

At the outward angle formed by this cave with the preceding one, is to be seen a nearly circular aperture of about 1½ foot diameter, which leads to a cavern yet unexplored, the extent whereof is not known with any certainty, but conjecture and supposition will have it to extend 2 arpents; an astonishing distance as a natural subterraneous passage. Summing the lengths of the several caves above-mentioned together, we have a total distance of 195 feet of subterraneity in the solid rock, offering a beautiful roof of chrystallized sulphuric acid of lime, carved as it were by the hand of art, and exhibiting at once the sublimity of nature, and the mastery of the all-powerful Architect of the universe.

THE CONVICT.

To the south of Fort Cumberland, on the Hampshire coast, rises a little knoll of ground, from which the adjacent landscape assumes the most picturesque appearance. On one side, a gloomy morass dimly blackens the distant horizon; but to the right of the fort, the gently swelling hills that stretch along the sea-coast, assume fainter tints as they recede from the view, till at last they terminate in the deep blue ocean; beyond, at the very verge of distance, stands the gibbet on which the unhappy convicts were executed. It is situated on a bleak desolate moor; and as the mouldering remnants of the victims of justice swing loosely in the gale, or drop piecemeal on the earth, the sea-birds scream around the spot, anxious for their prey, and presenting an image of unrelieved horror. When the day is stormy, the dark waves dash against the hills, the sea-fog rolls down their sides, and the artificial knoll of earth is wet with the spray that foams around it with resistless energy. The eye of the passing stranger is then perhaps attracted to the spot; for when the lowlands are partially inundated, it rears its blue summits from the surrounding ocean. It is interesting to his feelings, from its utter desolation; but becomes sacred to his memory while he listens to the tale of sorrow connected with it, which we have often heard in our infancy, and can never wholly obliterate.

About thirty years ago, a young man, with an aged grandmother, and her son, came to reside at a trifling distance from Fort Cumberland; they took up their abode at a small cottage in the neighbourhood, and principally depended for subsistence on the precarious occupation of fishing. They had once been respectable tradesmen at Portsmouth; but a variety of unforeseen circumstances had reduced them to poverty, and compelled them to seek the security of solitude. For a few months after their arrival, the encouragement they received from the fort, where they daily carried their baskets of fish, had restored them to comparative tranquillity, when the unusual violence of some equinoctial gales dashed their little fishing smack against the adjacent rocks, and rendered their humble occupation at once dangerous and profitless. To increase, if possible, their misery, the old lady, and the father of the young man, languished in the