

the Sea of Azov, in the face of more than two hundred soldiers at less than eighty yards distance, on 3rd July, 1855," was once in New Zealand, and, taking part in the Maori trouble there, won a medal for conspicuous gallantry. I was much amused to see, under the entry of the noble fisherman's name in this year's edition of that useful directory, "Who's Who," his answer to the query as to his "Favourite Recreations." "No time for recreations; it takes me all my time to get my living!"

But Joseph Trewavas, born 1835, cannot be called an old man yet, and he doubtless still possesses the energy of a man half his age, and would not thank us for any pity.

Again, I must not let you part from Cornwall without introducing you to the great Cornish "bugbear," Tregeagle.

To give you some idea of Tregeagle's character and personality, I will tell you the following tale of him:—

"Tregeagle had embezzled a sum of money paid by one of the tenants of Tregeagle's master. No entry being made in his books, the landlord, after his steward's death, summoned the tenant for his rent. He pleaded previous payment, and by the aid of a potent magician brought into court, as his witness, Tregeagle's shade, who confessed the fault he had committed in the flesh. The tenant consequently gained his cause. But now a serious difficulty arose. Tregeagle, in the spirit, was no ordinary witness, and no one knew how to dismiss him, or in what manner to get rid of him. At last it was suggested that the only way of escaping from the dilemma was to provide the shadow with a task that should be endless. He was ordered therefore to clear out one of the coves on the coast of all its sand—an impossible achievement, because the sea returned the sand as fast as Tregeagle removed it. While thus engaged, he accidentally let fall a sackful near the mouth of the Cober, and formed

the barrier which even to this day pens up the gathering waters of the Loo."

For some other iniquity, whether committed in the body or out of it, I know not, Tregeagle is also bound to empty the waters of Dozmarc-Pool, near Launceston, and seeks still to do so, by means of a limpet shell with a hole in it!

Poor Tregeagle, one does not feel able to hate him sufficiently, nor to think even his blackest crimes quite deserved their punishment.

The old "Rocky Land" (which the word Cornwall signifies) abounds with wise and pithy proverbs and sayings. Touched as they are with the local colour and hallowed by centuries of use, they must still to-day be helping many a Cornishman on his way through life. I quote two typical ones—"Rule yourself by the rudder, or you shall be ruled by the rock," and

"Pull off your old coat and roll up your sleeves,
Life is a hard road to travel, I believes."

One charm in the thought of so many of the quiet, but still thriving little towns throughout the West Country, is that of their great antiquity.

One recalls the old lines which tell us that

"Lydford was a busy town
When London was a 'vuzzy' down."

Then off the coast of Cornwall lies that still older country of Lyonesse, over which the mariners now ride, and concerning which the Cornish sailors still tell tales of mysterious glimpses caught beneath the waves, and of doors and casements, and other evidences of occupation brought up from the bottom.

"OLD ONE AND ALL."

One reason that I have for thinking that these reminiscences of old Cornwall will interest many of the "New Zealand Magazine's"