

Flemish household," or the Castle of Hoogmoet as a Belgian gentleman's "eighty country house."

For such a visitor the tour of the renowned fortifications will be the great event of the visit. Being furnished with the necessary authorization from the proper military authorities (for he will be reminded at every turn of the strict martial discipline under which he lives), he will proceed to ascend the Rock, making his first halt at a building which in all probability he will often before this have gazed upon and wondered at from below. This is the Moorish Castle, the first object to catch the eye of the newcomer as he steps ashore at the Mole, and looks up at the houses that clamber up the western slope of the Rock. Their ascending tiers are dominated by this battlemented pile, and it is from the level on which it stands that one enters the famous galleries of the castle. The castle is one of the oldest Moorish buildings in Spain, the Arabs legend over the south gate crediting it to have been built in 723 by Abu-Abul-Hajaj. Its principal tower, the Torre del Homenaje, is riddled with shot marks, the scars left behind it by the ever-memorable siege. The galleries, which are tumbled in tiers along the north front of the Rock, are from two to three miles in extent. At one extremity they widen out into the spacious crypt known as the Hall of St. George, in which Nelson was fringed. No arches support these galleries, they are simply born from the solid rock, and pierced every dozen yards or so by port-holes, through each of which the black muzzle of a gun looks forth upon the Spanish mainland. They front the north, these grim watchdogs. Artillery in position implies the possibility of regular siege operations, followed perhaps by an assault from the quarter which the guns command, but though the Spanish threw up elaborate works on the neutral ground in the second year of the great siege, neither then nor at any other time has an assault on the Rock from its northern side been contemplated. Yet it has been "surprised" from its eastern side, which looks almost equally inaccessible and further on in his tour of exploration, the visitor will come upon traces of that unprecedented and unannounced exploit. After having duly inspected the galleries, he will ascend to the Signal Tower, the spot at which leucous fires were wont on occasion to be kindled. It is not quite the highest point of the Rock, but the view from it is one of the most imposing in the world.

A little farther on is the true highest point of the Rock, 1,200 feet, and yet a little farther, after a descent of a few feet, we come upon the tower known as "Mara's Folly, from which also the view is magnificent and which marks the southernmost point of the ridge. It was built by an officer of that name as a watch-tower, from which to observe the movements of the Spanish fleet at Cadix, which, even across the cape as the crow flies, is distant some fifty or sixty miles. The extent, however, of the outlook which it actually commanded has probably never been tested, certainly not with modern optical appliances, as it was struck by lightning soon after its completion. Retracing his steps to the northern end of the height, the visitor will do well to survey the scene from here once more before descending to inspect the fortifications of the coast line. Far beneath him,



THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR

looking landward, lies the fat sandy part of the isthmus, cut just where its neck begins to widen by the British lines. Beyond these, again, extends the zone, some half mile in breadth, of the neutral ground; while yet further inland, the eye lights upon a broken and irregular line of earthworks, marking the limit, politically speaking, of Spanish soil. These are the most notable, perhaps the only surviving, relic of the great siege. In the third year of that desperate league—it was in 1781—the Spaniards having tried in vain, since June, 1779, to starve out the garrison, resorted to the idea of bombarding the town into surrender, and threw up across the neutral ground the great earthworks of which only these ruins remain. They had reason, indeed, to resort to extraordinary efforts. Twice within these twenty-four months had they reduced the town to the most dreadful straits of hunger, and twice had it been relieved by English fleets. In January, 1780, when the English Admiral Rodney appeared in the straits with his priceless freight of food, the entire inhabitants were feeding on thistles and wild onions; the hind quarter of an Algerian sheep was selling for seven pounds ten, and an English milk cow for fifty guineas. In the Spring of 1781, when Admiral Darby relieved them for the second time, the price of "bad ship's biscuits fell of vermin"—says Captain John Drakewater, an actor in the scenes which he has recorded—was a shilling a pound; "old dried peas, a shilling and fourpence; salt, half dirt, the sweepings of ships' bottoms and storerooms, eightpence; and English farthing candles sixpence apiece." These terrific privations having failed to break the indomitable spirit of the besieged, bombardment had, before

allied, were bayoneted at their posts, the guns were spiked, and the batteries themselves set on fire with blazing fagots prepared for the purpose. In an hour the flames had gained such strength as to be inextinguishable, and General Elliot drew off his forces and retreated to the town, the last sound to greet their ears, as they re-entered the gates being the roar of the explosion of the enemy's magazines. For four days the camp continued to burn, and when the fire had exhausted itself for want of materials, the work of laborious months lay in ruins, and the results of a vast military outlay were scattered to the winds. It was the last serious attack made against the garrison by the Spaniards from the landward side. The fiercest and most furious struggle of the long siege took place on the shore and waters to the west.

And so after all it is to the "line-wall"—to that formidable bulwark of masonry and gun-metal which



THE MOORISH CASTLE



A STREET IN GIBRALTAR

fringe the town of Gibraltar from the Old Mole to Roca Bay—that one terms as to the chief attraction, from the historical point of view, of the mighty fortress. For two full miles it runs, zig-zagging along the indicated coast, and broken here and there by water-gate or bastion, famous in military story. Here, so we were taught from the Old Mole, is the renowned King's Bastion. Next comes Ragged

