

passage inclined slightly inwards, and after a few paces forward, with the body curved in the uncomfortable form of a capital C, we arrived in a spacious gallery cut into a succession of arches, the centre of which was six feet high. A small window, about three feet by two, was cut through the rock to admit light and air, from which I could with a rifle have completely commanded the glen below and the approach to the left. There was no ledge beneath the window, but simply the sheer precipice of the smooth cliff, and there was no other approach to this extraordinary place of refuge except that by which we had arrived. The gallery was neatly cut, and extended for an unknown distance: several other galleries, arched in the same manner and of the same size, branched off at right angles with that we had entered. I was led to a well, which was represented as being deep, and was informed that the hill was perforated with similar galleries, all of which communicated with each other. I much regretted that we were unprovided with candles; one of the Turks lighted a match, but it only served to increase the uncertainty of the surrounding darkness.

This must be a similar cave-refuge to that we had passed about four miles distant when on our way from Lithrankomi to Gallibornū, and it deserves a minute investigation. As I could see nothing beyond about thirty feet from the window, owing to the darkness, I cannot give any account of the actual dimensions, which may be much inferior to the unlimited descriptions of my informants. Upon my return to camp I had the benefit of my interpreter, and the story was repeated that no one knew the extent of the excavations, either of these galleries or those we had passed during our