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No. CCCCXXXIV. DECEMBER, 1851. Vol. LXX.

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TO THE SHOPKEEPERS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

GENTLEMEN,—As it is customary for most men about this season of the year, when accounts are balanced and squared, to take a serious survey of the posture of their affairs, and to examine into their business prospects, perhaps you may not consider a few observations, touching the welfare and position of that important class of the community to which you belong, either impertinent or ill-timed. You are aware that, for the last year or two, Her Majesty's Ministers have been in the habit of opening Parliament with a congratulatory assurance of the continued, and even augmented, prosperity of the country. The reason why such statements were made, altogether irrespective of their truth or falsehood, is obvious enough. In a political point of view, they were necessary for the vindication of the measures which Government either originated or adopted. To have admitted that the country was not prospering under the new commercial system, would have been considered by the public as tantamount to an acknowledgment that the policy which dictated those measures was vicious; and that the Whig ministry, if not deficient in duty, had at least erred sorely in judgment. In private life, we rarely meet with that degree of candour which amounts to an unequivocal admission of error in point of judgment—in public life, such an admission is altogether unknown. Failure may indeed be acknowledged when the fact becomes too evident to admit of further denial; but the causes of that failure are never attributed to their real source. Not only the purity of the motive, but the wisdom of the conception, is vindicated to the last. In this case, however, failure is totally denied. So far from being put upon their defence, the Whigs maintain that they have achieved a triumph. Their averment is, that, with the exception of the agricultural producers, among whom they allow that a certain degree of distress prevails, all other classes of the community are prosperous. Even for the agriculturists there is balm in store. The prosperity of the other classes is to react upon them; so that, within some indefinite period of time, we shall all find ourselves in circumstances of ease and comfort which have hitherto been unknown in our land.

With you the benefit is represented, not as prospective, but as present. The agriculturist may have to wait a little longer, but you are already provided for. Your cake is baked; and we are assured that you are eating it in thankfulness and joy. If this is really the case, there is no more to be said on the subject. If the harvest of Free Trade has actually yielded you such a large measure of profit, it would be madness in anyone to decry that line of policy in your hearing. You [630] constitute the class which, from its peculiar position and vocation, is better qualified than any other to judge accurately, and from experience, of the degree of prosperity which is actually known in the country. The verdict of twelve shopkeepers, given after an inspection of their books for an average of years, ought to be of more weight, in settling the merits of any disputed commercial question, than the random assurances of a dozen cabinet ministers whose reputation and official existence are bound up in the vindication of their own policy. The reason of this is perfectly obvious. Your profit is simply a commission upon your sales. You do not produce or manufacture articles of consumption—you simply retail them. Your profit depends upon the briskness of trade, that is, the amount of demand. It rises or falls according to the general circumstances of your customers. In good times you make large profits; in bad times those profits decrease. One while your stock sells off rapidly; at another, it remains upon your hands. Your interest is inseparable from that of the great body of consumers by whom you live. You have little or nothing to do with the foreign trade; for, whatever be the nature, of the articles in which you deal, you sell them in the home market. You have, therefore, the best opportunity of estimating the real condition of your customers. The state of your own books, and the comparative degree of ease or difficulty which you experience in the collection of your accounts, furnish you with a sure index of the purchasing power of the community. Compared with this criterion, which is common to every man among you, tables of exports and imports, statements of bank bullion, and such like artificial implements as have been invented by the political impostors and economists, are absolutely worthless. When our sapient Chancellor of the Exchequer, or Mr Labouchere, tell you, with an air of unbounded triumph, that the exportation of calicoes to China or Peru has mightily increased—and therefore argue, without condescending to inquire whether such exportation has been attended with any profit at all to the manufacturers, that the prosperity of the country is advancing at a railway pace—you may indeed be gratified by the statistical information, but you will fail to discover in what way the public are benefited thereby. It is pleasant to know that there are fifteen millions of gold in the vaults of the Bank of England, and that, so long as this hoard remains undiminished, there is little chance of a commercial crisis, or a violent contraction of credit. But we take it you would be infinitely better pleased to know that sovereigns were circulating freely from hand to hand amongst the people, and that your customers had their pockets so well filled as to enable them to purchase largely, and to pay their accounts when due. To you any depression whatever is a serious matter—a depression which assumes a permanent appearance cannot be much short of ruin. Therefore you ought most especially to take care that no false representation is made regarding your circumstances, which may be the means of perpetuating a system that has already proved detrimental to a large body of your customers.

Were we to take for granted the ministerial statement of prosperity—which no doubt will be repeated next February—your Whig minister being an incorrigible cuckoo—this paper would certainly not have been written. But, having had occasion early to doubt the truthfulness of this vernal note, and having taken some pains to examine the statements which from time to time are issued by the great houses engaged in commercial and manufacturing industry, as also the accounts of the present condition of the poor, which have excited so much public interest, we have really been unable to discover any one influential class, beyond the money-lenders and creditors, or any one large and important branch of industry, which can, with truth, be described

as prospering, or will confess to the existence of such prosperity. Shipmasters, manufacturers, merchants, iron-masters, and agriculturists, all tell the same tale. This is very strange. You may [631] possibly remember that Mr M'Gregor, once Secretary to the Board of Trade, and now member for Glasgow, the great commercial city of Scotland, estimated the additional amount of wealth which was to accrue to Great Britain, in consequence of the repeal of the Corn Laws, at two millions sterling per week! Upon what data that profound gentleman, who thus enunciated the prophecy and assumed the mask of Midas, proceeded in his calculation, we know not, and perhaps it would be superfluous to inquire. It certainly was a good round sum; for, by this time, without insisting upon compound, or even simple interest, it should have amounted to rather more than one-half of the national debt; but unfortunately nobody will own to having fingered a farthing of the money. In recalling to your memory this little circumstance, it is by no means our intention to offer any disrespect to the intellectual powers of M'Gregor, for whom, indeed, we entertain a high degree of veneration, similar to that which is manifested by the Mussulman when he finds himself in the company of a howling derveesh. We merely wish to reproduce to you one phantom of the golden dream, which, five or six years ago, when the fever of gain was epidemical, possessed the slumbers of so many; and having done so, to ask you, now that the fever is gone, whether it was not indeed a phantom? We are wiser now—at all events, we have had more experience—and the producing classes tell us very distinctly, and quite unanimously, that they have derived no benefit whatever from the commercial changes which have taken place. Capital, whether invested in ships, factories, mines, or land, is less profitable, and therefore less valuable, than it was before; and in some instances, where the depression has been most heavy, it has been almost annihilated.

These are not our statements, but the statements of the several interests, as put forward by their own representatives. They are statements which emanate alike from the Free-Trader and the Protectionist. Men may differ as to the cause, but they all agree as to the grand fact of the depression. So that, when we hear ministers congratulating themselves and the country upon its general prosperity, and, *pari passu* with this congratulation, find the accredited organs of each of the great branches of productive industry vehemently asserting that they are exceptions from the general rule, an anxious believer in the probity of all parties has his faith somewhat rudely shaken.

We believe that, collectively, you are the best judges as to this disputed matter. As the real wealth of the country depends upon the amount and value of its yearly produce—as from that annual creation, when measured by the monetary standard, and circulated through a thousand channels, all our incomes are derived—you, who supply the whole population with the necessaries and luxuries of life, (fabricated by others, but passing through your hands,) must necessarily have the best means of knowing whether the circumstances of that population have, on the aggregate, been bettered or made worse. When Napoleon in the bitterness of his heart declared that we were a nation of shopkeepers, he uttered no terms of reproach, though he intended to convey a taunt. Your position in the community is such that you cannot flourish independent of its general prosperity. The exporting manufacturer, and even the foreign merchant, may multiply their gains, and realise fortunes, whilst other classes, whose wellbeing is far more important to the stability of the empire, are hastening to decay. Such phenomena are common in old states, when the process of dissolution has begun. The parasite lives and thrives, while the tree round which it has wound its tendrils is crumbling into rottenness. But such is not your case. Your interests are identical with those of the productive classes, for without them you could not exist. Ill-remunerated labour—unproductive capital—lessened means—deteriorated property—are things which affect you as deeply as though you were the direct sufferers or losers. Upon the wealth of your customers depends your own. And therefore, in such an important crisis as the present, when the existing commercial system of the country is vigorously assailed by one party, and as obstinately defended by another—when facts and statements apparently of much [632] weight are adduced on either side, to serve as arguments for the overthrow or the maintenance of that system—when some cite statistical tables to prove that the country must be prosperous, and others adduce real evidence to show that the reverse is the case—you cannot afford to sit idly by, without throwing the weight of your testimony and experience into one or other of the scales. You have had admirable opportunities of noticing the working of the Free-Trade system. It matters not what were the original prepossessions of any of you, or what might have been your opinion with regard to the merits of this or that scheme, while it was still in embryo and untried. A more complex question than that of Free Trade, as affecting the importation of corn, probably never was presented to the public consideration. Many excellent, judicious, and thoroughly patriotic men, relying upon the truth of statements which were regarded by others as mere plausible theories, were willing to submit to the experiment. And when, by the grossest act of political perfidy that was ever perpetrated—an act which future times, if not the present, will stigmatise with deserved opprobrium—the last and most important change, save that which subsequently assailed our maritime interest, was suddenly effected, it was the declared opinion of the majority that the new system must at least have a trial, until its real results were developed, and until it became apparent to the nation whether or not Free Trade would operate for the advantage of the people, as its advocates and promoters had predicted.

Here we must, for a moment or two, however unwillingly, digress. The later measures of Free Trade have assailed interests so important and so strong, that its former and earlier advances, stealthily and cautiously made, have almost faded from the public view. Free Trade, as a political system, did not alone strike at the agricultural or the shipping interest. Since the days of Mr Huskisson, who brought with him into active life the principles which he had imbibed in youth from his associates in French Jacobinism, the principles of Free Trade have been gradually but

cautiously applied to various branches of British industry. The slow and insidious nature of the movement on the part of the statesmen, who, even then, were yielding to the influence of the modern economical school, showed their distrust of the system, which, if true, ought at once to have been openly promulgated. Like the late Sir Robert Peel, Huskisson was destitute of that manly courage which scorns concealment or deceit, and walks steadfastly to its goal. Cunning was an ingredient of his nature: whatever he did was accomplished by tortuous methods, and vindicated upon false pretences. The tendency of that policy which he commenced was to maintain by all means, at all hazards, and at the sacrifice, if needful, of every other interest, the manufacturing supremacy, of England in the foreign market—an object for which we still are striving, though at the imminent risk of the dismemberment of the British empire. It is due, however, to the memory of Mr Huskisson, to remark, that, although the originator of this policy, he does not seem to have contemplated the extent to which it would be carried out by his successors. His opinions upon the subject of protection to agriculture were clear and decided: "There is no effectual security, either in peace or war, against the frequent return of scarcity, but in making ourselves independent of foreign supply. Let the bread we eat be the produce of corn grown among ourselves; and, for one, I care not how cheap it is—the cheaper the better. It is cheap now, and I rejoice at it, because it is altogether owing to a sufficiency of corn of our own growth; but, to insure a continuance of that cheapness, and that sufficiency, we must insure to our own growers *protection against foreign importation*, which has produced those blessings, and by which alone they can be permanently maintained." The time, however, was fast approaching when the reins of government were to fall into the hands of a scion of the manufacturing body, in whose eyes the momentary supremacy of party was of more importance than any principle of [633] national policy. There is no more curious page in history than that which records the rise of British manufactures towards the close of last century. Invention after invention, whereby manual labour was superseded by machinery, and the power of production almost indefinitely multiplied, paved the way for that monopoly which our manufacturers enjoyed for at least a quarter of a century, during which time every other country in Europe except our own was devastated by war, and the peaceful arts forgotten or overthrown. It was during that period that the gigantic fortunes of the Arkwrights and the Peels were made, and that influence secured to the manufacturing body in the British House of Commons which it never possessed before. But with the return of peace the monopoly disappeared. By invention in mechanical appliances, Britain had the start of other nations in the creation of manufactures; by war, she was enabled long to enjoy the undivided benefits. But inventions are not the property of a single nation; they pass from one to another with the rapidity of lightning; they are available by the foreign, even more easily than by the domestic, rival. Hence it very soon became apparent that other states were preparing to compete with us in those branches of industry which had proved so exceedingly profitable. France, Belgium, Germany, Russia, Switzerland, and America, all entered keenly into the contest; and then commenced that decline of prices which has continued, almost without intermission, to the present hour. Reciprocity treaties were tried, but were in fact of little avail; for the great bulk of the English exports consisted of those very textile fabrics which it was the object of each country to produce for its own consumption, if not to export to others. During the war, both the expenses of government and the interest of the National Debt had doubled in amount, and the monetary changes effected in 1819 added at least one-third to the weight of that augmented burden. In order to make this taxation bearable, the industry of the people was protected in their own market by a scale of customs duties, which prevented the influx of foreign produce at rates which must have annihilated the British workman. Protection is a clear necessity which arises out of taxation. If the tobacco, tea, coffee, sugar, beer, soap, and other articles of the labourer's consumption, are taxed in order to maintain an expensive establishment, and to defray the interest of an enormous debt, he must have a compensation of some kind. The only kind of compensation which can be granted, and which the wit of man can devise, is to be found in an equitable scale of duties, by means of which all produce imported into Britain shall be taxed as heavily as though it had been reared, grown, or made up on British ground by British labourers. Unless this be done, there is no fair competition. The less burdened foreigner must ultimately carry the day against the heavily-taxed Englishman. And when we consider that all taxes must be paid out of produce, there being no other source whatever from which they can be drawn, the importance of maintaining the market value of our produce at a point equal to the pressure of our taxation will at once become apparent.

There are, however, plausible, though in reality most fallacious grounds, upon which the Protective System may be assailed. In this, as in every other country, the first and most important branch of industry is that which provides food for the population. To that all others are subordinate. It is impossible to estimate the amount of capital which has been laid out upon the soil of Britain, first in reclaiming it from a state of nature, and, since then, in maturing and increasing its fruitfulness. But some idea may be formed of its magnitude from the fact that, in 1846, the annual agricultural produce of the United Kingdom was valued, according to the prices then current, at £250,000,000. Whatever imperial taxation is imposed on other classes of the community is shared equally by the agriculturists; and they are, moreover, exposed to heavy local [634] rates, from which the others are comparatively free. It is a received maxim in political economy—we ought rather to say a rule of common sense—that all taxes and charges paid by the producer, over and above his necessary profit, fail ultimately to be defrayed by the consumer—that is, that such taxes and charges form a component part of the selling price of the article. There is no specialty whatever in the case of corn or provisions to exempt them from the general rule. But all restrictions which tend to enhance the price of the first necessaries of life are obnoxious to that section of the people who, from ignorance or incapacity, cannot understand why bread should be dear in one country and cheap in another. They, too, are subjected to their share of indirect

taxation, and the knowledge that they are so taxed in the consumption of articles which constitute their only luxuries, renders them doubly impatient of a system which, on the authority of wicked and designing demagogues, they are led to believe was invented by the landlords solely for their own benefit. Thus heavy taxation, however engendered, must always be fraught with great peril to the permanency of a state. The burden of such taxation falls most heavily upon the land, and yet the agriculturist is expected to provide food for the people as cheaply as though he were altogether exempt from the burden.

The reason why the exporting manufacturers, and those politicians who entered thoroughly into their views, were so bent upon the destruction of the Corn Laws, was twofold. In the first place, the competition in foreign markets threatened to become so strong, owing to the rapid development of textile industry on the Continent, that it was necessary to lower prices. England had given machinery and models to the Continent, and the Continent was now fighting her with her own weapons, and at a cheaper cost, as labour abroad is less expensive than it is here. In order to bring down the value of labour in England, for the purpose of protracting this grand manufacturing contest, it was necessary to lower, in some way or other, the price of food in England, and this could only be accomplished by free admission of foreign supplies. In short, their object was to bring down wages. On this point we have the testimony of Mr Muntz, M.P. for Birmingham, as early as February 1842. He wrote as follows:—"Say what you will, the *object* of the measure is *to reduce wages*, and the *intention* is to reduce them to the Continental level. I repeat it, the Corn Laws very materially support labour in this country.... Why, the professed object of the repeal is to enable the English merchant to compete with the foreigner, and how can he do that *unless by a reduction of wages*, which reduction will be upon all trade, home and foreign?" Mr John Bright was not less clear as to the necessity of such reduction of wages in order to maintain our exports: "If the tariff in Russia imposed a heavy duty on English yarn, and if English yarn went there and had to be sold at the same rate as the yarn of the Russian spinner, he (that is, the Russian spinner) not paying the heavy duty, it followed that we must, *by some means or other*, make our goods cheaper by the amount of duty which we paid, and to do that *it was absolutely necessary that the wages of the operatives in this country should be reduced*." And Mr Greg of Manchester, a leading member of the Anti-Corn Law League, wrote as follows:—"In the only remaining item of the cost of production—that is, the wages of labour—foreign nations have a decided advantage; and although a free trade in provisions, by lowering them here, and raising them abroad, might regulate the difference, I doubt if it ever could be entirely removed. Better education, more sober habits, more frugality, and general forethought, together with cheaper food, will no doubt enable our people to live in much greater comfort than at present UPON CONSIDERABLY SMALLER EARNINGS." These extracts sufficiently disclose the designs of the Free-Traders against the wages of the workman. In the second place, it was believed by many of them, that, by sacrificing the agriculturists, they would be able to turn the attention of other [635] countries, especially America, from the prosecution of their rising manufactures. They argued, that if we were to surrender and secure our provision market to foreign states, they would return the compliment by allowing us to manufacture for them—in other words, that the foreigners were to feed England, and England was to clothe the foreigners! This precious scheme has since been avowed, seriously and gravely, by men who have seats in the present House of Commons; and, so far as we can understand their language, the philosophers of the *Edinburgh Review* consider this a most sensible arrangement!

The agricultural interest, however, was of too great magnitude to be attacked at once. Several outworks were to be gained before the citadel was summoned to surrender. Accordingly Mr Huskisson began, and Sir Robert Peel continued, that system of commercial relaxations, (which, some five-and-twenty years ago, was exposed and denounced in this Magazine,) annihilating some branches of industry and depressing others—pauperising whole districts, as in the Highlands, and merging the villages in the towns—until the time seemed ripe, and the opportunity propitious, for the accomplishment of the grand design. It is not now necessary to dwell upon the circumstances which attended the change in the Corn and Navigation Laws—these are still fresh in the memory of all of us, and will not soon be forgotten. Our object in this digression was simply to remind you that Free Trade, in its insidious and stealthy progress, has warred with other interests than those which belong to the agricultural and the maritime classes.

Neither is it necessary at present to advert to the gross inconsistencies of the system—to the restrictions which it still continues upon that very branch of industry which it has laid bare to foreign competition. Let us take the system as it is, of which you have had now nearly three years' experience, dating from the time when the ports were opened.

Three years constitute a long period for the endurance of a commercial experiment. During that time you have had ample opportunity of observing how the system has worked. Are you richer or poorer than you were before the experiment began? If the former, Free Trade has worked well; if the latter, it is a mischievous delusion.

This is a question which you alone can answer—or rather, every man must answer it for himself. But this much we may be allowed to say, that, from what information we can gather regarding the state of general trade—from the sentiments which we have heard expressed by many of the most respectable of your own body—the experiences of the last year have not been such as to give you much encouragement for the future. If it is so, then you will do well to consider whether or not you ought to lend that great political influence which you undoubtedly possess, in support of a system which has not only failed to realise the anticipations of its founders, but has actually diminished in a great degree the power of purchase of the community.

This is no trivial matter to any of us, least of all is it trivial to you. The next general election will

be, in its results, by far the most important of any which has taken place for centuries. If, in the new Parliament, all idea of a return to the Protective System is abandoned, we may prepare ourselves for that most dismal conflict which can convulse a country—a war against taxation, and ultimately against property. For—rely upon this—heavy taxation and cheap produce are things which never can be reconciled. You may, if you please, hand over the home market of Britain to the foreigner, and allow him, without toll or custom, to supply our wants with produce of his own rearing; but, if you do so, what is to become of our own population, and their labour?—and how are you to levy those taxes which labour alone can supply? That manufacturing interest, for which such desperate sacrifices have been made, is daily losing ground in the markets of the world. The fact will brook no denial, and it is admitted even by its own members. America has refused the bait offered to her by the Free-Traders, and is engaged heart and soul in the cotton [636] manufacture, for which she possesses within herself the command of the raw material. *To those countries which supply us with corn, our exports of manufactures have alarmingly decreased.* We may continue to glut (for that is what we are doing at present) the markets of India and China, and our export tables may exhibit a cheering increase in the amount of yards of calico sent out; but, unless the trade circulars are utterly mendacious, the speculation has been, and will continue to be for a long tract of time, unprofitable. The fact is, that the extent and value of our foreign trade in manufactures is little understood by most of us, and grossly exaggerated by others. It constitutes, after all, a mere fraction of the national production. The consumption of manufactures at home is, or was, before the late changes were made, twice as great as the whole amount of our annual exports. The prosperity of this country does not depend upon the amount of wares which it sends or forces abroad, though that is the doctrine which is constantly clamoured in our ears by the political economists—a generation of ridiculous pretenders, of whom it is only necessary to know one, in order to form an accurate estimate of the mental capabilities of his tribe. It depends on our own labour, on our own internal arrangements, and on that reciprocity between man and man, and between class and class of our fellow-subjects, which is the only real security for the peace and tranquillity of a kingdom. Those exporting manufacturers, who rummage foreign markets, are no better than so many buccaneers. Their object is to evade the burden of taxation at home, and, wherever they can with advantage to themselves, to bring in foreign labour, untaxed and untolled, to supersede that of the British workman.

You cannot have failed to remark that the arguments which are now put forward by the Free-Traders, in support of their system, are totally different from those which they advanced while recommending it for the adoption of the country. How often were we told, during the struggle which preceded the repeal of the Corn Laws, that all the apprehensions expressed of a permanent fall in the value of produce, and of overwhelming importations from abroad, were purely visionary! Learned statists undertook to prove by figures that the whole quantity of grain which could be brought into this country was absolutely insignificant, and that it could not disturb prices. Mr James Wilson of the *Economist*, in his valuable tractate entitled *Influences of the Corn Laws*, which was published eleven years ago, thus favoured the public with *his* anticipations for the future, in the event of the repeal of the Corn Laws:—

"Our belief is," says the sage of Westbury, "that the whole of these generally received opinions are erroneous; that if we had had a free trade in corn since 1815, the average price of the whole period, actually received by the British grower, would have been higher than it has been; that little or no more foreign grain would have been imported; and that if, for the next twenty years, the whole protective system shall be abandoned, *the average price of wheat will be higher than it has been for the last seven years*, (52s. 2d.,) or than it would be in the future with a continuance of the present system;—but with this great difference, that prices would be nearly uniform and unaltering from year to year; that the disastrous fluctuations would be greatly avoided, which we have shown, in the first proposition, to be so ruinous under the present system."

For this very notable sentiment, Mr Wilson was clapped on the back by the Manchester men, and commended thus in the seventh circular of the League:—"We are much indebted to Mr Ibbotson of Sheffield, *Mr James Wilson*, and our esteemed correspondent, for labouring to prove to the landlords that they may safely do justice to others, without endangering their own interests. And we think very much has been done towards justifying their opinions, *that the money price of grain would not be lowered even by the total repeal of the Corn Laws*!" Sir Robert Peel, in the memorable debates of 1846, attempted to justify his experiment on the ground that [637] previous commercial relaxations had been found beneficial to the parties who were directly engaged in the trade, his inference being, that the same result would follow in the case of the agriculturists. Unfortunately the data upon which he proceeded were altogether fallacious; for, notwithstanding his dexterity in selecting figures, and bringing out balances which were apparently favourable, it was clearly demonstrated by Lord George Bentinck, that in no one instance whatever had those relaxations proved favourable to the British producer, and that many of them had moreover occasioned a large loss to the public revenue. But the language held by Sir Robert Peel, upon that occasion, cannot be construed otherwise than as the expression of an opinion that, by the repeal of the Corn Laws, prices would not be materially disturbed—at all events, that they would not be lowered so as to fall below the remunerative point.

The immense influx of foreign grain which followed the opening of the ports in 1849, and the immediate fall of price, were calculated to alarm not only the farmers, but even that section of the Free-Traders who believed conscientiously that the productive powers of Europe and America were unequal to the supply of so very considerable a surplus. It is no wonder that the farmers were frightened, when they saw grain coming in at the rate of a million of quarters per month! They were, however, told by the highest Free-trading authorities in both Houses of Parliament, and the same view was violently maintained by the Liberal press, that their fears were altogether

groundless; that such importations could not possibly be maintained; and that the first inundation was simply caused by an accumulation of corn at the foreign ports, stored up in readiness for the opening of the English market—a contingency which could not happen again. The utmost pains were taken, by those who had consented to the repeal of the Corn Laws, to persuade the farmers that the low prices of 1849 were attributable principally to the superabundance of the harvest at home; and they were exhorted to wait patiently, but hopefully, for the advent of better times. In short, every means were taken to persuade the agriculturists that they were labouring under a temporary but not a permanent difficulty, and that a very short time would suffice to restore them to their former condition. But no one attempted to maintain, in 1849, that, if wheat continued to sell at or about 40s. per quarter, its cultivation could be profitable in Britain; and when, at a later period, one or two rash theorists attempted to broach that doctrine, they were instantly put to silence by the overwhelming nature of the proof which was brought against them —not the least instructive part of it being the admissions of the leading Free-Traders as to what really was, on an average of years, the remunerative price of wheat to the British grower.

It is now clearly established, that, under Free Trade, 40s. per quarter is a price which the British farmer cannot calculate on receiving. The averages of England are now about 36s. per quarter, being 20s. lower than the sum which Sir Robert Peel considered as the lowest which could remunerate the grower. Therefore, taking the average yield of good wheat-land at four quarters per acre, it appears that, by continuing to grow that kind of grain which is convertible into ordinary bread, the farmer must be a positive loser to the extent of *four pounds per acre*! In other words, even suppose no rent at all were taken for the land, wheat cannot continue to be grown at a profit in Great Britain, so long as the averages remain below 40s.; and we leave a large margin to the credit of improved husbandry and strict economy, exercised, as it must be, at the expense of the labourer's wages. That such is the present condition of the British farmers—a hopeless one, unless a legislative remedy is applied—will brook no denial. Last year we were told of farms letting at an increase of rent, and of other symptoms of agricultural prosperity, whereof nothing now is heard. The fact of the depression—if we may use so mild a term in respect to a branch of industry which is now merely existing upon capital, not by income—is beyond all possibility of doubt or cavil. The causes of it are obvious; and it now only remains to be seen whether we can afford to allow agriculture to be extinguished from among us, or at best raised to [638] that point which will afford a bare subsistence to the grower, without the risk of involving the rest of us in a like calamity.

You may have heard it said—for it has been often written—that it signifies little to the people of this country from what source they receive their bread. It is worth your while to examine into this. That a loaf baked of American flour, grown in the valley of the Mississippi, may taste quite as well in the mouth of the consumer as a loaf of English material is a circumstance which we can readily believe; but is this all that is to be considered? Does the American bear any part of our national taxation? Does he contribute, directly or indirectly, to the burdens which are common to the British producer? Does he deal with any of you, and can you call him a customer? These are the questions which you ought to ask yourselves, in making up your minds on this matter; and if you will only examine the subject patiently and dispassionately, your own common sense will lead you to a just conclusion. Let us suppose that all the food which you purchase and consume was grown on a foreign soil, and admitted free of duty. You might then have cheap bread, but, as a necessary consequence, you would lose more than half your customers. Unless people have money they cannot buy; and if agricultural production were to be abandoned in the British islands, all those who derive their incomes—not only directly, but indirectly—from the soil, would necessarily be stripped of their means. Are you aware of the fact that, on a minute analysis of the census of 1841, it appeared that the relative numbers of the population of Great Britain and Ireland, supported and maintained by the two great sources of production, agriculture and manufactures, were as 18,734,468, dependent on the first, to 8,091,621, dependent on the second? Do you believe that the country can remain prosperous, if you strike a deathblow at the produce which maintains more than two-thirds of its inhabitants?

Let us go a little farther, and suppose—what may hereafter be the case—that other countries could undersell us in the home market in the article of manufactures—that America, France, or Germany could send us cotton and woollen stuffs, and other ware, cheaper than we could make them at home. In that case, where would be the sources of our income? All industry would be prostrated—for you know very well that a losing trade will not and cannot be carried on long, and that the time will soon arrive when, through the failure of capital, it must be abandoned. In such an event, what would become of our population, with their labour entirely destroyed? How could the taxes be levied, and the expenses of government paid, to say nothing of the interest of the National Debt? Great cheapness you would have, no doubt, but nobody would be able to buy.

If cheapness is a blessing in food, it is a blessing in clothing and in everything else. The rule admits of no exception. It is as advantageous for any of us to save a pound on the price of his coat as a penny on the price of his loaf. Bread is, no doubt, the most important article of the workingman's consumption, but at the same time it is no less a fact that the raising of food is the most important part of the production of the labouring-classes. Without home labour, all capital in this country would be annihilated, or at least would depart from it. Labour depends entirely upon wages, and wages upon the market price of the article produced. If from the introduction of foreign labour, in the shape of products, the price of any article is forced down below the cost of production, then wages begin to fall, and in the end production is extinguished. Why is it that foreign countries have imposed heavy duties upon our exported articles of manufacture? Simply for this object—that their own manufacturers, who give employment to large numbers of their population, may not be undersold by ours, nor those means of employment annihilated. In acting

thus, these governments perform a paternal duty to the people—shielding them against the competition of an older manufacturing power, and preparing them hereafter, when skill and capital are acquired, to enter neutral markets, with a fair chance of ultimately overcoming the other. [639]

It stands to reason that, with an equal degree of energy on the part of its inhabitants, the country which is the least heavily burdened must distance others in all branches of industry, where nature does not oppose a barrier, or place it at a disadvantage. The mineral wealth of England, and our priority in manufacturing invention, gave us for a long time an advantage over all other nations. America was not advanced enough to enter into the lists of manufacturing competition; the distracted state of the Continent, and the perpetual presence or apprehension of war, effectually prevented the European states from attempting to rival Britain. But since that time vast changes have taken place. The mineral resources of other countries have been developed. Some idea of the manufacturing power which America now possesses may be formed from the enormous increase of her domestic production of iron and coal. In 1829, the amount of iron manufactured in the United States was 90,000 tons; in 1848, it had risen to 800,000 tons. The coal raised in 1829 was 37,000 tons; in 1849 it was 3,200,000 tons. In the article of cotton, which is our great manufacturing staple, America has the inestimable advantage of growing the raw material—an advantage which never can be counterbalanced, as, even if we were to obtain our supplies from some other quarter, the expenses of freightage must still continue to be great. In fact, to all appearance, our supremacy in the conversion of cotton is already doomed. That branch of industry rests upon no substantial basis. It rose like an exhalation, and so it will disappear. These are not merely our opinions, but those of the most shrewd and calculating of the Free-Traders. Hear Mr Greg of Manchester on this subject, previous to the repeal of the Corn Laws:—

> "At present we are undersold by foreigners in neutral markets in all the staple articles of English manufacture. In the articles of cotton, hosiery, and cutlery, which amount altogether to three-fourths of our exports, this is notoriously the case. In cotton fabrics the Swiss undersell us in several markets. In cutlery Sheffeld is immensely undersold by the Alsace, and our exports are yearly decreasing. In hosiery, the case is still worse. Saxon hosiery, after paying a duty of 20 per cent, is sold in London 25 to 30 per cent cheaper than the produce of the Leicester and Nottingham looms. In Leicester the stocking frames have diminished from 16,000 in 1815 to 14,000 in 1840; whilst in Saxony, in the same time, they have increased from 4590 to 25,000. The English manufacturer pays 2s. 6d. for the same work that the French manufacturer gets done for 2½d. The American cutlery market (the most important of all) has been wrested from us, and our exports of that article to all the world have fallen from £1,620,000 in 1831 to £1,325,000 in 1841. *How far with cheaper food, no taxes on the raw material, and no duties but for the sake of revenue, we might yet recover our lost superiority, is a matter for grave consideration.* I do not believe we could either in woollens or hosiery; and even in the cutlery or cotton trade I think it very doubtful. Now, under a free commercial system, the raw material would be nearly the same in all countries, and the advantage, where there was one, would be generally on the side of foreigners. France and Italy would have an advantage in silk, and America in cotton; the current expenses would also be nearly equal. The machinery of foreign nations even now is not very inferior to our own, and is daily and rapidly improving; their capital is fast accumulating, and the yearly interest of it approximating to our own rate."

Here, you see, is a confession of opinion by a leading Free-Trader, that even the cheapening of food, by which he means the reduction of the wages of labour, will not suffice ultimately to secure us the supremacy of the foreign markets. He is perfectly right. In this insane, and we believe almost entirely unprofitable competition with the rest of the world, we must infallibly be overcome. No cheapness of food can countervail the pressure of our heavy taxation. The cotton-lords, if they could, would fain bring down the price of labour to the Continental level, which doubtless would enable them, for a long time, to prolong the contest; but this they cannot do, if our national engagements are to be fulfilled, and our most valuable institutions maintained. So long as the revenue duties exist, labour cannot be forced down to that point. But, in the mean [640] time, agriculture may be ruined, and the home trade, by which alone you subsist, be palsied. In fact, the present struggle lies between the home trade and the foreign trade. One or other of these must ultimately succumb. The effect of our present commercial system is to paralyse the home trade, by decreasing the value of all kinds of domestic produce; by lowering all incomes, and consequently reducing the amount of the internal business of the country. It has enabled our manufacturers, for the time, to make a show of larger exports than before; but it has not, according to their own acknowledgement, at all enhanced their profits. It may have enabled them to lower their prices, but it has not increased their returns.

And no wonder that it should be so. Except in the most miserable and unimportant quarters, our relaxations have been met by augmented tariffs instead of eager reciprocity. The nations of the world have refused to sacrifice their advantages, to renounce their prospects, and to become Free-Traders at the call of Britain. Their statesmen thoroughly understood the motive of the ingenuous offer: they were not to be cozened even by the plausibility of Sir Robert Peel. It is almost melancholy now, when we remember what has actually taken place, to revert to the peroration of that statesman's speech delivered on 16th February 1846. A more lamentable instance of delusion, as to the true feeling and position of other countries, was never perhaps exhibited. Mark his words:—

"Many countries are watching with anxiety the selection you may make. Determine for 'Advance,' and it will be the watchword which will animate and encourage in every state the friends of liberal commercial policy. Sardinia has taken the lead. Naples is relaxing her protective duties, and favouring British produce. Prussia is shaken in her adherence to restriction. The government of France will be strengthened; and, backed by the intelligence of the reflecting, and by conviction of the real welfare of the great body of the community, will perhaps ultimately prevail over the self-interest of the commercial and manufacturing aristocracy which now predominates in her Chambers. Can you doubt that the United States will soon relax her hostile tariff, and that the friends of a freer commercial intercourse—the friends of peace between the two countries—will hail with satisfaction the example of England?"

How strangely did this remarkable man, whose career in all time coming will be a warning to the aspiring statesman, misunderstand the true nature of his country's position! In order to tempt reciprocity he opened the British ports—that is, he conceded gratuitously the only condition by which we ever could have hoped to insure it! At the expense of the British agriculturist he opened the British market to the foreigner, in the expectation, as he expressly declared, that the boon would be repaid by measures which would prevent the rise of manufactures abroad, and restrain other nations from employing capital profitably, from entering into rivalry with Britain, and from using those natural advantages which were ready to their hand; and which, if used, could not fail to add to their wealth, and to furnish employment for millions of their increasing population! Most egregious was the blunder, and terrible is the penalty which we are certain to pay for it, if we do not retrace our steps.

It is always useful to know what intelligent men of other countries think of our system. They survey and examine it without those prejudices which are apt to beset all of us, and are better able than ourselves to determine with what degree of favour it will be received, or is received, by those who are removed beyond the scope of our immediate observation. Certainly, of all others, from their affinity to ourselves, and their proverbially shrewd acuteness in all matters of commercial detail, the Americans are most likely to form an accurate estimate both of our position and our prospects in regard to foreign trade. It is well worth our while to read and consider the following opinion of Mr Carey, the most distinguished Transatlantic writer on points of political economy. It occurs in his work entitled *The Harmony of Interests*, published in America so late as December 1849.

[641]

"Men are everywhere flying from British commerce, which everywhere pursues them. Having exhausted the people of the lower lands of India, it follows them as they retreat towards the fastnesses of the Himalaya. Affghanistan is attempted, while Scinde and the Punjaub are subjugated. Siamese provinces are added to the empire of Free Trade, and war and desolation are carried into China, in order that the Chinese may be compelled to pay for the use of ships, instead of making looms. The Irishman flies to Canada; but there the system follows him, and he feels himself insecure until within the Union. The Englishman and the Scotchman try Southern Africa, and thence they fly to the more distant New Holland, Van Diemen's Land, or New Zealand. The farther they fly, the more they use ships and other perishable machinery, the less steadily can their efforts be applied, the less must be the power of production, and the fewer must be the equivalents to be exchanged; and yet in the growth of ships caused by such circumstances, we are told to look for evidence of prosperous commerce!

"*The British system is built upon cheap labour, by which is meant low-priced and worthless labour.* Its effect is to cause it to become from day to day more low-priced and worthless; and thus *to destroy production upon which commerce must be based*. The object of protection is to produce dear labour—that is, high-priced and valuable labour, and its effect is to cause it to increase in value from day to day, and to increase the equivalents to be exchanged, to the great increase of commerce.

"The object of what is now called Free Trade, is that of securing to the people of England the further existence of *the monopoly of machinery*, by aid of which Ireland and India have been ruined, and commerce prostrated. Protection seeks *to break down this monopoly*, and to cause the loom and the anvil to take their natural places by the side of the food and the cotton, that production may be increased, and that commerce may revive."

In short, the harmony of interests is regarded in America as the grand point of aim for the statesman. With us, our most important home interests, on which depend the welfare of by far the greater part of our population, are sacrificed to prolong a struggle in which our exporting manufacturers cannot possibly be the victors, and from which, even at present, they derive little or no profit.

Now, let us ask you to consider for one moment, what is the natural effect, upon the whole of us, of a forcible diminution of prices, and depreciation of produce. Here we shall borrow an illustration and argument from our adversaries, referring to a point which is in the recollection of all of you, and about which there can be no possible mistake. You will recollect that the Liberal and Free-trading journals, almost without exception, as well as most of the defenders of the Peel policy in the House of Commons, attributed much of that general depression and stagnation of trade which followed the repeal of the Corn Laws to the losses sustained by the failure of the potato-crop in 1845-6. Was there a general want of confidence visible—were the shopkeepers

scant of custom—was there a less demand than usual within the country for home manufactures —was there a decline in the price of iron—all was laid at the door of the unfortunate potato. Since Cobbett uttered his anathema against the root, it never was in such bad odour. To every complaint, remonstrance, or lamentation, the reply was ready—"How can we remedy a calamity of this kind? The potato has done it all!" At that time it was very convenient, nay, absolutely necessary, for the Free-Traders to discover some tangible cause for the gross failure of their predictions. They looked about them in every direction, and they could discover nothing except the potato which could endure the blame. Now, although we believe that this esculent has been unduly reviled, and made to bear a greater burden than was its due for political misfortune, we nevertheless accept the illustration at the hands of our opponents, and we beg you to mark its significance. The loss of the potato-crop in Great Britain and Ireland, during the year in question, has been variously estimated, but if we assume it to have been £20,000,000 we are making a very large calculation indeed. So then, *according to the Free-Traders, the loss of twenty millions of agricultural produce* was sufficient to bring down profits, embarrass trade, and cause a stagnation in home manufactures! And yet, when Mr Villiers came forward in the beginning of [642] 1850, and told you, in his capacity of proposer of the Address to the Crown, that £91,000,000 were *annually* taken from the value of the agricultural produce of the country, you were expected, and directed, to clap your hands with joy, and to congratulate one another on this symptom of the national prosperity!

The sum of twenty millions lost by the failure of the potato-crop—a single event, not one of annual occurrence—was taken from the country's power of produce; and *therefore*, said the Free-Traders, there was stagnation. But they, of course, could not help it. Of course they could not; but what about the ninety-one millions of *annual* loss, which is equally deducted from the internal expenditure of the country? About *that* we do not hear a word. And yet ask yourselves, and that most seriously—for it is time that we should get rid of all such pitiful paltering—whether there is any difference whatever between the two cases, except that the one was an isolated casualty, and that the other is an annual infliction to which we are subjected by statute? Weigh the matter as you will, you cannot, we are satisfied, be able to detect any difference. If the grower of grain at present prices has no remuneration for his toil, or return for his capital, he cannot buy from you, any more than could the farmer whose crop perished by the potato disease. What caused the stagnation? The failure of the power to purchase, because there was no return for produce. What causes the stagnation? Precisely the same thing perpetrated by Act of Parliament.

Do not, we beseech you, allow yourselves to be fooled any longer by the jesuitry of these political economists, but apply your own reason to discover the cause of the present depression. Do not believe them when they talk about exceptional causes, affecting temporarily the industry of the nation, but certain immediately to disappear. If you were to live as long as Methusaleh, no one year would elapse without furnishing those gentlemen with a special and exceptional cause. One year it is the potato disease; another the French Revolution; another the Great Exhibition. Heaven only knows what will be their excuse next year—perhaps the new Reform Bill, or some other similar godsend. You are the particular class upon whom the deception is to be played, and for whose especial benefit the fraud is concocted. The producers know very well how they stand, and what they have to expect. They can be no longer cajoled by assurances of higher prices, by vague promises of profit after the disappearance of "the transition state," or by impudent averments that, by an entire change of system and the expenditure of more capital, they will be able to maintain themselves in affluence. To do the Free-Traders justice, they have for some time desisted from such attempts. They now address their victims, through their organs, in a fine tone of desperado indifference, telling them that, if they do not like the present arrangement, the sooner they go elsewhere the better. And the people are taking them at their word and going. Hundreds of thousands of tax-payers are leaving the country as fast as possible, carrying with them the fragments of their property, and bequeathing to those who remain behind their share of the national burdens. But in your case, the Free-Traders cannot yet afford to pull off the mask. They are apprehensive that you should see them in their real character; and therefore, so long as you are likely to be amused with "specialties" and "exceptional causes," these will be furnished to you gratis, and in great variety. There seems, however, to be an apprehension among their camp that you are beginning to evince suspicion. Recent elections have not been quite as they should be; and in the seaport and large commercial towns there are evident symptoms of mutiny. So, by way of diverting your attention, you are likely to have a measure of Reform next year, possibly as satisfactory in its result as the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, upon which Ministers cleverly managed to concentrate the whole public attention throughout last session, and then, having carried it, allowed its provisions to become a dead letter, almost before the ink, which made the measure [643] complete, was dry! We say this, not as opponents of an extension of the suffrage—for on that point we reserve our opinion until the details are fully before us—but as enemies and loathers of a miserable system of chicane and deception which has now crept into the public counsels, and which threatens very speedily to destroy the independence of public opinion, by opposing state obstacles to its free and legitimate expression. We ask any of you, fearlessly, to look back at the records of last session, and then say whether the country was not degraded and stultified by the act of the Prime Minister? Right or wrong, at his invitation and call, the Protestants of Great Britain demanded a security against what they considered an intolerable instance of Romish insolence and aggression. They received it from Parliament; and the moment it passed into the hands of the executive power, it became as worthless as the paper upon which it was written! And why was this? Simply because the object was gained—you had been amused for a whole session. If nothing was intended to be done in the way of repelling aggression, and if Ministers durst have told you so a year ago, there were many points affecting your more immediate interests which would have been forced upon their attention. But they were very glad to escape

from such discussions under cover of a Protestantism which they did not feel, and an affected indignation of Papal claims, which they had done everything in their power, by diplomatic agency, to encourage; and, having escaped the perils of one session upon that ground, they will strain every effort to turn your attention from your own position, during the next, by bringing forward some measure which they hope may enlist your sympathies, or provoke controversy, so far as to render you indifferent to the real nature of your position. The selection of the battlefield is the oldest trick in strategy. Get up the appearance of a battle, and people will flock from any distance to witness it, regardless of their own interest. Lord John Russell is famous for bloodless fields, which resolve themselves into reviews—shall we have another such in the course of the approaching session?

That manufactures are now exceedingly depressed, and have been so for a long time, notwithstanding the reduction in the price of food consequent upon foreign importations, is an admitted and notorious fact. We have from time to time kept this before the public view by quoting from the trade circulars; and though further evidence may be unnecessary, we shall subjoin extracts from the last accounts received from three seats of industry, two of which are represented in Parliament by Colonel Peyronnet Thompson and Mr Feargus O'Connor. Gloomy as they are, they are by no means the worst which we have had occasion to cite during the last two years.

> "BRADFORD, *November 6.*—The market here does not show any symptom of improvement in the demand for any kind of combing wools. All seem in wonder and anxiety as to what may be next expected, for to buy none are willing, whether with stock or without. The staplers appeared to expect that the spirited buying of colonial wools would give a tone of confidence, but that appears to have no effect. The spinners pause when they contrast the comparative high prices of English wool, especially those of the finer class, with what they were in 1848, when yarns were at the present prices, and will not buy with the certainty of making so great a loss as a purchase would entail. The supply of Noils and Brokes was never so limited as at present, and the small quantity making brings full prices. The business doing in yarns is certainly small, and the transactions confined to immediate delivery. No one seems inclined to enter into engagements for distant delivery. For to go on at the present prices of yarns is worse than madness, the price for low numbers of good spinning and standing having reached 8s. per gross, and those of a secondary class sold, if reeled, for what may be the instructions to the commission houses, who have needy parties pressing sales. The quantity so offering is not so great, but the sacrifices which have now for so long been made render the position of the trade exceedingly embarrassing. *The production continues to be daily curtailed, and from the whole district the same cheerless tidings are received. Some large houses, who have never reduced their operations before, have* [644] *adopted it, their loss being so immense, and the whole condition of the trade so thoroughly disjointed.* In pieces the business during the week has not shown any feature of increased activity, and the stocks in the manufacturers' hands are somewhat increasing, but not so fast as last year at this period, and especially in Coburgs and fancy goods: the former are chiefly made in this district, and not in Lancashire, for the ruinous price has driven them on to other classes of goods adaptable to their looms; and for some months several large houses have been engaged in making Bareges for the American market. This has prevented mousselines-de-laine being made to stock, and, perhaps for many years, this branch of the trade has not opened with so small a stock on hand.
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> "NOTTINGHAM, *November 6.*—In lace we have no improvement to notice this week in the general sale of goods, and, with very few exceptions, there is a great falling off in demand; but, as many of the manufacturers are wisely lessening their production, we do not anticipate any serious losses resulting from the present temporary stagnation. Many are stopping their frames to make fresh designs altogether; which, if done with good taste, some advantage may result from present difficulties. In hosiery our trade is not so much depressed as we had reason to anticipate. There is still a fair business doing in wrought hose, and a little increased demand for 'cut-ups,' as well as gloves made of thread and spun silk. The price of yarn is low, which is in favour both of the manufacturer and merchant.
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> "LEICESTER, *November 6.*—The unsettled state of the price of workmanship for straight-down hose has caused a great depression in that branch, and led to nearly a total cessation of work, many hosiers declining to give out until prices are settled. In wrought hose a better business is doing, though not so good as usual at this season. Yarns continue dull of sale."

Now, why do we insist upon these things? For two reasons. In the first place, we wish you to observe that the cheapness of manufacturing products does not of itself induce consumption. There must be buyers as well as sellers in order to constitute a market, and the tendency of our late legislation has been to diminish the means of the former. It by no means follows that, if we have cheap food and cheap manufactures, the relative position of all classes can be maintained. Never forget *that our burdens all the while remain at a fixed money rate*, and that, as the value of produce is lowered, the weight of those burdens is aggravated. This consideration, which is now well understood, is beginning to tell strongly against the doctrines of the Free-Traders, even with some of those, who were once their ardent supporters. Mr James Harvey of Liverpool, late a member of the Anti-Corn-Law League, but now a strenuous opponent of their system, thus

chronicles the leading cause of his conversion. We quote from his pamphlet just published, *Remunerative Price the Desideratum, not Cheapness*. He says:—"My suspicions were first awakened by the blind devotion of the Manchester school of political economy to the doctrine of CHEAPNESS; for it struck me as a self-evident proposition, that to buy cheap is to sell cheap, in which case there can be no possible gain, but a positive loss, arising from the necessary aggravation of all fixed charges." In order to place the producers of this country in the same position as before, it would be necessary to reduce all fixed charges, the interest of debt both public and private, the expenses of government, and all salaries and annuities, to an amount corresponding to the forced decline of prices. This would be called a war against property; but, in reality, the war against property began when the Legislature admitted foreign untaxed produce to compete with the produce and labour of our tax-paying population at home.

Our second reason for drawing your attention to the cheerless prospect of manufactures, has reference to the sacrifices, not only indirect but direct, which the other classes of the community were called upon to make in order to prop them up. In the first place, the Property and Income Tax, which we are still called upon to pay, was imposed by Sir Robert Peel expressly for the object of effecting "such an improvement in the *manufacturing interests* as will react on every other interest in the country." He admitted that it was an unjust and partial impost, and therefore promised that it should be only temporary—however, we have endured it for ten years, and the [645]
Whigs will no doubt make an effort to continue it still longer. Here, then, you have a sum of five millions and a half annually confiscated for the benefit of the manufacturers, who were relieved from taxation to that amount. So far for sacrifice the first. Then came sacrifice the second, in the shape of Free Trade, mulcting the productive classes of this country to the extent of at least five-and-thirty per cent of their annual returns. Then came sacrifice the third, which handed over the carrying trade to the foreigner.

Now, considering that all these sacrifices have been made for the encouragement of manufactures, or at least with that professed object, is it not, to say the least of it, extraordinary that they have not thriven? How are we to account for a result so wholly contrary to the avowed anticipations of our statesmen? The explanation is, after all, not very difficult. All these sacrifices have been made, not for the great body of the manufacturers, but for a mere section of them. We possess no authentic official information as to the amount of manufactures consumed at home; but we have records, more or less trustworthy, of the amount of our exports, and these are used to mislead the minds of the multitude as to the actual extent and relative importance of our trade. England has no more title than France has to the character of the workshop of the world. We are driven from the markets of civilised countries by the protective duties imposed by their governments for the righteous and prudent purpose of fostering native industry, and we are compelled to seek our marts among people who are not yet so far advanced in political economy as to detect the enormous discrepancy between our principles and our practice. Listen to Mr Harvey's sketch of our foreign trade:—

> "From the theories and systems I turned my attention to passing events and recorded facts: I saw the West Indies prostrated; Canada thrown into a state of revolt, succeeded by a smothered feeling of discontent; Ireland depopulated; the magnificent resources of India undeveloped; and the British farmer reduced to the dire necessity of paying rent out of capital. I also perceived that the change in our commercial policy had substituted a cosmopolitan cant in the place of patriotism and nationality. To become the friend of every country but his own had become the pride and the glory of statesmanship. Foreign goods were admitted, duty free, into our ports, in the vain hope of reciprocity being established; but our manufactures were subjected to heavy imposts on the Continent of Europe, and in the United States. China, unversed in the mysteries of political economy, only levies five per cent upon our goods, whilst, in direct contravention of our pet notions of Free Trade and reciprocity, we impose a tax of 300 per cent upon her teas. OUR HOPES HAVE BEEN DISAPPOINTED, OUR CALCULATIONS FALSIFIED. WE ARE THE DUPES OF OUR OWN FANTASTIC IDEAS AND QUIXOTIC CONCESSIONS. We are the laughing-stock of the Old and the New Worlds. The Germanic Zollverein shuns our overtures; the American excludes our ships from his seaboard."

Can these things be controverted? We defy the ingenuity of mankind to do it.

So much for the foreign trade; but there still remains the home trade, in which by far the largest portion of our manufacturing capital is embarked, and which furnishes a much greater amount of employment to British labour than the other. You see what is the state of that trade, notwithstanding the savings which may have been effected by the lowered price of food, and also notwithstanding that partial protection which several branches of it are still allowed to retain. One word as to that incidental point. Mr Cobden is reported to have said, that he did not care how soon these remnants of protection were abolished. Let him be as good as his word, and, IF HE DARES, rise up in his place in the House of Commons, and make a motion to that effect. We shall then have an opportunity of testing the exact nature of his principles. To what cause can such a depression as this, so long and continuous, be attributed, except to a general curtailment of demand on the part of the consumers, arising from the insufficiency of their means to make purchases as before? You are probably aware that what is called strict economy in families is not favourable to the interests of manufacture or of trade. Of manufactures of all kinds there must be [646]
a certain yearly consumption, based upon the necessities of the people. Besides food, men require clothes to cover them, and houses in which to dwell, and those houses must be more or less furnished. But between the bare supply of such necessities, and that point which is considered by persons, according to their tastes, education, or habits, as constituting comfort,

there is a wide interval. Nothing is a more sure criterion of the wealth and income of a people than the ordering of their homes, and the manner of their living; and the traveller who passes from one country into another can at once form an estimate, from such appearances, of their respective wealth or poverty. Diminish income, and a reduction is immediately made. All superfluities are lopped off and renounced. The broker, who deals in second-hand articles, drives a larger business than the man who is the vendor of new ones; and even in domestic labour there is a large economy practised, by reducing establishments. That this must be so, will be evident on the slightest reflection. Reduce a man's income from £1000 to £800 or £600, and he will, if he has any wisdom or prudence, cut down his expenses to meet the fall. It is upon the home manufacturer in the first place, and upon the shopkeeper secondly, that these reductions tell. The one finds that his amount of production is much greater than the demand; the other does not turn over his capital nearly so rapidly as before. Add to this that the home manufacturer, in many branches, is exposed to strong foreign competition. Sir Robert Peel, in his last alterations of the tariff, did indeed continue Protection—more largely than is generally understood, for the mere amount of revenue-duty drawn from importations of foreign articles, adapted to compete with ours in the home, is no criterion of the Protective value—to some branches of industry; but others were exposed without shelter, and have since suffered accordingly. It is undeniable that a very large amount of foreign manufactures, which have paid no duty at all, or merely an elusory one, are consumed within this country—thereby inflicting extreme injury upon British labour, and depressing trades which, though severally not important, give in the aggregate, or ought to give, the means of employment to thousands. Regard the subject in any light you will, this cheapness, of which we have heard so much, just amounts to a diminution of the income of every class, except the annuitants and fund-holders, while it consequently renders the payment of the fixed burdens more grievous to every one of us.

You, gentlemen, to whom we have ventured to submit these remarks, have a very great deal in your power. You can, by your decision, either confirm the present policy, or cause it to be reversed; and your own experience will suffice to show you in what manner the system has worked. Statists may parade their figures, economists may puff their plans, statesmen may indulge in high-coloured pictures of the success which they expect to follow their measures—but the true test of every measure which has a practical tendency will be found in the effect which it produces upon the circumstances of the people, and especially upon those of the middle classes. We, who have, from the very first, anticipated the baneful effects of this attack upon British industry—we, who have no more connection than any of yourselves with territorial aristocracy, and who consider the welfare of the people as the grand object which it is the duty of the Government to promote—ask you to apply your own reason to the facts which are before you and in your reach, and to decide and act accordingly. It was, we knew from the very beginning of this struggle, impossible that you could decide until the effects of the Free-Trade experiment became visible and palpable among yourselves. We foresaw that it was only through the suffering and impoverishment of the producers that the practical lesson could reach you, and that, until this took place, it was of little use to invoke your aid, or even to entreat your judgment. Probably, by this time, you will have formed an accurate estimate of the value of the doctrines promulgated by the babblers on political economy—a sect which has never yet been allowed to interfere with the [647] internal affairs of any nation, without producing the most disastrous results. To them we are indebted for that change of the currency which has added fully one-third to our fixed burdens, and for those complex monetary arrangements which insure periodically the return of a commercial crisis. But whatever you may think of them, do not allow yourselves to be influenced by their representations, or by those of their accredited organs. The time for theory is over. You have now to deal with facts, regarding which every man of you is competent to form an opinion. We do not ask you to accept our statements implicitly, any more than those of our opponents—though, if we did so, we might hold ourselves justified on this ground, that the greater part of our evidence is taken from the admissions of our adversaries. We appeal to your own experience, and upon that we leave you to decide.

And do not be afraid to give free utterance to your opinion. There exists not in this land—there exists not in all the world, the power which can rise up against you. The British producer on the one hand, and the exporting manufacturer on the other, may have conflicting interests not altogether reconcilable with the public good, for isolated interest always begets selfishness; and where individual or class profit is concerned, principle is apt to be overlooked. But you are, eminently, THE CLASS to pronounce upon conflicting opinions. Your interest is that of the nation whose pulse is beneath your finger. You can tell, with greater accuracy than others, whether any political prescription has stimulated the circulation of the blood, or caused it to run torpidly in the national veins. You can mark the changes in the circumstances of your customers, and from these you can form an estimate whether or not the late experiment has been successful.

If, judging by that test, you should think it has been successful, our case is lost. We, who have advocated the Protective Principle in legislation, cannot continue to maintain it, if those whose incomes depend mainly upon British custom find themselves advantaged by measures which have reduced the value of British produce. In matters of this kind there is no abstract dogma involved, on the strength of which any man could make himself a creditable martyr. Men have died for their faith or for their allegiance, believing either to be their highest duty; but no one in his senses will spend a lifetime, or any considerable portion of it, in combating absolute facts. The reason why Protection is still a living principle—the reason why it finds so many supporters among the learned and the thoughtful—the reason why it is progressing step by step towards triumph—is because, in the minds of those who advocate it, there is a strong and deep-rooted conviction that you already know that the opposite system has entirely failed to realise the

predictions of its advocates, and that you feel that its permanency is contrary to your interest, and to that of the great body of the people. If we are right in this conviction, then we are entitled not only to solicit, but to demand, your earnest co-operation. These are not times for political cowardice, or weak suppression of opinion. Liberty of thought, and liberty of the expression of sentiment, are our unalienable prerogative; but of late years, and in the hands of a certain party, that prerogative has been scandalously overstretched. We now hear men—even members of the Legislature—threatening the country, and you, with hints of insurrection, in case you exercise your undoubted right of pronouncing a free and unbiassed judgment upon any point of commercial policy. Let the caitiffs bluster! They know, from the bottom of their ignoble souls—for none save an ignoble soul would have dared to conceive that such threats would intimidate any man of British birth or blood—that their menace is as meaningless and vain as their miserable motives are apparent. Let them bluster! They, the advocates of lowered wages—they, the combatants for lengthened labour—they, the crushers of the infants, have no large margin of operative sympathy upon which they can afford to trade. Had John Fielden been alive, he could [648] have told you what these men were, and what sympathy they were likely to command. Well do the workmen know with whom they have to deal!

Let us not be misunderstood. We never have underrated the difficulty of a change such as we contemplate; but no difficulty attending that, is for a moment to be put into the balance against the general welfare of the country, if, on reflection, and on considering your own position, you shall be of opinion that the interests of the country demand that change. But, at any hazard, we cannot afford to go down-hill. To bring us, as the Manchester men contemplate, to the Continental level in point of wages as well as expenditure, is to seal the ruin of the British empire, burdened as it is; or, in the least dangerous view, to necessitate repudiation. That matter is, as we have said before, for you to decide; and the period for your decision is rapidly drawing near. On the next general election depends the fate of the country, and—without saying one syllable more upon the merits of the systems at issue—the decision or inclination of your body will form the most important, because it must be considered, as between conflicting interests, the most impartial element, of the expression of British opinion.

THE JEW'S LEGACY.

A TALE OF THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

CHAPTER I.

The note-book of my grandfather, Major Flinders, contains much matter relative to the famous siege of Gibraltar, and he seems to have kept an accurate and minute journal of such of its incidents as came under his own observation. Indeed, I suspect the historian Drinkwater must have had access to it, as I frequently find the same notabilia chronicled in pretty much the same terms by both these learned Thebans. But while Drinkwater confines himself mostly to professional matters—the state of the fortifications, nature of the enemy's fire, casualties to the soldiery, and the like—and seldom introduces an anecdote interesting to the generality of readers without apologising for such levity, my grandfather's sympathies seem to have been engrossed by the sufferings of the inhabitants deprived of shelter, as well as of sufficient food, and helplessly witnessing the destruction of their property. Consequently, his journal, though quite below the dignity of history, affords, now and then, a tolerably graphic glimpse of the beleagured town.

From the discursive and desultory nature of the old gentleman's style, as before hinted, it would be vain to look for a continuous narrative in his journal, even if it contained materials for such. But here and there a literary Jack Horner might extract a plum or two from the vast quantity of dough—of reflections, quotations, and all manner of irrelevant observations, surrounding them. The following incidents, which occurred at the most interesting period of the long and tedious siege, appear to me to give a fair idea of some of the characteristics of the time, and of the personages who figured in it; and accordingly, after subjecting them to a process analogous to gold-washing, I present them to the reader.

After a strict blockade of six months, reducing the garrison to great extremity for want of provisions, Gibraltar was relieved by Sir George Rodney, who landed a large quantity of stores. But about a year after his departure, no further relief having reached them except casual supplies from trading vessels that came at a great risk to the Rock, their exigencies were even worse than before. The issue of provisions was limited in quantity, and their price so high, that the families, even of officers, were frequently in dismal straits. This has given rise to a wooden joke of my grandfather's, who, although he seldom ventures on any deliberate facetiousness, has entitled the volume of his journal relating to this period of the siege, *The Straits of Gibraltar*. He [649] seems to have estimated the worth of his wit by its rarity, for the words appear at the top of every page.

The 11th of April 1781 being Carlota's birthday, the Major had invited Owen (now Lieutenant Owen) to dine with them in honour of the occasion. Owen was once more, for the time, a single man; for Juana, having gone to visit her friends in Tarifa just before the commencement of the siege, had been unable to rejoin her husband. In vain had Carlota requested that the celebration might be postponed till the arrival of supplies from England should afford them a banquet worthy

of the anniversary—the Major, a great stickler for ancient customs, insisted on its taking place forthwith. Luckily, a merchantman from Minorca had succeeded in landing a cargo of sheep, poultry, vegetables, and fruit the day before, so that the provision for the feast, though by no means sumptuous, was far better than any they had been accustomed to for many months past. The Major's note-book enables me to set the materials for the dinner, and also its cost, before the reader—viz. a sheep's head, price sixteen shillings, (my grandfather was too late to secure any of the body, which was rent in pieces, and the fragments carried off as if by wolves, ere the breath was well out of it)—a couple of fowls, twenty shillings, (scraggy creatures, says my ancestor in a parenthesis)—a ham, two guineas—raisins and flour for a pudding, five shillings—eggs, (how many the deponent sayeth not,) sixpence each—vegetables, nine and sixpence—and fruit for dessert, seven and tenpence. Then, for wine, a Spanish merchant, a friend of Carlota's, had sent them two bottles of champagne and one of amontillado, a present as generous then as a hogshead would have been in ordinary times; and there was, moreover, some old rum, and two lemons for punch. Altogether, there was probably no dinner half so good that day in Gibraltar.

At the appointed hour, the Major was reading in his quarters (a tolerably commodious house near the South Barracks, and at some distance outside the town) when Owen appeared.

"You're punctual, my boy; and punctuality's a cardinal virtue about dinner-time," said my grandfather, looking at his watch; "three o'clock exactly. And now we'll have dinner. I only hope the new cook is a tolerable proficient."

"What's become of Mrs Grigson?" asked Owen. "You haven't parted with that disciple of Apicius, I should hope?"

"She's confined again," said my grandfather, sighing; "a most prolific woman that! It certainly can't be above half-a-year since her last child was born, and she's just going to have another. 'Tis certainly not longer ago than last autumn," he added musingly.

"A wonderful woman," said Owen; "she ought to be purchased by the Government, and sent out to some of our thinly-populated colonies. And who fills her place?"

"Why, I'll tell you," responded the Major. "Joe Trigg, my old servant, is confined too—in the guardroom, I mean, for getting drunk—and I've taken a man of the regiment, one Private Bags, for a day or two, who recommended his wife as an excellent cook. She says the same of herself; but this is her first trial, and I'm a little nervous about it."

"Shocking rascal that Bags," said Owen.

"Indeed!" said my grandfather; "I'm sorry to hear that. I didn't inquire about his character. He offered his services, saying he came from the same part of England as myself, though I don't recollect him."

"Terrible work this blockade," said the Major after a pause. "Do you know, if I was a general in command of a besieging army, I don't think I could find it in my heart to starve out the garrison. Consider now, my dear boy," (laying his forefinger on Owen's arm,)—"consider, now, several thousand men, with strong appetites, never having a full meal for months together. And just, too, as my digestion was getting all right—for I never get a nightmare now, though I frequently have the most delicious dreams of banquets that I try to eat, but wake before I get a mouthful. 'Tis [650] enough to provoke a saint. And, as if this was not enough, the supply of books is cut off. The *Weekly Entertainer* isn't even an annual entertainer to me. The last number I got was in '79, and I've been a regular subscriber these twelve years. There's the *Gentleman's Magazine*, too. The last one reached me a year since, with a capital story in it, only half-finished, that I'm anxious to know the end of; and also a rebus that I've been longing to see the answer to. 'The answer in our next,' says the tantalising editor. It's a capital rebus—just listen now. 'Two-thirds of the name of an old novelist, one-sixth of what we all do in the morning, and a heathen deity, make together a morsel fit for a king.' I've been working at it for upwards of a year, and I can't guess it. Can you?"

"Roast pig with stuffing answers the general description," said Owen. "That, you'll admit, is a morsel fit for a king."

"Pooh!" said my grandfather. "But you must really try now. I've run through the mythology, all that I know of it, and tried all the old novelists' names, even Boccaccio and Cervantes. Never were such combinations as I've made—but can't compound anything edible out of them. Again, as to what we do in the morning: we all shave, (that is, all who have beards)—and we yawn, too; at least I do, on waking; but it must be a word of six letters. Then, who can the heathen deity be?"

"Pan is the only heathen deity that has anything to do with cookery," said Owen. "Frying-pan, you know, and stew-pan."

My grandfather caught at the idea, but had not succeeded in making anything of it, or in approximating to the solution of the riddle, when Carlota entered from an inner room.

"I wish, my dear, you would see about the dinner," said the Major; "'tis a quarter past three."

"*Si, mi vida*," (yes, my life,) said Carlota, who was in the habit of bestowing lavishly on my grandfather the most endearing epithets in the Spanish language, some of them, perhaps, not particularly applicable—*niño de mi alma*, (child of my soul,) *luz de mis ojos*, (light of my eyes,) and the like; none of which appeared to have any more effect on the object of them than if they had been addressed to somebody else.

Carlota rung the bell, which nobody answered. "Nurse is busy with de *niña*," she said, when nobody answered it; "I go myself to de *cocina*," (kitchen,)—she spoke English as yet but imperfectly.

"There's one comfort in delay," said the Major; "'tis better to boil a ham too much than too little —and yet I shouldn't like it overdone either."

Here they were alarmed by an exclamation from Carlota. "*Ah Dios! Caramba! Ven, ven, mi niño!*" cried she from the kitchen.

The Major and Owen hastened to the kitchen, which was so close at hand that the smell of the dinner sometimes anticipated its appearance in the dining-room. Mrs Bags, the new cook, was seated before the fire. On the table beside her was an empty champagne bottle, the fellow to which protruded its neck from a pail in one corner, where the Major had put it to cool; and another bottle of more robust build, about half-full, was also beside her. The countenance of Mrs Bags wore a pleasant and satisfied, though not very intelligent smile, as she gazed steadfastly on the ham that was roasting on a spit before the fire—at least one side of it was done quite black, while the other oozed with warm greese; for the machinery which should have turned it was not in motion.

"*Caramba!*" exclaimed Carlota, with uplifted hands. "*Que picarilla!*"—(What a knave of a woman!)

"Gracious heavens!" said my grandfather, "she's roasting it! Who ever heard of a roast ham?"

"A many years," remarked Mrs Bags, without turning her head, and still smiling pleasantly, "have I lived in gentlemen's families—" Here this fragment of autobiography was terminated by a hiccup.

"And the champagne bottle is empty," said Owen, handling it. "A nice sort of cook this of yours, Major. She seems to have constituted herself butler, too."

My grandfather advanced and lifted the other bottle to his nose. "'Tis the old rum," he ejaculated with a groan. "But if the woman has drunk all this 'twill be the death of her. Bags," he called, "come here." [651]

The spouse of Mrs Bags emerged from a sort of scullery behind the kitchen—a tall bony man, of an ugliness quite remarkable, and with a very red face. He was better known by his comrades as Tongs, in allusion probably to personal peculiarities; for the length of his legs, the width of his bony hips, and the smallness of his head, gave him some distant resemblance to that article of domestic ironmongery; but as his wife called herself Mrs Bags, and he was entered in the regimental books by that name, it was probably his real appellation.

"Run directly to Dr Fagan," said the Major, "and request him to come here. Your wife has poisoned herself with rum."

"'Tisn't rum," said Bags, somewhat thickly—"'tis fits."

"Fits!" said my grandfather.

"Fits," doggedly replied Mr Bags, who seemed by no means disturbed at the alleged indisposition of his wife—"she often gets them."

"Don't alarm yourself, Major," said Owen, "I'll answer for it she hasn't drunk *all* the rum. The scoundrel is half-drunk himself, and smells like a spirit-vault. You'd better take your wife away," he said to Bags.

"She can leave if she ain't wanted," said Private Bags, with dignity: "we never comes where we ain't wanted." And he advanced to remove the lady. Mrs Bags at first resisted this measure, proceeding to deliver a eulogium on her own excellent qualities, moral and culinary. She had, she said, the best of characters, in proof of which she made reference to several persons in various parts of the United Kingdom, and, as she spoke, she smiled more affably than ever.

"*La picarilla no tiene verguenza*," (the wretch is perfectly shameless,) cried Carlota, who, having hastily removed the ham from the fire, was now looking after the rest of the dinner. The fowls, cut up in small pieces, were boiling along with the sheep's head, and, probably to save time, the estimable Mrs Bags had put the rice and raisins destined for a pudding into the pot along with them—certainly, as Owen remarked, a bold innovation in cookery.

Still continuing to afford them glimpses of her personal history, Mrs Bags was at length persuaded to retire along with her helpmate.

"What astonishing impudence," said the Major, shutting the door upon her, "to pretend to be a cook, and yet know no better than to roast a ham!"

Carlota, meanwhile, was busy in remedying the disaster as far as she could; cutting the ham into slices and frying it, making a fricassee of the fowls, and fishing the raisins out of the pot, exclaiming bitterly all the while, in English and Spanish, against the *tunanta* (equivalent to female scoundrel or scamp) who had spoilt the only nice dinner her *pobrecito*, her *niño*, her *querido*, (meaning my grandfather,) had been likely to enjoy for a long time, stopping occasionally in her occupations to give him a consolatory kiss. However, my grandfather did not keep up the character of a martyr at all well: he took the matter really very patiently; and when the excellent Carlota had set the dinner on the table, and he tasted the fine flavour of the maltreated ham, he speedily regained his accustomed good-humour.

"It is very strange," he said presently, while searching with a fork in the dish before him, "that a pair of fowls should have only three wings, two legs, and one breast between them."

It certainly was not according to the order of nature; nevertheless the fact was so, all my grandfather's researches in the dish failing to bring to light the missing members. This however,

was subsequently explained by the discovery of the remains of these portions of the birds in the scullery, where they appeared to have been eaten after being grilled; and Mrs Bags' reason for adopting this mode of cooking them was also rendered apparent—viz., that she might secure a share for herself without immediate detection.

However, all this did not prevent them from making the best of what was left, and the Major's face beamed as he drank Carlota's health in a glass of the remaining bottle of champagne, as brightly as if the dinner had been completely successful. [652]

"It is partly my fault, Owen," said the Major, "that you haven't a joint of mutton instead of this sheep's head. I ought to have been sharper. The animal was actually sold in parts before he was killed. Old Clutterbuck had secured a haunch, and he a single man you know—'tis thrown away upon him. I offered him something handsome for his bargain, but he wouldn't part with it."

"We're lucky to get any," returned Owen. "Never was such a scramble. Old Fiskin, the commissary, and Mrs O'Regan, the Major's wife, both swore the left leg was knocked down to them; neither would give in, and it was put up again, when the staff doctor, Pursum, who had just arrived in a great hurry, carried it off by bidding eightpence more than either. Not one of the three has spoken to either of the others since; and people say," added Owen, "Mrs O'Regan avers openly that Fiskin didn't behave like a gentleman."

"God knows!" said my grandfather, "'tis a difficult thing in such a case to decide between politeness and a consciousness of being in the right. Fiskin likes a good dinner."

The dinner having been done justice to, Carlota removed the remains to a side-table, and the Major was in the act of compounding a bowl of punch, when there was a knock at the door. "Come in," cried Carlota.

A light and timid step crossed the narrow passage separating the outer door from that of the room they sat in, and there was another hesitating tap at this latter. "Come in," again cried Carlota, and a young girl entered with a basket on her arm.

"'Tis Esther Lazaro," said Carlota in Spanish. "Come in, child; sit here and tell me what you want."

Esther Lazaro was the daughter of a Jew in the town, whose occupations were multifarious, and connected him closely with the garrison. He discounted officers' bills, furnished their rooms, sold them everything they wanted—all at most exorbitant rates. Still, as is customary with military men, while perfectly aware that they could have procured what he supplied them with elsewhere at less expense, they continued to patronise and abuse him rather than take the trouble of looking out for a more liberal dealer. As the difficulties of the garrison increased, he had not failed to take advantage of them, and it was even said he was keeping back large stores of provisions and necessaries till the increasing scarcity should enable him to demand his own terms for them.

His daughter was about fifteen years old—a pretty girl, with hair of the unusual colour of chestnut, plaited into thick masses on the crown of her head. Her skin was fairer than is customary with her race—her eyes brown and soft in expression, her face oval, and her figure, even at this early age, very graceful, being somewhat more precocious than an English girl's at those years. She was a favourite with the ladies of the garrison, who often employed her to procure feminine matters for them. Carlota, particularly, had always treated her with great kindness—and hence the present visit. She had come, she said timidly, to ask a favour—a great favour. She had a little dog that she loved. (Here a great commotion in the basket seemed to say she had brought her *protégé* with her.) He had been given to her by a young school friend who was dead, and her father would no longer let her keep it, because, he said, these were no times to keep such creatures, when provisions, even those fit for a dog, were so dear. He was a very good little dog—would the Señora take him?

"Let us look at him, Esther," said Owen—"I see you have brought him with you."

"He is not pretty," said Esther, blushing as she produced him from the basket. He certainly was not, being a small cur, marked with black and white, like a magpie, with a tall curling over his back. He did not appear at all at his ease in society, for he tried to shrink back again into the basket.

"He was frightened," she said, "for he had been shut up for more than a month. She had tried to keep him in her bedroom, unknown to her father, feeding him with part of her own meals; but he had found it out, and had beaten her, and threatened to kill the dog if ever he saw it again." [653]

"*Pobrecito!*" (poor little thing,) said the good Carlota—"we shall take good care of it. *Toma*," (take this,) offering him a bit of meat. But he crept under her chair, with his tail so depressed, in his extreme bashfulness, that the point of it came out between his forelegs.

Carlota would have made the young Jewess dine there forthwith, at the side-table still spread with the remains of the dinner; but she refused to take anything, only sipping once from a glass of wine that Carlota insisted on making her drink of. Then she rose, and, having tied the end of a string that was fastened to the dog's collar to the leg of the table, to prevent his following her, took her leave, thanking Carlota very prettily.

"*A Dios, Sancho!*" she said to the little dog, who wagged his tail and gave her a piteous look as she turned to go away—"*A Dios, Sancho*," she repeated, taking him up and kissing him very affectionately. The poor child was ready to cry.

"Come and see him every day, my child," said Carlota, "and when better times come you shall

have him again."

CHAPTER II.

Lazaro the Jew was seated towards dusk that evening in a sort of office partitioned off by an open railing from a great store filled with a most motley collection of articles. Sofas, looking-glasses, washing-stands—bales of goods in corded canvass—rows of old boots purchased from officers' servants—window curtains lying on heaps of carpeting and matting—bedsteads of wood and iron—crockery and glass—were all piled indiscriminately. Similar articles had also overflowed along the passage down the wooden steps leading to the square stone court below, which was lumbered with barrels, packing-cases, and pieces of old iron. This court was entered from the street, and an arched door on one side of it, barred and padlocked, opened on a large warehouse, which nobody except the Jew had set foot in for many months.

The Jew himself was a spare, rather small man, with a thin eager face, small sharp features, and a scanty beard. Being by descent a Barbary Jew, he wore the costume peculiar to that branch of his race—a black skull-cap; a long-skirted, collarless, cloth coat, buttoned close, the waist fastened with a belt; loose light-coloured trousers and yellow slippers—altogether he looked somewhat like an overgrown scholar of Christ's Hospital. He was busied in turning over old parchment-covered ledgers, when an officer entered.

Von Dessel was a captain in Hardenberg's regiment. He was a square, strong-built man, about forty, with very light hair, as was apparent since the governor's order had forbidden the use of powder to the troops, in consequence of the scarcity of flour. His thick, white, overhanging eyebrows, close lips, and projecting under jaw gave sternness to his countenance.

"Good afternoon, captain," said the Jew; "what I do for you to-day, sare?"

"Do for me! By Gott, you have done for me already, with your cursed Hebrew tricks," said the captain. The German and the Jew met on a neutral ground of broken English.

"I always treat every gentleman fair, sare," said the Jew. "I tell you, captain, I lose by that last bill of yours."

"*Der teufel!* who gains, then?" said Von Dessel, "for you cut me off thirty per cent."

The Jew shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't make it so, sare; the siege makes it so. When the port is open, you shall have more better exchange."

"Well, money must be had," said the German. "What will you give now for my bill for twenty pounds?"

The Jew consulted a book of figures—then made some calculations on paper—then appeared to consider intently.

"Curse you, speak!" said the choleric captain. "You have made up your mind about how much roguery long ago." [654]

"Captain, sare, I give you feefty dallars," said the Jew.

The captain burst forth with a volley of German execrations.

"Captain," said the Jew presently, "I like to please a gentleman if I can. I give you one box of cigars besides—real Cubas—one hundred and feefty in a box."

The captain at this broke forth again, but checked himself presently on the entrance of the Jew's daughter, who now returned from the Major's. She advanced quietly into the room, made a little bow to the captain, took off and laid aside her shawl, and, taking up some work, sat down and began to sew.

Von Dessel resumed his expostulation in a milder tone. The Jew, however, knew the money was necessary to him, and only yielded so far as to increase his box of cigars to two hundred; and the captain, finding he could get no better terms from him, was forced to agree. While the Jew was drawing out the bills, the German gazed attentively at Esther, with a good deal of admiration expressed in his countenance.

"I can't take the money now," said he, after signing the bills. "I am going on duty. Bring it to me to-morrow morning, at nine o'clock."

"I'm afraid I can't, sare," said Lazaro; "too moch business. Couldn't you send for it, captain?"

"Not possible," said the German; "but you must surely have somebody that might bring it—some trustworthy person you know." And his eye rested on Esther.

"There's my dater, sare," said the Jew—"I shall send her, if that will do."

"Good," said the captain, "do not forget," and quitted the room forthwith.

He was scarcely gone when a pair with whom the reader is already slightly acquainted, Mr and Mrs Bags, presented themselves. The effects of their morning conviviality had in a great measure disappeared.

"Your servant, sir," said Bags. The Jew nodded.

"We've got a few articles to dispose of," pursued Mr Bags, looking round the room cautiously. "They was left us," he added in a low tone, "by a *diseased* friend."

"Ah!" said the Jew, "never mind where you got 'em. Be quick—show them."

Mrs Bags produced from under her cloak, first a tin teakettle, then a brass saucepan; and Mr Bags, unbuttoning his coat, laid on the table three knives and a silver fork. Esther, passing near the table at the time, glanced accidentally at the fork, and recognised the Flinders crest—a talbot, or old English bloodhound.

"Father," said she hastily, in Spanish, "don't have anything to do with that—it must be stolen." But the Jew turned so sharply on her, telling her to mind her work, that she retreated.

The Jew took up the tea-kettle, and examined the bottom to see that it was sound—did the same with the saucepan—looked at the knives narrowly, and still closer at the fork—then ranged them before him on the table.

"For dis," said he, laying his hand on the tea-kettle, "we will say one pound of rice; for dis (the saucepan) two pounds of corned beef; for de knives, a bottle of rum; and for de fork, seex ounces of the best tea."

"Curse your tea!" said Mr Bags.

"Yes!" said Mrs Bags, who had with difficulty restrained herself during the process of valuation, "we doesn't want no tea. And the things is worth a much more than what you say: the saucepan's as good as new, and the fork's silver—"

"Plated," said the Jew, weighing it across his finger.

"A many years," said Mrs Bags, "have I lived in gentlemen's families, and well do I know plate from silver. I've lived with Mrs Milson of Pidding Hill, where everything was silver, and nothing plated, even to the handles of the doors; and a dear good lady she was to me; many's the gown, she giv me. And I've lived with—"

Here the Jew unceremoniously interrupted the train of her recollections by pushing the things from before him. "Take what I offer, or else take your things away," said he, shortly.

Mr and Mrs Bags grumbled considerably. The tea they positively refused at any price: Mr Bags [655]
didn't like it, and Mrs Bags said it disagreed with her. So the Jew agreed to give them instead another bottle of rum, a pound of onions, and two pounds of beef; and with these terms they at length closed, and departed with the results of their barter.

During the altercation, a soldier of another regiment had entered, and stood silently awaiting his turn to be attended to. He was a gaunt man, with want written legibly in the hollows of his face and the dismal eagerness of his eye. He now came forward, and with trembling hands unfolded an old gown, and handed it to the Jew.

"'Tis no good to me," said the latter, giving it back, after holding it against the light; "nothing but holes."

"But my wife has no other," said the man: "'tis her last stitch of clothes, except her petticoat and a blanket. I've brought everything else to you."

The Jew shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands, in token that he could not help it.

"I swear 'tis her last!" reiterated the man, as if he really fancied this fact must give the garment as much value in the Jew's eyes as in his own.

"I tell you I won't have it!" said the Jew, testily.

"Give me only a loaf for it, or but one pound of potatoes," said the soldier: "'tis more than my wife and four children have had among them for two days. Half-rations for one, among six of us, is too hard to live."

"A pound of potatoes," said the Jew, "is worth four reals and a-half—eighteenpence; your wife's gown is worth—nothing!"

"Then take this," said the man, beginning frantically to pull off his uniform coat; "anything is better than starving."

The Jew laughed. "What!" said he, "you think I don't know better than to buy a soldier's necessaries, eh? Ah, ah! no such a fool, I think, my friend. What your captain say?—eh?"

The man struck his hand violently on the table. "Then give me—or lend me," said he, "some food, much or little, and I'll work for you every hour I'm off duty till you're satisfied. I will, Mr Lazaro, so help me God!"

"I got plenty of men to work for me," said Lazaro; "don't want any more. Come again, when you've got something to sell, my friend."

The man rolled up the gown without speaking, then lifted it over his head, and dashed it into the furthest corner of the store. He was hurrying from the place, when, as if unwilling to throw away his last chance, he turned back, gathered it up, and, thrusting it under his arm, quitted the store with lingering steps, as if he even yet hoped to be called back. No such summons reached him, however; but, immediately after he was gone, Esther rose and stole softly down the stairs. She overtook him at the street-door opening from the court before mentioned, and laid her hand on his arm. The man turned and glared on her. "What!—he'll buy it, will he?" said he.

"Hush!" said Esther—"keep it for your poor wife. Look; I have no money, but take these," and she placed in his hand two earrings hastily detached from her ears.

The man stood looking at her for a space, as if stupified, without closing his hand on the

trinkets that lay on the palm; then, suddenly rousing himself, he swore, with tears in his eyes, that for this service he would do for her anything on earth she should require from him; but she only begged him to go away at once, and say nothing, lest her father should overhear the transaction, who would certainly be angry with her for it.

Bags and his wife had stopt in a corner of the court, to pack up their property in a commodious form for conveyance, and had witnessed this scene in silence. As soon as the soldier had, in compliance with Esther's entreaties, disappeared, Bags came forward.

"And your father would be angry, would he, my dear?" said he.

"Oh, very—oh, so angry! Please don't stop me," she said, trying to pass him.

"And what'll ye give me not to tell him, now?" asked Mr Bags. "Ain't ye got nothing for me?" [656]

"No—oh, no—indeed, nothing. Do let me pass."

"Yes, you have; you've got this, I think," said Bags, snatching at a silver-mounted comb glistening in her hair, which, thus loosened, all fell down on her shoulders as she darted past him. "And now," said Mr Bags, inspecting his prize, "I think me and that 'ere cheating Jew is quits for the silver fork. I'll allow it's plated now."

CHAPTER III.

Early the next morning (the 12th of April) a rumour went through the town that an English fleet was signalled as in sight. The news roused the starving people like electricity. The pale spectres of men that, on the previous day, had stalked so gauntly through the dreary streets—the wretched, sinking women, and children careworn as grandfathers—poured forth, with something like a natural light in their hollow eyes, to witness the joyful spectacle. The sea-wall of the city was, like the margin of a vast pool of Bethesda, thronged with hopeful wretches awaiting the coming of the angel.

The streets were instantly deserted. Those who could not leave their homes got on the housetops, but the great mass of the population spread itself along the line-wall, the Grand Parade and Alameda, and the heights skirting the chief slopes of the Rock. Moors and Jews, Spaniards and English, citizens and soldiers, men, women, and children, of all ages, grades, and nations, ranged themselves indiscriminately wherever they could obtain a view of the sea.

For some time the wished-for sight was delayed by a thick fog that spread itself across the Straits and the entrance of the bay. A murmur rose from each successive rank of people that forced itself into a front place on the line-wall. Terrible doubts flew about, originating no one knew where, but gaining strength and confirmation as they passed from mouth to mouth. On the summit of the Rock behind them the signal for a fleet flew steadily from the mast at Middle Hill; but still in this, as in all crowds, were some of little faith, who were full of misgivings. Many rushed up to the signal station, unable to bear the pain of the delay. My grandfather noticed the Jew Lazaro among the throng, watching the event with an anxious eye, though his anxiety was from the opposite cause to that of most of the spectators. The arrival of supplies would at once bring down the price of provisions, and rob him, for the present, of his expected profits; and as each successive rumour obtained credence with the crowd, his countenance brightened as their hopes fell, and sank as they again emerged from despondency.

Not far from him was an old Genoese woman, wearing the quaint red cloak, trimmed with black velvet, that old Genoese women usually wear in Gibraltar. She hovered round the skirts of the crowd, occasionally peering beneath an uplifted arm, or thrusting it between two obstructing figures, to catch a glimpse, though it was evident that her dim eyes would fail to discern the fleet when it should come in view. Her thin shrivelled features, relieved against her black hood, were positively wolfish from starvation. She frequently drew one hand from beneath her cloak, and gazed at something she held in it—then, muttering, she would again conceal it. My grandfather's curiosity was roused. He drew near and watched for the reappearance of the object that so engrossed her. It was a blue mouldy crust of bread.

The wished-for spectacle was at length revealed. "As the sun became more powerful," says Drinkwater, rising into positive poetry with the occasion, "the fog gradually rose, *like the curtain of a vast theatre*, discovering to the anxious garrison one of the most beautiful and pleasing scenes it is possible to conceive. The convoy, consisting of near a hundred vessels, were in a compact body, led by several men-of-war—their sails just filled enough for steerage, while the majority of the line-of-battle ships lay to under the Barbary shore, having orders not to enter the [657] bay, lest the enemy should molest them with their fireships."

Then rose a great shout—at once the casting-off of long-pressing anxiety and the utterance of delight. Happy tears streamed down haggard faces overgrown with hair, and presently men turned to one another, smiling in the face of a stranger neighbour as in that of an old friend, while a joyful murmur, distilled from many languages, rose upward. Assuredly, if blessings are of any avail, the soul of Admiral Darby, who commanded the relieving fleet, is at this moment in Paradise.

Friends and relations now began to search for one another in the crowd, which broke quickly into knots, each contriving how to enjoy together the plenty that was to descend upon them. My grandfather's eye at this juncture was again attracted by the old Genoese woman. When the crowd shouted, she screened her eyes with her withered hand, and, with her nostril spread, her chin fallen, in her eagerness gazed towards the sea—but presently shook her head, discerning

nothing. Then she plucked by the arm a joyful Spaniard.

"*Es verdad? Por Dios, es verdad?*" she cried; "*jura! jura!*"—(Is it true? Swear by Heaven it is true.)

"*Si, si,*" said the Spaniard, pointing; "*es verdad,*" ('tis true.) "You may see them yourself."

Instantly the old woman, for the last time, drew forth her treasured crust, and began to devour it, muttering, as she tore away each mouthful, "*Mas mañana! mas mañana!*" (I shall have more to-morrow—more to-morrow!)

After the crowd had partially dispersed, Owen was returning to his quarters to breakfast, when, as he paused to open the door, he heard a voice he thought he knew crying out in affright in the rooms opposite, where Von Dessel resided. Presently the door of the quarters was opened, and the flushed and frightened face of Esther Lazaro appeared, as she struggled to escape from Von Dessel, who held her arm.

"Señor, señor, speak to the gentleman!" she cried to Owen.

"Leetle foolish girl," said Von Dessel, grinning a smile on seeing him; "she frightens at nothing. Come in, child"—trying to shut the door.

"Why don't you let her alone?" said Owen; "don't you see she doesn't like you?"

"Pouf!" said the captain. "We all have trouble with them sometimes—you must know that well."

"No, by Jupiter!" cried Frank Owen. "If I couldn't gain them willingly, they might go to the devil for me. But you hurt her—pray let her go—you must indeed."

"Do you mind your own affair," said the captain, "and don't meddle;" and, exerting his strength, he drew Esther in, and partially succeeded in shutting the door—she calling the while again on Owen to help her. Frank stepped forward, and, putting his foot against the door, sent it into the room, causing Captain Von Dessel, who was behind it, to stagger back with some violence, and to quit his hold of Esther, who ran down stairs.

"Very good, sir," said the captain, stalking grimly out of his room, pale with rage. "You have thought right to interfere with me, and to insult me. By Gott! I will teach you better, young man. Shall we say in one hour, sir, in the Fives' Court?"

Owen nodded. "At your pleasure," said he, and, entering his own quarters, shut the door.

Meanwhile my grandfather walked about with the telescope he had brought with him to look after the fleet under his arm, enjoying the unusual sight of happy faces around him. And he has remarked it as a singular feature of humanity, that this prospect of relief from physical want inspired a far more deep and universal joy than he had witnessed in any public rejoicings arising from such causes as loyalty or patriotism evinced at a coronation or the news of a great victory; and hence my grandfather takes occasion to express a fear that human nature, as well as other nature, is, except among the rarer class of souls, more powerfully and generally influenced by its animal propensities than by more refined causes. [658]

He was so engrossed with the philanthropic pursuit of enjoying the joy of the multitude, and the philosophic one of extracting moral reflections therefrom, that he quite forgot he had not breakfasted. He was just beginning to be reminded of the circumstance by a feeling of hollowness in the region of the stomach, and to turn his steps homeward, when a light hand was laid on his arm. My grandfather turned, and beheld the face of the young Jewess looking wistfully in his.

She began at first to address him in Spanish—the language she spoke most naturally; but, quickly perceiving her mistake on hearing the extraordinary jargon in which he replied, (for it is a singular fact that nobody but Carlota, who taught him, could understand my grandfather's Spanish,) she exchanged it for his own tongue. She told him in a few hurried words of the quarrel Owen had incurred on her account with Von Dessel, and of the challenge she had overheard given by the latter, beseeching the major to hasten to prevent the result.

"In the Fives' Court! in an hour!" said my grandfather. "When did this happen?"

Esther thought nearly an hour ago—she had been almost so long seeking my grandfather.

"I'll go, child—I'll go at once," said the Major. "With Von Dessel, too, as if he could find nobody else to quarrel with but the best swordsman in the garrison. 'Souls and bodies' quoted my grandfather, 'hath he divorced three.'"

With every stride he took, the Major's uneasiness was augmented. At any time his anxiety would have been extreme while peril threatened Frank; but now, when he was calculating on him as a companion at many a well-spread table, when they might forget their past miseries, it peculiarly affected him.

"To think," muttered my grandfather, "that these two madmen should choose a time when everybody is going to be made so happy, by getting plenty to eat, to show their gratitude to Providence by cutting one another's throats!"

The danger to Owen was really formidable; for, though a respectable swordsman, he was no unusual proficient in the graceful art, while his opponent was not only, as my grandfather had said, the best swordsman in the garrison, but perhaps the best at that time in the army. As a student in Germany he had distinguished himself in some sanguinary duels; and since his arrival in Gibraltar, a Spanish gentleman, a very able fencer, had fallen beneath his arm.

"God grant," said my grandfather to himself, as he neared the Fives' Court, "that we may settle

this without the perdition of souls. Frank, my dear boy, we could better spare a better man!"

On attempting to enter the Fives' Court he was stopped by the master, posted at the door. "It was engaged," he said, "for a private match."

"Ay, ay," said my grandfather, pushing past him; "a pretty match, indeed! Ay, ay—pray God we can stop it!"

Finding the inner door locked, the Major, who was well acquainted with the locality—for, when he had nothing else particular to do, he would sometimes mark for the players for a rubber or two—ascended the stairs to the gallery.

About the centre of the court stood the combatants. All preliminaries had been gone through—for they were stripped to their shirts—and the seconds (one a German, the adjutant of Hardenberg's regiment—the other, one Lieutenant Rushton, an old hand at these affairs, and himself a fire-eater) stood by, each with a spare sword in his hand. In a corner was the German regimental surgeon, his apparatus displayed on the floor, ready for an emergency. Rushton fully expected Owen to fall, and only hoped he might escape without a mortal wound. Von Dessel himself seemed of the same opinion, standing square and firm as a tower, scarcely troubling himself to assume an attitude, but easy and masterly withal. Both contempt and malice were expressed for his antagonist in his half-shut eyes and sardonic twist of the corners of his mouth. [659]

"Owen, Owen, my boy!" shouted my grandfather, rushing to the front of the gallery, and leaning over, as the swords crossed—"stop, for God's sake. You mustn't fight that swashbuckler! They say he hath been fencer to the Sophy," roared the Major, in the words of Sir Toby Belch.

The combatants just turned their heads for a moment to look at the interrupter, and again crossed swords.

Immediately on finding his remonstrance disregarded, the Major descended personally into the arena—not by the ordinary route of the stairs, but the shorter one of a perpendicular drop from the gallery, not effected with the lightness of a feathered Mercury. But the clatter of his descent was lost in the concussion of a discharge of artillery that shook the walls. Instantly the air was alive with shot and hissing shells; and before the echoes of the first discharge had ceased, the successive explosion of the shells in the air, and the crashing of chimneys, shattered doors, and falling masonry, increased the uproar. One shell burst in the court, filling it with smoke. My grandfather felt, for a minute, rather dizzy with the shock. When the smoke cleared, by which time he had partially recovered himself, the first object that caught his eye was Von Dessel lying on the pavement, and the doctor stooping over him. The only other person hurt was Rushton, a great piece of the skin of whose forehead, detached by a splinter, was hanging over his right eye. Von Dessel had sustained a compound fracture of the thigh, while the loss of two fingers from his right hand had spoiled his thrust in tierce for ever.

"What can be the matter?" said my grandfather, looking upward, as a second flight of missiles hurtled overhead.

"Matter enough," quoth Rushton, mopping the blood from his eye with his handkerchief; "those cursed devils of Spaniards are bombarding the town."

The Major went up to Owen, and squeezed his hand. "We won't abuse the Spaniards for all that," said he—"they've saved your life, my boy."

CHAPTER IV.

Enraged at seeing their blockade evaded by the arrival of Darby's fleet, the Spaniards revenged themselves by directing such a fire upon Gibraltar, from their batteries in the Neutral Ground, as in a short time reduced the town to a mass of ruins. This misfortune was rendered the more intolerable to the besieged, as it came in the moment of exultation and general thanksgiving. While words of congratulation were passing from mouth to mouth, the blow descended, and "turned to groans their roundelay."

The contrast between the elation of the inhabitants when my grandfather entered the Fives' Court, and their universal consternation and despair when he quitted it, was terrible. The crowd that had a few minutes before so smilingly and hopefully entered their homes, now fled from them in terror. Again the streets were thronged by the unhappy people, who began to believe themselves the sport of some powerful and malevolent demon. Whole families, parents, children, and servants, rushed together into the streets, making their way to the south to escape the missiles that pursued them. Some bore pieces of furniture snatched up in haste, and apparently seized because they came first to hand; some took the chairs they had been sitting on; one man my grandfather noticed bearing away with difficulty the leaf of a mahogany table, leaving behind the legs which should have supported it; and a woman had a crying child in one hand, and in the other a gridiron, still reeking with the fat of some meat she had been cooking. Rubbish from the houses began to strew the streets; and here and there a ragged breach in a wall rent by the cannon afforded a strange incongruous glimpse of the room inside, with its mirrors, tables, and drapery, just as the inhabitants left them. Armed soldiers were hastening to their different points [660] of assembly, summoned by bugles that resounded shrilly amid the din, and thrusting their way unceremoniously through the impeding masses of fugitives.

The house of the Jew Lazaro was one of the first that was seriously injured. The blank wall of the great warehouse before mentioned, that faced the street, had, either from age or bad masonry, long before exhibited several cracks. A large segment, bounded by two of these cracks,

had been knocked away by a shot, and the superincumbent mass falling in consequence, the great store, and all its hoarded treasures, appeared through the chasm.

The Jew's instincts had, at first, led him to save himself by flight. But, on returning timorously to look after his property, the sight of the ruined wall, and the unprotected hoards on which he had so securely reckoned as the source of wealth, obliterated in his mind, for the time, all sense of personal danger. Seeing a party of soldiers issuing from a wine-house near, he eagerly besought them to assist him in removing his property to a place of safety, promising to reward them largely for their risk and trouble.

One of the soldiers thus appealed to was Mr Bags.

"Ho, ho!" said Mr Bags; "here's a chance—here's a pleasure, comrades. We can help Mr Lazaro, who is always so good to us—this here Jewish gentleman, that gives such liberal prices for our things. Certainly—we'll remove 'em all, and not charge him nothing. Oh—oh—ah!" And, to give point to his irony, Mr Bags distorted his face hideously, and winked upon his friends.

The idea of giving Lazaro any assistance was considered a capital joke, and caused a great deal of mirth as they walked towards the store, to which the Jew eagerly led the way.

"If there's anything good to eat or drink in the store, we may remove some of it, though it won't be on our backs, eh, boys?" said Bags, as he stept in advance, over a heap of rubbish, into the store.

"These first—these, my friends," cried the Jew, going up to a row of barrels, standing a little apart from the crowded masses of articles.

"Oh, these first, eh?" said Bags; "they're the best, be they? Thank you, Mr Lazaro; we'll see what's in 'em;" and, taking up a gimlet that lay near, he proceeded to bore a hole in one of the barrels, desiring a friend, whom he addressed as Tim, to tap the next one.

"Thieves!" screamed the Jew, on witnessing this proceeding, seizing Bags' arm, "leave my store —go out—let my goods alone!" Bags lent him a shove that sent him into a corner, and perceiving liquor flowing from the hole he had drilled, applied his mouth to the orifice.

"Brandy," said he, as he paused for breath, "real Cognac. Comrades, here's luck to that 'ere shot that showed us the way in;" and he took another diligent pull at the hole.

Meantime his comrades had not been idle; other barrels were opened, and their contents submitted to a critical inspection.

The Jew tried various modes to induce them to relinquish their booty: first threats—then offers of reward—then cajolery; and, at last, attempted to interpose and thrust them from their spoil. A shot from the enemy entering the store, enfiladed a long line of barrels, scattering the staves and their contents. The place was instantly flooded with liquor—wine, molasses, spirits, and oil, ran in a mingled stream, soaking the *débris* of biscuit and salt provisions that strewed the floor. One soldier was struck dead, and Mr Bags only escaped destruction by the lucky accident of having his head at that moment apart from the barrel which had engrossed his attention, and which was knocked to pieces.

The Jew, partly stunned by a wound in the forehead from the splinter of a barrel, and partly in despair at the destruction of his property, came to the entrance of the store, seating himself among the rubbish. Other plunderers speedily followed the example of the marauding soldiers, but he made no attempt to stop them as they walked past him. My grandfather, passing at the time on his way home, was horrified at the sight of him. Flour from a splintered barrel had been [661] scattered over his face, and blood from the wound in his forehead, trickling down, had clotted it on his cheeks and scanty beard, giving him an aspect at once appalling and disgusting. His daughter had waited at the door of the Fives' Court till she saw Owen come forth in safety, and had then availed herself of the protection of the Major as far as her own home. Shrieking at the dismal sight, she sprang forward and threw herself before the Jew, casting her arms around him. This seemed to rouse him. He arose—looked back into the store; and then, as if goaded by the sight of the wreck into intolerable anguish, he lifted his clenched hands above his head, uttering a sentence of such fearful blasphemy, that a devout Spaniard, who was emerging from the store with some plunder, struck him on the mouth. He never heeded the blow, but continued to rave, till, suddenly overcome by loss of blood and impotent rage, he dropt senseless on the ground.

My grandfather, calling some soldiers of his regiment who were passing, desired them to convey him to the hospital at the South Barracks, and, again taking the terrified and weeping Esther under his protection, followed to see the unfortunate Jew cared for.

At the various parades that day Mr Bags was reported absent, being in fact engaged in pursuits of a much more interesting nature than his military duties. A vast field of interprise was opened to him and other adventurous spirits, of which they did not fail to avail themselves, in the quantity of property of all kinds abandoned by the owners, in houses and shops where locks and bolts were no longer a protection; and although the firing, which ceased for an hour or two in the middle of the day, was renewed towards evening and continued with great fury, the ardour of acquisition by no means abated.

About midnight a sentry on the heights of Rosia (the name given to a portion of the rugged cliffs towards the south and near the hospital) observed, in the gloom, a figure lurking about one of the batteries, and challenged it. Receiving no answer, he threatened to fire, when Bags came forward reluctantly, with a bundle in his hand.

"Hush, Bill," said Bags, on finding the sentry was a personal friend—"don't make a row: it's only

me, Bags—Tongs, you know," he added, to insure his recognition.

"What the devil are you doing there, you fool?" asked his friend in a surly tone—"don't you know the picquet's after you?"

"I've got some little things here that I want to lay by, where nobody won't see 'em, in case I'm catched," returned Bags. "Don't you take no notice of me, Bill, and I'll be off directly."

"What have ye got?" asked Bill, whose curiosity was awakened by the proceedings of his friend.

"Some little matters that I picked up in the town," returned Bags. "Pity you should be on guard to-day, Bill—there was some pretty pickings. I'll save something for you, Bill," added Bags, in an unaccountable access of generosity.

The sentry, however, who was a person in every way worthy of the friendship of Mr Bags, expressed no gratitude for the considerate offer, but began poking at the bundle with his bayonet.

"Hands off, Bill," said Bags, "they won't abear touching."

"Let's see 'em," said Bill.

"Not a bit on it," said Bags; "they ain't aworth looking at."

"Suppose I was to call the sergeant of the guard," said Bill.

"You wouldn't do such a action?" said Bags, in a tone strongly expressive of disgust at such baseness. "No, no, Bill, you ain't that sort of fellow, *I'm* sure."

"It's my dooty," said the sentry, placing the butt of his musket on the ground, and leaning his elbow on the muzzle. "You see that what you said, Tongs, was very true, about its being hard upon me to be carrying about this here damnable weppin" (slapping the barrel of the musket) "all day for fourpence ha'penny, while you are making your fortin. It is, Tongs, d—d hard."

"Never mind; there'll be plenty left to-morrow," said Bags in a consolatory tone.

"What shall we say, now, if I lets ye hide it?" said Bill, pointing to the bundle. "Half-shares?" [662]

"This ain't like a friend, Bill," returned Tongs, highly disgusted with this ungenerous proposal. "Nobody ever knowed me interfere with a comrade when I was on sentry. How long ago is it since I let ye stay in my box an hour, till ye was sober enough to walk into barracks, when I was sentry at the gate? Why, the whole bundle ain't worth eighteenpence—and I've worked hard for it."

"Half-shares?" reiterated Bill, not melted in the least by the memory of ancient benefits.

"No, by G—!" said Bags in great wrath.

"Serg——," began Bill in an elevated voice, porting his arms at the same time.

"Stop!" said Bags; "don't call the sergeant. Half is better nor nothing, if ye're going to behave like that. We'll say half, then."

"Ah," said Bill, returning to his former position—"I thought we should agree. And now let's see 'em, Tongs."

Muttering still his disapprobation of this unworthy treatment, Bags put his bundle on the stone embrasure of the battery, and began to unfold it.

Eighteenpence was certainly a low valuation. Bags appeared to have visited a jeweller's shop. Watches, rings, bracelets, gold chains, and brooches glittered on the dingy surface of the handkerchief.

"My eye!" said Bill, unable to repress a low laugh of delight—"why, we'll turn bankers when we've sold 'em. Tongs and Co., eh?" said Bill with considerable humour.

Bags, however, told him he was altogether mistaken in his estimate—most of the things were pinchbeck, he said, and the stones all glass; and, to save Bill any trouble, he offered to dispose of them himself to the best possible advantage, and bring his partner his share of the proceeds, which would certainly be at least ninepence, and might perhaps be half-a-dollar. This arrangement did not, however, meet the approbation of the astute William, who insisted on dividing the spoils by lot. But here, again, there was a slight misunderstanding, for both fixed their affections on a gigantic watch, which never could have been got into any modern pocket, and whose face was ornamented with paintings from the heathen mythology. Both of them supposed, from the size and the brilliancy of the colours, that this must be of immense value. Finding they were not likely to come to a speedy arrangement on this point, they agreed to postpone the division of the spoils till morning.

"I'll tell ye where to put it, Bags," said Bill. "These here guns in this battery haven't been fired for years, nor ain't likely to be, though they loaded 'em the other day. Take out the wad of this one, and put in the bundle."

Bags approved of the idea, withdrew the wad from the muzzle of the gun, put in the bundle as far as his arm would reach, and then replaced the wad.

"Honour bright?" said Bags, preparing to depart.

"Honour bright," returned Bill; and Bags disappeared.

Nevertheless he did not feel sufficient confidence in his confederate's integrity to justify his quitting the place and leaving him to his own devices. He thought Bill might perhaps avail himself

of his absence to remove the treasure, or be guilty of some other treachery. He therefore crept back again softly, till he got behind a crag from whence he had a full view of the battery.

For some time Bill walked sternly to and fro on his post. Bags observed, however, that he always included the gun where the deposit lay in his perambulations, which became shorter and shorter. At last he halted close to it, laid down his musket against the parapet, and, approaching the muzzle of the gun, took out the wad.

At this moment a neighbouring sentry gave an alarm. The guard turned out, and Bill, hastily replacing the wad, resumed his arms and looked about for the cause of the alarm. About a mile out in the bay several red sparks were visible. As he looked there were a corresponding number of flashes, and then a whistling of shot high overhead told that the guns from which they had [663] been discharged had been laid too high. The Spanish gunboats were attacking the south.

The drums beat to arms, and in a few minutes the battery was manned with artillerymen. To the inconceivable horror of Bags and Bill, the whole of the guns in the battery were altered in position, and a gunner took post at the rear of each with a lighted portfire. Then a flushed face might be seen, by the blue light of the portfires, rising from behind a neighbouring piece of rock, the eyes staring, the mouth open in agonised expectation.

"Number one—fire!" said the officer in command, to the gunner in rear of the gun in which Mr Bags had invested his capital.

"No, no!" shouted Bags, rising wildly from behind the rock.

The portfire touched the vent—there was a discharge that seemed to rend Mr Bags's heartstrings and blow off the roof of his skull—and the clever speculation on which he had counted for making his fortune ended, like many others, in smoke. He gazed for a moment out in the direction of the flash, as if he expected to see the watches and rings gleaming in the air; then he turned and disappeared in the darkness.

After a few ineffectual discharges, the Spaniards seemed to become aware of the badness of their aim, and to take measures to amend it. Several shot struck the hospital; and some shells falling through the roof, exploded in the very wards where the sick lay. The unhappy Jew, Lazaro, lying in a feverish and semi-delirious state from his former hurt and agitation, was again struck by a splinter of a shell which burst in the ward where the Major's care had seen him deposited, blowing up the ceiling and part of the wall. In the midst of the confusion, the Jew, frantic with terror, rushed unrestrained from the building, followed only by his daughter, who was watching by his bed. He was not missed for some time, and the attempts to discover him, made after his disappearance became known, were of no avail. A neighbouring sentry had seen a white figure, followed by another crying after it, dash across the road and disappear in the bushes; but the search made about the vicinity of the spot failed in detecting any traces of them, and those who troubled themselves to think of the matter at all, surmised that they had fallen into the sea.

CHAPTER V.

For some pages, my grandfather's note-book is filled with memoranda of singular casualties from the enemy's shot, wonderful escapes, and hasty moments of quietude and attempted comfort snatched "even in the cannon's mouth." The fire from the Spanish batteries shortly reduced the town to ruins, and the gunboats at night precluded all hope of peace and oblivion after the horrors of the day. Dreams, in which these horrors were reproduced, were interrupted by still more frightful nocturnal realities. One of the curious minor evils that my grandfather notices, as resulting from an incessant cannonade, to those not engaged in it actively enough to withdraw their attention from the noise, is the extreme irritation produced by its long continuance, amounting, in persons of nervous and excitable temperament, to positive exasperation.

Some of the numerous incidents he chronicles are also recorded by Drinkwater, especially that of a man who recovered after being almost knocked to pieces by the bursting of a shell. "His head was terribly fractured, his left arm broken in two places, one of his legs shattered, the skin and muscles torn off his right hand, the middle finger broken to pieces, and his whole body most severely bruised and marked with gunpowder. He presented so horrid an object to the surgeons, that they had not the smallest hopes of saving his life, and were at a loss what part to attend to first. He was that evening trepanned; a few days afterwards his leg was amputated, and other wounds and fractures dressed. Being possessed of a most excellent constitution, nature [664] performed wonders in his favour, and in eleven weeks the cure was completely effected. His name," continues Mr Drinkwater, with what might be deemed irony—if the worthy historian ever indulged in that figure of rhetoric—"is Donald Ross, and he" (*i. e.* the remaining fragment of the said Donald Ross) "now enjoys his sovereign's bounty in a pension of ninepence a-day for life." One might almost suppose that Mr Hume had some hand in affixing the gratuity; but in those days there was a king who knew not Joseph.

My grandfather appears to have had also an adventure of his own. During a cessation of the cannonade, he was sitting one morning on a fragment of rock, in the garden behind his quarters, reading his favourite author. The firing suddenly recommenced, and a long-ranged shell, striking the ground at some distance, rolled towards him. He glanced half-absently at the hissing missile; and whether he actually did not for a moment recollect its character, or whether, as was often the case on such occasions, the imminence of the danger paralysed him, he sat immovably watching it as it fizzed within a couple of yards of him. Unquestionably in another three seconds

my grandfather's earthly tabernacle would have been resolved into its original atoms, had not the intrepid Carlota (who was standing near gathering flowers to stick in her hair) darted on him, and, seizing him by the arm, dragged him behind a wall. They were scarce under shelter when the shell exploded—the shock laying them both prostrate, though unhurt but for a few bruises—while the stone on which the Major had been sitting was shivered to atoms. To the description of this incident in the Major's journal are appended a pious reflection and a short thanksgiving, which, being entirely of a personal nature, I omit.

The stores landed from the fleet were in a very precarious position. Owing to the destruction of the buildings, there were no means of placing them where they might be sheltered at once from the fire of the enemy and from rain. Some were piled under sails spread out as a sort of roof to protect them, and some, that were not likely to sustain immediate injury from the damp air of such a depository, were ordered to be conveyed to St Michael's Cave.

This cave is one of the most curious features of the Rock. Its mouth—an inconsiderable opening in the slope of the mountain—is situated many hundred feet above the sea. Within, it expands into a spacious hall, the roof, invisible in the gloom, supported by thick pillars formed by the petrified droppings of the rock. From this principal cavern numerous smaller ones branch off, leading, by dark, broken, and precipitous passages, to unknown depths. Along one of these, according to tradition, Governor O'Hara advanced farther than ever man had gone before, and left his sword in the inmost recess to be recovered by the next explorer who should be equally adventurous. But whether it is that the tradition is unfounded, or that the weapon has been carried off by some gnome, or that the governor's exploit is as yet unrivalled, the sword has never been brought to light.

For the duty of placing the stores here, the name of Lieutenant Owen appeared in the garrison orders. My grandfather having nothing particular to do, and being anxious to escape as much as possible for a short time from the din of the bombardment, offered to accompany Frank in the execution of this duty.

The day was dark and gloomy, and the steep path slippery from rain, so that the mules bearing the stores toiled with difficulty up the ascent. At first, my grandfather and Owen indulged in cheerful conversation; but shortness of breath soon reduced the Major to monosyllables, and the latter part of the journey was accomplished in silence. Frequently the Major paused and faced about, at once to look at the prospect and to take breath. Far below, on his right, was seen the southern end of the town, consisting partly of a heap of ruins, with here and there a rafter sticking out of the mass, partly of roofless walls, among which was occasionally heard the crashing of shot; but the guns that discharged them, as well as those that replied from the town, [665] were invisible from this point. Directly beneath him the ground afforded a curious spectacle, being covered with tents, huts, and sheds, of all sorts and sizes, where the outcast population of the ruined town obtained a precarious and insufficient shelter. The only building visible which still retained its former appearance was the convent—the governor's residence—which was protected by bomb-proofs, and where working-parties were constantly engaged in repairing the injuries. The bay, once thickly wooded with masts and dotted with sails, was now blank and cheerless; only the enemy's cruisers were visible, lying under the opposite shore of Spain.

Owen and my grandfather arrived at the mouth of the cave somewhat in advance of the convoy. To their surprise a smoke was issuing from it; and, as they approached nearer, their nostrils were greeted by an odour at once savoury and spicy. Going softly up they looked in.

Mr Bags and a couple of friends were seated round a fire, over which was roasting a small pig, scientifically butchered and deprived of his hair, and hung up by the heels. The fire, in the absence of other fuel, (of which there was an extreme scarcity in Gibraltar,) was supplied by bundles of cinnamon plundered from the store of some grocer, and, as the flame waxed low, Mr Bags took a fresh bundle from a heap of that fragrant spice by his side, and laid it on the embers. Mrs Bags was occupied in basting the pig with lard, which she administered from time to time with an iron ladle.

Presently Mr Bags tapped on the pig's back with his knife. It sent forth a crisp crackling sound, that made my grandfather's mouth water, and caused Mr Bags to become impatient.

"Polly," said he, "it's my opinion it's been done these three minutes. I can't wait much longer."

And he cast a glance at the other two soldiers, (in whom, as well as in Bags, Owen recognised men of his company who had been reported absent for some days, and were supposed to have gone over to the enemy,) to ascertain if their opinions tallied with his own on this point.

"It can't be no better," said one, taking hold of the pig's neck between his finger and thumb, which he afterwards applied to his mouth.

"I can't abear my meat overdone," said the third. "What I say is, let them that likes to wait, wait, and let them that wants to begin, begin." So saying, he rose, and was about to attack the ribs of the porker with his knife.

"Do stop a minute—that's a dear," said Mrs Bags; "another bundle of cinnament will make it parfect. I'll give ye something to stay your stomach;" and stepping to a nook in the wall of the cavern, where stood a large barrel, she filled a pewter measure, and handed it to the impatient advocate for underdone pork, who took a considerable dram, and passed it to his companions.

"Cinnament's better with pork nor with most things," said Bags. "It spoils goose, because it don't agree with the inions, and it makes fowls wishy-washy; but it goes excellent with pig."

"What's left in the larder?" asked one of the party.

"There's a week's good eating yet," said Mrs Bags, "and we *might* make it do ten days or a fortnight."

"Well!" said the other, "they may say what they like about sieges, but this is the jolliest time ever *I* had."

"It's very well by day," said Bags, "but the nights is cold, and the company of that ghost ain't agreeable—I seed it again last night."

"Ah!" said his friend, "what was it like, Tongs?"

"Something white," returned Bags in an awful whisper, "with a ghost's eyes. You may allays know a ghost by the eyes. I was just rising up, and thinking about getting a drink, for my coppers was hot, when it comes gliding up from that end of the cave. I spoke to you, and then I couldn't see it no more, because it was varnished."

"Ghosts always varnishes if you speak," said Mrs Bags. "But never mind the spirit now—let's look after the flesh," added the lady, who possessed a fund of native pleasantry: "the pig's done to a turn."

At this interesting juncture, and just as they were about to fall to, the footsteps of the approaching mules struck on their ears. Owen went to meet the party, and hastily selecting six men from it, advanced, and desired them to secure the astounded convivialists. [666]

On recovering from their first astonishment, Bags begged Owen would overlook the offence; they were only, he pleaded, having a little spree—times had been hard lately. Mrs Bags, as usual, displayed great eloquence, though not much to the purpose. She seemed to have some idea that an enumeration of the gentlemen's families she had lived in, and the high estimation in which she had been held in all, would really tell powerfully in favour of the delinquents, and persevered accordingly, till they were marched off in custody of the escort, when she made a final appeal to my grandfather, as the last gentleman whose family she had lived in—with what advantage to the household the reader knows. The Major, who could not forgive the roasting of his ham, called her, in reply, a "horrible woman," but, at the same time, whispered to Owen that he hoped the fellows would not be severely punished. "If we had caught them after dinner," said he, "I shouldn't have pitied them so much."

"Never mind them," said Owen; "let us proceed to business. We must select the driest spot we can find to put the stores in."

[Here, by way of taking leave of Mr Bags, I may remark, that he narrowly escaped being hanged as a plunderer—failing which, he was sentenced by a court-martial to receive a number of lashes, which I refrain from specifying, because it would certainly make the hair of a modern humanitarian turn white with horror.]

"Come along, Major," said Owen; "perhaps we may find more of these scoundrels in the course of our researches."

The Major did not move; he was earnestly regarding the carcase of the pig, that steamed hissing above the embers.

"Queer idea that of the cinnamon fire," said he. "I wonder how the meat tastes."

Owen did not hear him, having walked forward.

"Have you got a knife about you, Frank?" said the Major. "Do you know I have a curious desire to ascertain the flavour. It may be a feature in cookery worth knowing."

Owen had not a knife, nor had any of the men, but one of them suggested that the Major's sword would answer the purpose.

"To be sure," said the Major. "A good idea! I don't see why swords shouldn't be turned into carving-knives as well as into pruning-hooks." So saying, he drew it from the sheath, and, straddling across the fire, detached a crisp brown mouthful from the pig's ribs, and putting a little salt on it, he conveyed it to his mouth.

"Excellent!" cried the Major. "I give you my word of honour, Owen, 'tis excellent! The cinnamon gives it a sort of a ——"

Here a second and larger mouthful interrupted the criticism.

"It must be very near lunch-time," said the Major, pausing, sword in hand, when he had swallowed it; then, pretending to look at his watch—"Bless me, it only wants half-an-hour of it. Do you think this business will take you long, Owen?"

"About a couple of hours," said Owen.

"Ah, why, there you see," returned the Major, "we shan't get home till long past lunch-time. I really don't see why we shouldn't take a snack now. Nothing can be better than that pig. I only wish the woman had dressed my dinner half as well. Corporal Hodson, would you oblige me with a piece of that biscuit near you?" And, detaching a large fragment of pork, he placed it on the biscuit, and sprinkling it with pepper and salt, which condiments had not been forgotten in the gastronomic arrangements of Mr Bags, he proceeded to follow Owen into the interior of the cave, taking huge bites as he went.

The path slopes at first steeply downward from the mouth to the interior of the cavern, where it becomes more level. Light being admitted only at the entrance, the gloom of the interior is almost impenetrable to the eye. The men had brought torches to assist them in their work, and, a [667]

suitable spot having been selected, these were stuck on different points and abutments of the rocky wall, when the party proceeded to unload the mules at the entrance, conveying their burdens into the cave.

In the midst of the bustle and noise attending the operation, the little dog given by Esther to Carlota, which had that morning followed the Major, to whom it had speedily attached itself, began barking and howling dismally in a dark recess behind one of the great natural pillars before spoken of. As the noise continued, intermixed with piteous whinings, one of the men took a torch from the wall, and stepped forward into the darkness, to see what ailed the animal. Presently he cried out that "there was a man there."

My grandfather, who was next him, immediately followed, and five paces brought him to the spot. The soldier who held the torch was stooping, and holding it over a figure that lay on the ground on its back. In the unshaven, blood-stained countenance, my grandfather, at first, had some difficulty in recognising Lazaro the Jew. Some fiery splashes of pitch from the torch dropping at the moment on his bare throat, produced no movement, though, had he been living, they must have scorched him to the quick.

On the body was nothing but the shirt he wore the night of his flight from the hospital, but his legs were wrapt in a woman's dress. Across his breast, on her face, lay Esther, in her white under-garments—for the gown that wrapt the Jew's legs was hers. The glare of the torch was bright and red on the two prostrate figures, and on the staring appalled countenance of the man who held it—the group forming a glowing spot in the vast, sombre, vaulted space, where dim gleams of light were caught and repeated on projecting masses of rock, more and more faintly, till all was bounded by darkness.

Years afterwards my grandfather would sometimes complain of having been revisited, in dreams of the night, by that ghastly piece of Rembrandt painting.

The rest quickly flocked to the spot, and Esther was lifted and found to breathe, though the Jew was stiff and cold. Some diluted spirit, from the cellar of Bags, being poured down her throat she revived a little, when my grandfather caused two of the men to bear her carefully to his house; and the body of the Jew being wrapt in a piece of canvass, was placed on a mule and conveyed to the hospital for interment.

Medical aid restored Esther to consciousness, and she told how they came to be found in the cave.

Her father, on leaving the hospital, had fled by chance, as she thought, to this cave, for he did not reach it by the usual path, but climbed, in his delirious fear, up the face of the rock, and she had followed him as well as she could, keeping his white figure in sight. They had both lain exhausted in the cave till morning, when, finding that her father slept, she was on the point of leaving him to seek assistance. But, unhappily, before she could quit the place, Bags and his associates entered from their plundering expedition into the town, and, frightened at their drunken language, and recognising in Bags the man who had robbed her, she had crept back to her concealment. The party of marauders never quitted the cavern from the moment of establishing themselves in it. They spent the day in eating, drinking, singing songs, and sometimes quarrelling. Twice, at night, she ventured forth; but she always found one of them asleep across the entrance, so that she could not pass without waking him, and once one of them started up, and seemed about to pursue her—doubtless Bags, on the occasion when he thought he saw a ghost. Nevertheless, she had mustered courage twice to take some fragments of food that were lying near the fire, leaving each time a piece of money in payment; and she had also taken a lighted candle, the better to ascertain her father's situation. He had never spoken to her since the first night of their coming, and, during all those dark and weary hours, (for they were three nights and two days in the cavern,) she had remained by him listening to his incoherent mutterings and moans. The candle had showed her that he had lost much blood, from the wound [668]
in his forehead breaking out afresh, as well as from the other received in the hospital, though the latter was but a flesh wound. These she had bandaged with shreds of her dress, and had tried to give him some of the nourishment she had procured, but could force nothing on him except some water. Some hours, however—how long she did not know, but it was during the night—before Owen's party found her, the Jew had become sensible. He told her he was dying; and, unconscious of where he was, desired her to fetch a light. This she had procured in the same way as before, lighting the candle at the embers of the fire round which Bags and his friends reposed. Then the Jew, who seemed to imagine himself still in the hospital, bid her say whom, among those she knew in Gibraltar, she would wish to have charge of her when he was no more; and, on her mentioning Carlota, had desired her to take pen and paper and write his will as he should dictate it. Pen she had none, but she had a pencil and a scrap of paper in her pocket, and with these she wrote, leaning over to catch the whispered syllables that he with difficulty articulated.

From this paper it would appear that the Jew had some fatherly feelings for Esther concealed beneath his harsh deportment towards her. I can describe the will, for I have often seen it. It is written on a piece of crumpled writing-paper, about the size of a bank-note, very stained and dirty. It is written in Spanish; and in it the Jew entreats "the Señora, the wife of Sr. Don Flinder, English officer, to take charge of his orphan child, in requital whereof he leaves her the half of whatsoever property he dies possessed of, the other half to be disposed of for the benefit of his daughter." Then follows a second paragraph, inserted at Esther's own desire, to the effect that, should she not survive, the whole was to be inherited by the aforesaid Señora. It is dated "Abril 1781," and signed in a faint, straggling hand, quite different from the clear writing of the rest —"José Lazaro."

Esther would now have gone, at all hazards, to obtain assistance, but the Jew clutched her arm, and would not permit her to quit him. He breathed his last shortly after, and Esther remembered nothing more till she came to herself in the Major's house. The paper was found in her bosom.

Some days after this event my grandfather went with Owen into the town, during a temporary lull in the enemy's firing, to visit the house of Lazaro, in order to ascertain whether anything valuable was left that might be converted to Esther's benefit. They had some difficulty in finding the exact locality, owing to the utter destruction of all the landmarks. The place was a mass of ruins. Some provisions and goods had been left by the plunderers, but so mixed with rubbish, and overflowed with the contents of the casks of liquor and molasses, as to be of no value even in these times of dearth.

Owen, poking about among the wreck, observed an open space in the middle of one of the shattered walls, as if something had been built into it. With the assistance of my grandfather's cane, he succeeded in dislodging the surrounding masonry, already loosened by shot, and they discovered it to be a recess made in the thickness of the wall, and closed by a small iron door. At the bottom was lying a small box, also of iron, which they raised, not without difficulty, for its weight was extraordinary in proportion to its dimensions. This being conveyed to my grandfather's, and opened, was found to contain more than six hundred doubloons, (a sum in value about two thousand pounds,) and many bills of exchange and promissory notes, mostly those of officers. The latest was that of Von Dessel. These the Major, by Esther's desire, returned to the persons whose signatures they bore.

Esther never completely recovered from the effects of her sojourn in the cave, but remained always pale and of weak health. My grandfather took good care of her inheritance for her, and on leaving Gibraltar, at the conclusion of the siege, invested the whole of it safely for her benefit, placing her, at the same time, in the family of some respectable persons of her own religion. She afterwards married a wealthy Hebrew; and, in whatever part of the world the Major chanced to be serving, so long as she lived, valuable presents would constantly arrive from Gibraltar—mantillas and ornaments of jewellery for Carlota, and butts of delicious sherry for my grandfather. These, however, ceased with her death, about twenty years afterwards. [669]

This is, I believe, the most connected and interesting episode to be found in the Major's note-book; and it is, I think, the last specimen I shall offer of these new "Tales of my Grandfather."

As a child I used to listen, with interest ever new, to the tale of the young Jewess, which the narrator had often heard from the lips of Carlota and her husband. St Michael's Cave took rank in my mind with those other subterranean abodes where Cassim, the brother of Ali Baba, who forgot the word "*Open Sesame*," was murdered by the Forty Thieves; where Aladdin was shut by the magician in the enchanted garden; and where Robinson Crusoe discovered the dying he-goat. And when, at the conclusion of the tale, the scrap of paper containing the Jew's will was produced from a certain desk, and carefully unfolded, I seemed to be connected by some awful and mysterious link with these departed actors in the scenes I had so breathlessly listened to.

LIFE AMONGST THE LOGGERS.

Forest Life and Forest Trees. By John S. Springer. New York: Harper. London: Sampson Low. 1851.

The northern and elder States of the great American Union have ceased to be associated in our minds with those ideas of wild and romantic adventure which are inseparably connected with some of their younger brethren far west and south. There is nothing suggestive of romance in such names as New York, Maine, and Pennsylvania: cotton bales, keen traders and repudiated debts, drab coats, wooden clocks, and counterfeit nutmegs, compose the equivocal and unpoetical visions they conjure up to European imaginations. But drop we our eyes down the map to lawless Arkansas, feverish Louisiana, and debateable Texas, or westwards to the still newer State of California, and a host of stirring and picturesque associations throng upon our memory. Strange scenes and a motley array pass before us. Bands of hunters and trappers, scarce more civilised than the Indians with whom they war, or gentler than the buffalo which yields them sport and food; predatory armies, for Mexico bound, keen for spoil and regardless of right; caravans of adventurous gold-seekers braving the perilous passage of the Rocky Mountains; hardy squatters, axe in hand, hewing themselves a home in the heart of the wilderness; innumerable traits of courage and endurance—incredible sufferings and countless crimes—make up a picture-gallery unrivalled of its kind. In those districts, not a league of prairie, not a mountain or stream, not a *bayou* or *barranca*, but has derived recent and vivid interest from the animated sketches of Sealsfield, Ruxton, Wise, and a host of other graphic and vigorous delineators.

As if to vindicate the claims to interest of the northern American provinces, a Down-easter, Springer by name, who hails from the State of Maine, has exhibited, in a curious little volume, the adventurous side of life in *his* part of the Union. At a first glance, there would appear to be few created things whose history was likely to be less interesting than that of a Yankee pine-log. Get astride it with Springer, and paddle up the Penobscot, clearing rapids and other impediments as best you may on so unpromising a float—and, before reaching the place where it grew, you shall marvel at the skill and daring expended, and at the risks run to procure it. Springer, who was reared amongst the pine forests, which his axe afterwards helped to thin, is an enthusiastic

woodsman, and feels "kinder jealous" that whilst the habits and adventures of many classes of his countrymen have occupied skilful writers and public attention, no chronicler should have been found for the deeds and perils of that numerous class to which he for some years belonged. To supply this deficiency, he himself, although more used to handle axe than goose-quill, has written a plain and unpretending account of scenes and incidents which he shared in and witnessed. The freshness of the subject, and the honest earnestness of the man, would atone for clumsier treatment than it has met with at his hands. [670]

The second title of Mr Springer's book gives a clearer idea of its contents than the primary one. The volume comprises, says the title-page, "Winter camp-life, among the Loggers, and wild-wood adventure, with descriptions of lumbering operations on the various rivers of Maine and New Brunswick." It is divided into three parts; the first and shortest being a dissertation on forest trees, with particular reference to those of America; the second, entitled "The Pine Tree, or Forest Life," giving an account of wood-cutting operations; the third, "River Life," detailing the progress of the timber from the forest to the "boom," or depôt. The chief interest of the book begins with the second chapter of the second part, wherein is described the commencement of the labours of a gang of "loggers," or woodcutters. In the hunt after timber, as after certain animals, the first thing to be done is to mark the whereabout of your game preparatory to starting in its pursuit. On the eve of the chase the keeper reconnoitres the retreat of the wild-boar. Before a party of loggers proceed to establish a camp and pass the winter woodcutting, they send out scouts to ascertain where timber is plenty. Thirty years since, this was scarcely necessary—the pine, that forest king of the northern States, abounded on every side. Fifty years hence—so it is estimated by those best qualified to judge—the vast pine forests, through which the Penobscot flows, will be on the eve of extinction. Now is the intermediate stage. A man cannot, as he formerly could, step from his house to his day's work; but research and labour still command a rich timber harvest. Exploring expeditions may be made at any period of the year, but autumn is the favourite season. They consist generally of only two or three men, accustomed to the business, who, provided with the necessary provisions, with a coffee-pot and a blanket, axe, rifle, and ammunition, embark on skiff or *bateau*, and pole and paddle their way two hundred miles or more up the Penobscot or the St Croix, and their numerous tributaries. On reaching the district it is proposed to explore, the boat is hauled ashore and turned bottom upwards, the load of stores is divided amongst the party, and they strike into the forest, rousing, on their passage, the stately moose, the timid deer, the roaming black bear, and many an inferior denizen of the lonesome wilderness. They now begin "prospecting." Often the thickness of the forest and the uneven surface of the country prevent their obtaining a sufficiently extensive view, and compel them to climb trees in order to look around them.

> "When an ascent is to be made, the spruce tree is generally selected, principally for the superior facilities which its numerous limbs afford the climber. To gain the first limbs of this tree, which are from twenty to forty feet from the ground, a smaller tree is undercut and lodged against it, clambering up which the top of the spruce is reached. Sometimes, when a very elevated position is desired, the spruce tree is lodged against the trunk of some lofty pine, up which we ascend to a height twice that of the surrounding forest. From such a tree-top, like a mariner at the mast-head upon the look-out for whales, (and indeed the pine is the whale of the forest,) large 'clumps' and 'veins' of pine are discovered, whose towering tops may be seen for miles around. Such views fill the bosom of timber-hunters with an *intense interest*. They are the object of his search—his treasure, his Eldorado; and they are beheld with peculiar and thrilling emotions. To detail the process more minutely, we should observe, that the man in the tree-top points out the direction in which the pines are seen; or, if hid from the view of those below by the surrounding foliage, he breaks a small limb, and throws it in the direction in which they appear, whilst a man at the base marks the direction indicated by the falling limb by means of a compass which he holds in his hand, the compass being quite as necessary in the wilderness as on the pathless ocean. In fair weather the sun serves as an important guide; and in cloudy weather the close observation of an experienced woodman will enable him to steer a tolerably correct course by the moss which grows on the trunks of most hardwood trees, the north sides of which are covered with a much larger share than the other portions of the trunk. This Indian compass, however, is not very convenient or safe, particularly in passing through swampy lands, which are of frequent occurrence." [671]

Two reflections are suggested by the paragraph we have just copied. The substance of one of them is noted in the Preface. "This volume," says the modest and sensible Springer, "makes no pretensions to literary merit; sooner would it claim kindred with the wild and uncultivated scenes of which it is but a simple relation." The second reflection is, that our wood-cutter is an enthusiast in his craft; for wood-cutting in Maine *is* a craft, and no common log-chopping. To Springer, a towering grove of timber is as exciting a sight as is to the hunter that of a herd of antlered deer or shaggy buffalo. The pine especially is the object of his love and admiration. He abounds in anecdotes and arguments to prove its good qualities, and labours hard to establish its superiority to the oak. Reared amongst the noble pines of Maine, he says, even as a child, he could never hear, without feelings of jealousy, the oak extolled as monarch of the forest. Admitting it to excel in strength, he vaunts, upon the other hand, the superior grandeur and girth of the pine, its value in building, the breadth of its planks, their clearness, beauty, and freedom from knots, the numerous uses to which it is applicable, its excellence as fuel, its perfect adaptation to all the joiner's purposes. He extols in turn each of its varieties; the red pine,

remarkable for its tall trunk, which sometimes rises eighty feet from the ground before putting out a limb; the pitch pine, inferior in size, but preferable to any other wood for generating steam in engines; the white pine, superior to all in value and dimensions. He tells us of pines, of which he has read or heard, of extraordinary grandeur and diameter: of one, two hundred and sixty-four feet long; and of another which, at three feet from the ground, was fifty-seven feet nine inches in circumference. These extraordinary specimens were cut some years ago. Trees of such dimensions are now rare.

> "I have worked in the forests among this timber several years," says Springer, "have cut many hundreds of trees, and seen many thousands, but I never found one larger than one I felled on a little stream which empties into Jackson Lake, near the head of Baskahegan stream, in eastern Maine. This was a pumpkin pine, (a variety of the white pine.) Its trunk was as straight and handsomely grown as a moulded candle, and measured six feet in diameter four feet from the ground, without the aid of spur roots. It was about nine rods in length, or one hundred and forty-four feet, about sixty-five feet of which was free of limbs, and retained its diameter remarkably well. I was employed about one hour and a quarter in felling it. The afternoon was beautiful; everything was calm, and to me the circumstances were deeply interesting. After chopping an hour or so, the mighty giant, the growth of centuries, which had withstood the hurricane, and raised itself in peerless majesty above all around, began to tremble under the strokes of a mere insect, as I might appear in comparison with it. My heart palpitated as I occasionally raised my eye to its pinnacle to catch the first indications of its fall. It came down at length with a crash, which seemed to shake a hundred acres, whilst the loud echo rang through the forest, dying away amongst the distant hills. It had a hollow in the butt about the size of a barrel, and the surface of the stump was sufficiently spacious to allow a yoke of oxen to stand upon it. It made five logs, and loaded a six-ox team three times. The butt-log was so large, that the stream did not float it in the spring; and when the drive was taken down, we were obliged to leave it behind, much to our regret and loss. At the boom, that log would have been worth fifty dollars."

The pine tracts ascertained, the quality of the trees examined, the distance the timber will have to be hauled duly calculated, and the ground inspected, through which logging roads must be cut, the exploring party retrace their steps to the place where they left their boat. Foot-sore with their forest roamings, they gladly look forward to the quick, gliding passage down stream. A [672] grievous disappointment sometimes awaits them. In the fall of the year, the black bear is seized with a violent longing for pitch and resinous substances, and frequently strips fir trees of their bark for the sake of the exudations. Occasionally he stumbles over a timber-hunter's *bateau*, and tears it to pieces in the course of the rough process he employs to extract the tar from its planks. If it is injured beyond possibility of repair, the unlucky pioneers have to perform their homeward journey on foot, unless indeed they are so fortunate as to fall in with some Indian trapper, whose canoe they can charter for a portion of the way. Once at home, the next step is to obtain permits from the State or proprietors, securing, at a stipulated price of so much per thousand feet, the exclusive right to cut timber within certain bounds. Then comes haymaking—a most important part of the loggers' duty; for on nothing does the success of the wood-cutting campaign depend more than on the good working condition of the sturdy teams of oxen which drag the logs from the snow-covered forest to the river's brink. Hard by the forest extensive strips of meadow-land are commonly found, covered with a heavy growth of grass, and thither large bands of men repair to make and stalk the hay for the ensuing winter's consumption. The labour of haymaking in these upland meadows of Maine is rendered intolerably painful by the assaults of flies and mosquitoes, and especially by the insidious attacks of millions of midges, so small as to be scarcely perceptible to the naked eye, and which get between the clothes and the skin, causing a smarting and irritation so great as to impede the progress of the work. The torment of these insect attacks is hardly compensated by the pastimes and adventures incidental to the occupation. Now and then a shot is to be had at a stray deer; the streams swarm with beautiful trout and pickerel; skirmishes with black bears are of frequent occurrence. Mr Springer's volume abounds with stories of encounters with bears, wolves, and "Indian devils"—a formidable species of catamount, of which the Indians stand in particular dread. Although the bear rarely shows himself pugnacious unless assailed, his meddlesome, thievish propensities render him particularly obnoxious to the hay-makers and wood-cutters; and when they meet him, they never can abstain from the aggressive, however civilly Bruin may be disposed to pass them by.

> "On one occasion," says Mr Springer, "two men, crossing a small lake in skiff, on their return from putting up hay, discovered a bear swimming from a point of land for the opposite shore. As usual in such cases, temptation silenced prudence—they changed their course, and gave chase. The craft being light, they gained fast upon the bear, who exerted himself to the utmost to gain the shore; but, finding himself an unequal match in the race, he turned upon his pursuers, and swam to meet them. One of the men, a short, thick-set, dare-devil fellow, seized an axe, and, the moment the bear came up, inflicted a blow upon his head. It seemed to make but a slight impression, and before it could be repeated the bear clambered into the boat. He instantly grappled the man who struck him, firmly setting his teeth in his thigh; then, settling back upon his haunches, he raised his victim in the air, and shook him as a dog would a wood-chuck. The man at the helm stood for a moment in amazement, without knowing how to act, and fearing that the bear might spring overboard and drown his companion; but, recollecting the

effect of a blow upon the end of a bear's snout, he struck him with a short setting-pole. The bear dropped his victim into the bottom of the boat, sallied and fell overboard, and swam again for the shore. The man bled freely from the bite, and, as the wound proved too serious to allow a renewal of the encounter, they made for the shore. But one thing saved them from being upset: the water proved sufficiently shoal to admit of the bear's getting bottom, from which he sprang into the boat. Had the water been deep, the consequences might have been more serious."

From its first to its last stage, the logger's occupation is one of severe toil and frequent peril. When the pioneer's duty is accomplished, and when the hay is made, there is still hard work to be done before he can begin to level the forest giants. No kind of labour, Mr Springer assures us, tests a man's physical abilities and powers of endurance more than boating supplies up river. The [673] wood-cutters come to a fall, and have to land their implements and provisions, and to carry them past it. Their boats, too, must be carried, and that over rocks and fallen trees, through thickets and pathless swamps. Then they come to rapids, up which they have to pole their heavy-laden bateaux. For this work, prodigious skill, nerve, and strength are requisite. Then come the long portages from lake to lake, and the danger of being swamped, when traversing these, by sudden gusts of wind lashing the lake, in a few minutes' time, into foaming waves, in which the deeply-loaded boats could not for a moment live.

"Our frail skiff was about eighteen feet long, and four feet across the top of the gunwale amidships, tapering to a point at either end, constructed of thin slips of pine boards, nailed to some half-dozen pair of slender knees, about two inches in diameter. On board were fifteen hundred pounds of provisions, with seven men, which pressed her into the water nearly to the gunwale; three inches from the position of a level, and she would fill with water."

In such an overburthened cockle-shell as this did Mr Springer once find himself in company with a drunken man, who was only withheld from capsizing the boat by the threat of having his skull split with a paddle; for an inordinate addiction to rum is the loggers' chief vice, a vice palliated by the hardship and exposure they endure. Drinking, however, is on the decline amongst them of late years, since "it has been fully demonstrated that men can endure the chilling hardships of river-driving quite as well, and indeed far better, without the stimulus of ardent spirits, and perform more and better-directed labour." Black pepper tea is drunk on cold nights when camping in the open air, and is found a warming and comfortable beverage. Both in drink and diet the loggers look more to strength than to delicacy. Salt pork, ship bread, and molasses, compose the staple of their consumption. The drippings from a slice of pork, roasted before the fire, are allowed to fall on the bread, which is then dignified by the name of buttered toast. Sometimes the salt pork is eaten raw, dipped in molasses,—a mixture unequalled for nastiness, we should imagine, excepting by that of oysters and brown sugar. "The recital may cause," says honest Springer in his comical English, "in delicate and pampered stomachs some qualms, yet we can assure the uninitiated that, from these gross samples, the hungry woodsman makes many a delicious meal." An assurance which gives us a most exalted idea of the appetite and digestion of the loggers of Maine.

Once in the forest with their stores, the woodmen carefully select a suitable spot, clear the ground, build their "camp" and "hovel," and commence their winter's work. The "camp" and "hovel" are two log-houses, the former being for the men, the latter for the oxen. In some respects the beasts are better treated than their masters, for their hovel is floored with small poles, a luxury unknown in the camp, where the men sleep on branches strewn upon the bare earth. "Having completed our winter residences, next in order comes the business of looking out and cutting the 'main' and some of the principal 'branch roads.' These roads, like the veins in the human body, ramify the wilderness to all the principal 'clumps' and 'groves' of pine embraced in the permit." Mr Springer expatiates on the graceful curves of the roads, whose inequalities soon become filled with snow, and their surface hard-beaten and glassy, polished by the sled and logs which are continually passing over it, whilst overhead the trees interlace their spreading branches. "Along this roadside, on the way to the landing, runs a serpentine path for the 'knight of the goad,' whose deviations are marked now outside this tree, then behind that 'windfall,' now again intercepting the main road, skipping along like a dog at one's side." The teamster, if he does his duty, works harder than any man in camp. Under a good teamster, the oxen receive care almost as tender as though they were race-horses with thousands depending on their health and condition. With proper attention and management, they should be in as good flesh in the spring [674] as when they began hauling early in winter.

"The last thing at night before 'turning in,' the teamster lights his lantern and repairs to the ox-hovel. In the morning, by peep of day, and often before, his visits are repeated, to hay and provender, and card, and yoke up. While the rest of the hands are sitting or lounging around the liberal fire, shifting for their comfort, after exposure to the winter frosts through the day, he must repeatedly go out to look after the comfort of the sturdy, faithful ox. And then, for an hour or two in the morning again, whilst all, save the cook, are closing up the sweet and unbroken slumbers of the night, so welcome and necessary to the labourer, he is out amid the early frost with, I had almost said, the care of a mother, to see if 'old Turk' is not loose, whether 'Bright' favours the near fore-foot, (which felt a little hot the day before,) as he stands up on the hard floor, and then to inspect 'Swan's' provender-trough, to see if he has eaten his meal, for it was carefully noted that at the 'watering-place' last night he drank but little; whilst at

the further end of the 'tie-up' he thinks he hears a little clattering noise, and presently 'little Star' is having his shins gently rapped, as a token of his master's wish to raise his foot to see if some nail has not given way in the loosened shoe; and this not for once, but every day, with numberless other cares connected with his charge."

The oxen are taken out to the forest by the last detachment of wood-cutters, when winter fairly sets in. This is the hardest trip of any. Both man and beast experience much inconvenience from the cold. Often, when driving a boat up rapids, ice forms upon the poles in the men's hands, which are already so cold and stiff that they can scarcely retain their grasp; yet an instant's cessation of exertion would be fraught with imminent peril to life and goods. The oxen, attached to long lightly-loaded sleds, are driven over rough miry tracks. "In crossing large streams, we unyoke the oxen and swim them over. If we have no boat, a raft is constructed, upon which our effects are transported, when we reyoke and pursue our route as before. Our cattle are often very reluctant to enter the water whilst the anchor-ice runs, and the cold has already begun to congeal its surface." Lakes are crossed upon the ice, which not unfrequently breaks in. Mr Springer gives an account of a journey he made, when this misfortune happened, and ten oxen at one time were struggling in the chilling waters of Baskahegan Lake. They were all got out, he tells us, although rescue under such circumstances would appear almost hopeless.

"Standing upon the edge of the ice, a man was placed by the side of each ox to keep his head out of the water. We unyoked one at a time, and throwing a rope round the roots of his horns, the warp was carried forward and attached to the little oxen, (a pair that had not broken in,) whose services on this occasion were very necessary. A strong man was placed on the ice at the edge, so that, lifting the ox by his horns, he was able to press the ice down and raise his shoulder up on the edge, when the warp-oxen would pull them out. For half-an-hour we had a lively time of it, and in an almost incredibly short time we had them all safely out, and drove them back upon the point nearly a mile. It was now very dark. We left our sleds in the water with the hay, pulling out a few armsful, which we carried to the shore to rub the oxen down with. Poor fellows! they seemed nearly chilled to death, and shook as if they would fall to pieces."

So great is the labour of taking oxen to the forest every Fall—often to a distance of two hundred miles into the interior—that the wood-cutters sometimes leave them, when they go down stream in the spring to get their own living in the wilderness, and hunt them up again in autumn. They thrive finely in the interval, and get very wild and difficult to catch; but when at last subjugated, they evidently recognise their masters, and are pleased to see them. Occasionally they disappear in the course of the summer, and are heard of no more; they are then supposed to have got "mired or cast," or to have been devoured by wolves—or by bears, which also are known to attack oxen.

"An individual who owned a very fine 'six-ox team' turned them into the woods to brouse, in a new region of country. Late in the evening, his attention was arrested by the bellowing of one of them. It continued for an hour or two, then ceased altogether. [675]
The night was very dark, and as the ox was supposed to be more than a mile distant, it was thought not advisable to venture in search of him until morning. As soon as daylight appeared, the owner started, in company with another man, to investigate the cause of the uproar. Passing on about a mile, he found one of his best oxen prostrate, and, on examination, there was found a hole eaten into the thickest part of his hind quarter nearly as large as a hat; not less than six or eight pounds of flesh were gone. He had bled profusely. The ground was torn up for rods around where the encounter occurred; the tracks indicated the assailant to be a very large bear, who had probably worried the ox out, and then satiated his ravenous appetite, feasting upon him while yet alive. A road was bushed out to the spot where the poor creature lay, and he was got upon a sled and hauled home by a yoke of his companions, where the wound was dressed. It never, however, entirely healed, though it was so far improved as to allow of its being fattened, after which he was slaughtered for food."

In cold weather in those forests the bears and wolves are exceedingly audacious. The latter have a curious habit of accompanying the teams on their journeys between the forest and the river to which they drag the logs. This has only occurred of late years, and the manner in which they thus volunteer their services as assistant drivers is exceedingly curious.

"Three teams," says Springer, "in the winter of 1844, all in the same neighbourhood, were beset with these ravenous animals. They were of unusually large size, manifesting a most singular boldness, and even familiarity, without the usual appearance of ferocity so characteristic of the animal. Sometimes one, and in another instance three, in a most unwelcome manner, volunteered their attendance, accompanying the teamster a long distance on his way. They would even jump on the log and ride, and approach very near the oxen. One of them actually jumped upon the sled, and down between the bars, while the sled was in motion. Some of the teamsters were much alarmed, keeping close to the oxen, and driving on as fast as possible. Others, more courageous, would run forward and strike at them with their goad-sticks; but the wolves sprang out of the way in an instant. But, although they seemed to act without a motive, there was something so cool and impudent in their conduct that it was trying to the nerves—even more so than an active encounter. For some time after this, firearms were a constant part of the teamster's equipage."

The distant howling and screaming of the wolves, compared by an old Yankee hunter to the screeching of forty pair of old cart-wheels, is particularly ominous and disagreeable. Springer has collected a number of curious anecdotes concerning them. One night a pack of the prowling marauders were seen trailing down Mattawamkeag River on the ice. The dwellers in a log-house hard by soaked some meat in poison and threw it out. Next morning the meat was gone, and six wolves lay dead, all within sight of each other. "Every one of them had dug a hole down through the snow into the frozen earth, in which they had thrust their noses, either for water to quench the burning thirst produced by the poison, or to snuff some antidote to the fatal drug. A bounty was obtained on each of ten dollars, besides their hides, making a fair job of it, as well as ridding the neighbourhood of an annoying enemy." Several of Mr Springer's logging and lumbering friends have contributed to his book the results of their experience, and narratives of their adventures, some of which he gives in their own words. Amongst these is an ill-written, but yet a very exciting, account of a wolf-chase, or we should perhaps rather say a man-chase, the wolves in this instance being the pursuers, and Springer's neighbour the pursued. The person in question was passionately fond of skating, and one night he left a friend's house to skate a short distance up the frozen Kennebeck, which flowed before the door. It was a bright still evening; the new moon silvered the frosty pines. After gliding a couple of miles up the river, the skater turned off into a little tributary stream, over which fir and hemlock twined their evergreen branches. The archway beneath was dark, but he fearlessly entered it, unsuspicious of peril, with a joyous laugh and hurra—an involuntary expression of exhilaration, elicited by the bracing crispness of the atmosphere, and glow of pleasant exercise. What followed is worth extracting. [676]

> "All of a sudden a sound arose, it seemed from the very ice beneath my feet. It was loud and tremendous at first, until it ended in one long yell. I was appalled. Never before had such a noise met my ears. I thought it more than mortal—so fierce, and amid such an unbroken solitude, that it seemed a fiend from hell had blown a blast from an infernal trumpet. Presently I heard the twigs on the shore snap as if from the tread of some animal, and the blood rushed back to my forehead with a bound that made my skin burn. My energies returned, and I looked around me for some means of defence. The moon shone through the opening by which I had entered the forest, and, considering this the best means of escape, I darted towards it like an arrow. It was hardly a hundred yards distant, and the swallow could scarcely outstrip my desperate flight; yet as I turned my eyes to the shore, I could see two dark objects dashing through the underbrush at a pace nearly double mine. By their great speed, and the short yells which they occasionally gave, I knew at once that they were the much dreaded grey wolf."

Here Springer interposes a vignette of a wolf—a most formidable and unwholesome-looking quadruped—grinning over the well-picked bone of some unlucky victim. The logger's pages are enlivened by a number of illustrations—woodcuts of course—rough enough in execution, but giving an excellent notion of the scenery, animals, and logging operations spoken of in the text. Grey wolves are of untameable fierceness, great strength and speed, and pursue their prey to the death with frightful tenacity, unwearyingly following the trail—

> "With their long gallop, which can tire
> The hounds' deep hate, the hunter's fire."

A more dangerous foe a benighted traveller could hardly fall in with.

> "The bushes that skirted the shore," continues the hunted of wolves, "flew past with the velocity of light as I dashed on in my flight. The outlet was nearly gained; one second more and I should be comparatively safe; when my pursuers appeared on the bank, directly above me, which rose to the height of some ten feet. There was no time for thought; I bent my head, and dashed wildly forward. The wolves sprang, but, miscalculating my speed, sprang behind, whilst their intended prey glided out into the river.
>
> "Nature turned me towards home. The light flakes of snow spun from the iron of my skates, and I was now some distance from my pursuers, when their fierce howl told me that I was again the fugitive. I did not look back; I did not feel sorry or glad; one thought of home, of the bright faces awaiting my return, of their tears if they should never see me again, and then every energy of body and mind was exerted for my escape. I was perfectly at home on the ice. Many were the days I spent on my skates, never thinking that at one time they would be my only means of safety. Every half minute an alternate yelp from my pursuers made me but too certain they were close at my heels. Nearer and nearer they came; I heard their feet pattering on the ice nearer still, until I fancied I could hear their deep breathing. Every nerve and muscle in my frame was stretched to the utmost tension. The trees along the shore seemed to dance in the uncertain light, and my brain turned with my own breathless speed, when an involuntary motion turned me out of my course. The wolves close behind, unable to stop and as unable to turn, slipped, fell, still going on far ahead, their tongues lolling out, their white tusks gleaming from their bloody mouths, their dark shaggy breasts freckled with foam; and as they passed me their eyes glared, and they howled with rage and fury. The thought flashed on my mind that by this means I could avoid them—viz., by turning aside whenever they came too near; for they, by the formation of their feet,

are unable to run on ice except in a right line.

> "I immediately acted on this plan. The wolves, having regained their feet, sprang directly towards me. The race was renewed for twenty yards up the stream; they were already close on my back, when I glided round and dashed past them. A fierce howl greeted my evolution, and the wolves slipped upon their haunches, and sailed onward, presenting a perfect picture of helplessness and baffled rage. Thus I gained nearly a hundred yards each turning. This was repeated two or three times, every moment the wolves getting more excited and baffled, until, coming opposite the house, a couple of staghounds, aroused by the noise, bayed furiously from their kennels. The wolves, taking the hint, stopped in their mad career, and, after a moment's consideration, turned and fled. I watched them till their dusky forms disappeared over a neighbouring hill; then, taking off my skates, I wended my way to the house." [677]

From some unassigned reason, wolves have increased of late years in the wild forests of north-eastern Maine. Up to 1840, Mr Springer, who had been much in that district, logging in winter and clearing land in summer, never saw one. Since then they have frequently been seen in numerous parties, and of most formidable size. There would not seem to be much to choose, as far as the pleasure of the thing goes, between an encounter with one of these ravenous brutes and a tussle with a catamount. Springer, however, who must be competent to judge, considers the catamount the worse customer. He tells an ugly story, which may serve as a pendant to that of the bear's breakfast on live beef, of what happened to a logger named Smith, when on his way to join a timbering party in the woods. He had nearly reached camp, when he fell in with a catamount, or "Indian devil." Retreat was impossible; for reflection there was no time: arms he had none. Acting from impulse, he sprang up a small tree—perhaps as sensible a thing as he could have done. He had scarcely ascended his length, when the creature, fierce from hunger, made a bound and caught him by the heel. Although badly bitten, Smith managed to get his foot out of the shoe, in which the tiger-cat's teeth were firmly set, and shoe and savage fell together to the ground. What then ensued is so horrible and extraordinary that we should suspect our wood-cutting friend of imaginative decoration, but for the assurance he gives us in his preface, that "the incidents he has related are real, and that in no case is the truth sacrificed to fancy or embellishment." He shall finish his yarn himself.

> "The moment he was disengaged, Smith sprang for a more secure position, and the animal at the same time leaped to another large tree, about ten feet distant, up which he ascended to an elevation equal to that of his victim, from which he threw himself upon him, firmly fixing his teeth in the calf of his leg. Hanging suspended thus until the flesh, insufficient to sustain the weight, gave way, he dropped again to the ground, carrying a portion of flesh in his mouth. *Having greedily devoured this morsel*, he bounded again up the opposite tree, and from thence upon Smith, in this manner renewing his attacks, and tearing away the flesh in mouthfuls from his legs. During this agonising operation, Smith contrived to cut a limb from the tree, to which he managed to bind his jack-knife, with which he could now assail his enemy at every leap. He succeeded thus in wounding him so badly that at length his attacks were discontinued, and he disappeared in the dense forest."

Smith, who, as Springer coolly informs us, "had exerted his voice to the utmost," whilst the catamount was devouring him in detail, (we can perfectly imagine a man bellowing like twenty bulls under such circumstances,) was found by his friends in a state of dreadful exhaustion and suffering, and was carried to camp on a litter. He ultimately recovered, but had sustained irreparable injuries. "Such desperate encounters are of rare occurrence," Springer quietly adds. We should think they were. Really these loggers are cool hands. Encounters with black bears are much more common, we are informed. These are strong fellows, clever at parrying blows, and at wrenching the weapon from their assailant's hand—very tenacious of life, and confirmed robbers. Springer and his comrades were once, whilst ascending a river, followed by one of them for several days. He was bent upon plunder, and one night he walked off with a bundle containing clothing, boots, shaving implements, and other things, for which it might be thought a bear could have little occasion. He examined his prize in the neighbourhood of the camp, tore the clothes to shreds, and chewed up the cow-hide boots and the handle of a razor. From the roof of a log-house, which the woodmen erected a few miles farther on, he carried off a ten-gallon keg of molasses, set it on one end, knocked the head in or out, and was about to enjoy the feast, when he was discovered, pursued, and at last killed. At page 140 we find a capital account of a fight between a family of bears (father, mother, and cubs) and two foresters; and at page 100 the stirring-up of a bear's den is graphically described. [678]

The pine tree is subject to disease of more than one kind, the most frequent being a sort of cancer, known amongst lumber-men as "Conk" or "Konkus," whose sole external manifestation is a small brown spot, usually at several feet from the ground, and sometimes no larger than a shilling. The trees thus afflicted are noway inferior to the soundest in size and apparent beauty; but on cutting into them the rot is at once evident, the wood being reddish in colour, and of spungy texture. "Sometimes it shoots upwards, in imitation of the streaming light of the aurora borealis; in others downwards, and even both ways, preserving the same appearance." Unscrupulous loggers cheat the unwary by driving a knot or piece of a limb of the same tree into the plague-spot, and hewing it off smoothly, so as to give it the appearance of a natural knot. A great many pines are hollow at the base or butt, and these hollows are the favourite winter-retreats of Bruin the bear.

"A few rods from the main logging road where I worked one winter," said Mr Johnston, (a logger whom Springer more than once quotes,) "there stood a very large pine tree. We had nearly completed our winter's work, and it still stood unmolested, because, from appearances, it was supposed to be worthless. Whilst passing it one day, not quite satisfied with the decision that had been made upon its quality, I resolved to satisfy my own mind touching its value; so, wallowing to it through the snow, which was nearly up to my middle, I struck it several blows with the head of my axe, an experiment to test whether a tree be hollow or not. When I desisted, my attention was arrested by a slight scratching and whining. Suspecting the cause, I thumped the tree again, listening more attentively, and heard the same noise as before. It was a bear's den. Examining the tree more closely, I discovered a small hole in the trunk, near the roots, with a rim of ice on the edge of the orifice, made by the freezing of the breath and vapour from the inmates."

The logging crew were summoned, and came scampering down, eager for the fun. The snow was kicked away from the root of the tree, exposing the entrance to the den; and a small hole was cut in the opposite side, through which the family of bears were literally "stirred up with a long pole;" and when the great she-bear, annoyed at this treatment, put her head out at the door, she was cut over the pate with an axe.

"The cubs, four in number—a thing unusual by one-half—we took alive, and carried to camp, kept them a while, and finally sold them. They were quite small and harmless, of a most beautiful lustrous black, and fat as porpoises. The old dam was uncommonly large—we judged she might weigh about three hundred pounds. Her hide, when stretched out and nailed on to the end of the camp, appeared quite equal to a cow's hide in dimensions."

The attacks of wild animals are far from being the sole dangers to which the wood-cutters of Maine are exposed in following their toilsome occupation. Scarcely any phase of their adventurous existence is exempt from risk. Bad wounds are sometimes accidentally received from the axe whilst felling trees. To heal these, in the absence of surgeons, the loggers are thrown upon their own very insufficient resources. Life is also constantly endangered in felling the pine, which comes plunging down, breaking, splitting, and crushing all before it. The broken limbs which are torn from the fallen tree, and the branches it wrenches from other trees,

"rendered brittle by the intense frosts, fly in every direction, like the scattered fragments of an exploding ship. Often these wrenched limbs are suspended directly over the place where our work requires our presence, and on the slightest motion, or from a sudden gust of wind, they slip down with the stealthiness of a hawk and the velocity of an arrow. I recollect one in particular, which was wrenched from a large pine I had just felled. It lodged in the top of a towering birch, directly over where it was necessary for me to stand whilst severing the top from the trunk. Viewing its position with some anxiety, I ventured to stand and work under it, forgetting my danger in the excitement. Whilst thus engaged, the limb slipped from its position, and, falling directly before me, end foremost, penetrated the frozen earth. It was about four inches through, [679]
and ten feet long. It just grazed my cap; a little variation, and it would have dashed my head to pieces. Attracted on one occasion, whilst swamping a road, by the appearance of a large limb which stuck fast in the ground, curiosity induced me to extricate it, for the purpose of seeing how far it had penetrated. After considerable exertion, I succeeded in drawing it out, when I was amazed *to find a thick cloth cap on the end of it*. It had penetrated the earth to a considerable depth. Subsequently I learned that *it* [the cap, we presume, but Springer makes sad work of his pronouns] belonged to a man who was killed instantly by *its* fall, [here our logging friend must be supposed to refer to the timber,] striking him on the head, and carrying his cap into the ground with it."

This is not impossible, although it does a little remind us of certain adventures of the renowned Munchausen. And Springer is so pleasant a fellow, that we shall not call his veracity in question, or even tax him with that tinting of truth in which many of his countrymen excel, but of which he only here and there lays himself open to suspicion. He certainly does put our credulity a little to the strain by an anecdote of a moose deer, which he gives, however, between inverted commas, on the authority of a hunter who occasionally passed the night at the logger's camp. The moose is the largest species of deer found in the New-England forests, its size varying from that of a large pony to that of a full-grown horse. It has immense branching antlers, and, judging from its portrait, which forms the frontispiece to *Forest Life*, we readily believe Springer's assurance, that "the taking of moose is sometimes quite hazardous." Quite astonishing, we are sure the reader will say, is the following ride:—

"Once," hunter *loquitur*, "whilst out on a hunting excursion, I was pursued by a bull-moose. He approached me with his muscular neck curved, and head to the ground, in a manner not dissimilar to the attitude assumed by horned cattle when about to encounter each other. Just as he was about to make a pass at me, I sprang suddenly between his wide-spreading antlers, bestride his neck. Dexterously turning round, I seized him by the horns, and, locking my feet together under his neck, I clung to him like a sloth. With a mixture of rage and terror, he dashed wildly about, endeavouring to dislodge me; but, as my life depended upon maintaining my position, I clung to him with a corresponding desperation. After making a few ineffectual attempts to disengage

me, he threw out his nose, and, laying his antlers back upon his shoulders, *which formed a screen for my defence*, he sprang forward into a furious run, still bearing me upon his neck. Now penetrating dense thickets, then leaping high 'windfalls,' (old fallen trees,) and struggling through swamp-mires, he finally fell from exhaustion, after carrying me about three miles. Improving the opportunity, I drew my hunting-knife from its sheath, and instantly buried it in his neck, cutting the jugular vein, which put a speedy termination to the contest and the flight."

After which we presume that he spitted the moose on a pine tree, roasted and ate it, and used its antlers for toothpicks. The adventure is worthy of Mazeppa or the Wild Huntsman. By the antlers *forming a screen for the rider's defence*, we are reminded of that memorable morning in the life of the great German Baron, when his horse, cut in two, just behind the saddle, by the fall of a portcullis, was sewn together with laurel-twigs, which sprouted up into a pleasant bower, beneath whose appropriate shade the redoubtable warrior thenceforward rode to victory. An awful liar, indeed, must have been the narrator of this "singular adventure," as Springer, who tells this story quite gravely, artlessly styles it. Doubtless such yarns are acceptable enough by the camp-fire, where the weary logger smokes the pipe of repose after a hard day's work; and they are by no means out of place in the logger's book, of which, however, they occupy but a small portion—by far the greater number of its chapters being filled with solid and curious information. The third and longest part, "River Life," upon which we have not touched, is highly interesting, and gives thrilling accounts of the dangers incurred during the progress down stream of the various "parcels" of logs, which, each distinguished like cattle by the owner's mark, soon mingle and form one grand "drive" on the main river. "Driving" of this kind is a very [680]
hazardous occupation. Sometimes the logs come to a "jam," get wedged together in a narrow part of the river or amongst rocks, and, whilst the drivers work with axe and lever to set the huge floating field of tree-trunks in motion again, lives are frequently lost. This is easy to understand. The removal of a single log, the keystone of the mass—nay, a single blow of the axe—often suffices to liberate acres of timber from their "dead lock," and set them furiously rushing down the rapid current. Then does woe betide those who are caught in the hurly-burly. Sometimes, the key-log being well ascertained, a man is let down, like a samphire-gatherer, by a rope from an adjacent cliff, on to the "jam." Then—

"As the place to be operated upon may in some cases be a little removed from the shore, he either walks to it with the rope attached to his body, or, untying the rope, leaves it where he can readily grasp it in time to be drawn from his perilous position. Often, where the pressure is direct, a few blows only are given with the axe, when the log snaps in an instant with a loud report, followed suddenly by the violent motion of the 'jam;' and, ere our bold river-driver is jerked half way to the top of the cliff, scores of logs, in wildest confusion, rush beneath his feet, whilst he yet dangles in the air above the trembling mass. If that rope, on which life and hope hang thus suspended, should part, worn by the sharp point of some jutting rock, death, certain and quick, were inevitable."

The wood-cutter's occupation, which, to European imagination, presents itself as peaceful, pastoral, and void of peril, assumes a very different aspect when pursued in North American forests. If any doubt this fact, let them study Springer, who will repay the trouble, and of whose volume we have rather skimmed the surface than meddled with the substance.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE. [681]

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

CHAPTER VII.

Randal advanced—"I fear, Signior Riccabocca, that I am guilty of some want of ceremony."

"To dispense with ceremony is the most delicate mode of conferring a compliment," replied the urbane Italian, as he recovered from his first surprise at Randal's sudden address, and extended his hand.

Violante bowed her graceful head to the young man's respectful salutation. "I am on my way to Hazeldean," resumed Randal, "and, seeing you in the garden, could not resist this intrusion."

Riccabocca.—"You come from London? Stirring times for you English, but I do not ask you the news. No news can affect us."

Randal, (softly.)—"Perhaps—yes."

Riccabocca, (startled.)—"How?"

Violante.—"Surely he speaks of Italy, and news from that country affects you still, my father."

Riccabocca.—"Nay, nay, nothing affects me like this country; its east winds might affect a pyramid! Draw your mantle round you, child, and go in; the air has suddenly grown chill."

Violante smiled on her father, glanced uneasily towards Randal's grave brow, and went slowly

towards the house.

Riccabocca, after waiting some moments in silence, as if expecting Randal to speak, said with affected carelessness, "So you think that you have news that might affect me? *Corpo di Bacco!* I am curious to learn what!"

"I may be mistaken—that depends on your answer to one question. Do you know the Count of Peschiera?"

Riccabocca winced, and turned pale. He could not baffle the watchful eye of the questioner.

"Enough," said Randal; "I see that I am right. Believe in my sincerity. I speak but to warn and to serve you. The Count seeks to discover the retreat of a countryman and kinsman of his own."

"And for what end?" cried Riccabocca, thrown off his guard, and his breast dilated, his crest rose, and his eye flashed; valour and defiance broke from habitual caution and self-control. "But pooh," he added, striving to regain his ordinary and half-ironical calm, "it matters not to me. I grant, sir, that I know the Count di Peschiera; but what has Dr Riccabocca to do with the kinsmen of so grand a personage?"

"Dr Riccabocca—nothing. But—" here Randal put his lip close to the Italian's ear, and whispered a brief sentence. Then retreating a step, but laying his hand on the exile's shoulder, he added—"Need I say that your secret is safe with me?"

Riccabocca made no answer. His eyes rested on the ground musingly.

Randal continued—"And I shall esteem it the highest honour you can bestow on me, to be permitted to assist you in forestalling danger."

Riccabocca, (slowly.)—"Sir, I thank you; you have my secret, and I feel assured it is safe, for I speak to an English gentleman. There may be family reasons why I should avoid the Count di Peschiera; and, indeed, He is safest from shoals who steers clearest of his—relations."

The poor Italian regained his caustic smile as he uttered that wise, villanous Italian maxim.

Randal.—"I know little of the Count of Peschiera save from the current talk of the world. He is said to hold the estates of a kinsman who took part in a conspiracy against the Austrian power."

Riccabocca.—"It is true. Let that content him; what more does he desire. You spoke of forestalling danger; what danger? I am on the soil of England, and protected by its laws."

Randal.—"Allow me to inquire if, had the kinsman no child, the Count di Peschiera would be legitimate and natural heir to the estates he holds?" [682]

Riccabocca.—"He would. What then?"

Randal.—"Does that thought suggest no danger to the child of the kinsman?"

Riccabocca recoiled, and gasped forth, "The child! You do not mean to imply that this man, infamous though he be, can contemplate the crime of an assassin?"

Randal paused perplexed. His ground was delicate. He knew not what causes of resentment the exile entertained against the Count. He knew not whether Riccabocca would not assent to an alliance that might restore him to his country—and he resolved to feel his way with precaution.

"I did not," said he, smiling gravely, "mean to insinuate so horrible a charge against a man whom I have never seen. He seeks you—that is all I know. I imagine, from his general character, that in this search he consults his interest. Perhaps all matters might be conciliated by an interview!"

"An interview!" exclaimed Riccabocca; "there is but one way we should meet—foot to foot, and hand to hand."

"Is it so? Then you would not listen to the Count if he proposed some amicable compromise; if, for instance, he was a candidate for the hand of your daughter?"

The poor Italian, so wise and so subtle in his talk, was as rash and blind when it came to action, as if he had been born in Ireland, and nourished on potatoes and Repeal. He bared his whole soul to the merciless eye of Randal.

"My daughter!" he exclaimed. "Sir, your very question is an insult."

Randal's way became clear at once. "Forgive me," he said mildly; "I will tell you frankly all that I know. I am acquainted with the Count's sister. I have some little influence over her. It was she who informed me that the Count had come here, bent upon discovering your refuge, and resolved to wed your daughter. This is the danger of which I spoke. And when I asked your permission to aid in forestalling it, I only intended to suggest that it might be wise to find some securer home, and that I, if permitted to know that home, and to visit you, could apprise you from time to time of the Count's plans and movements."

"Sir, I thank you sincerely," said Riccabocca with emotion; "but am I not safe here?"

"I doubt it. Many people have visited the Squire in the shooting season, who will have heard of you—perhaps seen you, and who are likely to meet the Count in London. And Frank Hazeldean, too, who knows the Count's sister—"

"True, true," interrupted Riccabocca. "I see, I see. I will consider. I will reflect. Meanwhile you are going to Hazeldean. Do not say a word to the Squire. He knows not the secret you have discovered."

With those words Riccabocca turned slightly away, and Randal took the hint to depart.

"At all times command and rely on me," said the young traitor, and he regained the pale to which he had fastened his horse.

As he remounted, he cast his eyes towards the place where he had left Riccabocca. The Italian was still standing there. Presently the form of Jackeymo was seen emerging from the shrubs. Riccabocca turned hastily round, recognised his servant, uttered an exclamation loud enough to reach Randal's ear, and then catching Jackeymo by the arm, disappeared with him amidst the deeper recesses of the garden.

"It will be indeed in my favour," thought Randal as he rode on, "if I can get them into the neighbourhood of London—all occasion there to woo, and if expedient, to win—the heiress."

CHAPTER VIII.

"By the Lord Harry!" cried the Squire, as he stood with his wife in the park, on a visit of inspection to some first-rate South-Downs just added to his stock—"By the Lord, if that is not [683] Randal Leslie trying to get into the park at the back gate! Hollo, Randal! you must come round by the lodge, my boy," said he.

"You see this gate is locked to keep out trespassers."

"A pity," said Randal. "I like short cuts, and you have shut up a very short one."

"So the trespassers said," quoth the Squire; "but Stirn would not hear of it;—valuable man, Stirn. But ride round to the lodge. Put up your horse, and you'll join us before we can get to the house."

Randal nodded and smiled, and rode briskly on.

The Squire rejoined his Harry.

"Ah, William," said she anxiously, "though certainly Randal Leslie means well, I always dread his visits."

"So do I, in one sense," quoth the Squire, "for he always carries away a bank-note for Frank."

"I hope he is really Frank's friend," said Mrs Hazeldean.

"Whose else can he be? Not his own, poor fellow, for he will never accept a shilling from me, though his grandmother was as good a Hazeldean as I am. But, zounds! I like his pride, and his economy too. As for Frank—"

"Hush, William!" cried Mrs Hazeldean, and put her fair hand before the Squire's mouth. The Squire was softened, and kissed the fair hand gallantly—perhaps he kissed the lips too; at all events, the worthy pair were walking lovingly arm-in-arm when Randal joined them.

He did not affect to perceive a certain coldness in the manner of Mrs Hazeldean, but began immediately to talk to her about Frank; praise that young gentleman's appearance; expatiate on his health, his popularity, and his good gifts, personal and mental; and this with so much warmth, that any dim and undeveloped suspicions Mrs Hazeldean might have formed soon melted away.

Randal continued to make himself thus agreeable, until the Squire, persuaded that his young kinsman was a first-rate agriculturist, insisted upon carrying him off to the home farm, and Harry turned towards the house to order Randal's room to be got ready: "For," said Randal, "knowing that you will excuse my morning dress, I venture to invite myself to dine and sleep at the Hall."

On approaching the farm-buildings, Randal was seized with the terror of an impostor; for, despite all the theoretical learning on Bucolics and Georgics with which he had dazzled the Squire, poor Frank, so despised, would have beat him hollow when it came to judging of the points of an ox or the show of a crop.

"Ha, ha!" cried the Squire, chuckling, "I long to see how you'll astonish Stirn. Why, you'll guess in a moment where we put the top-dressing; and when you come to handle my short-horns, I dare swear you'll know to a pound how much oilcake has gone into their sides."

"Oh, you do me too much honour—indeed you do. I only know the general principles of agriculture—the details are eminently interesting; but I have not had the opportunity to acquire them."

"Stuff!" cried the Squire. "How can a man know general principles unless he has first studied the details? You are too modest, my boy. Ho! there's Stirn looking out for us!"

Randal saw the grim visage of Stirn peering out of a cattle-shed, and felt undone. He made a desperate rush towards changing the Squire's humour.

"Well, sir, perhaps Frank may soon gratify your wish and turn farmer himself."

"Eh!" quoth the Squire, stopping short. "What now?"

"Suppose he was to marry?"

"I'd give him the two best farms on the property rent free. Ha, ha! Has he seen the girl yet? I'd leave him free to choose, sir. I chose for myself—every man should. Not but what Miss Sticktorights is an heiress, and, I hear, a very decent girl, and that would join the two properties, and put an end to that lawsuit about the right of way, which began in the reign of King Charles the Second, and is likely otherwise to last till the day of judgment. But never mind her; let Frank

choose to please himself."

"I'll not fail to tell him so, sir. I did fear you might have some prejudices. But here we are at the farm-yard."

"Burn the farm-yard! How can I think of farm-yards when you talk of Frank's marriage? Come on—this way. What were you saying about prejudices?" [684]

"Why, you might wish him to marry an Englishwoman, for instance."

"English! Good heavens, sir, does he mean to marry a Hindoo?"

"Nay, I don't know that he means to marry at all: I am only surmising; but if he did fall in love with a foreigner—"

"A foreigner! Ah, then Harry was—" The Squire stopped short.

"Who might, perhaps," observed Randal—not truly if he referred to Madame di Negra—"who might, perhaps, speak very little English?"

"Lord ha' mercy!"

"And a Roman Catholic—"

"Worshipping idols, and roasting people who don't worship them."

"Signior Riccabocca is not so bad as that."

"Rickeybockey! Well, if it was his daughter! But not speak English! and not go to the parish church! By George! if Frank thought of such a thing, I'd cut him off with a shilling. Don't talk to me, sir; I would. I'm a mild man, and an easy man; but when I say a thing, I say it, Mr. Leslie. Oh, but it is a jest—you are laughing at me. There's no such painted, good-for-nothing creature in Frank's eye, eh?"

"Indeed, sir, if ever I find there is, I will give you notice in time. At present I was only trying to ascertain what you wished for a daughter-in-law. You said you had no prejudice."

"No more I have—not a bit of it."

"You don't like a foreigner and a Catholic?"

"Who the devil would?"

"But if she had rank and title?"

"Rank and title! Bubble and squeak! No, not half so good as bubble and squeak. English beef and good cabbage. But foreign rank and title!—foreign cabbage and beef!—foreign bubble and foreign squeak!" And the Squire made a wry face, and spat forth his disgust and indignation.

"You must have an Englishwoman?"

"Of course."

"Money?"

"Don't care, provided she is a tidy, sensible, active lass, with a good character for her dower."

"Character—ah, that is indispensable?"

"I should think so, indeed. A Mrs. Hazeldean of Hazeldean; you frighten me. He's not going to run off with a divorced woman, or a—"

The Squire stopped, and looked so red in the face, that Randal feared he might be seized with apoplexy before Frank's crimes had made him alter his will.

Therefore he hastened to relieve Mr Hazeldean's mind, and assured him that he had been only talking at random; that Frank was in the habit, indeed, of seeing foreign ladies occasionally, as all persons in the London world were; but that he was sure Frank would never marry without the full consent and approval of his parents. He ended by repeating his assurance, that he would warn the Squire if ever it became necessary. Still, however, he left Mr Hazeldean so disturbed and uneasy, that that gentleman forgot all about the farm, and went moodily on in the opposite direction, re-entering the park at its farther extremity. As soon as they approached the house, the Squire hastened to shut himself with his wife in full parental consultation; and Randal, seated upon a bench on the terrace, revolved the mischief he had done, and its chances of success.

While thus seated, and thus thinking, a footstep approached cautiously, and a low voice said, in broken English, "Sare, sare, let me speak vid you."

Randal turned in surprise, and beheld a swarthy saturnine face, with grizzled hair and marked features. He recognised the figure that had joined Riccabocca in the Italian's garden.

"Speak-a you Italian?" resumed Jackeymo.

Randal, who had made himself an excellent linguist, nodded assent; and Jackeymo, rejoiced, begged him to withdraw into a more private part of the grounds.

Randal obeyed, and the two gained the shade of a stately chestnut avenue.

"Sir," then said Jackeymo, speaking in his native tongue, and expressing himself with a certain simple pathos, "I am but a poor man; my name is Giacomo. You have heard of me;—servant to the Signior whom you saw to-day—only a servant; but he honours me with his confidence. We have known danger together; and of all his friends and followers, I alone came with him to the stranger's land." [685]

"Good, faithful fellow," said Randal, examining the man's face, "say on. Your master confides in you? He confided that which I told him this day?"

"He did. Ah, sir! the Padrone was too proud to ask you to explain more—too proud to show fear of another. But he does fear—he ought to fear—he shall fear," (continued Jackeymo, working himself up to passion)—"for the Padrone has a daughter, and his enemy is a villain. Oh, sir, tell me all that you did not tell to the Padrone. You hinted that this man might wish to marry the Signora. Marry her!—I could cut his throat at the altar!"

"Indeed," said Randal; "I believe that such is his object."

"But why? He is rich—she is penniless; no, not quite that, for we have saved—but penniless, compared to him."

"My good friend, I know not yet his motives; but I can easily learn them. If, however, this Count be your master's enemy, it is surely well to guard against him, whatever his designs; and, to do so, you should move into London or its neighbourhood. I fear that, while we speak, the Count may get upon his track."

"He had better not come here!" cried the servant menacingly, and putting his hand where the knife was *not*.

"Beware of your own anger, Giacomo. One act of violence, and you would be transported from England, and your master would lose a friend."

Jackeymo seemed struck by this caution.

"And if the Padrone were to meet him, do you think the Padrone would meekly say, 'Come stà sa Signoria?' The Padrone would strike him dead!"

"Hush—hush! You speak of what, in England, is called murder, and is punished by the gallows. If you really love your master, for heaven's sake get him from this place—get him from all chance of such passion and peril. I go to town to-morrow; I will find him a house that shall be safe from all spies—all discovery. And there, too, my friend, I can do—what I cannot at this distance—watch over him, and keep watch also on his enemy."

Jackeymo seized Randal's hand and lifted it towards his lip; then, as if struck by a sudden suspicion, dropped the hand, and said bluntly—"Signior, I think you have seen the Padrone twice. Why do you take this interest in him?"

"Is it so uncommon to take interest even in a stranger who is menaced by some peril?"

Jackeymo, who believed little in general philanthropy, shook his head sceptically.

"Besides," continued Randal, suddenly bethinking himself of a more plausible reason—"besides, I am a friend and connection of Mr Egerton; and Mr Egerton's most intimate friend is Lord L'Estrange; and I have heard that Lord L'Estrange—"

"The good lord! Oh, now I understand," interrupted Jackeymo, and his brow cleared. "Ah, if *he* were in England! But you will let us know when he comes?"

"Certainly. Now, tell me, Giacomo, is this Count really unprincipled and dangerous? Remember, I know him not personally."

"He has neither heart, head, nor conscience."

"That makes him dangerous to men; but to women, danger comes from other qualities. Could it be possible, if he obtained any interview with the Signora, that he could win her affections?"

Jackeymo crossed himself rapidly, and made no answer.

"I have heard that he is still very handsome."

Jackeymo groaned.

Randal resumed—"Enough; persuade the Padrone to come to town."

"But if the Count is in town?"

"That makes no difference; the safest place is always the largest city. Everywhere else a foreigner is in himself an object of attention and curiosity." [686]

"True."

"Let your master, then, come to London. He can reside in one of the suburbs most remote from the Count's haunts. In two days I will have found him a lodging and write to him. You trust to me now?"

"I do indeed—I do, Excellency. Ah, if the Signorina were married, we would not care!"

"Married! But she looks so high!"

"Alas! not now—not here!"

Randal sighed heavily. Jackeymo's eyes sparkled. He thought he had detected a new motive for Randal's interest—a motive to an Italian the most natural, the most laudable of all.

"Find the house, Signior—write to the Padrone. He shall come. I'll talk to him. I can manage him. Holy San Giacomo, bestir thyself now—'tis long since I troubled thee!"

Jackeymo strode off through the fading trees, smiling and muttering as he went.

The first dinner-bell rang, and, on entering the drawing-room, Randal found Parson Dale and

his wife, who had been invited in haste to meet the unexpected visitor.

The preliminary greetings over, Mr Dale took the opportunity afforded by the Squire's absence to inquire after the health of Mr Egerton.

"He is always well," said Randal. "I believe he is made of iron."

"His heart is of gold," said the Parson.

"Ah!" said Randal, inquisitively, "you told me you had come in contact with him once, respecting, I think, some of your old parishioners at Lansmere?"

The Parson nodded, and there was a moment's silence.

"Do you remember your battle by the Stocks, Mr Leslie?" said Mr Dale, with a good-humoured laugh.

"Indeed, yes. By the way, now you speak of it, I met my old opponent in London the first year I went up to it."

"You did!—where?"

"At a literary scamp's—a cleverish man called Burley."

"Burley! I have seen some burlesque verses in Greek by a Mr Burley."

"No doubt, the same person. He has disappeared—gone to the dogs, I dare say. Burlesque Greek is not a knowledge very much in power at present."

"Well, but Leonard Fairfield?—you have seen him since?"

"No."

"Nor heard of him?"

"No!—have you?"

"Strange to say, not for a long time. But I have reason to believe that he must be doing well."

"You surprise me! Why?"

"Because, two years ago, he sent for his mother. She went to him."

"Is that all?"

"It is enough; for he would not have sent for her if he could not maintain her."

Here the Hazeldeans entered, arm-in-arm, and the fat butler announced dinner.

The Squire was unusually taciturn—Mrs Hazeldean thoughtful—Mrs Dale languid, and headachy. The Parson, who seldom enjoyed the luxury of converse with a scholar, save when he quarrelled with Dr Riccabocca, was animated, by Randal's repute for ability, into a great desire for argument.

"A glass of wine, Mr Leslie. You were saying, before dinner, that burlesque Greek is not a knowledge very much in power at present. Pray, sir, what knowledge is in power?"

Randal, (laconically.)—"Practical knowledge."

Parson.—"What of?"

Randal.—"Men."

Parson, (candidly.)—"Well, I suppose that is the most available sort of knowledge, in a worldly point of view. How does one learn it? Do books help?"

Randal.—"According as they are read, they help or injure."

Parson.—"How should they be read in order to help?"

Randal.—"Read specially to apply to purposes that lead to power."

Parson, (very much struck with Randal's pithy and Spartan logic.)—"Upon my word, sir, you express yourself very well. I must own that I began these questions in the hope of differing from you; for I like an argument." [687]

"That he does," growled the Squire; "the most contradictory creature!"

Parson.—"Argument is the salt of talk. But now I am afraid I must agree with you, which I was not at all prepared for."

Randal bowed, and answered—"No two men of our education can dispute upon the application of knowledge."

Parson, (pricking up his ears.)—"Eh! what to?"

Randal.—"Power, of course."

Parson, (overjoyed.)—"Power!—the vulgarest application of it, or the loftiest? But you mean the loftiest?"

Randal, (in his turn interested and interrogative.)—"What do you call the loftiest, and what the vulgarest?"

Parson.—"The vulgarest, self-interest; the loftiest, beneficence."

Randal suppressed the half disdainful smile that rose to his lip.

"You speak, sir, as a clergyman should do. I admire your sentiment, and adopt it; but I fear that the knowledge which aims only at beneficence very rarely in this world gets any power at all."

Squire, (seriously.)—"That's true; I never get my own way when I want to do a kindness, and Stirn always gets his when he insists on something diabolically brutal and harsh."

Parson.—"Pray, Mr Leslie, what does intellectual power refined to the utmost, but entirely stripped of beneficence, most resemble?"

Randal.—"Resemble?—I can hardly say. Some very great man—almost any very great man—who has baffled all his foes, and attained all his ends."

Parson.—"I doubt if any man has ever become very great who has not meant to be beneficent, though he might err in the means. Cæsar was naturally beneficent, and so was Alexander. But intellectual power refined to the utmost, and wholly void of beneficence, resembles only one being, and that, sir, is the Principle of Evil."

Randal, (startled.)—"Do you mean the Devil?"

Parson.—"Yes, sir—the Devil; and even he, sir, did not succeed! Even he, sir, is what your great men would call a most decided failure."

Mrs Dale.—"My dear—my dear."

Parson.—"Our religion proves it, my love; he was an angel, and he fell."

There was a solemn pause. Randal was more impressed than he liked to own to himself. By this time the dinner was over, and the servants had retired. Harry glanced at Carry. Carry smoothed her gown and rose.

The gentlemen remained over their wine; and the Parson, satisfied with what he deemed a clencher upon his favourite subject of discussion, changed the subject to lighter topics, till happening to fall upon tithes, the Squire struck in, and by dint of loudness of voice, and truculence of brow, fairly overwhelmed both his guests, and proved to his own satisfaction that tithes were an unjust and unchristian-like usurpation on the part of the Church generally, and a most especial and iniquitous infliction upon the Hazeldean estates in particular.

CHAPTER IX.

On entering the drawing-room, Randal found the two ladies seated close together, in a position much more appropriate to the familiarity of their school-days than to the politeness of the friendship now existing between them. Mrs Hazeldean's hand hung affectionately over Carry's shoulder, and both those fair English faces were bent over the same book. It was pretty to see these sober matrons, so different from each other in character and aspect, thus unconsciously restored to the intimacy of happy maiden youth by the golden link of some Magician from the still land of Truth or Fancy—brought together in heart, as each eye rested on the same thought;—closer and closer, as sympathy, lost in the actual world, grew out of that world which unites in one bond of feeling the readers of some gentle book.

"And what work interests you so much?" said Randal, pausing by the table.

"One you have read, of course," replied Mrs Dale, putting a bookmark embroidered by herself [688]
into the page, and handing the volume to Randal. "It has made a great sensation, I believe."

Randal glanced at the title of the work. "True," said he, "I have heard much of it in London, but I have not yet had time to read it."

Mrs Dale.—"I can lend it to you, if you like to look over it to-night, and you can leave it for me with Mrs Hazeldean."

Parson, (approaching.)—"Oh! that book!—yes, you must read it. I do not know a work more instructive."

Randal.—"Instructive! Certainly I will read it then. But I thought it was a mere work of amusement—of fancy. It seems so, as I look over it."

Parson.—"So is the *Vicar of Wakefield*; yet what book more instructive?"

Randal.—"I should not have said *that* of the *Vicar of Wakefield*. A pretty book enough, though the story is most improbable. But how is it instructive?"

Parson.—"By its results: it leaves us happier and better. What can any instruction do more? Some works instruct through the head, some through the heart; the last reach the widest circle, and often produce the most genial influence on the character. This book belongs to the last. You will grant my proposition when you have read it."

Randal smiled and took the volume.

Mrs Dale.—"Is the author known yet?"

Randal.—"I have heard it ascribed to many writers, but I believe no one has claimed it."

Parson.—"I think it must have been written by my old college friend, Professor Moss, the naturalist; its descriptions of scenery are so accurate."

Mrs Dale.—"La, Charles dear! that snuffy, tiresome, prosy professor? How can you talk such nonsense? I am sure the author must be young; there is so much freshness of feeling."

Mrs Hazeldean, (positively.)—"Yes, certainly young."

PARSON, (no less positively.)—"I should say just the contrary. Its tone is too serene, and its style too simple for a young man. Besides, I don't know any young man who would send me his book, and this book has been sent me—very handsomely bound too, you see. Depend upon it, Moss is the man—quite his turn of mind."

MRS DALE.—"You are too provoking, Charles dear! Mr Moss is so remarkably plain, too."

RANDAL.—"Must an author be handsome?"

PARSON.—"Ha, ha! Answer that, if you can, Carry."

Carry remained mute and disdainful.

SQUIRE, (with great *naiveté*.)—"Well, I don't think there's much in the book, whoever wrote it; for I've read it myself, and understand every word of it."

MRS DALE.—"I don't see why you should suppose it was written by a man at all. For my part, I think it must be a woman."

MRS HAZELDEAN.—"Yes, there's a passage about maternal affection, which only a woman could have written."

PARSON.—"Pooh, pooh! I should like to see a woman who could have written that description of an August evening before a thunderstorm; every wildflower in the hedgerow exactly the flowers of August—every sign in the air exactly those of the month. Bless you! a woman would have filled the hedge with violets and cowslips. Nobody else but my friend Moss could have written that description."

SQUIRE.—"I don't know; there's a simile about the waste of corn-seed in hand-sowing, which makes me think he must be a farmer!"

MRS DALE, (scornfully.)—"A farmer! In hob-nailed shoes, I suppose! I say it is a woman."

MRS HAZELDEAN.—"A WOMAN, and A MOTHER!"

PARSON.—"A middle-aged man, and a naturalist."

SQUIRE.—"No, no, Parson; certainly a young man; for that love-scene puts me in mind of my own young days, when I would have given my ears to tell Harry how handsome I thought her; and all I could say was—'Fine weather for the crops, Miss.' Yes, a young man, and a farmer. I should not wonder if he had held the plough himself."

RANDAL, (who had been turning over the pages.)—"This sketch of Night in London comes from a man who has lived the life, of cities, and looked at wealth with the eyes of poverty. Not bad! I will read the book." [689]

"Strange," said the Parson, smiling, "that this little work should so have entered into our minds, suggested to all of us different ideas, yet equally charmed all—given a new and fresh current to our dull country life—animated us as with the sight of a world in our breasts we had never seen before, save in dreams;—a little work like this, by a man we don't know, and never may! Well, *that* knowledge *is* power, and a noble one!"

"A sort of power, certainly, sir," said Randal, candidly; and that night, when Randal retired to his own room, he suspended his schemes and projects, and read, as he rarely did, without an object to gain by the reading.

The work surprised him by the pleasure it gave. Its charm lay in the writer's calm enjoyment of the Beautiful. It seemed like some happy soul sunning itself in the light of its own thoughts. Its power was so tranquil and even, that it was only a critic who could perceive how much force and vigour were necessary to sustain the wing that floated aloft with so imperceptible an effort. There was no one faculty predominating tyrannically over the others; all seemed proportioned in the felicitous symmetry of a nature rounded, integral, and complete. And when the work was closed, it left behind it a tender warmth that played round the heart of the reader, and vivified feelings that seemed unknown before. Randal laid down the book softly; and for five minutes the ignoble and base purposes to which his own knowledge was applied, stood before him, naked and unmasked.

"Tut," said he, wrenching himself violently away from the benign influence, "it was not to sympathise with Hector, but to conquer with Achilles, that Alexander of Macedon kept Homer under his pillow. Such should be the true use of books to him who has the practical world to subdue; let parsons and women construe it otherwise as they may!"

And the Principle of Evil descended again upon the intellect, from which the guide of beneficence was gone.

CHAPTER X.

Randal rose at the sound of the first breakfast bell, and on the staircase met Mrs Hazeldean. He gave her back the book; and as he was about to speak, she beckoned to him to follow her into a little morning-room appropriated to herself. No boudoir of white and gold, with pictures by Watteau, but lined with large walnut-tree presses, that held the old heirloom linen strewed with lavender—stores for the housekeeper, and medicines for the poor.

Seating herself on a large chair in this sanctum, Mrs Hazeldean looked formidably at home.

"Pray," said the lady, coming at once to the point, with her usual straightforward candour,

"what is all this you have been saying to my husband as to the possibility of Frank's marrying a foreigner?"

RANDAL.—"Would you be as averse to such a notion as Mr Hazeldean is?"

MRS HAZELDEAN.—"You ask me a question, instead of answering mine."

Randal was greatly put out in his fence by these rude thrusts. For indeed he had a double purpose to serve—first thoroughly to know if Frank's marriage with a woman like Madame di Negra would irritate the Squire sufficiently to endanger the son's inheritance; and, secondly, to prevent Mr and Mrs Hazeldean believing, seriously that such a marriage was to be apprehended, lest they should prematurely address Frank on the subject, and frustrate the marriage itself. Yet, withal, he must so express himself, that he could not be afterwards accused by the parents of disguising matters. In his talk to the Squire the preceding day, he had gone a little too far— [690] farther than he would have done but for his desire of escaping the cattle-shed and short-horns. While he mused, Mrs Hazeldean observed him with her honest sensible eyes, and finally exclaimed—

"Out with it, Mr Leslie!"

"Out with what, my dear madam? The Squire has sadly exaggerated the importance of what was said mainly in jest. But I will own to you plainly, that Frank has appeared to me a little smitten with a certain fair Italian."

"Italian!" cried Mrs Hazeldean. "Well, I said so from the first. Italian!—that's all, is it?" and she smiled.

Randal was more and more perplexed. The pupil of his eye contracted, as it does when we retreat into ourselves, and think, watch, and keep guard.

"And perhaps," resumed Mrs Hazeldean, with a very sunny expression of countenance, "you have noticed this in Frank since he was here?"

"It is true," murmured Randal; "but I think his heart or his fancy was touched even before."

"Very natural," said Mrs Hazeldean; "how could he help it?—such a beautiful creature! Well, I must not ask you to tell Frank's secrets; but I guess the object of attraction; and though she will have no fortune to speak of—and it is not such a match as he might form—still she is so amiable, and has been so well brought up, and is so little like one's general notions of a Roman Catholic, that I think I could persuade Hazeldean into giving his consent."

"Ah!" said Randal, drawing a long breath, and beginning with his practised acuteness to detect Mrs Hazeldean's error, "I am very much relieved and rejoiced to hear this; and I may venture to give Frank some hope, if I find him disheartened and desponding, poor fellow!"

"I think you may," replied Mrs Hazeldean, laughing pleasantly. "But you should not have frightened poor William so, hinting that the lady knew very little English. She has an accent, to be sure; but she speaks our tongue very prettily. I always forget that she's not English born! Ha, ha, poor William!"

RANDAL.—"Ha, ha!"

MRS HAZELDEAN.—"We had once thought of another match for Frank—a girl of good English family."

RANDAL.—"Miss Sticktorights?"

MRS HAZELDEAN.—"No; that's an old whim of Hazeldean's. But he knows very well that the Sticktorights would never merge their property in ours. Bless you, it would be all off the moment they came to settlements, and had to give up the right of way. We thought of a very different match; but there's no dictating to young hearts, Mr Leslie."

RANDAL.—"Indeed no, Mrs Hazeldean. But since we now understand each other so well, excuse me if I suggest that you had better leave things to themselves, and not write to Frank on the subject. Young hearts, you know, are often stimulated by apparent difficulties, and grow cool when the obstacle vanishes."

MRS HAZELDEAN.—"Very possibly; it was not so with Hazeldean and me. But I shall not write to Frank on the subject, for a different reason—though I would consent to the match, and so would William; yet we both would rather, after all, that Frank married an Englishwoman, and a Protestant. We will not, therefore, do anything to encourage the idea. But if Frank's happiness becomes really at stake, *then* we will step in. In short, we would neither encourage nor oppose. You understand?"

"Perfectly."

"And, in the meanwhile, it is quite right that Frank should see the world, and try to distract his mind, or at least to know it. And I dare say it has been some thought of that kind which has prevented his coming here."

Randal, dreading a farther and plainer *éclaircissement*, now rose, and saying, "Pardon me, but I must hurry over breakfast, and be back in time to catch the coach"—offered his arm to his hostess, and led her into the breakfast-parlour. Devouring his meal, as if in great haste, he then mounted his horse, and, taking cordial leave of his entertainers, trotted briskly away.

All things favoured his project—even chance had befriended him in Mrs Hazeldean's mistake. She had not unnaturally supposed Violante to have captivated Frank on his last visit to the Hall. [691]

Thus, while Randal had certified his own mind that nothing could more exasperate the Squire than an alliance with Madame di Negra, he could yet assure Frank that Mrs Hazeldean was all on his side. And when the error was discovered, Mrs Hazeldean would only have to blame herself for it. Still more successful had his diplomacy proved with the Riccaboccas; he had ascertained the secret he had come to discover; he should induce the Italian to remove to the neighbourhood of London; and if Violante were the great heiress he suspected her to prove, whom else of her own age would she see but him? And the old Leslie domains—to be sold in two years—a portion of the dowry might purchase them! Flushed by the triumph of his craft, all former vacillations of conscience ceased. In high and fervent spirits he passed the Casino, the garden of which was solitary and deserted, reached his home, and, telling Oliver to be studious, and Juliet to be patient, walked thence to meet the coach and regain the capital.

CHAPTER XI.

Violante was seated in her own little room, and looking from the window on the terrace that stretched below. The day was warm for the time of year. The orange-trees had been removed under shelter for the approach of winter; but where they had stood sate Mrs Riccabocca at work. In the Belvidere, Riccabocca himself was conversing with his favourite servant. But the casements and the door of the Belvidere were open; and where they sate, both wife and daughter could see the Padrone leaning against the wall, with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the floor; while Jackeymo, with one finger on his master's arm, was talking to him with visible earnestness. And the daughter from the window, and the wife from her work, directed tender anxious eyes towards the still thoughtful form so dear to both. For the last day or two, Riccabocca had been peculiarly abstracted, even to gloom. Each felt there was something stirring at his heart—neither as yet knew what.

Violante's room silently revealed the nature of the education by which her character had been formed. Save a sketch-book which lay open on a desk at hand, and which showed talent exquisitely taught, (for in this Riccabocca had been her teacher,) there was nothing that spoke of the ordinary female accomplishments. No piano stood open, no harp occupied yon nook, which seemed made for one; no broidery frame, nor implements of work, betrayed the usual and graceful resources of a girl; but ranged on shelves against the wall were the best writers in English, Italian, and French; and these betokened an extent of reading, that he who wishes for a companion to his mind in the sweet commune of woman, which softens and refines all it gives and takes in interchange, will never condemn as masculine. You had but to look into Violante's face to see how noble was the intelligence that brought soul to those lovely features. Nothing hard, nothing dry and stern was there. Even as you detected knowledge, it was lost in the gentleness of grace. In fact, whatever she gained in the graver kinds of information, became transmuted, through her heart and her fancy, into spiritual golden stores. Give her some tedious and arid history, her imagination seized upon beauties other readers had passed by, and, like the eye of the artist, detected everywhere the Picturesque. Something in her mind seemed to reject all that was mean and commonplace, and to bring out all that was rare and elevated in whatever it received. Living so apart from all companions of her age, she scarcely belonged to the Present time. She dwelt in the Past, as Sabrina, in her crystal well. Images of chivalry—of the Beautiful and the Heroic—such as, in reading the silvery line of Tasso, rise before us, softening force and valour into love and song—haunted the reveries of the fair Italian maid.

Tell us not that the Past, examined by cold Philosophy, was no better and no loftier than the [692]
Present; it is not thus seen by pure and generous eyes. Let the Past perish, when it ceases to reflect on its magic mirror the beautiful Romance which is its noblest reality, though perchance but the shadow of Delusion.

Yet Violante was not merely the dreamer. In her, life was so puissant and rich, that action seemed necessary to its glorious development—action, but still in the woman's sphere—action to bless and to refine and to exalt all around her, and to pour whatever else of ambition was left unsatisfied into sympathy with the aspirations of man. Despite her father's fears of the bleak air of England, in that air she had strengthened the delicate health of her childhood. Her elastic step—her eyes full of sweetness and light—her bloom, at once soft and luxuriant—all spoke of the vital powers fit to sustain a mind of such exquisite mould, and the emotions of a heart that, once aroused, could ennoble the passions of the South with the purity and devotion of the North.

Solitude makes some natures more timid, some more bold. Violante was fearless. When she spoke, her eyes frankly met your own; and she was so ignorant of evil, that as yet she seemed nearly unacquainted with shame. From this courage, combined with affluence of idea, came a delightful flow of happy converse. Though possessing so imperfectly the accomplishments ordinarily taught to young women, and which may be cultured to the utmost, and yet leave the thoughts so barren, and the talk so vapid—she had that accomplishment which most pleases the taste, and commands the love, of the man of talent; especially if his talent be not so actively employed as to make him desire only relaxation where he seeks companionship—the accomplishment of facility in intellectual interchange—the charm that clothes in musical words beautiful womanly ideas.

"I hear him sigh at this distance," said Violante softly, as she still watched her father; "and methinks this is a new grief, and not for his country. He spoke twice yesterday of that dear English friend, and wished that he were here."

As she said this, unconsciously the virgin blushed, her hands drooped on her knee, and she fell herself into thought as profound as her father's, but less gloomy. From her arrival in England,

Violante had been taught a grateful interest in the name of Harley L'Estrange. Her father, preserving a silence, that seemed disdain, of all his old Italian intimates, had been pleased to converse with open heart of the Englishman who had saved where countrymen had betrayed. He spoke of the soldier, then in the full bloom of youth, who, unconsoled by fame, had nursed the memory of some hidden sorrow amidst the pine-trees that cast their shadow over the sunny Italian lake; how Riccabocca, then honoured and happy, had courted from his seclusion the English Signor, then the mourner and the voluntary exile; how they had grown friends amidst the landscapes in which her eyes had opened to the day; how Harley had vainly warned him from the rash schemes in which he had sought to reconstruct in an hour the ruins of weary ages; how, when abandoned, deserted, proscribed, pursued, he had fled for life—the infant Violante clasped to his bosom—the English soldier had given him refuge, baffled the pursuers, armed his servants, accompanied the fugitive at night towards the defile in the Apennines, and, when the emissaries of a perfidious enemy, hot in the chase, came near, had said, "You have your child to save! Fly on! Another league, and you are beyond the borders. We will delay the foes with parley; they will not harm us." And not till escape was gained did the father know that the English friend had delayed the foe, not by parley, but by the sword, holding the pass against numbers, with a breast as dauntless as Bayard's in the immortal bridge.

And since then, the same Englishman had never ceased to vindicate his name, to urge his cause, and if hope yet remained of restoration to land and honours, it was in that untiring zeal.

Hence, naturally and insensibly, this secluded and musing girl had associated all that she read [693] in tales of romance and chivalry with the image of the brave and loyal stranger. He it was who animated her dreams of the Past, and seemed born to be, in the destined hour, the deliverer of the Future. Around this image grouped all the charms that the fancy of virgin woman can raise from the enchanted lore of old Heroic Fable. Once in her early girlhood, her father (to satisfy her curiosity, eager for general description) had drawn from memory a sketch of the features of the Englishman—drawn Harley, as he was in that first youth, flattered and idealised, no doubt, by art and by partial gratitude—but still resembling him as he was then; while the deep mournfulness of recent sorrow yet shadowed and concentrated all the varying expression of his countenance; and to look on him was to say,—"So sad, yet so young!" Never did Violante pause to remember that the same years which ripened herself from infancy into woman, were passing less gently over that smooth cheek and dreamy brow—that the world might be altering the nature, as time the aspect. To her, the hero of the Ideal remained immortal in bloom and youth. Bright illusion, common to us all, where Poetry once hallows the human form! Who ever thinks of Petrarch as the old time-worn man? Who does not see him as when he first gazed on Laura?—

"Ogni altra cosa ogni pensier va fore;
E sol ivi con voi rimansi Amore!"

CHAPTER XII.

And Violante, thus absorbed in reverie, forgot to keep watch on the Belvidere. And the Belvidere was now deserted. The wife, who had no other ideal to distract *her* thoughts, saw Riccabocca pass into the house.

The exile entered his daughter's room, and she started to feel his hand upon her locks and his kiss upon her brow.

"My child!" cried Riccabocca, seating himself, "I have resolved to leave for a time this retreat, and to seek the neighbourhood of London."

"Ah, dear father, *that*, then, was your thought? But what can be your reason? Do not turn away; you know how carefully I have obeyed your command and kept your secret. Ah, you will confide in me."

"I do, indeed," returned Riccabocca, with emotion. "I leave this place, in the fear lest my enemies discover me. I shall say to others that you are of an age to require teachers, not to be obtained here. But I should like none to know where we go."

The Italian said these last words through his teeth, and hanging his head. He said them in shame.

"My mother—(so Violante always called Jemima)—my mother, you have spoken to her?"

"Not yet. *There* is the difficulty."

"No difficulty, for she loves you so well," replied Violante, with soft reproach. "Ah, why not also confide in her? Who so true? so good?"

"Good—I grant it!" exclaimed Riccabocca. "What then? 'Da cattiva Donna guardati, ed alla buona non fidar niente,' (from the bad woman, guard thyself; to the good woman trust nothing.) And if you must trust," added the abominable man, "trust her with anything but a secret!"

"Fie," said Violante, with arch reproach, for she knew her father's humours too well to interpret his horrible sentiments literally—"fie on your consistency, *Padre carissimo*. Do you not trust your secret to me?"

"You! A kitten is not a cat, and a girl is not a woman. Besides, the secret was already known to you, and I had no choice. Peace, Jemima will stay here for the present. See to what you wish to take with you; we shall leave to-night."

Not waiting for an answer, Riccabocca hurried away, and with a firm step strode the terrace and approached his wife.

"*Anima mia*," said the pupil of Machiavel, disguising in the tenderest words the cruellest intentions—for one of his most cherished Italian proverbs was to the effect, that there is no getting on with a mule or a woman unless you coax them—"*Anima mia*,—soul of my being—you have already seen that Violante mopes herself to death here."

"She, poor child! Oh no!" [694]

"She does, core of my heart, she does, and is as ignorant of music as I am of tent-stitch."

"She sings beautifully."

"Just as birds do, against all the rules, and in defiance of gamut. Therefore, to come to the point, O treasure of my soul! I am going to take her with me for a short time, perhaps to Cheltenham, or Brighton—we shall see."

"All places with you are the same to me, Alphonso. When shall we go?"

"*We* shall go to-night; but, terrible as it is to part from you—you—"

"Ah!" interrupted the wife, and covered her face with her hands.

Riccabocca, the wiliest and most relentless of men in his maxims, melted into absolute uxorial imbecility at the sight of that mute distress. He put his arm round his wife's waist, with genuine affection, and without a single proverb at his heart—"*Carissima*, do not grieve so; we shall be back soon, and travelling is expensive; rolling stones gather no moss, and there is so much to see to at home."

Mrs Riccabocca gently escaped from her husband's arms. She withdrew her hands from her face, and brushed away the tears that stood in her eyes.

"Alphonso," she said touchingly, "hear me! What you think good, that shall ever be good to me. But do not think that I grieve solely because of our parting. No; I grieve to think that, despite all these years in which I have been the partner of your hearth and slept on your breast—all these years in which I have had no thought but, however humbly, to do my duty to you and yours, and could have wished that you had read my heart, and seen there but yourself and your child—I grieve to think that you still deem me as unworthy your trust as when you stood by my side at the altar."

"Trust!" repeated Riccabocca, startled and conscience-stricken; "why do you say 'trust?' In what have I distrusted you? I am sure," he continued, with the artful volubility of guilt, "that I never doubted your fidelity—hook-nosed, long-visaged foreigner though I be; never pryed into your letters; never inquired into your solitary walks; never heeded your flirtations with that good-looking Parson Dale; never kept the money; and never looked into the account-books!" Mrs Riccabocca refused even a smile of contempt at these revolting evasions; nay, she seemed scarcely to hear them.

"Can you think," she resumed, pressing her hand on her heart to still its struggles for relief in sobs—"can you think that I could have watched, and thought, and tasked my poor mind so constantly, to conjecture what might best soothe or please you, and not seen, long since, that you have secrets known to your daughter—your servant—not to me? Fear not—the secrets cannot be evil, or you would not tell them to your innocent child. Besides, do I not know your nature? and do I not love you because I know it?—it is for something connected with these secrets that you leave your home. You think that I should be incautious—imprudent. You will not take me with you. Be it so. I go to prepare for your departure. Forgive me if I have displeased you, husband."

Mrs Riccabocca turned away; but a soft hand touched the Italian's arm. "O father, can you resist this? Trust her!—trust her! I am a woman like her! I answer for her woman's faith. Be yourself—ever nobler than all others, my own father."

"*Diavolo!* Never one door shuts but another opens," groaned Riccabocca. "Are you a fool, child? Don't you see that it was for your sake only I feared—and would be cautious?"

"For mine! O then, do not make me deem myself mean, and the cause of meanness. For mine! Am I not your daughter—the descendant of men who never feared?"

Violante looked sublime while she spoke; and as she ended she led her father gently on towards the door, which his wife had now gained.

"Jemima—wife mine!—pardon, pardon," cried the Italian, whose heart had been yearning to repay such tenderness and devotion,—"come back to my breast—it has been long closed—it shall be open to you now and for ever."

In another moment, the wife was in her right place—on her husband's bosom; and Violante, beautiful peace-maker, stood smiling a while at both, and then lifted her eyes gratefully to heaven, and stole away. [695]

CHAPTER XIII.

On Randal's return to town, he heard mixed and contradictory rumours in the streets, and at the clubs of the probable downfall of the Government at the approaching session of Parliament. These rumours had sprung up suddenly, as if in an hour. True that, for some time, the sagacious had shaken their heads and said, "Ministers could not last." True that certain changes in policy, a

year or two before, had divided the party on which the Government depended, and strengthened that which opposed it. But still its tenure in office had been so long, and there seemed so little power in the Opposition to form a cabinet of names familiar to official ears, that the general public had anticipated, at most, a few partial changes. Rumour now went far beyond this. Randal, whose whole prospects at present were but reflections from the greatness of his patron, was alarmed. He sought Egerton, but the minister was impenetrable, and seemed calm, confident, and imperturbed. Somewhat relieved, Randal then set himself to work to find a safe home for Riccabocca; for the greater need to succeed in obtaining fortune there, if he failed in getting it through Egerton. He found a quiet house, detached and secluded, in the neighbourhood of Norwood. No vicinity more secure from espionage and remark. He wrote to Riccabocca, and communicated the address, adding fresh assurances of his own power to be of use. The next morning he was seated in his office, thinking very little of the details, that he mastered, however, with mechanical precision, when the minister who presided over that department of the public service sent for him into his private room, and begged him to take a letter to Egerton, with whom he wished to consult relative to a very important point to be decided in the Cabinet that day. "I want you to take it," said the minister smiling, (the minister was a frank, homely man,) "because you are in Mr Egerton's confidence, and he may give you some verbal message besides a written reply. Egerton is often over cautious and brief in the *litera scripta*."

Randal went first to Egerton's neighbouring office—he had not been there that day. He then took a cabriolet and drove to Grosvenor Square. A quiet-looking chariot was at the door. Mr Egerton was at home; but the servant said, "Dr F. is with him, sir; and perhaps he may not like to be disturbed."

"What, is your master ill?"

"Not that I know of, sir. He never says he is ill. But he has looked poorly the last day or two."

Randal hesitated a moment; but his commission might be important, and Egerton was a man who so held the maxim, that health and all else must give way to business, that he resolved to enter; and, unannounced, and unceremoniously, as was his wont, he opened the door of the library. He started as he did so. Audley Egerton was leaning back on the sofa, and the doctor, on his knees before him, was applying the stethoscope to his breast. Egerton's eyes were partially closed as the door opened. But at the noise he sprang up, nearly oversetting the doctor. "Who's that?—How dare you!" he exclaimed, in a voice of great anger. Then recognising Randal, he changed colour, bit his lip, and muttered drily, "I beg pardon for my abruptness; what do you want, Mr Leslie?"

"This letter from Lord ——; I was told to deliver it immediately into your own hands; I beg pardon—"

"There is no cause," said Egerton, coldly. "I have had a slight attack of bronchitis; and as Parliament meets so soon, I must take advice from my doctor, if I would be heard by the reporters. Lay the letter on the table, and be kind enough to wait for my reply."

Randal withdrew. He had never seen a physician in that house before, and it seemed surprising that Egerton should even take a medical opinion upon a slight attack. While waiting in the ante-room there was a knock at the street door, and presently a gentleman, exceedingly well dressed, was shown in, and honoured Randal with an easy and half familiar bow. Randal remembered to [696] have met this personage at dinner, and at the house of a young nobleman of high fashion, but had not been introduced to him, and did not even know him by name. The visitor was better informed.

"Our friend Egerton is busy, I hear, Mr Leslie," said he, arranging the camelia in his button hole.

"Our friend Egerton!" It must be a very great man to say, "Our friend Egerton."

"He will not be engaged long, I dare say," returned Randal, glancing his shrewd inquiring eye over the stranger's person.

"I trust not; my time is almost as precious as his own. I was not so fortunate as to be presented to you when we met at Lord Spendquick's. Good fellow, Spendquick; and decidedly clever."

Lord Spendquick was usually esteemed a gentleman without three ideas.

Randal smiled.

In the meanwhile the visitor had taken out a card from an embossed morocco case, and now presented it to Randal, who read thereon, "Baron Levy, No. —, Bruton St."

The name was not unknown to Randal. It was a name too often on the lips of men of fashion not to have reached the ears of an *habitué* of good society.

Mr Levy had been a solicitor by profession. He had of late years relinquished his ostensible calling; and not long since, in consequence of some services towards the negotiation of a loan, had been created a baron by one of the German kings. The wealth of Mr Levy was said to be only equalled by his good nature to all who were in want of a temporary loan, and with sound expectations of repaying it some day or other.

You seldom saw a finer-looking man than Baron Levy—about the same age as Egerton, but looking younger: so well preserved—such magnificent black whiskers—such superb teeth! Despite his name and his dark complexion, he did not, however, resemble a Jew—at least externally; and, in fact, he was not a Jew on the father's side, but the natural son of a rich English *grand seigneur*, by a Hebrew lady of distinction—in the opera. After his birth, this lady had

married a German trader of her own persuasion, and her husband had been prevailed upon, for the convenience of all parties, to adopt his wife's son, and accord to him his own Hebrew name. Mr Levy senior was soon left a widower, and then the real father, though never actually owning the boy, had shown him great attention—had him frequently at his house—initiated him betimes into his own high-born society, for which the boy showed great taste. But when my Lord died, and left but a moderate legacy to the younger Levy, who was then about eighteen, that ambiguous person was articled to an attorney by his putative sire, who shortly afterwards returned to his native land, and was buried at Prague, where his tombstone may yet be seen. Young Levy, however, continued to do very well without him. His real birth was generally known, and rather advantageous to him in a social point of view. His legacy enabled him to become a partner where he had been a clerk, and his practice became great amongst the fashionable classes of society. Indeed he was so useful, so pleasant, so much a man of the world, that he grew intimate with his clients—chiefly young men of rank; was on good terms with both Jew and Christian; and being neither one nor the other, resembled (to use Sheridan's incomparable simile) the blank page between the Old and the New Testament.

Vulgar, some might call Mr Levy, from his assurance, but it was not the vulgarity of a man accustomed to low and coarse society—rather the *mauvais ton* of a person not sure of his own position, but who has resolved to swagger into the best one he can get. When it is remembered that he had made his way in the world, and gleaned together an immense fortune, it is needless to add that he was as sharp as a needle, and as hard as a flint. No man had had more friends, and no man had stuck by them more firmly—as long as there was a pound in their pockets!

Something of this character had Randal heard of the Baron, and he now gazed, first at his card, and then at him, with—admiration.

"I met a friend of yours at Borrowwell's the other day," resumed the Baron—"Young Hazeldean. Careful fellow—quite a man of the world." [697]

As this was the last praise poor Frank deserved, Randal again smiled.

The Baron went on—"I hear, Mr Leslie, that you have much influence over this same Hazeldean. His affairs are in a sad state. I should be very happy to be of use to him, as a relation of my friend Egerton's; but he understands business so well that he despises my advice."

"I am sure you do him injustice."

"Injustice! I honour his caution. I say to every man, 'Don't come to me—I can get you money on much easier terms than any one else;' and what's the result? You come so often that you ruin yourself; whereas a regular usurer without conscience frightens you. 'Cent per cent,' you say; 'oh, I must pull in.' If you have influence over your friend, tell him to stick to his bill-brokers, and have nothing to do with Baron Levy."

Here the minister's bell rung, and Randal, looking through the window, saw Dr F. walking to his carriage, which had made way for Baron Levy's splendid cabriolet—a cabriolet in the most perfect taste—Baron's coronet on the dark brown panels—horse black, with such action!—harness just relieved with plating. The servant now entered, and requested Randal to step in; and addressing the Baron, assured him that he would not be detained a minute.

"Leslie," said the minister, sealing a note, "take this back to Lord ——, and say that I shall be with him in an hour."

"No other message?—he seemed to expect one."

"I dare say he did. Well, my letter is official, my message is not; beg him to see Mr —— before we meet—he will understand—all rests upon that interview."

Egerton then, extending the letter, resumed gravely, "Of course you will not mention to any one that Dr F. was with me: the health of public men is not to be suspected. Hum—were you in your own room or the ante-room?"

"The ante-room, sir."

Egerton's brow contracted slightly. "And Mr Levy was there, eh?"

"Yes—the Baron."

"Baron! true. Come to plague me about the Mexican loan, I suppose. I will keep you no longer."

Randal, much meditating, left the house, and re-entered his hack cab. The Baron was admitted to the statesman's presence.

CHAPTER XIV.

Egerton had thrown himself at full length on the sofa, a position exceedingly rare with him; and about his whole air and manner, as Levy entered, there was something singularly different from that stateliness of port common to the austere legislator. The very tone of his voice was different. It was as if the statesman—the man of business—had vanished; it was rather the man of fashion and the idler, who, nodding languidly to his visitor, said, "Levy, what money can I have for a year?"

"The estate will bear very little more. My dear fellow, that last election was the very devil. You cannot go on thus much longer."

"My dear fellow!" Baron Levy hailed Audley Egerton as "my dear fellow." And Audley Egerton,

perhaps, saw nothing strange in the words, though his lip curled.

"I shall not want to go on thus much longer," answered Egerton, as the curl on his lip changed to a gloomy smile. "The estate must, meanwhile, bear £5000 more."

"A hard pull on it. You had really better sell."

"I cannot afford to sell at present. I cannot afford men to say, 'Audley Egerton is done up—his property is for sale.'"

"It is very sad when one thinks what a rich man you have been—and may be yet!"

"Be yet! How?"

Baron Levy glanced towards the thick mahogany doors—thick and impervious, as should be the doors of statesmen. "Why, you know that, with three words from you, I could produce an effect upon the stocks of three nations, that might give as each a hundred thousand pounds. We would go shares." [698]

"Levy," said Egerton coldly, though a deep blush overspread his face, "you are a scoundrel; that is your look-out. I interfere with no man's tastes and conscience. I don't intend to be a scoundrel myself. I have told you that long ago."

The Baron laughed, without evincing the least displeasure.

"Well," said he, "you are neither wise nor complimentary, but you shall have the money. But yet, would it not be better," added Levy, with emphasis, "to borrow it, without interest, of your friend L'Estrange?"

Egerton started as if stung.

"You mean to taunt me, sir!" he exclaimed, passionately. "I accept pecuniary favours from Lord L'Estrange! I!"

"Tut, my dear Egerton, I dare say my Lord would not think so ill now of that little act in your life which—"

"Hold!" exclaimed Egerton, writhing. "Hold!"

He stopped, and paced the room, muttering in broken sentences, "To blush before this man! Chastisement, chastisement!"

Levy gazed on him with hard and sinister eyes. The minister turned abruptly.

"Look you, Levy," said he, with forced composure—"you hate me—why, I know not. I have never injured you—never avenged the inexpiable wrong you did me."

"Wrong!—you a man of the world! Wrong! Call it so if you will, then," he added shrinkingly, for Audley's brow grew terrible. "But have I not atoned it? Would you ever have lived in this palace, and ruled this country as one of the most influential of its ministers, but for my management—my whispers to the wealthy Miss Leslie? Come, but for me what would you have been—perhaps a beggar?"

"What shall I be now if I live? *Then* I should not have been a beggar; poor perhaps in money, but rich—rich in all that now leaves my life bankrupt. Gold has not thriven with me; how should it? And this fortune—it has passed for the main part into your hands. Be patient, you will have it all ere long. But there is one man in the world who has loved me from a boy, and woe to you if ever he learn that he has the right to despise me!"

"Egerton, my good fellow," said Levy, with great composure, "you need not threaten me, for what interest can I possibly have in tale-telling to Lord L'Estrange? As to hating you—pooh! You snub me in private, you cut me in public, you refuse to come to my dinners, you'll not ask me to your own; still, there is no man I like better, nor would more willingly serve. When do you want the £5000?"

"Perhaps in one month, perhaps not for three or four. Let it be ready when required."

"Enough; depend on it. Have you any other commands?"

"None."

"I will take my leave, then. By the by, what do you suppose the Hazeldean rental is worth—net?"

"I don't know, nor care. You have no designs upon *that*, too?"

"Well, I like keeping up family connections. Mr Frank seems a liberal young gentleman."

Before Egerton could answer, the Baron had glided to the door, and, nodding pleasantly, vanished with that nod.

Egerton remained, standing on his solitary hearth. A drear, single man's room it was, from wall to wall, despite its fretted ceilings and official pomp of Bramah escritoires and red boxes. Drear and cheerless—no trace of woman's habitation—no vestige of intruding, happy children. There stood the austere man alone. And then with a deep sigh he muttered, "Thank heaven, not for long—it will not last long."

Repeating those words, he mechanically locked up his papers, and pressed his hand to his heart for an instant, as if a spasm had shot through it.

"So—I must shun all emotion!" said he, shaking his head gently.

In five minutes more, Audley Egerton was in the streets, his mien erect, and his step firm as ever.

"That man is made of bronze," said a leader of the Opposition to a friend as they rode past the minister. "What would I give for his nerves!"

JOHNSTON'S NOTES ON NORTH AMERICA.

[699]

Notes on North America, Agricultural, Social, and Economical. By James F. W. Johnston, M.A., F.R.SS.L. and E., &c. Two Vols. post 8vo. William Blackwood & Sons.

Professor Johnston had three objects in view in his visit to the New World. His high reputation as an agricultural chemist had induced the Agricultural Society of New York to request him to give a course of lectures at Albany upon the connection of chemical and geological science with that of the cultivation of land. He had also been commissioned by the Government of New Brunswick to examine and report on the agricultural capabilities of that province. And besides these public duties, he was impelled by a strong desire to study the actual position of the art of husbandry in the fertile regions of the West, and the influence which its progress is likely to exert upon British agriculture.

Our shrewd brother Jonathan, however brilliant his achievements have been in other arts, has not hitherto earned any great reputation as a scientific farmer. Nature has been so bountiful to him, that, with "fresh fields and pastures new" ever before him, he has hitherto had no need to resort to the toilsome processes and anxious expedients—"*curis acuens mortalia corda*"—of our Old World systems of agriculture. On the newer lands of the Union, at least, the rotations followed, the waste of manures, and the general contempt of all method and economy, are such as would break the heart of a Haddingtonshire "grieve," and in a couple of seasons convert his trim acres into a howling wilderness. What would our respected friend Mr Caird say to a course of cropping like the following, which, though given by Professor Johnston as a specimen of New Brunswick farming, is the usual method followed on most of the new soils of North America?—

> "He cuts down the wood and burns it, then takes a crop of potatoes, followed by one of wheat, with grass seeds. *Nine successive crops of hay follow in as many years*; after which the stumps are taken up, the land is ploughed, a crop of wheat is taken; it is then manured for the first time, or limed, and laid down again for a similar succession of crops of hay. This treatment is hard enough; but the unskilful man, after burning and spreading the ashes, takes two or three more crops of grain, leaves it to sow itself with grass, then cuts hay as long as it bears a crop which is worth cutting—after all which he either stumps and ploughs it, or leaves it to run again into the wilderness state."—(*Johnston*, vol. i. p. 104.)

Such a system seems, at first sight, to argue a barbarous ignorance of the very first elements of agriculture; and yet, as Professor Johnston remarks, "we English farmers and teachers of agricultural science, with all our skill, should probably, in the same circumstances, do just the same, so long as land was plenty, labour scarce and dear, and markets few and distant." Let no one suppose that our wide-awake kinsman does not know perfectly well what he is about. His apparently rude agricultural practice is regulated by a maxim which some of our *Mechists* at home would do well to bear in mind—that high farming is bad farming if it is not remunerative. He knows that to manure his land would be to insure the lodging and destruction of his crops, and he therefore leaves his straw to wither in the fields, and lives on in blessed ignorance of the virtues and cost of guano. To plough deep furrows in a virgin soil, saturated with organic matter, would be an idle waste of labour; and the primitive Triptolemus of Michigan scatters the seed upon the surface—or, raising a little mould on the point of a hoe, drops in a few grains of maize, covers them over, and heeds them no more till the golden pyramids are ripe for the knife. The first three crops, thus easily obtained, generally repay to the settler in the wilderness the expense of felling the timber, burning, and cultivating. If he then abandon it, he is at least no [700] loser; but for eight or ten years the soil will still continue to produce crops of natural hay; and then, having extracted from it all that its spontaneous fertility will yield, he sells his possession for what it may bring, and moves off westward to repeat the same exhaustive process on a fresh portion of the forest, leaving to his successor the task of reinvigorating the severely tested powers of the soil by rest and restoratives.

This locust-like progress of the American settler—ever on the move to new lands, and leaving comparative barrenness in his track—must evidently place the case of America beyond the sphere of those ordinary laws of political economy which are applicable in European countries; and Professor Johnston seems to consider the fact of the incessant exhaustion and abandonment of lands as the chief key to a right understanding of the peculiar economical position of the United States. The owner of land in the older and more populous States, who has not learnt to apply a restorative system of culture, derives little benefit from the comparative advantage of situation, while the inhabitants of the towns and villages around him are fed with the surplus spontaneous produce of the far off clearings in Ohio or Missouri. But these in their turn become worn out—and as cultivation travels on westward, the chief centres of agricultural production are gradually receding farther and farther from the chief centres of population and consumption; and this increasing distance, and consequent cost of transport, is every year enhancing the price of

grain in the busy and crowded marts of the West—ever filling up with the incessant stream of immigration from Europe. Such is Mr Johnston's view of the present normal condition of the Union in regard to the sustenance of her people; and he makes it the ground-work, as we shall presently see, of certain rather doubtful inferences, of some importance in their bearing on the agriculture of this country. One consequence, however, of any material increase in the price of food in the Eastern States of the Union is very obvious—the proprietor of land in these districts will gradually be enabled to apply, with profit to his exhausted soil, the artificial aids and costlier system of culture followed in Britain. Already this result is apparent in Professor Johnston's account of the energetic spirit of agricultural improvement which is rapidly spreading over most of the New England States. In the keen, restless, and enterprising New Englander, our Old Country farmers will undoubtedly find a more formidable competitor, for the honour of the first place in agricultural advancement, than any they have yet met on this side of the Atlantic. We have seen this year what his invention can produce in mechanical contrivances for economising the labour of the field; and, that he is not indifferent to the aids which science can afford him, is sufficiently proved by the occasion of that visit to America of which Professor Johnston has here given so pleasant and instructive a record. The invitation was not more creditable to the character of the Professor, than to the discernment of the zealous and patriotic men who thus showed how correctly they apprehend the true method of improving their fine country. His engagement was fulfilled during the sitting of the State Legislature at Albany in January 1850, when the hall of the Assembly was given up to him as a lecture-room; the leading members of the Assembly and of the State Agricultural Society were among his auditors, and the greatest public interest was evinced in the important subjects of his prelections.

It is apparent, from many passages of the *Notes*, that the author has listened too confidingly to the flattering tale—the "*canor mulcendas natus ad aures*" of the syren of Free Trade. He seems to be gifted with a strong natural faith, and a patriotic confidence in what British enterprise, and especially British agriculture, can achieve in the way of surmounting difficulties. It is not perhaps to be wondered at that one, whose professional pursuits naturally lead him to place a high value upon the aids which science has in store for the agriculturist, should encourage the farmer to think lightly of his present difficulties, and keep up his spirits with the hope of some paulo-post- [701]
future prosperity. It must be allowed that the farmer, poor fellow, has not wanted abundance of kind friends to comfort him in his adversity. Generally, however, their consolations—like those of the sympathetic Mrs Gamp—have been rather indefinite—vague moralisings upon his calamity, as if it were some inevitable stroke of Providence, to be bowed to in silent resignation, and hazy anticipations of good luck awaiting him. Others, again—who have professed the greatest friendship for him, and, like the Knight of Netherby, have come down to hearten up the broken-down man by imparting to him some plan of theirs, as sheep-pasturage or the like, for setting him on his legs again—are mentally taking an inventory of his remaining chattels, and calculating when to send the sheriff's officer. But Professor Johnston belongs to neither of these classes of comforters. His opinion, we know, is at least disinterested, and he brings it before us in the shape of a distinct proposition—viz., that the wheat-exporting capabilities of the United States are not so great as have generally been supposed, and that, as they must diminish rather than increase in future, the prospect of competition with American produce need cause no alarm to the British farmer.

This opinion, coming from such an authority, claims a deliberate examination; and the more so that, in the dearth of other gratulatory topics, it has been eagerly laid hold of by the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Economist*, and other Free-Trade organs, and vaunted as a complete proof that protective duties are quite unnecessary.

The reasons which Professor Johnston assigns for believing that the *present* wheat-exporting powers of the United States have been exaggerated, may be passed over with very little comment. The Board of Trade returns leave no room for doubt as to the quantity that has actually reached this country, and it is therefore unnecessary for us to follow him through his hypothetical estimate of the exportable grain, grounded on what they *ought* to have had to spare for us. We may remark, however, that the data on which his calculations proceed are far from satisfactory. He shows that all the *wheat* produced in the United States, as given in the estimates of the Patent Office, is inadequate to afford the eight bushels which in England we reckon to be requisite for the annual supply of each inhabitant—the population of the Union being about twenty-one millions, and the produce of wheat one hundred and twenty-seven millions of bushels. He does not overlook altogether the fact that wheat is not in America, as it is with us, almost the sole cereal food of the people; and he admits that a considerable allowance must be made for the consumption of Indian corn instead of wheat. But how much?—That is the question. The compilers of the State Papers at Washington estimate that Indian corn, buckwheat, and other grain, form so large a proportion of the food of the people, that they require only *three* bushels of wheat per head; and no doubt they have good grounds for this calculation. Professor Johnston, however, without indicating any reason whatever for his assumption, has set down the consumption of each individual at *five* bushels per annum; and thus, by a stroke of his pen, he reduces the average exportable surplus of the Union to *only* three millions of quarters.

As to what may be expected in future—Professor Johnston anticipates the gradual diminution of the supply, from the circumstance, already adverted to, of the progressive exhaustion of the newer lands of the Union, and the rapid increase of population in the old. If several of the Western States, he argues, have even already ceased to raise enough wheat for the supply of their present inhabitants, and are compelled to draw largely on the produce of the remote States of Illinois, Ohio, &c.—and if the productive power of these new lands is annually becoming less, the virgin soils more distant, and the transport of subsistence more difficult—if this is the state of

matters now, what will it be in 1860, when immigration and natural increase will probably have raised the population of the Union to some thirty-four millions? "It is very safe," he concludes, "to say that in 1860 their wheat-exporting capability will have become so small as to give our British farmers very little cause for apprehension." It may perchance occur to these gentlemen, that the consolation Professor Johnston here offers them is not very cheering after all; and as long as they see the provision stores in every market town piled up with the interloping flour barrels of New York, and their own waggons returning home with their loads unsold, it is not to be wondered at if they are not greatly exhilarated with the prospect of what may possibly happen nine years hence. And slender as is the hope deferred here held out to them, it rests, we fear, on very questionable grounds. [702]

Professor Johnston's opinion is founded on two suppositions: 1st, That the exhaustion of the Western States, on which he dwells so much, is proceeding so rapidly as already to affect the markets of the eastern districts; 2d, That these older districts will be unable to increase the quantity of produce raised within their own boundaries, without so adding to its cost as to prevent its being profitably exported.

As to the first supposition, it may be conceded that, in the course of time, a period must necessarily come when the spontaneous fertility of the newer-settled States will cease to yield grain with the same bountiful abundance it has done hitherto. But, when may that period be expected to arrive?—to what extent has exhaustion already taken place?—and what is the rate of its progress? For a reply, we have only to point to that vast territory, bounded by the lakes on the north and Ohio on the south, comprising the five States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin—a territory eight times the size of England and Wales, with a population about equal to that of Scotland, containing 180,000,000 acres of arable land, a large portion of which is of surprising fertility—and ask whether it is possible to believe that it has already reached the turning point of its wheat-productiveness,[1] or can by any possibility do so for centuries to come? Why, the extent of land advertised in these five States for sale, (which forms only a fraction of what still remains in the hands of government,) is greater by a fourth than the whole area of England; and of the territory that has been actually sold, it is estimated that five-sevenths is still unreclaimed from the wilderness. Then look at the means of transport provided for conveying the overflowing abundance of those rich alluvial regions to the markets of the East, by way of the two great outlets—the lakes on the north, and the Mississippi on the south. The cost of such transport is no doubt considerable; the conveyance of a quarter of wheat from the centre of Illinois to Boston, by New Orleans, averages about 16s. 6d. But, nevertheless, so trifling is the original cost of production, that immense quantities of corn do annually reach the eastern seaboard by this route, a considerable portion of which is re-shipped to Liverpool, and sold there at prices greatly below its cost of production in this country. The annexed table[2] shows the remarkable fact, that, of the whole quantity of grain exported from the United States in the five years 1842-6, twelve- [703] thirteenths of the wheat, about one-half of the flour, and a large proportion of the Indian corn, came from the two ports of New York and Philadelphia alone. Now, as we know that these large supplies were not grown within the confines of the Eastern States, and *must* have been brought from the westward, the inference is obvious that the two causes insisted on by Professor Johnston —the distance of the virgin soils, and the expense of transport—are as yet inoperative; or at least that they have not prevented the transmission of grain to the east in such vast quantities, as not only to meet the wants of all the population of that part of the Union, but to afford an average surplus for exportation to other countries equivalent to the annual maintenance of a million and a half of men. We need only mention one other fact, which seems in itself a sufficient refutation of the theory Professor Johnston has taken up. The causes which he thinks are so soon to dry up the supplies now derived from the West are of no recent or sudden emergence. The process of exhaustion on the new lands, and the rapid population of the old, has been going on for many years. If, then, these causes are so influential as he imagines, their effects should at least be apparent in a gradual increase of the prices of bread-stuffs in the Eastern States. Now, no such effect is to be found. On the contrary, we find that, during the last twenty years, the price of wheat, as well as of maize, in the chief marts of the east, has been *steadily diminishing, instead of increasing*. We extract from the returns published by the Board of Trade the annexed comparison[3] of the prices of wheat flour at New York, during two periods, from which it appears that, in the very State where the results of Professor Johnston's hypothesis ought to have been most manifest, the experience of twenty years shows a reduction of price instead of an enhancement, notwithstanding that the latter period in the comparison embraces the years of the potato failure. An examination of similar returns from Baltimore and New Orleans establishes the same fact, namely, that the tendency of prices for twenty years past is *not upwards, but downwards*—a fact quite irreconcilable with the supposed rapid exhaustion of the wheat soils of the interior.

It is much to be regretted that Professor Johnston was unable to extend his tour to these granary States of the West. It would have been satisfactory to have had from him an estimate of their capabilities founded on actual survey and personal observation, instead of indirect inference. We are quite ready to admit, that many of the accounts of those regions which have reached us, drawn up to suit the purposes of speculators in land, are of very dubious authenticity, and, like the stage-coach in which Mr Dickens travelled to Buffalo, have "a pretty loud smell of varnish." But, on the other hand, we cannot discredit the official data supplied by the State papers—without at least stronger grounds than those inferences from general geological structure which Professor Johnston has adduced to disprove the alleged fertility of the State of Michigan. There can, of course, be no more valuable criterion of the natural agricultural value of a country than is afforded by its geology—provided the survey be sufficiently extensive and

accurate. But it is difficult to follow those enthusiasts in the science, whom we occasionally find [704]
drawing the most startling deductions from very narrow data—and prophesying the future history of the territory, and even the character of its inhabitants, from a glance at the bowels of the earth, as the Roman augur foretold the fate of empires from the entrails of his chickens.

We find, for example, a writer of high standing in America accounting for a remarkable diminution in the amount of *bastardy* in Pennsylvania, some thirty years ago, by the fact—that the settlers at that time *had got off the cold clays and on to the limestone*! A Scottish geologist, with more apparent reason perhaps, has founded an argument for an extensive emigration of the Highlanders on the prevalence of the primitive rocks in the north and west of Scotland. It is only from a complete and systematic survey that we can venture to predicate anything with certainty of the future agricultural powers of a country; and, in the absence of such trustworthy data, we must be content to estimate the future wheat-productiveness of Michigan, as well as of the other States we have named along with it, from what we know of their present fertility, and of the vast extent that is still uncleared.

As to New York and the other old-settled States of the Union, which we are told do not now produce enough for their own consumption, are we to take it for granted that they are always to continue stationary, and to make no effort to keep pace with the growing demands of an increasing population? Professor Johnston, we observe in one passage, has qualified his opinion as to the prospective dearth of grain by this curious condition—"*Provided no change takes place in their agricultural system.*" But what shadow of a reason can be given for supposing it will not take place? The area of New York State is only one-twelfth less than that of England, and is, at least, no way inferior as to climate or quality of soil. As far as material means go, it is quite capable of maintaining, under an improved culture, at least four times its present population of three millions. The only question is as to the will and ability of her people to develop these means; and on this point Professor Johnston's own work is full of multiplied proofs of the zealous and intelligent spirit of improvement which is extending rapidly all over the North-Eastern States. We find the central government of the Confederation occupied in organising the plan of an Agricultural Bureau on a scale worthy of a great and enlightened nation—a work that contrasts in a very marked way with the studious neglect which such subjects meet with from the government of this country.[4] We find the several State legislatures anxiously encouraging every species of improvement—that of New York, in particular, devoting large grants to the support of exhibitions; preparing to found an Agricultural College; distributing widely and gratuitously the annual public reports on the state of agriculture; and, finally, sending to Europe for a celebrated chemist to assist in maturing their plans, and sitting—senators and great officers of state—at the feet of a British Gamaliel, laying down the law to them on the true principles of the all-important science of agriculture. Nor are the owners of the land asleep. It is a strong indication of their growing desire for information, that seven or eight agricultural periodicals are published in the State of New York alone. Professor Johnston found no less than fifty copies of such papers taken regularly in a small town in Connecticut of some two thousand inhabitants; and he had occasion to observe, in his intercourse with the farmers of New York, their general acquaintance with the geology of their country, and its relation to the management of their lands. Their implement-makers, who had already taught us the use of the horse-rake, the cradle-scythe, and the improved churn, have recently outstripped us by the invention, or at least the great improvement, of the reaping-machine, the advantages of which are so appreciated in the country of its origin that at [705]
Chicago 1500 of M'Cormick's machines were ordered in one year. In short, the proverbial energy, perseverance, and sagacity that distinguish our Yankee friends, seem now to be all directed towards effecting a change of system in the management of land; and the true question is, not whether the hitherto laggard progress of American agriculture is to be quickened in future, but whether we shall be able to keep pace with it.

But then Professor Johnston tells us that improvement is expensive, and that every process for reviving the dormant powers of the soil, and preserving their activity, must necessarily be attended with an addition to the price of the produce, which will thus prevent its coming into competition with that of England. This view rests upon a fallacy, which we are sure the author must have drawn from his reading in political economy, and not from his experience as an agriculturist. It is an off-shoot from the rent-theory, (the pestilent root of so much error and confusion,) which, however, we shall not notice at present, further than by affirming, in direct contradiction to it, that improvements do *not* necessarily, nor generally, involve an increase of price. Even those which require the greatest outlay—even a complete system of arterial drainage all over the State of New York, instead of adding to the cost of wheat, may very probably reduce it, as it has certainly done in this country. But most of the improvements readily available in the Eastern States involve scarcely any expenditure at all. The most obvious and effectual is to save and apply the manure, which is now wasted or thrown away; and when that proves insufficient, abundant supplies of mineral manures are easily procurable. On the exhausted wheat-lands of Virginia, a single dressing of lime or marl generally doubles the first crop. Deposits of gypsum, and of the valuable mineral phosphate of lime, seem to be abundant both in New York and New Jersey. Again, in the former State, where the common practice is to plough to a depth of *not more than four inches*, the simple expedient of putting in the plough a few inches deeper would of itself add one-half to the return of wheat over a very large district.

On the whole, so far from seeing any reason to anticipate, with Professor Johnston, a material reduction in the quantity of our wheat imports from the States, we look rather to see it increased; and, at all events, we have no hesitation in saying, that to encourage our English farmers to expect a cessation of competition from that quarter is to deceive them with very groundless hopes.

We have already dwelt at considerable length on this topic, both because of the prominent place it occupies in Professor Johnston's volumes, and of the notice which his speculations upon it have attracted in this country.

It has been mentioned that a large proportion—probably not less than one-half—of the cereal food consumed in the States consists of maize and buckwheat. Mr Johnston always alludes to this fact, as if the use of these grains were a matter of compulsion—as if the Americans resorted to them from being unable to afford wheaten bread. Now, according to the information we have from other sources, the truth is just the reverse of this. We are told that in the Eastern and Central States, as well as on the West frontier and among the slave population, the various preparations of Indian corn are becoming more relished every year; and that the extension of its cultivation is to be attributed, not to the failure of the wheat crops, but to a growing preference for it as an article of food. In a less degree the use both of oats and buckwheat seems to be spreading in the States, as well as in our own colonies of New Brunswick and Canada East; and one can scarcely wonder at the taste for the latter grain, after reading the appetising descriptions our author gives of the crisp hot cakes, with their savoury adjuncts of maple-honey, which so often formed his breakfast during his wanderings. The general use of these three kinds of grain—maize, oats, and buckwheat—has somehow come to be considered by political economists as indicative of a low degree of social advancement. And yet we know that, in the countries suited to their growth, a given area of ground cultivated with any of them will return a [706] greater quantity of nutritious food, at a smaller expense and with less risk of failure, than if it were cropped with wheat. We are told that the great objection to them is, that their culture *is too easy*. Professor Johnston touches upon this notion in some remarks he makes on the disadvantage of buckwheat as a staple article of food. The objections to it, he tells us, consist in the ease with which it can be raised, the rapidity of its growth, and the small quantity of seed it requires: it induces, he says, like the potato, an indolent, slovenly, and exhausting culture; and "it is the prelude of evil, when a kind of food that requires little exertion to obtain it becomes the staple support of a people."[5] It may be noticed in passing, that, in point of fact, the results alleged are at least not universal; for, in regard to this very grain, we find its cultivation prevalent in some of the best-managed districts of the hard-working, provident, and intelligent Belgians. But taking the axiom as it stands, we cannot help suspecting that there is some fallacy lurking at the bottom of it. Misled by what we have observed of the Irishman and his potato diet, we have confounded the *cum hoc* with the *propter hoc*, and come to regard an easily-raised food as *the cause* of that indolence of which it is only the frequent indication. It were otherwise a most inexplicable contrariety between the physical and the moral laws which govern this world, that in every country there should be a penalty of social wretchedness and degradation attached to the use of that particular food which its climate and soil are best suited to produce. Can it be supposed that the blessings of nature are only a moral snare for us, and that, while she has given to the American the maize plant—oats to the Scotch Highlander—rice to the Hindoo—the banana to the inhabitant of Brazil—a regard for their social well-being requires each of them to renounce these gifts, and to spend their labour in extorting from the unwilling soil some less congenial kind of subsistence? Virgil has warned the husbandman—

> "Pater ipse colendi
> Haud facilem esse viam voluit."

But it were surely a dire aggravation of the difficulties of his task if his most plentiful harvest were also the most injurious to his advancement and true happiness. We cannot now, however, examine the grounds of a doctrine so paradoxical, and have adverted to it only to remark that it seems destined to meet with a most direct practical refutation in North America, where we find the habitual use of what we choose to consider the coarser grains associated with the highest intelligence and the most rapid development of social progress. There can be no doubt that the nature of the food generally used in any nation must exert an important influence on its prosperity; but it is difficult to understand how that prosperity should be promoted by the universal use of that variety which costs most labour. At all events, it is certainly a subject of very interesting inquiry, in reference to the increasing consumption among ourselves of wheat—the dearest and most precarious species of grain, much of it imported from other countries—and its gradual abandonment in North America, what effect these opposite courses may have on the future destinies of the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Leaving this as a problem for political economists, let us now follow him in his visit to the British side of the St Lawrence. His brief three weeks' survey of the Canadas did not, of course, enable him to form any very intimate acquaintance with the condition of these provinces; and he prudently abstains from pronouncing any judgment upon the vexed topics of Canadian politics. His presence at the great exhibition, at Kingston, of the Agricultural Society of Upper Canada, gave him a good opportunity of estimating the progress that has been made in practical agriculture. The stock, as well as the implements, there brought forward in competition for the [707] various premiums, amounting in all to £1000, gave most satisfactory indications of improvement; while the large attendance, and the interest taken in the proceedings, sufficiently showed that the inhabitants of the Upper Province are now awake to the necessity of agricultural improvement as the main source of their future prosperity. In a country where eighty per cent of the whole population are directly engaged in the cultivation of the soil, the land interest is, or ought to be, predominant. But the bitter animosity of political parties, and the abortive attempts of government to soothe and reconcile them, have hitherto stood much in the way of any combined effort towards the encouragement of improved cultivation. The art of husbandry is not likely to thrive in a country where every man is bent on proving himself a Cincinnatus. Of late,

however, public spirit has shown symptoms of taking a more wholesome direction; and, notwithstanding occasional ministerial crises and political explosions, which we on this side the water are sometimes puzzled to understand, all parties in the province seem now fully aware that the development of the vast resources of their fertile soil is the only road to permanent prosperity. The encouragement of local competitions, the provision for systematic instruction in agriculture in the colleges—which Professor Johnston tells us is in progress—and the introduction of elementary lessons in the art as a regular branch of common school learning, are all steps in the right direction. It is precisely in such a community as that of Canada that the last-mentioned kind of instruction is really of essential benefit. From the last census of Upper Canada, it appears that there are sixty thousand owners of land in the province, and only ten thousand labourers without land. The great majority of the boys in the ordinary schools will become proprietors, and, at the same time, cultivators; and, in such circumstances, it is of the utmost importance that the youth should acquire betimes a competent knowledge of the principles on which his future practice is, or ought to be, founded—such knowledge as will, at least, enable him to, shake off the traditional prejudices and slovenly habits which his father may have imported with him from Harris or the County Kerry.

The querulous and depreciatory tone which our Canadian fellow-subjects are apt to employ in speaking of their country, and its prospects, is remarked by Professor Johnston as contrasting oddly with the unqualified adulation of everything—from the national constitution to the navy button—which one constantly hears from his republican neighbour. One consequence of this habit is, the existence of a prevalent but very mistaken notion that, in the march of social advancement, Canada has been completely distanced by the United States. Professor Johnston has been at some pains to demonstrate, and we think most successfully, that this impression is entirely erroneous. Indeed, if we only recollect the history of Canada for the last fifteen years—the disunion of her own people, and the reckless commercial experiments to which she has been subjected by the home government, the rapid strides in improvement—of the Upper Province especially—are almost marvellous. As a corroboration of what Professor Johnston has said on the subject, we have thrown together in the subjoined table, collected from the Government returns, some of the most striking and decisive evidences of the recent progress of Upper Canada. In certain particulars, no doubt, she is outstripped by some of those districts of the States to which from time to time extraordinary migrations of their unsettled and nomadic population have been directed. But putting such exceptional cases out of view, the inhabitants of Canada need fear no comparison with the Union in all the chief elements of national advancement.

PROGRESS OF UPPER CANADA,—1837-47. [708]

	1837.	1842.	Increase per cent.	1847.	Increase per cent.
Population,	396,721	486,055	22	723,332	48
Number of cultivated acres assessed for local taxes,	4,736,268	5,548,357	17	6,477,338	16
Number of houses assessed for ditto,	22,057	31,638	43	42,937	35
Value of property assessed,	£4,431,098	£6,913,341	56	£8,567,001	23
Number of carriages kept for pleasure,	1,627	2,188	34	4,685	114
Number of elementary schools,	—	927	—	2,464	165
Number of scholars in ditto,	—	29,961	—	80,461	170
Number of cattle,	—	504,963	—	565,848	12
Number of horses,	—	113,675	—	151,389	33
Number of sheep,	—	575,730	—	833,869	45

In looking at the great sources of wealth possessed by these provinces, our attention is at once arrested by the growing importance of the St Lawrence as an outlet to the produce, not only of the Canadas, but of a vast area of the States territory. With the exception, perhaps, of the Mississippi, no river in the world opens up so grand a highway for the industry of man as the St Lawrence, with the chain of vast lakes and innumerable rivers that unite with it in the two thousand miles of its majestic progress to the ocean. Never was there an enterprise more worthy of a great nation than that of surmounting the obstacles to its navigation, and completing the channels of connection with its tributary waters; and nobly have the people of Canada executed it. Taking into account the infancy of their country, and the amount of its population and revenue, it is not too much to say, with Mr Johnston, that their exertions to secure water-communication have been greater than those of any part of the Union, or any country of Europe. The improvements on the St Lawrence itself, and the canals connected with it, have already cost the colony two millions and a quarter sterling, in addition to the expenditure of £800,000 by the home government on the construction of the Rideau Canal. The results of this liberal but judicious outlay are already showing themselves, not only by the rapidly-increasing Canadian traffic on the St Lawrence, but by its drawing into it, year after year, a larger share of the commerce of the States. That the influx of trade from the south must ere long vastly exceed its present amount, is evident from a consideration of the gigantic projects already completed, or in course of construction, for effecting an access between the lakes and the fertile regions of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, &c., already spoken of, and thus saving the longer and costlier transit by the Mississippi. One of the Reports of the State of New York thus speaks of them:—

"Three great canals, (one of them longer than the Erie Canal,) embracing in their

aggregate length about one thousand miles, are to connect the Ohio with Lake Erie; while another deep and capacious channel, excavated for nearly thirty miles through solid rock, unites Lake Michigan with the navigable waters of the Illinois. In addition to these broad avenues of trade, they are constructing lines of railroads not less than fifteen hundred miles in extent, in order to reach with more case and speed the lakes through which they seek a conveyance to the seaboard. The circumstance, moreover, is particularly important, that the public works of each of these great communities are arranged on a harmonious plan, each having a main line, supported and enriched by lateral and tributary branches, thereby bringing the industry of their people into [709] prompt and profitable action; while the systems themselves are again united, on a grander scale, with Lake Erie as its common centre."

The various streams of the trade from the interior being thus collected in the lakes—which form, as it were, the heart of the system—there are two great channels for its redistribution and dispersion through the markets of the world. These are the St Lawrence, and the Erie Canal with the Hudson; and the vital question as regards the prosperity of Canada is, by which of these outlets will the concentrated traffic of the lakes find its way to the ocean? Mr Johnston has devoted considerable attention to this subject, and assigns two good reasons for believing that the St Lawrence is destined immensely to increase the share which it has already secured. In the first place, the American artery is already surcharged and choked up;—notwithstanding all the efforts that have been made to expedite the traffic on the Erie Canal, it has been found wholly inadequate to accommodate the immense trade pouring in from the west; and, secondly, the route of the St Lawrence, besides being the more expeditious, is now found to be the cheaper one. In a document issued by the Executive Council of Upper Canada, it is mentioned that the Great Ohio Railway Company, having occasion to import about 11,000 tons of railway iron from England, made special inquiries as to the relative cost of transport by the St Lawrence and New York routes, the result of which was the preference of the former, the saving on the inland transport alone being 11,000 dollars. There seems good reason to expect that a considerable portion of the Mississippi trade may be diverted into the Canadian channel; but putting this out of view altogether, it is certain that the navigation of this glorious river is every year becoming of greater importance to the United States, as well as to Britain: let us hope that it is destined ever to bear on its broad breast the blessings of peace and mutual prosperity to both nations.

After a rapid glance at Lower Canada, Professor Johnston crossed the St Lawrence, in order to complete the survey of New Brunswick, which, before leaving England, he had been commissioned to make for the Government of the colony. We have had no opportunity of seeing the official Report, in which he has published the detailed results of his observations; but the valuable information collected in these volumes has strongly confirmed our previous impression, that the resources and importance of this fine colony have never yet been sufficiently appreciated at home. With an area as nearly as possible equal to that of Scotland, it possesses a much larger surface available for agriculture. The climate is healthy and invigorating; it is traversed by numerous navigable rivers; its rocks contain considerable mineral wealth; and the fisheries on its coasts are inexhaustible. Imperfectly developed as its resources are, the trade from the two ports of St John's and St Andrew's alone, exceeds that of the whole of the three adjoining States of the Union—Maine, Vermont, and New Hampshire—although its inhabitants do not number one-sixth of the population of these States. As to the fertility of the soil, Professor Johnston, by a comparison of authentic returns, shows that the productive power of the land already cultivated in the province considerably exceeds the averages of New York, of Ohio, and of Upper Canada—countries which have hitherto been considered more favoured both in soil and climate. By classifying the soils in the several districts, he has estimated that the available land, after deducting a reserve for fuel, is capable of maintaining in abundance a population of 4,200,000; while its present number little exceeds 200,000. In all the course of his travels, he met with but a few rare instances in which the agricultural settlers did not express their contentment with their circumstances; and although it seems still questionable whether farming on a large scale, by the employment of hired labour, can be made remunerative, the universal opinion of the experienced persons he consulted testified that, with ordinary prudence and industry, the poorest settler, who confines his attention to the clearing and cultivation of land, is sure of attaining a comfortable [710] independence.

The question naturally occurs—How is it that, with all these natural advantages and encouragements to colonisation, and with its proximity to our shores, so very small a proportion —not more than one in sixty or seventy of the emigrants from Great Britain—make New Brunswick their destination? Professor Johnston, while he maintains that, taking population into account, New Brunswick is in this respect no worse off than Canada, adverts to several causes of a special nature which may have retarded its settlement. But the truth is, that the question above started leads us directly to another of far greater compass and importance—What is the reason that all our colonies taken together absorb so small a proportion of our emigrants compared with the United States? What is the nature of the inducements that annually impel so large a number of our countrymen to forfeit the character of British subjects, and prefer a domicile among those who are aliens in laws, interests, and system of government?

We hardly know how to venture upon anything connected with the ominous subject of emigration, at a moment when the crowds leaving our shores, at the rate of nearly a thousand every day, are such as to startle the most apathetic observer, and shake the faith of the most dogmatic economist in the truth of his speculations. This is not the place to inquire what strangely compulsive cause it may be that has all at once swelled the ordinary stream of

emigration into a headlong torrent.[6] Mayhap it is neither distant, nor doubtful, nor unforetold. But whatever it may be, there stands the fact—which we can neither undo, nor, for aught that can be seen at present, prevent its annual recurrence in future, or say how and when the waves are to be stayed. "When the Exe runs up the streets of Tiverton," says a certain noble prophet—whose vaticinations, however, have not been very felicitous hitherto—"then, and not till then, may we expect to see the reversal of the free-import system;" and then, and not till then, we take leave to add, may we hope to see the ebbing of that tide of British capital and British strength which is now flowing strongly and steadily into the bay of New York.

PROPORTION OF BRITISH EMIGRATION TO THE COLONIES AND TO THE UNITED STATES, 1846-50 INCLUSIVE.

Destination.	1846.	1847.	1848.	1849.	1850.	Quarter ending Sept 30, 1851.
United States	45.1	31.8	57.3	73.3	79.4	80.5
British America	33.4	42.5	12.5	13.9	11.7	10.8
All other places	21.5	25.7	30.2	12.8	8.9	8.7
Total	100.	100.	100.	100.	100.	100.

The accompanying abstract, from the returns of the Emigration Commissioners, exhibits two most remarkable results:—1st, The proportion of emigration to British America and other destinations is gradually falling off; 2d, That to the United States is steadily and rapidly increasing, so that they now receive four out of every five emigrants who leave our shores. Is this distribution to be regarded as a matter of indifference in a political point of view? Are we to understand that it is no concern to us who remain behind, whether the labour and capital of [711] those who leave us shall go to fill up the vacuum of our own colonial empire, or to carry new accessions of wealth and power to those in whose prosperity (to put the matter mildly) we have only a secondary interest? This question the consistent Free-Trader is bound to answer unhesitatingly in the affirmative. In his cosmopolitan philosophy, the interests of one country are no more to be considered than those of any other. The theory of absolute freedom of exchange expunges altogether the idea of nationalism, and regards man, not as a member of this or that community, but as the denizen of a great universal republic. Local and historical associations—ties of kindred and of birth—are only so many obstructions in the way of human progress; and an Englishman is nothing more than the subject of certain animal wants and instincts, the gratification of which he must be left to seek wherever he finds the materials most abundant. Such is Free Trade in its true scope and ultimate tendency. What shall be said, then, of the consistency or sincerity of those pseudo-apostles of the doctrine, who, having been the most active in promoting that nibbling and piecemeal legislation which they choose to call freedom of trade—who have been loudest in proclaiming a universal commercial fraternity, and in denouncing colonies as a wasteful encumbrance—are now the first to take alarm at the natural and inevitable result of their own measures, and to call out for a better regulation of emigration; in other words, for legislative interference with the free action of those of our countrymen who, being thrust out of employment in the land of their birth, are so literally following out the great maxim of buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest?

The text is a tempting one, but we must refrain from wandering further from the subject with which we started—namely, the inducements which lead so many of our emigrants to select the United States as their future home. One of the prevalent causes has been very well stated by Professor Johnston—that which we may call the capillary attraction of former emigration:—

> "A letter from a connection or acquaintance determines the choice of a place to go to, and, without further inquiry, the emigrant starts. Thus for a while, emigration to a given point, once begun, goes on progressively by a sort of innate force. Those who go before urge those who follow by hasty and inaccurate representations; so that, the more numerous the settlers from a particular district, the more numerous also the invitations for others to follow, till the fever of emigration subsides. In other words, in proportion as the home-born settlers in one of these countries increases, will the number of home-born emigrants to that country increase—*but for a time only, if the place have real disadvantages*."—(Vol. ii, p. 204.)

It is vain to shut our eyes to the fact that the government of the United States offers to the emigrant many real, substantial, and peculiar advantages. The first and most important aid that can be given to the intending settler is a complete and accurate survey of the country; and this has been accomplished by the States government at great expense, but in so perfect a manner that a purchaser has no difficulty in at once pointing out, on the official plan, any lot he may have selected in the most remote corner of the wilderness. The next point of importance to him is simplicity of conveyance and security of title; and so effectual and satisfactory is the American system that litigation in original land-titles is almost unknown. Then as to the weighty consideration of price—which perhaps ought to have been first mentioned—the uniform and very low rate in the States of 5s. 3d. an acre saves infinite trouble, disputation, and jealousy. Such are some of the temptations held out to the intending purchaser of land; and it must be confessed that, in each particular, they present a striking contrast to the difficulties he has to meet in some of the British colonies—the arbitrary changes of system, the vexatious delays, and the comparatively exorbitant charges—which must appear to the settler as if they had been contrived on purpose to discourage him. When we add to these the prospects of ready employment in the [712] States held out to other classes of emigrants, and the stringent laws lately made for their

protection, both on the passage and on their arrival, we cannot be at a loss to see that the direction which emigration has lately taken is not the result of chance or caprice, but of a deliberate comparison of advantages, which the most ignorant can easily understand and appreciate.

The main object of Professor Johnston's visit being of a scientific character, his remarks on the general topics of manners and politics occur only incidentally; but it is impossible for any traveller to keep clear of such subjects in writing of a country, the peculiarities of which are pressed upon his notice at every hour of the day, and at every corner of the street. Rabelais tells us of a certain island, explored by the mighty Pantagruel, whose inhabitants lived wholly upon *wind*—that is, being interpreted, on flattery; and the visitor of the States who finds himself, as it were, pinned to the wall, and compelled to yield up his admiration at discretion, may be sometimes tempted to believe that he has made a similar discovery, and that the flatulent diet of compliment is somehow congenial to an American appetite. Professor Johnston seems to have had his candour or his eulogistic powers sometimes severely tested, if we may guess from his quiet hint, that "it is unpleasant to a stranger to be always called on to admire and praise what he sees in a foreign country; and it is a part of the perversity of human nature to withhold, upon urgent request, what, if unasked, would have been freely and spontaneously given." He is of course prepared for the reception which any work, aiming at mere impartiality, is sure to meet with among Transatlantic critics; and it will, therefore, not surprise him to find that the above peccant sentence has been already pounced upon by them as proving *malice prepense*, and as affording a significant key to all his observations on the institutions of the States.

The following extract explains the origin of two of those euphonious party designations in which our neighbours delight, and which may perchance have puzzled some of our readers:—

> "In England, to be a *democrat* still implies a position at the very front of the movement party, and a desire to hasten forward political changes, irrespective of season or expediency. But among the American democrats there is a Conservative and a Radical party. The former, who desire to restrain 'the amazing violence of the popular spirit,' are nicknamed by their democratic adversaries the '*Old Hunkers*;' the latter, who profess to have in their hearts 'sworn eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man,' are stigmatised as '*Barnburners*.' The *New York Tribune*, in reference to the origin of the names themselves, says that the name 'Hunkers' was intended to indicate that those on whom it was conferred had an appetite for a large 'hunk' of the spoils; though we never could discover that they were peculiar in *that*. On the other hand, the 'Barnburners' were so named in allusion to the story of an old Dutchman who relieved himself of rats by burning his barns, which they infested, just like exterminating all banks and corporations, to root out the abuses connected therewith."—(Vol. i. p. 218.)

Equally mysterious is the term "log-rolling," though the thing itself is not altogether unknown in legislatures nearer home.

> "When the trees are felled and trimmed, rolling the logs to the rivers or streams down which they are to be floated, as soon as the spring freshets set in, remains to be done. This being the hardest work of all, the men of several camps will unite, giving their conjoined strength to the first party on Monday, to the second on Tuesday, and so on. A like system in parliamentary matters is called 'log-rolling.' You and your friends help me in my railroad bill, and I and my friends help you with your bank charter; or sometimes the Whigs and Democrats, when nearly balanced, will get up a party log-rolling, agreeing that the one shall be allowed to carry through a certain measure without much opposition, provided a similar concession is granted to the other."—(Vol. ii. p. 297.)

The *Notes* convey to us the strong impression that Professor Johnston's visit to the West has operated as a wholesome corrective of a certain tendency in his political opinions. He seems to [713] have left home with a warm admiration of American institutions generally, which, like Slender's love, "it pleased heaven to diminish on further acquaintance." At all events, he could not avoid being struck with some of the many perplexities and anomalies that result from referring everything directly to the popular voice. In England, whatever dissensions may arise about the enactment of law, all are agreed in a sensitive jealousy as to the purity of its administration. The most rampant Radical among us looks upon justice as far too sacred a thing to be hazarded in the rude chance-medley of popular election. The keenest partisan feels that, in the lofty and unswerving integrity of our judges, he possesses a substantial security and blessing, for the loss of which no place, power, or parliamentary triumph, could compensate. To one accustomed to regard with veneration the dignified independence of the judicial office in Great Britain, nothing will appear more harshly repugnant to sound policy than the system, lately introduced into some of the New England States, of appointing all judges, high and low, by the votes of the electors of the district over which they are to preside, and for a limited term of years.

> "It was deservedly considered a great triumph when the appointment of judges for life liberated the English bench from the influence of the Crown, and when public opinion became strong enough to enforce the selection of the most learned in the law for the highest judicial offices. Now, passing over the objection which some will strongly urge, that the popular electors are not the best judges of the qualifications of

those who aspire to the bench, and that the most popular legal demagogue may expect to obtain from them the highest legal appointment, it may be reasonably asked whether popular influence in seasons of excitement, and on questions of great moment, may not bias the minds of judges whose appointment is in the hands of the people?—whether the fear of a coming election may not deter them from unpopular decisions? The influence of a popular majority may here as profoundly pollute the fountains of justice as the influence of the Crown ever did among us at home."—(Vol. i. p. 150.)

At first sight, it seems quite unaccountable that an enlightened people should ever have devised or sanctioned a system which so obviously exposes the bench to the risk of corruption; and one is at a loss to reconcile a reverence for the law with an ordinance that subjects her minister to the ordeal of canvassing and cajoling all and sundry—perhaps the very men who may next day be in the dock before him. But the root of the anomaly is not hard to find. Into the purest of republics ambition and cupidity—the love of office and the love of dollars—will force their way. But then, under that form of constition, situations of trust and emolument are necessarily few in comparison to the number of candidates for them. The offices in the civil departments of the United States governments are not numerous. The navy employs altogether some five hundred officers above the rank of midshipman—exactly the number of our post-captains; and the whole army of the Confederation, rank and file, musicians and artificers included, is very little over ten thousand men. There is little temptation to enter the medical profession, in which learning and experience go for nothing, and a Brodie is precisely on a level with a "Doctor Bokanky;"—nor the Church, in which the pastor is hired by the twelvemonth, and is thought handsomely paid with a wage of £100 a-year. What field, then, remains for the aspiring spirit but the law?—and what wonder if the sixteen thousand attorneys, who, we are told, find a living in the States, and take a leading part in the management of all public business, should vote "the higher honours of the profession" far too few to be retained as perpetual incumbencies? Hence has sprung the device of popular election to, and rotation in, the sweets of office, which, by "passing it round," and giving everyone a chance, is designed to render it as generally available as possible. The constitution of the judiciary is not uniform, but varies in almost every different state. In New York, the Judges of Appeals, as well as those of the Supreme and Circuit Courts, are elected by the people at large, and for a term of eight years, each leaving office in rotation. In New Jersey they are appointed for [714]
six years by the governor and senate; in Vermont, annually by the legislature. In Connecticut nearly the same system prevails as that in Vermont; while in Massachusetts the judges retain office "during good behaviour." The salaries are not less various, in some States the remuneration of judges of supreme courts being £500 a-year, which is about the highest rate; and in others so low as £180. There are no retiring allowances in any case; and as they are thus liable to be thrown out of office at an uncertain period, or compelled to vacate it after a short term of years, it can scarcely be expected that such remuneration will secure the highest grade of legal acquirements, either for the bench itself, or for the inferior offices of attorney-generalships and chief-clerkships, which are all held by the same lax tenure of popular favour. Even if the system has "worked well," as it is said to have done by American writers, during the four or five years it has been in operation in New York—even if it be true that the lawyers of the Empire State have, by avoiding the snares thrown in their way, given proof individually of the probity of Cato, and of a constancy worthy of Socrates, we still say that the State does wrong in putting their virtues to such a test. Mr Johnston supplies us with an example of the temptation it holds out to a dangerous pliancy of principle. Most of our readers must be aware of the existence of an active and noisy party in the States, who, under the name of "Anti-renters," are seeking to free themselves from payment of certain reserved *rents*, or *feu-duties*, as they would be termed in Scotland, which form the stipulated condition of land tenure in a certain district.

"The question has caused much excitement and considerable disturbance in the State. It has been agitated in the legislature and in the courts of law, and the supposed opinion in regard to it of candidates for legal appointments, is said to have formed an element which weighed with many in determining which candidate they would support. During the last canvass for the office of attorney-general, I met with the following advertisement in the public journals of the State:—

"'I have repeatedly been applied to by individuals to know my opinions with regard to the manorial titles, and what course I intend to pursue, if elected, in relation to suits commenced, and to be commenced, under the joint resolution of the Senate and Assembly. I have uniformly replied to these inquiries, that I regard the manor titles as a public curse which ought not to exist in a free government, and that if they can be broken up and invalidated by law, it will give me great pleasure; and I shall prosecute the pending suits with as much vigour and industry as I possess, and will commence others, if, on examination, I shall be satisfied there is the least chance of success. I regard these prosecutions as a matter of public duty, and, in this instance, duty squares with my inclination and wishes.

'L. S. CHATFIELD.'

"Mr Chatfield," adds Professor Johnston, "*is now attorney-general*; and I was informed that the known opinions of certain of the old judges on this exciting question was one of the understood reasons why they were not re-elected by popular suffrage, when, according to the new constitution, their term of office had expired."—(Vol. ii. p. 291.)

Here, then, we see the highest law officer of the State openly "bidding" for office—truckling to

faction—and indecently condescending to enact the part of a "soft-sawderer." That term, we presume, is the proper American equivalent for the stinging *soubriquet* with which Persius stigmatises some Chatfield—some supple attorney-general of his day—

> "PALPO, quem ducit *hiantem*
> Cretata ambitio."

When persons of the highest official position scruple not thus undisguisedly to trim their course according to the "*popularis aura*," one can scarcely help suspecting a want of firmness of principle and genuine independence among the classes below them. De Tocqueville's observations have taught us to doubt whether the tree of liberty that grows under the shadow of a tyrant majority can ever attain a healthy stability, however vigorous it may appear externally. No one questions that the Americans enjoy, under their institutions, very many of the blessings of a liberal and cheaply-administered government. You have perfect liberty of speech and action, so [715] far as the government is concerned. The avowal of one's opinion is not followed, as in Italy, or in the rival republic of France, by a hint that your passport is ready, or by the polite attendance on you, wherever you go, of a mysterious gentleman in black; but you feel yourself, nevertheless, perpetually "*en surveillance*," and constrained either to sail with the stream, or to adopt a reserve and reticence which, to an Englishman, is almost as irksome as the knowledge that there is a spy sitting at the same dinner-table with him.

The spirit of Professor Johnston's strictures on such anomalies will, of course, insure his being set down by his democratic friends in America as an unmitigated "old hunker;" and he certainly shows no great liking for practical republicanism. But to find fault with our neighbours' arrangements, and to be contented with our own, are two very different things; and, accordingly, our author takes many opportunities, as he goes along, of showing that he is quite aware of the innumerable rents in our own old battered tea-kettle of a constitution, and of the infinite tinkering it will take to make it hold water.

We should have held him unworthy of the character of a true Briton if he had omitted the occasion of a grumble at our system of taxation, though, of course, we differ with him entirely in the view he takes of the evil. After an elaborate comparison of the taxation in the United States with that of Great Britain, he sums up all with the following somewhat sententious apophthegm:—

> "The great contrast between the two sections of the Anglo-Saxon race on the opposite sides of the Atlantic is this—*On the one side the masses rule and property pays; on the other side property rules and the masses pay*."—(Vol. ii. 254.)

The sentence sounds remarkably terse and epigrammatic. Most of such brilliant and highly-condensed crystals of wisdom, however, will be found on analysis to contain, along with some exaggerated truth, a considerable residuum of nonsense; and this specimen before us, we apprehend, forms no exception. Even if the fact so broadly asserted were indisputable, we should still be inclined to doubt, after what the author has himself told us, whether the "rule of the masses" is always an unmixed blessing to a community. He has seen enough of it to know at least that the preponderance of popular sway is not incompatible with much social restraint—with prejudice and narrow-mindedness—with what *he* considers a false commercial principle—with a disregard of public faith, and of the rights of other nations; and lastly, with a contempt of the rights of humanity itself, and a legalised traffic in our fellow men. But, if we understand him rightly, he does not so much defend the abstract excellence of the democratic principle as advocate a nearer approach, on our part, to the American model of taxation. In the States, he says, property pays—in England the masses pay;—that is, if we strip the proposition of its antithetical obscurity, the owners of property pay less here than they do in America—not only *absolutely* less, but less in proportion to the whole amount of taxation. The calculations on which he founds this assertion are too long and involved to be quoted at length, but we will endeavour to abridge them so as to enable the reader to judge of their accuracy.

The taxes in the United States are of three classes: 1st,—the *national* taxes, amounting to about six millions a-year, which are raised chiefly by customs duties on imports; 2d,—the *state* taxes; 3d,—the *local* taxes, for the service of the several counties, cities, and townships. These two last classes are levied chiefly in the form of an equal rate assessed upon the estimated value of all property, real and personal.

In order to compare the incidence of the public burdens upon property in the two countries, Professor Johnston selects the case of New York State, in which the total taxable property (personal as well as real) in 1849 was 666,000,000 of dollars, and the amount of rates levied for state and local taxes 5,500,000 dollars, or about $\frac{4}{5}$ per cent on the gross valuation. Turning then [716] to Great Britain, (excluding Ireland,) he sets down the fee simple value of the real property alone in estates above £150 a-year, as rated to the income-tax, at £2,382,000,000.

> "Four-fifths of a per cent (the rate levied in New York) on this sum would realise £19,000,000 sterling; and were *all* property, real and *personal*, in this island below £150 a-year, and the amount of property in Ireland rated in a similar way, and fairly collected, our entire revenue of £50,000,000 would probably be obtained as the revenue of the State of New York now is, by this one property tax only."—(Vol. ii. p. 257.)

And he thus concludes that, as regards the *absolute* amount of taxation, property in Britain escapes for a smaller payment than that in America.

Now, it must be remarked, on this branch of the comparison, that before we can form any opinion as to its soundness, it is essential that we should know on what principles the valuation of property is conducted in New York. The whole question depends upon this. If the system of valuation is different in the two countries, there are no materials on which to build a conclusion. We know what discrepancies may arise out of the mode of valuation, from the fact that, while the annual value of *all* real property in England and Wales was assessed for the poor-rate, in 1841, at about £62,500,000, *a portion* of it only—that over £150 a-year—was valued two years afterwards, for the income-tax, at nearly £86,000,000. We observe that Professor Johnston has arrived at the amount of real property in Britain, by assuming the fee-simple value to be twenty-seven years' purchase of the income. But in New York, he tells us, the value of income is calculated at *only sixteen and a half years'* purchase. The terms of the comparison are, therefore, manifestly faulty. And mark how this affects the result. The real income of Great Britain, capitalised at sixteen and a half years' purchase, would amount to only £1,447,000,000, and, if taxed at the same rate as in New York, would yield, instead of £19,000,000 only, £11,500,000, which, as it happens, *is three millions less than it actually pays*, as may be plainly seen from the undernoted statement:—

DIRECT AND LOCAL TAXATION OF REAL PROPERTY IN GREAT BRITAIN.

1. Land Tax,	£1,164,000
2. Poor and County Rate, (England,)	6,847,205
3. Highway Rate, "	1,169,891
4. Church Rate, "	506,812
5. Proportion of Stamp Duties on deeds affecting real property,	1,200,000
6. Proportion of Legacy Duty affecting do.,	300,000
7. Property Tax,	2,600,000
8. Poor Rate, (Scotland,) £577,000—say on real property,	500,000
9. Statute Labour, (Scotland,)	81,226
Total,	£14,369,134

Note.—The first six items are taken from the Report of the House of Lords on burdens affecting land, and some of them are below the present amounts. The items affecting Scotland are obviously defective.

To this extent at least, then, we are justified in correcting Professor Johnston's calculations, and in affirming with certainty that the owner of *real property in Britain surrenders a larger portion of his wealth for the public service than in New York*, or any other State of the Union. Whether the same can be said of the British owner of *personal* property is another question, which we shall come to by-and-by.

So much for the *absolute* comparison. But then Professor Johnston aims also at proving, that while the rich man is better off here, the poor man is worse—that the "masses" (*i. e.*, we presume, those who are dependent on the wages of labour) pay a larger share of the public burdens than the same "masses" do in America. And this, he thinks, is demonstrated by the fact, that the customs duties of America amount to only a dollar a-head of the whole population, whereas in Great Britain they are *three* dollars—three times heavier. Now, we venture to affirm [717]
that, as a contrast between the position of the labouring man on this side of the Atlantic, and that of his brother on the other, this statement is quite a nest of fallacies. In the first place, it proceeds on the assumption (a very common but erroneous one among our Free-Trade authorities) that it is the labouring class who pay the bulk of the taxes drawn in the shape of customs. As this error, however, may be held to affect both sides of the comparison equally, we have next to notice that, admitting it to be the case, the fact of the customs being three dollars a-head in this country, and only one in the States, only shows that the English labourer pays *absolutely* more than the Yankee, which no one ever doubted. It amounts only to this—that in an old country which has to uphold numerous public institutions unknown in America, and with a public debt to provide for of some £800,000,000 sterling, the burden of this, as well as of all other branches of taxation, is heavier than in the youthful republic, with a national debt of only £13,000,000. In order to draw a fair parallel between the cases as regards the poorer classes of both countries, we must put the question in a different way, and inquire, what proportion does the amount of customs (assumed as representing the poor man's share of taxation) bear *to the whole public burdens* in the two countries respectively? The contrasted account would then show the matter in a very different aspect from that in which Professor Johnston has represented it, and would stand thus:—

GREAT BRITAIN.		UNITED STATES.	
National taxes,	£50,000,000	National taxes,	£6,000,000
Local ditto,[7]	14,000,000	Local ditto,[8]	5,680,000
Total,	£64,000,000	Total,	£11,680,000
Whereof the poor man's share, or customs, is	£20,000,000	Whereof the poor man's share, or customs, is	£6,000,000
or 32½ per cent.		or 52 per cent.	

Even if we were to throw into the scale a large portion of the excise duties levied in Britain,

which Professor Johnston may be entitled to claim as a peculiar burden on "the masses"—at least as much as the customs—it would still be apparent, that, if such payments are to be taken as a fair criterion, *the people's burdens are not relatively heavier here than in America*. We shall only add further on this subject, that while many of the less opulent class of our fellow-citizens have undoubted real grievances to complain of, and while writers, with worse intentions than Professor Johnston, are ever ready to exaggerate them, and to foster discontent, it becomes one of his high character to guard against allowing a somewhat undisciplined taste for statistics to betray him into rash general allegations, calculated to produce error and irritation.

The parallel he has drawn, however, is very instructive on one point, although he has failed to notice it. He has taken some pains to prove that, tried by the American standard, our poor men pay too much, and our owners of real property too little, in both which conclusions we have shown his grounds to be fallacious; but he takes no notice of a far more obvious anomaly, the glaring injustice of which is every day attracting more public comment—the comparative *immunity of the owners of personal property* in this country. The local taxation of the States, it has been seen, is levied by an equal assessment on property *of all kinds*; and although, from the character of a great part of the country, the real property much exceeds the movable in amount, [718] the rate upon both is a uniform one. No description of possessions is favoured with an invidious exemption. We will take the assessment of one State as an example, and copy the following "Items of the valuation of the taxable property for the State of Iowa, according to the assessor's returns for 1849." They are as follows:—

> "Acres of land—Improvements on land—Town lots and improvements—*Capital employed in merchandise*—Mills, manufactories, distilleries, carding machines and tan-yards, *with the stock employed*—Horses, cattle, sheep, &c.—Pleasure carriages, watches, pianofortes—*Capital stocks and profits in any company incorporated or unincorporated*—Property in boats and vessels—Gold and silver coin, and bank-notes in actual possession—*Claims for money, or other consideration—Annuities—Amount of notes, mortgages, &c. All other personal property over 100 dollars*."

All these descriptions of property contribute alike, dollar for dollar, towards the expenses of the State, which—be it remarked—embrace not only the general charges for interest of debt, and for the support of the legislative, executive, and judiciary departments, but include also payments for prisons, asylums, the militia, the public roads, and several other branches of expenditure, which in this country are saddled either upon real property or upon the land alone. Let any one look at the items of the above list printed in italics, and say what portion of such wealth passes through the national exchequer, or goes to uphold the public institutions, of Great Britain. The whole annual incomes above £50 a-year in Great Britain are estimated, on the best attainable data,[9] to amount to upwards of £352,000,000 sterling, of which the taxed real income is £86,000,000, or one-fourth part only. Is there any one with a conscience so elastic as to maintain that the owners of the other three-fourths contribute fairly to the support of the State, in proportion to the revenue they enjoy under its protection? From the investigations of Mr Smee, to whom we have referred, it appears that while the number of those who pay the direct taxes is about five hundred thousand, *there are upwards of one million eight hundred thousand persons in Great Britain enjoying incomes of above £50 a-year, who do not contribute one farthing to them*. What is this but a system of iniquitous exemption of the one class, and of virtual confiscation as to the other? But the whole subject occupies far too prominent a place in the public mind to be treated thus incidentally. For the present then we leave it, thoroughly persuaded that, under a form of government which acknowledges no distinctions between classes and interests, so shameless a violation of the plainest principles of equity cannot long be permitted to continue, and cordially joining in the wish that no object of less momentous interest—no schemes of impracticable retrenchment—no wily bait of extended suffrage—no flourishing of the old red rag of reform, may be suffered to distract the attention of the public, from the one great paramount practical reform —A READJUSTMENT OF TAXATION.

We owe an apology to Professor Johnston for having deviated somewhat from the ordinary course of a review. His work has already been so much and so flatteringly noticed, that to have limited ourselves to mere abridgment and quotation from the *Notes* would have led us over the same ground that has been already exhausted by other critics. We have therefore preferred discussing some of the questions of greatest public interest which his observations have suggested; and if, on some of these, we have been led to dissent from his opinions, we have done so in no unfriendly spirit, which indeed would have been impossible in judging of an author whose own views are always expressed with perfect candour and moderation. There can be no doubt that, under the unpretending title which he has chosen to adopt, he has contrived to bring together a larger mass of varied and valuable information on the present condition of North America than is to be found in any work yet published.

THE ANSAYRII. [719]

The Ansayrii (or Assassins;) with Travels in the Further East. By the Hon. FREDERIC WALPOLE, R.N., Author of *Four Years in the Pacific*. London: Bentley, 1851.

Hail to the bright East, with all its mysteries, its mighty past, its pregnant future, its inexhaustible sources of airiest amusement and most solemn interest! We welcome with pleasure

the original and truly Oriental book before us. It harmonises rather with the poetic than the historic character of Eastern lands; but in its wild and dreamy narrative there are to be found vivid and faithful pictures, such as those that lighted up the charmed reveries of DeQuincey. For the present we will lay aside the critic's task: we will postpone all such considerations, and invite the reader to accompany us in a rapid tour over the varied regions which Mr Walpole has recalled to our memory and imagination. Let us turn for a little from the "world that is too much with us," and, ranging away from chilly mists and gloomy skies, sun our fancy in the lands where Paradise was planted.

Egypt and Palestine appear familiar to us all; they are of common interest to the whole Christian world—classic lands to every old villager who can read his Bible, as well as to the profound scholar. In them, sacred and profane history are so intimately blended that the latter assumes almost the authenticity of the former. Herodotus and his followers have actually a people still in the flesh (if flesh the mummy may be called) to refer to: subterranean Egypt is still inhabited by the undecayed bodies of the very men who associated with the Israelites, and forms that were beautiful and loved three thousand years ago. Imperishable as their old inhabitants, their temples and their monuments still stand above them, and will there remain unparalleled, until their long-buried architects shall rise again.

Passing on to Palestine, we find, memories and associations still stronger and more striking; for here nature is invested with the sentiment that in Egypt is awakened by art. Palestine belongs not to time only, but to eternity; with which, by types and illustrations, its earthly history is so beautifully blended and aggrandised. Its literature is inspired truth, its annals are prophecies fulfilled, and the very face of the land itself vindicates the beauty it *once* wore, through all the sorrow and desolation that have fallen on it since. Owing to the metaphorical style of Oriental composition, every object in nature was used to illustrate or impress by its analogy; and hence not only the holy mountains, the sacred rivers, and the battle plains have memories for us, but the very "hyssop on the wall," the blasted fig-tree, the cedar, the "high rock in the thirsty land;" every vale, and hill, and lake, and city, is consecrated by some association with the men who spoke the words of God—with the time that witnessed His presence in the flesh.

The remorseless Jews were swept from the Promised Land, as their ancestor was from Eden, for the irreparable sin; and the sword of the Roman waved over the ruined walls of Jerusalem, forbidding all return. The Saracen and the Crusader succeeding, add another element of interest —an English association—to long-tried and suffering Judea. The Crusaders were rather a warlike emigration than invasion; they were the angry overflow of discontented Europe, which sought to vent its spleen and dogmas upon the Infidel. Their ebbing tide bore back to us the arts and sciences and chivalry of Arabia; and thus Palestine became the channel for all our best temporal acquirements, as it had long since furnished us with our eternal hope. [720]

All this, and more—much more—invests Syria with undying and exhaustless interest to the student and the traveller; but we will not linger on such impressions now. We have a lighter task to fulfil, though we are about to visit the land of Nimrod, of Abraham's nativity, and of the empire of Semiramis. The pleasant company in which we travel will speed us on; and, in the old troubadour fashion, lay and legend will beguile the way. But before we enter fairly on our pilgrimage to "Ur of the Chaldees" and the tomb of Nineveh, we shall pause to make some practical observations on the route which, in its present aspect, may be new to some of our readers.

Egypt may soon be reached in ten days.[10] This is almost incredible; still more so, when we add that it may be accomplished without fatigue, hardship, or self-denial. The traveller even now embarks at Southampton in one of the Oriental Company's magnificent steamers, and finds himself landed at Alexandria in fifteen days, having visited Gibraltar and Malta, besides having travelled three thousand miles in as much comfort as he would have enjoyed at Brighton, with far more advantage to his health and spirits, and but trifling additional expense. For our own parts, we believe that, before long, sea voyages, instead of sea shores, will be resorted to, not only by the invalid, but by the epicurean and the idler. The floating hotels of our ocean steamers afford as comfortable quarters as any of their more stationary rivals, with the additional advantage of presenting a change of air and of scenery every morning that the "lodger" rises.

The autumn—the later the *better*—is the *best* period for visiting Egypt. October is, on the whole, the best month for beginning the ascent of the Nile. We will suppose the traveller landed at Alexandria: he achieves the lions of that suddenly-created city (except Aboukir Bay) in a few hours, and is ready to start for Cairo in the mail steamer, with the India-bound passengers who accompanied him from England. The country in which he now finds himself, by so sudden a transition, is full of apparent paradoxes; amongst others, he may be surprised to find that the canal on which he travels to Atfeh winds considerably, though no engineering obstacles whatever oppose themselves to a straight course. The reason of this sinuosity was thus explained to us by Mehemet Ali himself:—"You ask why my canal is not straight: Ya, Wallah! it is owing to a bit of bigotry. The dog who made it was a true Believer, and something more. He said to himself, 'Ya, Seedee, thou art about to make what Giaours call a canal, and Giaours in their impiety make such things straight. Now, a canal is made after the fashion of a river—(Allah pardon us for imitating his works!)—and all rivers wind: Allah forbid that my canal should be better than His river; it shall wind too.'"

And so it does.

Landed at Cairo, the traveller of the present day will find a steamer once a fortnight ready to take him up to the first cataract and back again, as fast as Young Rapid, or any other son of a

tailor, could desire. But even the rational tourist will be tempted to send on his Kandjiah, (the old-fashioned Nile boat,) well found and provisioned, a fortnight or three weeks before him, and overtake her in the steamer. The Kandjiah voyage up stream is often wearisome, downward never —as in the descent you are borne softly along at from three to six miles an hour, even when you sleep. From the first cataract to the second is only about two hundred miles, and occupies about three weeks; but to those who can find pleasure in what is most wild and dreamy and unearthly in scenery and art, the desert view from Mount Abousir, the temples of Guerf, Hassan, and Ipsamboul, are worth all the rest of the Nile voyage, except Thebes and exquisite Philæ.[11] [721] Returned to Alexandria, as we will suppose, in March, the traveller will be quite early enough for Syria, whose winter (considering the tented life he is compelled to lead) is not to be despised. A steamer transports him to Beyrout in thirty hours; and there our true travel begins.[12] 11 A: The mere physical pleasure of the upper voyage has been thus described—"No words can convey an idea of the beauty and delightfulness of tropical weather, at least while any breeze from the north is blowing. There is a pleasure in the very act of breathing—a voluptuous consciousness that existence is a blessed thing: the pulse beats high, but calmly; the eye feels expanded; the chest heaves pleasureably, as if air was a delicious draught to thirsty lungs; and the mind takes its colouring and character from sensation. No thought of melancholy ever darkens over us—no painful sense of isolation or of loneliness, as day after day we pass on through silent deserts, upon the silent and solemn river. One seems, as it were, removed into another state of existence; and all the strifes and struggles of that from which we have emerged seem to fade, softened into indistinctness. This is what Homer and Alfred Tennyson knew that the lotus-eaters felt when they tasted of the mysterious tree of this country, and became weary of their wanderings:—

> '——To him the gushing of the wave
> Far, far away, did seem to mourn and rave
> On alien shores: and, if his fellow spake,
> His voice was thin, as voices from the grave!
> And deep asleep he seemed, yet all awake,
> And music in his ears his beating heart did make.'

If the day, with all the tyranny of its sunshine and its innumerable insects, be enjoyable in the tropics, the night is still more so. The stars shine out with diamond brilliancy, and appear as large as if seen through a telescope. Their changing colours, the wake of light they cast upon the water, the distinctness of the milky way, and the splendour, above all, of the evening star, give one the impression of being under a different firmament from that to which we have been accustomed; then the cool delicious airs, with all the strange and stilly sounds they bear from the desert and the forest; the delicate scents they scatter, and the languid breathings with which they make our large white sails appear to pant, as they heave and languish softly over the water."—(*The Crescent and the Cross*, vol. i. p. 210.)]

Thus, (omitting the somewhat important episode of Egypt,) we find ourselves transported, in little more than a fortnight, from the murky fogs and leafless trees of England, to the delicious temperature and tropical verdure that surrounds the most beautiful town of the Levant. As every improvement in steam-navigation lessens its distance from Christendom, Beyrout increases and expands. Nor must we omit an honest tribute to the iron but even-handed justice of Ibrahim Pasha, which first rendered it safely accessible to Europeans. Before his conquest of Syria, the Frank was wont to skulk anxiously through the town, exposed to insult and unpunished violence: without the walls, the robber enjoyed as much impunity as the bigot did within; and, between both, Beyrout became, or continued to be, a miserable village. Its environs were wild wastes, where the gipsy alone ventured to pitch his tent, and the wild dog prowled. Now, pleasant gardens and picturesque kiosks, or summer-houses, replace the wilderness; the town expands, grows clean, doubles its population, and welcomes a crowd of shipping to its port. A more delightful residence, as a refuge from winter, can scarcely be conceived. An infinite variety of excursions may be made from hence; and every time the traveller mounts his horse, whether he be historically, picturesquely, controversially, botanically, or geologically given, he may return to his flat-roofed home with some valuable acquisition to his note-book. The views are everywhere magnificent, and the warm breezes from the bluest of oceans are tempered by the snowy [722] neighbourhood of the loveliest of mountains.

Five roads of leading interest (besides many a cheering byway among the hills) branch out from the walls of Beyrout. Damascus is about eighteen hours off; Jerusalem six days; Djouni, the romantic residence and burial-place of Lady Hester Stanhope, ten hours; Baalbec, the flower of all Eastern ruins, eighteen hours, and Latakia, whither *we* are bound, five days. These distances may be accomplished in less time; they are here given at the calculation of a walking pace, as the roads, or rather paths, are for the most part steep and difficult; and the baggage-horses, at all events, can seldom advance more rapidly. One word more of dry detail, and we shall put ourselves *en route* for the mountains of the Ansayrii and the further East. Notwithstanding the advance of civilisation at Beyrout, where a European consulocracy has established a more than European equality of privileges between Turks and Christians, the interior of the country is daily becoming more dangerous to travel in. Eight years ago, when the stern rule of Ibrahim Pasha had still left its beneficent traces, the writer of this article wandered over the length and breadth of the land, attended by a single servant and a muleteer. Since our Government, for inscrutable reasons, has restored Syria to the embroilment of its native factions, all security for the traveller, and indeed for the native, has ceased. To reach Jerusalem, or even Damascus, in safety, a considerable escort is now necessary; though the Vale of Baalbec may still be reached in less warlike fashion from Latakia or Tripoli, if the traveller is endowed with liberality, courage, and

courtesy—the leading virtues of his profession.

Before we proceed on our travels, let us introduce our guide. Mr Walpole is a young naval officer, and there is in most of his narrative a dashing impetuous style, which savours of his profession. In this there is a certain charm, imparting as it does an air of frank and fearless confidence in his reader's quick perception and favourable construction. There is in his writings what we would also hope is professional—a chivalrous feeling and generous sentiment, that is never obscured by a sordid thought or unworthy imputation. As he sees clearly, of course he also sees faults in men, and minds, and manners; but such discoveries are made in a tone of regret rather than of triumph; or thrown off in a strain of good-humoured satire that could not offend even its objects. His descriptive powers are graphic, and often very vivid; his humour is very original, being generally tinged with melancholy, in such sort as that of a philanthropic Jacques might be: finally, he does not fear to display a profound and manly reverence for holy things and sacred places. On the other hand, to set against all these high merits, we must confess that many faults afford some drawback to his book. It is often incoherent, and deficient in arrangement. The first volume is rather the groundwork than the accomplishment of what an author with Mr Walpole's powers and material should have effected. Most of these faults, however, may find their excuse in the circumstances under which they were composed. They smack of the tent, the boat, and the bivouac, as old wine does of the *borachio*. Whatever they may be, this work is one that will be widely read; and wherever it is read with appreciation, it will direct the interest not only to its subject, but its author: his individuality, unostentatiously and unconsciously, is impressed on every page; and his genius, however erratic, is unquestionable.

The cockpit, and even the gun-room of a man-of-war, are little favourable to intellectual effort, or the habit or the love of learning which it can alone accomplish. We can therefore make greater allowances for errors in composition, and concede greater credit for the attainments in languages and general knowledge which our young author has achieved. This is perhaps still more striking in a work written by Mr Walpole three years ago, entitled *Four Years in the Pacific*, which, though written in a midshipman's berth, abounds in passages of beauty, and in his peculiar and original humour. Having said so much in his praise and dispraise, and only [723]
premising, in addition, that he speaks Arabic and Turkish, so as to interpret for himself the quaint unusual thoughts of the people among whom he lives, we enter upon a survey of what he saw.

We have unwillingly passed over the whole of our author's outward voyage, which is graphically, and almost dramatically, described. We shall only refer to one or two passages respecting the Levant. The following sentence may dispel some fanciful visions of the sunny climate of Stamboul:—

> "Snow, 'thick and deep' enveloped the city; cupola, dome, and cypress were burdened with icicles; above, was an angry winter sky with a keenly piercing wind.... English fires and English coals were the best things we saw—we were actually blockaded by the weather.... At length we embarked: the crew were shovelling the deep snow-drift off the deck, so we rushed below into a cabin whose bulkheads were beautifully varnished, sofas perfect, skylights closed, the whole atmosphere tobacco. We were off, gliding past the Seraglio Point, which was swathed in snow, and looking like a man in summer clothes caught in a wintry storm.... Masses animate and inanimate encumbered the deck; the former for the most part consisting of the Sultan's subjects; among the latter our baggage, which was thrown into the general heap, and kicked about until it found quiet in the hold.... The numbers thus congregated were principally pilgrims, on their way to Jerusalem and to the Jordan; though others, on more worldly journey bent, were mingled with the rest. Each family had taken a spot on the deck, and there, piled over with coverings, and surrounded with their goods, they remained during the voyage: one side of the after-deck was alone kept clear for the first-class passengers, and even this was often invaded by others, who wisely remarked that *we* had cabins below.
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> "Each family forms a scene in itself; and an epitome of life in the East is found by a glance around. Four merchants, on their return from a trading tour, have bivouacked between the skylights; and they sing and are sick; call *kief*[13] and smoke, with true Moslem indifference. On the starboard quarter, our notions of Eastern domesticity are sadly put out, for there a Moslem husband is mercilessly bullied by a shrill-voiced Houri. It is curious to observe her perseverance in covering her face, even during the agonies of sea-sickness. Their black servant has taken us into the number of licensed ones, and her veil now hangs over her neck like a loosened neck-cloth.
>
> "On the other side, a Greek family in three generations lies along the deck, fortified by a stout man-servant across their legs, whose attentions to the girls during his own heart-rending ailments is very pretty. The huge grandmother was set on fire and smouldered away most stoically, until her foot began to burn, when, while others put her out, she sank blubbering to sleep again. The pretty granddaughters find the long prostration more irksome; but send their flashing eyes about with careless movement, and so the mass goes on. Here one appears to be offering up *nazam*, but nearer inspection shows that his shoe is only receiving the offering to the heaving waves....
>
> "Our steamer had passed sad hours of toil, and pitched and tossed us all out of temper before we entered the calm waters to leeward of Rhodes, and at last, passing the low points covered with detached houses and windmills, we shot round in front of the harbour. Our view of the intervening coast had been too vague to form a judgment upon it; but here and there a peak towered up above the mists, all else being veiled by

the cloudy sky.... No place it has ever been my fortune to visit, more, by its appearance, justifies its character than Rhodes. Around the harbour's shore, one continued line of high castellated wall, unbroken save by flanking towers or frowning portals; from the wave on either side, dovetailed to the rock, rise the knightly buildings; and as the eye reaches round, no dissonant work mars the effect, save that one lofty palm rears its tropic head—but it adds to, rather than lessens, the effect. Above the walls, a mosque with its domed roof or minaret appears; and the fragile building speaks, how truly! in its contrast to the massive walls and ponderous works of former rulers, that the battle is not always to the strong."

In speaking of the sister island-fortress, Malta, our author remarks (in a former page) the immediate contrast presented by these luxurious arsenals:— [724]

"The Eastern reclines on the cushioned divan, the embodiment of repose; the softest carpets, the freshest flowers, surround him—soft women attend the slightest motion of his eye—all breathes of indolence, abandonment, and ease; yet his girdle bristles with arms—his gates are locked and guarded. So at Malta, the bower is a bastion, the saloon a casemate, the serenade the call of martial music, the draperies war-flags, the ornaments shot in ready proximity."

Proceeding to Tarsus, we pass on to Alexandretta, "a wretched collection of hovels. The harbour is splendid; the ruins of the old, the skeleton of the new town, standing on the beach. Behind it, in every direction, stretches a fetid and swampy plain, which only requires drainage to be rendered fertile and wholesome." This is the seaport of Aleppo, on the road to which lies the town of Beilau, and the village of Mortawan, where Pagan rites, especially those of Venus, are still said to be maintained. But again we reimbark—

"Again the vessel cuts the wave. The mountains become a feeble bleached outline, save Cassius on the north, who frowns on his unrecorded fame. Yes, noble hill! though not so high as Strabo tells, though not lofty and imposing; though dark thy path now—unnoticed, solitary. There blazed up the last effort of the flame of pagan civilisation: there Julian the Great—whatever other title men may bestow upon him—offered his solemn sacrifice to Jupiter the Avenger, previous to his last campaign, when the eagles were to wave over Mesopotamia.

"The Sabbath dawned fresh, unclouded, and beautiful, as we anchored in the pretty little port of Latakia, the ancient Laodicea. The town of Latakia, built by Seleucus Nicator, in honour of his mother, is comprehended in the Pashalic of Saida, or Beyrout. It stands on a spur of the Ansayrii Mountains. About half a mile inland, the spur falls into the sea, and forms Cape Zairet; the town stands on its southern slope, and is joined, by gardens and a port, to the sea. The port is small and well sheltered; but time, Turks, and ruins, are filling it up. The buildings on the shore, having their backs to the sea, present the appearance of a fortification. On a reef of rock that shelters the harbour stands a pile of building of different eras. It seems to be castle, mosque, and church. Along the beach lie hundreds of shafts of columns, and many are built into the walls, of whose remains you catch a glimpse on the southern side."

Here we must pause, though our traveller proceeds to Beyrout, of which he gives a charming account, which our limits forbid us to quote. We reserve our space for more novel scenes, and must pass over a chapter on Damascus, which is rich in legends and graphic pictures. Thence, *en route* to Homs, by the way of the desert, eastward of the Anti-Lebanon, we have a sketch that is too characteristic of Eastern travel to pass over:—

"North, south and east, dead plain; west, a low range of hills, and beyond, the fair Anti-Lebanon in all its snowy beauty. Desert all around us, but no dreary waste. Here and there were loose stones and rocks; the rest a carpet of green, fresh, dewy grass, filled with every hue of wild-flowers—the poppy in its gorgeous red, the hyacinth, the simple daisy and others, thick as they could struggle up, all freshened with a breeze heavy with the scents of thyme. The lark sent forth its thrill of joy in welcome to the coming day; before us the pennon of the spearmen gleamed as they wound along the plain. We passed the site of an Arab encampment strewn with fire-blackened stones, bones, and well picked carcasses. Storks and painted quails sauntered slowly away at our approach, or perched and looked as if they questioned our right to pass. At eight o'clock halted at a khan called Hasiah also. The population consisting of robust, wild-looking fellows; and very pretty women poured out to sell hard-boiled eggs, leban, bread, and milk: they were all Mussulmans....

"We were soon disturbed by a multitude of sick, which recalled to one's mind how in this land, of old, the same style of faces, probably in the same costumes, crowded to Him who healed. The lame, carried by the healthy; feeble mothers with sickly babes; hale men showing wounds long self-healed; others with or without complaints."

Arrived at Homs, we have—

"Fish for dinner, from the Lake of Kades, whose blue waters we saw in the distance to-day. The Lebanon opens behind that lake, and you may pass to the sea, on the plain, without a hill. This plain, but rarely visited, is among the most interesting portions of [725]

Syria, containing numerous convents, castles, and ruins, and its people are still but little known. Maszyad, the principal seat of the sect called Ismayly: the Ansayrii also, and Koords, besides Turks, Christians, and gipsys, may be found among its varied population. The ancient castle of El Hoshn, supposed, by the lions over its gates, to have been built by the Count of Thoulouse, is well worth a visit. The Orontes, taking its rise in a rock, from whence it gushes just west of the Tel of Khroumee,—(true bearing from Homs from south 60° 32' east,)—flows through the Lake of Kades, and passes about 2° to the west of Homs: it is called Nahr El Aazzy, or "the rebel river," some say because of its running north, while all the other rivers run south; more probably, however, on account of its rapidity and strength of current. It is an historical stream; on its banks were altars, and the country it waters is almost unmatched for beauty—

'Oh, sacred stream! whose dust
Is the fragments of the altars of idolatry.'"

It was at Homs—the ancient Emessa—that Zenobia was brought as a captive into the presence of Aurelian.

"Why did she not there fall? why add the remaining lustreless years to her else glorious life? why, in the words of Gibbon, sink insensibly into the Roman matron? Zenobia fat, dowdy, and contented—profanation! Zimmerman, however, invests the close of her career with graceful philosophy: at Tivoli, in happy tranquillity, she fed the greatness of her soul with the noble images of Homer, and the exalted precepts of Plato; supported the adversity of her fortunes with fortitude and resignation, and learnt that the anxieties attendant on ambition are happily exchanged for the enjoyments of ease and the comforts of philosophy."

From Homs we reach Aleppo in four days.

"It was a spring morning, and a gentle keenness, wafted from snow-clad mountains, rendered the climate delightful. The town lay beneath me, and each terrace, court, serai, and leewan lay open to my view. I saw Aleppo was built in a hollow, from which ran plains north and west, surrounded by mountains. To the north, Djebel Ma Hash and his range, untouched by the soft smiles of the young spring, lay deep in the snow; the flat connected grass-grown roofs and well-watered sparkling courts, with their carefully-tended trees, relieving the glare of the houses, while all around the town lay belted in its garden. The scene was pretty and pleasing; here and there the forests of tomb-stones, the perfect minaret, the Eastern dome swelling up from the mob of flat roofs,—these formed a sight that told I was in the East, in the cradle of mankind—the home of history."...

"And here, though sorely pressed for time, we must stop for a picnic, which E—— and myself were told it would be right to give. We provided carpets, nargillehs, horse-loads of sundries, cushions, a cargo of lettuces; and thus equipped, we sallied out, a very numerous party. The first thing to select was a garden, a point on which our own choice, and not the owner's will, seemed alone to be consulted. Let not the reader fancy an Eastern garden is what a warm Western fancy would paint it—wild with luxuriant but weedless verdure, heavy with the scent of roses and jessamine, thrilling with the songs of the bulbul and the nightingale, where fair women with plaited tresses touch the soulful lute in graceful attitudes. No; it is a piece of ground enclosed by high walls, varying in size. A wretched gate, invariably badly made, probably ruined, admits you to the interior. Some enclose a house with two or three rooms—windowless, white-washed places. Before this is a reservoir of dirty, stagnant water, turned up from a neighbouring well by an apparatus as rude as it is ungainly and laborious: this is used to irrigate the ground, which therefore is alternately mud and dust. Fruit trees or mulberries are planted in rows, and the ground beneath, being ploughed up, is productive of vegetables or corn. One or two trees, for ornament, may be planted in the first row, but nothing more; and weeds, uncut, undestroyed, spring up in every direction. Such, without exaggeration, is the *Bistan zareff quiess!*—the Lovely Garden.

"We selected one that belonged to the Mollah. Oh, true believer! in thy pot we boiled a ham; on thy divan we ate the forbidden beast; thy gardener, for base reward, assisting to cook—who knows, but also to eat the same? We chose a spot shaded by a noble walnut tree, and spread carpets and cushions. Fire was lighted, nargillehs bubbled, and kief began."

On the 2d of May we start for the Euphrates, and follow for some time nearly the route recommended by Colonel Chesney for the great Indian railway to Bussora, on the Persian Gulph. [726] The distance is little more than 800 miles—scarcely thirty steam-winged hours—the level surpassingly uniform. Truly those who desire to find either solitude, or what our author calls *kief*, in the East, must repair thither quickly, for the iron of the engineer has already entered into its soul. Already the blue and white rivers of the Nile are more easily attainable than were the Tiber and the Po to our grandfathers. Beyrout and Latakia will soon be fashionable watering-places; Baalbec as well known as Melrose Abbey; and the excavated ruins of Nimroud will come under the range of "return tickets." The grim Arab will look out from any quiet spot that the all-searching Cockney may have spared him; and he will gaze with wonder on the awful processions of the "devil-goaded" tourists, as they rush with magic speed across his wilderness—only to

retrace their steps. The Turk, at the utmost bounds of the Othman Empire, will marvel at this new freak of *kismet* (destiny;) with a sigh he will abandon his beloved *bockra* (the "to-morrow" in which he loves to live;) and commending himself to Islam, or resignation in its most trying form, he will "jump in" like the mere Giaours, and be hurled along with the rest across the desert behind the Afreet stoker.

But at present the wilderness knows nothing of all this, and we have before us the scenery of other days as Abram beheld it. We now cross the Chalus River, and enter upon a series of vast plains, varied by mysterious *tels* or mounds, rising up from the level surface like bubbles on a pool. On, or among these, the ever restless Turkomans pitch their tents, and welcome the traveller kindly to their wandering homes. On the third day from Aleppo we reach Aintab, on the river Sadschur, "which, fresh and young, danced brightly on, as if eager to join the Euphrates and see the wide world beyond."

> "At Aintab, among other visitors was Doctor Smith, an American missionary. He was a well-bred, sensible man, a clever linguist, and, from all I ever heard, an earnest and zealous servant of his heavenly Master. His mission already shows results which must indeed be a source of peace to his heart, and proves that some are allowed even in this world to reap the fruits of their toil for the Lord. In that very town, whence a few years ago he was insulted and abused, a faithful flock now join in humble prayers to God; and surely they pray for him, the instrument of their salvation. I was much pleased at the plain unexaggerating way in which he told the history of his mission.... The good work has progressed, and he now has from one hundred and fifty to three hundred pupils in his school, many the children of non-converted parents. And in this year's enrolment—great glory to our ambassador at Constantinople!—the Protestants are enrolled as a separate religious community: the males are two hundred and odd here.
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> "All sects recognised by the Porte are enrolled separately, as their taxes, &c., are apportioned by their own heads (chiefs.)"

Many of the Armenians here have been converted to the Church of England, and this has proved to be a most advantageous change for their women.

> "They are now emancipated from the bondage they have so long been held in—I do not mean personal bondage, for perhaps there is less of it in the East than in the West—but their whole moral position has undergone a vast change. The man is now first taught that the woman is his best friend; his firmest, truest companion; his equal in the social scale, as God made her—a help meet for him, not a mere piece of household furniture. The woman is also taught to reverence the man as her head; thus imparting that beautiful lesson, 'He for God only, she for God through him.' She is also taught perhaps a harder lesson, a more painful task—to relinquish all her costly ornaments, when such may be more usefully employed in trade and traffic; to consider necessaries more beautiful than costly clothes or embroidered suits. Gradually she is allowed to unite with the man in prayers, which is permitted by no other sect in the East, women always having a portion of the church set apart for them, and the Moslems praying at different times. May it please Him who gives and dispenses all things, to prosper this and all other good and holy works!... On leaving Aintab, we passed over the hills that environ the town, and entered a pretty valley, through which the Sadschur river accompanies us. Here, at a small village called Naringa, we chose a pretty spot under [727]
> some trees, and pitched our tents. The horses browsed at our door, the stream jumped by before us as we took our evening's repose. And repose it is to sit thus at the close of a day of travel, to enjoy the view of the lovely regions given man to dwell in; to see the various changes time, circumstances, and religion have wrought in the family of Adam, or, as the Arabs say, in the Beni Adam. It was a lovely evening; and as I reclined apart from my more gregarious fellow-travellers, I felt
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> 'That the night was filled with music,
> And the cares that infested the day
> Had folded their tents, like the Arab,
> And as silently stolen away.'"

From Naringa our route lies eastward over low undulated hills, still marked by frequent *tels*, generally surmounted by a village. "Are these mounds natural, or does man still fondly cling to the ruined home of his fathers?" Crossing the river Kirsan, we arrive at Nezeeb, lying among vineyards and plantations of figs, pistachios, and olives, interspersed with fields of wheat. At this village the Sultan's forces, 70,000 strong, were defeated by Ibrahim Pasha with 45,000 men—a bootless victory, soon neutralised by a few lines from our "Foreign Office." On the 6th day after leaving Aleppo, we find ourselves on the Euphrates, the *Mourad Shai*, or "Water of desire."[14]

> "In all its majesty, it glides beneath our gaze. It is needless to tell the history of this river, renowned in the earliest traditions. Watering the Paradise of earth, it has been mingled with the fables of heaven; the Lord gave it in his covenants unto Abram; Moses, inspired, preached it in his sermon to the people. In its waters are bound the four angels, and, at the emptying of the sixth vial, its waters will dry up, that the 'way of the kings of the East may be prepared.' In every age it has formed a prominent feature in the diorama of history, flashing with sunshine, or sluggish and turbid with blood; and here, on its bank, its name unchanged, all now is solitude and quiet.

"Descending amidst wide burial-grounds, where here and there a *kubbé* sheltered some clay more revered than the rest, we reached its shores, and patiently took up our quarters beneath the shade of a tree, till a boat should arrive to carry us over. The redoubt, Fort William, as it was called, of the Euphrates expedition still remains. In ancient times four shallows existed where there were bridges over the Euphrates: the northernmost at Samosata, now unused; Rum Kalaat, further south, being the route frequented; Bir, the khan and eastern bank of which is called Zeugma, or the Bridge, to this day; and the fourth at Thapsacus, the modern Thapsaish, where Cyrus, Alexander, and Crassus passed into Mesopotamia. The Arabs now generally pass here, or else by fords known only to themselves. Julian crossed at a place called Menbidjy, which was probably abreast of Hierapolis.

"But what avails to recount individual cases?—the whole land is history. Near us is Racca, once the favourite residence of Aaron the Just. Here he delighted to spend his leisure—

'Entranced with that place and time,
So worthy of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.'"

We cross the Euphrates to the town of Bir, and proceed still eastward, along a flat desert, strewn with a small-bladed scanty grass, aromatic flowers, and wormwood. "One small gleam, like a polished shield or a dark sward, is all we see of the mighty river that flows around us. Every hour of the day changes the aspect of the desert: now it is wild and gloomy, as scudding clouds pass over the sun; now smiling with maiden sweetness, as the sun shines out again." Often we pass by the tented homes of the desert tribes, with their flocks and herds tended by busy maidens, now screaming wildly after their restless charge—now singing songs as wild, but sweeter far. Then comes sunset with its massed clouds of purple, blue, and gold; the air is full of bleatings as the flocks all tamely follow their shepherds home. On the tenth day after leaving Aleppo, we descend into a plain covered with some dusty olive-trees: we come to a hill with a low wall, and a castle on its summit. "And this is the Ur of the Chaldees, the Edessa of the Romans, [728] the Orfa of the Arabs. Here God spake to Abram." From this city, very fruitful in legends, we reach Haran in six hours; travelling over a plain strewn with *tels* and encampments of the Koords.

"Perhaps by this very route Abraham of old and those with him travelled; nor is it extravagance to say, the family we now meet may exhibit the exact appearance that the patriarchs did four thousand years ago—the tents and pots piled on the camels; the young children in one saddle-bag balancing the kids in the other; the matron astride on the ass; the maid following modestly behind; the boys now here, now there; the patriarch himself on his useful mare, following and directing the march. As we pass, he lays his hand on his heart, and says, 'Peace be with you; where are you going?—Depart in peace.'"

Haran appears to be, without doubt, the ancient city of Nahor, where Laban lived, and where Jacob served for Leah and Rachel. Here, too, is Rebekah's well, and here our traveller beheld the very counterpart of the scene that Eleazar saw when he sought a bride for his master's son. By this time our author had so far identified himself with the desert tribes, their language, their interests, their enjoyment of the desert life, and their love of horses, that he seems to feel, and almost to speak, in the Arab style. We have never seen that interesting people so happily described and so vividly illustrated. If we had not so much before us still to investigate, we would gladly dwell upon the desert journey from Haran to Tel Bagdad, and on the raft voyage thence down the Tigris to Mosul. One graphic sketch of an Arab sheik must serve for many: his characteristic speech contains volumes of his people's history.

"The young sheik was not, probably, more than seventeen or eighteen years of age; handsome, but with that peculiarly girlish effeminate appearance I have before mentioned as so frequently found among the younger aristocracy of the desert, and so strangely belied by their character and deeds. He now held my horse, and, apologising for his father's temporary absence, welcomed us. The tent was large and well made. We remained here smoking and drinking coffee till the sheik Dahhal arrived. He was fully dressed in silk—a fine figure of a man with light clear eyes. Wounds, received long ago, have incapacitated him from the free use of his hands, but report says he can still grasp the rich dagger at his girdle with a fatal strength when passion urges him. Though every feeling was subdued, there showed through all his mildness the baffled tiger, whose vengeance would be fearful—he resembled a netted animal, vainly with all its cunning seeking to break the meshes that encompassed him on all sides.

"He received us with a hospitality that seemed natural; his words were more sonorous, grand, and flowing than those of any Arab I had before seen. They reminded me of the pleasure I had felt in South America in listening to the language of a true Spaniard, heard amidst the harsh gutturals of a provincial jargon; strings of highflown compliments, uttered with an open, noble mien, that, while it must please those to whom it is used, seems but a worthy condescension in him.

'He was a man of war and woes;
Yet on his lineaments ye cannot trace,

While gentleness her milder radiance throws
Along that aged venerable face,
The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him with disgrace.'

"If report speaks true, never did there breathe a truer son of Hagar than Sheik Dahhal. During his whole life his hand has been against every man, and every man's against him. Gaining his social position with his dagger, he openly endeavoured to enlarge it by every exercise of force or fraud. The whole frontier of Mardin, Nisibis, Mosul, Bagdad, &c., are his deadly enemies, made so by his acts. It must be sad in declining years to see the wreck of a youth thus spent; already the punishment and repayment are hard at hand.

"Successful violence brings temporary rewards—power, rule, dominion; but for this he has bartered honour, fame, youth, conscience: every stake, every ruse, has been used, and he gains but defeat, disgrace, and contempt. It must be hard, very hard, for the proud man to live on thus. I pitied him, and could feel for him as he fondled his young son, a lovely little naked savage, who lay crouching at his side. He had two or three other children, all strikingly handsome....

"We were ultimately obliged to refuse his escort. 'It is well,' said he, 'whether you go or stay, all Dahhal has, all his enemies have left him, is yours.' We asked him if he saw any change in the Arab since he remembered: he looked quietly round at his tents, at [729] his camels now crowded round them, the flocks lowing to their homes; his dress, his arms, and then said, 'No: since the time of the Prophets—since time was, we are unchanged; perhaps poorer, perhaps less hospitable in consequence; but otherwise unchanged.' He made a very just remark afterwards: 'Our habits are the only ones adapted to the country we live in; they cannot change unless we change our country: no other life can be lived here.'"

Our travellers, sending their horses and servants along the banks of the Tigris, themselves embarked on board a raft composed of inflated skins; and their voyage, after many incidents, terminated in the following scene:—

"At last the pious true-believing eye of the boatman detected the minarets of Mosul over the low land on the right. On our left was a large temporary village, built of dried grass, roughly and coarsely framed; low peaked mountains ahead broke the steel line of the sky. No sooner did our boatman detect the minarets, than he continued his prayers, confiding the oars to one of the servants. Poor fellow! it was sad work; for the raft, as if in revenge for the way he had pulled her about, kept pertinaciously turning, and as it bore his Mecca—turned front to the north, east, or west—he had to stop his pious invocations, that otherwise would have been wafted to some useless bourne; and then, as in the swing she turned him to the black stone, he had to hurry on, like sportsmen anxious for some passing game. Often he rose, but seemed not satisfied, and again he knelt, and bowing prayed his Caaba-directing prayers. This man had not prayed before during the voyage.

"At last, over the land appeared a mud fort hardly distinguishable from the hill; before it a white-washed dome, a few straggling buildings—it was Mosul. Presently an angle is turned, and the broken ruinous wall of an Eastern town lies before us."

Mosul is only sixteen days' journey from Aleppo. Although now invested with a lasting interest by its connection with Mr Layard's magnificent discoveries, it is one of the least attractive cities of the East. Its neighbourhood, with the grand exception of buried Nineveh, and some curious naphtha springs, is equally devoid of interest. The huge mound called Koyunjik, "coverer of cities," lies on the opposite side of the Tigris, about two miles from the river. Tel Nimroud, where the first successful excavations were made, is about eighteen miles lower down. It will be remembered that Mr Rich, a merchant of Bagdad, first directed attention to these subterranean treasures nearly twenty years ago: M. Botta, more recently, made some energetic attempts to discover them; but it remained for our gallant countryman, Mr Layard, to render his name illustrious by unveiling the mysteries of ages, and restoring to light the wonders of the ancient capital of the Assyrians. His renown, and still more his success itself, must be its own reward; but we fear that in all other respects the nation is still deeply in his debt. The capricious liberalities of our Government with respect to art are very singular; the financial dispositions of the British Museum are still more difficult to explain. The former does not hesitate to bestow £2500 on transporting a pillar from the sea-shore of Egypt to London, while it only places at Mr Layard's disposal £3000 for the excavation of Nineveh and its surrounding suburbs, eighteen miles in extent—together with the support and pay of a numerous staff of artists and others during eighteen months. On the other hand, the trustees of the British Museum, knowing themselves already to be deeply in Mr Layard's debt, refuse to further his great efforts, except by the paltry (and refused) pittance of £12 a-month; and, at the same time, they furnish Colonel Rawlinson with the sum of £2000 to proceed with excavations at Koyunjik, (three hundred miles from his residence,) and at Susa, which is one-third of the distance. In the approaching session of Parliament, we hope that Mr Layard's services to England and to art will be more generously appreciated than they have hitherto been; and that, at all events, we shall not be left to labour under the disgrace of pecuniary debt to that enterprising gentleman.

We have now reached our traveller's goal, and must make brief work of his returning tour, in [730]

order to spare some columns to the consideration of the Ansayrii, the most important matter in the work.

After a residence of some weeks at Mosul, and at the several neighbouring excavations, Mr Walpole accompanied Mr Layard in a tour through the fastnesses of Koordistan: and here we must find space for one or two glimpses at those unknown regions, and the life that awaits the traveller there.

Before we begin to ascend the hill country, we look back:

> "On either side, the mountain falls away with jut and crag almost perpendicularly to the plain; at the foot, hills rise above hills in irregular and petulant ranges, like a stormy sea when the wind is gone, and nothing save its memory remains, lashing the waves with restless motion. Westward lies the vast plain, its surface broken by the mounds of imperial cities long passed away.
>
> "One moment the eye rests on the Tigris as it glides its vast volume by; then, out upon the plain, the desert broken by the range of Singar, again on to distance where earth and air mingle imperceptibly together. To the south, over a varied land, is Mosul, the white glare of its mosque glistening in the sun; to the south and east, a sea of hills, wave after wave, low and irregular. The Zab, forcing its way, takes a tortuous course to its companion; farther on, they join their waters, and run together to the vast worlds of the south. Beyond are Arbela and the Obeid. Kara Chout and its crags shut out the view, passing many a spot graven on the pages of the younger world.
>
> "What a blank in history is there around those vast cities, now brought to light! A few vague traditions, a few names whose fabulous actions throw discredit on their existence, are all that research has discovered. Even the nations following after these we know but dimly—tradition, garlanded by poetry, our only guide.
>
> 'Belshazzar's grave is made,
> His kingdom passed away;
> He in the balance weighed,
> Is light and worthless clay.
> The shroud his robe of state;
> His canopy the stone;
> The Mede is at his gate,
> The Persian on his throne.'
>
> "Fancy conjures up to the south a small and compact body of Greeks: around them, at a distance, like vultures round a struggling carcase, hover bands of cavalry. Now, as a gap opens, they rush on; now, as the ranks close up, they melt away, shooting arrows as they fly, vengeful in their cowardice—it is the retreat of Xenophon and his gallant band. They encamp at Nimroud—as in his yesterday, so in our to-day, a mound smothering its own renown.
>
> "Northward again comes a mighty band: with careful haste they cross the rivers, and with confident step traverse the plain south. On the south-east plain, a legion of nations, golden, glittering, yet timorous, await their approach. Alexander, the hero, scatters dismay: assured of conquest ere he met the foe, he esteems the pursuit the only difficulty. On the one side, Asia musters her nations—Indians, Syrians, Albanians, and Bactrians—the hardiest population of her empire. Elephants and war-chariots are of no avail: the result was fore-written, and Darius foremost flies along the plain.
>
> "Faint, afar, we can see in the north-west Lucullus; and the arms of Rome float over the walls of Nisibis, (B.C. 68.) We may almost see the glorious array of Julian; hear him subduing his mortal pain; hear him pronounce, with well-modulated tones, one of the finest orations the world can record. We may see the timid Jovian skulking in his purple from the field he dared not defend in his armour. But again rise up the legions and the Labarum: Heraclius throws aside his lethargy; the earth drinks deep of gore, and Khosroo[15] is vanquished under our eyes.
>
> "The white and the black banners now gleam upon the field; the crescent flaunts on either side. One God, one faith—they fight for nought. Hell for the coward, paradise for the brave. Abou Moslem and Merwan. The earth, on the spot which had last drunk the red life-blood of Greek and Persian, now slakes its fill. Merwan flies with wondrous steps, but the avenger follows fast. He first loses his army on the Tigris; himself dies on the banks of the Nile: there perished the rule of the Ommiades.
>
> "The hordes of Timour now approach: their war-song ought to be the chorus of the spirits of destiny in *Manfred*—
>
> 'Our hands contain the hearts of men,
> Our footsteps are their graves;
> We only give to take again
> The spirits of our slaves.'
>
> "What a different aspect must this plain have presented when those sun-burnt mysterious mounds were living, teeming, sinning cities; irrigated, cultivated, protected, safe; fruitful and productive! And these were barbarous times; and now, in this our day, [731]

peace-congresses, civilisation, one vast federal union, liberty, equality;—a few villages fortified as castles, a population flying without a hope of even a death-spot in peace—fearful alike of robbers and rulers, robbed alike by protectors and enemies, planting the harvest they may not reap; a government seizing what the roving Arabs choose to leave; law known but as oppression; authority a license to plunder; government a resident extortioner.

"Too long have we lingered on the scene. Again the plain is naked, bare, and lifeless; the sun hovers on the horizon—he gilds the desert, licks the river; the desert breaks his glorious disc. Slowly, like the light troops covering a retreat, he collects his rays; with fondness lights up each hill; warms with his smile, lighting with unnumbered tints each peak and crag of hold desert-throned Singar. Reluctantly he hovers for a moment on the horizon's verge, large, fearful, red; then

'The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out;
At one stride comes the dark.'

"Near the convent is a dripping well; a rough path leads us to it, and its entrance is shaded by a gigantic tree. The water is very cold and sweet; the moisture shed a coolness around, that made an exquisite retreat. Near it is a cave which in days of persecution sheltered securely many of the poor fugitive Christians. The destruction of most of the convents about these mountains and on this plain is imputed to Tamerlane; but in our own time Sheik Mattie was attacked by the Koords; its fathers were slain, beaten, and dispersed; and the dust of long ages of bishops scattered to the winds. They still show in the church the tombs of Mar Halveus and Abou Faraf, which they say escaped the observation of the destroyer. The inscription of one we were able to decipher; but another resisted even the efforts of the scholar then resident at the convent. We in vain tried many learned men, but the inscription defies all investigation.

'Chaldea's seers are good,
  But here they have no skill;
And the unknown letters stood,
  Untold and mystic still.'

"We now made straight for Sheik Mattie, whose green gorge we could discover high up the face of the mountain. The plain was a succession of low hills all brown with the summer; here and there a Koord village with its cultivated fields, cucumbers, and cool melons. The villages west of the river are nearly all Christian, but on to-day's ride we passed two Koordish ones. At one we halted, and regaled ourselves and horses on the fruit they pressed on us.

"The old sheik came out, followed by two men with felts; these were spread in the cool, and we made kief. He begged the loan of Zea, (my Albanian greyhound,) whom he praised beyond measure for his extreme beauty, to kill hares. To hear him talk, his complaints of game, of fields, hares destroyed, &c., I could have believed myself once more in England, but that he closed each sentence with "It is God's will; His will be done," and such like holy words. His long, wide, graceful robes also brought one back to the East, to poetry and to romance."

And here we find less happy accidents in a traveller's life, which must not pass unremembered.

"At first, one of the greatest privations I experienced in Eastern travel, and one that half did away with the pleasure derived from it, was the want of privacy; and one can fully understand (as probably centuries have produced but little change in their habits) the expression in the Bible, of our Saviour retiring apart to pray; for, in the East, privacy is a word unknown. Families live in one room; men, women, sons, daughters, sons' wives, &c., and may be said never to be alone. This at first annoyed me, but habit is second nature. As soon as the traveller arrives he has visits; all the world crowd to see him; the thousand nameless things one likes to do after a tedious hot journey must be done in public. Before you are up they are there; meals, all, there they are; and there is nothing for it but to proceed just as if the privacy was complete....

"Friday, 12th—I rose as well as usual: on one side of the tent lay the Doctor, dead beat; under one flap which constitutes a separate room, Abdallah perfectly insensible: the cook lay behind on a heap of horse-cloths, equally stricken. I sat down to write in the air: finding the flies annoyed me, I read, fell asleep, and remember nothing save a great sensation of pain and weariness for two days. It seemed as if a noise awoke me; it was early morning, and Mr Layard stood before me. Poor fellow! he had learned how to treat the fever by bitter, almost fatal, personal experience; and now he dosed us and [732] starved us, till all but Abdallah were out of danger, at all events.

"It is curious how soon people of warm climates,—or, in fact, I may say,—all uneducated people, succumb to sickness. Hardy fellows, apparently as strong as iron: when attacked they lie down, wrap a coat or cloak around them, and resign themselves to suffer. It would seem that the mind is alone able to rise superior to disease: their minds, uncultivated, by disuse weak, or in perfect alliance with the body, cease to exist when its companion falls. In intellectual man the mind is the last to succumb: long after the poor weak body has yielded, the mind holds out like a well-garrisoned citadel: it

refuses all surrender, and, though the town is taken, fights bravely till the last."

And now one glimpse at Koordistan and the beautiful and mysterious Lake Van, which lies hidden in its deepest recesses.

"We now journeyed on through strange regions, where Frank had never wandered. We saw the Koords as they are best seen, free in their own magnificent mountains;—not "the ass," as the Turk calls him, "of the plains." Mahomet Pasha, son of the little standard-bearer, and Pasha of Mosul was requested to provide for its defence by the consuls, and to attempt by better rule the civilisation of the Arabs. He replied:—

'Erkekler Densige
Allar genisig
Kurytar Donsig
Devekler Yoolarsig.'

"'What can I do with people whose men have no religion, whose women are without drawers, their horses without bits, and their camels without halters?'

"Thus we wandered over many miles, plains spreading between their fat mountains, splendid in their grandeur; now amidst pleasant valleys anon over giant passes—

——'Dim retreat,
For fear and melancholy meet;
Where rocks were rudely heaped and rent,
As by a spirit turbulent;
Where sights were rough, and sounds were wild,
And everything unreconciled.'

"My health after this gradually got worse: repeated attacks of fever, brought on probably by my own carelessness, weakened me so much that I could scarcely keep up with the party. Riding was an agony, and, by the carelessness of my servant, my horses were ruined. One evening an Abyssinian, one of my attendants, went so far as to present a pistol at my head. My poor dear dog, too, was lost, which perhaps afflicted me more than most ills which could happen to myself. At last we passed over a ridge, and Lake Van lay before us. We had, perhaps, been the first Europeans who had performed the journey. The last and only other of which we have any record was poor Professor Schultz, who was murdered by order of Khan Mahmoud for the baggage he unfortunately displayed. The Khan received him kindly, entertained him with hospitality, and despatched him on his road with a guard who had their instructions to murder him on the way. He was an accurate and capable traveller, a native of Hesse, and travelling for the French government.

"The morning of the 3d of August saw us passing up a most lovely valley, the Vale of Sweet Waters. We had encamped in it the night before. Leaving its pretty verdure, we mounted a long range of sun-burnt hills covered with sun-dried grass and *immortelles*, whose immortality must have been sorely tried on that sun-exposed place. Achieving a pass, we gained our view of Van. The scene was worthy of Stanfield in his best mood. Before us, on the north-east, brown, quaintly-shaped hills, variegated with many tints, filled the view of the far horizon. From this a plain led to the lake; around it were noble mountains, snow and cloud clad—their beauty enhanced by the supervening water. Saphan Dagh, with a wreath of mist and cap of spotless snow, seen across the sea was imposing—I might say, perfect.

"The plain on the eastern coast spread out broad and fair: here verdant meadows, there masses of fruit-laden trees; while between the mass wandered the mountain streams, hastening on to their homes in the fair bosom of the lake. Van itself swept round its castle, which stands on a curious rock that rises abruptly from the plain; but the lake, indeed, was the queen of the view—blue as the far depth of ocean, yet unlike the ocean—so soft, so sweet, so calm was its surface. On its near coast, bounded by silver sands, soft and brilliant; while its far west formed the foot of Nimrod Dagh, on whose lofty crest are said to be a lake and a castle....

"The waters of the lake have lately been analysed, so the curious substance found floating on its surface, and used as soap, will be accounted for: it is sold in the bazaars. At present there are but three small boats or launches on the lake, and even these can hardly find trade enough to remunerate them. Their principal occupation is carrying passengers to the towns on the coast." [733]

Mr Layard remained at Lake Van in order to copy some inscriptions; but Mr Walpole was induced to penetrate northward as far as Patnos, where no European had yet been seen. Here his enterprise was rewarded by the view of some magnificent scenery, and the more important discovery of some cuneiform, and many ancient Armenian inscriptions. These were forwarded by our traveller to Mr Layard, and will doubtless appear in his forthcoming work.[16] But we must now leave Koordistan, recommending the perusal of Mr Walpole's chapter on the Christians of Lake Van, and their beautiful and mysterious inland sea, to all who love to picture to themselves strange lands and wild adventure. We return by way of Erzeroum, Trebizond, the shores of the Black Sea, and Sansoun, to Constantinople; thence to Latakia; and here we find ourselves within

view of the mountains of the mysterious Ansayrii and Ismaylis.

In the title of this work is revived a subject of very ancient interest. The Ansayrii, or Nassairi, or Assassins, are a singularly surviving relic of the followers of the Old Man of the Mountain, so celebrated in the history of the Crusades.[17] Historians have fallen into a great mistake in supposing this Order to have been a hereditary dynasty, or to have embraced a nation. Originally it was simply an Order, like that of the Templars. Like them the members wore white garments set off with crimson, typifying innocence and blood. The policy of both was to obtain possession of strong places, and by terror to keep the surrounding nations in subjection. The Assassins succeeded in this object so far as to dictate their will to several Sultans, many Viziers, and innumerable minor authorities. When the Sultan of the Seljuks sent an ambassador to the Old Man of the Mountain, demanding his submission, the following well-known circumstance took place:—"The chief said to one of his followers, 'Stab thyself!' To another he said, 'Throw thyself from the battlements!' Before he had ceased to speak his disciples had obeyed him, and lay dead, not only willing but eager martyrs to their faith. The chief then turning to the envoy, said, 'Take what thou hast seen for thine answer. I am obeyed by seventy thousand such men as these.'" The founder of this terrible sect was Hassan Ben Sahab. He was a "Dai," or master-missionary, from the Secret Lodge established at Cairo, (about 1004 A.D.), in order to sap and overthrow the Caliphat of Abbas, and establish that of the Fatimites. Hassan gave promise of greatness in his youth, became a favourite of the Melekshah, was banished from court by the intrigues of a rival, and took refuge at Ispahan. Here he became initiated in the voluptuous and atheistical doctrines of the Ismailis, and was sent to Egypt, to the Caliph Mostansur, as a preacher and promulgator of that atrocious creed. He was banished from the Egyptian court also, and cast ashore in Syria. After a variety of adventures in the course of his travels from Aleppo through Persia, he at length [734] obtained possession of the fortress of AlamÅt,[18] near Khaswin. Here he remained for the remainder of his life, never leaving the castle, and only twice moving from his own apartment to the terrace during a period of thirty-eight years. Here he perfected, in mystery and deep seclusion, his diabolical doctrines, and soon sent "Dais," or missionaries, of his own into all lands. The secret society of which he was the head contained several grades, embracing the initiated, the aspirant, and the devoted—mere executioners or tools of higher intelligences.[19] The grand-master was called Sidna (Sidney) "our lord;" and more commonly Sheik el Djebel, the Sheik or Old Man of the Mountain, because the Order always possessed themselves of the castles in mountainous regions in Irak, Kuhistan, and Syria. The Old Man, robed in white, resided always in the mountain fort of AlamÅt. There he maintained himself against all the power of the Sultan, until at length the daggers of his Fedavie, or devoted followers, freed him from his most active enemies, and appalled the others into quiescence. AlamÅt was now called "the abode of Fortune," and all the neighbouring strongholds submitted to the Ancient of the Mountain. The Assassins were proscribed in all civilised communities, and the dagger and the sword found constant work on their own professors. The Assassins, however, like the Indian Thugs, depraved all societies, in all sorts of disguises. At one time the courtiers of a Caliph being solemnly invoked, with a promise of pardon and impunity, five chamberlains stepped forward, and each showed the dagger, which only waited an order from the Old Man to plunge into the heart of any human being it could reach. By such agency Hassan kept entire empires in a state of revolution and carnage. From his remote fortress he made his influence felt and feared to the extreme confines of Khorassan and Syria. And thence, too, he propagated the still more infernal engines of his authority, his catechisms of atheism and licentiousness—"Nothing is true; all things are permitted to the initiated." Such was the foundation of his creed.

This villain died tranquilly in his bed, having survived to the age of ninety. His spiritual and temporal power was continued with various vicissitudes through a long succession of impostors, the dagger still maintaining its mysterious and inevitable agency. The list of the best, and some of the most powerful, of Oriental potentates who perished by it, swells, as the history of the Order proceeds, to an incredible extent. During all this time the fundamental maxim of the creed, which separates the secret doctrines of the initiated from the public tenets of the people, was preserved. These last were (and now are, according to Mr Walpole) held to the strictest injunctions of Mahometanism. The East did not detect the motive power of the Assassins' chief: they only saw the poniard strike those who had offended the envoy of the invisible Imam, who was soon to arrive in power and glory, and to assert his dominion over earth. In the Crusades, the hand of the Assassins is traced in the fate of Raymond of Tripoli—perhaps in that of the Marquis of Montferrat—and in many meaner instances. At that period the numbers of people openly professing the creed is stated by William of Tyre at sixty thousand; and by James, Bishop of Alla, at forty thousand. At this day Mr Walpole estimates the number of the Ansayrii at forty thousand fighting men, including Ismaylis. These numbers are to be understood, however, in former times, as well as in the present, to comprise the whole sect, and not merely the executioners, who always formed a very small proportion, and are now probably extinct. The Old Man is no longer recognised, so far as can be ascertained, among the mountains, (where, as usual in other parts of Syria, the patriarchal form prevails;) and the strange creed that their ancestors held, together [735] with a singular recklessness of life, alone remains to mark their descent. Concerning this creed we are referred by Mr Walpole to some discoveries which he intends to publish in a future volume. We must confess to considerable disappointment in the meagre information that is here afforded to us on the subject, especially after our expectations have been raised by such a preface as the following:—

> "Alone, without means, without powers to buy or bribe, I have penetrated a secret, the enigma of ages—have dared alone to venture where none have been—where the government, with five hundred soldiers, could not follow; and, better than all, I have

gained esteem among the race condemned as savages, and feared as robbers and ASSASSINS."

Nevertheless, our author has told us a good deal that is new and interesting about the Ansayrii, as will be seen from our extracts.

The Ismaylis, concerning whose woman-worship and peculiar habits such strange stories have been whispered, live among the southern mountains of the Ansayrii. They amount only to five thousand souls, and appear to be a different tribe, (probably Arab,) grafted upon them, and gradually, by superior vigour, possessing themselves of the strongest places in the mountains. These people hold a creed quite distinct from the Ansayrii, among whom they dwell; and the extraordinary prayer, or address used by them seems fully to bear out the long-questioned assertion of their aphrodisial worship.

Marco Polo[20] was the first to furnish some curious accounts of the Ansayrii, and of the discipline and catechism of the Fedavie: we hope that Mr Walpole, in his promised volume, will add to the many vindications which that brave old traveller has received from time to time. But at the sack of AlamÅt, in 1257, all the Assassins' books (except the Koran) were burned as impious; and all that now remains of their doctrines must be traditional. We have dwelt thus long on the Ansayrii in order to display the interest that belongs to that secluded and mysterious people, and the importance of any novel intelligence respecting them. Before we proceed to illustrate their country from Mr Walpole's volumes, we must find space for some account of the manner in which the initiation of the Assassins is said to have been performed. The two great strongholds of the Order were the castle of AlamÅt in Irak, and that of Massiat near Latakia in the Lebanon. These fortresses, stern and impregnable in themselves, are said to have been surrounded with exquisite gardens, enclosed from all vulgar gaze by walls of immense height. These gardens were filled with the most delicate flowers and delicious fruits. Streams flowed, and fountains sparkled brightly, through the grateful gloom of luxuriant foliage. Bowers of roses, and porcelain-paved kiosks, and carpets from the richest looms of Persia, invited to repose the senses heavy with luxury. Circassian girls, bright as the houris of Paradise, served the happy guests with golden goblets of Schiraz wine, and glances yet more intoxicating. The music of harps, and women's sweetest voices, sent fascination through the ear as well as eyes. Everything breathed rapture and sensuality, intensified by seclusion and deep calm. The youth, where energy and courage seemed to qualify him for the office of *fedavie*, was invited to the table of the grand-master, (at Irak,) or the grand-prior, (at Massiat.) He was there intoxicated with the maddening, yet delightful *hashishe*. In his insensible state he was transported to the garden, which, he was told, was Paradise, and which he was too ready to take for the scene of eternal delight, as he revelled in all the pleasure that Eastern voluptuousness could devise. He was there lulled into sleep once more, and then transported back to the grand-master's side. As he awoke, numbers of uninitiated youths were admitted to hear his account of the Paradise which the power of the Old Man had permitted him to taste. And thus tools were found and formed for the execution of the wildest [736] projects. That glimpse of Paradise for ever haunted the inflamed imagination of the novices, and any death appeared welcome that could restore them to such joys.

Such is the theory of this singular people, as maintained by Von Hammer, which it remains for future discoveries—now that Mr Walpole has opened the way for them—to vindicate or refute. There are also some remnants of the Persian tribes of this people, an account of which, by Mr Badger, we are informed, is soon to appear: the Syrians scarcely know of their existence. The Syrian Ansayrii amount, as we have said, including Ismaylis, to about forty thousand souls: they have always preserved their seclusion inviolate; setting at nought the various tyrannies that have harassed the neighbouring states, denying the authority of the Sultan, and blaspheming the Prophet, while they outwardly conform to his rites. They occupy the northernmost range of the Lebanon, from Tortosa and Latakia, as far as Adana.

Notwithstanding Von Hammer's elaborate and ingenious theory, many (amongst whom is our author) have seemed disposed to treat the whole story of the Assassins, and the Old Man of the Mountain himself, as myths. It was, they say, the sort of romance that the Crusaders would have lent a ready ear to, and that their troubadours would have made the most of. They deny the existence of the powerful hill fortresses surrounded by the intoxicating gardens; they point to the renowned Syrian castle of El Massiat, whose ruins occupy a space of only one hundred yards square, and in whose vaulted stables there is an inscription purporting that the castle was "the work of Roostan the Mameluke."

Mr Walpole, however, does not enter into any controversy respecting this strange people. Of the little that he has confided in his present two volumes to the public, the following extracts must be taken as an instalment:—

"The Ansayrii nation—for such it is—being capable of mustering forty thousand warriors able to bear arms, is divided into two classes—sheiks and people; the sheiks again into two—Sheiks or Chiefs of Religion, Sheik el Maalem, and the temporal Sheiks, or Sheiks of Government; these being generally called Sheik el Zullom, or Sheiks of Oppression. These latter, though some of them are of good families, are not so generally: having gained favour with government, they have received the appointment. Others there are, however, whose families have held it for many generations—such as Shemseen Sultan, Sheik Succor, &c. The sheiks of religion are held as almost infallible, and the people pay them the greatest respect. With regard to the succession, there seems to be no fixed rule: the elder brother has, however, rule over the rest; but then I have seen the son the head of the family while the father was living.

"The sheik of religion enjoys great privileges: as a boy he is taught to read and write; he is marked from his fellows from very earliest childhood, by a white handkerchief round his head. Early as his sense will admit, he is initiated into the principles of his faith: in this he is schooled and perfected. Early he is taught that death, martyrdom, is a glorious reward; and that, sooner than divulge one word of his creed, he is to suffer the case in which his soul is enshrined to be mangled or tortured in any way. Frequent instances have been known where they have defied the Turks, who have threatened them with death if they would not divulge, saying, 'Try me; cut my heart out, and see if anything is within there.' During his manhood he is strictly to conform to his faith: this forbids him not only eating certain things at any time, but eating at all with any but chiefs of religion; or eating anything purchased with unclean money;—and the higher sheiks carry this to such an extent that they will only eat of the produce of their own grounds; they will not even touch water, except such as they deem pure and clean. Then the sheik must exercise the most unbounded hospitality; and, after death, the people will build him a tomb, (a square place, with a dome on the top,) and he will be revered as a saint.

"The lower classes are initiated into the principles of their religion, but not into its more mystical or higher parts: they are taught to obey their chiefs without question, without hesitation, and to give to them abundantly at feasts and religious ceremonies: above all, even the uninitiated is to die a thousand deaths sooner than betray his faith.

"In their houses, which, as I have before said, are poor, dirty, and wretched, they [737] place two small windows over the door. This is in order that, if a birth and death occur at the same moment, the coming and the parting spirit may not meet. In rooms dedicated to hospitality several square holes are left, so that each spirit may come or depart without meeting another.

"Like the Mahometans, they practise the rite of circumcision, performing it at various ages, according to the precocity of the child. The ceremony is celebrated, as among the Turks, with feasting and music. This, they say, is not a necessary rite, but a custom derived from ancient times, and they should be Christians if they did not do it. This is the same among the Mahometans, who are not enjoined by their prophet to do so, but received the rite from of old.[21]

"When a candidate is pronounced ready for initiation, his tarboosh is removed, and a white cloth wrapped round his head. He is then conducted into the presence of the sheiks of religion. The chief proceeds to deliver a lecture, cautioning him against ever divulging their great and solemn secret. 'If you are under the sword, the rope, or the torture, die, and smile—you are blessed.' He then kisses the earth three times before the chief, who continues telling him the articles of their faith. On rising, he teaches him a sign, and delivers three words to him. This completes the first lesson.

"At death, the body is washed with warm soap and water, wrapped in white cloths, and laid in the tomb. Each person takes a handful of earth, which is placed on the body; then upright stones, one at the feet, one at the head, one in the middle, are placed. The one in the middle is necessary. They have the blood-feud—the Huck el Dum. In war, blood is not reckoned; but if one man kills another of a different tribe, all the tribe of the slayer pay an equal sum to the tribe of the slain—generally one thousand six hundred piastres, (L.15.)

"In marriage, a certain price is agreed on. One portion goes to the father, another to supply dress and things necessary for the maiden. This will vary much, according to the wealth of the bridegroom and the beauty or rank of the bride. It is generally from two hundred to seven hundred or a thousand piastres (L.1, 15s. 6d. to L.9, 10s.) Sometimes a mare, a cow, or a donkey, merely, is given for her. The bridegroom has then to solicit the consent of the *hirce*, or owner of the bride's village, who will generally extort five hundred piastres, or more, before he will give a permission of marriage.

"The price being settled, and security given for its payment, the friends of the bridegroom mount on the top of the house armed with sticks. The girl's friends pass her in hastily to avoid their blows. The bridegroom enters, and beats her with a stick or back of a sword, so that she cries: these cries must be heard without. All then retire, and the marriage is concluded.

"They are allowed four wives. The marriage ceremony is simple, and divorce not permitted. If one of these four wives die, they are permitted to take another. Generally, they have little affection for their wives—treating them rather as useful cattle than as rational creatures. They never teach women the smallest portion of their faith. They are jealously excluded from all religious ceremonies; and, in fact, are utterly denied creed, prayers, or soul. Many here have told me that the women themselves believe in this; and do not, as one would fancy, murmur at such an exclusive belief.

"The Ansayrii are honest in their dealings, and none can accuse them of repudiation or denying a sum they owe.... They regard Mahomet el Hamyd as the prophet of God, and thus use the Mussulman confession—'La illa ill Allah, Mahomet el Hamyd, Resoul e nebbi Allah;' but they omit all this when before Mahometans, saying merely, 'There is no God but God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God.' Otherwise, they say, 'There is no God but Ali, and Mahomet el Hamyd, the Beloved, is the prophet of God.'

"I do not intend here to enter into their belief more fully; but it is a most confused medley—a unity, a trinity, a deity. 'These are five; these five are three; these three are two; these two, these three, these five—one.'

"They believe in the transmigration of souls. Those who in this life do well, are hospitable, and follow their faith, become stars; the souls of others return to the earth, and become Ansayrii again, until, purified, they fly to rest. The souls of bad men become Jews, Christians, and Turks; while the souls of those who believe not, become pigs and other beasts. One eve, sitting with a dear old man, a high sheik—his boys were round him—I said, 'Speak: where are the sons of your youth? these are the children of [738] your old age.'—'My son,' he said, looking up, 'is there: nightly he smiles on me, and invites me to come.'

"They pray five times a day, saying several prayers each time, turning this way or that, having no keblah. If a Christian or Turk sees them at their devotions, the prayers are of no avail. At their feasts, they pray in a room closed and guarded from the sight or ingress of the uninitiated.

"This will give a general outline of the faith and customs of the Ansayrii. My intercourse with them was on the most friendly footing, and daily a little was added to my stock of information. Let me, however, warn the traveller against entering into argument with them, or avowing, through the dragoman, any knowledge of their creed. They are as ready and prompt to avenge as they are generous and hospitable to protect. To destroy one who deceives them on this point is an imperative duty; and I firmly believe they would do it though you took shelter on the divan of the Sultan. For myself, the risk is passed: I have gone through the ordeal, and owe my life several times to perfect accident."

To this long extract we shall only add, that a good deal of additional light is indirectly thrown upon this singular people throughout the whole of the third volume of Mr Walpole's work. It is the best written, as well as the most important, of the series; it abounds in humour, anecdote, originality, and in no small degree of curious research.

And now, it only remains for us to bid our entertaining fellow-traveller heartily farewell. Although, especially in the first volume, we have felt disposed to quarrel with his style occasionally, we have found his good-humour, his thoughtful sentiment, and his reckless wit, at last irresistible. His very imperfections often prove his fidelity, and his apparent contradictions his innate truthfulness. We commend to him a little more study of the art of composition, and a good deal more care; but we shall consider ourselves fortunate when we meet with another author of as many faults, if they are atoned for by as many merits.

THE CHAMPIONS OF THE RAIL. [739]

A History of the English Railway: its Social Relations and Revelations. By John Francis. 2 vols. London.

A good many years ago, a late correspondent and writer in this Magazine, Dr M'Nish of Glasgow, published a work entitled *The Anatomy of Drunkenness*. The book was an excellent one: most perfect in its portraiture of the different phenomena which accompany and succeed a debauch; and in the hands of a regular tee-totaller, it was undeniably worth some reams of vapid sermons. The preacher, who never, we are bound to believe, had experienced the vinous or spirituous excitement in his own person, was enabled from it to hold forth, with all the unction of reality, to his terrified audience, upon the awful effects of intemperance. Old ladies, who rarely in their lives had transgressed beyond a second glass of weak negus at some belated party, when whist or commerce had been suggested to while away the weary hours, listened to the warnings of the gifted apostle of temperance, and hied them home in the tremendous conviction that they had only escaped, by the merest miracle, the horrors of *delirium tremens*. Dyspeptic gentlemen were rendered wretched, as they reflected that, for years past, they had been accustomed to wash down their evening Finnan haddock, or moderate board of oysters, with a pint of Younger's prime ale, or, mayhap, a screeching tumbler. The enormity of their offence became visible to their eyes, and they incontinently conceived amendment.

But we doubt very much whether the *Anatomy* would have been pleasant reading to a gentleman who overnight had imbibed "not wisely but too well." How could he bear to be told, not only of the sensations of the previous evening, minutely traced through the gradations of each consecutive decanter, but of the state of thirst and unnatural discomfort to which he was presently a victim? Would it relieve his headach to assure him that, after swallowing three bottles of claret, most men are apt to be out of sorts? Could he, the sufferer, derive any assuagement of his pains by knowing—if he did not know it already—that unlimited brandy and water, however agreeable during consumption, was clearly prejudicial to the nerves? Sermons may come too soon. The sufferer ought to be allowed at least a day or two to recover, before his offence is laid before him in all its huge deformity. Give him time to be ashamed of himself. A man's own conscience is his best accuser; and, unless the vice be absolutely inherent, or totally beyond the hope of remedy, his own misery will be more likely to effect a cure than any amount of philosophical dissertations upon its nature.

These thoughts have been irresistibly suggested to us by a perusal of the two ponderous tomes of Mr Francis, entitled, *A History of the English Railway: its Social Relations and Revelations*. A more unfortunate kind of apocalypse could hardly have been hazarded at the present time. Most people are tolerably well aware, without the aid of Mr Francis, of the changes in social relations which have been worked by the British railway; and as for revelations, a good many would give a trifle to have these entirely suppressed. We have not yet arrived at the time when the history of the "'45" of this century can be calmly or dispassionately written. Too many of us, still remanent here, have burned our fingers, and too many of our kith and kin have been sent to exile, in consequence of that notable enterprise. Since the standard was last unfurled in the vale of Glenmutchkin, a considerable number of the population have been bitten by the sod, if they did not literally bite it. That system of turning over turfs, by the aid of silver spades and mahogany wheelbarrows, was more fatal to the peace of families than the accumulation of any number of Celtic bagpipers whatever. It was a grand interment of capital. Who has forgotten the misery of those times, when letters of railway calls arrived punctually once a quarter? Two pound ten per share might be a moderate instalment; but if you were the unfortunate holder of a hundred shares, you had better have been boarded with a vampire. Repudiation, though a clear Christian duty to yourself and your family, was utterly impossible. It mattered not that the majority of the original committeemen and directors had bolted; you, the subscriber, were tied to the stake. The work was begun, the contracts opened, and money must be had at all hazards and sacrifices. You found yourself in the pitiable situation of an involuntary philanthropist. Threescore hulking Irish navvies were daily fed, liquored, and lodged at your expense. Your dwindling resources were torn from you, to make the fortunes of engineers and contractors. So long as you had a penny, or a convertible equivalent, you were forced to surrender it. Your case was precisely similar to that of the Jew incarcerated in the vaults beneath the royal treasury of King John. One by one all your teeth were drawn. If you managed to survive the extraction of the last grinder, and to behold the opening of the line, your position was not one whit improved. Dividend of course there was none. That awful and mysterious item of charge, "working expenses," engulfed nearly the whole revenue. What was over went to pay interest on preference debentures. That gallant body of men, the directors, laid before you, with the utmost candour, a state of the affairs of the company; from which it appeared that they had exceeded their borrowing powers by perhaps a brace of millions, and had raised the money by interposing their own individual security. These obligations you were, of course, expected to redeem; and an appeal was made to your finer feelings, urging you to consent to a further issue of stock!

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It is no great consolation to the men who have suffered more woes from the railways, than fell to the lot of the much-enduring Ulysses from the relentless anger of the deities, to know that they have rendered perfect a vast chain of internal communication throughout the country. We doubt whether the Israelites, who built them, took any especial pride in surveying the pile of the pyramids. The gentleman in embarrassed circumstances, who is pondering over the memory of his perished capital, is not likely to feel his heart expand with enthusiasm at the thought that through his agency, and that of his fellows, thousands of bagmen are daily being whirled along the rails with the velocity of lightning. He may even be pardoned if, in the sadness and despondency of his soul, he should seriously ask himself what, after all, is the use of this confounded hurry? Is a man's life prolonged because he can get along at the rate of forty or fifty miles an hour? Is existence to be measured by locomotion? In that case Chifney, who passed the best part of his life in the saddle, ought to have been considered as a rival to Methuselah, and a stoker on the Great Western lives in one week far longer than the venerable Parr! Is enjoyment multiplied? That, too, will admit of a serious doubt. In a railway carriage you have no fair view of the fresh aspect of nature: you dash through the landscape—supposing that there is one—before its leading features are impressed upon your mind. There is no time for details, or even for reflection. You must accommodate your thought to your pace, otherwise you are left behind, and see nothing whatever for at least a couple of stations. But for the most part your way lies between embankments and cuttings, representing either sections of whinstone, or bare banks of turf, dotted over with brown patches, where the engine has effected arson. Even furze will not willingly flourish in such an uncomfortable locality. Then you roar through tunnels, the passage of which makes your flesh creep—for you cannot divest yourself of a horrid idea that you may possibly be encountered in the centre of the darkness by an opposing engine, and be pounded into paste by the shock of that terrific tilt; or that a keystone of the arch may give way, and the whole train be buried in the centre of the excavated mountain. Sensual gratification there is none. If you do not condescend to the iniquity of carrying sandwiches along with you—in which case your habiliments are certain to be grievously defiled with buttered crumbs—you are driven by the pangs of sheer hunger into the refreshment-room at some station, and find yourself at the bar of an inferior gin-palace. Very bad is the pork-pie, for which you are charged an exorbitant ransom. Call ye this sherry, my masters? If it be so, commend us for the future to Bucellas. The oranges look well outside, but the moment you have penetrated the rind, you find that they have been boiled and are fozy. Do not indulge in the vain hope that you may venture on a glass of anything hot. Hot enough you will find it with a vengeance; for, the instant that you receive the rummer, the bell is sure to ring, and you must either scald your throat by gulping down two mouthfuls of mahogany-water raised to a temperature which would melt solder, or consign the prepaid potion to the leisure of the attendant Hebe. Smoking is strictly prohibited. Even if you are alone in a carriage, you cannot indulge in that luxury without rendering yourself liable to a fine; and, if your appetite should overcome your prudence, and you should venture to set the law at defiance, before you have inhaled two whiffs, a railway guard appears as if by magic at the window—for those fellows have the scent of the vulture, and can race along the foot-boards as nimbly as a cat along a gutter—and you are ordered to abandon your Havanna. Under such

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circumstances, literature is a poor resource. You read the *Times* twice over, advertisements and all, and then sink into a feverish slumber, from which you are awakened by a demand from a ruffian in blue livery, with a glazed leather belt across his shoulder, for the exhibition of your ticket. Talk of the inconvenience of passports abroad! The Continental system is paradisaical compared with ours. At length, after fingering your watch with an insane desire to accelerate its movement, you run into the ribs of something, which resembles the skeleton of a whale—the train stops—and you know that your journey is at an end. You select your luggage, after having undergone the scrutiny of a member of the police force, who evidently thinks that he has seen you before under circumstances of considerable peculiarity, ensconce yourself in a cab, and drive off, being favoured at the gate of the station by a shower of diminutive pamphlets, purporting to be poetical tributes to the merits of Messrs Moses and Hyams. You have done the distance in twelve hours, but pleasure you have had none.

Mr Francis, who is gifted with no more imagination than an ordinary tortoise, though he asserts the superiority of the hare, begins his book with an exceedingly stupid dissertation upon the difficulties of ancient travel. Broken bridges, impassable quagmires, and ferocious highwaymen constitute leading features in his picture; and, as you read him, you marvel, between your fits of yawning, what manner of men our ancestors must have been to brave so many dangers. Sheer drivel all of it! The old roads were uncommonly good, and the bridges kept in splendid repair from the time they were built by the Romans. Who ever heard of a quagmire on a turnpike? As for a casual encounter with Turpin, Duval, or any other of the minions of the moon, we are decidedly of opinion that such incidents must have added much to the excitement of the journey. A stout fellow, well mounted, usually carried about him both pops and a cutlass, and, if he was cool and collected, might very easily square accounts with the most ardent clerk of St Nicholas. Does Mr Francis really suppose that the author of *Jack Sheppard* likes railway travelling? Not he. Dearer to his soul is a prancing prad upon Hounslow Heath than all the engines that ever whistled along a line. Mount him upon Black Bess, arm him with a brace of barkers, and in the twinkling of an eye there would be daylight through the carcase of the Golden Farmer. Is adventure nothing? Had the road no joys? Are we to consider the whole universe worthless, except those black dots which in the maps represent cities? Was nature made in vain, in order that men might hasten from town to town, at the tail of a shrieking engine, regardless of [742] all the glorious scenery which intervenes? To our taste, the old mode of travelling—nay, the oldest—was infinitely superior to the present sickening system. You rose by times in the morning; took a substantial breakfast of beef and ale—none of your miserable slops—and mounted your horse between your saddle-bags, in time to hear the lark carolling on his earliest flight to heaven. Your way ran through dingle and thicket, along the banks of rivers, skirting magnificent parks, rich in the possession of primeval oaks, under which the deer lay tranquilly and still. You entered a village, stopped at the door of the public-house, and cooled your brow in the foam of the wholesome home-brewed. You dined at mid-day, in some town where the execrable inventions of Arkwright and Watt were unknown; where you encountered only honest, healthy, rosy-cheeked Christians, who went regularly once a-week to church, and identified the devil with the first dissenter—instead of meeting gangs of hollow-eyed lean mechanics, talking radicalism, and discussing the fundamental points of the Charter. You moved through merry England as a man ought to do, who is both content with his own lot and can enjoy the happiness of others. As you saw the sun rising, so you saw him set. The clouds reddened in the west—you heard the sweet carol of the thrush from the coppice, and lingered to catch the melody. The shades of evening grew deeper. The glow-worms lit their tiny lanterns on the bank, the owl flitted past with noiseless wing, the village candles began to appear in the distance; and as you dismounted at the door of your humble inn, and surrendered your weary beast to the hands of the careful hostler, you felt that you were the richer by a day spent in the fresh air and gladsome sunshine, and made happy by all the sounds and sights which are dear to the heart of man.

But this was solitary travelling, and might not suit every one. Well—if you were a little fellow, deficient in pluck, and sorely afraid of robbers, you might have company for the asking. At every large inn on the road there were at least a dozen travellers who, for the sake of security, agreed to journey in company. Was that no fun? Have you anything like it in your modern railways? Just compare your own experiences of a rocket-flight along the Great Western with Chaucer's delineation of his Canterbury pilgrimage, and you will see what you have lost. Nice sort of tales you would elicit either from that beetle-browed Bradford Free-Trader, evidently a dealer in devil's-dust, who is your *vis-à-vis* in the railway carriage; or from that singular specimen of a nun who is ogling you deliberately on the left! Can you associate the story of Palamon and Arcite—can you connect anything which is noble, lofty, inspiriting, humane, or gentle, with a journey made in an express train? If not, so much the worse for the present times. Doubtless you may hear something about Thompson or Bright, but we may be excused if we prefer the mention of the earlier heroes. Also, you may pick up information touching the price of calicoes, or the value of stocks, or the amount of exports of cotton twist—and we wish you much good of all that you get. But, O dear, is that travelling? Would you like to go from London to Ispahan in such company? How long do you think you could stand it? And yet this is the improved system of locomotion for which we are told to be thankful, and in honour of which such weariful volumes as those of Mr Francis are written.

"But, mercy on us!" we hear Mr Francis or some of his backers exclaim—"is it nothing that commercial gentlemen can now make four trips a-day between Manchester and Liverpool, and do a stroke of business on each occasion?" We reply, that it would be better for the said commercial gentlemen, both here and hereafter, if they would content themselves with a more moderate pursuit of Mammon. Happiness in this life does not depend upon the amount of sales effected.

The assistant in the London grocer's shop, who daily ties up a thousand packages of tea and sugar, is not greatly to be envied beyond his brother in the country, who twists the twine around fifty. We have an intense respect for work while kept within wholesome limits; but we cannot regard the man whose sole pursuit is grubbing after gold as otherwise than an ignominious slave. The railways are in one sense excellent things. You can get from point to point, if necessity requires it, much sooner than before, at less cost, and perhaps with less inconvenience. But there the advantage ends. There is no pleasure in them; and, compared with former methods of locomotion, they are decidedly less healthy and less instructive. We decry them not. We only wish to stop the babbling of the blockheads who would have us to believe that, until the steam-engine was invented, this earth was an unendurable waste, a wilderness of barbarians, and an unfit residence for civilised and enlightened man. Would the genius either of Shakspeare or Newton have been greater had they known of the rails? Would the splendour of the reign of Elizabeth have been heightened had Stephenson then existed? [743]

The admiration of Mr Francis for the railway system is so intense as to be purely ludicrous. He considers every man connected with its development—whether as engineer, contractor, or director—as a positive public hero; and this work of his seems intended as a kind of Iliad, to chronicle their several achievements. Since we last met, Mr Francis has been hard at work upon his style. Formerly he went along, pleasantly enough, without any great effort: now he is not satisfied unless he can eclipse Mr Macaulay. He has read the *History of England* to some purpose. Fascinated by the brilliancy of the sketches which the accomplished historian has drawn of the statesmen of the age of William of Orange, Mr Francis thinks he will not do justice to his subject unless he adopts a similar mode of handling. Unfortunately he has no statesmen to celebrate. But he can do quite as well. There are surveyors and contractors by the score, whose portraits in his eyes are just as interesting. Accordingly, we have a repetition of the old scene in the play. A voice without is heard calling, "Francis!" To which summons Francis incontinently replieth, "Anon, anon, sir!" and then—"Enter Poins, Peto, Gadshill, and the rest." No loftier apparition ever comes upon the stage; but we are warned that, in surveying these, we look upon individuals destined in all coming time to occupy a lofty niche in British history. Thus, to quote at random from the index, we have the following entries—"Richard Creed ... his services and character." "Who may this Mr Richard Creed be?" says the unconscious reader; "we never heard of him before!" "Fool!" quoth Francis, "he was THE SECRETARY OF THE LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM LINE! 'On his honesty and integrity,' said Mr Glyn on one occasion emphatically, 'I pin my faith, and you may pin yours also!'" And he adds, referring to an occasion which must have been exceedingly gratifying to the feelings of the recipient—"The testimonial to this gentleman, in 1844, was worthy the munificence of the givers. It is not often that a cheque for two thousand one hundred guineas accompanies an expression of opinion, or that the rich man's praise fructifies into a service of plate." As we contemplate our unadorned sideboard, we acknowledge the truth of this remark; still, we hesitate to exalt Mr Creed to the rank of a hero. Then we light on "Undertakings of Thomas Brassey.... Anecdote concerning him." Mr Brassey is a contractor, eminent no doubt; but so, in his own age, must have been the Roman gentleman who undertook the construction of the Cloaca Maxima, though his name has unfortunately perished. Then appears "Henry Booth.... His services." We trust they were properly acknowledged. Then, "Personal sketches of Mr Locke and Mr Chaplin." We are greatly edified by the *silhouettes*. "Personal sketch of Samuel Morton Peto." We shall try, if possible, not to forget him. Much as Mr Francis has done to perpetuate the memory of these great men, it is plain that his powers have been cramped with the space of two thick octavo volumes. In order to make his Iliad perfect, we ought to have had a catalogue of the chiefs of the navvies. But we must rest satisfied with the acute remark of Herder, that "the burden of the song is infinite, but the powers of the human voice are finite." Mr Francis has done what he can. Creed and Brassey—Brunel and Locke—Chaplin, Peto, and Vignolles, live within his inspired volumes; and we beg to congratulate them on account of that assured immortalisation. They are the salt of the earth. The compilers of traffic-tables have disappeared—the old standing witnesses before committees of the House of Commons are dumb—the young engineering gentlemen, who could do anything they pleased in the way of levelling mountains, are amusing themselves in California or elsewhere—even the mighty counsel, the holders of a hundred briefs, for which, for the most part, they rendered but indifferent service, are unsung. But the others live. In the British Valhalla they are assured of an adequate niche, thanks to Mr Francis, who, as Captain Dangerfield says, is ready to stake his reputation that they are the only men worthy of record in such an enlightened age as our own. [744]

No—we are wrong. The man of all others to be deeply venerated is "George Carr Glyn, Esq., Chairman of the London and North-Western Railway," to whom these volumes are respectfully dedicated. Of Mr Glyn's career as a statesman we know absolutely nothing. We are not even aware to what section of politicians he belongs, so utter is our ignorance of his fame. As we read the pages of Francis, and encountered the continual eulogiums heaped upon this gentleman, we felt remarkably uncomfortable. We could not divest ourselves of the notion that we had been asleep for some quarter of a century, and had therefore missed the opportunity of witnessing the appearance of a new and most brilliant star in the political horizon. About Mr Glyn, Francis has no manner of doubt. He is not only the most sagacious, but the most clever personage extant, for every purpose which can smooth railway difficulties. He is the Ulysses of his line, and can rap Thersites on the sconce, if that cynical fiend should insist upon an awkward question. We really and unaffectedly ask pardon of Mr Glyn, if we mistake him through his eulogist. We have no other means of knowing him; and therefore he must settle the correctness of the following sketch with Mr Francis, who appears as the voluntary artist. If the drawing is to the mind of Mr Glyn, and if it meets his ideas of ethics, we have nothing in the world to say against it, having no interest whatever in the line over which he presides. Hear Francis: "The proper place to see Mr

Glyn is as chairman in that noble room, where, with an earnest multitude around him, with the representative of every class and caste before him—with Jew and Gentile ready to carp at and criticise his statements—he yet moves them at his pleasure, and leads them at his will. And perhaps the ascendency of one man over many is seldom *more agreeably seen* than when, standing before a huge expectant audience, he enlivens the platitudes of one with some light epigrammatic touch, answers another with a clear tabular statement, *or replies to a third with some fallacy so like a fact* that the recipient sits contentedly down, about as wise as he was before." This is, to say the least of it, an equivocal sort of panegyric. We all know what is implied by the term "fallacies" in railway matters, and some of us have suffered in consequence. According to our view, this interchange of fallacies between directors and shareholders is a custom by no means laudable, or to be held in especial repute. In pure matters of business, the less frequently fallacies are resorted to, the better. They are apt, in the long run, to find their way into the balance-sheet—until, as we have seen in some notorious instances, the assumed fact of a clear balance, to be applied by way of dividend, turns out also to be a fallacy. In the case before us, we are willing to believe that Mr Francis is altogether mistaken, and that the statements of Mr Glyn, made in his official capacity, which appeared to the blundering reporter to be fallacies, were in reality stern truths. But what sort of estimate must we form of Mr Francis' moral perception, when we find him selecting such a trait as the subject of especial commendation? He has, however, like most other great men, large sympathies. He does battle in behalf of Mr [745]
Hudson with considerable energy; though, after all, taking his conclusions as legitimate, his defence simply resolves itself into this—that Mr Hudson's conduct was not more blamable than that of others. So be it. We never joined in the wholesale censure directed against the quondam railway monarch, because we knew that the whole tone of the morals of society had been poisoned by the villanous system engendered by railway speculation; and because we saw that many of his accusers, if their own conduct had been sifted, might have been arraigned equally with him at the bar of public opinion. Therefore we have no desire to interfere with the operations of Mr Francis, when he appears with his pot of whitewash. Nay, we wish that the implement were more roomy than it is, and the contents of less questionable purity—for assuredly he has a large surface of wall to cover, if he sets himself seriously to the task of obliterating the traces of past iniquity.

The reader, however, must not suppose that Mr Francis sees nothing to condemn, or that he has not at command thunderbolts of wrath to launch at the heads of offenders. According to him, the most painful feature of the railway system was the rapacity of the owners of the soil in driving hard bargains for their land. As this is a charge which has often been made by men more competent to form an opinion upon any subject than the gentleman whose work we are now reviewing, we shall condescend to notice it. Let us premise however, that, in this matter, the howl is distinctly traceable to the harpies who inveigled the public to join their nefarious schemes, and to advance their capital on the assurance of enormous dividends.

After referring to the negotiations made with landowners by the promoters of the London and Birmingham line, Mr Francis comments as follows:—

> "These things are written with pain, for they display a low tone of moral feeling in that class which, by virtue of inheritance, of birth, and blood, should possess a high and chivalrous sense of honour. The writer is far from wishing to blame those who honestly opposed the rail. The conscientious feeling which prompts a man, even in an unwise action, if mistaken, is at least respectable. There is much to palliate the honest opposition of the landowner. Scenes and spots which are replete with associations of great men and great deeds cannot be pecuniarily paid for. Sites which bear memories more selfish, yet not less real, have no market value. Homes in which boyhood, manhood, and age have been passed, carry recollections which are almost hallowed. Such places cannot be bought and sold; nor are the various prejudices which cling to the country to be overlooked. If the nobleman disliked the destruction of his fine old English park, the yeoman deplored the desecration of his homestead. The one bore its splendid remembrances, the other its affectionate recollections. If the peer hallowed the former for the sake of its royal visits, the farmer cherished the latter for the sake of those who had tilled the land before him. There are fancy spots in this our beautiful England which it would pain the most indifferent to destroy; what then must be the feelings of those who have lived, and only wish to die there?
>
> "It is the trafficker in sympathies, it is the dealer in haunts and homes, at whom the finger of scorn should be pointed. It is the trader in touching recollections, only to be soothed by gold, that should be denounced. It is the peer who made the historic memories of his mansion a plea for replenishing an impoverished estate; it is the farmer who made the sacred associations of home an excuse for receiving treble its value; it is the country gentleman who made his opposition the lever by which he procured the money from the proprietors' pockets, who should be shamed. And a double portion of ignominy must rest upon these, when it is remembered that the money thus immorally obtained is a constant tax on the pleasures of the artisan, on the work of the manufacturer, and on the wages of the railway official."

Mr Francis, it is evident, is fighting hard for his service of plate; but we doubt much whether he will get it. He evidently considers the foregoing passage as a specimen of splendid writing. He is mistaken. It is nothing better than unadulterated drivel. Let us try to extricate, if we can, his argument from this heap of verbiage.

He admits that associations ought to be respected, but he denies that they ought to have been [746]
paid for. What does he mean by this? By whom were the said associations to be respected? By the projectors of the railway companies? Hardly: for those very sympathising gentlemen were precisely the persons who insisted upon running their rails right through park and cottage, and who would have prostrated without remorse the Temple of Jerusalem or the Coliseum, had either edifice stood in their way. What, then, was the value of that respect? Precisely the worth of the tear which stood in the eye of the tender-hearted surveyor. What was the operation of that respect? Not to spare, but if possible to destroy.

In a word, Mr Francis maintains that the railway companies ought to have had their own way in everything, and to have got possession of the land at the lowest conceivable prices. He thinks that, because gentlemen whose property was threatened with invasion, whose privacy it was purposed to destroy, and whose homes were to be rendered untenantable, demanded a high price from the joint-stock trading companies, as an equivalent for the surrender of such privileges, they manifested a "low tone of moral feeling." In fact, so far as we can gather from his language, he puts no value whatever, in a pecuniary sense, upon the associations which he admits to be entitled to respect; and hardly any, if any, upon the score of amenity. He is anything but an Evelyn. An oak, in his eyes, is merely a piece of standing timber to be measured, valued, and paid for according to the current price in the dockyards. The land—no matter of what kind—is to be estimated according to the amount of its yearly return, and handed over without farther question to the enterprising company which demands it. Perhaps Mr Francis may remember a certain passage in sacred history, narrating the particulars of a proposed transfer of ground—the parties being King Ahab on the one hand, and Naboth the Jezreelite on the other? If not, we recommend it to his attention, assuring him that he will find it to contain a very important lesson touching the rights of property. His present argument, if it is worth anything, would go far to vindicate Ahab. He wanted the other man's vineyard because it lay contiguous to his house, and he offered to give him in exchange a better vineyard for it, or an equivalent in money. According to the view maintained by Mr Francis, Naboth was not justified in refusing the offer.

But let us look into this matter a little more closely. On the one hand there is the owner of a property which has been transmitted through a long line of ancestors, and which is now to be intersected and cut up by a projected line of railway. On the other hand there is the company, which cannot progress a step until they have possession of the land. Now let us see what is the nature, and what are the objects of this company. It will not do for Mr Francis or any one else to babble about public advantages, arising from more direct communication between cities or towns of importance. Public advantage may be taken for granted as a result, but upon pure considerations of public advantage no railway whatever was undertaken. It is the commercial speculation of a private company. No man ever took a share in any railway from motives of disinterested philanthropy. He took them because he expected to make a profit by them, to hold them as a safe investment, or finally to sell them for a larger sum than he paid. A condition, and the main one, of the existence of the railway is the possession of the land, and at this point proprietors and speculators join issue. The former do not want the railway. Their wish is to preserve their property undissevered, and to be spared from the spectacle of engines roaring by at all hours of the day and night close to the bottom of the lawn. They very naturally think it a monstrous hardship that the rights of private property should be invaded by private individuals, even though acting upon an incorporated semblance, who are simply seeking their own profit; and they argue that, if the railway was required for public purposes, the government was the proper party to have undertaken its construction. But as, under the existing law, they are liable [747]
to be dragged, session after session, into a ruinous expense to oppose the demands of the capitalists, they wisely determine to make the best arrangement they can, and at all events to secure a full remuneration for the sacrifice. So the Squire, finding that the law is so conceived and modified that any one individual who is possessed of landed property may be compelled to surrender it at the demand of a hundred leagued capitalists, makes a virtue of necessity, and demands a sum corresponding in some degree to the extent of the extorted sacrifice: whereupon the promoters of the railway instantly raise such a howl that you would think somebody was trying to rob *them*, or to take *their* property by force—the case being notoriously the reverse.

Undoubtedly the Squire demands more from the railway company, as compensation for his land, than he could calculate on receiving from a neighbouring proprietor at an ordinary sale. And on what principle, in the majority of cases, does he base his calculation of value? Strictly upon that adopted by the projectors of the line. For instance, a prospectus of a railway is put out, announcing that, after the most careful consideration of district traffic, &c., the clear dividend, after clearing all expenses, must be fifteen per cent per annum to the proprietors. That is the statement of the projectors. Well, then, if such are the prospects of the concern, is it unreasonable that the land, which must be taken for its construction, and which is, in fact, to form the railway, should be valued, less on account of its productiveness, than on account of its adaptation for the peculiar purpose for which it is required? Why is an acre in the centre of a town a hundred times more valuable than an acre in a rural district? Simply because it is required for building, and the value of the land rises in just correspondence to the demand. The subsequent failure or diminution of the railway dividends cannot be made a just article of dittay against the landed proprietors. Fifteen per cent, or ten, as the case might be, was the amount of dividend which the promoters undertook to prove, to the satisfaction of Parliament and the public, as their reasonable expectation. It was part of their case always, and very often the most important part; and if they chose so to commit themselves, they were bound to pay accordingly. Just conceive a body of men addressing an urban proprietor of land, upon which no houses were yet built, in the following terms:—"Sir, we perceive you have an acre and a half of land which

would be very convenient for our purpose. We propose to build a street of houses upon it, and a hotel, from the rents of which we expect to draw fifteen per cent yearly. At present your land yields you little or nothing, and therefore we wish you to dispose of it at its present value. Let us say that just now it is worth to you five pounds a-year: we shall buy it from you at five-and-twenty years' purchase!" We leave to the imagination of the reader the exact terms in which the proprietor would assuredly reply to the propounders of this reasonable request. And yet, where is the difference between the cases? The railway projector tells the landed proprietor that he desires to have his property for the purpose of securing fifteen per cent for his own money: the landed proprietor tells him that he may have the property at a rate corresponding to the advantage which he anticipates. Can anything be fairer? If Mr Francis understood even the simplest elements of political economy—an amount of mental comprehension of which we believe him to be wholly incapable—he ought to know that demand and supply are the leading conditions of price. If there is only one salmon in the London market, it will sell, as it has done before now, at the rate of a-guinea per pound, and it would be obviously unfair to charge the fishmonger with being actuated by "a low tone of moral feeling." He coerces no customer: he simply states his price, and if no one chooses to buy, no one has a right to complain. Our friend Francis seems to labour under the hallucination that everything required for a railway ought to be furnished at [748] prime cost. That the promoters expect fifteen percent is nothing. Nay, even the free-trading rule of selling in the dearest and buying in the cheapest market is to be suspended for their behoof. The seller is to have no option: he must be cheap to them, else he is a moral monster. If, however, the judicious panegyrist of Mr Carr Glyn does not carry his principles quite so far, he lays himself open to the charge of most monstrous inconsistency. During the prevalence of the railway mania, all commodities requisite for their construction rose greatly in value. From iron to railway sleepers—in wood, metal, and everything connected with the making of the lines—there was an enormous enhancement of price. And why? On account of the demand. Was the soil on which that iron and wood was to be laid—the absolute foundation of the railway itself—to be paid for at a meaner rate? Mr Francis seems to think so; and we cannot help honouring him for the candid expression of his opinions, even while we regret the conglomeration of ideas which gave them birth. We are afraid that he has been talked over by some of his acute acquaintances. It is the fashion at railway meetings to attribute all disasters to some other cause than the mismanagement of the directors; and we daresay that Mr Francis has been fully indoctrinated with such opinions. It is not agreeable to meet shareholders with a confession of dwindled dividend. But when imperious circumstances render such a course inevitable, it is convenient to be prepared with some "fallacy" which may help to account for the fact, and to stifle too curious investigation. The readiest scapegoat is the landowner. All accounting with him is past and gone, yet he still can be made to bear the blame for a vast amount of reckless prodigality. He is not there to speak for himself—he has no connection with the company. Therefore, whenever failure must be acknowledged, the onus is cast upon him. Railway orators and railway writers alike conceal the real cause of the disaster, and combine to cast discredit and aspersion upon the gentry of England.

The truth is, that the system of railway management in this country has been, from the beginning to the end, decidedly bad. Each line, as it came into existence, was fostered by quackery and falsehood. The most extravagant representations were used to secure the adhesion of shareholders, and to procure the public support. Rival lines fought each other before the committees with a desperation worthy of the cats of Kilkenny, and enormous expenses and law charges were incurred at the very commencement. No economy whatever was used in the engineering, and no check placed on the engineers. In those days, indeed, an engineer of established reputation was a kind of demigod, whose doctrine, or, at all events, whose charges, it was sinful to challenge. But engineers have their ambition. They like viaducts which will be talked of and admired as splendid achievements of mechanical skill; and the most virtuous of the tribe cannot resist the temptation of a tunnel. Such tastes are natural, but they are fearfully expensive in their indulgence, as the shareholders know to their cost. The remuneration of these gentlemen was monstrous. In the course of a few years most of them realised large fortunes, which is more than can be said for the majority of the men who paid them. So was it with the contractors. Mr Francis tells us of many, "who, beginning life as navigators, have become contractors; who, having saved money, have become 'gangers,' realised capital and formed contracts, first for thousands, and then for hundreds of thousands. These are almost a caste by themselves. They make fortunes, and purchase landed estates. Many a fine property has passed from some improvident possessor to a railway labourer; and some of the most beautiful country seats in England belong to men who trundled the barrow, who delved with the spade, who smote with the pick-axe, and blasted the rock." With such statements before us, it is not difficult to see how the money went. Alas for the shareholders! Poor geese! they little thought how many were to have a pluck at their pinions.

Industry, we freely admit, ought to have its reward; but rewards such as these are beyond the [749] reach of pure industry, as we used formerly to understand the term. These revelations may, however, be of use as indicating the direction in which a great part of the money has gone. We accept them as such, and as illustrations of that profound economy which was practised by the different boards of railway direction throughout the kingdom. Mr Francis, in his laudatory sketches of his favourite heroes, usually takes care to tell us that they are "sprung from the ranks of the people." Of course they are. Where else were they to spring from? Does Mr Francis suppose it to be a popular article of belief that they emerged from the bowels of a steam-engine? What he means, however, is plain enough. Judging from the whole tenor of his book, we take him to be one of those jaundiced persons who, without any intelligible reason beyond class prejudice, are filled with bile and rancour against the aristocracy, and who worship at the shrine of money.

He grudges every farthing that the railway companies were compelled to pay for land; he bows down in reverence before the princely fortunes of the contractors. Every man to his own taste. We cannot truthfully assert that we admire the selection of his idols.

But what is this? We have just lighted upon a passage which compels us, in spite of ourselves, to suspect that our Francis is, at least, a bit of a repudiator, and that he would regard with no unfavourable eye another pluck at the shareholders. Here it is:—

> "The assertion that land and compensation on the line to which Mr Robert Stephenson was engineer, which was estimated at £250,000, amounted to £750,000, appears to call for some additional remark; *and the question which is now proposed is, how far the right is with the railroads to demand, and the passengers to pay an increased fare, in consequence of bargains which, unjust in principle, ought never to have been allowed?* It is now a historic fact that every line in England has cost more than it ought. That in some—where, too, the directors were business men—large sums were improperly paid for land, for compensation, for consequential damages, for fancy prospects, and other unjust demands under various names. These sums being immorally obtained, *is it right that the public should pay the interest on them*? Is it just that the working man should forego his trifling luxury to meet them? Is it fair that the artisan should be deprived of his occasional trip, or that the frequenter of the rail should pay an additional tax?"

Is it fair that anybody should pay anything at all for travelling on the railways? That is the question which must finally be considered, if Mr Francis' preliminary questions are to be entertained. Because some part of the capital of the shareholders may have been needlessly expended, they ought in this view to receive a less amount of interest for the remainder! The silliness of the above passage is so supreme—the ignorance which it displays of the first rules of law and equity, regarding property, is so profound, that it is hardly worth while exposing it. It betrays an obliquity of intellect of which we had not previously suspected even Mr Francis. Pray observe the exquisite serenity with which this important personage opens his case: "The question which is now proposed!" Proposed—and for whose consideration? Not surely for that of the Legislature, for the Legislature has already pronounced judgment. Are the public to take the matter in hand, and decide on the tables of rates? It would seem so. In that case, we might indeed calculate upon travelling cheap, provided the rails were not shut up. But the whole of his remarks are as practically absurd as they are mischievous in doctrine. What right has Jack, Tom, or Harry to question the cost of his conveyance? Are there not, in all conscience, competing lines enough, independent altogether of Parliamentary regulations, to secure the public against being overcharged on the railways? On what authority does Mr Francis assume that a single acre of the land was paid for at an unjust rate? Mr Robert Stephenson's estimate, we take it, has not the authority of gospel. No engineer's estimate has. Their margin is always a large one; and it almost never happens that, when the works are completed, their actual cost is found to correspond with [750] the hypothetical calculation. But the truth is, that the value paid for the land taken by railways is the only item of expense which cannot be justly challenged. The reason is plain. A railway company has in the first instance to prove the preamble of its bill—that is, it must show to the satisfaction of the Legislature that the construction of the work will be attended with public and local advantages. The settlement of the money question, regarding the value of the land, is reserved for the legal tribunals of the country. To complain of the verdicts given is to impugn the course of justice, and to cast discredit on the system of jury trial. Very wisely was it determined that such questions should be so adjudicated, because no reasonable ground of complaint can be left to either party. The decision as to the value of the land, and the amount of compensation which is due, is taken from the hands both of Ahab and Naboth, and their respective engineers and valuators, and intrusted to neutral parties, whose duty it is to see fair play between them.

We have done with this book. It has greatly disappointed us in every respect. As a repertory of facts, or as a history of the railways, it is ill-arranged, meagre, and stupid; and the sketches which it contains are so absurdly conceived, and so clumsily executed, that they entirely fail to enliven the general dulness of the volumes. At the very point which might have been rendered most interesting in the hands of an able and well-instructed writer—the period of the great mania —Mr Francis fails. His pen is not adequate to the task of depicting the rapid occurrences of the day, or the fearful whirl which then agitated the public mind. In short, he is insufferably prosy throughout the first four acts of his drama, and makes a lamentable break-down at the catastrophe. His work will fail to please any portion of the public, except the heroes whose praises he has sung. He has given them sugar, indeed; but, after all, it is a sanded article. We hope they will combine to buy up the edition, and thus fulfil the prophecy of Shakspeare—"Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?" "O Lord, sir! I would it had been two." "I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it." "Anon, anon, sir!"

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FOOTNOTES:

[1] The estimated produce of wheat in these five States in the year 1847 was 38,400,000 bushels.

[2] Quantity of bread-stuffs exported from the whole of the United States, and from the ports of New York and Philadelphia, in the years 1842-46 inclusive:—

	Wheat (bushels.)	Flour (barrels.)	Indian Corn (bushels.)	Indian Corn (Meal barrels.)
United States,	2,691,711	7,048,356	4,764,450	1,199,255
New York	1,985,900	610,944	2,443,733	242,294
Philadelphia,	474,788	1,055,382	677,530	565,682
Total of both ports,	2,460,688	3,666,326	3,121,263	807,976

[3] Comparative statement of the prices, per barrel, of best wheat flour at New York, (taken from the *Monthly Averages*) in 1829-33, and 1844-48:—

FIRST PERIOD.	
1829,	Dr. 6.23
1830,	5.02
1831,	5.84
1832,	5.70
1833,	5.70

Average of five years,	5.69
SECOND PERIOD.	
1844,	Dr. 4.60
1845,	5.00
1846,	5.16
1847,	6.77
1848,	5.83
Average of five years,	5.47

[4] Vol. ii. p. 389.

[5] Vol. i. p. 80.

[6] Total number of registered emigrants for the twenty-one years from 1825 to 1845 inclusive 1,349,476——Average, 64,260
Do. do. *for the five years* 1846 *to* 1850 inclusive, 1,216,557——Average, 243,311

[7] We give this amount as it is usually estimated, although it is certainly far below the truth.

[8] *The American Almanac* for 1851.

[9] See Mr Smee's pamphlet on the Income-Tax.

[10] By the leviathan steamers now building for the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Company. They are calculated to make from sixteen to eighteen miles an hour, which would reduce the sea-going part of the voyage to eight days two hours.

[11] The mere physical pleasure of the upper voyage has been thus described—"No words can convey an idea of the beauty and delightfulness of tropical weather, at least while any breeze from the north is blowing. There is a pleasure in the very act of breathing—a voluptuous consciousness that existence is a blessed thing: the pulse beats high, but calmly; the eye feels expanded; the chest heaves pleasureably, as if air was a delicious draught to thirsty lungs; and the mind takes its colouring and character from sensation. No thought of melancholy ever darkens over us—no painful sense of isolation or of loneliness, as day after day we pass on through silent deserts, upon the silent and solemn river. One seems, as it were, removed into another state of existence; and all the strifes and struggles of that from which we have emerged seem to fade, softened into indistinctness. This is what Homer and Alfred Tennyson knew that the lotus-eaters felt when they tasted of the mysterious tree of this country, and became weary of their wanderings:—

> '——To him the gushing of the wave
> Far, far away, did seem to mourn and rave
> On alien shores: and, if his fellow spake,
> His voice was thin, as voices from the grave!
> And deep asleep he seemed, yet all awake,
> And music in his ears his beating heart did make.'

If the day, with all the tyranny of its sunshine and its innumerable insects, be enjoyable in the tropics, the night is still more so. The stars shine out with diamond brilliancy, and appear as large as if seen through a telescope. Their changing colours, the wake of light they cast upon the water, the distinctness of the milky way, and the splendour, above all, of the evening star, give one the impression of being under a different firmament from that to which we have been accustomed; then the cool delicious airs, with all the strange and stilly sounds they bear from the desert and the forest; the delicate scents they scatter, and the languid breathings with which they make our large white sails appear to pant, as they heave and languish softly over the water."—(*The Crescent and the Cross*, vol. i. p. 210.)

[12] The journey from Cairo across the desert by Suez, or at least thence by Gaza or Sinai to Jerusalem, is performed in the same manner as it was in the days when Eothen, Dr Robinson, and Lord Castlereagh described it. The only difference occurs in the route between Cairo and Suez, which is now performed on wheels in about twelve hours, and, in the course of eighteen months, is expected to be easily accomplished in two hours and a half by railway.

[13] *Kief*: a word difficult to translate, but expressing perfect abandonment to repose; a *dolce far niente* which only Orientals can thoroughly achieve.

[14] The Moslems being water-drinkers, are as curious about their streams as *bons vivans* are about their cellars. One of the Caliphs sent to weigh all the waters in his wide kingdom, and found that of the Euphrates was the lightest.

[15] He was subsequently murdered, A. D. 62.

[16] We must here notice the generosity with which Mr Walpole forbears to enlarge upon any subject in which he might anticipate the works of other travellers. For this reason he passes lightly over this interesting tour in the mountains of Koordistan, and only (to our regret) alludes *en passant* to a tribe of *pastoral* Jews, whom he and Mr Layard met on these mountains, following the spring (as the snows receding left fresh herbage for their flocks) up the mountains. When we consider how rarely pastoral Jews are met with, and that this was the very land wherein the lost ten tribes disappeared, and, moreover, that the elders of these people spoke the Chaldean tongue, we are much disappointed to hear no more of them.

[17] The mystery relating to this community is so great that the laborious Müller, in his twenty-four books, has not attempted to penetrate it. And Gibbon, notwithstanding his acknowledged pleasure in painting scenes of blood, has treated the Order of Assassins

very superficially. Marco Polo is, as usual, the most entertaining of authorities, as far as he goes; but it remained for Joseph Von Hammer to explore the faint vestiges of their strange story with vast and patient research. He has thrown together the results of his labours in a small volume, of great interest.

[18] The Vulture's Nest.

[19] Dais, Refik, and Fedavie.

[20] *De Regionibus Orient.*, lib. i. c. 28.

[21] We do not yet know if any ceremony exists at the naming of the child.

Transcriber's note:

Minor typographical errors have been corrected without note. Irregularities and inconsistencies in the text have been retained as printed (example: Sheffield and Sheffeld).

Mismatched quotes are not fixed if it's not sufficiently clear where the missing quote should be placed.

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