sun of Spain bronzes their face, a certain quaint, Spanish humour and drollery, a certain liberality of thought and opinion, which go far to fill up the blanks of the Cornishman's always fine and manly, but somewhat unattractive, character.

Taking, in his own land, his character very much from the surrounding scenery of rugged rock, and gnarled trunk, and barren grey moorland, and drifting mist, and breaking sea, the Cornishman here loses much of his inherent ruggedness of character. Perhaps the bright sun melts off some of the angles; certainly, the novelty of the surroundings, and the magnitude of the scale of scenery, and the intercourse with foreigners, broadens his mind, and he learns at last to believe that Cornwall is (possibly) in England, and not "England in Cornwall." "I never thought a Catholic could be a good man," said a stalwart pitman to the writer the other day, "until I came to Spain."

The writer's duties, for a long time past, have necessitated his spending much of his time among the Cornish miners, employed some by English, some by French, some by Spanish, some by German Mining Companies in Spain; and although his work has oftentimes been very weary, yet even when baffled by disappointment, when scorched by the tropic sun, when drenched to the skin by the fierce tropic rains, or beaten back by the fierce, cold *levante*, or east wind (that scourge of the pedestrian in Spanish wilds), the thought that he was in duty's path has ever sustained and even cheered him; while the warm, hearty, iron grip of the Cornishman has welcomed, and the gay, witty prattle and courteous speech of the Spaniard has enlivened, his path; the study

of the two very opposite phases of character occupying, in contemplation or writing, many a dull and idle hour.

Certainly, if an Englishman "in society" desires to learn how he may come to value mankind, and "honour all men," he should serve a few months' or years' apprenticeship in the wilds of the Spanish Black Country, for there he will learn to value and love those who, at first intercourse, are apt, whether Spanish or English, to be abrupt and even repulsive in manner, while at heart most loving, and full of sterling good qualities.

It may be worth a passing thought, the question how far many men are spoiled by the blessing of living, as it is called, "in society,"—by which the writer means in a place and among surroundings where they meet daily so many, that they pick out, as it were, the most attractive for their friends, and too often pass by many from whom they might glean the best things—cleverness concealed under eccentricity, great warmth of heart under semi-rudeness, great forbearance and patience under dullness or apparent mediocrity.

One, men say, is not "in society" (perhaps he is the better man for that!); another is (so they choose to think) "rather eccentric"; a third is too "uninteresting." And so men pass by one and the other, neither doing any good to, nor receiving any good from, them.

Of all the many whom we meet in our daily walk of life, we value but few, too often simply because we know none; and we know none thoroughly, because in the number of acquaintances offered to us in a country like England we find, or fancy that we find,

a compensation or substitute for a few true friendships, thus valuing quantity above quality.

Such was not the method of Him, who, walking among His fellow-men with an all-discerning eye, could call no one "common or unclean." So did not He.

It is true that we often seem, on a superficial survey, to have nothing in common with the majority of men whom we meet; but may there not be among them many whom a closer knowledge would enable us not only to value but to love?

My walks around the mines, which, at the spot whence I write, lie dotted over the country from a mile to four miles apart from each other, have been most uninteresting as regards sport and scenery. True, one may carry a gun and get a chance shot at a snipe in the hollows, or a plover on the barren slopes, or a raven, or half-gorged white vulture, on his return to the crags and mountain fastnesses of the Sierra; but such chances, in a country singularly treeless and open, are few and far between. The scenery, too, is devoid of water and of wood; dusky glades of olives succeeding to slope after slope of broad beans or barley; in the distance, the magnificent serrated ridges of the Sierra Nevada, Sierra de Jaën (this last a very fine range, unmarked on the best maps), and the Sierra Morena, now red with the morning sun, now blue, purple, and crimson in the hazy heat of the noon-day; the road beneath one's feet either knee-deep in dust, or flooded with streams of down-pouring rain—a road that knows no "happy mean"; blocks of granite sticking up here and there, and low-roofed ventas (boasting bad wine and worse company), built of the same material; these, with now and then a rather

fine tumble of bare granite rocks, were the not very interesting surroundings of the writer's walks.

And if the walks, as regards scenery, are barren of interest, certainly the chosen companions of his tramps were even more so. These were the "guards of the mines." In Spain there are "guards" of everything: the guard of the "campo," the guard of "the olives," the guard of the rich man's "casa." Generally, men are picked out for their good conduct to fill these posts, and who generally combine a keen love of sport with their jealous care of their owner's property. These men wear a brass plate upon the breast, bound over the left shoulder with a broad leather strap, the plate bearing the name of their mine or master. Gun on shoulder, they wander about the premises at night, and hesitate not to take a pot shot at any luckless intruder.

My favourite companion, a night-guard on an English mine, always rode behind me, an attendant being necessary in this country, both for appearance and for safety, whether you be afoot or on horseback. Juan, with his cigarette in mouth, esparto-grass sandals, and long Moorish gun slung at his saddle-bow, cut a singularly eccentric figure. But his donkey, a white male, was as eccentric in character as his master in appearance. Whenever he espied a lady donkey in front, he bolted (only, however, directing his attention to those of his own spotless colour), and, if sharply reined in, gave utterance to a roar so long, so loud, so pitiful, that every donkey within a radius of half-a-mile would express his ostentatious sympathy with him. The bit is not used for donkeys or mules in the interior of Spain, an iron band across the nose serving the same purpose. Even in Cadiz

and Malaga one constantly sees a pair of high-spirited carriage-horses with no other curb than this nose-band, and the thought has suggested itself to me that this is the meaning of the Scriptural phrase, "I will put my hook in thy nose."

Very forbidding is the approach to a Spanish Government mine—the long, dusty, rock-strewn road, lined with its ambling, lead-laden donkeys, each carrying 2 cwt. of mineral in a couple of small sacks. Now and then a litter resting in the middle of the road on its way to the hospital, the four sturdy bearers wiping their perspiring brows. Here and there, half-hidden by wild thyme and rosemary and tangled bents, hard by the road-side, you will come upon the shaft of some ancient mine, usually of an oblong shape, denoting its Roman or Phœnician origin. Strange to say, although oftentimes seventy feet in depth, these disused shafts have no railing around them, and nothing to warn the traveller of his danger.

The mine here alluded to is a Spanish Government mine, one of the wealthiest in the country. It consists, so far as architecture is concerned, of one large, low-built granite quadrangle, wherein live the governor and the *employés*, the house of the former being easily distinguished from the rest by the small patches of white paper pasted over the doorway upon the outside. These are the multas, or papers denoting the pecuniary mulcts or forfeits of those miners who have neglected their work, with the names of the offenders appended. In a Spanish mine, these fines are very severe, and, the money being stopped from the week's pay, there is no escape.

The Spanish "working-engineers" are certainly clever artisans, to judge of the many by those I have

known; and the Spanish civil engineers and mine inspectors are among the best educated and most skilful surveyors, and most pleasant companions (many are men of high family), that one could wish to meet with; yet the Spanish Government mines constantly prefer to employ, as their working engineers, Englishmen.

The two maquinistas on this mine, Paul and Michael, were both typical Cornishmen, and vividly recalled some of the characters in "Westward Ho!" to my mind—the one deeply religious, the other with an innate love of adventure almost amounting to recklessness. They both "hailed from" the western wilds of Cornwall, and lived together in a tiny one-storied shanty close to their engines. Michael, or Don Miguel, was a splendid specimen of the powerful, dare-devil, adventurous spirit of the West of England; he had been pitman at Botallack, shared in the pilchard fisheries, had come to Spain, not so much for the higher rate of wages as for adventure. "Though I have got a wife and a child at home, I don't mean to join them until I have been to South American mines. Perhaps I'll die abroad, as grandfather did; he always said he would, and so do I. It runs in the blood, I s'pose."

To show the rough character of those really hearty and honest men, Michael's first greeting of myself may be quoted. "Come at last, have ye? The right time, too!" Then (seeing I hesitated),—"Come in and take the luck of the pot; no lies about it; you won't be asked a second time. If it were the Queen of England, I wouldn't say more, and we shan't see she." The sturdy, independent spirit, tinged with religion, found utterance in the older man, as we

ate our Dutch cheese and crisp endive, and drank our Val-de-Peñas wine, while an unsightly Spanish woman prepared a bowl of gazpacho for our delectation:—"There were twenty men tried for my situation, but I didn't care for twenty, no, nor for twenty hundred. Why should I block my fancy for others? But," he added, with real seriousness, "I *du* think 'tis wrong to spend my Sundays as I du."

Of course, on the Spanish mines no difference is made between Sunday and week-day, the festivals being the only general holidays; and each man can claim a holiday either on the day of his own patron saint or that of one of his mates. These poor fellows' lot is somewhat hard, owing to the causes above mentioned; and, leaving a wife and young family at home, their hearts are often wrung by the black-edged letter that comes to tell them of the loss of one of their loved ones. Such a missive came to one of the Welsh captains of a mine which I visited; and the poor fellow—a stalwart, handsome Welshman, who, in his few years "on the mines" had saved several thousand pounds—said to me, as he spoke of his darling's grave,—"Write an epitaph for her, sir; and, mind ye, it is to be something strange!" He meant, I suppose, uncommon! But whether this enforced separation, with the meeting of husband and wife but once in three years, led, as in this man's case, to a tightening of the strings of love, or whether, as in others, alas! it leads to immorality, and to their loosening, it is equally hard.

Several points in the peculiar character of the Cornish miner in Spain must be now briefly dwelt upon. Among others, it must be mentioned that he is full of anecdote when a stranger visits him. In

fact, his loneliness and isolation forces him to bottle up all his stories until the rare opportunity comes of retailing them. And, I must say, I have heard more stories full of dry humour when sitting with these men than anywhere else; stories spoiled, however, by the slowness of their narration, the *modus operandi* of telling them being two words, a mouthful, a collection of thought, then two words more. One or two of these men's stories are worthy of being repeated.

The older man of my two entertainers aforesaid (Don Pablo) had worked in England for a certain Mr. Dunn, a rigid Quaker. Mr. Dunn one day asked Paul to take luncheon, and Paul refused; but afterwards he repented, and went to ask for the food. "No," was Mr. Dunn's answer, "you said you would not, and I never allow any lies to be told in my house."—"So," said Paul, "I lost my dinner." Next week, Paul returned to his work, the thought of his lost meal still rankling in his mind. Mr. Dunn asked him again whether he would take some luncheon, and, determined this time not to be done (forgive the play), Paul said "Yes." A huge Cheshire cheese was set before him uncut, and Paul inquired of his host, "Where shall I cut it?"—"Just where you please," said Mr. Dunn.—"Then," said Paul, "I'll cut it at home, and—you won't have any lies told in your house, you know."

The moment one of these men tells a story, it is a *point d'honneur* that his fellow should cap it with another.

When this story was finished, another "English artisan in Spain," of the same ready wit and rough-hewn calibre, joined us. He was a smith by profession, and, in appearance, the very type of him who stands

"under a spreading chestnut tree." This poor fellow, originally of Tynemouth, had lost twelve children in Spain and his wife; he had been twenty-four years in the country, and had had what is commonly called a rough time of it. When his children were born he had hesitated to have them baptized by the Spanish priests, owing to the belief, prevalent among these poor, and oftentimes ignorant and prejudiced, men in Spain, that, if baptized by the Spanish clergy, his children might be called upon, as Spanish subjects, to take up arms for their country. And so the poor fellow had buried his unbaptized children in the mountains, taking their bodies up at night, slung upon a mule's back! Very pathetic were the simple words in which he commented upon this sorrow: "I can tell ye, it went uncommon hard with me to have to do it; it oftentimes nearly made me throw" (*i. e.*, vomit). For seven or eight years he had been engaged in making a railway in the north of Spain, and his experiences, when related, were most interesting. He used to sleep, week after week, his rug rolled round him, in a disabled railway carriage; once, for three months, he never undressed, and never interchanged a word with any one save his two hundred Spanish workmen! "But," said he, a tear rolling down his rugged cheeks, "I experienced, when I laid up ill in a tiny, hill-side cottage in the north, more kindness than I have ever received before or since. The peasantry used to leave, by night, skins of wine outside the door, and, to this day, I have never found out who were my benefactors." Thus testifying to the warm, generous nature of the peasantry of the north of Spain.

This man had been so long in Spain—all his children, too, had (naturally enough, being born in

Spain) spoken Spanish so much from their youth up, that his English—a mixture of the North Country dialect and the patois of the Spanish miner—was almost unintelligible to me, as he recounted, as his contribution to our round table, how "he never refused to take a boite with any one, because once he left grandfeyther's mooton to run home and be in time for a bit o' roomp-puddin' at whoam. When he got there, the other childer was doin' apple doomplin'; so he took and axed sister to bring back the roomp-puddin', and she took and give him such a hidin' as he never had before; since which he had never refused a bite, whenever, however, and wherever he could get it!"

This story met with great approval from the rest of us: it was such a simple, rough, and pathetic tale, and told with real difficulty, in the nearest approach to his native dialect which he could command.

These men very soon become considerably Spaniardized themselves. They stay in the country, perhaps, for twenty or twenty-five years, until they have, by sheer hard work and fair fighting, amassed a few hundred pounds, when they either, tempted by the bright sun and the high wages, settle down among the Spanish mines, or else return to the old country, to find the home broken up, the friends dead and gone, the links too often snapped, and their constitution enfeebled by the Spanish heats, and wholly altered,—utterly unable to bear well the damps of Cornwall or the cold of the North Country. Their grown-up children constantly marry among the Spaniards, and make Spain their home, talking, at last, a jargon (when they essay to speak English!)

so strange, that it would puzzle even Professor Max Müller himself.

In marrying a Spanish girl, the Englishman in Spain either takes his chosen spouse to the Cathedral at Gibraltar, to be married after the rites of the Protestant Church, or else, as is too often the case, he makes, to save trouble, a "recantation" of his old faith, and is received into and married after the rites of the Romish Church. For the Protestant marriage of a Spanish girl is not recognized as such in Spain; and even the officials who take the annual census of the names and ages of the several households in any town, persistently call the lady thus married by her maiden name alone, and enter her as such on their list. Sometimes, but not often, an illicit connexion, ending in marriage, springs up between the English miner and some dark-eyed Spanish lassie; but it may be they marry after all, and the Spanish law (offering, as it does, a good field of study for English jurisprudents) legitimizes all the children born before wedlock the moment the marriage is concluded.

Having spoken of these men's lonely and isolated life; of their warm hospitality; of their rugged, broad wit; of their extraordinary patois; of their hardships and their frequent intermarriages with the Spaniards,—a few lines shall be added with regard to their intercourse with the Spanish miners under their command. The state of the case, briefly put, is something like this:—The Englishman has no courtesy and very little tact, and quarrels and "desgustos" arise between the two from the following causes: (1) because the Englishmen, for the most part, do not understand or speak the language really well, and so make mistakes, and give and take offence; and

(2) because they do not understand, and make allowance for, the peculiar temperaments, ideas of caste, and notions of the Spaniards. The Englishmen are too matter-of-fact for the Spaniards. The Englishman thinks to himself, "Have not I treated that man fairly?" whereas the poor Spaniard, with more refinement, if less truth and solidity, says to himself, "Has he not spoken rudely to me?"

One is constantly reminded of the story of a Sussex peasant and his wife, who, in the following anecdote, typify exactly these two phases of human character. A poor wife goes to visit her husband in the stocks, on the village green, and says to him, "They can't have put you there, John?" and the poor fellow, with Cornish matter-of-fact, says, "But they have, though!" But though he is—according to Spanish ideas—discourteous and too matter-of-fact, the Spanish miner looks up to his English captain for his dogged determination and pluck, for his truthfulness, for his strength of limb. The Cornishmen are self-possessed, mentally and physically powerful; and the Spaniards respect them accordingly for their *sang-froid* and their strength.

As an instance of the *sang-froid* of the English miners and captains in Spain, the following may be quoted. The smith above referred to said to the writer, "I've been twenty-four years in the country, and I've never met with any contradiction from a Spaniard, barrin' as my life has been twice attempted."

Again, a Spanish miner, discharged for a third offence, once came at this man (who had no weapon) knife in hand, to deal him a deadly blow. The North Countryman folded his arms, and stood like a rock.

The Spaniard, seeing his right hand near his breast, and surprised by his coolness, said, "Ah, you have a revolver!"—"Well, then," said the North Countryman, eagerly seizing the suggestion, "I am the best man! And," added he, telling me the story, "I reckon I did not tell any lie either!" And any one, looking at his muscular frame, and cold, stern eye, would have believed that he was "the best man."

This same man told me that once a man of his own gang drew his knife upon him. They closed and wrestled, and the Spaniard was thrown and his knife taken from him. "Good-bye, señor," said he, as he went away. "Of course it is good-bye for ever; I shall be turned off now."—"Not at all," said the Englishman. "I bear you no ill will, and only threw you because you forced me to it. If you don't say a word, I never shall."

But it is time to leave the "Bed of Rosemary" (these mines have strange names,—"The Omlet," "St. Peter," "The Broad Shaft"), and to wend our way across the rocky, broken ground towards a little, isolated, desolate mine, on which lives "Captain Jack, the Preacher."

These Cornishmen are most of them Methodists, and some of them are rendered still more severe in character by an admixture of teetotalism; the characters formed out of, or braced by, these various conflicting elements, forming the most marked contrast to that of the thoughtless, ephemeral, tolerant Andaluz.

A good man, according to his light, a true and brave man, but one without real liberality and without real human sympathy, so self-opinionated as almost to "divide the world around him into 'my idee'

and humbug,"—such, if you can conceive of it, is Captain Jack, the Preacher.

Captain Jack had been leader of a class in the wilds of Western Cornwall, and he could never forget it, nor could I. Never did I cross the sandy, rocky, thyme-covered waste which led to his lonely cottage, without a cold shudder; for I knew well that, however tired and thirsty I might be, no refreshment or rest was forthcoming until after a good argumentation. Of "living nearer to God," of "sins blooded out," of "buildin' upon the Rock," was Captain Jack's daily converse.

A short, thick-set, uneducated man, with a keen, kindly eye, a hearty grip of the hand, and a prayer for all, such was Captain Jack. The very isolation of the mine where he dwelt—a very small one—had tended to make his character sterner and his opinions more fixed than they would otherwise have been. That the Preacher tried to do his work, I know well; that he succeeded, I am not so sure. There was in his character a sad lack of human sympathy, and, without that, no man can win men.

Religion of a certain sort makes some really nice characters strangely offensive, and I was always glad when the Captain laid aside the "spiritual man," as he called it, and, after the sermon and prayer, became once more the "natural man." I loved to see his kind, bright smile and old self come back, as he lit his short black clay, and poured out a bumper for the "old woman," and me, and himself.

For the sturdy, middle-aged Cornishman who comes out here from his own solitudes simply to live a few peaceful years of hard work, and save a lump of money (by high wages, coarse cheap fare, and living on the

mines rent-free), the life of the mining captain in Spain may be very well; at any rate, it is harmless, if he escapes calentura, and may do good. But for any educated gentleman, who has not many resources in himself, and has been accustomed to society at home, and books and papers, to come and live upon these mines,—and many, even now, are trying the experiment,—I should give the advice *Punch* gives "to those about to marry," namely, "don't." The climate is disagreeable, and, if not absolutely unhealthy, very trying; the society is uncongenial; the country is most unsafe; the sport wretched.

And, as regards the middle-class mining captain, it is questionable whether he very greatly benefits himself by leaving his native shores. True, the wages are fair; for an agent, £150 per annum, with house (such as it is), servant, firing, and lights free, being about the average. But we cannot look at life only from a financial point of view. The agent has to run the risk of calentura, or fever; also he is in a strait for years until he has acquired the language of his new country. Then he has to leave his wife and children behind him, only seeing them once in every three years for three months (the time and period allotted by the companies). True, he has permission to bring them, but he must pay their passage; and, when here, his wife has no society, his children no opportunity of getting educated.

CHAPTER IX.

EL CARNAVAL IN A SPANISH MINING DISTRICT.

The Spaniard of the interior treats life as a jest, and never loses an opportunity of showing that he does so. While his sun shines brightly, while the castanets click and the guitar tinkles, he lives—lives for the day, forgetful of the morrow. Should the sun be overcast, should illness come on, he creeps into the darkest and most remote corner of the room, and curses the "unkindly fate" that tempers the sunshine of his life with the shower, and spreads the dark cloud of illness over his house as well as over the skies of his land.

The seasons of his Church's festivities are true gala-days to him. He throws himself into every amusement, and spends his last penny on glitter, music, and better fare.

Ask him why he does not lay by for a rainy day, he will say, "I don't know that it will ever come, and I certainly shall not be happier for thinking of it." Or ask him why he does not save for old age, and he will tell you, "Perhaps I shall never reach it."

Carnaval-time is with him a season of amusement—a scene of noise, and glitter, and mirth, in the rude, strange revelry of which he is quite at home, and with the childish delights and amusements of which he can fully feast his mind. In "Los dias del Carnaval," or,