

For this world-wide survey we shall draw from all possible resources, and illustrate with the best available help by pen and pencil. We shall go round the world with the Union Jack and trace its victories by land and sea—and, most of all, the moral conquests of which the brave old flag is the symbol in every land.

Our first paper will be devoted to the rock fortress of Gibraltar which holds the key of the Mediterranean, the ancient Gates of Gades or Pillars of Hercules. For the graphic description of this "Key of Empire," we are indebted chiefly to the accomplished writer, H. D. Traill; the American editor, Rev. Dr. Henry Field, and to various other standard authorities.

The "Pillars of Hercules!" The portals of the ancient world!

As our gallant vessel steams onward through the rapidly narrowing Straits, the eye falls upon a picturesque irregular cluster of buildings on the Spanish shore, wherefrom juts forth a rocky tongue of land surmounted by a tower. It is the Pharos of Tarifa, and in another half-hour we are close enough to distinguish the exact outlines of the ancient and famous city named after Tarif Ibn Malek, the first Berber Sheikh who landed in Spain, and itself, it is said—though some etymologists look askance at the derivation—the name-mother of a word which is little less terrible to the modern trader than was this pirates' nest to his predecessor of old times. The arms of Tarifa are a castle on waves, with a key at the window, and the device is not unaptly symbolical of her mediæval history, when her possessors played janitors of the Strait, and merrily levied blackmail—the irregular *tariff* of those days—upon any vessel which desired to pass.

There "dawns Gibraltar grand and gay." It dawns upon us in all its Titanic majesty of outline; grand, of course, with the grandeur of nature, and yet with a certain strange

air of human menace as of some piece of Atlantean ordnance planted and pointed by the hand of man. This "armamental" appearance of the rock—a look visible, or at any rate imaginable in it, long before we have approached it closely enough to discern its actual fortifications, still less its artillery—is much enhanced by the dead flatness of the land from which its western wall arises sheer, and with which by consequence it seems to have no closer physical connection than has a gun-carriage with the parade ground on which it stands.

As we draw nearer this effect increases in intensity. The surrounding country seems to sink and recede around it, and the rock appears to tower ever higher and higher, and to survey the strait and the two continents divided by it with a more and more formidable frown.

As we approach the port, however, this impression gives place to another, and the rock, losing somewhat of its "natural-fortress" air, begins to assume that resemblance to a couchant lion which has been so often noticed in it. His head is distinctly turned towards Spain, and what is more, he has a foot stretched out towards the mainland, as though in token of his mighty grasp upon the soil.

At last, however, we are in the harbour, and are about to land. To land! How little does that phrase convey to the inexperienced in sea travel, or to those whose voyages have begun and ended in stepping from a landing-stage on to a gangway, and from a gangway on to a deck, and *vice versa*? And how much does it mean for him to whom it comes fraught with recollections of steep descents, of heaving seas, of tossing cock-boats, perhaps of dripping garments, certainly of swindling boatmen?

Perhaps, however, no Englishman ought to grudge a high payment