

mass of stone and earth, and finding its way into a hollow in the centre of this gloomy amphitheatre formed a pool, whence it flowed with a faint murmur down the rougher part of the defile, which having past, it continued on with a noiseless and less rapid current. The *tout ensemble* of this little spot seemed peculiarly adapted to the residence of some unearthly being. I was however, much dissatisfied that my investigatory project should be suddenly arrested, and consequently rendered futile.—All farther progress was prevented, except by climbing up the overhanging precipices that frowned darkly around it—an attempt an antipode alone could succeed in.—Satisfied of this, I was about to retrace my steps in doubt and vexation, when the searching enquiry of my Indian friend, in prying around the place for the purpose of finding the lair of an Otter whose track he had perceived—discovered a passage which was concealed by the jutting point of a rock, and the brushwood and wild vines that clung in profusion about it. We soon penetrated into this, and a partial development of the hitherto inexplicable mystery broke in upon me.

After scrambling for a few yards through a pass scarcely wide enough to admit a man, and which was nearly choked up with a briery underwood, we emerged into an open space, into which the sun shone without obstruction, giving it a light and pleasing appearance contrasted with the gloom we had just quitted. Its sides shot perpendicularly up to a vast height, and their ruggedness was something softened by various creeping plants and shrubs which grew from them. The most remarkable—I might say, the strangely interesting object which met the eye in this hidden recess, was a log-cottage in