

answered with a complacent smile by the Gibraltarian, that here no Custom House exists. But the place, I mean, where our baggage will be examined? With yet greater surprise, the stranger learns there is no examination on entering Gibraltar; that he may carry with him on shore the whole contents of the vessel if he pleases, and embark them again to-morrow without a question being asked; that no duty is payable on goods of any sort, and consequently no examination nor inquiry; that Gibraltar is a *free port* in the utmost extent of the term; and that if it were not so, the bay would be deserted,—the annual number of vessels anchoring there, be reduced from 2000 to 100, carrying merely supplies for the few inhabitants that would remain,—that salt junk and potatoes would again be the fare of the garrison,—and that the daily march of the guards through the main street, would not prevent the grass overspreading it.