

whom the office of cicerone must ever be most irksome and wearying ; or the traveller must leave a place, where, perhaps, he has resided many weeks, knowing little more of what may not have met his eye, than the person who has never been there.

To relieve from such inconvenience the visitors who are tempted to see the Rock of Gibraltar, becoming every day more numerous, is the object of the writer of the following pages.

This little book aspires to no rank as a literary work, nor has any claim to such appellation. The author while employing his leisure hours, believed