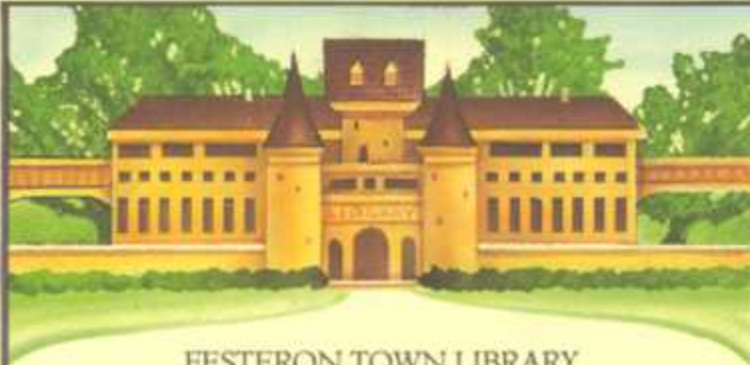


The book cover features a dark blue textured spine on the left and a marbled paper body. The marbling consists of intricate, swirling patterns in shades of blue, green, and gold. A central cream-colored label with a dark blue border contains the title and author information.

LEGENDARY  
GHOSTS  
*Of*  
CORNWALL

*By Lady Lisbeth Norris*



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## THE HAUNTED ORCHARD OF PENZANCE

There stands today, in the town of Penzance, a mansion which once belonged to an elderly woman named Mrs. Baines. Old Mrs. Baines took pride in her home and in the fine apple trees in her orchard, whose fruit was well-liked by the local lads. But as time went by, pride soured into avarice, and she set her servant to guarding the orchard by night. This he did, spending long dark hours in the damp grass beneath the trees.

Old Mrs. Baines, trusting no one, feared that her man was not doing his proper job. One night she crept into the garden, dressed in her dark silk mantle. Round the orchard she went, confirming her suspicions: the servant was nowhere in sight. Thinking to teach him a lesson, she climbed into an apple tree and shook down a quantity of apples for the laggard to find scattered upon his return.

Alas, she had misjudged her man. He was not absent, but merely asleep beneath a far tree. Hearing the apples thud to the ground, he leapt to his feet and discharged his gun at the suspected thief. "I'm murdered!" screeched Mrs. Baines, tumbling down amidst the fruit. And indeed she never recovered from her injuries, expiring shortly thereafter.

From then on, the estate has been guarded by the ghost of old Mrs. Baines. In the evenings, she glides amongst the trees, her silk mantle floating in the mist. At times she flies up from the unkempt grass like a dry leaf caught in the wind, perching on the garden wall with her skinny legs protruding from under her skirts. And when darkness falls, a shadowy form peers from a window of the deserted mansion, shaking a threatening fist at passers-by.

No one dares enter the house or orchard, and the apples lie rotting on the ground.

## THE HAUNTING OF BRISTOL MANOR

In the early part of the eighteenth century, a family emigrated from the city of Bristol to a fertile valley in Cornwall, there to live a life of leisure. The fine home they built was called Bristol Manor.

A cottage was constructed to house the gardener, who lived with his wife and son, a full-grown lad named Erik. It was not long before Erik fell madly in love with the daughter of the manor, a winsome girl with russet hair and laughing eyes who went by the name of Lucy.

But Lucy was pledged to another, a nobleman of wealth and good family. She spurned the lad's advances, little realizing the depth of his feeling. At long last, crazed by bitterness and jealousy, Erik lured the gentle girl to the cottage loft, stealing her maidenhood and flinging her to her death from the upper window. For his crime, he was hunted down and brought to the gallows by the villagers.

From then on, the cottage of Bristol Manor was haunted by the spectres of Erik and Lucy.

The tortured soul of the hanged man preyed on those more fortunate in love than he. Married couples in particular suffered many frightening experiences. Often they awoke at night to a chill wind blowing even in the heat of summer. A feeling of dread would suffuse the room. Candles were suddenly quenched, or flew through the air, flame intact. Lovers found themselves wrenched apart by clammy unseen hands. And a tall figure cloaked in black would sometimes appear, lifting his hood to reveal a death's head.

Single inhabitants of the cottage rarely were bothered, for Lucy's spirit guarded those as yet unwed.

Years passed. The manor house and its cottage fell into disrepair. They lay abandoned for half a century, until at last a nobleman and his wife came to inhabit Bristol Manor. Their youngest son, a boy named Peter, took the gardener's cottage as his playhouse. Despite warnings from the village folk that the site was haunted, he spent much time there and never found cause for distress.

Peter followed the old legends with interest. He felt a special bond with Lucy and imagined that he might have kept her from harm had he only been there on that fateful day. Often he sensed that her spirit was there beside him, as he played, read, or daydreamed in the dusty rooms of the little cottage.

The years went by, and Peter grew into manhood. Soon it was time for him to leave home for the university. He decided to tidy up his childhood refuge before departing, little knowing when he might return. Going to the cottage, he straightened out the meager pieces of furniture and swept the earthen floor. Finally he stepped back to admire his handiwork.

There, in the middle of the just-swept floor, was a delicate gold locket. He picked it up and undid the clasp. Inside was the timeworn image of a winsome girl with russet hair and laughing eyes—a girl by the name of Lucy.



## THE REVEREND DENSHAM

In an isolated part of the Bodmin moor lies the town of Warleggan. To this remote location came the Rev. Densham, newly inducted vicar of the parish church.

It soon transpired that the Reverend was not happy with his flock. He complained about the size of the congregation, which in those lonely parts was small indeed. To increase the fold, he created a number of paperboard images, propping them up in the pews to fill the church on Sundays.

Despite his desire for a full church, Rev. Densham never went into the village or visited his parishioners. He set a large box by his gate, directing that all groceries and mail should be placed within. He surrounded his property with high fences topped with barbed wire. And as if this were not enough, he imported a half-dozen savage dogs to roam the garden, snarling and snapping at whoever might venture into the neighboring lane.

The parishioners appealed to the Bishop, but since the vicar had done nothing to offend religious law, the Church was powerless to remove him. He still conducted the service every Sunday, although by now the cutout figures were his sole congregation, and for this faithful observance he was assumed to be a man of God.

Years passed. The dogs died and the fence fell into decay. Nothing was seen of the Reverend beyond the smoke curling from the rectory chimney and the occasional glimpse of a tall figure in a black stove-pipe hat and frock coat pacing in the garden.

One day the villagers noticed an absence of smoke from the vicar's chimney. Gathering up their courage, they broke into the rectory. There they found rooms furnished with little more than sacks and packing cases, with gaping holes where the floorboards had been torn up to serve as fuel. On the stairs lay the Reverend, as lifeless as his cardboard congregation.

Never again has a vicar come to live in the rectory at Warleggan. But although the old house has found a measure of peace, the Rev. Densham has not. In the evenings, a phantom in a stove-pipe hat still paces the garden, back and forth across the ruins of the lawn, deep in melancholy thought.



# THE WHITE LADY OF TRESYLLIAN CASTLE

Long ago, when pirates roamed the Cornish coast, a maiden came to Tresyllian Castle, pledged to marry Sir Thomas Tresyllian. The bride had the bloom of youth upon her, and her fair hair was worn in a girlhood braid. Her betrothed was a man much her senior in years and experience, who took what he wanted and allowed no room for error on the part of others.

The marriage was not a happy one. The bride spent many months alone in the dreary castle by the sea, awaiting the return of Sir Thomas, off fighting for the King. The parish holds no record of children gracing the household of Thomas Tresyllian, nor of noble banquets held in the Great Hall to uplift the spirits of the Lady.

One day the elder nephew of Sir Thomas arrived at the castle. A manly lad of five and twenty, Uther Tresyllian was heir to the castle and all its contents should his uncle's marriage fail to bear fruit. Uther and his young aunt soon became close companions and could often be seen wandering together along the moor or the seashore.

Now the laughter of the Lady enlivened the corridors of the castle, and everyone was glad of the pleasant change in atmosphere. Everyone, that is, but Thomas Tresyllian, who arrived home from Scotland to find his heir and his bride embracing in the chapel.

Sir Thomas accepted not this indiscretion. He banished Uther forever from the Cornish coast and ordered that his Lady be bricked up alive within the cellar walls. The young bride perished in her agony. Sir Thomas died on the battlefields of Normandy. And the second eldest nephew inherited the estate.

Shortly thereafter, a woeful spirit was seen flitting through the dank corridors of Tresyllian Castle. Her long pale hair was loosed from its braid and a silvery-white gown clothed her slender figure. To this day, the White Lady haunts the ancient tower, seeking a final resting place for her bones and lasting peace for her soul.







## THE SILKEN SHAWL

A sea captain's wife, yearning to see the world beyond her country village, begged her husband to let her accompany him on his journeys. "My dear wife," said he, "the sea is no place for a lady." But as time went on and she pleaded all the more, he at last agreed that she might voyage with him to the Orient.

The sea was rough, and the journey long and tedious, but the captain's wife found each new day as full of adventure as the last. She loved the deep green sea dipping and swelling on the vast horizon, the clouds scudding overhead in endless variations, and the seabirds swooping low to catch the silvery fish. She loved watching the men high up on the rigging and listening to the sailors' songs at night. And she loved the twisting streets and mysterious bazaars of the Orient, where her husband purchased tea, china, and silk for the London shops.

In one such bazaar, an alleyway of rough stalls overflowing with lustrous garments, the captain bought his wife a gift, a remembrance of their journey. And what a gift it was: a splendid silken shawl, patterned with multicolored songbirds and flowering quince trees, and shot through with fine gold threads. The captain's wife had never seen anything more beautiful in her life, and from then on it was always around her shoulders.

They travelled home around the Cape of Good Hope and up the coast of Africa, braving storms and sickness. At long last they reached the waters of the North Atlantic and knew that the beloved coast of England was not far off.

But familiar channels do not always mean safety. The Captain's ship was attacked by the desperate Newlyn fishermen, who had turned to cold-blooded piracy after several seasons of poor fishing. The pirates made their blindfolded victims walk the plank into the sea to drown, sparing neither women nor children. As the Captain's wife began the slow walk to her doom, one of the blackguards snatched the silken shawl from around her shoulders. And thus was her treasure stolen from her in the last moments of her life.

The pirate took the shawl home to his wife, saying nothing of how he came by it. Dressing for church that Sunday, she put on the silken garment, turning this way and that before the mirror to admire its rich colors and patterns. Suddenly there appeared in the glass the drowned face of the Captain's wife gazing at her over her shoulder. Her wet hair streamed out from her head as though floating in the ocean depths, and her pale hand pointed to the shawl.

The pirate's wife was so horrified that she went raving mad and died shortly thereafter. No one knows what happened to the haunted shawl. It is probably sitting in the drawer of some unsuspecting soul at this very moment.

## THE LEGEND OF PENROSE

Ralph Penrose, on the death of his beloved wife, took his seven-year-old son Edmund to sea. Accompanying them was Ralph's best friend and cousin, William Penrose. The family estate in Sennen was left in the care of Ralph's brother John.

One winter's night, Ralph Penrose was nearing home when a gale struck, tossing his ship upon the sea 'til it crashed into the dreaded Cowloe Rock. The men launched a lifeboat, but this too foundered, flinging them all into the frigid water. Flares from the endangered ship had warned the Penrose household, but John, watching from the shore, made no effort to rescue the drowning men. None were known to survive but Edmund, Ralph's young son, heir to the estate.

John appointed himself guardian of the boy and behaved as if the property were his own. To fatten the family coffers, he built a pirate ship and manned it with a bloodthirsty captain and crew. Wild parties were held in the Great Hall at Penrose, and the village folk barred their doors at night for fear of John and his rowdy companions.

At the turn of the year, snow fell in Sennen and wolves were heard howling in the fields. John sent the household out to hunt, himself staying at home with young Edmund, the pirate captain and a bottle of brandy. When the servants returned, Edmund was nowhere in sight. His uncle and the captain, incoherent with drink, indicated that the lad had joined the hunt. A lengthy search of grounds and countryside showed no trace of the boy, and he was finally assumed to have lost his way in the blinding snow and fallen to his death from the cliffs.

The following year, on the anniversary of Edmund's disappearance, a bearded stranger appeared at Penrose Manor, begging for food and shelter. This was a common occurrence in those days, and the tramp was readily admitted and shown to a bedchamber. In the Great Hall, John Penrose and his lawless guests welcomed in the New Year. Upstairs, the stranger stood at his window, gazing out at the wintry night.

All at once, a great wall of silvery fog came rolling in from the coast. Upon the fog came a roaring sound like that of a stormy sea. The sound drew nearer and nearer, and in a moment the sea itself was spilling into the courtyard, bearing on its crest a phantom boat filled with shouting men. The boat overturned, spilling her crew who with pale faces and staring eyes tried in vain to save themselves. At last there was but one man gazing up at the window where the stranger stood and crying out, "William Penrose, arise and avenge the murder of my son!" Then the sea disappeared, the mist dissolved, and all was as it had been.

William Penrose, for indeed the stranger was he, suddenly recalled the crashing ship, the struggle through the cold waters, and the months of wandering the countryside, unknown to himself or any other man, until instinct led him back to Penrose Manor.

Turning from the window, William saw the small, pale spirit of Edmund hovering in the darkened bedchamber. The spirit whispered, "My uncle bade the captain murder me. I lie beneath the dead tree in the orchard. Dig, and you shall find me. Dig, and place my bones in Sennen churchyard. Dig, and give me peace at last."

That night, digging under the bare limbs of an old tree in the orchard, William uncovered the bloodied remains of the little boy. Gently he carried them to Sennen churchyard, where they were given a proper burial. When William returned to Penrose Manor, the body of John Penrose was swaying from a beam in the garden shed. He had hung himself in sight of the unearthed grave under the dead apple tree.

