

## JOCK AND HIS JENNY.

THE ROUGH AND READY MINER  
FOLK OF CORNWALL.

Their Hospitality Compared with that of the Aristocratic Farmers—Queer People, but Clannish—Straight Forward and Frank—How they Receive a Literary Pilgrim.

Almost until today, as time is measured, Cornwall has been to the remainder of England a veritable *terra incognita*. "West Barbary" it was contemptuously called to describe its uncanniness, its supposed ignorance and its popularly accredited semi-barbarism. What weird and desolate Connamara, in Ireland's wild West, is and has always been to the Green Isle, this scarred and ragged peninsula has been to England.

Of its 400,000 souls, one-tenth, from youth to death, in darkness pick and blast in shift and drift beneath its windswept moors. Until a century since a distinct language, the Cornubian Celtic, was spoken, taught and preached. Today in some of the larger towns, "the purest English spoken" is said to prevail; but again today not a league from these towns, among fisher-folks, miners and peasants, an ordinary Englishman or American can scarcely understand a word uttered. Yet here are life and scene of the greatest fascination; both life and scene of simplicity, beauty and grandeur; while romance and legend glow wondrously in every tor, combe and stream; romance and legend the oldest and most winsome in all England. Here lived, or were born to deathless legend, Arthur, Lancelot and Guinevere, and the brave old Round Table knights.

It is a curious shaped bit of land, this rugged old Cornwall. Its geographic contour suggests the strange silhouette of some couchant gigantic mastiff, or huge wild beast.

The moorlands stretch dolorously as if in boundless loneliness. The tors or hills are bleak and bare. The whole face of nature seems torn and scarred, as if by tremendous elemental struggles. Yet all these caverns and chasms which disfigure it were made by the hand of man. Its granite, shale and slate hide copper, tin and iron. For more than 3,000 years its surface has been cleft and its depths gored and bored until its face is pitted as if with extinct volcanoes, whose bases have honeycombed, sometimes to a mile's depth, and, often laterally, so far outward beneath the ocean, that its very shell was cracked and broken, until, to prevent the sea dropping through, the bottom was studded and plugged and soldered like a leaky old basin.

This is what you will see and feel and know among the downs and tors along the rocky backbone of Cornwall. But along the north coast, in summer, and every-where upon the south coast in summer, and nearly all winter, are never-ending surprises of scenic beauty. Indeed the entire south-English and Irish coasts are almost semi-tropic lands. Semi-tropic bits of land surely can be found; for I have seen at Bournemouth, at Torquay and at Plymouth, in England, at Truro, Falmouth and Penzance in Cornwall, and at Youghal, along the Sir Walter Raleigh's old home, in Ireland, roses in full bloom and luxuriantly foliaged myrtle, out of doors in mid-winter.

Along the way I am leisurely tramping, with the English channel nearly always in sight, are innumerable Cornish valleys of slumberous beauty. Tiny burns and combs are cut through the walls by the sea. Through everyone limped streams go singing and tumbling to the ocean. Along the valley sides are white hamlets, or the quaint old homes, the rich acres and the sleek herds of the thirty farmers of Cornwall.

Just before you pass from Devonshire into Cornwall you will find most intense the English suspicion that Cornish folk are a sort of barbarians. The landlord of the little inn where I lodged in Plymouth, though admitting that he had never crossed the Tamar, commiseratingly ventured the sympathetic remark that he'd be blessed if he wouldn't prefer Whitechapel to Cornwall.

"W'y, 'n' them Cousin Jacks knows nowt but tin," he added with a flourish. "Nigger blood in 'em too, they do say. Black as a pit-mouth, 'alf on 'em. An' 'blessed if you'll get nowt 'eat better 'n' 'beggans 'n' taggans, from Saltash to Land's End."

His words were true as to the dark complexions of most of the Cornish people. In a mile's distance of Devonshire you are among another race of men than the fair-faced phlegmatic English. Faces are everywhere seen of a distinct eastern type; and surely eastern blood, whether Jewish, from the Jewish mine-owners of a thousand years ago, or from the Phœnician traders of an earlier period, is still rich in Cornish veins. It gives here and there the waxen olive skin, almost universally the glossy black curling hair and dark eyes, and statures short, compact and shapely.

No people in the world are more clannish, or more recent encroachment by marriage or in social and business affairs, than the Cornish. Their old language, superstitions and traditions are all Celtic. They are impassioned, impulsive and excitable as are all Celts; but they possess a dumb patience, an aggressive defensiveness against innovation and an humble and steadfast thrift which reveals something like the Jewish strain.

Their ways are rough, and Cornish manners are the frankest and sincerest of any people I have ever been among. They comprise simply meaning what you say and saying what you mean, whatever the subject or occasion. All this, too, with absolute unconsciousness of affront. Between Polperro and Lanlue a youth gave me a help along the way in his donkey-cart laden with sand. I thanked him heartily on alighting. Looking me squarely in the face he asked:

"Wusent aw gimme sumpn for th' feer, my son?"

He got a sixpence for the fair, for which all Cornish boys endeavor to secure a "box" or bit of money, and my apologies for not recognizing his honest right in the matter. Cornish folk, big and little, have no truculence in asking for their just due. This plainness of speech is everywhere met with. The lad's expression, "my son," had no levity or taunt in it. It is everywhere here a term of friendship and respect.

Between Saltash and Truro I made application at the houses of many farmers for

food and lodging. The food could always be had by paying for it before it was eaten. But the latter could not be got for any wheedling or sum of money. They would bluntly tell me to find an inn. If I professed ignorance of the locality of one, they would go, or send some one, with me. I always dismissed my escort before the place was reached, determined to pass the nights in the homes of the lowly.

This sort of procedure and conversation with others than farmers upon the subject, gradually developed the fact that Cornish farmers have nothing in common with the great body of Cornish people. They are a species of "gentry" in the minds of the latter. Though only tenant farmers, their holdings are large for England, from 20 to 100 acres, and have been occupied for generations by the same families on ninety-nine years' leases. They often go to "Lunnon," and their children are sent to Truro for schooling. They are staunch supporters of the Established Church, while the masses are Wesleyans.

But the fisher and mining folk are unequivocally hospitable. The fisherman will take care of you in his little cottage without question, without locking a thing in his habitation against you, but still with a dumb sort of quiescence. The miner is a more rough and ready fellow, and if not always hearty about it, settles the matter for or against you at once. All this the literary tramp will quickly discover; and I shortly began directing my diplomacy towards the ordinary home in the mining villages.

You will find them through nearly all the length of Cornwall from Liskeard to Penzance, and they are seldom clustered in dirty villages contiguous to the mines as in our country. I do not recall a single instance of this sort during my entire journeying. Two, three, four, a half dozen and sometimes a score, may be found together. They are in all sorts of odd and out-of-the-way places, on the roads and off. Like the Irish cabins, they are oftenest at the back, instead of the front, of somewhere or anywhere. Nearness to a mine seems to possess no advantage.

Few are as near as a half mile; thousands are miles away. "Pairdners" in a "core" (corps) who combine their labors, and work one of the three eight-hour "shifts" of each day, may live in as many different directions from the "bal" or pit; Jack, Jem or Jan often occupying homes from six to ten miles apart. But wherever these little miners' hamlets are, their walls are all of everlasting stone, embowered in brilliant Cornish roses and creepers, with cement floors and thatched roofs; every one subject to interminable repairs from onslaughts of vicious sparrows, themselves tiny miners, endlessly sinking shafts and drilling "cross-cuts" and "levels" in the soft and yielding straw.

I was soon able to march squarely up to Jack and Jenny at their cottage doors and boldly ask for accommodations for the night. There was no halting in the negotiations on either side.

"Wass say, Jenny?" the burly fellow would pleasantly ask of his honest wife.

"Shall aw lay an oop?"

"Lay an oop," it should be explained, did not mean that the stranger should be attacked or hustled. It is Cornish for entertaining, caring for, or housing him.

"If tha (thee, thou) can stan' un, Jack," the wife would reply.

"All right, un son," would be the rejoinder, addressed to me. "If tha can stan' un, maak a sel (yourself) th'oom!"

There was no further ceremony about the matter. I always slept in the hall-storied garret beneath the thatch. There is one room below; sometimes two. One door, the front one, is found sufficient. A window is at either side of this, and often directly above these are tiny lights for the garret. Each cottage is provided at one end or at the back, with an open fireplace in the centre of the wall. It has a sort of a range at one side covered with outlandish brass ornaments at which the Cornish housewife is endlessly polishing. At the other side is the "ungooner." This has "heps" or upper and under doors, behind which are stored furze tagots or other fuel.

The furniture of the "Cousin Jack's" home, though scant, is honest and useful. At the fireplace is the "brandes," a triangular iron, on legs, on which, usually over furze fires, the kettles boil, the circular cast iron "baker" and cover are set, and the fish or meat, when they can be indulged in, is "scrowled" or grilled. There are perhaps four chairs. These will have solid mahogany frames, but the seats are of painted pine, and are waxed weekly. These four are "best," and are all the best. For everyday use one or two "firns" or rude benches are provided. EDGAR WAKEMAN.

A Remarkable Family.

About the granite pedestal of the bronze presented to the king and queen of Denmark on the occasion of their golden wedding is a row of bas-relief portraits of the fifty-one children and grandchildren of the house. The most remarkable thing about the group is that out of the fifty-one descendants only one is dead, the Duke of Clarence. Few women can count upon their fiftieth anniversary a family of fifty living descendants, numbering among them a daughter who is an empress, a son who is a king, and another daughter who will be a queen when Victoria is gathered to her fathers.

## PIRATES OF THE DESERT.

How the Caravans are Robbed while Crossing the Sahara.

Among the ethnological curiosities at the latest exposition in Paris were several Touaregs from the Sahara desert. They had been taken prisoners in a fight with Algerian troops and had been kept in confinement in Algeria for a year before they were removed to Paris. So little was known of these terrible bandits of the Sahara that when the news came that some of them were prisoners the French government despatched two scientific men to Algeria with instructions to get from the captives all that could be learned of the history of their great tribe, and of their customs, arts, and language. The two scholars spent most of their time for three months in the Algerian prison, and the information they obtained has been published. Today, the French are building a large military post at El Golea, an oasis in the northern part of the desert, and it is their expectation and policy, using El Golea as a base of operations, to subdue the Touaregs and insure the safety of caravan traffic across the Sahara. That step will be an essential preliminary to carrying out the project of connecting France's Mediterranean and Soudanese possessions by a railroad across the Sahara.

The Touaregs are the most formidable band of professional brigands in the world. They occupy the entire central part of the Sahara, from Ghadames on the north to Timbuctoo on the south. It is impossible to give an approximate idea of their numbers. Dr. Supan estimates the population of the entire Sahara at 2,500,000, and it is probable that the twenty-six sub-families of the great tribe of Touaregs number at least 400,000 souls. All the trade routes from Algeria and Tunis, and some of those from Morocco and Tripoli, pass through their territory. The fanatical nomads murdered Miss Tinné, the handsome young heiress of Holland, whose devotion to the cause of discovery led to her death in the desert. The Touaregs murdered the entire Flatters expedition. They murdered half a dozen catholic priests who were toiling across the desert to found missions in the Soudan. Lieut. Palat and a little later, Camille Douls, who were undertaking the hazardous journey to Timbuctoo, met death by violence in the Touareg country. But their hand is turned no more against the whites than against every traveller who has plunder worth seizing.

The central Sahara is a land where violence is supreme, where treachery is the only law. Not one of the murderers of white travellers has been punished. Ernest Mercier and Mr. Le Chatelier have graphically described the reign of terror in that great region. Many thousands of Arabs, or Arab-Berbers, who live by camel raising, spend their lives in the Touareg country or around its borders. They guard their heads with arms in their hands, but very often the guards are killed by a sudden descent of Touaregs, and the herds are driven away to enrich the bandit camps. Only those Arab tribes are safe that pay heavy blackmail to be let alone. Trading caravans are always on the lookout for black specks on the horizon that may indicate the approach of the desert pirates. As soon as a suspected group appears in the distance the camels are collected and made to lie down, the goods are piled up behind them, and inside this double rampart the traders open fire when the enemy comes within range. More than half the time the Touaregs win the day, and the booty that falls to them they regard as an ample recompense for the losses they sustain.

The Touaregs call their plundering expeditions "Harks" when the number of men on camels taking part in them is a hundred or more; and "Dijche" when the marauders are less numerous. Usually not more than fifteen or twenty brigands take part in a foray. All the whites murdered by the Touaregs have been victims of treachery. They have entered

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the country under assurances of protection and assistance, only to be massacred when lured so far inland that the vengeance of the French was not likely to overtake the murderers. Few white men have seen the Touaregs and lived to describe them. Dr. Lenz, who saw them in Timbuctoo in 1880, says that their wild aspect, their faces half concealed by coverings, their dark blue tobas, their big swords and lances never laid aside for an instant, their rough, loud voices, and their self-conscious bearing make a most disagreeable impression upon him. The Touareg, outlawed by all men, is a phase of the African question with which civilization must deal.

No Need of Dying Young.

Bismarck declares that he owes his rugged old age to the practice of bathing regularly and freely in cold water. Gladstone ascribes his longevity to the simplicity and regularity of his habits. Tennyson believes that his having celebrated his 81st birthday is due to his not having worried or fretted over the small affairs of life. Von Moltke thought his ripe old age was owing to temperance in all the affairs of life, and plenty of exercise in the open air. De Lesseps thinks he owes his advanced age to like causes. Taking all these life-giving agencies together, and considering how easy they are of attainment, there doesn't seem to be any good and sufficient reason why we should die young.

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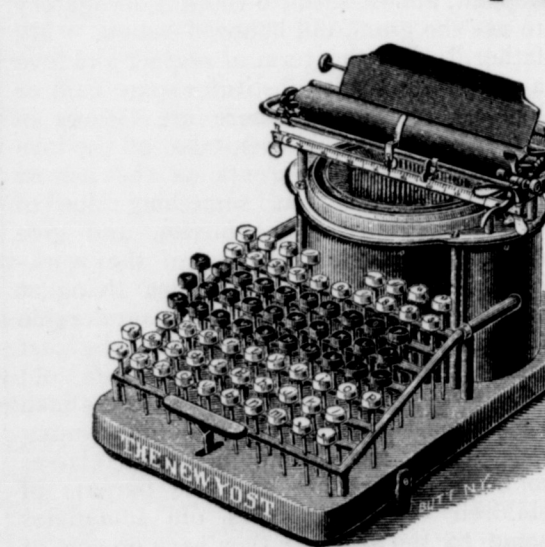
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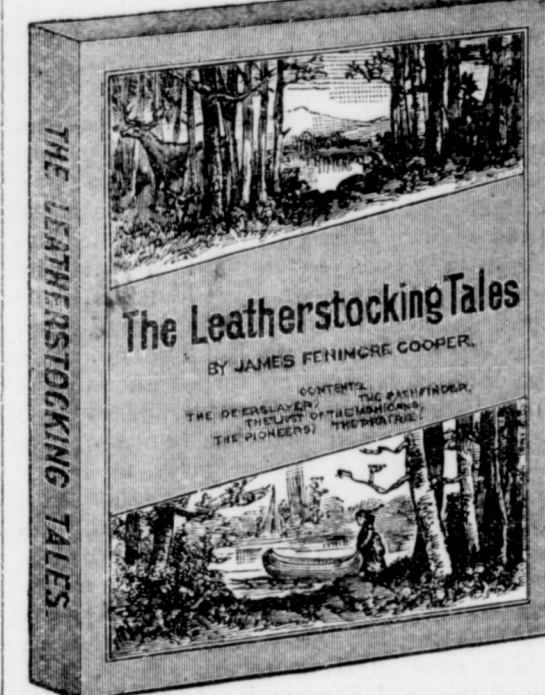
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