Old FOYE days.

By

Commander

Hon^ble. Henry N. Shore, R.N.

FOWEY, FROM BODENICK.

From a Drawing by Wm. Daniell, in 1824.

OLD FOYE DAYS,

BEING

The True Story of a Cornish Haven,

COMPILED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES

BY

COMMANDER HON. HENRY N. SHORE, R.N.,

AUTHOR OF

"The Flight of the Lapwing."
"How Glasgow Ceased to Flourish."
"Smuggling Days and Smuggling Ways."

With numerous Illustrations by the Author.

"The true men of progress are those who profess as their starting point a profound respect for the past."—*Renan.*

1896.

PREFACE.

This little work is in no sense a guide-book. It was compiled in the hope of attracting increased attention to the many interesting historical associations of the town and neighbourhood.

The illustrations are an attempt to perpetuate the more picturesque aspects of the town as it was before the modern epidemic of "improvement" set in.

FROM AN OLD CHART, TIME OF HENRY VIII.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

PART I.

PART II.

"All that now delights thee, from the day on which it should be touched, shall melt and melt away."—*Wordsworth.*

PART I.

OLD FOYE DAYS.

CONTAINING

An Historical Sketch of the Rise, Glory, and Decline of this most Ancient Port;

TOGETHER WITH

Many curious Particulars relating to Past and Present Times,

AS WELL AS

The Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants

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ERRATA.

Page 22, line 22, for *chez luis* read *chez nos*.

OLD HOUSE AT THE TOP OF FORE STREET.

OLD FOYE DAYS.

Chapter I.

The Remote Past.

OLD Leland's description of this quaint little spot, although penned some three hundred years ago, is by no means inapplicable to the town at the present day. He says: "It is set on the north side of the haven, lying along the shore, and builded on the side of a great slatey, rokked hille." The place has of course expanded considerably beyond the "quarter-mile" limit of his day, and, but for the "rokked hille" which nature has set here, would doubtless have spread still further afield; but it still preserves much of the quaint originality of former days. The streets, for example, are not like the stiff commonplace thoroughfares of most British towns: there is an individuality about them, which, though in some respects trying to the temper of the modern Jehu, delights all true lovers of the picturesque. And, then, curious old bits of architecture crop out at every turn, reminding the passer-by of those far-off times, when the haven "was haunted with shippes of diverse nations, and their shippes went to all nations"—the golden age of Fowey. You cannot, indeed, spend many hours in Fowey without feeling that it is a place with a history: every feature of it bears the impress of the past. The very stones at your feet "do the same tale repeat:" as Sir Walter Scott said of the stones of Iona, "you never tread upon them but you set your feet upon some ancient history." Not that the position in which you now find them, is the one they have always occupied, for many, which shared in the rise and fall of mansions long since vanished from the scene, have been degraded from their high estate and turned to base uses. Were these stones but endowed with the power of

speech and memory what strange tales they would unfold, of the many generations of Foyens who have trod these streets since the town first sprang into life.

And yet, as a graceful and accomplished authoress has said, "Despite all the charms lent to it by Nature, the place must be wanting in real interest if it has no human associations, no tale of human joy and sorrow connected with its name, no ancient legend to give a pathos to rippling river and woodland glade: "Man is the sun of his world," and we will find it almost invariably the case that Nature's fairest scenes fail to inspire us with true interest if we cannot read upon them some human record, and connect them with the story of some toiling struggling human beings like ourselves." The history of Fowey will be found lacking in none of these essentials, for, in olden times it was a town of no mean repute, and, little as the fact may be realised by modern Englishmen, its inhabitants played a part in our nation's history which may well excite the envy of dwellers in the mushroom cities that have sprung up within the last few centuries. The Foyens of modern times may point with justifiable pride to the old chronicles which tell of "the glorie of Fowey," and how, when the siege of Calais, in Edward III's. reign, necessitated a call for ships and mariners, their town furnished more vessels than any port in the Kingdom, and more men than any except Yarmouth. While, in later times, the merchant-princes of Fowey did yeomen's service in laying the foundation of the world-wide commerce which has so marvellously enriched the realm.

Traces of these days of commercial prosperity may, even now, be discerned by the curious, in many parts of the town, while panelled rooms, carved stones cropping out of modern walls, fireplaces with quaint Dutch tiles, and other relics of a time when, according to modern teaching, sound and honest work were more highly esteemed than the pretentious abortions of the jerry-builder, bespeak the taste and wealth of former occupants.

It was scarcely likely that the advantages and facilities of access of the port of Fowey should have escaped the notice of the daring navigators who frequented these coasts in ancient days. There is ample evidence, indeed, to show that the haven was

resorted to in very early times. That the Phœnicians came to Cornwall for its tin is well-known, and, moreover, that this intercourse with strangers had a beneficial effect on the inhabitants of the county is proved by a passage in Cæsar's Commentaries, to the effect that "the Britons of Cornwall were very hospitable, and the trade they carried on with foreign merchants had softened their manners"—a pleasing trait of character which seems somewhat unaccountably to have escaped the notice of later historians, for, we find an eminent engineer, who visited this corner of England in the latter half of last century, meeting with such rough entertainment that, in a moment of pique, forgetful of Cæsar's certificate of character, he described the Cornish as having the most disagreeable manners of any people he had ever met! It is just possible, that if Cæsar had fallen into the hands of the wreckers of later times, he might have seen fit to modify his opinions! The deterioration of manners which afterwards set in would form an interesting subject of inquiry.

In one respect, at least, we moderns have reason to look back with gratitude to the visits of the old Phœnician traders. For did they not initiate the Cornish into the mysteries connected with the manufacture of "clotted cream"? Such, at any rate, we are assured is the true origin of Cornish Cream, and we are further informed by the erudite in such matters, that this now popular way of "treating" cream—how nicely these savants express their ideas—is still observed in Phœnician lands, as, for instance, about Tyre and Carthage. Now, seeing that this doctrine was expounded from a Cornish pulpit, at evensong, there can be no reason to doubt its orthodoxy.

That Fowey was much frequented by foreign shipping in remote times is a well-authenticated fact; indeed, there is evidence to show that a Roman Colony existed here in Vespasian's time, in proof of which may be cited the discovery of coins, pottery, and stone coffins, to say nothing of certain local names which have been traced to a Roman origin. Strange that these grim old warriors and industrious road makers should have left so few traces of their residence in the land of tin and copper! Perhaps they were too busy working the mines, and shipping off the

produce, to think of other matters? Anyhow, the fact remains that Cornwall is singularly poor in Roman relics. Here, at Fowey, for instance, we can only boast of one visible connecting link with our former masters, and that one only affords indirect proof of their presence hereabouts. This interesting relic, colloquially known as the "Longstone," lay, for many years, in a forlorn and neglected state, on the side of what is supposed to have been the Roman road between Fowey and Lostwithiel, about a mile from the former place. On one side of this long shaft of granite may be observed a rude attempt at letter cutting, but these mystic characters, which only provoke mirth on the part of the uncultured Briton, teem with meaning to the archæologist. In the first place, he assures you, with a confidence that begets conviction, that the inscription, in its perfect state, undoubtedly ran thus: "Hic jacet Cirusius Cuniwori filius," and then goes on to explain, that this granite shaft was put up, somewhere, to mark the spot where all that was mortal of a certain Cornish gentleman, and chieftain, of olden times was deposited, explaining, further, that when the Romans left Cornwall they handed over the care of it to one Karras, Esq., or Carausius, or, as his tombstone has it, plain Cirusius, who they seem to have regarded as their factor, or land-steward, for, on returning, somewhat unexpectedly, we presume, and finding this fine old Cornish gentleman ruling right royally on his own account—very much at home, in fact, after 18 years' possession, they tried to persuade him to render some account of his stewardship, failing which, and hearing that a polite invitation to become once more a Roman subject had been declined, these rude interlopers sent over one Ale tus, who slew this Cornish worthy.

Truly fertile is the imagination of the Antiquary! It has even been asserted that this sturdy Home-ruler kept his ships near by, in the harbour of Polkerris, overlooking which he is said to have lived in his official residence, where fancy delights in picturing good old Karras disporting himself in the bosom of his family, with madame in the background superintending the preparation of Cornish cream!

With this brief and imperfect peep into the dim mists of the

past we must perforce be content, for, at this point the curtain drops again, and we hear nothing more of this part of Cornwall till the Norman Conquest. We may be pretty sure that, with the departure of the Romans, Cornwall—like other remote parts of our Island—relapsed into pristine savagery, receiving few visitors, other than the sea-rovers, who flitted backwards and forwards from their Scandinavian strongholds, and founded settlements on the British sea-board.

Chapter II.

In the Golden Days.

THE first real history of the parish of Fowey, Mr Rashleigh tells us, begins just before the Conquest.† Quaint old Leland, writing of these times, tells us that "the town-longged to one Cardinham, a man of great fame, and he gave it to Tywardreath Priory, but at this gift Foey was but a small fischar towne." This gift had more to do with the making of Fowey than might be supposed, for the monks of Tywardreath exchanged their produce with the Abbeys in Normandy, using Fowey as their place of shipment. By this means Fowey was opened up a second time to foreign trade, while foreigners came over and formed themselves into trading guilds. Very strange were the methods of Royalty in those days by way of encouraging trade: thus, when the King wanted ships he requisitioned those of Fowey, but, instead of paying for these services he allowed the owners to recoup themselves by the capture and plunder of any vessels that came in their way—a sort of legalised piracy. But the consequences of this free and easy way of squaring accounts were not wholly satisfactory, for, according to Mr. Rashleigh, "in a very short time the guilds got the upper hand of the Crown, and being foreign settlers the King found he had no control over them, and they became thorough sea-going pirates, and were as dangerous to his own ships as to his enemies." From this time forward piracy seems to have been the bane of the coast. Fowey—as indeed it deserved, suffering as much as other places, for, not only was its church destroyed by pirates,* but Tywardreath Priory, near Par Bay, was so roughly entreated by the sea-rovers that the monks begged leave to retire inland out of harm's way, shewing that fighting enemies of flesh and blood was not exactly in their line of business.

† See Note 1.
* See Note 2.

In spite of these drawbacks, Fowey now started off on a prosperous career, which was only brought to a sudden stop in later times by the indiscreet zeal of its inhabitants.

The way in which this "small fischar towne" suddenly blossomed forth into one of the chief naval ports of the Kingdom, and won, through the valour and enterprise of its seamen, the privileges of a Cinque port, is an interesting chapter of national history. In old Leland's words, "The glorie of Fowey rose by the warres in King Edward the First and the Third, and Henry the V. day, partely by feates of warre, partely by pyracie, and so waxing riche, fell al to marchandise, so that the town was haunted with shippes of diverse nations, and their shippes went to all nations." At this time the Fowey fleet is said to have numbered forty large ships, commanded by one Nicholas Kirriel. And it was with this fleet that the Foyens first won their spurs in naval warfare. "It was no small triumph to Fowey," says Mr. Rashleigh, "after Winchelsea had destroyed Portsmouth at Simon's request for the Duke Edward to come to Fowey, and be supported with their fleet of forty sail, when the total number of the Cinque port fleet was only fifty, and then, single-handed, to beat the enemy at Winchelsea. For this action, which saved the Crown, they were allowed to take away the Winchelsea chain, and become a Cinque Port in its stead." And thus was consummated the glory of Fowey. For the rest, hear what Carew says: "During the warlike reigns of our two valiant Edwards, the first and third, the Foyens addicted themselves to back their Prince's quarrel by coping with the enemy at sea, and made return of many prizes; which purchases having advanced them to a good estate of wealth, the same was—when the quieter conditioned times gave means—heedfully and diligently employed, and bettered, by the more civil trade of merchandise; and in both these vocations they so fortunately prospered, that it is reported sixty tall ships did at one time belong to the harbour; and that they assisted the siege of Calais with forty-seven sail."

Gilbert, another writer, says that the Fowey contingent consisted of forty-seven ships and 770 mariners, while Plymouth on the same occasion only furnished twenty-six ships and 606

mariners, so that Fowey had every reason to be proud of her achievements. Nor were her efforts confined to the sea, for Fowey men assisted at the Battle of Crecy, of glorious memory, supplying, it is reported, the Duke's army with "many spirited and active young men, who did honour by their exploits to the country whence they sprung." Of the Fowey men who gained special distinction on this memorable occasion was one John Treffry, who, according to family documents, was made a knight banneret at Crecy, and had an honourable augmentation to his arms given to him for his signal services on that occasion.

The Commander of the Fleet at this time was Frissart Bagga, who, according to tradition, was buried in the Lady Chapel, and "whereof," says Carew, "there is some memory in the chancel window." All traces of this dashing sea captain have long disappeared from the church, and his name is only handed down on the authority of the old chroniclers.

How far our good Foyens proved themselves worthy of the high privileges attaching to their newly-won distinction remains to be shown. Of their courage and enterprise there can be no two opinions, but unfortunately the spirit of greed seems to have outrun their sense of duty and fealty to the Sovereign from whom their privileges had been derived. The sequel is thus felicitously described by Carew: "Hereon, a full purse begetting a stout stomack, our Foyens took heart at grass, and chancing about that time (I speak upon the credit of tradition) to sail near Rye and Winchelsea, they stiffly refused to veil their bonnets at the summons of these towns, which contempt—by the better enabled seafarers reckoned intolerable—caused the ripiers* to make out with might and main against them; howbeit, with a more hardy onset than happy issue, for the Foy men gave them so rough entertainment at their welcome, that they were glad to forsake patch, without bidding farewell; the merit of which exploit afterwards entitled them Gallants of Foy. Moreover, the prowess of one Nicholas—son to a widow, near Foy—is descanted upon in an old three-man's song, namely, how he fought bravely at sea with John

* See Note 3.

A LANE IN FOWEY.

Dorey—a Genoese, I conjecture, sent forth by John the French King, and, after much bloodshed on both sides, took and slew him in revenge of the great rapine and cruelty which he had committed upon the Englishman's goods and bodies."

The Gallants of Fowey were not, however, permitted to carry on their depredations, unchecked; for the French, stung to desperation by the piratical proceedings of the Fowey ships, which in spite of the truce continued to seize, burn, or destroy every foreign craft that came in their way, determined on giving the Fowey people a lesson they would be slow to forget, and sent the Lord Pomier with a fleet to destroy the town. This occurred in July, 1457, and is thus described by Carew:—"The Lord of Pomier, a Norman, encouraged by the civil wars, wherewith our realm was then distressed, furnished a navy from the River of Sayne, and with the same, in the night, burnt a part of Foy, and other houses confining; but upon the approach of the country's forces, raised the next day by the Sheriff, he made speed away to his ships, and with his ships to his home."

It was on this occasion that Place House was so gallantly defended by the wife of Sir Thomas Treffry during his absence at Court. Leland thus speaks of it:—"The Frenchmen diverse tymes assailed this town, and last most notably about Henry the VI. tyme, when the wife of Thomas Trewry the II., with her men, repelled the French out of her house in her housebande's absence." It was of course only right and proper that this valiant act should be commemorated as an ensample for future generations, and Leland tells us how "Thomas Trewry builded a right, fair, and stronge embateled tower in his house, and embateling all the vaultes of the house, in a manner made it a castelle, and unto this day it is the glorie of the town building in Foweye."*

The memory of this gallant exploit was still further perpetuated some sixty years ago, by the insertion of a stone figure of this same Elizabeth Treffry over an ancient gateway in the walls of Place, with an inscription underneath setting forth her achievements.

* See Note 4.

And now came a turn in the fortunes of Fowey, brought about chiefly by the unscrupulous behaviour of its citizens, and, from this check, the place never afterwards recovered. According to Leland it came about in this wise :—"When warre in Edward the IV. dayes, seasid bytwene the Frenchmen and Englisch, the men of Fowey used to pray (spoil), kept their shippes and assailed the Frenchmen in the sea agayn King Edwarde's commandment: whereupon the capitaines of the shippes of Fowey were taken and sent to London and Dertemouth men commanded to fetch their shippes away, at which time Dertemouth men toke them in Fowey, and toke away, as it is said, the great chain that was made to be drawn over to the haven from towre to towre."

Carew gives us a rather more detailed account of this humiliating episode, thus :—"Our Foy gallants, unable to bear a low sail in their fresh gale of fortune, began to skim the sea with their often piracies (avowing themselves upon the Earl of Warwick, whose ragged staff is yet to be seen pourtrayed in many places of their church steeple, and in diverse private houses), as also to violate their duty at land, by insolent disobedience to the Prince's officers, cutting off (among other pranks) a pursuivant's ears, whereat King Edward the IV. conceived such indignation as he sent commissioners unto Lostwithiel (a town thereby), who, under pretences of using their service in sea affairs, trained thither the greatest number of the burgesses; and no sooner come than laid hold on, and in hold, their goods were confiscated, one Harrington was executed, the chain of their haven removed to Dartmouth, and their wonted jollity transformed into a sudden misery: from which they strived a long time in vain to relieve themselves; but now, of late years, do more and more aspire to a great amendment of their former defects, though not to an equal height of their first abundance."

And thus ended the naval glory of Fowey.

The fortifications of Fowey in those old days were of a very simple description. The earliest reference to them occurs in Leland, who says that "In Edward the IV. day two stronge towers were made a little beneth the town, one on eche side of the haven, and a chayne to be drawen over." These two towers,

of which that on the eastern side is the only one still remaining in its original form, are the sole existing monuments of the golden age of Fowey. As regards the "chayne," no details have been preserved concerning its dimensions, or of the way in which it was worked; but in the year 1776 a trawl boat fished up two enormous links of iron which are said to have been a part of this defence. These curious relics are preserved in a grotto, near the beach, at Menabilly.

Chapter III.

In Troublous Times.

AND now we reach a period in the history of Fowey when its prosperity was in some measure revived through the energy and mercantile enterprise of the Rashleigh family who settled here during Henry VIII. reign. Says Carew:—"I may not pass in silence the commendable deserts of Master Rashleigh, the elder, descended from a younger brother of an ancient house in Devon, for his industrious judgment and adventuring in trade of merchandise first opened a light and way to the townsmen's new thriving and left his son large wealth and possessions, who (together with a daily bettering his estate) converteth the same to hospitality, and other actions fitting a gentleman well affected to his God, Prince, and country."

That the spirit of enterprise and love of adventure which had formerly so conspicuously distinguished the "Foyens" had not altogether died away during the long period of adversity through which they had passed, is clearly shown by the achievements of the "Frances of Fowey" at this period. Mr. Rashleigh says: "We cannot wonder at the Rashleighs being proud of the 'Frances of Fowey,' as their ship was called, for by its voyages the fortunes of the family were made. John Rashleigh, its master, went in most of the voyages of his cousins, Sir Francis Drake and Sir Walter Raleigh. Of the vessels that went with Frobisher to America 'The Frances' was one. Of the little fleet that dared to face 'The Invincible' the 'Frances of Fowey,' with Rashleigh her commander, together with his little pinnace 'Christopher,' steered by Capt. Moon, were two. Their services then, in England's hour of danger, were thought worthy of being rewarded by the nation with £500: moreover, the amount of bags of Spanish gold which the family letters shew had been seized from the Spanish galleons testify to the gallant work performed by this small craft

REMAINS OF AN OLD HOUSE ON BULL HILL.

of 140 tons, manned with 70 townsmen from Fowey. The vessel was afterwards captured, when with Drake on his last voyage, and its loss caused, it was said, the death of that great Commander. For nine years it remained in the hands of Eustace the archpirate, but was freed at last by Capt. Whetburne, of Dartmouth, and returned to its owner, and afterwards went several voyages with Drake's successors."

The memory of this gallant little vessel has been preserved in the name of the "Ship Hotel," whose quaint front still looks down on passers-by in much the same way as it did 200 years ago. The way in which this house of call for travellers—but formerly the abode of the Rashleigh family—came to be entitled the "Ship" is thus explained by Hals: —"In remembrance and memory of this ship, they caused the figure of it to be perpetuated in a small ship, about five feet long, made and formed by a ship carpenter, of timber, with masts, sails, ropes, guns, and anchors, and figures of men thereon, which is hanged up to the roof, or planking, with a iron chain in their old house in this towne, of which ship those gentlemen have often given me ocular observation as well as told me the above history of the premises in the time of Charles II." Of this most interesting model no traces whatever remain beyond the name, the family having migrated, many years since, to their beautiful country seat of Menabilly, a mile or two West of Fowey.

Though greatly altered since those days, so as to bring its interior economy more into harmony with modern requirements, one room at least in the "Ship" remains much as it was when the abode of the Rashleighs, with its ornamental ceiling, fine oak panelled walls, and carved chimney piece with the date of its erection 1570, "by John Rashleigh and Alse his wife," son of the famous Philip*.

Fowey never again recovered its ancient position of naval importance. Apart from the humiliations which had been put upon it, other causes were at work to keep it in a secondary position as a port, namely, the growing importance of Plymouth

* See Note 5.

and Falmouth, where greater facilities were offered for the accommodation of large fleets.

During the first half of the 17th Century, and especially during the civil wars between King Charles and his Parliament, the history of Fowey is closely bound up with that of the Kingdom at large, and for this reason full of interest. The town was occupied for some time by the Parliamentary troops under the Earl of Essex, and it was at this time that, in consequence of the Royalist tendencies of its inhabitants, it suffered much damage. The Rashleigh house, especially, seems to have been marked out as a fit and proper object for the destructive soldiery to wreak their vengeance or by way of showing their abhorrence for the opinions of its owner. Mr. F. Rashleigh tells us that it was "sacked by Essex's troops when they visited Fowey in Sept. 1644, upon which occasion they destroyed £1,000 worth of property in it, which act made Jonathan Rashleigh declare in after years that he had only the bare walls left."

This Jonathan Rashleigh was Chief Commissioner to the Mint for this part of Cornwall, and being well-known as a zealous supporter of Charles I., suffered imprisonment in St. Mawe's Castle at the hands of Essex, who, with his officers, made himself very much at home in the Manor House at Menabilly during the enforced absence of its master. Marks of this occupation are still visible on the wainscoted walls of the dining room, in the shape of sword cuts on a panel where hung a portrait of King Charles, the sight of which moved the Parliamentary officers to such a pitch of indignation that they drew their swords and hacked the portrait to pieces.

A great deal of the family plate was cut up into money at Menabilly House in aid of the Royal cause ; it is said also that some heavy ordnance, which defended the old house in the town of Fowey, was presented to the King at the same time—a welcome addition, doubtless, to his somewhat scanty equipment of war material.

It was close to Fowey that King Charles, when on a reconnoitring expedition on the hill overlooking the town, had a narrow escape of being shot by a rebel sharpshooter. A

cotemporary writer gives the following account of this episode, of which he was an eye witness :—"Saturday, 17th August, 1644, His Majestie attended with his owne Troop, Queen's Troope, commanded by Captain Brett, and sixty commanded troopers went to Cliffe, from thence his Majestie went to Lanteglos, to the Manor House, belonging to the Lord Mohun, just over against Foye, where his Royall person ventred to goe into a walk there which is within halfe musket shott from Foye, where a poore fisherman was killed in looking over at the same time his Majestie was in the walke, and in the place where the King a little afore passed by."

Think how nearly the whole course of English history was changed by this little bullet—shot, possibly, at a venture!

The "poore fisherman" was not the only innocent sufferer for the mistakes of his betters!

The walk "where his Royall person ventred to goe" on this occasion is one of which the Foyens of modern times are justly proud, for, besides its great antiquity, the views from thence of the harbour and coast on a bright day are such as can hardly be matched for beauty and variety in any part of Cornwall. Carew, who wrote in 1602, gives the following description of the Hall Walk: —"Amongst other commodities, it (Lord Mohun's Manor House of Hall) is appurtananced with a walk, which, if I could as plainly shew you, as myself have oftentimes delightingly seen it, you might and would avow the same to be a place of diversified pleasings: I will therefore do my best to trace you a shadow thereof, by which you shall (in part) give a guess at the substance. It is cut out in the side of a steep hill, whose foot the salt water washeth, evenly levelled, to serve for bowling, floored with sand for soaking up the rain, closed with two shorn hedges, and banked with sweet scenting flowers, it wideneth to a sufficient breadth for the march of five or six in front, and extendeth to not much less than half a London mile; neither doth it lead wearisomely forth right, but yieldeth varied, and yet not over busy turnings, as the ground's opportunity affordeth; which advantage increaseth the prospect, and is converted on the foreside into platforms for the planting

of ordnance and the walkers sitting; and on the back part into summer-houses for their more private retreat and recreation. In passing along, your eyes shall be called away from guiding your feet, to descry, by their farthest kenning, the vast ocean, sparkled with ships, that continually this way trade forth and back to most quarters of the world. Nearer home they take view of all sized cocks, barges, and fisherboats hovering on the coast. Again, contracting your sight to a narrower scope, it lighteth on the fair and commodious haven, where the tide daily presenteth his double service of flowing and ebbing, to carry and re-carry whatsoever the inhabitants shall be pleased to charge him withal, and his creeks (like a young wanton lover) fold about the land with many embracing arms. The walk is guarded upon the one side by Portruan, on the other by Bodyneck, two fishing villages; behind, the rising hill beareth off the cold northern blasts; before, the town of Foy subjecteth his whole length and breadth to your overlooking, and directly under you, ride the home and foreign shipping; both of these in so near a distance, that without troubling the passes or borrowing stentor's voices, you may from thence, not only call to, but confer with any in the said town or shipping."

There is a charming little romance associated with this walk and the Manor of Hall to which it belongs. It is related that in 1330, a young lady, Elizabeth by name, only daughter and heir to Sir John Fitzwilliam, the Lord and Master of Hall, was dwelling quietly at the Manor House, when some gay young soldiers of sporting proclivities were driven into Fowey Harbour, through stress of weather. As was natural with young fellows thus situated, they lost no time in following their favourite pursuit, with results to one of the party, which were little foreseen. Let us follow Tonkin's acoount of this little *affaire de cœur*. "They say that Sir Reginald de Mohun coming into the harbour with a company of soldiers bound for Ireland, and landing, let fly a hawk at some game which killed it in the garden of Hall, when Sir Reginald Mohun going for his hawk, and being a very handsome personable young gentleman, qualities which his descendants retained to the last, the young lady fell in love with him, and having a great

AN OLD INN, BEFORE RESTORATION.

fortune, the match was soon made up between them by consent of their friends on both sides." Let us hope that Sir Reginald never regretted the good fortune which brought him into Fowey harbour and enabled him to kill two birds with one stone."

This Manor of Hall remained in the possession of the Lords Mohun up to the time of the Revolution, when it passed into the hands of Governor Pitt. Tonkin, who wrote in 1733, says:— "There is now but little left of the old house, which I believe was destroyed in the Civil Wars, and might incline the Lord Mohun to part with it." The old house has long disappeared, its site is occupied by a comparatively modern farm house; but the Chapel, which stands a short way off, still exists, though in a sadly dilapidated condition, being used as a barn and implement store. There is a handsome doorway, tolerably perfect, while the waggon roof of good English oak still remains intact and as sound as the day it was put up. A raised walk, with a south aspect, behind the present house, marks the site of the old garden; and here, fancy delights in picturing young and handsome Sir Reginald courting his "faire ladye" on this same plaisaunce, under the shade of spreading sycamores, or in the arbour which once adorned the end of this terrace-walk. The old bowling green may still be traced in the middle of an apple orchard.

Can we wonder, then, at the Foyens of modern times liking to shew their friends the "diversified pleasings" of the Hall Walk, with all its old time associations of love and war?

Chapter IV.

The Decline.

FOWEY had scarcely recovered from the effects of its occupation by the Parliamentary forces when it was attacked by a very different sort of foe—to wit, the Dutch Fleet, under De Ruyter. The way in which this came about, and how the Fowey gallants beat off the enemy's ships, is it not all written in the old Chronicles? The story will bear repeating, for it is probably known only to a few, and is notable, chiefly, as the last occasion on which the Foyens saw a shot fired in anger. It was a gallant fight too, and for that reason worthy of being held in remembrance. To quote from Hals—"At the mought of this harbour are two petty bulwarks, most famous for a fight they had with a Dutch man-of-war of seventy guns, doubly manned, that was sent from their main fleet of eighty sail that cruised before this haven, 16 July, 1666, then in pursuit of our Virginia fleet of eighty sail, which, escaping their cognisance, safely got some hours before them into this harbour, and on notice given of the war, sailed up the branches thereof as far as they could, and grounded themselves on the mud lands thereof. Nothwithstanding this, the Dutch vessel resolved to force the two forts aforesaid, and to take or burn our said Virginia fleet. Accordingly it happened on that day, a pretty gale of wind blowing, this ship entered the haven, and as soon as she came within cannon shot of those forts, fired her guns upon the two blockhouses with great rage and violence, and these made them a quick return of the like compliment or salutation. In fine, the fight continued for about two hours time, in which were spent some thousands of cannon shot on both side, to the great hurt of the Dutch ship, in plank, rigging, sails, and men, chiefly because the wind slacked, or turned so adverse, that she could not pass quick enough between the forts, so as to escape their bullets, but lay a long time a mark for them to shoot at, till she had opportunity of wind to

tack round, turn back and bear off at sea to their fleet, to give them an account of her unsuccessful attempt and great damage as aforesaid, to the no small credit and reputation of Foy's little castles, manned out with gunners and seamen from the ships of the Virginia fleet for that purpose, who all, by reason of the walls and entrenchments thereof, were preserved from death, notwithstanding the continual firing of the cannons of the Dutch men-of-war upon them, whereby the contiguous lands by the bullets were ploughed up, to the terror and astonishment of all beholders. After this engagement, the cargo of the whole Virginia fleet was landed at Foy, and gave opportunity to the townsmen to buy much tobacco at a very cheap rate, which instantly upon the conclusion of the peace between England, France, and Holland, was sold in this kingdom, France and Spain and Holland at a dear rate, and much enriched the townsmen thereby, as Mr. Major, one of the merchants, informed me." So that, after all, the Foyens had no reason to regret the putting in of "our Virginia fleet." "'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody any good!"

Gilbert gives a somewhat different version of this famous fight, and the discrepancy in the dates rather leads one to infer that there must have been two attacks on "Foy's little castles." After telling us that "On the 20th May, 1667, a bold but unsuccessful attempt at invasion. was made by the Dutch fleet, under Admiral De Ruyter, which was frustrated by the bravery of the Devonians and Cornishmen," he goes on to relate how, "notwithstanding all these polite proceedings and fair promises" on the part of De Ruyter, after he left Plymouth Sound, two of his men-of-war anchored off the Harbour of Fowey and endeavoured to destroy the works newly raised at the entrance, but after continuing a fire from their great guns for an hour and a half, they were compelled to retire with their sides battered in by the heavy shot from the shore, the loss of one of their masts, and several men killed and wounded, without any injury to the Cornish. After this they were seen to hover about the coast, but without making any further attempts on Devon or Cornwall.

The castle which bore the chief brunt of this attack is the one still standing on St. Catherine's Point, built in Henry VIII.'s

reign. As evidence of the ardour of the attack, it may be mentioned that up to within recent times shot of different sizes have been found amongst the rocks under the castle, besides being ploughed up in the fields at the back. Old men relate how, when boys, they remember piles of shot, which had been turned up by the plough, laying about in ditches, and around the farm buildings. Some of these have been brought together and placed in the vestry of Fowey Church for their better preservation. One can picture the excitement in old "Foye towne" while this great fight was in progress, and the rejoicings that took place when the inhabitants saw the Dutchmen turning their broad sterns to the forts, after receiving the punishment they had courted.

The fight with the Dutchmen was the last occasion on which the Foyens were afforded an opportunity of "making history." Since then, for some 200 odd years, the town may be said to have had no history worthy of being recorded. We may conclude, therefore, that her "Gallants" settled down to quiet, plodding ways, minding their own affairs, and leaving others to pursue their several vocations in peace and quietness. The wars with France, during the last, and the early part of the present century, afforded opportunities for the young bloods to emulate the deeds of their fathers, and to prove themselves worthy scions of the men who beat the "rippiers" of Rye and Winchelsea; but of their achievements, alas! there is no certain record—public spirit seems to have fled the place, and the "light of other days" to have gone out. Nevertheless, such brief entries as the following, in the Annual Register, give us an inkling of what was going on, in the "dark ages," of Fowey:—"Letters from Fowey state the arrival there of the Lord Middleton, richly laden with cocoa, indigo, coffee, quicksilver, valued at £45,000, taken by the Maria, privateer, of this port." And again: "Came in the Earl St. Vincent, 14 guns, Captain Richards, privateer, of this port, with the New Harmony of Altona, from Smyrna to Amsterdam, with cargo valued at £80,000." And so on, to the end of the chapter. It is known too that the Fowey and Polruan ship-builders turned out several smart privateers. There is also a story handed down in a local family about an ancestor who took part in an engage-

ment off the harbour mouth, when a Fowey cutter attacked a French privateer, and rammed her with such good effect that she sunk, while those of the crew that escaped drowning were sent as prisoners of war to Plymouth.

Nor were our good Foyens in any ways backward in the prosecution of the illicit trade; but that is another story! Suffice it to say here, that, if the local records are tantalisingly silent on this particular subject, official documents are sufficiently explicit to enable us to gather some idea of the activity and enterprise with which this particular industry was carried on, up to within the last fifty years. Here, for instance, is one extract from contemporary accounts, which may be taken as a sample:—"Came in the Eagle, excise cutter, Captain Ward, with a fine smuggling cutter called the Swift (formerly the Buonaparte French privateer), with 500 tubs of brandy, after a long chase within the limits of the Dodman."

But, if the Fowey folk of modern times have abandoned the more than questionable practices by which the "glory" of their town was formerly established, they have never lost their predilection for the sea. Young Fowey, male and female, takes to the water as naturally as young ducks; every lad seems to regard the sea as his natural heritage, and follows a seafaring life as a matter of course. Thus it comes about that everyone in Fowey is in some way connected with shipping, and the arrival and departure of the most insignificant coaster is of more vital interest to a considerable section of the populace than the fall of a Ministry. No stranger can be long in Fowey, indeed, without becoming alive to the aquatic proclivities of the people. Whether in the train, rattling along between Par and Fowey, waiting at the station, or strolling through the "circumbendibus" streets, the one fact, which beyond all others forces itself into notice, is the intimate connection between the people and the sea. By the sea, they may be said, in very truth, to live and move and have their being. And this is rendered all the more noticeable by the universality of the title "Captain," or plain "Cap'n," as Fowey folk call it; indeed, the word so often greets the ear here, that, in a spirit of mischief, the stranger might be tempted to speak of our

good Foyens as consisting of some 1,500 souls, mostly Cap'ns! That such a large proportion of the male populace should have risen to this position of honour and profit is very much to their credit, and certainly speaks volumes for the industry and enterprise of the present generation.

The nautical tendencies of the people crop out sometimes in queer and unexpected ways. Thus, at public entertainments, concerts, and the sundry mild forms of dissipation, which, before the demon of progress broke loose in the town, were congenial to the soul of the Foyen, the audience were wont to mark their approval by loud shouts of "An-chor," "An-chor." There was a nice homely ring in it, though whether the greeting had a deeper meaning than is at first apparent, the philologist must decide. Simple folk might interpret it into an invitation to cast anchor — in other words, to throw in their lot with the good Foyens! The idea is a pleasant one, at any rate; but this and many other agreeable traits of the people are fleeing before the besom of progress, and soon a Foyen will be hardly distinguishable from the average Briton of other parts.

To be thoroughly convinced, for once and for all, of the entire harmony existing between the Foyens and their surroundings, the natives must be seen *chez luis*—on regatta day, for instance (Lerryn regatta day, for choice)—when everything capable of conveying a human being on the surface of the water, in tolerable safety, is called into requisition, and all Fowey sets off on the first of the flood to join the throng that will shortly assemble in one of the sweetest little spots in fair England. Young men and maidens, old men and boys, all lend a hand, and you may see now how deftly a Fowey girl can handle an oar, losing little, if anything, by a comparison in this respect with the sterner sex.

An hour or two afloat, during the summer months, is, in fact, quite part and parcel of the every day life of the Fowey people; and, no doubt, it is this fondness for the oar that accounts for the fine development of the Fowey maidens. One can only express the sincere hope that this healthy taste may always be cultivated and encouraged; and, in this respect, one cannot but

be struck with the advantages which the young women of our coast towns, such as Fowey, possess in their ports and rivers, with their opportunities of healthful recreation as compared with their less fortunate sisters of the inland towns. And when, to the accomplishment of rowing be added a good voice and a love of song, it requires no great stretch of imagination to picture the charm of a moonlight trip on a warm summer's eve, in pleasant company. If music hath charms to soothe, the charm is infinitely enhanced when it comes rippling across calm water on a still night, and especially when accompanied by the human voice. Such an experience is by no means uncommon in Fowey Harbour, and the recollection of it lingers pleasantly in the memory for long after.

Then, again, picture a calm, sunny morning in the haven. The ships, with their sails loosed to dry, all steeped in warm sunlight; the mists, lingering over Pont Pill, or being drawn up by the sun's rays from off Polruan, like a veil; the wake of a boat cuts across the dark water with a line of molten silver, each splash of the oar striking like a glint of fire, and a fishing-boat, with its red-brown sail all aglow with colour, drops with the last of the ebb past the old castle and disappears round St. Catherine's Point; while from one of the ships comes the cheery singing of the crew, as they shorten in cable and prepare for a start. These anchor-songs, or "chanties," with their rattling chorus, have a most exhilarating effect, especially if sung with feeling and spirit, and this effect is greatly heightened when, as in Fowey Harbour, the opposite hills echo back the voices.

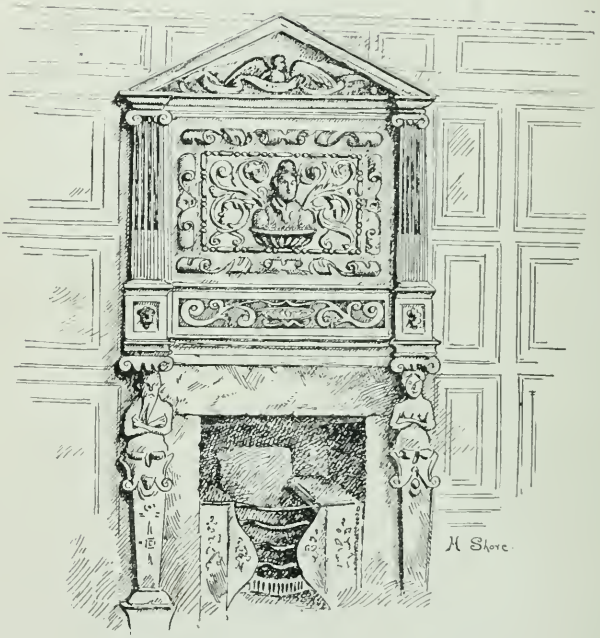
The mention of echoes recalls to mind a humorous episode of days gone by. One calm summer's night at Fowey, long after all respectable folk had retired to roost, the quiet of the harbour was suddenly broken in upon by a voice from the landing, hailing a vessel in mid stream "Mary Jane, ahoy!" but as no response came back, the hail was repeated. Still no reply from the Mary Jane. The hail was repeated, again and again, and in the crescendo scale, with the same lack of result. Not a breath rippled the glass-like surface of the water, and the night being singularly still the shout came back, thrice repeated, each time, by

the echo, with all the distinctness of the original. The effect was ludicrous in the extreme: it seemed, indeed, as if some Polruan wag across the water was chaffing the poor fellow left thus forlorn on the landing. Like the owls on Winander's shore, the echoes would shout:—

> "Across the watery vale, and shout again,
> Responsive to his calls,—with quivering peals,
> And long halloos, and screams, and echoes loud
> Redoubled and redoubled: concourse wild
> Of mirth and jocund din!"

For one long hour did the poor fellow continue his appeals to his faithless Mary Jane, with varying intonation, from a moan of despair to shrieks of frenzied rage that were absolutely comical. And no Mary Jane condescended to answer after all!

So far, we have noticed only the pleasing aspects of the aquatic proclivities of the people. There is a dark side to the medal. Who shall speak of the agonies of mind suffered by wives, sisters, and mothers, when the equinoctial gales are shrieking through the streets of Fowey, and storm-tossed craft are running in to seek the friendly shelter of the haven? Anxious eyes are straining through the driving scud to catch a sight of the well-known vessel, and hearts are wracked with anguish, of which the world wots not: for "reported missing" is an old, old, and ever renewed story in this little Cornish haven, and few there be here who have not tasted of the bitterness which these words bring to the loving heart which has nothing left for it now but to bide patiently the time when the sea shall give up its dead, and fond hearts shall be joined once more.



THE PANELLED ROOM, SHIP HOTEL.

Chapter V.

Recent Times.

A CURIOUS feature of Fowey, and closely connected with the habits of the populace, is the "water-port," with which almost every house on the harbour face is provided, and which bespeaks the amphibious character of their owners. A great part of Fowey has, in fact, been built on ground, stolen, as it were, from the harbour, and, raised even now, but a little way above ordinary high-water mark: thus, it comes to pass that once, or perhaps twice every year, the strange spectacle is presented of Market Square and a great part of Fore Street converted, for the nonce, into a lake, when the sea, in a spirit of playfulness, foreign to its accustomed mood, meanders in and out of shops and private dwellings, to the detriment of cellars and underground stores.

The water-ports are sometimes turned to curious uses. Thus, at the top of Fore Street stands an interesting relic of former days, in the shape of a mansion which can be traced back for at least a couple of hundred years. It has a beautiful porch, the delight of artists, is clothed in creepers, and has three windows looking askance at you from a roof fairly bowed down with its weight of years. In the dining room, with its panelled walls, there once stood a handsome mantlepiece,—and thereby hangs a tale. The absence of this ornamental appendage is thus accounted for:—A former tenant, a Frenchman, finding, after a brief sojourn there, that business engagements, of a pressing nature, required his presence elsewhere, vanished from the scene, took French leave, it is presumed, accompanied by the mantlepiece shipped off, so it is said, through the "water-port." The Frenchman and the mantlepiece were never afterwards heard of!

The street alignment of Fowey, if, indeed, the term "alignment" can be applied to the hole-and-corner arrangement of the

place, is suggestive of a time when wheeled vehicles were unknown, and pack-horses were the principal "conveyancers." Hence, the navigation of the chief thoroughfares taxes, not only the patience and skill of drivers, but the agility of pedestrians, who must, perforce, make a bolt into doorways or passages, to avoid annihilation, when anything of the nature of a "trap" is sighted; from which it may be gathered that pavements, or side-paths, would be useless and inconvenient excrescences, at the present time. Very suggestive, too, of the old-world character of the place is the fact that before the advent of the bustling little railway, from Par, the main thoroughfare of the town was blocked at each end, to anything bigger than a donkey-cart, by a kind of archway or transverse room, over the street, a relic, it is said, of a time when a watchman held office here, and took stock, and toll, of everything that passed in, or out. May not this provision have also afforded convenient "bolt-holes" for gentlemen who were "wanted" in connection with the particular branch of trade which, in former days, engrossed so much of their time and attention, hereabouts?

The advent of the railway was the signal for an outburst of local enterprise that proved fatal to many an interesting link with the past, and presently took shape in the erection of a real Hotel "first-class," replete, too, with every modern convenience. But the climax of this spirit of unrest and innovation, let loose by the railway invasion, was the Hotel Bus, which must needs rattle backwards and forwards to the station, in a noisy, self-assertive way that threatened to carry desolation and mourning into many a Fowey home. And thus, was the death-knell sounded of another link with the past, for, to make way for the intrusive Bus, the arch-ways at each end of the street, quaint memorials of byegone days, were taken down, and every trace of their existence removed.

But it would require a chapter, or two, to render adequate justice to the alterations and "improvements" that Fowey has witnessed during the last thirty or forty years, and by which many interesting associations have been swept ruthlessly aside and the susceptibilities of all true lovers of the picturesque wantonly offended. The old King of Prussia, for instance, immortalised

by Mrs. Parr in her romance of Adam and Eve and once a favourite subject for artists, has been smartened up beyond recognition, and many another house has shared the same fate.

The reader may possibly wonder what benefits the King of Prussia conferred on the Fowey folk, that they should have bestowed his title on an Inn. The King of Prussia, thus immortalised, may possibly have been a certain noted smuggler of Mounts Bay, William Carter, by name, who there built himself a stronghold and defied the King's cutters for a time. Prussia cove was where he hailed from, and he was ever after known by the title of the King of Prussia. This, I say, is a possible explanation of the name, and if the correct one furnishes another link with a forgotten past.

Local customs and peculiarities are rapidly disappearing before the progressive broom which was introduced with the railway, but there is one "religious observance" which dies hard owing to the hold it has obtained on the rising generation of Foyens:—the May Day celebration, to wit. The ceremonial observed on this occasion, may thus be described. During the few weeks immediately preceding the festive day, young Fowey industriously and surreptitiously collects all the old tin pots from the dust heaps, and other sources well-known to the experienced in these matters. These are secreted out of reach of the local guardian of the peace, whose devotional instincts are not to be implicitly trusted, and, on the eve of the 1st, are brought together and deftly tied to each other, forming a huge bunch of sound-emitting instruments. When light begins to dawn in the eastern sky, young Fowey emerges from its respective lairs, assembles around the tin trophy, and then, all "tailing on," they drag it in triumph through the principal streets of the town, to an accompaniment of shouts and yells. If the representative of law and order has not broken in on the procession, the tinkling cymbal is dragged to the outskirts of the town, where the "religious rites" are consummated,—supposing the needful sinews of war to be forthcoming, by the purchase of Cornish Cream, which is eaten under the shelter of a hedge. "This," says our local antiquary, "is nothing more than a relic of the worship of

Apollo, as carried on even now, in Andrieux, in the province of Hautes Alpes, France."

It was the remark of a profound observer of human nature, that the religious belief of a people, however corrupt or degraded, should never be destroyed without putting something better into its place. This excellent precept is but little heeded by the rude innovators of the nineteenth century, and there is reason to fear that when the May-Day celebration is finally suppressed there will be nothing left, of equal attraction, in the opinion of its devotees, to take its place.

Another old belief, which has fled before the demon aforesaid, was in the superlative attractions of "Par Stack," and Luxullyan Viaduct. In the "good old days," for a visitor to these parts not to have heard of those local "gigantic gooseberries," was to argue himself unknown, and to fall many degrees in the estimation of the town's folk. "When I first came to these parts," said a friend speaking of old Fowey days, "I had to admit, as many had done before me, the deficiencies of my early education, and I at once prepared, in a becoming spirit of humility, to remedy this defect, by making acquaintance with these vast monuments of provincial enterprise; I went, I saw, but I cannot honestly say I admired. The step from the sublime, in fancy, to the commonplace in reality was indeed a brief one."

Let it here be recorded, for the benefit of the inexperienced, that the Par Stack is only a tall chimney attached to a smelting works, while the mighty Luxullyan Viaduct, which an ecstatic compiler of a "Handbook to Cornwall" refers to, as "thrown across the valley with astonishing audacity," is nothing but an ordinary viaduct, as viaducts go now-a-days.

Of the varied charms of this little haven and river, with its ramifying creeks and "pills," it is difficult for an admirer to speak without seeming exaggeration. What pen, indeed, can adequately paint the ever-changing beauties of their wooded banks, or touch in their varying tints, in spring and autumn, or describe the unique charms of the St. Winnow shore, or the "voluptuous loveliness" of the Saw-mill creek, the romantic attractions of Pont Pill, or the weird associations of Penpool. On one side, Gollant smiles on

OLD HOUSE IN FORE STREET.

you from a setting of fruit blossom; while, on the other, Cliffe peeps out of its daffodil beds, where it has slept peacefully on these three hundred years past; and, further on, Lerryn hides its sylvan charms up a tidal creek, as if shunning the too pressing importunities of its admirers, where the trees along the water's edge bathe their feet and dip their arms in the intermittent stream, and nature seems all repose.

And then, twice in the twenty-four hours, the salt water runs back again to old ocean, as if, in very shame at its rude intrusion into scenes of such peaceful and pastoral beauty, leaving great ugly scars of mud and rock, out of sheer wantonness, or, perhaps, by way of reminding us of the important part that water plays in the scheme of nature's landscape compositions. But there, the sea was always a fickle friend, and a vengeful foe, with as many moods as an April day!

Nor is this fair tract of country,—apart from its unique historical associations, lacking in interests to satisfy the most diversified and exacting tastes,—artistic, aquatic, or merely nomadic. The man would, indeed, be hard to please who failed to discover any source of pleasure in the manifold attractions of this most fascinating of neighbourhoods, where sea, river, and land blend into one harmonious whole, and where a luxuriant vegetation will be found toying with the Atlantic waves; while a tangle of sea-water creeks wander far inland, amidst green pastures, shady woods, and blossoming orchards, till lost finally amongst the pebbles of some purling brook.

But to see Fowey at its best, you must choose a fine day in early spring, when the gardens are overflowing with the delicate white Alyssum—"Snow on the Mountain," as it is most appropriately styled here in Fowey—and the walls, and even roofs, are one blazing glory of pink Valerien—"Pride of Fowey," as they call this most sociable of British weeds. Away out, towards the harbour mouth, the cliffs are purple with the wild hyacinth, flecked here and there with masses of the white ox-eyed daisy; while down by the water's edge, the storm-beaten rocks seem to have been converted for the nonce into the loveliest of spring gardens, every nook and corner glowing rose colour with the delicate

Thrift, or sea-pink, contrasted by the white of the bell-shaped Bladder Campion and the grey-green Samphire. The air, too, is laden with the peach-like scent of gorse, wafted across the valley from that cloth of gold spread on the hill side yonder to the west. The sea, too, has a translucence all its own here, and if its peacock hues of green and blue are not so startlingly vivid as on the north shore, the extent, and variety of view, and the graceful contour of the coast line, make ample amends for any deficiencies in this respect. Certainly Fowey has its charms, and little as the quaintness and quiet of the place may commend it to the "Cockney tourist and intrusive prig," with his notions of "life" and "smartness," there are few spots in the West Countrie where a more enjoyable holiday can be spent, or that offer so many attractions to the artist, the antiquary, or the archæologist—to say nothing of the fisherman and the boating man.

(Note.—It may be as well to state that since the foregoing was written many old and familiar features of the place have been "improved" beyond recognition. Consequently, those who knew Fowey in its quieter and more homely days, and now revisit it, will be tempted to exclaim, in the words of the poet :—

"It is not now as it hath been of yore ;
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more!")

Note 1.—See "A Short History of the Town and Borough of Fowey," by E. W. Rashleigh, Esq.

Note 2.—For an account of this most ancient and interesting edifice, see "St. Fimbarrus Church: Its Founders and their History," by Henry M. Drake, M.A.

Note 3.—The old English word for basket was "rip," hence the men who were employed in hawking the fish about came to be called "rippiers." ("Ancient Rye"—a lecture by Rev. A. T. Saville.)

Note 4.—*Fowey*.—The derivation of this word seems to be wrapped in a good deal of mystery. Halse says—"The name Fowy is a contraction of Foys-wye, *i.e.*, Walls Holy River. Fois is derived from Foys-Fenton, Walled Well, or Spring, near Alternunne, the fountain from whence the river Fowye fetcheth its original. . ." Tonkin says—"That the town of Fowey took its name from the river, I make no doubt of. Leland calls it in Cornish, Fowathe; Carew and Camden, Foath; which may probably signify, upon the river Fowey, as composed of Fowy-arth." In an old Customs book, of 1713, the name is spelt Fowye; while, in a book of earlier date (1681), we find it written "ffowy." To come to recent times, if the name was rendered phonetically, it would be spelt Foy; though, curiously enough, when asking for a ticket at Paddington, it is necessary to pronounce the word as it is now spelt.

Note 5.—During the "restoration" of the Ship Inn, in 1891, a curious relic, in the shape of a large swing signboard, was discovered in an attic, where it had probably lain for 100 years or more. One side of it showed an English sloop engaged with a French frigate, while on the other was depicted a full-rigged East Indiaman. The paintings were evidently the work of a good artist, and it is thought they may have been done by Opie, at a time when he lived about in public-houses, and squared accounts by painting signboards. This interesting relic having come into the possession of W. Gundry, Esq., of Torfrey, he placed it in the hands of a good artist for restoration, and had the board split in half, so that the two pictures might be framed and hung. They each measure about 5½ft. by 4½ft.

"All ages of a nation are leaves of the self-same book."—*Renan.*

PART II.

A

WAR DIARIST OF THE 17TH CENTURY.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF

King Charles' personally conducted Campaign in Cornwall,

WITH MANY CURIOUS AND INTERESTING PARTICULARS OF

The Fighting around Lostwithiel and Fowey,

AND

The Surrender of Essex's Army at Castledore.

CONTENTS.

ERRATA.

Page 32, line 7, for *narative* read *narrative*.

LOOKING OVER LANTIC BAY.

A WAR DIARIST OF THE 17th CENTURY.

Chapter I.

Introductory.

IT would be interesting to know how many, if any, of the tourists who flock into "far Cornwall," year after year, ever give a passing thought to the historical associations of the scenes through which they pass. Not a large number, probably, and yet, it was here, on the very neck of the promontory formed by the Fowey river and Par Bay, with the old-world town of Fowey at the apex, there was enacted one of the most tragic episodes in the grim drama of the Great Civil War. It was on the very ground that the line passes over between Lostwithiel and Par, that King Charles won his last victory over the Parliamentary forces, before the tide turned finally, and overwhelmingly against him, the closing scene, the surrender of Essex's army, taking place on the high ground to the southward. Two hundred and fifty years, with all their changes, have rolled by since that September day, in the year 1644, and yet the story has lost none of its pathos. It is one, indeed, that, from the very magnitude of the interests involved, must ever appeal forcibly to all who have English blood in their veins, nay, must possess a profound interest to every member of the great English-speaking race. For the quarrel between Charles and the Parliament about the Ship Money, and other matters, was fraught with consequences to the Western World which the combatants little foresaw, and from whatever standpoint we view the fratricidal struggle a pathetic interest attaches to the particular

phase of it with which this corner of England is associated, that the most prosaic mind can hardly be indifferent to. Even now, after the lapse of centuries, one occasionally chances on individuals, sane enough in ordinary matters of business, who, at the mere mention of the quarrel lose all mental balance, and wax fiercely eloquent about the perfidy of the King, or the encroachments of the Parliament, according to the side they champion. This is a fine spirit, of course, even, if one cannot altogether share the feelings of such fiery disputants, and though it is difficult even now to read the story of the war without being carried away, and wishing success to one side or the other, it ought, nevertheless, to be possible to discuss the matter dispassionately, and with due regard to the fact, that, neither side enjoyed a monopoly of virtue.

The most common attitude of mind towards the past, however, is one of sheer indifference, from which it is difficult to rouse people. Perhaps this is due to deficiencies of early education. It may be that if the School Histories from which we gathered our youthful ideas of the past had been compiled in the lively and graphic style of the modern "war correspondent," we should have taken a deeper interest in our studies, and have looked on the scenes of great historical events with livelier feelings. It certainly does seem as if the compilers of School Histories sometimes went out of their way to invent a special language for the purpose of disguising their meaning. Armies never have a good square fight: they "meet," or "encounter," or "engage," and then "retire after suffering severe losses," though what they lose is not always explained—it may be their money, or their clothes? What, for instance, does the sentence, "the war was now prosecuted with great vigour," convey to the intelligence of the average school-boy? His thoughts revert to the board he saw stuck up in a wood, the last time he went nutting, "trespassers will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law." Or again, to say that "in the West of England, where King Charles conducted his army in person, the campaign proved more favourable to him," conveys little idea of fighting; it is more suggestive to the youthful mind of the King leading his soldiers

by the hand, or of some elderly verger "conducting a party" round a cathedral! The most enthusiastic admirer of this department of literature can hardly maintain that school history-books are exactly redolent of cannon smoke, or of garments rolled in blood, and, until the compilers condescend to use the language of every-day-life, our British youth can hardly be expected to take a deep interest in the struggles of their fore-fathers, or even to read the "romances called history," without experiencing a feeling of boredom.

And, even supposing the desire to conjure up the past is really latent in the mind, one's endeavours are too often hampered by the changes which time and the hand of man have wrought on the face of nature. Happily, however, there are still a few corners of the land which have escaped from the devastating effects of man's "civilizing mission," where the lover of the past and the student of nature may wander undisturbed through sweet meadows, and by the side of murmuring brooks, without having his pleasant dreams broken in upon by the prosaic "hullo there!" of the owner of a cabbage-plot, or infuriated proprietor of a suburban villa. Such a locality is that around Fowey and Lostwithiel, where nature's fair garb has perhaps suffered less mutilation from the causes above-named than most inhabited portions of our island. Here the pedestrian may wander as he listeth, over hill and dale, following the promptings of his own sweet will, and study a corner of England rendered classic, for all time, by reason of its association with one of the most stirring periods of our history. And, certainly few excursions are likely to prove more thoroughly enjoyable or profitable than a quiet ramble over the scenes whereon were fought out the closing episodes in King Charles' "personally conducted" campaign in "far Cornwall." So little has the country changed, while so graphic is the account that has been preserved, that one may follow the movements of the Royal and Parliamentary troops over every foot of the ground, from the moment when Essex, in the words of the historian Green, "by a fatal mistake plunged into Cornwall, where the country was hostile," till the shattered remnant of his army surrendered as prisoners of war, to the King, at Castle Dore.

For a singularly interesting narrative of the campaign we are indebted to an officer of the Royal army, Richard Symonds by name, an Essex gentleman, who kept a diary of events, from day to day. The entries herein are so ample and precise that we may trust to them as implicitly as to a modern guide book; and that the compiler was not only an observant officer, but a gentleman of culture is evident from his narrative. He had, moreover, a taste for topography and genealogy, and this taste, notwithstanding the arduous duties of his calling, he found the means of gratifying. With this officer for our guide there will be no difficulty in following the incidents of the war, hereabouts; while for a vivid and realistic picture of the times it would be difficult to match the simple, straightforward narrative of this Royalist officer.

A few explanatory remarks touching the positions of the contending forces at the time the story begins, will make things clear to the reader. Be it understood, then, that the Parliamentary forces under the Earl of Essex having committed the primary error of "plunging into Cornwall," where the populace was hostile to the cause, they found it necessary to retreat on Lostwithiel, to be near their new base of supplies at Par, closely followed by the Royalists, under the personal command of the King, who on August 2, 1644, took up his quarters at Boconnoc, Lord Mohun's seat, about five miles to the eastward of "Lestithiel," as it was then called, the foot being drawn into the enclosures between Boconnoc and the heath, "all the fences to the grounds of that county," as the historian Clarendon justly observes, "being very good breastworks against the enemy," the horse being mostly quartered between Liskeard and the coast. In this position the armies lay within sight of each other for three or four days: Essex in hopes of a relieving force coming up in the rear of the King, while Charles, acting on the advice of a council of war, had decided to await the arrival of Sir Richard Grenville, with reinforcements of foot and horse, before attacking the rebels.

This piece of "masterly inactivity" on the King's part had unfortunate results, for "that inconvenient spirit that had possessed so many of the Horse officers," appeared again. It seems that these malcontents had been persuaded by certain "officers of

quality," who had been taken prisoners from Essex's army, that their Chief was only kept from coming to terms through fear that "when the King had got him into his hands, he would take revenge upon him." And so, these "Politick Contrivers," thinking that an arrangement might be come to, and further fighting prevented, concocted a letter to Essex, and actually prevailed on the King, contrary to his convictions, he being fully persuaded in his own mind that it would have no better result than his own letter to the rebels, sent a few days before, to allow it to be despatched. One does'nt need to read very carefully between the lines, here, to see that the discipline of the Royal army was not altogether such as a well-regulated army ought to have displayed: but of that anon. Next day came my Lord Essex's reply, "My Lords, in the beginning of your letter you express by what authority you send it. I, having no authority from the Parliament who have employed me, to treat, cannot give way to it without breach of trust. My Lords, I am your humble servant, Essex." Brief and to the point, there was nothing left now but to fight it out!

Meanwhile, Sir Richard Grenville advancing from Truro took possession of Lanhydrock, Lord Robartes' seat, a few miles north of Lostwithiel, as well as Resprin Bridge, thus opening up communication with the King's army.

On the 13th the Royalists still further improved their position by the seizure of the pass of St. Veep and the ford across the river Fowey at Cliffe, as well as View Hall, belonging to Lord Mohun "over against Foy," where was a small fort (Pernon), on a point near by, commanding the town and harbour of Fowey, "both which places were found so tenable" says Clarendon, that "Capt. Page was put into one, and Capt. Garraway into the other with two hundred commanded men, and two or three pieces of ordnance, which these two Captains made good and defended so well, that they made Foy utterly useless to Essex, save for the quartering his men; nor suffering any provisions to be brought into him from the sea that way." Essex's oversight in allowing these important positions to be seized by the Royalists without a struggle cost him the greater part of his army. "It was exceedingly wondered at by all men," says Clarendon, "that he being so long

possessed of Foy, did not put strong guards into those places."

By these operations the rebels were effectually boxed up in the Foy peninsula, their only possible bolt-hole being commanded by the Royalist guns.

Chapter II.

The Rebels are Driven into Lostwithiel.

"NOW the King had leisure to sit still, and warily to expect what invention or stratagem the Earl would make use of." Just as Wellington sat still, in after times, and watched Massena from the lines of Torres Vedras.

Essex deemed a waiting game to be his best chance, while Charles, conscious that he had got his opponent into a trap, was willing to allow matters to drift on. In this situation the two armies lay facing each other for eight or ten days without any occurrence of note taking place. And at this juncture of affairs let us take up the thread of Richard Symonds' narrative :— "Satterday, 17 August, His Majestie, attended with his owne troope, Queen's troope, commanded by Capt. Brett, and sixty commanded troopers went to Cliffe, in S. Veep, where Colonel Lloyd, the Quartermaster General's regiment lyes to keep the passe. The enemy keepes the passe on the other side at the parish of Glant (S. Sampson's). From thence his Majestie went to Lanteglos to the Manor House belonging to the Lord Mohun, just over against Foye, where his Royall person ventred to goe into a walke there which is within halfe musket shott from Foye," and where the circumstances already narrated took place. "A little below are some of our great pieces that command the towne of Foye, and beyond that a fort of ours that commands the entrance into the mouth of Foye haven, in the parish of Lanteglos. This house, walke, &c., being gotten by the vigilant care of Sir Jacob Astley, Major Generall of his Majestie's army, three or four days before. At night his Majestie, &c., returned to their quarters."

We can easily picture the sensation which the sight of the Royal cavalcade, plunging through the narrow lanes that intersected this part of the county, would cause amongst the quiet country folk, and how their loyalty would be stirred to its depths. The little

hamlet of St. Veep, with its quaint old church still stands, as peacefully, and almost as far removed from the world's bustle as it did on this August day of the year 1664 with the "passe of Cliffe" below, but little altered in its outward aspect.

The Lord Mohun's Manor House "over against Foye" has disappeared, but the "walke, within halfe muskett shot of Foye," may be visited and the view admired under pleasanter circumstances than were vouchsafed to his Majestie. The visitor may even identify the spot where stood "our great pieces that commanded the towne of Foye," while at the end of the walk, on a promontory jutting out into the harbour, some traces may even be detected of the "fort of ours that commanded the entrance into Foye haven." At the same time it is easy to understand how a few guns on the Foye side of the river might make the walke unpleasantly hot for those who "ventred" in.

As to the "fort of ours," commanding Foye haven, it proved a veritable thorn in the side of the Parliamentary Generals, who, when too late, discovered their mistake in not previously seizing the position. In a Parliamentary "diurnal" of the time, we read that "The enemy daily encroacheth upon our quarters, the loss of Fowey harbour being to our infinite disadvantage, no ship being able to ride out of the command of their guns. The Lord High Admiral made a gallant attempt on Monday, 26th of August, to have cleared that side of the enemy, whereby his ships might harbour as at first, but extremity of weather would not suffer him to land any men, so that he is now returned safe into the sound."

To continue the diary:—

"Sunday, 10 August.—Some of the rebell horse came within the Lord Mohun's Parke, but their boldnes was presently forced to fly.

"Tuesday.—Proclamation that all stragling foot presently repair to their colonels, upon payne of death."

The commisariat of those days was in its infancy, and if the soldiers would keep their bellies stocked they had to forage around on their own account.

This proclamation was owing to the King's determination to bring matters to a head at once, as reports had reached him of a

THE FERRY LANDING, AS IT WAS.

Parliamentary relieving force, marching westward. He therefore decided, in Clarendon's words, "either to force Essex to fight or to be uneasy, even in his quarters."

"Wednesday, 21 August.—The King's troope and Queen's troope marched in the night from Liskeard to the leaguers at Boconnock. About five in the morning, being very misty, the King's army and Prince Maurice's was drawn out (Clarendon tells us that the army "under Prince Maurice was looked upon as distinct, and always so quartered"), and about seven they marched on to the top of the high hill* that looks into Listithiel. The body of foot and cannon lay all this day on this and the adjoining hill, being on each side flanked with horse and a reserve of horse, consisting of the Earl of Cleveland's Brigade behind the foot. A commanded party of 1,000 foot, led by Coll ——, of Prince Maurice's army, gott on a hill this side of the river neare the towne, where at bottom was a passe. The small cottages which were on this hill next the towne were all this forenoon a burning. Our foot and their's pelting one at another all day; small harme done to our's. The enemy shott a great many pieces of cannon at them, and at the left wing of our horse, little or no hurt. Thus stood both armyes all this day on this side. But Sir Richard Grenville, with 700 men, on the other side, pelted the rogues from their hedges between the Lord Roberts, his house, and Listithiel, and near Trinity (Restormel) Castle (in Lanlivery), which castle was this morning surprised by Sir Richard Grenville's men, and some thirty of the rebells taken, and divers barrels of beefe. This day Major Smythe, that commanded a party of horse neare this castle, who did most gallantly, was shott with a musket bullet; yet living. At night, Sir Richard Grenville's men retired. Towards night the body of the King's foot gott into the close on the hills of the left and right side of the playne that goes down to Listithiel, and in the night planted many pieces of our cannon. That hill on the left hand neere the Chappel of St. Necton's in the parish of St. Twynoe (St. Winnow) was commanded by a party of about 1,000, led by Colonel Apleyard. The hill opposite was kept by Prince Maurice his army."

* See Note 1.

Evidently there was a mutual disinclination to come to close quarters. The chiefs being well aware of the indifferent materials of which their respective armies were composed, would hesitate at risking all on the issue of a pitched battle.

"Thursday, Aug. 22.—This day we mainteyned in all parts what we had gott in the night, many of the enemy's great shott of 9lbs. being shot at our men. One of our cannon shott luckily hit a party of the enemy's horse, and killed two horse, and one horse leg shott off at once. Most part of this day the King's and Queen's troope faced the enemy on the top of the playne doing duty. This night upon the top of the highest hill and in the middle between our hedges and the enemyes hedges our men made a work twenty yards square, notwithstanding the enemyes shott.

"Friday, 23.—The work on the top of the hill aforesaid next the said chappel seemed in the misty morning to the enemy to be a body of horse, as some of their centryes were heard to say. They shott a piece of 9lb. many times at this worke, killed one and hurt another, that was all the hurt was done to us this day at the work. On Sir Richard Grenville's side Colonel Champernown of Devon, colonel to the Prince Maurice, leading up his foote neere Trinity Castle, was shott in the neck: his own men tooke off his sword and cloake and left his body, which the enemy took. Since by a drummer, we hear that his wound is not mortall. This half of the day fine, four in the morning till twelve. The King's troope and Queen's, with Prince Maurice, faced on the plaine the day before. All the afternoon a commanded party of both troopes wayted on the King there till night. Then we returned to our quarters in the field as the two nights before; mornings and evenings being very mysty; through the night starlight.

"Satterday, 24 August.—Being the day of St. Bartholomew, the forenoon was spent in great shot from them to our battery. No harme; we got many of their bullets. About xii. of the clock, his Majestie went down to court to dinner; his troope and the Queen's troope drew off them too, having been there ever since the day began. In the afternoon, about three of the clock, the King went upon the hill, and divers came and told him the enemy

was gone towards Foye, for indeed none, or very few of them, could be seene; about two of their cannon played some time, and some muskets. Almost all that were there, besides the King and Prince Maurice, were of opinion they were gone.

"Sunday, 25 August.—His Majestie went into the field upon the hill at three in the morning attended as before, the morning being very wett and windy; presently sends word to the Prince his army to know if they were marching, and to tell them he was here and ready, and that he conceived it a fit morning to doe the business, likewise he sent the like to Sir Jacob Astley to tell his owne army so. Preparations on all parts of the King's side; his horse are come into the field, half of them gone over to Sir Richard Grenville's side. An hourly expectacion of our readiness to fall on: Prince Maurice about twelve of the clock comes armed, and tells the King he was ready, and asked the King if he were so: ymediately their resolution altered, and our troopes were sent to Liskard. Long before this 'twas evident enough that the enemy was not only hid from the danger of our battery, but was *toute preparé* to receive us. 'Twas appointed for the Westerne army to fall on first."

Chapter III.

Sir W. Balfour and the Cavalry break out.

MONDAY.—This day 2,000 horse and 1,000 foot of the King's went to Westward behind the enemy to stopp the landing of provisions by sea, and to hinder their foraging Westward by land. Also this day came to us 100 barrels of powder, &c., from Pendennis Castle and much from Dartmouth.

The question of supplies was, at this particular time, a pressing one, as will be seen from the following letter, written by a distinguished Royalist :—

Lostwithiel, Saturday, Sunset, 1644.

Deare Wiffe,—This messenger will tell you how affayres goe here and in these lande parties. Here is infinite want of match. For God's sake send to Mr. Lone as soon as this comes to yr. hands, and cause him with all speede to press horses and bring away six hundredweight of match from the Mount to this army, first to Lostwithiel and thence to the army, which I hope in Jesus Christ will so bless us as we shall be free and merry and joyfull again in Cornwall. . . My Lord Mohun has lent me £100. I trust my friend Rolle will doe at least the like ffriendship, and I am sure you will procure what possibly you can, if it be but six-pence. My love is just and full to you still. Pray let Jacke write to me truly what match he has in all ; and I conjure you both to get as much as possible to be made with all possible haste, and at what cost so ever. Send to Fubbs for all his oakum. I write in as much haste as ever in my life. I love you and Jane, and John, and Bess. God give me good news of you all and of poore Punch.

Dear hart, love still your own harty part.—F. Bassett.

I thank Christ I am very gracious with King and Prince—I hope wh. all. To Mrs. Bassett, my deare wiffe, at her Tehidy.

It may not be out of place at this particular juncture, while

the Royal army is foraging for "match" and powder, to make the reader acquainted with the artillery for which the items in question were needed.

As far as one can gather, a gun was something in the nature of a "white elephant" that required to be treated gingerly, if it was to last through a campaign; it had a knack of getting hot and bursting; "One may fire ten shots an hour if the pieces be well-fortified and strong; but if they be but ordinary pieces, then eight is enough;" so say some regulations of the Civil War days. What would have been thought of a Maxim gun? Not even Cromwell and his ironsides would have faced that! To continue, "After forty shots you must refresh and cool the piece, and let her rest an hour, for fear lest eighty shots should break the piece, not being able to endure the force and heat." How far off all this sounds now! As regards the position of artillery in action, the guns were usually posted between battalions of infantry, as was the case at Naseby. If possible, an eminence was chosen, "because the shot come with a deal more power down hill than up hill; and as one shot from a hill-side may go through two or three ranks when that which is shot upward cannot pass through one." It was sometimes objected to this that the shot were liable to roll out of the muzzle, to which another writer retorts that in such a case "they are simple men that charge (load) them."

A gun's crew consisted of but three men—the gunner, his mate, and "an odd man, to serve them both, and help them charge, discharge, mount, wad, cleanse, scour, and cool the piece being overheated," besides covering up the powder barrel after loading, to prevent an explosion. There was even a system of drill, approved doubtless by the Commander-in-Chief, consisting of thirteen words of command, commencing with the very necessary caution that a gunner should go to work "artist-like" to charge his piece, carefully avoiding the spilling of powder, "for it is a thing uncomely in a gunner to trample powder under his feet," and winding up with this solemn appeal to his vanity and self-respect:—"Let the gunner endeavour to set forth himself with as comely a posture and grace as he can possibly; for the agility and comely carriage of a man in handling his ladle and sponge and

loading his piece, is such an outward-action as doth give great content to the standers-by." It was fitting that the nursery maids' feelings should be considered in the exhortation!

The movement to the Westward, "behind the enemy" above mentioned, was fraught with disastrous consequences to Essex—the loss of St. Blazey and Par, where his supplies were landed. The Parliament's forces were now completely hemmed in on the promontory, and Essex, finding himself in a "tight place," began to devise means of escape. Sir Wm. Balfour was directed to try and break through the King's lines with the cavalry, while Essex purposed embarking, together with the foot, at Fowey. But, unfortunately for the success of these plans, Fowey Harbour was commanded by the Royalist guns. The sequel will be made clear by the diary:—

"Saturday, Aug. 31.—The night before the King had notice (being at Boconnock, his troops at Laureath) that the enemy was marching away. General notice was given thereof at one of the clock in the night. His troop and the Queen's came to Boconnock, whither came news that the enemyes horse were then upon the downe, and coming up betweene the hills where our whole army's leaguer was, but most of our foote were straggling 3 parts by 4."

To enable the reader to understand what had taken place, a few words of explanation may be necessary. It will be remembered that the pass on the East side of the Fowey river at Cliffe was in the hands of the Royalists, while "the enemye kept the passe on the other side at Glant," or Golant, as the village is now called. The importance of these positions will be evident when it is stated that they commanded the lowest point at which the river was fordable, and therefore the only spot where it was now possible for the Parliamentary cavalry to break out.

On Aug. 31, according to Clarendon, two foot soldiers, one of whom was a Frenchman, deserted to the Royalists, and assured the King "that it was intended that night, to break through with their horse, which were then all drawn up on that side of the river, and town of Listithiel; and that the foot were to march to Foy, where they should be embarked." This intelligence agreeing with what had already been received at headquarters, orders were at

once issued, "That both armies (the King's and Prince Maurice's) should stand to their arms all that night; and if the horse attempted an escape, fall on them from both quarters."

The width of the river here, as Clarendon truly says, is "but a musket shot over," and on the Royalist side was commanded by a small cottage well fortified and garrisoned by fifty musketeers; while orders had been given, and were now renewed, to break down the bridges, and cut down the trees near the highway to obstruct the passage of the horse.

For the rest, we cannot do better than follow Clarendon's account of the affair:—"The effect of all this Providence was not such as was reasonably to be expected. The night grew dark and misty as the enemy could wish, and about three in the morning the whole body of the horse passed with great silence between the armies, and within pistol-shot of the cottage, without so much as one musquet discharged at them. At the break of day, the horse were discovered marching over the heath, beyond the reach of the Foot, and there was only at hand the Earl of Cleveland's Brigade, the body of the King's being at a greater distance. That brigade, to which some other troops which had taken the alarm joyn'd, followed them in the rear, and killed some, and took more prisoners. But stronger parties of the enemy frequently turning upon them, and the whole body often making a stand, they were often compelled to retire; yet followed in that manner, that they killed and took about a hundred."

The King's feelings—and language on hearing of the enemy's escape must be left to the imagination of the reader. It was certainly enough to make a saint sware, let alone a Stuart, and the misfortune cost Charles dearly in his subsequent campaigns. Who was to blame? Symonds being a gentleman and a soldier, leaves the role of criticising his superiors, while on active service, to others. Clarendon, who wrote long after and was hampered by no such prejudices, is explicit enough. Here is his version of this shameful episode: "The notice and orders came to Goring," who, be it observed, commanded the King's Horse "when he was in one of his jovial exercises; which he received with mirth, and slighting those who sent them, as men who took alarms too warmly; and

he continued his delights, till all the enemy's Horse were passed through his quarters, nor did he pursue them in any time." Thus was Sir Wm. Balfour enabled to lead his 2,000 Horse right through the King's lines, and clear away into Devonshire by way of Caradon, Pillaton, and Saltash, and "even to London, with less loss or trouble than can be imagined, to the infinite reproach of the King's Army, and of all his garrisons on the way."

A Sovereign could scarcely have been worse served, and with such a broken reed as Goring to trust on, small wonder that the unhappy monarch fared so badly later on *vis-a-vis* with the stern soldiers that Cromwell brought up to oppose him. The curious thing is that no one was shot, or even brought to trial, for this grave dereliction of duty:—"Nor was any man called in question for this supine neglect," says Clarendon, "it being thought not fit to make severe inquisition into the behaviour of the rest, when it was so notoriously known how the superior officer had failed in his duty."

A LANE IN GOLANT

Chapter IV.

The Retreat on Castledore.

DIRECTLY the retreat of the enemy's Horse became known Symonds tells us that "The Earl of Cleveland, with those of his brigade, viz. : most of his colours, but not above one hundred of 400 men, faced the enemy on the hill, but did not, nay dare not, charge them, as Lieut.-Colonel Leake told us : when the King came up we saw most of their body of Horse, on the hill near Bradock upon that downe, ymediately the Earle of Cleveland's Brigade and the Queene's regiment followed them and charged their rear. The King, supposing they would go through Liskeard and Launceston, sent two messengers of our troop, Mr. Brooke and Mr. Samuel West, with a letter to Sir F. Dorington (who hath 1,000 horse in Devon) to stop their march. But the enemy went not near Liskeard this day, but went right to Saltash to ferry their horse over into Devonshire. In this interim his Majesty lost no time, but with those foot he had (which God knows were very few, most of them being stragled abroad the country for provision) and with his owne troope and the Queen's, marched towards Listithiel. On the hill next beyond the towne were bodyes of the enemyes foot with colours left in their reare to make good their retreate ; their baggage, artillery, and the rest of Essex his foot army having marched all the night towards Foye. At 7 in the morning the King's forlorne hope of foot consisting of about 1,000, entered Listithiel without much opposition, their foot still retreating.* And after that his Majestie had commanded two or three pieces of cannon to be placed in the enemye's leaguer, to command the hill where their foot reserve stood, the enemye's reserve marched away, our forlorne following them in chase from field to field in a great pace. About 8 of the clock his Majestie with the two troops passt over the river on the south side of

* See Note 2.

Listithiel, where the enemy had left a cart load of muskets, besides many more in the durt, a little higher five pieces of cannon in several places, two of them being very long ones. With this small force his Majestie chased them two myles, beating them from hedge to hedge. Being come neare that narrow neck of ground betweene Trewardreth Bay and St. Veep Pass, the rebels made a more forcible resistance; then about 11 of the clock Captain Brett led up the Queen's troope and most gallantly, in view of the King, charged their foot and beat them from the hedge, killing many of them, notwithstanding their musquets made abundance of shott at his men; he received a shott in the left arm in the first field, and one of his men, La Plume, a Frenchman killed; yet most gallantly went on and brought his men off; his cornett's horse shot with two other horses and two more wounded; he retreated to be dressed, and the King called him and took his sword, which was drawn in his hand, and knighted Sir Edward Brett on his horse's back.

"This was just 12 of the clock.

"About this time we tooke seven or eight prisoners, whereof one was a Captayne of foot who was taken by Captain Brett's men, and another took one of their cannoniers, who was pitifully drunke, having shott off his cannon but once. Now the King's foot came in apace and increased much. Shooting continued much on both sides, more on theirs, we still gayning ground. About 4 of the clock some of the rebell's horse (they having two or three troopes with them) charged our foote, but the Lord Bernard ymediately got leave of the King to draw up his troope, who were all ready, and drew up to the rogues, standing their musket shott a long time; but because their horse retreated and their foot lay so close under the hedges,* which are all cannon proof and have no avenues wider than one, or in some places two horse can approach at a time, and likewise because his Majestie sent to draw us off, wee fairly retreated; one of the Queen's troope here was killed. More of our foot coming up to relieve the rest. By this time Colonel Goring, General of his Majestie's

* See Note 3.

horse, came to the King, having not heard of the enemye's march till 10 of the clock. Now was our foote in great bodyes gote upon the high hill, just in the narrowest passage of land between Trewardreth Parish Church and the passage over the river which runs by Listithiel. Just at 6 of the clock the enemy made a very bold charge, both of cannon, muskets, and horse to gain this hill, as likewise the passe near St. Veepe, but were valliantly beaten off, and our men not only keeping both but gott some ground also; this heate lasted about an houre; at first it was so hott that the Lord Bernard drew out his Majestie's troope with the colours (for the time before we left them with the King) to charge the rebells, but General Goring mett us and told him the room was too little for horse and our troopers to charge too, and advised he would please to face a little and draw off to the King. Here was of the Queen's troope one shott in the sholder. With our troope was drawn up the Queene's, Prince Maurice his lifeguard, commanded by Arundel, and the Lord Hopton's, which was commanded by Sir Thomas Wilford of Kent; these made a brave body of about 200, all well armed.

"The King sending for us to come to him, and the enemye's vollyes abating and ceasing, wee were drawn in the next close but one where his Majestie was. And this was the chiefe of the business of this day. Now did many of the enemye's cannon give fire at our men till darke night. I saw a fellow of ours, drest as a musketeer, who was shot in the chin, the sholder, and the hand, by cannon at one shott.

"This night the King lay under the hedge, with his servants, in one field. The troopes of Life Guards lay in the next, it being very wyndy and crosse wind for Essex shipping of his men, and rayned much and great stormes. I saw eight or nine of the enemye's men dead under the hedges this day. Some shooting continued all night. (Clarendon says the King's quarters were "so near the enemy that they discharged many cannon-shot, which fell within few yards of him when he was at supper)."

"Sunday, Primo Septembris.—This morning our army was in the same place it lay in the night, and small or no shooting on either side.

"The four Life Guards, about 7 of the clock, were sent to quarters; we to Lanreth; for all the pasture in those fields was eate up very bare by the enemyes horse, whome we had, in this time of stay, almost starved.

This morning, about 7 of the clock, Generale Goring was sent with the horse to pursue the enemye's horse, who, as the King was informed, were gotten into Saltash. Sir Edward Welgrave, de com. Norfolk, colonel of horse, tooke above one hundred of the rebells' horse in the pursuit on Satterday, and told the King that if the country had brought in intelligence but an houre or two sooner, where and which way they went, he believed they might have cut off and taken all their horse, they were such cowards and so fearful that eight (said he) would make twenty cry for quarter. Essex, his life guard commanded by Colonel Edward Doyley, went away with the horse, as wee heard. He, himself, was with the foot. This Sunday the rebells, being within but a little compass of ground (being surrounded by sea on three-parts, and our army on the land), and because their rebell generals, the Earle of Essex, Robert Devereux, and their Field Marshall, the Lord Roberts, with many others of their chiefe Commanders, had left, and went by sea, as they supposed, or they knew not which way. Skippon, now left in chiefe, being Major Generall, sent propositions of treaty to his sacred Majestie, who, out of his abundant mercie, notwithstanding having them all in so great advantage, was pleased to give them leave to march away with these condicions :—

"Leaving all their cannon, which were in all 42, and one morter. All their musquetts and pikes. All their carriages, except one to a regiment. To march away with their colours, and foot officers with their swords. Those officers of horse, with swords, hat bands, and pistolls.

"A waggon full of musquet arrowes, 100 barrels of powder.

Munday, 2nd Septembris, 1644.

"His Majestie's army of foot stood on the same ground, or thereabouts, as before; the several regiments by themselves, and the colours stuck in the ground flying.

"His Majestie in the field, accompanied with all his gallant cavaliers, dispersed in several places, while, about 10 of the clock,

Major Skippon, first, or in the front, marched with all that rout of rebells after the colours of their several regiments. These regiments I took a note of, after three or four had passed :—

Colonel Lord Roberts.
Colonel Bartlett.
Colonel Aldridge, blew colours, with lions, rampant, or,
Colonel Davies, white colours, citty of London.
Colonel Conyngham, greene colours.
Colonel Whichcote, greene, citty London.
Colonel Weare, A, Govenor of Lyme.
Colonel Carr, Polins Karr xj, ensigns, or distinctions B.
These are Plymouth men ; they had more foot.
Colonel Layton, a regiment of horse B. Cornets.
All their ensigns and cornets were wound up veloped.

"It rained extremely as the varlets marched away a great part of the time. The King himself ridd about the field, and gave strict commands to his chiefe officers to see that none of the enemye were plundered, and that all his soldjiers should repair to their colours, which were in the adjoining closes. Yet, notwithstanding our officers with their swords drawne did perpetually beate off our foot, many of them lost their hatts, &c.

"Yet most of them escaped this danger till they came to Listithiel, and there the people, inhabitants and country people, plundered some of their officers and all, notwithstanding a sufficient party of horse was appointed by his Majestie to be their convoy.

"They all, except here and there an officer (and seriously I saw not above three or four that looked like a gentleman), were strucken with such a dismal feare that as soon as their colour of the regiment was past (for every ensign had a horse, and rid on him, and was so suffered) the rout of soldiers of that regiment prest all of a heape like sheep, though not so innocent : so durty and so dejected as was rare to see. None of them, except some few of the officers, that did looke any of us in the face. Our foot would flout at them, and bid them remember Reading, Greenland Howse (where others that did not condicion with them tooke them away all prisoners) and many other places, and then would pull

their swords, &c., away, for all our officers still slasht at them. The rebells told us, as they pas't, that our officers and gentlemen carried themselves honourably, but they were hard dealt withal by the common soldiers.

"This was a happy day for his Majestie and his whole army, that without loss of much blood, this great army of rascalls that soe triumphed and vaunted over the poore inhabitants of Cornwall as if they had been invincible, and as if the King had not bin able to follow them, that 'tis conceived very few will gett safe to London, for the country people whome they have in all the march so much plundered and rob'd that they will have their penny-worths out of them."

Chapter V.

Surrender of Essex's Army to the King.

THIS "great army of rascalls," as our Royalist friend styles them, had not to wait long for their revenge. The following month, October 27, 1644, at Newbury, Charles found himself once more *vis-a-vis* of the Parliamentary army, which, we read, "was strengthened by the soldiers who had surrendered in Cornwall, and who wiped away the shame of this defeat by throwing themselves on the cannon they had lost and bringing them back in triumph to their lines," or, as another writer puts it, "they rushed at them with a will to give them the Cornish hug, as they expressed it, and rejoiced mightily over their recovery."

Several versions of this surrender of the rebel army and the negociations that led up to it have come down to us, all of which, while agreeing in the main, furnish details distinct from each other. One thing is certain, that no sooner had Essex sent an officer to the King to desire a parley, than, without waiting a reply, he set off for Fowey, from whence, accompanied by Lord Robartes "and such other officers as he had most kindness for," he took ship and escaped to Plymouth, leaving directions for Skippon to make the best terms he could for the army. In other words he left his troops on the lurch, to get out of the mess the best way they could. For the following particulars we are indebted to Whitelock's "Memorials of the English Affairs":—

"Skippon called together his field officers to a council of war, and, being more of a soldier than an orator, spoke plainly to them to this purpose—'Gentlemen, you see our general and many of our chief officers have thought fit to leave us, and our horse are gone away. We are left alone upon our defence. That which I propound to you is this, that we, having the same courage as our horse had and the same God to assist us, may make the same

trial of our fortunes and endeavour to make our way through our enemies as they have done, and account it better to dye with honour and faithfulness than to live dishonourable."

In these same "Memorials" we get another glimpse of Skippon in the character of a soldier rather than of an orator. When the "city bands" marched out of London, two years before, Whitelock tells us that "Major-General Skippon made short and encouraging speeches to his soldiers, which were to this purpose: —'Come, my boys, my brave boys, let us pray heartily and fight heartily. I will run the same fortunes and hazards with you. Remember the cause is for God, and for the defence of yourselves, your wives, and your children. Come, my honest, brave boys, pray heartily and fight heartily, and God will bless us.' Thus he went on all along with the soldiers, talking to them, sometimes to one company and sometimes to another, and the soldiers seemed to be more taken with it than with a sett formal oration."

In a Parliamentary "diurnal" of the period, entitled "Perfect Occurrences," dated Sept. 6—13, and which, being an "Opposition paper," had of course to explain away the disaster, we are told that before the capitulation the army was attacked by the Royalist forces; that General Skippon fought like a lion and animated his men to make such a brave resistance that the King was forced to yield to his proposals for a capitulation, and that amongst the details agreed on was a proviso that no soldier was to be moved to turn to the King except such as should come voluntarily.

Clarendon says that one hundred men did actually come over to the King's side. We also gather from him that the terms first proposed by General Skippon were "such as upon delivery of a strong fortified town after a handsome defence are usually granted, but they quickly found they were not looked upon as men in that condition." The terms really granted were—the officers to have liberty to wear their swords, and to pass with their own money, and "proper goods," and to secure them from plunder, they were to have a convoy to Poole or Southampton; that all their sick and wounded might lay in Foy till they were recovered, and then have passes to Plymouth.

LOSTWITHIEL BRIDGE.

The force which surrendered to the King amounted to about six thousand men. It is not improbable that the strength of the position they held, and from which they could not have been driven without stiff fighting, may have had something to do with the favourable terms accorded them. Symonds says "They had a stronghold, and an hill, where was an old double-trenched fort wherein they had planted many of their great pieces. It would have been difficult to have beate them out of it : and then Foye was fortified."

This "double trenched fort" was the old British camp of Castle Dore, occupying a fine position on the narrowest and loftiest point of the Fowey promontory,—about equi-distant from Fowey and Lostwithiel, and commanding both sides, almost to the water's edge. The camp is a conspicuous object at the present day and is well worth a visit, if only to enjoy the magnificent panorama of St. Austell Bay and the country on all sides. Tradition even points to the farm of Lawhibet (pronounced "Le Whibbit"), on the eastern slope, as the scene of the negociations. Relics of those stirring times, in the shape of cannon-balls and bullets, are still occasionally turned up by the plough, while the scene itself, in its present unchanged aspect and perfect solitude, seems haunted by a thousand memories. Even now, as you survey it, in undisturbed quiet, you may picture to yourself, by the aid of such details as have been preserved, the closing scene in the stern drama that was enacted here, on that September morning in the year 1644.

The Royalist reader will be glad to hear that the "poore inhabitants of Cornwall," who suffered much at the hands of Essex's men in the course of their march through the county, did "have their penny-worths out of this great army of rascalls," on their return journey. It was late in the day before the terms of the surrender were settled, nevertheless, Clarendon tells us that "they would march away that night, and although all care was taken to preserve them from violence, yet first at Listithiel, where they had been long quartered, and in other towns through which they had formerly passed, the inhabitants, especially the women, who pretended to see their own cloathes and goods about them,

which they had been plundered of, treated them very rudely, even to stripping of some of the soldiers, and more of their wives, who before had behaved themselves with great insolence on the march." So the British soldier had actually commenced travelling *en famille*, at this early period! One can quite understand how the town ladies would lord it over the poor provincials! On the whole, then, we ma ytake it that the "rout of rebells," and their wives, had a rough time of it, and one can understand, also, how, of all who started, only about a third part ever reached Southampton, where their convoy left them: upon which, says Clarendon, "Skippon gave a large testimony under his hand, that they had carried themselves with great civility towards them, and fully complied with their obligation." In short the escort behaved as brave soldiers and cavaliers should do to a beaten foe. Could it have been of this detachment that a Parliamentary trooper wrote, when he described a party of Royalist horse, in the following sarcastic terms?—"First came half a dozen of carbines in their leathern coats and starved, weather-beaten jades, just like so many brewers in their jerkins, made of old boots, riding to fetch in old casks: and after them as many light-horsemen, with great saddles, and old broken pistols and scarce a sword among them, just like so many fiddlers with the fiddles in cases by their horses' sides." Very little of the pomp and majesty of war about these rough soldiers! But then we must remember that uniform was not much in evidence during the earlier stages of the Civil War. According to the best authorities, the soldiers on either side were clad in all the colours of the rainbow, according to the fancy of the Commanding Officer. Thus, on the King's side we read of the Yellow Regiment, the Red Regiment, the White Coats, the Blacks, and the Greens. While on the other side there were the six regiments of London Train-Bands, known as the Yellow, Blue, Red, White, Green, and Orange. The confusion that was likely to arise in battle from such a strange medley, even when the regimental colours were not hidden by great-coats and armour, was avoided by the wearing of scarves of a uniform colour throughout each army. Nevertheless we have Cromwell complaining that "diversity of clothing" led, not infrequently, to the "slaying of

friends by friends." Curiously enough, our national scarlet was the chosen uniform of the rebel army when, in the autumn of 1644, the Parliament decided to adopt a uniform for their soldiers, and a "correspondent" who visited Fairfax's army, in April, 1645, thus described its appearance :—"The men are all Redcoats, all the whole army, only are distinguished by the several facings of their coats. The Firelocks only are some of them tawny coats."*

The day following the capitulation, viz., Monday, Sept. 2nd, King Charles returned to his snug quarters at Boconnoc, glad, no doubt, to get back to a warm bed and regular meals, after roughing it for two days and nights in the open. To quote Symonds : "Tuesday, 3 Sep.—The King and all his army rested—we at Lanreth." His quiet was not of long duration. The "Politic contrivers" were at their evil work again. "The fear and apprehension of the enemy was no sooner over," says Clarendon, "than the murmur began that the King had been persuaded to grant too good conditions to that body of foot ; " which ought, on the contrary, to have been made prisoners of war, thus preventing Parliament from so soon raising another army. How the perennial human nature crops out in all this ! Was there ever a body of officers got together who did not know better what to do than the General in command ? "But they who undertook to censure that action," says Clarendon, "did not at all understand the present temper and constitution of the King's army "—to say nothing of the incompetence of his commanders ; and the historian goes on to point out that the strength and condition of the Royalists were very much over-rated, and that, however efficient and numerous the army may have been on its first entry into Cornwall, a great change for the worse had taken place in the interim—that, in fact, while the articles of capitulation were being settled, the balance of numbers was decidedly in the enemy's favour, who, had they been well informed of the disposition of the King's horse at the time, might very well have broken through the King's lines, at the same time as their horse did, adding that "the King's army in the condition and state it was in, naked and unshod, would, through those

See Note 3.

enclosed parts, narrow lanes, and deep ditches, have been able to do them very little harm."

The campaign being over, there was nothing for it but to get back home again. To quote the diary: "Wednesday, 4.—The King marched from Boconnock to Liskerd: his Majestie lay at Mr. Jeans. The troops of Life Guards marched six miles further to South Hill." And here we must leave our pleasant companion to seek pastures new and fresh fields of glory or disaster, as he followed the waning fortunes of the King.

Of poor Charles, suffice it to say that he was not fated long to enjoy the sweets of victory. Troubles had already broken out in other parts of the realm, which he now hastened to stem, and loyal Cornwall saw him no more.

There are one or two incidents of the campaign that are worth a passing notice, if only as reflecting the spirit of the times. The first one took place near the Druids' Hill, at Boconnoc, while the Parliamentary troops were being driven back on Lostwithiel. It appears, from the chronicles of the period, that a challenge having been given by a hundred young troopers of the Parliamentary army, of from sixteen to twenty years of age, led on by a Colonel Straughan, who is said to have fought with nothing on but a hat and a shirt, the offer of defiance was accepted in sight of both armies, by Colonel Digby, and a like number of troops on the King's side; but, "being urged by a rash impetuosity, and discharging their pistols at too great a distance," the young Royalists were soon overpowered; many were thrust through in the conflict, one being half killed on the spot, and none escaping without injury. As the losses of the other side are not reported, we may assume that the account is from a rebel source; the Royalist version of the affair has yet to be heard.

For an account of the other occurrences we are indebted once more to the Royalist officer, Symonds. Referring to the behaviour of the rebels, he says: "One of their actions while they were at Listithiel must not be forgotten. In contempt of Christianity, Religion, and the Church, they brought a horse to the font in the church, and there, with their kind of ceremonies, did, as they called it, christen the horse, and called him by the

name of Charles, in contempt of his sacred Majestie."

Thus did these rude soldiers seek to beguile the tedium of the campaign! A sad foretaste of what was in store for ecclesiastical edifices in other parts of the land! "Another was done by their Provost Martial," says our authority. It appears that the rebels, being hard put to for a lock-up, confined their prisoners in the church; but the night they marched away, two of the prisoners, "being rich men of Cornwall, gott up in the steeple, and pulled up the ladder, and called to the Marshall, jeering at him." This was too much even for that high official. "I'le fetch you down," said he, and, being in a hurry to get off, "sett mulch and hay on fire, under them; besides they shott many muskets into the belfry at them." Still the defiant prisoners stuck to their post. "All would not doe. Then he fetcht a barrel of powder and gave fire to it, threatening to blow them up, and that blew into the church and blew off most of the slate, and yet did no hurt to the prisoners." The sequel is unknown. No wonder after this that the Listithiel folk "had their pennyworths" out of the varlets when the chance offered!

Chapter VI.

The Sequel.

AND thus, for the second time, was King Charles indebted to the loyalty of the Cornish for the successful frustration of the attempt of Parliament to excite rebellion in the West. It was just a year since he addressed to them that letter of heartfelt thanks, which by his direction was copied and placed in a conspicuous part of all their churches, and may even now be read in many of the older ones—"a most honourable monument of their virtues and his gratitude." The letter runs as follows:—

C.R.

To the Inhabitants of the County of Cornwall.

We are so highly sensible of the merits of our County of Cornwall, for their zeal for the defence of our person, and the just rights of our crown, in a time when we could contribute so little to our defence, or to their assistance; in a time when, not only no reward appeared, but great and probable dangers were threatened to obedience and loyalty; of their great and eminent courage and patience in their indefatigable prosecution of their great work against so potent an enemy, backed with so strong, rich, and populous cities, and so plentifully furnished and supplied with men, arms, money, ammunition, and provision of all kinds; and of the wonderful success with which it pleased Almighty God (though with the loss of some most eminent persons, who shall never be forgotten by us) to reward their loyalty and patience by many strange victories over their and our enemies in despight of all human probability, and all imaginable disadvantages; that as we cannot be forgetful of so great desert, so we cannot but desire to publish it to all the world, and perpetuate to all time, the memory of their merits, and of our acceptance of the same; and to that end, we do hereby render our Royal thanks to that our county, in the

most public and lasting manner we can devise, commanding copies hereof to be printed and published, and one of them to be read in every church and chapel therein, and to be kept for ever as a record in the same : that as long as the history of these times and of this nation shall continue, the memory of how much that county hath merited from us and our crown, may be derived with it to posterity.

Given at our camp at Sudeley Castle, the 10th of September, 1643.

This expression of "our Royal thanks" has surely a melancholy pathos when studied in the light of after events. Who shall say they were not well deserved? "Nowhere," says the historian, "was the Royal cause to take so brave or noble a form as amongst the Cornishmen;" and he goes on to explain why. "Cornwall stood apart from the general life of England. Cut off from it, not only by differences of blood and speech, but by the feudal tendencies of its people, who clung with a Celtic loyalty to their local chieftains, and suffered their fidelity to the crown to determine their own." And when, contrary to their most earnest supplications, the tide of war was rolled westward, and broke across the Tamar side, they never hesitated in their duty. A little band of brave men at once rallied round the chivalrous Sir Bevil Grenville, "so destitute of provisions that the best officers had but a biscuit a day, and with only a handful of powder for the whole force." Yet this little band of Cornishmen climbed Stratton Hill, and sent the soldiers of the Parliament reeling back across the border; shewing "to all time" how bravely a mere handful of undisciplined countrymen can fight, when animated by a right spirit.

Charles' words seem to well up out of a full heart and appeal to us, across those two and a half centuries, with a force of their own, touching a sympathetic chord in our hearts which not all his perverseness and wrong-doing can entirely deaden.

Appropriately enough, a copy of the letter is affixed to the church at Fowey; for its inhabitants had bitter experience of a Parliamentary occupation; while the surrounding gentry contributed generously to the King's "sinews of war."

A ghastly reminder of these troublous times was brought to

light during the present century, in the course of restoring a noble house, where a secret chamber was broken into, and the figure of a man discovered, seated at a table, in the dress of his day. Bricked up and forgotten, this poor fugitive must have died a horrible death. Tradition points to a well-known Royalist, of good family, who was "wanted" by Essex, as the probable victim.

And thus, having completed our narative, there now only remains the task of considering the lessons, if any, which the story of the campaign may seem to convey. From a strictly military standpoint, there may not be many valuable lessons to be gathered, whether in the matter of tactics, or "fire-discipline," or in the hundred and one technical points that are engaging the attention of scientific experts at the present time. It seems a far cry from these days of competitive examinations and army-crammers, and wars waged on "scientific principles," to the rough-and-tumble scrimmages of the Civil War, and the professional man will probably turn up his nose at the suggestion of there being anything to be learned from a study of it. Nevertheless, he must be a dull witted person that cannot carry away some useful lesson from the story: for, when we get behind the scenes, or rather, perhaps, the conventional phraseology of school historians, we find that men fought and ran away, and performed feats of splendid heroism, or acts of mean cowardice, just as men do at the present day, when brought face to face with danger.

What, for instance, were the causes at work which, on the very eve of the King's victory, brought about the sudden turn of tide, and set the current strongly against the Royal cause, gathering volume and force until it overwhelmed King and cause in one common ruin? How came it about that the "great army of rascalls," that pressed all "of a heap like sheep, so dirty and degraded as was rare to see," past the King, at Castle Dore, were so quickly reorganized and inspirited as to be able to face him again next month at Newbury, and recapture the guns they had surrendered in Cornwall?

Sir Walter Scott, speaking of these very men (the trained bands of London), tells us "they were the subject of ridicule in all the plays and poems of the period."

THE RIVER OPPOSITE GOLANT, AT LOW TIDE.

Some clue to these problems may be found in an address delivered some thirteen years later, by Cromwell, to the Parliamentary Commissioners (1657). "On my first going out into this engagement," said that remarkable man, "I saw our men were beaten at every hand, and I desired him (John Hampden) that he would make some additions to my Lord Essex's army of some new regiments. And I told him I would be serviceable to him in bringing such men in as I thought had a spirit that would do something in the work. 'Your troops,' said I, 'are most of them old decayed serving men and tapsters, and such kind of fellows: and their troops are gentleman's sons, younger sons, and persons of quality. Do you think that the spirits of such mean and base fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen that have honour, and courage and resolution in them? You must get men of a spirit that is likely to go on as far as gentlemen will go, or else you will be beaten still."

Here, then, we have held up to admiration the very characteristics which have ever distinguished the British officer—characteristics, too, which, in spite of the levelling tendencies of modern times, are still regarded by the most competent judges to be those best calculated to ensure successful leadership at the present day—"gentlemen that have honour, courage, and resolution in them." Now, opinions such as these, coming straight from the lips of one of the greatest men of any age or country—a man who had not only commanded for many years the most formidable instrument for war that, in the opinion of competent judges,* was ever got together on English soil, but who was, perhaps, the most successful leader of men that we have ever produced—are certainly remarkable.

Having thus given credit in the most handsome manner to the qualities which had conduced to the success of the Royalists, Cromwell goes on to point out that it was only possible to meet them with any hope of victory by attracting to the Parliamentary ranks men who were actuated by loftier motives than were their opponents. "I raised such men," said he, "as had the fear of God in before them, as made some conscience of what they did: and from that day forward, I must say to you they were never

beaten, and wherever they were engaged against the enemy, they beat continually."

"With his men," says Burnett, "discipline, prompt obedience, endurance, and self-reliance were conspicuous : they were sober, intelligent, devoted to their leaders and their cause—in the fight firm as rocks, never being carried away by success, and in defeat they rapidly rallied and re-formed." And then, when all was over and the mighty instrument by which such great results had been attained was to be thrust aside, Macaulay tells us that "fifty thousand men accustomed to the profession of arms were at once thrown on the world, and experience seemed to warrant the belief that the change would produce much misery and crime, that the discharged veterans would be seen begging in every street, or that they would be driven by hunger to pillage. But no such result followed. In a few months there remained not a trace indicating that the most formidable army in the world had just been absorbed into the mass of the community. The Royalists themselves confessed that in every department of honest labour, the discarded warriors prospered beyond other men, that none was charged with any theft or robbery, that none was heard to ask an alms*, and that if a baker, a mason, or a waggoner attracted notice by his diligence or sobriety, he was in all probability one of Cromwell's old soldiers."

Now, whatsoever opinions may be held as to Cromwell's sincerity or as to the merit of his achievements, there can be no question as to the abilities of the man who could mould the dirty dejected rabble that shambled past King Charles at Castle Dore into the splendid force so justly admired by Macaulay. The man who could achieve such a result must indeed have been endowed with a master-mind.

Such are some of the thoughts conjured up during a ramble over this classic ground, where, as was said, the face of nature has been less altered by the hand of man than in other parts of our island.† The visitor may still stand on the bridge at Lostwithiel over which the armies crossed, and gaze at the very

* This, alas, can hardly be affirmed of our modern systems.

† See Note 5.

church wherein were perpetrated those acts of sacrilege which disgraced the troops of Essex, or he may wander over the "old double-trenched fort" mentioned by Symonds, "wherein the rebels had planted many of their great pieces," possibly even be shown some relics ploughed up from the adjoining fields, and look down from there on to Par, where the supplies for Essex's army were landed, and on the other side to the "pass at St. Veep." He may even try and picture the "rebel horse" plunging across the river below, at low tide, on that foggy September morning in the year 1644, while Goring was sleeping off the effects of his "jovial exercises." While at Fowey, where "the wounded laye,"* he may cross over to the Hall walk and examine the positions "gotten by the vigilant care of Sir Jacob Astley." And then as he bids farewell to these scenes, and, perchance compares the present with the past, he will probably find consolation in the thought that the days of civil war are over, and that his lot has been cast in quieter and happier times.

* See Note 6.

Note 1.—It is not generally known how narrowly that venerable structure, Lostwithiel Bridge, escaped destruction on this occasion. According to Clarendon, Essex actually gave orders to break down the bridge to check pursuit: "But his Majesty himself, from his new fort discerned it, and sent a company of musqueteers, who quickly beat those that were left, and thereby preserved the bridge, over which the King presently marched to overtake the rear of the army." For an interesting account of this ancient relic and its historical associations, see a pamphlet entitled "Lostwithiel Bridge and its Memories," by Rev. Canon E. Boger, M.A. 1887.

Note 2.—Our English hedge-rows, according to the author of "Words and Places," are the oldest landmarks we have; so that, were the needful data available, we might identify each spot referred to in the Diary. Even as it is, the thought that these boundaries were coeval with the events described is very suggestive.

Note 3.—The following were the words of command in the Parliamentary army for priming, loading, and firing in the ranks:—

1. Balance your musket in left hand.
2. Find out your charge.
3. Open your charge.
4. Charge with bullet.
5. Put your scouring stick in your musket.
6. Ram home your charge.
7. Draw forth your scouring stick.
8. Turn and shorten him to a handful.
9. Return your scouring stick.
10. Bring forward your musket and poize.
11. Balance your musket in left hand with barrel upward.
12. Draw forth your match.
13. Blow the ashes from your coal.
14. Present upon your left hand.
15. Give fire breast high.

Note 4.—"He (Cromwell) had the finest army—in fact the only really great army we ever had in England. I think the number was 80,000 men, though the population then was a very small one."—Lord Wolseley's evidence before Lord Wantage's Committee (June, July, 1891).

Note 5.—Time has swept away nearly all traces of the Civil War, hereabouts; but the site of the battery thrown up by the Royalists, on the hill overlooking Lostwithiel, may still be traced, under the title of "King Charles' Redoubt." Many relics of those days have, however, been turned up by the plough from time to time, such as pistols, swords, cannon balls, and bullets. But unquestionably the most interesting memento is the King's Cup, in the possession of R. Foster, Esq., of Lanwithan, near Lostwithiel. This unique relic, which is of silver, measuring 6in. high by 3 across, was presented, so tradition affirms, by the King, in person, on the field of Castle Dore, to a yeoman named Stephens, for raising a troop of horse for the King's service. After being handed down in the family for several generations, it was at length sold, the then owner being a pauper. The original recipient lies buried in St. Winnow Churchyard; his tomb bespeaks a person of position and property.

Note 6.—A letter from Essex contains the following:—"We have sick men sent hither, who, if not timely sent, do die soon after they come here, fresh diet being their only cure. The chirurgeons of the Army are ill stored with provisions, some not having to the value of 10s."

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