your own es too small,' says I to am, 'for to stand the draft I've left into your shop, but I'll give 'e a pound of my candles, my dear, with all my heart I will, ef you have a mind to have them.'

"In less than no time I turned round again weth my candle in my hand. And what dost a thing, Jan? When I looked again into the vug there wasn't one of the knackers to be sen nor their tools neither. 'Arrea than!' says I, 'where are a gone to, an, in such a hurry? One might think you wed be glad to shake a paw with an old comrade, who had been workan on the same lode weth 'e for months past.' I heard them, away somewhere in the lode ahead, tee-hee-an, fust; then squeakan like youn rabbits that whitnecks (weasels) had got by the throat. 'Well,' says I, 'you are very unsociable like, seeman to me,—you little old smoke-dried hook-nosed, goggle-eyed Jews that you are. I s'pose you are vexed because I've broken into your pretty workshop. Well, I dont' care of you are,' thought I, and weth all the Cornish diamonds and other beautiful stones round this I shall make a good penny, and I ded too, by sellan them to the gentry, who will give any money sometimes for what they cale specimens. But lots of the best of the diamonds that I found then are down in that bal now, covered up with the deds, because I hided away the finest and clearest crystals tel there was a good chance to take them away, and the cappens know nothan about at, but before the chance came I lost and forgot them, among so much stuff as was thrown back.

"What dost a say Jack, 'How did the knackers get away?' Well, how should I know that, or how they got there either, any more than how a toad to get into the middle of a rock, scores of fathoms underground. There es no satisfaction in life in tellan a story to such a doubting Jack as thee art. Have faith in what older people tell thee; for that es nothan to the wenders I have sen, and hope to see again before die."

Every night Uncle Mathy would talk of the small folks and buried treasures, till he fell asleep, and then he would be sure to dream of some particular place, about the old castles, or quoits, where the gold was to be found. At last he got so crazy about the matter that, when he dreamed three nights following of the same place, he would steal away some night as soon as the moon was in the second quarter (that being the time for good luck) wander miles away over the hills, with pick and shoul on his shoulder, to dig round the quoits, or castles. Choon, Carn Galva, and Bossigran were all tried in turn. He always contrived, when he could, to pass over Burn Downs at midnight, that he might touch the Witches' Rock and go round it nine

times, to be safe from bad luck. In the morning, by break of day, he would come down to the moors, so tired he could hardly drag his legs after him, and often as wet as a shag.

Whether he ever found a crock of money or no wasn't known to many. Some say that he did, and sold the old coins to the Jews.

He had in his possession some queer old green pieces, on which was stamped the figure of a head wearing a crown with long spikes on it; the coin was rough round the edge, just like a deaden bullet beaten flat with a hammer. If he didn't find money, says the old tinner, I know he found the rheumatics, and then he thought himself bewitched and his cattle too. The few cows that An Jone and the maidens looked after, were gone to skin and bone; in the little poor quillies, never dressed nor tilled, there was scarcely grass to keep a goat alive; the poor cows, do what they would, couldn't make much milk out of the thistles, gadjevraws (ox-eyes, daisies), and furse, that had overgrown the ground. They were for ever rearing calves, and nothing to keep the young cattle half the year, but what they could pick up about the lanes or in other persons' ground. The old woman and children were, great part of the time, racing all over the country after their strayed yearlings. The hedges of the crofts were, all round, full of gaps; and, as a bad hedge makes a breachy beast, no fence that a greyhound could get over would stop Capt'n' Mathy's cattle out of the neighbours' grass, or corn; and, as es well known, nobody up in that country (where the cow starved in the church-yard, broke into the belfry, and ate the bell-rope of straw), have anything to spare from their own cattle.

Mathy's cows were most gone to sew (dry) and the young cattle were so often beaten and bruised, by those on whose fields they trespassed, that the poor wisht-looking things always seemed to be pining away from their legs. Math was sure some of the neighbours had ill-wished them, and the cows and hisself. He would serve them out for et, that he would, before many days. He said he would give An Magge a golden guinea to make them all wish their cake dough, who had begridged, overlooked, or ill-wished his stock.

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In a hollow, almost surrounded by the carns of Zennor cliffs, and not far from the hamlet of Treen, there was a solitary hut, which had been built near an old boujey (sheep-fold and shed). This lonely dwelling, hidden amongst the huge rocks, would not be noticed by the one who passed the cliff unless the attention were arrested by the smoke which arose amidst the rude earns or by the numerous sheep, goats, and poultry about the rocks, and on pools formed by the brook which flowed down the little glen. At this time an elderly dame lived here with no other company than a great number of tame animals. By many of these she was always surrounded when in her dwelling, and was usually attended by half a dozen sheep, as many kids or goats, dogs, cats, tame hares, and poultry, when she walked out.

At times, many visitors came to this out-of-the way dwelling, because the elderly woman who resided there was one of the most noted wise women, or white witches, of the northern parishes. She had charms for all kinds of skin diseases, salves for wounds and bruises, water of her own distilling for tender eyes and mullygrubbs, besides some nostrum for most other disorders then known. This charmer, in her character of white-witch, also professed to be able to put a spell of pain on anyone (though unknown to her) who illwished, begrudged, or overlooked (blighted with the evil eye) any person or anything, so as to make the illwisher confess and lift, that is dispel, the evil from the blighted object, in order to be released from the pain inflicted by the wise woman or those who follow her instructions. When the illwishers were known to her, she had the skill to make an image of them in wax, and, by means of this effigy, she would punish them to her heart's content, or to the satisfaction of those who employed her. She also knew all about the lucky and unlucky times, and enough of



the black art to become a witch if she had a mind to. This step she sometimes threatened to take if provoked beyond endurance. On the whole this aged charmer was more feared than loved by many of her neighbours.

The dame, then only known as An (aunt) Maggey, or Marget the witch, belonged to one of the old, decayed, poor, and proud families of Morvah, who disowned her because, when only in her teens, she had wedded with a brisk young sailor who was killed, in an engagement on board the privateer, or as some say, pirate ship, which he commanded. Then the sorrow-stricken woman made her habitation amidst the rocks of Zennor cliff. The poor widow's maiden name was Margaret D——. This decayed family was, a century or so ago, connected by marriage with all the ancient blood of the West. On two or three particular times in every year the old lady might still be seen, dressed out in all the grandeur of her youthful days. On these rare occasions she was visited by many who had been the cherished friends of her youth, and the greatest part of them claimed cousin-ship to the poor old lady. Capt. Mathy was one of the favoured, who always visited Margaret on these occasions; he had been her lover's comrade until the latter left, with a roving commission, for the high seas.

Why she kept these tides no one knew but the few intimate friends who were admitted to see her. Perhaps these days were hearts' festivals for the poor lone women, when, for a time, she was cheered by the remembrance of former joys. Anyone who had the rare chance to behold An Marget then, however, would see her attired in a blue silk gown almost thick enough to stand on end. The open front of the trailing, robe-like gown showed a quilted petticoat of white satin, half concealed by an apron of muslin. which was so skilfully embroidered with Margaret's own needle that it looked like the richest old-fashioned lace. The quilting of the petticoat was done with chain-stitch of blue silk. In the middle of each raised square was a sprig of some dainty little blue flower, all worked in silks of the natural colours of the stem, leaves, and blossoms; each sprig of the same size yet of different kind of flowers and work. A running pattern of wild rose sprays and convolvulus surrounded the bottom. On her arms she wore long netted silk gloves, reaching to the elbows, there met by lace ruffles which hung far below her waist. Her silver-grey hair, raised from her forehead on cushions, was crowned with a lace cap like a fairy web. Then she wore amber beads on her neck, diamond rings, on her fingers, and silver buckles shone in her velvet shoes. On all ordinary occasions she wore the same simple dress as other cottagers round.

A lady, who frequently visited poor Margaret, (who was also related to her) told of another dress which she often wore. This was of fine white linen, printed with a running pattern of flowers and foliage, the colours of which were all so bright and natural that the fine white holland appeared to be covered with wreaths of convolvulus, pimpernel, roses, pinks, lilies, cowslips, speedwell, and other tiny wild blossoms most artfully entwined. With this summer's dress she wore a round white satin hat, garlanded with rare flowers. This small flat hat was jauntily placed on one side the raised hair, and fastened to it by jewel-headed pins, stuck through the cushion. There were lace ruffles and all the other accessories.

The hut in which the dame lived, with her lambs, kids, cats, tame hares, and poultry (besides the robins, wrens, and sparrows, which nested under the thatched roof) was only just large enough to hold her turn (spinning-wheel), table, high-backed carved oak chair, a few stools, and opposite the door, her dresser, which was the pride of the old lady's heart. On the few blue-painted shelves were arranged, with the greatest care and an eye to effect, many rare pieces of old china, earthenware of brilliant colours and of graceful or grotesque forms, besides many singularly-shaped glasses of all hues; these her roving lover had brought her from abroad.

Over the fire-place were a large bright warming-pan and hour-glass, foreign shells, coral, and many other fancy things, brought her from distant lands, by the young mariner for whose love she had forsaken her home and proud kinsfolks long ago. An Maggey's bed, large carved oak chest, small treadle-turn for spinning thread, and a few others things, were placed on a talfat which extended over half the length of the hut. A little window, a few inches wide and a foot or so high, at the head of the old dame's bed, always stood open—that she might hear, she said, the voice of her sailor, V—— in the roar of the billows, the murmur of the waves, and the calling of the cleves.

Whatever converse she might have held with the spirit of the departed through the little open window, the robins and wrens made good use of it to pass in and out at their pleasure, to their nests beneath Margaret's roof, and a swarm of bees, from the garden below, had found their way through it and made their habitation in the angle of the punion under the roof. The honeycombs hanging from rafters and key-beams, were within reach from the floor. Everything about the place was as clean as clean could be, and as sweet as the roses, pinks, and thyme in the garden beside the door, notwithstanding her large family of pet animals.

The dame made the principal part of her livelihood by spinning and knitting. She made better thread for saddlers and shoemakers than they could get elsewhere. As she had abundance of good bog-turf (peat) and furze for fuel, and a great quantity of mint, savoury, and other herbs in her garden, she made excellent still-waters, and good cordials by distilling fermented wort with aromatic herbs, and her sweet drink (mead) prepared from the purest of honey and richest of spices, was the best of all her cordials. Besides these resources, she had always abundance of poultry, and the folks who came to be charmed, or to be benefited in other ways by her more mysterious arts of white witchcraft, though they never gave her money (that would spoil the charm) always left on the rock outside the door, good offerings of provisions, wool, flax, corn for her poultry, and other goods, which those who came to consult the wise woman thought she might require.

What seemed the strangest of all the dame's freaks was a fondness for using firearms. They say that, when young, she was a capital shot, and in all weathers went out hunting with her brothers, or other sportsmen, none of whom would kill more game than Margaret. When she settled in the lone hut, often of a winter's day, she alight be seen, with a man's coat and hat on, stalking over the cliff, or moors, to get a shot at the wild fowl. At other times she would amuse herself, for hours together, with a brace of old horse-pistols, in firing ball at the target she made of her outhouse door. The young tinnerns, who often came down of a summer's evening to have a shooting-match with An Meg, supplied her with plenty of powder and the lead, from which she moulded the bullets and cast the shot, or rather slugs, for herself and the boys. And, as Jan Tregear said, the goats, dogs, and even the hares, seemed to like the sport, for they would crowd round as if they enjoyed the smoke and noise. The vagaries of the dame were not thought so very strange a century or so ago, when the ladies took as much, or more, delight in the sports of the field, and other outdoor exercises, as the men do now. Many thought it likely enough that the old lady might be "a little touched in the head," as her grandmother or her great-granny was one of an ancient family, many of whom were remarkable for their flighty ways, which every now and then (from grandfather to grandson in general) culminated in downright madness.

This family, notwithstanding their spice of insanity, produced many learned astrologers, who, however, do not seem to have profited much by their science, as they failed to secure Alverton, and other of their ancient possessions, to their descendants, some of whom still claim to be legal heirs to this property.

Though An Maggey was feared by many, and loved by few except by the children of the neighbours round and the old friends of her youth, Captn. Mathy and the wise dame were always wonderfully thick; so, when he took it into his head that he and his cattle were bewitched, off he went to consult her. An Marge told him that it was no wonder if his young cattle were ill-wished every hour in the day, because they were as breachy as goats; half the time they were never spanned and in other people's fields. One could hardly help ill-wishing the things that were for ever troubling. And as for himself, she said that he brought the aches and pains in his limbs by hunting for gold when he should have been in his bed, and, as he knew that if anyone had ill-wished his cattle, in the black minute, their curse would not fall to the ground, he might find out the ill-wishers, if he would make use of the bottle of water in the way she had told him, so as to give them such pains as would make them confess and consent to raise the spell.

Mathy determined to bury the bottle, as directed by the wise woman. Then he wished Margaret good night, saying he should see her again soon.

"I wish 'e well till I see 'e again, Mathy," said she, "but one can hardly blame the neighbours for ill-wishing 'e. I am sorry for the cattle, poor things; but you know very well, Mathy, and everyone else who know 'e, that, at times (always when you haven't your own way) you are as cross a devil as ever lived, and I advise 'e, like a sister, give up steaming and smuggling, and stay at home to till the land, that the half-starved cattle may have something to eat. I wish 'e well. And don't cork the bottle too tight, for fear of what may happen."

Captn. Mathy took the bottle of water from the ill-wished cattle down to the moor-house, and buried it under the tin, that it might be close at hand, to be quickly uncorked should anyone be in extremis. An Joney, the captn's wife, found out what had been done by the directions of Marget. Without delay, she spoke of it to another dame, her next neighbour, and begged her not to say anything about it. Before Joney left the door, the woman to whom she told the secret felt herself ailing in a queer way; and as soon as Joney was out of sight, the gossiping dame went round and told the secret, and how she felt herself ailing, to every other woman in Treen.

"Good lord," said they all, "we don't know, any of us, but we may have ill-wished the cussed breachy things in the evil hour and minutes, and now we shall all suffer—God knows what—through the scheming of old Marget and he."

Scores in the parish knew they had often ill-wished and ill-used the troublesome cattle, which were always ranging about and no one to keep them to stays. Mathy so frightened many of the self-accused ill-wishers, particularly the women, by threatening what he and An Marget would do by them, if they didn't confess and do all they could to break their spell, and that before the day was over scores believed they felt the pains which they say are sure to follow when such measures are taken

As one fool makes many, in a few days, whenever the women round met at the mill or market, they talked of nothing else but the pains some were suffering for having ill-wished Captn' Mathy's cattle, and the fancy seemed to spread among them like the plague; for those who listened no sooner heard the pains described than they felt the very same. Before a week was over half the women in Zennor, and many of the men, felt as if they had a spell put on them, and, in the gloom of the evenings, when the streamers had left work and most of them gone home, troops of women might be seen slowly beating their way down over the moors, through brambles, furze, and bots, to see Captn. Mathy, confess that they had ill-wished his cattle, and beg that the bottle might be uncorked for they were ready to burst.

“No, you black witches, you shall suffer longer yet, for bewitching me and ill-wishing my cattle,” was the only answer they got.

At last the men, belonging to the self-accused witches, threatened that they would all come down in a body, and burn the moor-house and Mathy in it, if the women didn’t get the relief they wanted. They would come down, they swore, in force strong enough to thrash him and all his smuggling crew. And sure enough, one evening, about dusk, when the Ludgvan men were, some of them, taking off their high streamers’ boots, making ready to go home, and consulting together whether they hadn’t better remain with the old Captn. for fear of what the Zennor goats might, in their madness, take it into their heads to do (they had a quantity of goods about; besides all, the streamers left in the moor-house the long boots they wore when working knee deep in the water; these were as high as seamen’s boots and cost little short of three pounds a pair) one of the men called Curnow, who lived down near Terrassow, some miles away, said he very much wanted to go home that night, and before he took off his heavy boots, to put on lighter gear for walking in, he stepped out to take a look round. In a few minutes he was in again.

“Now no fuss nor noise, my boys,” says he, “but be quick and load all the old muskets with a slight charge of powder, small shot, and peas; put a heavier charge, and more lead, in the new fowling-pieces. The pistols are all right. We shall have some fun, for I be cussed ef there esen’t some scores coman down the moors within gunshot carryan on their backs burns of furze, and some are skulking down by the fowling-pool to see who of us is about, thinkan no doubt that all of us, except the Captn. and Jack, are off home. You leave them to me, Captn.,” says Curnow, “we will set the door open for them, and we waun’t give them any shot, unless we are forced to, for fear of hurting the women among them. Yet we arn’t going to be beaten either. No, it shall never be said the ‘Ludgvan Hurlers’ were thrashed by a set of ‘Zennor Goats.’”

The moor-house was rather dark, because all the portholes, which served also for windows, were bunged up with wads of ferns or rushes, to keep out the cold, except two or three near the chimney.

“By the time we had the guns charged,” said Jan Tregear, “about three score or more, the greatest number of them women, came within a hundred yards of the house, and in front of the door. Here they threw into a heap nearly a wainload of furze.” Curnow placed himself to sit on the side of the bunk or bed opposite the open door, that he might watch their proceedings. The Zennor folks talked all together a few minutes; then one of them took from his picket a tinder-box, struck a light, and fixed a candle in a lantern.

Next, Uncle Dick Thomas, a near neighbour and cousin to the Captn., came within a few yards of the door, and called out “Mathy, boy! art thee in there, Mathy, or where art ah?” No speak with the Captn. Uncle Dick now came nearer to the door, and several of the rest followed close on his heels, drawing the faggots of furze with them.

“Now, I tell thee,” says the leader of the Zennor men, “thee may’st see that we are in downright earnest, and unless thee dost come out, unbury, and smash to shreds that damned bottle, we will burn thy moor-house and thee too, that we will; and ef thy cowardly Ludgvan crew had been weth thee, we’d serve tham all the same, that we wed, wedn as comrades? Thee wesn’t so much as speak to us! I’ll come in this minnat and drag thee out by the scruff of the neck, that I will. I’m coman to thee.” “Look sharp boys! Keep close behind me! We’ll get some of their liquor or es much to me!” says Uncle Dick, in a whisper to his crew.

Before the streamers' captain had time to think what to do, the Treen men's champion, with a thick stick in his hand, stooped down, bent most in double, as was necessary to enter the low doorway.

Uncle Dick no sooner poked his head over the drussel (door-sill) than Cornow rose from the bed, where he had been quietly watching, spun round, and gave Uncle Dick a back kick, as we say a poot, right on the crown of his head, with his heavy iron-plated boot, and sent his sprawling on the cawnse outside the door.

"I am very weel I thank 'e! How are you Richard? I hope you haven't hurt your horns, have 'e my old buck?" says Curnow: "dear me, how dedn't 'e stoop lower; you are too proud, you are! Uncle Dick do 'e happen to have in your pocket a pipeful of the tobacco you brought away from the last burran (burial) you went to, away over in Gulval or some place where they still make good funerals? And ded 'e well fill your pockets with biske, to carry home to the children? And how often ded 'e change your place among the ring of people out of the town-plat that you might drink twice or three times to every other body's once, when the toddy (grog) was carried round the pile of tin, the water turned out, and all were satisfied. No, you dedn't help the poor people to carry the corpse over the hills to church-town, ded 'e, after you had busted yourself on toddy and cake, and stuffed a few ounces of shag in the palm of your hand instead of the bowl of you pipe, and pocketed pipe and all! One might hear 'e for miles away, coman home so jolly, singan, "Here's a health to the baarley now," to the tune of the Old Hundred.

Next, up carne, with a gurze-pike (fork) in his hand, Tom, the son of the man laid sprawling on the cawnse. Curnow settled him in the same way as he had served his dad.

"Ah! es that you, Tom? how are 'e, my son? Weren't 'e tired agan you got back to the hills t'other night weth the great sack of apples you stole from Trassow orchard?"

Whilst the back kicks and banter were going on, the folks outside still thought there was no person in the moor-house but the Captn. and his mate Jack Tregear, who was well up to banter; and, thinking Mathy was only laughing at them, the women brought the faggots close round the house, under the eaves of the thatch, took the candle from the lantern and set the furze on fire, when one of those within, seeing what they were up to, seized an old musket loaded with peas, and let fly among them. The woman ran away howling that they were all killed dead; "and faith," says Jan, "we gave chase and well peppered some of them."

The streamers rushed out of the moor-house just in time to drag the blazing faggots away from under the eaves of the thatched roof. The affray was now getting serious, for the Ludgvan men, sallying out in chase of their besiegers, were again going to fire on them, when they saw the parson of Gulval and some other gentlemen, who had been up hunting on the hills, approach the fleeing Zennor folks. The gentlemen having heard the firing and seen the crowd of women in the moors, came down to know what was going on. The parson's common sense enabled him to understand, that the self-accused ill-wishers were suffering more from illusory fears than from any bodily ailment. "Yet," he said, "the old wives' fancies are no more to be trifled with than any other contagious disease."

The hunters advised both parties to make the matter up. They were both to blame. The Captn. should keep his fences in repair and his stock from trespassing on his neighbours; and they, in turn, had ill-used the poor beasts, and what some called an evil conscience was making cowards and fools of them all.

After much good advice from the preaching hunters, Mathy consented to produce the bottle and break it before their eyes, that all might see the result, if they chose. A large case-bottle, which contained water from all the diseased animals, was then dug out of

On the evening of the attack on the moorhouse, several persons, who were neither so weak or wicked-minded as the company of ill-wishers' came down to the streamwork, out of curiosity, to see what would take place,—among others a young woman called Mary Polteer, who lingered until after the crowd of distressed ones had departed, that she might tell Captn. Mathy how she became aware that some mischief was brewing for Margaret, because Old Katey the Kite (a small farmer's wife of Treen) had been going round the parish telling everyone that Margaret was a rank black witch and nothing better—she could be sworn that her dairy, and everything in the house was bewitched, since she refused to leave Old Mag have a pint of cream from the pan before it came in turn to be unreamed (skimmed).

“Now it happened in this way,” says the mistress of the dairy. “One day, a few months ago, Old May came up for a pound of butter to pay for some spinning work she had done for me. When the old jade tasted the butter (as good a butter as ever was made), she spat et out agen, and said, ‘Why, this butter, of one can cale et butter forsooth, es sour and stinkan and too salt by half! The cream,’ says she, ‘es left twice too long on the milk weth this hot weather, but if you like I will take a pint of cream, that haven’t been scalded more then four-and-twenty hours, instead of the butter.’ Well, I was vexed when I answered her that neither for the devil, nor for the devil’s dame, wed I unream a pan of milk before the proper time. ‘You waan’t, waan’t ‘e?’ says Old Mag, goan backward and shakan her bony finger at me. Before another moon you shall wish you had, that you shall.’ She mumbled much more to herself, that I couldn’t make out. I told her I dedn’t fear her, the black witch, and took the fire-shovel of humers (embers) and throwed at her, but there didn’t a spark reach her.” (if you can throw fire over a witch that will break the spell they say.) “The old witch turned again, called me a dirty, greedy slut, and said, ‘Thee shust rue the day that thee hast refused me a cup of cream; though a pig must have a good stomach to eat en out of thy spence, that do smell as bad of train as a stinkan fish sellar, with the pots of rusty pilchards and other lumber under the benches.’ She said much more, mumblan to herself, like all the old witches do, than I could make out. Well, as true as we stand here, from that day to this I have found nothing but bad luck in the house, and haven’t been able to make a bit of sweet butter for the summer. One day the milk will turn all to wey and cruds (curds) when over scaldan; the next all es gone sour in the pans, and no more cream on them than I can hold in my hand. Cuss the black witch! I don’t fear her neither. As for the buck (fermentation) why for more than a week runnan the milk will be foaman over the pans and not a midgan of cream to be seen. When all the time there’s no buck in other people’s dairies, and how often the cow have kicked the bucket I can’t tell thee. Our boy Honney’s wife and I have agreed that we will go down soon, and bring blood from old Mag, ef we run a pin in her arm to the bone.” (If you don’t fear a witch, and can bring blood from her, that too will break the spell, they say.)

“Well, and thee art in the right too,” says Gracey Winkey, the dame who was listening to old Katey.

“I don’t know,” says Jan Tregear, “what her right name was; I believe I never heard, any more than that of old Katey. I only know that everybody called her Gracey Winkey, because she was always blinkan her peepers. Why there are so many of one name up there in the high countries that they have to give each other necknames to know who is meant, and one is sure to remember them when the neck-names seem suitable, as they, for the most part, are. Old Katey the Kite was all legs and wings, weth a hooked bill. Her old Timdoodle of a husband was always goan about puffed up like a sellack, and everybody called am Old Blue-Bird; and Gracey’s old lutterpooch (lazy sloven), was known to everyone as Tom the Grunter.”

“I will go down why (with ye), for sure as I’m alive,” says Gracey, “my ducks are begrudged by old Mag, and all because I wedden’t save for her a settan of ducks’ eggs, when my old hen

had been cluckan for weeks and I'd no eggs to put under her. 'A may be you will wish you had,' mumbled Old Mag, as she crossed the drussel (door sill). Now before the ducks had laid half the eggs I wanted, the mollard (drake) was straddelan about like a toad weth a broken back, all the settan of eggs went addle under the hin, and no hin can set better than our old copy, for she most starved herself to death on the nest; her eggs were never cold. And a es my belief that out Tom's maid, Cherry, es bewitched to—the poor wisht-lookan creater that she es! How else shud she be so queer in the head, and havan fits now, any more than other times, years ago? We have done all we can to cure her of the fits. She have begged a penny a piece from twenty-seven young men to buy a selver ring to cure her. She may wear the ring, or lev at alone, the fits come all the same. And we have made her do other things that everybody says es good for curean fits."

Katey now joined in:—"We will go down one evnan, the five of us, your Tom and our Jan shall go too, and pass the cheeld, poor deer, across the fire; that's the surest way to break the spell and unbewitch her." Katey the Kite continued to say, "All that old Mag do keep the hares for es that she may take their shape by night and prowle about unbeknown to anybody. Haven't more than one gave chase to a hare that no dogs can ever catch, and, when last sen to jump in through the winder of old Mag's spence, nothan like a hare was found there, inside the dwellan, bot only the old witch gaspan for breath?"

Another woman, who joined the dames, declared that more than one cheeld had been born in the parish, with a hare-lip, all through the fright given by old Mag's hares when they crossed the women's path, in spite of the mother's smock beean rented from bottom to top.

Mary further informed the Captn. that, before the three dames parted, they were joined by several others who had all made up their minds that Margaret was more of a black witch than a white one, and all agreed they would go down and make her quail and break the spells of bad luck. "Else," sai they, "ef nothan else will do we must, One and Ale, go over to Helston for the Pellar."

Now the tinner went on to say, as Mathy well knew that Mary Polteer and Margaret had always ben stanch friends, he (Mathy) told the young woman to be sure to keep her eyes and ears open, to find out what was going on among them; and, as fools and cheldran tell the truth, they say, by means of Cherry, and the young fry, she could know what was planned, and send him word in time to prevent more mischief, for he well knew that ef Margaret had powder and lead by her she would be like enow to give some to the first who entered her dwelling against her will.

One afternoon, a few days after the siege of the moor-house, about an hour before sunset, the streamers saw An Joan, the Captn.'s wife, coman down the moors, in great haste, and beckonan the men to come to her. "Run down to the cliff, do, Mathy, and three or four of the rest of 'e; run quick, or they will tear Marget lem from lem; for Mary found out how, this evenan, Katey the Kite, Gracey Winkey, and three or four other women, and some men, agreed to bring blood from Marget and lift the maid Cherry across the fire. Take your cudgels, or guns, and run boys, run, to keep the villans from Marget. She es no more a witch than I am; she's only a little cracked to think herself one sometimes, and now the moon es near the full."

The streamers armed themselves with sticks, and went off to the cliff, by the shortest cut, as fast as they could lay feet to ground.

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## Part Second

“I think I’d like to be a witch,  
To sail upon the sea,  
In a tub or sieve, in storm or shine,  
‘Mid wild waves flashing free.

I’d catch the billows by the mane,  
The bounding billows and strong,  
Goad them, and curb them, or trample them down,  
Or lull them with a song.

I’d churn the sea, I’d tether the winds,  
As suited my fancy best,  
Or call the thunder out of the sky,  
When the clouds were all at rest.

I’d wreck great ships, if they crossed my path,  
With all the souls on board,  
Wretched, but not so wretched as I,  
In the judgements of the Lord.

And then, maybe, I’d choose out one  
With his floating yellow hair,  
And save him, for being like my love,  
In the days when I was fair;

In the days when I was fair and young,  
And innocent and true;  
And then, perhaps, I’d give him a kiss,  
And drown him in the blue,

In the blue, blue sea, too good to live  
In a world so rotten and bad:  
I think I’d like to be a witch,  
To save me from going mad.”—Anon.

Soon after, the good dame started for the streamwork, the young woman Mary Polteer ran down to the cliff, that she might put Margaret on her guard. The kids and lambs were seeking their nightly places of shelter among the ricks, and the bees were returning in haste to their hives, when the young woman entered the open door and saw the old dame’s dwelling, as usual, nicely swept and sanded—her cat beside the pot of sweet margery, on the window-ledge, backing in the rays of the setting sun. The hares were jumping forth and back over the bars of the high-backed chair, in which Margaret was seated, reading from a conjuring-book, with large brass clasps and corners. Her book was full of such queer figures as are put in the almanacks (Moore’s) every year, to show those who can understand such things, what is to take place for the next twelve months. Marget was, at the same time, watching the sun go down. When it touched the waves, she placed the hour-glass on the board, before she spoke to or noticed Mary.

“What made you come here now, Mary?” said the dame, as she turned the hour-glass and replaced it on the table. “Before the sands are half down you may have to hear the evil which the stars in their courses mark for me during the next hour; yet you will witness how I shall overcome the evil ones by the aid of more powerful spirits, who are always at my command. Thou needn’t fear no great harm under their, and my, protection.”



Margaret closed and clasped her book; then, as the evening was rather cold, she placed her short red scarlet mantle over her shoulders, and her old-fashioned steeple-crowned hat on the pile of grey hair which she wore, turned up from her forehead, over a pad or cushion.

Margaret was as tall and upright as a grenadier, and her high headdress and steeple-crown made her appear taller still.

Then she took, from a rack over the chimney, an ivory-headed cane—a present from her lover. This was thought to be a conjuring-stick, because the neck of the ivory head was encircled with a broad flat silver plate, or ferule, on which were engraved five or more shields. These were charged with very uncouth figures on one, an eagle displayed with two heads; on another, three rampant toads; on the others a goblet, spreading tree, and other such strange things as made everyone round about her believe there must be something magical in this stock thus ornamented, and this enchanter's staff was almost as much feared as the stuffed crocodile, mounted by a stuffed ape, which swung from the rafters overhead, and so contrived, by the cord, which suspended these choice presents from some old sailor friend, being passed over the key-beams to the talfat, that she could raise or lower them at pleasure.

Next she mounted a step or two of the stair-ladder, and took from the talfat floor a pair of old horse-pistols. These, ready-loaded, she placed on the book beside the hour-glass, and sat down with her cat on her shoulder.

It was not to be wondered at that Margaret's strange surroundings, queer doings, and frightful threats and curses, when in her tantrums, made her poor ignorant neighbours fear her as a most powerful witch. Mary begged her not to use the pistols whatever might happen.

"Never fear," she replied; "there will be no bones broken; and if there be a trifle of blood shed, it will neither be thine nor mine. Why, the very sight of a pistol or smell of gunpowder is enough to frighten a troop of the cowardly villains who would join to molest a lone inoffensive old woman. Now, let them come, the wretches."

The words were scarcely out of her mouth before two men (old Bluebird and Tom the Grunter) came to the open door leading a great gaikum of a girl between them. Cherry squeaked out, "You have gauve (given) me fits, you have, you d—d old black witch, you!"

Old Bluebird looked in and said, "We want some fire from thy hearth, Mag, to heave the cheeld across that thee hast bewitched, and fire we will have too."

"So you shall if you come an inch farther," said Margaret, levelling a pistol at old Bluebird's head.

The men went back scared, dragging the maid Cherry with them.

"You old timdoodles, you, to be afraid of old Mag," says Katey the Kite, as she advanced to the door with a stone in her hand. "Now, by gambers, old witch, I'll fill thy shiman brass warmanpan with fire, and put thee to set upon an, that I will; and here go for thy smart dresser, chayne, and beautiful dome, that thee art so proud of," says Katey, as she threw a stone and smashed some of the crockery. But before she had time to pick up another stone, the old woman sent some shot into Katey the Kite, which made her sting.

Then Margaret picked up the stone with her left hand, and taking her staff in her right, went out and stood beside the rock before her door. The frightened men, and ten or a dozen women, fell back for fear of another charge of shot.

Margaret was little short of six feet, and, as she stood beside the rock, with the old-fashioned steeple-crown mounted on the upturned hair, and her short red mantle floating in the evening breeze, she appeared taller and stranger than ever. For a minute's space Margaret looked

towards the setting sun, of which only a mere point of fire could be seen above the ocean, sending a stream of golden light over the waters from the verge of the horizon to the foot of the cliff on which these mad proceedings were taking place. The sea-fowl were nesting together in the cleeves, overhanging the surging waves; lambs and kids had gone to their resting-places among the rocks; the murmur of the sea was like a mother's gentle lullaby; the bright stars were beginning to shed their beauty on the evening air; everything, above and around, betokened peace and rest, except with these human animals who, through their superstitious fears, were ready to tear in pieces a poor half-crazy old woman.

Margaret seemed entranced, or lost in thought, till the last glimpse of the sun disappeared beneath the ocean, and drew after it the stream of golden light which bridged the blue waters a minute before. Then, an old black goat, disturbed by the noise came and stood beside her; the tame hares mounted the rock on the other side of their mistress; and an old tame magpie left its roost in the wood-corner, flew out of the door, and perched on the chimney. When the bird began to chatter, Mag seemed to become herself again, or to recover her suspended energy. Holding the stone in her left hand, above her head, and pointing her staff at the confused crew, she began to speak in a slow measured tone.

"Now is come the hour of sweet rest, for man and beast, and now the devil, and all things evil, give double power to blast and ban."

Advancing a few steps, with he staff pointed at Katey the Kite, she threw the stone on the ground and spoke in a louder key,

"My curse descend on the arm that cast that stone! Before three moons have come and gone, thy arm, from finger-tops to shoulder-blade, shall wither and waste to skin and bone."

The magpie, flapping its wings and shrieking, seemed to say amen to the dame's curses.

At this instant, Capt'n. Mathy, Curnow, and Tregeer sprang over the hedge, from the field above, and ran down between Mag and her tormentors.

"Who sent ye hither?" said she. "Think not that I require your aid to overcome a legion of such wretches." Then making on the air with her staff what passed for magical signs: "I summon to my aid the spirits of fire and air, of earth and water. Behold! they come, followed by plague pestilence." Motioning the streamers to stand on one side, as she still advanced toward the retreating crowd, she continued in a louder voice, "You set of cowardly villains! be out of my sight and in your dwellings before that bright star, close in the wake of the sun, sinks beneath the waves. If one soul of ye remain within the sound of my voice a minute longer, I'll blast ye all, both great and small; your blood shall turn to water and the flesh rot from your bones. I curse ye all, from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot, at home and abroad, in eating and drinking, sleeping and waking." Thus she continued, according to a formula then well known, with increasing vehemence, to pour out her imprecations until she had spun almost as comprehensive a curse as was ever composed by ancient priest or pope, though some of the latter were famous, in the old times that we so much admire, for their curses of execration, interdicts, and other powerful saintly anathemas, which (to compare great things with small), in their effects on the superstitious, priest-ridden multitude, were not unlike a witch's spells on those within her more limited sphere. And our poor old charmer was driven to use her ghostly weapons, too, in self-defence. Before Margaret came within half-a-score paces of the two women, who were the chief instigators of the attack, they turned tail and fled, followed by all the rest of the rabble rout,—old Bluebird and Tom the Grunter bringing up the rear.

"Bravo, old dear," says Curnow, "see ther, how they go, helter-skelter, like a pack of pralled dogs with tin pans and kettles tied to their tails."

Margaret turned round to the Captn., and said in her familiar voice, “Old friend Mathy, thee dostn’t, I hope, think me a real black witch, dost a? No, no! The fears and malice of the fools made them give me the name, and that put it into my head to try the game, which you see answers as well as one could expect. Come in now, my brave boys,” says she, “and drink health and success to the witch; perhaps, after all, if you hadn’t been here they mightn’t have taken so much notice of my ranting. You shall just give me a minute’s grace, if you will, that I may put the place to rights a bit.”

There was no great damage done to the rare old furniture of An Meg’s dresser after all, as she had, the day before, put all her choicest china and glass away in her chest. Probably she had an inkling of what was about to take place from some of the children, who were always glad to visit her. The broken jugs, with two grinning faces under one hat, and other pieces of curiously-ornamented crockery, she could procure again from St. Ives. When the men were about to follow into her dwelling, they heard somebody whistling to them. Mathy went towards the sound, and found old Bluebird creeping along under the hedge of the field above.

“Oh! Captn. Mathy, come closer, do; I’m so scared I can hardly speak. Do beg An Marget to forgive Katey, and to take the spell from her; the pain es already set in her arm; a es going all stiff and dead! Think of me, and all our poor dear children weth Katey not able to do a hand’s turn for us poor dears. Tell An Marget I’ll go down to St. Ives tomorra and buy the prettiest cloman jugs I can get for her, full of old wry faces, like her’s, your’s, mine, Katey’s, and Gracey’s, of she will but take off the spell from her.”

“Well, old neighbour, I’ll do the best I can weth her for ‘e. Stop here a minute.”

When the Captn. begged Margaret to leave it all be over and be friends again with Katey the Kite, An Meg replied,

“Well, you may go and tell old Bluebird that I’ll do nothing farther against her for this time, but it is past my skill, or that of any woman, to undo what’s done. She must go to the Pellar of Helston and tell him to give her the Abracadabra charm; the sooner she starts the better for her and all the rest; and tell old Bluebird that I want no jugs of his buying.”

The old man was much comforted when he received such a favourable answer from Margaret, and declared he would stay up all night that his wife Katey and Gracey Winkey should start by break of day to see the Pellar of Helston, who was then the most noted conjuror of the country.

When the tinnors entered Meg’s dwelling all the conjuring traps had disappeared—even the swinging crocodile was drawn up to the thatch, out of sight. Meg had picked up the broken crockery, put the dresser to rights, as well as she could; a bright fire blazed on the hearth; bottles of brandy, cordials, cake, barley bread and honey, were placed on the board. Margaret, steeple-crown and mantle thrown aside, bade them welcome with as much cheerfulness, heartiness, and old-fashioned courtesy, as if the diablerie of the last hour had never existed.

A jolly night was passed with the old dame, young woman and the tinnors. They sung “Here’s a health to the barley mow!” with other old three-men’s songs, over and over. They danced hornpipes and three-handed reels. Margaret showed off many of the steps for which she was famous in her younger days. When the men were going to leave, Margaret said,

“You know, Mathy, to-morrow is my feasten-day: be sure to come early; and if the rest of you, my brave boys, will come here in the evening, you shall be heartily welcome. Something tells me that I shan’t be here another year; so let’s keep it up with a houseful!”

Although Mary Polteer remained with An Meg all night, yet she had no invitation to come down in the evening, when the dame expected a visit from her old friends, who were all

related to her within the degrees of third cousinship, then thought pretty near: they were also said to be as whimsical as Meg, with a screw more or less loose in their upper storey. Margaret didn't mind the visits of the tinnors, but she had a mortal dislike to any of the gossiping, prying women of the village, to come near her hut at such times. Mary, however, determined not to have her curiosity balked, and made a fool's errand to buy or borrow some yarn, as an excuse for going down to Margaret's dwelling in the afternoon. Before she came in sight of the cot she saw half-a-dozen, or more, stately old dames walking away, at some distance, over the cliff.

When Mary looked in through the open door of Meg's dwelling she saw no one but Capt'n. Mathy, with his back towards her, very busy keeping in the furze fire under two brandasses (trivets): a good-size crock, with a piece of beef, was boiling on the one, and on the other a small pot of water for the ladies' tea. There was no such thing as a teakettle then in the parish, nor for many years afterwards. The table was laid with a tea-set of old India china; the tea-pot was just the size of a saffron-pot, and the cup but little larger than a thimble. There was good store of fruit-cakes, and other nice things, on the bed of the dresser, all ready to be cut and placed on the board. Mathy, hearing the girl's step, as she came over the drussel, turned round and said,

"Hallo Mary? What brought thee here than? Ah, I needn't ask, thou daughter of old Mother Eve—nothing more than thy itching curiosity to see the old lady's set-out, but come thee wayst in. Upon my soul, I verily believe, as much as I believe anything one don't know much about, that a precious lot of you petticoat creatures will go to the hot place below, merely to satisfy your troublesome curiosity as to how the time es passed there, and that you may take the exact measure of the old black gentleman's tails; and your mischief-making tattle will be a greater plague than the brimstone down below. Yet after all," Mathy continued, "I'm not sorry you come here, to stop an hour or so with me, while the old ladies are away for a walk, and I'm left here, as you see, to keep house and look after the cooking. I can't abide to stay in this place by myself, even high by day; for if ever there was a place haunted this is. The queer things, too, all about the old dwelling make one's flesh creep on the bones—there's that old chattering magpie and the hares! See them looking at me, just as if they understood, like human creatures, every word we say. This feasten tide of Mag's is, to me, the wishtest time of all the year. This was her wedding-day, now nearly thirty years ago; and, a week after this time, I saw the last in life of my old comrade, her husband, who was as dear to me as a brother, though many a fair fight we've had together. And don't think me fancy foolish when I tell thee that on this day, three years ago, I saw the sailor V—— standing there just inside the door, as plain as I see thee! Why you needn't start: he is'nt there now. Some folks talk about spirits as if they were quite familiar with them, but, for my part, I can't abide to see them. I don't think I should much like to have a visit even from an angel or a cherry-beam if they are anything like their pictures drawn on the tombstones. I can't see, for my part, how the poor things, all head and wings, can either stand, sit, or fly, without a body to balance them, or a tail to steer by.

"Now the pots are both boiling, and it's time to put the cake down to bake. Bring it here, from the table in the spence, while I sweep the ashes from the baking-iron."

When the fire was made on the cake, and the glass turned, Mathy said, "This is hot work, I'll have a dram, Mary; you take a drop too; don't think me faint-hearted, that I should have been frightened with what I saw but sit down on the form and just listen to me: I'll tell ye first some of the sailor V——'s history, which I fear me when the end be known, will prove a woeful tragedy. You have never heard anything of it from Margaret, I expect, because what is always in her thoughts she never speaks of to any but her husband's oldest friends."

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### **The Sailor's History**

“He was one of an ancient family that came from Normandy and settled in Sennen soon after the Conquest. They held their lands, ‘tis said, as a gift from the Conqueror. The two oldest branches of the family terminated in daughters, who gave themselves, and their lands, to other names; but, at the time, they had not much to bestow, as the ‘First and Last’ inn of England belonged to them for many generations and they could do no less, they thought, than be the best customers to their own hotel.”

‘What you are tellan es Double-Dutch to me,’ says Mary, ‘I don’t know what you mean about Normandy and Conquerors; I never head of any such things before.’

“Nor do I know any more about it than thyself, I only repeat what I’ve heard among them, but leave me go on and don’t interrupt one. Thee art all the time ready to take one up short. “Like many of the younger brothers before him he was too proud to remain at home in a condition little better than that of a labourer. Some of the old folks contrived to give him good learning. He passed more time going about to all the hurling-matches, wrestlings, and other games, where I was mostly his comrade, than at school. By the age of fifteen he went to sea, and before he was out of his teens, he became the second mate of an East-Indiaman. These ships, much larger than any to be seen here, are of a mixed breed between a merchantman and a man-of-war. Their crews, too, are for the most part a cross between the real Jack Tar and the Jolly Marine.

“I sailed in the same ship. Though he was an officer, and I before the mast, he always treated me like a brother. When off duty the last voyage we made together he took with him Margaret’s brother John, then a lad, mad to go to sea with his cousin Bill. Before we returned he taught the lad navigation, and made him of more use on board ship than many a seaman double his age. Every voyage the sailor made, the richest stuffs and other choice articles were always brought home with him for Margaret. On his return from the last voyage he wished to be wedded to Margaret. She was nothing loath; but her aged father, though he dearly liked and was proud of his kinsman, the brave sailor, yet he either feared to trust his darling daughter’s fate in the hands of the young devil-may-care tar, or, as the old man hinted more than once, he thought cousin Billy ought to save more money before he thought of taking a wife.”

‘The devil take the old curmidgeon!’ says Mary.

“The old man’s desire that before marrying his daughter, the sailor should get richer, determined him to leave the India service and go a privateering. He was soon appointed the captain to as fine a craft as ever sailed for that game of neck-or-nothing, or worse.

“I very much desired, and he wished me, to go with him; but somehow my old Joan, then a spanking, clean-built craft as you could see, enticed me to—well, to ship with her. That she mightn’t break her heart, poor dear, I married and made what they call an honest woman of her. Before that had taken place the privateer was far away. Joan often wished, ere many months were over, that she had left me go, for I was as discontented as could be on shore, and never could make up my mind to work underground; so I turned to streaming, and smuggling, by turns. Margaret’s young brother had to be kept home by main force, yet the privateer Captain was loath to take him on such a dangerous expedition. The youngster would no more work on the farm, nor go in the merchant service again, but made one of the crew in every smuggling adventure undertaken by me and my comrades, and determined to join the privateer as soon as ever he might find an opportunity.”

‘I commend the boy for his pluck,’ says Mary.

“Nearly three years passed without any particular tidings from the sailor, and yet, by some means, rich presents were always arriving for Margaret and her brothers. Nor were his other friends forgotten. One Saturday I came home late at night after I’d been a week absent, over to Roscrof for a cargo, and putting the goods safe. As soon as I came in, Joan said, ‘I’ve news for ‘e, Mathy, that will make ‘e jump out of thy skin for joy! Guess what it is!’ ‘Why my old mate is come home,’ says I, and began to blubber like a great land-lubber for joy at the very thought’ of it. ‘Now, don’t tell me he esn’t,’ says I, ‘for I shall knock thee down, and shan’t be able to help it, to be disappointed.’ ‘You great fool, you,’ says Joan,’ he esn’t come, than.’ ‘Then I’ll strangle thee,’ says I. ‘But he es come in a few days, or a week,’ says she, ‘and here es a packet and a letter that a strange seaman brought here two days ago for you (and no one else but you), to give it to Marget or her brother John. The seaman said that the one we should all be glad to see, would be here very soon, and rich enough to get married and stay at home all the rest of his time, of he would only be contented with a land-lubber’s life.’

“I stayed awake nearly all night, thinking to rise early to give the good news to Margaret, but, when I thought to be getting up, I fell asleep and snored away hours after other people were all up. I dressed in haste, and, without staying for breakfast, started for Trigaminion.

“When I came to Morvah churchtown, the bell had ceased tolling, and the people had gone into church. As Margaret usually came to church, I went in expecting to find her there. She wasn’t there. I would wait a quarter-hour, or so, to see if she would come, and hadn’t been in the church more than ten minutes when the tramp of a horse was heard coming near. A stranger entered the church.

“Everyone rose and gazed at him, and well they might,—such a fine stalwart man, so handsomely dressed, was rarely seen in a country church in these parts. His curling black hair, beard, and whiskers covered great part of his face, and the little that could be seen of his skin was the colour of mahogany. Yet the deep dye of this coal-black hair made his complexion appear fair enough. His coat, of the finest navy-blue cloth, was sparkling with gold lace and anchor buttons, and the long boots, such as were then worn by naval officers, came halfways up his thigh to meet the skirts of his coat, leaving but little of his white small clothes to be seen. A short sword, or cutlass, hung from the broad leather belt round his waist. The finest of lace ruffles hung from the breast and wrists of his shirt. In his hand he held a cocked-hat, looped up with lace, and ornamented with a large cockade.

“He stopped at the entrance of the aisle, looked round, and, not seeing Margaret, or any of her family, in church, was about to leave, when he saw me and beckoned me to come to him.

“We were so glad to meet again that we had been in the public-house parlour more than ten minutes before he began to talk with anything like common sense. Then into the room bounded Meg’s brother John, and clasped his arms around the sailor’s neck before he had time to turn round. The two kissed and embraced, like the babes in the wood, poor dears, when they met again, after they had lost each other for five minutes among the brambles, when night came on, as you remember; or like Man Friday meeting his dad; or, better still, one might compare their meeting to that of the twin brothers, Dick and Bob Edwards, better known as the Morvah Devils, who, for a number of years, worked, always together, the same gun on board the Nymph, till Pellew left that ship; then one of the twins being sent to another vessel, neither was good for anything, till they were both brought back to the same gun again, and, like the Morvah Devils, the Sailor V—— and Margaret’s brother from that day stood by each other.

“‘Cousin Bill, if you go off without me again, I’ll be shot or shoot you,’ says Jack.

“‘Thous dost know very well, my son,’ replied the other, ‘that but for the fears of father and Meg I’d never have left thee here to rot on Morvah Downs for the last three years;’ then, pinching the youngster on his forkle-end, the sailor examined his bone and muscle. ‘Why Jan, my dear, since I saw thee last thou art grown quite a man, I declare, and a fine strong-built one too, by jingo.’ The deuce take Meg and dad; I’ll ship with thee, Cousin Bill, let them say what they will, and go with all my heart wherever thee hast a mind to sail, if it’s to——,’ — well, he didn’t say Heaven.

“As I thought Marget might be thrown into a sort of quandary with the sudden joy and surprise, I said to the sailor, ‘Now you two stay here for a half-hour or so. I haven’t yet seen Miss Margaret, since you sent me this parcel and letter for her, because I only came home last night from a trip over the other side. ‘All right, comrade, make sail and we’ll soon follow,’ says he.

“The first words Marget spoke, when she entered the parlour, into which I was shown, were, ‘You’re come, Mathy, to tell me that one I have long expected is near by. I know he will be here in less than an hour.’

‘How should she know than?’ Mary asked.

“No good to ask me, how she knew,’ Mathy replied. “People remarked that when she was very young there was often a strange look in her deep hazel eyes. One moment they would seem to flash fire; the next they would be like smooth water reflecting the sky, and seem to be looking inward. How the deuce she should have known anything about the sailor’s arrival I can’t tell. It’s sometimes my belief, as well as many other people’s, that An Meg always knew more than she had any business to, but, like all overwise ones, she could never read her own fortune. I believe that, by some means, fair or foul, she did know of her sweetheart’s coming, because I never saw her dressed so grand and look so beautiful before in my life. You should have seen her then as she sailed into the room on her father’s arm, arrayed in a blue satin gown, or robe, the train looped up, and the open front showing an underskirt, or a petticoat, of white satin. With the lace apron, long elbow ruffles, bows, furbelows, and other flags and streamers, she was a fine a craft as one could desire. Then her figure-head beat anything I’ve ever seen;—her dark, chestnut-coloured hair, turned right back from her high and broad forehead, fell in masses of long curls all over her neck and shoulders. The hair at the back of her head was kept in its place by a broad comb, ornamented with jewels; in her ears she wore a pair of large flat hoop-shaped earrings of some foreign fashion. These golden hoops were hung round with pearls, and these were matched by the string of pearls she wore on her neck. You may fancy, from Meg’s regular features and remains of beauty now, how well she looked more than thirty years ago.

“The parcel I brought her contained a store of trinklets and jewels. The letter was to inform her that the sailor had arrived in port and would be home soon. Whether the old gentleman was glad or sorry, was not easy to know. I suppose he could hardly tell. He said that Margaret and John had been mad, or possessed with the devil, ever since the sailor had been gone; and, not to be wanting in courtesy, he took his hat and gold-headed cane and walked up to the churchtown to meet and welcome his kinsman home. Margaret and her lover expressed their happiness more by their looks than by their words. Before half the afternoon was over, such a crowd of young an old were come to greet the sailor (who, from a boy, was known and liked by everybody from Hayle to the Land’s-End), that we had to leave the house in Trigaminion and got to churchtown, where, before night, it seemed like Morvah fair, with the scores come over from St. Just to welcome the sailor and take him away with them. And to St. Just he had to go, in spite of his lady-love; for when the warmhearted ‘San Justers’ take it into their heads to feast, or make much of strangers, they all but kill them with kindness.”

“Well, I s’pose one may venture to speak now, than,’ says Mary, ‘for you seemed to have runned yourself out of breath, Captn. Mathy! How long are ‘e goan to make the story before they get married? And seeman to me, for a man, you must have been very particular in notan the women’s dress in your younger days! What a wonderful memory you must have too, that you can mind the colour of the gownd An Meg wore thirty years ago. Are ‘e sure et wasn’t a green one? what colour stocking ded she wear?’

‘That I don’t remember. I wish thee west stop thy clack, and listen. If it wasn’t a sky-blue gown it ought to have been. I know she had a neat ankle and small foot, very high in the instep. The diamond buckles, in her velvet shoes, made one notice her pretty feet the more.’

‘Well, and for my part,’ says Mary, ‘I wouldn’t give a straw for such a constant and cold lover as Margaret’s sailor. I’m vexed to think of the fellow, when he hadn’t seen his sweetheart for three long years, not to stay up courtan with her the first night after he came back. Now crack away Captn.; I hope you will soon come to their wedden, and the sperat that frightened ‘e so.’

Captn. Mathy went on to say:—”The Sailor V—— told his comrades that his share of the prizes they had taken, during the time he had been privateering, was more than enough to buy the best farm in Morvah, aye, or in St. Just either; but he wouldn’t quit the sea—no, not he, whilst he had a stump to stand on. His crew had become a very mixed multitude from having had to ship strangers to supply the places of those killed in action. He intended to dismiss the whole set, except a few of his old hands, because the rest could never agree, and as many had been killed by their messmates as by the crews of the vessels they boarded. Soon after the intention of the privateer captain, to ship a new crew, became known, more hands volunteered to go with him than would have manned a first-rate man-of-war.

“As the sailor didn’t know how to choose among all the brave boys who wished to ship with him, they agreed to have a wrestling-match, to come off the next Saturday on Sennen Green. Then and there he proposed to select his crew from those who threw the greatest number of fair back falls and showed best play.

“On Monday the sailor, Meg’s brother John, and I, came back to Trigaminion. Now, mind this, Mary,” said Captn. Mathy, in a big voice, “instead of being vexed for her sweetheart’s absence the Sunday night, Margaret let it be seen that she was proud of the notice taken of her lover.”

‘The more fool she,’ Mary replied.

“The next day many of the privateer captain’s family came over from Sennen to fetch him home with them. It had been decided, by the parties most interested, that in a week or ten days (with the old man’s consent or without) Margaret and the sailor would be married in Falmouth, where he proposed to take a house for his wife and wished her father to give up his farm, remove thither, and live with her. You may be sure that the returned sailor’s relations in Sennen and other places were glad enough to see him if only for the scores of gold rings, and rich jewels, pieces-of-eight, moidores, and doubloons he gave away among them—he had something rare for every cousin of the tribe.

“On Saturday the sailor put up many handsome prizes, which were contended for on Sennen Green. Margaret and all her family were there. They too went over to Sennen on a visit with the sailor, most of his family being related to them. The ‘First and Last’ was an open house for all-comers, during the time the sailor remained at home, and some weeks after. When the day came for Margaret and her brother to take leave of their father they were all sadly cast down. The old gentleman could not give his consent to part with either son or daughter; yet, knowing it was worse than useless longer to oppose their desires, he contented himself with



murmuring over a string of old proverbs, such as, ‘if they made a hard bed for themselves they might lie on it;’ ‘those who wouldn’t be ruled by the rudder must be by the rock;’ and such-like everyday sayings, which old dotards are for ever spouting with the air of prophets.”

‘Come to the wedding, do,’ says Mary.

“Well, two of the old dames, now out on the cliff with Margaret, went up with her as her bridesmaids. Several of the new crew, with myself as their guide, had gone on, some days before the bridal party and wedding guests, to make such preparations, on shore and on board the privateer, as were required for the accommodation of the party.

“Friday, the day after the arrival of the bridal party in Falmouth, was the wedding-day. During the forenoon of that day, and for weeks before, the weather had been calm and heavy—scarcely a breath of air stirring. The marriage-ceremony and wedding-dinner passed off gaily enough. But before we had finished drinking health and long life to the new married couple, many of the wedding guests were alarmed at the sudden darkness, followed by as violent a tempest as ever raged over sea or land. All the sailor portion of the guests hurried on board the ship to bring her farther into harbour. Before an hour passed the sky was in a continued blaze of lightning—the thunder roared as if defying wind and sea to make a more horrible noise. Trees were uprooted even in the most sheltered spots; houses unroofed, and chimneys blown down in all directions. The ships in the most sheltered parts of Falmouth harbour dragged their anchors and got foul of each other. The next morning all parts of the coast were strewn with wrecks. Yet hours before Margaret and the Sailor left their bridal chamber, the storm had passed away as suddenly as it came on. In its violence and short duration it was more like the hurricanes of the Indies than anything in the way of a tempest ever seen here. It was remarked that during this dreadful night the windows of Arwenic House (then uninhabited) were all ablaze with light as if the ghosts of all the old Killigrews had come on the wings of the tempest to hold high festival in their ancient home. Not the least injury was sustained by the old mansion, though many buildings (which numbered fewer days than that did years) were levelled to the ground.

“It was also said that on this fearful night some notorious pirate either died or that his spirit was put to rest, I forget which. There was but little damage done to the privateer craft, as most of the new crew had been to sea before. By the beginning of the next week everything was put in ship-shape. The commander had purchased a furnished house for his bride, much against her wish; for, strange as you may think it, she did everything in her power to get the sailor to take her to sea with him. Less than a week after the bridal, when all the wedding guests except myself, were about to leave (I must except myself, because I’d a much greater mind to go a privateering with my old comrade than return to Morvah and Joan), accounts daily reached the privateer commander from the captains of vessels, brought into Falmouth for repairs, from pilots and others, that a fleet of merchantmen from the Spanish Main, and bound for Spain, had, during the gale, been separated from their armed convey, and from each other—that many of these rich Godsenders for wrecker, pirate, or privateer, were drifted far out of their course away to the north and nor’-west of Scilly.

“The commander, Young John D—— (now his chief mate and brother-in-law), all the crew, and even Marget and myself, were mad to put to sea and give chase. Her husband and brother, in order to make her consent to remain on shore without them, promised to be back again in a fortnight, at the farthest, and that then if she still determined to risk the sea, she might do so. Much money and other valuable were placed in safe hands for Margaret’s use. Our gallant ship was ready for sea. I went on shore to say good bye to Marget, when who should be there but my old Joan! She and Meg, between them, managed to make me dead

drunk and keep me out of the way till the privateer was out of sight with the two I dearly loved; and neither Margaret nor I have ever seen them since.

“Yet, a few days after the sailor left Falmouth his gallant ship, in all her pride, put into Whitsand bay. John D——, and a dozen of the crew, came ashore, proceeded to Penrose, and served out Justice Jones as the old wretch deserved.”

‘Now, I haven’t interrupted ‘e all this time,’ says Mary, ‘nor asked ‘e a single question, but I’d like to know something about old Jones and how he was served out.’

‘It’ll take too long now,’ Mathy answered; ‘let’s finish one story before begin another; besides there’s no time to spare, for Meg and her wedding guests (as she still calls the old dears who come to visit her on these times) will soon return.’

“Whatever can be become of the privateer captain and all, or any, of his crew, is known to no one in this country. Margaret often, in spite of all hope, indulges the fancy, especially on these days that her husband and brother are both still alive and will one day come back. That’s the reason she lives in this way, and will not touch a farthing of the money her sailor left, hoping still that he may come home and want it. Even his wedding suit, and all the other land clothes (he left all with her), are taken out of the long oak chest, new folded, aired, and brushed, just as if she expected him home before night.

“But, sometimes, her cooler reason gets uppermost, and then she’s in black despair. These are the times you may see her, at nights, wandering about alone among the cliffs and carns. The more stormy the night the more likely one is then to see her. I’ve heard her at such times, poor soul, when she little thought I was watching her, for fear of some harm happening to her, shriek and moan for hours together louder than the wind and waves. The following day, or during many days, she would be like one lost to the world. Then her harmless madness would come like a shield to protect her wounded heart. I’m always glad, for my part, to see her indulge in her deviltry (I don’t know what else to call it), because then I know that the bleeding of her broken heart is stayed for the time.”

‘Law! don’t talk such nonsense,’ says Mary; ‘why, didn’t she get married again, and live like a sober respectable woman, to be sure?’

“From time to time, rumours have reached this place that the sailor V——, John——, and some of the crew, were still alive and kept prisoners in one of the Spanish settlements of America. These uncertain reports are treasured up by Margaret, and serve to nourish her hopes. She, poor crushed soul, may fancy what she will, but I know that the sailor is dead, because I saw, at this very hour of the afternoon, nine years, ago,

The Apparition of Billy V——, standing there, just inside the door, as plainly as I see the sloping sunbeams now shining on the screen. The weather was calm, the sea smooth as glass, but great part hidden from view with clouds of dry mist, which rolled in to the foot of the cliff and up the hollows between the carns, so that their tops only could be seen as if resting on the clouds. One could hear the seamen speaking and the sheaves creaking in the blocks, and other sounds on ship-board, out over the sea miles away. Everything around—sky, sea, and land—seemed all unnatural-like; more like the moving picture of some grand show than anything real.

“I was keeping in the fire, and thinking of my old comrade, when I heard the cantering of a horse coming over the cliff. In an instant, by the time I looked up, the tramp of the horse was on the caunce outside that door. I looked through the open window and saw nothing outside but the fog mixed with sunshine, as one may now and then see it on the cliffs this time of the year. The tread of a man, in heavy boots, and the jingle of spurs on the drussel, made me look

towards the door. And there stood the sailor, dressed every way the same as I saw him when he came to Morvah church on his return from the three years' privateering. There he stood, just inside the door, where the sun now shines on the floor—his peaked hat, looped up at the sides, with feather and black cockade, was above the top of the doorway. He wore the same laced coat of fine blue cloth, and the tops of his glossy boots reached half-ways up the thighs. There he stood, the same man—tall, sturdy, and strong, square-built, and broad-shouldered: he looked every inch the bold buccaneer. I thought he was going to say, 'What cheer, messmate,' till I noticed that though his face was turned towards me, yet he appeared not to see me. I knew it was my old comrade, yet I had neither the power to speak nor to move. A cold sweat ran over me, and I felt like one turning to stone; yet I didn't think of the years gone by, and that, if alive, he could no longer look so young as he did thirty years ago. In my bewilderment and surprise, I stood gazing at him and forgot to notice the fire, till, by a side glance, I saw the litter of furze on the hearth-stone all in a blaze, carrying the fire to the foot of the wood-corner. In a moment more the whole place would have been in flames. I turned, an instant only, to sweep back the fire. When I looked towards the door again there was nobody nor nothing there, where he stood, to be seen but a man's coat and hat hanging on the screen—the same garments (once the sailor's) you see there now, and that Meg puts on of stormy nights, when she runs like a wild thing over the cleaves and carns."

'I should thing,' says Mary, 'you wed be glad to see your old mate, dead or alive.'

'Aye, so I should, in good substantial flesh and blood, but not an apparition like that. Yet, when I saw the lace at his wristbands, and even the black silk tassels hanging from the tops of his boots, just as I had noticed them when I walked by his side on his wedding-day, I didn't think him to be only a spirit, till I again heard the horse tramping away over the cliff down to the carns below, where neither horse nor goat could go. Still, bewildered and fear-struck, I went out and stood on the bank at the end of the house, looked towards the sea in the direction of the sound of the horse's hoofs, but there carns and cleaves were all shrouded in mist which seemed to be gathering from all quarters to that place till it formed a black cloud above and a thick haze below, out of which soon appeared the black masts of a black ship scudding away to sea, with all her sails set and not a breath of wind stirring.

"The black cloud in the sky followed the death-ship (for the strange craft was nothing else), and every now and then spread a blaze of lightning over the western sky. The thunder roared, fire and smoke burst from the hull of the ship, followed by the sound of a cannonade—Bomb! bomb! bomb!—louder than the thunders roaring above and around. Just an instant the smoke cleared away from the black hull, and there, on the quarter-deck, was the sailor, brandishing his flashing sword, and not another soul to be seen. Away, away, hurried the craft over the sea towards the west, and was soon lost to sight in the thunder-cloud which became thicker and blacker. At the same time, in every other direction, the sky was clear and the sun shone bright.

"I then fell down in a fright and turned my face on the ground that I might see no more of the terrible sight. There I lay, like one in a fit, till Meg came back and roused me out of the sort of trance the fright brought on.

"Mathy,' says she, 'hast thou the stag (nightmare) on thy back, that thou art groaning and grunting so in thy sleep? Rise up, and come in, thou careless cook.'

"I crawled in as well as I could, and didn't say anything about the apparition."

'Perhaps, after all,' says Mary, 'it was only your dreams and fancy.'

‘Is your grammer fancy? You may take my solemn word for it. There I saw the sailor, as plainly as I now see thee with thy mouth open, looking like a fool frightened. And now you had better make haste home, for Marget and her company will be back soon.’

‘My dear Captn. Mathy,’ said she, ‘only leave me step up on the talfat a minute to see the beautiful quilt; it’s always spread on the bed when An Meg’s got company. I shall begin soon to make a quilt for myself, as I hope to be married one day as well as the rest. I would like just to see the star in the middle of the work. I’ll be down again in a crack.’

‘Be quick, then’ says Mathy, ‘if you want to see Margaret’s fancy work, be up and down again in a couple of shakes, and I’ll go outside the door to see if the old ladies be in a sight. We shall both get into trouble if they come back and find thee there. No one can tell what they may think and say; but, of all the scores of times I’ve been here alone, it never came into my head to mount the ladder and have a squint at the old ‘oman’s bed.’

The dame’s talfat, or bed-place, over the spence and part of the living-room, was reached by a steep stair-ladder. A strong stream of light, coming through the little open loop-hole, lit up a portion of the room, whilst the rest was in deep shadow, and made still darker by the partly-drawn curtains of a heavy four-poster. Going from the sunshine below into this place of streaky light and gloom, Mary could hardly make out, at first, that on the middle of the quilt was a suit of man’s clothes laid at length, and carefully folded double. At last she saw everything there to be exactly what Mathy had just described as the wedding dress of the bold buccaneer. On the pillow was placed a cocked hat. Next came the broad-skirted blue coat, with its bright gold lace and anchor buttons. Shirt-ruffles were seen between the folds of the breast, and deep rich lace hung out through the broad cuffs of the coat. Meeting the coat-skirts were the high boots, and these looked full and in form, as if the sailor’s legs were still in them. Besides, they appeared as smooth and bright as if they had only then left a boot-maker’s hands. Mary didn’t venture to move the sailor’s toggery, that she might see the star in the centre of the patch-work. She saw that hundreds and hundreds of pieces, of all shades and patterns, were joined together so as to form most intricate, yet uniform, designs.

The next thing that struck her attention was a long oaken chest, with heavy handles like those of a coffin. In the uncertain light the low chest looked much like a bed for the dead. Margaret’s wedding cap and other lace-work, placed on a fine flannel shirt, with other things, on the lid, Mary took for a shroud.

After a glance at these Mary turned round again and took up the edge of the quilt at the foot of the bed. She stood there for a minute’s space, examining, and trying to remember, the pattern of the patch-work round the border, when, to her horror, she saw the boots move from each other, and when she cast a glance towards the head of the bed, there lay the sailor, with all his clothes around him, and looked as if he would that instant spring off the bed.

The girl saw no more!

With one bound and a shriek, she sprang over stairs and fell on the floor in a fit!

Mathy, hearing the noise she made, in coming so quickly down stairs, ran in, drew her out of doors, soused her well with water, poured brandy down her throat, and took other means which brought her to.

Mary’s first cry, when the Captn, held her up, was, “Oh! release me from the sailor or the devil, do; and leave me go.”

Mathy let her go with all his heart. She ran home, took to her bed from the effects of her fright, and was unable to quit it for many weeks.

To her dying day Mary Polteer was ready to swear that she saw the sailor's spirit dressed in his uniform, with cocked hat, boots and all, lying in Margaret's bed high by day.

"Sarved her right too," Mathy used to say, "for misbelieving me."

Whilst the Captn. had been relating to Mary Polteer as much as he knew of the sailor's history, the old ladies had enjoyed a pleasant gossip, and left the sunny bank on which they rested, among the earns, below, about the time the curious damsel ran home in a fright at the sight of the apparition.

When Margaret and her company arrived at the dwelling they were met by An Joan, the Captn.'s wife, who brought down a large bowl of cream and a monster apple-cake, steaming hot.

Soon after tea was over, the husbands of the two of the dames who lived—the one in Trevidga, and the other in Trevalgan—joined the party. Then came the tinnerns, Curnow and Tregeer. They didn't forget to bring some bottles of the choicest liquors they had lately procured by a run across the Channel.

The night sped joyfully. Song followed song, and droll was told for droll. No one spoke of parting until the small hours of the morning. Then, as "the moon shone bright, and the stars gave their light," the jolly companions went out for a dance on the smooth turf, off the cliff. Any stranger seeing the old dames and tinnerns cutting their wild capers among the moon-lit carns, at that time of night, might well have taken the jovial party for a company of witches holding their sabbath reel, with dark-complexioned partners from the world below.

By daybreak all the loving friends, except one old dame who came from many miles away, took leave of Margaret and her old acquaintance who came to pass a few days with her.

Soon after that night, when the wise woman's fearful threats and curses frightened away the folks who came to annoy her, they, and many others who heard their report of what had then taken place, came to regard the aged charmer as a real black witch. Even the children soon feared to go near their former favourite, and their squalling was often stayed by the threat of, "I'll give 'e to old Meg, the witch, I will, of thee doesn't stop thy bleatan, and the Bucca-boo, that do come to see her every night, will carry thee away with en to the black place where a do live, that a will." Others, who had less fear than hatred of the old dame, closed their doors against her, and killed or wounded her pet animals, whenever they had the chance to do it unperceived.

Long ago, Margaret's friends in Sennen wished her to come and live near them, where she would be sure of being treated with kindness, and now the illusage of her neighbours made her desire some other refuge.

Yet she could not make up her mind to leave the place where her lambs, kids, and other dumb companions loved to roam, and the roof-tree, under which her tame redbreasts had built their nests, and where the bees had stored their sweets.

One day, late in the fall, whilst Margaret was still in two minds about going or staying, one of her husband's relatives came to her dwelling, accompanied by an aged seaman who was a native of St. Just, and who had been one of the privateer's crew. The old mariner, without much preface, related to Margaret, how, a few days after her brother and some of the privateer's crew landed at Genvor, and had their game with the old justice of Penrose, they fell in with a heavily laden Spanish merchantman returning from the Indies. The privateers boarded the ship with very little difficulty, but, in their headstrong heedlessness of all command, every one of the undisciplined crew left the privateer, except a man at the helm, and he, too, would have quitted his ship with the rest, when, by some mishap, the privateer

got adrift from the merchantship, and, with this solitary seaman, was driven fast away over sea and out of sight.

“At first the privateers didn’t much regard, nor care about, their ship drifting away. They felt sure of taking the Spanish vessel, but, for once, they were sadly out in their reckoning. On board the merchantman there were a good many passengers, mostly old soldiers returning home after having served their time and feathered their nests in the Spanish-American colonies. These veterans were in no haste to appear on deck and take part in the fray, until they found that their own crew, without their assistance, were likely to get the worst of it. Then they came on, armed to the teeth, and by their united action soon killed all the privateers excepting the Sailor V——, young D——, and four others (one of whom was the old mariner himself), who were all put in irons, and condemned to be hanged at the yard-arm, as soon as they arrived in port. This country was not then at war with Spain, and, as the privateers were, in this case, no better than pirates, they were doomed to suffer the penalty usually awarded to these sea-robbers.

“When this sad remnant of the bold privateers (ironed and sent below during the night), were turned up on deck the next morning, there was neither sight nor sign of their ship and her solitary mariner. The Spanish veterans admired the Cornishmen for their pluck, treated them like old comrades, and showed all the more kindness to the bold pirate crew because, by the fortune of war, they were to be hanged in a few days. They were within a day’s sail of Cadiz, the wind and everything else apparently favourable for a speedy termination of the good ship’s voyage, and the lives of the Cornish crew, by the way of the yard-arm, where the six bold sea-robbers were to be hanged all in a row. The men to be strung up, and those who were to perform that office for them, were the best of friends and, joking over the matter, as either party would have done the same to the others under similar circumstances, when there was a sudden alarm of an ugly craft, seen approaching from the coast of Barbary.

“Before the boarding-netting was passed round the ship, the deck cleared to work the guns, and the crew and passenger-soldiers all armed, the approaching craft was made out to be one of the most dreaded corsair-ships that hailed from Algiers. This was a good-sized, decked vessel, which carried several guns, and ventured much farther to sea than the row galleys which usually came out from the African pirates’ nests in fleets, to board the merchantmen when near the land. Like a hawk pouncing on a dove, the pirate came up with the merchantman, and boarded her. Moors and Spaniards fought like lions and tigers, and the Dons were getting the worst of it when the Spanish commander came below and said to his prisoners, “Now, you brave Christian villains, will you do one good deed to save your souls before you die, and help us good Catholics to fight against the Pagan Moors?” “Knock off our irons; give us arms; and waste no more time in palaver,” answered the sailor V——. The reinforcement of the Cornishmen soon turned the scale in favour of the Spaniards. The Saracens were confounded by hearing the wild whoops and screams of the St. Just men, in a *lingua franca* new to Turks and Pagans, crying out, ‘Now comrades, one and all cut into them devils for blood and life!’”

“When the night closed in, a great part of the Moors were lying lifeless in their gore, and many of the Spaniards in the same plight. Then the sailor V—— passed the word, ‘Hurra, comrades! Now for the Barbary ship.’ Before Spaniards or Moors had time to wink, the Cornishmen were on board the Algerian and this spanking craft cast off the merchantman. Some of the few Saracens found on board were spared to help to work the ship, and the rest made ‘to walk the plank.’ ‘Good bye, mates,’ said the sailor to the Spaniards; ‘we like to ride on this sea-bird better than to swing from your yard-arm.’ The Dons, guessing their late

prisoners' intentions, were not sorry to see them save their bacon, and returned their salute with a hearty 'Adios, companeros, hastaluego, y buena ventura.'

"The Cornishmen found in their new ship a good store of money, provisions, and water, with the flags of all nations, which were either kept as trophies or used as decoys by the African sea-rovers.

"The sailor's first care was to cruise about in search of his own ship, with her lonely mariner. Over a few weeks, she was seen making her course for Cadiz. When the privateer tried to come up with their wandering ship, their old messmate crowded sail to give a wide berth to the dreaded Algerine. Signals were hoisted, and all done that could be thought of to make the raw St. Just man understand that he was running away from those he wished to find. At last a shot was fired across the bows of the runaway in order to bring her commander to reason, but he returned two shots for one, and would soon have sent the Barbary ship and his old comrades to the bottom, had it not been that, in the heat of the action, he approached so near the Algerine as to hear the sailor V—— hail him from the quarter-deck, 'Hallo, Capt'n. Jan Trezise! Will 'e take a few more hands on board?' 'You many fancy the joy of our shipmate,' says the Mariner, 'to find his late comrades; he had been doing his best to follow them and share their fate or bring them off.'

"For God's sake," days Margaret, "tell me at once; is Billy V—— alive or dead? Any my brother, where is he?"

Without heeding Margaret's impatience, the old seaman continued:—"Sailor V—— and his crew soon shifted to their recovered ship, with a great store of valuables found in the corsair-ship. They then sent off the deserted pirate-craft, under full sail, to course about the seas like the Flying Dutchman or a spectre ship. Next they held a council to decide on their future proceedings;—as they had so narrowly escaped hanging to the yard-arm and lost so many of their shipmates, none felt much inclined to return to England, except the captain, who wished to see his bride and leave with her his share of the riches found in the Algerine, before he proceeded on a long and uncertain expedition; but he was with difficulty persuaded to try, first, a short buccaneering trip to the Spanish Main.

"Many years were passed among the keys and islands, with alternate fighting and feasting, good luck and bad. During this time, which sped we hardly knew how, the sailor often planned and attempted to get away home with his share of the tax that the buccaneers had levied on all rich argosies which crossed their track; but the greater part of his crew, augmented now by many desperate villains—English, French, and Dutch—picked up here and there, always opposed his endeavours to go away either with them or without them. They would give their captain, his mates, and the rest of the Cornishmen, any share or all of the treasures if they would only remain with them, either on sea or land.

"As they soon became well acquainted with the coasts of the islands and mainland, they sometimes acted as honest pilots and protectors to the vessels trading in these all but unknown seas. Yet this was dull work, of which they soon tired, and all returned to the more exciting sport of plundering the new settlements on the Spanish Main. Many of the ship's company had taken off, nothing loth, to the islands, where their usual rendezvous was held—a good number of fair Spanish maidens for their wives, with slaves to wait on them all.

"One night, when they all landed to have a carouse on one of the smaller islands of the West Indies (where they sometimes buried their treasures), the Sailor V——, John D——, three St. Just men of his crew, and a few others from the old country, who first joined them, planned to keep sober, and when the rest, according to their custom on these occasions, would be all dead drunk, then to seize the ship, make off, away, and leave their too-loving comrades

behind. Nothing is so uncertain, they say, as the wind and the women. The west-country buccaneers sailed out of harbour with a fair breeze and a tranquil sea, and left their comrades sweetly sleeping; but, soon after sunrise, the breeze veered and sent them round the island, which was so shrouded in fog that, except at rare intervals, they could see nothing farther ahead than the peak of the bowsprit. In the meantime, the deserted part of the crew got out of their long and sound sleep, to find their commander and his mates had gone away, without saying adieu.

“The deserted crew were grieved and angry to find themselves thus forsaken by the commander for whom all, in their savage regard, would have given their lives. Yet there was still some hope that they might see him again. He could not sail far without more wind. It was no easy matter, at any time, to clear the small islands, with currents running in all directions, and much more difficult when, as on that morning, they were all shrouded in a dry mist. The mixed multitude, knowing that there was, in a cove only a few miles distant, a good sailing craft belonging to another crew who followed the same gentle profession as themselves, procured this ship and ship’s company, to go in pursuit of their captain. About four hours before noon, the mist, at intervals cleared away, and then the two vessels were seen within hailing distance of each other. The Cornishmen fired a few shots at the ship in chase of them, and, when preparing to give a broadside, their vessel struck on a reef; then the one in pursuit came alongside, and all hands boarded the deserter, with but little difficulty.

“The rest,” said the old seaman, “is soon told, and, what is more remarkable, this happened nine years and two months or so ago, in the morning of the day which, of all days in the year, the captain always kept as a festival in remembrance of his wedding-day.”

“Stay, I know the rest,” said Margaret, rising in great agitation; “but tell me who was that lady who hung over my husband, weeping and holding two children by the hand, when he lay dead and bleeding on the deck of his vessel.”

“That Lady,” the seaman replied, as he sprang to his feet in amaze,—“that lady and the two boys were your brother’s wife and children.”

“And John, my brother, where was he? I thought I saw you! Yes, I see now; it was you who held my husband’s head in your arms, when a score or more swarthy-looking seamen stood around distracted with grief?”

“Oh, lady,” the seaman replied, “don’t recall everything of that sad time. Your brother, when he saw that our captain had, by mischance, received a death wound from a boarding-pike (we knew not how it happened,—it was never intended), and our commander fall on the deck and the blood pour from his side, mad with rage, would have killed all who came near him, and himself too, had he not been confined below. But, lady, how can you know all that took place on that fatal morn?”

Margaret now addressed Capt. Mathy (who had entered her dwelling a few minutes before, and stood near the door, listening in silence),—

“Old friend,” said she, “you have often heard me called mad, and many say that my visions are only waking dreams; but it was no diseased fancy which made me see all that took place, a little before noon, on the feast-day I have always observed. The day was close and sultry: I had been up early, preparing to receive my accustomed visitors. Feeling faint and weary, I sat a few moments on the rock outside the door, when, suddenly, a thick fog surrounded me and hid everything from my view. Then it seemed as if the sea were close at my feet. I heard around me the bubbling of the waves, the confused clamour of many voices, mixed with the booming of cannon. Another moment the sound of my husband’s and my brother’s well-known voices came to my ears. Then the rock on which I sat seemed to be on the deck of a



vessel, floating in sea and mist. Before me (and as near me as I am to you) lay my husband bleeding—a dark-complexioned lady kneeling on the deck beside him, trying to staunch his wound, the mariners all around him weeping, as the seaman had just related. The fearful vision lasted no longer than a minute, when all vanished and left me like one newly awakened from a trance. Though I have never spoken of this apparition if left too deep a pang to be forgotten. Yet now I rejoice to know that my husband's last thought were of me, and that the dark lady was my brother's wife."

Mathy might have told how he, too, had seen the spirit of the Sailor, only a few hours after the death-token came to Margaret, but grief and awe kept him silent.

Neither of those who listened to Margaret's account of the death-token doubted the reality of the apparition, as everyone here believed that the dying appear to the absent, on whom their thoughts are centred at the moment the spirit leaves the body. Besides, a little more than nine years before the returned seaman came to Margaret's dwelling, it was said that many persons had heard and seen in Trevilly cliff the peculiar tokens which, in all time, had marked the coming death of any member of the Sailor's family.

In a short time Margaret recovered her tranquility, and the old mariner resumed his story:—

"The body of the Sailor V—— was taken to the land, and, in a beautiful glen, beside a gently flowing river, where he delighted to repose, and whither, he often said, he wished to bring his bride, that they might settle there and roam no more, within the sound of the ocean, under the shade of a spreading tulip-tree, we made his last resting-place. Near by, John D—— made his dwelling, and in the garden enclosed his brother's grave.

"The ship's company, when they lost their commander, and finding that his brother-in-law refused to take the command or put to sea again, brought thither their wives and families, soon cleared many acres of rich land, and will ere long make a thriving settlement in that fair clime, where flowers and fruit follow each other all the year round. And there the descendants of our Cornishmen, and the Spanish and Indian maidens, may be found at a distant day."

The mariner had long desired to revisit his native place, but found no chance of leaving their unfrequented settlement until two years since, when an English ship, on some exploring expedition, anchored in the bay at the mouth of their river, and gave him a passage home, after taking him to every other quarter of the globe on the way.

The seaman then told Margaret that her brother, wishing to know how it fared with her and the rest of his family, had furnished him with plenty of money for the journey and entrusted to his care a present for her.

On opening the canvas covering of a small parcel which the seaman put into Margaret's hand, it was found to contain a carefully-folded bandana, and between the folds gold coins, precious stones, and jewels, and a massive plain gold ring, taken from her husband's finger after death.

This ring and the handkerchief were all that Margaret took of the rich store;—the rest she returned to the seaman for his own use. Now there was an end to Margaret's hopes and fears; she no longer desired to live in the lonely dwelling on the cliff, and in a few weeks she removed, with all her rare furniture, pet animals, bees, and favourite flowers, to a comfortable cottage in the village of Escols.

In her new home she received every kindness, and, from having cheerful companions to help her to pass the time, the strange fancies engendered by her melancholy, lonely, existence

gradually disappeared, and she became much like the ordinary persons of healthy every-day life.

The only thing spoken of as remarkable, in later accounts of the dame, is that she passed so much time in the study of astrology as to become a great proficient in that mysterious science, which was then much cultivated by many noted scholars of the west country.

Besides several other learned persons, Ustick of Botallack and Dr. Maddern are said to have been frequent visitors to Margaret in Escols, and that, between them, they drew horoscopes, concocted wonderful drugs, distilled strange compounds and cordials, and predicted many remarkable events, some of which really occurred to the persons for whom their schemes were cast, or to somebody else. She was also a powerful charmer till the end of her days.

## VI. Annual Visit Of The West-Country Folks To The Pellar Of Helston, To Have Their Protection Renewed

Though Mathy lived many miles from Margaret's new dwelling, he often came to visit her that he might keep her garden-ground in order (as he said), but more for the sake of a gossip about old times. He gave up his share of the stream-work, and had but little more to do with smuggling. The stream-work was kept by the smugglers more for its convenience in their contraband dealings than for the sake of the tin. Soon after the old Captn. stayed at home to cultivate his little quilllets,—barley, oats, and pillas, ever (rye-grass), and clover, were seen on his ground in place of brambles, furze, griglans (heath), and gadjevraws (ox-eye daisies). His cattle, having abundance of food, kept to their own bounds, and but little troubled the neighbours. And Mathy lived in such a sober, respectable way, that we never heard of him but once more;—that was on the occasion of his yearly visit to the Pellar of Helston.

According to ancient usage, the folks from many parts of the west country make their annual pilgrimage to some white witch of repute, for the sake of having what they call “their protection renewed.” The spring is always chosen for this object, because it is believed that when the sun is returning the Pellar has more power to protect them from bad luck than at any other season.

As the Captn. was rather prone to indulge in a little too much drink at such times, Aunt Joan persuaded her spouse to take along with him Jan Tregear, that he might see the old man safe home: she couldn't well go herself; besides, the good man much preferred her room to her company on such an occasion, when he was sure to meet with many old cronies all as fond of a drop as himself.

There used to be rare fun among the folks in going to the conjuror in the spring, when they were sure to meet, at the wise man's abode, persons of all ages and conditions, many from a great distance. Then the inhabitants of the Scilly Isles came over in crowds for the purpose of consulting the white witches of Cornwall, and that they might obtain their protection, charms, spells, and counter-spells. Many of the captains of vessels, belonging to Hayle, St. Ives, and Swansea, often visited the Pellar before they undertook a voyage, so that, with seaman and tanners, there was sure to be great variety in the company.

The Captn. and Jan started from Zennor, the master carrying before him a quarter of pork, and the man riding on a sack of corn, some hours before the break of day. They left thus early, not so much for the sake of arriving betimes at the Pellar's abode, as for keeping the when and where of the conjuror a secret from the neighbours, many of whom were become so wise in their own conceit as to laugh at the ancient custom, even when they often resorted to the same practices themselves whenever bad luck assailed them.

Though they arrived at the Pellar's by the middle of the forenoon, such a crowd was already assembled that they waited long before their turn came to be admitted to the presence of the wise man. The conjuror received the people and their offerings, singly, in the room by courtesy styled the hale (hall). Few remained closeted with him more than half-an-hour, during which time some were provided with little bags of earth, teeth, or bones taken from a grave. These precious relics were to be worn, suspended from the neck, for the cure of prevention of fits, and other mysterious complaints supposed to be brought on by witchcraft.

Others were furnished with a scrap of parchment, on which was written the ABRACADABRA or the following charm:—

SATOR, AREPO, TENET, OPERA, ROTAS.

These charms were enclosed in a paper, curiously folded like a valentine, sealed and suspended from the neck of the ill-wished, spellbound, or otherwise ailing person. The last charm is regarded as an instrument of great power, because the magical words read the same backwards as forwards. A gritty substance called witch-powders, that looked very much like pounded brick, was also given to those who required it. An aged crone of the pellar blood, mother or sister of the white witch in chief, received some of the women upstairs to cure such of the least difficult cases, as simple charming would effect; but the greatest part of them preferred the man, as his charms only were powerful enough to unbewitch them.

Instead of the earthy powder, some are furnished with a written charm, which varies according to the feelings of the recipients. Most of the very religious folks have a verse of scripture, concluded with the comfortable assurance that, by the help of the Lord, the White Witch hopes to do them good.

But those who have no particular religious sentiments he furnishes with a charm, of which the following is a literal copy:

On one side of a bit of paper, about an inch and a half by one inch,

NALGAH.

Here follows a picture of what must have been the conjuror's own creation, as such an object was never seen by mortal eyes in the heavens above, the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth. The only object we can compare it to is a something which is a cross between a headless cherub and a spread-eagle. Underneath what might have been intended for angel or bird, there is an egg, on which the creature appears to be brooding. There is another egg at the extremity of one of the outstretched legs of the creature. This picture, which is the most singular part of the charm, can only be represented by the aid of the pencil. The word

TETRAGRAMMATON,

is under it. On the reverse,

JEHOVAH.

JAH. ELOHIM.

SHADDAY.

ADONAY.

HAVE MERCY ON A POOR WOMAN.

From the worn condition of the charm (which had been in use many years before it came into our hands) it is difficult to make out the writing.

Another amulet, which is commonly given by the Pellar to his patients, to be worn suspended from the neck, is a small bag of earth taken from a man's grave.

Besides the above-mentioned precious charms, the Pellar gives his neophytes powders, to throw over their children, or cattle, to preserve them against witchcraft, ample directions as to the lucky and unlucky times, and a green salve, which is said to be an excellent healing ointment. I have talked with many who have visited the Pellar every spring, for years running, that they might get their protection renewed. Yet there is no finding out all that takes place at the time of this important pilgrimage, as the directions are given to each individual

separately, and all are bound to preserve the greatest secrecy about some portion of the charm, or it will do no good.

Others were supplied with blood stones, milpreves, or snake-stones, and other trumpery, manufactured by the pellar family, to be worn as amulets. The blue-stone rings, in which some fancied they saw the figure of an adder, or when marked with yellow veins the pattern of a snake, were particularly prized, because it was believed that those who wore them were by that means safe from being harmed by any reptile of the serpent tribe, and that man or beast, bit and envenomed, being given some water to drink, wherein this stone had been infused, would perfectly recover of the poison. The amulets, reliques, and charms supplied by the white witch served to tranquillize the diseased fancy as well as the bread pills, coloured waters, and other innocent compounds of more fashionable practitioners, or the holy medals and scapulars of other professors. There are no new notions under the sun; the only difference is the fashion in which they are disguised.

As Capt'n, Mathy brought the Pellar a liberal offering he was favoured with an hour of the conjuror's valuable time.

"Come, Jan, boy," said the Capt'n., as he came out of the Peliar's sanctum, well satisfied, "let's be off homeward. I wish 'e well, friends, and good luck to 'e all."

They soon arrived at the old wayside public-house near what is now called the Buck's-head. Here, many other pilgrims to the Pellar were collected, that they might bait themselves and their beasts.

After dinner, the afternoon was spent in telling witch stories. Everyone present had many cases, each within his own experience, to vouch for. They compared the merits of the different conjurors of repute, and all agreed that none could surpass the Pellar of Helston. Not even the "cunning man" of Bodmin nor the "white witch of Exeter" could possess more power to lift a spell or to punish a witch, or to find out who had stolen whatever was missed, and to put out the thief's eye.

'Twas long after dark when Mathy and Jan left the inn. Then the old Capt'n. was pretty well slewed (drunk), yet not so far gone but that he could sit on horseback and keep his tongue going. After jogging along a mile of two, the Capt'n. said, "Jacky, boy, I'm afraid I mayn't remember all the conjuror told me to do; so now I'll tell 'e some things, and mind thee doesn't forget. The powder must be thrown over the backs of the cattle, now and then, to prevent bad luck; but, of any spells of witchcraft happened to strike, we must, after sunset, bring the ill-wished beast into a ploughed field, there bleed it on straw, and, as the blood and straw are burning together, the witch will either come bodily into the field or her apparition will appear in the smoke plain enow for us to know her. Many burn a calf alive to save the rest of their stock, and that ensures them from bad luck for seven or nine years, I've forgotten which, the same as bleeding a white hen on a mill-stone once in a while prevents danger from the mill, for they say the mill will have blood every seven years." Yet, with all the free talk about the cattle and charms Mathy, drunk as he was, couldn't be got to say a word about the ceremony which is said to be performed by the pellar, or priest of the old one, to protect the persons of his patients against bad luck for the next year.

There has always been profound secrecy observed respecting some of the proceedings which take place between the white witch and his patients.

Master and man were so deep in the mysteries of witchcraft that they got piskey-led when near St. Erth Praise; and, instead of taking the road they intended, which would have brought them through St. Erth church-town and out by Treloweth, they found themselves led down to

Hayle, and the old mare stopped at the door of the ‘Standard’ before they discovered that they were on the wrong road.

The old inn, as usual, was all alive with sailors—drinking, singing, dancing, and carousing. Here the Captn. was well known and as good as at home, drinking the brandy with which he and his crew supplied the house. Here they agreed they would rest awhile as the tide would suit for them to cross the sands at any time till nearly daybreak. The jolly jack-tars were delighted with the jovial old buck. He joined in the chorus of the sailors’ roaring songs, or danced as long as he could stand. Nor did Mathy spare the drink. But Jack Gregeer took care to keep pretty fresh, as he was well aware of the danger of crossing Hayle sands then, which was long before the causeway was built across the salt marsh. At that time there was no artificial obstruction to the current which flowed up to St. Erth bridge, and the quicksands, bars, and water-courses, shifting with every tide and wind, made the crossing over to Lelant to be dreaded even in broad daylight and at low water. About an hour before day some men, on their way to work in Copperhouse, told Jan that they had no time to spare, as the tide would soon be in. The smelters came over two hours before work-time, that they might not have to take the journey of several miles round by St. Erth church-town.

Captn. Mathy was mounted and set going with all speed. However drunk he might be he could sit on horseback as steady as an oak, and to all appearances as sober as a judge. The old grey mare, at such times, took her own way, being well aware that she was, then, the wisest of the two. It was clear starlight, and all went right till they were near enough to the red muddy stream coming down from Lelant, to make out the posts and balls, whitewashed, to serve as a guide to persons crossing the sands to the village. Then Jan saw that they were too high up. They hadn’t gone many yards farther when the grey mare, determined to keep the lead, to show herself the better horse, soused into a deep pit, which had been washed out by the eddying tide, and was then full of red slime and slush from the stamps and other tin-works up the bottom. The slime reached to the saddle-girths. The old mare grunted and stood still, to think what she had best do next. Mathy was so fast asleep that he only roused with the shock to snore out, “Ah! Jackey boy, so we’re come, are es? Dedn’t think we should have got home so soon. Now then, I’ll get off and tumble into bed alongside of my old ‘oman. Drag off my boots a minute, west a, before turn the mare in the craft?”

“Stay where you are, and don’t ‘e budge for your life,” says Jan. “We are still on Hayle sands, the old mare es stuck fast in a slime-pit, and the tide es rising fast.”

“Why thee art drunk, or dreaman,” the Captn. replied; “here’s the old mare stopped at the door, and now I shall get off.”

The tide was then flowing in and spreading over the sands like a rapid river. Jack was aware of the danger of delay, but didn’t know what way to turn. If the Captn. got off in the mud there he would lie and die. The old mare couldn’t get out of the pit with his burthen on her back, and not without help, even when disencumbered. By good luck, Mathy soon fell asleep again; and it was all the same, for all that he cared, whether he was at his own door, or fast in the pit of slime and quicksand, with the tide rising round him.

By good luck, Jan Tregeer saw two men in great haste crossing over the stream, on the stepping-stones a few hundred yards farther down. The sands were two feet under water when Jan called to them “What cheer, comrades? Come and help us, do. Here’s Captn. Mathy Thomas fast asleep and dead drunk on his old mare, stuck fast in a pit of slime and quicksand. Corn and help us, do! The mud and sea is above the saddle-girths,” “Hold on,” replied the men, “we’ll get a clue of ropes from the dock, and be to ‘e in a crack.” The men seeing the only way of getting man and horse out of danger was to unhorse the rider, made a loop in a

rope's end, cast it over the Capt'n's head, pulled him off the mare and out of the slime-pit in a moment. The shaking roused Mathy a little. Whilst one of the men, with Jan, got the mare out of the pit, the other held the old Capt'n, in a sitting position to keep his head above water, which was two feet deep or more on the level sand. Next, without opening his eyes, he shouted out, "Jacky boy! Jacky boy! woo! Where art a, woo! Strike a light! strike a light! and fry some pork and eggs. I'm hungry and cold rather; and how's the bed so wet as muck?" The Capt'n. again fell fast asleep by the time he was once more settled on horseback, and beating through the water, now so deep in places as to float the horses with their riders and the two Lelant men holding fast by the stirrups. At last they were all safely landed on the St. Erth shore.

'Twas by a mere cat's jump they got off the sands in time to save themselves from drowning. Many would prefer to swim their horses across at high water(as was then often done), rather than to pass over the sands between Lelant and Treleesec (dwelling on the dry land) or Carnsew (rocks left dry) in that state of the tide. When once more on dry land they passed round the salt-marsh at St. Erth Bridge, and came out into the Penzance and Harle road at Treloweth. It was near sunrise when they arrived at Rose-an-grouse smelting-house. They wer glad enow to rest at the old inn of the "Lamb and Flag." Here the landlady provided them with dry clothes and a good breakfast of pork and eggs, beef-steaks cooked on tin, in the smelting-house close at hand, and many good things besides.

During the day, several persons came to the smelting-house with their tin, which was then mostly carried on horses or pairs of moues (mules). As all the carriers stopped at the public-house, to have a drink with their pasties, there was a large number assembled at the "Lamb and Flag" by noon, and more continued to arrive. Everyone knew the Capt'n. and Jan, and all would treat them to drink because they had a narrow escape from the dreaded quicksands of Hayle. Capt'n. Mathy made light of the matter. It would, we said, have been all right with him and the mare (she knew well enow what to do) if they had been left alone; for as soon as the tide rose high enough she would swim across, as she had often done before now, with half-a-dozen tubs of liquor and he on her back. This he had often done for a wager, or when hard pressed by the riding officer, who seldom ventured to follow Mathy and his mare through the brine. As Capt'n. Mathy and his man Jan are now as good as at home, we shall wish them fare-well. And what follows is merely an appendage to their story.

## VII. The Pellar And Tom Treva's Cows

Few who came to the comfortable old inn of the "Lamb and Flag" thought of leaving before night. Witch stories and drolls became the order of the time. Most of these were of the ordinary class, in which man or beast is said to wither, pine, or die, because some malicious neighbour begrudges the possession of the blighted thing. There were, however, a few other stories told which may be worth repeating, as they show how prone our simple country-folks are to think some supernatural agency must be the cause of everything unusual or mysterious, and how, the more particularly in whatever may be regarded as a calamity, the devil and his hags are sure to have the blame attributed to them. The following story (which we select from a number of others told on a like occasion) will serve as an example of this, and that the pellar sometimes endeavoured to serve his clients by more trustworthy means than by his charms, powders, bones, and stones. Perhaps, after all, these fanciful remedies were as good as anything else which is usually prescribed for imaginary ailments. It is well known that the old Pellar of the south-country was as skilful a cow-leech as any then going, and when persons came to him in the belief that because their cattle, by some unaccountable means, didn't thrive, they must be bewitched, he often accompanied them home, and detected the true cause of the disaster.

A young couple (the man a tinner, the woman also worked to bal), after many years of hard work and care in scraping everything together, took a small farm, which they were barely able to stock, and their chief dependance for raising the rent was the profit of three milk cows. About Christmas, the cows were taken to house and kept there on turnips and straw. A few weeks after the cows were taken in, it was found that they left their food, and an unusual stench in the cattle-house was thought to proceed from the diseased kine. One of them soon died, and the others, though all that could be thought of, as likely to entice them to eat, was placed before them, yet refused corn, hay, and everything else untasted in their cribs. Next, the wife took to her bed;—she did not know what was the matter with her, but felt as if she had neither the power nor the heart to rise. The neighbours advised the farmer, called Tom Treva, to go, without delay, to the conjuror. Someone, they said, had begrudged the land or the cattle, and had bewitched his wife. The man couldn't be persuaded to do anything of the sort;—he had never injured man, woman, or child that he knew of; all the neighbours were on good terms with them; what should he be ill-wished for? And as for begrudging, he didn't fear nor believe in it. Everybody knew it was better to be envied than pitied. But the wife (Molly) would have it that she was illwished, and begrudged to her husband, by the mother of a young woman Tom was once courting of and left for her.

As the young farmer had no peace, with his wife and the other folks, about the witchcraft, he consented to go and see if the conjuror could do them any good. Early in the morning, last thing before starting, he slipped the ropes from the necks of the beasts, and left open the cattle-house door. If they got out and caught cold he thought they would but die a little sooner. They didn't appear able to rise from the straw, and his wife was in bed, seemingly worse than ever when he left home.

The young farmer arrived at the Pellar's abode about noon. The wise man, as usual, asked if he knew of anyone who had a grudge against him. Tom, replied, as he had answered his wife and others before, that he was on good terms with everyone, as far as he knew, and couldn't condemn anybody in his mind for illwishing him or his: his wife he believed to be merely fretting over their loss. The conjuror, wishing to do his best for the young farmer, said he would go home with him and try if he could find out what caused the bad speed.



Now, about the hour that the farmer arrived at the conjuror's, some men, passing through the town-place on their way home from bal, were surprised to see that the two cows, left untied in the house in the morning, were then out in the fold eating from the litter thrown out of the stable—the roots, leaves, and rotten refuse of turnips, anything and everything they could find, like half-starved things.

The tinnors went into the house, called up to the woman, who was fast asleep, “Molly, we have good news for ‘e; the cows, that were all but dead when your good man started for the conjuror, are now out in the fold eating everything they can find.” The goody, on hearing that, thought no more about her illness, but jumped out of bed and came down half-dressed to see the cows. “Now,” said they all, “who wouldn’t put faith in what the pellar can do? An hour ago, perhaps, not more, your Tom got there and put him to work to undo the spells, and now see, here are you and the cows as well as ever you were in the world. Why the spell is broke as soon as the word is spoken by the pellar’s mouth.” The cows were turned into a field, and a few turnips given them, which they ate and looked for more.

Towards night, Tom Treva came home with the pellar, found the cows eating heartily from the straw that his wife had given them, and she and several of the neighbours gathered together to behold the wonder. The wise man was regarded by all the assembled multitude with awful respect. Everyone present believed that his conjurations had effected the wonderful change in Tom’s wife and cows.

The conjuror took good care not to undeceive them, and declined to say or do anything before those who hadn’t paid for his services; but, as soon as the way was clear and the curious neighbours all gone, he took a lanthorn and went into the cattle-house, to look round the place, and more particularly to examine the food which the cows rejected. Though the cows were in the fold and the house clean, yet there was all about the place a sickening stench which seemed to proceed from the old hollow wall, close over the cribs where food was placed for the cows. On nearer inspection he observed a green slimy substance oozing from between the stones and tricking down on the food in the cribs. The pellar, taking a bar of iron, ripped out some of the stones, and there in the hollow of the old wall (from which all the clay filling had long departed) he saw a mass of corruption which accounted for the supposed bewitching. A score or more of dead rats were there, all in a heap, in such a state of rapid putrefaction as is only caused by poison. Some few weeks before the cattle became ill, as the premises were swarming with rats, the young farmer procured some “mundicky stuff” from a burning house. This poison he mixed in dough, made with flour and cream, which was placed for the rats in their holes opening into a barn adjoining the cow-house; and, as is frequently the case, they gathered together in a great number to breathe their last in the same place. The mass of corruption cleared away, the wall rebuilt, with plenty of lime and mortar, and every precaution taken to prevent any farther mischief from the poisonous compound, the cows and wife were soon as well as ever. Yet many attributed the harm to witchcraft rather than to the poisoned rats, and gave the pellar all the credit of working the cure by his conjurations.

We know of many cases, within the last few years, of persons going off to the conjuror, under the impression that members of their family or their cattle were illwished, when the cattle were only suffering from ordinary complaints often caused by insufficient or unwholesome food and want of cleanliness.

An acquaintance who long had a run of bad luck, told us, the other day, that, partly out of curiosity to see the pellar’s performance and in part to satisfy the whims of some relatives, he visited the wise man J.T., at his abode in or near Helston. He found a great number seated in the outer room waiting their turn to be admitted to the inner apartment that they might consult the oracle. Tired with waiting, and finding no one inclined for a chat, he said to the company

in general, “Why, when will the old conjuror send us all going. He ought to have somebody to help him, seeming to me.” “Dear me friend,” one of the company replied, “You seem to take it very light, but you ought to think that we are met here on a very solemn occasion.” “Yes, indeed,” said other “it would be well if we passed the time in prayer to beg that wisdom from on high might be imparted to the good man.”

Our acquaintance, being one of those who make no mystery of anything, because he rates little what others think or say of his proceedings, related to the neighbours what he saw and heard at the conjuror’s. Then he found out that there was scarcely a person in the parish but had been to the pellar more than once. They didn’t mind making it known to anyone who had been there too, because they couldn’t laugh at each other.

Many of the witch stories we hear of are what we call “funny but wisht.” They are sad indeed, being a melancholy proof of the superstitious ignorance still common in many districts, and among many of the most religious of the country folks.

## VIII. The Ghost Of Stythians

*(The story is true in its main incidents, though the names, for obvious reasons are fictitious.)*

“Aghast he eyes  
The upland ridge, and every mountain round,  
But not one trace of living weight discerns,  
Nor knows, o’erawed and trembling as he stands,  
To what or whom he owes his idle fear  
To ghost, to witch, to fairy, or to fiend;  
But wonders, and no end of wondering finds.”—*Albania*.

“They heard the Blacke Hunter! and dreade shooke each mynde;  
Heartes sanke that had never knowne feare;  
They hearde the Blacke Hunter’s dread voyce in the wynde!  
They hearde his curste hell-houndes run yelping behynde!  
And his steede thundered loude on the eare.”—*Romance of Tregeagle*.

About twenty years ago, there lived in the parish of Stythians a very hard-working and careful old widow, called An Jenny Hendy. The penurious habits of the old woman seemed very unreasonable, because she had no children nor other relations who had any claims on her. An Jenny’s savings must have been considerable, as she had long owned a comfortable cottage and several acres of rich land, with gardens and orchards, all in good order and cultivated by herself with but little assistance from anyone. Though the old creature had no near relations, there were scores about, all over that part of the country, who claimed cousinship, and who were most eager to please the mistress of such nice cows, pigs, and poultry, to say nothing of house, land, and other gear. These good folks became particularly attentive to Cousin Jenny when there appeared to be the least hopes of her having a speedy release from the cares and griefs of this world, and they showed much more anxiety about preparing the dame for her heavenward journey than she relished, particularly when reminded that she ought, as she had one foot in the grave, to prepare for her latter end by giving to some good cause of which the lecturer was an unworthy member, and so on.

In general, An Jenny told the pious beggars, in no measured terms, that if one foot was in the grave she would take all the care possible to keep the other out of it, as long as she could; and that, when she wanted her duds no longer, she would leave them to some honest body—if she could find one who worked, and did not talk for a living; so they might go and groan, turn up the whites of their eyes, spread out their fingers in sanctified style somewhere else, for anything they would get of her.

At last the old woman showed more regard for a young fellow of the same family name who lived in service with a farmer near by. When the young man had finished his day’s work and had a few hours to spare, he would lend hand and do any odd jobs for An Jenny, to keep her place in good order, without thinking or pretending to any claims of kindred, though he was as near a relation as she knew of. He left his wages with her for safe keeping, and An Jenny often said to others that she would add something to Robin’s nest-egg, if he took home a decent maid for a wife. But, long before Bob thought in earnest of giving up the happy estate of a single life and a sweetheart, he came over one Saturday night to deposit his wages with the old dame, and found her seated in her chair dead and cold. He called in the nearest neighbour, and they discovered, from the cows not having been milked in the morning, and other regular dairy work left undone, that she must have died the preceding night.

When Robin, with the assistance of a neighbour's wife, had the body laid out, and all put in order, they took from the old woman's pocket the key of her chest, and opened it, making sure that in the skibbet they would find some hundreds of pounds at least; but after searching chest, drawers, cupboards, the thatch, and every likely and unlikely hole and corner where the old woman might have secreted the young man's savings and her own, not a penny was to be found. Some of the cousins had visited the dame a few days before she died, though none of them came to the burying, the expense of which was defrayed by Robin out of his wages.

As might be expected, there was much guessing, enquiry, and surmises about what could have become of the money. Cousins, one and all, declared that they had no hand in the pie. Old Nick, they said, might have taken old Jenny, and her ill-gotten gear too, for what they knew or cared. The young man was much put out thus to lose the hard-earned savings of many years, besides the hopes of what An Jenny had promised, to lay in the nest of her own rusty guineas. He took possession, as many were found who had heard the old woman declare that whatever she had to leave she would give to Robin; and none of the cousins had so good a right, on the score of kindred. Besides, the dame had made a will, bequeathing all the property to Bob. This will was not to be found; still as the witnesses to this document were all living, everybody considered that he had good right to take what he found.

After many more vain searches, all the neighbours agreed that the only way to get any knowledge of what had become of the money was to consult Tammy, the white witch of Helston. Now, as Bob, as well as most others in the west, had heard of, and believed in, the extraordinary powers of this wise woman, he had no doubt of what everybody had told him, that she could raise the spirit of An Jenny Hendy and get her to say what was become of the cash; or rather, as they said, to tell him who of all the cousins had laid hands on it.

Bob, having made up his mind to consult the white witch, went to her abode one Saturday evening, about a month after the old woman's death. Tammy agreed that she could see no other way of clearing up the mystery than to raise the old woman's spirit, and get it to speak to him. "But you must know," said the witch, "that it is a dreadful thing to undertake, and I shall want some money—two pounds at least—that we may get the herbs, drugs, and other things not easily procured, for the sake of securing myself and you against any evil influences of the spirit, and that we may either put her to rest or send her to torment those who have stolen the money. If you can give me a pound now, to get what we want, I'll have all ready to rise the spirit some night next week, if you will."

The man, well knowing that this precious white witch did nothing without forehand pay, gave her a sovereign, and promised to meet her, with a horse, on the road to Stythians churchyard, the next Thursday night, by eleven, so that they might be at the old woman's grave before midnight.

Thursday night came. Robin procured a quiet horse, stuffed a bag with straw, to serve as a pillion, secured it on behind the pad, and rode away, soon after dark, to meet the witch. As he jogged along the lanes, and reflected on what they were about to do, he didn't half like the job. To be sure, nothing was more reasonable, in such a case, than that the old woman's ghost should be raised without her making any difficulty about it, if she had but common honesty about her, and go to rest quietly again; but then, thought he, she was such a cranky, crabbed, crotchety old body that no one can tell what she may do if she's once brought back. Yet, as they had always been on friendly terms, he concluded that she would behave herself decently. Still, as he had never seen a spirit, and had heard a great deal about the trouble of sometimes putting them to rest, he would have turned back, even then, had he not paid the sovereign. So, when he had fortified his courage with a few good pulls at the bottle of brandy he carried in

his pocket, to treat the witch, he didn't fear to face the devil, much less the ghost of An Jenny Hendy, and he went off at a trot.

Within two miles, or so, of the churchyard where the old woman lay, Bob met the witch, who wasn't at all pleased because she had to walk so far. A drink from the bottle, however, improved her temper. For some time after Tammy mounted, they spoke but little; she kept mumbling something to herself in what seemed a strange lingo to the man. When he asked what she was palavering of, the witch replied, "You must keep silence, whilst I am communing with the spirits that attend me. I send them to prepare the one I'm about to raise. It's well they arn't visible to you, because the sight of them is more than ordinary flesh and blood, such as yours, can stand. Now you arn't afraid, are 'e?" says she, grasping Bob by the arm. "Well, no, I don't think I shall be afraid," said Robin.

When they arrived in Stythians churchtown it was near midnight. No lights were to be seen in the houses. After securing the horse in some place, Tammy stalked away towards the churchyard, all the time mumbling something to herself, and only paused when they came to the churchyard-stile. Then, turning round to Bob, she said, "Oh! I'm nearly out of breath, with orderan the obstinate sperats about, and there's one now in this churchyard, more troublesome than all the rest, that I must subdue, or it may overcome me some night, when the least expected. I must have a pull at the bottle before begin what is harder and more dangerous work still."

After taking a good drink of the brandy, she said, "Don't you be frightened even if you happen to see Old Nick. Perhaps it would be well to tie a nackan (handkerchief) over your eyes, because often, in spite of all my charms, mystifications, conjurations, toxifications, incantations, fumigations, tarnations, devilations, and damnations, besides all the other ations ever known to the most learned passon or conjuror, the devil will often be here trying to catch the sperats, and the sight of his saucer eyes of fire, ugly horns, and cloven hoof, is enough to frighten one into fits. And oh! the smell of brimstone he brings along with him es enough to poison one! You arn't afraid, are 'e, that you're trembling so?"

"No," groaned the man, "I don't mind brimstone, nor the old gentleman either, much; perhaps, after all, he esn't half so bad as he's made out to be."

"Well," said the witch, when they came close to the churchyard-gate, "you know the Old One can't pass the stile and put his hoof on consecrated ground; that's the way he and his hounds are mostly keepan watch at the gates, or beatan round some place near. Now that's the reason why the poor sperats can't venture to go over the churchyard wall, where I have often seen them perched as close together as they could stick, grinning at Old Nick, and his hounds without heads, for if they lean over the least bit they are picked off on his horns and away they go—you know where, don't e? But don't you be frightened, Bob. The churchyard is crowded with thousands of sperats," she continued: "think of all who have been buried here for hundreds of years. Ef you would like to see them I'll touch your eyes with a bit of the salve from the corners of mine; then you will behold them as I do now. There," said she, pointing with her staff towards the old weatherbeaten church, "all the roof is covered with them, watching for the bit of glimmering moon now glistening on the tower, and there!—see them pushing each other over the top and fighting for a perch on the pinnacles that they may get a view of the place they once inhabited."

"Hush, do, An Tammy; don't 'e go on so," said Bob.

"Why you needn't fear them," she replied, "these old ghosts are mere worn-out shadows, whose bodies, many of them, were buried here long before this church was built. I like to look at them. Perhaps you can see a gleam of light showing through the windows on the

eastern side of the porch! That's from the spirits inside, acting over again their christens, weddings, and funerals. Many of them prefer such grim shows as the last, and pass most of their time burying each other over and over for the thousandth time, in all the various modes that quick or dead can devise. I wish you could see those perched over on the eastern end, where the moonlight is just beginning to glimmer. They are the grand ones whose dust was laid inside the church! They look very proud still, especially the women decked out in all their ruffs, trains, furbelows, and old steeple-crowns. There they march, on the ridge of the roof, in grand state. Those among them dressed in shrouds, are younger ghosts, who lived when these ugly things came into fashion. But the old gentlemen in their cocked hats, square coats, and riding-boots, look very grim and melancholy, especially when they hear the hue and cry of the wish hounds! Don't they almost wish then to be in the black huntsman's place for a change. Oh! I hear them now," said the witch, making a start and grasping Robin's arm; "Come into the churchyard,—we have no time to spare. You are prepared now, I hope, to see An Jenny Hendy's ghost rising slowly from the grave in shroud or sheet—her face appearing the same as it now looks in her coffin. And mind, you must speak to the spirit when it comes close to ye, as I am now, or it may do ye much harm! Now, are you ready?" said she, at the same time striking with her staff on the gate till it flew open.

Robin was so fear-struck that the hair stood on end on his head. A cold sweat poured over him like rain. He could neither move nor speak for some minutes. At last he gasped out, "Do tell me, An Tammy, can 'e put her away again as soon as I know what's become of the money?"

"You must risk that," Tammy replied, "we have now no more time for talking. You, and everybody else, know how Janny Tregeagle tormented the one who raised him on a like occasion. All depends on the temper she may be in, and the leave she gets! Why, she may jump on the horse and ride home behind 'e for what one can tell before she is risen. It will soon be too late. Come along, and stand at the foot of the grave that you may face her when she rises!"

The witch then entered the churchyard. As she passed the gate, most unearthly howls and yells, with a noise which Robin took to be the tramp of Old Nick's steed, was heard, at no great distance, getting louder and louder until it seemed to be near the burying-ground.

"Do 'e come back, An Tammy," gasped the man, as he seized hold of her cloak; "I believe I can't go any farther to-night; and as you have got the sovereign you can keep en."

"What! you white-livered fool," says she, turning round and grasping Bob with her long bony fingers; "come in, speak to the sperat, know where thy money es, and get it back again like a man, to be sure! Rise the sperat or leave et alone, dusen't thee think that I'll tramp such a journey as this for nothing more than I was paid the other night. Turn out another pound, or I'll summon the spirit hither! If she once gets out of the churchyard she will haunt thee thy life long,—perhaps make thee shorten thy days to get rid of the torment walking or riding, sleeping or waking, she shall be with thee!"

The infernal clatter of hell-hounds and hoofs seemed still approaching, when Bob said,

"Here, take the money," handing the witch another pound; "les be off from this wisht place; come home with me, do, and stay till day."

"As you like," Tammy replied, in pocketing the cash. Then, in moving away from the churchyard, she gave another unearthly yell. "That's a signal to one of my sperats that we shan't want him any more to-night," said she. Robin unfastened his horse from the burze-rick; both the witch and her dupe mounted Dobbin, and soon arrived at what had lately been An Jenny Hendy's abode.

A few hours brought daylight. After partaking of a substantial breakfast, the witch said that she ought to have more pay for her night's work. Bob, however, refused to comply with her request; and, on leaving, she said, "I don't know but what An Jenny's sperat was so much disturbed with our last night's work, that it may cause her to come back, if she esn't here already, which I rather fear may be the case. If she disturbs 'e much you can send for me, and I'll do my best to put her quiet again." Saying this, she took her departure.

The poor fellow was so much scared with the strange doings, wild ranting, and humbug of the white witch that he feared to remain alone in the house even in broad daylight. More than once he heard the old woman rattling the milk-pans, as she was used to when doing odd jobs in the dairy. However, he had the courage to venture in, strain the milk, and scald the evening's milking; then he went to hoe potatoes in a field near the town-place. It was past noon, and Bob was getting hungry, yet he would rather go without his dinner than go in to cook it. At last, when he came to the homer end of the row, he looked towards the house, and there, on a rock which served for a heaving-stock, stood An Jenny, with a broom in her hand, beckoning to him to come in, as was her wont when dinner was ready, and the house swept and sanded. There stood the old woman, within a hundred yards or so, as gaunt and grim as ever, with an old flat-crowned man's hat (which she had often worn) perched on one side of her head; her swing-tailed gown, her petticoats tucked up as short as usual; but he noticed that her skirts were shorter than ever,—they didn't even reach to her knees. He stood some time gazing on her in fear and amazement, when to his horror the apparition came down from its perch (the heaving-stock), passed over to the field-gate, and called out, "What cheer, cousin Bob? Am I altered so much since I've been away that thee dussen't know me, than? Why art thee staring at me so, like a fool frightened? Come here, and shake a paw with thy old comrade. I left my ship in Falmouth harbour early this morning to pass a few weeks ashore, inquired the news about old friends as I came along, and found out that thee wert here in the old woman's shoes; and how dos't a get on, mate?"

"Oh! the devil take my stupid head, and the old 'oman too," says Bob, when he saw that what he had taken for An Jenny's apparition was no other than an old comrade, who had been away to sea some years; "west thee believe it, cousin Jack, that, with all the time thinken about the old woman, or somehow, when I looked up and saw thee on the heaving-stock, waving thy hand with that blue bundle in it, I took thee for her sperat. I can't tell how glad I am to see thee after so long a time, not knowing if thee wert alive or dead. Let's go in; we'll soon have something cooked for dinner."

When the two men were seated cosily smoking in the chimney corner, whilst dinner was cooking, the sailor said, "I heard from a neighbour, as we came over part of the road together, how the old woman went round land and took her money with her, and that her sperat can't rest. They say she's huntan more than one place and person in the parish, and to one who believed in sperats, it might seem likely enough, if all they say be true."

The sailor and Bob having replenished their pipes from a roll, as large as one's arm, of choice tobacco bound round with spun-yarn—a mode of preparation well known to jack tars, the one just come ashore, shaking Bob with a slap on his leg, cried out, "The deuce take thee, comrade; cheer up! Here, take a drink and drain this bottle dry," says he, taking one from his pocket. "I've shots enough in the locker to get plenty more, and thee art well enough off as et es; yet thee art all down in the mouth, comrade, and looking so pale and queer as of the old oman had been here keepan thee awake all night. Tell me what's the matter with thee? Hast a ben away all night drinkan and spreen?"

When a drink of good rum had put a little more heart into Bob he related what took place between him and the white witch over night, saying, in addition, that he wouldn't pass such a

time again for twice the old woman's brass. "He was sure that he saw hundreds of sperats in the churchyard, and he was sure," he said, "that the devil and his hounds were often near them; he heard the clatter of hoofs, the yelping and howling of the hounds, and he smelt brimstone more than once."

The tar replied that he believed all the ghosts he saw were conjured up by his fears and fancies, aided by the witch's ranting and other tricks of her trade—he'd known her of old.

When they had finished dinner, the sailor, after hearing more about the dreadful apparitions, said, "Mate, if I hadn't known thee from thee cradle, I should say thee wert as d—d a coward and fool as es to be found between the Land's-end and London church-town; for I can see, plain as a handspike, that the goings on of old Tammy was intended to frighten thee. She rise a spirit! the d—d witch, no, no more than I can. Let's go into Helston, this afternoon, and ask her if a substitute will do? I'm a fourth or fifth cousin, as well as you, to the old dear that's dead, Lord rest her; so I might ask her very well what she may have done with her shiners!"

"With all my heart," says Bob, "though I can't see the good of et, but we must do the milking and other evening work before start, because such es the fear of An Jenny that no woman will stop here for love nor money."

"I've plenty of cash in my pocket," said the sailor, "a blow-out will do thee good, after the frights and fears of last night. Besides, I've a mind to see the witch and her sperats. So come along."

The evening's work being done, they started for Helston.

The young men arrived in Helston about nightfall. They went immediately to a doctor, and Robin was bled, from a very common notion that blood-letting is useful to counteract the bad effects of a fright. Then, after partaking of a good supper and plenty of grog, Robin entered Tammy's dwelling, and his companion remained outside. Bob said he believed he should try again to raise the spirit and enquired if a comrade might go with them another night? "That can't be done," the witch replied, "because spirits are very particular not to tell what they wish to disclose to more than one person at a time."

"Well, may another person go as a substitute?"

"No, the spirit would have nothing to say to a stranger; it would be a most difficult and dangerous thing to raise her for anyone but yourself; besides, if I attempted any such work I must consult my books and see the person before I give them any answer."

Bob then informed her that the person who would go in his stead was also a relation to An Jenny, and if they could discover what was become of the money, they would pay her well. Finally, the sailor was called in. He pretended to believe all the witch told them, appeared to her as green as grass and as innocent as a new-born babe. He gave her a sovereign, promised her more if the job was ended to their satisfaction, and agreed to meet her on the road with a horse the following night.

Next evening, the tar met Tammy. After treating her to a good dram, they jogged along several miles, talking about the wonders she had performed in her time. Jack asked how she didn't raise the spirit on the other night.

"Why," she replied, "that weak-headed and faint-hearted cousin of yours was all hammer and tongs on first setting out, but he hadn't the courage to strike when the iron was hot. He got into a funk, bad luck to him, when the work on my part was all but finished. You have more courage, I trust, than to show the white feather; and now," she continued, "we are within a few minutes' ride of the churchyard, and it's full time that I begin my work of incantation and



conjunction, and, whatever you may see or hear don't for your life interrupt me. You aren't the boy to be frightened, I hope.

The sailor assured her that he would stand all the ghosts of her rising, if she could, and Old Nick besides if he happened to appear. She then went on, during the rest of their ride, acting over the same part as she practised on the preceding night, now and then pausing and telling the man not to be afraid. He kept silent, and observed all her manoeuvres, till they came to the churchyard gate. Then, pretending to be rather scared by the yelling, howling, tramping, and clatter of hoofs, which seemed to be near them, he said, "An Tammy, es that terrible noise we hear made by the old gentleman and his hounds sure enough?"

"Of that you may be certain," she replied, "yet I do hope that you will be able to stand all you will see, and not get any harm from the sight, as there's no doctor at hand to bleed 'e. You ought to have been provided with a quart of two of cold water, because, in case of a fright, drinking that es the next best thing to bleeding to keep your hair from turning grey.

"Now cease thy palaver," says the tar, "I'm come here to see and speak with the old oman's ghost and don't care a d if thee do'st raise all the spirits in the churchyard; I'll face them, never fear; so set about it as soon as thee west (thou wilt)."

"Well," said she, "a wilful man must have his way, yet it's my duty to tell 'e, that when the spirit is raised, neither you nor I, nor all the parsons in the country, may be able to lay it again! Think of the torment it will be to 'e; besides, she may cite thee to come with her, or to her, at a short notice. Such things we often hear of!"

It was now evident to Jack that the witch calculated, by this working on his fears, to make him decline any farther acquaintance with ghosts or demons.

However, without farther parley, the witch led the way into the churchyard. Then the infernal noise ceased. All became still as the dead. They turned off the path leading to the church-door, passed between tombstones and over graves, until they came to a clear space near a large, high headstone. Here the witch stopped and said, in solemn tones, "I will not take you close alongside her grave, because it is even more than my strength, used as I am to such things, can well endure, to behold the ghastly apparition, with shrouded head, rising from the ground. No, I will summon the spirit hither, that it may get away from the grave before you see it."

She then marked out a circle by drawing her staff, on the ground three times round the man, at the same time mumbling in her unknown tongue. This done, turning to the sailor, she said, "Now mind, for your life, that you don't move out of this charmed ring which I have made to protect ye, and if you are still determined I will now begin and summon the spirit."

"Go on and be d—d," answered Jack.

The witch, holding out her staff towards the spot where the old woman was buried, began her incantation, or citation, with long, strange words, slowly pronounced. Then she continued in a louder tone, "Spirit of Jane Hendy, in the name of all the powers above and below, I summon thee to arise from thy grave and to appear before me and this man! By the spirits of fire, air, earth, and water, I summon thee to arise! Come hither, appear, and speak to this man! Come!"

This she said three times, rising her voice at each repetition until it ended in a shriek.

The witch paused. All was silent for a moment, and then were heard, most fearful, because unusual, sounds, which more than any other earthly noise resembled the crashing or rending of wood and stones, mingled with painful moans, groans, and shrieks, which seemed to come

from the old woman's grave. The witch, stretching out her arms, her red cloak and grey hair streaming back on the wind, pointed with her staff towards the place whence these frightful sounds proceeded, and said, "Behold, it cometh; be thou prepared!" And then the sailor saw by the glimmering light of a waning moon, a tall ghastly figure rising from amidst the tombstones, a hundred feet or so from where he stood. This hideous form, in winding-sheet and shroud, stalked towards them with measured step and slow, so near that the sailor saw its grisly locks and glaring eyes. A moment more and he sees its ashy-pale face within a yard of him. The man's hair bristled up on his head, and, in spite of his disbelief in ghosts, he shrunk back out of the circle, towards the witch, who cowered and fell down seemingly terror-stricken, behind a large headstone, within arm's-length of the sailor, when, in terror, he had scarcely the power to exclaim, "In the name of God who or what art thou!" The ghost, in a hollow voice, replied, "Wherefore dost thou disturb my rest in the grave. The wise woman should have given thee other counsel. What art thou to me? For this deed of darkness I will mark both thee and her, this night, and haunt thee all the days of thy miserable life,—the devil take me ef I don't." Saying this the ghost stretched forth its arms from under the shroud, and, with a strong hand, grasped the sailor, who gave it a blow with his fist and laid it sprawling on the sod. Indeed he no longer feared this apparition, when he heard the familiar termination of its long speech. Besides, instead of bringing with it the infernal sulphureous air, proper to a ghost, the breath of this one smelt strongly of tobacco and gin, and it hiccupped and sneezed in a way very unbecoming a spirit.

The sailor had no sooner settled the ghost than he was all but knocked down by a stunning blow from the witch, who, a moment before, apparently terror-stricken, shrunk cowering in his rear, and fell down behind a tombstone. Recovering himself, he wrenched the stick from her hands; then, turning to the apparition, he saw it on its legs again, but (divested of shroud and sheet) in the form of Jemmy T——, old Tammy's good man, who was well known to the sailor and to everybody else in that part of the country.

"Now, you villain," said Jack, whilst he continued to beat him, "I will thrash you within an inch of your life for the way you have frightened Bob, and for swindling him out of his cash."

The sailor was so indignant at the attempted deception that he continued to thrash the *ci-devant* ghost most unmercifully, saying, "Unless you hand back the three sovereigns paid by me and Bob for rising the sperat, I'll break every bone in your d—d carcase, and you shall have no occasion to leave the churchyard any more."

In a short time Jimmy begged for quarter and promised to hand over the money. Tammy came forward with the cash in her hand, and said, "Dussen'a kill the poor ghost."

Jack gave over the well-merited beating, pocketed the sovereigns, sat down on the tomb, and said, "To give the devil his due, thee art a far better white witch than thy man is a ghost." Turning to Jimmy, who was now on his forkle-end, he asked, "What contrivance hast a to make such an infernal noise?"

"Why, nothing more," Jimmy replied, "than my own voice, an old tin pan, and a stick to beat on the tombstones or rattle on the church-door, as best suited the purpose. What Robin took for the tramp of Old Nick's steed, and the cry of his pack, was only the music of my making."

The witch then coming forward and addressing the sailor, said, "Now listen to me. I have been thinking of a plan, and ef thy wit, Jack, es equal to thy courage, this sperat-risan may be turned to some account for Bob after all. The story es gone round far and near that Robin was going to employ me, and that An Jenny was to be called up; but few doubt my power to do et; so let's give out now that she has appeared, and declared to us who have taken the money, and, farther, that unless the stolen money and other things that belonged to her, are brought to

her late abode, within a month, her sperat will haunt them, and the white witch shall mark them so that all the world may know them by one blind eye; and anything more may be said, that can be thought of as likely to frighten the cousins into doing what we wish.”

Jack replied, “There is something in that plan. Bob and I will think over et.”

Then, leaving the witch and her mate in the churchyard, to gather up their ghostly trappings and infernal machinery, he went to rejoin his comrade whom he expected to find in the public-house; but Robin, fearing some harm might happen to the sailor, so far overcame his dread of ghosts, and the old gentleman with his headless hounds, as to venture out and on the road, within a stone’s throw of the churchyard. Here he stood, quaking with fear, when the sailor came up and said, “Cheer up comrade, for I’ve seen and spoken with the ghost; we shall soon know what’s become of the money, and get et back again or it’s much to me.” Without relieving his companion’s wonder and awe, he continued, “I no longer think et so very strange, after what I’ve seen this night, that thee should’st have been so frightened out of thy wits as to have taken me for An Jenny’s ghost the other day, and to take every bush and shadow now for a sperat; for, though I’d felt sure from the beginning that the strange noises, which scared ‘e out of your senses were produced by a trick of the witch or some confederate, yet the ugly apparition which rose from amid the ghastly tombstones, an hour ago, and came and stood as near me as I am to thee, Bob, might have frightened me to that degree that I should be the worst for et all the rest of my days if this ghost had acted well his part; and hadn’t come so near me as to have its breath smelt. Why surely even thee, Bob,” the sailor continued, “wedden’t run far from a sperat smellan of gin and tobacco, and that sneezed and swore besides.”

He then explained, in reply to Robin’s puzzled look, how the old woman’s ghost was personated by Tammy’s drunken husband, and how the sounds which he, confused with fear, took for the hell-hounds’ cry, and the tramp of the devil’s hunter, were all produced by the precious scoundrel who acted the ghost and with very simple contrivances. He then told Bob what the witch proposed and asked him what he thought of the plan.

“Well,” Bob replied, “there’s no harm to try.”

Our youngsters, still seeing light in the public-house, entered, and found that all the inmates had long gone to bed, except the landlady, and she, thinking that something unusual was going on, wanted to find out what had kept the young men abroad so late. After tantalizing the fat dame with a show of reluctance on their part to say anything about An Jenny or her money, the sailor told her that the spirit had been raised, spoke of the ghostly communication, and hinted that it might be well for those who took the old woman’s money, or who owed her anything if they would make all right with his mate; otherwise, they would be marked and haunted.

“Good Lord! wonders will never cease!” exclaimed the dame of the inn; “and I’m glad that you have told me, because there was a trifle between An Jenny and me for some eggs. It had slipped my memory before, and I’ve forgotten what it was exactly, but you can settle it with the liquor and take a few pints more to make sure that all is right.”

Bob thought this a good beginning, and agreed to settle the old woman’s account with the landlady for a few mugs of eggy-hot, with which they well plied the dame. When the youngster rose to leave for home she said, “I can’t help thinkan of An Jenny (the Lord rest her, poor old dear); she used to call in, now and then, for a glass of gin and peppermint, to ease the pain in her stomach, just like I do now. No money passed between us, but you be sure to leave her know that we’ve settled, or I shall have her here half the time, near by as she es.”

Before many days passed, the story about the old woman's ghost having been raised was carried by the gossips all over the neighbourhood; and those who had taken her money, as well as others who had any dealings with her, were so terrified for fear of a visit from "the sperat," that in less than a month papers containing considerable sums, and others with only a few pence, were thrown, by night, into Bob's dairy, through the window-bars. Some, like the landlady, openly settled their accounts, and many to whom the departed owed a trifle, if only a halfpenny (the worst of all ghostly debts), begged Bob, or the witch, to tell the spirit that her debt was forgiven. We often hear of ghosts coming back to beg that a half-penny, or other trifling debt, may be forgiven, but we never knew one that made any apology for leaving large sums unpaid.

An Jenny's ghost, dressed in her red cloak and little old black bonnet, was often seen in bye-lanes, on lonely moors and downs, both by night and at noonday. No one could tell why she wandered in such out-of-the-way places, and vanished as suddenly as she appeared. Yet the main purpose was served, because, when it became known that she was in a walking state, those who owed her anything hastened to settle their accounts with her heir, from fear of a spiritual visit.

On the pathway, leading from An Jenny's late dwelling to church-town, there is a stile, on the side of which she would sit for hours of an evening, and was known to be there when she wan't visible; for many persons when they came near this stile, found themselves lifted from the ground and carried over like feathers in the wind, they didn't know how.

One night a violent gale stripped the thatch from a great part of Bob's dwelling, laying bare the punion end; and there, pushed far into a hole which had been covered by the thatch, Bob found the old woman's pocket, and in this a roll of papers, among which were notes of some value and the old dame's will.

During the two or three months that Jack remained ashore he mostly lived with Robin, or at least stopped with him over night. Then, they neither saw nor heard anything to scare them; but the tar was no sooner gone to sea, than Bob heard the spirit going about in the house, putting things to rights, all night long. As he could get little sleep, from one disturbance and another, and disliking to live without some companion in flesh and blood in the haunted place, he soon brought home a wife. Then An Jenny Hendy's ghost took her departure, and Robin enjoyed sound rest at last.

## IX. The Ghost-Layer

We don't know if An Jenny Hendy's ghost went to rest of its own free will, or whether any divine assisted in binding the troubled spirit to the grave. There need, however, be no difficulty about getting a ghost laid.

We have just heard of a local preacher, living in the district between Camborne and Helston, who, according to his own account, has put many troublesome spirits to rest, generally by settling for them their mundane affairs, about which they were troubled, by reasoning with and advising them to stay below, bear their punishment with a good heart, make the best of a bad matter, and hope for better times. He allowed that sometimes he was merely deluding the ghosts; yet, no matter, the end sought was attained—anything to get rid of them!

As he had a rather uncommon adventure in laying one ghost, we give his account, somewhat abridged, of this enterprise.

From some trifling cause the spirit got back again, to its late abode, before the mourners had quitted the public-house, in church-town, where, as is customary, they stopped a while to treat and take leave of their friends, who had come to the funeral from a distance.

The ghost became, at once, so annoying, that none could rest in the house with it, and, a few nights after the burial, the family of the deceased, not knowing what to do to obtain any quiet, fetched the preacher, who was believed to possess extraordinary knowledge of spiritual matters and power over the ghostly world and its inhabitants. He entered the haunted house alone. After many hours passed in prayer and expostulation with the obstinate spirit, it at last consented to return to its grave and stay there, if the exorcist and preacher would accompany it to the churchyard, to see it safely landed there.

And now happened the most remarkable part of this affair. About midnight the ghost-layer bound the spirit with a piece of new rope, and fastened the other end of it round his own waist, that the spirit mightn't give him the slip. The spirit, gentle as a lamb, was then led out of the house; but it had no sooner crossed the doorsill then the dwelling was surrounded by a pack of yelping hounds, of which the town-place was full, and the old one riding up the lane in a blaze of fire.

The spirit, to save itself from being caught by hounds and huntsman, mounted high up in the air, taking the man (hanging by the middle) with it. Away they went, over trees, hills, and water. In less than a minute they passed over some miles, and alighted in the churchyard, close by the spirit's grave, which the man saw open and blue sulphurous flames issuing therefrom, and he heard, coming from below, most horrid shrieks and moans.

The ghost, knowing it was no use contending with the man of faith, only stopped to say farewell, and then descended into its grave, which immediately closed. The man—overcome, by being borne, with lightning speed, through the air, or by the infernal fumes rising from the open grave—fell down in a fit, from which he didn't recover till daybreak, and then he was scarcely able to leave the churchyard. When near the town-place, which he had left with the spirit, in the branch of a tree he found his hat, that must have fallen from his head on first mounting through the air.

The most probable solution of this story, (told in good faith and firmly believed) is that the ghost-layer, after taking too much spirit in the public-house, rambled into the churchyard, there fell asleep, and dreamed the rest.

## X. Betty Toddy And Her Gown

### *A St. Just Droll*

“Though motley images you weave,  
Yet mingle with them something clear;  
‘Mid much that’s false, and may deceive,  
Let some small sparks of truth appear.”—  
Goethe’s *Faust* (Filmore’s translation).

One almost every day hears the saying “As gay as Betty Toddy’s gown;” yet few know anything more of Betty or her gown, although both were rather remarkable in their way and day. Betty’s right name was Elizabeth Williams. There were four, if not five, families of this name in St. Just about a hundred years ago, when Betty flourished in all her glory. To distinguish one of them from another, each family had a nick-name, by which they were better known than by their proper name. The family to which Betty belonged gained their queer name by some old granny of theirs giving the children toddy (spirit and water) with their bread and butter, instead of the usual milk, or pillas-porridge. When the old folks “went round land,” Betty and her brother Jacob were left with a little holding in or near church-town. They had ground enough to keep a cow or two, raise a little pease, barley, pillas, or naked oats, which were very much used then before murphies came into the country: the everlasting pease-porridge, broth, and herby-pies, with milk instead of tea (only then used by the gentry) was the everyday fare. Jacob worked to bal, and brought home his gettings to provide the few articles that their little quillets didn’t supply. Betty had all the profit, of what she could spare to sell, from her cows and poultry—not much, for Jacob could eat as much as half-a-dozen men, and do as much work as half-a-score of those going now, who have their insides washed out with tea and stuffed with potatoes.

The Toddys had been people of consequence in their time, and many rich and queer articles of old-fashioned dress came to Betty from grandmothers and great grandmothers, in which she would appear in state at church on Sundays, decked out in all sorts of worn-out finery, put on over the humblest of working-day clothing, as a black silk mantle over a bed-gown, check apron, and quilted petticoat so patched that it was hard to tell which was the first piece; high-heeled velvet shoes with silver buckles, over sheep-grey stockings; fan, rings, beads, pointed hat, lace ruffles hanging from her elbows to her knees; all the odds and ends of old-fashioned grandeur would be pitched on anyhow. But she was not the only one in the parish then, who dressed just in the same way. Betty determined (when nearly out of her teens) that she would have a brand new gown, the smartest in the parish. After saving her money for years—sometimes half starving Jacob on “bread and scrape,” that she might have the more butter to sell, allowing him no more than half-a-dozen eggs with his breakfast, and so on—she thought that, by the feast, surely she would have money enough to buy as gay a gown as “heart could wish.” So Hallan Thursday, Betty started off with her basket of three weeks’ butter, and the money she had been saving for years tied up in her pocket. Betty was so proud that day that, when any found fault with the grey look of her butter, she said they were fools and buckas not to know that the butter was always that colour from a black-and-white cow.

The grey butter was sold at last. Betty went up to Mr. Ben Pidwell’s shop, and called out the old gentleman before she got down the steps into the shop, “Mr. Pidwell, here I am lock’e; and I do want as strong a piece of dowlas as you have got in your shop to make a smock, for I must have something that will stand plenty of wear, besides a piece of something brave and

smart to make a new gownd against the feast.” Dowlas for the smock was soon cut. Afterwards, Mr. Pidwell turned over all his gayest prints and chintz, but nothing could be found smart enough to please Betty; when she happed to spy some bed-furniture, covered with trees and flowers of all colours, birds singing in the branches, cows couranting, with more sorts of beasts than ever entered the ark—birds and beasts all as gay as the flowers. “Dear lord, Mr. Pidwell, there’s the very thing I do want to have, but I suppose you do think that’s too smart for me; that’s the sort of stuff for the ladies of the town to deck themselves in on Sundays and high holidays; or else that I haven’t money enough to pay for’n. What es et a yard, then?” “Two-and-twenty-pence,” says Mr. Ben. “No, don’t ye believe et; I arn’t going to be taken in like that, for mammy only gave two and a grate (groat) for her best gownd.” Mr. Pidwell let her have it at her own price, and made up the difference, without taking the poor soul in. All the way home from Penzance to church-town Betty and her comrades never tired of admiring the red and blue sheep, goats and deer, rabbits and hares, horses, bulls, and such animals as were never born nor created.

By the feasten-eve the mantua-maker had made the precious gown to Betty’s mind. They contrived to cut the stuff so as to have one of the red sheep on each shoulder, and a blue bull on the back. In those good old times everybody kept up the feast as they ought. Jacob had killed the pig for winter’s use that week, and a fine fat calf (none of your “staggering bob,” three weeks old, but something worth calling veal, more than two months in this world), a noble piece of beef—to cut and come again, hares and rabbits, geese and ducks, enough that all the cousins and old acquaintances (not a few) expected to come to feast might have a good “blow-out.” Don’t ye believe it, that they went short of plenty of good drink in those roaring times, when there was none of your cussed boatmen sneaking about—trying to hinder one, but they can’t, from having plenty of good brandy from France.

The feasten day, Betty was up in the morning early. The morning work was soon done; the great crock put on with the beef, calf’s head, and dumplings, not more water than just enough to cover them, as Betty said “She wouldn’t make dish-wash for feasten broth, no, not she;” rabbit-pie, veal and parsley-pies, with the figgy-puddings, all were put to bake, and the chimney full of turfy-fire, all in a glow from end to end, when a poor half-witted fellow called Bucca,<sup>2</sup> who thought himself Betty’s sweetheart, came in to watch the cooking, that

<sup>2</sup> This old Cornish word “Bucca” (still in common use) has various significations, and none very clearly defined. It appears to belong to the same family of words as the Irish “Pooka,” and the Welsh “Pwcca.” As above, it is often applied to a poor, half-witted person of a mischievous disposition—one about whom there is anything weird or wisht—to a ghost, or any kind of frightful apparition, and by association of ideas to a scarecrow. By “Buckaboo”, which is probably a corruption of “Bucca-dhu” (black spirit) we mean Old Nick, or one of his near relations. As an example of this, there is a story told of an old lady who lived long ago at Raфра, in St. Levan. The old dame, when more than fourscore, was so fond of card-playing that she would walk almost every winter’s night, in spite of wind or weather, to the village of Trebear, distant a mile or more, that she might enjoy her favourite pastime with a family of congenial tastes who resided there. The old lady’s step-daughter wished to put a stop to what she regarded as rather scandalous vagaries, as the old dame seldom arrived home before the small hours of the morning; with this intention the young mistress persuaded the serving-man to array himself in a white sheet, &c., so as to personate a ghost that was accused of wandering about a lonely spot over which old madam would have to pass. The winter’s night was dark and rainy, when, about midnight, the ghost seated himself on the side of Goonproynter stile, where he had to wait two or three hours. The dear old lady was in no hurry to leave pleasant company, as it was Christmas time. At last she passed Padz-jigga, mounted the stile, and seated herself to draw breath opposite the ghost. Over a while she said, “Hallo! Bucca-gwidden (white spirit), what cheer? and what in the world dost thee do here with Bucca-dhu close behind thee?” This cool address so frightened Bucca-gwidden that he ran off as fast as he could lay feet to ground, the old lady scampering after, clapping her hands, and calling, “Good boy, Bucca-dhu; now thee west catch Bucca-gwidden and take’n away with thee!” The ghost was so frightened that he fell in a fit, and was never right in the head after. Then he was a

Betty might dress in time to go to church. When Betty came out in her new gown, with all the rest of her faldelals, Bucca said she was a grander lady, by ever so much than Madam down to Pendeen, even, leave alone the little gentry; and many others thought the same, when Betty stopped at the cross, where they waited long after the parson had gone into church that they might see all the beauty of Betty's gay new gown. The feasters, from the other parishes, were not expected to arrive much before dinnertime. Jacob had started off to meet some cousins, from Sancrass, on the road. Betty told Bucca to be sure to keep the crock to boil, and, when the broth was ready, to take up some and a dumpling or two for himself. The basins were breaded on the table, ready for the feasters to help themselves as soon as they came in, according to custom. The sermon was begun before Betty entered the church door. Then the parson stopped preaching, and everybody stood up to see Betty's smart gown, and she was brave and proud to stand up that they might see it. At last the parson went on again. Betty and the rest had scarcely seated themselves 'when Bucca tore into church crying out "Betty! Betty! make haste home; the calf's head have eat the dumplings all but one, and es

real Bucca in the sense of out Betty's sweetheart, and the strong-minded sociable old lady enjoyed many more years of her favourite pastime with her friends in Trebear.

Another Bucca of the mischievous class lived in St. Just but a short time since, who gave rise to the saying, "Between both, as Bucca said." Being, as usual, loafing about the public-house of a pay-day, when there is more than the ordinary good cheer about, Bucca happened to look into a room where Capt. Chynoids and another gentleman were sitting in the window-seat. The captain said to the intruder, "Which art thee, Bucca, a fool or a rogue." Before making any reply, Bucca placed himself between them, then answered, "I'm, between both, I believe!" Another day he was idling about a new shaft that two men were engaged in sinking—one filling the kibbal, the other winding up the stuff with a hand-winze. The man to grass told Bucca to take hold of the winze and wind up a few kibbals whilst he lighted his pipe. Bucca wound up two or three alright. When the next kibbalful was near the top of the shaft he called out, "Hold on there below while I spit on my hands a minute!" Down went the kibbal, winze and all, smash, and half killed the man below. Bucca took to his heels, crying, "Triz wiz, triz wiz; whipper-snapper, catch me if thee cust (can'st)."

Another trick of the Bucca was to watch when the women put a nice bit of cake to bake that they might have a comfortable cup of tea before the good men came home from work. They would be sure to go out to coursey (gossip) a bit while the cake was baking. Then Bucca would steal in, carry off the cake, and place a turf under the bake-pan carefully covered with fire again. When the gossip came to take up the nice bit, she might be heard to exclaim, "Well, I never thought I'd been out so long; my cake is burned to ashes!"

From *One and All* for June, 1868, we extract the following article on the antiquity of the term "Bucca:"—

"Most people in this neighbourhood are probably aware of the comparative estimate made of themselves a long time ago by the boys of Newlyn:—

'Penzance boys up in a tree,  
Looking as whist as whist could be;  
Newlyn Bucks as strong as oak,  
Knocking them down at every poke.'

Evidently youthful Newlyn once considered that to be a 'bucka' was a matter for pride and congratulation. And youthful Newlyn was correct. 'Bucka' was once a divinity, but, being older than English Christianity, it became degraded from that high rank as the new religion came westward.

"Nevertheless, Bucka did not die. Within easy memory every boat in Newlyn always set aside a portion of the catch, and left it in a collected heap on the beach to propitiate 'Bucka;' and every fisherman noted, with superstitious awe, the remarkable regularity with which 'bucka' fetched away his offerings, after dark.

Nowadays, youthful Newlyn, and aged Newlyn too, decidedly object to be known as 'bucka'. The name of the great divinity has become a term of reproach.

"The derivation of the word is not the least curious thing about it. The name given to the Supreme Being, amongst all the Latin races, follows the type of 'Deus.' Amongst the Teutonic nations (including Anglo-Saxons), the type word is 'Gott;' whence our English word 'God.'

"Amongst the Slaves (Russian, Bohemian, Serbian, &c.), it is 'Bog;' whence the Gaelic 'bogie,' the Celtic 'bo,' the slang English 'bogy,' and the Newlyn 'bucka;' but these two last having fallen among Teutonic thieves, were robbed of their divinity and turned adrift as disreputable devils. 'Bo,' too, has met with no better fate. The name of this terrible divinity is now proverbially one which a man must be very timid indeed not to be able to use to frighten a goose.



chasing that round the crock like mad, and the feasters are all come too!" The parson now stopped for good, and all went out of church as fast as they could tumble, to get a sight of Betty Toddy's gay gown, and such a gay gown has never been seen in church-town from that day to this. As might be expected, Buccas found the dumplings so good that he eat them all but one and put the fault on the calf's head. No matter; the feasters didn't lack good cheer.

Best part of the Sunday afternoon was passed in doing justice to the good cheer. Towards night, Jacob and the men went round to see their old comrades; then one and all went to the public-house for a spell. Betty and her female friends remained at home, that they might have a good chance of talking by themselves of what they never get weary—their sweethearts. By the time they had told each other about all the youngsters who were fighting for them, or getting drunk because they had been slighted by them, supper being cooked in the meantime, all came in, and found the board laid with as substantial a meal as they had for dinner, and plenty of nice kickshaws besides. About midnight, after taking eggy-beer and brandy, the old folks went home. The youngsters remained to see, and join in, the games of the feasten-week.

Monday morning early, all the men were off to the wrestling. The ring was in a field near church-town. All the standards had been made before; they had only then to contend for the prizes, which were given by the ladies of the parish, and usually consisted of a pair of spurs for the first prize, a laced hat or waistcoat for the second, and a pair of gloves for the third. The sports of the wrestling-ring and plan-an-guare (the round), which was given up to the boys for their games at quoits, were kept up from daylight till dark night, when all went home for a hasty meal and to take the girls to the public-house, where the fiddle and fife in every room put life into the legs of the dancers; but they seldom found fiddles enough, and many a merry jig and three-handed reel was kept agoing by the tune being sung to such old catches as—

"Here's to the devil,  
With his wooden spade and shovel,  
Digging tin by the bushel,  
With his tail cocked up;"

or to—

"Mal Brooks is gone to the wars,"

with a rattling chorus to suit the measure. The end to another old catch to which they shook their heel and toe was

"A guinea will sink and a note will float,  
Better is a guinea than a one-pound note."

Sometimes they merely sang hal-an-toe (heel-and-toe) to keep the mill agoing. At the same time the sober old folks would be below stairs singing their "three-men's-songs." At last, when all had danced and drunk so much that they could dance nor drink no more, it was "hurrah for home, comrades, to be up for the hurling-match in the morning." Tuesday morning, you would hear the noble old hurling cry of "Guare wheag y guare teag" (fair play is good play) when the silver ball, with this motto engraved on it, was thrown up from the cross. At the feast the match was usually between St. Just and Burian or San-creed; or Sennen and St. Levan together were regarded as a fair match for St. Just. The run was often from church-town to the stone marking the boundary of the four parishes, but when Pendeen was kept up in its glory then the goal was down to the green-court gate, where the noble old squire would have a barrel of strong beer, with abundance of other good cheer, to treat all corners.

Pendeen didn't look wisht and dreary then, with the place crowded with ladies, decked in all that was rich and rare, to see the hurling-ball brought in. You should have been there to see all the beautiful chimney-stacks of the grand old house sending out the turf smoke, to note the clouds coming out of that noble hall-chimney, just beside the door; doesn't it tell one of the comfort and free heart of all within? What is it that makes the old building look so noble? Is it the angle at which the roof is pitched, the exact proportions and correspondence of the whole, that makes the old mansion so pleasing to the eye as well as interesting?

Whilst we are admiring the house, all the hurlers are drinking health and a happy long life to the squire and all his family. If old stories may be credited there was always good store of something stronger than "old October" no farther off than the vow, which the squire, being a justice, was supposed to know nothing about. They say that when a cargo from France was expected to be run into the Cove, the ladies would contrive to send the good old squire from home, or keep him indoors till the liquor was safe in the vow—the silks and laces in the ladies' chests.

Few were so curious as to venture near the vow by night, scarcely by day, as all said the place was haunted by the spirit of a lady which had often been seen coming out of the cavern in the depth of winter, dressed all in white, with a red rose in her mouth; and woe betide the person who had the bad luck to see the ghost—misfortune was sure to follow. We know now that great part of the ghosts which were said to haunt many old mansions in the west were mere creations of the smugglers' brains, to scare away the over-curious from the convenient hiding-places furnished by these old houses in their vaults, caverns, secret closets behind or beside the chimneys, with many other contrivances for the concealment of persons and property.

The hurlers from the other parishes, whether they lost or won, were made to go back to church-town or home with our St. Justers, to be treated. If the strangers would neither eat nor drink with them they would soon have to fight with them, and all in friendship too. They would like enough to be asked, "Dost thee think thyself too good to eat or drink with me then? If that's the case, come let's ee which is the best man of is." When they had half-killed each other and had been only parted by their comrades to save their lives, then they would shake hands, and say "Well, thee art worth having for a comrade; thee art just as good a man as myself," and be the best of friend in the world ever after; and the night would be passed in dancing and other fun till morning.

On Wednesday the feast was over with many, yet others would then turn out for slinging matches. This sport, if it may be called so (often more like a battle), is as ancient as wrestling, or hurling, and has no doubt been in vogue as a pastime ever since the sling was regarded as next in importance, as an offensive arm, to the bow and arrow. The stories about giants slinging rocks at each other on Morvah Downs is proof enough of the antiquity of the sport. In the time of Betty and Jacob, boys and girls, by constant practice with the sling, were so dexterous in its use that they could hit a mark at a very great distance. The men of St. Just, and many of the women too, liked the sport so well that they would often draw for sides. The two parties place themselves on the burrows of old tin works at a convenient distance, and sling stones at each other, for dear life; they didn't mind a few cut heads, for the fun of the thing.

We have said nothing about Jacob, Betty, and their feasters this good while, but then, you must know, they took their share in all the games that were going on, the same as the rest.

Wednesday came, which is known as servy-day, as then all the odds and ends of the feast are served up, and early in the afternoon the feasters return home. It wasn't come to servy-day

either, with Jacob and Betty; but as they intended to hold the “Little Feasten Day” (for some visitors who could not come the feasten week), they didn’t press the cousins to stay any longer.

On Thursday, Betty thought they might as well return to the ordinary fare of pease porridge, and save the joints of meat for next Sunday’s visitors. Jacob went to bal, just for the saying of the thing. Nobody thought of doing much before the next week, as it takes days to tell all the news about the feast, the news brought to the parish by the strangers, and to get to rights, as we say. The crock, with water to boil a gallon or so of peas for Jacob’s supper, was only put on in the afternoon, as he was sure to be late home. Betty placed some coals of turf fire under the brandes (trivet) to keep the peas to boil: then she went out to “coursey” a bit.

Besides the feasten news, there was then, and always had been, a never-ending subject for them to talk of in their constant fears of some foreigners or other landing in Whitsand Bay or Priest’s Cove. Who they were to be they couldn’t tell exactly; only they knew that the red haired Danes<sup>3</sup> were to come again, when Vellandruchar<sup>4</sup> mill would again be worked with blood, and the kings would tine on Table-mayon (men) for the last time (as the world was to come to an end soon after). This they still firmly believe may take place any day, because Merlin uttered a prophecy to that effect more than a thousand years ago. As the time of Betty Toddy’s glory was about the commencement of the American war of independence, when the French took sides with cousins over the water, the greatest fear then was that the French would land some night and carry off the tin; they didn’t fear much for what the French would do in the way of fighting. Betty and the rest passed the evening, or night rather, in going round church-town to hear the news and drinking confusion to the French in almost every house. Long before Betty came in, Jacob came home pretty well stewed (tipsy) and very

<sup>3</sup> The “red-haired Danes” have continued a source of terror and a name of reproach to the present day. On the 1st of this month a Long Rock quarrel was the subject of a magisterial inquiry at the Penzance townhall, when it was proved that the defendant, Jeffrey, had called one of the complainants, Lawrence, who has rubrick hair, a “red-haired Dane.” In Sennen Cove, St. Just, and the western parishes generally, there has existed, time out of mind, a great antipathy to certain red-haired families, who were said to be descendants of the Danes, and whose ancestors were supposed, centuries before, to have landed in Whitsand Bay, and set fire to, and pillaged, the villages. Indeed, this dislike to the Rufus-headed people was carried so far that few families would allow any member to marry them, so that the unfortunate race had the less chance of seeing their children lose the objectionable tinge of hair.

<sup>4</sup> As the name “Vellandruchar” means “wheel-mill,” the mill which was formerly in this place was probably one of the oldest in the west. At no great distance from Vellandruchar is the site of another ancient mill called Vellandsager. This name is equally suggestive, as denoting that the serging or bolting apparatus was not then common in the mills. These old mills were situated in the lower part of Burrien on the stream which divides that parish from Paul. According to tradition, a sanguinary battle was fought on the moors little above Vellandruchar, between Arthur and the Danes, when they say the mill was worked with blood, and that arrow-, spear-, and axe-heads, with remains of other weapons, have frequently been found in the bog-turf (peat soil) which is cut for fuel from Vellandruchar moors. These moors were also said to be so much infested with adders, in old time, that cattle could not be turned into them in summer, until one day an adder got into a pot of milk, which a man who was cutting turf on the moor brought with him to drink. The man placed a turf on the mouth of the pot, and stopped the adder in it. In a short time the imprisoned adder made a peculiar noise, which attracted other adders round the pot. These, in turn, seemed to call others, until from all parts of the moors the adders were seen directing their course straight to the interesting captive. The men cutting turf on the moors were all obliged to flee the low grounds. Towards night, when they ventured into the moor, they found that a mass of adders, as large as an ordinary haycock, had interlaced themselves into a solid heap over and around the pot. The people then formed a ring of dry furze, and other fuel they found ready cut, around the mass of adders, now apparently torpid. When many scores of trusses of furze were collected, fire was placed at the same instant to several parts of the ring of furze. They say that the noise made by the burning adders was frightful, and that a great number of milpreaves were found in the ashes.

This story of the adders is also told about Trevethow moors, the ground now called the Hay Meadow, and many other places.

hungry, but the peas were just as hard as when put in the crock; for, soon after Betty went out, the fire went out too. However, Jacob ate about a gallon of the peas, ready or raw, and, that he mightn't have the mullgrubs, took an extra glass of brandy, and was in bed snoring, grunting, groaning, and tossing like a porpoise, when Betty came in. We know that ill-boiled pease are very indigestible, so one may guess how they troubled Jacob, among the beer and brandy, half raw as they were. Betty could hear all Jacob's uneasiness, as there was only a screen of thin boards between their chambers, but she little heeded Jacob's groaning having enough to do (as she wasn't very steady in the head) to get into bed, to sleep herself sober.

Towards the morning part of the night Betty awoke in a terrible fright. She had lost all recollection of Jacob's groans, as she went to bed, and, when she was fairly sensible now, his roars were frightful. Her first thought was of the French! Without staying to dress, she tore out of the house, and roused all the neighbours from their beds, by crying out at everybody's door as she went tearing half-naked, round church-town, "Get up! get up! you'll be murdered alive; the French es landed,—I heard the great guns, gun for gun, in our house."

In a few minutes, half the women in church-town were racing round the place, crying, "Fire!" and "Murder!" "Blood and thunder; you'll all be killed in your beds and be buried alive; the French es landed, get up! get up!" The bells were set ringing in the tower. Will Tregear fired the furze on the Biccán (Beacon); the Biccán hills were soon all ablaze from St. Just to Plymouth, where the nearest troops were stationed then. Whilst the bells were still ringing, and women screeching in church-town, trumpet and drum sounded reveille in Plymouth garrison. The troops, in red-hot haste, got under arms and were marching westward ho! Jan Trezise was sent off, fast as horse could go, to meet the troops and guide them to St. Just. There were relays of horses kept in all the principal towns on the road to Plymouth, ready saddled as soon as the Biccán fires gave notice of the enemy landing in the west.

They say that Jan didn't ride very fast after he passed Penzance, for the pack-saddle he took in his hurry to ride on so galled him that he could hardly sit on the horse's back when he arrived at Crowlas, sitting sidelong for more ease. The landlady took pity on him, gave him the best pillow she had in the house to make a softer seat for him, and a good dram, of course; then on he went as best he could for Redruth, cussing the French all the way. When Betty had alarmed all the town, she came in and waked up her brother, but Jacob only cussed the peas, the French, and Betty too, then snored away again. Betty, knowing that the smugglers brought the silks, laves, and other smart things from France, and that the French greatly admired dress and fashion, donned her gay gown, with all her trinkets and trappings; placed bread, cream, and honey on the board, that the French officers, whom she expected to see every minute, might take her for a grand lady of the land and treat her with great respect. So she seated herself on the chimney-stool ready to rise and make her curtsy, and thinking what she would say if the French captain came in. There leave her.

At last, when daylight came to dispel the fears of the people of Church-town, they traced all the alarm spread by Betty to the indigestible peas eaten by Jacob for supper. Yet they seem never to have thought of the consequences of the false alarm, and of having the troops quartered on them for nothing, till the parson, hearing of it in Penzance (where he lived), came out the Saturday to see what was the matter. To make sure that no Frenchmen were lurking about, all the creeks and coves were searched, and the hills and carns inspected. When satisfied that all the fuss was for nothing they had the sense to send off countermanding orders by the parson's man.

The troops left Plymouth and came on west in uncertainty as to where the enemy had landed; Jan Trezise having lost his road, got down to Gweek, where he was found a month after in clover, for Gweek people treated him like a gentleman for bringing them the news (there was

no fear of the French finding them, yet they liked to know what was going on in the rest of the world).

The parson's courier found the troops wandering about in a fog on the Four-burrows downs, not knowing what way to steer. When told of the false alarm they were glad enough to turn tail and cut off home again.

There are plenty more queer things told about Betty Toddy, and others who lived about this time in St. Just, but they are such wild rants that one don't like to mention them in these precise times.

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This story may be somewhat embellished or exaggerated through the volant fancies of the drolls; yet, from all that we have heard about the matter, there is good reason for believing that a false alarm of the French having landed in St. Just occurred, as stated above, on the feasten week, when they were so muddle-headed that they didn't think of, nor care about, the consequences of signalling to Plymouth for troops. "They might all come to feast if they would; and welcome." In some versions of the story the troops are said to have arrived in Marketjew, without knowing where they were wanted; the alarm had spread, from seeing the Beacons blazing, that the French had landed in various parts of the county.

## XI. Sketches In Penzance

### The Old Market-House, And Its Surroundings

“Dim, dream-like forms! Your shadowy train  
Around me gathers once again.  
The same as in life’s morning hour,  
Before my troubled gaze you pass’d:  
Oh! this time shall I have the poor—  
Shall I essay to hold you fast?

Forms known in happy days you bring,  
And much-loved shades amid you spring  
Like a tradition—half expired,  
Worn out with many a passing year.  
First Love comes forth—so oft desired,  
With half-forgotten Friendship near.  
And, voiced with Sorrow’s tone, they bid  
The pangs of parted years renew;  
All that life’s mazy path has hid  
Again they call me to pursue.  
Those dear ones’ names I hear repeated,  
As shades of sorrow round me rise,  
When fortune of fair hours has cheated,  
All early vanished from mine eyes.

The present hour, each present thing,  
All that I now around me see,  
Into the distance seem to wing—  
But all the past and vanish’d, spring  
Back into clear reality!”—  
Goethe’s Faust (Herschel’s translation).

### The Old Market-House, and its Surroundings

The completion of the Penzance Public Buildings forms an epoch in the history of the place, and an elderly person cannot help contrasting the present appearance of the town with what it was three-score years, or a century ago; as we know it to have been from well-remembered vestiges of the old time, and from the accounts of our grandparents, who, if they revisited our town at the present time, would be much surprised, and not over well pleased, at all the changes which have taken place during the last hundred years, many of which are alterations without improvement, nay, often wanton destruction of what can never be restored, however regretted. Who that remembers the picturesque and interesting old market-house, with the corresponding buildings surrounding or near it, such as the house in which Sir Humphry Davy was born, the cosy nook under the balcony of the “Star” inn, where often of an evening he held his youthful comrades spellbound by the wonderful stories that his poetical imagination inspired, can help regretting their removal and loss? I can’t understand, nor can many others, what was the inducement to remove the old balcony from this inn, and other houses throughout the town! They were no obstruction to the footpath, and the very aspect of these appropriate, cosy-looking entrances to the old inns infused a feeling of comfort and seclusion that one misses very much in the glaring, lantern-like modern hotels. Besides, as an

interesting memorial of our most illustrious townsman, it is ten thousand pities it should have been destroyed. The picturesque scene is gone, never to be restored, which was formed by the projecting balcony, with its rustic pillars and casemented lights, combined with the high gables, mullioned and labled windows, with the penthouse-like projections of the old market-house. It is much to be regretted that, when the old building was taken down, its site should have been occupied by any structure more massive than an elegant monument to Sit Humphry Davy—suppose it had been a fountain, of an antique Gothic pattern, surmounted by a statue of Sir Humphry, with niches in the basement for memorials of other celebrities connected with the town, or its vicinity, as Pellew, Davies Gilbert, &c., &c. The first mistake was to build on the site at all; the second, to adopt the Italian style for a building to be erected in such a confined space. It must be apparent to anyone who has studied the matter that the Gothic or English style, with its acute gables, pinnacles, pendants, balconies, oriels, and other projecting appendages for use or ornament, which that style admits, is felt to be more suitable to a confined space, because any imitation of the classical styles is very unsatisfactory, unless it has sufficient breadth and massiveness to produce the impression of grandeur, as well as just proportion, which cannot be appreciated, however just it may be, unless there is sufficient space around to allow the spectator the choice of a station from which the whole facade of the building may be taken into the view. In the Old English, on the contrary, one does not look for breadth, massiveness, and correspondence in the various portions of the structure, but rather to that lightness and variety which is even more interesting when seen only in such broken portions, and from such points of sight as would spoil the effect of the regular styles. Besides, perhaps from being accustomed to meet with the picturesque old style in ancient walled towns, where the streets are always narrow, it never seems out of place in a confined space, if the surrounding buildings are of a simple or corresponding style, or at least are not such as to produce a violent contrast.

Any small buildings, designed after the classical examples, look naked and poor, and particularly mean, unless the building-materials are of the best description and finish; consequently such are quite unsuitable for the houses of a narrow street, which must necessarily be small and irregular, where the frontages range only from about twenty to forty feet, and where the adjoining houses belong to different proprietors, who delight to display their independence of each other and common sense, by each one building on his fifteen or twenty-foot frontage according to his own caprice, and desire to show off his originality of conception.

If our beautiful Old English style (which is the most suitable for the climate and everything else) cannot be again restored, the next best is the Venetian, which may be defined as the Saracenic (or what the French call the Grec-Arab) engrafted on the Italian. The Venetian, like our Old English (or domestic, Gothic, if you will) admits of great irregularity, and of great variety in the ornamentation.

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### **The Self-Taught Architect of the Land's-End**

The only structure we have in the town that is anything like an example of this ornate style, is the front of the “Star” hotel. This pleasing facade is some compensation for the loss of the old balcony, consecrated by its associations with Sit Humphry Davy’s boyish days. As pretty fair examples of the adaptability of the Old English to all the exigencies of modern comforts and refinements, and to prove that one may do whatever one likes with this pliable style, we have the Abbey, the Marine Retreat, some small cottages in the Back-lane, also two or three pairs of semidetached cottages near the Catholic Church. There are also some caricatures and abominable shams about, which throw discredit on the style. As interesting-looking, therefore

pleasing, villa residences, we have Pendrea and Trewidden. Farther afield, there is an excellent example of picturesque simplicity and variety in the parsonage-house near Halsetown, the residence of the Rev. W. J. Drake. This house is well worth the study of builders for its convenient arrangement on a square plan,—for the variety of pleasing forms in the doorways, windows, and well-proportioned chimney-stacks and gables, as well as the ornamental slate-work with which some of the gables are dressed, as being more durable than the ordinary barge-boards, which soon decay, whereas the slate is everlasting. Nothing can form more picturesque groupings than this parsonage, and its church of corresponding style. As another example, to show how our Old English seems at home and at its ease everywhere, observe how well the addition made to the “First and Last” becomes its site. This portion of the ancient inn, at Sennen, and the cottages in the Back-lane, Penzance, were designed by a self-taught architect, born and bred in Sennen, Mr. Charles Hutchens, who resided many years at Torpoint, constructed a great number of buildings in Devonport, in the three towns generally, and in other parts of the county, of which any architect might be proud. The nephew of this gentleman, Mr. Thomas Hutchens, of Sennen, is now Mr. Gilbert Scott’s right-hand man; and, like his master, his whole heart and soul is devoted to Gothic architecture.

In the opinion of many persons of taste the quaint old market house, low, irregular, and devoid of all pretensions to ornament—when surrounded by the houses of as simple a mode, was a more pleasing object than the present insipid, silly-looking structure, which, when first seen from Marketjew-street, looks like a heavy wall to support a portico and dome to which there is no body of building,—a grand entrance, to which one cannot see the means of access, and which apparently leads to nothing. This end is the most faulty, because the most pretentious.

The old French chateau style, with its steep-pitched roofs, turrets, galleries, balconies, &c. (of which we have a fair example in the Queen’s Hotel), is far better adapted for a private residence in our wet and windy climate than the naked, cold-looking Italian, with its flat, low-pitched roof, ashamed to be seen, and such other appurtenances as are only suitable for a grand temple, or other large public building, in a sunny climate.

### **The Bustle of a Market-Day**

We cannot think of the old market-house without remembering the animated scene around it of a market-day. On the higher side, at the corn-market steps, opposite the “Golden Lion,” the jolly farmers and their buxom wives would be seen arriving, seated each on two or more sacks of grain, with a basket of butter and eggs on the arm of the dame, and probably a basket of poultry on that of her lord. The crowing, squalling, laughing, and scolding showed a sound heart and lungs, and that the old folks were neither ashamed nor afraid to be seen to do their own work; and the appetizing steam which ascended through the open kitchen window of the cozy hostel, at the foot of the stairs, told them, as well as the screeching, lard-labouring roasting-jack, as plainly as jack could speak, that plenty of good substantial fare would soon be ready for their equally substantial appetites. There is no mistake about it,—there was less nonsense about the people then than now. At that time the ladies of the squires, merchants, and farmers, did their own marketing,—aye, and often such dames as Mesdames Noye, Trezillian, Ustick, and Fender, in the west country, and others of equal rank in town, would ride to the mill on the sacks of corn and bolt the meal themselves. The sturdy butchers—to be seen in the meat-market then—were mostly occupiers of the land near the town, and often cultivated many of the farms of Madron. The crooks with which the transverse bars (between the stalls and overhead in all parts of the house) were armed, sometimes caught in the ladies’ towering head-dresses.



### **Madam Trezillian's Head-Dress**

There is a story told of a gay Madam Trezillian, of Rafta, who outdid all the ladies in the west country in the breadth of her hoops and the height of her tete (as the tower of cushions, ribbons, lace, and hair was called with which the heads of the dames were surmounted). Against one St. Levan feast a barber was had out from Penzance to dress the lady's head-piece in the most approved mode of the town. It must be understood that when the heads of these ancient belles were put en grande toilette they were not taken down at night often for weeks together. That these monstrous headpieces might not be deranged, the bedsteads were made a foot or two longer than the ordinary affair of the present day. During the feasten week, having company to entertain all the time, madam's tete of course was not disturbed, nor for a week or two after, when she was engaged in visiting, until she felt such a headache that she was obliged to send for Dr. Maddron, from St. Just, that he might see what ailed her noddle. Still the precious mass of wool, pomatum, &c., remained undisturbed on the outside, when the doctor arrived, and insisted on having it taken down and opened. Then, they say, he found a nest of mice had been littered in the greasy pads which raised the lady's hair, besides any quantity of fly-blows in different stages of growth. No doubt, the old mother mouse came every night to nurse her interesting tender brood of young ones. Madam's head was in such a state that she was obliged to have it shaved. The hair was carefully saved and made up into a false head-dress (one could hardly call it a wig) against Madron-tide, when she came to pass the feast with Squire Daniel at Alverton. The feasten eve, in walking through the market-house with Madam Daniel, the bows of her towering tete caught on the crooks. Still, on she walked the whole length of the market before she discovered her loss by the uproar of laughter with which the lady's bald pate and her suspended head-dress were greeted by the butchers and their boys, and by their wives as well we guess.

### **The Ancient Fish-Women of Penzance**

One can't take leave of the old market without some notice of the handsome fisherwomen, in their picturesque old costume of short scarlet cloaks and broad felt hats, which well became their coal-black eyes and hair, and heightened the oriental cast of some of their Spanish-looking countenances. Then their tongues, loud and musical, hailing every one who passed the street:—"Wount 'e buy some nice fresh fish to-day, my dear?" "Cheeld vean; why you shall have en for nothing: do come here?" As well as their chaffing and slack jaw, at each other and all the world besides. Above all, the shoemakers, who kept their stalls near by, came in for a good share of their gibes. People had a heart to laugh then, and were all the better friends even for a little rough talk, before so much organized hypocrisy, whining cant, and morbid feeling, became the fashion, which seems, if possible, to be increasing in intensity and stupidity in Penzance.

The buildings surrounding the Market-place, Green Market, and many other parts of the town, were mongrelized about the time of the erection of the new structure by taking the mullions out of the windows of many of the old houses, lowering the pitch of the roofs, erecting useless unmeaning parapets, covering walls of dressed granite and ornamental slate-work with other shams, until the surrounding buildings are changed into worse-looking objects if possible than the centre-piece. A specimen of the true appreciation of just proportion which seems to have been intuitive with the old masons may yet be seen in the dressed chimney-stacks with embattled mouldings, belonging to the old house (said to have been as country seat at one time) now occupied by Mr. Field, and at the north-east corner of the market-place. In the rear of the premises, more examples of the old style will be found.

After the destruction of Old English houses, it is gratifying to find that a gentleman has erected a palatial residence at the west-end of the town in which much of the beauty of the

ancient domestic architecture is shown. Yet a building so extensive seems to require something to relieve the general flatness of the sky-line and the sameness of the numerous chimney-stacks—a boldly projecting battlemented tower to serve as a porch to the main entrance (in place of the insignificant-looking low porch now placed there) would give an air of dignity to the mansion. The south front is too narrow for good proportion; and a proper tower-like porch would given an additional breadth of twelve feet at least. Good taste and architectural precedent admit of the entrance-porch being battlemented when the other portions of the building are plain, as we may see in many good examples of public and domestic buildings. Take Buryan, and some other churches, as examples of the former; the mansion-house at Trelawney for the latter. A bell-turret of an octagonal shape, a few feet higher than the ridge of the roof, should spring from the junction of tower and house at the right-hand or northern angle, so that the turret-bell would be rung by a rope at the right-hand side of the door—inside the porch. The octagonal summit might be roofed flat, or be surmounted by a bell-shaped cupola, which would group well with the chimney-stacks. The bold square front of the summit of the tower would relieve the sameness of the gables, and change the somewhat almshouse-looking air of the entrance-front into something more becoming a baronial hall.

We hope that when the mansion is finished an appropriate old Cornish name<sup>5</sup> will be given to the place. As Caernoweth (the New Castle) is the most striking object in the landscape, seen from the Western Esplanade, and most of the other favourite walks at the west end of the town, it is much to be desired that the owners would add some prominent feature to vary the sky-line and give a more picturesque and noble appearance to what may in time come to be regarded as a venerable monumental structure. The chimney-stacks might have been made to form most ornamental, as well as varied, groupings of pleasing forms, but they seem to be

<sup>5</sup> It is much to be desired that the old Cornish names of the fields, which have been, and are being, built on, should be preserved, as has been done in Morrab-place, Tredinnick, and some few other places. Trewartha-terrace is also happily named, as Trewartha means higher town. Vounder-noweth would have been quite as pleasing a name to Cornish ears, and more distinguishing, than Alexandra-road for the new lane.

For the clearer understanding of Celtic names, we may observe that in the old Cornish language the adjective usually follows the substantive, the definite article (an, the) between the two, as in Park-an-venton, where the order in which the words stand is field-the-spring. Sometimes an (the Cornish article) serves as an individualizing particle to denote the singular, in such words as have no variation for number. The plural, in all the Celtic dialects, is very irregularly formed, but never terminates in the letter *s*, often in *ow*.

In many names the component words must be inverted to find their proper place in English. Take Nancothan for example, which reads thus:—*Nan*, valley; *Coth*, old; *An*, the. The name would convey the idea that this place was the part of the bottom first cleared and settled. Or Taldaves, in which *Tal* is hill, *Daves*, sheep.

Tremethack: *Tre*, town; *Methack*, doctor.

Many appropriate names for detached residences might be formed by prefixing to the name of the field on which the residence is erected, such of the following words as might be the most suitable:—*Bo*, or *Bos*, dwelling; *Chy*, house; *Tre* homestead; *Lan*, an enclosure; *Caer*, town, or castle; with many other words: or by adding such adjectives as are descriptive of the locality, &c. Take, for example, the very common name for a field of *weeth*, which has just the same general meaning as the borrowed word park, or the ancient signification of *lan*. The name is mostly applied to meadow land. This happens to be the name of the fields on which Mr. Bolitho's house is built, and the name for the "higher field" would be *Weeth-an-Wartha*; or *Trenweth*, the place in the field; *Bosweethan*, the field-house.

*Botrea* is also a suitable name for a family mansion, as it means the home-house, or ancestral place. There are hundreds of names with a pleasing sound, always descriptive of the locality, as *Penrose*, head of the vale; *Chynance*, house in the vale; *Bar-an-huel*, the high cliff, or hill; *Boskenna*, house on the ridge. Or take the many sweet-sounding names formed from *vellan*, as *Trevellan*, milltown, *Vellanoweth*, new mill; *Vellandreath*, mill on the sand; &c. Or *Chelw*, sheltered house; *Chengwens*, the windy house, &c. We have abundance of suitable names for places near the water, as *Chy-an-dower*, house by the water; *Pendower*, head of the water: &c.

cast all in the same mould. Why not have taken a hint from such genuine specimens of good designs as the chimneys of Pendeen, and other old mansions of the west?

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### **The School-Days And Home Of Pellew**

From the entrance-gate to the mansion alluded to, we have a view of an old cottage which ought to be regarded with much interest, as it was the home of Pellew (Admiral Lord Exmouth) during his boyish days. Here he lived with his aged grandmother Madam Woodhouse, until he left to commence his career of usefulness and glory that added much to the renown of the British nation. I have heard many anecdotes of the hero's boyish days from an old lady of the west country (the daughter of a gentleman farmer of Sennen), who, when a girl in her teens, was sent to Penzance to reside with her uncle and aunt, that she might attend a better school than was to be found in the country. At this time boys and girls often went to the same school until they were much older than it would be considered decorous for them to remain together in these thin-skinned, fastidious times.

Young Pellew went to the same school as the girl from the Land's-end, who, being two or three years older than the boy, called for him at his grandmother's house (the old thatched cottage near the Alverton entrance to Fox's gardens); but the country girl always had a hard task to get him to school, and often, in spite of all she could do, and the threats of the old lady's cane, young Pellew would take off to the Quay, whither the girl had to follow, as, if she was known to have let him escape, she would get a sound thrashing from her own aunt, who was a great friend of the boy's grandmother and paid the same attention to Edward Pellew as to her own children. As soon as they reached the pier he would spring into the first boat he found afloat, cast off the painter, and away to sea, without staying to notice if there were oars in the boat or not. His companion and guardian in petticoats would remain on the battery rocks, or pier, with her knitting or needlework, that she might signal to Pellew when it was time for him to come in, to return home to dinner. Often the fishermen and sailors at the quay, who all loved the daring boy and kept a watch over him, would go out in another boat and help him to come ashore in time to save his bacon; sometimes one or other, or both, of the old ladies would find out the truants, come down to the quay after them, and beat them both home to Alverton-lane, where Pellew would take refuge with old Mr. Boase, who always took the boy's part, as well as that of his niece (the west country girl) in spite of all the old ladies and the schoolmaster might say. To make amends for the beatings the Sennen girl got for letting Edward Pellew escape from school (which she liked to do very well herself now and then), and for doing his sums for him (whilst he occupied himself in making boats and ship's gearing under the desk), he would often drive her uncle's cows from the Weeths (the ground that is now Mr. Bolitho's lawn) down to Alverton to water, or bring them home to their yard in Alverton-lane to be milked of an evening. As he was soon taught to be a famous boxer by his friends the sailors of the quay, who would always have him with them if they could, he wanted to put his science in practice by thrashing any boy double his size, if they happened to offend his protectress, who, when fourscore years of age, has often shown me a lot of trifles Pellew sent home to his grandmother for his old schoolmate; among other things a variety of perforated foreign coins, such as sailors like to suspend from their watch chains, a pair of lady's silver shoe-buckles, &c.

When Pellew went to sea the old lady his grandmother used often to say, "If I could live to see my Teddy made a captain I would die contented," The old lady lived long enough to see him knighted, and I think made an admiral, before she died.

It is said that Pellew only once ran from the foe, and that was a woman. The story goes that when home on a furlough, one day he and his comrade “did a shooting go.” They passed up Polgoon lane, and when they came in the rear of the cottage in Castle Horneck avenue, which was then inhabited by two elderly spinsters, Pellew or his mate, for a bit of fun, fired a few shots through a little latticed window of the spence, and made the old maidens’ pewter platters ring. Away the lads scampered, as fast as they could run. They had scarcely passed the stile in Polgoon lane, when they heard and saw a long-legged raw-boned dame coming after them full chase, with the fire-hook in one hand and her hat in the other. Then it was a race of dear life. Away they went at a slapping pace, as fast as they could fly. Up in Lesingey the old dame dropped her hat and stopped a moment to tuck her skirts under her apron-strings. Leaving hat and hook on the road, away she flew for a new chase, and gained so much on the sailor that he had to drop his heavy musket in Polteggan lane, and just turned the corner in Madron churchtown to take the other road back to Penzance, when the old maid was nearly up with him; but when he turned the hill, and the dame saw him going down the lane like a hare, she turned tail and gave up the chase. On her way back she gathered up the spoil abandoned by the retreating foe, as well as her own arms and clothing, dropped in the heat of the chase.

How Sir Edward Pellew would have none, or few, but Cornishmen for his crew; how the Mount’s-bay and St. Just men would volunteer for him, when the press-gang (who wanted men, and the devil a man could they get for other ships but his) were beaten out of Mousehole by the women, led on by Ann St. Doyd (Ann’s right name was Pentreath). armed with the red-hot poker, is well known.

As every incident of his life, after he went to sea, became matter of history, we cannot claim any more of his life as belonging exclusively to Penzance.

### **The Western Approach to Penzance (Alverton Lane)**

From the house in which Admiral Lord Exmouth passed his boyish days, there was a pleasant footpath, long after that time, through the fields to Alverton, separated from the lane by a high hedge and shady trees; and the lane itself, from the Ellis’s mansion (or the site of the “Western” hotel) to the seat of the Daniels in Alverton (or probably the Jenkins at this time), was like a bower all the way, with the overhanging trees, except a good stop of green extending from Buriton House down almost to the pathway leading to Alverton well. On this green the fair was formerly held;—it has but recently been removed to a field. All the high roads at this time were pleasant green lanes. There was no such thing as a cart west of Penzance;—here and there an ox-butt might be found. We will return to the green lanes, and those who jogged along them on bow-pad or pillion, when we come to take a retrospective view of the country.

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### **Parson Spry, The Curate Of Sennen & St. Levan, Half A Century Ago, And His Wooden Horse, And Dog “Sport”**

Before leaving this part of the town, let us cast a glance at the three or four little cottage-like dwellings just opposite the lane leading to the Well fields, on the higher side of the entrance to The Hollies. These cottages were regarded as very genteel residences, half-a-century ago, before the North Parade, and some score of other terraces, which now form the most pleasant portions of the town, were ever thought of. Then, the cottage nearest to The Hollies gate was the residence of the Rev. William Spry, many years curate of Sennen and St. Levan. The reverend gentleman was one of those eccentric, or independent, characters who pay no regard either to conventional modes or to the opinion of those who have no need to trouble

themselves about their harmless whims. His dapper little figure, dressed up in the most anti-clerical not to say ridiculous, of costumes, must still be well remembered by man in town and country. Notwithstanding his eccentric vagaries, he was always a welcome guest, for the sake of his never-failing good humour, quick repartee, and the droll stories of which he was generally the hero. His most extravagant freaks were mostly harmless, and always amusing, at least to the spectators (yet with all the care taken to qualify his characteristics, we may have to make some exception when the parson mounts his wooden horse).

When in the reading-room, public library, or any other place of resort for gentleman of the town, parson Spry was always the centre of attraction and fun. One day, in the library, he was, as usual, relating some of his amusing drolls, when an elderly gentleman, General Trench (who very much liked to hear himself talk), finding that he could not have the chance to get in a word edgewise even, interrupted the parson by saying, "Come, Mr. Spry; as you appear to know a great deal about everything, be pleased to explain to me the difference between a major and a minor canon?" "Pho! pho!" replied Mr. Spry, in his lisping accent, "What a general! not to know the difference between a major canon and a minor canon. Why a major canon is a great gun, and a minor canon is a thun (son) of a can (gun), to be thure (sure)." The general wheeled on his heels, and went away without firing anymore of his guns at the parson for that day.

The rev. gentleman, finding the hire of a horse to take him to the scene of his clerical duties, more than he could well afford out of his slender income, took it into his head to have a velocipede, hoping, with the assistance of that machine, to be able to ride out to the Land's-end at his ease (hills excepted, when he would have to drag his horse). He exercised his wooden steed, by way of breaking of it in, on the descent from St. Just lane's end to Alverton. He was very proud of his steed, when he found it would run down the hill with so much speed. The next market day, early in the morning, the parson stationed himself, mounted on his velocipede, on the top of Tul-tuf hill, to challenge anybody coming from, or going to, the market to try a race, always down the hill be it understood. Plenty of the farmers desired no better fun than to try a race with the parson on his wooden horse; but their own nags, not knowing what to make of the parson's queer beast, going on three legs like the wind, in their fears and doubts about the nature of the thing threw their riders into the ditch, and spring over the hedges, that they might not be overtaken by what they must have thought a most unnatural-looking affair. So the parson won the wager, and boasted long and loud that his horse was the best in the west; but, in the last race that Thursday morn, the three-legged Bucephalus attained such velocity in descending the hill near Alverton that it became quite unmanageable and fairly ran away with its gallant rider as fast as its wheels could spin. When it came to Alverton water (there was no bridge over the water which then worked the old factory) several market-women were on their nags, in the midst of the pooled-up water, to let their horses drink and breathe awhile, their heavy baskets of butter and eggs rested carelessly in their knees, to ease their weary arms whilst having a chat, and before they had time to seize their bridle-reins in dashed the parson, on his horse, in the very midst of them. He tumbled over in the water, with the machine between his legs. The women were thrown off their horses, which galloped away—some home, some like mad into the town to their accustomed yards and stables, others ran they didn't know where; but fancy what a wreck was there, with the broken eggs, barm-jars, butter, and baskets on the road, or floating down the stream! The women were so exasperated that they half-killed the parson between them. In the heat of their passion they pelted him with butter and eggs, then rolled him in the mud, until luckily some gentlemen came to the rescue of the parson and his steed.

The next Sunday, the reverend gentleman being unable to attend to his duties at the Land's-end, his parishioners, as well as most of the people of the west who had congregated at St.

Levan church and along the roads, hoping to see the parson racing his horse, were much disappointed. The fame of his Thursday's adventure had spread far and near, so that such a gathering was never seen before in the church except at the feasten tide. Against the following Sunday the parson had sufficiently recovered of his broken skin and his courage to be off early in the morning, for fear of disappointing his congregation again. The people waited long about the cliff and Rospletha-hill, looking out in vain; at last, fearing some accident had happened, from seeing neither sight nor sign of their pastor, a good number of them proceeded along the road towards Penzance, two miles or more, when they saw the parson's well-known dog, Sport, coming towards them. Sport testified his joy at seeing some of his friends, and ran back, yelping and barking, and looking behind him to beg the people to follow him fast. In a few minutes, on turning the corner of Cotneywiley, they found the parson and his horse in a deep pool of mud at the bottom of the hill, or rather the runaway steed was deep in the muddy hole. The rider had contrived to scramble out and shake himself just as they arrived. Mr. Ellis, of Trendrennen, being among the people who came to the relief of their forlorn pastor, he was helped along to that gentleman's house, which the parson usually made his resting-place.

Mr. Spry never trusted his wooden horse to make such long journeys any more, and the people of the two western parishes, who liked their parson much, because he was very sociable (never wearied them with tiresome platitudes, nor bothered them with what some call deep, that is, inexplicable, dogmas and notions), were very indulgent, and never complained whether he came early or late, or stayed away for weeks together on account of bad weather.

The doings of the parson's handsome black dog Sport added much to the interest of the Sunday's performances. Sport seemed to think that some dogs belonging to his master's parishes had not so much right to enjoy church privileges as himself. To others—larger dogs than himself—he was more indulgent, and even condescended to wag his tail at them, but woe to any audacious dog of a smaller size, that presumed to venture into the more respectable, or parson's, portion of the church east of the rud locks (rood loft). Sport would then show the rustic dogs the colour of his teeth and drive them into the belfry, where the other country dogs would follow to see fair play, or perhaps to give the town-bred puppy a bite by the sly, if they saw their own comrade likely to get the worst of the game.

One Sunday, a dog belonging to a farmer who sat near the chancel, seemed inclined to come nearer the parson's ground than his dog liked. Both dogs then said as plainly as looks could express, "Come then, to decide which shall look the biggest, let's try our right, down in the belfry, by a quiet bit of a fight." Off walked the two dogs, began and continued their fight without making much noise, until the parson was in the midst of reading the second lesson. Then Sport gave some dreadful yells, which so much alarmed his master that he stopped reading, bundled up his surplice under his arm, ran in all haste down to the belfry, drove out the country dog, and shut in his own by way of penance among the shovels, brooms, pickaxes, bellropes, planks, and other lumber. When the parson returned to the reading-desk, leaning over towards the old clerk, he asked, "Where was I Josey?" (meaning the verse of the lesson at which he left off). Uncle Josey, the clerk, being rather deaf, like most deaf people spoke rather loud—loud enough to be heard all over the church—when he intended only to whisper, "Where war 'e? What do 'e mean, master? Why down in the belfry parting the dogs, to be sure!" Sport took it in high dudgeon, to be imprisoned like a felon. When he found barking and howling of no use towards procuring his release from durance vile, he contrived to entangle himself in the bellrope (left dangling up and down) by getting his head into the running noose, made by the sexton for his foot, to assist in tolling the great bell, which Sport set a ringing and soon rung himself out.

Another day, whilst the parson was reading the burial service over the defunct, his dog Sport behaved himself in a very unseemly manner for such a solemn occasion by kicking up a dust among the dry bones, howling at the mourners, catching their dresses in his mouth, and rentng off yards of crape from the young widow, and other such like pranks. The parson, reading, with one eye on the book, the other on the dog, at the end of every portion where the clerk had to respond "Amen," the parson called "Sport!" and Sport replied with a bark. At the conclusion, in the same breath with the words, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, I commit this body to the ground," the parson called out louder than ever, "Sport! Sport! come here;" turning quickly round at the same time as if to catch the dog and bury him.

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### **Cornish Pulpit Retorts, Forty Years Ago**

Mr. Spry left the west country for Botusleming, where he displayed his harmless eccentricities by boating on the Tamar, dressed in all sorts of unclerical fancy costumes, or in parading Plymouth streets arrayed in a suit of sailor cut, made out of striped bed-ticking. The great man of Mr. Spry's new parish was a certain esquire, to whom the parson showed so much less respect than the great man of the place thought due to his squireship that, by way of revenge for the slight, the squire took every opportunity to ridicule the vagaries of the parson, and often behaved in church in such a way as was intended to show his contempt for the reverend gentleman. Now, it was said that the squire had acquired a great portion of his lands by unfairly foreclosing a mortgage. Mr. Spry soon heard all the particulars of the transaction; for the parson, notwithstanding all his whims, was a great favourite with the gossips of his parish. One Sunday, when the squire behaved more than usually rude in church, the parson took for his text, "The time of your redemption draweth nigh." In his sermon Mr. Spry compared the sin-burthened soul of man to a mortgaged estate of which the devil was the mortgagee, and the old one's wiles, to get possession of the sinner's immortal part, with the dishonest tricks which some other mortgagees put in practice when they once get their clutches on a small part of a spendthrift's estate, to gain the whole before it is fairly due. The parson took good care to describe particularly all the procedure with which the squire was accredited, and the picture he drew of the earthy mortgagee made the squire to appear much blacker than the devil. The parson continued by saying that the poor dupes thus treated are in a far worse case than the sinner in the hands of the Old Nick, because no amount of faith or good works can procure their redemption from the power of one who is more avaricious than Satan. Before the sermon was half over, all the congregation was on end, pointing, or looking, towards the squire's pew, where his satanic majesty's ensampler looked completely crestfallen.

Soon after this the squire threatened that he would twist the parson's neck if he met him off his own ground. When this came to the parson's ears, he hired an old woman, armed with a broom, to mount guard if he went fishing on the river's bank, or took his walk in the woods. As a farther piece of bravado, Mr. Spry had a miniature cannon mounted on the parsonage garden-wall, and popped off this gun towards the squire's residence every evening.

The eldest of the reverend gentleman's sons is married, and settled in Australia, so that our Land's-end parson's descendants are likely to become sturdy gum-suckers under the light of the southern cross.

At the time the Rev. Mr. Spry had the care of the souls in Sennen and St. Levan, another wit-cracking divine, then well known in Penzance, who afterwards became the curate of Illogan, was remarkable for a certain kind of recklessness in his pulpit discourses. Some account of the unusual style of the curate's sermons having reached his vicar, he deputed a clergyman

(whom he believed to be unknown to his curate) to visit his church and report the proceedings. The curate got an inkling of the intended inquisition, and some notes on the antecedents of the inquisitor. The latter had held a commission in the army until it seemed probable that he might be called on to perform some actual service for his pay; then (he would have it believed) the spirit of grace so operated on his heart that, instead of being a slayer of bodies, he became a healer of souls. However, by following some spirit's dictation (which, in this case, as in many others, was probably his own impulse and his own interest), before it came to the brunt of war, he had exchanged his regimentals for a surplice, soon procured a good benefice with the proceeds of his commission, the incumbent opportunely dying off, and, having little to do, there he was, one Sunday, seated in a dark corner of the church, watching every word that came from the mouth of our curate.

Towards the end of a good practical discourse on the duties incident to the various stations in life, the preacher observed that it was everyone's duty "to live and labour truly to get their own living, in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call them." He said many of his hearer did so, and he believed many more would do so, but, unfortunately, parents' vanity, or ambition, often misplace their children, by fixing them in posts for which they are neither qualified by nature nor by grace! For example, when the fond father sees his chubby curly-pate, strutting up and down the garden-walk, flourishing his wooden sword and beating his sixpenny drum, he takes it into his head that his boy is destined to become a martial hero. Thenceforth, the child's head is stuffed with stories of warriors' glorious deed. The next step:—The destined hero comes home from school and so delights his fond parents by spouting "I heard of battles, and I longed to go, to follow to the field some warlike knight," that the boy's father promises him a real gun. After a few years more, spent in poring over the imaginary exploits of fabulous heroes, the youth fancies himself to be more than a match for Hector. A commission is purchased for him by the time his beard is grown. Then, the preacher (turning toward, and fixing his glance on, the spy) continued:—"Now behold the soldier, who looks swords and daggers, talks great guns, struts like a peacock or prances like a war-horse, and fancies himself ready to face the devil or the cannon's mouth, but when it comes to the tug of war, he finds that neither his natural nor his acquired endowments are such as constitute a gallant defender of king and country; or, to speak plainer, he finds out, just in time to escape in a whole skin, that he is too big a coward to stand the smell of gunpowder. What could he do better, then, than endeavour to find the true state to which God had called, or for which nature had qualified, such a person? Dearly beloved, this is no easy matter; for, suppose he sells out of the army and purchases a living in the church, he will soon find that this is no place for a coward, because it requires courage to declare the truth without fear or favour! There is some courage required to rebuke sin boldly, and not to wink at the special vices of rich or poor. A man has no right to the church's pay without doing the church's work. The honest minister will not hesitate to call a spade a spade instead of the eternal shuffling and dealing out of stale platitudes about the will of God, which is, somehow or other always interpreted to be in favour of the peculiar crotchets of his hearers and of the temporal interest of the soft-swaddering preacher, who soothes his dull and respectable congregation with the gentle talk about laying up a treasure in heaven (by giving to the church on earth), of saving grace, of the highest blessedness, of the inner life, of the spirit's promptings, and much more of the same vague cant, to which they would be unable to give any rational meaning, to save their souls. The parrot-like phrases come out of the wind-bag like so many tickets blown up by chance. In good sooth I can think of no post," he continued, "to which God calls a man, in which a coward can live and labour truly. There are certain avocations, of the devil's invention, for which the chief, almost the only, qualifications, are selfishness, cowardice, and cunning. A coward may become an infamous spy, a cursed inquisitor, or a double-dyed traitor and informer, who turns king's evidence: his majesty



ought to be ashamed of such. Now, it is enough to make a parson swear, even to think of the varieties of villainous creatures of the same class! One of the worst is the eavesdropper and tale-bearer, who makes a mountain out of a mole-hill, and always ends every piece of mischief-making gossip by saying to the filthy receiver of scandal, "Don't tell who told ye." Such an one is in general found to the old one's masterpiece—that incarnate lie and mystery, the canting hypocrite, who for a time seems to cheat God, man, and the devil with the sour-visaged affection of extraordinary purity and strictness of demeanour. These devil's chicken find nothing but villany in this world, because they only seek for evil. Dearly beloved, we must leave these slimy snakes-in-the-grass for Satan to deal with, in hopes that they will all be roasted as they deserve. And may the Lord help all brave men and true to some place in which they can honestly earn their daily bread. Have faith, dear friends, that the Lord will help all, who are able and willing, to some post in which they may honestly earn their bread, and those who are not able to labour, must live, the best way—any way—they can. Amen."

The ci-devant soldier came no more to hold inquisition, and the erratic curate continued to serve the parish of Illogan until he got a better living.

Some mistakes may be made in repeating the extraordinary sermons, yet, if the exact expressions are not given, the substance is preserved.

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### **The Ghosts Of Chapel-Street And St. Mary's Chapel-Yard**

Little more than fifty years ago, the building in Chapel-street, which now serves as a dispensary, with the adjoining house at the entrance to Vounderveor-lane, formed a mansion which belonged to, and was occupied by, an elderly lady, Mrs. Baines. At that time there was, in the rear of this mansion, a large garden, or rather orchard and garden, extending westward nearly to New-road, and bounded on the south by Vounderveor. The south side of the lane was an open field, and at its west end there were no dwellings. Where the School of Art, the Methodist vestries, and other houses stand, was all known as Mrs. Baines's orchard. This pleasant spot, in which the lady took great delight, was stocked with the choicest apple, pear, plum, and other fruit-trees then known. The town-boys soon found out the fine flavour of Mrs. Baine's fruit, which was to them all the sweeter for being stolen. When the apples were ripe and most tempting, the mistress and her serving-man watched the garden by turns—the man during the first part of the night, and madam would descend in her night-dress every now and then, to see that all was right, in the small hours of morning. One night Mrs. Baines, suspecting that man John was rather careless in keeping guard, sallied forth to see if he was attending to his duty; and, not finding him anywhere about the garden, she went to a tree of highly-prized apples and shook down a good quantity, intending to take them away, and thus prove to John that, through his remissness, the fruit was stolen. But her man Jan, armed with an old blunderbuss, charged with peas and small shot, was at no great distance dozing under a hedge. The rustling of shaken branches, and noise of falling apples, awoke him, and, seeing somebody, as he thought, stealing apples from their favourite tree, he up with his gun and let fly at his mistress, exclaiming at the same time, "Now you thief, I've paid 'e off for keeping me out of bed to watch 'e! I know 'e I do, and will bring 'e before his worship the mayor to-morrow!" "Lord help me, I'm killed!" cried the lady, as she fell on the ground. Jan stayed to see no more, but, frightened out of his wits, ran away and couldn't be found for several days. At last he was discovered up in Castle-an-Dinas, half-starved. By good luck the old lady's back was towards her man when he fired, and the greatest portion of the charge took effect below her waist. Doctor Giddy was fetched, and, after some delicate surgical operations, which the lady bore with exemplary patience, pronounced her fright to be more than the hurt.

However, a short time after the old lady got shot, she died; and then she kept such ward and watch over her orchard that few were so bold as to enter, after day-down, into the haunted ground, where the ghost of Mrs. Baines was often seen under the tree where she was shot, or walking the rounds of her garden. Everybody knew the old lady by her upturned and powdered grey hair under a lace cap of antique pattern; by the long lace ruffles hanging from her elbows; her short silk mantle, gold-headed cane, and other trappings of old-fashioned pomp. There are many still living in Penzance who remember the time when they wouldn't venture on any account to pass through Vounderveor-lane after nightfall, for fear of Mrs. Baine's ghost. Sometimes she would flutter up from the garden or yard (just like an old hen flying before the wind), and perch herself on the wall; then, for an instant, one might get a glance of her spindle legs and high-heeled shoes before she vanished. Her walking in the garden might have been put up with, but she soon haunted all parts of the premises, and was often seen where least expected both by night and at noonday. The ghost became to troublesome at last, that no person could be found to occupy the house, where she was all night long tramping about from room to room, slamming the doors, rattling the furniture, and often making a fearful crash amongst glass and crockery. Even when there was no living occupant in the house, persons standing in Chapel-street, often saw through the windows a shadowy form and lights glimmering in the parlours and bedrooms.

The proprietors, driven to their wits' end, unwilling that such valuable property should become worse than useless, all through the freaks of this vexatious ghost, at last sent for a parson who was much famed in this neighbourhood as an exorcist (we think the name of this reverend ghost-layer was Singleton), that he might remove and lay the unresting spirit; and he succeeded (by what means our informant knoweth not) in getting her away down to the sand-banks on the western green, which were then spread over many acres of land where the waves now roll. Here, this powerful parson, single-handed, bound her, to spin from the banks, ropes of sand, for the term of a thousand years, unless she, before that time, spun a sufficiently long and strong one to reach from St. Michael's Mount to St. Clement's Isle. The encroaching sea having swept away the sand-banks, Mrs. Baine's ghost is probably gone with them, as she hasn't been heard of for some years, and, if she returns, the present occupiers of the old abode wouldn't mind her.

Long after parson Singleton laid the old lady's ghost, many persons were deterred from taking the house because there was a story current that the spirit was confined to a closet in some out-of-the-way part of the house, and that the door of this ghost's place was walled up and plastered over, yet the sound of her spinning-wheel was frequently heard in the upper regions of the old house.

About the time that Mrs. Baine's ghost carried on its freaks in the above mansion, an open pathway passed through St. Mary's chapel-yard, which was then often crossed, as it shortened the distance to the Quay; but, for a long time, few persons liked to pass through the burial-ground by night, because a ghostly apparition, arrayed in white, was often seen wandering amongst the tombs, from which doleful sounds were frequently heard. Sometimes the fearful figure was also met on the path or seen in the chapel-porch. One dark and rainy night, however, a sailor, who neither knew nor cared anything about the ghost of St. Mary's, in taking the short cut through the chapel-yard, came as far as the chapel-porch, when the ghost issued forth on the path and there stood, bobbing its head and waving its shroudings before him.

"Holloa! who a or what are you!" said the sailor.

"I am one of the dead!" the ghost answered.

“If you are one of the dead, what the deuce do you do here above ground? go along down below!” said the sailor, as he lifted his fist and dealt the ghost a stunning blow over its head, which laid it sprawling on the stones, where it remained sometime, unable to rise or descend, until a person passing by assisted it to get on its legs, and discovered that a frolicksome gentleman, called Captain Carthew, who then lived in the house which is now Mrs. Davy’s property, had long been diverting himself and frightening the town’s-folk out of their wits by personating the ghost, which was most effectually laid by jack-tar, and served out for its tricks on the timid and the credulous.

From Penzance we take our course westward, keeping near the southern coast, hence to the Land’s-end. This route will bring us, at short intervals, to many objects of interest,—grand and picturesque cars, cliff-castles and caverns, celtic monuments, ancient hamlets and mansions, with which quaint legends are associated, &c.

## XII. Newlyn

### A Legend Of Tolcarn

The farm of Tolcarn, near Newlyn, derives its name from a remarkable group of trap-rock, a little above and in the rear of St. Peter's church. On the surface of this rock, near the top, may be seen a hollow, which bears some resemblance to a gigantic footprint, and, near this, a portion of the rock is marked with reticulated veins of a harder substance, much less weather-worn than the general surface. This stone, network, and the footprint, are accounted for by the following legend, which was given us by an old fisherman of Newlyn:—

In the year 1592, at the time the fishermen of Mousehole and Newlyn were barking their nets for the seine fishery, the devil had a mind himself to go a-fishing; so he carried off as many nets, on his head, as were in the barking-house. He intended going by the road that leads to Tredavoe, but his theft was discovered, and he was hotly pursued by Shepherd Pentreath, Jacky Kelynack, Benny Downing, Dick Keigwin, and other members of the choir of Paul church, who chanted the Apostles' Creed, Lord's Prayer, and other parts of the Church Service, so persistently and vociferously, that the devil tried to escape from the infuriated exorcists, and jumped with one stride, across the valley, from the road behind the top of Captain Bry Tonkin's orchard; and his foot sunk into the blue elvan rock, with his huge weight, so deeply, that he tripped and fell forward, dropping the nets on the cairn!

The fishermen still religiously chanted the Apostles' Creed and Lord's Prayer from the opposite hill across the valley where St. Peter's church now stands. The devil, finding that he could not escape with his plunder, whilst thus exorcised, raised his huge body to a towering height, and, flapping his wings, turned about and looked from the cairn to the choir, on the opposite side; then, emitting sulphureous smoke and fire from his mouth, he fiercely uttered, three times, "*Buckah! Buckah! Buckah!!!*" This was supposed to mean, "You are doomed to be destroyed by a foreign power."

Accordingly, on the 23rd July of the year 1595, about two hundred men landed from a squadron of Spanish galleys on Merlin's Rock, at Mousehole; set fire to the church of Paul and to Mousehole; thence they proceeded to Newlyn, and burnt that village also. On the next day, Penzance men fought the Spaniards and compelled them to draw off and put to sea.

The mark of the devil's foot, and the petrified nets, remain on Tolcarn to this day.

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### Newlyn; Our Jan's Brath; And The Particular Lodger

"Who shall tellen a tale after a man,  
He mote rehearse as nye as ever he can;  
Or else he mote tellen his tale untrue,  
Or feine things, or find words new."—*Chaucer*.

Crossing the stream we enter Paul parish and the village of Newlyn by a detached portion called Street-an-Nowan. The Cornish termination of this name is said to be an abridgment of "Noweth-an" (the new). Newlyn does not sound like a Cornish name; and there is a tradition that, long ago, some fishermen from Lynn, in Norfolk, settled here and named the hamlet they helped to colonize after their native place.

We have, hitherto, failed to obtain any legendary tale connected with Newlyn worth repeating. In our hunt for curious stories about the olden times we were recommended to visit

an elderly dame who was said to know more about such matters than any other in the village. We called on the old lady, who soon discovered that she was some sort of a cousin, and found her in good talking humour; but all the stories she had to tell were mere anecdotes of comparatively recent occurrences, in which there was nothing more original than the following about her son Jan's good appetite on his return from Corpus Christi fair, and her very squeamish lodger, which we give (as near as we can remember) in Aunt Betty Chynoweth's own words, as a sample of the usual dialect of our elderly folks:—

“I haven't heard of a worse job for the feer than what happened to me, because I didn't stop up for our Jan. Why, cheeld vean, I've lost three yards of beautiful lace that I used to wear to my best cap on grand occasions like. Our Jan, you know, went to feer, and why shud'na (should he not), poor fellow, have a holiday now and then, as well as the gentry all the time? Yet, if some of the sour folks, who think themselves pious forsooth, could have their will and pleasure, poor Jack would be made a dull boy sure nuf. Our old man used to say, and most of his sayings are true, that those who pretend to be so very much better than other people are mostly found out in the long run not to be half so good, however sly they may be. ‘Mammy, dear,’ says Jan, when a went away, ‘dear soas, the feer don't come but once a year, and I wan't say I shall be home very early, so don't wait up for me, and you shall have as good a fairing as the feer will produce.’ Away a went, looking as smart as any young fellow in all Newlyn town.

“Well, I didn't expect our Jan home very early, no more I didn't; so I got the kettle boiling by twelve o'clock, plenty of bread and butter cut, and baked a pasty for him besides, that he might have something savoury, as he was sure to come home hungry enough after drinking. As I had the kettle boiling, thinks I to myself, I may as just well starch the border of my cap to pass the time away; will be so much done against next day. I thought I wed make the starch pure and clear; but I suppose, my dear cousin, that I can't see so well by candle-light now as I cud fifty years ago—I am now turned of seventy—for the starch was rather dumplingy, so I thought it would be better to leave the job for daylight, for fear I shouldn't do at fitty (properly); so I put the lace into the basin under the starch, and left at on the end of the table, and turned the clath over the eatables for our Jan. The fire was gone out. I didn't leave any of the lucifers, for fear of what might happen, with the queer things that will catch fire when one don't want them to, and half the time they are wanted to they waant—not half so good as a tinder-box. I took the candle, and was in the bed sleeping long before our Jan came home. When I got up in the morning I looked into Jan's chamber; there he was, stretched on the bed, poor fellow, with all his clothes on, snoring away like a porpoise. I pulled off his boots without waking him, went down and had a dish of tea for breakfast; then I thought I'd finish my starching, but when I came to look in the basin, I could hardly believe my eyes—lace, starch, and all were gone—the basin as clean as if a had been licked out. Thinks I to myself the cussed rats must have served me this trick; so out I went to search their holes to see if I could find the least bit of the beautiful lace that had been my grammar's grammar's. While I was searching about, the boy Jan came out and begin with, ‘Mother, the feer just was fine sure nuf;—there were big boys and a little lady like a shilling doll, and living annatomys that they might try to fatten up a bit, and the best Punch and Judy I ever did see, with the dearest little dog Toby that could do everything but speak, and looked as if he could speak too if he had a mind to; and oh, crickey! I mustn't forget the dancers—didn't they throw their legs about as if they didn't belong to them, with their wheel-about and turn-about and do just so.’ Here the cobba took me round the waist, and would make me dance like the show-people to the tune he whistled up. Faith, I did dance too, and why shouldn't I, threescore and ten as I am?”

“‘Good Lord, but I am hungry, mother,’ says Jan, when we had finished the jig; ‘were ‘e out here searching for anything? You were kind, dear old soul that you are, to leave that basin of nice thick brath on the table for me; it was nice and thick and sweet; the cabbage was capital too; I thought as was rather tough at fust, yet down a went, honey-sweet and rich as butter. Have ‘e got a basinfull more for me this morning, old dear?’ Well, you may believe me my dear cousin, I couldn’t tell whether to laugh or swear to hear the great buss-head tell me how he had eaten the basin of starch for brath and clunked my precious old lace for cabbage; but, laws me, nobody can be vexed long with our Jan—he is such a goodhearted soul. You should see the great bag of fairings he brought home,—I have some in still. You shall have some; but don’t tell anybody about our Jan’s supper, for the rest of the youngsters will nickname him Starchy Jan, or Manny’s cap, or something.

“When I told our lodger, the exciseman, about Jan’s supper, he laughed sure nuf, and said he was a broth of a boy. I wish he—our lodger I mean—wasn’t more particular then our Jan; for what do ‘e think of the trouble I’ve got to please an? Last Sunday, when he was about to start for church, he said, ‘An Betty, I would like to have the piece of beef boiled for dinner, and I should like to have it done green.’ Away he went. ‘Done green,’ thought I; ‘whatever can a mean?’” but not likean to show my ignorance, I didn’t ask an any more questions.

“As soon as a was gone out of sight, I went into the next-door neighbour’s. ‘An Jenny,’ says I, ‘you’re a good cook; our lodger es jest gone to church, and a told me to boil his beef green: whatever can a mean? Es et best to gather some dock-leaves and other greens, so as to boil them down weth the beef? Cabbage-leave we have none to spare from the few young plants in the garn (garden), and it will be such a pity, too, that the good brath one might get out of such a nice piece of meat should be spoiled. But dear soas, I must do all I can to please his whimseys such a lodger can’t be picked up any day: never mind the brath.’ So we put out heads together, An Jenny and I. The beef was boiled, surrounded with plenty of dock-leaves and other greens, tel et was green as a leek, and very tender.

“Our lodger came home from church, and whiles he was taken off some of his toggery I dished up the beef. When he was settled to his dinner, I went into the hale (best room), curtseyed, and said, ‘I hope sir, your beef es done to your mind: you’ll find en brave and (very) green, and, from the time et have been boilan, as tender as a chick, I should think.’ ‘Green enow, by God,’ said he, ‘and boiled to rags; but what the devil,’ said he, holding the piece on his fork to his nose, ‘can the meat be smellan of? Now, I always tell ‘e, An Betty, you may take the brath you are so fond of, but I waunt have all the gravy boiled out of the meat to make your broth good, and have all sorts of nasty lap (trash) cooked weth et. And I can’t guess whatever you’ve put in the pot to-day!’ ‘Arrea! then don’t ‘e believe et,’ I answered him smart, ‘that I or anyone belongan to me do want your brath, but you hadn’t the sense to make use of the liquor your meat is cooked in, and it’s a sin and a shame to give such good brath to the pigs; besides, you might very well eat all the yarbs boiled in the crock to green your beef,—they weddent hurt ‘e; round robins and beets are good pot-herbs, and the old people used to say that young butter-docks are both meat and medicine, of one only knew how to cook them aright. At last et came out that what he meant by cookan meat green, was to half boil et! What queer ways of sayan things foraners take up! As he dedn’t much like the beef, I brought him a nice rice-pudding, cooked for our own dinner, and he was very well satisfied.”

When the explanation took place the lodger was rather surprised, but did not much admire his landlady’s novel receipt for cooking meat green.

On leaving home the next day he requested An Betty to roast his meat for dinner, and wished her better success with her cooking. He had not gone far from the door when the old dame ran after her lodger.

It was long before she overtook him. As soon as she could speak, with wheezing and panting, she asked the gentleman if he would like to have his meat browned on both sides. This was a puzzler for her lodger, as he could not conceive how the meat could be turned round before the fire without browning it on all sides. Our fashion of roasting in an oven he would rather call baking. The old lady, however, did her best, and at last succeeded in pleasing her lodger.

## XIII. Mousehole

### Part 1

“Hail! favourite Mousehole, once the pride of Paul,  
Ere haughty Dons did meditate its fall;  
Iberia’s sons—a vile inglorious host,  
Intent on pillage—landed on our coast;  
These foreign vermin, an offensive train,  
Thinn’d our forefathers’ flocks that grazed the plain.

Houses they rifled, and the farmers’ spoil  
Of goats and oxen did reward their toil;  
Pillaged the cellars, and despoil’d the crops;  
Unfenced plantations, and destroyed the crops;  
The dread invaders, with destructive ire,  
The country sack’d, and set the town on fire.”—R. Trewavas.

Half-an-hour’s pleasant walk, beside the sea-shore, takes us hence to Mousehole. Near the middle of this interesting old town we pass over the bubbling brook which gave to this place its ancient and proper name of Moeshayle (young woman’s brook), which has been Saxonized or corrupted into the unmeaning nickname of Mousehole. The old Cornish name suggests a history. We may be sure that when the name was given to the Cove some damsel of note had her habitation near the stream, and that was probably the only dwelling in the place at the time. Places being named after the fair ones (such, for example, as “Trevenen,” which means women’s town; “Bosvenen,” women’s house; &c.), is a proof of their high antiquity, as, in a half-civilized state of society, the women keep the house and “rule the roast,” as we now find among the aborigines of America, where the squaws keep the wigwam, plant the maize, do all and claim all about their homesteads, whilst the braves are hunting, fishing, or fighting far away; in fact, the Indian settlements in Canada are known and named more after the squaws than after their lords. Centuries after these descriptive primitive names were given, Moeshayle became the market-town of the west, when few, if any other, buildings were in what is now Penzance, except the small chapel or oratory on the rocks, which acquired for the projecting cairn the name of Penzance (holy headland).

The next noteworthy object is the picturesque old mansion of the Keigwins, now transformed into a public-house. No wonder for these old gentry to be uneasy in their graves (as Mousehole people all know they are), to find their grand old mansion so degraded. Any person in the town will tell you that there is scarcely a night but, at the usual hour for ghosts to leave their graves, these unresting old gentry re-visit their family home and there hold a revel-rout best part of the night. There is such a noisy getting up and down stairs with the ghostly gentlemen’s boots creaking and stamping, spurs and swords jingling, ladies’ silks rustling and their hoops striking the bannisters, that the living inmates get but little rest before cock-crow, when they betake themselves off. Sometimes these unwelcome visitors vary their fun by knocking about the furniture, smashing the glasses, having a dance, &c.: altogether, they seem to be a right merry set of ghosts, yet they often succeed in making the tenants quit the house, as few persons like to have their sleep disturbed by such troublesome visitors.

The demeanour of the spirits of these old Keigwins is altogether different from that of well-behaved, serious, christian ghosts; indeed they have at particular times made so much disturbance that no person in the house could get a wink of sleep, and, that they might be sent



off if only for a time, the living inmates have had recourse to preachers and other pious folks; and they say that by their singing, praying, and other religious exercises, they have sometimes succeeded in driving these uneasy spirits from the house for the time. Not many years ago, within the memory of scores now at Mousehole—the public-house being then kept by J. R.—these nocturnal disturbances were renewed; the leaders and deacons of the society, and good men of the town, were called in, and, whilst T.R. and J.W., and others, were praying, those untoward spirits kept on at their ghostly work of knocking and throwing about the chairs and other furniture, regardless of prayers or praying men. They were, however, ashamed and silenced for a while; but all the parson-power in the country, it is believed, would not be sufficient to put them to rest effectually.

One night, not long ago, the mistress of the house heard a noise in the large parlour, as if the chairs and tables were having a dance as well as the ghosts. This was followed by such a crash of breaking glass as if all the contents of the corner-buffet were dashed on the floor. The fear that all her beautiful old china and glass were gone to smash drove away all other dread, and the mistress ventured down, candle in hand, to see what was going on; but, when she ventured into the room, she saw that the furniture was exactly as left when she went to bed. The curious glasses, with twisted stems, and china punch-bowls, were all safe and sound in the buffet. Believing then that there was no one but herself in the lower part of the house, she was proceeding to go upstairs, when, happening to cast a glance towards the broad landing, she saw a number of gentleman and ladies ascending the stairs in great state—the ladies decked out in all the pride of hoops and fardingales, the gentlemen in laced coats, swords, and funnel-topped boots, with their rattling spurs: in fact, they were all equipped as they appeared in their old pictures, which were to be seen in some rooms of the ancient mansion a few years ago.

It is to be hoped that the old building will long be allowed to remain just as it is, without any farther attempts to modernize it, as it is now the only good example we have near Penzance of the old mansion-house of the fifteenth century. Besides,—the Keigwins, of the balcony house (as it is generally called) were persons of note in their day as soldiers and scholars. They are also intimately connected with the romantic Spanish episode in the history of the place.

A little below the balcony house is another interesting old structure known by the name of the “Standard House,” said to be thus called from being connected with the extensive pile of buildings then belonging to the Keigwins, and the last left standing when the Spaniards burnt the town in 1595;—but, from the mullions having been taken out of the windows, the old lead lights replaced by ugly sashes, and other barbarities committed, the venerable building is now such a motley looking affair as might make an antiquary weep or swear. The Standard has been within the last few years divided into small tenements, and, unfortunately, the ponderous iron-studded oaken door, and the grand old stone stairs, at one time objects of so much interest, removed, and destroyed by these modern Goths and Vandals of Mousehole; but the style of the buildings, and the extensive remains of outhouses, afford sufficient indications that the original possessors must have exercised a leading influence in the west.

The ball, however (about 30 lbs. weight), said to have been fired at Paul tower by the Spaniards in 1595, and found in a field adjacent, is still preserved at Mousehole, and shown to tourists who may wish to see it at the present day.

Jenkin Keigwin, a member of the celebrated family, distinguished himself at that time as a patriot. When defending the town, he levelled at, and with his musket brought down, two of the Spaniards, but shortly after fell a victim to their overpowering force.

The good people of Mousehole have a firm belief in the wandering spirits who are supposed to inhabit a mid-region (of which the names are now ignored, but the idea remains), and who are often permitted to occupy themselves with the same objects and pursuits as formerly constituted their business or their pleasure. The faith of the people respecting these visitors from the world of shadows is often confirmed by their favourite teachers from the pulpit.

A very intelligent woman of the place informed us that she heard a preacher, in the midst of his sermon on the invisible world, relate how one Sunday night after the service at a country chapel, he went to visit a solitary cottage situated on a lonely moor. The footpath across the moor was scarcely visible in the darkening twilight; consequently, he confined his regard to the ground near him, best part of the way, so that he might keep on the path. A little before he reached the dwelling, looking towards it he saw three persons who appeared to be females, dressed in white, a few yards before him, and proceeding towards the house. The preacher quickened his pace, as he wished to overtake them; yet, whether he walked fast or slow, the white figures always kept the same distance ahead. He noticed that they entered the small court before the cottage, but, without the door being opened they disappeared, although there was no other outlet from the courtlage except the gate, which he was sure they did not re-pass. This surprised him, and it was then impressed on his mind that the apparition was that of visitors from the other world. When he entered the cottage (which he did by lifting the latch without knocking) he saw an aged woman seated on the chimney-stool in the large fireplace, such as we find in the country, where the fuel is furze and turf. After saluting the old woman, he inquired if any other persons had entered the cottage just before him. The old person replied that they were the only living persons in the house, but that the daughter was lying dead on the bed in the next room. When the preacher related to her what he saw, the old lady said that she understood very well what the vision was which he beheld: it was that of the spirits of the rest of the family, who had last died, come down to take the soul of her daughter away with them. The reverend gentleman told his congregation that he felt that the aged mother was right—in fact, he had not the least doubt about the correctness of what she felt sure of, from having known many similar instances of the kind himself.

Whether this story by the preacher to his congregation was that of a real apparition, or mere fancy, the pleasing faith of the old lady was not the less consoling; nay, if the profane will say it's all imagination, or whims, or apply the word "superstition," yet it contains one of those amiable and instinctive feelings dear to the heart of the bereaved.

As a sample of the demonology taught from the pulpit, we will give a portion of another sermon, as delivered by a local preacher a few years ago. The discourse was on the power and other attributes of the evil spirit. When treating of demoniacal possession, he illustrated his doctrine by the following case of his own experience of a combat with the old serpent. You must have the preacher's own expressive language the better to realize the scene:—

"Dear sisters and brethren,—Leave me tell ye now of something you may be sure is true, because it happened to myself. There was an old woman up our way, everybody said that she was possessed with the devil, for if the devil wasn't in her nobody could tell what the devil was the matter with her, as we say, for she would never rest herself nor leave the neighbours have a moment's peace and quietness with her abuse and mischief-making lies. There was always the devil to pay and a hell of a row among them. Well, some of the pious neighbours belonging to the people said to me, 'Brother J——, An Jenny is surely possessed with the devil, and you know that, in old time, the apostles and saints had the power to cast out the evil one, and they say that one here and there among the parsons is, by chance, found religious and learned enough to have the power to drive the devil, and put spirits to rest, and why not you? you are powerful in prayer, we all know. You can but try.' I didn't fear but

what I had the grace to do as much in overcoming the evil one as any other man. There was one thing I wasn't very clear about: some sorts of devils can only be driven out with prayer and fasting; now, as you all know, few can beat me in prayer, but fasting I don't know much about. Some say that in old time it meant to eat fish instead of flesh: if that was the case we have fasting enough now, God knows, and too much by a long chalk for hard-working people; besides, I didn't know whether I ought to fast, or the old woman herself, to please the devil.

Well, as the people said, I could but try; so one night, as soon as I could get through with my work and shut up the smith's shop (we had been binding wheels that day I remember), I went up to the old woman's house (she lived all alone). 'An Jenny,' says I, 'I am come up to try if I can do 'e any good; I believe the devil is in 'e, and that you can't help the cussed wickedness you are always carrying on; so I will pray why (with you) if you have no objection.' The old woman said she didn't care; I might please myself, and pray if I had a mind to, or leave it alone.

So I asked her to go to her knees too. So she did, upon the hearth-stone, and kept in the furze-fire under the tea-kettle at the same time. I kneeled back from the fire, at the end of the table, and prayed that all damned spirits might be sent to hell. I prayed with might and main that all damned spirits might be sent to hell. I prayed with all my power, but little short of an hour, with all my strength and might, that all damned spirits might be sent to hell that very night. When I turned round to the chimney the old woman was gone out of sight, and I haven't seen nor heard tell of her from that day to this. I had never seen her before, nor haven't seen her since."

Some of the congregation inferred from the reverend Smith's discourse that the old woman was taken off bodily to Tartarus, but he did not intend them to come to any such conclusion. Whilst delivering his discourse the pulpit was beaten with his brawny fist with as much force as if he had been working the sledge-hammer in welding iron on his anvil, and the responsive amens were almost as loud.

Talk of being priest-ridden! who can blame the priests? This honest blacksmith was a priest for his simple neighbours, who would force him to assume such spiritual functions as would soon enable a bold enthusiast to domineer over the minds of the credulous and unthinking people, such as nine-tenths of our agricultural population are.

The refined inhabitants of town, accustomed to hear highly-educated ministers, disciplined in soberness and sense, and who are for the most part strangers of a colder blooded and less imaginative race than ourselves, may think the specimen of a rustic preacher's discourse rather wild and extravagant: not so, however; our unsophisticated country folks, like all other people of the Celtic race (Irish, Welsh, Breton, &c.), never stick at trifles, and much prefer a strongly-drawn, rough-and-ready sketch to a highly-finished picture.

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## Part 2

"Hail Mousehole! birthplace of old Doll Pentreath,  
The last who jabbered Cornish—so says Daines."—  
Peter Pindar's Ode, 22.

In a note to the above lines, Peter says:—"A very old woman of Mousehole, supposed (falsely, however) to have been the last who spoke the Cornish language. The honourable antiquarian, Daines Barrington, Esq., journeyed, some years since, from London to the Land's End, to converse with this wrinkled yet delicious morceau. He entered Mousehole in a

kind of triumph; and, peeping into her hut, exclaimed, with all the fire of an enraptured lover, in the language of the famous Greek philosopher, ‘Eureka!’ The couple kissed: Doll soon after gabbled; Daines listened with admiration; committed her speeches to paper, not venturing to trust his memory with so much treasure. The transaction was announced to the Society; the journals were enriched with their dialogues; the old lady’s picture was ordered to be taken by the most eminent artist, and the honourable member to be publicly thanked for the discovery!” Thus sayeth Peter Pindar.

If the hut is still in existence in which the honourable Daines and Dolly kissed and jabbered, as recorded by Peter Pindar, it may become one of the most noted objects in the ancient town, as Dolly’s posthumous fame seems to be augmenting. Mr. Halliwell has lately collected and published all he could glean from books about her. As Dolly lived until within the last ninety years—the date of her death being 1777—many interesting traditions of the dame might still be collected from the old folks of Paul, who must often have heard of her from their grandparents, which is the usual source from which children derive all they remember of old-world stories.

Dolly was married to a person called Jeffrey, but as she belonged to one of the most ancient and respectable families in the parish of Paul, she always retained her maiden name. This practice is still very general when the wife’s family are or were persons of note.

Dolly lived in Duck-street, and there the dame was visited by many other great scholars as well as the honourable Daines Barrington, who laboured hard to convince themselves, and the learned world, that the old lady’s lingo had a close affinity to Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Coptic, and other languages of the ancient world. Yet, notwithstanding Dolly’s intimate connection with the savants of her time, she did not even learn her A B C in Greek from them: a question if she knew her letters in English.

One morning, as Dolly was proceeding down the street on her return journey home, after having disposed of her fish in town, when near Penzance Grammar School, she was overtaken by four boys, who, happening to have for their morning’s lesson the beginning part of the Greek alphabet to learn by heart, were alternately repeating aloud, “Alpha, beta, gamma, delta.” Dolly no sooner heard their words than she dropped her cowl, took to her heels, and the boys close behind her, to see what in the world the old woman could be running after. Dolly ran into school as well as all the boys. When Dolly recovered her wind, she told the schoolmaster that four of his blackguards of boys had chased her down the street, the one calling out, “at her;” another, “beat her;” the third, “damn her;” and the other said, “pelt her!” If she hadn’t beaten them in running she believed they would have killed her. The boys, when taken to task, declared that they said nothing to the old woman; they were only repeating aloud the letters they had to learn. The master, seeing Dolly’s mistake, explained to her that what she mistook for threatening language was only the A B C in Greek. If that was a sample of the outlandish tongue, Dolly thought it the wickedest she ever heard.

Dolly, from her skill in fortune-telling, charming for the cure of various diseases, giving directions to the young folks as to the best way of trying for sweethearts, and other practices of divination, came to be regarded as one of those who have acquired so much forbidden knowledge that they have the power to blast and ban, to lay a spell on man or beast, so that the old dame was little loved, but—what is the next best thing—much feared as one of those overwise ones about whom we now often hear the whisper, accompanied by the ominous shake of the head (which expresses whatever you please, like the bells chiming to your thoughts), “That she knows the hour and the minute: on that account it is much better not to offend the one who holds the dreaded secret. This mysterious intimation alludes to the general belief that there is an hour in every day, and a minute, only known to the demon-

taught, in that particular hour (which varies from day to day), in which as we say “curses will not fall to the ground.” This notion seems to be some vestige of the dogmas belonging to judical astrology, perhaps the shadow of some idea about the culmination of the malignant planet. However that may be, the belief exists to the present hour; also that our pellars, conjurors, white witches, or by whatever names these wise people are distinguished, have a profound acquaintance with this mysterious science. It seems that Dolly was also regarded as one having this knowledge, and more fearful kinds of wisdom, by the stories still told of her. When much excited, she seemed to forget the little English she knew; and her voluble Cornish speech, then imperfectly understood by the younger and educated folks, impressed the people with far greater terrors than if she cursed or scolded in a language of which they knew the import.

One day Mr. Price, of Choone, was riding down Newlyn hill on a shying, restive horse, when Dolly the Spring (as she was more generally called than by her right name) was slowly hobbling down the narrow lane (then a mere bridle-path) before him. Dolly’s broad beaver hat, scarlet cloak, and cowl, as she resolutely kept the middle of the lane, left less space than Mr. Price or his horse thought sufficient for them to pass beside her. The gentleman wishing to get ahead of Dolly, called out to her, “Clear the way!” Dolly would neither move on any faster, nor start a peg, as she said, for all the cursed Jamaica drummer’s brats in the country, and told the gentleman that, like all other upstart beggars, he would ride to the devil, with much more of the same kind in her choicest English (which she could speak pretty well when cool). This civil talk, for Dolly, was not much to Mr. Price’s taste, and as he did not wish to be treated to any more of the popular history about the rise of his family, by the vigorous use of whip and spurs he forced his horse to pass Dolly, but, in going by, the horse or rider came in contact with her cowl, full of fish, which was overturned and all the contents cast out in the muddy ditch. Dolly then forgot her English, and began to abuse in her native Cornish, which came more glibly to her tongue; at the same time casting mud, fish, and stones at Mr. Price as hard and fast as she could pelt them, the refrain of each sentence of abuse being an oath ending with, “Cronnack an hagar dhu.” As Dolly was reputed to be a kind of half witch, as mentioned before, Mr. Price became terribly frightened at hearing what he dreaded might be some horrible incantation for laying a spell on him and his. He endeavoured to appease her by paying for the fish, when she became a little more placable. He wished above all to know what she had been saying, to curse or blast him perhaps? Dolly called him a fool for thinking anything of the kind, and assured him that she was no more a witch than himself. Still, Mr. Price was not satisfied, and before he arrived at the bottom of the hill returned again to Dolly. He must know the meaning of what she repeated like a spell, after every oath, which he did not mind, as he could swear as hard and fast as she could in honest and plain English. At last he offered Dolly half-a-crown to be told the meaning of “Cronnack an hagar dhu.” “Give me the money first, then,” says Dolly, “and I must call ye a fool for your pains; as all I said was to call ye the ugly black toad that thee art.” Mr. Price, on hearing this, threatened to horsewhip her. Dolly then dared him to lift but a finger against her, and if he did she would put such a spell on him as should make his arm rot from his shoulder, and began again to jabber Cornish, which so frightened Mr. Price, or his horse, that they went off with all haste and left Dolly to gather up her fish in peace.

The above anecdotes were told me by an old lady of Sennen, who knew Dolly well. She often said there was no one in the west country who knew so much of what had taken place in the neighbourhood for hundreds of years past as this notable old dame of Mousehole, and that all the Pentreaths were remarkable for possessing more than the ordinary quantity of mental endowments.

Dolly's ghost must be very much gratified by the sight of the handsome monument recently erected to her memory by Prince Lucien Buonaparte. In speaking of this memorial J. O. Halliwell says:—"It is right to add that my supposition of the new monument to Dolly's memory having been placed near the traditional site of her grave is erroneous. The general belief in Paul is that she was buried in the older cemetery of that church-town. The date of her death, as inscribed on that memorial, is also incorrect; so that, on the whole, the epitaph appropriately commences, "Here lieth," &c.

It may not be generally known that the ludicrous epitaph said to be inscribed on her tomb is a fabrication, which has imposed on many from its having been so frequently printed. Hundreds have hunted in vain throughout the churchyard in hope of finding her tomb with the Cornish of this absurd elegy inscribed on it. There is little doubt that the hoax was perpetrated by the Mr. Tonkin, of Newlyn, who composed many of the curious Cornish dialogues, &c., and by him gravely recited as the veritable epitaph which was inscribed on her tomb soon after her decease. If it never has been it ought to be now (as it is so well known), to gratify those who make pilgrimages to her grave. Better late than never. As Dolly has only been dead ninety years (the date of her decease being 1777), we may hope that the house in which she lived may yet be found, as, if known, it would be a great attraction for antiquaries.

The writer of an article on Cornish antiquities, in the "Quarterly" for August, 1867, says:—"Those who can appreciate the charms of genuine antiquity will not, therefore, find fault with the enthusiasm of Daines Barrington or Sir Joseph Banks in listening to the strange utterances of Dolly Pentreath; for her language, if genuine, carried them back to, and brought them as it were into immediate contact with, people who, long before the Christian era, acted an important part on the stage of history, supplying the world with two of the most precious metals, more precious than gold or silver, with copper and tin, the very materials, it may be, of the finest works of art in Greece, aye of the armour wrought for the heroes of the Trojan war, as described so minutely by the poets of the Iliad. There is a continuity in language which nothing equals, and there is an historical genuineness in ancient words, if but rightly interpreted, which cannot be rivalled by manuscripts, or coins, or monumental inscriptions."

Mr. J. O. Halliwell also remarked, when he visited the west, six years ago (1861), that, "The provincial language of the Cornish of the present day is hardly a dialect, but rather, for the country, a singularly pure English, spoken in a kind of recitative twang that it would not be easy to describe. None of the recently-published specimens of the so-called Cornish dialect convey this peculiarity intelligibly, nor do they present it in a form that would be easily recognized. A few sentences may suffice. "Aunt Betty, coming from a Christmas party, had a ben too forthey in teeming out her licker, and p'raps were a little boozy, and she were found upon the sea-shore, laid down as of she were to bed, and water were comed opp to her face and flopping agen et, and she were a saying quite genteellylike, 'Nat a drop more, nat a drop more, thankee.' The people of the Land's End district do not talk in this tyle. Theirs is a really good English, intermingled only with a few provincial words." The few sentences given by Mr. Halliwell are taken from "Uncle Jan Trenoodle."

At the time Dolly the Spring flourished in Mousehole, and Mr. Price in Choone, the Praeds of Trevethow lived in such style and state as well become the head of the squirearchy and the hospitable customs of old Cornwall, which found their last resting-place in the ancient seat of this family, where many of the delights of "merrie old England" lingered long after they had said adieu to other places in the west.

Now, in these pinching times, it is rather tantalizing to hear the old folks of Lelant talk of the fat oxen, sheep, and deer, game and poultry without number, that were then weekly butchered in Trevethow for the use of the squire's establishment. Much out of this abundance was distributed with liberal heart and hand to all the poor of the neighbourhood. At the same time the choice spirits of town and country always found a hearty welcome at the squire's hospitable board.

Among scores of others, Dr. Walcot (Peter Pindar) was a frequent and favourite guest. Mr. Price (the same who had the encounter with Dolly) also frequently enjoyed the good cheer at Trevethow, and served as a butt for the satirical poet's shafts. The heavy Mr. Price appears to have been very much of a gourmand, as one day at table, when the host and Peter were interested in discussing some literary production, Peter, in one of his happiest moods, replying to Mr. Praed's remarks by some impromptu squib, but the heavy gentleman of Paul being formed on nature's very homely plan, had his heart and soul engrossed by the flavour or more substantial fare than that of Peter Pindar's spicy repartees; above all he admired the degree of perfection to which the host's turkeys were fattened and cooked, wished to know from the host what method was pursued in the fattening process of the poultry, the ingredients of the blancmange, and of the other delicacies he found the most pleasing to his palate. Neither Mr. Praed nor the poet took much pleasure in a dissertation on pudding and turkey-fattening. To put a check on the annoying interruptions of Mr. Price about such vulgar subjects Mr. Praed replied to the effect that he never paid much attention to the matter; yet that he had often noticed broken charcoal and chopped cabbage-stumps placed with the water in the feeding-troughs of the turkeys, and thought it highly probable that the success in fattening depended on their having an abundant supply of carbon and greens, with little else but what they found for themselves, and that was a secret he should not tell everybody. Mr. Price made a note, and congratulating himself on his shrewdness in having extracted the wonderful secret returned home early, that his turkeys might be put without delay to fatten on cabbage-stumps and charcoal. The carbonised regimen not succeeding to Mr. Price's expectation nor his turkeys either, he suspected the truth of his having been hoaxed, when he found the turkeys starved to death. This was followed by a quarrel between the squires, which did not last long, as Mr. Price feared losing the delicacies always to be found on the table of the squire of Trevethow. The whole affair was satirized by Peter Pindar in a few verses (well known to the old gentlemen of the neighbourhood) which were published in some of the early editions of the poet's works.

We have but little more time to spare in the ancient town, although there are many more noteworthy objects in the place, particularly suitable for the sketch-book, as the old mill, some cottages farther up the glen, and on the cliff, &c.

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We take the pleasant pathway across the fields from Mousehole to Lamorna: if the tide be out, we pass down over the cliff at the foot of Regennis hill, to see the cavern known as the Mouse-hole.

This cavern is about fifty feet high at the entrance, and is said to extend to a great distance under the cliff; but, from being so low and narrow, it is not easily explored. The almost perfect arch of the cavern is adorned with a luxuriant growth of *Asplenium marinum* and other delicate and graceful ferns. On the cliff, near the sawn, are masses of creeping wild flowers: among others, trailing close to the water's edge, is a variety of the great bind-weed, remarkable for having beautiful pink-striped flowers. Ascending Regennis hill, we pass over a stile on the left, and are on the path which winds along near the shore, and which affords a

splendid sea-view with a foreground (in many places) of towering cairns and picturesque crags.

On the way we come to the farm-house of Lower Kimyal, and its surrounding cottages. This place is remarkable as the scene of an incident in one of the most romantic of the many wild legends of the west. We will give the story, as it is generally narrated by the old folks of Buryan, to which parish it belongs, rather than to that of Paul.

This legend will give us many glimpses of the inner life and feelings of the ancient people, and enable us to understand how the wildly-poetical stories of the Cornish drolls may still tincture the Celtic race, just as tales of terror, related by an ignorant and superstitious nurse, make an impression in the infant mind never to be entirely obliterated; and the ghost, demon, or bucca-dhu, with which the child is frightened, remains as a dim and unpleasant spectre to shake the nerves of the man in his prime; and, as second childhood advances, these fantastic pictures are renewed in all their pristine vividness. We are still too much under the influence of the fearful fancies and images of horror, which those who pretend to teach us are found of displaying, in order to gratify the lovers of the marvellous, and the fantastical imaginations of the weak.

When children, we have often, of a winter's night, been more terrified than amused, as we listened, pitying all the while, to the old folk's tale.



## XIV. Nancy Trenoweth, The Fair Daughter Of The Miller Of Alsia

### Part 1

“The story hath travelled far and wide,  
But with outline broken, and tarnished hue;  
Not in such case should it journey with you—  
Let me the picture’s tints renew.

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A workman’s child; she had won the love  
Of a youth stepped down from a rank above.  
Think not to hear the hackneyed tale  
Of the prince, disguised, in the shepherds’ vale  
Wooing the maid with the milking-pail.  
The lad was only a farmer’s son,  
Who grew the grain that her father ground—  
Mean and unletter’d, as the swains around,  
With guineas twain to the miller’s one!  
Of all the lunacies earth can boast,  
The one that must please the devils the most,  
Is pride, reduced to the whimsical terms  
Of causing the slugs to despise the worms.”  
Robert B. Brough (slightly altered).

About two centuries ago, an old farmer of the name of Hugh Lanyon, with his wife and only son, resided on the lonely farm of Bosean, which is situated on the brow of the hill overlooking the vale of Penberth.

Although the Lanyons of Buryan were reduced to comparative poverty, they yet had the pride to regard themselves as of some kin to the “olde gentil Bretons,” who quitted the ancient Armorica soon after the Conquest, to seek their fortunes in England. Old Hugh Lanyon, according to the family tradition, was descended from one of the two brothers who came to this part of the world, from the town of Lanion in Bretagne, about the time of Edward II. The Lanyons, ere the time of our story, were connected by marriage with the families of Noy, Penrose, Trewern, &c., in the west, and with Milliton, of Pengersick. The farmer of Bosean belonged to the branch of the family which had long been established at Lanyon, in Madron. Frank, the farmer’s only son, was said to have been as handsome, free-hearted, and noble a young man as any to be found in the west country, at the time that his parents took Nancy Trenoweth to live with them.

Nancy was also remarkable for her good looks. Her father was a well-to-do miller, and owner of a small tenement in Lower Alsia. His mill, surrounded with orchards, was as pleasant a spot as any in Buryan; indeed, the miller of Alsia might have been almost as well off as the farmer of Bosean. Whilst there was water to work the wheel, the miller’s family had their fill of bread, when the farmer’s often had little more than pillas or pease-porridge. Nancy’s mother being a distant relation to Madam Lanyon, the girl was treated by her master and mistress more like a daughter than a servant. From the freedom and cordiality in the intercourse of masters and domestics, common in these good old times, the two young folks,

in the lone house, were almost constantly together, and in consequence of the poverty and pride of the elder Lanyons, they saw but little of the rest of the world. Frank seldom went farther from home than to join in the games and manly exercises common to the time and place, where his strength and agility were admired by many of the high-born damsels of the parish, who did not then think it any shame to witness the sports that took place in the honest light of day. But the young Lanyon cared only for his fair cousin, Nancy Trenoweth, who scarcely ever left the lonely house of Bosean and its secluded inmates, except to visit her parents at Alsia mill, where there was always plenty of life and gaiety, when high and low, who brought their grist to the mill, would always have a dance on the mill-bed to the music of the miller's crowd, or the lively measure of some old ballad. On her return home, Nancy was often accompanied by her young master. Little either thought that what seemed to be merely such regard as a brother and sister might have for each other would, ere long, gain such an ascendancy over all prudential motives, that they would readily brave death and disgrace, rather than forego their thoughtless attachment. As Frank Lanyon's parents were now getting old, they were anxious to see their only son married, and by that means become more closely connected with some of the old gentry of the parish; when, after much urging him to get settled, by taking home one of the high-born damsels, who had made such advances as could not be misunderstood, Frank declared, to the great surprise of the old folks, that he preferred Nancy Trenoweth to any daughters of the Noys, Penders, Tresilians, Carthews, or others of their class.

The elder Lanyon, notwithstanding his reduced circumstances, regarded himself as the equal in rank to the proudest gentry in the neighbourhood, and declared that he would rather follow his only son to his grave than see him wedded to the low-born Nancy.

The miller's fair daughter was driven from their doors to the shelter of her father's roof, which was to her no longer the happy home she found it before she confessed her love to Frank Lanyon, it might be in singing the old ballad

“A heart as soft, a heart as kind,  
A heart as sound and free  
As in the whole world thou can'st find,  
That heart I'll give to thee.”

The miller was glad to see his favourite daughter come back to her home. He said as long as there was water for the wheel, there would be bread enough and to spare for all. Nancy joined, in her duteous way, to help in the work of the house and the mill, but no longer took delight in the dance on the green or around the Maypole or bonfire, nor to take part in the sports of fair or feast. When her daily task was done she would sit pensive, sad, and all distraught. Through the window she often gazed, as the time with her heavily and sadly weighed. Little was she aware that her heart was gone past recover.

On the evening of Nancy's return to her father's house Frank came to see her, but the miller ordered the young man from his doors, returned his parent's pride with scorn, and did all he could to hinder his daughter from having any intercourse with the one whom the poor old Lanyons, in their pride, thought of too fine a clay to match with the miller's daughter. The miller's vigilance was aided by the jealousy and spite of Nancy's elder sisters and the other girls of the hamlet, who, mistaking Nancy's reserve and sadness for pride, took a malicious pleasure in watching her lover, and gratified their envy by informing the miller of any attempt of Lanyon to see his daughter; but the mother, seeing her heart-broken and pining herself to death, contrived unknown to the miller, that Nancy might sometimes see her lover, in whose good faith and constancy both mother and daughter trusted, so that many an evening hour the lovers passed together in Alsia land and orchard, or lingering by the well.

The elder Lanyon was soon informed of these clandestine meetings; and Frank, having now nothing but angry words and frowns from his father, and tears from his aged mother, found his former happy home desolate and dreary. The farm work, which ere while was a cheering healthy pastime, now became an irksome task;—to hack, and dig, and wield the spade, seemed to him now the most wretched life of man. When he left the field, the cheerless meal was passed in silence, with black looks from the father and tears from the mother, who was blamed by her husband as being the cause of what he called the disobedience of his son. When Nancy Trenoweth was the light and life of the lone house, Frank seldom left the homestead of an evening; now he passed great part of every night from home, and never returned to the house until after the querulous, surly old man had retired to fret, rather than rest, for the night. Frank was frequently seen, riding a favourite colt through Alsia lanes, and often the greatest part of the night was spent by the restless young man in the public-house in Buryan church-town, where he was always, of a night, sure to find many of the rollicking farmer's sons of the parish, with all of whom the young Lanyon was ever welcome. These youths, between seed-time and harvest, and at other long intervals when (in these times no green crops being cultivated as winter's food for man nor beast) there was next to nothing to do on land, made three or four or often more trips to France every year, for liquors, silks, lace, salt, and whatever else could be readily disposed of. This kind of free trade has never been regarded by us, west-country people, as in any way wrong; at least, it was held in honour then, when all the gentry of the country had a venture, and many of the town. There was then but little interference on the part of the Preventive service, and the chance of having a brush with the revenue cutter only added zest to the sport. The riding officer, who was generally as great a smuggler as those who honestly avowed the trade, took care to give a wide berth when goods were landing at the coves, and until shared among the crew and removed to some of the farm houses near, or until disposed to those who often came from scores of miles to the eastward for goods landed in the three western parishes.

The young Lanyon's absence from home became more and more frequent to avoid the sullen silence, black looks, or outrageous abuse that old Hugh Lanyon was sure to give wife and son if he by chance remained in the house of an evening. In consequence of this unhappy life the young man (who always took the lead among those of his age) soon formed a band of the most venturous of his comrades, who among then procured a large decked boat, to be built, for the sake of visiting the other side of the Channel later in the season than they could venture in their open boats. The elder Lanyon (in spite of the mother's tears and prayers that her son would remain at home) did all he could to make the young man's home uncomfortable, to cause him to join these smuggling expeditions, perhaps in the hope that long absence at sea would make him forget the hated Trenoweths. Before Frank started on the winter's trip his mother begged him to give up the hazardous seafaring life, to which he became so much the more attached because his father always received him with frowns, and often drove him from his doors with abuse; yet, before trusting himself to the winter's winds and waves, he wished to be reconciled, and leave in peace with the old man; but all his attempts to soften the heart of his father were repelled with such harshness and insult by the old Lanyon that the son swore he would no more darken the doors, but seek his own living on sea or land.

After taking a sad farewell of his sorrow-stricken mother he went, for the last time, to meet Nancy at the accustomed place in Alsia Bottom, near the noted spring of Alsia,<sup>6</sup> which was

<sup>6</sup> The venerated springs were always called Saints' wells by the old folks of the West, and were generally known to them by the name of the holy person to whom the well, or oratory, near was dedicated, as Ventan Uny (Lelant), St. Ann's well (Trove), &c. We know not if the fount spoken of above is still regarded as a holy well,

then in great repute as a holy well. Here they exchanged many vows of eternal constancy; swore, by the sign of salvation that stood near the holy fount, to be ever true and constant; held a ring between them in the bubbling brook, near the source of the limpid stream, whilst they called on all the powers of heaven above and the earth beneath to witness their vows of eternal love, through life and in death. Then the ring was duly placed on the finger of the affianced bride, and the silver coin broken, of which each one kept a severed part, with many other superstitious rites then known and practised by the love-stricken youths in their teens, all of about equal efficacy to the ceremony of jumping over the broom, by which these solemn observances are now superseded for the sake of giving stability to the lovers' vows.

Then, for the last time, Nancy was folded in her lover's warm embrace. And now that they were to take a long farewell, the night seemed like one brief moment passed, when the growing light warned them that they could no longer stay, and Nancy accompanied her lover to the cove, where his comrades awaited him with the boat under weigh: and with the usual amount of vows, sighs, and tears, our lovers said adieu. It was remarked, when young Lanyon joined his crew, that he looked much sadder than was his wont, and that many were the ill-omened signs and tokens which vainly warned them of disaster, when the flower of the young men of the Deanery launched their new craft and set sail from Penberth Cove (which many of the crew saw for the last time) that gloomy October morning.

Little cared they for the sinister signs and tokens of the ravens croaking and screeching over the carns of Pednsawnack and Porguarnon Cove, or for the dirge-like song proceeding from the mermaid's rock, near Lamorna, on which the treacherous maid, whose dwelling is

but many years ago we have often heard an aged lady who was born and bred near Alsia, and who was well acquainted with the legendary lore and old customs of the district, say that in her younger days, the saint's well of Alsia was almost as much frequented on the three first Wednesdays of May as the noted well of Chapel Uny. Mothers came from far and near, with their weak and rickety children, that they might be strengthened by being bathed in the waters of the holy well. Moreover, the same old lady, to whom we are beholden for many of the incidents of the legend, informed us that it was not unusual for these pilgrimages to be the occasion of a fight between the women of Alsia and the pilgrim-mothers, when the good housewives caught the strangers dipping the precious babes into the enclosed part of the well, or the place from which the neighbours drew their drinking-water. The old lady remembered seeing the stand of the cross near the well, but the shaft had been broken and removed before her time. We may remark that many of these cross-stands (which are generally flat stones of some three feet square, with a soffit in the centre, of the size to take in the foot of the cross) may often be seen, with the trough outside, in the face of some hedge near the spring beside which they were formerly placed. We could mention several. In one instance the cross has not long been removed to the meeting of some roads near a smith's shop, from beside the spring where it belongs, and where the stand might a few years since, perhaps, still be seen.

The holy well of Alsia was also one of the wishing, or divining, wells. Of a summer's evening scores of maidens might be seen around the well, eager for their turn to see what sweethearts would be united or parted, which they discovered by the fall of pebbles or pins, dropped into the water to the names of parties about whom the damsels were interested. As the articles remained in the water united, or severed, such was the fate foretold. The number of bubbles raised by the pebble falling told the number of years, or anything else, in answer to the question. Another method of divination practised by these nymphs of the olden time was by floating bramble-leaves on the well. We shall have occasion to remark, when noticing other charms and spells, that bramble-leaves are always used. Was the bramble a sacred plant used in any ancient religious rites?

We heartily wish that those who have these interesting mementos of the simple piety of the earliest Christians who trod the land would let them remain where placed by their sacred hands. Well and cross together always make an interesting group. Besides, many thus distinguished were ancient baptisteries, particularly when there was, as at Chapel Uny, St. Loy, St. Levan, and many other places in the Deanery a chapel or an oratory near the holy-well. There was also a spring called St. Ann's well, at Trewoof, noted for the medicinal properties of its waters. If the attention of our local antiquaries were directed to these vestiges of the past, they might induce the proprietors of the land on which they stand to prevent their farther removal and destruction.

The family name of Trenoweth (new town) is generally pronounced Trenowth. There are still many of the family in the west country.

beneath the flood, was dimly seen combing her yellow hair through the curtain of mist that stretched across the cove; but, when many months had passed, without any tidings of the young men were expected to return, without any tidings of them, their relations and friends became so uneasy that whenever a ship was known to have arrived at Market-jew, or any other port in the west, the anxious relatives of the youthful crew rode off to port in hopes of hearing something about them; at last a rumour spread that a vessel which had just put into Falmouth, brought the news that a Moorish pirate-ship, which was the terror of the seamen who traded to the Mediterranean, and of the people who lived near the shores of Spain and Portugal, had fallen in with a boat and crew in great distress, being without provisions and driven far off to sea, out of their course. The grief of old Lanyon for the loss of his only son far exceeded his former anger. Bitterly he cursed the pride that drove his only child to wander on the deep, and, tales of the cruelty practised by the Moors on their Christian slaves being then frequently related and much exaggerated, drove the old man to the verge of madness.

As if in some way to atone for the ill-treatment of his son, he humbled himself so far as to beg of the Trenoweths that Nancy might again come to live with them, but the miller, from a feeling of revenge, or pride, refused his request. Wretched indeed was the state of the sorrowing lonely old couple in the wisht and dreary house of Bosean: everything about the place, whether living or dead, appeared ill-wished and blasted. The forbidding visage of old Hugh, which expressed a union of selfishness, vanity, and moroseness, deterred all but the most hardy or the curious from having any intercourse with the old picture of ill-luck; and if any neighbour, by chance, out of sympathy for the bereaved, heart-broken mother, ventured into the gloomy abode that seemed to be cursed by God and forsaken by man, the constrained ungenial reception made it to be felt that what was intended for an act of friendship the inmates of the sad retreat regarded as an unwelcome intrusion, which was sure never to be repeated. Old Lanyon now seldom left his desolate domain, not even to attend the church, where he was formerly to be seen as duly as the sabbath came round. Perhaps the vanity of the old man (which, like all other ruling passions of foibles, increases with age) made him think that everyone would regard the threadbare condition of his homespun garment (ornamented as they were with the large silver buttons, buckles, and even tarnished lace that had passed as heirlooms through many generations) as giving too plain indications of the poverty he wished to hide.

The quarrel between the farmer and the miller became for a time the cause of a war of classes, within the very restricted field of action comprising the parish, which was all the world to the actors. The miller and his adherents compared those of the "gentil" class who starved themselves to make an appearance, to cows suffering from a certain disease, when they are said to have much grain but little fat. The grainy folks were not slow in returning the sturdy miller's gibes with jeers about his tolling twice or thrice, and other common millers' tricks. Soon, the wordy war came to blows, and the whole parish took sides with the one or the other of the two parties. There was so much heartburn and contention between those who were neither kith nor kin to farmer or miller that they seldom met at church or games, at fair or market, but quarrels ensued which were the cause of bloodshed and of ill-will that endured long after the pair, whose love was the cause of all the strife, rested beneath the sod. Another cause to increase the ire of the miller soon became but too apparent. The ancient dames of the hamlet easily divined, from the cherished remembrance of the experience of their own youthful days, what would be the result of the nightly meetings of the impulsive and thoughtless young lovers. Before the winter passed, the wise dames' forebodings proved but too true.

The miller tenderly loved his young and unfortunate daughter, and that her appearance in his house might not remind him of his grief, and that she might suffer less from the irksome life

she led with her sisters, who most bitterly would rail when speaking of poor Nancy's shame, she went to live with her grandmother, who was known as the wise woman of Alsia. The old dame's maiden name is said to have been Johanna Pendre or Pender. Though now only spoken of as old Joan of Alsia, she was related to many of the ancient families in the parish, and was noted as one of the wise women deeply skilled in the healing art. Her salves, ointments, and lotions, prepared from the herbs culled from the wilds and moors, were in great repute. The good folks came to be benefited by her charms, to be relieved from the spells of witchcraft and the blasting of the evil eye. Many unlucky mothers came to learn how they were to get rid of the changelings and cause the small-people (fairies) to restore the stolen children, concealed in their fairy homes. By her divining powers An Joan told the fortunes of the young and numbered the days of the aged. Besides all these professional avocations no other in the neighbourhood was so skilled in making sweet-drink (metheglin), and in distilling strong waters from the herbs of her garden, which contained every plant of repute for its medicinal virtues, every sweet flower then known in the country gardens to afford a honeyed store for the hives of bees that crowded every sunny nook and corner about the old dame's pleasant garden and cottage, which stood a little above the mill. Here poor Nancy found refuge, and here, with the sweetest flowers of early summer, an innocent babe was born into a sinful world.

The old desolate parents of Frank Lanyon again entreated Nancy to come with her child and live with them. Still she refused all overtures of peace and friendship from the parents of the man she had loved too well; yet, not willing longer to be a burthen on her aged grandmother, or perhaps being desirous of removing farther away from the too familiar acquaintances who often (when pretending to pity all the while) bestow the hardest words that tongue can frame, yet few added to her sorrows with a word of blame. When her child (a boy) was about six months old, and the delight of its grandparents, she left it to their care, again sought service, and found a home in Kimyel with a kind-hearted old couple who sympathised with her sorrows, soothed the pangs of her yearning heart, and calmed her anguish and distress, so that ere long she became tranquil and apparently composed, but never cheerful, whilst she was ever thinking of the wanderer whom she loved more than life. Scarce a day passed that (after a hard day's work) she did not walk all the way to Alsia to see his child and seemed as one dead to all other joys. About the time that Nancy took service in Kimyel a sealed bottle was picked up from the sands of Pen-an-vounder, or Porthcurno. The bottle was found to contain a paper dated many months past, from the Bay of Biscay, directed to Nancy Trenoweth of Alsia, on which was written the name of the dreaded pirate ship, with the names of Frank Lanyon and his comrades. This message from the ocean confirmed Nancy in the belief that ere long she would see her lover again. Yet so anxious was she to learn the fate of her sweetheart that almost every time she visited Alsia the old dame, to pacify her granddaughter, had to cast some of her divining spells, that they might discover the fate of Lanyon. By some mysterious means the wise dame saw that Lanyon would return, but beyond there was a cloud they could not penetrate, and a vision, shrouded in the garb of death, always appeared hovering near.

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## Part 2

"My bosom struggles  
To him—oh! where?  
Ah, might I but clasp him  
And fold him there!

And might I but kiss him,  
 As in wish I may,  
 My soul in his kisses  
 Should die away!

Where I see him not  
 Seems the grave to be!  
 Tuneless and harsh  
 All the world to me.

My heart is heavy,  
 My peace is o'er;  
 I shall find it never,  
 Oh, never more."—*Faust* (Filmore's translation).

So overpowering was the desire of Nancy Trenoweth to know the fate of her lover and if it were destined for her ever to become the bride of Lanyon, that, in company with two other love-sick damsels who were equally agitated by hopes and fears. she assayed what was then regarded as one of the most potent and fearful incantations, to induce the Powers of Darkness to lift the veil from that portion of their future destiny which they regarded as the main object of their existence:—when Allhallows eve came, they had all three prepared for the spell of sowing hemp-seed. Near the midnight hour, with the moon shining bright, Nancy left the house quietly (for fear of disturbing the old couple, who had long retired to rest), and met her companions in the town-place, where they had agreed to meet and work their spells. Nancy and one of her companions drew their circles at a good distance from, but within sight of, each other. Nancy was the first to sow the magic grains, and pronounce the seemingly harmless incantation of—

"Hemp-seed! I sow thee. Hemp-seed, grow thee.  
 And he who will my true love be  
 Come after me, and mow thee."

No sooner were the words three times spoken than a lurid thundercloud obscured the light of the moon. At the same instant a cloud of mist came sweeping in from over sea, rolled up the cleves with the speed of a whirlwind, came careering on to Kimyel town-place, and gathered around the circle in which Nancy stood, trembling with affright at the fearful visions her spells had summoned. The wind rose to a violent tempest, and the waves seemed to be breaking and surging around her. The dark clouds overhead became one sheet of flashing flames, which showed her The Apparition of Lanyon, surrounded by the surging waves and dripping wet, as if he had been drawn through the sea. He stood before her, dressed in outlandish garb—with a long and flowing coal-black beard, and glared on Nancy with such a look of terrible anger that she gave a fearful shriek, and the vision instantly disappeared.

The spectral sea and tempest, with the apparition of Lanyon, was neither seen nor heard by the other damsels, whose curiosity and hopes deferred urged one of them on "to try for her sweetheart;" but she had no sooner sown the seed and spoken the words "Let my true love come after me, and mow," then turning quickly round, in hopes to meet her destined bridegroom, she saw a white coffin resting within the circle. This unlooked-for vision caused her to run from the charmed circle towards the other girl (who stood near, being too timid to try the spell) and fall to the ground in convulsions. Nancy, who had somewhat recovered her fright, helped to convey their insensible companion to her home in the next hamlet, which she only left to be taken to her untimely grave, before the earliest flowers of spring bloomed in the meadows.

Nancy returned to Kimyel alone, to pass a sleepless night and wish for daylight, and that her daily task might dispel the terror caused by the fearful apparitions they had raised by their unholy spells, which left a dread of some impending evil harder to bear than the uncertainty about the fate of Frank Lanyon.

Madam Lanyon would also frequently visit the old woman of Alsia and weep over the remembrance of her son while seeing his beautiful boy. Above all, as she had firm faith in all the superstitious practices of the olden times, and venerated the wise woman of Alsia as a priestess of these ancient rites, she felt some gleams of hope when Johanna assured her that she was certain that Frank would return and claim Nancy for his bride, but all beyond was hidden from her view. Many a dreary winter's night, during the most violent tempests, the parents of Lanyon and his more than affianced bride would wander among the cleaves in the darkest nights, unable to rest, from their souls' ardent desire to behold, dead or alive, the one so dear to them.

March came, with its storms; and, one rainy and tempestuous night, the old couple, with many others, as if by some presentiment of impending fate, were drawn together in Baranhuel cliff, and they sought shelter from the blast and driving rain amidst the towering crags of Pednsawnack. Towards the middle of the night, sounds were heard as of sailors calling for help. The wailing voices, which were but indistinctly heard amid the booming of the breakers and the roaring of the gale, seemed to proceed from Porthguarnon Cove. The moon shone out for an instant, and the people on the cliff, running towards the place from which the voices appeared to rise, saw a large ship in the offing, and that a boat was driven on to a reef of shelving rocks and boulders in or near Porthguarnon. Many of the crew were struggling in the surf, or clinging to the narrow ledges of the rocks under the overhanging cliff, whence they had no chance of escape from the rising tide without the assistance of those on shore, to take them with ropes from the slippery shelves, to which they clung with the desperation of drowning men who felt the waves fast rising around and dashing over them. They had but little chance of escape from death at their own doors. Soon, amongst the cries of many calling for help, were distinguished the well-remembered voice of Lanyon, and of many of the brave young men who had left Penberth, full of hope, more than a year and a half ago. All those alive had kept together throughout their wanderings;—they had gained riches to their heart's content by taking the ship from the pirates, when they were about to sell them for slaves, and were now returning, to enjoy the fruits of their toil and hardship. The young men, over-anxious to land on their native shores, parted from the ship in a boat and made for Penberth, but in the driving rain they at first mistook the headland of Merthen Point for Pednsawnack, and the stress of weather drove them in on the rocks of Porthguarnon.

Ropes were soon brought to the cliff, and Lanyon, braving death, would have all the crew drawn up before himself. From long struggling in the surf to save his comrades, he had barely the strength to place himself in the loop of the rope, and was powerless to grasp it with his hands, or push himself clear of the overhanging rocks. When, after much difficulty, he was landed on the grass, he was found to be much battered and bruised, the blood flowing from his mouth, and he was apparently dead. Litters were soon formed, by placing beds on doors, which were sent from Baranhuel, with everything else that could be thought of for the comfort of the poor benumbed, half-drowned crew, who were carried up to the mansion. Over a while Frank Lanyon seemed to be recalled to life by hearing his mother's voice, and begged to be taken home to Bosean. When the bearers of the dying comrade of their early years reached the town-place, Frank begged to be left outside the house, as he knew that he had only a few hours to live, and that Nancy Trenoweth might be sent for without delay, for, unless he saw her before he breathed his last, he could not rest in peace.



The parents were so much overwhelmed with their grief that they thought no more of Frank's request, that Nancy should be fetched to him, until they were on their way home from seeing their son laid in his last bed in Buryan churchyard. They then regretted that they had placed him in the grave without paying any regard to his dying wishes, or to the woman who was still dear to him. No one, after the death of Frank, liked to be the first to give her the evil tidings.

After the desolate old couple had taken leave, in the church-town, of the friends who came from a distance, and of the few who accompanied them a little way on the road, they slowly and silently wended their way towards their dreary habitation, but when they came to Goonmenhere stile they felt impelled to turn down to Alsia, to see their grandson, and to tell the miller that in their grief they had neglected to fulfil the last request of the dead, and to beg them to send for Nancy. The rough but honest miller they well knew had ever more anger in his words than in his heart. They went on to Alsia. They felt that any other place would be less mournful than their own dreary abode. When they were seated by Johanna's fireside the old dame placed Frank's son in his grandfather's arms. The sight of the beautiful boy—the image of Frank at his age—gave the first cheering ray to the old man's heart. Whilst the grandparents were embracing and weeping over the child the old woman went quietly out, and in a minute returned with her daughter and the miller, who said and did everything they could think of to comfort the old Lanyons, and mingled their tears in the lament for the untimely fate of Frank.

As none but those who delight in giving pain are willing to be the bearers of evil tidings, Frank was laid in his early grave, yet Nancy had not even heard of the wreck, or that anything had occurred of what was on the tongues of all persons in the neighbourhood, except those of the lone house of Kimyel.

On the evening of the funeral, when the old folks with whom she lived (who always sent early to rest) were buried in peaceful sleep, Nancy, as was her custom, the last thing before closing the house for the night, went out in the town-place to take a parting look at the sea, which she regarded as the abode of the one who was never absent from her thoughts. The evening was calm and clear. Moon and stars were shining brightly. The smooth sea glistened in their light, as seemingly tranquil as if its waters had never rolled in fury; and the forlorn woman, still fair as the sky gemmed with countless stars, stood near a rock in the town-place, gazing over the boundless waters with a sad and wistful look, as if her spirit had departed to seek her lover through the boundless realms of ocean, earth, and sky. Perchance she thought of him, wearing out the strength of his young life as a galley-slave to the detested Moor, or as wandering over the savage lands and burning sands of Barbary. Her mind of her lover for ever dreaming, with unutterable longing to again behold him, she often murmured his name and forgot all else beneath the sun.

Nancy was roused from her mournful reveries by the tramp of a horse coming through the lane with unusual speed. She went towards the house and mounted the steps of the heaving-stock beside the door, the better to see who could be coming to the place at that unusual time, when she saw, approaching near, the well-remembered horse on which Lanyon often came to meet her in Alsia lanes. The rider, too, was dressed in the strange garb in which she saw the apparition of her lover when summoned by her spells. The horseman hailed her by name, in the sweet tones of her lover's voice, saying, "I am come, my love, to make thee my bride before to-morrow night." He brought his steed close beside the heaving-stock on which Nancy stood, spellbound, as ever, by the charm of love when she saw Lanyon. "Thy lips are icy-cold, dear Frank, and thy hand is cold and damp as clay," said Nancy, when she clasped his neck and kissed him. His eyes glared on her like those of a dead corpse, and made her

blood run cold, yet she had no power to resist his will when he said, "We have plighted our vows and sworn to be married, alive or dead; shrink not from me in fear, sweetheart, Come, mount behind me, and let us away;—ere to-morrow night thou shalt be my bride." With scarcely a moment's delay, Nancy sprang on the horse behind him. When to steady herself in her seat, she placed her arm around him, it became as stiff as iron and cold as ice. Away they went like a wind-blast; all things seemed to spin around them; rocks and hedges appeared flying past, as with fearful speed they shot through Trevellow lanes. The horseman spoke not, and nothing stayed their downward rushing course until they came to the waters in Trove Bottom;—there the horse stopped an instant to drink.

At that moment, the moon shining brightly behind them, Nancy saw, reflected in the water, the horseman before her like the corpse of Lanyon, arrayed in a shroud and other grave-clothes. Now she knew that she was carried away by a spirit; yet, as if bound by some magic spell, she had neither the power to move nor speak. Again they rushed on. The wind swept howling by them when they passed the trees in Trevider lane, and a tempest seemed to rage around, dashing on over hills and hollows, as in a few minutes they were near the smith's shop at the end of Burrian lane.

When Nancy saw by the light shining across the road from the forge fire, and by the sparks flying from the door and chimney, that the smith was still at work, she now recovered her speech, and, as they came careering on, called out with all her might, "Save me! save me! save me!" The smith sprang out with a bar of red-hot iron in his hand, and as they rushed by he caught hold of the woman or her dress, held her fast, and drew her off the horse. The spirit also grasped her dress, and the horse going like the wind, Nancy and the smith were dragged along past the old alms-house to the churchyard wall. Here the flying steed stooped for a moment, and the smith, with his red-hot iron, burned off the woman's dress from the spirit's grasp, when it rose from the horse, passed over into the churchyard, and with a wild, wailing, awful cry, like that of a man in his death agony, vanished on the grave in which Frank Lanyon had been laid a few hours before, and the piece of Nancy's dress, burned off in the spirit's grasp, was found the following day. The woman, more dead than alive, fell on the ground, while the horse white with foam, galloped off homeward, and was next morning found dead in Bosean town-place.

The smith there, assisted by some of the neighbours, took Nancy in a dying state to Alsia. She no longer desired to live when, on the way, she was informed of Lanyon's sad fate. After being laid on her mother's bed she only lived long enough to request that the child, then folded in her arms, might be given up to Frank's parents, who were there, beside her bed, weeping over her. Above all, she desired that they would lay her beside Lanyon the next day, before the hour in which unresting spirits leave their graves to seek the help of the living. Then she gently sank, and, when the morning light shone through the casement, the fair daughter of the Miller of Alsia was seen reposing in her last sleep—her countenance beaming with the same sweet and joyful smile it ever wore when she met her lover in their happiest hours.

And ere the stars of heaven shed their sparkling light into the honeyed cups of the stars of earth, the lovers reposed in the same grave, where the companions of their earliest years planted all the sweetest flowers, which were often sprinkled with the tears of young and old.

N.B. All the old story-tellers are particular in stating—that the piece of the woman's dress burned off in the spirit's grasp was found in Lanyon's grave when it was re-opened for Nancy's burial.

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## Sequel

“‘Fire on, fire on,’ says Captain Ward,  
 ‘I value you not a pin;  
 If you are brass on the outside,  
 I am good steel within.

‘Go home, go home,’ says Captain Ward,  
 ‘And tell your king from me,  
 If he reigns king upon dry land,  
 I will reign king at sea.’”—Old Song.

High winds from the south-east having increased to a tempest, none of that portion of the crew, who left the ship, with the intention of returning on board as soon as they had gained some tidings of their friends, attempted to put to sea again. But few hands were left on board, and the ship was driven ashore on the rocks near Lamorna Cove. where she became a wreck before the morning.

On the night after the funeral of Lanyon, some of his crew related to their old acquaintances in the public-house (whither they all assembled to renew their friendship with their old comrades, to cheer their heavy hearts with good strong drink, and to drown their sorrows and forget their cares over the pure home-brewed) that on the night of the 30th of October, Lanyon was for hours like one raving mad. They could scarcely keep him in the ship until he fell on the deck in a trance, and remained speechless and still as death for hours. When he came to himself he told them he had been taken to the village of Kimyel, and that if he ever married the woman who cast the spell he would make her suffer the longest day she had to live, for drawing his soul out of his body. The young men had often, before this night, related to their old comrades the story of their adventures in the pirate-ship, which adventures were thought to be nothing remarkable for those times. The contrary winds that came on soon after they left Boulogne (with a cargo of the choicest wines and cordials, strongest brandy, silks, laces, and other merchandise) became a fearful storm, which lasted several days, and drove them towards the south-east and far out of their course.

For several days they saw neither sun, moon, nor stars, and knew not which way to steer, for compass they had none. The fifth day, when the weather cleared, they were out of sight of land, and knew not what course to take to arrive at the nearest port. As much of their rigging was lost, and their eatables spoiled, they must either make land or perish, unless picked up by some ship; and they had been days on the look-out for some friendly sail, without seeing any other signs of human life than what their own frail bark contained. As well as they were able, they kept their course towards the east, hoping soon to reach the coast of France or Spain. When all but Lanyon had fallen to the bottom of the boat quite exhausted, he saw, and signalled to, a rakish-looking craft that was passing at no great distance. The boat's crew roused themselves and all joined to hail the passing ship.

They were at last noticed by the ship's crew, who, seeing their signal of distress, hove about and slackened sail. When taken on board the young men were too much exhausted to know or care what ship they were in, or with whom. They heard a strange lingo, saw strange swarthy-looking visages with long black beards, smelt the flavour of strange cookery, and soon made a hearty meal on what they were too hungry to examine, and fell asleep, quite worn out with their long watch, fast, and fatigue. They awoke from a protracted sleep much restored, and found that their knives and everything else they wore as armour or for self-defence, as well as the little money they had about them, was taken from them. When they arose, to examine the dark part of the hold in which they were placed, and found the doors and hatches secured by

massive bars and bolts, with chains and manacles fastened to beams and stanchions they then understood that they had fallen into the hands of Algerine pirates or Barbary corsairs. As the day wore on, a negro came below and made signs for them to go on deck, where they found a good repast of stewed mutton prepared for them. All but two of the ship's swarthy crew kept aloof, and seemed afraid of being polluted if they came near them. Even the rank negro who served the pirates' cabin—either from the monkey-like instinct of imitation, or the slavish perception which ever prompts the despicable race of black or white to lick the feet of the strongest and crush the weakest—pretended to find the strangers unclean and offensive, but a withering glance from Lanyon made the man skulk away, abashed. The young men also remarked that before meals and at stated times, there was a great show of washing without much regard to cleanliness, and that their captors often placed themselves in formal attitudes, made various prostrations towards the east,—in fact, according to their Mussulman notions, they were as religious a set as gentlemen of their profession could well be, under the circumstances, and were even regarded by their fellow-countrymen as holy warriors for making havoc on the unbelieving Christian dogs.

Their interpreters of the dubious oracles and wild fables of the prophet (like the priests of all other barbarous creeds) taught the ignorant and superstitious people that what the infidels regard as crimes are mere venial faults, compared with unbelief in what these interested interpreters of their prophet dictate as the will of Allah. This unbelief, they say, is the most heinous and unpardonable of all sins, because a sin against God; whereas all other sins, or what the infidels call crimes, are merely sins against mankind. As a consequence of this atrocious dogma, so dangerous in the mouths of interested fiery fanatics, these religious warriors spread rapine and murder into many peaceful Christian lands, believing all the while that they were offering an acceptable sacrifice to the god whom they created after their own image. It is well known that these bloody Algerine pirates were regarded by their countrymen as holy warriors in the service of Allah to subdue the unbelieving “dogs of Christians.” Yet little better could be expected of the people who regard the insane as the particular favourites of heaven, and as the oft-chosen instruments of the celestial powers for communicating their pleasure to the more sober sons of earth. The Mahomedan fanatics are not singular in believing the insane to be the most favoured of heaven. Notwithstanding the formal profession, by these sanguinary roving Moors, of unquestioning submission to the ordinances of their prophet, yet in their heart of hearts they were bound by no other laws than such as their pleasures or necessities dictated, and were striking examples of the general rule, that there is always a close connection between devoteeism and devilry—superstition and the most atrocious wickedness, like modern developments of cant, sanctimonious pride, and diabolically-treacherous actions.

There were two seamen on board who had been captured by the pirates many years before from a French ship, and had been retained instead of sold as slaves, because one of them was a clever cook, and had such a knowledge of surgery as was not to be despised, while the other was an able pilot. These wandering sailors, who had mixed for many years with people from all the trading parts of the world, seemed to belong to no country in particular, and their language was composed of a mixture of words from all the babels of the North and West, with many Levantine terms, which make up that confusion of tongues known in the Levant as the *Lingua Franca*, and which was a universal language among sailors of these times. These two Francs had much sympathy and liking for the young Cornish smugglers, which they contrived to express by signs and their universal lingo (when not watched by the jealous Moors), and informed the young men, with whom they had more affinity of race, that when they were taken on board, the day before the pirate ship was cruising near Corunna, waiting for more favourable weather to land in any cove or creek at no great distance, with the

intention of carrying off some Astrurian maidens for the harems of wealthy Moors, and youths to work in their gardens, and that their object for then setting sail for Levant was to take the young men to some market on the coast and sell them for slaves.

The young men of Buryan determined to fight hard for their lives, before they would be thus disposed of. As is well known, the Mahomedans are forbidden by the prophet to taste either wine or strong drink; yet these rovers took good care to save, and stow away, all the delicious wines, cordials, and spirits that they found in the smugglers' boat, and it was soon plain, by the altered demeanour of the usually gloomy and silent Moors, that they had made a law for themselves for the time, thinking, no doubt, that if Mahomed had only tasted the rich wines of France he would never have made the unreasonable ordinance to forbid the faithful from drinking nectar worthy of Allah. The first day the pirates indulged themselves so far, that in their early excitement they amused themselves by showing their contempt and practising on the fears of the captives and, displayed their exultation over the young men, whom they called Christian dogs, by torturing them in various ways, and finished their cowardly cruelty by spitting in the faces of the fettered, defenceless band. They became stupidly drunk and powerless before night, when the two Franks and Lanyon took advantage of the pirates' oblivion to all sublunary doings to procure themselves arms, and to provide the means of releasing the others of the smuggling band from the manacles to which they were obliged to submit, when they showed by signs that they wished to have some provisions, and to be allowed to proceed westward in their own boat. Afterwards, by the advice of their Frankish accomplices, they appeared to be as submissive as possible, to throw the Moors off their guard.

When the rovers roused themselves a little, the next day, their captain came into the part of the ship in which the smugglers were confined. He found them all apparently asleep and the negro keeping vigilant guard over them: then, seeing the cook busy in the galley, the pilot at the wheel, and the weather being so calm that the ship made no headway, he took some more of the nectar that the doctor-cook had taken good care to drug with some powerful opiate. All the other Moors, following the example of their captain, were, long before night, in such a state as to be unable to offer much resistance. After the negro (who could go to any part of the ship without suspicion) had procured them the keys of the armoury, that they might get such weapons as they required, the youngsters of Buryan got rid of their bracelets and placed them quietly on the arms of the drunken pirates. Then, as soon as a boat was ready, and a light breeze sprang up, they, with the help of the Franks and the negro soon put the Moors overboard.

In the rough handling required to haul the grimfaced pirates from their sleeping-places and to land them into the boat, many of them became sensible of their altered fortunes, and made such desperate resistance as occasioned much bloodshed. Yet, although some were bleeding freely, all seemed to be breathing when they were sent adrift at no great distance from the Spanish land with two or three days' provisions and a keg of water. The honest doctor-cook sent them down a bucket of such things as would be suitable for their stomachs when they got over their drink;—the good man would not even let a drunken Turk be without proper food if he could help it, as most seamen know there is nothing so bad as hunger to make savages of saints.

The pilot tried to make them understand the course to steer for the nearest land. The negro, who was a good Mussulman in his way, saluted his former masters with the ordinary salaam of "Allah is great, and Mahomed is his prophet; what is to be must be; the will of the Lord be done;" and, turning to his new masters, he called the Moors a set of nasty black niggers.

Lanyon was chosen captain; the treasures, money, and merchandize found in the ship were divided as equally as might be between the Buryan men, the Franks, and the negro (who was about the best sailor on board, and a favourite with the crew for his facility of adapting himself to any changes).

The wind being favourable for continuing their course towards the coast of Barbary, the new possessors of the pirate-craft resolved to try a scheme they planned by way of retaliation on those who are fond of buying Christian captives.

The ship had no sooner arrived within sight of a town on the Levantine shores, than Jewish or other dealers in human merchandize came off in their galleys, in hopes to procure some young Christian slaves for the Moorish bashaws of the city.

The negro and the two Franks were well known. The rest of the ship's company, by darkening their skin with gunpowder and donning the Moorish garb, were not remarked as strangers by the Jewish and Ishmaelitish dealers, who came with money or merchandize to pay for the captives that the nigger assured the Jews they would see below, where the captain was waiting to receive his friends. The merchants were no sooner below the hatchway than they found themselves gagged, and placed in the chains in which they expected to find some lovely Spanish damsels or stalwart youths. This game was played until they had as much provision and Moorish human chattels on board as they could well stow away and attend to. Then they set sail for the Spanish and Portuguese settlements in the new world. In repassing the Bay of Biscay, the bottle containing the paper, with the names of those on board, was committed to the deep, with but little hopes that its contents would ever reach Buryan. In some isle of the Spanish main they disposed of their Moors, who took to their changed condition with all the apathy for which these fatalists are remarkable. The rovers then made some profitable buccaneering expeditions to the Dutch, and other, isles and settlements, when they returned with the intention of selling their ship and merchandize in some English port and settling quietly at home.

Although the ship became a wreck, as related before, most of those on board, by swimming, reached the shore, and with the help of the others of the ship's company saved good quantity of the rich spoils of the wrecked pirate ship in Lamorna Cove, and gave much more than Lanyon's share to the old folks for his son. They say that the horse was found dead the morning after the spectre-bridegroom rode it to fetch his bride, either in the town-place of Bosean or in Baranhuel cliff.

## XV. Sarah Polgrain

There are many stories connected with the old superstition that when rash lovers make vows to be constant to each other, "living or dead," and one of the pledged dies far away from the other, the freed spirit at the appointed time traverses sea and land to fetch its affianced home to the land of shadows.

The legend of the lovers of Porthgwartha is founded on the same notion.

The most recent story we know (in which the same belief is shown to be still current) is that of Sarah Polgrain and Yorkshire Jack. The woman, who lived in Ludgvan (within the present century), was hanged for poisoning her husband, that she might make room for a horse dealer known as Yorkshire Jack. 'Tis said that the jockey was much enamoured of the woman, and that they had been for a long time criminally acquainted before he succeeded in instigating her to commit the diabolical deed. Jack accompanied the woman on to the scaffold, and there, standing by the beam from which the murderess was in a few minutes to be launched into eternity, the unholy pair kissed each other; and promises, confirmed by oaths, passed between them the moment before the woman was executed. 'Tis said that Jack vowed to be with her in three years. Soon after the woman's execution, Yorkshire Jack went to sea, that a roving life might dispel the gloomy thoughts caused by the remembrance of the reckless vow, carelessly made to satisfy the dying woman.

Disasters constantly followed all the ships in which this unhappy wretch sailed. Three years from the hour of the woman's death, Jack was on board a timber-ship, returning from Quebec, when, about midway across the Atlantic, a violent storm surrounded the ship; the affrighted crew saw in the lurid thunder-clouds the figure of a fiery female form and another of gigantic size, too frightful to look at! The figures stood over the ship, when the crest of a mountain-wave broke on the stern and swept the doomed man, who was then at the wheel, into the ocean. Immediately afterwards Yorkshire Jack was seen flying away to the westward, in the whirling thunder-cloud, between the figures who came in the storm, and who were no other than Sarah Polgrain and the evil spirit whose slave she had been on earth, and who was now her eternal master.

From the time that this western Jonah was taken away by the lady of his love and the devil, the ship was free from all the strange disasters which were constantly occurring on board during all the time that the haunted man was one of the crew.

This story obtained much notoriety from the anxiety of Ludgvan folks to prove that Sarah Polgrain had never been baptized in the water of their renowned saint's well, which is believed to protect all children baptized therein against the hangman and his hempen cord. Their joy was unbounded when it was found that a mistake had been made about the woman's birthplace, and that she had been christened in a neighbouring parish, so that the wonderful character of the parish well obtained more wide-spread celebrity than ever, which it retains to this day.

We are aware that a similar, if not the same, story as the above, of west-country smugglers taking an Algerine pirate-ship, is told of three if not more bands belonging to the west country. It has been said that the person who caused the monument to be erected on the hill near St. Ives, was, in his youthful days, the captain of a crew who performed a similar exploit, and continued their buccaneering expeditions in the same vessel many years, and gained the treasures, by fair means or foul, that enriched some of the great folks of that place.

The same adventures have been ascribed to Morvah and St. Just men, who, landing in Genvor Cove from a ship of doubtful fame, came to Penrose, and gave old Justice Jones a lesson in the laws of the high seas. There is good reason to believe that the honour is due to the Buryan band, as their story is of much earlier date than either of the others: besides, it is said that a woman of Penberth, who was *enciente* at the time of the wreck, was so much frightened at the first sight of a black, that the child she bore resembled the negro in everything but colour, and they say that in some of the descendants of the babe, African features were seen to crop out occasionally, down to the time of people still alive.



## XVI. The Dwelling Of Chenance

### **Lamorna Cove: The Dwelling Of Chenance: Joan's Trip To Penzance On Christmas Eve**

“In old wives’ daies that in old time did live,  
To whose odde tales much credit men did give,  
Great store of goblins, fairies, bugs, nightmares,  
Urchins and elves to many a house repaires.”—Old Poem.

There may still be found, just at the entrance of the vale of Lamorna, a few minutes’ walk ascending from the bare boulders of the cove, close beside the beautiful stream that leaps from rock to rock amidst the eddying pools and overhanging ferns and shrubs, some remains of the dwelling of a noted wise woman called Betty Chenance, and her husband Tom, who flourished here more than two centuries ago—if the story told about them in the old guise-dance of “Duffy and the Devil” may be relied on. We have been informed by several elderly persons that they remembered, on the spot we have endeavoured to indicate, the ruins of what appeared to have been a cottage and outbuildings, which were then known by the name of Chenance’s old walls. A few years ago, in seeking for the remains of the old dwelling, we discovered such a heap of stones and rubbish surrounding what appeared to have been a hearth and chimney-jambs, as satisfied us that we had found the house where Tom lived.

Little more is known of these folks than what has been preserved by an old Christmas-play. This ancient piece of mummary, or primitive drama (if one may apply so grand a term to what was probably never known the other side of Penzance) sayeth that, in the cider-making season, old squire Lovel, of Trove, rode up to Buryan church-town in the morning early, to procure some help to gather in his apples, when, as he came to Janey Angwin’s door, he heard a terrible noise of scolding within, between the old woman and her step-daughter, Duffy. Such a cloud of ashes and smoke was coming out of the doorway that the squire was almost blinded before he could make out that old Janey was beating the girl about the head with the skirt of her swing-tail gown, that the old dame (in her distraction—not knowing what she was about) had just used to carry out the ashes. The squire called out, “What cheer, Janey? What’s all the devil to pay with you in there, than?” Out ran the old woman, told his honour how the maid Duffy was all the time out courseying, or couranting with the boys,—that she would neither boil the porridge, knit, nor spin. “Don’t believe the old hussey,” says Duffy, for my knitting and spinning is the best in the parish, whatever the old slut may tell your honour;” with much more to recommend herself to the squire, who told Duffy that as she was such a good spinster he would take her down to Trove right away, if she would go, to spin for him, as his old housekeeper was blind of one eye and couldn’t see very well on the other. Duffy was glad enough to have a ride down to Trove behind the squire—anything for a change: so off they jogged. Duffy, mounted behind the squire, without either pillion or pad, arrived at Trove, where, by the aid of the devil, she soon becomes the squire’s wife (With this part of the play we have, however, nothing to do yet). The squire sent Duffy into the kitchen to tell Joan that she was come down to do the knitting and spinning for her. Then aunt Joan tells Duffy how she became blind of her right eye, all through the villany of Tom Chenance. We can tell the story no better than it is told by Joan in the guise-dance.

### **One-Eyed Joan’s Tale**

Sit down, Duffy, my dear; eat some bread and cheese; don't be afraid to drink the beer, it's all my own brewing,—the more you take the more good it will do ye; and I will tell ye how I lost the sight of my eye.

Now, I know for sure and certain that there isn't a ranker witch in all the country round than old Betty down in the cove, and her great long lanky Tom isn't a bit better than the St. Levan witches; they have all got strange dealings, I can assure ye.

The last Christmas Eve that ever was, I went to Penzance to buy a pair of shoes for myself, and some thread, buttons, and things to mend the skates (rents) in master's clothes; for he, good man, do what I may, is always as ragged as a colt: but how shouldn't he be when he is out hunting all the time, from the break of day till dark night, through bogs and brambles, furze and thorns, in all sorts of ploshes? No clothes could ever stand on his back, if one made them of leather. But he wouldn't care a cuss if he hadn't a coat to his back not a breeches to his legs,—no, not he, so give him his horse, and his dogs, and his old croney squire Pender, to have a carouse with every night.

As I said, I made up my mind to jog off to town. As [ dearly like company, and Betty down in the cove is always ready for a jaunt, thinks I to myself if she is a witch she will never hurt me, as I never crossed her in my life; and, witch or no witch, bad company is better than none they say; so I put on my hat and cloak, took my basket and stock, then off to the cove. Down by the end of Bosava lane I met two of Tom's great skates of maidens, with cowals, seemingly full of fish, on their backs. We stopped and had a chat. They always carry something in the cowals under the ferns that they make more of than the fish; whenever they call at any house, and they find the men out of the way, they give the tip-of-the-wink to their wives, for they all like a drop, and the jars of rum, gin, or brandy, are dragged out from among the ferns under the fish. If the wives haven't money they will give meat or other things of twice the value, and they never know when they had had enough of a good thing, as I tell master and squire Pender, when they are both so drunk that they can neither see, stand, nor go (nor lie on the ground without holding), that they destroy good liquor, instead of taking a little like I do, in moderation. Tom's girls asked me to take a dram. I told them I thought a thimbleful or so would do me good, as I had a long walk before me, and to come up to the squire's some time in the Christmas holidays and I would remember their kindness. It wasn't much turned of noon when I got to the cove, but there wasn't a soul to be seen about the place. All Tom's children, that belong home, were, according to custom, down by the seaside, ranging over the rocks, gathering limpets, catching pulcrons in the pullans, or paddling about in the sea—winter or summer no difference, a hardier set were never reared; and, to see the piles of crogans (limpet-shells) about outside of the house, one would think they ate nothing else but limpets and gweans (periwinkles).

The door of Tom's house was shut. I heard him inside saying something to Betty. I listened, but couldn't make out what they were talking about. That I might know what was going on, before lifting the latch, I took a peep through the finger-hole (latch hole) and seed Tom sitting down on the chimney-stool, with Betty standing alongside, taking some ointment from a box which she held in her hand, and rubbing it over Tom's eyes, mumbling all the time something that sounded like the verse of a charm. There seemed to be other voices within as well. I listened with all my ears to find out was going on. Many said that Betty was something worse than a white witch, and Tom's piercing dark eyes made some believe that he had all the power of the evil eye; yet they are beautiful eyes too. You have seen the bright sky shining in a smooth pool, when the water seemed as deep as the sky was high; such are the dark-hazel eyes of Chenance, until an angry cloud passes over them; then the lightning-flashes dart on those who dare cross the man and make cowards quail.

Not being able to hear from the door, I went round to a little window (a sort of air-hole always open), in the chimney-end, looking out over the brook. When there I was not much the wiser, because there is such a brake of ivy and honeysuckle growing all over the walls, the roof, and wreathing together round the chimney-stack, that there is scarcely a stone or any thatch to be seen, and a thicket of sweet-briar sprouting out under the window hid all within from sight; and, with the murmuring of the waters, the singing and tweeting of the robin-red-breasts that flew in and out of their nests on the rafters, and the buzzing of the bees that had long made their home in the hollow wall, flying about the same as on a summer's day, hindered me from hearing what was going on within. The windows of Tom's house looked towards the sea. The door is on the land side; so I returned to the door side and sat down a moment on the bench placed under the ash-trees that are planted round the house according to the old custom for the sake of keeping the adders away. Then, going to the door and peeping through the finger-hole again, I saw that Tom rose to come out, and noted that Betty put the box of ointment in a hole beside the chimney. When Tom came close to the door I lifted the latch and entered. After all the "how-de-does," "how glad I am to see Aunt Joan," and so on, out went Tom.

As soon as he was gone out of hearing, says Betty, "Now we will have a good drop to ourselves as it is Christmas-eve; it will do us good. I shan't be able to go to town," says she, "because I have been very bad all day with the wind in my stomach, and can't get well all I can do, for all that I have been crameing, standing on my head, taking milk and soot, brandy and rue, gin and pepper, and everthing else I ever heard to be good for curing the mullygrubs." "I'll take a thimbleful, just to drink your health and a merry Christmas to ye, with all my heart," says I. She asked me if I would take a cup of sweet drink, or a glass of rum or brandy, or some of both. Betty is noted for making the best of sweet drink, but as that is rather cold I told her to put a dash of rum in the sweet drink, and I would take a drop of brandy after. Then she went to the spence that is screened off under the talfat<sup>7</sup> in the other end, and all shelved round with old wreck timber, to get the liquor. As I said before, everybody had often wondered how the great long Tom's eyes were always so bright and piercing, but now I knew that it must be all owing to the fairy ointment or witch-salve that they made and used. "Well," thought I, "if the salve is so good for his eyes it will do no harm to mine, as they are rather dull sometimes." So, as soon as Betty entered the spence, I took the box of green ointment from the hole where she had covered it up with some ferns, and, taking the least bit on the top of my finger, put it to my right eye. The confounded stuff had no sooner touched my poor eye than I felt as if a stick of fire, or all the needles and pins in my pocket, had been thrust into it!

Betty remained, by good luck, a long time in the spence, sucking a drop from the jar by herself, I s'pose. Before she came out I had fixed myself in the dark corner of the chimney, and dragged the brim of my hat down over the right side of my face (I wore my best steeple-crowned, broad-leaved beaver), and never made sight nor sign to her of anything. After we had dranked each other's healths three or four times, in some capital French brandy, the pain went off a little, but I couldn't think where in the world she could contrive to stow away all the children by night: they have ten or a dozen home, besides ever so many away to sea. Tom don't know himself how many she's got, half the time, for Betty never makes any fuss about bringing them into the world. No one comes near her (that anybody knows of), but all are

<sup>7</sup> *Talfat*, mentioned above, is a half, or part, floor at one end of a cottage on which a bed is placed. Sometimes this kind of stage, or gallery, is screened by a boarding from the floor (planching) to the key-beam; oftener there is only a railing placed to prevent anyone from falling over into the room. When the room under the talfat is not wanted for a bed-place, it is mostly dignified with the name of the "spence."

born by the hearth,—the last child is turned out of the costan (straw and bramble basket), where it lays on green ferns, and the new one, wrapped in a few clean rags, is put on some fresh ferns in its place. Then she goes about her work. There is no fuss about the matter. Ten to one if Tom knows anything about it for days after. I asked Betty where all of them contrived to roost. “Wherever they have a mind to,” says she; “some of the smallest (except the babies) get up on the talfat and stretch themselves in the bed, round the bed, and under the bed, as they like; and look there at that little talfat, or bunk if you will, in the top of the wood-corner, that Tom made out of some wreck timber the other day, that the bigger boys might have a place to themselves. As you see, he put in two strong beams to reach across from the wall-plat to the side of the chimney, then put some planks upon them. To be sure the place isn’t so deep in as it ought to be for the boys to stretch out at full length, as the outside only just reaches to the bowings of their knees; but what matter? they like the place well enough, and their legs hanging down over, when they have a mind to stretch out, will make them grow all the longer! Half the time they are never in the house at all by night, but sleep down in the boat, when she is moored to the ring-rock and all afloat.” “Well,” says I, “there isn’t a healthier nor a handsomer set of boys and maidens in the parish than yours:” and, to give the devils their due, no more there isn’t.

“Come, you shall take another dram, Aunt Joan” said she, “to drink health and long life to them all, in some of as good French brandy as ever you tasted. All our maidens, as well as our boys, swim like gulls and dive like shags. They will no more be drowned than a conger. What do you think of the freak of the maid Jenefer? After hearing a lot of stories about the mermaids combing their hair and singing on the half-tide rocks, she took it into her head to play the same pranks, in the summer evenings, on the rock you know we call the mermaid’s rock. There she would fix herself to sing with the tide rising over her, and there remain until she was more swimming than sitting, when she would dive under the waves and swim ever so far away before come ashore. Now, ever so many of the rest carry on the same fun, so that sailors going by, who hear their songs and see them seated on the rocks, would swear that they saw a whole shoal of mermaids in the cove.”

When we had drunk to the health of the mermaids, I ventured to wipe the water from my face with my apron, and to open my anointed eye, and oh! the Lord deliver me from what I see’d—the place was full of sprites and spriggans; in all the folds of the nets and sails, that were thrown over the key-beams, in the clews of ropes that hung from the rafters, troops of small-people were cutting all sorts of capers; some of them were playing in pairs at see-saw all along the talfat railing; the little creatures were tossing up their heels, waving their feathered caps and fans as they launched up and down on the merest bits of stick or green twigs; numbers of them were swinging in the cobwebs that hang from the rafters, or riding the mice in and out through the holes in the thatch.

I noted that all the little men were dressed in green pinked out with red, and had feathered caps on their head, high riding-boots (with silver spurs) on their heels; their ladies, if you please, were all decked out in the grand old fashion—their gowns were of green velvet with long trains, some looped up with silver chains and bells or tassels; other had their trains sweeping behind them as they walked in grand state, on their way up and down and all about the place: they seemed to think there was nobody in the house but themselves forsooth, prancing about in their high-heeled shoes, sparkling with diamond buckles. The little women all wore high-crowned, steeple-hats like mine, to make themselves look taller I s’pose, the vain little mortals, with wreaths of the most beautiful flowers of all colours around them, sprigs and garlands on all the other parts of their dress and in their hands as well, flirting their fans in the faces of the men. They were the sauciest little mortals I ever did see. What puzzled me the most was to see so much sweet flowers with them at that time of the year.

Though old mistress, the squire's mother, the Lord rest her, had often told me that the fishermen, when out to sea on moonlight nights, see the small-people's gardens down among the cleves and carns, blooming with the gayest flowers all the year round, and the most soothing music is often heard by them resounding along the shore, from sawn to carn, I wasn't much frightened to see them, for I had heard about them and their doings ever since I was born, and knew then that Betty had the secret (among many others she had learned in her strange dealings) of making the fairy ointment, that made me see with my anointed eye all that was going on in the fairy world. When I peeped round into the wood-corner, under the boys' bunk, I spied some of the ugly spriggans seated in the dark corner looking very gloomy, because they are doomed to guard the treasures, and to do many other irksome things that the merry small-people are free from; besides, the small-people are very restless and changing, even when they hold their fairs: for these merry meetings, to show their vanities, only last an hour or two. Whilst looking into the dark corner, I heard the strains of sweet but unearthly music outside the house and, looking again around the house, all was changing. Ever so many robin red-breasts were coming in through the open window and, perching themselves on the key-beams, sang as if they had a mind to split their throats. The tittering wrens left the mossy balls of nests they had built themselves under the perlins, and, hopping and flying, came down on the clews of ropes, to do all they were able with their tweeting to increase the music that was now close at hand under the little window, through which a moment aft, a troop of the small-people entered, playing such sweet strains on the pipes, flutes, flageolets, and other instruments they had made with green reeds of the brook and shells of the shore, as made even the pert robins keep silence after they had tried in vain to equal the notes of the fairy strains.

The fairy-band stepped down most gracefully from the little window-seat, on to the floor, and were closely followed by pairs of the little ladies, and some few of their gentlemen, all bearing bunches of herbs or flowers. All walked in orderly procession, bowed or curtsied to dame Chenance, and stood at a little distance behind her until some elderly fairy gentlemen, who closed the procession, came up and cast their herbs into her apron. I saw among them many bunches of the four-leaved clover (with which the ointment is made that enabled me to see all their doings). They brought her sprigs of agrimony, bettony, camomile, vervain, mouse-ear, and hundreds of other plants from down and moor that I don't know the names of. With these she makes her salves and charmed lotions. Now, all the fairies who had been enjoying themselves in all parts of the house, came around the musicians and the others who had returned with herbs and flowers. Betty seemed to be so used to what was going on that she did not look surprised, and I said nothing to let her know what I saw. She is always as clean as water can make her, or as the whitest shell on the shore; that day she had on, as usual, her dark russet-coloured quilted petticoat, with a white jacket of her own knitting made of the softest lamb's-wool yarn. For the sake of showing her dark chestnut curling hair, she seldom puts a hat, and never a cap, on her head; whether good or bad, she is always clean and handsome. As soon as the small people who bore herbs retired, others approached, and poured over her dress (from the unopened flowers or bottles of the foxglove) such dews or dyes as they gathered from sea or land, or God knows whence. The dyes had no sooner touched her dress than it was changed into a three-piled velvet of the same colour; the jacket became the finest and softest cloth, of a rich cream colour. Then others laid silver cord all over the quiltings that divided out the petticoat into diamond-shaped squares. The whole troop then advanced to deck out the dame with their flowers. Many brought little nosegays of the sky-coloured speedwell, with its flowers so like innocent eyes; other of the pimpernel, its dainty blossoms and globes of seed; the forget-me-not, eyebright, sweet lady's tresses, violets, heath-bells, and abundance of the dainty little bells—blue, pink, or white—that we find in such plenty on the moors in summer time, and hundreds of other fairy flowers like

stars, bells, or butterflies that I never heard any names for. All these flowers were made up into the daintiest little sprigs of nosegays you ever saw—all of the same size yet all differently composed. These delicate sprigs were stitched (by the ladies who came down from the talfat) all over the silver-corded petticoat; a sprig in the middle of each square. Some very tiny flowerets were placed in a ground of delicate branching moss and flowers of wild grass; others they placed on the smallest leaves of the lady fern, or of the camomile plant. Near the bottom of her skirt, all around, the little ladies made a wreath of small bramble leaves, intermixed with the most delicate bramble roses, and their berries red and black. There was little other ornament on the jacket than the finest of lace turned over collar and cuffs, and a few such sparkling jewels to fasten it as dazzled my eyes—even the charmed one.

Many of the little creatures perched themselves on the top of the high-backed chair, on which dame Chenance sat, and even on her shoulders that they might come to arrange every curl and every hair on her head. Some took the lids off the pretty little urns they bore in their hands and poured a perfume on her head, that spread the sweetest odour around the place. I very much admired the neat little urns, and their grooved lids, but when I picked up one it was only the seed-cup of the wild poppy. And her apron! oh, I forgot to tell how her check apron became (after she had placed the herbs away) a cross-barred sheeny silk, bordered with wreaths of convolvulus. They placed no other ornament in her hair than a small sprig of holly with a few red berries on it, or was it a cluster of ivy-berries I can't say: yet the dame of Chenance, decked out by her fairy friends, was more gay than the loveliest queen of the May. The work was done by the fairy fingers in less than no time; their band playing such lively airs all the while that they could not be slow in their motions. My senses were overcome with the smell of the fairy odours, the scent of the wall-flowers and honey with which the hollow walls of the house were bursting, and even the honeycombs were hanging down outside the stones under the ivy-leaves, so that they contrived to get much honey without ever killing the bees. The bees might always be seen flying about the house like the birds, and never stung anyone belonging to it.

When I waked up from my doze, I saw that many of the small trade were making wry faces at me, and Betty herself looked as if she wished me to be gone; and, to tell the truth, I was getting rather frightened at the strange doings around me, though we have all heard of such things from our cradles. I soon took my basket and stick, and wished her good afternoon, when I had asked her up to Trive to try our Christmas cheer. Tom is always sure to be here, as he takes the part of the Turkish knight in the quire's guise-dance: he is black enow, to be sure, to pass for any Turk, and my son, the squire's man Jan, as everyone calls him, acts the part of St. George.

When I had passed out and shut the door, for the life of me I could not leave the strange place without taking another peep through the finger-hole, and—would ye believe it?—when I looked first with my left eye there was nothing strange to be seen: the house was all bright and clean, as it always is; the sun was shining in through the windows on the newly-sanded floor; the robins, wrens, and bees are half fairies, I do believe,—they were there flitting about the house, and Betty was seated on the chimney-stool mending some of the children's clouts. I winked, and, looking again with my other eye, saw that the room was changed into a chamber-of-daiz, or banqueting-room, such as I have often seen in my younger days, when old mistress put me with her in the visits she made to a grand place up the country, where some of the squire's rich relations live. But nothing I saw there was so gay as the dwelling of Chenance. The walls were all hung with tapestry, where one might see, as large as life, the pictures of everything on sea and land. In place of the talfat was a grand balcony, with lords and ladies looking down over the railing on the sports below, where the small people were dancing. These left circles of sparkling diamonds behind them wherever they moved on the

marble floor. The mistress of the house I saw seated in state under the canopy, casting glances at the door that I didn't much like, and some of her imps looked as if they had a mind to play me a trick.

I tore myself away, glad to get out of the cove. All about the place seemed enchanted. As I crossed over to Kimyal cliff I met many more of the fairy tribe, all bound for the dwelling of Chenance. As I went up the cliff the tide was flowing. One might hear the singing of mermaids above the murmur of the waves, yet it might only have been the wild children of Lamorna sporting on the rocks.

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## **The Dwelling Of Chenance Part II**

“Our nurse, our dear old faithful Joan,  
What pleasant tales she told,—  
Adventures that herself had known,  
Or legends quaint and old;

Unceasing marvel each excites;  
Untired, her stores we claim,  
Close seated round o' winter nights,  
Beside the faggot's flame.”—Anon.

I was soon across the fields through Kimyal, Ragennis, Halwyn, Paul church-town, and out to Choon. I skipped along, went down over Paul hill as lively as a kid, feeling that the drop of French brandy had done me all the good. How true the old saying is, that “a spur in the head is worth two in the heels.” I dearly like the truth.

It must have been about four o'clock when I arrived in Penzance. After I had done my marketing, I took a turn down to the new public-house in Market-jew-street, to have a drink of beer with the piece of Christmas cake I brought in my pocket to eat on the road. The house was so full there was no getting within, and I sat down, with many others, on the long bench placed under the trees opposite the door. The tapster brought us out our drink. There were a number of travellers' and carriers' horses fastened to the mangers placed under the trees below. I courseyed with a few old acquaintances, and we wished each other a merry Christmas in some very fair ale, and a little brandy after, that it might not be cold in the stomach.

Old friends are loath to part, and I should have stopped much longer if it had not been getting dusk very early. Besides, I thought what a way master would be in if he hadn't the spices brought home in time for making the Christmas ale. I had forgotten some few arrants too, and when up among the standings, again looking up such things as I wanted, who should I see but Tom Chenance!—who but he, whipping about as brisk as a bee from standing to stall, picking and pocketing all that pleased his fancy, and nobody seemed to notice him. He took hanks of yarn, stockings, and cloth from one, shoes and leather, pewter spoons and knives, from another, stuffing all into his wallet together. I could hardly believe my own eyes. I looked and looked again to be sure, before I went up to him, and said, “Tom, artn't thee ashamed to be here in the dark carrying on such a game?” “Ah, ha!” says he, “is that thee, old Joan? which eye can ye see me upon?” After winking, it seemed to me that my left eye was bleared, for I could only see him on the right—the one that had been touched with the ointment. I answered, “'Tis plain enough that I can see thee on my right eye.” Then, looking as if he would look me through, he brought his hand up close to my face; he pointed his finger to my right eye, and mumbled out a spell, but I could only catch the words

“Thou cursed old spy—  
 Thou shalt no more see me,  
 Nor peep nor pry  
 On that charmed eye.”

Then he blew in my face, and, when his blasting breath struck my eye, all the sight was gone; and from that day to this I haven't seen a blink on my blighted eye. I was almost made with the pain, as I tumbled up and down, calling on the market-women to catch the thief; but they couldn't see the villain. I didn't think of it at the time, but the same devil's salve that caused me to see him made the thief to be unseen. Some (who were no better than the thief himself) said I was a drunken old baggage, and told me to go home the same way as I came. I was so bewildered and “tossicated” about that I couldn't tell whether I was going towards the Quay or St. Clare, Alwarton or Market-jew, nor where I was at all, until I again found myself down by the door of the public-house. Then I just took one horn of beer to deaden the pain in my eye, but wouldn't take any more for fear of making my head light.

By good luck I took my bearings right, blind as I was, and steered my course down Voundervoor and over the horse-tracks among the sandybanks, on the Green,—and what a dreary lonely road that is too—not a house as large as a pig's crow beside the road all the way from Voundervoor to Tolcarn, nor a single light to be seen shining from a casement anywhere, except in the windows of a few fishermen's houses in the place they have now named Newlyn. Not being able to see more than half the road I often fell into the ditch on the blind side, and, for fear of missing the track and getting too near the sea, I fell over the low hedge into Park-an-skebbar (the field below the barn belonging to Tolcarn). It was no more than six o'clock then, so the maidens told me who were in the field milking, and the way they were so late was because they finished decking the house with holly and bays, and other Christmas greens, before they came out. One of the boys who brought out the hay for the cows put me down as far as Tom Treglown's smith's-shop (you know where it is), a little below the stepping-stones that cross Tolcarn river. Tom took me in and gave me a good glass of new-fashioned, nice cordial called shrub. I would have taken another with all my heart if he had asked me,—it did my stomach so much good; but it is such precious stuff, or he liked it too well himself to ask me take a second glass. However, he was civil enow to lend me a hand to get across the stream. And well for me that he was there to help me; one can never see well where to place one's feet on the stepping-stones when the water is eddying about them in the moonlight, even when one has the best of sight.

My dear Duffy, you may be sure that I was very glad to find myself in Paul, and so near home once more. Thinks I to myself I shall be home yet all in good time for the squire to have the spice and things for the Christmas ale: another hour's walk, or less, will bring me home. I hoped that my troubles were over now; but, good Booth, they were hardly begun yet, my dear cheeld, for I didn't reach home for that night. And now I must stop a spell, and have a horn to wet my whistle, before I tell ye of the narrow escape I had of being carried away bodily by the Old One, more than once, before I reached Trove bottom. And I feel dry whenever I think of it.

I left the smith's house, hoping to reach home in time to get the supper for master and the company that were sure to be at Trive on Christmas Eve, but when I had dragged myself up Paul Hill it was hard work for me to stand up, and I determined, as I passed Choon, that if there was any light to be seen in Rose-an-beagle I would go into Aunt Joney Polgrain's and stop for the night; but when I reached the end of the lane there wasn't a glimmer of light to be seen in the house. Thinks I to myself, dame Polgrain is gone to roost, and, as she isn't the best tempered body in the world, there will be but a cold welcome for me if I disturb her.



Then, to rest myself awhile and think whatever I should do to get home, I fell to sit, as I though, on a green bank beside the road, but instead of finding myself on a bank plump down I went in a pit of muddy water, with my heels tossed up higher than my head. By much kicking and scrambling like a toad on his back getting out of a hole, or a dumbledory (beetle) kicking himself clear of the dung, I got up to my knees at last, and begged and prayed that I might find an old quiet horse in the lane to have a lift: else I felt (as the weakness of my legs, the sickness of my stomach, and the pain in my eyes, altogether, made my head so light that it was no easy matter for me to stand steady) I should never be able to get home for that night, with my streaming-wet, quilted coats hanging about my legs. I should have been ashamed to go into any decent house then like that of Joney Polgrain, if there had been any light to be seen.

After wringing my petticoats, and going on a few steps, there in the ditch (as it seemed in answer to my prayers) stood an old horse, that I took to be uncle Will Polgrain's grey mare (I had seen the beast some place before) spanned with a halter, and eating from the hedge. 'Twas only the work of a moment for me to untie the halter from the legs of the horse, and place it over his head and ears, then to mount his back from the hedge. I had to place myself astride. Nobody could sit sideling, bare-ridged, on the lean, razor-backed thing;—as well try to balance oneself without holding fast on the top of a gate or on a pike-staff. That I mightn't be cut in two with the sharp backbone of the beast I got back on the cheens as far as one could without falling over behind. The beast, at first, would hardly move one foot before the other, with all the whacking I gave it with my ivory-headed cane over every part within my reach. I might cry gee-up and gee-ho; devil a bit the faster would the old thing go, until we got near Trevella, when it pricked up its ears at the cry of some hounds giving tongue (as they often do when out hunting by the moonlight). The beast took off to trot going down Trevella lane, faster and faster still, with such rough motion and high action, bump, bump, I couldn't keep my seat without a tight grasp on his tail with my right hand, the halter I held in my left hand, and the basket was swinging on that arm: by the time I had the power to sling my cane by the leather loop over my wrist, that I might have the firmer holdfast of the tail of the hoss, or of the devil, or whatever it was, it went like the wind. The more I cried wo-hey! wo-ho! the faster still the thing would go, and seemed to me, by the time we reached Trevella lane's end, to be grown as high as the tower. Then it would leap across all the turnings, and over the corners of the hedges coming into the lane. The wind rose at the same time to a hurricane; mingled with the roaring of the storm was the howling of the dogs, and the blast of the huntsman's horn. The thing I was mounted on often rose on end, or plunged in such a way that my heels were sent aloft and my head thrown over the tail, or the pitching of the thing would bring my head down on his shoulder; but, worst of all, my cane hanging down over the rump of the thing, swinging by the thong to my wrist, was sent by the flying legs of the devil's charger all the time walloping about my head and ears like a threshal (flail). Do but think, my dear Duffy, what a picture I must have looked, as we galloped along through Trevella lanes—my best steeple-crowned hat hanging over my back by the strings round my neck, the basket swinging on me left arm, which was dragged out of joint with holding on the halter of the hard-headed brute.

I kept a good holdfast on the tail of the beast for a long while, but at last, with snorting and blowing, it made a rush over the hedge through bramble and bush into the croft, then back in the lane again, and down the road faster and faster—stones and fire flying, the wind howling, and getting under my coats, I was so tossed about that I lost my mainstay; that being gone, the wind would every now and then take me up so high that I could barely touch the back of my steed with the high heels of my shoes. On the Clodgy Moor the devil, or dragon, or whatever I was mounted on, took off the road towards the fowling-pool, and people say, you

know, that the devil's huntsman and his hounds have often been seen (after hunting Trevella and Mimmis cars) to come down over the moor and vanish in the Clodgey pool. The halter in my left hand was the only stay that now kept me on the thing, often more standing than sitting, when it galloped round and round the pool. With my stick I hindered it from plunging into the water, and kept on its back until the blast of a whirlwind getting under my coats made me lose the halter and took me up like a feather, towers high. I was kept long hovering in the air and mounting higher and higher until I lost sight of this wicked world. My scarlet cloak spread out on one side, the open skirt of my gown on the other like the outstretched wings of an eagle; true, I never did see one, yet any person (who had chanced to have seen me then) must have taken me for a very uncommon bird, or when coming down one might have taken me for a monster of a kite, and have shot me whilst in the sky beating on against the wind, if the Powers that raised me above this sinful world had not preserved me in a wonderful way from man and devils. Whilst I was flying in the air, with outstretched wings, the black huntsman came down the road over the moor and his hounds came around the pool to drink. The devil's charger (that I was taken from by a miracle that I might escape the old one) ran on to the road, the huntsman blew his horn, sprung on the steed, and when I was dropping slowly down I saw them all—man, horse, and hounds—going like lightning down the moors in flashing balls of fire. By a great mercy I came gently down and alighted on a brake of rushes when I again touched the ground. There was plain proof in the sickening smell of sulphur all around that the being who rode the beast away was one of brimstone, and not of clay. Through all my riding and flying I kept my basket and stick. The bunch of rushes I was landed on was surrounded with bogs like an island in the sea. In getting off, and wading through the mud on to dry land, my shoes were dragged from my feet; then, barefooted, I hobbled down the moor, keeping on the grass all the way.

It took me a long time to hobble along barefooted from the fowling-pool to the large rock on one side of the brake of thorns, near the horse-track, at the bottom of the moor. I rested a few minutes on the lew side of the rick and was preparing to start once more for home, when I again heard the sounds of the tramp of a horse, the winding of the bugle-horn, and yelping of the hounds. I shook with dread and fear, fell on my knees in prayer that the Lord might again deliver me from the black huntsman, who was now so near that I heard the snorting of his steed. A moment after the sound of the horse's hoofs came within a few yards of the brake and rock; then ceased. I prayed with all my power that the Old One might be deceived of his prey that night. Not hearing any sounds for some time I ventured a look towards the road, and there, at no great distance off, I spied the black huntsman, seated on the same horse with a pillion behind him. We have all heard of the wiles of the devil, and the various schemes he takes to tempt poor creatures to their destruction. I prayed that I might not be beguiled by false appearances, nor by any of the allurements of the evil one (who was now come to try the power of his illusions on my poor wearied carcase). As I prayed with all me strength that the devil might not discover my place of refuge, he blew a blast on his bugle-horn, called his hell-hounds together, and galloped up the hill. Not a moment longer would I stay on this haunted moor. Not even Sennen Green and Kelynack Downs have a worse name than the Clodgey and the cars around it. I got at last to the gate opening into the North Downs;—the gate is near the river, and just inside the gate is the bowjey, where plenty of straw is kept under hand for the young cattle on the downs and moors. I felt as if my bleeding feet would carry me no farther, to save my life. It was as much as ever I could do to crawl into the bowjey, and fall down, more dead than alive, among the straw. I was then within a quarter-of-a-mile of home, yet had it been to save my soul I could not have gone a step farther.

Although my pains and sufferings were dreadful, I soon fell into a troubled sleep, with fatigue and weakness, and was again waked up by the tramp of a horse and the barking of

dogs, that were soon in the house, all around and treading over me. Grasping my stick, to beat them off, I heard the tramping of boots near the door. "Avaunt thee, sathanas, in the name of the Lord," cried I; and, when I ventured to take my hand from my eyes, there was the squire with a lantern in his hand and the man Jan close behind.

"What have we here? May the devil run away with me," says the squire, "if our old Joan isn't here among the straw dead drunk! when men and boys, with horse and hounds, have been trying to hunt her up in the town and all the country round, during the whole of this blessed night."

"Oh! master," I said, for the sake of all I have done for you, from your cradle to the time you were booted and breeched, do leave me to die in peace and bury me decent, I beseech ye. By all that I have done and suffered for ye, from the time ye mounted a horse until this the last hour of my life, by the remembrance of all my knitting and spinning, for the sake of all the pies and puddings I have made, and by all that I have done and suffered for ye from the time ye first mounted a horse until this last blessed hour of my life, oh! my dear master, swear to me, by your horses and hounds and all you love best, that you will leave nobody abuse me after I am gone above to my old mistress; but whatever shall I tell her about this wicked world and the bad doings of the people of Buryan?"

"Tell her! tell who? Hold thy tongue, old fool!" says the squire, after I had made this tender appeal to his best feelings, that might have touched the heart of a dumbledory. Then turning to my unnatural son, he said, "Jan, my dear man, run down to the mill as fast as thee cust lay feet to ground, for the miller's wheelbarrow, that we pay get out old mammy home before she is frozen to death: tell the miller to bring a flask of brandy, and dame Tremellyn to come up quick with some blankets, flour-sacks, or anything that comes to hand to keep the cold from her this frosty morning."

The miller was the first to run up from the mill. "Here, aunt Joan," said he (when the squire raised my head), "take a hair of the dog that bit ye; it will do ye all the good."

"Oh!" says I, "I have never been the worse of liquor in my life; and as this is the last drop I shall ever taste in this world, I will just take a thimbleful to help me round land comfortable."

By the time I had swallowed the drop of brandy dame Tremellyn was come with blankets and flour-sacks, and Jan with the barrow and ropes. They lifted me into the barrow to sit on some straw, and covered me over all but my head (I wouldn't have the flour-sacks thrown over my best steeple-crown). The squire and Jan fastened the ropes to the ears of the barrow, to help to get it over the banks and up the hill. Dame Tremellyn held me steady, and the miller took the handles. When I found myself once more in the broad green lane among the trees, and trundled along over the smooth bowling-green, I felt that the drop of brandy had saved my life, and when I was seated in the old hall before the blazing fire, eating a bowl of warm caudle that Betty Trevelyan made me take, I should have felt very well but for the remembrance of what I had gone through. Then I told them how I had been served by Tom Chenance, missed my way in consequence; but, most fearful even to think or speak of, how I had escaped twice just by the skin of my teeth, as is were, in a most wonderful way, from being carried off by the, Old One, and the last time he came to tempt me to go away—worn, and footsore as I was—with a horse and pillion. But, thank the powers, I had the grace to resist all the wiles of the evil one.

Then, to help me overcome my fright (I suppose), they made up a story among them that the steed of Satan that beguiled me was no other than the miller's breachy horse (that no spanning will keep from going over the hedges), which had got into the lane from Trevella croft, where Tremellyn had put it an hour or two before, and spanned with the halter;

and the black huntsman and his hounds were no other than my own son Jan and our dogs; that, thinking we hadn't rabbits and hares enough for the Christmas feast, man Jan had taken the hounds and gone off to hunt the crofts about Trevella and Mimmis carns, by the moonlight; that coming down over the moor near the fowling-pool, he had found the miller's horse on the road with the halter under its feet; that then Jan mounted the horse, rode home, and finding that I wasn't come home from town, put the saddle and pillion on the miller's horse at once and rode off to town, hoping to meet me on the road. He called at all the houses on the way, to inquire after me, as he said in his impudence that I was like a miller's horse for stopping at every door. Joan Polgrain, in Rose-an-beagle, told him that she had neither seen nor heard of me. At Tom's Smith's shop, by Tolcarn river, Treglown told him that I had passed over the hill many hours before. He was then come back, when the squire, boys, and all who had been searching round for me, were going into the bowjey. Jan said the story the squire made up was all true, but if the squire tells as big a lie as ever was spoken his man Jan will swear to it, and the miller, the sinful unbelieving wretch, said I was just as much, and no more, in the sky, than his old woman was the other night, when she dreamed that she went up to visit the man in the moon, to know the reason why he had not hung out a better light the other night, for her and the rest of the witches to see how to steer their black ram-cats, and the brooms on which they rode, across the water, to milk the Welshmen's cows. When she awoke there was no putting it out of her head but that she had been aloft all night. She would have me believe that on first staring one night, with the rest from Castle-peak, she (being foremost always) went off with such force that the end of her broom-stick came slap against the sky; the blow made the blue ceiling over this world to ring like a crystal goblet, or a silver bell; and that it continued to ring louder and louder, until it sounded harder than the biggest bell in Buryan tower, when some of the smallest stars fell out with the shock and she came down after them expecting to find them, but they all fell down in the sea somewhere between Penvonlas and Scilly rocks, when their lights were put out and she lost them, except from her hot brains. "I tell thee what, Aunt Joan," said the villain of a miller, "It would have been no wonder if my young horse had gone into fits with the fright he must have had to see thee fixed astride on his rump, with thy long bony shanks and high-heeled shoes cocked out on each side, your claws stuck fast of his tail, the skirt of your open swing-tail gown and your scarlet cloak flapping about his head and ears, surely he must have thought that something worse than Satan was mounted on his hindquarters when your heavy spiked cane was walloping about and sticking into the poor brute's legs. Lucky for ye old deat," said he, "that you were either blown, thrown, or fell on the brake of rushes; then you went off in a drunken doze and dreamt of flying like a kite or an angel. What a beauty you must have been! You were waked up by the noise of our own Jan, winding his horn to call in the hounds, saw him mount my nag and gallop down the hill, then you took him, your own son, for the devil. As for the balls of fire they were all in your own hot head, old dear."

"Oh! you liar," I answered, "as if I have not lived long enough in the world, and heard enough about such things, not to know the Old One when I saw him; and to speak of him in the way you do is very wicked, thou disbelieving sinner."

He told me besides that it was only my vanity and conceit that puffed me up, and sent me flying in the sky. "Old Joan," says he, "doesn't thee think thyself of so much consequence, that, for thy sake, the old gentleman would ever leave his own warm country this cold morning and come tramping from far away, with a horse and pillion, to fetch such a troublesome curious old woman as you are. They would rather never have ye among them;—your everlasting meddling would set them all by the ears. And Tom Chenance did no more than right to put out the light of your game eye. You shall have another and a better one made of chaney, or beautiful clome, that you mayn't see honest people stealing things in the market

when they are not near the place. If you came down to the mill with that eye anointed with the devil's-salve you would swear that I, the honest miller, tolled the grist five or six times when I had not put my dish into the sacks more than half so often. I tell thee, Joan, all peeping spies only see evil, because they look and wish for that alone; and if they can't see wickedness enough to please them in a natural way they will rub on some of the devil's eye-ointment to make them see as much as they wish for."

I left him go on, but I shall find a chance some day to serve him out, or it's much to me.

I closed my eyes, as I was leaning back in the chimney-corner and seemed to take no heed; but it was a fox's sleep with my eyes closed and ears open. Then I overheard him say to the squire, "If our old Joan, when she was down in the cove, had been treated by Betty to some of the vile, home-distilled, instead of with the pure spirits of France, she would have seen the dwelling of Chenance full of blue devils in place of the pretty innocent small people. Best part of the devils, ghosts, and all sorts of apparitions that our old women (whether in petticoats or breeches) see, are merely the vapours of the spirits they take in their drink."

The miller has the impudence to say quite as bad, or worse, to one's face, I know, as he says behind one's back. The squire, poor graceless man, says he is an honest-spoken fellow, and my Jan is as bad. I hope I may some day be enabled to forget: then I will forgive them.

Over a while the men left the hall, and the women got me up to bed. After all my troubles it was no wonder that I soon fell asleep and didn't wake till late in the afternoon: then, taking the twilight for the break of day, I composed myself to sleep again, and did not wake up for good, till I heard many voices below singing some of the sweet old curls (carols). I could stay in bed no longer. The squire had been up to church, and, according to his custom, had asked down the singers to give them a treat on Christmas Day in the Evening. Our own—the tenants'—feast was the next day. They began with the carol for Christmas Day in the Morning

"The first Nowell the angel did say  
Was to three poor shepherds in fields as they lay;  
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep  
On a cold winter's night that was so deep,  
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,  
Born is the King of Israel."

Then the carol of the three ships—

"As I sat down on a sunny bank  
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day,  
I saw three ships come sailing in  
On Christmas-day in the morning."

I don't remember all this carol, but I shall never forget the sweet music of the last verse—

"O! he did whistle and she did sing,  
And all the bells on earth did ring,  
For joy that our Saviour he was born  
On Christmas-day in the morning."

Next they sang the Cherry-tree Carol—

"Joseph was an old man,  
And an old man was he,

When he married Mary  
In the land of Galilee.”

Then “The Seven Sweet Joys of Mary”—

“The first good joy our Mary had,” &c.

The last I heard them singing when I fell asleep was the sweet old carol of the “Holy Well,” which I like best of all—

“As it fell out one May morning,  
And upon one bright holiday,  
Sweet Jesus asked of his mother  
If he might go out to play.”<sup>8</sup>

I went to bed early, for Christmas time, and was fast asleep long before they had ceased singing the sweet old carols. All the women-folks wanted to be early in bed that night, because they had to rise betimes in the morning of the morrow on Christmas Day; as on that day, long before I was born, the Lovells of Trove have held their Christmas feast for the tenantry, when many from a long way upwards, as well as friends and relations from all the country over, come and remain in Trove over Old Christmas Day. That all might be ready in time for the expected company, the women-folks had to rise soon after midnight to make the pies, prepare the meat, game, and poultry, for roasting, boiling, and baking, and to get the great oven (opening into the side of the kitchen chimney) thoroughly heated. By the break of day all the bottoms rung, and the hills resounded far away, with the winding of man Jan’s bugle-horn to rouse the folks of Boleit, Trevider, Kerris, Castallack, and all the villages round, to join in the hunting and hare-tracing over the newly-fallen snow. As soon as all the men had left the hall (where they found their breakfast ready before daylight) there was such a fire made in the great chimney of the hall as is only seen there twice a year—at Christmas and the Feast.

The fireplace was filled up all its depth, and from bottom to top, with logs of oak, ash, and elm (with bog-turf laid between and piled behind the wood, to keep up a steady fire). By the time the fire was all aglow, and sending out such heat and sweet smoke from wood and turf that one might feel and smell it all over the town-place, the largest joints were spitted, and the two great spits placed on the hand-irons before the hall fire: an hour or two after, the geese and other small things were placed on the end of the same spits, until our great spits were full from end to end, all the width of the chimney; and many such small things as woodcocks, snipes, plovers, teal, and other wild fowl, and small game of all sorts and kinds, were placed to roast on the dripping-pans, and turned from time to time. The kitchen chimney, as well as the oven, was all taken up with the pies. Besides all the more common pies—such as those of pigeons and poultry, of rabbits and hares, of mullet and bass, veal and parsley—we had many sorts of savoury herby pies even at that season of the year, from the abundance of beets, round-robins, young nettle-tops, patience docks, sorrel, and other new things that are always sprouting in the sunny hedges and slopes of the sheltered spot above the mill-stream that we call the Ladies’ Garden, besides many new roots and things that the gardener is getting into

<sup>8</sup> The above carols were the greatest favourites, among many others equally quaint and old, which were sung in the western churches and round the firesides, until about fifty years ago, and in some places even later. Versions of these carols, somewhat different from those known at the Land’s-end, are to be found in “Christmas Carols, Ancient and Modern,” by William Sandys, F.S.A. The same author also gives the old guise-dance of Saint George, and describes in part the old Christmas pastime of “Burning the Witches.” He does not seem to be aware that the intent of the game was to try who were witches and who were not, by either setting the witch on fire, or getting a fall upon the floor.

the place every year, and which gives us plenty of herbs all the time. Then we had the great savoury squab pies, sweet gible pie and other nick-nacks, and sweet pies for the ladies.

As soon as the large things were taken from the oven, cakes and pasties were ready to be put in, the oven continuing hot enough to bake small odds and ends all the day long. The great Christmas puddings had to be boiled in the parlour chimney, every other fireplace being taken up with cooking something or other.

The squire, with some of the elderly hunters and the ladies who went up to the hills and carns to see the chase, returned soon after noon. Then the table was laid, and from that time till long after dark, company after company kept coming home laden with game and as hungry as hounds. As the squire had nobody but myself to take care of him and to look after everything in the house, dear old Madam Pendar came down from Trevider early in the morning to receive the company, lend hand about the small kickshaws, to see that everything was in order, and laid out on the hall table with the proper garnishing that the squire likes to see. By the time that all was arranged in the grand old-fashioned style, the squire and visitors from a distance were marshalled into the hall, summoned by the music of the bugle; but, long before the dinner was over, all the grandeur, garniture, and style might have gone to the Old One, for what did anyone who had to do with the cooking or eating care about the roasted apples stuck in the mouths of the roasted pigs, or the garlands and sprigs of rosemary and other faldelais stuck about this and that? We told the last hunters, who came home when the smoking bowls of punch, tankards of spiced ale, and roasted apples were placed on the board, that they might help themselves from the spits, still before the fire—they might cut and come again or go without, for what we cared, as we were quite runned down and worn out with so much cooking and serving from long before daylight till after dark.

Then some of the ladies came out of the parlour, and turned to with right good will to serve the youngsters, who showed them good sport in the morning, and who would join them in many a lively dance and jolly game before bedtime.

Didn't the old house look grand and glorious that night—decked out with branches of holly, box, and bays, with garlands and wreaths of ivy and other greens on window and wall, and chimney and board; the painted candles in the great high burnished candlesticks; between the steaming bowls and tankards, piles of apples roasted and raw, and heaps of sweet cakes? The light of the candles was little wanted, with the flaming logs of ash and oak that kept the chimney all alabaze.

Then the squire looked to grand and so happy when the stately old ladies came with him and other gentlemen into the hall to see the guise-dance of "St. George and the Turkish Knight," with many other such sports and pastimes as they say are not known up the country. On the whole the best fun we had was in the game of "Burning the Witch."<sup>9</sup> Many a tumble we got from the pole, and hard qualks (falls) on the stones of the floor, before we could burn the paper effigy of some rank witches, and some we could not set ablaze at all.

The young folks enjoyed themselves in playing blind-bucca-Davy (blind man's bluff) in the kitchens, or hide-and-seek in the long dark passages and holes and corners of the old house,

<sup>9</sup> To play the game of burning the old witch, a pole about five feet long, such as a pike-staff or shovel-hilt, is placed with each end resting on a low stool. A lighted candle is placed on the floor at a short distance from the pole, on which the person who undertakes to burn the witch endeavours to keep sitting, with the feet also (crossed at the ankles) resting on the pole clear of any other support or help, except the paper, or rag figure, to represent the witch to be burnt for fun, by the person sitting in this ticklish position, who often falls many times before the paper figure can be burnt at the candle on the floor.

where they can kiss in comfort. To tell of all the sports and pastimes we had that night would take all day.

After the guise-dance, Bet of the Mill came in with her crowde to beat up the time to the old ballads she sang for the dancers in the hall. At the same time the boots of others were stamping to the same tunes on the caunce (pavement) outside the windows. The older folks called on the miller for some of the drolls that they have heard scores of times before, yet they never tire of hearing the same old stories about the ancient places and people over and over again; and the miller has learned the trick of weaving such things as only happened yesterday (as one may say) into the old drolls, so that they seem ever new and fresh to us: when the squire had pledged the droll-teller, and sent him the great goblet brimming with spiced ale, the miller began the droll of the Giant of Nancledrea and Tom, and Jack the Tinker and the High-country folks. Between the different parts of this long old droll, other joined in a three-man song, to give the miller time to drain the cup and breathe awhile.

I was helped to bed long before the story was ended and when the fun was at the highest, that I might rest my weary bones and aching head, which got quite light with the steam and the merest taste of the different sorts of drinks. All in vain to think of having a wink of sleep, for right under the chamber window more dancing was going on by the moonlight to the tunes they beat up on pewter platters and small brass pans. At last, thank goodness, some time in the small hours of the morning. I heard the cheers for the jolly squire and the healths drunk outside the door from the parting-cup by the few on horseback who were not going to remain over Christmas, and I fell asleep in wishing—

*A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to One and All.*



## XVII. Bosava: The Demon Mason; And Lenine The Cobbler

“No sect in the world can with Masons compare,  
So ancient, so noble the badge which they wear,  
That all other orders, however esteem’d,  
Inferior to Masonry justly are deem’d.

*Chorus*:—We always are free,  
And for ever agree,  
Supporting each other,  
Brother helps brother,  
No mortals on earth are so friendly as we.”—  
Song 46 of *Masonic Songs*, by Penaluna; 1824.

The meaning of the melodious name of Lamorna, in which one hears the murmur of the waves and the calling of the cleaves, has been, and is still, a puzzle to Cornish scholars. Some think that it may be composed of *Lan* (an enclosure or a church) and the remnant of some proper name, followed as usual by the particle *an* (the), or that the name might have been formed out of the words *Lan-mor-nan* which would signify enclosed vale by the sea. For the sake of smoothness of sound, these words would soon take the form of *Lamorna*. Other meanings have been suggested, which are just as probable, or improbable.

Proceeding up the vale from the supposed site of the dwelling of Chenance, and following the course of the brook, we find every rock and bank fringed with a native drapery of ever-varying beauty—ivy, honeysuckle, privet, graceful ferns and mosses, or luxurious grasses decorate every rock and secluded nook, where shaded pools mirror the exquisite beauty that is still to be found here in its untrained, natural loveliness. Here are many spots of quiet beauty in which the lover of nature would pass the day spellbound with the various attractions which charm every sense; happily, this wild, secluded glen has not yet fallen into the clutches of those who think that they can improve Nature by clearing off every native plant and by substituting some unsuitable sickly exotic; and, as yet, the simple dwellings of the vale appear as natural to the place as a bird’s nest in the bush. About five minutes’ walk above the boulders of the Cove we come to the snug little nest of Nantowas. This name is probably composed of *Nant* (vale), and *aves* (outside, beyond), or it may be from *Nandevas* (sheep’s bottom). As we never heard anything remarkable about this quiet place, we pass on to Bosava (which is within sight from Nantowas).

Few more pleasing scenes for a rural picture can be found than the bowery land, the brook, and mill of Bosava; and the high hills crowned with hoar rocks in the background form such a combination of savage and sylvan beauty as most artists delight in. How very appropriate, too, the soft-sounding old name is for such a sheltered spot. Most Cornish scholars agree that the name Bosava is composed of *Bos* (house), and *aval* (apple), with the signification of Orchard-house.

The common saying of the inhabitants of this neighbourhood that “Bosava was the first house built after the flood,” implies that they regard it as the most ancient habitation of the vale.

Little more than a century ago there might be seen, just below Bosava mill, the ruins of a very old house, which must have been much larger than any other dwelling in the glen, and of

superior masonry to anything seen elsewhere except in the old churches. In accordance with the usual habit of simple primitive folks to assign a supernatural agent (whether giant, saint, or demon) as the cause of every extraordinary performance, and to connect the agency with the religion or mythology of the time and place, the erection of this remarkable dwelling was ascribed to a demon-mason, who engaged to build a house of better workmanship than was ever seen in the parish before, for an old miserly cobbler named Lenine, on the usual conditions—that the employer was to depart with the demon craftsman at a stated time and serve him. They say that one of the boots which old Lenine made for the dark gentleman-mason was much larger than the other, to hide his cloven foot. No one, at first, except the old cobbler, knew whence the dark and silent workman came, nor was it known how or when he departed: yet, in an incredibly short space of time, the building was completed, all the walling done in the good old-fashioned style of rubble-work (now lost) of placing the loosing edges of the stones and the pinners all on the outside, so that the rain never penetrated the walls.

This mason, or devil, seldom used compass or square, plumb-line or level; yet his work was as true, and the walls were as even, as if he had intended to build him a tower. He made an arched door to the house, and worked many curious devices on the jambs; the mullioned windows were surrounded with frames of finely-cut ashlar work. On the large square stone that formed the top of the punion and the base of the chimney-stack, next the road, he worked, as usual, the compass-head which was a finish to the raised windcourse, of coping-stones of the gable. A few feet under this, on a boldly projecting stone, was displayed the figure of the mason's head, with long oval face, high forehead, and straight features. From among the ivy which soon overgrew the gable, this strange face, perched up on high, seemed to look down with its stones on all who passed by. The windows were all on the sunny side and end of the house; but he made the door, according to the custom, common enough in old times, on the north side; and not a bad plan either, as one may, nine rainy days out of ten, leave the door open when to the north: besides, the inside of the house is not so much exposed to the gaze of intruders when the windows open into a secluded garden on the other side. In the gable, over the arched doorway of the porch, the mason placed a fine-diamond-shaped stone, on which he cut the exact features of the grinning, griping old miser, and surrounded the grim visage with a garland, or frame, of broken oak-branches, with leaves and acorns, all as finely cut out of the stone as if they had been carved in oak. Yet the chimney-stacks were the crowning glory of the building;—they were of ashlar work and much higher than any seen here before: about one quarter of their height from the top, they were surrounded by a bold moulding; above this, they were contracted to their summits in a beautifully curved outline.

We don't know much about the inside of Lenine's house. They say that the hall (we didn't call the best room in any such house a parlour then) served the old miser for a cobbler's shop, and as a mere lumber-room for the wreck of such fine things as belonged to his family in old times, when they had been grand folks: and the old cobbler had his full share of family pride, if but little besides. Over the great fireplace of this hall, or lumber-room, there was more stone-carving, that the old miser said was the Lenine's or Lanyon's coat-of-arms;—an old rusty sword was hung over this; on the hearth were the remains of what had once been handsomely-ornamented, brass fire-dogs or handirons. Opposite the window, on the wreck of an old carved oak buffet, were ranged many curious old flagons, glasses, and other drinking vessels: on the wall above these an oval looking-glass, in a black ebony frame, which was much broader than the glass.

A coat of mail and a buff jacket were suspended on the wall behind the door, besides the homespun garments of his dame's manufacture, and, what the old man regarded with the greatest pride, a huge pair of jack boots made of real Cordovan; these once belonged to some

renowned Lanyon who lived no one knew when, nor whence he started to prove his valour in the holy wars, as soon as his lady-love had buckled on the monster spurs which were still shown on the heels of the gigantic boots. With such spurs, surely the horse the knight bestrode ought to have had ribs of steel and a skin of sheet-iron; they were just such stabbing-machines as a beggar would like to don when he is, at last, mounted on horseback to make a morning call on his highness the Prince of Darkness: for every-day experience shows the truth of the old proverb—that the newly-made are ever ready to go to any lengths, so anxious are they to get into fashionable society.

Under the armour and warlike clothing was a carved settle of the sort that one may still see now and then, made for the back (fixed on a pivot) to turn down on the arms, so as to serve as a table, if desired. In the middle of the room a large framed table, and a few chairs (too heavy for one person to move in these degenerate days), placed near the walls, completed the garniture of the strange room, which would not have looked so very mean, after all, if the old miser had not made a cobbler's bench of the long window-seat, which was covered with his lasts, awls, and other tools of the craft, hung around with patterns, scraps of leather, twine, and ends.

The strange mason from the other world had spared no pains, and took such pride in his work, that he thought nothing of trudging away down to Lamorna cliff, to pick out the stone he wanted for a particular place or piece of work, and of carrying the same (often a load enough for a horse) home on his shoulder. A rule he never wanted. He could see at a glance the stone to fit the place, and the great stones—rocks one may call them—which he hoisted with a tackle of his own invention, for the corners and window jambs, were set to a hair. Much more one might say about the fine work that the masons would be at from the first dawn of the long summer's day till dark night: ceaselessly, and in silence, he was for ever working away, whilst the old man and his boy tempered the clay or mixed the mortar, old Lenine and his son were the only persons with whom the strange craftsman deigned to converse; between the three the timbers were placed for the roof and the house thatched: then the builder departed no one knew how, nor exactly when.

Old Lenine enjoyed the house in his dismal way for many years after it had been finished, in all respects according to contract, by the honest mason-devil. The term was drawing near to a close for which it had been agreed that old Lenine was to live in his grand mansion, before he had to pay the builder; yet he didn't seem to think much about it, and hammered away at his lapstone as if he didn't care a cobbler's cuss for what was soon to come.

At last the term expired. And the cloven-footed craftsman, whose name is never mentioned, returned to claim his own—to take his ancient employer home with him. The night he arrived (late as it was when he reached Bosava) he found old Lenine mending a pair of shoes for some neighbour. The cobbler desired his visitor, who was for immediate departure, to let him finish the job and the inch of candle remaining, stuck on the edge of the window-seat (that it might not be wasted) before they started together. The good-natured simple devil consented. And then, when he turned his back a moment, and went out to see how his work stood the beating of wind and weather, that instant the old cobbler blew out the candle and placed it in the bible. The devil, as one may expect, was much enraged to find himself fooled by the old miser, and declared that from that time old Lenine should never be able to keep a whole roof on the house nor anybody else after him, so that he would find himself worse off than if he would go then, like a man to his word. The old cobbler cursed and swore, that, roof or no roof, he would remain in his house, in spite of all the black gentry in the place the dark workman came from, as long as one stone stood on another. The crow of the cock soon after made the devil decamp, and, in taking his departure, he raised a whirlwind which blew off all

the thatch from one side of the roof. The old cobbler didn't mind that, for as soon as the devil departed he cast the candle in tin that it might be safe. (When we asked the person who related the legend what was meant by "cast the candle in tin," she answered that she didn't know unless it was soldered up in tin, but that was the way she always heard the story told).

Old Lenine tried every means that he, or anyone else could ever think of, to keep a sound roof over his head, but all in vain. The thatcher (old Lenine himself,—no one else would ever venture on the roof) might drive the spars in the thatch as close together as he drove the sparables in the soles of the old shoes he was for ever cobbling when not on the roof; or he might bind down the thatch to the rafters with the newest and strongest rods and ropeyarn,—it was all the same. By the time old Lenine had taken his thatching tools off the roof of his high house (where the ladder was always left), a black cloud would be heard roaring, shrieking, and moaning as the blast came up the bottom, to beat and blow around the cobbler's house until scarcely as much thatch would be left on the rafters as would make a goose nest. Yet the old miser didn't care, for in spite of wind and weather he stuck to his castle all the time he lived and as long after as the stones were left together. His death only took place many years after the building of his dwelling, and there wasn't much left of him to die, as his old carcase was gone to next to nothing. Whether he died in a natural way no one could say for certain. Those who inherited the property thought they would keep a roof on such a fine high house, that they might either live in it, or let it, but they were mistaken, because the contest between the cobbler and the devil was going on with more obstinacy than ever. Old Lenine might be heard every night making the walls resound with the noise of his hammer ringing on the lapstone: even by day he would often be heard beating his leather from all over the bottom. If stones were placed on the roof to help to secure the thatch it wasn't safe to come within a long distance of the place, as the stones would be thrown about by invisible hands, and hurled with such force from the roof to the road that many persons, in coming and going to the mill, got badly hurt; at last, when it was found that no one could live in Lenine's house, and few (on account of the strange doings in the bottom) cared to come near Bosava mill, the miller sent for Parson Corker, who was noted for having strange intercourse with the invisible world; or rather, the primitive people of the west believed him to possess the supernatural powers required to exorcise the evil one, to drive the night wanderer back into his grave, and so to bind the poor ghost that he could never get loose again, with much other work, then confined to the learned, which we now seldom hear of.

The parson was also such a noted sportsman that he was rarely seen except on horseback. He always came into church booted and spurred, to be ready for the chase as soon as he passed the churchyard gate and found his man and horse waiting for him at the cross. He so delighted in the sports of wood and field that, with the earliest dawn of the dewy morn, the hills around echoed the cry of his hounds, and rung with the blast of his bugle-horn. The reverend huntsman, ghost-layer, and devil-driver being a bachelor, lived with his cousins, the Trezillians, in Trezidder; and that he might enjoy the more liberty with his boon companions (as some thought, or as others believed, for practising the magic arts), he had a kind of retreat, summer-house, or prospect-place called the Plaisance, built like a tower of two rooms, with fireplaces, &c., erected on the brow of the hill in Trezidder downs, where it overlooked the valley of Penberth and the highroad over Buryan hill. The parson's retreat was comfortable furnished, the upper storey as a bedroom, under the window-seats and all around the walls of both rooms were cupboards and lockers like a ship's cabin. Here he would often pass many days and nights shut up alone, or only with some one of the same eccentric tastes as himself; and here one night the miller found the parson, after a day's hunt, holding a revel-rout among his companions of the chase.

The miller begged the parson to come to Bosava without delay, and to exert his power on the devil and cobbler. He thought that if the parson could not succeed in driving them away, he might at least, as he was a justice, bind them over to keep the peace.

After the parson and his friends had well fortified themselves, as well as the miller, with plenty of strong drink (that they might be the better able to undertake the difficult work), they all started about midnight, from the parson's plaisance, for the scene of their ghostly operations, and arrived at Bosava in the small hours of the morning.

They say that when the parson, assisted by Dr. Maddern and the miller, drew the magic pentagram and sacred triangle, within which they placed themselves for safety, and commenced the other ceremonies, only known to the learned, which are required for the effectual subjugation of restless spirits, an awful gale sprung up in the cove and raged up the vale with increasing fury, until scarcely a tree was left standing in the bottom. Yet there was scarcely a breath of wind stirring in other places. As the parson continued to read, the devil swore, howled, shrieked, and roared louder than the raging storm. The parson, undaunted, read on and performed more powerful operations in the art of exorcism, till the sweat boiled from his body so that there was not a dry thread on him, and the parson was beginning to fear that he had met with more than his match, when the whole force of the storm gathered itself around the haunted house, and the tree to which the parson clung, that he might not be blown away, was rooted from the ground, and swept by the gale, parson and all, right across the water. Then the thatch, timbers, and stones were seen, by the lightning flashes, to fly all over the bottom. One of the sharp spars from the thatch stuck in the parson's side, and made a wound which pained him ever after. Yet, not to be baffled, the parson made the black spirit hear spells which were stronger still. A moment after, the devil (as if in defiance of the parson) had made a clean sweep of the roof, from amidst the wreck of the building a figure was soon to rise in the shape of the dark master-mason, and fly away in the black thunder-cloud, with his level, square, plumb-line, compasses, and other tools around him.

After the devil had disappeared there was a lull in the tempest. The brave parson then tried his power on the cobbler, who might still be heard beating his lapstone louder than ever. The parson, after summoning old Lenine to appear, and after much trouble in chasing the obstinate spirit of the old miser from place to place, at last caught him in the pulrose under the mill-wheel. Then the ghost threw his hammer and lapstone at the parson's head; at the same time cried out, "Now, Corker, that thee art come I must be gone, but it's only for a time." Luckily the parson was too well acquainted with spiritual weapons to let ghostly tools do him any harm. The night was passed. The parson's power had compelled the demon and cobbler to depart. After making a wreck of the house between them, the parson could do no more for the miller. But a few days after it was found that the old cobbler had returned to the charge, making more noise and annoyance about the place than ever, by broad daylight even as bad as by night, and that the parson could only hunt him from spot to spot about the wreck of the haunted place, without being able to make the noises cease from amidst the ruins. It was then decided to demolish all the walls of the devil's building.

Thus the best piece of work ever seen in this part of the country was long ago destroyed, and the stones employed for building hedges and outhouses. No one cared to use them about any dwelling-house, for fear that the old miserly cobbler might claim them and again settle down to beat his lapstone beside them.

If one may judge by the many stories told in this neighbourhood, the notion of fooling the old gentleman must have been a standing joke in old times, among the good folks of Buryan. The guise-dance of Madam Lovell, in which the lady deceives the squire, her husband, and tricks the devil, turns on the same fancy.

When we took a walk to Lamorna, one afternoon during our Christmas holiday, to view the scene of the fairy revels of Chenance, we called in at Bosava mill, to enquire what was known about Lenine's house: the miller told us that he never heard much that was remarkable about Bosava except the old story that it was the first house built after the flood. He had heard of some Lenine who, in old times, lived in the bottom, spoken of as a notoriously wicked man, but more he did not know for certain. After that we entered the public-house near by, where we found pretty fair ale, but nothing to be had to eat, for love or money. Here we entered into conversation with a native, who seemed to be a foreigner in his feelings. He soon confounded us with long hard words, talking a great deal about the finite and the infinite, connecting these terms in some way with the good and bad qualities of the fair sex, some of whom had the pleasure of listening to him.

We wished to hear something more of the old legends told about Trove and other place in this romantic neighbourhood, but the only response we got from the impracticable gentleman was, that he had heard plenty of such foolish drolls from the "toteling old folks," and that most people are too enlightened now to talk of such things. "Besides," he said, "those who know the right way have more grace than to speak of such things, without fear and trembling, as were done in old times." Plain persons, of only common sense, could neither understand nor sympathise with the man,—so chokeful was he of learning, grace, and conceit, and so utterly void of a single spark of genuine Celtic feeling.

We should be glad indeed if there were more stories told about the times of old, in which one might find less infernal or supernatural agency of any kind; but we have no choice, and must take such as we find or none. Besides, as the demon of the old drolls is not so horribly and unreasonably wicked as his modern successor is made out to be, there can be no harm in taking a glance at the pictures these tales furnish us of old-world notions; and, as the old folks were not familiar with anything so superlatively atrocious as is often displayed for our contemplation, we may thence infer that they themselves were more simple and innocent than the enlightened of to-day.

## XVIII. Trewoof And The Old Mansion Of The Levelis

“When taste and genius both combine  
To shape the stone or draw the line;  
In fair proportion, just and free,  
All own the power of Masonry.”—Old Masonic Song.

A quarter of an hour's walk brings us from Bosava to the gateway where Lamorna road joins the highway to the Land's-end. Here, the pleasant woody glen expands itself into a broad bottom, surrounded by green hills. On a woody knoll, gently rising in the midst, are situated the remains of the old mansion-house of Trewoof (more commonly called Trove). We get a good view of a portion of this ancient seat of the Levelis, or, Lovells, as we ascend the road on the eastern side of the gateway leading to Lamorna. A few minutes' walk in this direction will bring us to Trove mill. Here we are in the very dwelling of the noted witch, who figures at Bet of the Mill, in the guise-dance of Duffy and the Devil.

A few years since all the mill-side of the gentle eminence on which Trove mansion stands was shaded and sheltered by hedgerows and clumps of flourishing oaks, elms, and other trees, which showed that it is neither the fault of the soil nor of the climate that our hills and dales, in many place, for want of wood, look so dreary, cold, and desolate. We enter Trove by the avenue, the outer part of which was formerly called the green-lane; the inner, the bowling-green. All about the town-place, in the walls of outhouses, in hedges and ditches, we may find many wrought stones, which formed parts of mullions, string-courses, foliated window-headings, or that belonged to arched, deeply-moulded, and otherwise enriched doorways of the demolished portions of the ancient mansion. The stone steps of what was once the grand staircase of the mansion may be found as gate-posts, lintels, and serving other purposes in the farm-yards and fields. Many years ago, we were well acquainted with all parts of Trove, and remember to have often then remarked the curled-up corbel of a wind-course (or windspar course, as the old masons used to call the raised stringcourse of the gable) built into the wall of a pigsty: this marked the rather simple style and the date of one portion of the building. If we remember rightly, near the entrance to the little enclosure called the Hop-garden there was then a triangular stone worked to lines verging to form a rectangular apex, which was, however, truncated so as to leave space for a soffit to receive the base of a pinnacle, or some kind of ornamental finial. The fine work on this, and many other stones lying about in the ditches, because rather unshapely for hedging, showed that a great portion of the old mansion must have been in a very ornate style. Far away in the hedges of fields we have also seen moulded stones which once belonged to handsome doorways, windows, gables, chimney-stacks, and other ornamented portions of a building that must in its day have far surpassed any other in this neighbourhood. When the successors of

“This worthy family that flourished here  
Since William's Conquest, full six hundred year.”

disposed of the estate of Trewoof, the land was sold in three unequal portions, the old mansion divided, and each of the three purchasers allotted a share of the mansion-house proportionate to the value of his land.

From what we know to have been the arrangement of other old manor-houses of the west, built on a similar ground-plan, from the description of the old proprietors, from the names retained by various parts of the old buildings (even when divided and in ruins), and by other indications, we can understand pretty clearly what this interesting old seat was like, when the lord feasted his guests and retainers in the noble hall,

“And in her bower sang the lady gay,  
Bedeckt in gorgeous rich array.”

A pleasanter spot than the sunny slope on which Trove stands, surrounded by the sheltering hills, is not to be found in the west country.

The ground-plan of the principal part of the old mansion was in the form of the letter E. We suppose the back of the letter to represent the east front, or the side looking towards Lamorna vale, and continuing this front above the top limb of the letter, or the south wing of the house, there was a group of inferior buildings surrounding three sides of a kitchen-court, of which the south wing formed the fourth side.

The north wing stood a little farther back than the house which is now at the end of the broad lane, or bowling-green, as it used to be called. This wing, and part of the adjoining north end of the east front, was allotted to the Harvey's portion of the land.

To the Tremewans was apportioned the middle of the eastern or Lamorna front, the part which contains the fine arched doorway, with its ornamented jambs, surmounted by the armorial bearings of the Levelis (three calves' heads, in allusion to the original name of the family). This doorway is almost the only vestige of the old mansion that remains entire.

The southern end of the east side, with the entire south wing and kitchen-court (all demolished long ago) belonged to the Bossustows, whose portion of the land was much larger than either of the other parts.

The Harveys rebuilt the north wing in the present dwelling, which stands near the original site. Part of the materials of the Bossustows' portion (which served as a quarry for more than a century) were used for building their new house on the bank, which was formerly part of the ground known as the Ladies' Garden, to which a broad flight of steps ascended from the Green Court, which was enclosed on three sides by the mansion. Many years ago an old gentleman, who was the proprietor of this part of the property, gave us such a graphic description of the ruins of the old mansion-house and grounds as enabled us to form some idea of this once noble seat. The venerable gentleman (being one who took great interest in such matters) remembered much about the beautiful proportions of the large mullioned windows of the room called “my lady's bower,” in the end of this wing next the garden, and (what was a most unusual plan here) that the seats of stone, in the large window of the gable overlooking the private garden, were against, or rather in, the jambs on each side. The thickness and splaying of the wall afforded sufficient space on both sides for benches, on each of which two persons might sit, so that four persons, seated in the window, two on each side with their backs to the jambs, would place their feet where the window-seat is now usually put. By the shape of many wrought stones scattered about the Bossustows' premises, we know that some portion of this part of the house was battlemented, probably a porch which had long disappeared, and that some of the windows were of a very ornate style.

The gentleman of whom we have spoken also learned much from the elders of his ancient and respectable family, and other old people connected with the place, of what had been the interior arrangement of the house.



Yet we must admit that all this does not furnish us with a very good authority for an exact description of the old manor-house, and in some instances we have copied from the existing remains of other old mansions in the west. When these failed us, we have also drawn pretty freely from fancy. And why not, if anything it suggests to us may afford a hint to those who like the old style of building and gardening? As the different portions of Trove are still designated by the names of the late proprietors, whose families resided here for many generations, we have thought best, for convenience sake, to do the same, although the lands have passed into other hands some years ago. Before proceeding to the interior we may remark that none of the original chimney-stacks appear to be left standing, as in middle-age architecture these prominent objects, however varied in design, were always ornamental, and served as much to embellish the dwelling-house by their beautiful form and proportions, seen against the sky, as the light and elegant bell-turrets, or the graceful finials and pinnacles of the same period did to adorn church and chapel. The roofs were mostly of the pitch masons call square roofs; that is, the gables or punions were right angles, rarely so high as to form equilateral triangles, and, where roofs and gables were exposed to view, they were still more rarely found (except in debased masonry) at any uncertain angle between the two; indeed, the old masons seemed instinctively to have worked by the grand divisions of the circle, which are alone satisfactory to the eye, and, however rough the material, the outline is always so pleasing that one does not regard the details. We now proceed to the interior.

## **NORTH WING**

In the north wing, fronting the centre of the avenue, was a broad arched doorway under a roofed balcony or oriel supported on pillars. This we know, because the room from which the balcony or oriel was entered, retained the name of the oriel-chamber long after the porch, with its balcony had disappeared, and the pillars used for rolling-stones on the farm.

The archway opened into a passage, which gave direct access to the interior court. Crossing this court, a flagged pavement led to a door in the south wing, which contained the more private apartments. A projection on the eastern side of the court contained the grand stone staircase. This stair wing rose, tower-like, above the rest of the building, with a flat roof and parapet. There was also an exterior entrance to the staircase by a few semicircular steps to a door opening on the first landing of the stair. On the western side of the court a broad flight of steps rose to a terrace, which led away on either hand to gardens and orchards. Returning to the passage, a room in the western end of the north wing was supposed (from the name it bore of the Reeve's room) to have been appropriated to the use of the reeve or steward.

On the other side the entrance was an apartment called the Little Hall, which probably served as an ante-room to the adjoining great hall, or the little hall might have been a solar, or private parlour for the master and his family, to which he and his chief guests would retire from the high table after the feast was over, leaving the commonalty to their unrestrained mirth and revelry.

There was also a newel-stair from the passage to the oriel-chamber and other rooms in this wing. Not long ago a large stone, which once formed the arched heading of a doorway, was lying at the turn of the avenue. Probably this stone crowned the grand entrance of the north wing.

## **THE HALL**

“In this hall was held many a sumptuous feast,  
And there came lords, and dainty dames,  
And many a noble guest.”

Through a broad folding-door in the eastern end of the north wing we enter on the dais, in the grand room of state, which was in the northern end of the Lamorna front, and occupied all the space on this side as far as the ancient doorway still remaining, which opened into the entry which was screened off the lower end of the hall. Two or three steps at the higher or north end of the hall led to a raised boarded floor, or dais, on which the high table was placed across the end of the hall. In this end, at the back of the chair of state, there was a large mullioned and transomed window, looking towards the avenue. At the east end of the dais, opposite the entrance from the little hall, a window in a square projection looked down the vale of Lamorna, and narrow lookouts, one on each side of this bay, or square oriel, commanded a view of the eastern entrance and the avenue.

Here the Levelis of old often sat down at the same board with their household and dependents, to dispense their frank and social hospitality: then

“It was merry in hall when the beards wag all,”

and the minstrels’ harps, ringing to the metrical drolls or songs of the bards, gave an air of romantic chivalry to the convivial scene, or the mummer’s jests excited the hearty laughter and boisterous mirth which was good aid to the digestion of solid viands, from a festive board, in the jovial days of old.

“Merry it is in halle to hear the harpe,  
The minstrelles synge, the jogleurs carpe.”

See the sturdy servants bearing out the heaps of pewter plates, wooden trenchers, and great round platters still containing enow of the untouched viands to feast all the families of the poor women who are waiting in the glowing kitchen for an abundant dole from the squire’s board. The lady, and her fair damsels, leave the high table on the dais, and enter the kitchen, to see that all have enough and to spare. When they retire they are followed by the blessings of the poor to their gay bower, “bedecked with many a fragrant flower;” or some of the fair ascend to the minstrels’ gallery, that they may hear the music and look down on the sports of the hall.

The tables are no sooner relieved of pewter plates and platters, with the substantial remains of the feast, than the steaming wassail-bowl, flowing with hot spiced wine, and flagons of sweet mead, are placed on the table, with silver drinking-cups and goblets. The other tables are replenished with black jacks and bekens, pewter jugs and flagons, full of foaming ale, sweet cider, or common wines, which quickly pass from hand to hand and from mouth to mouth, whilst the merrie disport of the hall grows more boisterous, fast, and furious. After many flowing bowls are emptied, to increase their revelry and mirth, the master of the feast calls from the dais, “Harper! strike up thy liveliest strain, to some well-known old song, that one and all may join in the refrain. Take the boards from the tressels, clear the rushes off the floor for the dance.” Whilst bards and minstrels sing their merriest songs, and jesters tell their drolls, both of weeping and of game, or whilst the mummers get ready the guise-dance, all join in the chorus of a three-men’s-song. Then pass the bowl around, till all are tired of frolic. The lord and his more honoured guests retire to their chambers, or to my lady’s bower, if they are not too drunk. Many of those who remain in the hall stretch themselves on the benches, or lie snoring under the tables, where we leave them for the night, and follow the servitors through the screen and across the entry into

## THE KITCHEN

which occupied, with its offices, the remainder of the east front.

In the hospitable days of old this important room exhibited almost as much state as the hall itself. One end of this large room was taken up by the large open fireplace, with the oven opening into it. and a wood-corner at the right-hand side. There was room for several persons to sit within the chimney, on benches on each side of the fire. We wish we could hear the songs that were sung and the merry drolls told in that chimney-corner, by the blazing firelight of a frosty winter's night. The whole of the west side, only leaving space for a doorway, was furnished from end to end with a broad dresser, or side-board; with shelves, from end to end, over door and all, displayed the shining pewter platters, plates, and flagons, and many other things in the same serviceable material. Piles of wooden trenchers, bowls, and basins, on shelves under the board. Spits, pots, kettles, pans, and the endless variety of cooking utensils that spoke of good cheer, hanging on the walls, or suspended from racks and beams, with the flitches of bacon, collars of brawn, dried beef, and other winter stores which required to be kept dry.

The farm servants and day labourers took their meals in the kitchen on ordinary occasions, and when the day's work was ended the old ballad says,

“Then to their supper were they set orderlye,  
With hot bag-puddings and good apple-pyes;  
Nappy ale, good and stale, in a browne bowle,  
Which did about the board merrilye trowle.”

Yet they had seldom such a meagre bill of fare as the above, not even on fast days, when they feasted; besides, in the good old times, the supper was the principal meal of the day. The fashionable dinner is only the old English supper, with a change of name.

Looking down the vale were broad mullioned windows of many lights, with an oaken bench continued all along the wall beneath. A great oak table, near the windows, extended nearly all the length of the room, and doors, opening into the entry, occupied the other side of this large apartment. The kitchen, and offices belonging thereto, extended beyond the junction of the east front with the south wing. As in those times the mansion and farmhouse were mostly combined, extensive buildings were required for what may be regarded as the farming part of the establishment. These buildings surrounded the servants' court on the southern side of the wing that contained the private rooms. The dairy, pantry, brewhouse, and store-rooms of various kinds enclosed three sides. A large stone trough on one side received a stream of water from the mill-brook, which still flows through the orchard above. An exterior stairs from this court led up to the rooms over the kitchens, pantries, and other offices and outbuildings. These chambers were the wool-loft, cheese-room, apple-chamber, and perhaps the upper servants' sleeping-rooms. A few steps from this court also descended to the cellars, under the parlour and lady's bower in the south wing.

The kitchen offices and other building surrounding this court were of plain yet honestly finished work—no out-of-the-way holes and corners were slighted, nor anything attempted to be concealed or disguised. The door and window-frames alone were of dressed-work. The windows were high and had narrow openings, chamfered on the outside edges, and splayed within. The stream of water might be turned into the dairy and thence through to the kitchens at pleasure.

We now return to take the

## **EAST DOOR**

The rich ornamentation of the jambs, and the heraldic devices on the shields that surmount this noble doorway, can now scarcely be made out, nor the fine work seen, from the detestable custom many of the cottagers have of whitewashing a border round the outside of

their doorways; yet bedaubed as this interesting old doorway is with the cleaning-out of the dame's limebrush, we may still see that the jambs are richly sculptured with the figures of men, and other ornamentation, which gives some indication of the date and style of the mansion. Above the doorway are carved the arms of the family of Levelis, Leveal, or Lovell. The old name has passed through these and other changes. The latter is the most familiar form, as we always hear the old folks of Buryan, when speaking of the last of the ancient name, say Squire Lovell of Trove. This gentleman, the last of his name, though not the last of his race, was Arthur Levelis, who died in 1671, to whom the monument was erected in Buryan church, and inscribed with the following quaint epitaph:

“This worthy Family hath Flourished Here  
 Since William's Conquest, full six hundred year;  
 And Longer much it might But that the blest  
 Must spend their Seaventh in a Blessed Rest:  
 But yet this Gentleman, Last of his name,  
 Hath by his Vertues, Eterniz'd the same  
 Much more than Children could, or Bookes, for Loue  
 Records it Here in Heartes, in Life Above.”

Only fancy the trains of brocaded ladies, with their fair damsels; the troops of armed knights, followed by their squires and pages who have passed through this ancient portal, besides Duffy and the Devil; the old Witch of the Mill; Joan, the squire's old drunken housekeeper trundled through in the wheel-barrow, with the page Bevis (the last offshoot of this once noble house, and ancestor of a race with a new name) bringing up the rear. This doorway may be regarded as the principal entrance to the hall, as the entry into which it opened was only lightly screened off, and considered to form a portion of that apartment, though serving as a passage to the kitchen on the left and to the grand staircase at the end of the passage, in a projection which formed the tongue of the letter **E**.

There was a short passage from the inner end of the entry (on the kitchen side) from which doors opened into the buttery, pantry, and other offices under the butler's charge. A few steps from the buttery led down to the cellars under the private rooms in the south wing, and a few steps up from the passage to a solar, private parlour, or banqueting-room, through which one passed into the bower in the western end of the south wing.

### **THE LADIES' BOWER**

In middle-age romances the term “bower” is ascribed indiscriminately to bed-chamber and parlour. In the old ballad of King Estmere, we read,

“Although it is seven years and more,  
 Since my daughter was in halle,  
 She shall come once downe for your sake  
 To glad my guestes alle.

Down then came that mayden fayre,  
 With ladyes laced in pall,  
 And half a hundred of bold knightes,  
 To bring her from bowre to hall;  
 And as many gentle squiers,  
 To tend upon them all.”

With the more general introduction of parlours the Ladies' Bower was regarded much as the modern drawing-room and boudoir. The most striking feature in this parlour, or bower, was the large window, divided by mullions and transoms into many lights.

To these pleasant nooks and corners the lady and her fair damsels brought their spinning, their tapestry work, and their embroidery. In these favourite, old-fashioned retreats the ladies of the olden time wrought with their needles those marvellous and beautiful fabrics which have never been surpassed, and rarely equalled, in modern times. The ladies of the fifteenth century who could assume any amount of state and dignity, when state was proper, were not above attending to their housekeeping and were as skilled in the mysteries of cooking, confectionery, brewing, spinning, knitting, and shirt-making, as in making the beautiful lace that is valued now higher than its weight in gold, entirely for the excellence of its work; for the thread is often of the coarsest. Nay; they were not above taking the grist to the mill and serging (bolting) the meal to the degree of fineness suitable for the family requirements.

It might be truly said of the lady who came from her bower into the hall with such great honour,

“She in her needle took delight,  
And likewise in her spinning-wheel:  
Her maids about her every night  
Did use the distaff and the reel:  
The spiders that on rafters twine,  
Scarce spin a thread more soft and fine.”

The humming of bees which came in through the open casement, the sweet scent and gay look of the pleasant garden, seen on the sunny bank sloping down to the window of my lady's bower, where she sits watching the swarming bees, and creating with her needle flowers only equalled in beauty by those in the garden, make her sing, with the birds around her,

“And there my love built me a bower;  
Bedecked with many a fragrant flower;  
A braver bower you ne'er did see,  
Than my true love did build for me.”

In this delightful retreat let her work and sing, whilst we survey the rest of the house, before we pass into the gardens and other pleasant places of the old abode.

## STAIRCASE AND CHAMBERS

From the inner end of the entry we ascend the easy, low and broad stone steps of the grand stairs, which were lighted by a large and lofty mullioned and transomed window, with its arched head reaching nearly to the carved beams and pendants of the roof. On the first landing (about three feet from the pavement of the entry), a door opened on to an outside semicircular landing, from which a few steps led down to an alley in the green-court which conducted to the gardens. The broad landing at the stair-head was at the end of the minstrels' gallery, or where the end of the said gallery should have been, had there been one (which, in truth, we are rather doubtful about), from which the landing might have been separated by a perforated screen of Gothic pattern, with doors to this doubtful balcony. From the stair-head, corridors, or galleries, passing round the interior or court side of the house, gave access to all the principal chambers.

From a light gallery, supported by a few pillars at the back of the hall, we look over on the dais of the state apartment, before we enter the adjacent room in the north wing, which was always called because a door in the north-west corner of this room opened into the oriel, or covered balcony over the porch.

It was sometimes intended for the large oriel, over the principal entrance to have been regarded as the sacarium, or chancel; and the oriel chamber, like the nave in the chapel, was

the place from which the family might join in the sacred office. We believe that this was the original use of most of the rooms in old mansions still called the orrel chambers (hence the name) because the same arrangement for the domestic oratory is very general in old French chateaux and the casas of Spain. We never heard of any portion of the old buildings, or ruins, being called the chapel, yet there was probably a small chapel, or oratory, near the mansion, by the side of the spring known as St. Ann's Well, which was in some repute for its healing virtues.

From the orrel chamber a door opened into the reeve's or steward's bedroom, situated over his office or parlour: there was also a newel down to the passage, which crossed through the north wing to the green-court. Returning to the head of the grand stairs, we find a passage over the one below (in the rear of the kitchen); on the left are doors opening into rooms over the kitchen and offices. These chambers may also be reached by an exterior stairs in the servants' court. On the right-hand side of this corridor, near the end, folding doors open into a suite of state apartments in the south wing, consisting of an ante-chamber, through which, by an arched doorway, one passed into the best, or

### **BRIDAL CHAMBER**

For what reason the large outer room is made a mere passage of we could never divine, yet such is the common arrangement (with respect to this state apartment) in most old mansions of the time of Henry the Eighth and the Elizabethan period, as might be seen in many old manor-houses in the west not long ago. In this room, where the lords of the domain first saw the light, and closed their eyes in everlasting rest, one was sure to find the great oak bedstead, carved with all sorts of curious devices—the dove and olive branch depending from the tester.

Two shelved recesses, or niches, contrived in the head of the bed, were most convenient for the lady's cup of caudle, spiced wine, or something stronger for herself and baby, when she got about as well as could be expected. There were so many large closets in the recesses by the sides of the chimneys, in all the out-of-the-way-places that could be made or thought of, as well as under the sloping roof or winding stair, that hanging-presses were scarcely wanted. Yet one always found them furnished with drawers within drawers at the bottom; shelves, pins, racks, and other contrivances at the top, for the safe keeping of the lady's embroidered robes, russet gowns, hoops, farthingales, and other bravery that could not be stowed away in the curiously-carved large oak chests with the elaborately-wrought ironwork in hinges and locks, placed all on the outside. (No craftsman then wished to conceal any part of their work; all was honestly above board.)

The remains of some old chests, yet to be seen in churches, show the style of those used in houses two or three centuries ago.

Perhaps the chest in which one of the misfortunate Levelis found the skeleton of his long-lost lady-love was kept in this chamber; for his step-father could have done no less than let him take the old oak chest home with him, that he might weep over it when he had nothing else to do.

"Oh! the mistletoe bough, the mistletoe bough."

We can know but little for certain about the furnishing or adornments of the bedrooms; yet, from the mention of a curious incident in one of the romantic legends connected with the place, at the time of the Crusades, we know that at least my lady's, or the best chamber was hung with tapestry, and that a small spiral stair from a closet in this room descended to the bower, where it was also concealed by a closet-door.

We conclude, from the remains of seats preserved about old-fashioned places, that the settle, or settee, with back made to turn down on the arms so as to serve as an occasionable, was a common piece of furniture for bedroom and parlour.

Little more than half-a-century ago, before the substantial yeomanry of the west became so generally infested with the desire of leaving their pleasant ancestral homes to be occupied by their dairymen, that they might exist for a time (like fish out of water) gasping in the constrained life of a dull country town, where no one knows, nor cares, anything more about them than to get their money, their houses contained furniture well worthy the attention of antiquaries. In those more simple times, many valuable, rare, and curious pieces of substantial ancient furniture were seen, in the shape of carved bedsteads, bureaux (with endless private drawers and pigeon-holes), chests (with curiously-contrived skibbets), handsome buffets, or corner cupboards (with their shelves displaying punch-bowls of old India china), drinking-cups, and Venice glass, splendid as gems, with many other rich and rare articles in pottery and verrerie. One frequently saw on the place of honour—the upper shelf—silver flagons and drinking-cups. The comfortable settles (carved and panelled) chairs of state, tables with spider legs of all imaginable patterns, were found in all the ancient homesteads, where the families of the old gentlemen-farmers of the west had lived for centuries in the enjoyment of every comfort.<sup>10</sup>

When Tre, Pen, and Pol took it into their heads to run away from home, many of these masterpieces of the turners' and carvers' craft, found their way into county inns and cottages, or were left to rot in some damp outhouse until the careless tenantry burnt them to put them out of the way. It would require a volume of plates and another of letterpress, to give an idea of the bold and picturesque though often grotesque, designs shown in the pillared and half-head bedsteads, with all their elaborate work in turning, panelling, and carving; the rich

<sup>10</sup> It is within bounds to say that there are not half so many proprietary farmers west of Hayle now as there were threescore years ago. About that time a mania seems to have taken some for educating their sons for the black-coated professions, from some notion of the superior gentility; and the young Bolerians seemed to think there was something more refined even in serving behind a counter, or wielding a pen, than in ploughing and sowing their own lands. At the same time the farmers' daughters, being sent to boarding-school, soon ended by being entirely ignorant of the ordinary work of a farmhouse kitchen, and knew little more of what belongs to the dairy than that scalded cream is much esteemed by their town acquaintances, many of whom would make better farmers' wives than the gentility-infected farmer's daughters. With a few honourable exceptions, where the old names may still be found, the land is now almost all in the hands of dairymen and other rackers, many of them aliens to the place.

The general tone of rural society, too, is much altered for the worse within the last half-century.

Notwithstanding all the cant, to the contrary, about the superior morality of the present time, there is now no longer the same rough-and-ready, yet kind-hearted, cordiality between neighbours, nor the same social gatherings at harvest-homes, or parish-feasts; nor at any of the other times or tides when old acquaintances used to meet to renew the friendship and neighbourly feeling that made country life so much the more pleasant. The young men have no longer the holiday sports and manly exercises, in which they used to meet in friendly contest. In place of the old candour, simplicity, and truth, there is now a clumsy plastering of affected gravity and gentility that manifests itself in sanctimonious spleen, hypocritical cant, and sickening grimace. There is but little gained on the score of deception, for

“The wise distrust the too fair-spoken man.”

Yet there is now hopes of some social improvement being effected through the Volunteer movement, which is bringing the élite of the young men together just as the hurling and wrestling-matches were wont to do of old. It would be a matter of regret if the respectable remnant of gentlemen-farmers were to desert such pleasant rural homes as they may soon create, if they have not, around them, and were to abandon the right royal independent and healthy occupation of farming, to enter some (falsely-considered) more genteel profession, as that of lawyer, doctor, or minister, when the ranks are already too full and many go to the wall, yet not for want of sterling honesty and fair abilities either. These qualities often obstruct success, in certain crafts and talking trades.

handings, and curiously-vandyked valance (and with fringe, bells, and balls), or garnished with gold and silver lace. It may be worth while to remark (now that the Tudor style seems to have a chance to become fashionable again), that when the pattern of the vandyke was traced on the Damascus cloth, or other rich stuff, the material was cut wide enough to make two setts of valance, so that there was no waste, and the complement of the valance, vandyke, or denticulation, in one room, would be found in the hangings of another. We know more than one country inn where, by the fireside, may still be seen the cosy, old, panelled settle, but now without the bankers and dorsars, or the cushions, for the seats and back, that the useful ladies of old took pride to adorn with their choice needlework. The carved, or deeply-moulded and panelled, wood or stone-work around the fireplace, and mantel-shelf were often the principal ornaments of hall or chamber, as well as the wainscot and ornamental plaster-work.

In various parts of the west we have frequently seen pieces of very ancient furniture well worth preserving for the sake of the simplicity and beauty of the designs. The workmanship is often rude, yet the effect is good, and the peculiar way in which the panelling is sunk makes the carving appear exceedingly deep and rich, particularly around the recesses or niches, usual in the heads of old-fashioned bedsteads.

As we have omitted, when speaking of the hall, to mention anything about the armour, weapons, hunting-gear, and many other things usually found suspended on the walls of this grand room of state, we will supply the oversight by giving the translation of an extract from an old French work which gives a description of a Norman hall in the fifteenth century.

The customs of France and England were so much the same at that time (particularly among the old Norman gentry) that the curious pieces of information which it contains, relating to the manners of that age, are equally applicable to either country:

“In the common hall (for to have two was a mark of great distinction), there were the stags’ antlers, tipped with iron and fastened to the wainscot, on which were hung caps, hats, hunting-horns, couplings and cords for the dogs, and rosaries for the use of the common people. And on the dresser (dressouer), or buffet, with two shelves, there was the Holy Bible, translated as commanded by King Charles the Fifth more than two centuries ago, the Four Brothers Aymon, Oger the Dane, Melusina, the Shepherds’ Calendar, the Golden Legend, or the Romance of the Rose. Behind the principal door were long and large pegs, to hang game upon, and at the bottom of the hall, on close boarding let into the wall, half-a-dozen of bows with their quivers and arrows, two good and large bucklers with two short and broad swords, two pikes twenty feet long, two or three coats or shirts of mail in the little chest full of bran: two strong foresters’ cross-bows (arbalestes de passe) with their strings and other gear belonging thereto were also within the chest. In the large window and over the chimney, three arquebuses (hacquebutes). And, adjoining, the perch for the hawk; and farther down at the sides, the fowling-nets for taking quails and partridges, hunting-nets of various sizes, and other instruments used in the chase. And under the large bench, three feet wide, fine fresh straw for the dogs, which, by smelling and hearing their master near them, are better and more vigorous on that account. In addition, two pretty good chambers for the passers-by and the strangers. And in the fireplace large billets of green wood, with one or two dry faggots, which made a fire to last a long time.”

The above is taken from *Les Contes et Discours d’Eutrapel*, par Noel du Fail, 1732, 12mo., vol. 2, pp. 45-6. (Du temps present et passe.)



## XIX. The Haunted Chamber And The Maltsman

Besides the upper rooms, noticed as being the most remarkable of those in the best part of the mansion, there was a noted haunted chamber in the outer end of the gable, over the brewhouse, which, with the malt-rooms over, took up nearly all the wing on the southern side of the kitchen-court. High up in the gable, alongside of an ivy-covered chimney-stack, a little window might be discovered among the branching ivy, when one stood in the private garden at the time the sun was sunk so low as to glisten on the few diamond-shaped panes left in the casement. Yet no one could ever find any room within to which this window belonged. The door of the room or closet, with the mysterious window, was probably walled up because that old part of the house was always disturbed at night with the humming of a turn (spinning-wheel), rattling of cards, and other noises usually made when carding wool or spinning the yarn.

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A story about the little glimmering look-out among the ivy-bushes, where the owls had always nested, and through which a light would often be seen to flash and fade away of a winter's night, if one stood by the yew hedge on the high ground opposite, sayeth that it opened into a garret haunted by some ancient housekeeper of Trove who had once been young and fair; that she had loved her young master but too well, all the better perhaps because he could not or would not make an honest woman of the fair leman, by making the beauteous lass his bride; however that may be, the favourite servant would never leave the place in life nor in death, but always remained here in spite of all the lady of the mansion and her lawfully begotten family could do to dislodge her.

Many generations had passed away before she was finally put to rest in a small upper room of the malt-house wing, by being bound by some learned priest to the task of carding a number of fleeces of black wool until it became white, and so spin as much from the same (without breaking the yarn) as would make her a shroud. Long after the spirit was put to rest, 'tis said that the maltsman, having to remain up late one October night to turn the malt, fill up the casks of fermenting ale, mash more malt for a new brewing, and for other work that requires to be attended to by night as well as by day in good careful malting and brewing, heard, when up in the chamber turning the malt, or taking it out of the cistern, more than common racket with the turn (spinning-wheel) and the clicking of cards in making the rolls of wool. The maltsman was a jolly blade, "who could drain his bowl, like a right honest soul," cared but little for ghosts, and thought, by the sounds being so natural, that more than one person, in real flesh and blood, must be working overhead. He did no better nor worse than make three taps on the planching overhead with the end of his howl- (shovel) hilt. The roar of the turn and click of the cards that instant stopped, and the three knocks were answered by three louder from above. Then he tapped the floor seven times with his knuckles. These were returned in the same gentle way. Now he was persuaded that some of the lasses who belonged to the house had found out a secret passage, or stair (in some garret or closet adjacent), by which they could reach the room over, and that they were then spinning for a wager, or perhaps some wool that they had purloined for themselves was there spun by the sly.

The man had no thought of fear, as he could still hear, late as it was, the boisterous mirth of the huntsmen and some of the hard-drinking guests who caroused in the distant hall, and, as soon as he had finished his work about the malt, he knocked again for the third time with the end of the hilt against the floor overhead. Again the spinning ceased, and the same number of blows, like a signal, were returned. "Stop a bit, and I am coming," said he. A moment after what seemed two hollow voices replied, "Come, come, come." As the man descended the outside stone steps from the malt-chamber to the brew-house he saw the light shining bright and natural-like, over against the yew hedge, and on the plants in that part of the garden. Though he, and all the rest of the servants, had often been cautioned never to meddle nor make, to ask no questions, and check their curiosity about the haunted chamber, or ill luck would befall them, yet, finding when he came into the court a ladder (which perhaps had been used that day to repair the roof) left against the wall, like as if some evil spirit had placed it there to tempt him to his doom, he fixed the ladder to rest on the roof of some low building which joined the towering gable, and contrived to place it so that the top of the long ladder nearly reached the wisht-looking little ivy-buried window. As he mounted the ladder he heard shrieks of laughter, which he thought might come from some of the servants' bedrooms at no great distance off; but when he reached the top and looked in through the window all sounds ceased—even the never-ending dismal night-call of the owls was no longer heard, and the flitting bats had disappeared.

He could make out but little at first in the weak glimmering blue light within, which neither came from lamp nor candle that he could see; but from a confused mass of things on the floor in the middle of the small room, he saw, what he at last made out to be, an elderly woman dressed in an ordinary bedgown. All her long skeleton body was closely wrapped and folded up in a sheet, except her long bony arms, that kept on wearily and ceaselessly working a pair of cards, on a handful of black wool. He saw large heaps of black wool all around her, and piles of grey dust, or the tormented wool, that never lost all its colour, between him and what he took to be a chest, till the dust made him cough, and then the apparition raised its ghastly head, and the shroud fell off the face that looked as if it had long been in the grave. Deep in the holes of the skull, in the places where the eyes once shone, were lurid balls of fire, that shot out their light like the rays from a dark lantern, and left all else in gloom. When the glaring balls were turned on the man he felt the marrow of his bones pierced as with darts of fire. He had neither the power to move nor to speak, Then the ghastly corpse turned its fiery eyes around and rested them on the chest, but he saw then by their light that it was a white coffin. In the midst of the wool a small treadle-turn, like what old women use for spinning flax, stood beside the half-open coffin. From within it arose the figure of a younger and fairer corpse, but all covered with purple spots, like poison-marks. Pointing, and looking at the man as she arose, she said, "Here is room enow for thee." Then both the ghostly forms glided towards the window like things floating in the air, and shook dust from their shrouds and winding-sheets in the intruder's face. Lurid streams of fiery light from the eyes of the apparitions, choking dust from their shrouds, and the sickening smell of grave-clothes, made the man become so dizzy, sick, and faint, that he fell from the ladder, broke his ribs by a fall on a grindstone, in the corner of the court, crawled into the beer-house, where he was found senseless the next morning, and could only be roused up long enough to tell how he came by his mishap; then he shook his head, groaned, kicked, sneezed, and died.

The old women (who know all about such matters) put it down that the younger ghost, with the purple-spotted face, must have been another of the master's favourites—some fair maid of sixteen, sent off by her jealous mistress with a cup of nightshade decoction, or a bowl of hemlock broth. Long after the brewhouse wing was a roofless ruins, these troublesome

spirits, with others who joined them, might be heard couranting, raving, roaring, or wailing all the night long.

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It may be remarked that this story of the maltsman, prying into the mystery of a haunted chamber and getting frightened to death for his pains, is told about many other old seats in the west, as Beranhewal, Penrose, &c. We always find many versions of all the well-known drolls, told with such variations as adapt them to the locality in which the droll-teller finds himself.

We leave the old house of Trove to its revellers and ghosts, whilst we refresh ourselves with the sweet air of the garden.

## XX. The Gardens Of Trewoof

“There sprang the violet, all newe,  
The fresh pervinkle, rich of hewe,  
And flowris yellow, white, and rede,  
Such plente grew there nor in the mede.”—Chaucer.

On the western end of the ladies' bower, a window opened into a delightful garden, richly stored with flowers and delicious fruits. By opening the casements beneath the transom, one might pass out into this charming, secluded retreat. There was also a private entrance through the green-court, by a broad flight of steps at the end of the alley from the grand staircase: as the ground rises rapidly on the western side of the mansion, the steps landed on a broad terrace-walk, which conducted, at either end, through gardens and orchards, to the rabbit-warren, fishponds, and bowling-greens, with garden pavilions, rustic seats, aquatic and other embellishments, which added much to the delight of old-fashioned pleasure-grounds, which were always designed for use as well as for recreation. On the bank, sloping towards the morning sun, the ground between the mill-brook (that still flows through the orchard), and the window of “My lady's bower,” would be beds of pinks and roses, sweet-william and margery (marjorum), clove-gilliflowers of various colours, diffusing a perfume sweet as the spices of the East. The primrose, violet, and snowdrop might be seen peeping from the shady bank beside the brook, and lilies drooping over the stream. In all parts of the garden would be seen growing with little care or culture,

“The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,  
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;  
The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron brown;  
The lavish stock, that scents the garden round:

From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,  
Anemones, auriculas, enrich'd  
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves:  
And full ranunculus of glowing red.”

There the “fresh pervinkle, rich of hewe,” may still be found, showing its azure blossoms and glossy leaves, mingled with many a garden flower now growing wild. On the sunniest spots were banks of lavender and thyme, alive with bees; the beds of flowers were edged with daisies, grass-pinks, saxifrage, cliff-pinks, or the fine-leaved wood-strawberry plant. There were roses of various kinds to be found in all parts of the garden—the damask and cinnamon roses, with sweet-briars and honeysuckle, formed thickets of bloom which grew around uncared for, in every hedge. In more distant nooks and corners of this sunny retreat, where “Fair-handed Spring unbosoms ev'ry grace,” were sunflowers, poppies, whitsun-gilliflowers, honesty, and other showy blossoms, besides many other hardy old-fashioned flowers, now rarely seen except in some cottage garden, far away in the country. Yet these modest sweet-scented flowers are more worthy of a place under the bower window of a lady's garden than the scentless, flaunting, short-lived foreign flowers and shrubs by which they have been supplanted. Divided only from the flower-garden by a hedge of roses, boy's-love (southern wood), rosemary, toutesain, sweetbriars, and other common flowering shrubs, were aromatic herbs for pottage and distilling as balm, mint, summer savoury, marjorum, tansy, organ (pennyroyal), and many others much esteemed by the ladies of old for making their strong-waters and medicated drinks, worts, or tizans. Joining these, farther down beside the stream,

were other beds of culinary and medicinal herbs. Among these were always found sage, rue or herb of grace, the dragon plant, fennel, &c.; besides many esteemed wild herbs were often cultivated in the lady's herbary, that they might be found at hand, such as agrimony, horehound, vervain, valerian, comfrey, bettony, burnette, St. John's wort, mugwort, and scores of others, little thought of now that more powerful kill-or-cure foreign drugs are found to make quicker dispatch than the native plants, which one might have thought Nature would have placed where most wanted.

Farther up the sunny slope (nearly opposite the bower window), under a sheltering hedge of holly, bays, box, and privet, protected on the north by a close-cut hedge of yew, were placed the rows of bee-hives.

“Here their delicious task the fervent bees,  
In swarming millions tend: around, athwart,  
Through the soft air the busy nations fly,  
Cling to the bud, and with inserted tube  
Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul;  
And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare  
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,  
And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.”

In swarming time the bees could be watched by the lady and her damsels, as they wrought at their tapestry or embroidery, or spun the flax with distaff and spindle, in the cosy window-seat of their bower.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when sugar was an expensive luxury, only to be procured by the rich, the care and cultivation of these interesting creatures was well understood and attended to, as vast quantities of honey were then used for brewing mead<sup>11</sup> which was more esteemed than any but the richest wines. Then, as now, the bees were regarded as having some mysterious sympathy with the weal or woe of the families to whom they belonged. On this account, if any important event happened in the family of their owner,

<sup>11</sup> The old method of making mead, or metheglin, in West Cornwall was to put four pounds of honey to one gallon of water; boil it one hour, skim it well then add one ounce of hops to every gallon, and boil it half-an-hour longer, and let it stand till next day. Put it into your cask or bottles. To every gallon add a gill of brandy; stop it lightly till the fermentation is over; then stop it very close. Keep it one year before you tap. More recently the old ladies who were noted for making good mead (or sweet-drink as they call it), boiled the combs from which the honey had been drained until all the honey that remained was extracted. They then strained it, and added as much more honey as made the drink strong enough to float an egg. To every gallon they added one ounce of cloves; the same of allspice; half-an-ounce of coriander; the same weight of caraway-seed. Sometimes cinnamon and mace were used instead of the seeds. Others, who preferred the flavour and perfume of aromatic plants, boiled in the water, before they added the honey, the tops of sweet-briar, flowers of thyme, rosemary, sweet marjorum, or any other sweet herbs they liked; then finished as above. All, or any, of the flavouring ingredients were used according to taste. We append a recipe for making the celebrated Polish mead which is extensively used in the North of Europe.

“The process of brewing mead in Poland is very simple. The proportion is three-part of water to one of honey, and 50 lbs. of wild hops to 163 gallons, which is called a *waar*, or brewing. When the water is boiling, both the honey and hops are thrown into it, and it is kept stirring until it becomes milk-warm: it is then put into a large cask and allowed to ferment for a few days; it is then drawn off into another cask, wherein there has been *aqua vitae*, or whiskey, bunged quite close, and afterwards taken to the cellars which, in this country, are excellent and cool. This mead becomes good in three years' time; and by keeping, it improves, like many sorts of wine. The mead for immediate drink is made from malt, hops, and honey, in the same proportion, and undergoes a similar process. In Hungary it is usual to put ginger in mead. There are other sorts of mead in Poland, as *wisniak*, *dereniak*, *maliniak*; they are made of honey, wild cherries, berries of the *cornus mascula* and, raspberries; they all undergo the same process, and are most excellent and wholesome after a few years' keeping. The *lipiac* is made in the same way, but it contains the honey and pure water only.”

it was thought necessary “to tell the bees,” and, in the case of death, to place some mourning on the hives; otherwise it was supposed that the bees would fret themselves to death. What would appear to be the same fancy or feeling is still further indulged, and shows itself in what appears a greater weakness, to all but our simple country dames, with whom it is a general custom to hang crape on their window-plants, under the idea that, if neglected, the plants would pine and die. There are many other strange fancies among us connected with the bees and flowers, but they are not of such special interest as to be worth mentioning.

On the other side the stream (between the brook and the orchard) a large piece of level ground was enclosed, with sheltering hedges, for the pottager, or kitchen-garden, where abundance of esculents were cultivated (many of which are now but little known, as they were neglected when the culture of the potato became general). Early kinds of peas and beans were cultivated in this garden (those intended for winter’s use being grown in the fields). The lentil was then much esteemed here (as now on the Continent) for making more savoury messes during fast-days than any other legumes; some few coleworts; a small perennial beet, much esteemed for its succulent leaves, which were used with parsley and other things in savoury fish- and herby-pies. This useful plant may still be found, growing about the hedges of what once were the gardens of old seats. We have, not long ago, also seen this excellent, yet neglected, native esculent growing wild near Hayle. This hardy plant may be found on many sheltered parts of the seashore, and deserves to be better known, as it is equal as a spring green to any spinach. It continues green during the winter, and produces abundant seed in autumn without the parent plant dying. We have not botanical knowledge enough to know if this plant be a true beet or some species of endive, but we know it was called a beet by the old folks who used it, and that it is a vegetable worthy of a place in any kitchen-garden.

Besides the plants mentioned above, carrots, parsnips, and many others for salading were then grown, as lettuce, rocket, mustard, watercress. Young shoots of the hop plant were also used as a salad, and boiled as a pot-herb. The hop was probably grown for these purposes long before its flower was used for flavouring and preserving ale, as the ground ivy, or alehoof, wormwood, mugwort, centory, the tops of bannel (broom) were formerly used for that purpose, as well some other aromatic bitter plants.

A warm corner of this garden was also devoted to a class of plants which were much used for flavouring the strong waters, or spirits, both of home and foreign distillery, and as a substitute for the rarer spices of the East, in the simple confectionery of the ladies of olden days.

Among these were angelica, liquorice, saffron, coriander, caraway, gentian; to these may be added lovage or wild celery, fennel, and some others of less note. Most of these, except the three former, were cultivated for the sake of their strong carminative seeds, which furnished a variety of flavours to which the drinkers of old-fashioned cordials and liqueurs were much attached.

Cummin seed is also mentioned in old recipes for flavouring cordials and also as an ingredient in the nostrums for attracting pigeons, and attaching them to a deserted dovecot; but this plant, being a native of warm climates, could hardly have been cultivated here.

Yet, within our remembrance, many elderly person, who stuck to old customs, grew all the plants, and many more than we have enumerated, in their pleasant old-fashioned gardens, where things for use, combined with those for ornament, added much more to the interest of a place than the things for show alone which we find in our model gardens, that make the French and other foreigners characterize the English garden as a place very pretty to look at, but where there is nothing to eat. Anyone who has seen the gardens of the old chateaux of France, with their ornamental fruit-trees, can well understand how uninviting and naked the modern English garden must appear to them. The garden-loving priest, attached to the house,

would take care that abundance of such roots as carrots and parsnips were grown, as well as leeks, onions, cives, and garlic, and every other plant food for cooking with dry fish; and, as ingredients in lenten pies and meagre dishes, parsley and marigolds were found growing, self-sown, all over the place.

The main crop of peas and beans were grown in the fields. Peas were usually sown broadcast, and harrowed in the same as barley and at about the same time. A considerable piece of pillas or naked oats was also sown, before good substantial porridge gave place to lazy-made slops, or what is intended to pass muster for tea. It is a great pity that the cultivation of this hardy grain (which will flourish on almost any dry, poor soil) should be neglected. The number of fields, still found with the name of Park-an-pillas, is a proof that it was regarded as a most desirable product; and anyone who has ever made a hearty breakfast on milk, thickened with parched pillas groats, will say that it is far superior to rice, or to many other duty-paid farinaceous matters, with strange names, that we get from abroad. Many other sweet or savoury dishes may be made from this nutritious, bone-producing grain, which has the same appetitive-flavour as the best Welsh oatmeal.

### THE FRUIT-GARDENS

One of the pleasantest walks to be found in the gardens of the Norman gentry, at the time that the Levelis flourished in Trove, was the trellised alley of chequered sun and shade. That this fragrant retreat was regarded with much pride by the old, garden-loving gentry of France, one may know by the frequent mention made in the old lays of Brittany and in Norman romances, of the trellised vine-shaded alley, and the grand arbour covered with every sweet-smelling flower, where the lovers often met, and where many a strange adventure frequently took place, and

“Long time after maden they,  
Who heard this adventure a lay,  
Of the grief and the doloúr  
That for love these did endure.”

These favourite promenades are still to be found in the gardens of the more conservative parts of the Continent, where all the horticultural traditions are carefully preserved respecting everything that appertained, in the good old times, to seigniorial and conventual gardens. In the latter, the beauty of the well-cultivated grounds was often enhanced by the dreary surrounding desert, in the midst of which the early founders of monastic establishments usually fixed their abode, and soon made the wilderness “flourish like the rose.”

Some thirty years ago we saw, with much regret, the ruins of many of these fair, trellised alleys, in the deserted gardens belonging to the spoiled convents in the Basque provinces. More recently we have enjoyed the freshness and fragrance of these bowery vine-covered walks in the seigniorial gardens belonging to some old French families of Lower Canada, where the good, simple, honest inhabitants preserve everything connected with gardening, and retain most of the other customs of La Belle France at the time they left their Norman valleys and Provence roses to follow their heroic Sebastian Cabot and Jacques Cartier to the new Acadia.

Here the only grape vine that stands the intense cold of the winters in the Lower Province is the indigenous kind, which is almost worthless, as its fruit (known by the name of fox’s grapes) is very poor and sour, and not much larger than fine currants.

When the less hardy sorts of vines are grown, they are taken off the trellis, on the approach of winter, laid flat on the ground over a thin layer of bush-wood sprays (to serve as drainage), and lightly covered with straw to protect them, until the snow-blanket falls and keeps them

safe through winter, when the mercury and salt water are frozen and the Canadian farmer bring their milk to market in baskets, or folded up in snow-white napkins. The hop-plant, major concolvulus, and several native creepers (which may almost be seen growing as soon as the snow leaves the ground) are trained among the grape-vines to make a denser shade during the two or three months when it is as hot there as in the tropics, notwithstanding its Russian winter.

It is often remarked that the inhabitants of Lower Canada are more French than the French are themselves, and many of them take so little interest in what is going on in the rest of world, that they think the descendants of the Grand Monarque still occupy the throne of the country in which they believe that their ancestors were all people of note.

From the gardens of this conservative race we may venture to copy anything we find, for the reconstruction of our ancient pleasure-grounds, as we may be pretty sure that the same modes of gardening (as far as climate would admit) prevailed in France and England three or four centuries ago, when, from the frequent pilgrimages of wandering penitents and restless palmers, to and from southern and eastern lands, everything worthy of imitation, or cultivation, that could be brought from Paynim or Christian countries was introduced, and naturalised, if possible, in the gardens of conventual establishments, the occupiers of which were often as celebrated for their horticultural skill as they were for graphic and architectural arts.

### **SMALL FRUIT-GARDENS, TRELLIS-WALK, POND, AND PAVILION**

After this long digression, we may suppose that from the middle of the terrace (we have mentioned as passing north and south at the lower part of the various gardens) a few steps ascended to a straight alley, at right angles to the terrace, which—crossing the flower-garden and a rustic bridge over the mill-brook—passed through the gardens devoted to the growth of small fruit-trees and bushes, to a gate in a high yew hedge which divided these gardens from the orchards. Each side of this walk was bordered by such shrubs and trees as either grew, or might be kept, in formal shapes by pruning. These were varied by choice flowers and such fruit-trees, interspersed, as are more ornamental by far than many plants and shrubs grown for mere embellishment.

Among others, one was sure to find the medlar, mulberry, quince, filbert, dwarf cherry, and dark crimson-flowered crab-apple trees. Here and there drooping trees arched their pendant branches over the walk which led to a gate of Gothic screen-work, which was seen between a pair of wrought granite posts surmounted by sculptured, urn-shaped ornaments. The gate and its supporting pillars were canopied by an arch made by the spreading branches of yew, extending from the closely-clipped hedge. Through the orchard, beyond the garden, might be seen the alley, turning with graceful curves towards a fish-pond on one side, and the rabbit-warren on the other. A short distance from the brook, the formal walk, which passed through the gardens of small fruit-trees, was crossed by an alley about eight feet wide, covered with horizontal trellis of willow, or osier, wands supported on strong poles of ash, elm, or oak, about the size of hop-poles. The rods were fastened together, and to the poles, with tough twigs of the tree or Huntingdon willow. Vines, of all the most hardy kinds, were trained up the poles with a single stem and allowed to branch out over the trellis from either side. On the treillage, between the poles, choice dwarf fruit-trees and myrtles were extended as espaliers, or the spaces filled in with flowering shrubs, honeysuckles, and other creepers. The walk through this shady bower would be about four feet wide, leaving a border of two feet on each side. These were edged with the delicate-leaved Alpine or wood strawberry, which would there be found in flower and fruit best part of the summer. On either hand violets, primroses, cowslips hanging their dewy heads, lilies of the vale, fragrant hyacinths and jonquils, and



many other choice flowers, which thrive best in partial shade, perfumed this bowery walk, and decked it with endless bloom. Near the southern end, the bower-alley was widened to ten or twelve feet. The flower-borders here gave place to velvet turf of the brightest green, in which the camomile was thickly planted, that it might give out its refreshing, strawberry-like perfume when walked on. And here were placed seats enough for a goodly company, if they chose to partake of a banquet in the fresh air of the garden.

From this bower there was a glimpse of the changing sea between the ivy-covered gable and the wooded hills on the western side of Lamorna vale; and here the murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard to flow. All around the choicest climbing plants were trained, with roses, myrtles, eglantine, and honeysuckles in profusion. Near the southern end of the harbour was seen a miniature cascade, falling over long, moss-grown stones, by which the brook was dammed up so as to form a broad smooth canal.

This canal, or piece of smooth water, with its banks fringed with hazel, like a gently-flowing river, came into the garden between high and thickly-wooded banks that separated the garden from a meadow where grew many old, yet still fruitful, apple, pear, and plum trees. On this meadow-orchard, poultry, house-lambs, and other young cattle were allowed to range at pleasure, and here the water, spreading over a broader space, gradually lost its artificial character. The thickets of hazel, and filbert, and other trees that flourish in moist ground, threw out their spreading branches and twisted roots to give shelter and shade to waterfowl and fish, and the green branches bending over the water with the weight of their cluster of nuts, made a rich frame to the liquid mirror.

The high bank or hedge, which served for a fence and shelter the garden, was thickly planted with holly, hawthorn, elder, wild cherry-trees, and mountain-ash, with barberry-bushes, privet, and other plants of lower growth between: from either side the opening in the woody bank, through which the waters flowed, broad-spreading alders shot out their branches, and formed a verdant arch over the tranquil water; here, near the brink of the bank under the pendant branches of the elder, grew tufts of the water-flag, with its sword-shaped leaves and yellow flowers, bordering brakes of reeds and rushes. On the more sunny edge of the bank, majestic plants of flowering-fern (*Osmunda regalis*) hung over the smooth water, where one saw their regal, feathery fronds, mirrored with all the grace and freshness of their tender verdure. At the foot of this inaccessible bank, among the reeds, rushes, and soft sedgy grass, the swans made their nests, and a secure retreat for their young brood. When the cygnets were a few months old, the lady of the mansion no sooner came to her garden-bower than the stately swans (followed by their young, and other water-fowl, at a respectful distance) would leave the sunny bank, or shadowy nook, and come sailing down, arching their proud necks to see their snowy plumage reflected in the water, till they came to the cascade, where they would leave the brimming river, that was ever “without o’er-flowing full,” come to the bower, and take the bread from the lady’s hand to their young; or, later in the season, when the cygnets had become as tame as the parent swans, old and young would leave the water, and here, among the fresh blooming flowers, these graceful birds delighted to remain whilst the lady and her fair damsels portrayed with their fairy needles, and silk or wool of brilliant dyes, the love-sick heroine on her tower watching the ardent Leander breaking through the flood; or, the majestic form of the sorrowing Dido bidding adieu to the wandering Æneas; or it might be the scene of some more recent story, that the minstrel sung the while, graced the canvass, for then

“The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,  
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale,

Such as of old the rural poets sung,  
 Or of Acadian or Sicilian vale;  
 Pour'd forth at large the sweetly-tortur'd heart,  
 Or sighing tender passion, swell'd the gale,  
 And taught charm'd Echo to resound their smart;  
 While flocks, woods, streams, around repose and peace impart."

Perchance some wandering troubadour would hither wend his way, strike his harp, and sing some gay song of Provence, or tender lay of Brittany. Then some old romance of chivalry would while the time away, and transform the blooming garden into the fairy domain of Avalon, and recall the times of pomp and splendour, tilts and tournaments,

"When ancient Chivalry display'd  
 The pomp of her heroic games,  
 And crested knights and tissued dames  
 Assembled at the clarion's call,  
 In some proud castle's high arched hall."  
 In some proud castle's high arched hall."

Or they might be moved to tears by hearing the sad trials of the patient Griselda; or the melancholy legend of the fair Melusina—

'Ange par la figure, et serpent par le reste,

moved them to pity, honour, love, and hate by turns. In those times, the story of Melusina was held to be perfectly true by "people of honour," as well as by the old wives, who then were quite familiar with fairies, dwarfs, and giants, and the transformations effected by fays and enchanters. Many of the old Norman nobility were supposed to derive their lineage from this enchanted lady, who was said to be, at times, half woman half serpent. As they were ambitious of showing a descent from her, they must have been proud of the dread fame of their ancestors. So true it is that many would rather be connected with a demon (of note) than pass un-remarked among the crowd.

Two or three centuries ago this legend was related in hall and bower, as well as by old crones around the kitchen fire, Keightly, in his "Fairy Mythology," speaking of the fay-ladies of France says:

"Of these Fees the most celebrated is Melusina, who was married to the Count of Lusignan. Towards the end of the fourteenth century, Jean d'Arras collected the traditions relating to her, and composed what he called her "Chronicle." Stephen, a Dominican of the house of Lusignan, took up the history written by Jean d'Arras, gave it consistency, and cast such splendour about his heroine that several noble houses were ambitious of showing a descent from her. Those of Luxembourg and Rohan even falsified their genealogies for that purpose; and the house of Sassenage, though it might claim its descent from a monarch, preferred Melusina, and to gratify them it was feigned that when she quitted Lusignan she retired to the grot of Sassenage, in Dauphiny."

We should not have said so much about the story of the fair Melusina had it not been that some traditions of a similar legend still linger about Pengerswick Castle.

A well-known scientific gentleman informed me that several persons of Breage had told him of some curious traditions about a lady of Pengerswick who (by means of enchantment) was often seen, wholly or in part, in the form of a serpent that long haunted the ruins after the lady's decease. No doubt the story of Melusina was often told here in days of old by wandering bards; and centuries after (all but the most striking parts of the legend being

forgotten) the little that was remembered became located and associated with the ruined castle.

A few steps below the northern end of the covered alley, the channel of the mill-stream was contracted for the purpose of making a more rapid current; and here were placed on the stream two norias, or Persian wheels, of curious yet simple construction.

The axles of these machines terminated in hook-handles, at which grotesque puppet figures were placed with the handles in their hands. These effigies—so contrived as to appear to be working for dear life, in turning the wheels—were such figures of fun that none but the sourest could behold them without a hearty laugh. The norias and their puppets added to the gaiety of the scene, and raised a streamlet from the brook which was conducted, over the tiny river's bank, to a small pond, surrounded and shaded by overhanging shrubs and drooping trees. Close by the pond, was a pavilion fronting the vale, and a window in the southern end this garden-house opened on the pond, where the speckled trout might be seen leaping out of the water, tempted to display themselves by the shining dragon-flies that sported their wings of brilliant hues close over the surface of the water.

When the shades of evening came over the water, these tame fishes might be seen in shoals leaving their secure abodes, beneath the tangled roots of pendant trees, and swimming in on the steps which descended into the pond. The stones were only covered with an inch or two of water. In they came, boldly, to seek the crumbs and other food usually brought to them at that time. So familiar had these happy fishes become with the footsteps and voices of those who brought them food that they no sooner heard the lady in the pavilion singing some old ballad, or heard the music of her harp, than old fishes and young fry swam together to the shore of their haphome, and seemed more intent on the music than to care for food;—

“The third stroke on her gold harp she struck,  
So sweetly she made it ring  
The little fish that went in the stream  
He forgot whither he would swim.”

Through the arcaded front of the simple garden-house at this end of the trellis, there was also a view of the vale, and a glimpse of the sea here and there between the trees. On benches, as well as suspended overhead, from the roof-timbers of rustic building, were many hives of bees. Rows of hives were also placed on shelves against the inside of the southern wall, holes being left in the wall for the passage of the bees: instead of leaving the place, swarm after swarm had fixed themselves unobserved under the rafters, from which the combs hung within reach, dropping with honey. Though the place was all alive with bees they never stung any to whom they were accustomed, who did not molest them. And here, too, the ladies worked and sang, as cheerily as the birds among the apple blossoms greet the rising sun in the flowery month of May.

### **THE WARREN, PIGEONRY, BOWLING-GREEN, MILL, AND OTHER ANCIENT PLACES**

The orchards of Trove were formerly remarkable for the variety and excellence of the rare sorts of apples, pears, plums, and other kinds of fruit, now seldom found in this neighbourhood except in the gardens belonging to ancient places which have mostly been occupied by the proprietors. Mulberries, quinces, and medlars were formerly well known here, and would be found growing near the walk which passed through the orchards to the rabbit-warren, higher up the hill.

The warren was about two acres, securely walled in. Artificial burrows were made for the security of the rabbits, and a few rough rocks left here and there for the greater enjoyment of

the bunnies, or of those who watched them (through openings in the warren wall), chasing each other, by hundreds together, over the rocks and around the bushes, of moonlight nights, or morn and eve, nibbling the dewy clover between their turns of skipping and frisking. Hares often found their way into the warren and had to remain there, as the openings (at the foot of the wall) through which they entered had wire gratings on hinges at the inner end: these gave way to the hares when they entered the warren; and they were so constructed that they immediately closed after them and so prevented their escape. Rabbits, hares, kids, and other pet animals were kept in the warren more for pleasure than profit, as the hills and moorlands abounded in game, and the lord of the domain delighted in the sports of the chase. It was merely one of the delights of this old place, to see these wild animals enjoy their frisky play within a minute's walk of the lady's bower.

### THE PIGEONRY

Another structure, for ornament and use, pleasure and profit combined, was the pigeon-house erected on the corner of the rabbit-warren, with the orchard on one side, and the meadow which served for the poultry-run on the other. This pigeon-house was a tower of nine or ten feet square within, about thirty feet high, divided into three storeys, of which the uppermost only was the dove-cot; the lower part, from which one entered the warren, served as a place of shelter, and for other purposes. The next storey was intended for a look-out, and an occasional apple-chamber. This room had windows on three sides and a door opening on the top of the warren-wall, which for a few yards on this side, next the sea, was six or seven feet wide and formed a pleasant terrace-walk, overlooking the warren, orchards, gardens, and house.

The only parts seen of the mansion were the turret-like chimney-stacks and peaks of the gables just peeping over the trees of the orchard; clear over the roof, and on either hand, one had a view of Lamorna vale, Trevella cairn, the distant hills, and the boundless ocean. Stone steps led to this terrace, and the door of the pigeonry in the upper storey was reached by placing a ladder on the terrace, by which one ascended to a small balcony and a door (over the one to the look-out). This entrance was used when squabs were wanted for pies, and for giving the requisite care and attention to these birds of luxury. There were entrances for the pigeons in a rising above the roof, and consisting of small holes, three or four by twelve or fourteen inches. Three ranges of these were placed over each other in a boarded front looking towards the south, with a shelf to each range. The interior of the pigeon-house was either lined with hoes in the walls, as they are usually made on the outside of the building's, or by horizontal shelves, divided vertically at three feet distance which were generally esteemed preferable to any other mode—the width of the shelf about twenty inches and the height between shelf and shelf eighteen inches; and a slip of board three or four inches high, carried along the front of the partitions to keep in the nests; also a partition fixed in the middle of each three-feet division, thus dividing it into two nests.

We have been, perhaps, tediously minute in describing the colombier, because they are always ornamental structures and were regarded as indispensable appendages to the manor-house; besides, in these old-fashioned pigeonries the birds were easily kept free from vermin by having the nests frequently cleaned. To facilitate this the board in front was mostly contrived to slip up and down in a groove, by which means each nest could be cleaned at pleasure. The dung (most valuable as a manure for melons, cucumbers, and all other plants of the gourd tribe) will soon repay a little extra expense in making a comfortable habitation for these beautiful birds. Tares, and other pulse of the lentil tribe, as well as buck-wheat and hemp-seed, were regarded as good for a change of food for the young, until they became

strong enough to roam abroad and seek the wild grains and insects which constitute great part of their living.

The lady of the mansion, who was too proud of her pigeons and poultry to turn them over to the tender mercies of her servants, regularly—morning, noon, and eve—fed and inspected her feathered favourites. As soon as the pigeons, perched on the roofs, saw the lady leave the granary, with a basket of corn on her arm, they flew down, alighting on her head and shoulders in such numbers that she was compelled to scatter the grains on the way, as she passed through gardens and orchard, followed by her fluttering train of doves.

The old mural pigeoneries were among the most pleasing and picturesque features to be seen about the ancient manor-houses, and were often highly ornamental when they rose, tower-like, among the group of farm-buildings, with the roof surmounted by an elegant louvre, in which the entrance was made, on the south side, for the pigeons.

### THE BOWLING-GREEN

The inner end of the avenue was formerly called the bowling-green. Probably this was the common playing-place, and there would be some warm, dry, and sheltered enclosure at the end of the orchard, surrounded with high hedges of yew, laid with the smoothest turf, and having covered seats at the end where the pins were set up.

For a good description of an old-fashioned bowling-green, see the account of Mr. Shandy's, before Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim began to make their model fortifications therein.

### THE MILL

“The miller was a stout card for the nones,  
Ful bigge he was of braun, and eke of bones;  
That proved well, for over all ther he came,  
At wrastling he wold bere away the ram,  
And that was most of sinne, and harlotries.  
Well could he stelen come, and tollen thries.

\* \* \* \* \*

Pipen he coulde, and fishe, and nettes bete,  
And turnen cuppes, and wrastlan well and flete.  
A wif he hadde, comen of noble kin:  
The person of the toune hire father was,  
With hire ye yaf ful many a pan of brass.”

We next visit the mill, which was a necessary adjunct to the manor-house when the greatest part of the grain was consumed on the place, or in its immediate vicinity. We have many pleasing remembrances of the old grist mills, where the women of all ranks in the parish used to delight to assemble, and whilst the corn was grinding have a merry dance on the mill-bed or outside on the green—the music the miller's fiddle, or simply the time beaten up on the crowd (sieve covered with sheep-skin) or their high-heeled shoes would echo the tune of some lively old ballad that would set them a going one and all. The mill, too, was the chief place for news, and we fear for a trifle of scandal now and then. We are sorry to see so many of the old grist-mills going into disuse, and to find that working-people have to purchase flour instead of corn, and that even the farmers must often come to the shopkeepers for their flour.

The principal causes for the decay of the old mills are the monopolising propensities of the flour manufacturers, who have lately spring up, and the proverbial rascality of the grist millers themselves, who have done much to cut their own throats, by stealing corn and tolling thrice. Trove mill is working still, and we hope the mill-clack will keep time as long as the

stream continues to run, for the sake of the hearty old dames of Burian and Paul, who used to come here and serge (bolt) their own flour, to see that the honest miller mightn't take more than his due. This mill, and the surrounding cottages, formed a pleasing rural feature, a few years ago, when they were half-concealed by the embowering trees, before that side of the hill and vale was stripped bare of the flourishing wood which gave some idea of what the place must once have been, when best part of the hills around were clothed in sheltering groves, as one may be sure they were by the stumps that yet remain about the hedges.

We shall often have occasion to revert to this mill, as in many of the legends about Trive and its old inhabitants the miller and his wife are the chief actors.

We have noticed all the most important appurtenances of the ancient sea, yet many buildings that we now seldom see near a mansion were considered necessary adjuncts to the manor-house, when lord and franklin were obliged in great measure to limit the requirements and elegancies of their homes to the produce of their own estate. Then every considerable establishment was like a little colony, with its artisans and manufacturers, who were no longer required when merchant princes brought from over seas the riches and luxuries of foreign countries which were only known to our forefathers from the tales of pilgrims and crusaders, or from the romances of chivalry; and these distant lands were not regarded by many as more real than Avalon and other fairy realms of those charming fictions.

## XXI. The Haunted Mill-Pool Of Trove; And The Crusaders

“‘Tis I have vowed a pilgrimage unto a distant shrine,  
And I must seek *Jerusalem*, and leave the land that’s mine,  
Here shalt thou dwell the while in state, so thou wilt pledge thy fay,  
That thou for my return wilt wait seven twelvemonths and a day.

\* \* \* \* \*

‘Now hear,’ he said, ‘Sir Chamberlain, true vassal art thou mine,  
And such the trust that I repose in that proved worth of thine,  
For seven years rule thou my towers, and lead my vassal train,  
And pledge thee for my Lady’s faith till I return again.’”—Scott.

Those who feared, a few years ago, to see a ghost, disliked to pass over the pathway on the bank or hedge which borders the mill-pool, and makes a short cut from the bend of the avenue to some cottages near the mill. The dislike to this pathway was not so much from its dangerous proximity to the water, as from the fear of seeing the apparition of two children, frequently beheld near the pool. This appearance of two beautiful children, wandering about hand-in-hand, was sometimes seen in the meadow, below, where they seemed to be picking flowers. At other times they were seen sporting like fairies on the margin of the mill-stream, or hovering over the water. By all accounts, many were so used to see the apparition of the beautiful babes that they paid no more attention to it than to any other ordinary occurrence; but we suspect that many of the stories told us, when children, about this haunted pool, might have been to deter us, and others of the same age, from venturing near this path on the brink of the water. However that may be, the stories told us then have left a lasting impression, and make us feel that there was always something weird, wisht, and strange about that path and dark millstream, although there is now scarce a ghost in all the land, and probably these restless spirits have also departed, with many other unsubstantial beings which used to haunt the vale.

### Levelis the Crusader

There is a story, or rather a droll, told to account for these appearances, which sayeth that, long ago (probably some hundreds of years before the last of the Levelis was entombed in Burian church) some noble ancestor of his was left an orphan at a very early age, under the guardianship of his paternal uncle and other gentlemen of the west, who were also connected with the family.

These gentlemen did not approve of the manner in which the youth was being brought up by his uncle, who, as he was a younger brother, had but little land and less learning. He seems to have been merely a strong sturdy farmer, who took pride in his calling and cared not a straw for gentillesse.

This uncle farmed Trove, with all the other lands near, belonging to the family, and was bringing up the young Levelis as a mere hind. The more liberal guardians, seeing that the heir of the ancient family had there no means of acquiring the accomplishments becoming one of gentle blood, took the youth away from his uncle and got him installed as a squire to a worthy knight belonging to some noble family in a distant part of the country. Here the young heir was trained in all the gentle breeding, and manly and martial exercises, which were regarded as indispensable for the youth of his rank, in those times, when all the flower of the gentry

amused themselves with lopping off the heads of Saracens and destroying those idols of Mahomed and Termagaunt which they were said to find in the Holy Land. A few years after the young heir of Trove had been under the good knight's care he became so gentil and valiant, courteous and brave, that any Cornishman might be proud to own him. He was

“Young, strong, and virtuous, and riche, and wise,  
And wel-beloved, and holden in gret prise.”

Young Levelis was never seen, and rarely heard of, in the west, until the knight, his master, took him, and numerous other followers, to flesh their maiden swords in the holy war. Then, to the great disgust of his uncle, the little revenue derived from the land, and more money (that was borrowed), and was sent to equip the young squire in a way suitable to his rank.

After this departure to the East, so many years passed without any tidings of the young crusader, that his uncle regarded the ancient possessions of the family as all his own. Rumours were common that soldiers had returned from the Jerusalem wars to other parts of the country, bringing word that Levelis of Trove was slain in the battle-field; but no one was seen to confirm these stories, which were probably invented to gratify the wishes of Hugh Levelis, the uncle, who had begun to plant and build, with as much confidence as if his nephew had been doubly dead and buried. Besides, he was preparing to bring a lady home to the hall in a short time. The absent heir seemed to be dead with the consent of one, but one day, when they least expected, he came back as a very “gentil knight,” with a wife and two children. The lady was said to have belonged to a family of higher rank than the Levelis,—that she secretly left her father's house in disguise, and followed her youthful soldier to the wars. Then it was no unusual thing for the wives of commanders, as well as those of lower degree, to accompany their lords to the seat of war in the East, that they might keep watch and ward over their husbands, and guard them from the witcheries of the dark-eyed maids of Palestine, and other dangers of that land of enchantments.

Here the story, as told by the old folks, goes on to say how the Levelis in possession refused at first to acknowledge the returned soldier to be his nephew—that those who knew him, when a child, with his uncle, did not remember him then—how, after a long contest, his identity was established by the miller and an old servant of his father proceeding to the part of the country where the knight resided when at home, and bringing thence some persons who knew him well before he went to the wars. Among those were some relatives of the crusader's lady who knew nothing of her whereabouts or that she had been married to Levelis; they only knew that she had either been stolen, or that she had strayed, and they decently mourned her as dead, hoping she would no more come back to trouble them.

When the warrior was reinstated in his lands, the rambling couple were wedded again in Burian church and the bells rung then, as they are said to do now, “Poor man undone!” The only reason we know for this fancy is that “what the fool thinketh, that the bell chinketh.” It might well be that the uncle and others could not believe that the stout soldier returned from the wars, as brown as a berry and bearded like a Turk, was the same fair stripling who left Trove a score of years before, yet when the uncle Levelis found that there was no chance of his retaining possession of the property he seemed glad to be convinced that the returned soldier was his nephew beyond dispute, and so far influenced the unsuspecting nature of the blunt, honest soldier, that he allowed him to manage matters much as he pleased; but the lady felt a repugnance, for which she could not account, to the fawning manner of the sturdy man who was only some dozen years older than her husband, and who, from having always remained attached to his healthy home and occupation, looked even younger than his crusading nephew.



The children also, for all his uncouth sweetness, seemed as naturally to avoid their grand uncle as doves shun the hawk.

The soldier Levelis—we wish we knew his name (suppose we call him captain, as almost everyone here is dubbed captain now)—Well, captain Levelis had scarcely been settled long enow by his native hearth to feel the comfort of it, when he was called away to the wars again, leaving his wife (about to become a mother for the third time) and the two children, to the tender mercies of a disappointed uncle, and among people, who, however hospitable they might have been, often showed a greater antipathy to persons from other parts of England than to people from distant countries.

Many persons, who have heard the traditions of the old folks about what they call the Jerusalem wars and the days of old King John, have come to the conclusion, that long after the time of the crusaders, some remembrance of the holy wars must have induced enthusiasts, or maniacs, every now and then to stir up the simple folks of the west to a state of frenzy about going to the land of Canaan.

Captain Levelis was glad to take advantage of this fury for going to the holy wars, as it gave him a pretence for another ramble to Paynim lands, and for leaving awhile what he found too dull an existence to suit his hot blood, after the stirring life of the camp. His tales, and descriptions of the wonders and treasures of Levantine lands, induced hundreds from the west country to join his company. If there be any meaning in our traditions of these times, they would seem to show that women, by scores, old as well as young, left their homes with their lovers, husbands, or brothers, to follow the standard of Levelis, on which were seen the three calves' heads in silver sheen, and the sable tower, waving on the breeze. Many lusty squires led the van, accompanied by a great number of the old gentry and yeomanry of the west. These set out with horses and hounds, and hawk on hand, with all their sporting gear, mixed with their arms and other accoutrements. Away they went like a troop of merry huntsmen. Next came the tanners, with their picks on their shoulders, that they might try every pretty keenly piece of ground they should come to on their journey to Jerusalem, whilst the others touched pipe a spell, or went a hunting.

Their ideas about the distance, places, and people to be passed on the way must have been in a state of great confusion. Many of the characters of the miracle plays that most Sundays they flocked to see acted at the cross in Burian or Sancras church-town, were living realities for them, and they believed that the grand eastern princes spoke the same sweet Cornish lingo as those who acted their parts in the Plan-an-gware at Saint Just. The simple folks, having no juster notions of times than of places, confounded the little they hear of things and persons, ancient and modern, and of places near and distant. They believed all the lying modern, all the lying stories of pilgrims and palmers. The more improbable the fiction the firmer and more meritorious their faith. The wandering, restless outlaws, who flocked into the parish to claim the privilege of sanctuary, also broughthither many wonderful tales, which would never be forgotten, when the old sociable life of hunting and the hall was in vogue, when one and all assembled round the winter's fire to droll the time away.

Nothing could restrain their impatience to depart. Some few tin-streamers left on horseback, one beast between several cousin Johnneys, who intended to ride and tie all the way to Jericho, where they would sell the horse in the first Corpus-chris fair, after they got there; but the crowd of common folks went on foot, armed with their knotty blackthorn sticks, or such rude weapons as the blacksmith, or their own invention, could contrive. The women loaded themselves with such choice household utensils and garments as were intended to give the Pagans of the East a high idea of the refinement of the West. Some took with them the small treadle-turns they spun the flax with—that they might teach the women of Jerusalem, Jericho,

or Babylon how to spin with a better contrivance than the distaff and reel. One dame of Escols—a noted knitster—filled her knapsacks of pockets, made large for the occasion, with balls of the finest yarn, that she might knit, by the way, some of the most beautiful stockings that ever were seen for Solomon’s queen, or the king of Babylon. A great part of the crowd was composed of those who were not determined whether they would go all the way, or only so far as to see the rest set sail. A large portion of these were old women perched on pillions behind their good men, whom they saw off with streaming eyes, but they took good care to bring back the old grey mare, with some youngster, picked up on the road, riding before them, and many who firmly resolved to go to Jericho went no farther than Relubbus or Fraddam. They had never been out of the smoke of their own chimneys before, and little thought the world was so large and so round, until they had a good view of it from the high hills of Crowan and Breage. They took with them so much of fuggans, hoggans, and pasties, that they were glad to stop often, to lighten the load and keep up their strength the first day; so they sat themselves down and finished off a pasty each one, on the bank of every clear stream they passed. They had little care for the morrow. Surely the Lord would provide; weren’t they going to the Holy War? They might drop into anybody’s house about dinner-time, and get a basin of broth, to be sure, if nothing better; and a bowl of pillas-porridge, morning and evening, from some hospitable body, living near the roadside, would do. They had made up their minds not to be too particular on the score of lodgings. As it was about Midsummer they could sleep during the short, nights in the barns or by the side of a hayrick,—anywhere; when they got to the land of Canaan they would have a good blow-out and rest, to make up for all the hardships of the road before they began to fight the Pagans.

The ignorance of the poor folks, and their inborn love of the marvellous, added to their illusion; they were prepared to see miracles and wonders in everything they found different from what they had been accustomed to. Everything unusual wore an air of enchantment for them, and the hope of seeing wonders and prodigies had as much, or more, to do in making many go off in a wildgoose-chase to the East than anything they cared about Jerusalem or Jericho, being occupied by Turks or Christians; yet each felt sure that when they got there they would beat the idols of Mahomed and Termagaunt all to bruss and bruyans (fragments), as they said everyone was certain of despatching his baker’s dozen of Turkish knights, like bold St. George in the guise-dance.

A few days after the west-country female crusaders had departed, full of fine fancies, many of them turned tail and came home again, as the pleasures of travelling did not answer to their expectations. Others, who had more pluck, or more regard for their male companions, pushed on and continued their journey. Whenever they came in sight of any town or village, larger than Mousehole or Market-jew, or waded through a broader brook than the streams of Tolcarn or Ponsandane, those in the rear would push ahead to the leaders’ ranks, to inquire if the waters they had then passed were the river Jordan, the village on the moor Jericho, or the town on the distant hill Jerusalem?

The commanders knew but little better than their followers about the countries they were going to. Hundreds of the fighting men and women left their ranks long before they reached the Tamar, and arrived home, after long and weary wanderings from one side of the county to the other, in their vain endeavours to find a short cut to Burian.

Our Cornish warriors were right, however, to come back safe and sound, and let Levelis and St. George slay the dragons and the Turkish knights whilst they stayed at home to raise the tin, and tell their drolls.

We must next see how it fared with the strange lady and her children during the absence of the crusaders, who travelled over Jordan.

Madam Levelis, being a native of some place east of Cornwall, was regarded as a foreigner by the people of the west, whom she could not understand; and feeling herself like one alone among strangers, she was rarely seen beyond her bower, the private garden, or in the oriel over the porch. After her husband's departure, Madam rarely entered the hall, and although an excellent horse-woman, never joined the other ladies of the neighbourhood in their enjoyment of the chase, or to see the games of hurling, wrestling, and other manly exercises then in vogue. Her only companions were her children and a dark-complexioned damsel who came with her from abroad.

Although the uncle, Hugh Levelis, managed all the business connected with the property, Madam seldom condescended to speak with the rough farmer, in the hall, and he was rarely admitted into the more private apartments of the mansion. The children were never allowed to leave the house and gardens; yet when, by stealth, they could escape their prison they would wander miles away along the road, over the moor and hills, where they last saw their father and the gay cavalcade that left for the wars; and enquire of all they met where their father was gone. At other times, like wild March hares, they would run down to the cliffs and hide among the cars. Another son was born, a few weeks after the departure of Levelis.

Now the lady and her children were scarcely ever seen for a year or more: the mistress and her maid (who were both most skilful in many curious kinds of needlework) passed great part of their time in the garden-bower, where they worked from the first daylight till dark, in making a piece of tapestry in which was portrayed the lifelike image of the absent lord, arrayed in his glittering armour, with sword in hand, just as he appeared when setting out for the wars. This work was completed, yet never seen nor heard of, until long after, by anyone but the lady and her maid. This tapestry picture was hung over a door of the lady's chamber, opening into an outer room, and covered over by the old arras. The lady intended the picture to be a pleasing surprise for her absent soldier, and to be seen by no one but herself until his return. Years passed away without bringing any tidings of the crusaders, or only such rumours as caused great fears that Captain Levelis, and many others, were killed or imprisoned by the Saracens. In the meantime, Hugh Levelis became madly in love with the disdainful dame whom he honestly believed to be now a widow, and that she required a husband to protect and console her. The old bachelor was in love to that degree that he was ready to eat rocks, and tame tigers, to gain the lady's favour: no woman could withstand his vehement wooing and suit so strongly urged, much less an unprotected widow; but when the lady consented there was still another and more trying obstacle to their lawful union, because Hugh Levelis, by his nephew's marriage, was become a sort of Cornish cousin to the lady: at any rate they were within the prohibited degrees of matrimony. Yet as a remedy to this the all-powerful clergy could grant dispensation, if sufficient money and lands were bestowed on holy Mother Church. In that case the powers above, as well as those below, were thought to be so indulgent as to wink at a little pleasant sinning. In these good old times, everything that the liberal, open-handed sinner desired was granted, the jolly priests ate roast beef, and the simple people stared, wondered, and admired.

At last the lady came to regard the rough and hearty farmer Hugh with all the favour required, and, for as much as could be wrung out of the parties, leave was obtained to their union (from those who claimed the power to bind and loose), and a day was fixed for their wedding. The women had all declared that such a husband as uncle Hugh was far better than none, or one far away. Long before dawn, on the day intended for the bridal, all the household were busy at work preparing for the feast and revel. In the midst of the bustle, no one watched the two elder children, who, for once, were allowed to range at their "own sweet will." No one knew what was become of them when their mother wanted to kiss them, before the party proceeded to church. Then the young heir and his little sister were not to be found.

During all that day the wedding guests, servants, and neighbours made diligent search all down the vale to Lamorna—over hill and cliff, moor and downs, in the Fugoe-hole, and every other place thought of, whither the children used to wander. All was in vain: since sunrise they had not been seen by mortal eye.

After many days of fruitless search, some thought they might have gone down to the Cove at low water, and wandered out on to the rocks which were surrounded by the sea at half-tide, and that the waves, which soon swept over them, had taken the children to the Mermaids' Home; or that the wolves, said to be plentiful then, might have come down from the hills miles away, and carried them off. Others surmised that they might have been taken away by the outlandish merchants who traded to Market-jew for tin, and who were accused in old times of kidnapping beautiful children and selling them to Turks and Pagans. In short, so many ways in which they might be lost were thought of that the wonder seemed to be that any children were ever reared in the country.

The sudden woe cut short the joy of the assembled guests, and made the mother feel that the loss of her children was a judgment on her for so soon consenting to receive another spouse, and, by way of penance, she avoided all the world and Hugh Levelis. The uncle was sadly disappointed by such a "slip between the cup and the lip," after all the trouble he had taken, and the time he lost in wooing the dame.

The sad disappointment must have made uncle Hugh crazy, or he would never have taken to the outrageous plan, contrived by him and the nurse (who wanted more occupation). By the connivance or assistance of this shameful woman, Hugh Levelis was concealed in a closet of Madam's bed-chamber, that he might have an opportunity of persuading her that the loss of the children was an additional reason for their speedy marriage—that if she ever intended to leave off mourning, and to rejoice any more, she might as well make up her mind to being first as last, and no doubt he thought of proposing many other arguments to the same effect. At the instant he was about to leave the closet, to put his designs in practice, the lady's good angel awoke her, and seeing, by the blazing wood-fire light, the closet door open and a man emerging, she rushed through a doorway (which was covered by tapestry) into the outer room. At the instant she passed the doorway, uncle Hugh, thinking to stop the dame by grasping her dress, caught the old arras instead, which, falling from the hooks to which it was hung, brought the eager lover face to face with an apparition of the armed crusader. The sight of this ghastly vision, which Hugh Levelis thought to be the spirit of his nephew, with sword in hand to defend his wife, made the warm lover's blood run cold, and he fell on the floor in a swoon, where he was found insensible, after Madam Levelis had alarmed the servants, and led the way to her chamber, where they found the terror-stricken man, who, when raised in the arms of the servants from the floor, opened his eyes, and again beholding the apparition (in the tapestry picture, waving in the wind), it gave him such a fright that he sprang through the chamber window into the garden, ran from the house, and could not be persuaded to return. He less feared a hundred men than one such frightful ghost.

One morning, a short time after Hugh's night adventure, Madam Levelis (being unable to rest, with grieving over her lonely widowed state), arose long before her household and sat with the child in her lap at her bower window looking into the garden: she was soon startled from her reverie, by seeing a man, travel-stained and worn, pacing up and down the garden alley. Notwithstanding the bad plight and poverty-stricken appearance of the stranger, there was no mistaking the martial bearing of the Crusader. Yet the lady was at first more inclined to believe that she beheld the ghost of her husband than the real man, in good substantial flesh and blood; between hopes and fears, she shrieked out his name, and in an instant was clasped in his arms. He related to her how he and three other west-country men (all that lived

to return of the scores who went with him to the East) had, the night before, come ashore from an outlandish ship, which brought them to Market-jew; they had travelled all night without meeting any person they knew, or who could give them any tidings of their families; they were all in bad plight, having returned heartily tired and disgusted with seeing the butchery of thousands of the simple innocent people who assembled from all quarters of the world to slay each other on the bloody plains of Palestine, merely to gratify the mad ambition of priests and princes. Levelis, and the few men of the west, who lived to reach the land of Canaan, always kept together, come fair, come foul, one and all would share alike. His company, at the commencement of the first engagement (Cornishmen like), despising their enemy and all precaution, in their headlong undisciplined valour, fought their way into the midst of the Saracen host, and, being overpowered by numbers, Levelis, and the three who returned with him, were taken prisoners, and conducted to the castle of a Saracen chief far into the interior of the country: here they were well treated, and saw that those whom they were led to believe idolaters and pagans were less barbarous than many reputed Christians. During the long time of their honourable captivity they were allowed to pass the time much as they pleased, until they might either be ransomed or exchanged for Saracen prisoners of war.

They might have had their liberty before, but they were too proud as Cornishmen, to be exchanged for ordinary soldiers, or to purchase their liberty at a low price: and it was only about six months before their return, that they were partly ransomed and partly exchanged at their own valuation.

Then Levelis and his companions were taken to the Christian camp with a guard of honour, preceded by heralds and accompanied by every other circumstance to show mutual respect. A few days after they regained their liberty, Levelis was riding slowly over a dreary plain towards the place of a late battle-field, to see if among the dead, or dying, any of his old comrades were to be found. He was thinking of his distant home and wishing to return, yet undecided, when his horse suddenly stopped, and looking up to see what disturbed his steed, he saw, on the road before him, in a line with the setting sun (that had just disappeared behind the mountains), the apparition of a beautiful boy and girl, seemingly floating in water and surrounded by trees, yet their motions were as free as the birds in the air. The boy held the little maiden with one hand, in the other he grasped a green hazel branch, and the girl a garland of flowers, which they waved as a signal of joy to the horseman. Then they beckoned towards the rose-coloured clouds on the western mountains. The fair vision remained whilst the Crusader said a *Pater* and *Ave Maria*; at the words, "now, and at the hour of our death," the beautiful children, waving their green branches and flowers, as if bidding the horseman adieu, floated away like a pair of white doves till lost to sight in the brilliant clouds of the western sky; whilst the Crusader was entranced with mournful music, mingled with the wail of familiar voices far away, the spectral pool and grove vanished into thin air. Levelis hesitated no longer; he knew that what he had just seen was a token for him to return, and he believed his children to be drowned, as the scene that surrounded the lovely boy and girl was the well-remembered nut-grove and mill-pond of Trove. A few weeks after, this Levelis and his companions arrived at a seaport, where they found a ship bound to Market-jew for tin. No more was then recounted of the wanderer's adventures; they wanted food and rest. Levelis knew that his children were drowned; the vision seen in a foreign land informed him where and when, yet he said but little, that he might not renew the mother's grief. In the evening of the day on which the Crusader arrived, the same apparition that appeared to him on the dreary plains of Palestine, met him in the avenue, as if to welcome the wanderer home, then glided away and vanished over the mill-pond. The next day, by the direction of Levelis, the miller, assisted by the neighbours, drained the pond, and close in under the bank, on the opposite

side of the water from the path, the bodies of the two children were found. The noble boy still grasped his sister with one hand, in the other he held a branch of hazel, with the clustering nuts on the twigs which tempted them to their watery grave. The strong current had taken the children so far in under the overhanging bank, full of matted roots and drooping branches, that their bodies were not seen until the water was drained off. Portions of the children's clothes found in the thickets far away on the moors, showed that they had wandered about a great part of the day, and had been drowned in the afternoon, at the time their phantoms were seen by their father. When the dying appear, to those on whom their last thoughts dwell, it is stated to be always at the moment the spirit leave the body. The earthly remains of the two children were solemnly placed to repose in Burian church, amongst the other Levelis dust; yet their bright spirits long delighted to revisit the sunny meadows, clear streams, and pleasant groves of Trove.

As no more is heard of the Crusader Levelis, we suppose that for the rest of his days he remained at home in peace, plenty, and content.

THE END

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