



PALERMO,
February 4th, 1814.

BY some ill luck, my dearest mother, the packet that arrived here on the 10th January, thirty days from Falmouth, brought me no letters from you or any one else, thus the latest date I have received from you is the 31st of October—an age ago. Another packet came in three days back, but as Lord Wm. Bentinck sailed the preceding evening for Naples (to whom I conceive my letters are under cover), I must wait either his return or that of some vessel ere I can have the satisfaction of hearing from you. I must, however, now tell you that the two first letters you wrote me in August and September, 1812 (Nos. 1 and 2) have at last found me—how, Heaven only knows!

Captain Mowbray, of the "Repulse," who arrived the other day from Mahon, received them from Lieutenant St. John, of the "Revenge" (Charles's friend, who, by the way, I am happy to hear, is appointed to Admiral Legge's ship), and this is all I know of these long-lost letters. Would to Heaven that all the others may some time or other reach me thus! I assure you they gave me great satisfaction, notwithstanding their old dates. Some persons to whom they alluded of course called up my feelings a good deal, and made me shed tears. Some amiable traits of dear Harriet brought back her loss to my heart with all its bitterness. Dear angelic cousin! where shall I ever find so amiable a friend again! but I will not proceed.
..... But indeed I am much happier now, and have lately gone on in society quite comfortably. I have found great pleasure in the quiet society of the Dashwoods, whom I like better every day; she is an amiable little creature. I am so angry with myself for having weakly suffered you to think me so unhappy. I would fain now persuade you to be comfortable about me; indeed, indeed, I am quite another person from what I was a week or two back. I really now enjoy

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myself very tolerably, and I trust that the tour of this island will amuse me and quite restore my happiness. Herbert is plaguing poor Clive a great deal, which keeps us here at present, and may yet detain us some weeks. It grieves us to remain here wasting so much time, but this evil is not without its good, for the weather has been miserable, and is likely to continue so all this month and part of March, and the roads are nearly, if not quite, impassable from the heavy rains, so that our journey at present would be quite a penance; yet I confess I grudge the time I lose at this stupid place instead of spending it at home, where I know your affection wishes for my return. I am getting on in the meantime with my Italian, but am sorry to find that my fears about Spanish were too well grounded. Already I bungle and find great difficulty in speaking the latter, while at the same time it confounds my Italian. What would I not give to speak French, Italian, and Spanish well! but I despair of it, my head is not clear enough; however, I hope I shall always be able to read them, and that will be something. I hope you have got my Spanish music from John, and the shawls from Bob Spencer. I was astonished to see John's arrival in England about

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three weeks after he left us at Mahon—he *flew* home, on what wings I know not, but I suppose on those of political ambition. I saw by the same paper that William was appointed an A.D.C. to Lord Wellington. I have received a letter from Pelham written so long ago as the 8th of December; it is in answer to mine from Mahon, and, finally, puts me quite at ease about not getting home to him. . . . Don't let what I have said of Herbert go beyond yourselves. Clive has still some hopes of getting him away, but I confess *I* have none. His tie at present here is the Princess Butera. What a hard thing it is to be linked to a person for whom I have scarcely a grain of feeling left! yet I feel sincerely for Lord and Lady Pembroke, who are miserable about him, and will do my utmost to save him. . . . You can't think how hurt poor Clive is. Pelham has received the books Clive sent him, which went (or ought to have done so) from Gibraltar by the same conveyance as John's and mine,—his were for Lord Holland. It is a most cruel case losing them. I have a letter from Fraser of the 22nd January, in which he tells me he has made every inquiry of his people, who say that what things did not go with our servant to Alicante in the "Mermaid,"

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Captain Dunn (viz., our travelling baggage), went home to England in the "Tortoise" store ship, as I wrote you word from Mahon. He says there is nothing of ours left in the dockyard store-room. The only way I can account for it is as follows:—the moment we left Gibraltar we all went with Fraser to look over our things in the store-room there; we wrote directions for our three boxes of books (as likewise John for a box of segars) on cards, and nailed them lightly on. Fraser promised us that these directions should be painted on the boxes; now, if he forgot this, John's cards and mine may have been knocked off and Clive's not, and thus, while Pelham's arrived safe, ours may be still on board or in the Custom House without a direction, and therefore unclaimed. Mine is a deal box about three feet long and two wide, with thongs of hide nailed round it. If there is such a one unclaimed and it could be opened, some of the books, if not all, have my name in them, and it could be thus discovered. John's box of books is much like mine, I believe. My journals are a cruel loss. In one of the papers by the last packet I hear my father is said to have gone over to Lord Clancarty in Holland. I am delighted to hear it. He

will be much interested, and if he is gone (as I suppose he is) only for a short time, I can't help hoping he has taken Henry with him. Dear Hal! what a pleasure it would be to him.

I am very sorry to hear of all these militia regiments volunteering; I hope the Shropshire¹ has been wiser. Heavens! are not our exertions in the common cause great enough already, without endangering our Constitution thus? Have we not a larger proportion of men fighting compared with our population than any other nation; besides paying the expenses of Europe? Surely the successes of the allies have overturned steady John Bull's head; you cannot think how frightened I am at home politics; you would laugh to see me such a strenuous oppositionist. Now is the time for your Whitbreads to be of real use to their country in setting up popular cries, and they seem to be struck dumb and quite stupefied by the wonderful successes on the Continent;—even there again, I have a hundred doubts and fears—I am suspicious of Austria. I am sure she is not well inclined

¹ Lord Bradford commanded the Shropshire militia.

to the general good ; depend upon it she will prove ambitious and unjust. Oh ! for the death of that arch-fiend Bonaparte ! then, indeed, my fears would in a great measure subside. I have written some of my *new* politics to my Aunt Bath,¹ whose surprise I expect you will hear.

February 5th.—Nothing yet from Naples ; but I must get my letters ready. I have really nothing to tell you about ourselves ; we continue dining with the persons I named in my last letter, and our evenings pass at the opera or at Prince Butera's ; lately, however, we have had some dances at General Gosselin's, Mrs. Vaughan's, and Douglas's,—generally it is the English country dance, with sometimes a reel, a little waltzing, and a bad quadrille. I don't find the Sicilians improve on acquaintance in any way ; a little Spanish woman, wife of the Chargé-d'affaires, beats them all hollow—the pretty, graceful little figure is quite a pleasure to look at here, but her husband is so jealous of her that he never lets her show herself ; I have only seen her twice, at the Princess Butera's and at Douglas's. The Princess

¹ Isabella, Marchioness of Bath.

Paterno, a very famed Sicilian, has been a very fine woman, but she is passed. Our weather lately has been wretchedly cold and damp. News from Naples is anxiously expected. I believe half the English here will remove there the moment it is open to them. The expedition remains in *statu quo*; they expect to garrison some Neapolitan towns as a security for the treaty. Mrs. Cadogan and Lady Louisa were here for a long while; they went to Trieste a short time before our arrival, and are now, I believe, at Vienna. I understand they write that it is a most stupid place. I really believe we travellers think all places stupid while we are at them. You have no idea of Lady Louisa's popularity here; the whole army to a man are in love with her. I found that I committed treason by saying her figure was not good; she is thought the most beautiful, as well as the most charming of beings; she accompanied Mrs. Dashwood in her tour of the island, and she seems to have formed a very just opinion of her—she is certainly a clever creature, and lays herself out to please.

February 10th.—Contrary winds have prevented the packet from coming round from Malta, and in the

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mean time Lord William has returned from Naples—he came on the 8th, and I had yesterday the satisfaction, my dearest mother, of receiving your letters, Nos. 34, 35, and 36, from the 13th November to the 27th December. I am cruelly disappointed to find that Charles has again returned to England unpromoted. Your anxiety about Orlando must have continued some days after you closed your letter to me; the gazette, I think, was in the paper of the 30th; those brought by the last packet reach fortunately to the 31st, so that I had the satisfaction of looking over the list of killed and wounded. This by-the-bye reminds me of the battles of the preceding month; in the list of which I was sorry to see that both Mortimer and Meyrick were wounded—the former, poor fellow! I think, was severely so—I shall be anxious to hear more of him from you; I wonder you did not mention him in your letter from Longleat. Do not for an instant suppose, my beloved mother, that when I say I wonder at this, or at your not having acknowledged my letter from Madrid, I am capable of meaning a reproach—good heavens! how far otherwise! I am surprised, and most grateful to you for writing so much and so fully as you do. A thousand, thou-

sand thanks for these last three letters, and for the almanack, which is a great treasure, and I looked forward to its arrival with pleasure, for I knew you would send me one. You enclose letters from dear Lucy and Henry, give him my love and many thanks ; if I have time before the packet sails, I will write to him ; I have written to Lucy, therefore I send no message to her. No, my dear mother, I have not been able to take the sacrament ; I believe it was administered here on Christmas day, but I only landed the preceding day, and I was ignorant of our having a chapel here till it was too late ; I have, however, had the satisfaction of going to church every Sunday, and after so long a deprivation, you cannot think how great a one it is. Lord William has made a treaty with Murat, as you will know ; the English may now go to Naples, and the Dashwoods, Orby Hunters, Lord Frederick Montague, and Stourton, will all go when opportunities offer ; Clive and I may, perhaps, run over to look at it for three or four days, if any one offers to take us. Herbert is kept in leading-strings by Princess Butera. I thought you were mistaken about the wine, which was with Clive's—I did not expect it to go home even by the same ship ; I am glad my

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father's has arrived safe, and I hope it will prove as good as it promised to be. I believe Costello, from whom I got it, is an honest man. The arrival of my books, too, is a real jubilee to me ; you will be sadly bored with my journal ; I wish I could point out to you the interesting parts to read—three-fourths of it must be *very tiresome*. I have written to Fraser to tell him of their arrival, and I hope my letter will find him in England. I wish my father may have been able to find General Trant ; his kindness to us was very great. Alas ! I was right in fearing that the melancholy style of some of my letters would give you pain ; I have been weak, but I will try to be more firm. Your last letters contain a great deal about dear, dear Harriet ; but I will not allow myself to comment upon them—I am now quite convinced that nothing does me so much harm as allowing myself to write all my feelings on that melancholy subject, the violence of them having considerably abated, I have more command over myself, and will endeavour to use that command. You say my letters lately have given you but little description of the country, &c., I have seen ; but, in truth, though other subjects may in a great measure have occupied my thoughts,

and conduced to my silence on such subjects, yet I assure you I have seen little worth noticing, compared to the time that has elapsed since we were at Madrid. At Valencia, certainly, there was much to interest, particularly in the high cultivation of that district, and this I think I described; so I did the beautiful country we rode through to the north of Majorca; at Mahon, God knows there is nothing that deserves one line of remarks, neither do I see much here to amuse or interest; however, perhaps I do not find interest in what some months ago would have occupied my mind considerably; but since I left Castille I have not met with any interesting *people*, and this is what always delights me. How you would enjoy the Madrillanians! I am glad the shawls are arrived safe, and I hope you will like them. I must have expressed myself ill about the music; that which I sent from Mahon I got copied at Madrid, feeling how uncertain it was whether the gay Isnardi would think any more about his promise of sending you some from Cadiz. How fortunate Robert Gunning is to go out with Lord Clancarty as his secretary. John was very wrong to tell my father I was the worse for my travels—but I suppose you won't believe *me*. Clive

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is writing you a letter, and I hope he will meet with more credit. We are both as anxious as ever to see Greece, notwithstanding the events on the continent, and feeling that never was any one more deceived than you have been by my mischievous cousin. I hope I may consider myself at liberty to pursue my travels there, as your request is only made on the supposition that I am suffering from them; but I promise you, that should I feel the worse for travelling in Greece, I will go no farther than Athens. I wish I may be able to persuade Clive to substitute Germany for that stupid country Russia. Clive has got some Sicilian agates for my Aunt Bath, and both he and I have bought collections of agates and marbles for ourselves—many of the former are beautiful; they will go home with John's servant. I shall likewise send by him the Spanish chain I have bought for Lucy, also another box of Spanish books bought at Valencia, and a few Italian from hence, as well as the print of Guzman the Good, with some maps and plans. I have bought here two necklaces made of a sort of shell, and cut in imitation of cameos; they are poor things, not worth their cost, but I am fond of anything peculiar to a country; they make them also at

Rome, and they say much better. Lord William Bentinck expects Lady William next month; I hear she has been unwell, which is partly the cause of her returning to this warmer climate.

I have written such a long letter that I shall say little more on politics. I look forward to peace, if made now with Bonaparte, as the death-warrant of Europe; I am ashamed of our having treated with Murat; he cannot but be a Frenchman in heart, and we shall suffer for it. The revolution in Holland does not go on as I could wish. I am convinced there is a strong French party, and if we make peace with that fiend Bonaparte, one of the first events of the next war would be the recovery of that country. Oh that the spirit of poor Moreau could rise and prevent the mad policy of Austria from taking effect! Clive, Dashwood, and myself, went on such a wild shooting scheme the other day that I am ashamed to give you an account of it,—we were rightly served for our folly by having no sport. We started immediately from Mrs. Vaughan's ball, went near twenty miles, part of the way in a carriage and the rest on horseback; we began to shoot at daylight, and left off at one o'clock, about nine miles from this place, from whence we

walked home to dinner ; the last three miles it rained torrents, and we were drenched, besides being completely knocked up. We went in the carriage to a villa of Prince Butera's at Bagheria, where we breakfasted, and the night being very dark we proceeded by torch-light to the Chasse, about ten miles from the villa, on miserable horses, over mountains and roads unfit for human beings. At the Chasse we had about thirty men on foot (twelve of whom had guns, which was a hard thing upon us) and twenty dogs of all descriptions ; we beat along the sides of a small river, and saw only a very few woodcocks and two snipes ; Clive had but two shots and he killed his woodcock and snipe ; Dashwood missed a woodcock, and I killed one, the only shot I got ; the other twelve guns killed two woodcocks and some unhappy blackbirds and thrushes, larks, &c., which they considered fine fun, and were astonished we did not fire at them. Our sally forth from Villa Butera by torch-light in a night dark as chaos, accompanied by all these people (shouting like savages) and dogs, was the only amusing part of our day ; the badness of the road, however, soon made us tire of this, and we were from half-past four till half-past eight reaching the river.

Adieu, my dearest mother, &c., &c.

We dined yesterday at the Prince Villafranca's; he is one of the Secretaries of State, and a very good-natured man. They talk of his going as Minister to England next spring. He and the princess, though young, are both uncommonly fat. She is one of the very few Sicilian wives whose character is good, and there are people who deny it to her. The Prince of Belmonte, who has always been considered as England's best friend here, appears to me to be the *proudest courtier* I ever saw. I mean these words to be understood in the fullest sense; his manners are so French, and there is something in them and in his countenance so deceitful, that I am persuaded he hates us in his heart most cordially. Few of the Sicilians see much of the English, and I believe we are very unpopular among the higher orders.

The perfect ignorance in which Lord William contrives to keep everybody here is quite extraordinary, and it is a great merit; but he has one failing, viz., partiality to foreigners, which he carries to an excess. There is a certain Catanelli on the staff of the Italian Levey who has immense weight with him. I believe he has talent, but he makes himself very obnoxious to the English in various ways, and gives himself in-

tolerable airs. He is supposed to be the planner of all these expeditions, by the last of which we seem to have made ourselves ridiculous enough. The navy make a high joke of it. In short, I confess I think the English have several just causes of complaint of this sort, which I lament, because Lord William's character stands so high in all other respects. Surely after all Lord Wellington has performed with British generals, engineers, &c., &c., it is hard to prefer foreigners to them. What a bloody, but what a glorious campaign this has been all over Europe! on what a pinnacle of glory does Great Britain stand! The English are said to be the proudest people on earth, but they have a *right* to be so. Oh for an historian worthy of recording to posterity the events of the few last years! But are we not in the midst of this good fortune forgetting our liberties and honour? Our treaty with Sweden has sullied the latter, and these strange Militia Bills are very like resigning the former. I am not in England, where the general feeling is on fire from the late glorious successes; I am in a mean, enslaved little island of the Mediterranean, where I am more at liberty to reflect coolly upon what passes in that Queen of the Atlantic, that

champion of universal liberty, to which, thanks inexpressible to the Great Creator, I have the happiness and glory to belong. They say that the Hereditary Prince of Sicily would not sign the treaty with Murat, which took Lord William over to Naples. I am sorry our Government will have anything to do with him.





PALERMO,
March 2nd, 1814.

HAVE little to say to you, my dear mother, this post, and hardly a moment for that—the packet sails in a few hours; it arrived yesterday from Malta; that from England, due a week ago, is not yet come in. Lord William and the first division of the expedition sailed on the 28th ult. We have had incessant rain for the last six weeks, but it is fine to-day, and rather promises to continue so. Clive and I begin our tour of Sicily to-morrow morning. I can say nothing of Herbert, but I neither expect nor hope he will go with us. I enclose a memorandum of the things I send home by John Russell's servant. I hope he will get my chain and necklaces safe to Heaton's. I foolishly

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never thought of taking a memorandum of the contents of my box of books from Gibraltar, and I was equally thoughtless about that which I packed up at Valencia, and now I don't think it worth while to unpack it in order to take one. You shall have a full account of our tour from Messina ; perhaps I may be able to write from Syracuse or Catania. My spirits are wonderfully better ; I am more indebted to the Dashwoods than I can describe ; there cannot be two more amiable beings, and their kindness to me has been excessive ; she is really a most superior creature, and would suit you particularly. I have some hopes of meeting them again. The state of affairs in Italy is so uncertain, and so unpleasant, that it is most desirable they should not go there at present. The Orby Hunters have been at Naples some time, and we hear they are most uncomfortable, and very anxious to be back here. The Dashwoods have just thought of a plan which I hope they may execute : it is, to go almost immediately by sea to Messina, where Mrs. Dashwood would see Lady Sonnes,¹ whom she is very fond of, and she might either remain with her

¹ Sondes.

while Dashwood went to see Syracuse, which he missed in his tour, or, if the weather was fine, she might accompany him there by sea. From Messina they think of going to Zante, and by the Gulf of Lepanto to Athens; afterwards by the Adriatic to Vienna, before they go to Italy. The plan seems to me a delightful one, and very practicable, and it is of consequence that she should not remain at Palermo, which decidedly disagrees with her. Lord William has pledged himself to the ministers here to be back for the meeting of their new parliament early in April; it is quite absurd to see what babies they all are without him.

God bless you, my beloved parents,

&c., &c.





GIRGENTI,
March 15th, 1814.

I WILL write you a short letter, my dear mother, from hence, although I am quite uncertain where I may be able to send it from, but having a little leisure time this evening, I can't employ it better than in writing to the best of mothers. We did not leave Palermo till the 4th, as our mules and horses did not appear on the morning of the 3rd until so late, that we feared not being able to accomplish the day's journey; our first and fourth days were rather bad and rainy, but the rest have been fine; owing, however, to the long and heavy rains that had previously fallen incessantly for many weeks, we found the roads (which are only horse paths at best), in such a deep and almost im-

passable state as an Englishman at home is really incapable of conceiving. Rivers, properly speaking, do not exist in Sicily, but we found the rivulets (very few of which have bridges) so swelled, deep, and rapid, as to be nearly dangerous. Between Trapani and Marsala we travelled miles together across flooded rivulets, with a deep, tenacious mud at bottom, and the water so thick and rapid that you could not see the bottom, and suddenly changing from being shallow to a great depth. That day two of the baggage mules fell in the water, and my bed, John Cobb's, the cantine, and some other things, were completely soaked ; we were obliged to stay a day at Marsala to dry them, which we fortunately succeeded completely in doing as it proved a very fine one—and a fine day in these countries is what you hardly know, unless you saw it in the south of France when you were there. We have generally gone to the locandas (or inns as they are intended to be) in Sicily, and the one we were at in Marsala was a good one of its kind, but yet the bed they made up for me the first night was so bad and so filthy that I could not sleep, and the next night I slept in my own ; though that very morning the mattress and every part of it was as wet as if it had

just been taken out of a river—and such is a Mediterranean sun, that I found it perfectly dry. From Marsala to this place we met with no particular accident, the River Platani, between Sciacca and Girgenti, was still so deep and rapid on the 11th, that we were forced to have men with strong poles to go through with us, and show us the ford, and that was the first day it had been passable for months—no small good fortune on our parts! We were to have proceeded again this morning on our journey, but it rained such torrents that we were obliged to defer proceeding till to-morrow; we were called at half-past five for that purpose, and you will hardly suppose it possible that it should be necessary to rise at that hour to perform a journey of eighteen miles. I will now return to Palermo, and tell you our days' journeys: on the 4th instant we went to Alcamo, thirty-one miles, but most of it good road; on the 5th we intended to reach Trapani, thirty miles, but were soon undeceived, and were obliged to stop at a farm-house half way, where we had the good fortune of being invited by a Sicilian, who happened to be travelling that road, and knew its possessor, otherwise we might have slept on the hills; our muleteers

wanted to cheat us finely ; on coming to the first ford, we found it impassable, and they declared there was no other, nor a bridge, on the whole river—however, we found this to be a lie, from our above-mentioned friend, who conducted us through some vineyards knee-deep in mud, to a bridge about two miles lower down. We went out of our road a little that day to see the Temple of Segeste, all the columns of which, thirty-six in number, with its entablature and pediments remain perfect ; it is of the Doric order, as are all the temples in Sicily, and its columns not fluted—its situation is fine, and commands an extensive view, with the Bay of Castellamare to the north. Only think of these fifteen miles taking us eight hours ! On the 6th we reached Trapani (fifteen miles farther) easily. Monte San Giuliano, just above Trapani, was the ancient Eryx—but not a vestige of the town or of the famous Temple of Venus remains ; it is a fine, bold, insulated mountain (though not equal to Monte Pellegrino, near Palermo), and has a village at the top with the remains of a very large Saracenic castle. At Trapani is a famous coral fishery—I bought some of the coral, but I don't think its colour is good. Marsala was our next day, eighteen miles, which the

mules were eleven hours going; there is nothing picturesque or fine in this promontory—all this western part of Sicily is low and flat, and cultivated with corn and vines, with few trees; at Marsala there are some very extensive and extraordinary caves, parts of which are now used for making gunpowder; they extend miles, opening at short intervals to the air; they are all excavated by man, and indeed by some of the very early inhabitants of Sicily, they variously say by the Sicani, Siculi, and Phœnicians, possibly it might be the Saracens. On the 9th we went to Castel Vetrano, an ugly old town, but with a rich plain below it towards the south-east. This day's journey was twenty-four miles, and easily performed. On the 10th we went twenty-four miles further to Sciacca; Clive and I, however, went round to see the ruins of Selinuntum, eight miles from Castel Vetrano, close to the sea; there are the ruins of six temples, which have been thrown down by a violent earthquake—not one column now stands entire, but the greater part are discoverable on the ground, at least of the larger temples; many stones from the smaller ones have been carried away for building. The five smaller temples were all with

fluted columns (the other, which was immense, and dedicated to Jupiter, had but very few fluted columns), some persons think therefore, from so odd a mixture, that it never was finished ; altogether these ruins are very interesting ; at present the spot (which then was so flourishing) is dreary and desolate—we saw no living creature, nor heard any sound but that of the sea. Sciacca is a fine old town, and its situation and surrounding country beautiful ; the ground very varied and full of almond, caroba, and olive trees, and the sea view very extensive. Near the town rises a rocky mountain called the San Calogero ; at its summit are some very extraordinary grottos, which are natural vapour baths ; they have been used medically ever since the time of Dædalus, who is said to have discovered them, and by whose name they are called ; a hot wind is continually rushing to the mouth of the grotto, which instantly covers any one approaching it with moisture all over ; we found the heat 92° ; the air is quite powerful, and the cause whence it may proceed invisible. Near these grottos rises a hot sulphureous spring, which by a natural channel under ground supplies some ancient baths an immense distance below ; the heat of this water is $130\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$; this

is generally ascribed as the cause of the hot damp wind from the grottos, but Denon (who gives a very just and long account of this phenomenon) observes that there is no smell whatever in this hot air, which there would be if it was sulphureous—the fact is true that there is no smell! At Sciacca we were lodged in an Augustine convent, to the prior of which we had a letter; we were very well treated by him. From Sciacca we were two days coming here, without anything remarkable but the River Platani, that I have before mentioned. On the 11th instant we went twenty-four miles to the wretched village of Monte Allegro, which deserves anything but its name, and where we slept in filth and vermin; and eighteen miles further brought us on the 12th to this place. Here we find the inn a tolerable one. The situation of Girgenti is magnificent, upon a high, steep, rocky hill, overlooking a highly cultivated and beautiful varied country, and an immense expanse of sea beyond; the little rivers which wind along rocky valleys, the great unevenness of the country, with the numbers of almond and other trees, the richness of the corn at this time of year, with the two beautiful ruins of the temples of Juno and Concord, situated

on the most picturesque spots, and the mole, port, and shipping, four miles off, make this vast picture quite enchanting. Here the ruins are very different from Selinuntum, being surrounded by farm-houses and a busy multitude; there are still to be seen ten temples, but eight of these are in a worse state than those at Selinuntum; the Temple of Juno has its thirteen northern columns standing entire, with the entablature and several other columns variously damaged; the situation of this ruin is uncommonly fine, and it is the most picturesque thing imaginable. The Temple of Concord is not far from it, and is still more entire than that of Segeste; it has all its twenty-four columns and inner walls, with two staircases—in short, almost everything but the roof; it gives one a perfect idea of a Grecian temple. All the temples of Agrigentum had fluted columns; the temple of Olympian Jupiter was perhaps the largest ever built; it is supposed to have had seventeen columns in length and six in front—in all forty-two, and of gigantic dimensions; but then the circumferences of the pillars were not of single stones, excepting the capitals, and in this respect it must have been very inferior to the smaller temples; the small ones at Selinuntum had

not only the circumferences of the columns, but the whole entire columns, of single stones. There is a tolerable old cathedral here, in which is a famous sarcophagus, representing on its four sides the story of Phædra and Hippolitus; there is also a beautiful picture by Guido of the Virgin and Child, and some magnificent pieces of plate, extremely old.





CASTRO GIOVANNI,
March 19th, 1814.

I SHALL send this letter to Palermo from hence, my dear mother, as I am ignorant when the next packet will sail for England, and I should be sorry my letter was not in time for it. I shall send it under cover to Mr. Gibbs, Herries's correspondent, as the safest means I can think of. The post to Palermo goes to-morrow morning.

We left Girgenti on the 16th, and reached this place yesterday, sleeping at Canicatti and Caltanissetta; we had eighteen miles each of the three days; the first twenty-five miles the country was beautiful, since then it has been less so, but not ugly.

At Canicatti, which is an ugly town of 15,000 inhabitants, we were at the inn, which is not a bad one. At Caltanissetta we were in a Benedictine convent, to a brother of which we had a letter from the Duke of San Giovanni, in Palermo; it is a large, substantial old building, finely situated above the town (which itself covers a high hill) and commanding an extensive view. We were here remarkably well treated, and found our friend a well-informed, liberal, happy, fat man—his name is Giuseppe Scotti Cassinesi; all the Benedictines in Sicily are of noble families. Caltanissetta is a good town of 15,000 inhabitants also, but there is nothing remarkable in it, as we were told; the afternoon we were there was so rainy we could not stir from the convent. We arrived here on another equally miserable afternoon, and our poor animals were so tired with the deep and execrable roads, we were ourselves and our servants such drowned rats, and many of our things in such a wretched state, that we determined to remain here to-day. This is the ancient Enna, but no remains of antiquity exist, except the ruins of an immense old castle, and a singular octagonal tower—it is called the Tower of Piso, and the castle Saracenic.

I confess I believe them both to be Roman. The situation of this town is most singular—it is built upon the nearly level top of a rocky mountain, almost perpendicular on every side. It is so high that from the castle I could see plainly this morning the whole of *Ætna*, the sea near Catania to the east, and Licata to the S.S.W., the range of mountains running from Messina to Termini, and the following towns, viz., Calatascibetta, Traina, Leonforte, Asaro, San Filippi d'Argiro, Centorbi, Caropipi, Aidone, Mazzarino, Naro, Caltanissetta, and Sutera. If you will look at the map of Sicily, you will be astonished at the distance of some of these places. We have had no accident, or anything worth mentioning, since I wrote at Girgenti. We are all quite well and happy, and in hopes that after the new moon on the 21st we shall have fine weather. To-morrow we go to Piazza, the next day to Caltagirone, and then by Chiamonte, Modica, Spaccaforno, and Noto, to Syracuse; there we shall stop about three days, and then proceed by Augusta to Catania. We hope to be able to see Mount *Ætna*, but we cannot know till we reach Catania; some people say it is easy in April, others, impossible; we shall afterwards go to Messina and

embark for Malta. The Sicilians appear to me a sorry set of people—the nobles are illiterate, and little to be respected; in the middle orders I see no character at all; the lower orders are knavish, and more horridly filthy than anything you can imagine; the country is fertility itself, and seems to me much better cultivated than Spain; it is a beautiful island, good roads would make it quite a paradise. I never saw such ugly women as the Sicilians; the men are not ill-looking, but the women have bad figures, ugly faces, and dress abominably, without an atom of grace. The poultry throughout the island is exquisite; meat extremely scarce. I am so starved with cold I can hardly guide my pen; there are no windows to the room, and the air (which at this height is very keen) comes in at every direction; I will finish my letter after dinner.

Nine o'clock.—I am almost as cold as I was before dinner, and I must draw my letter to a close. We are just returned from the house of the director of the studies of this town. He is a learned and a most good-natured man, and has a small library of very valuable books, such as your Dukes of Devonshire and Marquesses of Blandford would give thousands

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for. He has also a collection of medals, chiefly Sicilian, and a small one of mineralogy.

Adieu, my dear parents,

&c., &c.

(No. 30.)





CATANIA,
April 8th, 1814.



HAVE this morning, my dearest mother, received three more letters from you, all kindness as usual, which I hasten to offer you a thousand thanks for, and in dutiful obedience to your commands I will write you our proceedings since Castro Giovanni, before I answer them. I shall not have time to say much to-day, as we are going to hear some music, and are only waiting for a Mr. McDonald, a Scotch Roman Catholic, chaplain to the regiment "De Rolle" here, who is to take us to the house. Clive and I have been employed this morning in going to see the Scoglj dei Ciclopi, some curious insulated rocks a few miles from hence; they are entirely composed of lava, and one particularly

is an abrupt pyramid of basalt columns; the most general opinion concerning them is that they proceeded from a small volcanic crater under the sea; however, many people think that they are immediately from Mount Etna; the former opinion seems to me the only probable one, for why otherwise should they be islands at some distance from the land, and with a great depth of sea immediately at their feet? and still more, how else should the basalt columns have been formed, unless from the opposite forces of fire, water, and air? There is nothing very striking in their appearance, but I believe they are very great natural curiosities.

We arrived here on the 1st, and have been very much pleased with what we have seen at Catania; the remains of the ancient city under ground (or more properly speaking under a stratum of lava), of the theatre, little theatre, amphitheatre, and public baths, are very curious and interesting, and several very valuable public and private museums and smaller collections we have seen have very much gratified us. The terra cotta vases in the museum of the Prince of Biscari are quite beautiful—all but two were dug up in Sicily; the museum contains besides an incal-

culable number of lamps and various house utensils of terra cotta, female ornaments of brass, household gods, great numbers of perfect and imperfect statues, some of which are of exquisite workmanship, fragments of the columns, friezes, &c., of the ancient theatre and other public buildings (the former of which must have been one of the most sumptuous and magnificent among the ancients), sarcophagi, an extensive collection of the productions of Etna and Vesuvius, and numerous other less interesting subjects; there is another general museum in the convent of Benedictine monks, but inferior to that of Biscari, though far from despicable. The Prince of Biscari has one of the finest collections of cameos in the world, but we have in vain endeavoured to get a sight of them; the present man has just succeeded to his titles and estates, and promises little to resemble his patriotic, liberal grandfather, who was one of the greatest benefactors to Sicily. But were I to give you such detailed accounts of all we have seen I should fill quires of paper, and tire you quite as much as myself. I will be more concise; it is all in my journal, where some time or other it may amuse you to dip a little.

This is a most magnificent town, quite composed of

fine palaces, churches, and convents; about one hundred and twenty years ago it was levelled to the ground by an earthquake, and most of the present town has been built within these sixty years; many of the churches are beautiful, and their altars composed of the most beautiful agates you can imagine—all the productions of this country. A painted ceiling of a church of Benedictine nuns is one of the handsomest things I ever saw. A priest who had some money to spare amused himself with building a church in exact imitation of Loretto, which encloses the supposed house of Joseph and Mary, miraculously brought from Nazareth; here we have the church, house, &c., inch by inch, as in Loretto, and it is curious enough. All the environs of Catania being of lava, is a most extraordinary sight—that of the later eruptions remains black and bare, while the rest is cultivated, but even here, the black rocks that remain not decomposed among the almonds, olives, &c., have a most singular appearance. I never could have formed an idea of the effect of such a volcano, without being an eye-witness to this strange country of the Cyclops; the lava everywhere has the appearance of mountains of cinders, still seeming hot, and so sharp

that it cuts your shoes all to pieces—it has still all the shape which it had when a stream of fire, and gives me an idea of whirlpools of burning matter suddenly petrified and cooled, yet we know that it took an astonishing number of years to cool. We left Castro Giovanni on the 20th of March, and arrived at Modica, *viâ* Piazza, Caltagirone and Chiaramonte, on the 23rd ; we did not see anything on our way worth mentioning ; the roads continued horridly bad, and the weather very rainy ; we were forced to ford deep rapid rivers, and go out of our way for bridges, with various other grievances, but without any accident. The roads about Modica are solid rocks, with deep holes worn in them, then filled with mud and water ; our poor animals suffered much—they lost their shoes, tore their hoofs, &c., and we were obliged to rest a day at Modica ; we were there in a private house, to which we had a letter, and were very civilly treated. It is a good town in a most singular and picturesque situation ; it occupies several narrow and almost perpendicular rocky valleys watered by rivulets ; on the sides and in the bottoms of these valleys, industry has made grow the prickly pear, with a few fruit trees, and a little corn and garden stuff. At the top of the

town is an old ruined castle, whence through the valley you discover the sea—all this pleases the traveller's eye, but is very inconvenient for the poor inhabitant. On the 25th we went to Noto; our servants and baggage went there straight, but Clive and I went out of our way to see some caves in a valley called Ispica—this valley is similar to that of Modica by nature, and a small brook runs along it, which passing by Spaccaforno soon after falls into the sea; these caves are artificially but very rudely cut in the rocks on both sides of the valley, and there are one, two, three, and even more rows of them one above the other, according as the rock is more or less lofty; they extend for a distance of at least nine miles, and must have contained a great number of inhabitants. One dwelling with three storeys of rooms, appears evidently to have been that of the prince or the chief of the people. The middle is the principal storey, and they ascended or descended to the other two through holes in the rock, there are no remains whatever of steps; this dwelling is at this day inhabited by the principal shepherd of the country, and a few of the other caves by inferior ones; they are usually called the Caves of the Siculi, but Denon,

in his "Travels through Sicily," conceives them to have been made and first inhabited by the Sicani—a still more ancient people, and afterwards successively by divers other people, who in the numerous wars of this ever-fertile island, found themselves worsted and forced to seek shelter in hiding places; his reasoning is exceedingly ingenious and plausible. There are some large sepulchral chambers, which are evidently of a more modern construction, probably either Grecian or Carthaginian. Perhaps these caves are as interesting and as curious for an antiquarian as anything to be met with anywhere; this place seems to have remained down to the present day as wild as when first inhabited, and the few shepherds who now dwell in some of these singular caves are possibly just as ignorant, though less ferocious, than the Sicani or the Siculi. It rained torrents all the time we were examining these wild dwellings, which greatly annoyed us, and diminished the pleasure we should otherwise have enjoyed. The roads continued execrable; my horse lost a shoe miles from a blacksmith's shop, and I was forced to creep along, sometimes mounted, sometimes on foot, to the nearest village, which was seven miles off; this,

through roads such as I described when speaking of Modica, was no trifling distance. Having got the shoe put on, I had proceeded a short way, when off came another, and I was obliged to return to the village; this also being put on, I exactly arrived at the same spot, when it was off once more. I now perceived that the rocky roads had so torn my horse's hoof, that this was the cause of what at first appeared witchcraft. A countryman who was accompanying me from the village to put me into the right road was so surprised and terrified, that he turned all colours, exclaiming, "O! Giesu Maria!" and crossed himself with great fervency. This amused me so much, that my patience, which was ebbing fast, soon returned to me, and we went once more to the village to repair our loss. The blacksmith shod my horse with great care, and as I soon after got into a good turf road, all went on well. I must, however, add that I am confident my guide took me for a necromancer, for though I had engaged him to go as far with me as a bridge six miles off, which he had undertaken with great glee, we had hardly got a mile from the village, ere he entreated me to let him return home, and seeing that the road became better and less intricate, I parted

with the poor terrified man. Clive had continued his road quietly, and was quite astonished at the length of time I was in overtaking him. Although we left Modica at seven o'clock, and only went a distance of twenty-three miles, we did not reach Noto till some time after dark. Here we were lodged at the house of Prince Villadorata, to whom we had a letter from Dashwood, who knew him in Palermo. Clive's servant, who had gone on first, just caught him as he was going to his country house two miles off; however, he immediately ordered rooms for us, sent his cook and steward from the country, gave us an excellent supper, capital wines from his own vineyards, comfortable rooms and beds, and, in short, treated us like princes. I never saw so much comfort since I have been abroad, out of an English house; his principal man-servant is an Englishman. The Prince rode over the next morning while we were seeing the town, &c., of Noto; we had otherwise intended visiting him on our way to Syracuse, at his country house, to have thanked him. At Noto we saw one of the most extensive and valuable collections of coins perhaps anywhere to be met with—it belongs to an old Barone Astuto. Noto is a beautiful town, and quite modern,

having been destroyed by the same earthquake that destroyed Catania ; it has several magnificent palaces and convents. I happened to go into a church belonging to a convent, where the nuns were singing to the organ—one of them had a beautiful voice, and sang several solo parts so divinely, that I could hardly quit the church some time after the voice had ceased, lest she should begin again, although I knew Clive would be waiting impatiently for me ; this was the first time that I was perfectly satisfied in a Roman Catholic church. I am sure I have not been so with any of the absurd ceremonies and tinsel magnificence I have seen here during this Passion Week. We only remained one night at Noto, the country about which is delightful, and by far the most desirable part of Sicily to live in, as far as I can judge from what I have seen ; the face of the country is very varied, the soil rich, plenty of springs and rivulets, corn, grass, almond, olive, and caroba trees, vineyards, and everything that is rich and cheerful.

We reached Syracuse on the 26th. This is a most interesting spot ; we spent two days in viewing the antiquities ; never was there a place that called to one's mind so distinctly the great events of history

that there took place ; you can still trace the walls of the ancient town (which extended between twenty and thirty miles) nearly all round. The theatre and part of the amphitheatre were cut out of the solid rock, and therefore must last as long as the world. The immense stone quarries, called Lautomia, in one of which is that curious excavation called Dionysius's Ear, the use and purport of which has so long been a question among the doctors, and will in all probability never be solved ; the wonderful and magnificent sepulchral chambers, where thousands and thousands of sepulchres are hollowed out of the solid rock on each side of long passages deep under ground ; the famous port where the fate of Athens was decided ; all together, so many objects strike the eye at once, that it is impossible to see Syracuse and not be for the moment transported with enthusiastic feelings for those wonderful Greeks. I know no place where so many grand events of ancient history took place as at Syracuse, consequently, no place in itself so interesting. There have been several beautiful fragments of statues found, others nearly entire, and one or two quite so ; within these few years one of Venus was found, but unfortunately without the head and

the right arm; the position is nearly similar to that of Medici, the proportions much larger; and it is a question whether this is not superior in beauty; as for myself I think it far the most beautiful statue I ever beheld. Mr. McDonald has forgotten us, and I have therefore been enabled to write to you a long letter, but my neighbours in the adjoining rooms are snoring so soundly that I must now bid you good night, my dearest mother.

April 10th.—I will now resume where I left off. The third day we were at Syracuse we took our guns and a boat, and crossing the port went up the River Anapus to the source of the famous fountain of Cyane; this source is a large basin, clear as crystal, of above twenty feet deep; the bottom appears of rock, perforated with innumerable holes and covered over with moss; you see all the fish playing in it as if only the purest crystal was between you and them; it is singular that there is not the most minute bubble of water distinguishable, nor anything that denotes a spring, yet hence flows a very copious stream perpetually, equal in summer as in winter, and taking its course for four miles through marshy meadows, and then through cultivated lands for half a mile more,

unites its clear, full stream with the muddy Anapus, a small river caused almost entirely by the melted snow and rains in the winter, and next to nothing in the summer; half a mile further the united streams empty themselves into the port of Syracuse. During the greater part of the course of the Cyane it preserves the same exquisite clearness as at its source, and from the great depth of its bed the stream is equally imperceptible; approaching the River Anapus, the bed becomes shallower, the banks steeper and closer to each other, the stream continues to be evident, and even strong, but gradually less limpid, though its superior clearness is strikingly remarkable till a little below its junction with the Anapus. In the middle of summer, and in the autumn, the Cyane is covered and quite concealed by weeds, notwithstanding its great depth. One of the most interesting things of this fountain is the plant of the papyrus, on which the ancients wrote instead of paper; this grows here in great abundance, and was recovered by the late Cavaliere Landolina Nava, of Syracuse, the royal custos of the antiquities of the Val di Noto and the Val Demoni, who prepared it in small quantities; his son, who has succeeded both to his office and merits,

continues to do the same. We received great civilities from him and he gave to each of us a little bit of his prepared papyrus, inscribed with his name ; it is a beautiful feathering plant and grows in the water without attaching its roots either to the bottom or sides, receiving nourishment solely from the water. Nothing can be more simple than the manner of preparing it ; it is only cutting the stalk (which is pithy) into thin slices, which you form into the shape and size you wish to write upon ; then, laying these sheets under heavy weights for about a fortnight, it unites by its own succulency, and is ready for writing upon. Having passed three interesting days at Syracuse, on the 30th we came to Augusta, a miserable town, with a beautiful natural harbour, made no use of ; the surrounding country is rich and pretty. On the 31st we expected to reach Catania, only twenty-five miles, but on coming to the ferry of the River Giaretta or Simeto (anciently the Symæthus) we found it so much swelled with the rains and melted snow that they assured us we could not pass, for that the stream would force the cable and carry us all into the sea ; we therefore got into a small uninhabited house close by, bought some fowls and eels for supper, and con-

soled ourselves well enough, the night being fine; the next morning we passed over prosperously, and arrived early at Catania. Since this month began the weather has been less rainy, but still unsettled and disagreeable. We are going to-morrow to Lentini, eighteen miles off, to shoot for a couple of days on some marshes and a lake of the Prince Butera's; the shooting in the winter is quite extraordinary—we shall be late, but still expect good sport, for it never fails. John Cobb has had an attack similar to that he had at Alicante, but less severe—he is too unwell to go with us to-morrow, and I leave him under the care of the surgeon of De Rolle's regiment. When we return we shall make an attempt to see Etna, then proceed by Taormina to Messina; all here tell us Etna is absolutely impracticable, but we shall go to Nicolosi, a small place on the mountain where the guides live, to ascertain the truth; we are yet rather sanguine, there is however a most formidable nightcap of snow still upon it. We are going to-night to a dance with the Cavaliere Patemo, with whom we dine at half-past three; we shall then see the fair Catanese, who are said to be pretty women. Heaven knows, in

Catania, April 10th, 1814.

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all the rest of Sicily they are ugly enough ! Among the common people, they are absolute devils in filth and ugliness, almost without exception ; nor among the upper order of females at Palermo did I see anything strikingly pretty. Catania has the greatest fame ; it is singular that an island which so long and so often formed part of the Spanish dominions should bear so little resemblance to Spain ; it is true that in the vulgar language you catch some corrupt Spanish mixed with more corrupted Italian, but here the male part of the common people are as mean as the Spaniards are noble minded ; the females here are without beauty, figures, or grace, nor do you meet amongst the upper orders with that affability, or the quickness or liveliness, that you see in Spain ; the common people here of both sexes are quite despicable, dirty, mean, stupid, idle, ugly, unwilling, prejudiced—in short, everything that can make man most contemptible and revolting. Among the gentry I have seen many liberal, enlightened, patriotic, pleasing men, who have their country's good at heart, and are truly grateful to England for her steady assistance ; the nobility are *very, very* bad. I hear constantly from Dashwood, and Mrs. D. was so kind as to write me word of poor

H H



little Harty Pelham's death, which I thus knew before I got your letters; hers was a most amiable one on the subject—I must consider it a fortunate event, and if you got all my letters from Mahon you will have seen that I wished it—but I am sorry poor Pelham feels it so much. Many thanks to dear Lucy for her letter. I cannot say how much I am annoyed to hear of poor Charles's ill-luck; all you say of Orlando is most satisfactory; you do not mention Henry—of course, you had nothing particular to tell me about him, but I like to see all their names in your letters. I should like to hear of Orlando's getting a staff appointment now that he has seen regimental service. I am sorry dear Mr. Chap has been so ill, and I don't like the account my uncle Gunning writes of himself. Thank you much for the books you are sending by A'Court. I shall write to Palermo that they may be forwarded to Malta. No, my dear mother, you will never see in me again that gay, thoughtless happiness I used to possess; it is now two years since I have lost that enviable feeling, and should the recollection of those events which deprived me of it gradually decrease and sink into oblivion, yet the

mind habituated to reflect upon its losses, could only recover its former harmony by returning to the age in which it lost it, and I shall never again be two and twenty; but, perhaps, it may yet please the Almighty to give me a considerable share of mortal happiness; and that which He sees good to deprive me of may render me more fit for eternity and then be repaid tenfold. But, alas, I cannot flatter myself that since I have been less happy I have been more virtuous—far, very far, from it. This recalls to my mind that I had the misfortune to lose, the other day, the ring you gave me, on which was engraved in old orthography, "Let vertue be thy guide;" it was a very cold, rainy day, we had to cross a river in a cockleshell-boat, while our animals swam after us; for this, of course, it was necessary to take off the saddles and bridles; we are always our own grooms, and I must have rubbed off the ring in putting on the saddle again, my hands being so numbed with the wet and cold, I did not feel it at the time. I had not, however, proceeded far before I missed it, but the banks of the river being grassy, I conceived it would be in

vain to go back to look for it. And now adieu, my
dearest mother.

&c., &c.

[Two letters unfortunately are here missing—they
were from Messina, and one of them contained an
account of Mount Etna.—L. E. B.]





MALTA,
June 5th, 1814.

No. 33.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,



WE arrived here yesterday morning in the "Trieste" merchant brig, three days from Messina, and I found some letters from you at General Maitland's, but as the packet sails to-day, I have not time to answer them. You will be surprised and sorry to hear I am going to England from hence. Since I arrived at Messina I have not been so well, and therefore Clive has persuaded me not to go on to Greece. Don't imagine now that I am very unwell; I assure you I am not, and probably after passing a short time in England, I shall go out again through France and join Clive either at Vienna or some other place. I hope to get a passage in a man-of-war, as several line-of-battle

ships are coming here to proceed to England ; should I fail in this, a packet is now at Palermo on its way here, and will be sailing for England in about a fortnight. I conceive you are abroad before this time, and I have written to Mr. Heaton and Mr. Hamilton to stop all letters they may receive for me ; of course if I should go abroad again before your return, I shall meet you somewhere, ere I join Clive. We had such a crowd of passengers on board our wretched brig, that nothing could be more uncomfortable than our passage from Messina. I have not time to write more by this packet, but I will write fully by the next, should I still be here. God bless you, my dearest mother.

&c., &c.





MALTA,

June 11th, 1814.

No. 34.



ANOTHER packet came in on the 7th, my dearest mother, and brought me your letter No. 50, April 24th, with several enclosures. Out of the fifty letters you have written me, I have now received forty-four, which, taking all things into consideration, is fortunate. I find Spencer was at Gibraltar when the last packet touched there ; I conceive he had not got either your letter or the books, or he would surely have sent them to me by the packet.





SAN ANTONIO,
June 14th, 1814.



WE are at General Maitland's palace in the country, where he passes the summer, and where we came yesterday to pass a few days. There is a beautiful garden, and it is infinitely cooler and altogether pleasanter than Valletta. I will not enter much into politics, having little time, as the packet sails to-morrow; I will only say that England is in no way bound to the King of Sicily touching the restoration of Naples, nor do I imagine such a measure desirable, as the Bourbons were abhorred by the Neapolitans—but I do think that the Powers who restore to a Corsican robber the title of emperor, which he himself resigned, who give

the son of his wife (the discarded mistress of a revolutionary tyrant) a petty sovereignty, and his butcher of a brother-in-law such a kingdom as Naples, deserve to have their own crowns torn from their heads. Was it before I wrote my last that we heard Herbert was going from Sicily to join us at Zante? I think not; Clive might have a pleasanter companion, but he will be better than solitude, and I rejoice at it now that I cannot accompany him. There were no more carnival gaieties at Palermo than what I mentioned, except a few absurd masks in the streets, and some very blackguard masquerades in the theatres. In answer to your other question respecting our mad shooting party from Palermo, the twelve other guns were twelve clowns, being nothing more than a portion of the thirty beaters; the villa is a tolerable house in an ugly garden, in a still uglier country, and the breakfast consisted of bread and butter, tea, coffee, and tough cold fowls; we walked home eight miles, because it was less fatiguing than riding rough starved mules over bad roads and stony mountains for nine or ten miles to the villa, whence we should have had nine more to go in a carriage. We have some very unpleasant accounts of the conduct of

Ferdinand the Seventh, on his arrival at Valencia ; if his proclamation as we have it be true, he is a fool or a madman—if the Spaniards yield to him, they are not what I took them for ; and if they resist, a most bloody revolution must ensue ; the king will have the whole army, the whole Church (perhaps the most wealthy and numerous of any nation), and the greater part of the grandees, with him ; against such antagonists, rivers of patriotic blood must flow ere they can establish their independence. Clive is still here, but will go to Zante by the next packet. The “Elizabeth” and the “Tremendous,” line-of-battle ships, are expected here from the Adriatic to go to England, and General Maitland says he is certain Captain Gower of the “Elizabeth” will give me a passage ; but there is a report that she is to be the flag-ship at Gibraltar, and that Captain Gower will give her up there. The “Weazle” sloop, Captain Noel, was going home from hence, and Noel offered me a passage—but he has since been told he is to return to the Adriatic. I do not fancy so long a passage in a packet, which is a very small brig, with bad accommodations. The “Havannah” frigate is here waiting for Hamilton, who has lately been appointed to her ; if

he comes before I have an opportunity, he will certainly give me a lift to Gibraltar on his way to America, that would be very pleasant, and it would be very unlucky if I could not get a passage home among the numerous ships that will go from thence. General Maitland is uncommonly civil to us ; he has a rough sincerity of manner which displeases many here, and he does not promote gaiety enough for them ; but he is very entertaining in his own house, and his household are very good fellows ; his aides-de-camp are a son of Lord Lauderdale, and a nephew of Sir David Baird ; and his private secretary, a Mr. Plaskett. This place would suit you particularly ; it is an irregular, large house, between three and four miles from Valletta, with a large, beautiful garden with terraces, and broad, straight walks full of fruit and flowers. We have a burning sun and a cloudless sky, with the finest evenings possible. The distance this place is from the town makes it as retired as you please, and there are rooms with every aspect. We breakfast at half-past seven, dine at three, and walk all the evenings in the garden. The Governor's palace in Valletta is magnificent ; he lives there in the winter, and has assemblies every ten days. They tell us the Maltese society is

bad, but we have as yet seen nothing of it. Next Monday the General means to begin weekly parties, from half-past five till half-past eight in the evening, with dancing and refreshments in the garden; it will be an extremely pretty scene, but we are not to expect any beauty, as they say the Maltese women are remarkably plain. I believe we shall go back to Valletta the day after to-morrow; we have been here since last Monday, and I daresay we shall return here to stay again. The cultivation of Malta is wonderful, considering the rocky, barren spot it is by nature; almost all the soil is brought from Sicily, yet almost every foot of the island is cultivated. The beauty of it this year is passed, as the clover and corn are got in; but it still looks tolerably green from the quantity of figs, with some caroba trees, orange gardens, olives, and other fruit-trees. Valletta is the handsomest and best built town I ever saw, and the villages throughout the island are better built than most towns. The divisions of all the fields are stone walls which have an ugly appearance, and the whole island is low and flat. The population is about 120,000; 50,000 of which are in Valletta and its suburbs. The fortifications of these are immense; but

from their extent they require a garrison of 50,000 men, a number that could never be provisioned. The harbours are beautiful, and there is a very pretty little dockyard; it is altogether a most extraordinary place, and well worth seeing. St. John's Church in Valletta is very handsome, and hung with beautiful tapestry; the floor is entirely composed of the different knights' tombstones, with their arms in mosaic, and they form the most singular and beautiful pavement I ever saw. We went yesterday to see St. Paul's Cave, in Città Vecchia, and some catacombs, which are very inferior to those at Syracuse. I believe we shall go this evening to St. Paul's Bay, where he was shipwrecked. A cousin of Wolryche is the commanding engineer here, and his sister Mary is with them; Mrs. W. is a clever woman, and they are altogether the pleasantest people here.

God bless you, dear mother.





LONDON,
August 26th, 1814.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

I SAT down to write to you yesterday, and I accomplished a sheet of paper, but I was so dissatisfied with it that I have destroyed it; I hope I shall be able to do rather better to-day. I reached London the day before yesterday, from Deal, where I landed the preceding day. I will hasten to tell you that my health is perfectly recovered, and that you need not have an anxious thought about me. Would to God my mind were as much at ease as my body! But I will endeavour to confine myself as much as possible to matters of fact. I left Malta on the 21st of June with my friend Hamilton, who has got the "Havannah" (36 guns). We went to Mahon, where they put us

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in forty days' quarantine. We remained but one day there and were ordered to Gibraltar, where we arrived on the 10th of July. There they put us in forty days' quarantine, but they were to reckon from the day we left Malta. This would have given us pratique on the 30th of July, but the "Havannah" was ordered to proceed to America, for which she sailed on the 19th. Fortunately the "Haughty" gun brig, Lieutenant Harvey, had lately arrived from Malta, from whence he had sailed the day after us. Mr. Harvey is well known to Hamilton, and came to dine with him. He kindly offered me a passage to England, and I removed from the "Havannah" to the "Haughty." We sailed from Gibraltar on the 22nd of July, with a small convoy; we had contrary winds for three weeks, and anchored in the Downs on the 20th instant. We got pratique on the 23rd, and I arrived here the following day. No less than five of us slept in the little gun brig's cabin. I got a standing bed-place, so that I had the pleasure of the whole motion. However, I am an excellent sailor, and I had not a moment's sickness. I found several letters from you. . . . I have seen nobody but Mr. Chap, who is very ill with the lumbago, and is so altered since I saw him that his



looks shocked me. I hope you will not think of coming home on my account; perhaps I may go abroad again myself in a few months. Congratulate Charles for me on his promotion. I am glad Henry will see a little of the continent. Poor Clive has gone into Greece alone. How it pained me to leave him. There was a possibility of Herbert's joining him at Zante, but there is a report here that the Prince of Butera died suddenly, and that he was on the point of marrying the princess.¹

5 *o'clock*.—Orlando is just arrived, and it has done me much good to see him. This is foreign post day, and the bell is going, I cannot, therefore, add a word more, but will write fully soon.

God bless you, my dear parents, &c., &c., &c.

¹ They were married 17th August, 1814.





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