

is a black silk scarf, worn over the head like a veil, but gathered in on one side, so as not to eclipse the starry eyes which it seems always endeavoring to cloud over. The old aristocracy, proud and poor, form a society among themselves, to which the English are seldom admitted. Nothing can be more melancholy-looking than the high-walled enclosures scattered over the island, in which they maintain their exclusiveness and *morgue* in not undignified poverty.

Valetta is the most warlike-looking town in the world; the glitter of uniforms is never out of your eyes, the blast of the bugle and the roll of the drum are never out of your ear. The citizens have their only walks upon ramparts, their drives along covered ways, and their very gardens are in the fosses; instead of curbstones there are old cannon; and, if you want to dismount, you tie your horse's bridle to an anchor. The Grand Harbor is crowded with stately ships of war, among which, gaily painted boats, with high prows quaintly carved, are perpetually darting.

After visiting the handsome and well-furnished library and the armory, I ascended one of the flat roofs, to obtain a view of the island. It is like a heap of limestones broken by the roadside for Macadamizing purposes, with here and there a bit of something green in their interstices; nevertheless, the islanders contrive to squeeze wine, and corn, and oil, out of the sticks and stones that here represent the trees and fields of other countries. After taking a bird's-eye view of the rock, I rode to Citta Vecchia, to inspect that ancient seat of the Order, and the neighboring catacombs. We passed over, and through fortifications of extraordinary strength, to form which, excavations have been made in the solid rock, that dwarf the boasted Catacombs of Rome. The pretty gardens of Florian partly shelter the open space between these and the outer line of fortifications.

Thence we passed through what would be the dreariest country I ever beheld, but for the brilliant sunshine always smiling over it. Scarcely a particle of vegetation shaded the brown, burning rock. Almost all the soil upon the island has been brought from Sicily, and is retained in little trays or shelves of terraces, built up with dull grey stones. We rode by the side