

Penhaligon asked him to tea. They were primitive people, who always dined in the middle of the day; and the Rector being absent, attending a meeting of the Royal Institution of Cornwall, at Truro, they enjoyed themselves very much.

"I am sorry to say," said Asellya, after she had sung one of her new songs to him, at his earnest request, called 'The Distant Shore,' "that I must go now, as I have promised to walk to Klymiarven, to try over Miss Pentreath's accompaniments. She sings at our concert next week."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes, if you like; but I am afraid you will find it an awful bore."

"Not at all."

So they went over the Daglands, on to the Esplanade, and past the Castle Cove. The moon had just risen, and the Fort frowned blackly beneath them. There had been a storm outside, no doubt, for the waves were dashing over the rocks far below, and the white foam, gleaming 'neath the moonbeams, looked awfully suggestive of peril. They stood and gazed for awhile in silence, and at last he said quietly:

"Do you remember three years ago?"

"Oh! yes. I never forget. Do you know I think you must have seen Polly Foot that night," she added, playfully.

"And who was Polly Foot?"

"Shall I tell you?"

"Yes; pray do."

"Well, I will give it you in my grandfather's own words."

"Who, the dead poet?"

"Yes;" and then, in her mellifluous voice, she told the legend of the Castle Cove:

THE CASTLE COVE: A LEGEND OF ST. MERVIN.

[About a hundred feet below Belle Vue, Fowey, is a great chasm (the cliff covered with verdure to the water's edge) known as Polly Foot's Cove, where the tragedy occurred, many years ago, related in the poem. It is situated close to the old ruined fort built in the reign of Edward III., and

the view, looking over the gap up the harbor on a moonlight night, is very weird and picturesque. More than one suicide has taken place here.]

Would you see the autumn sunset with its glamor and its glory,

The lofty hills all purple with the heather in its bloom?

Will you listen while I tell you of the old, the olden story,

Of a love that never faded—of the love beyond the tomb?

Would you come where I can show you the fierce sea-horses leaping,

Tossing their white crests of foam against the sullen cliff?

Where the waves are idly plashing, and the foam is crawling, creeping

Where the moonbeams show a *something* lying cold, and stark, and stiff?

For not many years ago, where you and I are standing,

Looking at yon fortress, beneath the harvest moon,

A woman sprang with fearful leap, where foothold none nor landing,

Could ever serve to save from death, that death that came too soon.

She loved and was deserted, and with her babe she hastened,

One night, away from home in desolate affright;

For he was dead, they told her; by grief she was not chastened,

But only in despair she fled, that lovely autumn night.

He was a hardy seaman; perhaps he had repented;

But sailors, saith the proverb, leave a wife in every port;

This had been their trysting-place, be sure 'twas oft frequented,

And she had loved too well to know with him 'twas cruel sport.

The hungry sea it took him; her name he kept repeating;

They heard him call her "Mary!" before he sank at last;

And so, poor soul, her reason left her—him she would be meeting,

And through the iron gate of death she'd keep her tryst at last.

Perhaps 'tis but illusion, light through the mullions gleaming,

A shadow from the antique window all athwart the rocks,

But strangely like a woman lying where the gulls are screaming

Below us, where the waves beat, with their booming and their shocks.