man, regardless of its charms, plods his way past his canker-rose or cowslip unheeding. The Spaniard is passionately fond of music and noise—his mule without bells were no mule to him; the Englishman likes quiet, and is not musical, as a rule. The Spaniard loves society; the Englishman, solitude. The Spaniard is ever contented; the Englishman, ever prone to grumble. The Spaniard has an abundant store of natural wit; the Englishman, *poco, poco*. The Spaniard is naturally intelligent; the Englishman naturally obtuse—what intelligence he has, he owes to the village school. The Spaniard is naturally demonstrative and affectionate on the impulse of the moment; the Englishman takes a long time to like you, and then he never lets you know it. The Spaniard has no sense of truth or truthfulness; the Englishman loves either. The Spaniard is uneducated; the Englishman, educated. The Spaniard makes the best of things—he is easy-going; the Englishman seeks to better them. The Spaniard never reads; the Englishman reads much. The Spaniard is very talkative; the Englishman, very taciturn. The Spaniard is passionate; the Englishman, morose or sullen. The Spaniard thinks nothing of cursing; the Englishman thinks it wrong. The Spaniard has no sense of personal religion; the Englishman, in all cases, a certain sense. The Spaniard, as a composer, composes profane, the Englishman, sacred, doggerel. The Spaniard uses the knife; the Englishman, his fists. The Spaniard has naturally the manners of a gentleman, be he ever so low; the Englishman has none, so far as I know, but what have been drilled into him. The Spaniard's skies are bright; the English, overcast. The Spanish cigarillo and wine are light and ephemeral; the Englishman's clay-

pipe and beer are most substantial. The Spaniard's food is light; the Englishman's very solid. The Spaniard is loose in morals; the Englishman, strict. The Spaniard is madly enraged; the Englishman, doggedly brutal. The Spaniard is proud of his country and family; the Englishman, self-respectful. The Spaniard is reckless from not thinking of danger or of life; the Englishman, courageous—he weighs the issues, and makes up his mind to risk the stake at all hazards. The Spaniard is cruel to his beast; the Englishman, merciful. The Spaniard is generous on impulse; the Englishman, from principle. The Spaniard is thoughtless, and free from care; the Englishman, contemplative, and full of care. The Spaniard is boastful; the Englishman, not so. The Spaniard is somewhat idle; the Englishman, somewhat too industrious. The Spaniard lives in an untidy stone shanty; the Englishman, in a neat cottage, with a garden and a beehive. The Spaniard meddles in politics; the Englishman leaves them alone. The Spaniard seldom shows his religion by word; the Englishman, very often. The Spaniard is a sober man; the Englishman, prone to drink. Very affectionate, very warm-hearted, with a certain keen sense of honour,—bright, cheerful, genial, sober, and full of courage,—the Spanish miner's chief faults, perhaps, are his untruthfulness, his passionateness, and his want of purity. And, as to his social condition, it will hardly bear comparison with that of his brother in England.

Good education, good fare, good lodging, are ever offered to, if not accepted by, the English miner; and, in addition, his wages are constantly on the increase. Not so with the Spanish miner. His educa-

tion is nothing at all. True, the Spanish Education Department theoretically provides that every son of the soil shall be compulsorily educated, but the practice differs widely from the theory. Not one miner in five can read or write, and, if he can, his choice of books is very limited. The books offered him are either superstitiously religious or violently political. Such a flood of true religion and useful learning as is offered to the English poor, in the cheap literature of the day, is wholly unknown to Spain of to-day.

And the Spanish miner's fare is most ephemeral compared with that of his English brother. It may be here noted that the Spanish miner has just begun to drink and value English beer. He says,—"It nerves my arm; it cures my cough!" Truly the beer, potatoes, dumpling, and pork of the sturdy Cornishman will build up a stronger frame than fruit and light acid wine, than soup and savoury fries!

As to the lodging of the Spanish miner. In one close, ill-ventilated room will sleep ten or twelve strong men. Many, for the summer months, sleep in tiny shanties, thatched with rushes, flocking into the towns when the winter rains commence; or, if the miner has a tiny stone house to himself, it has no windows, it is stone-flagged, it is crowded with pigs or poultry, too often not his own; and, should the cold hand of sickness be laid upon him, his fare and treatment in the hospital of his township is poor indeed. Not long since, in an hospital with which I was acquainted, it was proposed to vote twopence per diem as an allowance for the food of each sufferer!

How different, how far more blissful, the lot of his brother in England! Even as I write fancy brings

before my eyes the regular work, the high wages, the ample fare, of the English miner, and, standing out in bitter contrast to that of the Spaniard, his neat cottage, with its glass windows, maybe his trim garden, his village school, his grey and lichened church. True, his lot may have, doubtless has, its hardships, but it is bright compared with that of the poor Spaniard,—and more, it is, by contrast, a blissful lot.

Drawing this chapter to a close, my mind cannot help following the poor Spanish miner to his hospital bed, and his last, long home. To be bled by unskilful physicians, after the long journey in the litter from the distant mine, the scene of his accident; to lie gasping out his last with little definite hope for a bright future; to know that, "when all is o'er," no decent, comely burial will be his, but a rough passage to his last resting-place, and a shallow grave, —all this is sad enough, yet over it all the poor Spaniard triumphs, surely in some strength not his own. Cheerful he lives, uncomplaining and grateful he turns his pallid face to the wall, and allows his spirit to pass, without fear, into the hands of Him who gave it.

CHAPTER VII.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE SPANISH MINER.

We have now accompanied the poor Spanish miner in the dull routine of his daily or nightly toil; we have followed him to the mine and through the mine; we have seen him hewing or blasting in the dim smoky light in the granite womb of the earth. His diseases, and their causes and remedies, the accidents to which he is liable, have all been briefly touched upon, not, the writer hopes, without enlisting the interest and sympathy of all his readers with the cheerful, warm-hearted, heedless worker. We have followed the lead from the lode, or vein, to the surface, and seen it in its various stages, from the dressing-floors to the furnace, until it pours out, in a crimson, livid stream, into the moulds to be shipped for the market.

It is but a plain unvarnished tale that has been placed before the reader's eye of the Spanish miner as he is to-day, as he will be to-morrow. His living, his dress, his coarse ephemeral fare, his peculiarities of disposition, have been dwelt upon; and his general happiness, his contentedness, his courtesy, and his keen sense of honour have (Chapter VI.) been contrasted with the discontent, boorishness, and seriousness of his English equal, together with his dogged and persistent habit of condemning others less

blessed or weaker than himself. The writer has written wholly without bias; he has drawn no conclusions, he leaves it to his readers to do so.

Little, however, has been said about the amusements of the poor miner, when at winter-time the evenings draw in,—here night falls suddenly, like a pall, on the dreary landscape,—and when the wintry rains pour down in tropic torrents, and the streets are ankle-deep in black mud, rendered even blacker by the sickly flicker here and there of a tiny oil street-lamp. And when winter comes; when the wild wind from the Sierra sweeps the barren plains, and howls its mournful dirge through the windowless shutters of the poor miner's dwelling, enfolding one in its damp chill embrace as it is encountered at the corners of the straggling streets; when guitar and song are no longer heard in the streets, which echo sadly to the step of the lonely traveller; when the dark-eyed, gracefully-draped Spanish girl opens a little way the caged window, and looks anxiously up at the sky, only to close sorrowfully, and with a sigh, the shutters of her cage, and to go to bed, murmuring, with a shudder, "Ahi! Dios mio, que malo tiempo hace; no vendra!" ("Alas! what wretched weather! He will not come!")

No, little Novia; he will not come to press your white soft hand in his own, and think himself happy to stand at your bars for hours! Go to your bed, and may your dreams be pleasant ones!

Where, on such a night, are all those young fellows who, on a fine night, make the streets of a Spanish mining-town to ring again with their coarse jest and wild Andaluz impromptu song? Are they at home? Some of them, perhaps; but the some, it may be, are

but few; nor shall we find them until we go to the *café*, the gambling-room, and, alas! the brothel.

Each of these places, on such a night, will be crowded with these fearless, long-suffering, courteous, devil-may-care fellows, who go through life acting, only too literally, on the command, "Take no thought for the morrow."

The low *café*, where he sips his coffee and aguardiente in congenial company, hears his dearly-loved tinkling guitar, and can laugh at the coarse jests (very often jests at the expense of the priests, alas!) of the comico on the stage; the gambling-room, where he can satiate his keen appetite for speculation, and where the complicated game (which is the favourite) gives ample scope to those who desire to mulct him of his hard-earned wages; and, lastly (oh que no!), the brothel, where he sits, even until the first streak of dawn looks in reproachfully upon him, listening to the sad-gay banter and loose jests of prostitutes. These three resorts are the haunt of the Spanish miner. He cares nothing if he lose the whole of his day's wages, paying down the money with a smile and devil-may-care air; nor is he ashamed to be seen coming from the haunt which is worse than the gambling-room. In these places he enjoys himself after his fashion. Noisy and boisterous in the two, in the gambling-saloon he is ever silent and keen-eyed.

The amount of gambling and prostitution is awfully large; it is immense. Yet, be it added that the sins and immoralities of these poor misguided men are, more than half of them, sins which he does not consider to be sins at all. He has been face to face with them from his earliest childhood; he has committed them under the eyes of his parents, unchecked, as

early as he was capable of so doing. Sins which are fostered oftentimes by the example of his father, his mother, and sometimes even of his priest.

In Spain the peccadillos of these last form a constant subject for the coarse jest and ridicule of the lower orders; but, as a priest, you may never criticize or decry what he says or does in church. There, at least, his office sheds rightly a halo of protection around him; there, he is God's appointed minister, and not to be criticized.

Taking all this into consideration, it is hardly wonderful that the Spaniard, child of impulse as he surely is, should obey his passions blindly, and that the self-control which he has never seen exhibited should be a stranger to him.

Arrived at his one room at evening from his mine, the miner sits down to his céna, or supper, which is possibly rice and goat's flesh boiled to rags, served up in one large dish or pan, into which all the other occupants of the same room also dip their spoons, sitting around the tiny deal-table in a circle. The regularity with which each, in his turn, takes his morsel, the regularity with which the spoons move dishward and mouthward, would surprise a stranger at first sight. This meal concluded, the poor fellow drinks a caña or two of Val-de-Peñas wine, lights his paper cigarette, and sallies forth to the places of resort above mentioned in the following order:—the venta, or wine-shop, the *café*, the house of ill-fame. The venta has been described in a previous chapter; it is enough to say that on a dirty night these tiny dark cells are thronged. At about 8·30 the wine-cup is laid aside, and the miner, with marvellous regularity, wends his way to the *café*.

The charge for entering the *cafés*, of which there are four in the town from which I write, is, on common nights, *nil;* on feast-days, a trifling sum paid at the door, namely, one real (2½*d.*), entitles you to a ticket for refreshment to that amount. The appearance of the *café*, with its saloon and small tables dotted about, is much like the saloon of an English gin-palace, and holds about 200 to 300. The room is so densely filled with smoke that you can scarcely see the stage at the farther end. A rude curtain falls in front of the platform, hardly concealing the rude attempts at scenery. All around you are miners sitting at the tiny tables, and your ear is half-deafened by the click of the dominoes; every one plays, and they are furnished gratis by the proprietor.

The time for which these men play this weary game, without even looking up, reminds me of a characteristic of the Spaniard which is greatly to his credit—he is essentially a patient man, never tired of waiting; he will light his cigarette, and sit on your doorstep, hour after hour, waiting your convenience, and, when summoned, will appear with a smiling face. The following anecdote may be cited as an instance. I told a Spanish miner to wait outside my house, and quite forgot that I had so done. Five hours afterwards, on starting for my ride, I saw him still waiting. Apologizing for my apparent rudeness, he said, "I am very much at your disposition, señor." And one could not forbear inwardly drawing a comparison between this poor fellow's perfect good temper and courtesy and the probable rough bearing of an English pitman under similar circumstances.

But it is time to seat ourselves among the homely, cheerful crowd at the *café*, and learn more of the

Spanish poor. Around us are men of every variety of provincial costume, every variety of occupation. In Spain the bitter distinction between class and class is unknown; the servant who waits at the table of the nobleman joins in the conversation of the table; the gentleman smokes his cigarette with the shopman; and so a few gentlemen are sprinked here and there among this motley crowd of miners, shopmen, water-carriers, olive and vine dressers. Women are absent, save a few brightly-dressed gipsies, who set town etiquette at defiance, and, once seated, you (Oriental fashion, is it not?) clap your hands for the waiter, or make that hissing noise so common to direct attention in Spain. Coffee, milk, aguardiente, maraschino, rum, brandy, and lusciously sweet "gaseosas" (soda-water, lemonade, &c.), can be had, although the rum and brandy are execrable. "Refrescos" of sarsaparilla, lemons, almonds, &c., and other sweet and cooling drinks, are the fashion.

If you know the miners, one of your old friends will instantly hiss, and put a chair next to himself for you; he will insist on treating you, and be offended if you refuse. These poor fellows would sooner spend their last farthing than allow the Englishman to pay; and, frequently, when you have not seen him, your friend will have seen you, and paid the waiter for all you have had. You ask for your account, and the answer is "Esta pagado" (it is paid for); nor will you ever know to whom you are indebted, the waiter being bound in honour not to disclose the payer's name! With such little outbursts of natural kindness, with such little amenities, do all, from the rude miner to the nobleman, soften and brighten life as they glide idly down its swift-flowing stream.

Sit down with these four men at the table in front of the stage. See, one has already "given the sign," as it is called, to the waiter that he means to treat you because he knows and likes you. Try and "give the sign" before him to the waiter, signifying that you yourself wish to stand treat, and you will invariably find your own pitman has been beforehand!

And now all round you are waiting for the tattered green curtain to rise, and time is hanging somewhat heavily on hand. Some one orders a bottle of lemonade, the cork of which, flying up, drops amid a group of dominoes; the miners are delighted with the joke; every one orders a bottle of the same, and the corks are popping all over the room; the lemonade, however, is left untouched, for the most part, these simple fellows having thus paid fivepence a-piece for this amusement!

Perhaps you have come without tobacco for your pipe. I did so once, and in a moment three pouches were lying on the table, the owners severally entreating me to "do them the favour of using it." So courteous, so easily pleased, so kindly is the Spanish miner.

The curtain rises, and the music begins, or the acting, as the case may be. Accompanied by a pianist, a dark-eyed girl, in flaunting dress, with ribbons of many colours, commences first one, then another, of the wild provincial ditties of Spain. The Malagueña, or Malaga song, a great favourite; the Manchega, which makes the eye of the miner of La Mancha sparkle as he thinks of the wine-skins of those desert, yet wine-producing steppes; the Sevillana; the Gaditana; the Granadina, also a great favourite. The

same wild, monotonous air, the same melancholy modulations, prevail in each song—songs so peculiar in their music that the notes could not be written, nor could an Englishwoman acquire the art of singing them correctly.

The Spaniard is passionately fond of these wild ditties; they have a strange hold on his heart and fancy; and English music he despises. "Of course, no Inglés can sing our songs; for in England they sing quite differently." The singer and player both receive 2*s.* 8*d.* per night, and wine, &c. Sometimes some real, wandering gipsies will be paid for the night, and beguile the time with the dances of Andalucia, accompanied by the guitar and castanets. Every one in the audience who can do so is expected to keep time by the clapping of his hands; and every one shouts, "Holé, holé-é-é," at the top of his voice. So exciting is the scene that one can hardly refrain from joining, as every nerve of the dancers quivers and vibrates, and the beads of perspiration fall down their faces.

But better than the song and dance—for are not these ever at hand?—the Andaluz miner loves the theatrical representation. It may be one of the capital Zarazuelas, which are great favourites, and, although rude, spirited. The bell has rung; the curtain goes up; the pianist is at his post; the prompter's whisper is heard from the box. In front of a huge looking-glass sits a withered and repulsive-looking old woman. Her doncella, or lady's-maid, a dark-eyed, graceful girl, is preparing her mistress for the theatre, to which a certain Don José is to escort her. The old crone "fancies herself" to a tremendous extent; and when rouge, scent, paint, and cosmetic have been freely

applied, she looks truly hideous. But she loves herself, and love, they say, is blind!

Don José is dear to the old lady, and she firmly believes that she is dear to him; but he has merely courted her to win the person of her maid! Don José comes: he looks at the old woman, with a sly under-glance at the young one. With a cold shudder he shuts his eyes, and kisses the old crone's painted hand fervently.

The sweetly pretty daughter of the old lady now enters. She is to be left at home, while her old-young-lady mother goes to the theatre. She kisses her mother, and with tears welling from her expressive, lustrous, black eyes, sings a touchingly pathetic song, which brings down roars of applause from the two hundred miners and peasants:—

"Vamos á dormir, vamos á llorar,
Mientras al Teatro se va mia mama."

"We to our beds must go, we both must moan,
While to the theatre mother has gone."

Don José deposits the old lady at the theatre, slips away, and comes back to dress his hair at the looking-glass and make love to the lady's-maid. She enters the room and offers to finish his hair-curling, &c., for him, which she does with a comical mixture of bashfulness and love, the two singing a really pretty duet, "Thanks to Heaven, the old lady has gone!"

But to pursue the scenes any further would be useless and waste of time; enough to say, that the love of the Don is found out by the old lady, that he pulls down her false hair, that wit and grotesque action abound. The Spaniard is always ready to applaud anything good, and to hiss mercilessly any piece of

bad acting. But spirit, broad wit, and extravagance are his idea of what is good acting.

And now let us leave the *café* and the stage, and pick our way to a sad and sin-stained house. Fain would I leave unmentioned this, the last part of my subject, relating to the most objectionable phase of the miner's life. Only let me say, that while I relate the naked truth, hideous as it surely is, my readers must recall what I have said ere this about the great disadvantage under which the Spaniard, in this respect, labours; namely, the evil example set before him in his boyhood.

Immorality in England, if I may be allowed the expression, is not immorality here. Here, impurity is talked of not with bated breath, but as though it were a matter of course, and universal in the daily talk of social life.

Houses of ill-fame, alas! abound on all sides, offering their temptations freely to those who require little temptation enough to lead astray their wandering steps, and make them fall; and the gay banter, and lit-up rooms, and freedom of these unhappy homes, seem to have a marvellous attraction for the poor, hard-worked pitman, who spends most of his day at the end of some dark level underground, in a space six feet in height by four in width.

Alcahuetas, or procuresses, are a well-known class—wretched old women, who walk about the streets to entice young girls from thirteen to sixteen into their vile dens, from which, to speak figuratively, there is no return. Over such hellish portals well might stand the poet's words:—

"All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

Mothers, too, forgetting natural affection, honour, and

duty, not unfrequently take their daughters to these evil houses, sitting down quietly to chat with the scarcely less vile ama, or mistress of the house, while her young daughter is being seduced in the next room, the mother receiving, as blood-money, perhaps three or four dollars, or less. Blasphemy, too, is added sometimes to this unnatural crime,—a woman known to me, as she left her daughter at one of these houses in the embrace of some lewd debauchee, saying, "Vaya usted con Dios y con la Virgen!" ("God and the Virgin accompany you!")

Another mother whipped and starved her two daughters until they yielded to her unnatural resolve, and, it is needless to say, falling, they never rose again. But, truly, one's heart bleeds, and one's blood boils, at such things; and, for the poor fallen girl, as well as for the poor miner,—taking into account the fearful strength of their early temptations, the dreadfully polluted atmosphere in which they are brought up from early childhood, their no religion, and few ennobling influences,—taking, I say, all this into account, one can but feel that they are of those who, having received but little, are of those on whom there is no room for harsh judgment.

God forbid that such things should be; but they are, and the facts here chronicled are merely such as have come under the writer's personal experience, or have been verified carefully by him.

Tyrannically is the Spanish girl guarded until her marriage, fenced in by external precautions, taught little or nothing of that inward guide which alone, if cultivated, is stronger than the magnet's force, harder and safer than the bar of iron, truer and sterner than the guardian mother. Bitterly, when bolt and bar are

withdrawn by her marriage, does she resent her former treatment, and wildly does she throw down the reins of self-control, even, alas! in some cases, conniving at the sin of a younger sister. I speak of the few, of the lowest classes.

The married life, alas! has too often its degrading blots, the husband and wife having each their "querida" or "querido."

But this is the dark side of the picture, and gladly I throw down my treatment of this part of the subject, a part which, to be truthful, and present a faithful portrait of the Spanish miner, I could not dismiss unnoticed.

CHAPTER VIII.

CORNISH MINERS IN SPAIN: A STUDY OF CHARACTER.

To transport Cornwall into Spain — the land of fantastic, drifting mist, and iron-bound coast, and sounding sea, to the sunny, cloudless skies, and dusty plains, and sweltering olive-groves of the Spanish Black Country—to bring the thoughtful, grim, Puritanical, repelling Cornishman to the reckless, light-hearted, easy-going, and attractive Andaluz, seems a strange course at first, and it will naturally be asked, "What has Cornwall and the Cornishman to do with Andalucia and the Andaluz?" To many who read these pages it may be unknown that Cornwall, with her old spirit of enterprise, and Devonshire have formed in the wilds of Spain, wherever mineral abounds, several colonies of their stalwart sons, consisting of mining agents (called here "captains of the mine"), engineers, pitmen, dressers, smelters, and others, who live, surrounded by Spaniards, on the lonely, and oftentimes unhealthy, mines, bound together by a sort of natural freemasonry, suffering often great privations,—such as the lack of good food, the scarcity of books and newspapers, and the want of society, —but working pluckily, and with a perseverance and skill unknown to the Spaniards, and still, to a certain extent, preserving intact their national, or rather provincial, characteristics, while adding to them, imperceptibly to themselves, but surely as the blazing