

**ST. GEORGE AND  
THE DRAGON; PP.  
25-222**

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St. George and the Dragon; pp. 25-222 by Sarah Ann Matson & Claudia May Southby

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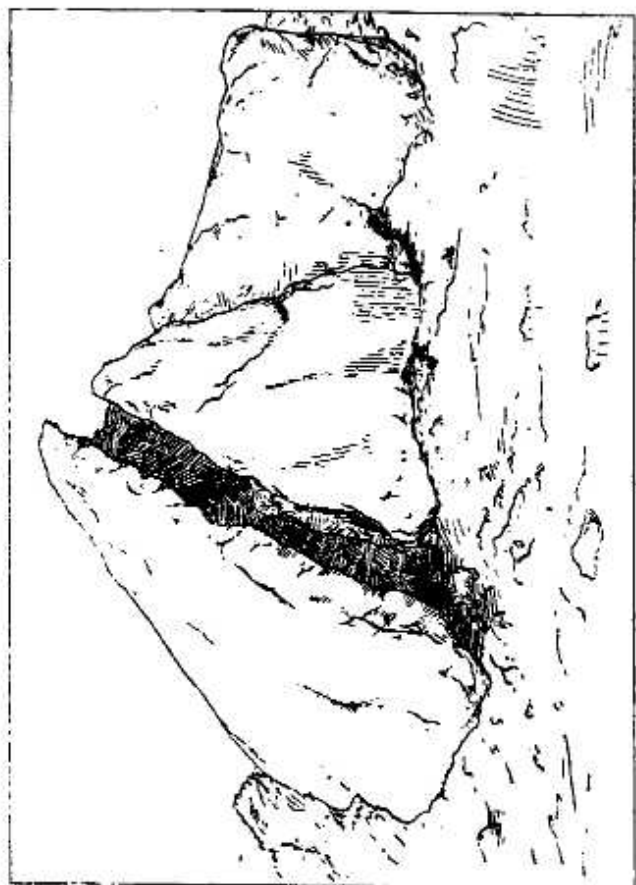
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**SARAH ANN MATSON & CLAUDIA MAY SOUTHBY**

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ZENNOR KIST-YAEN, 1892.



ST. GEORGE

AND

THE DRAGON

BY

SARAH ANN MATSON

*ILLUSTRATED BY CLAUDIA MAY SOUTHBY*



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MDCXCIII

**PART I.**

*MOUNT'S BAY.*



### MOUNT'S BAY.

**C**AREG-LUZ-EN-KUZ, "The Grey or Hoary Rock in the Wood"; Cara Cowze in Clouze, "Rock of the Tomb"—names applied in ancient times to St. Michael's Mount, now styled "Queen of the Western Dccp," by William Lisle Bowles, D.D., who thus eulogises it :—

"Mountain! No pomp of waving woods hast thou  
To deck with varied shade thy hoary brow,  
No sunny meadows at thy foot are spread,  
No streamlets sparkle o'er their pebbly bed.  
But thou canst boast thy beauties ;—ample views,  
That catch the rapt eye of the pausing muse ;  
Headlands around, now lighted—sails and seas,—  
Now glassy smooth, now wrinkling to the breeze :  
And when the drizzly winter, wrapt in sleet,  
Goes by, and wind and rain thy ramparts beat,  
Fancy can see thee standing thus aloof,  
And frowning, bleak and bare, and tempest proof,  
Look, as with awful confidence, and brave  
The howling hurricane, the dashing wave ;  
More graceful when the storms dark vapours frown  
Than when the summer's sun in pomp goes down."



Of old it stood inland six miles from the sea, and was surrounded by forests, the resort of beasts of prey ; but the sea has so encroached upon its landward side as to make it now an island, the tide in every twenty-four hours receding twice, leaving open a passage or causeway of about 400 yards to the opposite shore, Marazion, and forming the only direct communication with dry land. There is a tradition that the archangel, St. Michael, once appeared on the summit of the castle, though the tower, its most ancient part, is not of earlier date than the fifteenth century. It is 250 feet above the level of the sea, and is still called "St. Michael's Chair." The old building was a monastery till the seventeenth century, when it was converted into a castle,

"Like a rock upon a rock."—TENNYSON.

It is worthy of note that this "Mount" was mentioned by Ptolemy as "Ocrinum," and by Diodorus Siculus as "Ictis," which is synonymous with the "Ictin" of the Phœnicians, the haunt of beasts of prey, which no human foot ventured near after nightfall, and flocks and herds were never pastured near it—so lone and drear uprose this "Hore Rock in the Wood," as it was called by all the country round, when dry land extended over that portion

of the bay which would be within a line drawn across from the headlands of "Tol Pedyn, Penwith" on the west to "The Lizard" on the east, though the name "Mount's Bay" is now more commonly attached to that portion which is included between "Mousehole," west, and "the Cudden Point," east.

About 1660, "The Mount" *in toto* was bought by the St. Aubyn family, Charles I. having held his last court here, this venerable fortress and Pendennis having been the two last places to hold out for the royal cause. In our own happier times, our beloved Queen and her Consort, "Albert the Good," were for a brief space soon after their marriage honoured guests in this now regal abode; and the Prince and Princess of Wales (Duke and Duchess of Cornwall), and other illustrious guests have also sojourned here occasionally.

Time draws his obliterating pen through the records of humanity, leaving only here and there a vestige of the matter which fills each century as it passes; and yet, who can doubt that each century has been full to overflowing with events as important in their day as any now transpiring before our own eyes; and who can doubt that these vestiges are as prescient with interesting matter for research as were the explicit details when first recorded? How world-wide is the renown of this

"little island" of ours! And yet, time was when, quite unknown to fame, it dimly uprose as a dark spot in the waters of the "far West"; the nameless resort of adventurers from the then-civilised world, who drew near its rocky coast only to barter with its rude inhabitants the products of their own soil and handicrafts for the more precious mineral (which we still call TIN,<sup>1</sup> in their own language) roughly dug from the island, and but lightly esteemed by the islanders themselves. The minutiae, the how, the when, the where, the why, are partially obliterated; but still we may know on good authority, if we choose to explore the archives of times gone by more than three thousand years, that the useful metal so common in Palestine was imported by the Tyrians (nay, by the very ships of King Solomon himself!) from these "remote islands," these "extreme regions," these "coasts of the earth," the situation of which even Herodotus, "the father of history," was ignorant of, so carefully did the Phœnicians, and after them the Carthaginians and Romans, who by turns robbed and ruled it, conceal the locality whence they drew this lucrative article of commerce.

One little rocky nook, of all the islands now bearing the proud name of "Great Britain," was

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix : Tin.