BARING-GOULD SABINE

CORNISH CHARACTERS AND STRANGE EVENTS

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Содержание

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PREFACE

Cornwall, peopled mainly by Celts, but with an infusion of English blood, stands and always has stood apart from the rest of England, much, but in a less degree, as has Wales. That which brought it into more intimate association with English thought, interests, and progress was the loss of the old Cornish tongue.

The isolation in which Cornwall had stood has tended to develop in it much originality of character; and the wildness of the coast has bred a hardy race of seamen and smugglers; the mineral wealth, moreover, drew thousands of men underground, and the underground life of the mines has a peculiar effect on mind and character: it is cramping in many ways, but it tends to develop a good deal of religious enthusiasm, that occasionally breaks forth in wild forms of fanaticism. Cornwall has produced admirable sailors, men who have won deathless renown in warfare at sea, as "Old Dreadnought" Boscawen, Pellew, Lord Exmouth, etc., and daring and adventurous smugglers, like "The King of Prussia," who combined great religious fervour with

entire absence of scruple in the matter of defrauding the king's revenue. It has produced men of science who have made for themselves a world-fame, as Adams the astronomer, and Sir Humphry Davy the chemist; men who have been benefactors to their race, as Henry Trengrouse, Sir Goldsworthy Gurney, and Trevithick. It has sent forth at least one notable painter, the miner's boy Opie, and a dramatist, Samuel Foote, and a great singer in his day, Incledon. But it has not given to literature a great poet. Minor rhymes have been produced in great quantities, but none of great worth. Philosophers have issued from the mines, as Samuel Drew, eccentrics many, as Sir James Tillie, John Knill, and Daniel Gumb. And Cornwall has contributed a certain number of rascals – but fewer in number than almost any other county, if we exclude wreckers and smugglers from the catalogue of rascality.

Strange superstitions have lingered on, and one very curious story of a girl fed for years by fairies has been put on record.

It is somewhat remarkable that Cornwall has produced no musical genius of any note; and yet the Cornishman is akin to the Welshman and the Irishman.

Cornwall has certainly sent up to London and Westminster very able politicians, as Godolphin, Sir William Molesworth, and Sir John Eliot. It furnished Tyburn with a victim – Hugh Peters, the chaplain of Oliver Cromwell, a strange mixture of money-grasping, enthusiasm, and humour.

It has been the object of the author, not to retell the lives of the

greatest of the sons of Cornwall, for these lives may be read in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, but to chronicle the stories of lesser luminaries concerning whom less is known and little is easily accessible. In this way it serves as a companion volume to *Devonshire Characters*; and Cornwall in no particular falls short of Devonshire in the variety of characters it has sent forth, nor are their stories of less interest.

The author and publisher have to thank many for kind help: Mr. Percy Bate, Mr. T. R. Bolitho, Rev. A. T. Boscawen, Mr. J. A. Bridger, Mr. T. Walter Brimacombe, Mr. A. M. Broadley, Mr. R. P. Chope, Mr. Digby Collins, Mr. J. B. Cornish, Mrs. Coryton of Pentillie Castle, Miss Loveday E. Drake, Mr. E. H. W. Dunkin, f. s.a., Mr. J. D. Enys of Enys, the Rev. Wm. Iago, Mrs. H. Forbes Julian, Mrs. de Lacy Lacy, the Rev. A. H. Malan, Mr. Lewis Melville, Mr. A. H. Norway, Captain Rogers of Penrose, Mr. Thomas Seccombe, Mr. Henry Trengrouse, Mr. W. H. K. Wright, and Mr. Henry Young of Liverpool – and last, but not least, Miss Windeatt Roberts for her admirable Index to the volume.

The publisher wishes me to say that he would much like to discover the whereabouts of a full-length portrait of Sir John Call, with a view of Bodmin Gaol in the background.

S. BARING-GOULD.

CORNISH CHARACTERS AND STRANGE EVENTS

WILLIAM PENGELLY, GEOLOGIST

William Pengelly was born at East Looe on January 12th, 1812, and was the son of the captain of a small coasting vessel and nephew of a notorious smuggler. The Pengellys had, in fact, been connected with the sea for several generations. His mother was a Prout of the same family as the famous water-colour artist.

As a child his career was almost cut short by fire. An aunt came to stay with the Pengellys, arriving a day before she was expected. Early on the following morning, when sitting in her bedroom window, wrapped in a thick woollen shawl, she saw her little nephew William rush out of the house enveloped in flames. She hurried after him, and managed to smother the fire with her woollen garment, and thus saved the child's life, though she was herself so badly burnt that she carried the scars to her dying day. The little boy had risen early, and had kindled a fire so that he might go on with his lessons before any one else was astir in the house, with the result that he set light to his clothes, and except for the premature arrival of his aunt, must certainly have been burnt to death.

At the age of twelve he went to sea. He says: —

"Our voyages were short. I do not remember an instance of being at sea more than three consecutive days; so that, except

when windbound, we were almost always taking in or taking out cargo. The work was hard, but the food was abundant, and on the whole the life, though rough, was not unpleasant.

"To me – thinking nothing of the pecuniary aspects of the question – the most enjoyable occasions were those which fierce contrary winds brought us, when we had to seek some harbour of refuge. These were by no means necessarily holidays, for, if the weather were dry, advantage was taken of the enforced leisure to give our craft a thorough cleaning, or to repair her rigging, or to make up the books. Moreover, the crew employed me to write letters to their wives from their dictation. These epistles were generally of a remarkable character, and some of them remain firmly fixed in my memory. The foregoing labours disposed of, and foul winds still prevailing, we had a washing day, or, better than all, a bout of tailoring, which did not generally get beyond repairing, though occasionally the ambitious flight of making a pair of trousers was attempted. On tailoring days it was understood that my clothes should be repaired for me, in order that I might read aloud for the general benefit. We assembled in our little cabin, where the stitching and smoking went on simultaneously, and with great vigour. My poor library consisted of a Bible, the eighth volume of the *Spectator*, Johnson's *English Dictionary*, a volume of the *Weekly Miscellany*, the *History of John Gilpin*, *Baron Munchausen's Travels*, Walkinghame's *Arithmetic*, and a book of songs. My hearers were not very fastidious, but allowed me to read pretty

much what I pleased, though, truth to tell, the *Spectator* was not a favourite; some portions of it were held to be nonsensical, and others were considered to be so lacking in truthfulness that it was generally termed the 'lying book.' This ill repute was largely due to the story of Fadlallah (No. 578). Walkinghame was by no means unpopular. I occasionally read some of the questions, and my shipmates endeavoured to solve them mentally; and as the answers were all given by the author, I had to declare who had made the nearest guess, for it was very often but little more. Of all the questions, none excited so much interest as that which asks, What will be the cost of shoeing a horse at a farthing for the first nail, two for the second, and so on in geometrical progression for thirty-two nails, and which gives for the answer a sum but little short of four and a half million pounds sterling. This was so utterly unexpected that it went far to confer on Walkinghame the same name that Fadlallah had given to the *Spectator*."

William Pengelly tells a curious story of his father, Richard Pengelly: —

"After completing his fifteenth year he was thinking of going to sea. When he was sixteen, his father, who was a sailor, was drowned almost within sight of his home. The effect on the boy was to make him pause, and on his friends, to urge him to give up the idea. For some months these influences kept him quiet, but at length his restlessness returned so strongly, that he would have gone to sea at once, had he felt satisfied that his father would have approved the step. To ascertain this point he prayed frequently

and earnestly that his father's spirit might be allowed to appear to him, with a pleasing or frowning aspect, according as he might approve or disapprove. At length he believed his prayer to have been answered, and that when in the field ploughing he saw his father, who passed by looking intently and smilingly at him. This decided him. He became a sailor at seventeen, and as such died at a good old age."

One bitterly cold night at sea, young Pengelly and some other of his shipmates having closed the cabin door, lit a charcoal fire, and speedily fell asleep, succumbing to the fumes of carbonic acid. Happily one of the crew who had been on deck entered the cabin. He found the greatest difficulty in awakening his comrades to sufficient consciousness to enable them to stumble up the ladder to get a breath of fresh air, for their sleep had well-nigh become that of death. The strong and hardy seamen soon recovered, but the boy was so seriously affected that, long after he had been carried upon deck, he could not be roused, and was only restored to consciousness by means of prolonged exertions on the part of his shipmates. His earliest geological experience was made when a sailor-boy weather-bound on the Dorsetshire coast, and he was wont to relate it thus: —

"I received my first lesson in geology at Lyme Regis, very soon after I had entered my teens. A labourer, whom I was observing, accidentally broke a large stone of blue lias and thus disclosed a fine ammonite – the first fossil of any kind that I had ever seen or heard of.

"In reply to my exclamation, 'What's that?' the workman said, with a sneer, 'If you had read your Bible you'd know what 'tis.' 'I *have* read my Bible. But what has that to do with it?'

"'In the Bible we're told there was once a flood that covered all the world. At that time all the rocks were mud, and the different things that were drowned were buried in it, and there's a snake that was buried that way. There are lots of 'em, and other things besides, in the rocks and stones hereabouts.'

"'A snake! But where's his head?'

"'You must read the Bible, I tell 'ee, and then you'll find out why 'tis that some of the snakes in the rocks ain't got no heads. We're told there, that the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head, that's how 'tis.'"

When in his sixteenth year William Pengelly lost his younger brother, and after that his mother would not suffer him to go to sea. Some years were spent at Looe in self-education.

While still quite young he was induced by a relative of his mother to settle at Torquay, at that time a small place, but rapidly growing and attracting residents to it. Here he opened a small day-school on the Pestalozzian system, and was one of the first to introduce the use of the blackboard and chalk. The school opened with six scholars, but rapidly increased to about seventy.

It was now that scientific studies began to occupy Pengelly's attention, and above all, geology.

In 1837 he married Mary Anne Mudge, whose health was always delicate.

Little by little his renown as a geologist spread, and he did not confine himself to the deposits in Devonshire, but travelled to Scotland and elsewhere to examine the rocks, and to meet and consult with eminent scientists.

In 1846 his private pupils had grown so numerous that he was able to give up his school altogether and become a tutor of mathematics and the natural sciences. He tells a very amusing story of a visit made during holiday time to an old friend.

"I one day learned that my road lay within a couple of miles of the rectory of my old mathematical friend D – . We had been great friends when he was a curate in a distant part of the country, but had not met for several years, during which he had been advanced from a curacy of about £80 to a rectory of £200 per year, and a residence, in a very secluded district. My time was very short, but for 'auld lang syne' I decided to sacrifice a few hours. On reaching the house Mr. and Mrs. D – were fortunately at home, and received me with their wonted kindness.

"The salutations were barely over, when I said —

"'It is now six o'clock; I must reach Wellington tonight, and as it is said to be fully eight miles off, and I am utterly unacquainted with the road, and with the town when I reach it, I cannot remain with you one minute after eight o'clock.'

"'Oh, very well,' said D – , 'then we must improve the shining hour. Jane, my dear, be so good as to order tea.'

"Having said this he left the room. In a few minutes he returned with a book under his arm and his hands filled with

writing materials, which he placed on the table. Opening the book, he said —

"'This is Hind's *Trigonometry*, and here's a lot of examples for practice. Let us see which can do the greatest number of them by eight o'clock. I did most of them many years ago, but I have not looked at them since. Suppose we begin at this one' – which he pointed out – 'and take them as they come. We can drink our tea as we work, so as to lose no time.'

"'All right,' said I; though it was certainly not the object for which I had come out of my road.

"Accordingly we set to work. No words passed between us; the servant brought in the tray, Mrs. D – handed us our tea, which we drank now and then, and the time flew on rapidly. At length, finding it to be a quarter to eight —

"'We must stop,' said I, 'for in a quarter of an hour I must be on my road.'

"'Very well. Let us see how our answers agree with those of the author.'

"It proved that he had correctly solved one more than I had. This point settled, I said 'Good-bye.'

"'Good-bye. Do come again as soon as you can. The farmers know nothing whatever about Trigonometry.'

"We parted at the rectory door, and have never met since; nor shall we ever do so more, as his decease occurred several years ago. During my long walk to Wellington my mind was chiefly occupied with the mental isolation of a rural clergyman."

In 1851 he lost his wife, and some years after both his children by her.

In 1853 he married a Lydia Spriggs, a Quakeress.

William Pengelly's scientific explorations may be divided under three heads. The first was his minute and accurate examination of the deposits that form Bovey Heathfield, where there are layers of clay, sand, and lignite. He was able to extract numerous fossil plants, and thereby to determine the approximate age of the beds.

Next he took up the exploration of ossiferous caves; and he began this work with that of Brixham, in Windmill Hill.

The floor of this cavern was excavated in successive stages or layers, starting from the entrance. Bones were found in the stalagmite and in the first, third, and fourth beds, and worked flints in the third and fourth beds only; but where the third bed filled the cavern up to the rock, its upper portion contained neither bones nor flints. The bones were those of the mammoth, the rhinoceros, the urus, hyæna, cave lion and cave bear, etc.

But by far the most laborious scientific undertaking of Pengelly's life was the exploration of Kent's Cavern, near Torquay. This cave was known as far back as 1824, when a Mr. Northmore, of Cleve, near Exeter, made a superficial examination of it to ascertain whether it had been a temple of Mithras, and quite satisfied himself on this point. He was followed by Sir W. C. Trevelyan and by the Rev. J. MacEnery. But it was not till 1865 that a complete, scientific, and exhaustive

exploration was undertaken by the British Association, which made a grant of £100 for the purpose. Mr. Pengelly was appointed secretary and reporter to the committee for the examination of the cave and its deposits.

It was found that the floor of the cave exhibited the following succession: (1) Blocks of limestone sometimes large, clearly fallen from the roof. (2) A layer of black mould ranging from a few inches to upwards of a foot in depth. (3) Beneath this came a floor of granular stalagmite, about a foot in thickness, formed by the drip of water from the roof. (4) A red loam containing a number of limestone fragments. (5) A breccia of angular fragments of limestone and pebbles and sandstone embedded in a reddish sandy calcareous paste.

On June 19th, 1880, the exploration of Kent's Hole was brought to an end. It was the most complete and systematic investigation of a cavern that had ever been undertaken, and on a much greater scale than that at Brixham. A task of this kind is peculiarly exacting. It cannot be entrusted to workmen; it cannot be left to a committee whose members pay but intermittent visits: it demands the constant oversight of one man; and this superintendence was given to Pengelly. The total amount spent on this exploration was £2000. Pengelly states in one of his papers that in the fifteen and a quarter years during which the excavation was in progress he visited Kent's Hole almost daily, and spent over the work, on an average, five hours a day.

"Above the stalagmite, and principally in the black mould,

have been found a number of relics belonging to different periods, such as socketed celts, and a socketed knife of bronze, and some small fragments of roughly smelted copper, about four hundred flint flakes, cores, and chips, a polishing stone, a ring (made of Kimmeridge clay), numerous spindle whorls, bone instruments terminating in comb-like ends, pottery, marine shells, numerous mammalian bones of existing species, and some human bones, on which it has been thought there are traces indicative of cannibalism. Some of the pottery is distinctly Roman in character; but many of the objects belong, no doubt, to pre-Roman times."

What was found beneath the stalagmite belonged to a long anterior period, where it had lain sealed up for, at the very least, two thousand years. In this deposit of the cave earth were found a large number of chips, flakes, and implements of flint and chert, stones that had served as pounders, and some pins, needles, and harpoons of bone.

Some mammoth bones were found in Kent's Cavern, and those of the cave lion, the sabre-toothed tiger, the glutton, cave bear, woolly rhinoceros, horse, reindeer, and beaver.

Mr. W. Pengelly died on March 17th, 1894.

A writer in the *Transactions of the Devonshire Association* for 1894 says: "For science he lived, and for science he laboured, even long after the age when the average man seeks rest and quiet. Starting out in original lines of thought, and untrammelled by traditions of years long ago, he met with many rebuffs, and the

conclusions which he derived from his investigations and minute and patient inquiry were almost laughed to scorn. But he adhered to his work and clung to his beliefs, with enthusiastic devotion, and in the end he lived to see even those who had originally stoutly opposed his views convinced of their verity, and their inestimable value to archæological and geological science."

Pengelly himself left this piece of advice to the student: —

"Be careful in scientific inquiries that you get a sufficient number of perfectly trustworthy facts; that you interpret them with the aid of a rigorous logic; that on suitable occasions you have courage enough to avow your convictions; and don't be impatient, or annoyed, if your friends don't receive all your conclusions, or even if they call you bad names."

It must be remembered that Pengelly and Sir Charles Lyell were those who startled English minds with the revelation of the enormous period of time in which man had lived on the earth, and of the slow progression of man through vast ages in the development of civilization. How that he began with the rudest flint implements, and progressed but very slowly to the perfection of these stone tools; how that only in comparatively recent times did he discover the use of metals and pottery; how of metals he first employed bronze, and not till long after acquired the art of smelting iron and fashioning tools and weapons of iron. All this startled the world, and men were very unwilling to accept the doctrine propounded and to acknowledge the facts on which this doctrine was based.

The *Life of William Pengelly* was written by his daughter Hester Pengelly, and published by Murray, 1897. Reference has been made as well to the obituary notice in the *Transactions of the Devonshire Association* for 1894.

SIR CHARLES WILLS, K.B

Sir Charles Wills belonged to a very ancient and widely ramified family in Cornwall. The first, however, of whom anything authentic is known was Anthony Wills, of Saltash, who died in 1576. They were settled at Landrake, at Morval, Botusfleming, Wyvelscombe, Exeter, and Gorran.

Anthony Wills, of Gorran, youngest son of Digory Wills, of Botusfleming, had a son, Anthony Wills, who was the father of the Right Hon. Sir Charles Wills, k. b., general of His Majesty's forces, baptized at Gorran 23rd October, 1666. Sir Charles had two brothers, Richard, of Acombe, in the county of York, and Anthony, of the Inner Temple, who died in Ireland 1689. The arms of the family are, *arg*. three griffins passant, in pale, *sa.*, within a bordure engrailed of the last *besantée*.

Sir Charles was a subaltern in 1693, when serving in the Low Countries under William III. The King went to Holland at the end of March in that year, and returned on the last day of October, when the armies went into winter quarters. Wills was in the battle of Landen and at the siege of Namur. On the 13th October, 1705, he was appointed colonel of the 30th Regiment, and sailed with it to Spain. He acted as quartermaster-general to the troops in that country, was present at Llenda, Almanza, and Saragossa, and was made prisoner in 1711 with the army under General Stanhope, but was released at the end of the war.

He had been appointed brigadier-general in 1707, major-general on 1st January, 1709, and lieutenant-general 16th November, 1710. After the peace of 1715, being in command of the troops in the Midland district, he marched northwards to meet the rebels from Scotland, and he and General Carpenter met them at Preston. Preston was a town both Jacobite and Roman Catholic; and in it was the army of the Pretender, composed of Scottish Highlanders and Lancashire gentry and their retainers.

General Carpenter, who had been marching into Scotland, turned back into Northumberland, and by forced marches had reached Durham, where he combined with General Wills, who had been sent some time before into the north to quell the many riots that preluded the insurrection.

Wills concentrated six regiments of cavalry, for the most part newly raised, but commanded by experienced officers, at Manchester, whence he moved to Wigan. There it was arranged that Wills should march straight upon Preston, while Carpenter, advancing in another direction, should take the insurgents in flank. As the Hanoverians approached, General Forster, who commanded the Jacobites, gave satisfactory evidence that he was no soldier; he fell into a fright and confusion, and betook himself to bed. But Lord Kenmure roused him, and in a hurried council, where all the gentlemen had a voice, and where those spoke loudest who knew least of war, a plan of defending Preston was adopted. But the plan, at least as executed, consisted merely in

throwing up some barricades in the streets and in posting some men in defence of them. Brigadier Mackintosh either knew not the ground or his better judgment was overruled; for Preston offered many advantages as a defensive position which were altogether neglected. In front of the town was a bridge over the Ribble, that might have been held by a handful of men, and from the bridge to the town, for a distance of a mile, the road ran through a hollow between steep banks for a mile. But river, bridge, and road were all left undefended. When Wills rode up to the bridge and saw that it was unprotected he could hardly believe his eyes; and then he concluded that the insurgents must have abandoned Preston and begun their retreat into Scotland, so that there would be no fighting that day.

But as he came to the outskirts of the town, he heard a tumultuous noise within, and saw the barricades that Forster had thrown up, and was saluted by a shower of bullets. He ordered his dragoons to dismount and attack two of the barricades. This service was gallantly performed; but the regulars were sorely galled by a fire from the houses as well as from the barricades.

As night was falling Wills withdrew his men, after they had suffered considerable loss. Early on the following morning General Carpenter came up with a part of his cavalry; and then Forster, who had scarcely lost a man, and whose force more than doubled that of the regular troops, lost heart entirely, and without consulting his friends, sent Colonel Oxburgh to propose a capitulation.

General Wills, irritated at the loss he had sustained on the preceding evening, seemed at first disposed to reject the proposition altogether; but at last he agreed "that, if the rebels would lay down their arms and surrender at discretion, he would protect them from being cut to pieces by the soldiers, until further orders from the Government."

When Oxburgh's mission was known in the town, and the result of it, the more warlike portion of the insurgents were indignant and railed against the coward Forster; and so incensed were they against him that, according to an eye-witness, if he had ventured into the street, he would infallibly have been torn to pieces.

The brave Highlanders, seeing that nothing was to be expected from the Lancastrian boors who had joined them, proposed rushing with sword in hand and cutting their way through the King's troops. But their leaders thought this too hazardous a proceeding and counselled surrender. They gave up Lord Derwentwater and Colonel Mackintosh as hostages, and induced the clans to lay down their arms and submit. Including English and Scotch, only seventeen men had been killed in the defence of Preston.

The Lancastrian peasants got away out of the town, but fourteen hundred men were made prisoners by a thousand, or at the outside twelve hundred English horse. Among those captured were Lords Derwentwater, Widdrington, Nithsdale, Winton, Carnwark, Kenmure, Nairn, and Charles Murray. There were

others, members of ancient and honourable families of the north, of Scotland, and of Lancashire.

The invasion of England by the Jacobites had thus ended ingloriously. The noblemen and gentlemen of rank and influence who were taken were sent to London in charge of Brigadier Panter and a hundred men of Lumley's Horse.

On January 5th, 1716, Wills was appointed to the colonelcy of the 3rd Regiment of the line, and on the death of Lord Cadogan was transferred in August, 1726, to that of the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards.

It was customary at all times for the King's company of the 1st Guards to fly the Royal Standard, which was carried by that company on all state occasions. It was of crimson silk throughout, with the King's cypher and crown in the middle and the arms of the three kingdoms quartered in the four corners. The staff of this standard was also more ornamented than that of the other twenty-seven companies. The lieutenant-colonel's colours were also of crimson silk throughout. These colours were renewed every seven years.

In 1723 the King went to Hanover, when a camp was formed in Hyde Park under the command of Lieut. – Colonel Wills. He had been elected M.P. for Totnes in 1714, and he represented that borough till 1741. In 1725 he was made Knight of the Bath and Privy Councillor.

In 1733, in consequence of the increase of smuggling carried on even in London, Strickland, Secretary for War, addressed a

letter in the form of a warrant to the Governor of the Tower and to the officers in command of the Guards, authorizing them to furnish detachments of men to assist in securing contraband goods; and in consequence of the increase of the duties to be performed by the men of the Foot Guards, their establishment was raised in 1739 by ten men per company.

In 1740, as the political horizon on the Continent was threatening, Walpole had to choose between declaring war with Spain and resigning. He disapproved of war, but rather than resign declared it. The people of London were delighted and rang the bells in the steeples. "Ah!" said Walpole; "they are ringing the bells now; they soon will be wringing their hands." Camps, in anticipation of hostilities, were ordered to be formed in various parts of England. In March orders were conveyed to Sir Charles Wills and others to direct their officers to provide themselves with tents and everything needful for encamping, and those troops under Sir Charles were to occupy Hounslow. He superintended the formation of the camp where the whole of the Horse and Foot Guards were to assemble, and previous to departing they paraded in Hyde Park, on June 15th, under Sir Charles, who had a lieutenant-general and a major-general on the staff with him. Thence he proceeded to the encampment on the Heath marked out for the purpose.

The twenty-four companies of the 1st Guards under the command of Colonel Richard Ingoldsby, second major of the regiment, remained encamped on Hounslow from June 16th for

several months – in fact, till the middle of October.

Sir Charles Wills was now filling the post of General Commander of the King's forces, but had been failing in health and strength, and soon became quite unable to take any active work; and he died on December 25th, Christmas Day, 1741, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

He had never been married. He had purchased land at Claxton, and this and all he had he bequeathed to Field-Marshal Sir Robert Rich, Bart., of Roxhill, in Suffolk, Governor of Chelsea Hospital.

LIEUTENANT GOLDSMITH AND THE LOGAN ROCK

In the parish of S. Levan is a promontory running out into the sea, once cut off by embankments on the land side, and converted into a cliff castle, that bears the name of Trereen-Dinas. The headland presents a succession of natural piles of granite tors, the first of which, rising perpendicularly, is crowned by the far-famed Logan Rock, a mass weighing about ninety tons, and so exactly poised upon one point that any one, by applying his shoulder to it, could make the whole mass rock sensibly. Not only so, but in a high wind it could be seen rolling on its pivot.

Doctor Borlase, in his *Antiquities of Cornwall*, 1754, says: "In the parish of S. Levan, Cornwall, there is a promontory called Castle Treryn. This cape consists of three distinct groupes of rocks. On the western side of the middle groupe, near the top, lies a very large stone, so evenly poised, that any hand may move it to and fro; but the extremities of its base are at such a distance from each other, and so well secured by their nearness to the stone which it stretches itself upon, that it is morally impossible that any lever, or indeed force (however applied in a mechanical way), can remove it from its present situation."

This overbold statement, added to the persistence of the people of the neighbourhood, that no man could throw the Logan

Rock from its balance, stirred up a silly young lieutenant, Hugh Colvill Goldsmith, of H.M.S. cutter *Nimble*, on the preventive service, lying off the Land's End on the look-out for smugglers, to attempt to do what the popular voice declared to be impossible. Lieut. Goldsmith was a nephew of the famous Oliver Goldsmith, and had consequently some flighty Irish blood in his veins.

"On April 8, 1824," says the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "a party of sailors belonging to H.M. cutter *Nimble*, commanded by Lieut. Goldsmith, came on shore for the purpose of removing from its situation that great curiosity the Logging (rocking) Stone; and which object they were unfortunately enabled to accomplish. This mass of granite, which is nearly 100 tons weight, was one of the three objects that excited the curiosity of every visitor to the west part of Cornwall. It stood on the summit of a mass of rocks at the Land's End, and was so poised on a natural pivot, that the force which a man could exert was sufficient to cause it to vibrate. In this situation it remained from a period anterior to our authentic records, as it is noticed by our earliest writers, until the *barbarian* above mentioned, in sheer wantonness, removed it from its place. This act of vandalism has excited the greatest indignation at Penzance, as it will in every part of Cornwall, and throughout the kingdom. It appears that Lieut. Goldsmith landed at the head of fourteen of his men, and with the assistance of handspikes and a handscrew, called by the sailors jack-in-the-box, with much labour and perseverance threw over the stone. What renders the act most atrocious is, that two poor families,

who derived a subsistence from attending visitors to the stone, are now deprived of the means of support."

It was found that the handspikes and jack were of no avail. Accordingly Goldsmith made his fourteen men put their shoulders to the stone and bring it into such violent oscillation that at last it toppled over.

The Logan Stone, thus displaced, would have rolled down from the tor on which it had rested and have shot into the sea, had it not happily been arrested by a cleft in the rock.

The indignation of the people was great, so that the life of Lieut. Goldsmith was threatened by the sturdy fishermen, should he land. But the desire to land was taken from him, for the whole county was roused, and a gathering of the magistrates was summoned to consider what could be done, and to memorialize the Admiralty against the perpetrator of this wanton act of mischief.

Happily Mr. Davies Gilbert was at the time in London, and he at once proceeded to the Admiralty and complained of the vandalism perpetrated, and requested that the lieutenant should be ordered to replace the block as found, and that the proper apparatus, capstan, blocks, chains, etc., should be furnished by the dockyard at Devonport.

This was undertaken, and orders were despatched to Lieut. Goldsmith that he must either restore the Logan Rock to its old position, at his own cost, or forfeit his commission. As the expense would be wholly beyond his means, Mr. Davies Gilbert

very liberally subscribed £150 for the purpose.

A writer, Lieut. L. Edye, in the *Western Antiquary* for 1887, says: "In his trouble he appealed to my grandfather (Mr. William Edye) for advice and assistance, stating that the Admiralty had called upon him either to replace the stone or forfeit his commission. My grandfather, ever ready to render assistance to any one in trouble, readily assisted, and having travelled into Cornwall (as a friend) and seen the damage done, applied to the Admiralty for the loan of plant and men. Their Lordships complied with the request, but stipulated that the cost must be entirely defrayed by Lieut. Goldsmith."

We will now see what Goldsmith had to say for himself. The following is an extract from a letter written by him to his mother, dated April 24th, 1824: —

"The facts in question, my dear mother, are these: On the 8th of this month we were off the Land's End, near the spot where the Rock stood. Our boats were creeping along shore beneath it for some goods which, we suspected, might be sunk in the sands near it. I took the opportunity of landing to look at the Logan Rock with my mate; and hearing that it was not in the power of men to remove it, I took it into my head to try my skill, and, at this time (half-past four o'clock p.m.), the boats having finished what they had to do, and it blowing too fresh for them to creep any longer, I took them and their crew with me, and, having landed at the foot of the rocks, we all scrambled up the precipice. We had with us, at first, three handspikes, with which we tried to move

the Rock, but could not do it." By move the rock he really means – displace it. A child could move it on its pivot. "The handspikes were then laid aside, and the nine men who were with me took hold of the Rock by the edge, and with great difficulty set it in a rocking motion, which became so great, that I was fearful of bidding them try to stop it lest it should fall back upon us, and away it went unfortunately, clean over upon its side, where it now rests. There was not an instrument of any kind or description near the Rock when thrown over, except one handspike, and that I held in my hand, but which was of no use in upsetting the Rock; and this is the truth, and nothing but the truth, as I hope for salvation.

"For my part, I had no intention, or the most distant thought, of doing mischief, even had I thrown the Rock into the sea. I was innocently, as my God knows, employed, as far as any bad design about me. I knew not that the Rock was so idolized in this neighbourhood, and you may imagine my astonishment when I found all Penzance in an uproar. I was to be transported at least; the newspapers have traduced me, and made me worse than a murderer, and the base falsehoods in them are more than wicked. But here I am, my dear mother, still holding up my head, boldly conscious of having only committed an act of inadvertency. Be not uneasy – my character is yet safe; and you have nothing on that score to make you uneasy. I have many friends in Penzance: among them the persons most interested in the Rock, and many who were most violent now see the thing in its true light. I intend putting the bauble in its place again, and hope to get as much

credit as I have anger for throwing it down."[1]

The letter is disingenuous, and is the composition of a man impudent and conceited. He knew the estimation in which the Logan Rock was held, and it was because Borlase had pronounced it impossible of displacement that he resolved to displace it. He pretends that he tried to "move" it, whereas from the context it is clear that he intended to throw it down, and for this purpose had brought the handspikes. He boasts vainglorioously of his intention of replacing it and gaining glory thereby, and never says a word about his having been given by the Admiralty the alternative of doing that or losing his commission. Nor does he mention the generous help he received from Mr. Gilbert and his kinsman Mr. Edye.

On November 2nd, in the presence of vast crowds, ladies waving their handkerchiefs, and men firing *feux de joie*, the block was raised, Mr. Goldsmith, his natural conceit overcoming his sense of vexation, superintending the operation. But, although replaced, it was no longer so perfectly balanced as before. As one wrote who was present at the time, "it rocked differently, though well enough to satisfy the people."

An account of the feat, written in the true style of the penny-a-liner, appeared in the *Royal Cornwall Gazette* of the 6th November: —

"The Logan Rock is in its place, and *logs* again. Lieut. Goldsmith has nobly repaired the error of a moment by a long

[1] The letter is given in *Household Words*, 1852, p. 234.

trial of skill and energy and courage. I say courage, for it was a work of great peril; and wherever danger was, there he was always foremost – under the weight of the mass of machinery, and on the edge of the precipice… I shall content myself with barely observing, as a proof of the skill of applying the complicated machinery employed, that many engineers had their doubts whether it could be so applied, and even when erected, they doubted whether it would be efficient.

"The moment, therefore (on Friday last), when the men took their stations at the capstans was an anxious one, and when, after twenty minutes' toil, Lieut. Goldsmith announced from the stage, 'It moves, thank God!' a shout of applause burst from all who beheld it. Endeavour to conceive a group of rocks of the most grand and romantic appearance, forming an amphitheatre, with multitudes seated on the irregular masses, or clinging to its precipices: conceive a huge platform carried across an abyss from rock to rock, and upon it three capstans manned by British seamen. Imagine the lofty masts which are seen rearing their heads, from which ropes are connected with chains in many a fold and of massive strength. A flag waves over all: the huge stone is in the midst. Every eye is directed to the monstrous bulk. Will it break its chains? Will it fall and spread ruin? Or will it defy the power that attempts to stir it? Will all the skill and energy, and strength and hardihood, have been exerted in vain? We shall soon know: expectation sits breathless; and at last it moves.

"All's well. Such was the first half-hour. In two hours it was

suspended in the air, and vibrated; but art was triumphant, and held the huge leviathan fast.

"I will not detail the labour of two successive days; but come to the last moment. At twenty minutes past four on Tuesday afternoon a signal was given that the rock was in its place and that it logged again. This was announced by a spectator. But where was Lieut. Goldsmith? Why does not he announce it? He has called his men around him: his own and their hats are off: he is addressing them first, and calling upon them to return thanks to God, through whose aid alone the work had been done – a work of great peril and hazard – and by His blessing without loss of life or limb.

"After this appropriate and solemn act, he called upon them to join in the British sailors' testimony of joy, three cheers; and then turned with all his gallant men to receive the re-echoing cheers of the assembled multitude. That Lieut. Goldsmith, whose character – like the rock – is replaced on a firm basis, may have an opportunity of exerting his great talents and brave spirit in the service of his profession, is the sincere wish of all this neighbourhood."

Lieut. L. Edye, in his communication to the *Western Antiquary* above quoted, says: "The result of this foolhardy act was that Lieut. Goldsmith was pecuniarily ruined, whilst the natives of the locality reaped a rich harvest by pointing out the fallen stone to visitors."

The Cornish are a forgiving people, and it was actually

proposed after the re-erection of the stone to give to Lieut. Goldsmith a dinner and a silver cup.

Lieut. Hugh Colvill Goldsmith had been born at St. Andrew's, New Brunswick, 2nd April, 1789, so that he was aged thirty-five when he performed this prank. He died at sea off S. Thomas, in the West Indies, 8th October, 1841, without having obtained advancement.

HUGH PETERS, THE REGICIDE

The life and character of this man present unusual difficulties. On one side he was unduly lauded, he was represented, especially by himself, as a paragon of all virtues; on the other he was decried with virulence, his past life raked over, and every scandal brought to the surface and exposed to public view, and we cannot be at all sure that all these scandals laid to his charge were true.

We do not know much about his origin, and why he was named Peters; he was the son of a Thomas Dickwood, *alias* Peters, and Martha, daughter of John Treffry of Treffry. This Dickwood, *alias* Peters, is said to have been a merchant of Fowey, descended from Dutch ancestors who had escaped from Antwerp for their adherence to the Reformed religion; and Hugh Peters was born in 1599. But Dickwood is not a Flemish or Dutch name. Henry Peters, M.P. for Fowey, who died in 1619, married Deborah, daughter of John Treffry of Place, in 1610, and had one son, Thomas, who was thrown into prison by Cromwell for his loyalty to King Charles. Neither Hugh Peters nor his father with the *alias* appears in the well-authenticated pedigree of the family of Peters of Harlyn. It may be suspected that the father of Hugh Peters was a bastard of one of the Peters family.

Be that as it may, Hugh Peters was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, at the age of fourteen – his elder brother at the time was a student at Oxford – and he took his degree of

B.A. in 1616. For a time he led a rather wild life and joined a party of comedians. Dr. William Yonge says that "he joined a common society of players: when, after venting his frothy inventions, he had a greater call to a higher promotion, namely, to be a jester, or rather a fool, in Shakespeare's Company of Players." Shakespeare died in 1616, so this must have been his company continuing to bear his name. He, however, became converted by a sermon he heard at S. Faith's, and "deserted his companions and employments, and returning to his chamber near Fleet Conduit, continued between hope and despair a year or more."

He was ordained deacon 23rd December, 1621, and priest 8th June, 1623, by Mountain, Bishop of London, and took his M.A. degree in 1622. He was licensed to preach at S. Sepulchre's. He says of himself: —

"To Sepulchre's I was brought by a very strange providence; for preaching before at another place, and a young man receiving some good, would not be satisfied, but I must preach at Sepulchre's, once monthly, for the good of his friends, in which he got his end (if I might not show vanity), and he allowed thirty pounds per *ann.* to that lecture, but his person unknown to me. He was a chandler, and died a good man, and Member of Parliament. At this lecture the resort grew so great, that it contracted envy and anger; though I believe above a hundred every week were persuaded from sin to Christ; there were six or seven thousand hearers, and the circumstances fit for such good

work."

How six or seven thousand persons could be got into St. Sepulchre's Church passes one's comprehension. According to his own account, he got into trouble through Nonconformity. Ludlow, in his *Memoirs*, says that Peters "had been a minister in England for many years, till he was forced to leave his native country by the persecution set on foot, in the time of Archbishop Laud, against all those who refused to comply with the innovations and superstitions which were then introduced into the public worship."

There is, however, another and less creditable explanation. He is said to have become entangled in an intrigue with a butcher's wife. But how far this is true, and whether it be malicious scandal, we have no means of judging.

He had, however, married the widow of Edmund Read, of Wickford, Essex, and mother of Colonel Thomas Read, afterwards Governor of Stirling, and a partisan of Monk at the Restoration. Mrs. Edmund Read also had a daughter, Elizabeth, who in 1635 married the younger Winthrop, Governor of Connecticut.

From London Peters went to Rotterdam, where, if Yonge may be trusted, he paid such court to and attempted such familiarities with a Mrs. Franklyn, that she complained to her husband, whereupon Mr. Franklyn "entertains Peters with crab-tree sauce."

At Rotterdam he became preacher in the English chapel. What

had become of his wife, whether she remained in England or accompanied him to Holland, we are not informed.

It will be well here to say a few words on the condition of religion in England at the time.

The plan of Henry VIII had been to make the Church of England independent of the Pope, but to remain Catholic. At his death the Protector and the Duke of Northumberland, after the fall of Somerset, had encouraged the ultra-Protestants. The churches had been plundered, chantries and colleges robbed, the Mass interdicted, and the wildest fanaticism encouraged. As Froude says: "Three-quarters of the English people were Catholics; that is, they were attached to the hereditary and traditionary doctrines of the Church. They detested, as cordially as the Protestants, the interference of a foreign power, whether secular or spiritual, with English liberty."

A more disgraceful page of history has never been written than that regarding the two protectorates during the minority of Edward VI. The currency was debased, peculation was rife. "Amidst the wreck of ancient institutions," says Froude, "the misery of the people, and the moral and social anarchy by which the nation was disintegrated, thoughtful persons in England could not fail to be asking themselves what they had gained by the Reformation.

"The movement commenced by Henry VIII, judged by its present results, had brought the country at last into the hands of mere adventurers. The people had exchanged a superstition

which, in its grossest abuses, prescribed some shadow of respect for obedience, for a superstition which merged obedience in speculative belief; and under that baneful influence, not only the higher virtues of self-sacrifice, but the commonest duties of probity and morality, were disappearing. Private life was infected with impurity to which the licentiousness of the Catholic clergy appeared like innocence. The Government was corrupt, the courts of law were venal. The trading classes cared only to grow rich. The multitude were mutineers from oppression… The better order of commonplace men, who had a conscience, but no special depth of insight – who had small sense of spiritual things, but a strong perception of human rascality – looked on in a stern and growing indignation, and, judging the tree by its fruits, waited their opportunity for action."

When Mary came to the throne there was an immense outburst of enthusiasm, the time of the Protestant protectorates was looked back on as a bad dream. In spite of the fact that England was under an interdict, the Mass was restored, and no rector or vicar cared a straw for the Papal bull, nor indeed did Mary, who heard Mass in the chapel of the Tower, and afterwards in S. Paul's.

If Mary had only accepted the advice tendered to her by Charles V, she would have reigned as a popular monarch, and have settled the condition of the Church of England on lines that commended themselves to nobles, commons, and clergy alike, Catholic but not Papal. But she had looked too long to the see

of Peter as her support, and she managed completely to alienate the affections of her people. The fires of Smithfield brought the fanatics who had been discredited in the former reign into favour once more; and when Elizabeth came to the throne, and had been deposed by Pope Pius V, and her subjects released from allegiance to her, and plots formed for her assassination, under favour of the Pope, the religious sentiment in England was cleft as with a hatchet – some who loved the religion of their fathers were constrained against their will and consciences to become Papists, and others became wild and reckless fanatics in a Puritan direction. Between these two parties sat the vast bulk of the English people, looking this way, that way, and deeming all religion foolishness, and self-interest the only thing to be sought after. All the foundations of the religious world were out of course. The *via media* is all very well in theory and when well trodden, but when it is experimental, and one road to the right leads to Rome and that to the left to Geneva, the *via media* may be taken to lead nowhere, and those who tread it have to do so uncertainly. A session between two stools is precarious, and the Church of England had been forced by the folly of Mary to adopt this position. The consequence was that in the reigns of Elizabeth and James and Charles I there was no enthusiasm in the clergy of the Church. The bishops were grasping, self-seeking worldlings. Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, was the best among an ignoble crew. When he died, says Froude, "he left behind him enormous wealth, which had been accumulated, as is proved

from a statement in the handwriting of his successor, by the same unscrupulous practices which had brought about the first revolt against the Church. No Catholic prelate in the old easy times had so flagrantly abused the dispensation system. Every year he made profits by admitting children to the cure of souls, for money. He used a graduated scale in which the price for inducting an infant into a benefice varied with the age, children under fourteen not being inadmissible, if the adequate fees were forthcoming."[2]

The great majority of the nobility and gentry of England clung to the doctrine and ceremonies of the ancient Church, and yet were united in determination to oppose the Papal claims. Benefices in their presentation were held by priests who said the Communion Service, which was but the Mass in English, with the ancient vestments and ritual; and others, next door, were held by men who could hardly be compelled to wear even the surplice, and who celebrated the Eucharist but once in the year.

The Church was a hodgepodge of conflicting doctrines and ceremonial. As Froude says: —

"So long as a single turn of the wheel, a violent revolution, or the Queen's death, might place a Catholic (Papist) on the throne, the Established Church held a merely conditional existence. It had no root in the nation, for every earnest man who was not a Puritan was a Catholic; and its officers, for the most part, regarded their tenures as an opportunity for enriching themselves, which would probably be short, and should in

[2] Froude, *Hist. of England*, X, p. 410.

prudence be made use of while it remained. Benefices were appropriated to laymen, sold, or accumulated upon favourites. Churches in many places were left unserved, and cobblers and tailors were voted by the congregations into the pulpits. 'The bishops,' said Cecil, 'had no credit either for learning, good living, or hospitality.' The Archbishop of York had scandalized his province by being found in bed with the wife of an innkeeper at Doncaster. Other prelates had bestowed ordination 'on men of lewd life and corrupt behaviour.' The Bishop of Lichfield had made seventy 'lewd and unlearned ministers, for money,' in one day."[3]

Bishop Barlow, of S. David's, had torn the lead roof off his palace and the castle at Lawhadden to provide dowers for his daughters, and would have unroofed his cathedral had he not been prevented by Elizabeth, because in it was the monument of Edmund, Earl of Richmond, the father of Henry VII. When translated to Bath and Wells he destroyed the lady chapel, the finest Perpendicular building in the West of England, surpassing even Sherborne and Bath, and sold it – lead, roof, stones, and all. Some of the clergy were mere temporizers, without convictions, taking their colour from their patrons, and ready to believe or pretend to believe this or that, as suited their pockets. The majority were indifferent – ignorant – not knowing where they stood. Many had thrust their way into Holy Orders for the sake of the loaves and fishes that might be obtained in the Established

[3] *Ibid.*, XI, 471-2.

Church, with no work to do, without education, without zeal, without convictions, and consequently totally without the least enthusiasm, without any fixed principles.

Laud and the Star Chamber sought to produce conformity by cutting off ears and slitting noses. But what Laud failed to see was that the only men in religious England who knew their minds, who had any fixed principles in religion, were the Papists and the Puritans. What they should have done, but what probably they could not do, was to inspire the clergy of the Church with zeal and enthusiasm. But the clergy could not catch the fire from off the altar; they had entered Orders for the sake of a rectory, a glebe and tithe, and cared for nothing else. If one half – nay, one quarter – of the charges brought against them by the Tryers be true, they were a most unworthy set. In Elizabeth's reign there had been a difficulty in filling the benefices, and any Jack and Tom who could gratify the bishop and could read was ordained and appointed to a benefice. And these were the men to maintain the doctrine of the Universal Church and Apostolic tradition against fiery enthusiasts on one side who took their own reading of Scripture for divine inspiration, and on the other against the Papists who set their back against the Rock of Peter.

With churches picked bare, with sermons without fire, services performed without dignity, often with indecorum, without religious instruction from teachers who did not know what to teach, it is no wonder that the people turned away to hot-gospellers and tub-thumpers who, if they could not kindle

in them love and charity, could set them on fire with self-righteousness and religious animosities.

At Rotterdam Peters threw over creed and liturgy of the Church of England, and leaving the English chapel, became co-pastor with Dr. William Ames of an Independent meeting-house at Rotterdam, and Ames died there in his arms. In Holland Peters made the acquaintance of John Forbes, Professor of Divinity in the University of Aberdeen, a great Hebraist. In a pamphlet published by Peters in 1646 he says: "I lived about six years near that famous Scotsman, Mr. John Forbes, with whom I travelled into Germany, and enjoyed his society in much love and sweetness constantly; from whom I received nothing but encouragement, though we differed in the way of our 'churches.'"

After Peters had spent six years in the United Provinces, he suddenly threw up his pastoral charge and departed for New England, with five hundred pounds in his pocket, which his friends furnished, and a young waiting-maid, Mary Morell, whom he shortly after married to one Peter Folger.

"In this year (1635)," says one account, "came over that famous servant of Christ, Mr. Hugh Peters. He was called to office by the Church of Christ at Salem, their former pastor, the Rev. Mr. Higginson, having ended his labours resting in the Lord."

Salem had been planted but a few years before, the first colonists in Massachusetts having settled there in 1628. Here he remained for over seven years, combining his duties as a minister

of religion and trading, so that he was spoken of as "the father of our commerce and the founder of our trade."

He was also a militant Christian, and was present in the fighting against the Pequot Indians. Concerning the prisoners taken, Hugh Peters wrote: —

> "Sir, – Mr. Endicott and myself salute you in the Lord Jesus, etc. [*sic*]. We have heard of a divisioning of women and children in the Bay, and would be glad of a share, viz. a young woman or girl, and a boy if you think good. I wrote to you for some boys to Bermuda.
> *"Hugh Peters."*

These prisoners were used as slaves, and sold just as were the negroes later. Peters, we are informed, was not friendly to the notion of converting the Indians to Christianity. He would entertain compunction about enslaving them should they embrace the gospel. However, money was sent over from England for this purpose, and – at the suggestion of Peters. In the *Colonial State Papers* (Saintsbury, America and West Indies, 1661-8, p. 86), is this passage: "Through the motion of Hugh Peters, England contributed nine hundred pounds per annum to Christianize the Indians of New England; which money found its way into private men's purses, and was a cheat of Hugh Peters."

In New England Peters married a second wife, in 1639, another widow, by name Deliverance Sheffield.

In 1641 he left for England, deputed by the colony to act as ambassador at the Court of Charles I, to endeavour to procure

some mitigation of the excise and customs duties, which weighed heavily on the colonists.

But on reaching England he found that the Crown and the Parliament were at variance, and he did not care to return to America and to his wife whom he had left there, but elected to be the stormy petrel of the rebellion, flying over the land, and, as Ludlow says, advising the people everywhere to take arms in the cause of the Parliament.

He was appointed chaplain to a brigade of troops sent into Ireland against the rebels, and he had no hesitation in wielding the sword as well as the tongue, the latter to animate the soldiers, the former to extirpate the Baal-worshippers.

Then he hastened to Holland, where he collected thirty thousand pounds for the relief of the Protestants of Ireland,[4] who had been plundered and burnt out of their homes by the rebels.

When Peters had effected his various purposes in Ireland, he returned to England, and made his report of the condition of affairs there to Sir Thomas Fairfax and Cromwell.

In 1643 he was appointed, or thrust himself forward, to minister to Chaloner on the scaffold, as that man had been condemned to death for participation in Waller's plot. So again in 1644 he was on the scaffold haranguing and praying for and at Sir John Hotham, who probably would have preferred to die in quiet.

Peters was now engaged as chaplain to the Parliamentary

[4] We have only Peters' own word for this sum. It was probably much less.

forces, and especially as a conveyer of despatches, for all which he received liberal payment. He was with the Earl of Warwick at the taking of Lyme, and was despatched by that nobleman to London to give an account of the affair in Parliament. On another occasion he was entrusted with letters from Sir Thomas Fairfax relating to the capture of Bridgwater, on which occasion he was voted a sum of £100. In the same year, 1645, he was commissioned by Sir Thomas to report the taking of Bristol. In March of that year Hugh Peters was with the army in Cornwall, and harangued at Bodmin against the Crown and the Church, and exhorted all good men and true to adhere to the cause of the Parliament.

Peters had uniformly, since he had been in the Low Countries, postured as an Independent hot and strong. Hitherto the Presbyterians had the prevailing party in Parliament, and among the discontents in the country, but now the Independents began to assert themselves and assume predominance. Their numbers were greatly increased by the return of the more fiery spirits who had, like Peters, abandoned England during the supremacy of Laud. Many of these, coming back from New England, had carried the doctrines of Puritanism to the very verge of extravagance, and not the least fiery and extravagant of these was Hugh Peters. These men rejected all ecclesiastical establishments, would admit of no spiritual authority in one man above another, and allowed of no interposition of the magistrate in religious matters. Each congregation, voluntarily

united, was an integral and independent church, to exercise its own jurisdiction. The political system of the Independents was one of pure republicanism. They aspired to a total abolition of monarchy, even of the aristocracy, and projected a commonwealth in which all men should be equal. Sir Harry Vane, Oliver Cromwell, Nathaniel Fiennes, and Oliver St. John, the Solicitor-General, were regarded as their leaders, and Hugh Peters as their prophet.

Peters brought the news to Parliament of the capture of Winchester Castle, for which service he was paid £50. When Dartmouth was taken, he hastened thence to London, laden with crucifixes, vestments, papers, and sundry church ornaments, of which he had despoiled the beautiful church of S. Saviour's; and received in recompense from the Parliament an estate of which the House had deprived Lord Craven.

When the city of Worcester was besieged in the year 1646 by the Parliamentary forces, the governor consented to surrender on condition that passes were given to the soldiers and to the principal inhabitants. Peters negotiated the surrender.

A Mr. Habingdon, who wrote an account of the siege at the time, and who died in the ensuing year, relates that on the 23rd July, 1646, many gentlemen went to six o'clock prayers at the cathedral to take the last sad farewell of the church services, the organs having been removed three days before, and that at ten o'clock in the morning the several regiments marched forth, and all the gentlemen with the baggage; and that at one o'clock

Peters brought them their passes, and importuned every one individually to pass his word not again to bear arms against the Parliament.

Hugh Peters was now such a favourite with the Parliament that they made an order for £100 a year to himself and his heirs for ever; later an additional £200 per annum was voted to him, and all this in addition to his pay as preacher, and to sundry grants as bearer of news from the army. He was also accorded Archbishop Laud's library. Nevertheless, as he lamented in his *Legacy of a Dying Father*, he found it impossible to keep out of debt.

There is this in Peters' favour to be urged, that he opposed the execution of Archbishop Laud, and urged that instead he should be sent to New England. So he begged the life of Lord George Goring, Earl of Norwich, and of the Marquis of Hamilton, and again of the Marquis of Worcester.

The Presbyterians were in force in the House of Commons, but the army was composed mainly of Independents, worked up to enthusiasm by their preachers. It had been six months in the field in the summer of 1648, engaged against the Cavaliers and Scots. The soldiers were thoroughly incensed against the King, and they had no respect for the Presbyterians. Their officers resolved on assuming the sovereign power in their own hands, and bringing the King to justice, and converting the Government into a commonwealth.

To accomplish this they presented a remonstrance to the Parliament by six of their council on November 20th,

demanding: (1) that the King be brought to trial for high treason; (2) that a day be set for the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York to surrender themselves, or to be declared incapable of government, and that in future no king should be admitted but by the free election of the people.

The Commons were struck with dismay, and deferred debate on the remonstrance for ten days. But the officers despatched Colonel Ewes to the Isle of Wight with a party of horse to secure the King's person, and to bring him to Windsor, in order to his trial. The officers then, on November 30th, sent a declaration to the House to enforce their late remonstrance, and requiring the majority in the House to exclude from their councils such as would obstruct the King's trial.

On December 2nd Fairfax arrived in London at the head of the army, and the House of Commons found itself cornered by the armed force. Nevertheless, they had the courage to vote that the seizure of the King, and the conveying him a prisoner to Hurst Castle, had been done without their advice and consent.

The officers were resolved to carry their point. A regiment of horse and another of foot were placed at the door of the Parliament House, and Colonel Pride entered and took into custody about forty of the members who were disposed to obstruct the cause the army sought to pursue, and denied entrance to about a hundred more; others were ordered to leave; and the number of those present was thus thinned down to a hundred and fifty or two hundred, most of them officers of the

army.

The secluded members published a protestation against all these proceedings as null and void till they were restored to their places; but the Lords and Commons who remained in the House voted their protestation false, scandalous, and seditious.

The army, having vanquished all opposition, went on to change the whole form of government; and to make way for it determined to impeach the King of high treason, as having been the cause of all the blood that had been spilt in the late war.

There was commotion in the House and in town and the country. In the House some declared that there was no need to bring the King to trial; others said that there existed no law by which he could be tried; but all this was overruled.

Meanwhile Hugh Peters was not idle. In a sermon addressed to the members of the two Houses a few days before the King's trial he said: "My Lords, and you noble Gentlemen, – It is you we chiefly look for justice from. Do you prefer the great Barabbas, Murderer, Tyrant, and Traitor, before these poor hearts (pointing to the red coats) and the army who are our saviour?"

In another sermon before Cromwell and Bradshaw he said: "There is a great discourse and talk in the world, What, will ye cut off the head of a Protestant Prince? Turn to your Bibles, and ye shall find it there, Whosoever sheds man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed. I see neither King Charles, Prince Charles, Prince Rupert, nor Prince Maurice, nor any of that rabble excepted out of it."

Evelyn in his *Diary*, under date 17th January, 1648-9, says: "I heard the rebel Peters invite the rebel powers met in the Painted Chamber to destroy his Majesty." Bishop Burnet says: "That he (Peters) had been outrageous in pressing the King's death with the cruelty and rudeness of an inquisitor."

Prynne, one of the secluded members, published "A brief memento to the present unparliamentary junto, touching their present intentions and proceedings to depose and execute Charles Stuart, their lawful King of England."

The officers now decided to gain the approval of the ministers – Presbyterian – in London, or at least persuade them to remain neutral.

Hugh Peters was selected for the purpose, and he went among them, but all his efforts were fruitless. They declared unanimously for the release of the King. He then invited several of them, Calamy, Whitaker, Sedgwick, etc., to a conference with some of the officers; but instead of attending, the ministers assembled in Sion College and drew up "A serious and faithful representation of the judgment of the ministers of the Gospel within the province of London," dated 18th January, 1648-9. In this they protested against the coercive measures adopted toward the Parliament, and bade them beware of proceeding to extremities. "Examine your consciences, if any number of persons of different principles from yourselves had invaded the rights of Parliament, imprisoned the King, and carried him about from place to place, and attempted the dissolution of the whole

government, whether you would not have charged them with the highest crimes."

This was subscribed by forty-seven ministers.

A second paper, "A vindication of the London ministers from the unjust aspersions … as if they had promoted the bringing of the King to capital punishment," appeared shortly after, signed by fifty-seven ministers.

Even the Independent preachers shrank from approving the proceedings of the council of officers in the trial of the King, with the exception of Hugh Peters and John Goodwin. Some of the Independent ministers in the country joined the Presbyterians in protesting against them.

But it was all in vain. The King was tried and sentenced to death, and executed on 30th January, 1649. Rumour had it that the masked executioner was none other than Peters himself. This he denied, asserting that on the day of the King's death he was ill in bed. He had certainly been about and preaching not many days before.

Who the executioner was, was never discovered, and Peters was not charged as such when tried for his life in 1660.

In *Epulæ Thyestæ*, printed in 1649, Peters is accused of having been the executioner of King Charles: —

> There's Peters, the Denyer, (nay 'tis sad)
> He that, disguised, cut off his Master's head;
> That godly pigeon of Apostacy
> Does buz about his Ante-Monarchy,

His scaffold Doctrines.

But there was an element of kindness in Hugh Peters that induced him to do gracious acts even to those whom he hated. Whitelocke assures us that "at a conference between him (Peters) and the King, the King desired one of his own chaplains might be permitted to come to him" on the occasion of his execution; he had refused the ministrations of the Presbyterian divines, "and thereupon the Bishop of London was ordered to go to his Majesty."

On a former occasion a message from the Queen was allowed to be transmitted to the King through the instrumentality of Peters.

In his letter to his daughter Peters says: "I had access to the King – he used me civilly, I, in requital, offered my poor thoughts three times for his safety." It was an impertinence in the man to approach the King, when he had stirred up the army to demand his death, and had raced about London endeavouring to get the approval of the sentence from the ministers. Although we cannot believe that Hugh Peters was the executioner of Charles, yet he cannot be acquitted of being a regicide, on the same principle as the trumpeter in the fable was condemned to be hanged. His plea that he had not drawn a sword in the battle was not held to justify him – he had sounded the charge and summoned to the battle.

Peters was one of the Triers appointed by Cromwell to test the parochial clergy, and to eject from their livings such as did

not approve themselves to their judgment as fitting pastors to the flock either by their morals or theological opinions.

Every parishioner who bore a grudge against his pastor was invited to lay his grievances before the Grand Committee. Lord Clarendon says: "Petitions presented by many parishioners against their pastors, with articles of their misdemeanours and behaviours … were read with great delight and promptly referred to the Committee about Religion." The matter of these accusations was for the most part, as Clarendon informs us, "bowing at the name of Jesus, and obliging the communicants to the altar, i.e. to the rails which enclosed the Communion table, to receive the sacrament." What the Puritans desired was that the minister should walk about the church distributing to the people in the pews. The observance of all holy days except Sundays had already been forbidden. A priest who said service on Christmas Day or Good Friday was certain of deprivation. But the great question put to each rector or vicar was, "whether he had any experience of a work of grace" in his heart, and the answer to this determined whether he should be allowed to hold his cure or be thrust out, apart from all question of moral fitness. That there were a host of lukewarm, indifferent men in the ministry, caring little for religion and knowing little, without fixed convictions, cannot be wondered at, after the swaying of the pendulum of belief during the last reigns, and these would be precisely the men who would be able volubly to assert their experience of divine grace, and abandon doctrines they never sincerely held and

ceremonies about which they cared nothing. There were vicars of Bray everywhere.

Butler hits off the work of the Triers in *Hudibras*: —

> Whose business is, by cunning sight,
> To cast a figure for men's light;
> To find in lines of Beard and Face
> The Physiognomy of Grace;
> And by the Sound and Twang of Nose,
> If all the sound within disclose;
> Free from a crack or flaw of sinning,
> As men try pipkins by the ringing.

Peters was next appointed a commissioner for the amending of the laws, though he had no knowledge of law. He said himself, in his *Legacy*: "When I was a trier of others, I went to hear and gain experience, rather than to judge; when I was called to mend laws, I rather was there to pray than to mend laws." Whitelocke says: "I was often advised with by some of this committee, and none of them was more active in this business than Mr. Hugh Peters, the minister, who understood little of the law, but was very opinionative, and would frequently mention some proceedings of law in Holland, wherein he was altogether mistaken."

Peters was chaplain to the Protector, and certainly in one way or another made a good deal of money. Dr. Barwick in his

Life says:[5] "The wild prophecies uttered by his (Hugh Peters') impure mouth were still received by the people with the same veneration as if they had been oracles; though he was known to be infamous for more than one kind of wickedness. A fact which Milton himself did not dare to deny when he purposely wrote his Apology, for this very end, to defend even by name, as far as possible, the very blackest of the conspirators, and Hugh Peters among the chief of them, who were by name accused of manifest impieties by their adversaries." Bishop Burnet says as well: "He was a very vicious man."

Peters by his wife – his second wife, Deliverance, the widow of a Mr. Sheffield – became the father of the Elizabeth Peters to whom he addressed his *Dying Father's Last Legacy*.

The Dutch having been disconcerted by the defeats of their fleets by Admiral Blake, and the messengers they had sent to England having failed to satisfy Cromwell, in the beginning of the year 1653 they commissioned Colonel Doleman and others to learn the sentiments of the leading men in Parliament, and to gain over to the cause of peace Hugh Peters, as Cromwell's influential chaplain. Peters had always entertained a tenderness for the Dutch, and he interceded on their behalf, and the Dutch gave him £300,000 wherewith to bribe and purchase the amity of Parliament and the Protector. That a good share of this gold adhered to Peters' fingers we may be pretty confident; and indeed it was intended that it should do so. The attempt, however, did

[5] *Vita*, J. Barwick, London, 1721.

not succeed, and when the negotiations were broken off, the Dutch fitted out another fleet under Van Tromp, De Witt, and De Ruyter, and appointed four other deputies to go upon another embassy to England. These men arrived on July 2nd, 1658, and "all joined in one petition for a common audience, praying thrice humbly that they should have a favourable answer, and beseeching the God of Peace to co-operate."[6]

These ambassadors, like the foregoing, sought out Peters and engaged his services. After several interviews, peace was at last concluded 2nd May, 1654. In the *Justification of the War*, by Stubbe, is an engraving that represents the four deputies presenting their humble petition to Peters.

In 1655 feeling in England was greatly stirred by the account that reached the country of the persecution of the Waldenses in the valleys of Piedmont. Cromwell at once ordered a collection for the sufferers to be made throughout the kingdom, and it amounted to upwards of £38,000. In this Peters took an active part. Ludlow says: "He was a diligent and earnest solicitor for the distressed Protestants of the valleys of Piedmont."

Soon after the affair of the persecuted Waldenses was concluded the Protector formed an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the French, in which it was agreed that Dunkirk should be delivered up to him. In consequence of this agreement six thousand men were sent over to join the French army, and Peters received a commission to attend them thither. The town

[6] Stubbe, *Justification of the War*, 1673, pt. ii. p. 83.

of Dunkirk, in consequence of this league, was taken from the Spaniards, and on the 26th of June, 1658, was delivered to Colonel Lockart, Cromwell's ambassador at the French Court.

Lockart wrote the following letter to Secretary Thurloe: —

"Dunkirk, July 8-18th, 1658.

"May it please your Lordship,

"I could not suffer my worthy friend, Mr. Peters, to come away from Dunkirk without a testimony of the great benefits we have all received from him in this place, where he hath laid himself forth in great charity and goodness in sermons, prayers, and exhortations, in visiting and relieving the sick and wounded; and, in all these, profitably applying the singular talent God hath bestowed upon him to the chief ends, proper for an auditory. For he hath not only showed the soldiers their duty to God, and pressed it home upon them, I hope with good advantage, but hath likewise acquainted them with their obligations of obedience to his Highness's government and affection to his person. He hath laboured amongst us here with such goodwill, and seems to enlarge his heart towards us, and care of us for many other things, the effects whereof I design to leave upon that Providence which has brought us hither… Mr. Peters hath taken leave at least three or four times, but still something falls out which hinders his return to England. He hath been twice at Bergh, and hath spoke with the Cardinal (Mazarin) three or four times; I kept myself by, and had a care that he did not importune him with too long speeches. He returns, loaden with an account of all

things here, and hath undertaken every man's business. I must give him that testimony, that he gave us three or four very honest sermons; and if it were possible to get him to mind preaching, and to forbear the troubling himself with other things, he would certainly prove a very fit minister for soldiers. I hope he cometh well satisfied from this place. He hath often insinuated to me his desire to stay here, if he had a call. Some of the officers also have been with me to that purpose; but I have shifted him so handsomely as, I hope, he will not be displeased. For I have told him that the greatest service he can do us is to go to England and carry on his propositions, and to own us in all other interests, which he hath undertaken with much zeal."

This letter lets us see what were some of Peters' weaknesses. He was vastly loquacious, so that Colonel Lockart had to see to it that he did not "importune the Cardinal with too long speeches," and he was conceited, self-opinionated, and meddlesome, interfering in matters beyond his province, so that the Colonel was heartily glad to be rid of him from Dunkirk.

That there was humour in Hugh Peters, not unfrequently running into profanity, would appear from a work, "The Tales and Jests of Mr. Hugh Peters, collected into one volume; published by one that hath formerly been conversant with the Author in his lifetime; dedicated to Mr. John Goodwin and Mr. Philip Nye." London, 1660.

These appeared in the same year under a different title – "Hugh Peters, his figaries, or his merry tales and witty jests both

in city, town, and country." It was reprinted by James Caulfield in 1807.

A few of these will suffice.

Peters had preached for two hours; the sands in the hour-glass had run out. He observed it, and turning it over, said to his hearers: "Come, let us have another glass!"

Once he preached: "Beware, young men, of the three W's – Wine, Women, and Tobacco. Now Tobacco, you will say, does not begin with a W. But what is Tobacco but a weed?"

Another of his jests in the pulpit was, "England will never prosper till one hundred and fifty are taken away." The explanation is L L L – Lords, Lawyers, and Levites.

Preaching on the devils entering into the swine (S. Mark v. 23), he said that the miracle illustrated three English proverbs: —

1. That the devil will rather play at small game than sit out.
2. That those must needs go forward whom the devil drives.
3. That at last he brought his hogs to a fair market.

It was a favourite saying of Peters that in Christendom there were neither scholars enough, gentlemen enough, nor Jews enough; for, said he, if there were more scholars there would not be so many pluralists in the Church; if there were more gentry, so many born would not be reckoned among them; if there were more Jews, so many Christians would not practise usury.

One rainy day Oliver Cromwell offered Peters his greatcoat. "No, thank you," replied his chaplain; "I would not be in your coat for a thousand pounds."

Discoursing one day on the advantage Christians had in having the Gospel preached to them – "Verily," said he, "the Word hath a free passage amongst you, for it goes in at one ear and out at the other."

Preaching on the subject of duties, he said: —

"Observe the three fools in the Gospel, who, being bid to the wedding supper, every one had his excuse —

"1. He that had hired a farm and must go see it. Had he not been a fool, he would have seen it before hiring it.

"2. He that had bought a yoke of oxen and must go try them. He also was a fool, because he did not try them before he bought them.

"3. He that married a wife, and without complement said he could not come. He too was a fool, for he showed that one woman drew him away, more than a whole yoke of oxen did the former."

Peters, invited to dinner at a friend's house, knowing him to be very wealthy and his wife very fat, said at table to his host, "Truly, sir, you have the world and the flesh, but pray God you get not the devil in the end."

The copy of the *Tales and Jests of Hugh Peters* in the British Museum has notes to some of them, showing that the writer regarded a certain number as genuine anecdotes of Peters. Most of the others are either older stories, or else have little or no wit in them.

The above anecdotes are some of those thus noted.

That Hugh Peters was a wag Pepys lets us know, for he speaks

of a Scottish chaplain at Whitehall, after the Restoration, a Dr. Creighton, whose humour reminded the diarist of Peters: "the most comical man that ever I heard; just such a man as Hugh Peters."

At the Restoration he was executed as a regicide. He was not directly implicated in the King's death, and all that he could be accused of was using words incentive to regicide. That he had been the executioner was not charged against him. There was no evidence. The accusations Hugh Peters had to meet were that he had encouraged the soldiers to cry out for the blood of the King, whom he had likened to Barabbas; that he had preached against him; that he had accused the Levites, Lords, and Lawyers – the three L's, or the Hundred and Fifty, in allusion to the numerical value of the numbers – as men who should be swept out of the Commonwealth; that he had declared the King to be a tyrant, and that the office of King was useless and dangerous.

Peters pleaded that he had been living fourteen years out of England, and that when he came home he found that the Civil War had already begun; that he had not been at Edgehill or Naseby; that he had looked after three things only – the introduction into the country of what he considered to be sound religion, the maintenance of learning, and the relief of the poor. He further stated that on coming to England he had considered it his duty to side with the Parliament, and that he had acted without malice, avarice, or ambition.

The jury, with very little consultation, returned a verdict of

guilty, and he was sentenced to death.

On the 16th October Coke, the solicitor for the people of England who had acted against the King at his trial, and Hugh Peters, who had stood and preached that no mercy should be shown him, were to die.

On the hurdle which carried Coke was placed the head of Harrison, who had been executed the day before – a piece of needless brutality, which the people who lined the streets indignantly resented. On the scaffold Coke declared that for the part he had borne in the trial of Charles I he in no way repented of what he had done. Hugh Peters was made to witness all the horrible details of Coke's execution, the hanging, the disembowelling. He sat within the rails which surrounded the scaffold. According to Ludlow: "When this victim (Coke) was cut down and brought to be quartered, one Colonel Turner called to the sheriff's men to bring Mr. Peters to see what was doing; which being done, the executioner came to him, and rubbing his bloody hands together, asked him how he liked that work. He told him he was not at all terrified, and that he might do his worst, and when he was on the ladder he said to the sheriff, 'Sir, you have butchered one of the servants of God before my eyes, and have forced me to see it, in order to terrify and discourage me; but God has permitted it for my support and encouragement.'"

A man upbraided Peters with the King's death. "Friend," said Peters, "you do not well to trample upon a dying man: you are greatly mistaken; I had nothing to do in the death of the King."

As he was going to the gallows, he looked about him and espied a man with whom he was acquainted, and to him he gave a piece of money, having first bent it; and he desired the man to carry that piece of gold to his daughter as a token, and to assure her that his heart was full of comfort, and that before that piece would reach her hand he would be with God in glory. Then the old preacher, who had lived in storms and whirlwinds, died with a quiet smile on his countenance.

That a considerable portion of the community regarded the execution of the regicides as a crime, and those who suffered as martyrs, would appear from the pains taken to vilify their memory when dead, and attempts made to justify their execution.

The authorities for the life of Hugh Peters are mainly: *Memoirs of Edmund Ludlow*, 1771; B. Whitelocke's *Memorials of English Affairs*, 1732; Rushworth's *Collections*, 1692; Bishop Burnet's *History of His Own Time*, 1724; John Thurloe's *Collection of State Papers*, 1742; J. B. Felt's *Ecclesiastical History of New England*, 1855; Benjamin Brooke's *Puritans*, 1813, Vol. III; *The Trial of Charles I and of Some of the Regicides*, in Murray's Family Library, 1832; the Rev. Samuel Peters' *A History of the Rev. Hugh Peters*, New York, 1807; *An Historical and Critical Account of Hugh Peters* (with portrait), London, 1751, reprinted 1818; Felt (Joseph B.), *Memoir, a Defence of Hugh Peters*, Boston, 1857; Colomb (Colonel), *The Prince of Army Chaplains*, London, 1899; also Gardiner's (S. R.) *History of*

the Commonwealth, and the *Dictionary of National Biography, passim*.

JAMES POLKINGHORNE, THE WRESTLER

James Polkinghorne, the noted champion wrestler of Cornwall, was the son of James Polkinghorne, who died at Creed, 18th March, 1836. The wrestler James was born at S. Keverne in 1788, but there is no entry of his baptism in the parish register.

Cornish wrestling was very different from that in Devon – it was less brutal, as no kicking was allowed. The Devon wrestlers wore boots soaked in bullock's blood and indurated at the fire, and with these hacked the shins of their opponents, who wore as a protection *skillibegs*, or bands of hay twisted and wrapped round their legs below the knee.

I have so fully described the wrestling in my *Devonshire Characters and Strange Events*, that it is unnecessary here to go over the same ground more than cannot be helped.

There was a Cornish jingle that ran as follows: —

> Chacewater boobies up in a tree,
> Looking as whish'd as ever could be,
> Truro men, strong as oak,
> Knock 'em down at every stroke —

that had reference to the wrestling matches.

In 1816 Polkinghorne, who had become the innkeeper of the "Red Lion," S. Columb Major, wrestled with Flower, a Devonshire man of gigantic stature, and threw him. Then Jackman, another Devonian, challenged Polkinghorne, and he was cast over the head of the Cornishman, describing the "flying mare." But the most notable contest in which Polkinghorne was engaged was with Abraham Cann, the Devonshire champion. The match was for £200 a side, for the best of three back-falls; and it took place on October 23rd, 1826, on Tamar Green, Morice Town, Plymouth, in the presence of seventeen thousand spectators. I have quoted the account already in my *Devonshire Characters*, but cannot omit it here.

"Tamar Green, Devonport, was chosen for the purpose, and the West was alive with speculation when it was known that the backers meant business. On the evening before the contest the town was inundated, and the resources of its hotels and inns were taxed to the utmost. Truculent and redoubtable gladiators flocked to the scene – kickers from Dartmoor, the recruiting-ground of the Devonshire system, and bearlike huggers from the land of Tre, Pol, and Pen – a wonderful company of tried and stalwart experts. Ten thousand persons bought tickets at a premium for seats, and the hills around swarmed with spectators. The excitement was at the highest possible pitch, and overwhelming volumes of cheering relieved the tension as the rivals entered the ring – Polkinghorne in his stockings, and Cann with a monstrous pair of shoes whose toes had been baked into flints. As the men

peeled for action such a shout ascended as awed the nerves of all present. Polkinghorne had been discounted as fat and unwieldy, but the Devonians were dismayed to find that, great as was his girth, his arms were longer, and his shoulders immensely powerful. Three stone lighter in weight, Cann displayed a more sinewy form, and his figure was knit for strength, and as statuesquely proportioned. His grip, like Polkinghorne's, was well known. No man had ever shaken it off when once he had clinched; and each enjoyed a reputation for presence of mind and resource in extremity beyond those of other masters of the art. The match was for the best of three back-falls, the men to catch what hold they could; and two experts from each county were selected as sticklers. The feeling was in favour of Cann at the outset, but it receded as the Cornishman impressed the multitude with his muscular superiority. Repeatedly shifting their positions, the combatants sought their favourite 'holds.' As soon as Cann caught his adversary by the collar, after a contending display of shifty and evasive form, Polkinghorne released himself by a feint; and, amid 'terrible shouts from the Cornishmen,' he drove his foe to his knees.

"Nothing daunted, the Devonian accepted the Cornish hug, and the efforts of the rivals were superb. Cann depended on his science to save him, but Polkinghorne gathered his head under his arm, and lifting him from the ground, threw him clean over his shoulder, and planted him on his back. The very earth groaned with the uproar that followed; the Cornishmen jumped

by hundreds into the ring; there they embraced their champion till he begged to be released; and, amid cheers and execrations, the fall was announced to have complied with the conditions. Bets to the amount of hundreds of pounds were decided by this event.

"Polkinghorne now went to work with caution, and Cann was conscious that he had an awkward customer to tackle. After heavy kicking and attempted hugging, the Cornishman tried once more to lift his opponent; but Cann caught his opponent's leg in his descent, and threw him to the ground first. In the ensuing rounds both men played for wind. Polkinghorne was the more distressed, his knees quite raw with punishment, and the betting veered in Cann's favour. Then the play changed, and Cann was apparently at the mercy of his foe, when he upset Polkinghorne's balance by a consummate effort, and threw him on his back by sheer strength – the first that the sticklers allowed him. Cann next kicked tremendously; but although the Cornishman suffered severely, he remained 'dead game,' and twice saved himself by falling on his chest.

"Disputes now disturbed the umpires, and their number was reduced to two. In the eighth round Polkinghorne's strength began to fail, and a dispute was improvised which occasioned another hour's delay. With wind regained and strength revived, the tenth round was contested with absolute fury; and, taking kicking with fine contempt, Polkinghorne gripped Cann with leonine majesty, lifted him from the earth in his arms, turned him

over his head, and dashed him to the ground with stunning force. As the Cornishman dropped on his knee the fall was disputed, and the turn was disallowed. Polkinghorne then left the ring amid a mighty clamour, and by reason of his default the stakes were awarded to Cann. The victor emerged from the terrific hug of his opponent with a mass of bruises, which proved that kicking was only one degree more effective than hugging.

"A more unsatisfactory issue could hardly have been conceived, and the rival backers forthwith endeavoured to arrange another encounter. Polkinghorne refused to meet Cann, however, unless he discarded his shoes."[7]

Various devices were attempted to bring them together again, but they failed. Each had a wholesome dread of the other.

An account of the contest was written as a ballad and was entitled "A New Song on the Wrestling Match between Cann and Polkinghorne," that was to be sung to the tune "The Night I Married Susy," or else to "The Coronation."

Full accounts are to be found in *The Sporting Magazine*, London, LXVII, 165-6; LXIX, 55-6, 215, 314-16, 344. In the *Annual Register*, chronicle 1826, 157-8.

Polkinghorne died at S. Columb, on September 15th, 1854, at the age of seventy-six, twenty-eight years after his match with Cann. He was buried on September 17th.

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[7] Whitfeld, *Plymouth and Devonport in War and Peace*, Plymouth, 1900.

HENRY TRENGROUSE, INVENTOR

Helston is a quaint old town, once of far more importance than at present. It possessed an old castle, that has now disappeared. It was one of the six stannary towns, and prior to 1832 returned two members to Parliament. It still glories in its "Furry Day," when the whole town goes mad, dancing, in spite of Methodism. It has on some of its old house-gables pixy seats, and it had a grammar school that has had notable masters, as Derwent Coleridge, and notable scholars, as Henry Trengrouse. It is the key and capital to that wonderful district, rich in geological and botanic and antiquarian interest, the Lizard.

The great natural curiosity of Helston is Loe Pool, formed by the Comber, a small river, penned back by Loe Bar, a pebble-and-sand ridge thrown up by the sea. The sheet of water lying between wooded hills abounds in trout, and white swans float dreamily over the still water. The banks are rich with fern, and yellow, white, and pink mesembryanthemum. Formerly the pool rose till it overflowed the lower parts of the town; now a culvert has been driven through the rocks to let off the water as soon as it has attained a certain height.

Henry Trengrouse was born at Helston, 18th March, 1772, the son of Nicholas Trengrouse (1739-1814), and of Mary, his

wife, who was a Williams.

The family had been long among the freeholders of Helston, and possessed as well a small estate, Priske, in the parish of Mullion; but the family name is taken from Tref-an-grouse, the House by the Cross, in the same parish.

Henry was educated in Helston Grammar School, and became, by trade, a cabinet-maker.

On 29th December, 1807, when he was aged thirty-five, a rumour spread through the little town that a large frigate, H.M.S. *Anson*, had been driven ashore on Loe Bar, about three miles distant. Mr. Trengrouse and many others hastened to the coast and reached the bar.

The *Anson*, forty-four guns, under the command of Captain Lydiard, had left Falmouth on Christmas Eve for her station off Brest as a look-out ship for the Channel Fleet.

A gale from the W.S.W. sprang up, and after being buffeted about till the 28th, with the wind increasing, the captain determined to run to port. The first land they made was the Land's End, which they mistook for the Lizard, and only discovered their mistake when the cry of "Breakers ahead!" was heard from the man on the look-out. They were now embayed, and in face of the terrible storm it was impossible to work off, so both cables were let go. The *Anson* rode to these till the early morning of the 29th, when they parted, and the captain, in order to save as many lives as possible, decided to beach her on the sand off Loe Pool. A tremendous sea was running, and as she took the

beach only sixty yards from the bar, she was dashed broadside on, and happily for the poor fellows on board, heeled landwards. Seas mountains high rolled over her, sweeping everything before them. Then her masts went by the board, her main mast forming a floating raft from the ship almost to the shore, and over this scrambled through the maddened waves most of those who were saved.

It was a terrible sight to witness for the hundreds of spectators who had by this time collected on the beach, but it was almost impossible for them to render any assistance.

At last, when all hands seemed to have left the ship, two stout-hearted Methodist local preachers – Mr. Tobias Roberts, of Helston, and Mr. Foxwell, of Mullion – made an attempt to reach her, so as to see if any one remained on board. They succeeded, and were soon followed by others, who found several people, including two women and as many children. The women and some of the men were safely conveyed ashore, but the children were drowned. There were altogether upwards of a hundred drowned, including the captain, who stood by the frigate to the last. The exact number was never known, as many of the soldiers deserted on reaching the shore.

The survivors salved a good deal from the wreck, amongst which were watches, jewellery, and many articles of considerable value. They were placed all together in a bedroom of the old inn at Porthleven, with a soldier with drawn sword on guard. One of the beams that bent under such an unusual weight may be seen

bowed to this day. A local militia sergeant was soon afterwards sent to Helston in charge of a wagon-load of these valuable goods, and when half-way to his destination was accosted by a Jew, who offered him £50 in exchange for his load. "Here is my answer," said the sergeant, presenting a loaded pistol at his head, and the fellow hurriedly took his departure.

Much indignation was raised at the time by the way in which the victims of the disaster were buried. They were bundled in heaps into large pits dug in the cliff above, without any burial service being performed over them. It was customary everywhere at that time for all bodies washed ashore to be interred by the finder at the nearest convenient spot. But as a result of the indecent methods of burial of the *Anson* victims, an Act of Parliament was framed by Mr. Davies Gilbert, and passed on 18th June, 1808, providing "suitable interment in churchyards and parochial burying-grounds" for all bodies cast up by the sea.

The *Anson* was a sixty-four gun frigate cut down to a forty-four, and had seen much service. Among many fights, she figured in Lord Rodney's action on 12th April, 1782, formed part of the fleet which repulsed the French squadron in an attempt to land in Ireland in 1796, helped in the seizure of the French West Indies in 1803, and in 1807 took part in the capture of Curaçao from the Dutch. It was not long after her return from this latter place that she left Falmouth for the cruise on which she met her fate.[8]

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[8] *Morning Leader*, 29th October, 1902.

In 1902 the hull of the *Anson*, after having been submerged for ninety-five years, came to light again. She was found by Captain Anderson of the West of England Salvage Company, whose attention had been directed to the wreck by a Porthleven fisherman. Unfortunately at the time the weather was so stormy that Captain Anderson could not proceed with any efforts of salvage, and with the exception of one visit of inspection the interesting relic was left untouched. But in April, 1903, with a bright sky and a light breeze from the north-east, he proceeded to the spot and inspected the remains. The hull of the vessel was not intact, and several guns were lying alongside. One of these, about 10 ft. 6 in. long, Captain Anderson secured and hoisted on to the deck of the *Green Castle* by means of a winch, and afterwards conveyed it to Penzance. It was much encrusted. Amongst the mass of *débris* also raised were several cannon-balls.

But to return to Henry Trengrouse, who had stood on the beach watching the wreck, the rescue of some and the perishing of others.

Drenched with rain and spray, and sick at heart, Henry Trengrouse returned to his home, and was confined to his bed for nearly a week, having contracted a severe cold. The terrible scene had made an indelible impression on his mind, and he could not, even if he had wished it, drive the thought away. Night and day he mused on the means whereby some assistance could be given to the shipwrecked, some communication be established between the vessel and the shore.

He was a great friend of Samuel Drew, whose life was devoted to metaphysics, and it was perhaps the contrast in the two minds that made them friends – one an idealist, the other practical.

Trengrouse had a small competence, besides his trade, and he devoted every penny that he could spare to experiments, first in the construction of a lifeboat, but without satisfactory results.

The King's birthday was celebrated at Helston with fireworks on the green; and as Henry Trengrouse looked up at the streak of fire rushing into the darkness above and scattering a shower of stars, it occurred to him, Why should not a rocket, instead of wasting itself in an exhibition of fireworks, do service and become a means of carrying a rope to a vessel among the breakers? When a communication has been established between the wreck and the shore, above the waves, it may become an aerial passage along which those in distress may pass to safety.

Something of the same idea had already occurred to Lieutenant John Bell in 1791, but his proposal was that a shot with a chain attached to it should be discharged from a mortar. Captain George William Manby had his attention drawn to this in February, 1807, and in August of the same year exhibited some experiments with his improved life-preserving mortar to the members of the Suffolk House Humane Society. By the discharge of the mortar a barbed shot was to be flung on to the wreck, with a line attached to the shot. By means of this line a hawser could be drawn from the shore to the ship, and along it would be run a cradle in which the shipwrecked persons could

be drawn to land.

Manby's mortar was soon abandoned as cumbrous and dangerous; men were killed during tests; notwithstanding which he was awarded, £2000. The great merit of Trengrouse's invention was that the rocket was much lighter than a shot from a mortar, and was, moreover, more portable, and there was a special line manufactured for it that would not kink, nor would it snap, because the velocity of the rocket increased gradually, whereas that from a discharge of a mortar was sudden and so great that the cord was frequently ruptured.

The distinctive feature of Trengrouse's apparatus consisted of "a section of a cylinder, which is fitted to the barrel of a musket by a bayonet socket; a rocket with a line attached to its stick is so placed on it that its priming receives fire immediately from the barrel";[9] whereas a metal mortar could not be conveyed to the cliff or shore opposite the scene of disaster without being drawn in a conveyance by horses, and where there was no road with the utmost difficulty dragged over hedges and ploughed fields by men. Not only so, but a shot discharged by Captain Manby's mortar was liable to endanger life. Wrecks generally happened in the dark, and then the shot would not be visible to those on the wreck. But Trengrouse's rocket would indicate its track by the trail of fire by which it was impelled, and could be fired from

[9] There is an engraving of it in the *Annual Report of the Society of Arts* for 1821. The life-preserving rocket was exhibited on the Serpentine before the Duke of Clarence, afterwards King William IV, on May 28th, 1819. People looked on as at some firework display, and nothing came of it.

either the ship or the shore.

Trengrouse expended £3000 on his experiments, and sacrificed to this one object – that of saving life – his capital, his business, and his health. He cut off the entail on Priske, which had belonged to the family for several generations, and sold it to enable him to pursue his experiments. There was much that was pathetic in his life: there were the long and frequent journeys to London from Helston, four days by coach, sometimes in mid-winter and in snowstorms, with the object of inducing successive Governments to adopt the rocket apparatus, meeting only with discouragement. Nor was this all. After all his own means had been exhausted, he received a legacy of £500 under a brother's will, and this sum he at once devoted to further endeavours with H.M. Government for the general adoption of his rocket apparatus.

The Russian ambassador now stepped forward and invited Trengrouse to S. Petersburg, where he assured him that, instead of rebuffs, he would experience only the consideration due to him for his inventions. But Trengrouse's reply was, "My country first"; and that country allowed him, after the signal services he had rendered to humanity – to die penniless.

His original design was to supply every ship with a rocket apparatus; as vessels were almost invariably wrecked *before* the wind, the line might the more easily be fired from a ship than from the shore.

Trengrouse once met Sir William Congreve, who also claimed

to be the inventor of the war-rocket; and Trengrouse said to him in the course of their discussion, "As far as I can see, Sir William, your rocket is designed to *destroy* life; mine is to save life; and I do claim to be the first that ever thought of utilizing a rocket for the saving of human lives."[10]

Trengrouse moreover invented the cork jacket or "life preserver." This was a success, and has never been improved on. It has been the means of saving many hundreds of lives. He also built a model of a lifeboat, that could not be sunk, and was equal to the present lifeboats of the Royal Lifeboat Association in all respects except the "self-righting" principle. It was not until February 28th, 1818, after many journeys to London, and much ignorant and prejudiced objection that he had to contend against, such as is found so usual among Government officials, that Trengrouse was able to exhibit his apparatus before Admiral Sir Charles Rowley. A committee was appointed, and on March 5th it reported favourably on the scheme.

In the same year the Committee of the Elder Brethren of Trinity House reported in high terms on the invention, and recommended that "no vessel should be without it."

Thereupon Government began to move slowly; in the House the matter was discussed and haggled over. One speaker exclaimed: "You are guilty of sinful negligence in this matter, for while you are parleying over this invention and this important subject, thousands of our fellow-men are losing their lives."

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[10] Trengrouse's apparatus fitted into a case 4 ft. 3 in. long by 1 ft. 6 in. wide.

At last Government ordered twenty sets of the life-preserving rockets, but afterwards resolved on making the apparatus itself, and paid Trengrouse the sum of £50, the supposed amount of profit he would have made on the order. Fifty pounds was all his ungrateful country could afford to give him. In 1821, however, the Society of Arts pronounced favourably on his apparatus, and presented Trengrouse with their silver medal and a grant of thirty guineas.

Through the Russian ambassador, the then Czar sent him a diamond ring, in consideration of the great advantage his apparatus had proved in shipwrecks on the Baltic and the Black Sea. Even this he was constrained to pledge, that he might devote the money to his darling project.

With these acknowledgments of his services he had to rest contented; but ever the news of lives having been saved through his invention was a solace to an even and contented mind.

Henry Trengrouse died at Helston on February 19th, 1854.

As he lay on his death-bed with his face to the wall, he turned about, and with one of his bright, hopeful smiles said to his son, "If you live to be as old as I am, you will find my rocket apparatus all along our shores." They were his last words; in a few minutes he had passed away.

The rocket apparatus is along the shores at 300 stations, but not, as he had hoped, on board the vessels. He had despaired of obtaining that, yet that is what he aimed at principally.

In April, 1905, owing to the loss of the *Kyber* on the Land's

End coast, questions were asked in the House of Commons relative to wireless telegraphy between the lighthouses and the coast. On that occasion one of the most valuable suggestions was made by a shipping expert, who considered that the Board of Trade should make it compulsory that a light rocket apparatus should be carried by all vessels, so that, when in distress, if near the coast, the crew could send a rocket ashore. This marine engineer said: "On shore the rockets must be fired by practised men, such as coastguards, because they have to strike a small object; but on a vessel they have only to hit the land, and if people are about, the line will quickly be seized and made fast. At present, too, horses and wagons have to be used, and sometimes it is difficult to find a road leading down to the spot from which help must be rendered. Probably for twenty pounds an appliance could be kept on board a vessel which would send a line ashore in less time and with more certainty than at present. When a vessel is being blown ashore, I have seen rockets fired from the land return like a boomerang to the cliff on account of the strength of the gale. In my judgment, mariners should assist in their own salvation."

On this Mr. H. Trengrouse, grandson of the inventor, wrote to the *Cornishman*, 24th April, 1905: —

> "Your suggestion in the *Cornishman* of the 15th instant … that all vessels should be compelled by the Board of Trade to carry this apparatus, is very practical, and should, and I trust may, be soon adopted.

"It may interest your readers to learn that the inventor, my grandfather, the late Mr. Henry Trengrouse, of Helston, urged this upon successive Governments without any encouragement whatever, and I on two occasions have also suggested it to the principals of the Marine Department of the Board of Trade, who have informed me of a strong opinion always entertained, that on the occasion of wreck, there would probably not be any one on board possessing sufficient knowledge of the use of the apparatus to render it of any value; which seems very strange indeed, and might be readily obviated by, at least, the captain and officers of vessels being instructed in its use – surely simple enough. My grandfather devoted much time to make it so; and the advantage of an appliance for use on board is so palpable, and the loss of life during many years by its absence so considerable, that it is extremely gratifying to observe a renewed and increasing interest in the subject, which I hope, Sir, as you state, being so important, may now be kept to the fore.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"H. Trengrouse."

That this admirable letter to the *Cornishman* should at the time produce no effect on the Board of Trade is what every one who has had any dealings with that Board would predicate.

At length, however, some goading has roused that obstructive, inert body into inquiring into this matter. I read in the *Daily Express* of 27th January, 1908: "The question whether the

carrying of rockets for projecting lifelines should be made compulsory on all British ships is being investigated by a special committee appointed by the Board of Trade. One witness before the committee said that he had seen fifty men drowned within sixty yards of the shore in a gale, and that all might have been saved had the vessel been equipped with line-throwing guns."

So – after the lapse of eighty-six or seven years, and the loss of thousands of lives that might have been saved had not the Board of Trade been too inert to move in the matter – an inquiry has once more been instituted. Let us hope that after this inquiry the matter may not be allowed to fall again into neglect.

That the rocket *fired from the shore* has been already the means of saving lives, the following report on it made to the Board of Trade, for the year ending 30th June, 1907, will testify: —

"During the year ended as above, 268 lives were saved by means of the life-saving apparatus, that is to say, 127 more than the number saved by the same means during the previous year, and 67 more than the average for the previous ten years. The total number of lives saved by the life-saving apparatus since 1870 is 8924. This number does not include the large number of lives saved by means of ropes and other assistance from the shore."

After the loss of the *Berlin*, belonging to the Great Eastern Company, in 1907, the attention of the Dutch Government was called to the advantage of having the rocket apparatus *on board ship*, and legal instructions were drafted, making it obligatory

upon all vessels of over two hundred tons gross to carry rocket apparatus.

Henry Trengrouse's noble life was a failure in so far as that it brought him no pecuniary results – covered him with disappointment, reduced him to poverty. He received, in all, for his life's work, and the sacrifice of fortune and the landed estate of his ancestors, £50 from Government, £31 10*s.* from the Society of Arts, and a diamond ring that in his time of need he was constrained to pawn, and which he was never able to redeem.

Russell Lowell puts these lines into the mouth of Cromwell, in his *Glance behind the Curtain*: —

> My God, when I read o'er the bitter lives
> Of men whose eager hearts are quite too great
> To beat beneath the cramp'd mode of the day,
> And see them mocked at by the world they love,
> Haggling with prejudice for pennyworths
> Of that reform which this hard toil will make
> The common birthright of the age to come —
> When I see *this*, spite of my faith in God,
> I marvel how their hearts bear up so long;
> Nor could they, but for this same prophecy,
> This inward feeling of the glorious end.

Henry Trengrouse married Mary, daughter of Samuel and Mary Jenken, 19th November, 1795. She was born at S. Erth, 9th September, 1772, and died at Helston, 27th March, 1863.

By her he had one son only who reached manhood, Nicholas Trevenen Trengrouse, who died at the age of seventy-four; and one daughter, Jane, who married Thomas Rogers, solicitor, of Helston; Emma, who married a Mr. Matthews; and two, Mary and Anne, who died unmarried, the first at the age of eighty, the latter at that of ninety-four.

To Mr. Henry Trengrouse, the son of Mr. Nicholas T. Trengrouse, I am indebted for much information relative to his grandfather, as also to a lecture, never published, delivered in 1894 by the Rev. James Ninnis, who says in a letter to Mr. H. Trengrouse, junior: "Most of the detail I have taken from notes of my father, dated 1878; he got them from conversation with your respected father."

Mr. J. Ninnis' grandfather had stood on the beach by the side of Henry Trengrouse, watching the wreck of the *Anson*.

A portrait of the inventor, by Opie the younger, is in the possession of the family at Helston, as is also the picture of the wreck of the *Anson* sketched at the time by Mr. Trengrouse. For permission to reproduce both I am indebted to the courtesy of the grandson of the inventor.

THE BOTATHAN GHOST

IN April, 1720, Daniel Defoe published his *History of the Life and Adventures of Mr. Duncan Campbell*. In August a second edition was called for, of which some copies included a pamphlet that had been printed in June: "Mr. Campbell's Pacquet, for the Entertainment of Gentlemen and Ladies," and this "Pacquet" contains "A Remarkable Passage of an Apparition, related by the Rev. Dr. Ruddle, of Launceston, in Cornwall, in the year 1665."

It has been assumed that this ghost story was a bit of invention of the lively imagination of Defoe. Mrs. Bray in her *Trelawny of Trelawne* stated that the story could not be true, as no such a name as Dingley, which was that of the ghost, was known in Launceston. As it happened, James Dingley had been instituted to the vicarage of the very parish of South Petherwin, in which the ghost appeared, in the same reign in which the apparition occurred, and he assisted Ruddle in his ministrations in Launceston, and the name occurs to this day in the town and neighbourhood. In fact, Dingley, Pethebridge, and Dingley are bankers there.

In the same heedless fashion Cyrus Redding wrote in 1842 that the story was "told with so much simplicity of truth that it is difficult to believe that the tale is not, as novel writers say, 'founded on fact.'" And he goes on to state: "No clergyman of the name of Ruddle had been incumbent in Launceston for

two hundred years past, at least in S. Mary's Church." Yet the monument of Parson Ruddle is in the church, and he occupied the living from 1663 to his death in 1699.

Again, Samuel Drew, in his *History of Cornwall*, blunders as to the locality, making the apparition appear in the parish of Little Petherick, near Padstow.

Next Mr. Hawker, of Morwenstow, fabricated a "Diurnall" of Ruddle, which adopted Drew's error, and by altering the date made the story as given by him disagree with the facts as they stand upon record.

The "Remarkable Passage of an Apparition" was no invention of Defoe; it was a genuine narrative written by the hand of John Ruddle himself. This has been conclusively demonstrated by the late Mr. Alfred Robbins in the *Cornish Magazine*, 1898.

John Ruddle, M.A. of Caius College, Cambridge, was instituted to the vicarage of Altarnon on May 24th, 1662; and the incumbency of S. Mary Magdalen, Launceston, becoming vacant by the ejection of the Independent intrusive pastor, Ruddle was appointed to it, and "began his ministry at Launceston on ye Feast of Our Saviour's Nativity, 1663." At the same time he received the appointment to the Launceston Free School as master.

Now it so fell out that he was invited on the 20th June, 1665, to preach a funeral sermon on the occasion of the burial of John Eliot at South Petherwin. John was the son of Edward Eliot, of Trebursey, who was the third son of Sir John Eliot, who died in the Tower of London.

After the conclusion of the service, Parson Ruddle was leaving the church, when an "ancient gentleman" addressed him, and, Ruddle says, "With an unusual importunity almost forced against my humour to see his house that night; nor could I have rescued myself from his kindness, had not Mr. Eliot interposed and pleaded title to me for the whole of the day." However, Ruddle promised to call on the old gentleman, whose name was Bligh, and whose house was Botathan.

The Blighs were an ancient family, well connected and owning a good estate, but Botathan was not a house of any pretence, and it is now the dwelling of a farmer, and has not the appearance of having been the residence of a county family.

On the following Monday John Ruddle went to Botathan, where he partook of an early dinner, and a neighbouring parson had been invited to meet him.

"After dinner this brother of the coat undertook to show me the gardens, when, as I was walking, he gave me the first discovery of what was mainly intended in all this treat and compliment. First he began to tell the infortunity of the family in general, and then gave an instance in the youngest son. He related what a hopeful, sprightly lad he lately was, and how melancholic and sottish he was now grown. Then did he with much passion lament that his ill-humour should so incredibly subdue his reason; for, says he, the poor boy believes himself to be haunted with ghosts, and is confident that he meets with an evil spirit in a certain field about half a mile from this place as

often as he goes that way to school.

"In the midst of our twaddle the old gentleman and his lady came up to us. Upon their approach, and pointing me to the arbour, the parson renews the relation to me; and they (the parents of the youth) confirmed what he said, and added many minute circumstances. In fine, they all three desired my thoughts and advice in the affair."

Neither the parents nor the parson who made this communication believed that the boy saw anything; they shrewdly suspected that he was lazy, and made the apparition an excuse for not going to school.

Ruddle, however, saw the boy, and was convinced of his sincerity. "He told me with all naked freedom, and a flood of tears, that his friends were unkind and unjust to him, neither to believe nor pity him; and that if any man (making a bow to me) would but go with him to the place, he might be convinced that the thing was real.

"'This woman which appears to me,' saith he, 'lived a neighbour here to my father, and died about eight years since; her name, Dorothy Dingley. She never speaks to me, but passeth by hastily, and always leaves the footpath to me, and she commonly meets me twice or three times in the breadth of the field.

"'It was about two months before I took notice of it, and though the shape of the face was in my memory, yet I did not recall the name of the person, but I did suppose it was some woman who lived there about, and had frequent occasion that

way. Nor did I imagine anything to the contrary before she began to meet me constantly, morning and evening, and always in the same field (the Higher Brown Quartils), and sometimes twice or thrice in the breadth of it.

"'The first time I took notice of her was about a year since, and when I first began to suspect it to be a ghost, I had courage enough not to be afraid, but kept it to myself a good while, and only wondered very much about it. I did often speak to it, but never had a word in answer. Then I changed my way, and went to school the under Horse Road, and then she always met me in the narrow lane, between the Quarry Park and the Nursery, which was worse. At length I began to be terrified at it, and prayed continually that God would either free me from it or let me know the meaning of it. Night and day, sleeping and waking, the shape was ever running in my mind, when, by degrees, I grew pensive, inasmuch that it was taken notice of by all our family; whereupon, being urged to it, I told my brother William of it, and he privately acquainted my father and mother, and they kept it to themselves for some time.

"'The success of this discovery was only this: they did sometimes laugh at me, sometimes chide me, but still commanded me to keep to my school, and put such fopperies out of my head. I did accordingly go to school often, but always met the woman by the way.'"

When Parson Ruddle had heard this story he promised the boy to go with him next morning to the field, and went with

the lad to the hall, whither the parents and the parson, the Rev. Samuel Williams, came to meet them from the parlour. They began at once to importune Ruddle about the interview and to pass remarks on the boy, who fled from them to his own room. The vicar of Launceston begged them to restrain their curiosity till he had made further investigation into the matter.

"The next morning, before five o'clock, the lad was in my chambers, and very brisk. I arose and went with him. The field he led me to I guessed to be twenty acres, in an open country, and about three furlongs from any house. We went into the field, and had not gone above a third part before the spectrum, in the shape of a woman, with all the circumstances he had described her to me the day before, met us and passed by. I was a little surprised at it, and though I had taken up a firm resolution to speak to it, yet I had not the power, nor indeed durst I look back; yet I took care not to show any fear to my pupil and guide, and therefore telling him that I was satisfied in the truth of his complaint, we walked to the end of the field and returned, nor did the ghost meet us that time above once.

"At our return the gentlewoman watched to speak with me. I gave her a convenience, and told her that my opinion was that her son's complaint was not to be slighted, yet that my judgment in his case was not settled. I gave her caution that the thing might not take wind, lest the whole country should ring with what we had yet no assurance of.

"In this juncture of time I had business which would admit no

delay, wherefore I went to Launceston that evening, but promised to see them again next week. Yet I was prevented by an occasion which pleaded a sufficient excuse. However, my mind was upon the adventure. I studied the case, and about three weeks after went again, resolving, by the help of God, to see the utmost.

"The next morning, the 27th day of July, 1665, I went to the haunted field by myself, and walked the breadth of the field without any encounter. I returned and took the other walk, and then the spectrum appeared to me, much about the same place where I saw it before, when the young gentleman was with me. In my thoughts it moved swifter than the time before, and about ten feet distant from me on my right hand, insomuch that I had not time to speak, as I had determined with myself beforehand.

"The evening of this day, the parents, the son, and myself being in the chamber where I lay, I propounded to them our going all together to the place next morning, and after some asseveration that there was no danger in it, we all resolved upon it. The morning being come, lest we should alarm the servants, they went under the pretence of seeing a field of wheat, and I took my horse and fetched a compass another way, and so met at the stile we had appointed.

"Thence we all four walked leisurely into the Quartils, and had passed above half the field before the ghost made appearance. It then came over the stile just before us, and moved with that swiftness that by the time we had gone six or seven steps it passed by. I immediately turned head and ran after it, with the

young man by my side; we saw it pass over the stile by which we entered, but no farther. I stepped upon the hedge at one place, he at another, but could discern nothing; whereas I dare aver that the swiftest horse in England could not have conveyed himself out of sight in that short space of time. Two things I observed in this day's appearance. (1) That a spaniel dog, who followed the company unregarded, did bark and run away as the spectrum passed by; whence it is easy to conclude that it was not our fear or fancy which made the apparition. (2) That the motion of the spectrum was not by steps and moving of the feet, but a kind of gliding, as children upon ice or a boat down a swift river.

"But to proceed. This ocular evidence clearly convinced, but strangely frightened, the old gentleman and his wife, who knew this Dorothy Dingley in her lifetime, were at her burial, and now plainly saw her features in this present apparition.

"The next morning, being Thursday, I went out very early by myself, and walked for about an hour's space in meditation and prayer in the field next adjoining the Quartils. Soon after five I stepped over the stile into the disturbed field, and had not gone above thirty or forty paces before the ghost appeared at the farther stile. I spake to it with a loud voice, whereupon it approached, but slowly, and when I came near it moved not. I spake again, and it answered, in a voice neither very audible nor intelligible. I was not in the least terrified, and therefore persisted until it spake again and gave me satisfaction. But the work could not be finished at this time; wherefore the same evening, an hour

after sunset, it met me again near the same place, and after a few words on each side it quickly vanished, and neither doth appear since, nor ever will more to any man's disturbance. The discourse in the morning lasted about a quarter of an hour.

"These things are true, and I know them to be so, with as much certainty as eyes and ears can give me; and until I can be persuaded that my senses do deceive me about their proper object, and by that persuasion deprive myself of the strongest inducement to believe the Christian religion, I must and will assert that these things in this paper are true."

It must be noted that Defoe in his printed account omits the names of the family of Bligh, and that he changes Dorothy Dingley into Mrs. Veale. Parson Ruddle's original MS. is not in existence; it was probably given to Defoe; but a copy is preserved made by the son of the Rev. John Ruddle. Defoe was in Launceston acting as a spy for the minister Harley in August, 1705, and at that time he must have got hold of the MS. After the signature "John Ruddle" at the end of the narrative and the date is the sentence: "This is a copy of wt I found written by my father and signed John Ruddle. Taken by me, William Ruddle," who had become vicar of South Petherwin in 1695, and who became subsequently incumbent also of S. Thomas-by-Launceston. This copy bears the following attestation: "The readers may observe yt I borrowed the remarkable passage of ye grandson of John Ruddle who had it from his Uncle William Ruddle. I think I'm exact in its transcription. I well know the sd John Ruddle to

have had (and I daresay deserved) the character of a learned and eminent Divine, and I also knew his son ye sayd William Ruddle, a Divine whose character was so bright yt I have no room to add to its lustre, and I hereby certify yt I copyed this from ye very hand-writing of the sayd William Ruddle. *Quinto die Februarii Anno Dni*, 1730. James Wakeman."

As Mr. Robbins says: "The completeness of the body of proof of the Ruddle authorship leaves nothing therefore to be desired."

Parson John Ruddle eventually became prebend of Exeter, and held the vicarage of Altarnon along with that of Launceston to his death.

Ruddle does not state that the boy Bligh was his pupil at Launceston Free School, but one does not see to what other school he can have gone, and the readiness with which the lad opened his heart to him leads to the notion that they had some previous acquaintance. His way to Launceston would be over the common, on which stand three barrows, to the road at Penfoot, where he would strike the road. When he endeavoured to avoid the ghost he took the Under Horse Road between Quarry Park and the Nursery. The Quarry is still visible with a pool in it, and a stream flowing into it that rises on the moor where he saw the ghost, and Under Horse Road still bears its name. The lad endeavoured to take a short cut, though not as short as across the Higher Brown Quartils, to reach the Launceston road without having to go through South Petherwin village.

Parson Ruddle does not give the Christian name of the boy

who saw the ghost, and we are thrown into perplexity at once.

The "ancient gentleman" may have been Thomas Bligh of Botathan, Esq., but he was aged no more than fifty-three. Colonel Vivian's pedigree of the Blighs in his *Visitation of Cornwall* is most unsatisfactory.

Thomas Bligh was buried at South Petherwin, April 10th, 1692. There is no entry in Vivian's pedigree of Walter Bligh, gentleman, who was buried January 29th, 1667-8. Besides, there are many entries of an Edmund Bligh and Katherine, his wife, and their children. Thomas Bligh seems to have lived at one time at S. Martin's-by-Looe. Dr. Lee in his *Glimpses of the Supernatural* calls Dorothy Dingley, Dorothy Durant; but on what authority I do not know. There is an entry in the South Petherwin register of the burial of Dorothy Durant, widow, 1st May, 1677, but according to the story of the boy, Dorothy Dingley died in or about 1657. Unfortunately the South Petherwin registers do not go back beyond August, 1656, but there is no entry in them in 1656 or 1657 of the burial of Dorothy Dingley.

The Dingleys had been settled in Lezant and Linkinhorne from 1577, and owned the place Hall in the latter parish; but they had connections in Worcestershire; and Dorothy was the youngest daughter of Francis Dingley, baptized at Cropthorne, in the latter county, in 1596. She married Richard, son of George Durant, of Blockly, Worcestershire. As no further trace of her can be found in the register there, it is not unfair to suppose that

having kinsfolk in Cornwall she may have journeyed there, and both were buried at South Petherwin, Dorothy Durant, as already stated, in 1677. She was then aged eighty-seven. She cannot have been the ghost. But was the ghost that of her mother, a Dorothy, who came to South Petherwin with her, and died there about the year 1655? We cannot tell, as we do not know her mother's Christian name. Dr. Lee clearly confused the Dorothy Durant with the Dorothy Dingley, the ghost.

The Rev. P. T. Pulman, vicar of South Petherwin, writes to me: "In December, 1896, a labourer died here, aged seventy-two. For upwards of forty years he had worked at Botathan. He told me that one of the fields was called the Higher Brown Park (he did not know the name of Quartells) until the field was ploughed up. He told me there was a little path in it which they called old Dorothy Dinglet's [*sic*] path, and that they used to frighten the farm apprentices with stories about her, but he had never met her himself. The farm has been sold of recent years. There is a part of the old house left used for a cider cellar. They call it Dorothy Dingley's chamber."

The Rev. James Dingley was vicar of South Petherwin from 1682 until 1695. He was born 1655, just ten years before the apparition was seen by young Bligh.

Authorities: A. Robbins, "A Cornish Ghost Story," in the *Cornish Magazine*, 1898; A. Robbins, *Launceston Past and Present*, 1889. The portrait of the Rev. John Ruddle is in my possession. The descendants of Parson Ruddle or Rudall are still

on the land, but are in a humble condition.

JOHN COUCH ADAMS, ASTRONOMER

Thomas Adams was a small tenant farmer in the parish of Laneast, at Lidcott, renting under John King Lethbridge, Esq., of Tregeare, in Laneast. He married Tabitha Knill Grylls, of Stoke Climsland, who inherited a very little land in this latter parish.

Laneast lies on the Inny River – that is to say, the village with its church occupies the southern slope of Laneast Down that falls to this beautiful stream. But Lidcott lies on the north side of the down, that rises to eight hundred feet above the sea, one long swelling mass of moor brown with heather, save when in August it blushes like a modest girl, the heather all a-rose with flower.

For three miles the highway from Camelford to Launceston crosses this moor, one white strip drawn through a mass of umber. At night the sheep that grazed on the down would lie on the warm road, and many a time have the coach-horses stumbled over them in the night.

On this road, about the year 546, S. Samson was pursuing his way from Padstow, where he had landed, to Southill. He had with him a wagon drawn by horses he had brought with him from Ireland, and as he proceeded over the down he was aware of music and dancing on the left-hand side of the road in the direction of Tregeare, and he found that the heathen people

were having a festival about a rude upright stone. He stopped, harangued them, condemned their idolatrous practice, and with his own hand cut a cross upon the stone.

It is possible that this is the very rude stone cross that still stands on the slope of the moor above Lidcott.

John Couch, son of Thomas Adams and Tabitha, was born at Lidcott on 5th January, 1819, but no notice of his baptism occurs in the parish register at Laneast. Possibly he may have been taken to Egloskerry.

He received his early education at a dame's school in his native parish; but was early employed by his father to tend the sheep on Laneast Down. It was then and there, on that great upland stretch of moor, with a vast horizon about him, that, lying in the heather and looking up into the sky, the mystery of the heavenly firmament laid hold of him. He soon learned to distinguish the planets from the fixed stars; he watched the rising and the setting of the constellations, Charles's Wain revolving nightly about the extremest star in what he called the tail of the Plough; Orion with his twinkling belt and curved sword, "louting on one knee."

To the west and south stood up against the evening glow the ridge of the Bodmin Moors, Brown Willy, Rough Tor, Kilmar, and Caradon. To the north nothing interrupted the view, for there lay the vast Atlantic; and on stormy nights the boom of its waves might be heard from that highway over the down. To the east and south-east the far-off range of Dartmoor, blue as a vein in a girl's temple, on a summer day.

Many a chiding did John Couch get from his father for being out late at night upon the moor; the old farmer was unable to understand what the attraction was which drew the lad from home and from his supper, to be out, either lying on the road or leaning against the old granite cross, star-gazing. Happily Mrs. Adams had a simple book on astronomy that had belonged to her father, and this her son Jack devoured, and now he began to understand something of the motions of the heavenly bodies. He established a sundial on the window-sill of the parlour, and constructed out of cardboard an apparatus for taking the altitude of the sun.

His father, finding that his inclinations were not for farm work, sent him to study with a relative of his mother, the Rev. P. Couch Grylls, who had a school at Devonport, but later moved to Saltash. All his spare time John Couch spent in reading astronomical works, which he obtained from the library of the Mechanics' Institute; he drew maps of constellations and computed celestial phenomena. A day long to be remembered by him as one of the happiest in his life was that in which he obtained a look through a telescope at the moon. "Why," he exclaimed, "they have Brown Willy and Rough Tor up there!"

His account of a solar eclipse viewed at Devonport through a small spyglass got into print in a London paper. After three weeks' watching he caught sight of Halley's Comet on 16th October, 1839.

His father now with considerable effort arranged to send

him to the University of Cambridge, and he entered S. John's College as a poor sizar in October, 1839; he graduated as Senior Wrangler in 1843, and was first Smith's prizeman, and soon elected Fellow and appointed tutor of his college.

At the age of twenty-two he was struck with the disturbance in the course of the planet Uranus, and he perceived that this must be due to the attraction possessed by some other planet, as yet unseen and unsuspected, that produced these perturbations. How this led to the discovery of the planet Neptune shall be told from the *Reminiscences* of Caroline Fox: —

"1847, October 7th. – Dined at Carclew, and spent a very interesting evening. We met Professor Adams, the Bullers, the Lord of the Isles, and others. Adams is a quiet-looking man, with a broad forehead, a mild face, and an amiable and expressive mouth. I sat by him at dinner, and by general and dainty approaches got at the subject on which one most wished to hear him speak. He began very blushingly, but went on to talk in most delightful fashion, with large and luminous simplicity, of some of the vast mathematical facts with which he is so conversant. The idea of the reversed method of reasoning, from an unknown to a known, with reference to astronomical problems dawned on him when an undergraduate, with neither time nor mathematics to work it out. The opposite system had always before been adopted. He, in common with many others, conceived that there must be a planet to account for the disturbances of Uranus; and when he had time he set to work at the process, in deep,

quiet faith that the fact was there, and that his hitherto untried mathematical path was the one which must reach it; that there were no anomalies in the universe, but that, even here, and now, they could be explained and included in a higher law. The delight of working it out was far more than any notoriety could give, for his love of pure truth is evidently intense, an inward necessity, unaffected by all the penny trumpets of the world. Well, at length he fixed his point in space, and sent his mathematical evidence to Airy, the Astronomer Royal, who locked the papers up in his desk, partly from carelessness, partly from incredulity, for it seemed to him impossible that a man whose name was unknown to him should strike out a new path in mathematical science with any success. Moreover, his theory was, that if there were a planet, it would not be discovered for one hundred and sixty years; that is, until two revolutions of Uranus had been accomplished. Then came Leverrier's equally original, though many months younger, demonstration; Gull's immediate verification of it by observation; and then the other astronomers were all astir. Professor Adams speaks of those about whom the English scientific world is so indignant in a spirit of Christian philosophy, exactly in keeping with the mind of a man who has discovered a planet. He speaks with warmest admiration of Leverrier, specially of his exhaustive method of making out the orbits of the comets, imagining and disproving all tracks but the right one – a work of infinite labour. If the observer could make out distinctly but a very small part of a

comet's orbit, the mathematician would be able to prove what its course had been through all time. They enjoyed being a good deal together at the British Association Meeting at Oxford, though it was unfortunate for the intercourse of the fellow-workers that one could not speak French nor the other English. He had met with very little mathematical sympathy, except from Challis, of the Cambridge Observatory; but when his result was announced there was noise enough and to spare. He was always fond of star-gazing and speculation, and is already on the watch for another planet. Burnard told us that when Professor Adams came from Cambridge to visit his relatives in Cornwall he was employed to sell sheep for his father at a fair. He is a most good son and neighbour, and watchful in the performance of small acts of thoughtful kindness."

"1863, July 2nd. – Have just returned from a visit to Professor Adams at Cambridge. He is so delightful in the intervals of business, enjoying all things, large and small, with a boyish zest. He showed and explained the calculating machine (French, not Babbage's), which saves him much in time and brain, as it can multiply or divide ten figures accurately. We came upon an admirable portrait of him at S. John's College, before he accepted a Pembroke Fellowship and migrated thither."

The first mention of the name of Adams as the discoverer of Neptune was by Sir John Herschel, in the *Athenæum*, on October 3rd, 1845. And a letter from Professor Challis to that journal on 17th October described in detail the transactions between

Adams, Airy, and himself. Naturally enough the French were highly incensed at the notion that an obscure Englishman had forestalled Leverrier in the discovery, and Airy himself was annoyed at his own negligence in not looking into the memoir by Adams, and took up the matter with some personal feeling. It was certainly startling to realize that the Astronomer Royal had had in his possession data that would have enabled the planet to be discovered nearly a year before Leverrier had, by a different course of argument and calculation, arrived at the conclusion that there existed a planet which was the disturbing element in the orbit of Uranus. As to Adams himself, he had not a particle of conceit and pride in him; he did not care to have his name proclaimed as the discoverer. Forty years later, he said simply and characteristically that all he had wished for was that English astronomers to whom he had communicated the result of his calculations, pointing out the precise spot in the sky where a planet was to be found, would have taken the trouble to turn their telescopes upon that point and discover the planet, so that England might have had the full credit of the discovery.

His long-suppressed investigation was not laid before the Royal Astronomical Society till November 13th, 1846.

The publication, of course, stirred up much controversy, and the scientific world was divided into Adamite and anti-Adamite factions.

Adams refused knighthood in 1847, and declined the office of Astronomer Royal on Airy's retirement in 1881.

John Couch had a brother, William Grylls, also a man of some eminence in the scientific world. He was born at Lidcott 12th February, 1836, and became Professor of Natural Philosophy and of Astronomy in King's College, London.

I was wont, when at Cambridge, to meet John Couch Adams at Professor Challis', and also at the house of the Rev. Harvey Goodwin, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle. Professor Adams took some notice of me, as coming from his neighbourhood, though not on the Cornish side of the Tamar. He was a small man, as simple as a child in many things. Indeed, he struck me forcibly by his great modesty and sweetness of manner. He loved a joke, and would laugh heartily over the very smallest. He loved children, and would play with them in their little games with infinite zest. Professor Glaisher, whom I also knew, wrote of him: "Adams was a man of learning as well as a man of science. He was an omnivorous reader, and his memory was exact and retentive. There were few subjects upon which he was not possessed of accurate information. Botany, geology, history, and divinity, all had their share of his care and attention."

He was always happy to return to his humble father's farm; and after he was a noted man, on one of these occasions the old man sent him into Launceston with a drove of sheep to sell them in the market. He complied cheerfully, but how he succeeded in selling them I have not heard. This is the incident alluded to by Caroline Fox given above.

"The honours showered upon him," wrote Dr. Donald

MacAlister, "left him as they found him – modest, gentle, and sincere." He was not a man who ever asserted himself.

He married in 1863 Eliza, daughter of Haliday Bruce, of Dublin. He died of a sudden illness on January 21st, 1892, and was buried in S. Giles' Churchyard, Cambridge.

Portraits were taken of him by Mogford in 1851, and by Herkomer in 1888; both are in the Combination-room of St. John's College, Cambridge.

A biographical notice of him was prefixed by Professor Glaisher to his scientific works, edited by W. G. Adams, in 1896-8.

See also A. De Morgan's *Budget of Paradoxes*, 1872, and the *Mechanics' Magazine*, 1846.

DANIEL GUMB

All that is really known of this eccentric character is found in a letter of J. B. to Richard Polwhele, dated September, 1814. His correspondent says: —

"Daniel Gumb was born in the parish of Linkinhorne, in Cornwall, about the commencement of the last century, and was bred a stone-cutter. In the early part of his life he was remarkable for his love of reading and a degree of reserve even exceeding what is observable in persons of studious habits. By close application Daniel acquired, even in his youth, a considerable stock of mathematical knowledge, and, in consequence, became celebrated throughout the adjoining parishes. Called by his occupation to hew blocks of granite on the neighbouring commons, and especially in the vicinity of that great natural curiosity called the Cheesewring, he discovered near this spot an immense block, whose upper surface was an inclined plane. This, it struck him, might be made the roof of a habitation such as he desired; sufficiently secluded from the busy haunts of men to enable him to pursue his studies without interruption, whilst it was contiguous to the scene of his daily labour. Immediately Daniel went to work, and cautiously excavating the earth underneath, to nearly the extent of the stone above, he obtained a habitation which he thought sufficiently commodious. The sides he lined with stone, cemented with lime, whilst a

chimney was made by perforating the earth at one side of the roof. From the elevated spot on which stood this extraordinary dwelling could be seen Dartmoor and Exmoor on the east, Hartland on the north, the sea and the port of Plymouth on the south, and S. Austell and Bodmin Hills on the west, with all the intermediate beautiful scenery. The top of the rock which roofed his house served Daniel for an observatory, where at every favourable opportunity he watched the motions of the heavenly bodies, and on the surface of which, with his chisel, he carved a variety of diagrams, illustrative of the most difficult problems of Euclid, etc. These he left behind him as evidences of the patience and ingenuity with which he surmounted the obstacles that his station in life had placed in the way of his mental improvement.

"But the choice of his house and the mode in which he pursued his studies were not his only eccentricities. His house became his chapel also; and he was never known to descend from the craggy mountain on which it stood, to attend his parish church or any other place of worship.

"Death, which alike seizes on the philosopher and the fool, at length found out the retreat of Daniel Gumb, and lodged him in a house more narrow than that which he had dug for himself."

Bond in his *Topographical and Historical Sketches of the Boroughs of East and West Looe*, 1873, describes the habitation of Daniel Gumb as seen by him in 1802: —

"When we reached Cheesewring – our guide first led us to the house of Daniel Gumb (a stone-cutter), cut by him out of a solid

rock of granite. This artificial cavern may be about twelve feet deep and not quite so broad; the roof consists of one flat stone of many tons weight; supported by the natural rock on one side, and by pillars of small stones on the other. How Gumb formed this last support is not easily conceived. We entered with hesitation lest the covering should be our gravestone. On the right-hand side of the door is 'D. Gumb,' with a date engraved 1735 (or 3). On the upper part of the covering stone, channels are cut to carry off the rain, probably to cause it to fall into a bucket for his use; there is also engraved on it some geometrical device formed by Gumb, as the guide told us, who also said that Gumb was accounted a pretty sensible man. I have no hesitation in saying he must have been a pretty eccentric character to have fixed on this place for his habitation; but here he dwelt for several years with his wife and children, several of whom were born and died here. His calling was that of a stone-cutter, and he fixed himself on a spot where materials could be met with to employ a thousand men for a thousand years."

The Rev. Robert S. Hawker wrote an account of Daniel Gumb for *All the Year Round* in 1866, and this has been reprinted in *Footsteps of Former Men in Cornwall*.

He pretends that when he visited the Cheesewring in 183-, there still existed fragments of Daniel Gumb's "thoughts and studies still treasured up in the existing families of himself and his wife." And he gives transcripts from these, and also from what must have been a diary. But Mr. Hawker embroidered facts with

so much detail drawn from his own fancy, that his statements have to be taken with a very large pinch of salt.

It must be remembered, in his justification, that his stories of Cornish Characters were intended as magazine articles to amuse, but without any purpose of having them regarded as strictly biographical and historical. They were brief historical romances, and were not intended to be taken seriously.

I will give but one quotation, and the reader can judge for himself therefrom whether it does not look like an extract "made in Morwenstow." Mr. Hawker says: —

"On the fly-leaves of an old account book the following strange statement appears: 'June 23rd, 1764. To-day, at bright noon, I looked up and saw all at once a stranger standing on the turf, just above my block. He was dressed like an old picture I remember in the windows of S. Neot's Church, in a long brown garment, with a girdle; and his head was uncovered and grizzled with long hair. He spoke to me, and he said in a low, clear voice, "Daniel, that work is hard!" I wondered that he should know my name, and I answered, "Yes, sir; but I am used to it and don't mind it, for the sake of the faces at home." Then he said, sounding his words like a psalm, "Man goeth forth to his work and to his labour until the evening. When will it be night with Daniel Gumb?" I began to feel queer; it seemed to me that there was something awful about the unknown man. I even shook. Then he said again, "Fear nothing. The happiest man in all the earth is he that wins his daily bread by his daily sweat, if he will but

fear God and do man no wrong." I bent down my head like any one dumbfounded, and I greatly wondered who this strange appearance could be. He was not like a preacher, for he looked me full in the face; nor a bit like a parson, for he seemed very meek and kind. I began to think it was a spirit, only such ones always come by night, and here was I at noonday and at work. So I made up my mind to drop my hammer and step up and ask his name right out. But when I looked up he was gone, and that clear out of my sight, on the bare, wide moor, suddenly.'"

Now, in the first place, no trace or tidings of these notes so treasured up by the family are to be found in the parish of Linkinhorne, to which Gumb and his wife belonged.

In the second place, Mr. Hawker makes Daniel remark that his mysterious visitant was not like a Dissenting preacher because he looked him straight in the face, and this is significantly like a remark Hawker often made with regard to these gentry.

Another of these pretended notes refers to the finding of a fossil fish embedded in granite. This alone suffices to wake suspicion that the extracts are not genuine. Fossils never have been found in granite, and never will be. But Hawker himself did not know this, as he was totally ignorant of the first principles of geology.

LAURENCE BRADDON

Laurence Braddon, second son of Captain William Braddon, of Treworgy, in S. Gennys, was called to the bar of the Middle Temple, and worked at his profession diligently. He entered Parliament in 1651, but did not attract special notice till the occasion of the suicide of the Earl of Essex in the Tower, in 1683.

The people of England had been, and still were, greatly troubled about the succession to the throne, in the event of the death of Charles II. They had no mind to have the throne occupied by a Popish prince, and several plots were hatched to prevent such a contingency. Monmouth, with Lord Essex, Shaftesbury, Lord Howard of Escrick, Russell, Algernon Sidney, and John Hampden, held meetings to found an association to agitate and compel the King to assemble Parliament, to take measures to secure a Protestant succession and the exclusion of the Duke of York. On other points they disagreed. Monmouth hoped to have his legitimacy established and to secure the crown for his own brows. Sidney and Essex were for the establishment of a commonwealth. Russell and Hampden intended only the exclusion of the Duke. As to Lord Howard, he was a man of no principle, and his sole desire was to fish in troubled waters and get out of them what he could.

More desperate spirits schemed plans of assassination, and a plot was formed for murdering Charles and the Duke of York

as they passed the Rye House on the road from London to Newmarket, but there is no evidence that the noble schemers had any knowledge of the Rye House Plot.

Both projects were betrayed, and though they were wholly distinct from one another, the cruel ingenuity of the Crown lawyers blended them into one.

The Earl of Shaftesbury fled to the Continent; Monmouth absconded; Russell was committed to the Tower; Howard, who had concealed himself in a chimney, was drawn forth by the heels, and to secure his neck betrayed Essex, Sidney, and Hampden, who were all committed to the Tower.

Several of the conspirators in the Rye House Plot were sentenced to death and at once executed. From their confessions it appeared that the conspiracy had wide ramifications, and that a scheme of insurrection throughout the country had been formed, and that steps had been taken to organize it.

On the day upon which Lord Russell was brought to trial the Earl of Essex was found in the closet of his chamber with his throat cut, and this but just after a visit to the Tower by the King with the Duke of York.

An inquest was at once held, at which it was shown that Lord Essex was a man of a despondent temper, that he had been lately in a lugubrious mood, and in the depths of melancholy; and evidence was conclusive that he had cut his own throat with a razor. The jury accordingly found a verdict of *felo de se*.

Now it so fell out that on the following Sunday Laurence

Braddon went to visit a Mr. Evans, of the Custom House, at his country house at Wanstead, in Essex, where was also a Mr. Halstead, and Evans was telling Halstead that he had heard from a kinsman of his named Edwards, also in the Customs, that his boy had been in the Tower yard on the morning of the death of Lord Essex, and that he had seen a hand thrust out of that nobleman's window, and a razor stained with blood thrown down on the pavement of the yard. Next moment a maid-servant wearing a white hood had run out, secured the razor and carried it within, and that he had heard cries from within of "Murder! Murder!"

Braddon listened, walking up and down the room, as Evans told this story. He was greatly excited by it, and thought that it pointed to a murder having been committed, and that probably at the instigation of the Duke of York.

Accordingly Braddon went next day to the quay and got Evans and Edwards to meet him at the "Star" public-house and repeat the story. It seemed that Edwards had two boys who were in Merchant Taylors' School, and that one of their sisters was married and living in the Tower. On the morning of the death of Lord Essex the lads were on their way to school, when, passing the Tower, they heard that the King and the Duke of York were in it, whereupon the younger, an urchin of twelve or thirteen, gave his brother the slip, and ran in to see the King and the Duke. After they had departed he remained in the yard playing chuck-farthing with other boys, when he saw a hand thrust forth from a window and throw a bloody razor into the court, and after that

a maid or woman in a white hood and stuff coat took it up and went in, and then he heard a noise as of "Murder!" cried out. Braddon then went to the house of Edwards to question the boy, who prevaricated. Braddon believed that the child's mother and sister had been at him, telling him that he was likely to get them all into trouble if he persisted in his tale, and urged by them, professed that he had told a lie.

The matter became common talk on the quay and the purlieus of the Tower.

Braddon had no great difficulty in finding a little girl named Jane Lodeman, aged thirteen, who was in the same tale. This is what he took down: —

"Jane Lodeman was in the Tower on Friday morning, 13th July last, and standing almost over against the late Earl of Essex's lodging window, she saw a hand cast a razor out of my lord's window, and immediately upon this she heard shrieks, and that there was a soldier by my lord's door, who cried out to those within the house that somebody should come and take up a razor which was thrown out of the window, whereupon there came a maid with a white hood out of the house, but who took up the razor she can't tell."

Dated 8th August, 1683.

On July 20th Braddon had gone to Whitehall before he had obtained this corroborative evidence, and had laid information before the King and Council, and produced a written deposition as to what the boy Edwards had said he had seen; but the boy's

sister deposed that Mr. Laurence Braddon had forced her brother to sign it. Soon after Braddon had taken this step, he heard a rumour that the fact of the violent death of the Earl of Essex had been known and discussed in Frome Selwood the same day, and he hurried off to make inquiries into this. But on reaching Salisbury he was arrested, thrown into prison, and brought back to London. Another gentleman, a Mr. Speeke, had also been spreading the report that Lord Essex had been foully murdered, and it was hinted that the Duke of York, if not the King, had ordered the assassination. Speeke also was arrested.

Narcissus Luttrell's account of the death of Essex is as follows: —

1683, 13th July. – "About nine in the morning, the Earl of Essex, prisoner in the Tower of London, upon account of this new plott, did most barbarously cut his own throat from one ear to the other with a razor. What occasioned it is doubtfull: some say, the sense of his guilt; others, the shame for being accused of such a crime, when his father, the Lord Capell, died for his loyalty to the late King; however, the coroner's jury have satt on his body, and found him *felo de se*, tho' some stick not to say 'tis impossible he should murther himself in so barbarous a manner; and his Majesty hath been pleased to give his goods, which were forfeited by his killing himself, to his son."

On November 6th he says: "Mr. Speak was brought to the Court of King's Bench, and charged with two informations: the 1st, for saying the King was as great a Papist as the Duke of

York; that the Duke durst not doe what he did but that the King did animate him; that what Pilkington had formerly said of the Duke of York was true; with much other such scandalous stuff; and 2nd was for sayeing that the Earl of Essex was killed and murdered by those that attended on him in the Tower; to both these he pleaded Not Guilty."

1683-4, February 7th. – "Mr. Lawrence Braddon and Mr. Hugh Speke were tried at the Court of King's Bench, by a jury of Middlesex, upon an information reciting the commitment of the late Earl of Essex to the Tower for treason in conspiring the death of the King, etc., and that the 13th July last he cut his own throat, and was found *felo de se* by the coroner's inquisition; the said Braddon and Speke did conspire by writing and otherwise, to spread a false and scandalous report, that the said Earl was murdered by some persons about him, and endeavoured to suborn witnesses to testifye the same. The evidence for the King, was first, the warder of the Tower, who testified as to his Lordship's commitment; then the coroner, and the inquisition taken before him, whereby his Lordship was found *felo de se*, was read; then the particular evidence against Mr. Braddon was, by severall persons, how busy and sollicitous he was to take persons' informations, and to examine a little child about ten years old, about a discourse that ran through the town that a bloody razor was thrown out of his Lordship's window; and that the cry of Murder was heard; and that a servant maid came presently out of the house of the Lord of Essex, and took up the razor, and

carried it in; and that then it was said the Lord of Essex had killed himself. Then the severall informations Braddon had taken in writing relating to this matter were read, and some of the informants themselves examined, whose testimony much differ'd from their informations, then severall testified the confident and strange discourse this Braddon frequently us'd concerning the matter. The evidence against Mr. Speke was only a letter writt by him to Sir Robert Atkins th' elder, and carried by Mr. Braddon, but was seized about him when he was going thither, which contained severall expressions in commendation of Mr. Braddon and his zeale, with reflexions on this matter; then the evidence was given of his Lordship's cutting his own throat with a razor, which was proved by his own servant, a Frenchman; by the warder, by the centinell, and by Capt. Hawley. The defendants' proof was, first, Braddon pretended he did nothing but out of zeale to have the truth come out: then he call'd some witnesses to prove that there was a discourse of the Lord of Essex's being killed, and a razor thrown out, before he concern'd himself in it. Speke had little to say against the letter, but own'd it to be his hand; so that the jury, after a little while, agreed of their verdict, and found the defendant Braddon guilty of all that was laid in the information, and the defendant Speke guilty of all except the conspiring to suborn witnesses.

"'Twas strange any man should concern himself in an affair of this moment on the information of a boy ten years old, who had denied all after he had confess'd it, and did at his tryall, and

make all this rent that was about it."

April 21st, 1684. – "Mr. Laurence Braddon and Mr. Hugh Speke, convicted last term upon an endeavour to lay the murder of the late Earl of Essex upon the Government, were brought to the Court of King's Bench to receive their judgments; which was, that Braddon should pay a fine of £2000, and Speke £1000 to the King; that they find sureties for their good behaviour during their lives, and be committed to the King's Bench prison till they doe so."

Hugh Speke, who was tried along with Laurence Braddon, was an inveterate plotter. Macaulay thus describes him: "Hugh Speke (was) a young man of good family, but of a singularly base and depraved nature. His love of mischief and of dark and crooked ways amounted almost to madness. To cause confusion without being found out was his business and his pastime; and he had a rare skill in using honest enthusiasts as the instruments of his cold-blooded malice."

Referring to the case of Braddon, Macaulay adds: "He had attempted, by means of one of his puppets, to fasten on Charles and James the crime of murdering Essex in the Tower. On this occasion the agency of Speke had been traced; and though he succeeded in throwing the greater part of the blame on his dupe, he had not escaped with impunity."

He was certainly a clever scoundrel, for he managed to cover up most of his traces in the affair of the charge of the murder of Essex.

Braddon was sincere, while Speke was not. Braddon was convinced that a murder had been committed, and he had not a well-balanced mind to weigh evidence. Speke cared nothing whether crime had been committed or not so long as he could disturb men's minds with a suspicion that one had been committed, and that by the King's brother and heir presumptive to the Crown.

The evidence produced by Laurence Braddon was practically worthless. He had but the word of two little children, and the boy had retracted and acknowledged that he had told lies. As to the fact of the death of Lord Essex being known at Frome on the 13th, showing that the murder had been premeditated and was part of a widely ramified scheme of the Papists, it was shown that nothing was known there of it till many days later.

The evidence for the King was Bomeny, the valet de chambre of Lord Essex. He stated that the Earl had long nails, and that morning had asked for a penknife so as to pare them. Bomeny had commissioned a footman, William Turner, to get one, and bring it along with some provisions ordered for the Earl's breakfast. Turner brought the provisions, but had forgotten about the penknife, whereupon Lord Essex began to cut his nails with his razor, and the footman was again despatched for a penknife. Just then the King and the Duke of York arrived at the Tower, and there was great bustle in the yard, and Bomeny left the Earl's room. When he met the footman with the knife he returned, but not finding Lord Essex in his chamber, he

tried to open the closet door, when he found that there was an obstruction. Somewhat alarmed, he ran to Russell, the warder, whose door was almost opposite on the same staircase, and both went to the closet, and found Lord Essex lying in it with his throat cut and his feet against the door.

Russell corroborated this evidence, and added that no one could possibly ascend the stair and enter Lord Essex's chamber without his knowledge. The soldier, Lloyd, who acted as sentinel at the entrance to the Earl's quarters, testified that there was no truth in the children's tale about the razor, and that no maid had issued from the door to pick one up.

It was further established that the closet window did not look into the main yard, and was so arranged that a hand could not be passed out of it.

Judge Jeffreys conducted the investigation, and that in a most unseemly manner. Apparently he was drunk at the time, and was so confused that he was not able to follow the evidence. He browbeat the witnesses in the most offensive way.

On November 6th, 1684, a French Protestant refugee, named Borleau, was indicted for selling a scandalous book called *L'Esprit de Monsieur Arnaud*, in which he declared that the Earl of Essex had not cut his own throat, but had been foully murdered. He pleaded guilty, and the King graciously allowed him to be fined only 6s. 8d., and to be discharged without paying his fees. There was most certainly fish made of one and fowl of another.

Again, in December of the same year a book appeared entitled *An Enquiry about the Barbarous Murder of the Earl of Essex*, that was vended surreptitiously, and a broadside written by Colonel Danvers, giving the evidence that he was murdered, was thrown in at open doors and distributed in the streets of London. A hundred pounds was offered for the apprehension of Danvers. As to the book, it was from the pen of Laurence Braddon, and was later, when it could be done safely, acknowledged by him. On January 23rd, 1684-5, a Mr. Henry Baker pleaded guilty to an information for using scandalous words about the Duke of York, and at the same time a printer, Norden, did the same to an indictment for publishing the "scandalous libell in vindication of the lord of Essex." And on February 3rd one of the jury at the inquest, Launcelot Colston by name, was had up before King's Bench on a charge of having said that he did not believe that the Earl had cut his throat, for he could not have done so himself in the way in which he was found. Norden was sentenced to pay 200 marks, and to stand in the pillory at Ratcliffe, and to be bound to his good behaviour for seven years, and be committed to prison till this was done.

In 1685, on the landing of the Duke of Monmouth, in the Proclamation he published, he charged King James with the murder of Essex, with his own hand.

In January, 1689, a Captain Hawley, Major Whitley, and some two or three more were imprisoned for maintaining that Essex had not committed suicide. But this was at the moment when

all power was slipping out of the hands of King James II; the Prince of Orange came to the throne, and on February 23rd a Captain Holland was arrested and thrown into prison on the charge of having been concerned in the murder of the Earl, and this was followed by numerous other arrests. But the prison-doors were thrown open for Laurence Braddon to issue forth and recommence his accusations of murder. He republished the "Enquiry into and Detection of the Barbarous Murther of the late Earl of Essex; or a Vindication of that Noble Person from the Guilt and Infamy of having Destroyed himself."

Even before the throne, vacated by King James, had been filled by the Prince of Orange, the Lords had appointed a committee to examine into the truth of the frightful stories circulated relative to the death of Essex. The committee, which consisted wholly of zealous Whigs, continued its inquiries till all reasonable men were convinced that he had fallen by his own hand, and till Lady Essex, his brother, and his most intimate friends requested that the investigation might be pursued no further. That under Judge Jeffreys had been open to suspicion, this could not. But nothing would alter the persuasion of Braddon that this was a case of murder.

Next year, 1690, he came out with a fresh pamphlet, "Essex's Innocency and Honour Vindicated, or Murther, Subornation, Perjury, and Oppression, justly charged on the Murtherers of that Noble and True Patriot Arthur (late) Earl of Essex," etc.

It had become a matter of party feeling, and it was held by all

true Protestants to be their duty to believe in the murder, so as to blacken the character of James II. The evidence, however, was too poor to convince a cool-minded man like Bishop Burnet, and in his *History of His Own Times* he spoke of Essex having cut his own throat. Thereupon Laurence Braddon resumed his pen and published an attack on the Bishop: "Bishop Burnet's History charged with great partiality and misrepresentations, to make the present and future ages believe that Arthur, Earl of Essex, in 1683, murdered himselfe, with observations upon the suppos'd poysoning of King Charles the Second," 1724.

In 1695 Braddon was appointed solicitor to the wine-licensing office, with a salary of £100 per annum.

In one point Braddon showed great perspicuity and good feeling. In 1717 he published a pamphlet entitled "The Miseries of the Poor, a National Sin and Shame"; and when his scheme for the relief of the poor had been animadverted upon unfavourably, in 1722, he answered these objections in another tractate: "Particular answers to the most material objections made to the proposal humbly presented to His Majesty for relieving, reforming, and employing all the poor of Great Britain," 1722.

Laurence Braddon died on Sunday, 29th November, 1724.

The Braddons must have been a family of some consequence in S. Gennys, although their arms and pedigree are not recorded in the Heralds' Visitations. At the trial of Laurence, it was stated that his father's income from his property was fully £800 per annum. Laurence derived his fiery Protestantism from his father,

who had been a Parliamentarian officer of some distinction in the Civil War. His father is buried in the chancel of S. Gennys, and some verses are inscribed on the ledgerstone, beginning: —

> In war and peace I bore command,
> Both gun and sword I wore.

The arms borne by the family are: *Sable*, a bend lozengy, *arg.*– arms that in their beautiful simplicity proclaim their antiquity.

The old mansion of the Braddons in S. Gennys has been pulled down and a modern farm-house erected on the site.

THOMASINE BONAVENTURA

Week S. Mary stands in a treeless wind-swept situation, 530 feet above the sea, near the source of two small streams rising in the desolate downs to the south, which unite their waters at Langford, and have sawn for themselves deep clefts that are well wooded. At a remote period this district must have been the scene of contests, for it is studded with earthworks. There was a castle at Week, but camps also crowning a height in Westwood and in Swannacott Wood; and Week S. Mary with its castle stood aloft, defended by one of these on each side. Formerly there was not so much enclosed land as there is at present; but it was precisely the moorland that extended over so large a portion of the parish that constituted its wealth, for on this waste pastured vast flocks of sheep, whose fleeces were in request at a time when wool was the staple industry in the West of England.

The ridge of bare, uplifted, carboniferous rock and clay, cold and bleak, was formerly scantily provided with roads, and with homesteads few and far between; and to guide the traveller through the waste, certain churches with lofty towers were erected on high ground – Pancrasweek, Holsworthy, Bridgerule, Week S. Mary – to enable him to make his way across country from one to the other. A farm or a manor-house nestled in a combe, sheltered from the wind, from the sea, and the driving rain; but farmer and squire drew their wealth from the sheep on

the uplands, which were moreover strewn, as they still are, with barrows, under which lie the dead of the Bronze and Stone ages.

Davies Gilbert absurdly derives the name of the place from the Cornish, and makes it signify "sweet." No more unsuitable epithet could have been applied. It signifies *vicus*, a village or hamlet, and is found also at Pancrasweek, Germansweek, and elsewhere.

In the village are still to be seen the remains of the old school and chantry founded by Thomasine Bonaventura, a shepherd girl, native of the place, whose story is told by Carew and by Hall; and from them we take it.

Thomasine was born about the year 1450, in the reign of Henry VI, and her father was a small farmer who had his flock of sheep pasturing on the wild waste common-lands. Thomasine watched it, and spun from her distaff. Above the desolate moors to the south-west stood up blue against the sky the rugged height of Brown Willy, crowned by its mighty cairns; to the west and south-west stretched the Atlantic, into which the evening sun went down in a blaze of glory.

One day a London merchant, a dealer in wool, came riding over the moor; probably from Tintagel or Forrabury, and making direct for Week S. Mary tower, when he passed a barrow on which sat the shepherd girl spinning, the breeze from the sea blowing her dark hair about, singing some old ballad, but ever keeping her eye on her father's sheep. Behind him trailed a line of horses laden with the packs of wool that he had purchased, led

by his men. He halted to speak to the girl, probably to learn from her where he might best ford the stream in the valley below. She answered, and he was pleased with her intelligence, and not less with her beauty. He inquired who she was, what was her name, and what the circumstances of her parents. To all these questions she gave prompt and direct answers. Then, still more taken with her, he asked Thomasine whether she would accompany him to London, to be servant to his wife, and he offered her good wages and kind treatment. She replied, with caution, that she was under the guardianship of her father and mother, and that she could not accept his proposal without their consent.

Thereupon the merchant rode on, and upon reaching Week S. Mary inquired for the house of the parents of Thomasine and laid his offer before them. When they hesitated, he referred them to his customers.

The parents, no doubt, were highly elated at being able to get their daughter into a situation in London, where all the streets were paved with gold. But it may well be doubted whether they dreamt of what was in store for her.

So she parted from her parents, certainly with many tears on her part, and earnest injunctions from father and mother to conduct herself in a modest and obedient manner.

Now these wool merchants and clothiers were men of mighty repute and good substance in the land. In Thomas Deloney's delightful *Pleasant Historie of Thomas of Reading*, 1600, we read: "Among all crafts this was the onely chiefe, for that it

was the chiefest merchandize, by the which our Country became famous throwout all Nations. And it was verily thought that the one halfe of the people in the land lived in those dayes thereby, and in such good sort, that in the Commonwealth there were few or no beggars at all: poore people, whom God lightly blessed with most children, did by meanes of this occupation so order them, that by the time that they were come to be sixe or seven yeares of age, they were able to get their owne bread. Idlenesse was then banished our coast, so that it was a rare thing to heare of a thiefe in those dayes. Therefore it was not without cause that Clothiers were then both honoured and loved."

Doubtless so soon as the merchant reached Launceston he placed all the wool he purchased on carts, to convey it to town through Exeter. Deloney tells an amusing story of how King Henry was riding forth west with one of his sons and some of his nobility, when "he met with a great number of waines loaden with cloth coming to London, and seeing them still drive one after another so many together, demanded whose they were. The wainemen answered in this sort: Coles of Reading, quoth they. Then, by and by, the King asked another, saying: Whose cloth is all this? Old Coles, quoth he. And againe anon after he asked the same questions to others, and still they answered, Old Coles. And it is to be remembered that the King met them in such a place so narrow and streight, that hee with the rest of his traine were faine to stand as close to the hedge, whilest the carts passed by, the which at that time being in number above two hundred,

was neere hand an hour ere the King could get room to be gone; so that by his long stay, he began to be displeased, although the admiration of that sight did much qualify his furie; but breaking out in discontent, by reason of his stay, he said, I thought Old Cole had got a commission for all the carts in the country to carry his cloth. And how if he have (quoth one of the wainemen) doth that grieve you, good Sir? Yes, good Sir, said our King. What say you to that? The fellow, seeing the King (in asking the question) to bend his browes, though he knew not what he was, yet being abasht, he answered thus: Why, Sir, if you be angry, nobody can hinder you; for possibly, Sir, you have anger at commandment. The King, seeing him in uttering of his words to quiver and quake, laughed heartily at him … and by the time he came within a mile of Staines, he met another company of waines, in like sort laden with cloth, whereby the King was driven into a further admiration; and demanding whose they were, answere was made in this sort: They bee goodman Sutton's of Salisbury, good Sir. And by that time a score of them were past; he asked againe, saying, Whose are these? Sutton's of Salisbury, quoth they, and so still, so often as the King asked that question, they answered, Sutton's of Salisbury. God send me such more Suttons, said the King. And thus the further he travelled westward, more waines and more he met continually: upon which occasion he said to his nobles, that it would never grieve a King to die for the defence of a fertile country and faithful subjects. I alwayes thought (quoth he) that England's valor was more than her wealth, yet now I

see her wealth sufficient to maintaine her valour, which I will seek to cherish in all I may, and with my sword keepe myselfe in possession of that I have."

Judging by what Deloney says, these clothiers were a merry set, and the journey to town was one long picnic. They were – or some were – of good family. Grey, the clothier of Gloucester, was of the noble race of Grey de Ruthyn, and FitzAllen, of Worcester, came of the Fitzallens, "that famous family whose patrimony lay about the town of Oswestrie, which towne his predecessors had inclosed with stately walls of stone."

The most famous wool merchant in the West was Tom Dove, of Exeter, concerning whom this song was sung: —

> Welcome to town, Tom Dove, Tom Dove,
> The merriest man alive.
> Thy company still we love, we love,
> God grant thee well to thrive.
> And never will we depart from thee,
> For better, for worse, my joy!
> For thou shalt still have our good will,
> God's blessing on my sweet boy!

In London Thomasine comported herself well, was cheerful and obliging. How the mercer's wife relished her introduction into the house we are not informed. But this good lady shortly after sickened and died, and the widower offered Thomasine his hand and his heart, which she accepted.

After three years Richard Bunsby, the mercer, died and left all he had to Thomasine, so that she, who had gone up to town as a serving girl, was now a rich widow, and withal young and pretty and attractive. She soon drew suitors about her, and her choice fell on "that worshipful merchant adventurer, Master John Gall, of S. Lawrence, Milk Street." He as well was wealthy and uxorious, and he allowed his wife to make donations for the relief of the poor of her native village, for which she ever retained a lingering attachment.

After the lapse of five years Thomasine was again a widow, and her second husband had followed the example of the first in leaving to her all his possessions.

She had not to wait long before fresh suitors buzzed about her like flies around a treacle barrel, and now, in the year 1497, she gave her hand to Sir John Percival, who in the following year became Lord Mayor of London. In memory of this event, she is traditionally held to have constructed a good road – as good roads went in those days – from Week S. Mary down to the coast, probably that over Week ford and through Poundstock, to either Wansum or Melhuc Mouth.

She long survived her third husband, and is supposed to have returned to end her days as the Lady Bountiful in her native village. By her will, made in 1510, she left goodly sums of money to Week S. Mary.

But both she and Sir John Percival had been already benefactors in London. Sir John had founded a chantry in

S. Mary Woolnoth, and in 1539 is found an entry in the churchwardens' accounts of that parish recording that Dame Thomasine Percival had left money for the maintenance of the "beme light" in the church, i.e. the lamp before the rood. She had also left money to supply candles to burn about the sepulchre in the church on Easter Day, and he had bequeathed moneys for the repair of the ornaments of the church, for bell-ringing, for singers "for keeping the anthem," at his and her obits, and last but not least, "for a potation to the neighbours at the said obit."

Carew says: "And to show that virtue as well bare a part in the desert, as fortune in the means of her preferment, she employed the whole residue of her life and last widowhood to works no less bountiful than charitable, namely, repairing of highways, building of bridges, endowing of maidens, relieving of prisoners, feeding and apparelling the poor, etc. Among the rest, at this S. Mary Wike she founded a chantry and free-school, together with fair lodgings for the schoolmasters, scholars, and officers, and added £20 of yearly revenue for supporting the incident charges: wherein, as the bent of her desire was holy, so God blessed the same with all wished success; for divers of the best gentlemen's sons of Devon and Cornwall were there virtuously trained up, in both kinds of divine and human learning, under one Cholwel, an honest and religious teacher, which caused the neighbours so much the rather and the more to rue, that a petty smack only of Popery opened the gap to the oppression of the whole, by the statute made in Edward VI's reign, touching the suppression of

chantries."

This disaster befell it in 1550, when all colleges, chantries, free chapels, fraternities, and guilds throughout the kingdom, with their lands and endowments, were alienated to the King – not because there was a "petty smack of Popery" in them, but because of the rapacity of the courtiers who desired to gather the lands and benefactions into their own soiled hands.

Mr. W. H. Tregellas says: "There are still to be seen in the remote and quiet little village of Week S. Mary, some five or six miles south of Bude, in the northern corner of Cornwall, the substantial remains of the good Thomasine's college and chantry, which she founded for the instruction of the youth of her native place.

"The buildings lie about a hundred yards east of the church (from the summit of whose grotesquely ornamented tower six-and-twenty parish churches may be discerned), and built into the modern wall of a cottage which stands inside the battlemented enclosure is a large carved granite stone (evidently one of two which once formed the tympanum of a doorway), on which the letter T stands out in bold relief. Probably it is the initial of the Christian name of our Thomasine; at any rate, it is pleasant to think it may be such."

The church and its stately tower were probably built by Thomasine, or, at all events, she would have largely contributed towards the building. That church is now, internally, a ghastly sight. At its "restoration" it was gutted, and is as bare as a railway

station – a shell, and nothing more. But that it was not so in Dame Thomasine's time we may be well assured. A gorgeous screen extended across its nave and aisles, richly sculptured and coloured and gilt, the windows were filled with stained glass, and the bench ends were of carved oak. All this has been swept away.

In the Stratton churchwardens' accounts for 1513 we find that on the day upon which "My Lady Parcyvale's Meneday" came round – i.e. the day on which her death was called to mind – prayer was to be made for the repose of her soul, and two shillings and two pence paid to two priests, and for bread and ale.

THE MURDER OF NEVILL NORWAY

Mr. Nevill Norway was a timber and general merchant, residing at Wadebridge. He was the second son of William Norway, of Court Place, Egloshayle, who died in 1819, and Nevill was baptized at Egloshayle Church on November 5th, 1801.

In the course of his business he travelled about the country and especially attended markets, and he went to one at Bodmin on the 8th of February, 1840, on horseback.

About four o'clock in the afternoon he was transacting some little affair in the market-place, and had his purse in his hand, opened it and turned out some gold and silver, and from the sum picked out what he wanted and paid the man with whom he was doing business. Standing close by and watching him was a young man named William Lightfoot, who lived at Burlorn, in Egloshayle, and whom he knew well enough by sight.

Mr. Norway did not leave Bodmin till shortly before ten o'clock, and he had got about nine miles to ride before he would reach his house. The road was lonely and led past the Dunmeer Woods and that of Pencarrow.

He was riding a grey horse, and he had a companion, who proceeded with him along the road for three miles and then took

his leave and branched off in another direction.

A farmer returning from market somewhat later to Wadebridge saw a grey horse in the road, saddled and bridled, but without a rider. He tried at first to overtake it, but the horse struck into a gallop and he gave up the chase; his curiosity was, however, excited, and upon meeting some men on the road, and making inquiry, they told him that they thought that the grey horse that had just gone by them belonged to Mr. Norway. This induced him to call at the house of that gentleman, and he found the grey steed standing at the stable gate. The servants were called out, and spots of blood were found upon the saddle. A surgeon was immediately summoned, and two of the domestics sallied forth on the Bodmin road, in quest of their master. The search was not successful that night, but later, one of the searchers perceiving something white in the little stream of water that runs beside the highway and enters the river Allen at Pendavey Bridge, they examined it, and found the body of their unfortunate master, lying on his back in the stream, with his feet towards the road, and what they had seen glimmering in the uncertain light was his shirt frill. He was quite dead.

The body was at once placed on the horse and conveyed home, where the surgeon, named Tickell, proceeded to examine it. He found that the deceased had received injuries about the face and head, produced by heavy and repeated blows from some blunt instrument, which had undoubtedly been the cause of death. A wound was discovered under the chin, into which it appeared as

if some powder had been carried; and the bones of the nose, the forehead, the left side of the head and the back of the skull were frightfully fractured.

An immediate examination of the spot ensued when the body had been found, and on the left-hand side of the road was seen a pool of blood, from which to the rivulet opposite was a track produced by the drawing of a heavy body across the way, and footsteps were observed as of more than one person in the mud, and it was further noticed that the boots of those there impressed must have been heavy. There had apparently been a desperate scuffle before Mr. Norway had been killed.

There was further evidence. Two sets of footmarks could be traced of men pacing up and down behind a hedge in an orchard attached to an uninhabited house hard by; apparently men on the watch for their intended victim.

At a short distance from the pool of blood was found the hammer of a pistol that had been but recently broken off.

Upon the pockets of the deceased being examined, it became obvious that robbery had been the object of the attack made upon him, for his purse and a tablet and bunch of keys had been carried off.

Every exertion was made to discover the perpetrators of the crime, and large rewards were offered for evidence that should tend to point them out. Jackson, a constable from London, was sent for, and mainly by his exertions the murderers were tracked down. A man named Harris, a shoemaker, deposed that he had

seen the two brothers, James and William Lightfoot, of Burlorn, in Egloshayle, loitering about the deserted cottage late at night after the Bodmin fair; and a man named Ayres, who lived next door to James Lightfoot, stated that he had heard his neighbour enter his cottage at a very late hour on the night in question, and say something to his wife and child, upon which they began to weep. What he had said he could not hear, though the partition between the cottages was thin.

This led to an examination of the house of James Lightfoot on February 14th, when a pistol was found, without a lock, concealed in a hole in a beam that ran across the ceiling. As the manner of Lightfoot was suspicious, he was taken into custody.

On the 17th his brother William was arrested in consequence of a remark to a man named Vercoe that he was in it as well as James. He was examined before a magistrate, and made the following confession: —

"I went to Bodmin last Saturday week, the 8th instant, and on returning I met my brother James just at the head of Dunmeer Hill. It was just come dim-like. My brother had been to Burlorn, Egloshayle, to buy potatoes. Something had been said about meeting; but I was not certain about that. My brother was not in Bodmin on that day. Mr. Vercoe overtook us between Mount Charles Turnpike Gate at the top of Dunmeer Hill and a place called Lane End. We came on the turnpike road all the way till we came to the house near the spot where the murder was committed. We did not go into the house, but hid ourselves in

a field. My brother knocked Mr. Norway down; he snapped a pistol at him twice, and it did not go off. Then he knocked him down with the pistol. He was struck whilst on horseback. It was on the turnpike road between Pencarrow Mill and the directing-post towards Wadebridge. I cannot say at what time of the night it was. We left the body in the water on the left side of the road coming to Wadebridge. We took money in a purse, but I do not know how much it was. It was a brownish purse. There were some papers, which my brother took and pitched away in a field on the left-hand side of the road, into some browse or furze. The purse was hid by me in my garden, and afterwards I threw it over Pendavey Bridge. My brother drew the body across the road to the water. We did not know whom we stopped till when my brother snapped the pistol at him. Mr. Norway said, 'I know what you are about. I see you.' We went home across the fields. We were not disturbed by any one. The pistol belonged to my brother. I don't know whether it was broken; I never saw it afterwards; and I do not know what became of it. I don't know whether it was soiled with blood. I did not see any blood on my brother's clothes. We returned together, crossing the river at Pendavey Bridge and the Treraren fields to Burlorn village. My brother then went to his house and I to mine. I think it was handy about eleven o'clock. I saw my brother again on the Sunday morning. He came to my house. There was nobody there but my own family. He said, 'Dear me, Mr. Norway is killed.' I did not make any reply."

The prisoner upon this was remanded to Bodmin gaol, where his brother was already confined, and on the way he pointed out the furze bush in which the tablet and the keys of the deceased were to be found. James Lightfoot, in the meantime, had also made a confession, in which he threw the guilt of the murder upon his brother William.

This latter, when in prison, admitted that his confession had not been altogether true. He and his brother had met by appointment, with full purpose to rob the Rev. W. Molesworth, of S. Breock, returning from Bodmin market, and when James had snapped his pistol twice at Mr. Norway, he, William, had struck him with a stick on the back of his head and felled him from his horse, whereupon James had battered his head and face with the pistol.

The two wretched men were tried at Bodmin on March 30th, 1840, before Mr. Justice Coltman, and the jury returned a verdict of "Guilty"; they were accordingly both sentenced to death, and received the sentence with great stolidity.

Up to this time the brothers had been allowed no opportunity for communication, and the discrepancy in their stories distinctly enough showed that the object of each was to screen himself and to secure the conviction of the other.

After the passing of the sentence on them, they were conveyed to the same cell, and were now, for the first time, allowed to approach each other. They had scarcely met before, in the most hardened manner, they broke out into mutual recrimination,

using the most horrible and abusive language of each other, and, not content with this, they flew at each other's throat, so that the gaolers were obliged to interfere and separate them and confine them in separate apartments.

On April 7th their families were admitted to bid them farewell, and the scene was most distressing. On Monday morning, April 13th, they were both executed, and it was said that upwards of ten thousand persons had assembled to witness their end.

As Mr. Norway's family was left in most straitened circumstances, a collection was made for them in Cornwall, and the sum of £3500 was raised on their behalf.

William Lightfoot was aged thirty-six and James thirty-three when hanged at Bodmin.

There is a monument to the memory of Mr. Norway in Egloshayle Church.

In the *Cornwall Gazette*, 17th April, 1840, the portraits of the murderers were given. Mention is made of the tragedy in C. Carlyon's *Early Years*, 1843. He gives the following story. At the time of the murder, Edmund Norway, the brother of Nevill, was in command of a merchant vessel, the *Orient*, on his voyage from Manilla to Cadiz. He wrote on the same day as the murder: —

> *"Ship Orient, from Manilla to Cadiz,*
> *"Feb. 8th, 1840.*
>
> "About 7.30 p.m. the island of S. Helena, N.N.W., distant about seven miles, shortened sail and rounded to,

with the ship's head to the eastward; at eight, set the watch and went below – wrote a letter to my brother, Nevell Norway. About twenty minutes or a quarter before ten o'clock went to bed – fell asleep, and dreamt I saw two men attack my brother and murder him. One caught the horse by the bridle and snapped a pistol twice, but I heard no report; he then struck him a blow, and he fell off the horse. They struck him several blows, and dragged him by the shoulders across the road and left him. In my dream there was a house on the left-hand side of the road. At five o'clock I was called, and went on deck to take charge of the ship. I told the second officer, Mr. Henry Wren, that I had had a dreadful dream, and dreamt that my brother Nevell was murdered by two men on the road from S. Columb to Wadebridge; but I was sure it could not be there, as the house there would have been on the right-hand side of the road, but it must have been somewhere else. He replied, 'Don't think anything about it; you West-country people are superstitious; you will make yourself miserable the remainder of the passage. He then left the general orders and went below. It was one continued dream from the time I fell asleep until I was called, at five o'clock in the morning.

"Edmund Norway,
"Chief Officer, Ship Orient."

There are some difficulties about this account. It is dated, as may be seen, February 8th, but it must have been written on February 9th, after Mr. Norway had had the dream, and the date must refer to the letter written to his brother and to the dream,

and not to the time when the account was penned.

From the Cape of Good Hope to S. Helena the course would be about N.N.W., and with a fair wind the ship would cover about eighty or ninety miles in eight hours. So that at noon of the day February 8th she would be about one hundred miles S.S.E. of S. Helena, i.e. in about 5° W. longitude, as nearly as possible. The ship's clock would then be set, and they would keep that time for letter-writing purposes, meals, ship routine, etc.

Ship, long.	5° 0' 0" W.
Bodmin "	4° 40' 0" W.
Difference	20' 0"

The difference would be twenty minutes of longitude, and the difference in time between the two places one degree apart is four minutes. Reduce this to seconds: —

$$\frac{4 \times 60 \times 20}{60} = 80 \text{ sec., i.e. 1 min. 20 sec.}$$

Therefore, if the murder was committed, say, at 10h. 30m. p.m. Bodmin time, the time on the ship's clock would be 10h. 28m. 40s. p.m. An inconsiderable difference.

The log-book of Edmund Norway is said to be still in existence.

One very remarkable point deserves notice. In his dream Mr.

Edmund Norway saw the house on the right hand of the road, and as he remembered, on waking, that the cottage was on the left hand, he consoled himself with the thought that if the dream was incorrect in one point it might be in the whole. But he was unaware that during his absence from England the road from Bodmin to Wadebridge had been altered, and that it had been carried so that the position of the house was precisely as he saw it in his dream, and the reverse of what he had remembered it to be.

Another point to be mentioned is that one of the murderers wore on that occasion a coat which Mr. Norway had given him a few weeks before, out of charity.

Both brothers protested that they had not purposed the murder of Mr. Norway but of the Rev. Mr. Molesworth, parson of S. Breock, who they supposed was returning with tithe in his pocket. This, however, did not agree with the evidence that William Lightfoot had watched him counting his money at Bodmin, and then had made off.

On the occasion of the discovery of the murder, Sir William Molesworth sent his bloodhounds to track the murderers, but because they ran in a direction opposed to that which the constables supposed was the right one they were recalled. The hounds were right, the constables wrong.

SIR WILLIAM LOWER, KNT

Sir William Lower was the only son of John Lower, and was born at Tremere, in S. Tudy, about the year 1600.

The Lowers were a very ancient family in Cornwall, seated in S. Winnow parish, and at Clifton, in Landulph, at which latter place lived Sir Nicholas Lower, the brother of John, whilst the eldest brother, Sir William, settled at Treventy, in Carmarthen, having married the daughter and co-heiress of Sir Thomas Pescott, of that place. John had two other brothers knights, Sir Francis and Sir Thomas.

William was not educated at Oxford, but, as Wood says, "spent some time in Oxon, in the condition of *hospes*, for the sake of the public library and scholastical company." He exhibited a "gay fancy," and a mighty aversion from the dry and crabbed studies of logic and philosophy.

Leaving Oxford, he spent some time in France, where he became a master of the French tongue, and acquired a great admiration for the dramatic compositions of Corneille, Quirault, and Ceriziers, and in after years amused himself with translating some of their plays.

When the troubles broke out in England he took the King's side, and in 1640 was a lieutenant in Sir Jacob Ashley's regiment in Northumberland's army against the Scotch Covenanters, and was then appointed captain, but lost his company, that proved

mutinous and deserted. "It was a marvellous thing," says a writer of the time, "to observe the averseness of the common soldiers to this war. Though commanders and gentlemen of great quality, in pure obedience to the King, seemed not at all to dispute the cause or consequence of this war, the common soldiers would not be satisfied, questioning, in a mutinous manner, whether their captains were papists or not, and in many places were not appeased till they saw them receive the sacrament; laying violent hands on divers of their commanders, and killing some, uttering in bold speeches their distaste of the cause, to the astonishment of many, that common people should be sensible of public interest and religion, when lords and gentlemen seemed not to be."

In June, 1644, being a lieutenant-colonel in Thomas Blague's regiment and lieutenant-governor of Wallingford, Lower received orders from the King to raise £50 a week from the town of Reading. Lower at once laid hands on the mayor and carried him to Wallingford as a hostage; he then plied the corporation with demands for the money, without which their head would not be restored to them. The corporation, however, did not value their mayor so highly that they were disposed to pay £50 per week for the privilege of having him restored to them. Lower was taken prisoner by the garrison of Abingdon on 19th January, 1645-6, and Charles rewarded him for his zeal by conferring on him knighthood.

He remained in England for nearly ten more years and saw the

ruin of the Royal cause, which he did care for, and of the Church, for which he cared not a rush. In 1655 he quitted England and went to Cologne, which was full of refugees, and there he was cheered with the tidings that Oliver Cromwell was failing in health and had not long to live. Leaving Cologne, after a brief residence there, he "took sanctuary in Holland, where in peace and privacy he enjoyed the society of the Muses," says Langhorn.

His *The Phœnix in Her Flames*, a tragedy in four acts, had been published in 1639. *The Innocent Lady, or the Illustrious Innocence*, translated from the French of R. de Ceriziers, was published in 1654. Now in Holland he worked hard at other translations, and he was the more able to do this at ease, as the Princess Royal Mary of Orange seems to have taken him into her retinue at the Hague. If the Court was anything like what it was when James Howell was there, it must have been vastly dull for the lively and dissolute Sir William Lower. But his stay was enlivened by the arrival of Charles and the intrigues there carried on with the well-affected in England.

At the Hague he issued a thin royal folio, with many plates, entitled "A relation in form of Journal of the voiage and residence which the most excellent and most mighty Prince, Charles the II, King of Great Britain, etc., hath made in Holland, from the 25th of May to the 2nd of June, 1660, rendered into English from the original French. By Sir W. Lower, Knt. Printed by Adrian Ulack." This was published in Dutch, French, and English, and at the end of the volume Sir W. Lower inserted his poems, and

an apology for the "tardive appearance (of the book) due to those men who grave the plates."

Such "poems" as he has given as his own show conclusively enough that he was not a poet, but a mere hammerer together of rhymes.

In June, 1660, calculating on his services rendered to Charles I and to the sumptuous book on the residence in Holland of Charles II that he had brought out, Lower appealed to Secretary Nicholas from The Hague to obtain for him some place in the King's service. But the death of his cousin Thomas, only son of Sir William Lower, of Treventy, who died on 5th February, 1661, by which he became sole heir, executor, and chief representative of the family, recalled him to England. He did not, however, enjoy ease long, for he died in the ensuing year, 1662, leaving an only child, Elizabeth, who probably died early, for nothing further is known of her than that she was in existence when her father died. Who the wife of Sir William Lower was is not known.

His cousin, Dr. Richard Lower, of S. Paul's, Covent Garden, who gave Wood information relative to his kinsman, described him as "an ill poet and a worse man."

His long residence abroad, his dissociation from Cornwall for all his life save his early boyhood, his separation from his kinsmen, had broken all the ties that linked him to his family and county; and when he inherited the estates and was in a position to assist his kinsmen who had been greatly reduced by the civil

wars, "he did not, but followed the vices of poets."

THE PIRATES AT PENZANCE

An event occurred at Penzance in the year 1760 that deserves to be remembered. Great Britain had been engaged in the Seven Years War; and notwithstanding the successes of 1759, when Rodney bombarded Havre, Boscawen had routed and dispersed the Toulon fleet off Lagos, and Hawke had defeated the fleet of De Conflans near Quiberon, there was still a certain amount of alarm in the country, a dread of predatory incursions, and if this fear existed inland, it was most acute upon the coast.

On the night of the 29-30th September Penzance was alarmed by the firing of guns, and soon after by the intelligence that a large ship of a strange appearance had run ashore near Newlyn. Half Penzance poured out in that direction in the grey of early morning. But on reaching the strand they were panic-stricken to see on the ship, and drawn up on the beach, a number of ferocious-looking individuals with baggy trousers, and red fezes on their heads, and each armed with a scimitar, and with brass-mounted pistols stuck in their girdles. Thereupon the half of Penzance that had turned out now turned tail and made the best of their way back to the town, crying out that the Turks had landed and were intent on massacring the inhabitants of Penzance, plundering their houses, and carrying away their wives and children into captivity to become galley-slaves or to fill the harems of these Moslem monsters.

A volunteer company was called out, the drum beat to arms, and marched to the beach, where they found 172 men, who were surrounded, deprived of their weapons, and marched to a spacious building called "The Folly," that stood on the Western Green. As there were some of the captives who could speak the *lingua franca*, and there was here and there to be found a magistrate or an officer who had a limited knowledge of French, it was at last elicited from these men that they were the crew of an Algerine corsair, carrying twenty-four guns, from nine to six pounders. The captain, believing himself to be in the Atlantic, somewhere about the latitude of Cadiz, had cheerily in the dark run his vessel into Mount's Bay, and was vastly surprised when she struck, and still more so when he found himself surrounded by Cornishmen and not by Spaniards. He had lost eight men, drowned.

No sooner was this bruited about than a second panic set in, and the good citizens of Penzance went into hysterics of fear lest these Algerine pirates should have brought with them an invasion of the plague.

A cordon of volunteers was accordingly drawn up round "The Folly" to prevent all intercourse, intelligence was conveyed to the Government, and orders were issued for troops to march from Plymouth so as to surround the whole district. However, the local authorities recovered from their terror or apprehension in time to send off information that there was no cause for such a measure, and the orders were countermanded.

After some days, when no case of plague had revealed itself among the captives, the people of the town and neighbourhood were suffered to approach and contemplate the strangers. Their Oriental dress, their long beards and moustaches, the dark complexion and glittering eyes of the piratical band, made them objects of curiosity. But they still inspired so much fear that few ventured to approach near to them.

Upon the whole, they were kindly treated, and finally, as their vessel was a complete wreck, a man-of-war was despatched to take all the men on board and convey them back to Algiers.

DAME KILLIGREW

The Killigrew family is one of the most ancient in Cornwall. It takes its name from Killigrew in the parish of S. Erme. Here stands the old nest of the family beside the high road from Truro that falls into that from Redruth to Bodmin at Casland. It is now represented by a couple of insignificant cottages, without old trees surrounding it, and the only hint that it was once the seat of a distinguished family is found in the remains of the deerpark.

The genuine pedigree of the family goes back to Ralph Killigrew of Killigrew, in the reign of Henry III. In that of Richard II, Simon Killigrew married Jane, daughter and heiress of Robert of Arwenack, near Penryn, and he quitted the ancestral mansion to move to his wife's house that was planted in a less bleak situation and was on the estuary of the Fal.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Sir John Killigrew of Arwenack, was Captain in Command of Pendennis Castle. He married Mary, daughter of Philip Wolverston and widow of Henry Knyvett of an Eastern counties family, but her son by Henry Knyvett settled in Cornwall, at Rosemorryn in S. Budoc. Sir John pulled down the greater portion of the ancient house and built himself another, very stately in the style of the times – but, alas! this also has disappeared, for when Sir William Waller approached Pendennis, to besiege it on behalf of the Parliament, the Governor of the Castle set fire to Arwenack lest it should

give harbour to the enemy.

Sir John had a son, also called John, who married Dorothy, daughter of the impecunious Sir Thomas Monck, Knt., of Potheridge, which Sir Thomas died in the debtors' gaol at S. Thomas', by Exeter. John and Dorothy had a son, Sir John Killigrew, aged twenty-two on his father's death in 1605.

Now it fell out that Sir Walter Raleigh on his homeward voyage from Guiana put into Falmouth harbour, and found there, where the town now stands, only a fisherman's cottage. Killigrew, however, hospitably entertained Sir Walter, who expressed his surprise that so fine a harbour should have no accommodation for sailors sheltering there, and when he went to town memorialized King James on the subject. He had fired the imagination of his host, Sir John, and he also petitioned the King to grant him a royal licence to build four houses, where now stands Falmouth, for the convenience of sailors. This roused the wrath of the people of Penryn further up the river, who saw that four houses would bring in their wake many more, and would draw away the trade, and cut off the prosperity of Penryn. Accordingly they used every possible endeavour to obstruct the project. Sir John made several journeys to London, but it was only by spending a great deal of money in fees and bribery of officials that he was able to obtain the licence; and by so doing he incurred the implacable resentment of the inhabitants of Penryn.

We will now let Martin Killigrew continue the story. He wrote a history of the family in 1737 or 1738. We will somewhat

simplify the reading by giving "the" for "ye."

"The last Sir John Killigrew was hardly got over this difficulty, when he fell under a much greater affliction, the prostitution of his wife, who caused herself to be called, or unaccountably was known by the name of Lady Jane." He has already stated, "Sir John Killigrew, a sober, good man, to his utter undoing, married the daughter of an ancient and honourable family, new in the peerage, in respect to whom I forbear the name; making herself infamous, and first debauched by the Governor of Pendennis Castle." This lady was Jane, daughter of Sir George Fermon, of Northampton. Sir William, his brother, was created Baron Leominster in 1622, whose son was given the earldom of Pomfret in 1721.

"Arrived to that shameful degree, Sir John, in point of honour and for quietness of mind, found himself under a necessity to prosecute a divorce from her in the Archbishop's Court, which lasted so many years and [was] so very expensive, as quite ruined his estate, to the degree of his being often put to very hard shifts to get home from London upon the frequent recesses in the process, but at length obtained the divorce in all its formal extent. This woman in such long contest was in no degree protected by her family, but supported and cherished by the town of Penryn, from their jealousy and hatred of Arwenack, as specially appears to this day, by plate by her given to the Mayor and Corporation of Penryn, when she came into her jointure, as an acknowledgment

for such protection.[11] Sir John did not long outlive such his divorce, dying in 1632."

Hals says: "Jane Killigrew, widow of Sir John Killigrew, Knt., in the Spanish wars in the latter end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, went on board two Dutch ships of the Hans Towns (always free traders in times of war) driven into Falmouth harbour by cross winds, laden with merchandise, on account (as was said) of Spaniards, and with a numerous party of ruffians, murdered the two Spanish merchants or factors on board these ships, and took from them two barrels or hogsheads of Spanish pieces of eight, and converted them to her own use."

"Now, though Fleta (lib. i. c. iii., temp. Edward II) tells us that it is no murder except it be proved that the party slain was English, and no stranger, yet afterwards by the statute 4 Edward III, the killing any foreigner under the King's protection, out of evil design or malice, is murder; upon which statute these offenders were tried and found guilty at Launceston of wilful murder, both by the grand and petty juries, and had sentence of death passed accordingly upon them, and were all executed, except the said Lady Killigrew, the principal agent and contriver of the barbarous fact, who, by the interest and favour of Sir John Arundell, of Tolverne, Knt., and his son-in-law, Sir Nicholas Hals, of Pengersick, Knt., obtained of Queen Elizabeth a pardon

[11] The cup is still in the possession of the Corporation of Penryn. It is of silver, will hold about three quarts, and is inscribed: "From Mayor to Mayor of the town of Penryn, where they received me in great misery. Jane Killygrew, 1613."

or reprieve for the said lady, which was seasonably put into the Sheriff of Cornwall's hands.

"At the news whereof the other condemned wretches aforesaid at the gallows lamented nothing more than that they had not the company of that old Jezebel Killigrew at that place as in justice they ought to be (to use their own words), and begged Almighty God that some remarkable judgment might befall her and her posterity, nay, and all those that were instrumental in procuring her freedom, and observed hereupon it was, that her grandson Sir William Killigrew spent the whole paternal estate of his ancestors, as did Sir Thomas Arundell, Knt., son of Sir John Arundell, aforesaid, and John Hals, Esq., son of Sir Nicolas Hals, Knt., in their own times, but alas, several and public revolutions of this kind; and all other in worldly affairs are carried on by the judgment and providence of God, not the determination of men, especially such barbarous ruffians as these criminals, though these things happened according to the malefactors' direful imprecations in some sense."

Hals in the above account makes several blunders. The affair to which he alludes took place in January, 1583, and the Dame Killigrew who was involved in it was Mary, wife of Sir John, the grandfather of the Sir John who divorced his wife Jane. Another mistake is that the ship was not one of the Hanseatic town merchant vessels, but was Spanish. Moreover, Hals is wrong in saying that the two Spanish merchants were murdered. On the contrary, Lady Killigrew's ruffians threw overboard and drowned

the whole ship's crew, with the exception of the two merchants, who were on shore and so escaped.

The facts are as follows: —

The *Mary* of S. Sebastian, a Spanish ship of 144 tons burden, owned by two merchants, John de Chavis and Philip de Oryo, the latter being as well the captain, arrived in Falmouth harbour on January 1st, 1582-3, and cast anchor within the bar, just under Sir John Killigrew's house of Arwenack. Here for lack of wind it remained, and the owners went on shore and took up their quarters in an inn at Penryn, awaiting a favourable breeze. At this time there was no open breach of peace between England and Spain. It was not till 1585 that Elizabeth sent over an army into the Netherlands to oppose the forces of Philip II, and despatched a fleet under Sir Francis Drake into the West Indies to molest the Spanish galleons and colonies there.

Lady Killigrew seems to have formed a scheme for robbing the merchant vessel and massacring the crew and the owners, and several efforts were made to induce the two merchants to quit their inn at Penryn and return on board, so that the whole of those on the vessel and the merchants might be got rid of, and not a witness left. However, this failed; Chavis and Oryo did not return to their ship.

About midnight on 7th January a boatload of men boarded the Spanish vessel and overpowered the sailors, raised the anchors, and set sail. The Spaniards were all either butchered or thrown into the sea. The ship was then taken to Ireland, where she was

plundered and the spoil divided. But before this was done, two of Lady Killigrew's servants, named Kendal and Hawkins, were sent back to Arwenack with sundry bolts of Hollands and leather, as the share of Lady Killigrew, her kinswoman, Mrs. Killigrew, and the maids and servants in the house.

Lady Killigrew was highly incensed at being put off with so little, but fume as she might she could do nothing, for the ship was on its way to Ireland. What she did accordingly was to keep all that was sent on shore for herself, and distribute none of it among her household.

The two merchants now stirred, and laid formal complaint before the Commissioners for Piracy in Cornwall. Among these was Sir John Killigrew, the husband of the lady who had contrived or abetted the act. A meeting was held at Penryn, and sufficient evidence was produced to implicate Hawkins and Kendal; but this they were able to rebut by the testimony of Elizabeth Bowden, who kept a small tavern at Penryn, and who swore that up to the time that the act of piracy was committed the two men Hawkins and Kendal were drinking in her inn. The jury returned an open verdict that the ship had certainly been stolen, but by whom there was no evidence to show.

Chavis and De Oryo were not men disposed to let the matter rest thus, and having procured a safe conduct to London from the Commissioners, they proceeded thither, and laid their complaint before the higher authorities, with the result that the Earl of Bedford instructed Sir Richard Grenville and Mr. Edmund

Tremayne to make a searching investigation into the affair.

As might be anticipated, this inquiry was more thoroughgoing and real than the other, and the truth was at last elicited from witnesses very reluctant to speak what they knew. The result arrived at was this: —

The whole plot had been contrived by Dame Killigrew, who on the Sunday in question ordered Hawkins and Kendal to board the Spaniard, along with a party of sailors and fishermen got together for the purpose. Moreover, she sent a messenger by boat to the Governor of St. Mawes Castle, to inform him that the Spanish merchants proposed to sail that night, and to request him not to hinder them from so doing. The other castle, that of Pendennis, commanding the entrance to the haven, had Sir John Killigrew as Governor, and in it all day were harboured the boarding-party destined to carry off the merchantman.

Hawkins, who was the ringleader, had been sworn to strict secrecy by Lady Killigrew, who desired to keep the whole transaction from the knowledge of her husband. The leather that fell to her share was placed in a cask and buried in the garden at Arwenack. Hawkins and Kendal were hanged at Launceston, but Lady Killigrew escaped as Hals relates. Sir John died next year; when Lady Killigrew died is not known.

On the death of the later Sir John in 1633, Arwenack passed to his nephew, as he left no issue, and that nephew, Sir Peter Killigrew, married Frances, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Roger Twysden. He had two daughters, and a son George who came to

an untimely end.

He was killed in a drunken brawl in a tavern at Penryn by Walter Vincent, barrister-at-law, "who," says Hals, "was tried for his life at Launceston for the fact, and acquitted by the petty jury, through bribery and indiscreet acts and practices, as was generally said; yet this Mr. Vincent, through anguish and horror at this accident (as it was said), within two years after wasted of an extreme atrophy of his flesh and spirits, that at length at the table whereby he was sitting, in the Bishop of Exeter's palace, in the presence of divers gentlemen, he instantly fell back against the wall and died."

Frances, the eldest daughter of Sir Peter Killigrew, married Richard Erisey, and had a daughter who became the wife of John West, of Bury S. Edmunds, and by him had a daughter Frances, who married the Hon. Charles Berkeley, and through their descent the estates, or such as remained of the old family of Killigrew, passed to the Earl of Kimberley.

The history of the Killigrew family, by Martin Killigrew, was published in part by Mr. R. N. Worth in the *Journal of the Royal Institution of Cornwall*, Vol. III (1868-70), and the story of the seizure of the Spanish vessel by Dame Killigrew was investigated by Mr. H. M. Whitley, in the *Journal*, Vol. VII (1881-3).

TWO NATURALISTS IN CORNWALL

The two men of science of whom a sketch is about to be given here were neither of them Cornishmen by birth and parentage, but, inasmuch as a long stretch of the life of each was spent in the delectable duchy, and as both were well known in it and made it the principal field of their labours, they deserve a place in this collection. These two men are John Ralfs, the botanist, and George Carter Bignell, the entomologist.

John Ralfs was born September 13, 1807, at Millbrook, near Southampton. His father, Samuel Ralfs, died when he was a year old, and to his mother was entrusted his early training. From an early age he manifested a passionate love of flowers, and as he grew older an interest in chemistry. Probably on this latter account he decided on the medical profession, and whilst studying medicine he prosecuted botanical research, so that on passing his final examination the President of the Royal College of Surgeons complimented him on his botanical knowledge, and predicted that the world would one day hear a good deal of this then "beardless boy."

He married a Miss Newman, and by her had a son, but they were in every way an ill-suited pair, and after a while they agreed to part, and she went to reside in France, taking her son with her.

Fortunately for science, Ralfs' health would not stand the arduous and anxious life of a village doctor, and he threw up his profession and wandered about in the south of England, a friendless, reserved, and taciturn man, devoting all his time and attention to botany. He settled finally in Penzance, in the year 1837, and became a familiar personality in the west of Cornwall, rambling over the moors, creeping into bogs, often on hands and knees, searching for rare plants; "a terror to timid ladies, who would scuttle away like frightened rabbits at the sight of this dark, strange man hanging over some deep pool, peering with his short-sighted eyes into what was to him a paradise, and perhaps calling out aloud, forgetful that he and nature were not alone, 'I see him! I've got him!' And often he would be seen resting on a stile, weary with his wanderings, his hat and coat almost as green as the grass on one of his favourite bogs, the marks of his last fray fresh upon them, his collar disappearing, apparently, in vain search of his cravat; gazing absently into the distance, where he saw, doubtless, beautiful and rare specimens of his Algæ and Diatomaceæ."

Mr. Ralfs was never so happy as when alone; he did not care for society, least of all that of women, and grievous deafness made it difficult for him to engage in conversation. Even with men of science like himself he did not care to associate, except through written correspondence. At Penzance he was generally regarded as "a bit total," a little, perhaps not a little, off his head; but no one could have other than a kind word to say of him, for

he never injured any one. Occasionally his son came from France to pay his father a visit; but such visits were brief; their tastes were not the same, and their outlook into life was different.

Mr. Ralfs wrote a good deal. He contributed to the proceedings of many learned societies, but especially the Edinburgh Botanical Society. He was the author of the botanical chapter in the *Guide to Ilfracombe*, and of the "Sketch of the Botany of West Penwith" in Mr. J. S. Courtney's *Guide to Penzance*. Mr. J. T. Blight also was assisted by him in his *Week at the Land's End*. He helped as well in *English Botany*, by Sir James E. Smith, the figures by James Sowerby. He composed, moreover, a *Flora of West Cornwall* that remains in MS. in the Penzance Public Library.

Late in life he formed a tender attachment for a little child, who had somehow hitched herself on to him as a companion in his rambles. "The first overtures were entirely on her own side, and it was some time before this acquaintance ripened into friendship. She was a delicate child, and her playfellow – for such he became – prescribed Fresh Air and no Lessons; and so off they would go for long country walks, much to the benefit of her health, but to the detriment of her clothes. Of the mustard poultice that sometimes these excursions rendered necessary, and which could not be endured unless he submitted to a similar infliction; of the delightful dolls' tea parties; of the fairy tales, translated solely for her amusement from the French and German; of his selections from Thackeray and Dickens, whose

characters were thus made living people to her; of the wonders that awaited her on S. Valentine's Day, when, through his skilful management, twenty or thirty valentines were to arrive for her from different parts of the country; of the choice variety of sweets he purchased for her stocking at Christmas; of all this, I wish I could discourse at greater length. It is sufficient to say that this friendship, thus begun, lasted to the end of his life, and was the means of relieving to a large extent that solitude which had before surrounded him.

"On Midsummer Day, when the custom is to wear wreaths of flowers, he would give free permission to the children to pick all the flowers in his garden, on condition that they would come to him flower-crowned in the evening, when he would entertain them royally with fruit and sweetmeats. On Corpus Christi Pleasure Fair (a red-letter day for little Cornish children) he would be seen with a small crowd of boys and girls around him, whom he would treat to all the various shows, waiting patiently, until their curiosity was satisfied, outside."

One great delight of Mr. Ralfs was the naturalizing of strange plants in the neighbourhood of Penzance, amongst others the large-flowered butterwort, and very much amused was he when some local paper with a flourish of trumpets announced the discovery of the Pinguicula by a botanical tourist, and a claim put forward that it was indigenous to Cornwall.

John Ralfs died 14 July, 1890, and was buried at Penzance.

The second naturalist, Mr. George Carter Bignell, is happily

still alive and in full intellectual vigour, and resides in Saltash. He is a native of Exeter, having been born in that city in 1826. He was educated at S. John's Hospital in his native town, but had to leave it at the age of twelve, when he was placed in a booking-office for receiving parcels and booking passengers for the carriers who made the "Black Lion" their head-quarters when in Exeter. These carriers came from many small towns from twenty to fifty miles away. The yard and stabling were connected with the "Black Lion" and the Commercial Inn, South Street, and opposite was the office. Mr. Bignell says: "Often have I seen these lumbering wagons with twenty magnificent horses attached to them start from the office, the driver riding a cob by the side. Very often such a wagon would be conveying gold from the ships in Falmouth to the Bank of England, and in that case the wagon was attended by a guard carrying a blunderbuss."

In this office Mr. Bignell remained till he was sixteen, and in 1842 he joined the Royal Marines at Stonehouse. He saw some foreign service, and was on board the *Superb* during the civil war in Spain in 1847, and was employed on the coasts of Spain and Portugal. He was in the squadron which succeeded in capturing a division of the rebel army of Count Das Anton, consisting of about three thousand men. Boats' crews put off from the ships of the squadron, and under a heavy fire from the forts boarded and captured every vessel. The prisoners were conveyed up the river Tagus to Fort S. Julian, where, after being deprived of arms and ammunition, they were safely lodged.

A guard, consisting of half the complement of marines from each ship, was placed over them, the whole body under the command of Major Stransham.

A few days after the capture it was discovered that ammunition was being surreptitiously conveyed into the fort by friends of the rebels, and investigation disclosed that a plot had been hatched to blow up the fort.

Count Das Anton pretended to be wholly ignorant of the conspiracy. The rebels were paraded, each man searched, and every nook and cranny in the fort thoroughly overhauled. A large quantity of gunpowder was found, and this was promptly wheeled to the parapets in barrows and thrown into the Tagus.

The guard placed over this large body of prisoners was small, and to overawe the prisoners all the marines from the ships were landed every evening at sunset and marched with fixed bayonets to the fort, with orders to make as much noise and clatter as they could; and then at night, when all was still, they stole silently away from the fort and returned on board. So well was the ruse practised every day that the prisoners were under the impression that they were guarded by a large body, and never suspected the truth. The time at the fort was not very pleasant to the marines on guard, as the place was filthy and literally swarmed with fleas, and their white drill suits were so covered with these detestable insects that the marines appeared to be dressed in brown instead of white clothing.

This was Mr. Bignell's only taste of active service. When the

Superb was paid off he was employed in several offices in the barracks, first as commanding officer's clerk, and afterwards he was appointed to the barracks at Millbay as barrack sergeant, and he held this appointment for seven years. By the end of this time he had served twenty-two years. Throughout all this time he had been a keen and close observer of nature. From his boyhood up natural history had exercised a great attraction for him, and as he grew up, and studied, the subject became more and more interesting. During his last seven years of service he made considerable progress, for as a barrack sergeant he had little work to do, and so had plenty of time to devote to his hobby.

After being discharged he became a member of the Plymouth Institution, with the object of finding out the names of some of the insects he had captured, and was surprised to find that it had nothing like them in its collection, nor could anybody tell him what they were.

Mr. Bignell had barely retired from the service ere he was appointed Registrar of Births and Deaths for the Stonehouse district and also Poor Law Officer to the Stonehouse Board of Guardians; but his residence is in Saltash. All his spare time has for many years been given up to scientific pursuits, the branch of science to which he is most partial being entomology; but since his residence in Saltash he has been a profound student in marine flora. It is not only in the study of the known and hitherto unregistered insects that Mr. Bignell has acquired a world-wide fame; he has specially taken up the subject, hitherto

almost untouched, of the parasites that live on insects.

To grasp what has been done by him an examination must be made of the entomological journals for the last forty years, for there he is generally in evidence. In the proceedings of the Entomological Society of London Mr. Bignell's name is quoted as being the discoverer of fifty-one parasites, nineteen being new to science and thirty-two new to Britain. In recognition of this work, one of the new species has been named after him *Mesoleius Bignellii*. The Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society have awarded him three of their medals, a bronze one for "land and fresh water shells," a silver one for a "collection of British moths," and a second silver medal for "butterflies and moths."

In the publications of the Ray Society on the *Larvæ of British Butterflies and Moths*, at the end of each volume we find a list of parasites preying on these beautiful insects, "kindly prepared by Mr. G. C. Bignell, f. e.s."

One of the most extraordinary features of Mr. Bignell's work is the infinite delicacy wherewith even now at an advanced age he is able to draw and colour his specimens. The miniature painter of a beautiful girl's face a century ago did not take more pains to delineate the object of his admiring study than does Mr. Bignell to obtain a "counterfeit presentment" of some disgusting caterpillar or parasitic insect.

The hunting for specimens would be an exhausting toil were it not a labour of love. On one occasion Mr. Bignell obtained one hundred and forty-one caterpillars of a certain moth in Whitsand

Bay, under Fort Tregantle. They were feeding on henbane, and as he did not know where else to get the right sort of food for them, he had to go out two or three times a week for the food, walking in all a hundred miles. But, alas for the ingratitude of the caterpillars, not a single moth rewarded all this devotion! Yet even this was outdone by a hundred and thirty-five mile walk in the dark to attempt to capture one sort of moth, which perhaps deserves to be mentioned for its elusive ways. It is called the *Dasycampa rubiginea*, and has to live up to its name. Plym Bridge was supposed to be its haunt, and its time of taking its walks or flutter abroad, night, and that also in midwinter. So night after night in November and December it was stalked, till one night, between the 6th and 7th December, the moth was spotted leisurely sipping honey from the flowers of the ivy growing on one of the pillars of the old gateway leading into Cann Wood between Plym Bridge and Plympton, just as the clock at Morley House was striking twelve.

A pathetic interest attaches to the large copper butterfly. This splendid species was first discovered in Wales by the celebrated botanist Hudson. It was subsequently captured in considerable numbers about Whittlesea Mere, in Huntingdonshire. Now, alas! it is extinct, and a specimen such as one possessed by Mr. Bignell is worth some pounds. The last secured was in 1847. Greedy collectors and dealers from London, after its discovery, were waiting for it, and offered the country yokels five shillings for every caterpillar secured. Now it is as extinct as the dodo and

the great auk.

There would seem to be no living creature that is not a home and feeding ground for parasites; even the butterflies are infested with them, and probably these parasites also have others infinitely small that attack them.

> Great fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em,
> And little fleas have lesser fleas – and so *ad infinitum*.

One of the most interesting discoveries made by Mr. Bignell is that a creature like a scorpion – but all claw – that is found upon the common house-fly is not a true parasite. It likes a ride, and to do it cheap. And when a fly comes within reach, it lays hold of it with its disproportionately huge claws, clings, and has a ride, free, gratis and for nothing. When it has seen enough of the world and is tired, it lets go and drops off.

Says Mr. Bignell: "The Blossom Underwing is a moth that was very abundant on the male flowers of the great sallow on April 13th, 1866. Previously this moth was very scarce; but on this night I saw at least a thousand; they were all in pairs, and each pair occupied a flower, a sight never to be forgotten. The fine flowering scrubby oaks were swarming with the larvæ. A friend of mine who kept birds in a very large cage, seeing the abundance of the caterpillars, decided to give his birds a treat; he accordingly gathered about a pint of them, carried them home, and instead of giving the birds two or three at a time, he incautiously put the

tin into the cage and removed the lid. At once the caterpillars began to escape, and the seething mass of black and yellow wriggling over the floor, crawling about the wires, so frightened the birds that it caused the death of two of three, which beat themselves against the cage in vain hope to escape from these uncanny horrors."

As may be well imagined, Mr. Bignell with his lantern stealing up the side of a hedge in the night often enough routed the poachers and sent them flying, thinking they were being watched by a policeman. On one occasion he scared an owl. "I was enjoying myself, on my knees, hunting over the contents of my net that I had used for sweeping the low foliage, to see what captures I had made. My nose and bull's-eye lantern were thrust close to the ground, to prevent anything escaping observation. In the midst of this occupation an owl swooped down to see what was up, when I turned my lantern on him, and away he flew in a mighty hurry, bringing the back of his wings together with great force, like a man clapping his hands. He was evidently in great alarm, and uttered an unearthly scream. It certainly gave me also a turn, it was so sudden."

All moths with highly pectinated antennæ, that is to say with their feelers comb-like at the extremities, have the most extraordinary power of scenting a female moth at a great distance, even two or three miles, with a favourable wind.

Mr. Bignell says: "I once had a virgin female of the Oak-egger moth, and was desirous of getting some males. I started off with

the lady in a tin box, with a perforated zinc top, to give her air and allow her perfume to escape. I walked through the fields towards Milehouse to where was a turnstile; and at this spot lighted on a weary policeman resting. As it was a dull day, without any token of the sun breaking out, to attract butterflies for their usual gambols, the policeman jeeringly remarked that I had missed the right day. I replied that I thought not, and that I could collect as many as I desired, in fact, I could make them come to me. He laughed incredulously. I then took out my tin box and placed it on the wall, and, magician-like, whistled and waved my hand. The policeman stared, and thought I was befooling him. But lo, in two or three minutes one male alighted close to the box, soon followed by others, and in a quarter of an hour I had at least fifty, and so tame that I picked them up with my fingers and distributed them among about a dozen people who had gathered to see what I was about. The policeman stared with open eyes and mouth, quite satisfied that my whistle and mysterious signs in the air with my hand had called the insects to me. Satisfied with what I had got I waved again and bade the moths depart, and clapped the box in my pocket. Next day I took the empty box out with me into the country. I had several males following me, and some actually penetrated into my pocket where was the empty box, proving that the perfume still remained in it, though wholly imperceptible to myself."

On one occasion Mr. Bignell and a friend set out at night to find the beautiful moth *Heliophobus hispidus*, knowing its haunts,

between the south side of the Plymouth citadel and the sea, where it is to be found in September or October resting on the grass.

Accordingly, each furnished with a bull's-eye lantern, they visited the locality, but it was some time before one was discerned, and that was on a blade of grass overhanging the cliff and out of reach, a sheer drop of twenty feet at least into the sea fretting and moaning below. Loath to miss it, as its eyes shone like two rubies – in fact, both saw those glistening eyes before they observed that they were in the head of the moth – they arranged that one should lie flat on his stomach, and that Mr. Bignell should sit down, dig the heels of his boots into the turf, then take his friend by the legs and thrust him over the edge of the cliff, so far as to enable him to box the moth, whilst holding the handle of his lantern between his teeth. This was done, and the *Heliophobus* was secured.

But, after all, it is in the direction of parasites living upon insects that Mr. Bignell has made the greatest research. He is the possessor of a unique collection of the parasites that live on the aphis, and also of the hyper-parasite which preys upon that parasite. The life-history of this insect was unknown till Mr. Bignell detected a hyper-parasite pierce the aphis which was itself a parasite. The specimen was secured, and from it was bred the hyper-parasite itself.

The life-story of the aphis, that tiny green pest that infests the roses, has been unrolled by this enthusiastic student, and is full of surprises. The ichneumon fly as well has been watched, and

all its wicked acts recorded.

Caterpillars, so fat and fleshy, form a delightful feeding ground for the deposit of eggs, and serve as luscious food for the young to pasture upon. We human beings, in common with all mammals, have the obligation imposed on us of nourishing our own young, and with some of us we go on sustaining them till we are exhausted in the process, but the ichneumonidæ are more clever than we. They make others, notably the caterpillars, maintain their young, and the frivolous mothers, after having once deposited their eggs, gad about and enjoy themselves as having no concern for their future well-being. It is a comfort to reflect that the insects thus preyed upon do not seem to suffer much, if at all, and it may almost be said that they exhibit a maternal regard for the young bred out of their bodies.

With his wonderful microscopes Mr. Bignell can explore far down the ladder of life, but whether to its lowest rung may well be doubted. There is always some living being to be found preying on the last of the minutest creature last seen.

After a visit to Mr. Bignell's house in Saltash with a friend, I turned to him and said: "I came here believing myself to be an Individual. I leave knowing myself to be a Community."

SIR JOHN CALL, BART

The *Dictionary of National Biography* says of Sir John Call that he was "descended from an old family which, it is said, once owned considerable property in Devon and Cornwall." That proviso "it is said" is conveniently inserted. Anything may be said, as that the cow jumped over the moon, but that a saying may be believed we must know who uttered it. Now the originator of this saying was probably William Playfair, in his *British Family Antiquity*, 1809. In that the following interesting statement occurs: "From papers in the possession of the family, partly fabulous, though partly true, it appears that the family of the Calls, consisting of three brothers, came into England from Saxony towards the end of the eighth century. One of these brothers settled in Scotland, from whom is descended the clan of the McColls; the second in Norfolk, where the family continued until the beginning of the last (eighteenth) century; and the third settled in Cornwall, from whence the present family derives its origin. This very ancient, but latterly not very opulent family, was formerly possessed of considerable landed property both in Devonshire and Cornwall, which was first reduced by the civil wars in the time of Henry VII, and afterwards nearly annihilated, in consequence of the loyal attachment of some of its individuals to the royal cause during the civil wars in the reign of Charles I."

Why was the eighth century fixed on for the advent of the

Calls upon the scene? Presumably because the first Norsemen arrived in 787. Conceive the Calls coming over in a dragon ship, filled with berserker rage, to ravage England and glut themselves with our blood.

But we shall look for Calls in vain among the records of the past. As it happens, Saxons and Northmen had no family, only personal names. The story is as absurd as that also put forth that Callington derived its name from the Calls, who only settled near it in 1770.

But these "family papers" are not so ancient as Sir John Call, who would have been above such a pretence. As a matter of fact, the account supplied to Playfair shows a surprising ignorance in the writer as to the existence of Heralds' Visitations, Inquisitiones post mortem, Wills, Royalist Composition Papers, Parish Registers, and all the material at hand to confirm or disprove reckless genealogical assertions. Playfair does admit that the story contained in the "family papers" is "partly fabulous." He might have said that it was fabulous from beginning to end.

The Calls had no right whatever to bear arms, till a grant was made to them – after reading the above flourish not inappropriate – of three trumpets.

The MS. "Names of Gentlemen in Devonshire and Cornwall with their Arms," drawn up by John Hooker, *alias* Vowell, in 1599, is the only armoury of the West that gives the name of Call with arms: Party per pale or and gules; upon a chief az. 3

geese sable. But he gives no indication of place where such a gentleman possessed land – and that, before this "opulent family" had been ruined by the civil wars. Hooker probably included the name, because, at the time, there was some gentleman Call from another part of England living in Exeter. That the Calls of Whiteford had no claim to his arms, nor could exhibit descent from him, is shown by their not adopting his coat. In a MS. armoury of all England dating from 1632, that belonged to C. Pole, the name and arms of Call do not occur.

According to Foster's *Baronetage*, the Calls hailed from Prestacott, in Launcells.

Actually the great-grandfather of Sir John was of Grove, in Stratton, a tenant farmer. A good many Calls appear in the register of the parish, never with *gent.* appended to the name, or even with Mr. preceding it, a title generally accorded to a yeoman or a well-to-do tradesman; and one in 1735 is buried as a pauper. Their marriages also show to what class they belonged, with the Uglows, Tanners, and the Jewells, in a humble walk of life.

John Call, described as of Prestacott, in Launcells, was born in 1680, and in 1702 married Sarah Jewell, and died in 1730.

Prestacott consisted of three very small farms on the right-hand side of the old road from Stratton to Holsworthy. Of late years the ramshackle buildings have been pulled down and the lands thrown together and constituted one farm, and a new house has been built. It belonged at the time that John Call rented one of these little holdings to the Orchards of Hartland Abbey. John

Call had two sons, John and Richard. John was born 1st March, 1704-5, and married Jane, daughter of John Mill, of Launcells, "the descendant of a respectable family, which had considerable possessions there, as well as in Middlesex," says Playfair. He might have added with equal truth that they possessed castles in the air. As it happens, the Visitations of Cornwall and Lysons knew nothing of the family of Mill. The Mills were of Shernick, a farm in Launcells, which they rented of the Arundels of Trerice. Their ledger-stones are in the parish church, but they are never described as *gents.* Mrs. Judith Mill was buried on October 14th, 1723, and Mr. John Mill on December 1st in the same year, and Mr. Richard Mill on July 11th, 1766.

Sarah Call, widow of John Call (without even Mr. and Mrs. prefixed), was buried on February 1st, 1747-8. Shernick is now the property of Sir C. T. Acland, Bart., inherited through an heiress in the nineteenth century of the Arundels.

John Call, who married Jane Mill, had a son, the subject of this memoir. Afterwards, when this son was rich, he set up a tablet to the memory of his father in Launcells Church, on which he gives him the title of "gent."

In Memory of John Call gent of Shernick in this parish, and of Whiteford in Stoke Climsland. He was interred in this church 3 Jan. 1767, aged 63. Also of Jane Call his widow, who was interred 9 Nov. 1781, aged 70. Also of Jane Jones their daughter, wife of the Revd Cadwalader Jones, minister of this parish, who was here interred 2 April, 1790, aged 50, and of their two

children, etc.

Concerning Mrs. Cadwalader Jones, more hereafter. The old gentleman, John Call, had died on December 31st, 1766, going out with the old year.

John, the younger, was born June 30th, 1732, at Fenny Park, near Tiverton, and was educated at a private school. For some reason or other, not known, his mother disliked him, and when aged seventeen, and he had been recommended to the notice of Benjamin Robbins, who was going out to India, she refused to furnish him with the money required for his outfit and passage to India, so that his more distant relatives, probably the Mill family of Shernick, supplied the money.

Benjamin Robbins had composed a treatise on the principles of gunnery and the price of gunpowder, that was not as yet published, and also an account of Lord Anson's voyages. He was a mathematician, and had been appointed chief engineer and captain-general in the East India Company's service, and he was looking about for commercial clerks who would serve on a small pay, when Call was recommended to him as a shrewd lad. John Call was glad of the chance of seeing something of the world and of escaping from a mother who flouted him, and he embraced the offer with gladness. Robbins quitted England in 1749, and arrived with his clerks at Fort William in July, 1750.

Call had been given by Robbins his treatise on explosives to transcribe for the press, and this interested the young man in the subject, and he pursued the theme, and made considerable

improvements in rifling barrels. He also introduced one that enabled shells to be discharged from long guns. When Robbins landed he had with him eight young clerks, of whom Call was one. Robbins died in July, 1751, and Call then became the leading engineer.

War broke out among the native princes, backed up upon one side by the French, on the other by the English, and Call was employed to carry out the erection of defensive works at Fort S. David. This was an English settlement near the mouth of the Southern Pennair River, and was only twelve miles from Pondicherry, the French head-quarters.

Madras, at the mouth of the Triplicane, consisted of the native or black city and of Fort S. George, which lay on the sea, and was almost engirdled by the North River that with the Triplicane formed an island crossed by the main road from Chinglapett and Vandalone.

The French, whilst in possession of Fort S. George, after it had been taken by Labourdonnais in 1746, had made several improvements and additions to the slight works they found, which, nevertheless, rendered the fort little capable of long resistance against the regular approaches of a European enemy; nor had they given any attention to the internal area, which did not exceed fifteen acres of ground. Nevertheless, the English let the place remain in the same state after its recovery from the French in 1751 till the beginning of the year 1756, when the expectation of another war with that nation, and the reports of

the great preparations making in France against India, dictated the necessity of rendering it completely defensible; and Call was employed in the extension and perfecting of the work, that had received the consideration of Robbins before his decease. Accordingly all the coolies, labourers, and tank diggers whom the adjacent country could supply were from this time constantly employed on the fortifications: their daily number generally amounted to four thousand men, women, and children. The river channel was diverted, and the old channel was filled up; very extensive bastions and outworks were erected; and it was due to this undertaking that Fort S. George was able to stand successfully against the siege by the Count de Lally in 1759.

In the beginning of the year 1752 Call accompanied Captain (afterwards Lord) Clive in an expedition against the French, who had possessed themselves of the province of Arcot, and were plundering up to the very gates of Madras; and he was with him in his occupation and subsequent defence of Arcot, during a fifty days' siege. Clive had marched from Madras with two hundred English soldiers and three hundred sepoys. He had with him eight English officers, but of these only two had smelt powder, whilst four, Call among them, were only commercial clerks forced by Clive's example to draw the sword. The battle of Coverplank, near Arcot, gained by Captain Clive in the February of 1752, in which the French lost all their artillery and were totally dispersed, cleared the province of their influence and established the English in the garrison of that capital. From Arcot

the victorious army, consisting of about five hundred Europeans and one thousand natives, marched through the country back to Fort S. David, when Mr. Call was appointed chief engineer at Madras, and eventually of all the Coromandel coast.

In 1753 the French under Bussy and Dupleix were full of schemes to retrieve the honour of their arms, and to obtain the absolute empire of the Deccan and the south. In that year, the cession of five important provinces had made them masters of the sea-coast of Coromandel and Orissa for an uninterrupted line of six hundred miles, and also furnished the convenient means of receiving reinforcements of men and military stores from Pondicherry and Mauritius. But neither the Court of Versailles nor the French India Company at home had approved the grand projects of Bussy and Dupleix. The Court questioned the propriety of these wars with the English in a time of peace, and the Company was impatient at the cost of these wars, and doubted whether the territorial acquisitions could be maintained profitably to themselves. The English Company also was impatient at the heavy outlay, and was willing to leave the French in possession of the Northern Circars; but Dupleix was not to be restrained. He saw further into the future than did the merchants of Paris; he perceived that an unrivalled opportunity was open to him to make all India tributary to France, and he was determined to seize it. But to do so he must expel the English. He claimed to be Nabob of the Carnatic, and unless his authority as such were recognized by the English, he would make no terms

whatever with them. But Dupleix had had his day. His protectors and admirers were now out of office, and he was recalled to France.

As soon as war had been declared in Europe, the Government of Louis XV commenced preparations on a large scale for an expedition to the East, and the arrival of a great armament was daily expected at Pondicherry.

It was not, however, until 28th April, 1758, that a squadron of twelve vessels reached the coast. These ships had on board a regiment of infantry eleven hundred strong, a corps of artillery, and a number of officers, all under the command of the Count de Lally, a veteran officer of Irish extraction, who had been all his life in the service of France. He had been appointed Governor-General of the French possessions in India. He was a man of great ability and ambition, and was animated by intense and passionate hatred of England. Had he been supported from home, he would almost certainly have made France predominant in the peninsula. No sooner was he landed than he organized an expedition against Fort S. David, and in June, 1758, he captured it. He then prepared to take Madras as a preliminary to an advance on Bengal, and he hoped to drive the English out of Calcutta. But he was without resources; there was no money to be had at Pondicherry. At last he raised a small sum, chiefly out of his own funds, and began the march to Madras; his officers preferring to risk death before the walls of Madras to certain starvation within the walls of Pondicherry. Lally reached Madras

on the 12th December, 1758, and at once took possession of the black or native town, commanded by Fort S. George, and began the siege of that fort with vigour. Call was within. It was due to him that the defences were in such a condition that the garrison could look with confidence to withstand a siege. We hear, indeed, nothing of any active part taken by him during the progress of the siege, but undoubtedly his knowledge and talent had much to do with rendering the defence effective. The real command was with Major Laurence and Mr. Pigot. The total force collected was 1758 Europeans and 2220 sepoys. On the other side Lally had an army of 2700 Europeans and 4000 native troops.

On 14th December the French took possession of the black town, which was open and defenceless; and there the soldiers, breaking open some arrack stores, got drunk and mad, and committed great disorders.

Taking advantage of this, a sortie was resolved upon, and six hundred chosen men, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Draper and Major Brereton, with two field-pieces, rushed into the streets of the black town. Unluckily the drummers, who were all little black boys, struck up the "Grenadiers' March" too soon and gave warning to the French, who left off their drinking and plundering, and, running to their arms, drew up at a point where the narrow streets crossed at right angles. Those who were drunk were joined by those who were sober, till the whole number far exceeded that of the English detachment. If Bussy, who was at hand, had made one of the bold and rapid movements

which he had been accustomed to make when acting on his own responsibility, he might have taken the English in rear. But he was sulky, and jealous of Lally, and remained inert. When Draper saw that he must retreat, he found that all his drummer-boys who should sound the recall had run away. He, however, managed to bring off his troops, leaving two field-pieces behind, and having lost or killed, wounded and prisoners, about two hundred men.

The siege dragged on. Most of Lally's heavy artillery was still at sea, and a corps of sepoys captured and spiked his only 13-inch mortar, which was coming by land. All his warlike means were as deficient as those of the garrison were perfect, and dissensions and ill-will against him increased among his officers.

For six weeks the French were without any pay, and during the last fifteen days they had no provisions except rice and butter. Then the ammunition of the besiegers failed. On the 15th February, 1759, he resolved on raising the siege. He had thrown away his last bomb three weeks before, and he had blazed away nearly all his gunpowder. Pouring forth invectives and blaming every one but himself, Lally decamped on the night of the 17th as secretly and expeditiously as he could.

In March, 1760, Call was employed in reducing Karikal, and at the latter end of the year and in the beginning of 1761 he was employed as chief engineer under Sir Eyre Coote in the reduction of Pondicherry, which, after it had been battered furiously during two days, surrendered at discretion. Then the town and fortifications were levelled with the ground. A few

weeks after the strong hill-fortress of Gingi surrendered, and the military power of the French in the Carnatic was brought to an end.

In 1762 Call had the good fortune, when serving under General Cailland, to effect the reduction of the strong fortress of Vellore, one hundred miles west of Madras, which has since been the *point d'appui* of the English power in the Carnatic.

In July, 1763, Mahomed Usuff Cawn, a native of great military talent, employed in the service of the English, for usurping the government of Madura and Tinnevelly, the two southernmost provinces of the peninsula, had to be dealt with summarily. A considerable force marched against him, under the command of Colonel Monson, of His Majesty's 69th Regiment. Call acted as chief engineer under him, till the heavy rains in October obliged the English army to retire from before Madura. Eventually that place and Palamata were reduced, and Mahomed Usuff Cawn was taken and hanged.

At the latter end of 1764 Call went into the Travancore country to settle with the Rajah for the arrears of tribute due to the Nabob of Arcot. Having satisfactorily accomplished that business and other concerns with southern princes, he returned to Madras in January, 1765, and took his seat at the Civil Council, to which he was entitled by rotation, and he obtained the rank of colonel.

During a great part of the war with Hyder Ali in 1767 and 1768 Call accompanied the army into the Mysore country, and

whilst he was there the Company advanced him to the third seat in the Council, and he was strongly recommended by Lord Clive to succeed to the government of Madras on the first vacancy. But news reached him of the death of his father, and he made up his mind to return to England. He had managed to scrape together a very considerable fortune, and he desired to spend the rest of his days in the enjoyment of it. He embarked on February 8th, 1770, after a service of nearly twenty years, and he landed at Plymouth on July 26th.

He bought Whiteford, in the parish of Stoke Climsland, and greatly enlarged the house. In 1771 he was appointed Sheriff of Cornwall, and in March, 1772, he married Philadelphia, third daughter of Wm. Battye, m. d., a somewhat distinguished physician living in Bloomsbury.

From this period till the autumn of 1782 he lived in retirement at Whiteford.

Whilst in India, Call had not forgotten his parents and sister at home, and had sent to his mother priceless Indian shawls, which she, not knowing their value, cut up and turned into under-petticoats for herself and daughter and maids. A pipe of Madeira sent to the father was also as little appreciated. It was distributed among the farm-labourers during harvest time to economize the cider.

Now that he was in England and wealthy, he resolved on doing something for his sister. She had married Cadwalader Jones, the vicar of the parish, and the vicarage was a small, mean building,

so Cadwalader Jones had taken the manor house that was near the church on a long lease from the Orchards, who were lords of the manor. This house had been a cell of Hartland Abbey, but at the Restoration had been given to the Chammonds. That family had died out, and now it had come to the Orchards, owners of Hartland Abbey. Call rebuilt the house, or, to be more exact, built on a modern house to the old, and installed Cadwalader and his sister in the new mansion; he also made for them a large walled garden. When he did this, he was under the impression that the property belonged to Cadwalader, and not till he had completed his building did he learn that Mr. Jones had only a lease of it. Moreover, Mrs. Jones did not live to enjoy the new house very long, as she died in 1780, and then Cadwalader married again. In course of time Cadwalader went to join his ancestors, and thereupon Mr. Hawkey saw and loved the widow and the mansion, and married her. Thus it came about that the manor house built for Mrs. Jane Jones passed into other hands. But thus it happens also that through Miss Charlotte Hawkey we have some account of Sir John Call.

Lord Shelburne, when Prime Minister, being desirous of investigating some of the existing abuses and reforming some of the public departments, fixed on Call and engaged him along with Mr. Arthur Holdsworth, of Dartmouth, to inquire into the state and management of Crown lands, woods, and forests, which had long been neglected; Call had seen this with regard to the Duchy property at his doors, and had drawn attention

to it. In November, 1782, they made their first report; but a change of Ministry taking place soon after, their proceedings were interrupted till the Duke of Portland, then First Lord of the Treasury, authorized them to continue their investigation. Before they had gone far another change took place in the Ministry, and Pitt became Prime Minister. These frequent interruptions interfered with the progress of the investigation, and to obviate that, in 1785-6 Sir Charles Middleton, Call, and Holdsworth were appointed permanent Parliamentary Commissioners.

Call became a banker, a manufacturer of plate-glass, and a copper-smelter. He designed and saw to the execution of the Bodmin gaol in 1779. He was elected M. P. for Callington in 1784, and retained his seat till 1801. On July 28th, 1791, he was created a baronet, and granted as his arms, *gules*, *three trumpets fessewise in pale, or*; as crest, a *demi-lion ramp. holding between the paws a trumpet erect, or*.

By his wife he had six children. In 1785 he purchased the famous house of Field-Marshal Wade, in Old Burlington Street. He became totally blind in 1795, and died of apoplexy at his residence in town on March 1st, 1801, and was succeeded in the baronetcy by his son, William Pratt Call, who died in 1851, leaving a son, William Berkeley Call, the third baronet, who died in 1864, and with the son of this latter, Sir William George Montague Call, the fourth baronet, the title became extinct. It will be noticed that the two last affected aristocratic Christian names, Berkeley and Montague. Whiteford was sold to the

Duchy of Cornwall, and all the noble trees in the park were cut down and turned into money, and the mansion converted into an office for the Duchy. Davies Gilbert, in his *Parochial History of Cornwall*, tells a couple of anecdotes of Sir John, but they are too pointless to merit repetition.

Call was one of those admirable, self-made men who have been empire-makers in the East, and, better than that, have been makers of the English name as synonymous with all that is powerful and true and just. He well deserved the title accorded to him. He was a man of whom Cornwall may be proud, and it needed no trumpets in his arms and fictions about the origin of his family to make the name honourable.

As Dr. Johnson said, "There are some families like potatoes, whose only good parts are underground."

The authorities for the life of Sir John Call are Playfair's *British Family Antiquity*, 1809; Clement R. Markham's *Memoir on the Indian Surveys*, 1878; H. G. Nicholl's *Forest of Dean*; and *Neota*, by Charlotte Hawkey, 1871.

The grant of the baronetcy to Sir John Call, dated 1795, is now in the Museum of the Royal Institution of Cornwall, at Truro.

JOHN KNILL

In August, 1853, appeared the following account in the *Gentleman's Magazine*: —

"An eccentric old gentleman of the name Knill, a private secretary some fifty or sixty years ago to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, becoming afterwards collector of the port of S. Ives, built a three-sided pyramid of granite on the top of a high hill, near the town of S. Ives. The pyramid is represented as a pocket edition of an Egyptian one, and in it this gentleman caused a chamber to be built, with a stone coffin, giving out his intention to be buried there, and leaving a charge on an estate to the corporation of S. Ives for the maintenance and repair, etc., of the pyramid. He, however, died in London; and by his latest will, so far from perpetuating the ostentatious idea, desired that his body should be given up to the surgeons for dissection, a penance, it is supposed, for past follies, after which the remains were buried in London. The pyramid, however, still stands as a landmark. On one side, in raised letters in granite, appear the words 'Hic jacet nil.' It was understood that the 'K' and another 'l' would be added when the projector should be placed within; and on the other side, 'Ex nihilo nil fit,' to be filled up in like manner, Knill. The mausoleum obtained then, and still bears the name of Knill's Folly."

This account, full of inaccuracies, called forth a letter to the

editor from a relative of John Knill, at Penrose, by Helston, dated October, 1853, which appeared in the November issue of the same magazine. He stated that John Knill was educated for the law, but did not adopt it as a profession. He preferred to accept the office of collector of customs at S. Ives. After a while he was sent as Inspector-General of Customs to the West Indies, whence he returned to his duties at S. Ives, after having discharged his office of inspectorship. In 1777 the Earl of Buckinghamshire, who was recorder of S. Ives, invited Mr. Knill to accompany him to Ireland as his private secretary, when he, the earl, had been made lord-lieutenant. The offer was accepted.

In 1782, thirty years before his death, he erected the mausoleum, partly actuated by a philanthropic motive as affording a landmark to ships approaching the port, and partly by a wish to find employment for men at a time of considerable distress, having also a desire to be buried there, if the ground could be consecrated. This intention was afterwards abandoned.

Mr. Knill resided for some years previous to his death in Gray's Inn, and was a bencher of that society. He died there in 1811, and was buried in the vaults of S. Andrew's, Holborn. On one side of the monument is the word "Resurgam." On the second side, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and on the third is no inscription at all, and the silly puns given by the informant of the *Gentleman's Magazine* had no existence save in the imagination of the correspondent.

The same writer adds: "Though he had a wide circle of

acquaintances and he was highly esteemed by all who knew him, he resisted every invitation to dine in private society, and for many years past dined at Dolly's Coffee House, Paternoster Row, walking through the chief avenues of the town in the course of the day, in order to meet his friends and to preserve his health by moderate exercise."

We are able to supplement this scanty record from a memoir of him by Mr. John Jope Rogers, of Penrose, published in 1871 by Cunnack, of Helston.

John Knill was born at Callington on January 1st, 1733. His mother was a Pike of Plympton, and her mother was an Edgcumbe of Edgcumbe, it is stated in the memoir, but no entry of any such marriage is in the pedigree of the Edgcumbes in Vivian's *Heralds' Visitations of Devon*.

Mr. Knill was very desirous to trace a descent from the family of Knill of Knill, in Hereford, but entirely failed to do so.

John Knill's mother, one of the seven daughters of Mr. Pike, married secondly Mr. Jope, and it is thus that the portrait of the subject of this memoir came into the possession of Mr. John Jope Rogers, of Penrose, author of the memoir.

John Knill, according to Davies Gilbert, "served his clerkship as an attorney in Penzance, and from thence removed to the office of a London attorney, where, having distinguished himself by application and intelligence, he was recommended to the Earl of Buckinghamshire, who, at that time, held the political interests of S. Ives, to be his local agent." In the year 1762 he was

appointed collector of customs at S. Ives, in Cornwall, and held it during twenty years, at the end of which time he wrote to Mr. William Praed, March 30th, 1782: "I purpose to be in London in May, in order to resign my office of collector, which I shall finally quit at the end of next midsummer quarter."

In November, 1767, he was chosen mayor of S. Ives, and lived in a red-brick house facing the beach, in Fore Street. Although mayor and collector of customs, it was strongly believed that he was in league with smugglers and wreckers.

One day, during the latter half of the eighteenth century, a strange vessel ran on the rocks on the Hayle side of Carrick Gladden, and the crew escaped to land and disappeared. The ship, now a derelict, had apparently no owner, and next day a number of people boarded her, and found her full of chinaware and other smuggled goods. The ship's papers could not be found; they had been carried off when the crew deserted her, and it was strongly supposed that they were destroyed, as implicating Knill and Praed, of Trevetho. The customs officer, Roger Wearne, went on board and stuffed his clothes full of china; having a pair of trousers on with a very ample and baggy seat, he thought he could not do better than stow away some of the choicest pieces of porcelain there. But as he was getting down the side of the ship into the boat, very leisurely, so as not to injure his spoils, a comrade, getting impatient, struck him on the posteriors with the blade of his oar, shouting to him, "Look out sharp, Wearne!" and was startled at the cracking noise that ensued, and the howl

of Wearne when the broken splinters of china entered his flesh.

In 1773 the Government sent him to Jamaica to inspect the ports there; he remained in the West Indies one year, and used his eyes and ears, for in 1779 he wrote an account of the religion of the Coromandel negroes for Bryant Edwards' *History of the West Indies*, from information he then and there gathered. For his services he received from the Board of Customs the substantial sum of £1500. He returned to his duties at S. Ives in 1774. In 1777 he became private secretary to the Earl of Buckinghamshire, in Dublin, but he returned to S. Ives after six months in Ireland. In 1779 he speculated in a bootless search for treasure, which the notorious pirate, Captain John Avery, was supposed, on his return from Madagascar, to have secreted near the Lizard. But, as none of the Lives of that freebooter gave any hint of his having done so, the attempt was not the least likely to lead to satisfactory results. Davies Gilbert says that Knill equipped some small vessels to act as privateers against smugglers, but if local tradition may be relied on, these vessels were only nominally for this purpose, and were actually engaged in running contraband goods; but this is highly improbable.

In 1782 he was employed in the service of the customs as inspector of some of the western ports, making occasional visits to London, where he settled for the rest of his days. In 1784 he purchased chambers in Gray's Inn Square, where he died on March 29th, 1811, at the age of seventy-seven. He was painted by Opie in 1779, dressed in a plain suit of blue, with frilled shirt

and ruffles. He made his half-brother, the Rev. John Jope, of S. Cleer, his sole executor.

It was in the year 1782 that John Knill erected his mausoleum on Worral Hill, on land purchased from Henry, Lord Arundell, for five guineas. The total cost of the monument was £226 1s. 6d. Sixpence a year is paid to the owner of Tregenna for a right of way to the obelisk. By a deed dated May 29th, 1797, Knill settled upon the mayor and capital burgesses of S. Ives, and their successors for ever, an annuity of £10 as a rent-charge, to be paid out of the manor of Glivian, in Mawgan, which sum is annually to be put into a chest which is not to be opened except at the end of every five years. Then, out of the accumulated sum, a dinner was to be given to the mayor, collector of customs, and vicar of S. Ives, and two friends to be invited by each of them, and £15 to be equally divided among ten girls, natives of S. Ives, under ten years old, who should, between 10 a.m. and noon on S. James the Apostle's Day, dance and sing round the mausoleum, to the fiddling of a man who was to receive a pound for so doing and for fiddling as the procession of girls went to the obelisk and returned. One pound was to be laid out in white ribbons for the damsels and a cockade for the fiddler. Some of the money was to go to keep the mausoleum in repair, and there were certain benefactions also recorded.

The first Knillian celebration took place in July, 1801, when, according to the will of the founder, a band of little girls, all dressed in white, with two widows and a company of musicians,

marched in procession to the top of the hill, where they danced about the monument, then, as Knill desired, sang the Hundredth Psalm to its old melody, and after that returned in the same order to S. Ives. The ceremony still takes place every fifth year.

In dancing the children sing the following in chorus: —

Shun the bustle of the bay,
Hasten, virgins, come away;
Hasten to the mountain's brow,
Leave, O leave, S. Ives below.
Haste to breathe a purer air,
Virgins fair, and pure as fair;
Fly S. Ives and all her treasures,
Fly her soft voluptuous pleasures;
Fly her sons and all their wiles,
Lushing in their wanton smiles;
Fly the splendid midnight halls;
Fly the revels of her balls;
Fly, O fly the chosen seat,
Where vanity and fashion meet.
Hither hasten from the ring,
Round the tomb in chorus sing,
And on the lofty mountain's brow, aptly dight,
Just as we should be, all in white,
Leave all our troubles and our cares below.

THOMAS TREGOSS

A certain Roscadden going on a pilgrimage in the days before the Reformation, and being absent some years, was surprised on his return to find that his wife had borne one if not more children. Very much and very naturally put out, he consulted with one John Tregoss, who advised him to settle his estate upon some friend whom he could trust, for the use and benefit of his children whom he would own, and for the wife not to be left absolutely destitute in the event of his death. Mr. Roscadden approved of this counsel, and constituted John Tregoss his heir absolutely, but always with the understanding that the said Tregoss should administer his estate according to the wishes and instructions of Roscadden. But this gentleman dying soon after, John Tregoss entered on possession of the estate, "turned the wife and children out of doors, who for some time were fain to lye in an hog-stye, and every morning went forth to the Dung-hill, and there upon their faces imprecated and prayed that the vengeance of God might fall upon Tregoss and his posterity for this so perfidious and merciless deed.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.