



Country Tales from Cornwall.

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Behind dog it is Dog, before dog it is Mr. Dog.
Better fe fowl say Dog did, than fe dog say Fowl did.
Bragging ribber neber drown somebody.
Alligator lay egg, but him no fowl. CYRIL F. GRANT.

SOME CAMBERLEY FOLKLORE.

A gardener told me that "you should plant shallots on the shortest day and gather 'em on the longest day."

A good deal of legendary matter has gathered round an old tower in the grounds of a girls' school here. The following are the chief stories told about it:

Dick Turpin used it as a hiding place.

It was once seven stories high and was used as a beacon to direct travellers along the Portsmouth road.

It was built by a gentleman who intended to make it the hall of a great mansion he was going to build. A drawbridge was to be made which could be let down to connect the house with the main road.

The girls of the school say that there is a secret passage leading from the tower to the cellars underneath the school.

E. M. RICHARDSON, The Knoll, Camberley.

COUNTRY TALES FROM CORNWALL.

I was out to help shoot the rooks of a nice old J.P. man, about ten miles from here, at his place in Cornwall. He told me that one day he met a little girl walking along a lane near Lostwithiel who asked him to eat a cake. He said that he had already breakfasted and did not particularly want a cake, but she would insist on his eating her cake, and sitting on a stone while doing so. So he finally took it to please her, and was relieved to find it was only a tiny one. The little girl ran back.

On proceeding and turning the corner of the road he came across a christening party consisting of two men, some women and a baby in arms. One of the women came up to him and said, "You are the gentleman who blessed the baby. Thank you, sir." He expostulated; said he had done no such thing,

and asked which baby. She told him it was hers, and that by sitting on a stone and eating the cake he had blessed the child.

Another time he met a man in a lane who said, "What have I done to you that you should put it on me?" He thought the man rather mad and took no notice, but the man continued his questioning, and finally Mr. asked him what he meant. The man replied, "Are you not the man who put the evil eye on me?" Mr. answered that he had not seen him before, didn't want to see him again, and had certainly not put the evil eye on him as he hadn't one to put. The man was going away quite satisfied when called him back and asked what he would have done if he found that he had put the evil eye on him, and was informed that the man was quite prepared to go for him.

On another occasion Mr. asked to find out the local belief in the means generally practised in Cornwall to recall a lost lover, and found out that the magic was to burn some of the lover's clothes. On asking the effect that this drastic remedy had on the lover he was informed that he was "darned angry" when he returned.

He also related various cases of witches living entirely on their reputation as such, and frightening the locals into giving them presents of fish, etc. There was also a witch in the "Admirals Hard" (a landing stage in Plymouth), who on being asked a cure for one suffering from consumption, told that the cause was that the evil eye had been put on the patient by someone who was the next hunchback that they would see. The next hunchback they saw was the worthy schoolmistress at, who in consequence, and in spite of her worthiness, was boycotted.

(Collected by the late CAPT. A. MOUTRAY READ, V.C.)

LETTERS FROM HEAVEN.

(Cf. vol. xxvi. p, 284).

We take the following details from communications kindly sent us by two correspondents.—ED.

Copies of the letter of our Lord to Abgarus, King of Edessa, are often found pasted on cottage walls in the south of England to preserve the house from witchcraft, and are also worn by