

out tremendous difficulty, might be sealed. The mere wind of one of these huge guns would be sufficient to topple over a thousand men. What sensations of dread and horror must be awakened in the breast of a foe when this hollow rock, in the day of siege, emits its flame, smoke, and thundering wind from a thousand yawning holes; horror, not inferior to that felt by the peasant of the neighbourhood when Mongibello belches forth from all its orifices, its sulphurous fires."

It struck me very forcibly as I passed the rocky galleries, so graphically described in the preceding quotation, that were I a gunner, I should greatly prefer an open battery to these granite-cased passages. I suspect there would not be half the risk from the enemy's shot, as from the concussion of a cannonade tumbling the rock on one's head. Besides, what an atmosphere one would breathe in these confined galleries after an hour's firing!

Having emerged from within the stony ribs of the mountain, we found ourselves about two-thirds the distance to the summit, and toiled up the zig-zag path until we attained it. It was the North Point; the pinnacle of a perpendicular precipice 1400 feet high. We overlooked Spain to a vast extent. The Alpujara mountains bounded our vision, but the plains seemed to be at our feet with their towns and hamlets. The Bay was on one side, the vast Mediterranean on the other. To the south were the Straits and Africa; Mount Abyla reared its hoary head, and Ceuta and Tangier could be discerned on the coast.

At this great altitude there is a battery, but as our guide, an artilleryman, observed, it was more for curiosity than use. A short time previously, the electric fluid struck it, and did considerable injury to the platforms and gun-carriages.

We turned our steps to the south, and continued along the crest of the mountain till we reached the Signal House. From this spot, signals communicate with the Garrison below. In war-time it must be an invaluable post. The enemy can conceal nothing from an observer perched on these heights. A sergeant and three artillerymen were stationed here, and had very comfortable quarters. We were asked to put our names in a register, and in glancing over the list, I found people from all parts of the world had been here. There were a great many names of American Officers belonging to the squadron our Republican neighbours constantly keep in the Mediterranean. There were also names of French Officers, from their army in Spain, and, what struck me as peculiar, the names of the private soldiers who accompanied them were inscribed. The private soldiers of our army would not dream of inscribing their

names in a Register of the sort, after those of their officers, but the genius of the two nations will account for the contrast.

One name interested me not a little; it was thus inscribed: "Major A. Gordon Laing, Royal African Corps, on an expedition to the interior of Africa." Poor fellow, he went, and soon shared the fate of the hundreds who had preceded him. He was murdered far in the interior. What a thing is this thirst for fame! Death only can quench it. Experience has shown that it is almost certain death to attempt discoveries in Africa, yet almost annually, some brave fellow persists in hoping for success. And all this is to obtain a name!—to be famous! I looked at the writing of poor Laing with melancholy interest.

At the Signal House we exchanged our guide for an old veteran gunner, who had fought at Talavera and Vittoria. There is much to fascinate in the modest conversation of a sturdy old soldier, who has stared death in the face a thousand times. It inspires one with respect to gaze upon a man who has no fear of the gaunt old monarch, and such evidently was the grey-headed veteran who piloted us to the celebrated St. Michael's Cave. The entrance to this far-famed cavern is about eleven hundred feet above the sea. Many pillars of stone have been formed in it by the dropping of water, which has petrified. When one has penetrated as far as prudence authorizes, without a light, and looks back towards the entrance, he sees pillars, columns, and stalactites pendant from the roof, through the gloom of the cave. Some are scarcely distinguishable; on others the rays of light fall more abundantly, and beyond all, he sees the clear day-light of the entrance. "It is very dangerous," says the writer already quoted, "to enter this place without a guide well acquainted with it; as besides the black pit at the extremity, holes which have never been fathomed present themselves here and there, falling into which the adventurer would be dashed to pieces. Numerous have been the individuals who have ventured down to immense depths, hoping to discover an end; and indeed, scarcely a week passes without attempts being made by officers or soldiers of the garrison. No termination has ever been reached, nor any discoveries made to repay the frightful danger incurred. Indeed, from what I have heard, I have come to the opinion that the whole hill of Gibraltar is honey-combed, and I have little doubt that, were it chiselled asunder, its interior would be found full of such abysses of Erebus as those to which St Michael's Cave conducts. Only a few weeks before my visit, two sergeants—brothers—perished in the gulph on the right hand side of the cave, having, when at a great depth, slipped down a precipice.