

head or hands, in some fashion or other, since religion and morality, as well as physical law, require work as a duty, obstacles would disappear. And were it likewise accepted as a truth that thus to work is honourable in either sex, whilst idleness is a reproach, the dread of loss of caste could no longer be held up as a bugbear, but, like other phantoms, it would recede as approached, or vanish when the attempt was made to grapple with it.

It may be somewhat wounding to male vanity to hint at another small fact, a fact, nevertheless, as real, and leading likewise to as much unhappiness as the others just quoted. We mean the fact that marriage is too often regarded as "a refuge for the destitute;" that hundreds of women marry simply, and without disguise, for an establishment, the happy husband being merely a something that *must* be accepted along with the house and furniture. The results of such bargain-making are obvious, and require no illustrations from us. Had women a sufficiency assured them, they would marry from higher motives and purer feelings, and thus many elements of discord would be forever banished from the domestic sphere.

Having thus reached the culminating point, that it were well for women to work, we reserve for another paper some of the proposed kinds of employment suggested.

#### "OLD GIB."

WHAT can be more beautiful and striking than the prospect before us as we approach the stern old rock of Gibraltar this fine summer morning, homeward-bound from the East! At first the lofty lands over our steamer's prow look like threatening clouds of some impending tempest; and towering above them, darker and more threatening than the rest, stands the grim and silent sentinel of the Mediterranean. "Old Gib," as our soldiers and sailors familiarly call him, is silent, luckily for ourselves and all others within cannon-shot range; for, were the sleeping monster roused, his bellows would waken up fearful echoes far into the lands of the Moor and the Spaniard, and from its hundreds of mouths would be belched forth flames, destruction, and death.

As we draw nearer "the gut," or strait, things assume a more defined shape; the hills and the lowlands are verdure-clad, and dotted here and there with white spots which represent towns, villages, or country houses. On the African side, the distance only enables us to see the lofty land looming through the haze of heat, and what we see of Gibraltar from this side has nothing enticing. Rising abruptly from the water's edge, the well-laved rocks that girt its base glitter like brilliants in the sun, but above it seems barren desolation, and apparently, save for the sea gull or the cormorant, untenable and uninhabitable. On the very summit of the rock there is, however, something that looks like a broomstick with a rag on the top of it. A telescope deciphers that rag to be "the flag that has braved, for a thousand years, the battle and the breeze."

As we approach Europa Point, the aspect of affairs changes for the better momentarily. A sensible lighthouse, with a body-guard of batteries, gives us some faint conception of what may be expected on closer intimacy. And we pass so close to this point that we can distinctly hear the English voices of some little boys, (the children of the soldiers in garrison,) who, bare-headed and with trowsers tucked up to the knees, are lolling over the bastion and angling for any sport that may be lured by their bait. I am positive I could pitch a ship's biscuit right amongst these young disciples of Walton.

Rounding Europa Point, the strength and the beauty of the place bursts as if by magic upon us; and when we anchor, which we do, rather outside most of the shipping, which floats further down the bay, apart from the unexpected appearances of a really pretty-looking town, with charming villas and gardens, houses scattered here and there and clothing the abrupt sides of the hill from the water's edge to the very summit, we become for the first time aware that the apparently solid rock is but an impregnable hornet's nest, bristling from top to bottom with cannon, and prepared at any given moment to salute a foe, from any quarter, with such an iron shower as never yet a fleet encountered. Yes, depend upon it, if ever Gibraltar be lost, it will be the work of traitors within; and this was once nearly the case, through the harshness and inefficiency of one of the governors.

The formalities of the Quarantine Office having been satisfactorily completed, we will, if you please, jump into one of the boats alongside, and, having landed, make acquaintance with the "salamanders and scorpions," (as those born on the Rock are called,) and see what can be seen in the brief space permitted us to remain. We have no sooner set foot ashore than we are beset, tormented, hustled, and stupified by "touters," clamorous and laudatory on behalf of their various employers. "Club House Hotel? fine large rooms!" "No, sir, Griffiths' best in Gibraltar—*table d'hôte*, sir, cheap!" "Dumoulin's French Hotel—excellent beeftek." "Fonda d'Europa—cheap and airy!" "Parker's Hotel, Calle Real!" "Hi, sir, you; ho, you officesar—my card, sir; you keep him, my card!" Amidst the contending parties, we are conveyed, *sans ceremonie*, into the very heart of the town, till, overcome with heat and fatigue, we flee for refuge into the first hotel we chance to pass. Lolling here by a window that commands a splendid prospect of the bay, a welcome puff of cool breeze from the Atlantic, and a glass of India pale ale, restore us to something like comfort and enjoyment. It is too hot, however, to venture out sight-seeing yet, so we sit and muse, and call to mind as much of the Rock's history as makes the heart of any Briton throb proudly, and foreigners unwillingly confess that Britannia rules the waves.

On July 24th, 1704, during the War of Succession, Gibraltar was captured by Sir George Rooke, who, unexpectedly attacking it, found only eighty men garrisoning the place; and these, we are told, instead of offering any resistance, fell down upon their knees before shrines and relics which then abounded

on the Rock. Sailors spin a yarn about the Rock being captured by Jack tars climbing up a rope thrown across by means of a kite flown. Stronger ropes and chains were then hoisted, by which the tars took up themselves and a cask of rum, which they drank on the summit. Jack's account of the capture, we suspect, is especially intended "for the Marines."

Gibraltar was well known to the ancients, but was never inhabited, unless indeed by the ancestors of the "Town Major," as the commander of the apes is familiarly termed at Gibraltar. And, *à propos* of this matter, having indulged the reader with a fo'castle yarn, I must in justice give way for a barrack one, if only to satisfy the Marines. Many years ago, one of these apes was captured young and brought up in strict discipline—in fact, under martial law. He wore the uniform and performed the duties of a foot sentinel. More than this, he drew his pay, and knew to a nicety what amount he had to receive. Further, he transacted all his marketing business himself, purchasing fruit and bread, upon which he subsisted, and laying down the precise sum their valuation rose to. Where he banked the surplus cash has never been ascertained; but he must have saved a fair amount of money during his honourable career, because he had neither lodgings, rent, nor furniture to pay for. He had, in fact, been educated in a free and easy style amongst the monkeys of "Gib," who live cool and comfortable on the sea-blown cliff, (whilst the garrison and the rest of the population are stewing in pent-up houses and narrow streets,) and are seldom visible to any one, except when severe gales cause them to go to the sheltered side of the Rock. Their appearance and disappearance has led to another "yarn," to wit, that there is a submarine natural tunnel to the African coast.

The ancient history of the Rock is a dim cloud of legend, from the days of Hercules down to the Berber conqueror Tarik, who took it A.D. 711. It is still known to the Moors by the unabbreviated name of Gebel Tarik, or Tarik's Mountain. In 1309, Guzman el Bueno took it from the Moors; but they regained it in 1333, owing to the avaricious and dishonest conduct of the then governor, Vasco Perez de Meyra, who appropriated to private purposes moneys destined for its defences. In 1462, another Guzman finally recovered it, and in 1502, it was incorporated with the Spanish crown. The place was strengthened and fortified by Charles v, in 1552. Cromwell well appreciated the value of such a possession; but even after its capture by Rooke, George I would have given it up at the peace of Utrecht, and the nation thought it an insignificant fort and a useless charge. It was again offered to Spain, if she would refuse to sell Florida to Buonaparte. Mr. Ford, in his "Hand-book of Spain," very happily remarks that "what its real nature is, as regards Spain, will be understood by supposing Portland Island to be in the hands of an enemy. It is a bridle in the mouth of Spain and Barbary. It speaks a language of power, which alone is understood by those cognate nations. The Spaniards never knew the value of this natural fortress until its loss, which wounds their national

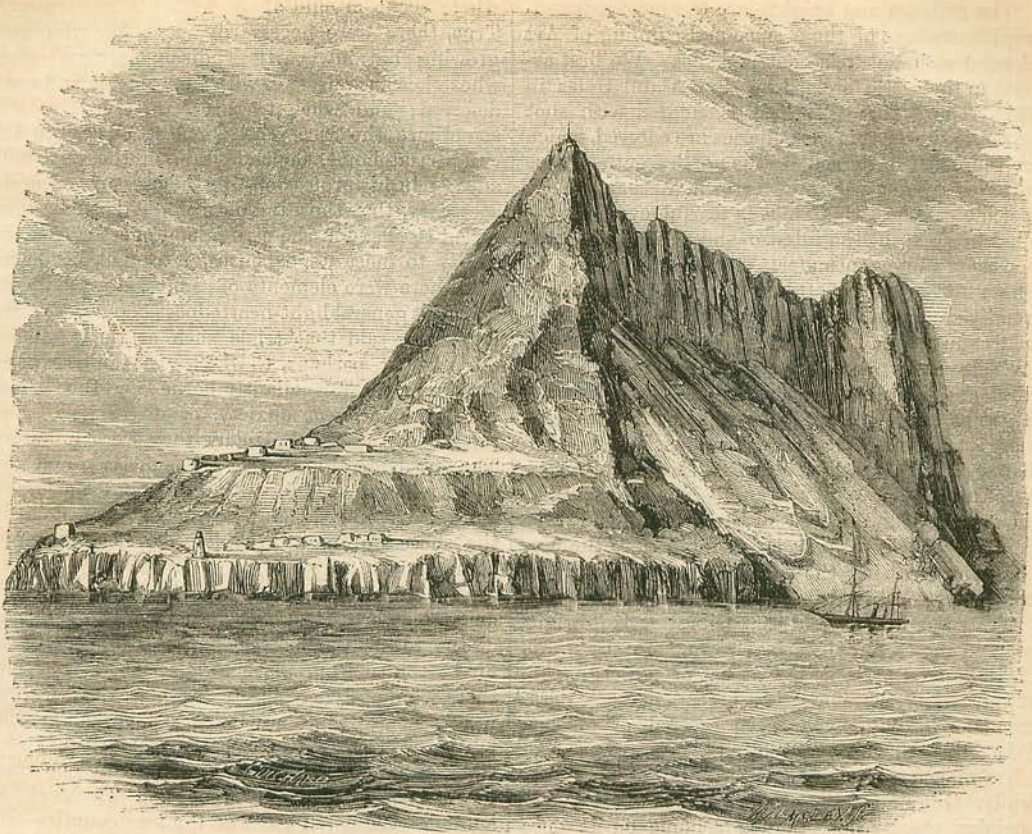
pride, and led Buonaparte, when he found he could not take it, to say that while it opened nothing and shut nothing, our possession of Gibraltar secured for France Spain's hatred of England. Yet Gibraltar, in the hands of England, is a safeguard that Spain never can become quite a French province, or the Mediterranean a French lake. Hence the Bourbons, north of the Pyrenees, have urged their poor kinsmen-tools to make gigantic efforts to pluck out this thorn in their path."

There is no better school in the world for a young officer than the garrison of Gibraltar, which is excessively strict, the fortress being always on a war footing. For this reason, the gates are shut at sunset, and never opened till sunrise, and civilians used to be obliged, after midnight, to carry lanterns; neither is any one allowed out after midnight, except officers, and those passed by them. Foreigners are excluded from residing on the Rock, without some consul or householder becoming surety for their conduct. All these precautions are indispensable to prevent treason, and in dealing with surrounding nations, who are not over particular about their *parole d'honneur*. Permits to reside are granted for ten, fifteen, or twenty days, and military officers have the privilege of introducing a friend for as many as thirty days; consequently, as our time is limited, and the great heat over for the day, we get a guide, and, settling our small bill, sally forth to gratify curiosity. In making this payment, we discover the fraudulent system which exists with regard to the currency system, which is a terrible confusion between English, Spanish, and half-bred local coins, so that the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself would go demented if he had many dealings with the "salamanders and scorpions."

The finest sight for a civilian, and the first we visit at Gibraltar, is the garrison library, planned by Colonel Drinkwater in 1793, and completed by Mr. Pitt, at public expense. Besides newspapers and periodicals, we have here a well-selected collection of some 20,000 volumes. It commands a magnificent view of the bay and Africa.

Issuing forth from the library, we are soon swallowed up in the vortex of varied costumes and dialects. Little Snookebeak the grocer, from Clerkenwell, (the red bristles on whose upper lip are obstinate, and *won't* create a moustache,) is perfectly bewildered by sights and sounds around him. The dirty-looking date merchant from Timbuctoo, seated in unpleasant proximity to him, positively smells of the sun (with a sprinkling of garlic), and is decidedly tropical—in costume, face, complexion, manners, cleanliness, and dialect. But we must not be hard upon the Seid, or his sand-stained beard; amongst a dirty population of migratory foreigners, the Jews decidedly carry off the palm—as they do in all eastern countries.

With very few exceptions, the streets of Gibraltar are abominably close and narrow, and the houses exquisitely unwholesome; they are, in short, a hot-bed of disease and vermin, and this state of affairs surely might be remedied. With the refraction of a fiery sun upon a blazing rock, and no thoroughfare for heaven's congenial breezes; with loathsome



GIBRALTAR ROCK, AS SEEN ON ENTERING THE STRAITS FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN.

gases, bottled up as it were all around you; there is nothing to be surprised at when we hear that Gibraltar has its own particular fever—a fatal one, and one that baffles the best medical skill.

The Main or Waterport Street is full of shops and taverns, every door surmounted by lions and Britannias. Bomb House Lane and Horse Barrack Lane are miserable affairs. The principal square is the Commercial; and here are situated all the best hotels and the Public Exchange, which is decorated with a bust of General Don—perhaps the best governor and greatest benefactor of the Rock. Hereabouts we have a chance of encountering many of the females, whose out-o'-door costume is peculiar, being a red cloak and hood edged with black velvet. The women are decidedly pretty.

But now for what really constitutes the intrinsic worth of this one key to the Mediterranean. Beginning at the Land Port, we walk to the head of the Devil's Tongue Battery; visit the Fish Market, with a capital assortment of the finny tribe; then follow the Sea or Line Wall to the King's Bastion, close to the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Bishop Tomlinson's Church, where repose the remains of General Don, "the Augustus of the Rock," which he strengthened and embellished. On this King's Bastion stood our gallant Elliott, when, upon the 13th September, 1783, Monsieur d'Arçon's *invincible* floating batteries (after a four years' siege by France and Spain) were brought into play. According to

his theory, they could neither be burnt, sunk, nor taken—all which feats, however, a few Englishmen speedily accomplished, and Charles x, then Comte d'Artois, who had posted down from Paris to have glory thrust upon him, went back exclaiming, "La batterie la plus effective fut ma batterie de cuisine!"

Passing out of the South Port by the gate and walls built by Charles v, we get into the Alameda or Esplanade, which from a burning desert General Don converted in 1814 into a delightful garden. Here the band plays and the ladies assemble. This part of the fortress has been lately much strengthened, and can defy attacks from armed steamers. A very formidable work, called the Victoria Battery, has been sunk on the glacis. Prince Albert's, and the Snake in the Grass, are also very formidable, the first extending from the Orange to the King's, the other in an irregular zigzag. In the upper regions are the gardens and Ragged Staff Stairs and Jumping Battery, where, before the new works were erected, the weakest point existed, and where gallant Rooke landed. Ascending Scud Hill, with Windmill Hill above it, the New Mole and the Dockyard below, is the shelving bay of Rosia; near which is the Naval Hospital, situate in the healthiest and coolest position on the rock. Water, excepting from artificial tanks (the most reputed amongst which are those left by the Moors), is scarce; but provisions are abundant and cheap, owing to the circumstance of there being no duty levied.

The galleries and heights are the most astounding illustrations of the science and cunning of Art blended with Nature's contributions. We first ascend to the castle erected by Abu Abdul Hafez in 725. The "Torre Mocha" is riddled with shot marks, and near this the galleries are entered, which are tunnelled in tiers along the north front. These batteries are *not* a show of terror more than reality, as some suppose, though it is fearful even for the mind to grasp at the intense and deafening sensation these subterranean forts must create upon those whose duty it is to attend to them. At the extremity are magnificent saloons: that of Lord Cornwallis and the Hall of St. George, where the immortal Nelson was feasted. Nelson dearly loved the Rock, and in proof thereof wished that half the town might be burnt down, to make room for better and more salubrious edifices. Next we pass into "Willis' Battery:" the flats which overhang the precipice were once called "The Wolf's Leap." Now we ascend to the "Rock Gun," placed on the north of the three points. The signal post is central. Here the preparations for firing the evening gun warn us to be off, and get on board before the gates are closed.

Truly has it been said that Gibraltar is a bright pearl in the Ocean Queen's Crown. In the words of Edmund Burke, it is "a post of power, a post of superiority, of connection, of commerce." Tremendous bastions have been erected at Europa Point, Ragged Staff, and near the Alameda. And what makes me proud as I write is to know that whilst Gibraltar is a scourge to intriguers and enemies, charity finds herself a home on its once barren rocks; and Jew, Christian, or Gentile—the refugees from Morocco—have found a good Samaritan in the present governor. Yet it is best that strangers should be scarce.\*

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WESTERN CIRCUIT.

MANY things—railways especially—have materially changed the Circuit since I first joined it. Then we assembled usually in nearly our full number, at Winchester, and continued together till the close in Somersetshire. Our number somewhat diminished in Cornwall. The facilities which railways afford make the attendance somewhat less regular, and in consequence the moral influence of the body on its members is much diminished. We met usually in high spirits, and there was much excitement on the whole round. Those who were in full business were not the least merry or regular at the Circuit Mess. There were the aspirants, men who were beginning to rise into notice—full of hope and interest. There were the very young men—young at least according to legal calculation, for whom the novelty of the life and the business in court were in themselves a continual treat; who found in watching the proceedings, or the displays of eloquence and skill in the leaders, or of learning in the juniors, both instruction and amusement—to whom the mere novelty and strangeness of the

whole scene around them were pleasure enough. True, there were necessarily some few who were growing old in heartless disappointment—some whose hearts were sick with hopes again and again deferred; and when to this was added—as was sometimes the case—the thought of a wife and children at home, dependent upon the husband's success in his profession—or the pressure of means so scanty, that the candidate might soon be compelled to abandon the struggle altogether from inability to meet its expenses, it cannot be denied that there were elements of sadness to qualify the apparent general light-heartedness of our body. But it must be said that trials such as these—among the severest, perhaps, to which men can be exposed—were in general gallantly borne; and the feelings of disappointment, anxiety, or distress so nobly concealed, that to the many they were unknown. The few sympathised with the sufferers, and rendered whatever comfort, kindness, and encouragement could afford; and not a little was done by the successful men in this way, as opportunity afforded.

Our circuit, in respect of the country we travelled over, was very interesting. Besides the character of the towns themselves, and the beauty of the direct routes from place to place, at every point there were off-lying objects and places to which we wandered as time and leisure allowed, in small parties. The Isle of Wight, Weymouth, Lyme, Sidmouth, and Exmouth; Plymouth by one route into Cornwall, or the Moor and Tavistock by another—the north coast of the two counties—the Quantock and Cheddar; all these, in turn, a circuiter might hope to visit in the course of this or that circuit. I have alluded to the expense. This was certainly to not a few a serious inconvenience. Indeed, it was not untruly considered that the whole body of circuiters spent in the several counties more money than was received in them.

"Our circuit" was a somewhat stately affair. The judges did not post, but travelled with sober haste, drawn by their own four-in-hand. The barristers posted or rode. It was an understood rule not to travel from place to place in any public conveyance. The "leaders" always had their private carriages, and some of them their saddle horses also. Our mess was rather an expensive one, and we had our own cellar of wine at each circuit town. This was under the care of our "wine treasurer," and a van, with four horses, attended us, under the superintendence of our baggage master. These were our two circuit officers; two of our own number, upon whose arrangements we depended much for our comforts, and to whom we looked on our "grand day," which we always kept at Dorchester, not merely for an account of their own departments, but also for the formal introduction of new members, and an account, generally given with much point and humour, of preferments, promotions, marriage, and any other incidents which might have befallen any of the members since the last circuit—"offences" these, as we called them, always expiated by contributions to the "wine fund." The leader of the circuit was the barrister highest in rank. He was expected to

\* For other papers on Gibraltar, with views, see Nos. 152, 308, 309.