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KYNANCE COVE:

OR,

THE CORNISH SMUGGLERS.

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY

BY

WILLIAM BENTINCK FORFAR,

AUTHOR OF "PENTOWAN," "PENGERSICK CASTLE,"

ETC., ETC.

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PREFACE.

THE possibility of an entertaining and exciting, or even an amusing tale, being told about “Kynance Cove,” will perhaps be ridiculed by many who may take up this little volume and examine its title only.

“It is true,” they may say, “that ‘Kynance Cove’ is a very pretty place for a picnic, indeed it is the most romantic little Cove in the whole county of Cornwall, and, for the beauty of its variegated rocks and picturesque scenery, may well be called ‘The Enamelled Court of Neptune.’ But it looks so calm and serene while we sit at our picnic dinners—(*it is only then that most people see it*)—and everything around it seems so tranquil that no one could believe for a moment that any deed of horror had ever polluted or disturbed its quiet repose; and without that how could there be any sensational tale?”

Stay, gentle critics! We might as well say of the broad ocean, on a summer’s day, “Who would ever

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suppose that anything so grand and smooth and beautiful could take so many lives away?” And yet so it is. The winter’s storm stirs up the sea to deeds of awful dread! and the fierce and ungoverned passions of men have caused terrible scenes to be enacted even at this delightful little spot time honored and admired though it be, for its beautiful green sea and rocks of variegated marble.

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The following tale is not one of mere fiction, for most of the events related in these pages occurred in that neighborhood and are related even now by the old inhabitants when they meet with a stranger willing to listen to them.

It is a remarkable fact that the broad Cornish dialect was not spoken in the Lizard district some years ago as it was in most other parts of the county. The inhabitants seemed to be a distinct race. The men were generally taller and more robust than those found in the mining districts; and the women had, and many of them still retain, the dark hair and eyes and regular features of the Spaniard—the cause of which, though attempts have been made to account for it, is still open to conjecture.

Thomson and Daws were two well-known smugglers and sheep-stealers and were the terror of the neighborhood.

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The ruins of their cottages are still to be seen, the cottages themselves having fallen into decay long ago for no one would live in them after the deaths of their owners.

The walls of the celebrated windmill also still remain.

The author, however, hopes that his little book will not be condemned as *un-sensational* because most of the incidents are founded on fact, for he ventures to remind his readers that sometimes “Truth is stranger than fiction.”

HELSTON,

January, 1865.

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KYNANCE COVE.

CHAPTER I.

THE PIC-NIC AT KYNANCE COVE.

MANY years have passed away since the scenes and circumstances described in the following pages occurred. The seasons—spring and summer,

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autumn and winter—came and went then, pretty much as they do at present, and the inhabitants of towns, whether large or small, yearned after country air and sea-breezes in the summer months. Some shut up their townhouses altogether for a time, and luxuriated in uncomfortable country lodgings, putting up with all manner of inconvenience, and professing to enjoy the change amazingly; while others were content to enjoy their comfortable houses at home, making frequent pleasure parties into the country or to the seacoast.

A large party of this kind had assembled at a pretty little cove situate on the southwest coast of Cornwall. The day was hot and sultry; but as the party sat on the grass above the beach, a gentle breeze was ever and anon wafted towards them over the sea, cool and refreshing. The level piece of

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green sward on which they sat, seemed formed by nature for a “pic-nic” dining room.

Rising out of the soft grass, here and there, were small flat rocks, as if raised by the wand of some benevolent fairy, to form seats for poor weary mortals. Behind this little resting place arose huge rocks and precipices, stretching upwards to a considerable height, between and around which a rugged path had been formed, in ages past, leading down from the high land to this romantic spot, from which no house or human habitation could be seen;—nor was there one at that time within two miles of *Kynance Cove*. In front of the party, as they sat at dinner, was the broad expanse of ocean, extending far and wide in all its grand magnificence, calm and unruffled, sparkling in the summer sun, and so clear that the white sand could be seen at the bottom; while the reflection of the beautiful rocks of serpentine threw a brilliant green tinge into the deep water, as it lazily lashed the huge rocks, which rose in varied shapes and sizes, a short distance from the cliffs;—some just peeping above the surface of the sea, while others towered up some hundred feet or more in pyramids of beautiful variegated rock, displaying in the sun all the brilliant colours of the rainbow. The beautiful sand beneath was smooth again, all traces of the many footsteps which had trodden over it at low

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water being now obliterated by the flowing tide; for our party had been early on the ground in order to see the caverns, hewn, as it were, out of those huge rocks by the tide, as it ebbed and flowed for ages past, leaving the sides smooth and bright and of varied hue. Earlier in the day, when the tide was out, those lofty rocks, now surrounded by the water, seemed to rise majestically out of the beautiful smooth white sand. Some of the party had then climbed to the top of the Asparagus Island, and gathered the wild asparagus, and seen the (so called) Devil's bellows, and the beautiful rainbow formed by

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the sun shining on the spray, as it was blown out from a small aperture between the rocks,—and the Gull-rock, towering above all; to climb to the top of which was a dangerous feat,—sometimes attempted, however, by the wild and thoughtless, but never except at low water; and some had even ventured into the Kissing Cave, into which young ladies are sometimes induced to go unwittingly, always protesting afterwards that “they thought it was the other cave.”

And now, after all their climbing and frolicking over the rocks, and on the sands, for old and young have had their share, here they are quietly seated in the broiling sun, with umbrellas over their heads, sipping their wine and enjoying a quiet joke, or a hearty laugh at some droll story or comic song.

A little removed from the rest of the party are a young lady and gentleman, very cozily sitting under the shade of an umbrella. The gentleman has the Lady's bonnet on his head which he has purloined while she was arranging her hair.

“Hallo!” cried a fine-looking old gentleman, laughing, “What the deuce are you up to Hendy? you're not content with stealing the young lady's heart and a kiss in the cave it seems, but you must take her bonnet too—ha! ha! ha!”

This caused a general laugh throughout the party, and the old gentleman filled his glass and drank to the healths of James Hendy and Emily Giddy, at which the young lady blushed and turned away her head, while her companion drank the toast and quietly squeezed the fair hand which was now engaged in endeavoring to regain the bonnet.

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“That was unfair of you, Doctor Pearce,” said a thin old maidish-looking lady, who was sitting opposite to him, “You forget when you were young yourself.”

“‘Tis not so long ago, I assure you. Miss Muffett,” said the Doctor, “since I made love to a young lady, and it is only my natural modesty at public display, that prevents my

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doing the amorous and dropping on my knees now, and declaring ray attachment to the most charming of her sex.” and taking off his hat, he made a low bow to the lady before him, who was evidently flattered by the compliment.

By this time, Miss Giddy and her beau had joined the circle, and the Doctor said, with a grave face, “I wish your father could have joined us, Emily, he would have enjoyed it very much.”

“Yes, I wish he could, indeed!” replied Miss Giddy, “but he didn’t feel equal to it.”

“No, I dare say not, just yet,” said the Doctor. “He is very much shattered by this attack, but he is getting stronger, and I am in hopes that this fine fresh air will be of service to him. You have succeeded in getting comfortable lodgings at the ‘Lizard,’ I hope.”

“Yes, tolerably,” replied Miss Giddy. “We can put up with many things in the country, you know; and anything is better than being shut up in the town this warm weather.”

“True,” said the Doctor. “Here you can run wild for a little while. Get your father out as much as you can. I shall call and see him as we go to the ‘Lights,’ where I believe we are to have our tea.”

The ladies were about to retire for a quiet walk, while the gentlemen finished their wine, when they were startled by the report of firearms, and, looking up, they saw three men running at full speed towards the cliff, and at some distance behind them a regular “hue and cry” in full chace, headed by an officer in uniform. The men are nearing the cliff, and their pursuers are now gaining upon

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their—nothing can save them! They must be overtaken, whoever they are. The cliffs are very high, and almost perpendicular. The picnic party are all excitement, and intently watching the event. The foremost of the three men has reached the edge of the

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cliff—their pursuers are close upon their heels—when, oh horror! the ladies scream, and close their eyes—the first man has jumped over the precipice! and the next! and the third! Oh dreadful fate! The pursuers have stopped at the edge of the cliff and are looking down. They must be dashed in pieces. The ladies are afraid to look. They almost dread to hear the fate of the poor men.

“Brave fellows,” cried the Doctor. “Hurrah! they are alive! See! there they are, swimming out lustily!”

This is a relief to all; they are able to breathe again, and the ladies are prevailed on to sit down, and take another glass of wine, to quiet their nerves after the shock, while a sedate, pompous-looking gentleman, dressed in a blue coat and light pantaloons, with his hair powdered and tied behind with a black ribbon, called to the officer to come down and tell them what it was all about, which the officer obeyed as if it had been a command, after having given some instructions to his men, who immediately proceeded along the cliffs in the direction of “The Lizard Point,” followed by the attendant mob of men and boys.

“What is all this about, Lieutenant Brown?” said the pompous gentleman to the officer, when he approached the party.

“Smugglers! smugglers! Colonel Western,” said Lieutenant Brown, touching his cap. “I have been suspecting these fellows for a long time, but we could never find them. They have a haunt about here somewhere, but where, we cannot discover. Last night we saw a vessel in the oiling, which we suspected was a smuggler, but she was dandy-rigged, and hauled up taut to avoid suspicion. We kept a watch, however, and are sure she must have lightened her cargo quickly somehow. But nothing was brought on shore, as far as we could see. However, this morning, some of my men noticed a move, which put us on the alert, and

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we watched, and about two hours ago we dodged these three men. They were dressed as countrymen, and one was driving a dirty dung cart, with some bundles of straw thrown in carelessly, while the other two were coolly sitting on the end of it smoking their pipes, pretending to have nothing to do with the cart, but merely having a ride. They thought, no doubt, that by thus going openly to work, in broad daylight, they should escape detection, and so they would, but for the move we discovered this morning. On turning up the straw we found the bottom of the cart filled with kegs, and in front, nearly under where the driver sat, *the carcase of a sheep*; but while we were searching, and before we could look round, the three men gave us leg-bail, and a good run we've had."

"They're brave fellows," said the Doctor; "they deserve to get off— ha! ha! ha!"

"Why, Doctor," said the Colonel, unbending, and smiling faintly over his stiff cravat, "I'm afraid you are an encourager of smuggling and sheep-stealing, and all that sort of thing."

"No, no," said the Doctor, "but they are brave fellows, and deserve to get off."

"They won't find that such an easy matter," said the Lieutenant, "for I have ordered my men to get out the boat, and they'll take them dead or alive, I'll be bound."

"Good God!" said young Hendy, who had been standing a little in advance of the party, watching the men struggling in the water for some minutes, while Miss Giddy, unconsciously, leaned on his shoulder, and looked intently at the poor men also,—there's one gone down! poor fellow, he struggled as long as he could. The others seem stronger—they will round the Point."

"No! see there! oh dreadful!" exclaimed Miss Giddy "the others are gone too!" and she turned sick at the sight, and would have fallen but for the assistance of young

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Hendy, who put his arm round her waist to support her. When he looked again, the men were gone indeed; but whether they had rounded the Point or gone down, no one could tell, for the attention of the whole party was at this moment directed towards Mis Giddy,

“My fellows will soon pick them up if they’ve rounded the Point,” said the Lieutenant, directing his glass towards a boat well manned, which was fast nearing the Point.

“Well! I declare!” said Miss Muffett, “what next are we to see? They must surely have some connexion with the old gentleman dressed in black, who blows the bellows yonder. First of all, we see them jump over a precipice, I don’t know how many hundred feet high, and swim away uninjured like gulls, when everybody thought they were killed, and now there’s one of them standing as cool as a cucumber on the top of the Gull-rock! Oh! this is delicious excitement!” and the little lady clapped her hands with delight, very much to the surprise of every one; for when she began her speech, in her usual deliberate, satirical manner, no one knew what she was driving at: but now, on turning their eyes from the speaker to the topmost pinnacle of the Gull-rock, there was a man, sure enough, standing on the very summit, and looking down the side of the lofty pyramid towards the Asparagus Island, as if in search of a safe path to descend; but finding none, he cautiously slid down the topmost rock, in hopes of gaining a footing on a small ledge of rock underneath it, from whence he might be able to descend with comparative ease, provided the rocks were firm. But they were already crumbling beneath his grasp; and at the base of the Gull-rock, and between that and the island, there is a wide chasm, impassable except at low water. He has gained the small ledge and is looking down. He now apparently, for the first time, sees the broad stream of foaming water heaving and dashing through the

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chasm beneath. He looks up at the rock he has just slid down, but it overhangs too much to allow of his regaining his former firm footing on the top. The party on the bank are watching him with breathless anxiety; a false slip or a loose stone may precipitate him to the bottom. Lieutenant Brown looks at him steadily through his glass, and calls to him to keep to the left. He mistakes the caution, and steps boldly from the ledge of rock he is standing on, to another rock on his right. His foot has scarcely touched it, however, when it gives way under him, and a huge disjointed mass comes rolling down accompanied by a cloud of dust, and falls with a tremendous noise into the foaming abyss. The dust has hid the bold adventurer from the view of all except the Lieutenant, who has more nerve, and has kept his glass steadily fixed on his object, while the others screamed or turned away their heads.

“Boat, ahoy!” he shouts, in the commanding tone of a naval officer. The men hear his well-known voice distinctly, everything around being so calm and tranquil, and turn round, when he directs them to pull in under the Gull-rock, and pick up the man underneath, for he had seen him fall with the rocks. This command is instantly obeyed, and the boat is soon out of sight.

“Now,” said the Lieutenant, “I must proceed to the Lizard at once, to receive the report when the men land, for they cannot land here.”

“I will accompany you,” said the Doctor, for I see that my assistance may be useful.”

“Yes, do, if you please,” said the Lieutenant, “for I fear that poor fellow must be badly hurt, if he is not killed,” and away he started over the cliffs, that being the nearest road, leaving the others to get on the best way they could.

And while our friends are walking from Kynance to the Lizard, a short two miles, we will take the opportunity of

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describing to our readers, as briefly as possible, a few of the most remarkable persons assembled at this memorable picnic; and as many of them will not appear

again in these pages, we will confine our remarks to those only who are destined to play some conspicuous part in this faithful history of bygone days.

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CHAPTER II.

FAMILY SECRETS.

To begin then with the ladies, as in politeness we feel bound to do—

Miss Emily Giddy was the only daughter of a gentleman of some considerable property, residing at Trenethic, an ancient family seat, about a mile from the pretty little town of Helston. Mr. Giddy, or as he was generally called, Commodore Giddy, from his bluff sailor-like manners, had been bred to the sea, and in his youth had seen some active service and made a good bit of money somehow. He left the Navy, and went abroad, when quite a young man, and was not heard of for many years, although every inquiry was made that could be thought of by his friends, who at last came to the conclusion that he must be drowned; but he turned up again unexpectedly, when he was still in the prime of life, purchased Trenethic estate, and married a lady of family and fortune, who did not, however, long survive the birth of her daughter, whom the Commodore made quite a pet of, and remained a widower for her sake. He would often relate thrilling stories of his adventurous exploits when he was abroad, but never revealed where he had been, nor how he had obtained his money.

The housekeeper said she once entered her master's dressing room, not knowing he was there, when she saw him gazing intently on a miniature, which he held in his hand, and which seemed to be hung round his neck by a ribbon: his back

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was turned towards the door, so that he did not see her enter, and so absorbed was he that she was enabled to steal a glance at the picture and retire, without being seen by him.

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It was the picture of a lady, she said. Many conjectures were indulged in by her and her friends, to whom she told her little secret respecting the mysterious picture, and the conclusion to which they came at last was, that it was the likeness of some lady he had seen abroad, perhaps a former wife, but, however that might be, nothing more was seen of the pictures, and the circumstance was forgotten.

His daughter, in the mean time, had grown a fine handsome girl, and had just taken upon herself the management of her father's house. The Commodore would never consent to part with his little pet, so, instead of sending her away to school, he engaged a governess to teach her at home.

The want of a mother's careful eye, however, and her almost constant intercourse with her father, when her lessons were over, gave a somewhat masculine tone to her mind in many respects, although she was as gentle and amiable as a dove when her womanly feelings were called into action.

She had just attained her seventeenth year, but from her well-formed manners and general appearance she might have been taken to be a year or two older. Lovers were not wanting, it may easily be supposed, where there were so many attractions, but she treated them with the utmost indifference, amusing herself at their expense.

There was one, however, whom she treated differently from the rest, not that she allowed him to escape her caprice and sarcasm entirely, but, if she did indulge in her favorite amusement with him, she generally regretted it afterwards, and made up for it by a kind word or a gentle smile, which repaid him for all his mental suffering. This was young James Hendy, the son of a lawyer in a neighboring town, who had chosen "physic" for his profession, and had been

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apprenticed to Mr. Isaac Pearce (commonly called Doctor Pearce), a surgeon and apothecary of great skill and eminence at Helston. At the end of his apprenticeship, the Doctor, finding him clever and useful, took him into partnership.

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Age and infirmity were beginning to tell upon the constitution of Commodore Giddy. A severe fit of the gout had laid him up for some months, and Doctor Pearce had been in constant attendance on him. He was now, however, recovering fast, and the Doctor thought a little change of air by the sea-side, his native element as it were, would be of service to him; so they fixed on “The Lizard” as a good “breezy place.”

They had been absent about a week, when this picnic was proposed by Miss Muffet with a double object,—to see their old friend the Commodore and his daughter, who was a great favorite with old and young, rich and poor—and to enjoy the cool breeze and romantic scenery of the Lizard and Kynance Cove.

Miss Muffet and her brother Frank, an old bachelor of the old school, lived together in the very heart of the ancient town of Helston, and kept the town alive by occasionally indulging in their favorite propensity of gossiping. Brother Frank was not at the picnic today. He had peculiar ideas on the subject of picnics, and particularly avoided those at the far famed Kynance Cove, for reasons best known to himself.

Colonel Western was not a Cornishman by birth. He had served in the Indian Army, and on his return to England, had married the heiress of the Erisey property, a fine estate on the Lizard coast, having a noble mansion and an extensive lawn and gardens attached to it. The Colonel was a proud pompous man of rather low origin, but having married into one of the most ancient and aristocratic families in the county, he thought that by residing on the family estate and keeping up a good establishment, he would be able to “lord it”

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easily over the smaller gentry in that remote district. The family of Erisey had almost become extinct in the male line, and great were the rejoicings when it was found that the Colonel’s first born was a son. In his childhood he was like other children, but was always remarkable for having a large head, which grew larger as he grew older, but his body did not grow in proportion, so that at the age of

twenty-five his head was considerably larger than that of a tall robust man, while his body was a mere shadow.

During his early infancy he was weak and delicate, requiring all his mother's tender care, but although his strength increased as he grew older, his stature remained the same, and when he arrived at man's estate, he was a deformed dwarf, barely four feet high. He had been named "Erisey" after the family estate. He could never be induced to apply steadily to learn anything, although he possessed great shrewdness and cunning in planning and carrying out any mischief, and this propensity sometimes made him the dread of his family and friends. He was remarkable for his agility and for the ease and swiftness with which he could run long distances without any apparent fatigue, and he could climb the tallest tree and run along its branches like a monkey.

Laura, the only surviving daughter, was two years younger than her brother, a sprightly girl of three and twenty. Fair and comely, but as wild as a March hare (as the Doctor expressed it). She found it very lonely sometimes, shut up in the country for weeks together, with no one to speak to but her own family; consequently, she often picked up a stray acquaintance in her rambles, and frequently, almost from necessity, associated with persons beneath her. She was therefore delighted to have Emily Giddy for a companion, whom she looked up to almost as a superior being, although her junior in age by several years. But Miss Giddy, highly gifted by nature, with intelligence and sound sense,

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had received an education such as girls in those days seldom obtained. During the short time she had been at the Lizard, these two girls had been reveling in each other's society. Laura had taken her friend into the deepest caverns, and over the highest rocks on the coast, and had, on more than one occasion, induced Lieutenant Brown, who was the commander of the signal station, to take them out in his boat, and many a marvelous legend did she amuse her friend with as they sat on the lawn at Erisey, or on the little grass plot before the door of the cottage in which Miss Giddy and her father lodged.

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CHAPTER III.

THE OLD COMMODORE.

LIEUT. BROWN and the Doctor were not long in reaching the old Lizard Head, from whence they caught sight of the boat for an instant, and then it disappeared again. The men had evidently, not yet succeeded in finding the object of their search.

“He has sunk in deep water,” said the Lieutenant, “and is, no doubt, carried through the chasm by the rush. The boat is gone round there you see, they will soon have him now.”

Before the two gentlemen reached the Lizard Town, they saw the boat again, and this time her bow was directed towards the Lizard Cove, and the men were pulling with ail their might, and so lustily did they ply their oars, that they had landed with the poor man, and were bringing him up to the public house, when the two gentlemen entered the village.

“Dead, or alive?” said the Lieutenant.

“He is alive, sir,” said one of the men, “and that’s all. He hasn’t opened his eyes nor spoken yet, he is very much bruised, and I believe his arm is broken.”

“Bring him in as quickly as you can,” said the Doctor, who proceeded at once to use the proper remedies, and after a time the patient opened his eyes, but he was still too much exhausted to speak. His arm was broken, as the sailor had

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supposed, and so intent were they all in endeavoring to keep up animation, and so anxious lest he should die under the operation of reducing the fractured limb, that no one thought of his identity, until the Lieutenant said, “Why, this is not one of the smugglers that jumped over the cliff this afternoon!”

“No, sir,” said one of the men, “we saw that when we were taking him up, he’s rigged foreign like.”

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“He certainly looks like a foreigner,” said the Lieutenant, “but we shall soon discover that when he speaks.”

Their curiosity, however, was not likely to be satisfied very soon, for the stranger showed no disposition to speak. He was now lying comfortably in bed. His arm having been set, and everything done that could be thought of to relieve his sufferings, two of the sailors were left in charge of him, while the Doctor went to see his old friend and patient, Commodore Giddy, who, when he heard the Doctor’s voice in the passage of their small lodging house, sang out in a stentorian voice—

“For the bullets and the gout,

Have so knock’d my hull about,

I shall never more be fit for sea.”

“Hallo!” said the Doctor, as he entered, “You seem to be merry, my friend. I thought from the account given of you by Emily, that I should find you on your ‘beam ends,’ as you sailors term it.”

“No, no! Doctor,” replied the Commodore; “The old ship can stand a good breeze yet; but shiver my topsails if I could stand having my timbers blistered up in a hot broiling sun, as you must have had today at Kynance Cove.”

“It was precious hot, to be sure, at one time,” said the Doctor, “but we spread our umbrellas, which sheltered us very nicely.”

“Umbrellas be hanged!” said the Commodore, when you

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see me hoisting one of those things, it will be to shelter me from the larks when the sky falls. They may do very well for lack-a-daisical women, but to see a man with a great piece of gingham stretched over his head to shelter him from the rain or sun;—pshaw! my toe always itches to kick the fellow. Come, take a glass of wine after your walk, for I’m sure you couldn’t enjoy your wine in the broiling sun. Why, I would as soon drink aquafortis as wine that’s been in the sun for ten minutes. Bah!”

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“Well, I don’t mind if I do take a glass of something,” said the Doctor, “for we have had an exciting scene, and were obliged to leave almost before the wine began to circulate.”

The wine was soon on the table, for the Commodore always kept a supply of everything of that kind, with glasses, &c., in a cupboard in his sitting-room, wherever he happened to be; for he did not like the bother of having the womenkind about more than was absolutely necessary, and in those days a sitting-room was never complete without plenty of cupboards; so the two gentlemen were very soon exceedingly comfortable, and then the Doctor related the adventures of the day, very much to the astonishment of his old friend.

“You think this stranger is a foreigner, then?” said the Commodore, thoughtfully.

“We merely suppose so from his dress and general appearance, for as I said, he has not yet spoken.”

“Oh! papa, we’ve been so frightened,” exclaimed Miss Giddy, as she burst into the room followed by her friend Laura Western.

“Is the poor man seriously hurt, Doctor?” said Laura.

“Do you think he will recover? Is he really a foreigner?”

“You must give me a little time to answer all your questions,” replied the Doctor, “for you pour them out so

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fast, that, you have quite taken away my breath. I hope he will recover with care and attention. Where is Hendy?”

“He is gone in search of you, Doctor,” said Miss Giddy, “he thought you might want him.”

“Yes,” said the Doctor, “I think I must leave him tonight with the stranger, for he is in a very precarious state, and will require constant and careful attention for a short time. I will go and see him again and consult with Hendy on the case.”

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“You’ll come back again, Doctor, and take another glass of wine?” said Commodore Giddy.” I declare you’ve hardly taken enough to know whether it is old or new.”

“I will not be long,” replied the Doctor, “and you must prepare to go to the Lights with us to tea.”

“Yes, I think I can walk as far as the Lights,” said the Commodore, “but as to tea, bah! that’s another of your wishey-washey habits; strike me dry! if I know what you’ll come to next.”

“This has been an eventful day, indeed,” said Laura to her friend, as they walked in the garden together, waiting for the Doctor’s return. “Who can this wounded stranger be, I wonder?”

“A lover for the heiress of Erisey manor,” said her friend laughing.

“Fortunately, the heiress of Trenethic doesn’t want one,” replied Laura, archly.

“Don’t be so ridiculous,” said Miss Giddy “you know very well that I laugh at them all for their folly.”

“I know a true-lover’s knot when I see it, Emily dear, but I won’t tell all I know,” returned Laura, putting her arm round her companion’s waist and kissing her cheek.

“Now then, you two chatter-boxes,” bawled the old Commodore through the open window, as he sat sipping his wine, “brace me tight, but you’re a pair of darling angels, to leave

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an old fellow here kicking his heels under the table, with nothing to speak to but the wind, and there’s precious little of that in this squeezed up little hole of a room.”

“Oh! dear papa,” said his daughter, running in and kissing him, followed by Laura, “don’t be too severe upon us, and we’ll sit and ‘spin you a yarn’, as you call it, that shall make your eyes twinkle!”

“Once upon a time”—

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“Avast there!” cried the old gentleman, “none of your nonsense, now, Emily, I am not in cue for it; tell me your version of today’s adventure. I’ve heard the Doctor’s version—now for your’s.”

And while they waited for the Doctor’s return, the two girls amused the Commodore by relating this strange adventure over again.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE SMUGGLERS.

ABOUT three or four miles from the Lizard, in a loan part of the road which leads from thence to the town of Helston before mentioned, stood a solitary cottage, separated from the road by a small patch of ground, originally intended for a garden, but at that time partly occupied by a turf rick, the other portion being used as a receptacle for dirt and filth of every description, in short, this portion of the garden contained those indispensable requisites to most cottages at a distance from the more civilised portion of the community at that period, a dung heap, and in the winter a pool of stagnant water; a narrow path being left between the two, for the approach to the door of the cottage. Behind the house were two or three small meadows, in which might be seen occasionally a rough Goonhilly pony. This cottage was occupied by a family of the name of Thomson, consisting of the father, mother, and two grown up sons.

Whether it was that the road was very lonely, or whether there was anything ‘uncanny’ about the cottage itself, or its inmates, certain it is, that travellers felt a dread of passing it at night, and were always glad when they had left it a mile or so behind them; for they would then have passed another cottage of a similar description, but on the other side of the

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road, about half a mile beyond the first one. This second cottage which was occupied by a large family of the name of Daws, consisting of four boys and three

girls, varying in age from seven to twenty-four, travellers passed in comparative tranquility.

On the night of the memorable pic-nic, before mentioned, a select party had assembled at Thomson's cottage. We say select, because it consisted principally of his own family, with the addition of the elder Daws and his son Timothy (commonly called Tim) a youth of four-and-twenty; not very tall, but strongly built and muscular. The night was far advanced,—perhaps at its darkest; for the moon, which had hitherto served to throw sufficient light into the room to enable the men to proceed with the business they had in hand, and to drink as their inclination prompted them, was going down, and it was yet too early for the sun, although an early riser at this time of the year, to make his appearance even in his grey morning dress.

It was evident, however, that whatever their plans were, they were not yet satisfactorily settled; for the woman who had been sleeping over the ashes of the wood fire, which now lay scattered over the hearth, was roused from her pleasant dreams to light the lamp, a primitive utensil, made simply by tilling a cup with oil, and putting a long piece of cotton into it to form a wick. It was soon lit, and then the conversation began afresh with a little more animation; for Mrs. Thomson's nap had dispelled the fumes of the brandy she had drunk at the commencement of the conference, and she was now anxious to hear the tale over again, which she was too far gone clearly to understand before; so she refilled the jug from the little keg, which stood in a secret cupboard in the wall, and having taken a glass herself and helped the men, she contrived, after the plans for the next night had been settled, to lead the conversation back into its original channel.

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“Didn't 'ee feel all dizzy-like, when you jumped over cliff boys?” said she.

“Well, 'twore neck or nothing, you know mother,” said her eldest son, Richard, (commonly called Dick) but we didn't jump right off from the top of the

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cliff as they thoft we ded, we slider'd down a little 'gully,' that we know'd, and then jumped off."

"That sheep wor a nasty thing to be found in the cart, it looked ugly after what's happened afore, but we got away before they saw our faces, and the horse and cart wor borrowed you know; we should ha' ben nabbed f'rall, ef it hadn't been for that young fellow's tumble from the Gull-rock, for the boat was near upon us, when the order was given to ' 'bout ship' and pick him up, and that gave us time to get into our hole under the cliff, creepy-crawley, like."

"I do b'lieve they were fools enough to think that he wor one of we 'pon the Gull-rock," said Jim Thomson, the other son, laughing, "for I know I sunk once, and if it hadn't been for Tim catching hold of me for a minute, while I recovered my breath, when I came up, I should ha' gone down again."

"Hold your jaw," said Thomson, the father, gruffly, "you're safe on shore once more; and now for those kegs. They're sunk in deep water, so the 'King's Fishers' will never find them, that's a sure thing, and we must put them off the scent, while we get the cargo into our dark cellar that has served us so well more than once."

"I wonder the 'King's Fishers' never found out that," said Daws, "they're none so sharp after all, with their gold lace, and bull-dogs, and what not,"

"We'll dodge them yet," said Thomson, "but I wonder some of them didn't see us getting in this afternoon."

"How did that young fellow get upon the Gull-rook?" said Mrs. Thomson, "I thought —"

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"Never mind what you thought," said her husband, sharply, "hold your jaw, and dowse the glim! Don't you see that day-light is breaking;"

"God! What was that?" exclaimed Tim, who had been leaning lazily on his elbow, and looking out of the window for the last few minutes. "There's somebody out-side the window."

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The five men looked at each other for a minute in mute astonishment, and a shudder passed through them, as if they had seen a ghost, and no one stirred; so easily are the guilty frightened at a shadow. All had seen the shadow pass the window, but no one seemed to be able to stir for a moment.

They had been concerting some secret plans that night, which, if discovered, might lead to serious results.

Their fear did not last an instant, however; for the door was soon unbolted, and the two young Thomsons went out, and searched all round the house, but found no one, and so they concluded it was the reflection of the waning moon on something in the window, at the moment the lamp was extinguished; so the party broke up and each retired to his bed, to sleep off the effects of the "moonshine."

These two families did not bear the best character in the world, for altho' nothing as yet had been proved against them, they were suspected of having committed many depredations, if not crimes, both in their immediate neighborhood, and in other parts of that district. Several farmers had lately lost some sheep, and suspicion fell on Tomson and Daws at once, and their houses were searched, but nothing was found to confirm the suspicion.

Smugglers they were known to be, but this was not at that period thought much of among their neighbours, who were glad to purchase a drop of "moonshine," as the contraband spirits were called, at a cheap rate; nor were government

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officers so numerous then as they are at present. The officer who gave chase to the smugglers that afternoon, was the commander of the signal station on the Lizard Point, which was a sort of telegraph for communicating information to London during the war, of the near approach of any foreign ships towards the coast, and for passing signals on from our ships. There were stations of this kind on the high ground commanding a view of the sea, all through England, and information was conveyed to London in a very short time, by being passed from one signal station to the other. These officers also watched the coast in other respects, and

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Lieutenant Brown considered that he was rendering great service both to his king and his country, at least to that portion of it in his immediate neighbourhood, by the capture of the kegs in the cart, and the carcass of the sheep, which he also found there; but the capture of the men themselves, would have given him greater satisfaction, for they puzzled him considerably. They were disguised in smock frocks and labourers' hats, and their faces were disfigured by black marks and dirt, so that no one would venture to swear to their identity, altho' it was pretty generally suspected who they were, and the carcass of the sheep told a tale which every one understood. The horse and cart it was afterwards discovered belonged to a poor man, who lived many miles from the Lizard, from whose premises they had been '*borrowed*' without his knowledge, the night before, and to whom information was conveyed respecting them in the morning, so as to send him into quite a different part of the country in search of his property.

Young Hendy and Miss Giddy persisted in their belief, that they saw the three men sink, and they were never seen to rise again; for, after the men in the boat had rescued the stranger from under the Gull-rock, they saw nothing more of the smugglers, although they said they kept a sharp lookout

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for them, in rowing from thence to the Lizard Cove; so that it was generally believed they had met with a watery grave. Their loss was not regretted, however; for this gang of smugglers had been a pest to the neighbourhood, for a length of time, and everyone feared them, for it was generally believed they would not stick at any crime to gain their ends. Of the two families, however, the Thomsons were the most dreaded, and not without reason. Daws' family, as we have said before, was large, and there were too many little eyes and ears about, to make it safe for Daws and his son Tim to put into practice, or even to concert any of their plans at their own house. There was one in that house, also, whom they dreaded more than all the rest—Margery, the eldest daughter, a young girl of seventeen; although she was brought up in the midst of crime as it were (for when she and her brother were young and before there were any other children, their father and Thomson

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carried on the same trade, without concealing the nature of it from the children,) yet she seemed to understand that they were doing wrong, even as a child; and would often in her childish way, reprove her father for it. They began in a small way by stealing poultry, and even pigs, and at last they would go away to some distant part and bring home a sheep, and so they lived upon plunder. This she knew was wrong, and would boldly say so. The smuggling transactions she did not think so much about, everybody did that, if they had the chance. But as she grew older the principles which nature had implanted in her, became more fully developed, and improved by her intercourse with a family from the mining district of West Cornwall, who came into that neighbourhood to reside, when little Margery was about eight or nine years old, and with whom she became acquainted in an extraordinary way.

This family consisted of the father, mother, and two

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children, a son and daughter. The father's name was Millar, and by a strange coincidence, his trade was that of a miller—a strange trade it may be thought, to be carried on the Lizard Downs, where the land is so flat, that no stream of water can be seen on it, for miles and miles, large enough to turn the wheel of the smallest mill that ever ground corn, and yet we confidently assert, that Jacob Millar was a miller, and exercised his calling on the Lizard Downs.

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CHAPTER V.

THE MIDNIGHT BURGLARY, AND FEMALE HEROISM.

IT will be remembered by those who have visited that far-famed and delightfully romantic spot, Kynance Cove, that on the high flat ground above the cove, there stands what many persons may suppose to be the ruins of a round tower, or castle.

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At the suggestion of Jacob Millar, who was a shrewd, sensible man, and had picked up a little knowledge of machinery in the raining district from whence he came, (although there was not much of that in those days), the lord of the manor laid out a sum of money in erecting this high, round building, intending it for a mill; and as there was no stream in the neighbourhood to turn a wheel, four large sails were fixed up on the outside of this building, and these sails were turned by the wind, and worked the machinery within to grind the corn.

A windmill was a very uncommon thing to be seen in Cornwall, and here Jacob Millar carried on a thriving trade, he was a reserved man, and therefore did not quickly form acquaintances. The people who came to have their corn ground he knew of course, and chatted with them freely, but nothing more, so that he did not lose the broad west Cornwall

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dialect, which he had acquired from living so long in a mining district. His wife was more free and conversational, and consequently formed many acquaintances among her own sex. In dialect she was as broad as her husband, and possessed a good deal of native wit and shrewdness. The boy was about thirteen, and the girl two or three years younger, when they first came into the Lizard district to reside. Three or four years passed, and Jacob continued to thrive. His son was now able to assist him, and they had as much grinding as they could do; for there was no other cornmill within many miles of them, so Jacob was supposed by his neighbours to be saving money; and it was also believed that he kept a good deal of it in his house, which many thought he was very foolish to do. Thomson and Daws were not behind their neighbours in speculating, privately, on the folly of the miller in keeping his money hoarded up in his house, and they thought it would be almost a charity to relieve him of the trouble of it.

Frequent meetings were held, therefore, sometimes at one house, and sometimes at the other, and plans concerted. But nothing satisfactory could be fixed on for a long time. At last circumstances seemed to favor them. The miller, who seldom went from home, was summoned to the Bodmin assizes, to serve as a

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juryman. Now, then, was the time for the perpetration of the robbery, and a rich booty was confidently calculated on. The movements of the family were closely watched. The miller took leave of his family and started on horseback one fine morning in the month of March, and that night the deed was to be done. The nights were dark, which favoured their design. Jim Thomson, who was then but a little fellow, was to be put in through a small window of the back kitchen, which the men would contrive to open, for they had narrowly inspected every door and window long before, and knew the weakest part, perhaps,

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even better than the miller did himself. Jim was then to unbolt the back door and let his father and Daws into the house. The other two boys, Dick Thomson and Tim Daws, were not wanted, for Thomson thought that two men and a boy ought to be force sufficient to silence a defenseless woman and two children. They took stout cudgels with them, but no firearms, for they thought that a blow from one of their cudgels would be quite enough to settle the inmates of the house, if they were troublesome; whereas the report of fire-arms might be heard at a distance on a still night, and perhaps alarm the neighbourhood, which was not at that time, however, very thickly populated.

It is midnight. The mother and her two children are sleeping in fancied security, dreaming perchance of the honest miller, their lawful guardian and protector. The mill has stopped its clack; all nature is asleep, and an awful stillness prevails. The two men and their young companion are at the window. They have forced it open, is and the boy is easily pushed through. But hark!—what that? A footstep close to them? No, it cannot be. The men wait a moment. All is still again. They move cautiously towards the back door. The boy has some difficulty in unbolting it, the bolt is rusty. At last, he succeeds. The door is opened. They enter. Something heavy falls inside, and a pistol is fired. A loud scream is heard of “Thieves!” “Murder!” and another pistol is fired. A figure is seen in the passage by the flash of the pistol. One of the men strikes at it with his cudgel. The figure falls with a shriek! The men are alarmed! They are discovered,

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and as far as they know, there are armed men in the house. They run, neither looking back nor stopping, until they reach Thomson's house. The boy is not far behind them; and when they have entered, they bolt the door, for they still fear pursuit.

The report of firearms and the awful screams, roused

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Mrs. Millar and her children from their peaceful slumbers. A light was procured, and on cautiously going down, in fear and trembling, they were horror-struck at finding the body of a young girl lying in the passage, with a terrible gash in her head, from which the blood was flowing freely. On lifting her up, however, they found she still breathed. All their thoughts were now centered in her, and they forgot, for the moment, their former alarm. Mrs. Millar bathed her wounds, and bound them up, and put the poor sufferer to bed; but she was quite unconscious of the kind attention, and remained insensible for many hours.

Towards morning she recovered a little; but, as Mrs. Millar did not like the responsibility of a young girl's dying at her house for want of medical assistance, she sent her son to Erisey to request that the doctor would call at the mill, after he had seen the Colonel, on whom she knew he was at that time in daily attendance. Accordingly, in the course of the day the doctor called and saw the patient, who was much better—able to converse with Mrs. Millar and take a little refreshment. The doctor examined the wounds and dressed them, saying they were not serious, and in a few days, with care and attention, she would be all right, but she must be kept perfectly quiet. To all Mrs. Millar's questions, respecting the mysterious adventure and the screams she had heard, and the report of the pistols which were found lying in the passage, she replied that she discovered an attempt was to be made that night to rob the mill premises, and she determined to prevent it if possible, and she had succeeded. Who the men were she would not say, nor how she had obtained her information.

Although Mrs. Millar did not know who the young girl was, the doctor knew her at once; and having got rid of that good lady for a short time, by requesting her to get some gruel for the patient, he induced Margery to tell him

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the whole truth;—promising to keep it quite a secret, for he already suspected how it was.

Margery, thereupon, told him that she had overheard her father and Thomson concerting their plans for the robbery, and she was determined to prevent it, if possible, without betraying her father, by asking the assistance of anyone, or even naming it to the miller or his family. She knew where her father kept his pistols, and she knew also that he did not intend taking them that night, for the reasons before stated; so, as soon as the men were gone, she took the pistols, which she knew were always kept loaded, and followed them; and while Jim Thomson was unbolting the door, she got in through the window, which he had just entered; but it was higher than she expected, and in getting down she fell, and one of the pistols went off, which frightened her, and she screamed involuntarily, and when the door was opened, and she saw the men coming through the passage, she fired the other pistol over their heads, and made as much noise as she could in order to frighten them. One of the men struck her, and she fell; which it was she didn't know; her object was to frighten them, and she had succeeded.

The doctor called her a noble girl, and recommended her to Mrs. Millar's care, who, ever after, took great notice of her, and had her frequently to spend the day with them at the mill, where she was soon taught many things she could not have learned at her father's house.

When the miller heard the story on his return, and who the girl was, he gave a shrewd guess at the truth by putting "this against that," as he said; but for the sake of the girl's peace at home he kept it to himself. Margery was then about thirteen, and the miller's son was four years older, and a mutual attachment

sprang up between them, which no one suspected until the miller's little daughter, who was five years younger than her brother, as increasing years made

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her more observant of these things, saw her brother's growing partiality for their young friend, whose father and brother had now become so notorious, that she spent much of her spare time at the mill;—but she did not give up the resolution she had formed, and acted upon on more than one occasion—of watching the movements of her relatives, and, if possible, preventing the crimes which she frequently heard them premeditating, and they consequently greatly feared her, and used the greatest caution in deliberating on their plans, which were, after a time, generally concerted at Thomson's house, where there was no one to interrupt them. This precaution, however, did not always enable them to elude the vigilant eye and quick ear of Margery, and many a dark deed did this young girl prevent by her bold determination, and many an angry word did she get from her father and brother, and even from her mother, and sometimes a blow; but she never complained, nor would she betray her father or his wicked associates. She had, moreover, displayed her bold courage on more than one occasion, in being the means of rescuing poor shipwrecked sailors from a watery grave, when her father and his associates were engaged in plundering the wreck.

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CHAPTER VI.

THE WOUNDED STRANGER.

THE wounded stranger remained in the same lethargic state, and the young doctor, who had readily acceded to his partner's suggestion, continued to watch him with the greatest care and attention throughout the night. The sailors had other duties to perform, and there was an unwillingness on the part of the people of the village to render the stranger any assistance without knowing how they were to be paid, so that Hendy watched by the bedside of the invalid all night. The

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stranger opened his eyes occasionally, but seemed agitated and restless, and took little notice of anything around him. Towards morning, however, he fell into a sound sleep, much to the relief of his solitary attendant, who took advantage of it, by going out to get a little fresh air, which he very much required, after being shut up in a close room so long.

No one was yet stirring in the house, so he let himself out, and walked up and down before the door, and enjoyed the early morning. He had not taken many turns, however, before he perceived a woman neatly dressed approaching the house from the road.

“Good morning, sir,” said she, dropping him a low

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curtsey. “I’ve made bold to come up to ask how the stranger is, and whether you want a nurse for him?”

“He is in a very precarious state,” said Hendy, “but he has just gone off for the first time since the accident, into a sound sleep, which I hope will be of service to him, for he was much exhausted. We shall want a nurse but are not yet sufficiently acquainted with the stranger’s means to promise much remuneration.”

“I will take the chance of that, sir,” said the woman, “I shouldn’t like it to be said that a poor stranger had perished at the Lizard Town, for the want of a nurse. I heard of the accident and was told that the neighbours refused to watch without being paid. Shame! shame!”

“If you will undertake the office for a little time, my good woman,” said Hendy, I shall be very much obliged to you, and I will render you all the assistance in my power.”

“I will do my best, sir,” replied the woman, as she followed the young Doctor into the house.

They found the stranger still fast asleep, so the woman took off her bonnet and cloak, and sat by the bedside, watching her patient, while the young Doctor went out again, first giving his new assistant instructions how to act, should the stranger awake before his return. He felt sure he had seen the woman before, but

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where he could not remember. She had, no doubt, offered her services from a good motive, and this disinterested conduct, so different from the selfish narrow-mindedness of the villagers, prepossessed him in her favour. All was still, as he passed through the little village, on his way to the Cove, where he intended to refresh himself, by a dip in the sea.

He stood, and looked up at the window of a neat little cottage, which stood in a garden at the extremity of the village, and thought of her whose image was ever present to his mind, but the window curtains were drawn down, so he

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walked on. On his return, however, as he came in sight of the little cottage, he observed in the garden a well-known figure, which caused him to quicken his pace considerably.

“Good morning!” said he, as he approached. “This fine, clear, country air, has made you look so fresh and blooming, that the very roses droop their heads, and turn aside in jealous envy.”

“You have been taking a leaf out of your senior partner’s book,” said Miss Giddy, blushing, “but such fine speeches don’t become a junior partner. I’m glad you’re come, however, although you are so servile an imitator, for I want to hear all about the poor wounded foreigner.”

“How do you know he is a foreigner?” said Hendy, as he entered the garden, a little piqued at the reception he had received, and a little jealous also that the fair creature on whom he had bestowed his fondest affections, and whose image was ever in his thoughts, should be so interested in the fate of a stranger. He soon discovered, however, that the satirical manner was put on for the sake of teasing him, and that the interest she took in the invalid, was merely the anxiety of a kind-hearted girl, for the safety and welfare of a fellow creature in distress, and her answer to his last question made him quite ashamed of himself.

“I know nothing of the poor sufferer,” she said, and merely repeat what Doctor Pearce told us. I know, however, that you have been watching him all

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night, and will be glad of an early breakfast. Papa is dressing, and will be down very shortly, so come in. It is all ready, and we can begin at once.”

“This is very kind and considerate of you, dear Emily,” said he, taking her hand and pressing it to his lips, “You are indeed the —”

“Now, no more of your fine speeches,” said she, extricating her hand, and running into the house, as the old

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Commodore threw open his window, and greeted his early visitor, by singing a verse of an old sea-song in a stentorian voice, that roused the inmates of the neighboring dwellings from their slumbers.

“As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides and ends,

Nought’s a trouble from duty that springs.

For my heart is my Poll’s and my rhino my friends,

And as for my life, ‘tis the king’s.”

“For I say, d’ye mind me, let storms ere so oft.

Take the topsails of sailors aback.

There’s a sweet little cherub, sits smiling aloft,

To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.”

“Well James, my boy!” continued he, finishing his toilet at the open window, “how is your patient?”

“He’s now sleeping soundly,” said Hendy.

“That’s right,” said the Commodore, “now go and get some breakfast. I’ll be down before you can say, ‘Jack Robinson.’ “

It must be confessed that love had not taken away the young Doctor’s appetite, for he had dived to a considerable depth, into a cold pigeon pie, and eaten no end of bread and butter, when the Commodore made his appearance, singing the burden of his song.

“Shiver my mizen, young sir!” said he, “but you’ve had a long watch tonight. I intend taking my turn after breakfast, while you turn in for an hour or two.”

“No need of that, thank you sir,” said Hendy, “for I have got a nurse, or I shouldn’t have been here now.”

“A nurse!” exclaimed the Commodore, “Well that’s lucky, but where did you pick her up? The Doctor told us there wasn’t one to be had; but I see it is just as it used to be when Adam was a little boy, a young doctor can do what an old one can’t, ha! ha! ha!”

“I don’t know who she is,” said Hendy, “and yet I am

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sure, I have seen her somewhere, before. I found her very near the door, when I came out this morning, about daybreak, for a little fresh air. She seemed to have come prepared for the office, for she volunteered her services at once.”

“Is she a person of the village?” asked Miss Giddy.

“No!” replied Hendy, “I’ve certainly seen her before, but where I can’t remember. It struck me at first that she was one of the gipsy tribe. Her manners were not those of a common cottager, and she seemed to have a slight foreign accent.”

“We’ll overhaul her, and see what sort of a craft you have picked up with, after breakfast,” said the Commodore, helping himself to some of the substantials before him, for his late fit of the gout had passed off, and the fresh air of the country, and the sea breeze had given him quite a new life, and a return of his wonted boisterous spirits.

Accordingly, as soon as breakfast was over, the Commodore took his ‘main-stay,’ as he sometimes called it, in his hand, by which he meant a large oak stick, and accompanied the young Doctor back to the village inn, where the stranger was.

On entering the room they found him awake, and apparently better, but still evidently very weak and exhausted. The nurse was not in the room, so Hendy inquired where she was, in answer to which the invalid shook his head, but did not speak. This seemed strange, but still they thought she might have left the room to fetch something and would return soon. It was necessary, however, that the

patient should take some nourishment, so the young Doctor went downstairs himself, to make inquiries, and see what could be got. He soon returned with what he wanted, but could gain no intelligence of the nurse. She was not in the house, nor had she been seen by any of the inmates, who confessed, however, that they had not been downstairs very long, for

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the landlord himself had been out fishing the evening before, and did not come in till past midnight, so that it was very late when they went to bed; nor could they gain any information from the invalid, for he either could not, or would not speak intelligible English. He tried to make them understand something in a sort of broken English, but the language was so confused, that they couldn't make it out.

The Commodore, from having lived abroad for many years in his early days, had acquired a smattering of several foreign languages, but he had now almost forgotten them from want of practice. The Spanish, however, it was generally supposed, was his favourite, because he had taken great trouble in having his daughter taught that language by a Spaniard, who happened to be shipwrecked on the Cornish coast some years before, and was invited by the Commodore to spend a little time with him at Trenethic, but who after staying about a year, disappeared, no one knew where, or how. This was when Miss Giddy was quite a child, so that although her father tried to assist her in keeping it up, she soon ceased to take an interest in a language which no one around her spoke. This then, being the only foreign language which the Commodore could remember anything of, he tried to refresh his memory and venture on a word or two in Spanish. The sound of a language which seemed to be familiar to him, animated the invalid's exhausted frame, and gave lustre to his large black eyes, and he spoke a few words of thanks for the kind attention bestowed on him, which the Commodore understood sufficiently to make out, although he could not himself remember enough of the language to speak a connected sentence in reply, nor could he understand the explanation which the stranger seemed anxious to give of his mysterious appearance on the rock at Kynance Cove.

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CHAPTER VII.

“WHY!—SHE’S GONE!—SOAS!”

FOR some four or five years Margery Daws had been on intimate terms of friendship with the miller’s family, and the youthful attachment which had sprung up between her and young Joseph Millar had ripened into mutual love, and their little secrets were told to each other with the utmost confidence. Thomson and Daws had now become so notorious, that it was more than Margery could do to watch them and foil them in their intended wickedness alone, so she called to her aid the brave young miller, who entered into a solemn promise to be guided by her in all things, and to assist her as far as lay in his power in preventing the commission of those crimes which she often discovered her father and his companions were about to perpetrate, without betraying the guilty parties, if it could be avoided.

Joseph Millar was a tall, powerful young man, well proportioned and athletic, and if his features were not strictly handsome, there was an honest expression in his fine open countenance, which strongly indicated that his heart was in the right place. His youth had been spent, as we have before said, in West Cornwall, and as his father and mother till retained the broad Cornish accent they had acquired in

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their native parish, it was natural that the children should retain it also. Education in those days was rare even among the better portion of the lower classes in West Cornwall, and therefore, it is not to be wondered at that neither of the miller’s family could write, so that any communications which passed between them and the relations and friends they had left behind in the far West must necessarily be delivered orally, which, however, was of rare occurrence, for travellers from the

neighbourhood of the Land's-end to the Lizard in those days were few and far between.

On the evening of the day of this memorable picnic, Mrs. Millar and her daughter, then a buxom girl of about fifteen or sixteen, were sitting in the kitchen knitting, waiting for the men to come in from the mill to supper, when they were startled by a loud knock at the front door.

“Dear! marcy!” said Mrs. Millar, dropping her work, “what’s that? Whoever can be come this time o’ night? I’m all of a tremmor, cheeld-vean, and money in the house too. Shall es lock the door, Alice Ann, and keep them out, till you do call father and Joe, shall es?”

“No, no,” said Alice Ann, who possessed more courage and shrewdness than her mother, “I don’t think that any robbers or murderers wud knock to lev es know they’re come. Shall I oppen the door, mother?”

As her mother was too much agitated to give any directions, Alice Ann took it upon herself to act, as she bad often been obliged to do before, for Mrs. Millar was one of those simple-minded, superstitious, matter-of-fact women, who are easily frightened, and who are ready to believe any gossip that is told them in a plausible way. Before Alice Ann reached the front door, however, for there was a long passage between it and the kitchen, the latch was lifted, and a tall, majestic-looking woman entered, and closing the door behind her, followed Alice Ann into the kitchen.

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“Good evening, Mrs. Millar,” said the new comer; “although an unknown visitor, I bear that with me which will not, I hope, make me an unwelcome one—I come from the far West, and know your relatives there.”

“Do ee sure ‘nuff ma’-m,” said Mrs. Millar, rising, and wiping a chair with her apron, “set down, do ee ma’-am; I’m longing to hear about them, for we ha-n’t heard nothing for a bra’ bit.”

The stranger did not wait to be bidden twice to sit down, for she seemed fatigued; so taking off her bonnet and cloak, she seated herself with great

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composure, and began to speak at once of their near relations, whom she described so minutely, that Mrs. Millar and her daughter had no doubt of her being acquainted with them, although perhaps not on intimate terms of friendship. But who she was they could not imagine. She was not a Cornish woman evidently—it was also evident she had seen better days, for there was a certain dignity in her deportment and conversation, which even poor Mrs. Millar could not help remarking; and, feeling herself unequal to the task of entertaining their unexpected guest, she desired Alice Ann to call her father in at once.

“What’s the matter now, old woman?” said the worthy miller, as he came in, brushing the white dust from his eyelids, and whitening the floor as he shook the Hour off his coat. “Es Joe come back with any news worth knowing?—are they all drowned, or what es et says you?”

“No, nothen’ ‘bout the men,” said Mrs. Millar, “but here’s a lady that ha’ seed our people.”

“I ax your pardon, ma’m,” said the miller, taking off his hat, and hanging it in its place very composedly, “I didn’t see that the women had company weth them, the flour do get in a body’s eyes after grenden brisk, and there’s a good breeze springing up this evening since the sun went down; but if so be, you’re come from our people home, as we do

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call et still, why you’re welcome, ma’m; get the supper about, Soas, so soon as you can.”

“I’m a late visitor,” said the stranger, addressing the miller, “I should not have intruded at this late hour, but I saw a light, and made towards it, for good news is always welcome,” and she proceeded to give them all the news she could respecting their friends.

When the stranger ceased speaking, the miller, who had been in deep thought for some time, said more to himself than to any of the company,—“We ha’ ben gone from there now better than six years, that’s true; and things an’ people are always changing, that’s true too; and the stranger may ha’ come there

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since we ben gone. She do seem a little outlandish in her lingo—I don't mind her at all; but the best way to know es to ax."

His curiosity was destined, however, to remain unsatisfied for some little time longer, for the smell of the savoury stew which now smoked on the table took away the hungry miller's thoughts from everything else for the present.

During supper conversation turned on the events of the morning, to which the stranger listened with eager attention, particularly to that part of it which related to the fall of the young man from the Gull-rock; and so intent were the miller and his wife on relating all the gossip that had been circulated respecting it, that they did not remark the anxiety exhibited by her, nor the pointed questions she put occasionally, as to his appearance, and the extent of the injury he had sustained, and where he was lodged. As soon as supper was over, she rose abruptly, and took her leave, thanking the miller for his kind hospitality, and declining the kind offer of a bed which Mrs. Millar pressed her to take.

"Dash my buttons," said the miller, striking the table with his fist, after the stranger had left, and looking round

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the room as if he had just awoke from a pleasant dream, "Why, she's gone, Soas."

"Iss fie, she's gone, sure 'nuff," replied his wife; "who is she, I wonder?"

"That's the very thing I wor meanen for to ax of her," said the miller. "She's maazed, I reckon."

"That's the way weth father, always, es n't et, Alice Ann?" said Mrs. Millar, in a sarcastic tone, turning to her daughter, and illustrating her meaning by a proverb, which she was very fond of doing, although, unfortunately, her proverbs were not always very applicable to the subject, nor were they always correctly quoted,—"He's like somebody else that I've heard tell of, that do 'Shut the stable door when the hoss es gone.'"

"I ca-an't see that fa-ather es wuss than other people, not I," replied Alice Ann. "Who'd ha' thoft she'd ha' been off so quick? I'll tell ee na, she do know something about that youngster, so sure as my name is Alice Ann."

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“Why, what are ee tellen, Alice Ann?” replied her mother, “when ded ee hear that then, cheeld-vean?”

“Why I nevar heard et at all, but I kept my eyes abroad, when you and father wor tellen of her the news, an’ I could see that she wor struck all of a heap like, when you told how the youngster tumbled down from the rock, and then she ax’d about ‘n a fine passle more than she wud ef he’d ben a stranger. I wish Josey wud come in to supper, for me for to wash away the things,” continued she. “How ded n’t ee bring om in with ee, father?—he’s always late now, semmen to me.”

“Josey ha’ n’t ben in the mill for a bra’ bit,” said the miller; “he’s out with Margery again, I s’pose.”

“Tes too much of et by a bra’ bit,” said Mrs. Millar.

“There’s a time for all things,” as the Bible do say, “and too much of one thing is good for nothing. Once a week es

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plenty for any body to go a courten, and that’s Sundays, when they’ve got their best clothes up, an’ nothen’ else to do.”

“You do forget when you wor young yourself, mother,” rejoined the miller, laughing. “You never complained that you had too much of my company then—that I do mind.”

“One fool makes many, I s’pose you do think, old man; but there’s Josey’s foot in the passage,” continued she, as she ladled some more of the hot stew out of the crock into the dish—to catch time by the ‘forelock,’ as she expressed it,—”why, what’s the matter?” continued she, as her son entered. “I should think you’d seed a ghost, you’re looking so whished.”

“Iss, fie, tes whished enuff,” said Joseph, sitting on the end of the form with his back to the table, and looking down on the floor, and speaking in a desponding tone; “I’ve been down to Cove, and I’ve seed things this night that I wish I’d never seed, and I ‘ve heard things that I wish I’d never heard.”

“Dear! marcy!” cried his mother, “why what’s come about the boy? art aw gone ma-zed, art aw? What hast aw seed, I should like to know?”

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“What I’ve seed and what I’ve heard will be known time enuff—too soon, I’m afeared, for some people,” replied he, in the same tone.

“That’s yackly like he na,” said Mrs. Millar, in her favourite sarcastic tone, looking at the smoking dish of stew on the table, and talking at her son, which she was very fond of doing if her curiosity was thwarted by any attempted concealment. “He never wud tell nothen ef twud save ‘n from hangen, nor he weant eat his supper nether, I’ll be bound; f’all we’re all waiting ‘pon om like slaves, te three of es,”

“Iss, I’ll eat my supper, or try to, mother,” said the young man, “I don’t wan’t nobody for to be a slave to me.”

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Whatever it was that lie had seen or heard, however, it did not seem to have taken away his appetite entirely, for he made a very good supper, and put his mother in a good humour again, by praising the stew, and they soon retired to rest, to recruit their strength and fit them for the toils and labour of the coming day.

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CHAPTER VIII

THE LAWYER AND HIS CLIENT.

A FEW nights after the occurrences related in the foregoing chapters, a lawyer was seated in his office in Helston, alone; his clerk had left some time.

Mr. Muffett, or Mr. Frank, as he was generally called, was a middle-aged gentleman, who had become prematurely bald, and affected the manners of the old school, very neat in his dress, and precise and methodical in his habits. His practice as a lawyer, to all appearance, had never been very extensive, for he kept only one boy to do the work of the office, who, to a casual observer, never seemed to grow older, but this anomaly was easily accounted for by those who knew the secret of the change of clerks; for when the boy got old enough to see and understand what was going on behind the scenes, he was dismissed to take a more

responsible situation in a larger establishment, and another boy was hired to supply his place; and yet Mr. Frank got rich, nobody knew how.

The town clock had just struck ten, and the lawyer still sat, as if waiting for someone. At length a tap was heard at the outer door, which he opened cautiously, and admitted the client he seemed so anxiously to expect.

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The new comer was not, in appearance, the sort of person one would suppose a lawyer would choose for a client; but appearances often deceive. He was a rough-looking man, about the middle height, strongly built, with a most forbidding countenance, that seemed to indicate a will that would not stick at anything to gain his purpose, whatever that might be.

“Well, Thomson,” said the lawyer, “what news?”

“Lots,” said the man, laconically.

“Good or bad?” inquired the lawyer.

“Both,” said Thomson. “In the first place, we was very nigh nabbed—that was bad; then we jumped over cliff, and got safe away into our dark cellar—and that was good. Then that young Spanish cap’n, like a fool, must go up ‘pon top of the Gull-rock, and get a fall—that was bad; but his fall blew off the scent from us while we wor going to earth—that was good.”

“I know all that,” said the lawyer, impatiently. “I want to know what you have done with the kegs, and where the little vessel is gone to harbour?”

“As to the kegs,” replied Thomson, “they are safe enough in our sea cellar, or cavern, whichever you choose to call it, where no one but ourselves will venture, for whosoever do go in there, must crawl upon their hands and knees for a few yards before they can stand up, and that’s awkward, for they can’t tell who may be inside. But I don’t believe the King’s Fisher’s do know that there’s a cavern at the end of that hole big enough to hold a ship’s cargo. But there is Mr. Prank.

“The ‘San Jozée’ is lying at anchor, between Prussia Cove and the mount.”

“So far good,” said the lawyer, “no one will suspect that neat little vessel of being a smuggler, in the west, she is more like a yacht.”

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“And so she was a yacht, or least-ways she passed for such, Mr. Frank, as you’ve heard, no doubt, when that dare-devil down at the Cove took her, and brought her home,—that was as daring a thing as ever I know’d, Mr. Frank.”

“I never heard the right version of that affair, I think,” said the lawyer, “but from what I can learn, it was a bold, daring exploit.”

“The story is soon told,” replied Thomson, “I had it from the man’s own lips. It happened about six months ago, or so, the ‘Little King of Prussia,’ as we do call’n, was going across the herring pool when he fell in with this foreign craft. She mounted two heavy guns and a swiveller, while the little ‘King’ had but one small one. Howsomever, after firing a bit, what did the little ‘King’ do but run under her bows, and board her, sword in hand. The yacht had four men besides the captain on board, they were short of hands, and our craft had but three;—but they were so taken aback when they saw how bold our men was, that all but the cap’n threw down their arms; and he was soon overpowered, though he fought like a devil, they said, ‘They wor taken unawares, like, ‘cause’ they thought such a small craft couldn’t do much,’—but they found their mistake. The ‘Little King of Prussia,’ as he’s called, is as bold a little cap’n as here and there one. They could speak broken English enough to be understood, and it seems they wor smugglers too, but in a different line. They were asked if they would continue to sail in the yacht, and trade on our coast, but they all refused except the cap’n, so the men were put ashore to get home the best way they could, and the cap’n was brought back to Prussia Cove. He was quite a young man, not more than two or three and twenty, but a smart young chap, sure’ nuff. Well, as he know’d the coast of France and Spain well, he

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was put in command again with four good staunch Cornishmen that know'd our coast well, besides the mate and boy lor his crew—and they have done a trade and no mistake, as you know, sir.”

“Yes, that they have, indeed, Thomson,” said the lawyer; “but I fear the trade will be stopped now for a time. The Custom-house men will keep a sharp look-out, you may depend.”

“Don't be down-hearted, Mr. Frank,” said Thomson, “the King's Fishers are none so sharp—we'll dodge them yet. If it hadn't ben for that young chap's dare-devil freak of stopping the craft after she had landed her goods, to see Kynance Cove, and to climb to the top of the Gull-rock from the boat the other side to see the picnic party, she would have been off before the officers saw her, and then all would have been well, for she is large enough to stand off, and send a boat ashore, to land the goods.

“I hear the young man is in a very precarious state,” said Mr. Muffett, “and still persists in silence, pretending he cannot speak English.”

“I believe that's his pride,” said Thomson. “He could speak a little broken English when they took him, but the English he ha' pick'd up since he ha' ben trading from Prussia Cove is West Cornwall lingo, except a little he may ha' learnt from aunt Malley Treloar, where he do quarter when he's ashore; so 'tis my belief that he don't like to speak his half Spanish and half Cornish before the gentlemen.”

“That's it, no doubt,” said Mr. Muffett. “And now to business, my friend.”

Mr. Muffett was the managing agent for a company of gentlemen, who kept a number of these smugglers in their employ, and carried on an illicit trade in smuggled goods of every description, whereby they got rich. Thomson was a

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useful man in many respects. He had done many a dark deed, and silenced more than one respectable individual at a slight hint from Mr. Muffett, when they feared a betrayal of any of their secret haunts or schemes, some of which had lately been frustrated in a most mysterious way, when they thought no one but themselves

knew their secret. Suspicion fell on one person, and it was partly to have the lawyer's advice, and promise of reward in the event of this person being quietly silenced, that caused the meeting this evening of these two worthies. But independently of this, Thomson bore a message of rather an unpleasant nature to the lawyer, which caused some irritation, and in his vexation, he accused the messenger of being a double-faced villain. High words ensued, and Thomson left the lawyer's office in high dudgeon. This, Mr. Muffet took little notice of, for he knew his power, and that he had documents in his possession which would hang more than one of his accomplices.

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CHAPTER IX.

THE YOUNG FOREIGNER MAKES HIMSELF UNDERSTOOD.

JUST a fortnight had now elapsed since the accident, and the stranger had been daily gaining strength. He was able to walk up and down before the door, with his broken arm in a sling, with the assistance of young Hendy; for he was still very weak, having had a severe attack of fever, brought on by the shock to his nervous system, and the concussion his brain had received in the fall from the rock. He persisted, however, in speaking nothing but Spanish.

One day, as the weather was hot and oppressive, and the invalid seemed stronger than usual, his medical attendant proposed a walk to the sea. This was eagerly assented to, for the stranger longed to breathe once more, what might be almost called his native air. So the two young men started at a slow pace. The invalid, however, soon found that his strength was failing him, and by the time they arrived at the cottage occupied by the Commodore, he was glad to sit on a stone to rest himself.

"Splinter my topmast, youngster!" exclaimed the Commodore, coming out of the cottage, "this won't do, Hendy! this won't do! I'll have you strung up to the yard-arm young sir, for bringing our friend to my door-step, and not

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bringing him in. I'm glad you are able to walk so far, my friend," continued he, addressing the stranger, who couldn't, or pretended he couldn't, understand a word he said.

"Here, Emily, have chairs brought out. That's my daughter Emily, sir," continued he, as Miss Giddy approached them from the cottage. This time the stranger evidently understood what was said, for he took off his hat as gracefully as he could in his present helpless state. They seemed mutually struck with each other's appearance, and so frequently, and intently, did the stranger gaze on the fair form before him, that young Hendy wished to his heart that the boatmen had left him at the bottom of the sea, rather than have saved him to come there, to supplant him in the affections of her he so fondly loved. Oh! jealousy! thou green-eyed monster, was there ever a surer tell-tale of true love!

The walk to the sea-shore was forgotten, so engrossed did the stranger seem in the contemplation of the beautiful face and form before him. She talked to her papa and Hendy with animation and beaming intelligence. How he longed to be able to talk with her too, in her own refined style. Alas! he could only talk to her with his eyes. At length politeness prompted her to ask him, by a sign, if he would like to walk round the little garden. In the course of their short walk, they arrived at one part, from which there was a beautiful little peep of the sea. It was at that moment, too, looking splendid, and he could not help making an exclamation in Spanish, of his admiration of the scene. The words seemed so familiar to Miss Giddy, that she answered him in the same language, to his great delight and surprise. She had not altogether forgotten the lessons she had received in her childhood, and they conversed partly by signs and partly in Spanish; for the lady could not so suddenly recall a language she had not heard for some years, as to carry on a

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fluent conversation. It was pleasant to both, however, to both this broken conversation, and each was so interested in trying to make the other understand, that they forgot their companions, until they were recalled to sublunary things,

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once more, by the voice of the old Commodore, shouting, "By the lord Harry! but it's true, after all, that a woman can oil a man's tongue whenever she likes. Hollo! youngster, you've found your tongue at last, have you?"

"Oh! papa," said Miss Giddy, coming forward, "I'm so glad I haven't forgotten the Spanish lessons I received from Signor Spherzanda, I must study it again; for I long to talk to this stranger in his own language, and I could soon get it up, I'm sure."

"Well, my dear," said her father, "it was a language I was very fond of in my younger days; for there are many associations connected with Spain, which even now, I recall with pleasure, and some, unhappily, the reverse."

As he spoke, this last sentence, a cloud passed over the Commodore's countenance, which all observed, but it was soon dispelled by the naturally exuberant spirits of the old gentleman, who instantly changed the subject by inviting his guests, in his own hearty way, to come in and wash the dust and cobwebs out of their throats, with a glass of Madeira, which they did not refuse.

While the other two went into the house, Miss Giddy took care to re-assure her lover; for she saw with a woman's instinct, that he was put out, and knowing his jealous disposition, she divined the cause, which she also knew how to dispel; but she liked to tease him, and so she again paid more attention to the stranger during lunch than she need have done.

Now that all the patients in the south were so much better, Doctor Pearce did not see the necessity of his junior partner's continuing to make such frequent visits in that

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quarter, so that he was obliged to make them few and far between, much to his chagrin; but it did not tend to his peace of mind at all, to know that the dear girl whom he loved so well, and so jealously, was studying the Spanish language under the tuition of a young and handsome man; and he knew, moreover, that the Commodore had taken a strange fancy to the young foreigner, and encouraged his visits and instructions to his daughter in a most unaccountable manner.

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As the young stranger grew stronger, he was a constant attendant on Miss Giddy, both at home and in her walks along the coast.

A month had now passed, almost imperceptibly, and the young stranger had nearly regained his former strength, when one evening, as they were walking along the cliff, between the Lizard Point and Kynance Cove, they heard a shrill whistle, which seemed to proceed from under the cliff. They looked down, but could see no one. There was, however, a strange vessel in the offing, at the sight of which the stranger started, and said, abruptly, that he was not feeling very well, and must go back to his lodgings at once. His manner was so strange, that Emily knew not what to think. It was a beautiful evening, but as he expressed such a determined wish to return, she did not oppose it. On arriving at the Commodore's cottage, he abruptly took his leave, and hurried on. His visits at the cottage had now become so regular,—he learning English, and his fair instructress Spanish—that, when the usual time of study arrived the next morning, and he did not appear, even the old Commodore became fidgetty. He found something wanting. He walked up and down the room, and into the garden several times, looking into the road, but could see nothing of him. At length, he said, he would go into the village and make inquiries after him.

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He could gain no news of him, however, for he had not been seen by any one. He did not come back to his lodgings after his walk, the night before—what could have become of him? Had he gone down the cliff to ascertain the cause of that strange whistle, and missed his footing? Every search was made, but without effect. No trace of him could be found. Emily had been persuading herself that the interest she felt in him was nothing more than friendship, and that there was, therefore, no danger whatever of her regard for young Hendy lessening in consequence. But she found, now, that it had taken a deeper root, and the mingled feelings of love and regret, and uncertainty, made her very wretched. Her friend Laura had seen it all from the beginning, and had tried to arrest the evil, but it was of no use; Emily was a spoiled child, and would not be thwarted. Indeed, the more

her friend tried to persuade her to discontinue her dangerous studies with the fascinating stranger, the more determined would she be in pursuing them and encouraging his attentions.

While young Hendy was in attendance on the invalid, he was in some measure a check upon both; for, although Emily delighted to excite his jealousy whenever an opportunity offered, yet, when she saw it pained him, her better nature prevailed, and she made ample amends for her caprice, by some kind expression or look, which never failed to reassure him. His was a pure and devoted attachment, too deeply rooted to be easily eradicated. When but a mere youth his admiration of the fair young creature, whom he occasionally met at evening parties, or at picnics, was noticed by all, and her coquettish disregard of his attentions, which she displayed alike to all her admirers, only added fuel to the flame, instead of extinguishing it. As they grew older, and when the young apprentice was admitted into partnership with his old master, his almost daily attendance on the

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Commodore, through a long illness, caused more familiar intercourse between the young people, while the great attention the young Doctor paid to his patient, and the skill he displayed in the treatment of the disease, induced a feeling of more than common friendship towards him on the part of the old gentleman. Emily saw this, and her gratitude for the restoration of her dear father's health, added to a real regard which she felt for young Hendy, caused her to look on him more favorably than she did on any of her other admirers, and in the course of time, a tacit understanding sprung up between them; and although the consent of her father had not been formally asked, nor any public announcement made, it was generally believed, and decided by the gossips of Helston, that Emily Giddy and James Hendy were engaged. But still the fair Emily could not give up her old propensities, and a little flirtation, and a good deal of coquetry, would often be displayed, to the amusement of the gossips, and the annoyance of him who so devotedly worshipped at her shrine.

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There was nothing strikingly brilliant, either in the person or manners of James Hendy. His description may be summed up shortly, by calling him a rather good-looking country gentleman. Talented he was, certainly, and a pleasant, agreeable companion, and one whose conversation would never be tiresome even to a gay, thoughtless woman, from the information he had acquired by reading and observation, and the tact he generally displayed in suiting his conversation to his company. He also possessed musical abilities of no mean order, and a fine voice, so that his society was sought after, and no party was deemed complete without James Hendy.

Doctor Pearce's sage advice to the Commodore to go to the Lizard for change of air led to results very different from those intended. It renovated the invalid's health, indeed.

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but unsettled the mind, and, for a time, destroyed the happiness of his daughter.

Very different were the person and manners of the handsome young stranger from those of any roan Miss Giddy had ever before met. Who could look, with indifference, on those large dark eyes, so piercing and yet so subdued by the long lashes which shaded them—sometimes flashing fire, and making the stoutest heart quail beneath their gaze, and then again so soft and gentle that a child might look upon that smiling, beaming face, and feel secure and safe? The upper lip was shaded by a slight moustache, black as a raven's wing, contrasting well with a row of pearl-white teeth; the hair was black as jet, and hung in massive curls all round, descending almost to his shoulders. In height he stood six feet—some thought more, but this might have been from the fine proportion of his limbs, and the strength of muscle he displayed, when he drew himself up to his full height in performing any manly exercise or amusement.

Day after day, and week after week, he was the constant companion, and instructor of Miss Giddy in his own native language, while she, in return, instructed him in hers, until they became quite proficient, and could converse fluently with the aid of a little gesticulation; and many a deed of daring did he

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relate to his fair companion in this way, while she, to understand the tale more readily, would gaze intently on those speaking eyes, which varied with his every thought, and displayed every emotion of the speaker's mind. Thus did they pass the hours away, and thus did Cupid imperceptibly drive his sharp-pointed arrow deeper and deeper into the unsuspecting heart of his fair victim, until the visits of the fascinating stranger became almost necessary to her existence. All this her father saw, but checked it not, so surely had the stranger entwined himself, in an unaccountable way, round the hearts of both. The old

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Commodore seemed quite infatuated and began to get up his Spanish too.

Vainly did her friend Laura represent the folly of yielding her heart to a stranger, whom no one knew, and who would not reveal his past history or present mode of life. He would only tell them that his name was Ferdinand Josée, and that Spain was his native country.

The disregard that her friend paid to her gentle rebukes, and the encouragement which Commodore Giddy gave to the intimacy between his daughter and the young stranger, made Laura feel sometimes that she was an intruder, and she would remain away from the cottage for days together, much to her regret; for she had hoped for a long continuance of the delightful society of her friend Emily, whose companionship she so much enjoyed in that secluded neighbourhood. Laura's absence, more than her rebukes, would awaken Emily from her pleasant dreams, and then she would call at Erisey, accompanied by Ferdinand, to seek her friend and scold her for her unkindness, as she called it, and then she would insist on her accompanying them home. On those occasions Ferdinand would often have a long conversation with Colonel Western, whom he seemed to like, notwithstanding his stiffness and pomposity.

The Colonel had been abroad a good deal, and had seen some active service, and he liked to fight his battles over again, and spin a long yarn to Don Josée, as he would always call him, because he thought he seemed so interested in the recital; but the truth was, that Don Josée understood very little at first of what

the Colonel said, although, with the politeness of a foreigner, he seemed to pay attention to the narrative, which was often told over a bottle of wine, while the young ladies were having a comfortable chat in some other part of the house.

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CHAPTER X.

ERISEY HOUSE.

COLONEL WESTON was proud of his domain, and would often take his visitor through the house, and relate some wondrous tale or legend connected with the manor of Erisey, or some member of that ancient family; not that there was anything very remarkable in the house itself, except its antiquity, but it was the manor house, and belonged to him now, and so he was proud of it. It was one of those ancient buildings, the remains of which are still to be found in remote out of the way places in Cornwall. Built for the accommodation of large families, and their retainers and dependants, without any regard to architectural order or beauty, they were generally cold, bleak, and uncomfortable looking houses, without a single tree to shelter them from the winter's blast; with doors in every direction, as if to invite the wind to enter, and rush at full speed through the long winding passages, and up the broad oak stairs, bursting open some of the numerous doors of the stately mansion in its way, and closing others with a bang to the great terror of the servants; for a whisper had got abroad in the neighborhood that Erisey House was haunted.

The Colonel was sadly disappointed when he found that

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his son and heir, on whom so much depended, was, when he arrived at man's estate, a deformed dwarf. It was almost worse than having no son. In his infancy, Erisey was weak and delicate, and but for his mother's unwearied care and attention, would have sunk into a premature grave. She was devoted to her poor

little invalid son. So wisely is it ordered, that a mother's love should be strongest for the child who most needs a mother's tender care.

The Colonel himself took little notice of his sickly child, and was sometimes offended at the attention paid to the poor little boy, for he was a selfish as well as a pompous man, and would fain have all the attention paid to himself. Knowing his father's antipathy towards him, Erisey (or Riskey as he was commonly called) didn't miss any opportunity of doing all the mischief he could, and he was cunning enough, in most instances to escape detection. Like many men below the ordinary height, what he wanted in bodily strength, was made up in cunning and impudence. Laura was her father's favorite, for she humored his whims, and attended to his wants when she had nothing better to do, and no other object of interest presented itself, which was not very frequently the case, in that dull out of the way place, and, in return, she was rewarded with many little indulgences, and full liberty to wander out alone, or accompanied by her brother, whenever she pleased, provided her father did not require her attendance, and, consequently, she formed acquaintances which neither her father or mother would have approved of, had they known who and what they were.

A few days after the disappearance of the young stranger, Laura went out one evening after an early tea, for a ramble over the cliffs, having first managed to get rid of her brother by sending him with a message to Emily Giddy, and settling her father and mother down to their favorite evening amusement, a game of cribbage, which she knew would occupy

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them till supper time. Instead of going towards the cliffs, however, she strolled away over the soft heath, in the direction of the mill, to enjoy an hour's chat with Mrs. Millar—an amusement Miss Laura was very fond of indulging in occasionally. It was such fun, she thought, to hear the old lady relate the gossip of the neighborhood in her broad Cornish dialect, interspersing it with some of her quaint and often misplaced proverbs.

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Mrs. Millar was alone when Laura arrived, and, to “keep her clapper from rusting,” as her husband often said, she was talking to the cat, as she swept and sanded her kitchen, preparatory to settling herself till supper time at her knitting.

“Drat the cat; clawing the paint off the cupboard door agen art aw? I’ll claw thee ef I do come nigh thee; g’out in the mill, and catch the rats and mice, you lazy great thing, you. Don’t ee know, ‘when the cat’s away, the mice’ll play Dear marcy! what’s that I wonder?— I’m all of a tremor, I thoft I heard somebody open the fore door. Iss! ‘tis somebody comen in too, an’ I with my every day’s cap up! Why ‘tes Miss Laura, to be sure. How ar’ ee, my dear? I’m fine an’ glad to see ee, sure ‘nuff. Talk of angels, an’ they’ll flap their wings. Set down, my dear; stop, lev me wipe the dust off the chair with my apron, for I’ve ben sweeping up a bit. Now, my dear.”

“You seem all alone this evening,” said Laura. “So now you will be able to finish the story you were telling me the other evening about the people that they say are lately come to Bochym, and the woman that lives at the dry-tree.”

“Hush! my dear cheeld,” replied Mrs. Millar, going cautiously to the door, and looking about to see that no one was near to overhear what she was going to relate. “Tes an, old saying, my dear, ‘That walls have ears,’ but that’s all nonsense semmen to me; but be that as it may, ‘tis well to

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be careful these times. I don’t knaw whether she do live in the dry-tree or no, my dear, but like enough, for go there when you will, there she es, so they’re tellen;— but whether tes truth or lies, my dear, I can’t tell. I never seed her myself; an’ Bochym great house too, where nobody ha’ lived for ever so long—’cept the ghostes—there’s somebody living there now, they do say, but he weant be sen by nobody ‘till he have looked ‘pon them thro’ the little holes in the wall inside the great hall.”

“But how do people know that Bochym House is inhabited if they have never seen any one there?” asked Laura.

“Aw, my dear,” said Mrs. Millar, almost in a whisper, “Margery do know all about et.”

Laura was so anxious to hear the true vesion of the gossip about Bochym and the dry tree, that she determined she would see Margery herself, and satisfy her curiosity;—so, after a little more of Mrs. Millar’s amusing conversation, she took her leave, and wended her way towards Daw’s house. Margery was not at home, so Miss Laura was obliged to retrace her steps, with her curiosity unsatisfied; and when she met her friend Emily, and they walked over the cliffs together, she could talk of nothing else but the mysterious stranger at Bochym House. She might as well talk of that as anything else, for Emily’s thoughts were fixed on a far different subject. It was on those cliffs she had last walked with the young stranger, who was in her thoughts night and day.

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CHAPTER XI.

UNPLEASANT DISCLOSURES.

BOCHYM great house, as it was called, had been uninhabited for a long period. The farmer who farmed the estate, lived in a small house a little distance off. It must have been at one time a fine building, but a part of the mansion having fallen into decay, smaller rooms were built at the back. The great entrance hall and the room adjoining, which were in good preservation, were the only parts of the ancient mansion which remained, and these were out of keeping both in size and structure, with the other rooms which had been added since. This remnant of the ancient mansion was well and strongly built on all sides, of the finest granite, and very lofty. Across the hall as you entered, and immediately opposite the entrance door, was the door leading into the upper rooms, and at the extreme end of the hall on the right, was a door leading into a large sitting-room, pannelled on all sides with oak, beautifully and curiously carved. This seemed the only room at all in keeping with the hall. The room on the first floor, up some narrow stone steps, looked into the hall, through several small loop-holes cut through the stone

wall. This was also a sitting-room, at that time, and was occupied on the evening of Miss Laura Western's

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visit to Mrs. Millar, by two persons. The room was furnished with a long oak table, and a few heavy chairs, evidently of ancient manufacture, and on the table there was a small keg of brandy, and a few glasses. At the head of the table sat a remarkably fine-looking man, wearing a heavy dark moustache, slightly tinged with grey, and having a broad forehead, and eyes so piercing, that you could scarcely bear to look at them long enough to ascertain their color. His age might have been about five and forty, and from his dress, and a little peculiarity of manner and gesticulation, he might be mistaken for a foreigner, but his decidedly English accent, proclaimed him a native. It was evident however, he had lived in a foreign country for some time.

Although he seemed both in his appearance and manners to be a gentleman, yet at times there was something so unpleasant in the expression of his otherwise handsome countenance, that a feeling of terror might be created in the mind of a nervous person, who watched him closely. No such feeling, however, was apparent in the man who sat at his right, and helped himself so freely from the keg of brandy on the table; for his countenance indicated a mind fitted for dark and daring deeds, and whose strongly knit frame and sinewy arm evinced the power of carrying them out, however daring they might be; and thus Thomson (for he it was) was generally the foremost, and most active in carrying out the mischief so often concerted at his house between those two notorious families already introduced to the reader.

“Then you think that my return here is discovered?” said the gentleman.

“Yes,” replied Thomson, “I'm sure of it, and I think I can give a pretty near guess who found it out, if you can't.”

“I'm sure I can't,” said the gentleman, “it could not have been one of your fellows, who told of it, I suppose, and you always said that the people of the neighborhood

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believed that the old house was haunted, and we trusted to their superstition, and the apparitions occasionally seen in the dry tree, and other places nearer here, to keep them away."

"Well," said Thomson, "you're part right, and part wrong. It wasn't one of our fellows, you're right there, but there's a pair of eyes and ears that I believe are too cunning for the devil himself. I shouldn't have minded her so much, though, but she tells everything to her chum, and they are watching us, and I suspect they saw a move the other night, or, leastways she did."

"What!" exclaimed the gentleman, sharply, "have you allowed your movements to be watched so closely, and taken no steps to silence the parties? You used to be more cautious and more prompt."

"The old game would be dangerous in this case," replied Thomson, "Consider who she is. Daws would smell a rat, and the arm is near to the shoulder. All in good time, if you'll leave it to me."

At that moment a low whistle was heard outside the building, at which the two men rushed each to a loop-hole, and, looking into the hall, perceived that a short stout man dressed in black, had entered through the open doorway, the door itself having long ago dropped off its hinges, and it was not thought prudent to repair it. He entered boldly, as if he had been there before and knew the mysteries of the place. He gave another low whistle, which was returned by one of the men, and presently a woman entered the hall by another door, which connected it with the back premises.

"You have been expected, Mr. Muffett," said the woman, "and I hope you will now be able to satisfy Mr. Skewes about his property, and his safety, for he is getting anxious, and I'm not inclined to visit the dry tree so frequently as I have done. I've seen and heard something within the last

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few weeks, which will require all my attention elsewhere, but I must first know the result of your interview to-night.”

“You must not be too inquisitive, my dear Mrs. Johns,” said Mr. Muffett, in his blandest tone, inclining his head towards his left shoulder, to give effect to his soft musical voice, “you shall know all in good time,—as it is, you know more than anyone else, except the Squire as we call him, and your humble servant; but let me hasten to the good squire, up stairs, I have news which will make his hair curl, good Mrs. Johns,” and away went the lawyer through the hall, and up the back stairs, like one well accustomed to the place.

“Now, don’t disturb yourselves, my good friends,” said he, as he entered the room, “all’s well that ends well,” and drawing a chair to the table, he sat down and took a small bundle of papers, tied very neatly with red tape, from his pocket, and looked at them in a business like way, with his bald head inclined, this time, towards his right shoulder, and holding a pair of glasses to his eyes. Then, looking up suddenly, and turning towards Thomson, he said in a coaxing tone, “Excuse me, my good Thomson, if I ask you to make yourself scarce just for five minutes, we wouldn’t embarrass you with more secrets than we could help;” and as the lawyer politely rose and opened the door, Thomson was obliged to take the hint, although he muttered his dissatisfaction, as he slowly descended the stairs.

“I congratulate you,” continued the little man, seating himself again at the table, after having closed the door upon Thomson, addressing the gentleman at the head of the table, in a set speech got up for the occasion, as if he had been addressing a jury; “I say, I congratulate you, my dear sir, that our efforts have at length been crowned with success. It is now some twenty years since you got into difficulties, and having very wisely mortgaged this fine estate, nominally, (I

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may say nominally) to a client of mine in a very large amount to avoid the rapacity of your creditors, you by my humble advice, went abroad to avoid being arrested, and left the whole of your fine property in my hands, to be dealt with according to the exigencies thereof. Excuse me, my dear sir, no thanks, I beg—

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permit me to proceed. Years rolled on, and I wrote you that your creditors had consented to a compromise, and that I had appropriated the surplus rents, after satisfying the mortgage, to the liquidation of those debts. The receipts and vouchers and your written instructions to dispose of the property, are all tied up in this little bundle.”

“I vow,” said Mr. Skewes, “I never gave you any.”—“My dear sir,” interrupted the lawyer, “excuse me, you have forgotten, perhaps, but you will find it all right, and when my little bill is deducted, a balance will still remain in your favor.”

“A balance!” exclaimed Mr. Skewes, angrily, “but what has become of the estate? You say it was mortgaged *nominally only*. I have received no rents from the estate, or money from you for twenty years. What has become of it I say? Year after year, I wrote you for money, and your only reply was, keep out of the way a little longer, and all will be right; so I was obliged to continue a roving, vagabond life, until at last I determined, at all risks, to come back and see what it meant.”

“My dear sir,” said the lawyer, “excuse me, the remittance of money was difficult, and, knowing you had plenty for your necessities, and even luxuries, I received the rents and used them according to the exigencies, keeping strict account, as shall appear. You went to Spain, where you met with an English gentleman, who had just returned from Mexico a rich man, with a young wife, a Spaniard by birth. He had married her for her beauty, and she had married him for his gold. They lived happily together until,—

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“You needn’t go into particulars,” said Mr. Skewes, “that is now a painful subject to me.”

“Excuse me, my dear sir,” said the lawyer, “but it is necessary, in order to satisfy my own conscience, that everything should be explained once for all between us, in order that I may know from yourself that my information, no matter how obtained, is correct. I have the whole story minutely noted down in this little bundle of papers, besides letters and other documents, which may be of

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service some day. You were fascinated by this young Spanish lady, and she in an unhappy moment, consented to leave her husband and fly with you, taking her little boy with her. Excuse me, my dear sir, this is what I am coming to. In consequence of this, I could not find you. You placed the boy at school; but being like his father, and yourself, of a roving turn, he soon left his school, and joined a set of lawless reprobates, and became a smuggler. Excuse me, my dear sir, you returned last year in disguise, and came to the old place, which you found uninhabited, and you picked up with that half-erased, extraordinary woman, who is content to act in the capacity of house-keeper, and spy or scarecrow, to frighten away intruders, and get tidings of what goes on outside. She has another object in view, and I have strong suspicions she is,”—

“Zounds sir!” exclaimed Mr. Skewes, stamping the floor, “Have done, or I will throw you out of the window, as I would throw a cat or a dog that annoyed me.”

“My dear sir! be calm,” replied the lawyer with the utmost coolness. “If my ears have not deceived me, some small animal has just jumped in at the window, and is waiting under the table no doubt, as a substitute for”—

“Cease your jokes, sir,” said Mr. Skewes, sternly, “and say what more you have to say, quickly, and then it will be my turn. I will make you disgorge your ill-gotten wealth, and

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restore me my property. Where are my title deeds?” continued he, approaching nearer to the lawyer.

“All in good time, my dear sir,” replied Mr. Muffet, “hear me to the end calmly, my dear sir. Since you have been here, you have been mixed up with these two worthy characters, Thomson and Daws. What became of those sheep? and what has become of that poor gentleman, who was seen coming towards this house, and never seen afterwards?”

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“What are all these things to me?” inquired the squire, trembling with rage. “If I have mixed in their lawless pursuits, it has been for my amusement. I know nothing of their crimes.”

“If you attempt to meddle with me,” said the lawyer, with a little more warmth than he had hitherto displayed, “or dispute the accuracy of my accounts, or my title to these estates, which I have purchased from the mortgagee, I will at once denounce you and your associates. I have the evidence clearly set forth here—evidence sufficient to hang you all, ha! ha! ha!” and he held up the bundle of papers over his head as he laughed his fiendish laugh, when his companion grappled with him, and tried to seize the papers, and a terrible struggle ensued. The room was nearly dark, and the squire being the taller man, and therefore, having the advantage, seized his antagonist by the throat, placing his fingers inside his cravat and would have strangled him, had not the lawyer seized his arm with both his hands, and pressed it from him, by which means the buckle with which the cravat was fastened behind gave way, and the cravat was left in the hands of the stronger party. The noise of the combat soon brought Mrs. Johns into the room, and she succeeded in separating the combatants. The cause of the quarrel, however, neither of them could explain on the instant, for the deadly struggle had effaced everything from their minds, except vengeance for

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personal insult and degradation. At length, the lawyer exclaimed in great anxiety “where are my papers?” for in the struggle he had dropped those valuable documents out of his hand. Both the combatants were now equally desirous that the papers should be found, as it appeared that documents inimical to each were contained in the little bundle. A light was soon procured, and search was made in every part of the room, but to no purpose. The papers were no where to be found. Each gentleman turned out his pockets, but no trace of them could be seen. No one had been in the room that they were aware of. The papers were gone, that was very clear. But where? that was the question. After conjecturing all manner of

things, they at length came to the conclusion, much against their sober reason, that the old house must be haunted, and that the papers were purloined by one of the ghosts,—a black one, the woman suggested under the circumstances. The jeopardy in which each was placed, supposing that the papers should really find their way —no matter how— into the hands of some neighbouring magistrate, caused a partial reconciliation, and they became boon companions over sundry potations of “moonshine.”

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CHAPTER XII.

THE MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

AT length the lawyer rose to depart, and with difficulty found his horse, which he had secured in an old dilapidated outhouse. As he rode down the avenue which led from the mansion-house into the high road, he felt something drop suddenly from one of the trees, as he thought, on the horse's back, and seize him round the waist. The lawyer's first impression was, that it was one of the imps of darkness, and that he was now about to suffer in the body for all the evil deeds he had been perpetrating secretly so long. So he set spurs to his horse, and galloped for two or three miles, regardless of the road he was pursuing. Indeed it was become too dark to discern the road at the pace the horse was going. On! on! they went at a furious rate—the horse taking the road towards the Lizard Downs instead of the one which led to Helston—for, as they passed out of the avenue, a shot was fired from behind a tree, which startled both the horse and its rider. The shot grazed the horse's shoulder, and caused him to alter his course, and take the hill towards the Lizard. He kept the hard road for some distance, and then suddenly turning to the right, galloped over the Downs towards the cliffs, leaping over the large rocks which lay

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half buried in the heath and furze. The lawyer kept his seat, or rather was held in it by the strange being which still clung to him, until they arrived at a part of the Downs which was covered with thicker heath, when his companion slid down over the tail of the horse and left the lawyer to take care of himself as best he could. Having lost his support, and being unaccustomed to such rapid motion, the lawyer very soon lost his balance, and fell headlong on a large stone, and there he remained stunned and bleeding, while the horse went on towards the windmill.

Some two or three hours after this, young Joseph Millar, on going to the mill to begin his morning's work, was surprised at finding a horse covered with foam, and bleeding, standing at the mill door. That some accident had happened he felt sure, and he thought he knew the horse. He called his father also, who recognised it at once, having often met Mr. Muffet as he went to market, riding it.

"This is a bad job, Joe, my son," said, he examining the wound in the horse's shoulder.

"Iss fie," replied Joe, "'tis whished 'pon the hoss, but whish'der 'pon the man, I reckon. Lev es go and search for'n, feather. He's murdered, that's a sure thing."

The blood that had flowed from the horse's wound as he came along, assisted the two men in tracing its course; and after a short time they arrived at the spot where it was evident the rider had fallen, for a large stone, partly covered with soft heath, was marked with blood, and a considerable quantity had evidently trickled down over the stone into the moss and heath which lay beneath it. There was also a mark where a heavy body had lain, and the moss and heath showed marks of footsteps, as if crushed by a heavy man walking over it. But there was no one to be seen; and whether the wounded man had partially recovered, and walked away alone, and missed his way in the dark, and fallen over

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the cliffs, or whether he had been carried away by others, it was impossible to tell. So the two millers returned home to hold a consultation with the women, and attend to the wounded horse.

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“I’ll tell ee, Soas,” said Mrs. Millar, after she had heard what had happened, “tes my b’lief that old nick, that ha’ got so many caverns, and what not, down to Kynance Cove, have took the lawyer home at last. ‘Birds of a feather do flock together,’ as the saying is.”

“Hold your tongue, mother, and don’t ee be so weak,” said her daughter, “I don’t believe in no such things.”

“That’s zackly like Alice Ann, na,” said Mrs. Millar, talking at her daughter as usual, “she’ll hardly b’lieve in anything out of the way, ef she do see et afore her very eyes. No! she must have everything ‘down sous;’ nor she don’t b’lieve in the devil’s billes, I. s’pose, nor nothen. Why who else could blaw et, I wonder, ef he don’t do et hisself? Why I do hear them tellen, that ef you do put your nose down to the hole, you can smell the bremstone quite strong. Not b’lieve it, says she! Arreah! then ‘tes a generation of vipers, and stiff-necked unbelievers,’ sure ‘nuff.”

“Hush! mother,!” said her husband. “Hark a minute; I’m thinken that tes somethen strange, as you do say: but I’m no schollard—I wish I wor—and the lawyer would never go to Kynance Cove like other people. Who do know what his thofts wor?”

“Who do know, sure ‘nuff,” said Mrs. Millar, shaking her head in a solemn manner; “I always said that your feather ded know bra’ things, Soas, f’rall he don’t say much. But ‘a close mouth maketh a wise head,’ my dears.”

“No, no,” said the miller, “I don’t know nothen, but what I don’t know I can ax; so after breakfast I shall go down to Squire Commodore, an’ ax he.”

“Zackly like that,” said his wife. “He ha’ ben to foreign

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parts, so I do hear, and so he do know a bra’ passle, I s’pose, an’ he know’d the lawyer too, and aw may know old nick for what I can tell; I shouldn’t be frighten’d ef aw did, plaise sure.”

So after breakfast the miller put on another coat and his best hat, and proceeded to call on the old Commodore.

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The old gentleman had recovered his wonted spirits, and was taking a walk in the little garden before the door, waiting for breakfast, when the miller “ hove in sight,” as he expressed it.

“Good morning, Mr. Millar,” said he, “what brings you away from your mill so early? Are you come to ask me to whistle for a breeze for you? We sailors often do that, you know—ha! ha! ha!”

“No, sar,” replied the miller, touching his hat, “et warn’t about the mill, sar, nor yet about the wind—I’m come for to ax your advice.”

“Oh, you were afraid of the lawyer’s six-and-eightpence, I suppose? Well, what is it? I’ll help you if I can.”

“Well, sar, there’s a lawyer concerned in this matter, I’m afeard,” and he proceeded to tell the Commodore as much as he knew of the morning’s adventure.

“This is a sad business, indeed,” said the Commodore, “but you don’t know that it was really our friend Muffett who was riding the horse?”

“No, that’s true,” said the miller, “but putting this against that, my wife do say that ‘tes likely, ‘pon account of the old gentleman that’s down to Kynance Cove, and she do think that the lawyer es caught at last.”

“The lawyers are said to have dealings with the devil, I know,” replied the Commodore; “but there are good and bad in every profession, my friend, and there are many in some of the other learned professions that are as bad as the lawyers if they were only found out.”

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“But what shall us do, sar, about poor Mr. Muffet?”

“My advice is,” said the Commodore, “that some one should go at once to Helston, to ascertain whether Mr. Muffett is absent, and, in the meantime, I will have strict search made in this neighbourhood. I’ll call at the mill after breakfast.”

“Thank ee, sar,” said the miller, who touched his hat and returned home satisfied.

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“Poor Miss Muffett,” exclaimed Emily, when her father related to her what he had heard, as they sat at breakfast, “what a shock it will be to her—she was so wrapped up in her brother.”

“Yes,” replied her father, “I fear it must be our poor friend who has been murdered—perhaps by some of those with whom, I am afraid, he was too much mixed up. He knew some secrets, which, perhaps, might not be pleasant to some, if revealed, and ‘dead men tell no tales.’”

“Oh! papa, how very dreadful!” said Emily. “Poor Miss Muffett! shall we invite her here, papa, if it is really true? There is a spare bed in my room, which she might occupy, and she would wish to be on the spot, while search is being made, I am quite sure.”

“True,” said her father. “Write a note to her, my dear, and I will get young Millar to take a horse and pillion in to Helston, and bring her back with him.”

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CHAPTER XIII.

ANOTHER VISIT TO THE “KISSING CAVE” —AND THE RESULT.

POOR Mr. Muffett’s friends had their worst fears, ill a measure, confirmed. He left home on horseback the day before, and had not been seen since.

Miss Muffett, in obedience to Emily Giddy’s invitation, returned with the young miller to the Lizard; and a strict search was made everywhere, but without effect, no trace of the murdered man or the murderer could be found. Miss Muffett and Emily would wander over the cliffs for whole days, searching for some clue, or some relic that might have been dropped perchance, but without success. In these ramblings Emily’s thoughts would continually dwell on the loss she had herself sustained, and in searching for some clue to the murdered man, she hoped something might turn up to relieve her own mind as to the fate of the young foreigner. Miss Muffett questioned her closely as to the cause of her anxiety, which she felt sure did not proceed entirely from sympathy with her;—and, one day, during a walk home from Kynance over the cliffs, Miss Muffett determined to speak out plainly to her young friend.

“It was wrong, my dear Emily,” said she, after she had cross-examined her young companion, and discovered the

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cause of her melancholy, “to have so far forgotten yourself and your duty to others, as to form such an unaccountable attachment for a stranger. “We all thought you were engaged to James Hendy—an eligible match in every respect, and one that any young girl ought to be proud of.”

“I cannot say that we were decidedly engaged,” was Emily’s reply, “although, of all my acquaintances, I think I liked him the best. But there was a fascination in the manners and conversation of Don Josée that was irresistible,” and then the poor girl burst into tears, and appeared so agitated, that no one but Miss Mufett would have continued the subject:—but she took a delight in probing a wound of the heart to the quick, in order to see her victims writhe under the torture she was inflicting. Some said she had been disappointed herself in her youth, and therefore liked to see others enduring the same pain by which her own temper had been soured and her hair turned prematurely grey.

“You must learn to give up that idle fancy, my dear Emily,” she continued, “for, rely on it, you will never see him again. I shall invite James Hendy here tomorrow, and you must treat him properly, and as he deserves.”

“O! Miss Mufett,” said Emily, through her tears, “don’t be too severe in your censure,—indeed I can never, never forget Don Josée. But I will receive James Hendy with the respect and esteem he deserves, as a friend;—but, indeed—I cannot love him!”

“Stuff and nonsense,” said the elder lady, “not love James Hendy! I say he is worth a dozen of your palavering foreign adventurers. He is coming here tomorrow to prescribe for me, and then you must take him out for a walk. Now, no excuses—I insist on it; and I shall go with you to preserve proper decorum.”

Accordingly, the next morning the young Doctor came to

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visit Miss Muffett, and the two ladies took him out for a walk to Kynance Cove—a favorite walk of Miss Muffett's for many reasons. And notwithstanding her old-maidish notions of strict propriety, generally, she certainly proved herself the kindest of duennas on this occasion; for she pleaded fatigue, and sat on the green bank, and desired her young companions to stroll into the caverns and search for shells, or whatever other curiosities the Cove afforded.

“Why have you estranged yourself so much from me lately, my dear Emily?” said Hendy, when they had got out of sight and hearing of the older lady. “If you knew what pain it has given me, I'm sure you would not have treated me thus.”

“I am not aware, James, that I have treated you unkindly,” replied Emily. “I always esteemed you as a friend, and —”

“As a friend!” exclaimed Hendy, abruptly—“only as a friend! There was a time when you led me to believe that you looked on me with kinder feelings.”

“I know I am very wicked,” replied she, in a faltering voice, for she really had liked him once better than all her other admirers, as she had confessed to Miss Muffett. “But I cannot—indeed I cannot—look upon you other than as a friend.”

“That hateful Spaniard!” exclaimed Hendy, with warmth, “has supplanted me in your affections. I only wish I could catch him; I would put a bullet through his head,” and he ground his teeth with passion, which alarmed his companion; and, taking his arm, she said, in a more soothing tone.

“You must not be angry with him, James. It was not his fault, and I may never see him again,” and bursting into tears, she sat down on a rock, while Hendy sat by her, and tried to soothe her; for a bright idea had just taken possession of his jealous mind, that perhaps his rival might never

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return to throw his fascinations round her again, and she might yet be his. This was a comfortable reflection, and he recovered his good temper, and they went on

conversing as they used to do, and visited all the caves, not omitting even the celebrated “Kissing Cave.”

While they were thus enjoying themselves. Miss Muffett sat watching the sea, the rocks in the distance, and the high cliffs towering above them. The tide was now at its lowest, and the beautiful white sand was hard and dry, which but a few hours before had been covered with water. The huge serpentine rocks which rose as it were out of the sand, some resembling huge pyramids, a hundred feet high, or more, and others, in form like some gigantic animal basking in the sun, with the vast caverns, in which they might be supposed to live secure from the raging storms of winter, caused even in Miss Muffett unromantic mind, something of a poetic feeling, and, as she gazed on all those varied beauties, her thoughts would wander back to those by-gone times, when her brother and herself, in child-like simplicity, played together on those very rocks, while their parents and friends enjoyed their picnic dinners, and watched the children at their gambols. And now, where are they? Father! mother! brother! friends! all gone! But what is that? Some living form seems hiding behind a distant rock beneath the cliffs. A woman! yes, it is a woman—tall and commanding, attended by a little boy, who climbs the rocks with great agility, and seems to bring back a report to his companion of what he sees from the loftier eminences, to which he ascends from time to time, at her bidding. Who can they be? Miss! Muffett’s curiosity is excited, and, regardless of the charge she had voluntarily undertaken, of bringing her two young friends together, she rose from her seat, and proceeded as swiftly as she could, towards the spot where she fancied she had seen the woman and boy. But from the uncertain

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nature of her path, sometimes over the rocks, and sometimes along the sand,—now taking a prominent course round some bold promontory, and then lost in the curve between two points of land, she could not keep the spot in view, where she thought the two figures were concealed, and when she arrived at the spot, she could see no one. Disappointed and weary she ‘retraced her steps and had scarcely

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seated herself on the green sward once more, when her young companions returned from their ramble.

On their arrival at the cottage, they found the Commodore waiting dinner. He had been at Erisey, to visit his old friend, Colonel Western, who was laid up with a severe attack of gout.

“James, my boy,” said the old gentleman, extending both his hands, “I’m glad to see you. I suppose gallipots have been at a premium lately, and broken heads have come in shoals, that you haven’t been able to come and see us for such a long time?”

“No, sir,” replied Hendy, “very few people have been kind enough to be taken ill lately, and broken bones have been rather at a discount, both at home and abroad. I thought you were”—

“Now, no more excuses, but come in to dinner at once,” exclaimed Emily, quickly, for she guessed what was uppermost in the jealous lover’s thoughts, and feared he would say something that had better remain unsaid.

During dinner the Commodore told Hendy he thought he had better call at Erisey on his way home, as the Colonel was very ill, and talked of sending for the Doctor in the morning, not knowing that he was in the neighbourhood.

“We will walk as far as Erisey with you,” said Miss Giddy. “I haven’t seen Laura for quite an age. I hope your gallantry will extend so far as to induce you to lead your horse, if we favor you with our company.”

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“That’s a good joke,” said the Commodore, “that a gentleman from ‘town’ should come into the country to learn manners—ha! ha! ha!”

“I don’t know that,” replied Emily. “Some people soon forget their company manners’ if they are not continually kept on the qui vice.”

“I have not forgotten the lessons you taught me when you were living quietly at Trenethic,” said Hendy; “but in your absence I had no one that I cared to exercise my gallantry on, and so I may have got rusty.”

“That’s right, Hendy; at her again, my boy,” exclaimed the Commodore; “these conceited minxes deserve to be taken down a notch sometimes.”

Emily, however, knew that what the Commodore mistook for “badinage” was said in all seriousness by her jealous lover, and so, to stop any further conversation of that kind, she proposed a walk at once.

The Colonel was so seriously ill, that it became necessary for one of the Doctors to be in daily attendance on him; and as the younger man was best able to bear the fatigue, James Hendy saw the patient every day, and seldom returned without having a walk or some little conversation with Miss Giddy, so that they became as friendly as ever they had been; indeed more so, for Emily felt the want of a friend now more than ever. She soon regained her wonted spirits and rosy cheeks, very much to the delight of her father, who consequently encouraged the young Doctor’s visits, and seemed almost to have forgotten the Spaniard who had so fascinated them some two months ago.

Two months!—yes, two long summer months had passed away since the sudden disappearance of the mysterious stranger. The month of September had commenced, and the Commodore began to think of returning to his “Old House at Home;” but the weather was still fine, and Emily,

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whose health was now quite restored, prevailed on her kind, indulgent father to take the lodgings for another month. Miss Muffett still remained with them, and still employed the greater part of every day in searching for some trace of her poor brother,—and hour after hour would she sit on the cliffs, sometimes at one place, and sometimes at another, and watch the waves, in the vain hope that one of them would relieve her anxious mind by throwing on shore some clue.

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CHAPTER XIV.

DURING the last two months Laura and Emily had not been so much together as before. For Laura, although she loved and admired her friend exceedingly, soon got tired of continually hearing the same complains and harpings on the same subject. She tried all her powers to cheer her friend, but without success, and when sympathy failed, she tried another plan, and reasoned with her on the folly of making herself miserable about a man who could leave her in that abrupt manner, and remain away so long without ever seeing her, or sending her a message. These rebukes did not please Miss Giddy, and she rather avoided the society of her friend, and so there sprang up a little estrangement between them; and Laura, instead of going to visit her friend, as formerly, might be seen continually wending her way towards the mill, or engaged in earnest conversation with Margery Daws; and her curiosity would sometimes lead her on towards Bochym house, while Emily had lately enjoyed the society of James Hendy, who seemed to have regained his former position in her esteem and regard, even beyond his fondest hopes.

One afternoon, a short time after the disappearance of

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Mr. Muffet, Laura strolled out, as usual, and went towards the mill, for a gossip, hoping she might hear something respecting the poor murdered man; for that he had been murdered, no one doubted. Mrs. Millar had a visitor when Laura entered, a tall, fine-looking woman, apparently one of the gipsey tribe, from her dress and general appearance, but whose manner seemed very much above the common.

“I’m afraid I am intruding on some private conference,” said Laura, as she entered, for the women were in deep and earnest conversation.

“No! not at all,” said Mrs. Millar, rising and placing a chair for the young lady, “you do know that I’m always proud to see you. Miss Laura. Come, sit down.” Where’s your hurry ma’am?” continued she, addressing the stranger, who rose to depart on Laura’s entrance.

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“Thank you,” replied the stranger, “I must bid you good evening, for I have a good walk before me tonight; bear in mind what I have told you. If you hear or discover anything, you know what to do. The person I named to you is trustworthy and will bring any message you have to send me. Be cautious! I’ll deliver your messages to your friends, when I see them—good evening,” and making a not ungraceful curtsy to Laura, she left the house.

“Who es that majestic looking woman, Mrs. Millar?” said Laura, “she seems to have the manners of a gentlewoman, although she does not dress like one. Some distinguished foreigner of your acquaintance, I suppose. Really, Mrs. Millar, you are getting quite grand.”

“Who es she, says you?” replied Mrs. Millar, “that’s more than I can tell, my dear. I thoft I should ha’ found out this time, but just as I wor going to ax again, off she goes. I’m so bad as fe-ather, every bit.”

“Who’s so bad as fe-ather?” said the worthy miller,

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coming into the room at that moment, shaking the dust off his coat. “Your sarvant, Miss Laura, ma-am. How’s the Colonel and all your family?”

“We are very much concerned about this sad affair, Mr., Millar,” replied Laura, “have you succeeded in discovering anything yet?”

“Not a jot, nor a tittle. Miss Laura,” said he, “f’rall I’ve searched everywhere I can think of.”

“I’ll tell ‘ee, Miss Laura,” said Mr. Millar, in a confidential tone, “tes my b’lief that he’s gone down,” and she pointed with her finger, in a very significant manner, “else how shouldn’t aw be found somewhere? Our boy, Joe, is the same ‘pinion as me, and he went down to the cove t’other night, where they do say that old nick do kick up his tantrums, an’ what he seed and heard there wor awful! awful! my dear—so aw said”—,

“Well, I can’t say that I am a believer in those things,” said Laura, smiling, “I suppose the superstition of the ignorant, in ages past, ascribed anything that they could not account for, or understand, to some supernatural agency, and the

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name of the ‘prince of darkness,’ a mysterious being, was naturally associated with all that was wild and unintelligible to their ignorant minds.”

“That’s zackly like Miss Laura, na,” said the old lady, in her usual sarcastic way, when any one thwarted her, looking at her husband and talking at Laura, “she don’t b’lieve nothen I s’pose that she can’t see, nor she wouldn’t b’lieve that she smilt the bremstone coming out of the billes, ef har nose wor down right upon on I s’ pose.”

“I don’t think I shall try the experiment, at any rate,” replied Laura, laughing.

“Why, who else could blaw the billes, I should like to know?” continued Mrs. Millar, without noticing Laura’s

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remark,” and them great caverns, too—who else could they be for, ef they worn’t for he?”

“Well,” said her husband, “I don’t know who’s right, or who’s wrong, semmen to me—whether the devil made the caverns, or whether he do blaw the billes es past me to say;—but all I do know es, he ha’ got the name for it.”

“Iss, fie,” replied his wife, who was getting warm on the subject and seemed determined not to be put down, “he ha’ got the name for et, sure ‘nuff, an’ what’s more, he’s down there always a’most, ‘specially when the wind is blawing strong in, and there’s bremstone to be smilt there, for I’ve smilt et myself a bra’ way off, sometimes, and he ha’ got the lawyer in his claws, there na! They went off in a flash of fire, I do hear thom tellen, an’ somebody seed the devil flying over cliff weth’n, so I’ve heard—not b’lieve et, sure ‘nuff!’” The old lady would have gone on with her eloquence, but she had talked so fast that she had exhausted her breath, so she leaned back in her chair, and wiped her face with her apron, feeling that she had conquered her opponent in argument, and established the devil’s right to his property at Kynance Cove.

“That’s a bra’ story, I think, mother,” said the miller, “why you’ve frightened Miss Laura out of her wits.”

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“Tes busy more than that for to frighten Miss Laura, I reckon,” said Mrs. Millar, recovering her breath, “but whether tes a bra’ story or no, ‘tes true, and the devil ha’ got more work to do in the parish yet, for his mouth is always abroad. Ded ee ever see the devil’s mouth. Miss Laura?”

“I have seen the cavern, under Asparagus Island, that commonly goes by that name,” replied Laura, “but it is a mere figurative expression, and derives its origin from the size of the cavern, and the blackness of the rocks, and its supposed unfathomable depth.”

“Zackly like that,” said Mr. Millar, “You should oft to

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ha’ ben a passon, Miss Laura, for you do speak like a hornen book.”

“I’ve not lived all these years in this wild romantic neighbourhood without imbibing some of its romance,” replied Laura, “but reflection during my solitary walks, has taught me to look upon these strange legends, as types of the superstition of the people in ages past, and of the ignorance of the present generation, who receive them as truths, without taking the trouble to inquire into the causes which are so easily discovered by inquiring minds.”

“Ded ‘ee see the stranger, fe-ather?” said Mrs. Millar, by way of turning the conversation, for it was getting rather too deep for her comprehension.

“What stranger?” replied her husband.

“Why, she that wor here the night that the young foreigner wor hurted,” said Mrs. Millar.

“No! she ha’ ben here again, ha’ she? Well, who es she now, says you?”

“I do no more know than you, cheeld-vean,” replied his wife, “we had a bra’ chat, too, but afore I could ax her, she wor gone like the snoff of a candle.”

“Well, now, I think it’s time for me to bid you good evening, too,” said Laura. “for I have a little further to go.”

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IT was a fine evening—and as it was still early, Laura thought she would just have a peep at Bochym House once more; for the mystery connected with it, and its reputed inmates, had a charm for her, and she longed to know something more of them. A good brisk walk soon brought her to the brow of the hill, from whence she could see the old mansion; and while she stood gazing at it, and wondering what sort of rooms they were, and what the inmates were like, she saw a short figure issue from the hall door, and run down the avenue, and before she could turn or get out of the way, her brother Erisey came bounding up the hill towards her.

“Hallo ! Laura,” said he, “who’d have thought of seeing you here?”

“I merely came out for a walk, and strolled this way, without any intention of coming so far,” replied Laura.

“Gammon,” said her brother, “you came here to see the haunted house—I know you did; so now’s your time, there’s no one in. I’ll show you all over the house—come along.”

“Oh, no,” said Laura. “Suppose if the owner should return, what would he say?”

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“I tell you he isn’t there, and won’t be home for hours,” said Erisey. “He’s gone to Helston, and he won’t start from there till dark—so come along.”

Curiosity prevailed over prudence, and Laura allowed herself for once to be led by her mischievous brother. She admired the grand old hall very much, and followed Erisey up the stone stairs into the sitting-room, which looked into the hall through the loop-holes before mentioned. These little secret loop-holes amused Laura excessively, and she went from one to the other, and looking down into the hall beneath, fancying herself a baroness, inhabiting that noble mansion in all its pristine grandeur, and waiting the return of her lord from the wars, when she heard the door suddenly shut to, and in an instant her brother stood before her

in the hall, laughing at her, and calling her an “imprisoned princess,” and away he ran, regardless of her cries.

Laura tried the door, but could not open it. It was locked, and the key was in the lock on the outside. She knew her brother’s love of mischief, but she didn’t suppose he would leave her there long,—so she whiled away the time by examining the room, and looking into the hall. The window which lit this curious apartment seemed to borrow its light from a passage behind, but she could not get at it, so that she was obliged to remain a prisoner. Daylight was waning into twilight, and now she began to fear that her brother would carry his mischief too far, and perhaps keep her there till it was quite dark, merely to terrify her. At length she heard footsteps approaching the hall door, and she felt she was about to be liberated. Her brother had perhaps sent some one to her relief, probably a servant from Erisey. She was not kept in suspense very long, for she now saw a tall, handsome man, enter the hall, and approach the stairs leading up to the room in which she was confined. What should she do ? This was, no doubt, the occupant of

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the place, of whom she had heard such strange stories, and whom she had hitherto felt the greatest curiosity to see. Now she would have given worlds to be anywhere but there. She had not much time for reflection, however, for the gentleman unlocked the door, and entered the room without the slightest ceremony. Indeed, why should he use any ? He was conscious of being the owner of the property, and ignorant of the honor of having so fair a visitor. He had played his part in many a bloody affray both on sea and land, and had met with many dangerous adventures by night and day, during his twenty years’ absence from his native country, and he scarcely knew what fear meant,—but in all his wanderings and dangers, he never felt so utterly unnerved as he did at this moment.

Superstition held its sway, at that period, in the minds of all classes, more or less; and the bold cavalier who now stood awe-struck on the threshold of his own

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door, trembled at the appearance of the fair form before him, which he believed to be a spirit from another world, for no earthly creature could have got into that room, and locked herself in, from the outside. If the gentleman was terrified, what must have been the feelings of the lady? Her presence of mind did not forsake her, however—for, approaching the gentleman, she said:

“Pardon me, sir—but this seeming intrusion was not voluntary on my part;” and she briefly told him who she was, and how she had been induced by her brother to enter the old mansion to gratify her curiosity, and how he had mischievously locked her in, and ran away.

“I am indebted to your brother, fair lady,” replied Mr. Skewes, “for an introduction which I shall not easily forget. Allow me to offer you a seat and some refreshment after your long fasting.”

“Oh no, I thank you,” replied Laura. “If you will

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permit me to leave I shall be very grateful, for it is getting late, and I shall be expected home.”

“You cannot walk to Erisey alone at this hour,” said Mr. Skewes; “and I must beg the favor of your allowing me to attend you.”

“Oh, no—indeed you mustn’t think of such a thing,” replied Laura. “I shall get on very well; most people know me in this neighbourhood, and I’m sure I shall be quite safe.”

“If you will not permit me to accompany you, I shall certainly walk behind you to see that you arrive home in safety,” said Mr. Skewes.

“If you are determined to see me home,” replied Laura, “I must not allow you to walk behind me;—but do not suppose that I fear any danger, or that the darkness of the night has any terrors for me.”

“I have heard of you often,” said Mr. Skewes, “and of your fearless courage. Your brother is a frequent visitor here.”

“Indeed! “ exclaimed Laura, in surprise, “and has he spoken of me to a stranger?”

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“Yes—often have I heard him speak of his darling sister, who could climb to the summit of the highest rock, and down the steepest cliff, with the ease of a wild chamois—feats which he admires, as I dare say you know, above all others. I assure you he adores you, Miss Western, and looks upon you almost as a being of another world.”

“I am bound, of course, to believe you,” replied Laura; “but I assure you, you have told me what I never could have imagined. My brother invariably treats me with the utmost indifference, and is never so happy as when he is playing me some mischievous trick, as he has done this evening.”

It must be remembered, that Laura had been allowed to

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run wild almost, and had been accustomed to form acquaintances indiscriminately, which will account for her conversing so freely with a strange gentleman. In the course of their walk he related some of his marvellous adventures abroad, and she became quite interested in his conversation; and when he took his leave at Erisey gate, she promised to meet him again the next evening to renew the conversation which she found so interesting.

Scarcely had her companion left her, when Laura heard a loud laugh, and immediately afterwards she saw the diminutive figure of her brother standing on one of the curious old stone seats, which, concealed within elaborately-chiselled alcoves, one on each side of the gateway, seemed to guard the principal entrance to the mansion.

“Oh, Riskey,” she exclaimed, “how could you serve me such a trick ? The consequences might have been very serious.”

“Oh!—very!” replied the little gentleman. “I think you ought to thank me for a pleasant walk and a jolly talk. Oh, my—Laura, how you did palaver—you two!”

“How do you know, Mr, Impertinence ?” said Laura, indignantly.

“Why, I have been close to you all the time; but you were paying so much attention to the squire and his stories, that you did not see or hear me. I know

himwell. He's a rare one, he is. Now, what do you intend giving me for getting you such a nice husband, my dear little sister!"

"Don't be so absurd," said she.

"You'll let me have something nice to eat, won't you?"

"Yes, you must certainly want your supper, poor boy; but remember, if you play such a trick again, I shall tell papa."

"Perhaps I shall tell him as it is," replied the young scapegrace, running before her into the house; for, although it was getting dark, it was by no means a late hour.

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The meetings between Laura and the proprietor of Bochym were more frequent than most prudent mamas would have allowed; but Miss Laura had her own way pretty much, and had really no idea that there was any harm in her meeting this stranger, and hearing him relate his wonderful adventures. Besides, she had generally her brother somewhere within hail—unless any new object interested him, when he would leave his sister to the care of the squire, who used all his art of fascination in order to captivate and ensnare the pretty creature who so incautiously placed herself in his power. Although he was nearly twenty years her senior, he was a handsome and attractive man, and his age and experience gave him a superiority over the country youth she had been accustomed to meet, whose conversation was often so insipidly common-place. And when, at length, he began to talk to her of love, she listened to his eloquent words like one enchanted;—and so he continued, day after day, to pour his love-tales into her willing ear, until she became spellbound, and as securely entangled in his meshes, as ever a fly was in a spider's web.

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE DEVIL'S APRON STRING.

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FOR the reasons before alluded to, the two friends, Laura and Emily, had not met lately, as they had been accustomed to do, nor was there the same confidence between them when they did meet,—and so Emily knew nothing of her friend's adventure at Bochym House, or of her subsequent meetings and entanglement with its owner, nor did Laura know of the renewed attachment between Emily and James Hendy.

Laura continued to visit Mrs. Millar occasionally, for it was an excuse for getting away from home of an afternoon. But she did not stay so long as she used to do, nor appear so interested in that good lady's gossip. She often found Margery Daws there now when she called, and she was glad to make the fear of interrupting their *tête-à-têtes* her excuse for getting away to the society of one whose conversation was more pleasing and attractive to her.

Margery Daws, assisted by Joe Millar, had been indefatigable in her exertions to discover some clue to the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Muffet. The superstitious story circulated throughout the neighbourhood, and believed in by the Millars, she repudiated altogether.

"I have been watching," she said one evening to Mrs.

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Millar, when they were sitting together at the mill, waiting for the men to come in, "and I think I can guess who fired the shot. Murder was intended, I believe, but not effected. The bullet wounded the horse instead of the rider, and I would'nt say that the man is dead now.

"Dear Marcy," exclaimed Mrs. Millar, "why, what are ee tellen, cheeld-vean!—not dead?"

"Mind, I don't say that it is so," replied Margery, "but I have my suspicions, and I will find out more before long. There'll be a vessel in tonight with a cargo, and I want Joe."

"Arreah! than!—come to that, es et?" exclaimed Mrs. Millar, in an excited manner. "I'll tell ee, Margery, when I wor keepen comp'ny with my Jacob, I ded used to wait for he to ax me to go out, and then I wouldn't go, sometimes. But the

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maidens now do prink theirselves up so, and nothing will do but they must put up the leather breeches afore their time. Things are come to a purty pass. No! ef I wor Joe, I would see your nose cheese, and the mice eating of et, afore I would be call'd out by any maid I evar seed in ray life. There na!"

"My dear Mrs. Millar," said Margery, "you quite mistake my meaning. I am trying to sift out this mystery, and I can't do it without Joe's help."

"Iss! iss! I do know how many herrens do make two afore to-day," said the old lady, tossing up her nose indignantly. "Tes too much of et a bra' deal—weth your Joe this, and your Joe that. I've had et 'pon my tongue many times, but I nevar spoke et afore, but now tes out, and you can't gather up scud milk,'—so there tes."

"Why, what's the matter, mother?" said her husband, as he entered the room, followed by his son. "You arn't quar'len, ar' ee?"

"No," said Mrs. Millar, "we arn't quar'len, that I do

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know of; but I'd so soon quar'l as look. 'I do want Joe', says she, and want might be her maister, if I wor Joe."

"What evar es et all about?" said Joe, looking at Margery for an explanation.

"Why, this is it," said Margery, addressing Mr. Millar, "there's a vessel with kegs expected in tonight, and I want Joe's help to endeavor to make a little discovery."

"You nevar said so at all," said Mrs. Millar, in rather a more subdued tone. "Wanting Joe es one thing, and wanting Joe's help, es another."

"Zackly like that," said the miller. "Now let's have supper, and then you may have Joe and his mother too, ef she's any use to ee, Margery."

"You spaik for yourself, old man," said Mrs. Millar, as she proceeded to dish up the supper, in which Margery rendered her good assistance. "Fe-ather could used to see so fur as most people," continued she; "but somehow, the dust do get in his eyes, an' he can't see round a corner now at all; an' Joe es 'zackly

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like his fe-ather, and wus, for he'll set down mum, and nevar spaik a word for a whole day together, ef you'll lev'n alone."

When supper was over, Margery and Joe left the house, and as they walked on towards Kynance Cove, near which the vessel was expected to land the cargo, Margery explained to her lover what she had overheard at her house between her father and her brother, when they thought no one was listening. The substance of which was, that on the night of the murder, Thomson had been turned out of the house at Bochym by Mr. Muffett; that the lawyer and the squire had a secret conference together; that he (Thomson) listened outside the door, and heard Mr. Muffett say that he had all the secrets in a small bundle he held in his hand, and that he had *enough evidence there to hang them all*; that a quarrel ensued, and he, for fear of being discovered, went down to

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the end of the avenue, and hid himself behind a tree, and fired a pistol at Mr. Muffet as he passed. It was dark, and he missed the man, but hit the horse, which caused him to turn up the hill towards the Lizard, instead of towards Helston. That was all she could learn, she said; and what became of the papers or the body, she didn't know.

It was a beautiful night, and the moon was shining brightly, throwing its silvery light over the top of the Gull- rock, and causing the waves to sparkle like dew-drops in the morning sun, as they curled in over the smooth white sand. The two lovers, coming across the Downs from the mill, did not approach Kynance Cove by the usual route, which passes the pile of craggy rocks overlooking Kynance, called "Tor Balk" (or "the Tar Box" as it is commonly called in the neighbourhood), but, keeping considerably to the west of Kynance, they emerged on another headland called "The Rill." From this point Margery knew they would have a more extensive view both of Kynance Cove and Mount's Bay. On the highest part of "The Rill" is a heap of loose uncut stones, called "The Apron String," and on one of these stones Margery proposed that they should seat themselves and watch the coast narrowly.

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“No, I sha-ant set ‘pon the ‘Devil’s Apurn String,’ I think,” said Joe. “Tes unluck they do say for to touch the ‘Apurn String’ in the night.”

“Don’t be such a great simpleton,” said Margery; “what harm are the stones going to do you I should like to know?”

“Well, I don’t know ‘bout that,” replied Joe, who possessed a good deal of his mother’s superstition. “They wor broft here by the devil in his apurn, to build a bridge across to France, so they do say, and the apurn string broke, and down tumbled the stones, and there they are, and I arn’t fitty for to set down ‘pon them, semmen to me.”

“Well, whether you sit upon them or not, I shall,” said

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Margery, “for I’m tired; I shall sit upon the top one, and then I can see all round.” So saying, she climbed to the top of the Rill, and sat down on a large flat stone, while Joe sat below on the grass, looking as uncomfortable as a lover could possibly look, who had his lady-love so near him, and yet dared not approach her. Joseph’s superstition, however, gave way ere long, and, by degrees he edged his way up to the top, and, before the vessel which they were watching for, hove in sight, they were sitting cosily side by side on the same flat stone, on the top of the Devil’s Apron String.

Hour after hour passed away, and still those two watchers remained at their post. At length as the moon is beginning to wane, a small dark spot is seen on the water. As it approaches it gradually becomes more distinct, and, at last they see clearly that it is a large boat, or vessel, and presently it comes to an anchor, and a smaller boat is launched over its side, and a couple of men get into it, and the small boat is loaded with some kind of cargo from the large one. Then the men pull for the cliffs, and, about mid-way, between the Kill and Kynance Cove, the boat is pulled in between two rocks, and one of the men lands, and the other hands him some small articles, which are, no doubt, kegs of brandy and other contraband commodities; but the watchers cannot make them out distinctly. When all is apparently out of the boat, they make fast the boat to something which seems

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fixed in the rock, and both men climb up the cliff and disappear for a short time. They then pull off in the boat again to the larger vessel, and return in the same way several times; and then they are taken on board once more, and they sail towards the Lizard.

“That’s a bra’ keenly job, I think,” said Joe “but how did they come for to venture so bold when the moon es shinen so bright, I wonder!”

“Oh! Joseph,” said Margery, “when will you ever learn the

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ins and outs of things, fitty, as you call it? Just turn your head round and look straight across the Downs. Now, can you see anything?”

“Why! there’s a chimbley a-fire,” exclaimed Joe.

“No there isn’t,” said Margery, “that’s a dodge of Thomson’s. I found it out. You know they have a great open chimney in their kitchen, all stone from bottom to top; well, they thought they couldn’t light a fire at this time of the year, on the hill as a signal, and so it was arranged that some of the men should get the customs-men out of the way, by some deceptive manoeuvre, and when the coast was clear, Mrs. Thomson was to light a huge wood fire, which was all prepared in the chimney, and keep it blazing through the top until there was an alarm of danger to the smugglers; when she was immediately to put out the fire. There are a dozen men, at least, watching in different parts, each one armed with a pistol, and the report of one of these is Mrs. Thomson’s signal to put out the fire. It is all right, you see, for the goods are landed, and the fire is burning still.”

“Well! how they can think ‘pon such things, I can’t tell,” said Joe.

“I understand all about their manoeuvres at home,” said Margery, “because I watch and listen; but I don’t understand what we’ve seen to-night, but we’ll find out.”

Margery had shown herself to be a shrewd intelligent girl, on many occasions, and this was one of them; for from no other point on the coast, could they have witnessed this manoeuvre, and she took advantage of it. Many a wild adventure had she and Miss Western undertaken together, and to her intimacy

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with Laura, who was very fond of her, and the instruction she received from that young lady, may be attributed the absence of any broad provincialism in her conversation, and her disregard of the superstitious fears which prevailed among people of her class in that part of the country.

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CHAPTER XVII.

THE SMUGGLERS' YATCH AND THE KING'S CUTTER.

We will now go on board the little vessel which we saw but a short time ago, discharging her cargo in such a mysterious way. Her exterior was not remarkable, either for beauty or shape; but the interior was a perfect model. Her deck was so white and clean, that you could have eaten your dinner off it, and all the brass nobs and bars were as bright as the hand of man could make them. There was a small gun on each side, neatly masked by a false covering over the port holes, and she also carried a brass swiveller gun, which was much larger, and could be used on either tack. This was not concealed in any way; for it seemed more for ornament than use, the brass-work being always kept as bright as burnished gold. Her crew consisted of four men and a boy, besides the captain and mate. Rather a large crew for a vessel of about seventy tons burthen. But she was rigged "dandy," to imitate a pleasure boat, and so she required an extra hand or two to keep her right and tight. The boat had been slung up again, and the men were engaged at their duties on deck, where a sharp watch was kept. The captain and mate had been on deck during the discharge of the cargo, and had now gone down into the captain's cabin to

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take a glass of grog, after the excitement and fatigue of the voyage.

The captain was a fine handsome young man, rather dark and foreign looking, with dark, piercing eyes, and hair as black as jet, with a moustache of the same colour. His countenance bespoke a man of determined character, and one

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that would not yield either in opinion or combat, without a severe struggle. He was by birth a foreigner, and spoke the English language with a strong foreign accent, which he had evidently taken great pains to overcome. In taking notes of the conversation, we shall make his pronunciation decidedly English, as more convenient both for writing and understanding it.

“That’s the best run we’ve had for a very long time, captain,” said the mate, as he helped himself to some of the good things with which the table was supplied, “and I think we’ve given the ‘King’s Cutter’ the slip very neatly.”

“Yes!” replied the captain, “fortunately, she is a very slow sailer. If she had come up within shot of us, we should have had our work to do. She carries heavier metal than we do, and has more hands on board; but we would have given her a taste of our grapes.”

“We may have it to do yet,” said the mate, “for I expect she will follow us in.”

“I don’t care for her now,” replied the captain, “for we have landed our cargo safely, and we have more room to handle our guns, and if they should get the best of it and board us, they’ll find nothing. So let’s drink success to the ‘San José,’ Mr. Ratlin.”

“Ay! ay! sir,” replied the mate, “and to her noble captain, say I, and may this turn out a luckier voyage than the last.”

“Amen!” said the captain, in a serious tone, “that was an unlucky whistle of yours which summoned me from the

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side of her who is all and all to me. The thought of her has supported me through all my trials, and I hope tomorrow’s dawn will see me at her window, waiting for the sunshine of those eyes to dissipate the gloom, which has apparently come over my destiny, her image is ever hovering around me, and”—

“Hallo!” cried the mate, “you’re getting up into the clouds, noble captain. Hang me, if ever I saw the girl whose image a stiff glass of grog would not wipe

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out of my memory, as easily as the waves of the sea wash away all traces of footsteps on the sand at Kynance Cove.”

“I almost wish I could be so insensible to their charms,” replied the captain, “but what astonished, and I believe influenced me, was the appearance of that woman on the headland, who threw a large stone down, which dropped almost at my feet, and to which was attached a small note, written in my own language, warning me to leave this dangerous game (as she termed it) and pursue the course there laid down for me, and abandon my present mode of life and evil companions, otherwise the consequences might be terrible. You persuaded me to go on board once more, and lead you to glory, as you termed it. I was flattered, and thinking only of what I then considered my duty, I took my old berth on board the ‘San José,’ and you know the sequel.”

“No! not the sequel, captain,” said the mate. I know that we were overtaken by a gale, and driven on shore on the coast of Spain, and that then we lost sight of you. We thought you were drowned until we fell in with you again a month ago, and induced you to take the command once more, which you readily undertook, as you said you were anxious to visit this place once more. But what became of you from the time of the shipwreck, until we met you again, I know not.”

“True!” replied the captain, “nor will you ever know

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the whole, perhaps; suffice it to say, that on my recovery from the effects of the shipwreck, from which I was rescued by a poor fisherman and his family, and taken care of till I recovered my strength, I began to think that this was perhaps a judgment on me for neglecting the warning and counsel of that singular woman. I read the letter again and again, for I had carefully preserved it, and I determined to act, as far as circumstances would allow me, on her instructions, and search for the parties she pointed out and described. I found the places alluded to easily enough, but the parties had gone no one knew where, and no trace of them could be found. Having thus, as far as I could, complied with the injunctions contained

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in the letter, and so averted, as I thought, the terrible consequences denounced against me if I neglected to comply with them, I was anxious to return once more to this spot, where I had left all that I valued on earth, and fortunately fell in with you at St. Sebastian, where you were driven by stress of weather, which overtook you in the Bay of Biscay, when you were making for Bordeaux to take in a cargo for Cornwall. We were detained longer there than we expected, but as you say, we have brought home a valuable cargo.”

“What puzzles me,” replied the mate, “is that you should have taken so much notice of that strange woman’s tale; what did she know about you? I never saw her before, and I don’t think you did.”

“If that had been the first time I had seen her;” said the captain, thoughtfully, “I should not have noticed the warning so much, but it was not the first time. I have often met her of an evening, when I have been returning from a walk over the cliffs with Emily, and her manner was very singular. She spoke as if she thought she had a right to criticise my conduct, and I listened to her; why, I don’t know, but something seemed to tell me

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that I had seen her before, years ago. It seemed like a dream!”

“Hark! What was that?” exclaimed the mate, “a gun!—yes;” and both officers hastened on deck to inquire the cause.

They were met in the hatchway by the ‘watch,’ who said that a few minutes ago he saw the ‘cutter,’ heave in sight, she hoisted the signal to ‘heave to’ and immediately fired a gun.

The crew were piped on deck, and a council of war was held, when it was decided to attempt by stratagem, what it would be madness to attempt by force. In a regular engagement, the “Cutter” must have the advantage; but in a hand to hand fight on the deck of either vessel, the “San Josée’s” crew were most likely to have the best of it; for they were all desperate men, and, with a little maneuvering, it might be so managed, that the whole of the crew of the “Cutter” should not get on board the smuggler. They would board, of course, for they believed the “San

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Josée” to be full of contraband goods, and such a prize would be worth a bold risk. This plan was accordingly adopted, and the smuggler “hove to,” and waited the approach of her antagonist. The captain ordered all hands to prepare for action, hand to hand, and every man armed himself accordingly. He then ordered three of the men to lie down flat on the deck, under the swivel gun, which was loaded, while he and the other two men and the boy, showed themselves conspicuously on the deck, when the “Cutter” bore up. This was not a very formidable sight, and the commander of the “Cutter” calculated on an easy victory, and ordered his chief officer to take four men, and board and seize the smuggler, and to take the captain and crew alive, if possible, but if they offered resistance, to make short work of it. Accordingly, as soon as they came along side, the “Cutter’s”

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crew threw out their grappling irons, and the smuggler was boarded, but they did not find it such easy work as they had anticipated, for the three men in ambush joined in the *melée*, and a severe struggle ensued. The commander of the “Cutter” seeing how matters stood, ordered a re-inforcement to go to the assistance of the boarders; but before these orders could be carried into effect, the swivel gun was turned in the direction of the “Cutter’s” deck, and fired by one of the smugglers, sweeping off several of the “Cutter’s” crew, in the midst of the confusion, the captain of the “San Josée” sprang on the deck of the “Cutter,” and encountered her commander. Both being powerful men, the struggle for the mastery was severe, but nearly equal for some time. They fought fairly with their swords, neither of them attempting to draw his pistol from his belt. The crews of the two vessels were engaged, man to man, and every one had his own work to do. The blood of those poor fellows, whom the swivel gun had struck, besmeared the deck, and mingled with that which flowed from the wounds of the present combatants. All was excitement and confusion. Desperate blows were given and parried, and desperate oaths were sworn on either side. The smugglers after a

severe struggle, overpowered the “Cutter’s” men, nearly all of whom were either killed or seriously wounded.

The two captains were lying on the deck, engaged, apparently, in their last death struggle. Neither would yield, and their strength seemed nearly exhausted, when Rattlin, having settled his man, rushed up to them, and pulled the commander of the “Cutter” away from his captain, and handed him over to one of his men, who had escaped without much injury, while he, himself, lifted Don Josée up, and carried him down into his cabin to examine his wounds, which it was hoped, were not of so serious a character, as was at first anticipated. His foot slipped, he said, over

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some blood on the deck, which gave his antagonist a great advantage, and as the latter pushed against him, they fell both together, and were struggling to use their weapons effectually, when the mate separated them. The “Cutter” and its contents, were seized as a prize by the smugglers, and towed off at once to be turned into money in some foreign port, should they be fortunate enough to escape the vigilance of other English cruisers, which would be sent out after them, as soon as the facts became known at head quarters, so that it was necessary to get away from the English coast as quickly as possible.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ASSIGNATION.

ALL the inhabitants of the Lizard Town were roused from their slumbers by the sound of the guns, and many went down to the Cove to see what it meant. Among these was the old Commodore, to whom the sound was familiar, and reminded him of days gone by, when he delighted in a “brush” with a foreign foe, or, indeed, with any other foe that interfered with his interest. Those were stirring

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times, never to be forgotten by him, in which he had often been the principal actor, in scenes of thrilling excitement' and danger.

He tapped at his daughter's door as he went down stairs, and told her he was going down to see what was the matter, for there must be either a ship in distress, or a' good stiff battle going on close in shore. When he arrived at the Cove, he found a crowd of people there, who had been, like himself, attracted by the sound of the guns.

There was nothing to be seen except two vessels sailing out, with all their sails set;—for the smugglers had put a couple of men on board the cutter, and they had both by this time got out to sea a pretty good distance, the wind blowing strong off the shore.

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"Well, my friends," said the Commodore, when he arrived, "what do you make of it?"

"We can't tell, sar," said one of the men, "but I do think that 'tes a wreck."

"Don't be such a fool, Dick," said another man. "How could a vessel be wrecked in this weather?"

"I don't care how," replied the first speaker, who, having given his opinion, seemed determined to uphold it. "I say 'tes a wreck. She struck 'pon one of the rocks outside, and fired her gun, and went down all of a rattle. I tell ee we shall see the men washing ashore 'pon the turn of the tide, and other things too."

This opinion was given in so positive a manner, and seemed so very plausible, that it was received by most of the lookers on as a veritable fact; for it was well known that many a vessel had gone to the bottom in a similar way near the Lizard Point, where the rocks are very treacherous, and run out for a great distance, and are only just covered with water even at high tide. The Commodore had his doubts about it; but he did not know the Cornish coast so well as these old sailors, who had lived there all their lives, so he did not offer an opinion. He merely suggested that a watch should be kept as the tide came in; and, leaving two

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or three men to watch, the others went home to breakfast, promising to return and relieve the watch as soon as possible.

During breakfast the Commodore related to his daughter what he had seen and heard at the Cove.

“Poor fellows!” said Emily, “how dreadful to be drowned so near home;—perhaps returning from a long voyage, and looking forward to a happy meeting with their families.”

“A sailor’s is a short life and a merrv one very often,” replied her father, “but they do enjoy life while it lasts—there is no doubt about that. I shall go down again after

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breakfast, for I shall not be satisfied until I see something to confirm that man’s opinion.”

So, as soon as breakfast was over, he took his “main stay,” and started again for the Cove, leaving Emily to follow if she chose with her lover, who was now in daily attendance on the Colonel at Erisey, and who seldom omitted calling at the cottage before he returned to Helston. On his arrival, Emily related the news of the morning, and he proposed that they should go down at once to the scene of the disaster.

As they walked over the cliffs, Emily’s thoughts reverted to the evening when she had walked over those cliffs before, accompanied by Don José. The strange whistle which summoned him away, and the vessel in the offing—what if he was a sailor! he might have been taken on board that vessel, and, perhaps, drowned like those poor fellows she had heard of that morning. The thought never occurred to her before. His absence had been looked upon as a cruel desertion of her, and every one had tried to impress this on her mind. Now she shuddered at the thought of his probable fate, and she became silent and thoughtful, until her companion roused her from her reverie.

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“Dear Emily,” said he, “you must not let your mind dwell on such an improbable event as that which has been reported to have happened this morning. In this beautiful weather one can hardly suppose the possibility of a wreck.”

“I cannot help thinking, James,” replied she, “that a sailor’s life is one of danger and peril. I would not be a sailor’s wife on any account.”

“No, dearest, you are not likely to be,” rejoined Hendy, smiling, and pressing her hand; “you must not have those gloomy thoughts when I hope we are so near the consummation of our happiness—of mine at least.”

“And mine too, James,” replied Emily. “Why are you

[110] so often reflecting on me, as if I were indifferent to you, and to the kindness and love which you are always evincing towards me? I’m sure I try to return your love; and, as it is settled now between us, and papa wishes it so much, why should you still continue to show such jealousy and suspicion when you have so little cause?”

“Forgive me, my dear Emily,” said Hendy, “I am neither jealous nor suspicious now; but you display a certain cold indifference to me sometimes, when you are in this thoughtful humour, I fancy, which makes me very uncomfortable.”

“I tell you what,” said she, changing her tone and manner to one of raillery, “if you accuse me of such idle caprice without a cause, I shall certainly make you jealous in reality by making love to the first bit of broadcloth I meet;—and here comes one that will answer my purpose exactly—so take care!”

“I shall not be jealous of him, at any rate,” said Hendy, laughing. “Why, where on earth did you spring from, my little sprig of nobility?” continued he, addressing a diminutive little creature, who suddenly appeared before them on the edge of the precipice.

“Never mind where I came from,” replied Erisey. “You would give one of your teeth to know where I’ve been, and what I’ve seen, within the last few hours. It is not the tallest nor the handsomest man who knows the most, I can tell you.

And as for you. Miss Emily, I could tell you something that would make your hair stand on end.”

“You ridiculous creature,” cried Emily, placing her hand on his shoulder, and walking on with him in a coaxing manner, at which he seemed flattered, “tell me the secret, there’s a dear soul.”

“Well, I’ll tell you, if you’ll promise not to tell him,” replied the little gentleman, jerking his thumb over his

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shoulder, to indicate that he meant Hendy, who was obliged to walk behind them, the path not being wide enough for three.

“Oh, I’ll promise,” said Emily.

“Well, then,” said he, almost in a whisper, “Laura and the squire are carrying on a rare game. Oh, it’s such a lark! I carry messages, and see that the coast is clear, and all that sort of thing, and I get no end of good things. Oh my! don’t I stuff,—honey and jam every night, and buttered toast for breakfast—oh crikey!”

“Now, do be serious for once,” said Miss Giddy, “and tell me what you mean:—this is some of your nonsense again.”

“You’re mistaken, my tulip,” replied he. “If you will come alone with me this evening, I’ll show them to you billing and cooing like two turtle-doves.”

“I’m afraid you’re on some of your mischief again,” said Emily.

“No I’m not—honor bright,” replied her little friend. “If you won’t come, you won’t know any more—that’s all. Will you come, or won’t you?”

“Yes, I’ll trust you for once,” said Emily, her curiosity outweighing her prudence,—“how? when? and where?”

“The ‘how,’ must be on your ten toes,” replied he, “the ‘when,’ about six o’clock this evening: the ‘where,’ at the mill. You go there, and have a jolly good chat with old mother Millar, and inquire for Laura when you go in. She’ll have been there and gone before that time, and I’ll come and inquire for her too, and then we’ll toddle out together. Do you twig? Not a word about this, mind—good

bye,” and away flew the little urchin down over the almost perpendicular cliff like a monkey.

“What secrets have you two been talking about?” said Hendy, rather pettishly, as he took Erisey’s place by

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Emily’s side, “You are certainly one of the finest specimens of a coquette that can well be imagined.”

“And you,” replied Emily, smiling, “are one of the finest specimens of a modern ‘Blue Beard’ that can well be conceived. Oh! James! James! when will you learn to control that besetting sin, ‘jealousy,’ which so cruelly torments you? Now, I intend to punish you for your foolish jealousy of this poor unfortunate youth, by not telling you one word of what he has been saying to me. There, you naughty man,” and she patted him on the cheek in a playful manner, which set him all right again, so easily did his jealousy give way before the slightest return of kindness from her he loved so much.

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CHAPTER XIX.

“LOVERS’ QUARRELS, IN THEIR RECONCILIATION, MAKE LOVE MORE SWEET”

EMILY, having, as she supposed, been deserted by the man for whom she had formed so strange an attachment, and being importuned by her quondam lover to renew their former intimacy, yielded to her father’s wishes, and consented to accept James Hendy, as her acknowledged and affianced lover. She had always esteemed him, as has been before mentioned, above all her other admirers. But, at her age, and with her preconceived and erroneous notions of love, engaging herself to James Hendy, whom she had known so many years, was too matter-of-fact and hum-drum for her. It was very different meeting with this handsome young stranger, and their mutually falling in love with each other, and spending their hours in reading each other’s thoughts, more by watching the eyes than by

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oral conversation. This was delightfully romantic. 'Twas like a pleasant dream, from which she wished never to awake. But she did awake, and then she discovered that she had indeed been dreaming. Her lover was gone —had deserted her, perhaps never to return. She dwelt on his image, however, for a long time, and hoped he would still come back, and claim her for his

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own. Week after week passed away, and no tidings of him arrived, and she was obliged, at last, though reluctantly, to yield to the persuasions of her friends, and she virtually gave him up, although, in the secret recesses of her heart, she still retained the same love and affection for him as ever. This feeling, however, was fortunately hidden from the knowledge of the devoted lover, who now claimed her as his affianced bride, and they walked on to the Cove together, as lovers should, well knowing that 'true love never did run smooth,' and that lovers quarrels, in the reconciliation, make love more sweet."

The tide had turned when they arrived at the spot where the impatient crowd watched every wave, in anxious expectation that something would be washed on shore, to confirm the opinion that a vessel had been wrecked so near the land; for a rich booty might, in that case, be their reward. Hour after hour passed, and nothing was seen, until at last the body of a man came floating on the waves. It had evidently been battered against the rocks with considerable force by the sea; for no trace of the human face could be seen so as to recognise it, and, although it could not have been in the water very long, from the appearance of other parts of the body, yet the clothes were torn to shreds, so sharp and angular and numerous are the rocks on that part of the coast. Here, then, was evidence of a wreck, as they supposed, and watchers became more numerous, and more anxious; but nothing more was found.

The hearty old Commodore pressed Hendy to stay and partake of an early dinner, which he could not refuse; although he said he had promised to dine at some grand party at Helston. Immediately after dinner he took his departure, and

Emily left the Commodore to enjoy his bottle of port and his nap, telling him she was going to see her friend Laura, whom she had not seen for a long time, and

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would get some one to bring her home, if they kept her kite. Instead of going to Erisey, however, she directed her steps towards the mill.

Alice Ann had just returned from a visit to her relatives in the far west, and was telling her mother the news as they sat together in the kitchen, when Laura called as usual, and as usual, made a flying visit.

“What’s the matter with har, I wonder,” said Mrs. Millar, “she’s gone fine an’ queer, semmen to me.”

“No wonder for her to be queer,” replied her daughter, “If all things are true, she’ll be queerer yet.”

“Why! what are ee tellen,” said Mrs. Millar, “have ee heard anything sence you’ve been gone, have ee, you must go abroad to hear news about home, they do say.”

“Iss, fie” said Alice Ann, “ef the dry-tree could only speak, what a passle o’ news’ he could tell. I’ve heard a bra’ passle about the dry-tree sence I’ve ben gone, and about Bochym House too. They’re living ghosts, that do come and go there. I’ve heard all about et.”

“Why, how ded ee hear that, cheeld-vean, and who could knaw et?” said her mother, drawing her chair closer to her daughter, that she might catch every word, for she expected to hear a long story. Before Alice Ann could proceed with her story, however, a gentle tap was heard at the front door.

“D’rat the people,” exclaimed Mrs. Millar, “they’re always coming when they ar’n’t wanted. Oppen the door, Alice Ann, do, and tell them we don’t want none, whatever ‘tes; some bout-a-go, I s’pose.”

The old lady was rather astonished, and disconcerted, therefore, when she found that the visitor was no other than Miss Emily Giddy, who did not often mix with the people of the village, and was, therefore, looked upon as a proud, haughty young lady, whom no one cared to see inside their doors.

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That was not her real character, however, as Mrs. Millar soon found out.

“Good evening, Mrs. Millar,” said she, as she entered, “I hope I am not intruding. I came to inquire for my friend. Miss Western, who often pays you a visit, I am told.”

“Set down, ma’am, ef you please,” replied Mrs. Millar, dropping a low curtesy, “Miss Laura was here a bit o’while ago, but she whipped out again like a Jack-o’-lantern. She’s mighty tooken to flippen about lately, semmen to me.”

“She’ll be here again, soon, perhaps,” said Emily, “If you’ll allow me, I’ll wait a little, for I’m rather tired.”

“Aw! by all means—and welcome, replied the old lady, “How es your pa’ ma’am, be so bould?”

“Papa is quite well again, thank you,” replied Emily, “and was anxious to get back to town, but I prevailed on him to stay another month. The weather is so beautiful.”

“Iss, ma’am,” returned Mrs. Millar, in a significant manner, “many things may turn up in a month, ma’am. There’s many a slip between the cup and the lip.”

“Don’t you believe everything that Mrs. Millar tells you,” cried Erisey, as he burst into the room, and jumped on the table. “He’ll be back again one of these fine days,”

“Who’ll be back?” inquired Emily. “I wish you wouldn’t be so fond of talking in enigmas, Erisey, although I believe you have no meaning in half that you say.”

“Iss! Iss!” said Millar, “Maister Riskey es all there, I can assure ee. He do know a pig’s foot from a bees knee, I can tell ee.”

“Now then. Miss Emily,” said Erisey, “If you wish to have my valuable escort, you must come at once, for I’m going your way for a wonder,” and, bidding Mrs. Millar good evening, Emily and her stalwart escort proceeded on their expedition.

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CHAPTER XX.

THE UNEXPECTED MEETING.

ABOUT a mile beyond “the Rill,” as you go from thence towards Pradannack Head, the bold cliffs and head-lands of the Apron and the Hill suddenly disappear, and you find yourself in a deep ravine, running gently down from the main-land to the water’s edge, bounded on each side by lofty rocks overhanging the rugged pathway. Through this ravine runs a rapid stream of water, forming beautiful and picturesque cascades in several places, as its course is impeded by the huge rocks which have fallen from time to time into the bed of the stream. Following its course to the bottom, you emerge into a beautiful little cove called Gue Graze, which many pedestrian tourists, unacquainted with the coast, have mistaken for Kynance, so nearly does it approach, in beauty and appearance, that world-renowned spot of a thousand beauties, whose rocks are enamelled with the most brilliant colors, which, with its white shining sand, and dark marble caverns, and basins full of limpid green water left in little holes in the sand and rocks by the receding tide, render it worthy of being called *The Enamelled Court of Neptune*.

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In a sheltered nook of this romantic little Cove, with its back close up against one of the highest rocks, there stood at that time a solitary cottage, inhabited by a man called Smith, who was the owner of a small fishing-boat, and professed to get his living by catching crabs and lobsters, which were found in great abundance in that locality. But it was generally believed, almost beyond a doubt, that he was mixed up with the smugglers along the coast, and particularly with Thomson and Daws, in connection with whom it was reported he had committed some deeds that would hardly bear the light. He had some means of concealing the smuggled goods some- where, which no one, as yet, had been able to discover; for although after a landing of kegs at Gue Graze Cove, the Customs-

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men had searched every part of Smith's house and premises, they could never discover the hiding-place.

It was down this ravine, towards Gue Graze Cove, that Emily Giddy was conducted by her diminutive guide after they left the mill. Emily had never been there before, and she admired the wild romantic scenery excessively;—it was so very different from any other part of the coast she had yet seen. The rapid stream of water hurrying over the loose rocks, impeded here and there by larger ones, over which it rushed and dropped again some few feet into the bed below, forming miniature cataracts, and the huge rocks hanging overhead as they groped their way along over the loose stones, threatening at every step to fall and crush them beneath their weight, called up all the romance in Emily's composition, and she forgot, for the moment, the object of her walk, and seemed indifferent to the direction they were going and the length of the walk, until she found herself in the little Cove itself, and saw the solitary cottage, standing, with its back against the rock, as if for support. The sight of the broad ocean, which lay before her, and terminated her walk, recalled her to herself once more, and she asked her

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companion where he had brought, and where Laura was, for she began now to think he had played her one of his mischievous tricks.

"You must come with me into that cottage," replied he, "and you will not regret your walk;" and without any other explanation, he took her hand and led her towards it, while she, in doubt and perplexity as to what she ought to do, permitted herself to be led by him without resistance or opposition.

The cottage consisted of two rooms on the ground floor, and a half room above, if so it might be called. The floor of this upper room extended entirely over the kitchen or front room, into which you entered through the front door, and about two-thirds over the inner room, leaving an open space of about two feet over the inner portion of that room. There were no stairs to get up into this upper room—the only access to it being by means of a short ladder through the opening at the inner extremity of the room, so that, if the ladder was taken away by a

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person below, no one from above could come down, and if the ladder was pulled up by a person in the upper room, no one could go up from below.

The door was fastened after a primitive fashion, by having the bar which lifts the latch on the inside taken out, so Erisey took a long nail from his pocket, with which he soon opened it.

The cottage was empty, to all appearance, when they entered; but Erisey, who seemed quite familiar with the place, gave a low whistle, and walked boldly in, pulling his companion in after him, and closing the door.

He opened the door of the inner room in the same way, and Emily, instinctively followed him, without seeming to know whether she was doing right or wrong. When they had closed the door after them, in the inner room, Erisey

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gave another low whistle, which was answered in the same peculiar style from above. Erisey then spoke some word which was unintelligible to Emily, and a short ladder was lowered down through the open space from above, and a tall young man, having his head bound up, and one of his arms bandaged, and seeming to be in great pain, came slowly down. No sooner had he reached the bottom, than turning round, he caught Emily in his arm (he had only one at liberty), and exclaimed—

“Oh! my dearest Emily! to what good fortune am I indebted for thus once more beholding her, whose image has haunted me day and night since last we parted?”

Emily was too much surprised to reply for some minutes. At last she said—

“Can I believe my eyes? Do I really see Don Josée, whom we had given up as lost, returned again to those who loved and honoured him so much? Alas! I see by those bandages that you have been wounded, or met with some serious accident. Tell me,” continued she, looking on him with more fondness than she would have permitted herself to show had she not been thus taken by surprise, “where have you been, and how did you get wounded thus?”

“You shall know all some other time, ray dearest Emily,” he replied, “I have gone through dangers and difficulties since I saw you last which would cause your sensitive heart too much pain were I to relate them to you now. I am in danger at present if seen abroad, and these good people have promised to conceal me here for the present. In a few days I hope I shall be able to visit you and your honoured father as before, and then I shall ask you to complete my happiness.”

“Oh! Ferdinand, why did you not write or send some message?” exclaimed Emily, bursting into tears. The excitement and surprise had been too much for her, and she

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unconsciously rested her head on the broad shoulder of the only man she had ever really loved, and permitted him to press his lips to her forehead, as he tried to soothe her.

Erisey, in the meantime, had quietly gone out to keep watch, as a true sentinel, leaving the lovers to enjoy those happy moments unseen by any other eye.

It will be remembered that, after the engagement between the two vessels, it was thought prudent by the smugglers to escape as quickly as possible, and so they set sail at once. As they sailed out from the scene of the engagement off the Lizard Head, they were met by Smith in his little boat. He had come off to pick up what he could, and to receive instructions as to the disposal of the goods landed during the night. After having given his instructions, Don Josée told his chief officer that he should resign the command into his hands, and they might do what they would with the vessel and the prize. He was determined, he said, to go on shore with Smith, who promised to conceal him for a few days till his wounds were healed and the affair of the morning was blown over. As none of the men from either vessel had escaped, as far as they knew, nothing could be known positively on shore, as yet, as to what vessels they were, and who commanded the smuggler; so he was helped on board the boat, and brought back by Smith, while

nearly all the inhabitants of that part of the coast were engaged at the Lizard Cove watching for some of the cargo to be washed on shore from the supposed wreck. This gave Smith and his associate an opportunity also of removing the smuggled goods from the cavern in which they had been deposited in the night, as witnessed by Margery and her lover.

Don Josée had amassed a considerable sum of money by his lawless pursuits, most of which he kept secreted on board the vessel. This he now brought with him—concealed, however, from the sight and knowledge of the reprobate

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Smith. The proverbial motto, "Honour among thieves," was strictly adhered to by his mate and crew on board the *San Josée*, but he could not be so certain about the honesty or honour of his present companion and protector. His wounds were not of a very serious character, and he soon recovered from them; but he feigned pain and weakness when Smith and his friends were at home, in order that he might watch them, and find out where their secret hiding place was.

Emily did not, even now, know what profession he was engaged in, nor why he was obliged to keep out of the way of the legal authorities for the present. He hinted to her that he was wounded in single combat with a gentleman,—and she concluded, naturally enough, that he had fought a duel, which was very common in those days on the most trifling quarrel. He begged her to come to see him again, but at present it would be dangerous to tell her papa that he was in the neighbourhood, because, as a magistrate, he would be bound to take measures for his apprehension should he be applied to for this purpose; it would in any case be placing the Commodore in a very awkward position.

Miss Giddy had been accustomed to have her own way, and to go wherever she pleased, without being accountable to any one for her conduct, and she considered that there could be no harm in her taking a quiet walk of an evening, with Erisey for her escort, just to inquire for the invalid,—she was sure her papa would have sanctioned it under other circumstances. True, she was now affianced to James Hendy, but she had engaged herself to him when she was

under the impression that Don Josée was believed to be lost, or to have heartlessly deserted her. When Hon Josée could appear once more and ask her hand, she believed Hendy was too honourable and sensitive to hold her to the engagement with himself, when she told, him she preferred another. This he

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had known long ago. It will not be difficult to imagine the result. She became more and more deeply and devotedly attached to her secret love, and treated Hendy with increasing coldness and indifference, much to his astonishment and regret.

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CHAPTER XXI.

AN IMPORTANT SECRET DISCOVERED.

MRS. JOHNS, the housekeeper, or reputed housekeeper at Bochym House, felt, or professed to feel a deep interest in the death of poor Mr. Muffett,—the more so, as she was almost the last person who had seen him alive on that memorable evening when he disclosed those secrets to Mr. Skewes, which led to that desperate quarrel and the loss of the papers which he said contained the history of the most eventful part of Mr. Skewes' life, and other documents of vital importance to others concerned with him;—she therefore devoted her whole time and energy in sifting this mystery to the bottom, and in endeavouring to discover the perpetrators of this diabolical deed, and how the body was disposed of, supposing that the poor man had really been murdered.

To assist her in her search, she enlisted the services of Margery and the dwarf, who very soon made discoveries which led to the most important results.

Margery had seen the goods lauded from the smuggler, and placed in a cavern, between Kynance Cove and the Rill, which no one but those concerned knew the existence of before, and by watching again, she had seen Smith and some

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of his associates lake them from thence, and convey them in a boat into Gue Graze Cove, where she had set Erisey to watch from the crevice of a rock, where he managed to conceal his diminutive body, for she suspected this removal would take place ere long; and it was in watching here that he discovered that the Spanish captain was concealed in Smith's house. He had approached very near the house sometimes, when they were inside stowing away the goods, and could hear their conversation and the peculiar whistle;—so, when the coast was clear, and the men were gone for another turn, he ventured in, and had a conversation with the Spaniard, for they had been old friends. It was in this interview that the Spaniard inquired about Emily, and was told she was about to be married to Hendy.

This alarmed him, and he deliberated what he should do. He was of necessity obliged to remain concealed there, and it might be for some time. But his Spanish blood was on fire to see the girl he had risked so much for, and to prevent, if possible, her marrying his rival. So he asked Erisey, whom he had known intimately before, both at the Lizard cottage and at his father's house, to do his best to bring Emily there to see him that evening. This was an adventure that suited the dwarf exactly, and he promised he would do so, if the Spaniard, in return, would watch the manoeuvres of the smugglers, and find out where the entrance to the secret cavern was, for Mrs. Johns and Margery said they were sure there must be a communication with some large cavern from Smith's house. This he promised to do, on receiving Erisey's solemn promise that he would not reveal his hiding-place to any one except Emily, nor let any one else know he was in the neighbourhood.

Erisey fulfilled his part of the agreement, as we have seen, and the Spaniard discovered something which he imparted to the dwarf, as a profound secret, but which he

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communicated to Mrs. Johns and Margery, and which proved to be of the greatest assistance to them in carrying out their plans.

Although Emily had been accustomed to have her own way from her childhood, and to act on her own responsibility, yet she had never before been placed in so delicate a position, as the one in which she now found herself, after her first interview with the young Spaniard. She had never before kept any important action of her life a secret from her father, and now she had bound herself by a solemn vow, not to mention this meeting to him, nor even to tell him that her lover had returned; and she had, moreover, promised to visit him again in his hiding place, to renew their former intimacy and affection. What was she to do? She had no friend to whom she could confide her secret, indeed she had promised not to do so. She went to Erisey the morning after the interview, to see Laura, who told her without the least reserve, of her singular and romantic meeting with Mr. Skewes, and of their clandestine engagement. Had Emily been told all this but the day before, she most probably would have reasoned with her friend on the impropriety of such meetings, unknown to her parents; but she could not do so now, when she, herself, was doing the same thing. Laura, however, said that Mr. Skewes' intentions were strictly honourable, and that he had expressed his determination to call at Erisey, and make himself known to the Colonel, as the proprietor of Bochym estate, and other property adjoining, besides money he had accumulated abroad; and he would then make a formal proposal to him for the hand of his daughter.

“But, you say that he is much older than yourself,” said Emily, “have you reflected, Laura dear, on this disparity of age? In a few years, Mr. Skewes, according to your account, will be an elderly man, while you will still be a young woman.”

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“It is true that Mr. Skewes is much older than I am,” replied Laura, “twenty years at least; but he is strong and healthy, and has a youthful appearance; and moreover he is a gentleman and from his knowledge of the world, and his

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great talent and ability he will be an advice and valuable companion, and one I can look up to for advice and protection. The disparity is on the right side too; were you to see him, you would never for a moment suppose there was that difference in our ages.”

“Well, tastes differ,” said Emily, “For my part I prefer a gay young cavalier of my own age, or perhaps, a year or two older, who could enter into all my pursuits, and enjoy a gay party or a dance, with the same pleasure that I do myself.”

“Those are pleasures,” replied Laura, “which I have never entered into very much for, in the country, we are not much thrown in the way of balls, or evening parties; a quiet dinner party, or a ramble over the cliffs with an intelligent companion, are pleasures which suit my taste better than dancing in hot rooms, and listening to the insipid small talk of gauky young beaux, who have nothing to recommend them but their dancing, which they have brought red-hot from the dancing master, or the fact of their, probably, being heirs apparent to some wealthy old millionaire.”

“My dear Laura,” cried Emily, laughing, “you have certainly drawn a very ridiculous picture of *genteel* society; but I hope we are not quite so bad as that.”

“Now, then,” exclaimed Erisey, as he rushed into the room, and took his favorite position on the table, “I want somebody to accompany me to the Lizard town—who’ll go?”

“I was about to return there,” said Emily, “for I promised papa I wouldn’t be away long, and I shall be glad of so valiant and agreeable an escort.”

“Now, no gammon!” said he, “I don’t like it. I tell you, it isn’t the biggest man than can protect or assist a

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young lady the best, sometimes; so come along, if you are going my way.”

“I’m sure I didn’t mean to offend you, Erisey,” replied Emily.

“Oh! don’t mind him Emily,” said Laura, “take off your bonnet, and spend the day here. I’m sure you can’t have anything so important to do at home.”

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“Oh, no, I thank you,” replied Emily, “I must go home at once,” and, bidding her friend good day, she departed with her diminutive escort, who prevailed on her to go once more to see the young Spaniard, which she at last consented to do, although reluctantly, for she felt that these clandestine meetings were wrong, but love prevailed over duty and prudence.

Erisey had seen the gentleman that morning, and had promised to bring Emily to Gue Graze again that evening, and in return, he was to receive further information, which he wanted for Mrs. Johns and Margery.

After this second interview, Emily, having now broken the ice, continued to visit her lover every evening at his hiding place, when the coast was clear, which Erisey took care to ascertain.

One evening, he induced the two lovers to walk a little on the beach, and while they were out of the way, he tried to discover the secret entrance to the cavern. Don Josée had told him, that, when the smugglers brought anything in, they invariably went to a cupboard, which was fixed in the wall in the inner room, so that he fancied there must be some private entrance to a cavern, or some large room through that place, but he could never see how it was opened, or in what part of the cupboard the opening was. So Erisey got into the cupboard, and tried every inch of its sides, and back; but could find no spring, or any means of opening it, nor had it the appearance of ever having been opened, and

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he was just coming out again, when, in turning round, he stepped on something, which gave way under his tiny foot, and the back of the cupboard flew open, and disclosed an opening just large enough for a man to creep through on his hands and knees. This was sufficient for his purpose just then, so he closed the opening again, marking the spot where the spring was, so as to know it again, by scraping a little of the dirt off; for the whole cupboard was a mass of dirt, purposely left there, no doubt, to hide the secret entrance.

Before he went home that night, he communicated his discovery to Mrs. Johns and Margery, who told him to ascertain when the coast would be clear.

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They knew nothing of the young Spaniard being there, for Erisey had promised he would tell no one, and, of course, they knew nothing of the clandestine visits of Miss Giddy to the spot; Erisey, therefore, when they' told him they wished to search the secret cavern, laid his plans accordingly.

He was not at all interested in this search, but he possessed an extraordinary degree of curiosity, and prided himself greatly on being able to play cunning tricks on his friends. This was an adventure, therefore, which suited him exactly, and he did not inquire or care what the object was. He only knew that the part he had to play was, to see that the coast was clear from Smith and his gang, and to keep Emily away for that day, and to invent some tale to keep the young Spaniard in close hiding in the upper room while the search was being made. All this he arranged very cleverly. He ascertained that Smith and his party were going into some other neighbourhood, on a certain day, to sell some of their brandy, and to transact some other business; for he was intimate with most of the people in the neighbourhood, and they told him many things that they would not have told to every one, because they considered him almost a non-entity, from his diminutive stature, and the little notice that was

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taken of him at home. He was familiar with the smugglers, and knew many of their haunts, and often for amusement assisted them by his cunning. He told Don Josée, that he had heard a party of customs-men were coming one day soon, to search the premises for contraband goods, and that if he heard any one coming in, without giving the signal, he was to keep close in the upper room till they were gone. And Erisey promised that he would be on the spot, and if he found that the men were about to ascend into the upper room, (which they would have some trouble in doing without the ladder), he would whistle, when the Spaniard was to put the ladder out of the window, and come down and hide among the rocks. He didn't tell him what day this would be; indeed, he said it was only a rumour, and might not take place at all. He merely gave him this little hint, and he would be sure to watch, and take care of him. The officers would be sure not to find

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anything, and they would leave again very soon, he said; for, some of the customs-men had been old smugglers before they entered the service, and so they often winked at a little quiet business, and would not search too narrowly. Emily, he knew, would not come down without being escorted by himself. Until that day, however, she continued her visits, unknown to any one, except Erisey. The hours of the lovers passed away in uninterrupted happiness, and they formed plans for the future, when the young Spaniard should be at liberty to appear openly, and declare his love for her, and ask her father's consent to their union, which neither of them supposed for a moment would be denied; as in their former intercourse he seemed to be quite as much fascinated with the young Spaniard as his daughter was. It is said that "stolen pleasures are the sweetest," and it certainly appeared to be so in this instance. Emily seemed quite infatuated. She was wretched until she was once more in her lover's society, and he counted the hours, in his solitary

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hiding place, till her footstep was once more heard approaching the cottage. These meetings had now been so frequent, that all sense of their impropriety had passed away, and Emily waited impatiently every evening for the arrival of her little escort, hoping that every interview would be the last at that spot, and that the time was fast approaching, when concealment would be no longer necessary, and when he, to whom she was so devotedly attached, would openly claim her for his own.

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CHAPTER XXII.

THE DEAD, ALIVE.

GUE GRAZE was as solitary and secluded a spot as any lover, or smuggler, could possibly desire, and, from this circumstance, perhaps, it obtained the reputation of being haunted by evil spirits, which kept all the superstitious away, and left Smith and his associates, very much to themselves and their evil pursuits.

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The coast was clear one fine afternoon, and Erisey had arranged his plans as well as any man of six feet high could have done. Mrs. Johns met him at the Cove at the time appointed, accompanied by Margery and her lover, Joe Millar, who had brought a small cart with him to the entrance of the Ravine, where it was left in the charge of a boy. The party approached the cottage cautiously, led by the dwarf, who knew every crevice and turn. He opened the door as usual, with a long nail, led the way into the inner room, and jumped into the cupboard at once, and putting his little foot on the spring, the back flew open. The young Spaniard heard all this from his hiding place, but as there was no signal given, he concluded these were the customs men, so he crouched into the farthest and darkest corner of the room, and waited the result. Erisey, who had the courage of a lion, volunteered to go first, carrying a light in a lantern which they had brought with them. Then followed

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Joe Millar, who was well armed, and then Mrs. Johns, leaving; Margery outside to watch. After creeping through a narrow passage, extending downwards for about two or three yards, and increasing in width as they proceeded, they came into a large cavern. After waiting a few minutes to accustom their eyes to the change of light, they saw that this cavern contained a quantity of kegs, and various other things, and at the further extremity, they perceived, as they thought, another narrow passage, on approaching which, a groan was heard distinctly, which seemed to issue from some inner cavern. No time was lost in getting through this second passage, which they found led into a smaller cavern, and here, crouched up in a corner, they discovered to their horror a human form; but whether it was that of a man or woman, they could not, at first, make out. Whatever it was, however, there seemed no intention on the part of its keepers to starve it, for there was plenty of meat near it, a jug of water, and a keg of brandy. On approaching it, the creature trembled all over with fear, exclaiming, in a terrified voice, "Oh! have pity on me! don't torture me any more! I haven't got the papers, they are lost! lost! You shall have all! all! Oh, release me, and you shall have all!"

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Horror and amazement prevented the visitors from speaking a word for some minutes. They could only look at each other in mute astonishment and disgust, for, there, before them, crouching on the floor, and chained to a rock, lay the emaciated form of Mr. Muffett, trembling with fear and pain.

Mrs. Johns, whose voice he knew best, spoke soothingly to him, and told him they were friends come to release him, at which he looked up doubtfully. He did not, at first, seem to recognise her; but the Dwarf he recognised at once, for his figure was unmistakable. Erisey spoke to him, and repeated Mis. John's assurance, that he was safe. While they were

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making the prisoner sensible that they were friends, young Millar was busy knocking off the chains which he soon accomplished, and they lost no time in bringing the poor prisoner out of his gloomy den. His limbs were stiff, but with young Millar's assistance they got him out, and throwing over him a large cloak, which they found in the cottage, they hurried him up to the cart, in which he was taken, closely covered up, to the mill; and after changing his filthy clothes, for some of the miller's, he was put to bed, and some warm gruel prepared for him by good Mrs. Millar.

Notice was sent to Lieutenant Brown to bring his men down at once, to assist in taking the smugglers and their horde of smuggled property. So anxious had they been to get the poor prisoner away in safety, and so horror struck at what they had witnessed, that Erisey forgot all about the young Spaniard in his hiding place, and no one else knew of his being there.

The officer came at once to the mill, to know the truth of the story he had heard, and brought as many of his men with him as he could. They were all well armed, and proceeded at once to Gue Graze, where it was proposed they should remain in ambush, behind the rocks, until the smugglers returned, and then rush into the house after them, and take them in their den. The four who had made the discovery in the afternoon, and had so opportunely rescued the poor lawyer,

expressed their determination to accompany the customs party, and see the end of it. Accordingly, they marched down to the Cove, a strong party.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

AN AWFUL CATASTROPHE.

SCARCELY had they reached the Cove, when they saw Smith and one of his associates land from the boat, and run up towards the cottage, leaving the boat at the mercy of the waves, which soon drifted it out to sea,—for, seeing the Customsmen, they thought it was all up with them, so they rushed into the cottage and bolted the door, and got to the upper room as quickly as possible with their loaded guns. As the party approached, a shot was fired from the upper window, wounding Mrs. Johns—who persisted in leading the party to the scene of action—severely, but not mortally, it was hoped. She was placed behind a rock, and Margery and Erisey were left to attend upon her, while the others went on. Another shot was fired from the window, but without effect.

The officer now desired his men to fire. Their shots evidently did great damage, for there was a terrible shriek, and then all was still. They supposed that the two men were killed, so they reloaded and forced open the door, and went cautiously through into the inner room. There was no sound to be heard. The ladder was in its place, so they mounted cautiously with their fire-arms ready, to the upper-room, where they discovered two men lying dead on the floor.

“Those were good shots, men,” said Lieutenant Brown, “and you deserve a good share of the prize for ridding the

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country of two such rascals. Now for the cavern they told us of. Run out, one of you, and fetch in Erisey; he knows how to open it, it appears.”

“Smith has escaped, then,” said Erisey, as he entered,—“that’s unlucky.”

“No, no—they’re both dead enough,” said the Lieutenant.

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“You’re mistaken,” replied Erisey, “for we saw Smith jump into the water from Pigeon Hugo Cavern, and swim away. There must be a communication between these caverns and that, no doubt.”

“Nonsense,” said the Lieutenant, “they are both dead, I tell you, and lying in the upper room at this moment. Come and see.”

Erisey was puzzled at this, for he had seen the man jump off, and so had Margery, and they were near enough to distinguish him distinctly he said. So he followed the officer up-stairs in some perplexity; but when he got there he saw two men, sure enough, lying dead on the floor. The man nearest him he recognised as Thomson, Smith’s companion, who had landed with him from the boat. The other man was lying on his face. One of the Customs-men turned him over, as unconcernedly as he would have turned a log of wood, when, oh, horror! Erisey recognised the features of his friend, Don Josée. The officer was very much puzzled at this, until Erisey, as well as he could, explained how the young Spaniard got there, and that in the hurry and bustle of finding Mr. Muffet, and getting him away, he had forgotten his young friend. The poor little gentleman was overwhelmed with grief, to think that he should have been the means of betraying his friend, and of bringing a party of men there to shoot him. He beat his breast, and rolled on the floor, in his agony and remorse, until the Lieutenant, who had been looking about the room, said,—“Cheer up, Erisey, ‘tis not so bad as you suppose.”

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This brought the little man to his feet again, and altered the expression of his countenance considerably, for he thought that the Lieutenant had discovered that his friend still breathed.

“Oh! thanks, good Mr. Brown,” exclaimed he, “does he really breathe?—shall we save him yet for poor Emily?”

“No, my dear fellow,” said the Lieutenant, “I have no such good news for you as that; but I believe he was not killed by one of my men. See here! I found this pistol on the floor. It has been just discharged; and here are two guns, both

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showing evidence of having been lately discharged too. The guns were fired at us through the window—the pistol was fired within, and it was a pistol-shot that killed poor Don José. I have examined the wound. That villain, Smith, no doubt, thought they had been betrayed by the Spaniard, and so he shot him out of revenge. Smith has no doubt escaped, as you say.”

The cavern was explored, and two men were left in possession, till a reinforcement could be sent, and carts to take away the smuggled goods.

Mrs. Johns had fainted from loss of blood, but the Lieutenant said he believed she was not dangerously wounded. They made a temporary litter, and carried her, between them, to the mill—that being the nearest house large enough for a temporary hospital;—so poor Mrs. Millar and Alice Ann had enough to do.

“I’ll do my best, and make them all comfortable,” said the old lady; “but, as I do always say, ‘It never rains but it pours.’”

Margery remained there also to assist; and, during the evening, she told Mr. Brown that he would never be troubled with Smith again, for she saw him struggling in the water, and swimming with all his strength to reach the boat, which had drifted away from the shore; but he became quite exhausted

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before he could reach it, and she saw him sink never to rise again alive.

A messenger was dispatched at once to Helston for the Doctor, and the news was spread before the morning throughout the country far and near, and lost nothing in the carriage—for the story was exaggerated, after a few repetitions, into something very different from the real truth.

Mr. Skewes was told it, as he walked home with Laura, to whom he was now regularly engaged with the willing consent of her father. They were both shocked with the version of the tale they heard, and Mr. Skewes determined he would go at once to the mill, and ascertain what the real circumstances were.

Mrs. Johns had revived a little before he arrived, and was able to talk with Margery. When ‘she heard that Mr. Skewes was below, she desired that he might be brought into her room, where they had a long private conference. She told him

that she felt her end was approaching, and she was determined to reveal all she knew.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

“THE HEART BOWED DOWN WITH SECRET GRIEF”

THE Commodore and his daughter heard the news also, and the former proceeded at once to the mill, to see his old friend, Mr. Muffett, and to inquire into the truth of the report, which seemed too horrible to believe, while Emily retired to her room, to brood over the dreadful tale, which she could scarcely believe could be true. She had only, as yet, heard of the discovery and release of Mr. Muffet and the death of the smugglers and capture of the smuggled goods. No mention had been made of the sad death of the young Spaniard—indeed no one knew it but the dwarf and Lieutenant Brown and his men, who had other things to think of just then.

Emily’s first thought was of him whom she had visited so often in the smugglers’ den, and she hoped and believed he had escaped, and would probably now be able to appear publicly, and they should at last, she hoped, after all their troubles and trials, receive her father’s sanction to their happy union.

The Commodore, on his arrival at the mill, was conducted into the room of Mr. Muffett, who was rejoiced to see his old friend once more.

He said he had much to communicate, but he felt too weak and exhausted to do so then. In the morning, he said,

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if the Commodore would come to the mill, he hoped to be able, after a night’s rest, to impart some important information to him.

Erisey, who had remained at the mill, told the old gentleman all he knew of the circumstances, and of the lamentable death of his poor friend, Don Josée, at which the Commodore was very much shocked and astonished, as he had never

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heard of his being in the neighbourhood. He said it must be a mistake, and he would not believe it until he saw the body. Although it was then late, he proceeded to Que Graze at once, and was convinced that the dwarf's statement was too true.

Erisey, very thoughtfully and considerately, suppressed all mention of Emily's knowledge of the return of the Spaniard, so that those clandestine meetings were never known to any one but themselves.

The feelings of Emily can better be imagined than described when the terrible truth was broken to her by her father. She dropped on the floor as if she had been shot, and remained insensible for a considerable time after the domestics had placed her on her bed. Everything that could be thought of was tried to restore her to consciousness, but in vain. At last nature did what human skill failed to accomplish, and she opened her eyes to the sad reality, only to close them again in a vain endeavour to shut out the dreadful thought from her mind. But there it remained. Her brain throbbed, and, from a quiet unconsciousness of passing events, she became outrageous, and raved like a maniac, tearing everything within her reach; and it was with the greatest difficulty the servants and landlady could undress her and put her into bed. This they were only able to do by watching until her strength was exhausted. But no sooner had they placed her in bed than she raved again, and her father was obliged to assist in holding her down. The two Doctors—

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Pearce and Hendy—had, by this time, arrived at the mill, and the Commodore sent to them to come to his daughter as soon as they had attended to their patients there.

They came almost immediately, and were much concerned to see the state into which their fair patient had been thrown by this sudden shock to her nervous system. Remedies were applied at once, and a watch kept over her, and the old doctor said that when she was a little more calm, a composing draught must be given her, which he prepared. This, he said, would throw her into a deep sleep,

from which he hoped she would awake in the morning relieved and quieted. The old gentleman himself remained for the night, at the Commodore's earnest request, while Hendy returned to Helston, promising to be at the Lizard again early in the morning, and to bring some medicines and instruments, should they be wanted in Mrs. John's case.

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CHAPTER XXV.

MYSTERIES EXPLAINED.

EMILY seemed much better the next morning, more composed and resigned to the loss she had sustained, the extent of which was only known to herself.

"Every heart knoweth its own sorrow," and doubly bitter is that sorrow which has to be borne in secret. Laura came early to see and sympathise with her friend; but she knew not the extent of her suffering, being ignorant of the renewal of those bonds of affection, which had, as it were, been broken asunder by the sudden disappearance of the young Spaniard, and his supposed desertion of the fair girl, for whom he had openly professed such sincere attachment. She had become reconciled to her fate, it was believed, from her having become the affianced bride of James Hendy. "She never told her love, but let concealment feed on her damask cheek," and though engaged to Hendy, her thoughts still dwelt on him, she never could forget. For, she never believed he had deserted her, as her friends would have had her think. Her faith in him had proved well founded. He had not deserted her. Circumstances over which, he said he had no control, but which he could not at present disclose, prevented his return till now. He had returned, and by a stratagem, excusable and

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pardoned, he had obtained an interview with her in his hiding place and, for nearly a fortnight, she had seen him daily, and the love that had not been extinguished,

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burst out afresh, and like a tire long pent up, threw forth a fiercer flame which rapidly increased. And now, when their happiness was so nearly being completed, he was taken from her. The thought was too terrible to dwell upon, and yet she could not drive it off. She sat and listened or seemed to listen to her friend, who tried to soothe her, but she heard not what she said, and in the midst of her discourse would ask some trivial question, quite irrelevant to the subject under discussion. Hendy was pained beyond measure, at the state of mind in which he found her, when he came out in the morning, but trusted to time and change of scene eventually to restore her.

The Commodore, in the mean time, had gone to the mill as he had promised his friend, Mr. Muffet, he would do. He found that gentleman quite renovated by his night's rest, and the nourishing food Mrs. Millar had prepared for him. Mrs. Johns was still in bed, and suffering considerable pain, the ball had penetrated too far to admit of its being extracted, and the Doctors feared there was an internal hoemorage, which would, no doubt, terminate fatally. How soon, they could not say. The Commodore had heard of Mrs. Johns frequently, but he had never seen her, and was, therefore, surprised at receiving a message from her to come into her room after he had finished his conference with Mr. Muffet. The Doctor said the sooner these conferences were over the better.

When the two gentlemen were seated in Mrs. Millar's little parlour, Mr. Muffett said:—

“I have a tale to relate, my dear old friend, which I wish had fallen into other hands. A month ago, perhaps, I should have endeavoured to turn my tale to profit, and had

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collected documents and evidence for that purpose. My reflections on my past life, since I have been under confinement, have changed my purpose, and, I hope, softened my heart towards my fellow-creatures. Those documents and papers I lost on the night of my accident; how, or where, I need not now say. The villain, Thomson, had a secret grudge against me, and he, somehow, overheard a

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conversation I had with a certain person that night respecting the circumstances to be proved by those documents. I suspected him of stealing them, but I know otherwise now. He fired the shot, which, instead of killing me, as he no doubt intended, wounded and maddened my horse. I was thrown on a stone and stunned, and was taken away by two men, and carried to Smith's cottage at Gue Graze, where I was confined in the cavern, and tortured every morning to endeavour to intimidate me into disclosing where those papers were. I could not tell them, if I would, for I didn't know. Until then I believed Thomson had stolen them from me."

"But what did the papers contain?" said the Commodore. "They must have been of great importance, to cause those men to be so anxious for the possession of them."

"They were," continued Mr. Muffet. "Those documents contained the history and evidence of one of the greatest pieces of villainy that ever was committed, involving property of considerable amount, and the secrets of another ancient family, which had hitherto been kept private. The object of those men, in trying to get possession of those documents, was to extort money from the parties interested, to insure secrecy. I have learnt, this morning, that those papers are safe. The remainder of the tale will be better told by another person. We will now, if you please, visit Mrs. Johns, who is, no doubt, prepared to receive us."

On entering Mrs. Johns' room, they found her partially

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dressed and sitting up in bed, supported by pillows. The doctors gave her some invigorating cordial, and placed the bottle by her side, that she might take a little more, occasionally, if she felt exhausted. She then desired every one to leave the room except Mr. Muffett and Mr. Giddy, whom she requested to be seated, begging them not to interrupt her.

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CHAPTER XXVI

MRS. JOHNS' NARRATIVE.

“It is now twenty-five years ago,” she began, addressing Mr. Giddy, “since you went to Mexico to try your fortune. You succeeded, and amassed, in an incredibly short time, wealth beyond your fondest hopes. You there met with a lady, young and beautiful, but many years younger than yourself. You flattered her vanity, and paid her marked attention. You loved her, and sought her hand. She at first declined, but was eventually persuaded by her friends to accept so brilliant an offer. The love of wealth and position predominated, and, in order to live in splendour, she became your wife. She was of Spanish extraction, and you took her to Spain, as more suited for the display of your wealth. She bore you one child—a beautiful boy—whom you both doated on. When he was about three years old, an English gentleman came to reside in the same place. Your wife met him at a ball. He was a very handsome young man, about her own age. She was fascinated. You did not care about balls. You had outlived such frivolities; but, loving your young wife, and having, as you thought, perfect confidence in her, you allowed her to go alone; and night after night she met this fascinating young Englishman, and they became desperately attached; and the more they saw of each other the more deeply did they sink

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into that abyss of sinful, intoxicating; pleasure, from which they hail neither the courage nor the inclination to extricate themselves. In an evil hour they went off together, carrying the little boy with them. They placed the boy at a respectable school, leaving a sufficient sum for his education and maintenance for some years, and went into another part of Spain to reside. In process of time, when the bloom of youth had departed from the lady's cheeks, her paramour became indifferent to her, but always kind; and she, still loving him, stuck by him even when he had, by the villainy of some agent, to whom he had entrusted his property, lost all. He then took to a roving life; was fortunate, and amassed money. The lady still followed him. After many years spent in roving about, he determined to go to

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England, and make some inquiries about his property. He went, and the lady still followed him. He found that his mansion-house had fallen into decay, and that the agent had let the estates, and was receiving and appropriating the rents to his own purposes. The little boy, in the meantime, had grown a fine, handsome, spirited youth—and having lost his parents, and having a turn for the sea, he took to a roving life also.”

“Zounds! Madam,” exclaimed the Commodore, who had been getting very excited for the last few minutes, “have done with your prosy story, and tell me at once where they are, if you know,—although I believe this is a mere gipsy tale. As to the woman who left me, I have forgiven her long ago, and I never wish to see her again;—but, my son! my boy! where is he? Tell me that, and prove that he is mine, and I shall be indebted to you more than I can possibly tell.”

“Your son, Mr. Giddy, was under your own roof but two short months ago,” continued Mrs. Johns, “and it was I who sent him away, fearing a more terrible crime would have been committed than that committed by your erring wife.

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He would have married your daughter, and you would have sanctioned the marriage unknowingly. *A brother and sister would have been joined in unholy wedlock* but for my interference.”

“Don Josée, my son!” exclaimed the Commodore, with vehemence, “I can’t believe it. It cannot be so,” he continued, musingly, to himself. “Oh! no!—don’t say that;” and, breaking out again, he said, in one of his stentorian bursts, “I say it is not so. It cannot be. Where’s the proof? The proof, woman! The proof! My son marry his sister! Impossible! Dreadful!” And he rose and paced the room in an excited manner. When he was calm again, Mrs. Johns continued:—

“I have watched over your son, Mr. Giddy, for years, with what motive you shall know ere long. When he was injured by the fall from the Gull-rock, I offered my services as nurse. I watched him during the absence of the young Doctor, and took from his neck this chain. Do you remember it?”

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“Tis like a chain I placed round the neck of my boy,” said the Commodore, examining the chain, “when he attained his last birthday, and I then told him to preserve it as long as he lived, and to think of his father when he looked at it. He was too young then to understand what I said. This is no doubt the chain, for the workmanship is very peculiar; but this may have been stolen. What other proof have you? I’m not convinced.”

“Your boy had a peculiar mark on his neck, just above the collar-bone.”

“He had,” said Mr. Giddy, “I remember it well.”

“Don Josée had that mark,” continued Mrs. Johns; “but I have other proofs still. I cannot keep it from you any longer—I am his mother!—your guilty wife!” saying which, she sunk back on her pillow, exhausted.

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Mr. Muffett moistened her lips with some of the cordial, which revived her a little, and she said feebly:—

“My tale is ended. Mr. Muffett can best relate the rest. The proofs are in this little bundle, and these likenesses you will remember and recognise;” and she handed Mr. Muffett his own bundle of papers which he lost on the night he met with the accident, and also two likenesses of Mr. Giddy and his beautiful young wife, which Mr. Giddy recognised at once, having a copy of each in his possession.

“My lost papers!” cried Mr. Muffett, astonished. “How did you get them?”

She could not answer for a few minutes, until she had taken a little more of the exhilarating cordial. She then said, more feebly than before:—

“The papers were taken by the dwarf, Erisey, merely out of mischief, without knowing that they were of so much consequence. He heard you, and a certain person whom I will not name, disputing, and he crept in through the window, and hid under the table. He saw the bundles fall, and, monkey-like, took them up, and carried them away unseen. He brought them to me the next day, however, to be returned to the owner; but, on looking at them, I thought they might be useful to me, and so I kept them until now.”

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“Then it was Erisey, no doubt,” said Mr. Muffett, “who frightened me and my horse so much that night, by jumping behind me, and clasping me round the waist.”

“Pray, my friend,” said Mr. Giddy, impatiently, “relieve me from this suspense. If you have any other proof to give me, let me have it at once, for this uncertainty is torturing me beyond endurance.”

Mr. Muffett immediately untied the bundle of papers, and took from thence certain letters and documents, which left no doubt in the mind of Mr. Giddy as to the identity of

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his wife, for these were letters of his own and hers, which could not be mistaken; but he still doubted that Don Josée was his son—at least he wished it might not be so.

“In pity!” cried he, “don’t prove that. Alas! that I should live to see my son, my boy, on whom I doated, lost to me for ever, the moment that I found him! Oh! don’t prove that!” and the stern old man writhed in mental agony, for he felt it must be so.

“Lost!” exclaimed Mrs. Johns, feebly. “No, not lost; he’ll return again soon. I sent him to find his father in Spain, for until I read those papers I knew not that you were here, for I had not seen you, and Giddy was not your name in Spain, nor Johns mine. He’ll return to find his father here, and his mother too, but he must make haste for that. I’m sinking fast; my end is fast approaching; only say that you forgive your poor, erring wife, and I shall die in peace.”

Mr. Giddy rose from his seat, and, taking her hand in his, pronounced his forgiveness for all that was passed, and his blessing on her future life, should it please the Almighty Giver of all Good to restore her. After this she seemed more tranquil, and fell into a deep sleep, from which she never awoke again in this life. The hæmorage increased, as the doctors supposed it would, and she passed into another world without the painful knowledge of the death of her son, who was called away but a few hours before her.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

MR. GIDDY went once more to see the young Spaniard, accompanied by Mr. Muffett, to ascertain if the mark mentioned by his wife was really discernible on the neck of this young man, so as to identify him more certainly; and, on turning down his collar, there it was, plain enough. There was no mistaking it, and he was at last convinced beyond a doubt that the fascinating young man with whom he had been so much taken, and who would in all probability have married his daughter, had it not been ordered otherwise, was no other than *his own son*. It was a terrible disclosure to make to Emily;—but it must be made, and better by him than any other. He waited a day or two, until she was more calm, and then he told her the whole truth. Nothing was kept back. She listened to his tale attentively to the end without interruption. When it was finished, she leaned forward on the table, covering her eyes with her hands, and remained in that posture for some time, but uttered not a word. Then she rose and went into her own room, and remained there some hours, no one venturing to disturb her.

Dinner was announced, but she would not take any, she said. Tea time came, and she took her place, as usual, behind the urn, and poured out the tea for her father, and Mr. and Miss Muffett, the latter having come out again from

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Helston, when she heard the good news of her brother's restoration. After tea, Emily took Miss Muffett into the garden, and there she gave vent to her feelings. It was dreadful, she said, to reflect on what might have occurred; she might have *married her own brother*. Dreadful thought! She was fascinated, and loved him to distraction, and when she heard of his death, it was like a death stroke to herself. All she loved on earth seemed to be taken from her. Now the feeling was different; she could mourn for him as a brother, and feel that there was something

left in this world to care for still. Besides, the keen edge of sorrow was taken off by the feeling of gratitude she experienced, that she had not been permitted to commit the crime of marrying her own brother. It was dreadful to think of! How could she be sufficiently thankful for her providential escape from this calamity!

“I am pleased to, hear your sensible remarks, my dear young friend,” said Miss Muffett, “for I was beginning to think that you had not so much good sense as I gave you credit for.”

After the funerals had taken place, and things had settled down into their usual order again, James Hendy pressed Emily to name an early day for their marriage. Reflection had taught her that the love of so worthy and devoted a man as James Hendy was invaluable, and so she consented to an early day being fixed.

“Shiver my topsails! young sir,” said the Commodore, when Hendy told him the day was fixed, “you’ve brought her to, without firing a shot, and a nice prize you’ve got, my boy; she didn’t answer her helm always with me, but I believe I let out too much rope, when I dropped anchor, and so she was apt to go a-head a bit, sometimes. Come, my boy, we’ll have a glass of madeira, upon the strength of that however.”

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It was never known that Mr. Skewes was the man with whom the Commodore’s wife had eloped. There was no one to tell it now, but Mr. Muffett, and he was too eager and glad to make reparation for past injuries, to think of raking up old grievances. The woman whom he had injured, had forgiven him;—indeed, she had taken the principal blame on herself, and Mr. Muffett felt that it was owing to his own conduct that Mr. Skewes had been kept away from home so long, and perhaps driven to do what he had done. He made restitution of the title-deeds, and re-instated Mr. Skewes in his property, and was forgiven by that gentleman for all his misdeeds, as far as he was concerned. So, Mr. Skewes and Laura Western were married, and went to Helston to reside, where Mrs. Skewes gave gay parties, and entered into all the gaieties and frivolities of *gen-teel*

society, which she had so much condemned, when she was residing in the country as Laura Western.

James Hendy and Emily were also married in due course, and resided at Helston also, the old Commodore still remaining at the old house at Trenethic, where he kept his foxhounds, and hunted to the last, and “died game,” as he always said he should.

Mr. and Mrs. Millar lived to a good old age, and when they died, the mill was given up, for Joe and Margery, when they married, went abroad, Margery not liking to remain in the neighbourhood, where the doings of her family and friends might be “thrown up to her children,” as she expressed it, in after years.

The Colonel died, and Erisey inherited the estate, and proved himself a kind landlord, and a true friend to the poor, he never forgot the death of his poor friend, Don Josée, and whenever a boy was born at the Lizard, during the few years that he lived as lord of the manor, he insisted on its being called Josée, in commemoration of his lost friend,

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Several received that name, to whom Erisey stood sponsor, and, at his death, which happened within a few years, he left a sum of money to each of his little protégées, provided they retained, and were called by that name.

In process of time, the name became abbreviated, and anglicised, and the descendants of those little Josées over-run the promontory of the Lizard to this day, under the euphonious name of *Jose* and one of the family has, of late years, built a house for the “accommodation of parties” at

KYNANCE COVE.