

Arab host, whose cry was and yet is, "There is but one God and Mohammed is his Prophet." They came with the Koran in one hand and the sword in the other; they conquered and they converted. The sword is the most convincing of arguments; a missionary, there is no disputing with. And long previous to the Hejira, the Ostrogoth, after subduing Hispania, reached these shores. He beheld Africa, the Roman provinces, once the Carthaginian; he, too, crossed these waters to overrun new countries. Multitudinous memories such as these, rose up before me as I paced the deck, and gazed on the distant shores.

Tangier on the Moorish coast, and Tarifa on the Spanish, are the first towns of the Old World that meet the eye. As we were in mid channel, and the gut not more than twenty miles wide, the spy-glass brought them under view distinctly. The houses in this part of the world are chiefly white, and are thus rendered very conspicuous. A popular writer describing the appearance of Tangier, says, "it shows like a white dove brooding on its nest." Though these opposite shores, are inhabited by beings formed after God's own image, yet is there no resemblance between them, but their common form. Each would consider it meritorious in the sight of God to destroy the other; each is disturbed at the presence of the other. The Mohammedan gnashes his teeth when he sees a Christian, ejaculates the name of Allah, and utters no kindlier expression than, "Thou Christian Dog!" The Catholic Spaniard, on the other hand, crosses himself at sight of the turbaned Moor, and indulges in some equally complimentary expression.

Tarifa is a walled town. There is an island in front of it, on which is a light-house. Tarifa is one of the hundred names emblazoned on the colors of British Regiments. A force from Gibraltar occupied it during the war of Napoleon, and defended it against some very fierce assaults.

The word "tariff," so familiar among merchants, is derived from the name of this small town. When the Moors held it, they exacted duties on merchandize passing through the straits; and these being levied here, the name of the town was applied, in the course of time, to the scale of duties.

The coasts of the two continents are lofty. The breeze and current soon brought us in sight of the celebrated Pillars of Hercules, as two mountains, one on each coast, nearly opposite each other, are denominated. The highest pillar is the African. Its Roman name, Mons Abyla; the Moors call it *Gibel Muza*, or the hill of Muza; as they term the Rock of Gibraltar, *Gibel Tarick*, or the hill of Tarick. Muza, it seems, was a holy man, or marabout, whose bones lie in the hill; Tarick

was a warrior, and seized the rock. Gibraltar is derived from those two Moorish words. Its Latin name is Mons Calpe. Apes Hill is the name we English have given to the African mountain from the circumstance of there being a multitude of those animals on it. A writer thus describes it:—"Gibel Muza is an immense shapeless mass, a wilderness of rocks, with here and there, a few trees and shrubs nodding from the clefts of its precipices; it is uninhabited, save by wolves, wild-swine, and chattering monkeys,—on which last account it is called by the Spaniards, *Montana de las Monas*, (the hill of the Baboons); whilst, on the contrary, Gibraltar, not to speak of the strange city which covers part of it—its city inhabited by men of all nations and tongues,—its batteries and excavations, all of them miracles of art, is the most singular looking mountain in the world—a mountain which can neither be described by pen nor pencil, and at which the eye is never satisfied with gazing. It lies like a huge monster stretching far into the brine."

In an hour or two more, we rounded Cabrita Point, and entering the Bay of Gibraltar, were shortly at anchor in front of the town. The mate of the vessel, seeing me surveying the Rock attentively, observed, "people say it looks like a lion." I must confess it had not reminded me of the resemblance to the monarch of the woods, but after hearing the mate's observation, it did appear to me, (in the words of the writer just quoted) that, "if it resembles any animal object in nature, it certainly has something of the appearance of a terrible couchant lion, whose stupendous head menaces Spain. Had I been dreaming, I should almost have concluded it to be the Genius of Africa, in the shape of its most puissant monster, who had bounded over the Sea from the clime of sand and sun, bent on the destruction of the rival continent, more especially as the hue of its stony sides, its crest and chine, is tawny even as that of the desert king." History has shown that we have a Lion's hold of it, and as the Lion is the crest of England, there could not be a more fitting resemblance.

A Pratique boat soon visited us, and we were at liberty to land; but it was then late; after "gun-fire," to adopt the phraseology of the Rock, when the gates are closed, and ingress and egress denied, save to persons having passes. "Gun-fire" is a frequent mode of calculating time at Gibraltar. "I will call on you after gun-fire," or, "it must be done before gun-fire," and such like expressions, are commonly heard. The morning and evening guns are fired from the signal-house; and, where does the reader suppose the signal-house to be? On the height of the mountain, some fourteen hundred feet above the Sea! The