

WALKS ABOUT DEVORAN.



THE MAN AND HIS MAN.

never shoots a raven, because by some metempsychosis the soul of the brave king is supposed to inhabit that ominous bird. We visit the ruins of the Castle of Tintagel, and picture the king and the Knights of the Round Table, assembled to recount their deeds of prowess or to whisper sweet tales of love to the ladies of Queen Guenever's court. In later days the blue lights of the wreckers have drawn many a vessel to destruction, and furnished sad stories told around the winter fireside. One superstition is still credited among the sailors; it is that the sea will always have its own dead again. Thus the old people refuse to bury the corpses cast up by the tide, and throw them back into their watery grave again, there to lie until the sea shall give up her dead.

It was not among these wild shores that we took up our resting-place, but in a quiet inland nook, more resembling some parts of Devonshire in its features. A soft-flowing river, winding between hills covered with verdure and plantations, rustic bridges, old churches, and a clean well-kept village: such are the characteristics of the scenery near Devoran, which lies about five miles south of Truro. Far away in the distance, the eye rests on bare moors, studded with the towers which belong to the works at the mines, from which unhappily no smoke now issues, for almost all are disused. The price of tin has been so much reduced by its importation from abroad, that thousands of pounds which have been sunk in these districts will never be regained. The young men and maidens who once made the scene so lively are now dispersed, the former seeking their bread in the more favoured lands of California and Australia, where they succeed well in labour to which they are so well accustomed. Cornwall, once rich and thriving, is now comparatively depopulated and poor.

We start on a lovely autumn morning to explore the district between Devoran and Falmouth, a walk

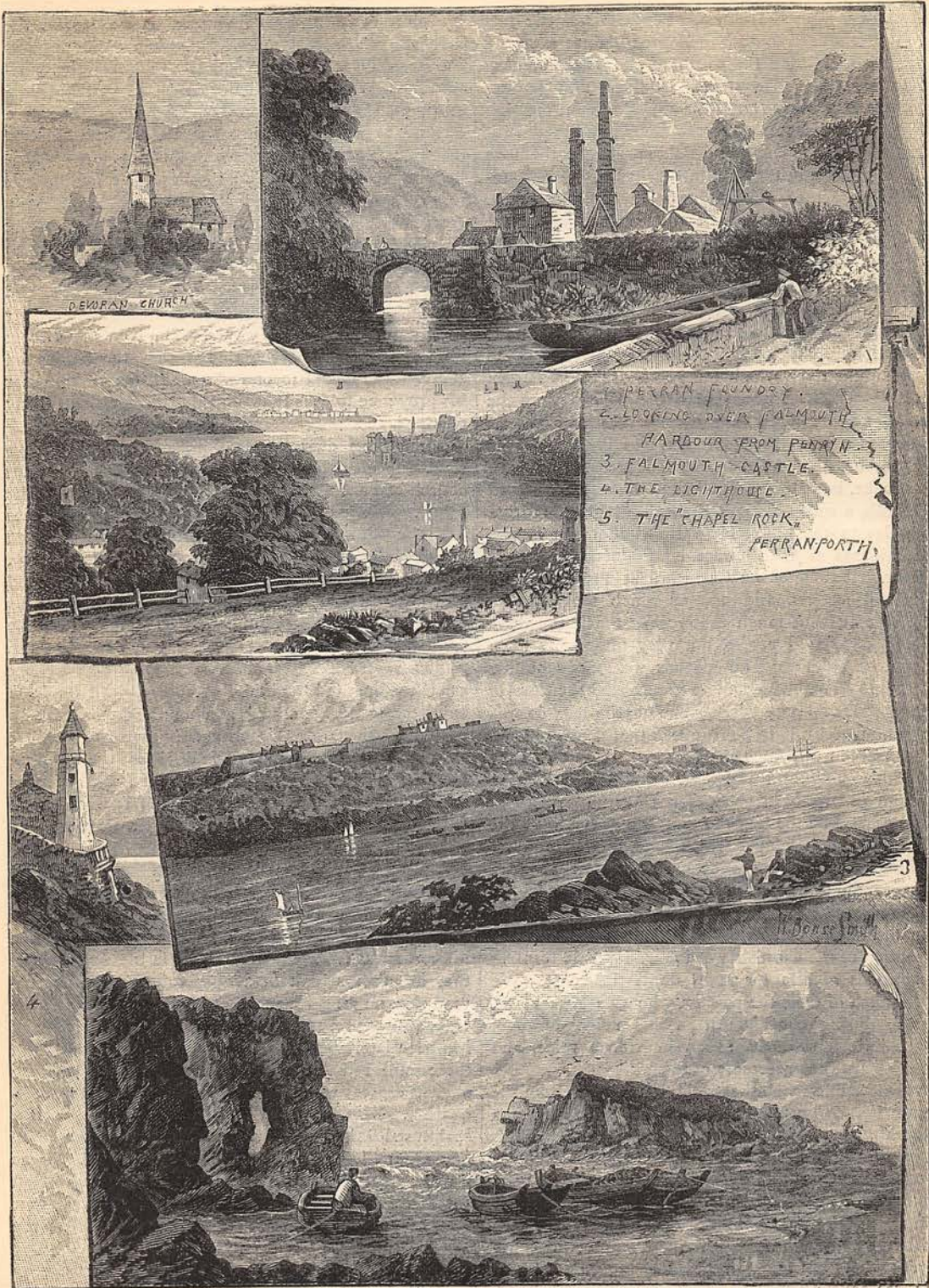
CORNWALL is a land of romance. Its rocky caves, its wild moorlands, the stormy ocean ever beating its ironbound coast, have in days gone by been the scene of many a legend. The shepherd still hears the horn of King Arthur sounding through the valley, and

of about ten miles. On by the side of the river Fal, or Truro river as it is often called, we wander through lanes with high banks covered with ferns, wild flowers, and brambles. Often we stop to gather the blackberries, in spite of the Cornish belief which supposes them to be unwholesome after Michaelmas Day. Then it is—so superstition will have it—that the devil claims them as his own and puts his claw upon them, so that no good Christian will henceforth touch one. Half an hour's walk brings us to a beautiful dell, in which the little village of Perran-ar-Worthal lies embosomed in trees. A large but now ruinous foundry stands by the river-side, its buildings adding to the picturesque scene. We turn up a hill to the right to reach the church, dedicated to that wonderful St. Piran of whom we hear so much in Cornwall. Crossing over from Ireland on a mill-stone, he reached St. Ives somewhere about the fifth century, and began a ministry among the people which is remembered to this day. The miners, rough as they were in those days, were his especial care.

This church, dedicated to him, is so ancient that the date is unknown; the tower is in fine preservation, but the ground has risen so much around the nave that it is dug out in a trench to the depth of four or five feet. It is intended to restore it, but it is much more interesting in its present state. Its large churchyard rises up the hill and commands a fine view of the woods of Carclew. We stop to drink of the little well of St. Piran which gushes out of the rock, and then cross the ivy-covered bridge to the park of Colonel Tremayne, Carclew, or the "Grey Rock." Here we enjoy the perfection of English park scenery. Groups of fine timber are planted near the steep carriage-drive, among which herds of deer look shyly at us, while rabbits and hares dart away at our approach. Gaining the crest of the hill where the house is built, we look down upon the winding river and the cottages of Devoran below. The gardens are especially interesting, having been laid out in a sheltered valley, and planted with the rarest exotics by the late owner, Sir Charles Lemon. The warm climate permits the camellia to flower, besides the rhododendron of the Himalayas, with Mexican and Indian pines.

Leaving these cultivated beauties we press on to Penryn, a pretty, small town, where a more useful species of horticulture succeeds. Whole fields are here planted with the cauliflower brocoli, which gives a bluish-green tinge to the landscape. More than twenty pounds an acre is a common rent for such land, and the owners in good seasons sometimes clear a hundred a year profit. Even when all the railways were blocked with snow, in January, 1881, a telegram arrived to send a special train of cauliflowers to London, as the City was without its favourite winter vegetable and it must be obtained at any price.

And now we descend on Falmouth with its incomparable harbour, where the fleet of all England might



DEVORAN CHURCH

- 1. DEVORAN FOUNDRY.
- 2. LOOKING OVER FALMOUTH HARBOUR FROM PENNIN.
- 3. FALMOUTH CASTLE.
- 4. THE LIGHTHOUSE.
- 5. THE "CHAPEL ROCK," FERRANFORTH.

WALKS ABOUT DEVORAN.

find shelter from the storm. Pendennis Castle juts out into the sea on its fine promontory, a strong fortress which bore the brunt of the Parliamentary forces in 1646. The streets of the old town are curiously picturesque: narrow alleys, with projecting windows and porches over the doors, which delight an artist. Many a tourist would stigmatise them as dirty and mean, so they are in very truth, but not unlike the aspect of Flemish and old German towns. Let not the visitor neglect to see that wonderful collection of curios from all parts of the world, kept by John Burton, who employs the captains of the ships to bring him animals, birds, and articles of vertu.

Pleasant coasting steamers take you to various points around. We choose the one which sails up to Truro, by the river, which some compare to the Rhine. Here we pass St. Anthony's Head, projecting into the sea, where the lighthouse warns vessels from its dangerous reefs. Promontories and bays vary the lovely scene. The hills on the left are covered with dwarf oaks, bounding Tregothnan, the estate of Lord Falmouth, a splendid park through which you drive two miles to the hall. Here it was that the Prince and Princess of Wales were entertained when they laid the first stone of the Cathedral at Truro, a most successful festival, and one of which the Cornish people speak with much pride. We reach the dirty landing-place at Truro, a not very interesting town lying in a hollow. The masons were busy pulling down the old cathedral, a fine example of the time of Henry VII. Almost every stone on the outside was sculptured, and it is to be regretted that it was obliged to be cleared away for its successor.

Another long and pleasant ramble was to the opposite or northern coast, for Devoran lies about midway between the two shores. We passed over the bare moorland in a mist which happily cleared away as the finer scenery was reached. St. Agnes' Beacon rises grandly to our left; and, as if struck off from the mainland, are two remarkable rocks about two miles from the shore, called "The Man and his Man" (a corruption of the Cornish word *mên*, a stone), forming conspicuous objects for miles down the coast. We heard much of Opie the painter, who was born at St. Agnes', during our sojourn in this neighbourhood. His paintings sell now at an enormous price, and fortunate are the possessors of them.

A remarkable amphitheatre leads us away from the road to Perran Porth. It is the most perfect specimen of the kind in England. Terraces rise round a high bank, centuries ago filled with thousands of spectators, standing to see the Miracle Plays which were once enacted here—curious representations of which some idea may be formed from the relic of the Ammergau Passion Play, which now attracts so many foreigners. Here we may imagine the crowd of tents pitched for the three days' performance, for no houses were near to shelter the audience: a singular gathering to enjoy what now seems to us, on reading the plays, a ludicrous and often painful travesty of sacred subjects. Since then Perran Round has been used for preaching

by John Wesley and his followers, as well as for the favourite Cornish game of wrestling. We descend the steep hill to the Cove or Porth of Perran, a small watering-place not much developed as yet, but possessing a shore and scenery which would bring in a fortune to an enterprising speculator near London. The rocks stand like giants with the impetuous waves beating against them and lashing their foundations into a chaos of crags and chasms. Arches of every form are perforated through the rocks, and rocky islands, broken off as it were from the land, stand in the sea near the shore. Numberless sea-birds find their homes and build their nests in the cliffs, and it is not uncommon to see the seals with their young ones gambolling in the waves. The men shoot them from the rocks, and the tide washes the bodies on shore. We talked to one who was thus watching for his prey; he told us that the skin sold for about thirty shillings.

Scrambling over the sand-hills we discover, with some difficulty, the small remains of the very ancient church of Perranzabuloe. Here it is believed that the saint was buried. It was used for religious services until the sand, blown from the shore by the violence of the winds, buried it altogether in the ninth century. Again was a church built to commemorate the sacred spot, but in the course of centuries this also was desolated, the sand accumulating so rapidly that the porch disappeared in a single night. In 1835 the tradition of the first edifice was confirmed by the sands shifting and the long-lost edifice, with its little baptistry, standing out perfect as on the day when they were overwhelmed. Unfortunately parts of it have been carried away, and very little of the original building remains. A solitary cross pierced with holes stands near, and the sand seems as if it would soon cover what it once disclosed, leaving a dreary scene of desolation.

A pleasant walk from Devoran are the little village and church of St. Feock, lying in a creek opening into the Truro river. The church is one of those peculiar to Cornwall, having no tower, but a campanile on a hill not far off. There are but six in the county, and they are always built in a deep valley. The churchyard rises on all sides steeply round St. Feock, and the village stands on the heights above. The church itself has been lately pulled down and entirely rebuilt, but there still remains outside the porch one of the ancient crosses which are so interesting to the antiquarian. This is about four feet in height, with a sculptured figure, much worn away, carved upon the granite, and is probably a thousand years old. Some that we saw were placed at the roadside and much smaller, a Greek cross in form and pierced with four holes. They may have been intended to direct the worshipper to some neighbouring church. The churches generally are not distinguished for architectural beauty; they are what are called "barn-roofed"—one, three, or even five low ridges in the form of a parallelogram; rarely do they possess transepts or chancel. Solid granite towers seem formed to defy the rage of the elements, and the appearance of

most of them bears testimony to the stormy character of the country, and the wild unsheltered spots where many of them are situated.

We must in conclusion say a word or two in praise of the Cornish people. It is a pleasure to look at the handsome features of both the men and women, and their courtesy is great to every stranger. As we met

on the road there was the ready “Good morning;” and if a trace in our carriage broke, the carter who first passed jumped off his vehicle to assist, and offer his knife or string to repair the damage. The women about the mines look remarkably well in their unvarying costume of a dark dress, large white apron nearly covering it, and a white calico sun-bonnet.

“KEEP YOUR OWN SIDE OF THE WAY.”



OW then, stupid, why don't you look before you? Do you want to send me into the gutter? Why don't you keep your own side of the way?”

These words, uttered in a shrill voice, of one who seemed to think he was aggrieved, were accompanied by a poke of a very unyielding substance, delivered right into my back, which sent me reeling, not into the gutter, but in the opposite direction, till I found myself stopped against the doorway of a shop in the lower end of Fleet Street. I shook myself, and looked up at my assailant—a boy with a long, heavy parcel on his shoulder, which he had tilted right against me. To my angry remonstrance he replied with a chuckle—

“Served you right, guv'nor; why didn't you keep your own side of the way?” And then he proceeded on *his* way triumphantly, and was soon lost to my sight in the crowded thoroughfare.

“Served me right,” I repeated to myself. “Well, maybe so. That's what comes of my unfortunate habit of walking with my eyes down and my brains wool-gathering.”

Keeping a sharp look-out against any more *colliders*, as the Americans say, I turned down Blackfriars Street, and without further accident reached the Embankment. Depositing myself upon a seat, I began to meditate, not upon a *trifle*, on this occasion, for my chest was still aching from the blow of the sturdy errand-boy, but upon the maxim which he had enforced on my attention with such *striking* emphasis, “Keep your own side of the way.” This text set me a-sermonising, and I forthwith proceeded to run this wise law up to its origin. Why should I keep my own side of the way? thought I, or rather, is not every side of the way my own? Don't I pay my full rates, taxes, and assessments to the Metropolitan Board of Works, and to all other bodies corporate? and do I not therefore help to keep in repair the entire length and breadth of the whole street, and every side of the way? Well, but that fellow who pitched into me in Fleet Street (or his master) might say the same; and if so, though I might on principle have been in the right, for the same reason he was not in the wrong, and our conflicting rights were decided by weight of metal, and I, the weakest, went to the wall.

It is plain that such a condition of things could never be maintained in a state of society like that

which we live in, or every man would be knocking his head against every other man; and so, if there would not be “wigs on the green” every hour of the day, there would be hats on the highway.

In primitive times, and sparsely populated districts man paid little attention to these matters, and the noble savage walked where and as he liked. But when the world became more civilised, and population more dense, rights became more complicated and demanded more attention, and so each man had to sacrifice a portion of his original individual liberty and right for the common good, or, in the words of the legal maxim, to use his own rights so that he should not invade the rights of another. And so, after all, thought I, the fellow with the heavy parcel was not so much to blame when he knocked me over when I was in his way; and his proposition was as sound as his enforcement of it was impressive: “Guv'nor, why don't you keep your own side of the way?”

A pleasant anecdote is told of the learned and eccentric Serjeant Hill, who flourished before the time of the present generation, which I think is very much in point. Driving a friend one day in his gig in the suburbs of London, they saw coming down against them a heavy wain on the same side of the road. When the vehicles were rather dangerously near each other, his friend called out to the serjeant in great alarm—

“For goodness sake, serjeant, cross over to the other side, or we shall surely be run over!”

The serjeant, however, would not recognise what was common sense in opposition to what was common law, so whipping up his horse, he answered with cheerful confidence—

“Don't be alarmed, my dear fellow, the law is with us. We are on the right side of the road.”

Happily, his friend took the common-sense view of the emergency. He shouted to the stupid waggoner, who got his lumbering wain out of the way just in time to let the serjeant triumphantly vindicate his legal right without broken bones or a demolished vehicle, to be followed up by an action for damages.

Even this obligation to keep your own side of the way, and your consequent right to keep it, cannot always be enjoyed in its full extent. Another concession to the exigencies of civilisation and the rights of others. In crowded cities like London this privilege is occasionally suspended for the public convenience. At the thronged crossings of many of the great intersecting thoroughfares, such as at