

WAKEMAN'S TRAVELS.

Loiterings in the Old Cornish Seaport Town of St. Ives.

SO FAMOUS IN NURSERY RHYME

Memory—Glimpses of Glorious Scenery—Odd Bits of Antiquity and the Noted Pilchard Fishery of the Western Cornish Coast—An Interesting Letter From an Ancient Town.

[COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.] ST. IVES CORNWALL, JUNE 18.—In the tender realm of nursery rhyme there is no pleasanter mysticism than that which clings to the pretty riddle:

"As I was going to St. Ives I met a man with seven wives. Each wife had seven sacks; Each sack had seven cats; Each cat had seven kits; Kits, cats, sacks, and wives—How many were there going to St. Ives?"

So deep and lasting are the impressions of childhood, that as I tramped around the southern reach of St. Ives' bay from the pretty hamlet of St. Earth, I found myself unconsciously scanning the highway far ahead for this same wicked old fellow who has puzzled the heads of millions of little folk. But he was not to be seen any more than the "kitts, cats, sacks and wives" are to be taken in to account in the olden riddle.

In truth, no man, woman or child was visible upon the white and circling highway. St. Earth nestled there silent and apparently deserted against the cove and the hillside. The tide was out in the bay. A few fishermen's boats rocked idly beside mossy old piers. Long reaches of sand showed here and there shining and brown, like the backs of huge marine monsters. Gulls wheeled lazily above. Land and sea fowl chattered in the circling marsh edges, or dug in the sand and ooze. Only to the north, through the rift between the headlands, was there single sign of life. On the sapphire blue of the Irish sea there were two far, white sails.

But I knew the ancient city lay behind the huge headland, and quickening my pace I soon stood at its sea-face and its highest acclivity. Here the highway tumbles into one of the oldest old towns in all Europe. No wonder that Londoners are coming this, to them, tremendous journey of 280 miles for summer loitering, and the grand promenades behind the town are filling up with brilliant terraces; or that artists swarm to the remote place for its bits of antique in architecture, its quaint groupings of fisher folk, and its outcrochings of wild and glorious Cornish coast.

There are pictures and pictures of the Bay of Naples. But were I an artist, I would stake my hope of renown on the picture I saw as I stood above the bay and ancient town of St. Ives. The bay itself faces the north. At your feet are purple heather and wavering ferns parted from the crystalline water by glistening sands. To the right and east the green hillocks of the Eastern Shore. Then the broad yellow beach of Porth-cocking, or the Foresand. Dominating this is the great headland of Pednolva. Beyond, gleaming like a field of gold, are the magnificent sands of Porthminster; and further still, the headland and rocky islet of Godrevy, with the latter's white lighthouse setting cameo-like between the purple of the sea-waves and the tremulous blue of the ocean.

THE QUIANT TOWN.

Before you, the silent shimmering bay, with a few white-winged craft scarcely moving, it seems, the distance is so great from the height where you stand; the ocean beyond, shining and blue and still; rhythmic reaches of incoming tide-waves, miles in length, advancing and retreating and breaking softly upon the shelving sands in tiny ridges of sparkling spume; and here, to the west, a great mass of jumbled gray—old St. Ives crouching in a little pocket of the rocks, like a mass of mossy stones in some shadowy glen, sleeping away the centuries, unconscious of the thunderous sea.

Up here among the terraced villas you can form little idea of the quaint old town. The great road jumps into it at a leap, and is broken by the fall into the oddest closes and wynds of any coastwise nook in England. One could almost hurl a stone across its crowded tiled roofs; and yet it houses fully 9,000 people. The streets are so narrow, the pavements so meagre, such queer turns are made, such shadowy arcades are penetrated, that the sure-footed stranger pedestrian will meet many a bump and bang in most careful descent.

Then when you have reached something like a level, you have simply increased your difficulties. All the lower thoroughfares are scarcely more than shadowy foot-paths, leading bewilderingly from somewhere to nowhere. This one, opening promisingly, brings you squarely against a solid wall of rock. That one in half a dozen paces lands you upon a flat roof, from which you may easily slip into the harbor an hundred feet beneath. Another winds about a single structure windowless as a tenth century fortress. Descending another, you find a nest of homes whose roofs are the passageway of a street above. Dozens lead squarely into open doors of fishermen's homes. Many are like galleries before others. Some wind through houses where living rooms of the same house will be found at either side of a public passage.

And then in what odd nooks the little shops will be found. There is not a single street one hundred yards in length where a half dozen shops are continuously located. Even in these you must needs often ascend or descend a story or more. The most are literally hidden or perched in outlandish and out-of-the-way spots, where, if not stumbled upon, one must repeatedly come with a guide or find rediscovery hopeless. Here will be one perched in a half-timbered Elizabethan projection, away up there three or four stories from the street, and you cannot find an entrance. And there one will be seen as many stories beneath a tiny esplanaded way, but apparently you cannot reach it without ropes and tackle. Others are where kitchens should be. And still others unexpectedly confront you from dormer windows. Everything of this sort seems bewilderingly reversed from its proper order. But nothing ever seems to be bought or sold in old St. Ives; the artists gloat over the curious jumble; and it is all most winsome and charming to the stranger.

If you come at last through this labyrinth to the waterside you will gaze back along the dormers, pent-house and roofs of the strange old city, and up and on to its terraced heights with increased enthusiasm for its rare quaintness and curious aspects. Tiny towers show here and there as if outjutting from natural rock. Bits of luxuriant foliage and masses of vines seem to spring from the roofs like rich clumps of emerald moss. Spires and wondrously high peaked roofs stand out against the gray and green background like

spearheads of unpolished steel. Above all, the handsome terraces and the grand old heights, where once the beacon-fire were lighted. Gray and old as is this Cornish fisher town but two bits of extreme antiquity remain. Just in the rear of the White Hart in by the wharfside is a huge pile of greenish slate rock. Built upon this rock, which forms its basement, is a tiny ancient stone structure known as Carn Glaze House. It was the strongest of a smuggling, freebooting family in Queen Anne's time, and the myriad weird fisher and sea-faring legends of St. Ives have nearly all had their origin in, or bear some reference to, this gruesome old structure.

THE PARISH CHURCH.

The parish church, built straight above the harboredge, its east window sprayed with the foam of the wild northern tempests which often lash the harbor furiously, was built in the sixteenth years between 1410 and 1426, on the site of an older structure, founded by Saint Ivo, a Persian bishop, who came over from Ireland in the ninth century to preach the Gospel to the Cornish Britons. Some stone carvings and a most beautiful and curious font of the old St. Ivo chapel are still preserved. Perhaps the quaintest carvings in England are to be found in the present church. They were the work of the then village blacksmith, "a handy and devote man," who carved the oak of the benches and choir stalls, not omitting to carve the forge, the bellows, hammer and nails, and pincers of his own sturdy craft. He threw in a fair supply of Tudor roses, monks and angels, but, as Saints Andrew and Peter are appropriate patrons of the church where countless thousands of fisher have worshipped, the good smith also put them into every conceivable beneficent attitude, and, as if to intensify their protection of the town of St. Ives and its people, also wove fishes, saints and arabesques into most generous and profuse relationship.

If these wood carvings are curious studies some of those in stone are equally outlandish. There are stone grotesques whose equals in strange and meaningless hideousness can hardly be found elsewhere in Europe. Seven represent mocking, leering faces of men and beasts. Two are distending their mouths with their fingers and protruding their tongues. One is a most horrible figure of an ape; and another wears a food's cap of the period.

The stranger will be impressed with the extraordinary elevation of the soil of the tiny churchyard. When the place was first quite filled with the dead, the burial-place was covered over with several feet of sand, and interment went on anew. Three times this was done; when it was finally found that to have repeated the process would have been to bury the church itself, when a cemetery was secured upon the heights.

OLD LEGENDS.

History, tradition and legend have carved some grim pictures upon the dim background of the past in this old Cornish fisher town. One historical fact will be sufficiently illustrative. In the Cornish uprising of 1649, its object being the restoration of the Catholic religion, to which Cornubians remained greatly attached long after the Reformation, John Payne, Portrieve of St. Ives, was one of the inferior leaders. After the defeat of the Cornish, Sir Anthony Kingston, with a royal commission, was seeking out and punishing the rebels. He hung the mayor of Bodmin before his own door. St. Ives' Portrieve received Sir Anthony humbly and prepared a great dinner in his honor at the venerable "George and Dragon" still standing in Market square.

During the dinner the Portrieve heard the sound of hammering outside and being disturbed was quieted by Sir Anthony with the remark that they were only about to hang a rebel. Dinner over, history relates, the commissioner invited the Portrieve outside to inspect the gallows.

"What say you, Master Portrieve?" quoth Sir Anthony. "Is you gibbet duly furnished for the hanging of a traitor?"

"All seems ready, a'nt please you," was the prompt reply.

"Then," said the commissioner, turning to a man-at-arms, "secure Master Payne and hang him straightway, for such is the Protector's pleasure!"

Master Payne was hung straightway; but the Cornish, who are Celts, like the Celtic Irish and Celtic Welsh unpleasantly remember these little after dinner jests of English protectors and kings.

Great was the olden fame of St. Ives as a metropolis of fish and fishermen. It is still the metropolis of all Cornish fishing ports. Five thousand folk live here on what is harvested from the deep. For a thousand years or more, from father to son, from mother to daughter, the line has remained unbroken, has steadily increased, and so narrow is the life horizon of all these fishermen and families that not a score of them, it is said, ever see other English land than the hills and headlands of St. Ives' bay, save when at sea in their own boats.

These boats are all two-masted, lug-sailed, with round sterns, and range in tonnage from twenty to thirty tons. With complete outfits they cost from £300 to £650. Between 600 and 700 men and youths are employed the year round in fishing. During the winter the engage in line fishing for conger, whiting and ling, also securing a few cod. In March the spring mackerel fishing begins; and the St. Ives men are always found on their own grounds, from 30 to 50 miles north-west of St. Ives in the Irish sea. Here they remain until the last of June when they set out for the east-coast Scottish herring fisheries, usually selecting grounds in the North Sea, opposite the Firth of Forth, or abreast of Coldingham and Berwick.

PILCHARD FISHING.

During August they will be found along the east English coast in the neighborhood of Whitby, Scarborough, and the Yarmouth of Dickens "Peggottys," and are always back to St. Ives for the autumn St. Ives herring fishing, and a large number of their fleet are home in time for possible runs of "pilchards" (pilchards), the "Fair Maids of St. Ives," for which the ancient seaport has been for half a thousand years. As nearly as can be described the pilchard is the sardine of the Mediterranean waters. It makes its appearance at St. Ives, when it comes at all, in tremendous shoals, during the months of September and October. From daylight until sunset every day during these months watchmen called "huers" are stationed at lookouts on Carrington and Porthminster Hills, and Carn Crow's Island. Their practiced eyes never fall in discerning the approach of a shoal of these fish. They come in such vast numbers that the surface of the bay changes its color and often is broken into ripples and foam from the movements of the dense masses of fish.

On sighting a school of pilchards the "huer" first blows a terrific blast upon his speaking trumpet. One blast is sufficient. All St. Ives' folk tumble from their homes and rush wildly shouting "Heva!—heva!" to the shore. Meantime the great seine boat, ready manned, have put out and are guided wholly in

surrounding the shoal by the signaling of the "huer," which is done with a hoop on which white maslin is stretched, to which a long, light handle is attached. It is called "the bush," for in olden times a bush was used instead.

Shooting the seines is so rapidly done at St. Ives that often the entire shoal of pilchards will be literally impounded within ten minutes time from the "huers" trumpet signal. Single catches of pilchards have exceeded 6,000 hogsheads of salted and cured fish. Of late years the St. Ives pilchard fishery has been uncertain; but in 1889, there were 8,000 half-casks of 21s pounds each taken. They are shipped to various Mediterranean ports for use in the lenten season, Italy being the largest customer.

The St. Ives fisher folk are noted for their simplicity and piety. They are nearly all fervent Methodists, honest, superstitious, humble and good. They live-in as great comfort as the fisher-folk of Newhaven in Scotland; and the man is more the master of his home and buildings. They are the most scrupulously clean and thrifty folk of this sort I have ever met. The women, though strong and brawny, have few of the Billingsgate characteristics of the fishwives of English east coast, of Scotland and of Galway and the Irish west coast. They mend the nets, and "bulk" or pack the pilchards. They are very domestic, and their prayer-meetings and strict Sabbath keeping, though they are woefully ignorant, have done these St. Ives fisher folk no hurt or harm.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

THEY FOUND IT.

Men Go Into a Cellar with a Lighted Candle to Look for a Gas Leak.

New York July 1.—Three men went into the cellar of the five-story tenement No. 26 Willett street last night with a lighted candle to look for a leak in the gas pipe. An explosion followed, which shook the entire building and sent the tenants out in a panic. The ceilings in the building were shattered and a number of people were more or less injured. The injured people, all occupants of the building, were as follows:

- Mrs. Mary Lynch, 60 years, internally injured—may die on account of age.
Morris Lefokwitz, 3 years, head badly hurt.
Hattie Schoenberger, 9 years, slightly hurt on body and head.
Mrs. Annie McNulty, 35 years, side injured severely.
Martin McNulty, 40 years, head cut.
Mary McNulty, 2 years, back of head cut.

Clevelandites Fighting Speaker Crisp.

SAVANNAH, GA., July 1.—It is said here that Speaker Crisp will have a hard time securing his re-nomination. Owing to his Hill leaning, friends of Cleveland are seeking to defeat him at home, so that Mr. Cleveland, if elected, will be able to indicate as his choice a man in sympathy with him for the speaker's chair. Crisp's re-election to Congress would make it difficult to set him aside in the speakership contest, and for that reason the solution of the problem indicated is sought.

Insurance Man Gone Wrong.

FLINT, MICH., July 1.—John Rock, an insurance and loan agent of this city, left two weeks ago under peculiar circumstances. It has just been discovered that he took \$7,000 belonging to the Union Central Life Insurance Company of Cincinnati, deserted his wife and baby and is probably now in Canada with another woman. His wife has gone to Defiance, Ohio, where Rock was formerly postmaster and merchant.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CRAWLEY & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

The following, clipped from the Burlington Junction (Mo.) Post, contains information of no little value to persons troubled with indigestion:

For years the editor of the Post has been subject to cramp colic or fits of indigestion, that prostrated him for several hours and unfitted him for business for two or three days afterward. About a year ago we called on S. J. Butcher, druggist, and asked for something to ward off an attack that was already making life hideous. Mr. Butcher handed us a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. We took the medicine according to directions, and not only found relief on that occasion, but have several times since tried its virtues and found relief in every instance. We take this method of acknowledging the benefits derived and recommending the cure to all others subject to indigestion. For sale by druggists.

For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

BASTIN'S Cough and Consumption Cure cures coughs and colds of long standing. 25c at all druggists.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

"What do your club letters, B. S., stand for?" "You won't tell, will you?" "Oh, no." "Then why should I?" Judge.

Every Month many women suffer from Excessive or Scant Menstruation; they don't know who to confide in to get proper advice. Don't confide in anybody but try Bradfield's Female Regulator. A Specific for PAINFUL, PROFUSE, SCANTY, SUPPRESSED AND IRREGULAR MENSTRUATION. Book to "WOMAN" mailed free. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga. Sold by all Druggists.

I CURE FITS! When I say I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, D. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y. del-347

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TO MIDDLE-AGED MEN.—There are many from the age of 30 to 60 who are troubled with frequent evacuations of the bladder, often accompanied by a slight burning or smarting sensation, weakening the system in a manner the patient cannot account for. On examination of the urinary deposits, aropy sediment will be found, or the color will be a thin or milky hue. There are many men who die of this difficulty, ignorant of the cause, which is a second stage of seminal weakness. We will guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases, and a healthy restoration of the genito-urinary organs.

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Persons ruined in health by unlearned pretenders, who keep trifling with them month after month, giving poisonous and injurious compounds, should apply immediately. Delays are dangerous.

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