

The body of one of these adventurous men is even now rotting in the bowels of the mountain, preyed upon by its blind and noisome worms."

At the entrance of St. Michael's Cave, we bade adieu to our old soldier guide, and made our way to O'Hara's Tower. On this, the very highest point of the rock, there are the lightning-struck walls of a round tower, erected by a former Governor of Gibraltar, of that name. Our party amused themselves rolling stones from this height down the mountain's side. We descended to Europa Point by steps cut in the rock, called the "Mediterranean steps," from being on the eastern face of the mountain and fronting that sea. We passed round by the Governor's Cottage and got back to the Hotel, about five o'clock p. m. after a journey over the entire rock, consuming upwards of seven hours.

A few days after this I joined another party to visit St. Martin's Cave. Its mouth is on the south face of the rock looking at the African shore. The features are similar to those of St. Michael's, but not on so grand a scale.

Monkeys are said to be numerous on the mountain, but I saw none of them. They remain chiefly on the inaccessible side of the rock, and only come to the town side, when a Levanter (as an east wind is called there) is blowing. I observed considerable numbers of goats playing about, and climbing among the precipices. What certain-footed animals they are, to be sure! I noticed them quite at their ease, on the face of the sharpest acclivities. They find sufficient foothold, it would seem, on the rough face of the rock.

Campbell, in one of his splendid lyrics, has sung,

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep,—
Her march is on the mountain wave
Her home is on the deep,

But it will be admitted, if, as the Poet has sung, Britannia needs them not, she takes especial care to have them, and Gibraltar is only one of numerous strong evidences of this care.

[The remainder of this article will appear in the next number.]

GEMS FROM THE OLD POETS.

HERRICK, ON HIS GREY HAIRS.

Fly me not, though I be grey;
Lady, this I know you'll say,
Better look the roses red
When with white commingled.
Black your hairs are, mine are white;
This begets the more delight
When things meet most opposite;
As in pictures we desirey
Venus standing Vulcan by.

TO

BY W.

Dear ***** still the same you see
This heart—as when first bared to view,
So fondly, wholly given to thee—
Was, is, and ever must be true.

For all must love thee who behold,
Then marvel not that I adore thee;
Ah! ***** deem not earth can hold
A fonder heart than bows before thee.

When first I saw thee, gentle, kind,
In life's all cloudless morn I found thee,
With all that heart to heart could bind,
And all thy sex's charms around thee.

Thy beaming eye and sunny smile
In fancy's visions shone before me,
And hopes that could all cares beguile,
In dreams of bliss came stealing o'er me.

For then I saw thee by my side,
(In dreams our fate was linked for ever)
My lovely, loved, and loving Bride!
Beyond the power of fate to sever.

Yet oft my thoughts would sadly roam
With hope's glad ray no longer beaming
And ah! dark clouds of care would come,
Across the sunshine of my dreaming.

For oh! such thoughts were fraught with woe
My bosom's transports darkly gliding,
To think no kindred flame might glow,
Like mine, thy heart and soul pervading.

For oft with cold and distant mien,
And look no hope for me revealing,
Thou'dst turn away, nor seem to deign
One kindly glance of kindred feeling.

Ah! ***** why such cold distrust?
For though to me no hope were given,
I'd love thee still, till dust to dust,
Should yield this fleeting soul to heaven.

And here or there—alive or dead—
Pray God to shower—with care paternal—
All mortal blessings on thy head,
And last—make thine His home eternal!

B —, April, 1815.

AN ENIGMATICAL ACROSTIC:

IN ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA PUBLISHED IN THE "GARLAND"
APRIL, 1815.

Though dark your Enigma—its gloom I'll dispel,
Having measured its depth, which I find is an ell.
Each blush must possess it on beauty's fair cheek;
Love claims its assistance before it can speak.
E'en sages in wisdom would fall far behind it,
The fool in the midst of his folly would find it.
The beginning of lies, and the end of all evil,
Eternal connexion it claims with the devil.
Rejected from Heaven, it ever must dwell,
Like Satan himself, at the bottom of Hell.

Allanburgh, April 20.

A. J.