

the knights found means of lodging themselves, the town consisting of but a few fishermen's cabins. Nor were they any better satisfied with the appearance of the island itself: the sterility of its soil, and the necessity of fetching their very bread from Sicily, the poverty and rudeness of the inhabitants, with the absence of any place of defence in case they should be attacked, painfully recalled to them, by contrast, the recollection of Rhodes, so abundant in grain and fruits, wealthy by commerce, and possessing fortifications all but impregnable.

These disadvantages induced both the Grand Master and his knights to attempt the seizure of Modon, a harbour on the coast of Greece, which might serve them as an advanced post for the recovery of Rhodes, but this plan having failed, L'Isle Adam at length decided upon devoting all his energies to the fortification of Malta. The period was extremely critical. The famous Turkish corsair, Barbarossa, swept the neighbouring seas, and, conscious how unfit were the defences of Fort St. Angelo to maintain a siege, the knights earnestly besought L'Isle Adam to retire himself into Sicily, leaving behind a garrison for the defence of the place; but the generous old man courageously rejected this advice. "Never," he exclaimed, "have I fled before the enemies of the Cross, and never, to preserve the remains of a languishing existence, will I be seen to set so bad an example to my followers." Under his prudent administration, the works were strengthened, new galleys constructed, and Malta, from a weak and defenceless port, soon grew up to be the bulwark of Christendom, and the terror of the African corsairs. But the declining days of L'Isle Adam were embittered by internal disputes, engendered by that laxity of discipline which so long an exile had introduced, and he is said to have regarded it as the greatest of all his misfortunes, that he should have survived the loss of Rhodes, only to become a witness of the violence and insubordination of his knights. His chagrin was further increased by the arrival of many of the English

Hospitallers in a state of destitution, bringing the unwelcome news of the establishment of the Reformation, and the spoliation of the property of the Order. He was seized with a fever, which rapidly consumed his remaining strength, and expired in the arms of his beloved knights, on the 21st of August, 1534.

The suit of armour worn by L'Isle Adam is preserved in the Armoury of Valetta, and shows him to have been of stature somewhat less than the middle height, but of robust and sinewy



frame, capable of enduring greater fatigue and hardship than others of more giant bulk.

Malta now became every day more powerful and formidable, the knights devoting especial attention to their marine; and their galleys were constantly to be seen returning to the harbour, bringing with them valuable prizes taken from the infidels. Thus they delivered the Christian slaves from different nations, who spread abroad in their own country praises of the zeal and

valour of the Hospitallers. Nor did they prove less valuable auxiliaries to Charles V. in his enterprises against the Ottomans in Africa. Solyman was enraged at beholding this handful of men, whose power he had imagined himself to have crushed, growing up again into so formidable an attitude; and his chagrin was increased by the complaints of his subjects, that their commerce was interrupted, their relations carried into slavery, and even the pilgrimage to Mecca interrupted by the galleys of the knights. After wresting from them Tripoli,—a post which they had been reluctantly obliged by Charles V. to maintain with a very inadequate force,—he turned his attention to the reduction of Malta. An army was landed upon the island, which invested Civita Vecchia, and ravaged Gozo, but was eventually compelled to retreat without having accomplished its object. It was not long before he made a second, and a far more formidable attack, destined, however, to meet with a repulse no less disastrous.

During the interval between the first and second sieges, much had been done to strengthen the fortifications of the island. Under the Grandmastership of John de Omedes, a fort had been hastily built at the extreme point of Mount Scerberras, which, projecting into the sea, commanded the entrance of both harbours, and which, after a tower occupying a similar position at Rhodes, received the name of FORT ST. ELMO. The defences of FORT ST. ANGELO, and the adjacent BORGO, had been also rendered exceedingly formidable, while, at the expense of the Grand Master Claude de la Sengle, the tongue of land, upon which had been built the FORT ST. MICHAEL, was surrounded by walls, and, in commemoration of the care of its founder, received the name of the Island of SENGLEA, which it still retains. Between these two fortified tongues of land was a deep creek, the entrance to which, from the Great Harbour, being defended by a heavy chain slung from side to side, served as a secure shelter for the galleys and arsenal of the Order.

The Grand Master at this period was John de la Valette, than whom could no one have been found more fitted to occupy the post of responsibility and peril. He had passed through all the subordinate offices, and his passage to fresh honours had always been the recompense of as many memorable actions, which had eventually raised him, by universal acclamation, to the highest dignity of the Order. On the first information of the purposes of Solyman, he had solicited the assistance of the Emperor Charles V., who ordered the Viceroy of Sicily to send over the necessary reinforcements. The knights, scattered among distant commanderies, and required to return to their posts, were daily to be seen arriving to take their part in the defence. After an exact review of the forces, it was found that there were in the island about seven hundred knights, without counting the Frères Servans, and eight thousand five hundred warriors, consisting of the soldiers of the galleys, foreign troops in the pay of the Order, and militia of the inhabitants of the island. These troops were distributed among the different fortresses, while a body of cavalry was appointed to scour the coast, to watch the landing of the Turkish forces, and to harass their march upon the capital.

On the 18th of May, 1565, the Ottoman fleet appeared in sight, consisting of fifty-nine large ships, carrying a force of thirty thousand men, including the Janissaries and Spahis, the most formidable soldiers of the Turkish army, while a considerable number of vessels followed, laden with the heavy artillery and munitions of war. The Turkish commanders, Piali and Mustapha, were men of approved valour and conduct. The first was a foundling, raised from grade to grade by the favour of Solyman, who had given him his granddaughter in marriage, and constituted him admiral of his fleet. The army was commanded by Mustapha, a veteran officer of sixty-five, renowned for his numerous victories. Hassan and Dragut, Pashas of Algiers and Tripoli, were ordered to join them at the

head of the Barbary corsairs, and especial orders were given by the Sultan that nothing should be undertaken without the participation of the latter of these commanders, who was considered the greatest sea-captain in the Turkish Empire. He had raised himself from the humblest origin by his own native energy of character, become a first-rate engineer and commander of a galiot, with which he wrested considerable prizes from the Christians, until at length himself taken prisoner by the Genoese admiral, Doria. He remained four years in chains, and was only admitted to ransom by the threat of his friend, Barbarossa, to ravage the Genoese territory, unless he were released. The death of that corsair left him the undisputed pre-eminence in naval renown, and he had become the most formidable enemy of the Christian powers, whom he detested with peculiar energy. Already unsuccessful in a first attack upon Malta, he had been particularly urgent with Solyman to undertake a second siege, and he was daily expected to join the squadron. Thus formidable were the forces, and experienced the commanders, who had sworn to effect the reduction of Malta.

They cast anchor in the harbour of Marsa Sirocco, and, having landed their forces, a council of war was held, at which, in order to obtain a better shelter for the fleet, it was decided to reduce the fort St. Elmo, which commanded the entrance of the secure port of Marsa Muscet, an operation which was not expected to require more than a few days, after which the reduction of St. Angelo and Senglea might be more advantageously entered upon.

From the lofty bastions of Fort St. Angelo, La Valette and his companions, looking across the harbour, at length beheld the Turkish forces advancing along the Mount Sceberras, (the site of the modern Valetta,) to the attack of Fort St. Elmo. This bulwark, now so magnificent, although most happily chosen as to site, had been constructed with but limited means, and

was then far too small to resist any lengthened attack by forces so formidable, and garrisoned but by a very small force, under the command of the veteran Bailiff of Negropont. Notwithstanding the rocky nature of the soil, the Turks succeeded, default of regular trenches, in establishing some sheltered outworks, and, having planted their artillery, opened so terrible a fire, that it soon became evident that nothing but a far more numerous garrison could maintain the post. Pressing messages were therefore sent to the Grand Master, to entreat that succour, without which it was declared that the place could not hold out many days longer. La Valette was now in one of the most painful situations in which a commander can be placed. He felt that the brave garrison of St. Elmo might perish, man by man, without being able to preserve the devoted fortress, yet, invested as he was by such an overwhelming force, it was of the last importance to maintain the struggle as long as possible,—to yield up post after post only after the most protracted resistance, in the hope meanwhile that the succours he was impatiently expecting from the Sicilian Viceroy would arrive. Having, therefore, despatched the most urgent requests to that dignitary, to hasten his preparations, he determined, in order to raise the flagging courage of the garrison of Fort St Elmo, to throw himself into it with a body of his bravest knights. This resolution was, however, prevented by the unanimous voice of his brave companions in arms,—a large body of volunteers hastened to assume the dangerous post, and, under cover of the cannon of St. Angelo, succeeded in entering the beleaguered fortress.

While this unequal struggle between the few defenders of St. Elmo and the hosts of their Turkish assailants was at its height, the numbers of the latter were increased by the arrival of the famous renegade corsair, Uluciali, with six galleys, and nine hundred men, and shortly after by the more redoubtable Dragut himself, with a force of nearly double that amount. His

first work was to establish several fresh batteries, and one especially upon the other side of the harbour of Marsà Muscet, on the extreme point of land which still retains the name of POINT DRAGUT, exactly opposite to Fort St. Elmo, the works of which it thus commanded in flank. In spite of the fresh succours which the garrison from time to time received, and notwithstanding the most desperate resistance, the outworks were reduced to a heap of ruins. The Chevalier de Medran, esteemed for his valour by the Grand Master, was deputed to open to him the deplorable condition of the fortress, and to propose its immediate evacuation by the garrison, and their withdrawal to Fort St. Angelo, since to attempt its further defence was only a waste of valuable lives. A council was held, and the greater number of voices were at first in favour of the proposition—but as the Grand Master, insisting again upon the importance of protracting the duration of the siege, refused to accede to it, Le Medran returned with a message forbidding them to abandon their post. Such a reply might well appear as a sentence of death to the devoted knights, and, deeming it harsh and cruel, and taking counsel only of their despair, they declared to the Grand Master, by another messenger, that they would issue forth, sword in hand, and perish among the Turkish ranks, unless they were permitted to evacuate a fort no longer tenable. Commissioners were now sent to examine into the state of the fortress, who corroborated the account of the garrison. But as one of these emissaries, named Castriot, denied the extreme danger of the fort, and offered to throw himself into it with a body of forces, La Valette, with a view to excite the emulation of its defenders, declared his readiness to accede to their request, and desired them to yield up their posts to this new body of volunteers. "Return to the Convent, my brethren," he wrote to them, "where you will be in greater security, while, on our part, we shall be more at ease as to the preservation of an important post,

upon which depends the safety of the island, and of our entire Order." 'Stung by the indifference, and even contempt, expressed by these few words, the malcontents determined rather to embrace a certain death, than cover themselves with confusion in the face of their comrades; and they entreated the Bailiff of Negropont to assure the Grand Master of their repentance, and of their resolution to shed the last drop of their blood upon the breach.

And nobly did they redeem their pledge. For several days they repulsed the incessant attacks of their enemies; but the fortifications being totally destroyed, and all further assistance from the Grand Master intercepted by the Turkish vessels, the feeble remnant that survived their fallen companions prepared to meet their inevitable doom. During the night they received the sacrament, and after tenderly embracing each other, having only to surrender their souls to God, each knight retired to his post to die with arms in his hands, and in the bed of honour. Those whom their wounds prevented from walking caused themselves to be carried to the edge of the breach, and armed with a sword, which they feebly wielded with both hands, awaited with heroic firmness the attack of those enemies whom they were unable to seek out. On the twenty-third of June, at daylight, the Turks mounted to the assault with loud shouts, as to a victory which could not be disputed. But they were encountered with invincible courage by the besieged, who for four hours kept off all the assaults of their enemies, dropping, one by one, until reduced to a handful of sixty men. The Turks retired, but only to occupy the rising ground above the breach, and hem in the forlorn remnant with an impassable circle; and the momentary respite thus gained was employed by the survivors in binding up their wounds, far less in order to preserve, than sell dearly, the languishing remains of life. At eleven the Turks came on again with wild outcries to the final assault; the Janissaries picked out those whom they wished to destroy

with their muskets, while the Bailiff of Negropont and the greater part of his knights, with the small remainder of the soldiers, overwhelmed by the multitude of their assailants, perished upon the breach, and that terrible assault ended only with the want of combatants, and with the death of the last of the heroic defenders of St. Elmo.

The loud braying of trumpets, the thunder of cannon, and the cries of the infidels, proclaimed to La Valette the fall of the devoted fort, and more faintly struck upon the senses of the dying Dragut. Shattered by a ball, he had been carried to his tent, and his condition concealed from the army; and he was almost at his last breath, when some of the Turkish officers ran to his tent to announce the taking of St. Elmo. Speechless as he was, he lifted his eyes to heaven, and expired a moment afterwards, in the height of triumph over his implacable enemies. A fragment,



said to be a portion of his coat of mail—axe—sword and dagger, is still preserved in the armoury of Valetta. The Turkish commander entered the fort, in reducing which he had lost at least eight thousand men, and, observing how small was its extent, he exclaimed; "What will not the parent cost us, since the child, which is so diminutive, has occasioned the loss of our

bravest soldiers!" Then, with a horrible refinement of barbarity, he caused the hearts to be plucked from the still palpitating corpses of the fallen knights,—which were afterwards hacked into the form of the cross; and clothing them with their sou-brevests, and attaching them to planks of wood, he cast them into the harbour, in order that the current might float them across to the walls of Fort St. Angelo. This atrocity moved the Grand Master to tears of agony, and excited him to take as horrible a vengeance; he immediately caused the whole of his Turkish prisoners to be put to death, and fired their bleeding heads into the midst of the Ottoman camp.

The Turkish General, desirous of profiting by the panic, which he flattered himself was caused by the fall of St. Elmo, despatched an aged Christian slave to the Grand Master, with offers of a composition; who simply ordered him to be marched through the ranks, and after showing him the formidable bastions and deep fosses of St. Angelo, gave him as his sole reply, "Behold the only place which we intend to give up to the Pasha, and that we reserve as a grave for himself and all his Janissaries." Seeing that he could hope to make himself master of the island by force alone, the Pasha now closely invested both the Borgo with Fort St. Angelo, and Senglea with its fort St. Michael, and against the latter, as being the weaker point, he determined to direct his principal attack. The Turkish army now formed a curve around the two cities; and at its extremity, upon Mount Corradino, parallel to, and overlooking Senglea, and divided thence by a second harbour called the French Creek, he established his most formidable batteries; which, with others upon Mount Sceberras, began to thunder upon the walls of Fort St. Michael. He was desirous, moreover, of attacking the fort from the harbour itself, but as the formidable artillery of Fort St. Angelo would have destroyed any of his vessels that should have attempted to come round from the harbour of Marsa Muscet, the Pasha adopted the bold design of transferring his

vessels from the latter port across the rocky neck of Mount Sceberras, into the upper part of the great harbour and the French Creek. This plan was defeated by the timely desertion from the Turkish army of a Greek officer, of the illustrious family of Lascaris ; who, touched with remorse, swam at the peril of his life across the harbour, and exposed to the Grand Master the dangerous project of the Ottoman commander. A council was held, at which it was resolved to sink a strong stockade, composed of enormous piles fastened together with chains and timber, across the mouth of the Creek, from the point of Senglea to that of Corradino, thus effectually blockading the entrance ; while the walls of Fort St. Michael were strengthened, and batteries planted, so as to sweep the approach.

As the Creek was commanded by the Turkish cannon on Mount Corradino, it was only by night that the stockade could be constructed ; but such was the zeal of the workmen, animated by the presence of the Grand Master, that this formidable defence was completed in only nine nights. And now ensued a singular and unparalleled combat. The Pasha, determined to destroy this barrier, sent forth by night a body of Turks, good swimmers, having axes at their girdle, who climbing up on the stockade, laboured hard to open a passage. The noise of their hatchets having reached the sentinels, the artillery of the fort was immediately pointed towards them, but, from the nocturnal obscurity, not taking effect, a counter-detachment of Maltese soldiers, entirely naked, plunging into the water and carrying their swords in their teeth, soon gained the stockade, and after a fierce hand to hand encounter with the Turkish pioneers, forced them off into the water, and even pursued them towards the opposite shore. A second attempt to fix cables to the timber of the stockade, and drag it away by working capstans on land, met with no better success ; the Maltese swimmers again issuing forth, and cutting the ropes with their swords.

Unable thus to carry on his attack from the water, the

Pasha opened a tremendous fire from his land batteries, both upon Fort St. Michael as well as Fort St. Angelo ; between which bulwarks, in order to throw succours into the former, a bridge had been established by the care of the Grand Master. The Pasha having effected several considerable breaches, only awaited the arrival of Hassan, the Viceroy of Algiers, to attempt a general assault. This leader, the son of Barbarossa, and son-in-law of Dragut, soon made his appearance with a body of 2,500 Algerine veterans. Burning with the desire to distinguish himself, and having obtained leave of the Pasha, he prepared to attack Senglea both by land and water, vaunting himself able to carry it sword in hand. The task of breaking through the boom, and attacking the seaward defences, he confided to an old Corsair named Candelissa, a renegade Greek, who had grown old in the service of Barbarossa ; as a preparatory measure, a vast number of boats were now, as the Pasha had first intended, passed over by land into the waters of the upper harbour, while a cannonade of several days opened still further the breaches in the fortifications.

On the morning of the fifteenth of July at daybreak, the fleet of Turkish boats,—which almost covered the upper harbour—under the command of Candelissa, and manned with 4,000 Algerine and Turkish troops, advanced to the attack, animated with wild and thrilling bursts of barbaric music, and preceded by a large boat filled with Mohammedan priests and dervises, chanting invocations and prayers to Allah for victory, and reading from their sacred books terrible imprecations against the Christians. Candelissa's plan was, if possible, to force the stockade, but, if unable to do so, to throw beams of wood aslant from it to the shore within, and upon this precarious bridge to pass his troops over to the attack. But on reaching the spot, a scene of terror and confusion arose which might have daunted a less determined spirit—the stockade resisted his utmost efforts, the beams were too short to serve the intended purpose, while

the artillery of the Christians, opening from all quarters at once upon the exposed crowd of boats, sunk a considerable number, and threw the rest into disorder. This terrible emergency called forth all the energy of the veteran Corsair. He observed that the extreme point of Senglea, which projected too far out into the harbour, was not enclosed by the stockade, but was covered by a battery of six guns which swept the level of the water. Leaping on this rocky point he rushed to the attack of this bulwark, a terrible fire swept away a great number of his followers, and the others prepared to rush back into their boats, when, by forcing the vessels to retire, and leaving to his men no means of retreat, the fierce Corsair thus compelled them to seek in victory their only safety. With the courage of despair they rushed upon the works, sabre in one hand and scaling ladder in the other, and after a long and obstinate struggle, planted seven Turkish standards upon the captured battery. At this sight the knights returned to the charge; they maintained a hand to hand combat with pikes, swords, and even daggers, but were fast yielding to lassitude and numbers, when a fresh body, sent by the Grand Master to their support, preceded by a band of 200 boys, armed with slings and stones, charging the Algerines, precipitately hurled them from their ramparts, and drove them headlong into their boats. Some thus overcrowded, sunk with all their crews, while others were fired on as they passed under the batteries; the whole port was covered with dead and mangled bodies; and of 4,000 soldiers who had advanced so exultingly to a certain victory, scarcely 500 succeeded in saving themselves by an ignominious flight.

Whilst one body of knights was thus engaged in repulsing the seaward attack upon Senglea, another had to repel a still more terrible and continuous assault upon the landward defences of Fort St. Michael, already breached in several places. At the sound of the signal gun, Hassan, with his bravest Algerines,

pressing forward with irresistible ardour, planted their standards upon the crest of the ruined batteries, but were soon driven down again by a tremendous fire of cannon and musketry. Unable to force this breach, the Viceroy led his troops to the attack of a second, where a longer and more obstinate struggle took place; in the midst of which some of the brave defenders of the stockade, who had just returned from the discomfiture of Candelissa, arrived to the assistance of their fellow knights, and obliged Hassan to sound a retreat. The Pasha himself directed a fresh attack, replacing the Algerines by the Janissaries; but the very women and children now crowded to the ramparts, pouring boiling water and hurling stones upon the heads of the besiegers; and this second attack upon Fort St. Michael proved equally abortive with the first.

The Pasha, in despair of carrying the breach, next constructed of timber a sort of bridge, by means of which he hoped to throw a storming party upon the ramparts, covering the operations of the workmen with a cloud of arquebussiers. The peril was so imminent, that two nocturnal attempts were made to consume it, which proving unsuccessful, a body of soldiers sallied forth in open day to drag down the supports of the bridge with ropes, but were driven back by the fire of the arquebussiers. Henry de la Valette—nephew of the Grand Master, and the Chevalier Polastron, hastened to assume the perilous duty, and were both immediately shot dead. A crowd of Janissaries rushed forth to decapitate them,—the Pasha having set a price upon the heads of the knights; but the Christian soldiers, after a fierce struggle, succeeded in bearing the lifeless remains of his relative to La Valette. Suppressing his grief at the loss, he replied to those who sought to console him: "Every one of my knights is equally dear to me, I regard them all as my children, and the loss of Polastron is as painful to me as that of La Valette. After all, they have but preceded us for a few days; for if the succours from Sicily do not arrive, and Malta cannot be saved,

we must all die and bury ourselves under the ruins of the last of its last bastions ;" shortly afterwards declaring his resolution, rather than be dragged in chains to Constantinople, to throw himself sword in hand into the thick of his enemies, and perish like the brave defenders of St. Elmo.

The delay of the promised succours had indeed gone heavily to the heart of La Valette. He had despatched repeated messengers to the Sicilian Viceroy, opening to him the desperate position of affairs ; but that prince, having secret instructions, while he made much parade of his preparations for their relief, to leave the knights to bear single-handed the whole force of the attack, and only to assist them in case of the uttermost extremity, persisted in a temporising and ambiguous policy, while every day the position of the brave defenders of Malta became more and more precarious.

The Pasha now called a council of war, at which it was decided to attack both Senglea and Borgo at the same time. The batteries from Mount Salvador continually played upon the bastion of Castile, at the north-east angle of the Borgo, which now became the object of a furious attack. But the reduction of Fort St. Michael still continued the principal object of the Turks, and after harassing it with incessant skirmishes and escalades, another general assault was made on the 2d of August, which lasted for six hours, and in which, after leading his troops five several times to the attack, the Pasha was again obliged to sound a retreat. Another and more terrible one took place only five days afterwards, when 3,000 men moved to attack the bastion of Castile, while 8,000 Janissaries advanced with fierce outcries to storm the ruinous battlements of Fort St. Michael. In spite of a storm of cannon balls and musketry which mowed down the foremost ranks, those behind, pressing over the dead and dying bodies of their fellows, forced their way upwards to the height of the breach, where for four hours a desperate struggle took place between the besieged and besiegers, the former deter-

mined to maintain their post, the latter to drive them from it. At this critical period, and in view of the horrors of a general sack, even the women and children rushed into the midst of the combatants, and as before, with boiling water and melted pitch and missiles, assisted to repel the enemy; not a few of them falling victims to their heroic daring. The expiring bodies of men and women confusedly mingled together amidst the ruins of the breach, the booming of artillery and the reports of musketry; the shouts of the Janissaries and the frantic screams of the females, in the midst of a volcano of flame and smoke, presented a scene of indescribable horror. The Pasha ran to and fro at the outward foot of the breach, driving up his Janissaries sword in hand, and killing with his own hand two of them, who, driven back by the fire, had thrown themselves from the top of the breach. "A few more efforts," he exclaimed, "would render them masters of the place;" fresh swarms pressed forward to occupy the place of the fallen, and Senglea was in the most imminent hazard of being taken by assault, when relieved by an accident as surprising as it was unexpected.

The attack upon Fort St. Michael had been watched with anxious interest by the Commandant of Citta Vecchia, and seeing how closely the defenders appeared to be pressed, he resolved to attempt a diversion in their favour. At his command a body of horse galloped down to the Turkish outposts, and began to slaughter the enemies' sick and wounded; the terrified fugitives spread abroad that the advanced guard of the Sicilian army had landed, and was advancing to raise the siege; the report reached the Pasha himself, who, partaking the general panic, and fearful of being taken unprepared, sounded a retreat, called off his forces, and advanced in military order to meet the imaginary succours. His rage was extreme when he discovered the stratagem, but it was too late to return to the attack, and a respite of a fortnight was thus procured for the exhausted defenders of Fort St. Michael.

In the meantime the Turkish sappers were actively engaged in their operations, and although many of their mines were discovered by the Christians, and many a subterranean encounter took place between them, yet, by dint of perseverance, both Fort St. Michael and the bastion of Castile were at length completely undermined. On the eighteenth the Ottoman leader made a fresh assault, resolved to continue it day and night until the town was taken. At the attack of the bastion of Castile the enemy had so nearly effected an entrance that one of the Chaplains of the Order, seeing the Turkish flag planted on the top of the ramparts, ran towards the Grand Master and signalled to him to retreat within the Castle of St. Angelo. La Valette, on the contrary, armed only with a pike, and without a cuirass on, hastened to the scene of danger; a crowd of his knights rushed after him and repulsed the enemy. Seeing that he was exposing himself to the utmost peril, Don Mendoza, who commanded by his side, went on his knee to entreat him not to endanger an existence so precious to them all, but in vain: "Can I," he exclaimed, "at the age of seventy-one, finish my life more gloriously than in company with my friends and brethren, in the service of God, and for the defence of our Holy Religion?"

*The assault was repulsed, but only to be succeeded by others. On the nineteenth of August another fierce struggle took place along the whole line of defences. At the attack of the bastion of Castile the Grand Master was wounded in the knee; at that upon Fort St. Michael the besiegers threw into the midst of the besieged a species of barrel filled with deadly missiles, but, before it had taken fire, it was hurled back again upon the assailants, scattering death among their ranks. These successive attacks, abortive as they proved, rapidly decreased the number of the defenders, and after another desperate and bloody onset, which took place on the first of September, the bastion of Castile being all but carried by the enemy, the knights earnestly besought the Grand Master to retire into the Castle of St.

Angelo. This advice he rejected with a generous scorn, exclaiming, "It is here, dear brethren, that we must either die together or expel our cruel enemies;" and, by his indefatigable labours, the Turks, when on the morrow they expected to storm the Borgo, found fresh entrenchments and fresh defenders ready for them. In the meantime other attacks had been made upon Fort St. Michael; every device that ingenuity could suggest was put into effect; a wooden tower was rolled up to the walls, but was destroyed by a well directed cannonade; by dint of incessant perseverance the Turks had become masters of all the outworks, which were levelled nearly with the ground; and in some places nothing but a barricade separated the combatants, so that their very pikes crossed when they engaged in the deadly struggle.

The heroic endurance of the besieged had well-nigh worn out all the patience, and exhausted the resources of their enemies, among whose fearfully thinned ranks want and disease were making rapid progress, when, at length, the long delayed succours were at hand. Some hundreds of the knights hurrying from their distant Commanderies to take part in the defence, were awaiting at Messina the means of passport to Malta, and, at their urgent entreaty, the tardy Viceroy at length put to sea with all his forces. Arrived at the coasts of Malta, a letter was remitted from the Grand Master indicating the proper place for his landing; when, with inconceivable vacillation, he again retired to Sicily, but the mutinous clamours of his entire army forced him to re-embark, and on the morning of the seventh, his vessels entered the bay of Melleha, and landed a large body of troops, accompanied by many noble volunteers, eager to signalize themselves by taking part in so glorious a struggle. No sooner did the news of their landing reach the Turkish generals than they embarked with the utmost precipitation, leaving behind them all their heavy artillery; but scarcely on board, and learning to how small a body of men they had yielded,

they were seized with vexation and shame. At the joyful sight of their retreat, under the direction of the Grand Master, the whole population had laboured to fill up their trenches and destroy their works; nevertheless, at a council of war they determined to land again and renew the siege, but were totally routed and driven back to their ships with severe loss.

The newly arrived chiefs hastened to the city to salute the Grand Master, by whom, as well as his knights and the other inhabitants, they were received as liberators. On looking around them, the Borgo, reduced to a heap of ruins, rather wore the aspect of a place taken by storm than one that had been so gallantly defended. More than 260 knights had been killed in different assaults, with 8,000 soldiers and inhabitants, and when the Turks retired, scarcely were there left—inclusive of the knights themselves—a handful of 600 men capable of bearing arms, the greater part of them covered with wounds. The Chevaliers embraced their brethren with much affection, but when they remembered the loss they had sustained of the bravest and most illustrious members of their Order, when they beheld the deplorable condition of the place, its walls and fortifications crumbling, its artillery dismounted, its dwellings fallen in or tottering, its magazines without provisions, and its inhabitants pale and haggard; when they saw the knights, and the Grand Master himself, their hair and beards neglected, and in foul and tattered apparel, like men who for four months had scarcely ever undressed, and many still bearing the bandages which covered their honourable wounds,—such a sight forced from their eyes tears of mingled joy and sorrow,—sorrow, from the remembrance of such severe sufferings, and joy that Malta at last was saved; and it was in order to maintain the memory of the heroic actions which there had taken place, that they gave to the Borgo, which had been their principal theatre, the name of CITTA VITTORIOSA, or the Victorious City, which name it retains until the present day.

No less than 30,000 of the best and bravest soldiers of the Turkish army had fallen, in the vain attempt to conquer Malta. On receiving the despatch informing him of so ignominious a failure, Solyman, it is said, tore and trampled it on the ground, exclaiming, "that his soldiers were only victorious under his own command;" and, to prevent the murmurs of his people, he was reduced to invent and put forth a fictitious declaration, that his forces had been successful, that Malta had been entirely ruined, and its pestilent Corsairs carried away into slavery.

CHAPTER III.

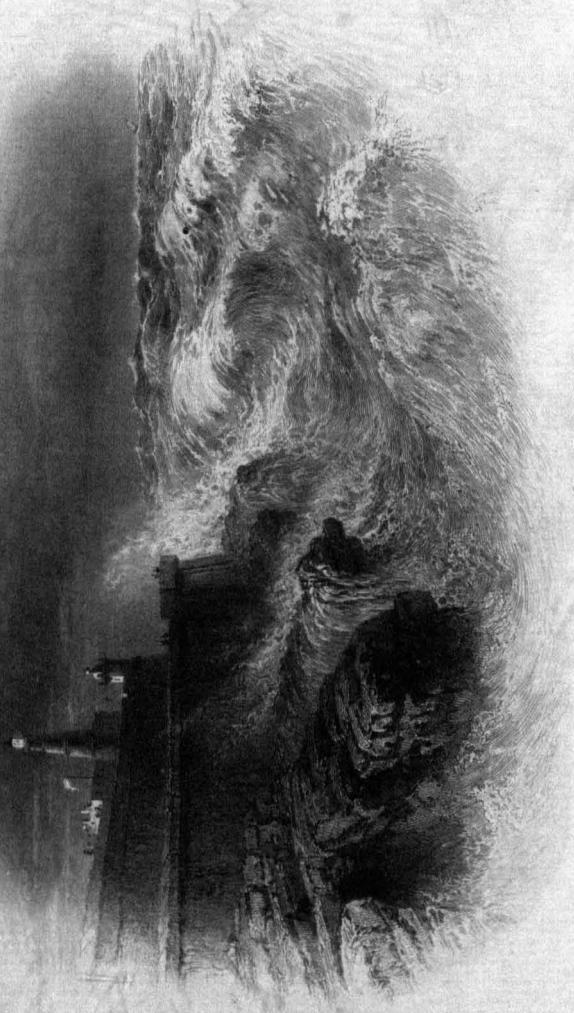
VISIT TO THE LOCALITIES OF THE SIEGE.—FORT ST. ELMO.—ABERCROMBIE'S TOMB.—FORT ST. ANGELO.—THE CHAPEL AND HOUSE OF THE GRAND MASTER.—THE BORGO.—BURMOLA.—FORT ST. MICHAEL, AND SENGLEA.

OF the numberless visitors to Malta, and even, we may say, of the residents themselves, but few ever make a pilgrimage to the spots rendered famous by the heroism of La Valette and his knights. The objects usually pointed out by guide-books and *ciceroni* are principally of more modern date and interest; and as a permission is necessary to walk over the forts (a permission, which, we believe, may always be obtained upon application to the town major, opposite the palace), the traveller is generally disposed to rest contented with an external view of them.

Our first visit was to the interior of Fort St. Elmo. Descending the Strada Reale, and crossing a platform, beneath which are extensive magazines for corn, we reached the draw-bridge, which is thrown over a deep fosse cut in the rock, most probably of a later period than that of the famous siege. Showing our order to the sentinel, and passing beneath the deep gateway, we entered the fort. Its original works, which, as before remarked, were of very limited extent, were almost entirely destroyed by the Turks, and after their retreat, when La Valette built his new city on Mount Sceberras, the fort was repaired and enlarged. The Grand Master Carafa, whose tomb may be seen in St. John's Church, almost entirely rebuilt it; but the external bastions were not added until the com-

mencement of the eighteenth century, by the Grand Master Raimondo de Perillos de Rocafful. Fort St. Elmo is now one of the most extensive and impregnable defences of Malta. It contains a treble row of bomb-proof magazines, forming barracks for two regiments of the line. The light-house has lately been much improved, and is used to signalize vessels approaching the harbour. Such is the sum of our information respecting this fort, which appears to be entirely modern, and where we looked in vain for any memorials of the terrible scenes which once took place upon its site.

There are not wanting, however, other objects of interest, and such as come home more immediately to an Englishman's bosom. At either extremity of the grand platform, which, resting upon the extreme rocky point of Mount Sceberras, commands the entrance of both harbours, are two bastions overhanging the sea, one of which contains the mortal remains of Admiral Ball, once governor of Malta, the other, the ashes of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, whose embalmed body, enclosed in a barrel, was brought direct to this spot, after the glorious fight of Aboukir. We had directed our steps thitherward, along the seaward bastions of the fortress, on one of the wildest days in stormy March. It was blowing what is called the Gregale, a north-east gale, which, coming directly into the mouth of the Great Harbour, often occasions considerable injury, not only to the shipping, but even to the fortifications themselves; several of the lower tier of embrasures of Fort St. Angelo, although situated quite within the harbour, having been recently dashed in, and the enormous guns dismounted, by the fury of the waves, while a vessel was sunk at her anchors under its walls. As we reached the bastion, the tempest was at its very height. Enormous surges of bright green water rolled in, one upon another, and, bursting in thunder against the sea-worn rocks, flew up into immense sheets of milk-white spray, which swept over the very walls of the fort, elevated as it is some hundred



The Grave of Abercrombie.

In Fort St. Elmo.

feet above the watery level. We looked down from its edge into deep abysses of foam, churned to and fro into a confusion like thousands of livid snakes intercoiled in mortal struggle. At every roll the emerald breakers displayed new forms of terror mingled with beauty, which riveted the spectator by a sort of fascination. The waves, each more tremendous than the last, seemed, as they burst, to make the rock groan and tremble with the shock—but their fury was all in vain to shake the elevated walls of Fort St. Elmo; and there was a feeling of the sublime in contrasting the broad and noble platform, the firm and solid ramparts, the huge guns, each in its place, the orderly and soldierlike array of everything around us, with the chaotic blindness and frenzy of the unstable element beneath.

Advancing to the extreme point of the bastion, and crouching down for shelter from the hurricane, we discovered the spot which encloses Abercrombie's remains, and felt, as we copied the following inscription, that, in its solitary position, overlooking that sea which washes the shore where he triumphed and died, surrounded by the proud bulwarks of his country's power, guarded by her brave soldiers, and with her meteor-flag waving on the Pharos above, no spot could well have been selected more suitable for the hero's grave.

The epitaph itself, which we do not remember to have seen before, will supersede the necessity of calling to the reader's recollection the prominent events in the life of one of Britain's most gallant chieftains. The spot where Sir Ralph Abercrombie perished, not far from the walls of Alexandria, is often a place of pilgrimage to the Egyptian traveller. The monument placed here by the care of General Pigot, is out of the usual beat of travellers, which will justify us in giving the inscription upon it at full length.

MEMORIÆ

RADULPHI ABERCROMBI, SCOTI,

EQUITIS ORDINIS A BALNEO DICTI;

VIRI

PROBITATE,

MENTIS MAGNITUDE, ANIMO MAXIMO,

ET ARMIS IN BELLO AMERICANO ATQUE HOLLANDICO

CLARISSIMI.

QUEM GEORGIUS III., MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ REX,

POPULIS PLAUDENTIBUS,

BRITANNICI TERRESTRIS EXERCITUS

AD MARE MEDITERRANEUM

DUCEM SUPREMUM DIXIT.

QUO MUNERE

EXPEDITIONEM ÆGYPTIACAM CONFICIENS,

ORAM ÆGYPTI UNIVERSAM,

GALLORUM COPIIS STRENUISSIME UNDIQUE ADVERSANTIBUS,

UNO IMPETU OCCUPAVIT, TENUIT;

IDEMQUE PROGREDIENS

EARUM CONATUS NON SEMEL FREGIT, COMPRESSIT;

DONICUM, SIGNIS CUM GALLO CONLATIS,

CRUENTO PRÆLIO AD ALEXANDRIAM COMMISSO,

ANNO M.DCCC.I. DIE XXI. MENSIS MARTII,

IN PRIMÆ ACIE, IN IPSO VICTORIÆ SINU,

LETALE VULNUS PECTORE EXCIPiens,

MAGNO SUORUM DESIDERIO EXTINGUITUS EST,

DIE XXVIII. EJUSDEM MENSIS, ANNO ÆTATIS SUÆ LXVIII.

DUX REI BELLIÆ PERITIA,

PROVIDENTIA IN CONSULENDO,

FORTITUDINE IN EXSEQUENDO,

AC FIDE INTEGRÆ IN REGNI ET REGIS GLORIAM

SPECTATISSIMUS.

HUNC REX, HUNC MAGNA BRITANNIA FLEVIT.

TO THE MEMORY OF
RALPH ABERCROMBIE, A SCOT,
KNIGHT OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH; DISTINGUISHED AS
A MAN
FOR PROBITY, AND
GREATNESS OF MIND, AND CELEBRATED FOR HIS PROWESS
AND MILITARY SKILL IN THE AMERICAN AND DUTCH WARS
WHOM
GEORGE III., KING OF GREAT BRITAIN,
INVESTED WITH THE SUPREME COMMAND
OF THE BRITISH LAND-ARMY
IN THE MEDITERRANEAN,
TO THE UNIVERSAL SATISFACTION OF THE PEOPLE.
IN THIS CAPACITY
HE CONDUCTED THE EGYPTIAN WAR,
AND BY A SINGLE EFFORT TOOK POSSESSION OF AND HELD
THE WHOLE COAST OF EGYPT,
IN SPITE OF THE STRENUOUS OPPOSITION OF THE FRENCH ARMIES.
WITH THE SAME SUCCESS
HE REPEATEDLY FOILED AND OVERCAME THEIR VARIOUS ATTEMPTS,
UNTIL, ENGAGING IN BATTLE,
AT THE SANGUINARY CONFLICT OF ALEXANDRIA,
IN THE YEAR M.DCCC.I. ON THE XXI. OF MARCH,
WHILST FIGHTING IN THE FOREMOST RANKS; AT THE VERY MOMENT OF VICTORY
HE RECEIVED A MORTAL WOUND IN THE BREAST,
OF WHICH HE EXPIRED, TO THE GENERAL REGRET,
ON THE XXVIII. OF THE SAME MONTH, IN THE LXVIII. YEAR OF HIS AGE.
AS A GENERAL, HE WAS RENOWNED FOR SKILL IN MILITARY TACTICS,
FOR WARINESS IN COUNSEL,
DETERMINATION IN EXECUTION,
AND FOR UNSHAKEN FIDELITY TO HIS KING AND COUNTRY.
LAMENTED BY THE KING AND PEOPLE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

We wended our way homeward from Fort St. Elmo along the terraces overlooking the waters of the harbour, which, generally so animated, with a crowd of boats passing from point to point, were now tossed into a tempestuous sea. Not a boat was to be seen: they had sought shelter in distant nooks and creeks from the breakers, which would either have sunk them or dashed them to pieces upon the quay of Nix Mangiarc, over which the waves were washing up to the doors of the houses. The ships in the harbour, with straining cables, were riding out the storm. It was impossible to pass from Valetta to the other side of the harbour without extreme peril, and two guineas had been demanded by the boatmen for a passage which is usually effected for the same number of pence.

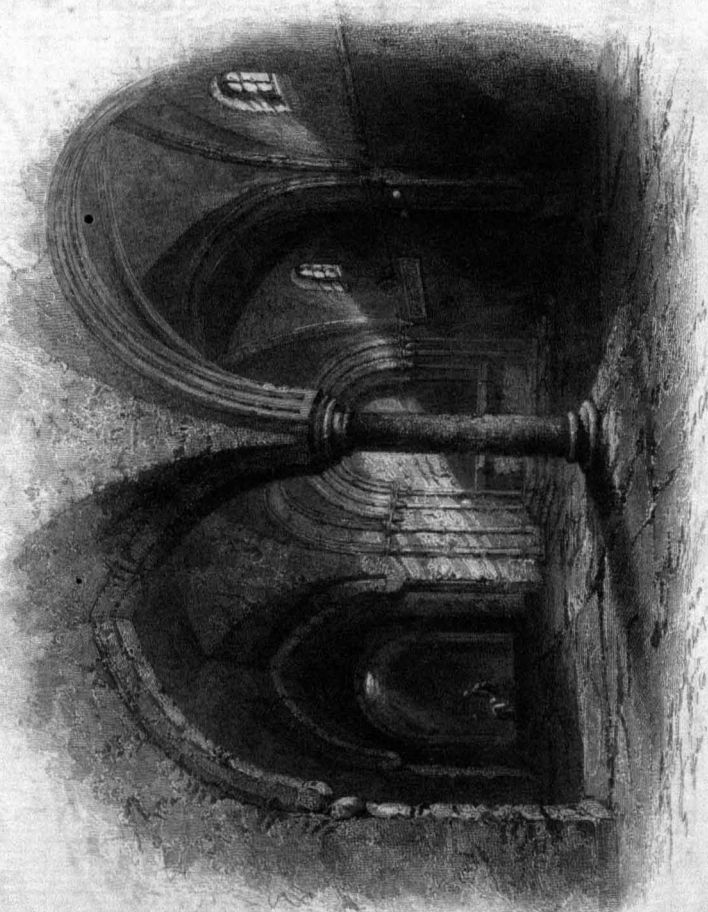
The chronicles of Malta have preserved to us an account of a terrible storm which took place in the Grand Mastership of Claude de la Sengle. On the 23d of September, about seven in the evening, there arose in the harbour a tremendous whirlwind, which, caused by the conflicting violence of several contrary winds, lashed up the waters, sunk several ships, and drove others on shore; and, what was most deplorable, overturned four galleys then being careened, so that the greater part of their officers and crews were either drowned or crushed by the fall of the vessels. The houses bordering the fort were instantly submerged, and even the Castle of St. Angelo shaken; the mast which bore the great standard of the Order being torn down, and carried half a mile from the spot. The whirlwind, rain, and sea combined, seemed to threaten the entire destruction of Malta, when, strange to say, in less than half an hour the tempest ceased as suddenly as it had come on. On the following morning it was found that more than six hundred persons had either been drowned or crushed to death by the upsetting of the galleys. The Grand Master, hearing a noise issue from one of them, caused it to be opened, and some of the planks taken out, whereupon an ape leaped forth, for the first,

and, directly after, the Chevalier de l'Escut and other of the knights were taken out—all of whom, up to their chins in water, had during the night hung on by their hands to the bottom of the hold, where they had scarcely air to breathe. They issued from this horrible place more dead than alive, and were hardly exposed to the fresh air when the greater number of them fainted away. The Grand Master laboured incessantly to recover the galleys; but the greater part remained totally unserviceable; a few only, by great expenditure and the contributions of some of the Christian princes and wealthy knights, being again rendered fit for sea. To repair the loss, the Grand Master built another galley at his own expense, as rowers to which, the Pope, says the Abbé Vertot, "touched with so grievous a calamity, liberally furnished the galley-slaves and condemned criminals from his own prisons"—one of the most remarkable instances of cheap benevolence that history has put on record.

The suddenness with which a gale gets up in the Mediterranean is only equalled by the rapidity with which it subsides. On the morrow after the gregale, Malta had assumed its usual aspect; the surges, but yesterday so angry and formidable, now murmured gently against the quays, and the calm azure of the harbour was studded with its usual number of boats. In one of these we embarked at the Nix Mangiare steps, and flew rapidly across the sunny waters to the portal of Fort St. Angelo. As we approached, its tremendous triple tier of bulwarks, pierced with yawning orifices, through which were seen the muzzles of its heavy artillery, frowned grandly above us, the proudest and most formidable of the many fortresses of Malta. Leaping from the boat upon the edge of the rock on which it stands, we presented our pass to the serjeant on guard, who civilly despatched an orderly to show us our way through the fortress.

A body of blue-coated artillerymen was just about to ascend and relieve guard. An American traveller has remarked that

these are "doubtless the finest of modern soldiers;" and as we scrutinized these gallant fellows, while the sound of their firm and heavy tramp resounded along the paved and vaulted ascent, we could not but echo this Transatlantic estimate with a feeling of pride. To the robust *physique*, the square and martial bearing, and the perfect training which distinguish the British infantry in general, even the common artillerymen superadd an intelligence and propriety, not to say gentlemanliness, of deportment, peculiar to themselves; and to no better or braver custody could this castle of heroic memories be more safely or worthily consigned. A short ascent between magazines and barracks brought us to the platform surmounting the works. The view on all sides was magnificent, and every locality of the great siege was clear and palpable at a glance. We stood, in fact, where once stood La Valette, as he watched with fearful interest the deadly struggle at Fort St. Elmo, which projected, nearly opposite, its batteries and lighthouse into the open sea. Turning round, the eye followed with delight the borders of the deep creek which formerly afforded a shelter to the galleys of the Order, around which arose, in stately amphitheatre, the buildings of the Borgo, Burmola, and Senglea; and it was easy to call up before our imagination the famous attack upon the stockade, and so many other incidents of the siege. Having dwelt awhile upon this superb and historic panorama, we turned our steps toward the small chapel which occupies the point of the platform, and made our way across a bright little flower-garden, neatly laid out, and kept in order by the sentinels of the ramparts, to its round-arched portal, surmounted by the arms of the Order. Another step placed before us a really exquisite Gothic interior. The light fell through the side windows upon what appeared an ancient altar or tomb, and glanced across the time-worn walls and pavement. A column of red and green sienite marble, said to have been brought by the knights from Rhodes, occupied and sustained



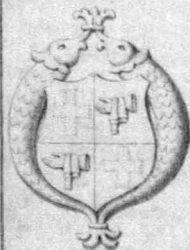
Chapel in Fort St. Angelo.



VICTRIX FORTVNÆ VIRTVS

IHS

XS



FR. PHILIPPVS DE VILLIERS L'ISLEADAM MAGISTER
HOSPITALIS MELITÆ ORDINEM SVVM LAPSVM
ERIGENS AC DECENNII PEREGRINATIONE FATIGATVM
REPARANS MELITÆ CONSEDIT : VBI IESV NOMINI
SACRANDVM ÆDICVLAM HANC VOLVIT AD SEPV-
TVRAM . SEPTVAGENARIO MAIOR OBIIT ANNO
SALVTIS . M . D . XXXIIII . AVGVSTI DIE XXII

CVIV POSTEA CORPVS VNA CŪ EORŪ QVI ILLI IN MAGISTERO SVCCESSE-
CORPORIBVS IN HOC QVOQ; FANO SEPVLTIS F. IOANES LEVESQUE
CASSERA MAGISTER.V CONCIPIO ORDINIS ASSÉTIE E IN EMPŪ ASE INNOVA VRBE VALLETA CŌDITŪ TRANSFERRI IBI Q; PIE AC RELIGIOSE

HVMANJ FECIT ANNO DNI 1572 DIE VLTIMA SEPTBRIS

SAL

FR ANTONIVS DE GROLLA VT VIVETIS GLORIE SIC ET DEFVCTI
MEMORIE CVLTOR OBSERVATISSIMVS FACIENDVM CVRAVIT

MVD

the centre, and from its capital sprang two different arches, round and pointed—a curious peculiarity of the building, apparently proving it to be of different dates, or erected at a period when the two are sometimes found intermingled together. There was something most interesting in this grey old chapel, much older than anything to be seen in Valetta, and built by L'Isle Adam, unless standing when he first established himself upon the heights of St. Angelo. Here he was doubtless accustomed to assemble with his knights, to perform the offices of devotion; and we found, also, that he had selected the spot as his sepulchre. On the side wall of the building, and close to the altar or tomb, is the curious tablet, with a portrait of the founder of Malta, represented on the opposite page, of the inscription upon which the following is a translation:—

Valour the Vanquisher of Fortune.

FRERE PHILIP DE VILLIERS L'ISLE ADAM,

MASTER OF THE HOSPITAL OF MALTA,

HAVING ADVANCED AND RE-ESTABLISHED HIS DECLINING ORDER,

WORN OUT BY A TEN-YEARS' DISPERSION

IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES,

SETTLED AT MALTA,

WHERE HE CONSECRATED THIS LITTLE EDIFICE,

IN THE NAME OF JESUS,

FOR HIS PLACE OF SEPULTURE.

HE DIED

IN THE YEAR OF SALVATION M.D.XXXIV. ON THE XXII. OF AUGUST,

ABOVE THE AGE OF SEVENTY.

FRERE ANTHONY DE GROLEA,

A MOST WARM ADMIRER OF HIS GLORY WHILE LIVING,

SO ALSO OF HIS MEMORY WHEN DEAD,

CAUSED THIS INSCRIPTION

● TO BE SET UP.

This Grolea was not improbably the same already mentioned as having negotiated the surrender of Rhodes. The following has been afterwards added :—

JOHN L'EVEQUE CASSIERE,
GRAND MASTER,
WITH THE CONSENT OF THE COUNCIL OF THE ORDER,
AFTERWARDS,
IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD M.D.LXXVII. ON THE LAST DAY OF SEPTEMBER,
CAUSED HIS BODY,
TOGETHER WITH THE BODIES OF THOSE WHO SUCCEEDED HIM
IN THE DIGNITY OF MASTER,
AND WERE BURIED IN THIS SHRINE,
TO BE REMOVED
TO THE TEMPLE WHICH HE HAD BUILT, IN THE NEW CITY OF VALETTA,
AND THERE PIOUSLY AND RELIGIOUSLY INTERRED.

This chapel was not the only memorial of the venerable defender of Rhodes that we were fortunate enough to discover—I use the latter word, because, although the guide-books make mention of the house of the Grand Master, they omit to state that it contains any object of curiosity. But chancing to peep through a gateway at the end of the platform, the sight of a very picturesque court, and of a staircase and gallery of gothic architecture, arrested our attention, and induced us to request of the lady of the Commandant, who occupies this interesting residence, permission to explore its interior, which was immediately and courteously granted. The staircase proved to be a very curious architectural fragment, with the same intermingling of round and pointed arches, already remarked in the chapel, and which, with the peculiar detail, is faithfully characterised in the annexed sketch. The architecture of this edifice, probably reared by L'Isle Adam himself, as the vaulting bears the device of the Order, presents a specimen of the transition between the older gothic of Rhodes, and the more modern



Staircase.

Grand Master's House.

palatial style, common in Borgo and Valetta. We were in great hopes that the interior of the building would have answered in all respects to this curious sample, but the spacious apartments, perhaps in part or wholly destroyed in the great siege, appeared to have been entirely modernised or rebuilt. In the garden is a grotto, with the date 1533, being the year before L'Isle Adam's death.

So much more than we had anticipated of architectural and historic interest had turned up in this survey of Fort St. Angelo, that we were not without hopes of finding traces of antiquity no less interesting, scattered through the towns of Borgo and Senglea. A long descent conducted us through the portal to the ditch, twenty-five yards wide, which, admitting the passage of the sea, separates the Fort from the Borgo. Before leaving St. Angelo, a few words are requisite as to its past condition. It is supposed that the spot was built upon at a very early period, the site of this ditch traditionally occupying that of a temple dedicated to Juno. The Greeks and then the Arabs are believed to have here had forts, and when Malta was ceded to the knights by Charles V. the fort was surrendered to L'Isle Adam by the Spanish Commandant. During the great siege it probably suffered less than any other portion of the fortifications, and would still have afforded a refuge to the knights if driven out of Senglea and the Borgo. Already considerably enlarged by successive Grand Masters, the Grand Master Carafa added to it new fortifications in 1686, and it was finished by Wignacourt in 1690. At the period when the French took possession of Malta, its works were in a very neglected state; they are now in perfect order, and constitute, perhaps, the most impregnable bulwark of the place; no less than about eighty cannon being mounted upon its triple tier of batteries, which completely command the entrance of the Great Harbour.

A short ascent from the bridge over the sea-ditch, brought us to the principal street of Borgo, which is narrow, and bordered

by houses, which, though in a similar style, are apparently of greater age than those in Valetta. Passing on our left a gothic portal of the same period as the Grand Master's house, we emerged into an irregular square, in the centre of which is a fountain, with an inscription commemorating the defence. A very short acquaintance with the "Victorious City" sufficed to show that its glory has departed, and passed over to the more favoured and fortunate Valetta. Everything has a dull, bygone, shabby look—no gay equipages and shops as in the Strada Reale, no groups of officers and ladies—no life nor movement are here to be seen—the by-streets would not bear investigation, the houses are dilapidated, the people heavy and torpid, and evidently unaccustomed to the sight of the curious traveller. We were in search of two especial objects of interest, besides any stray gleanings we might fall in with—the ancient Palace of the Inquisition, and the sword and hat of La Valette. The



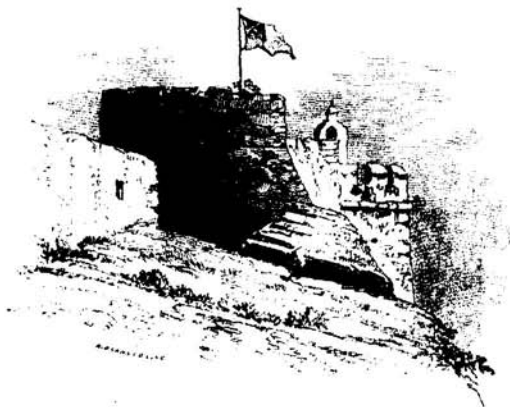
former is a large edifice now serving as officers' quarters; the lower part, from its ponderous gothic pillars, evidently belonging to the same period as the ancient buildings already described, and serving as a foundation for the more modern edifice above. Finding that it presented but little attraction, we hastened down to the Greek church of St. Lorenzo, in quest of the relics of La Valette. This edifice, contrary to our expectation, proved to

be of a date posterior to the chapel in fort St. Angelo, and is but rarely visited. No traces of the object of our research were anywhere to be met with, and as none of the natives could speak Italian, it was with some difficulty that we made known our wish to see the sexton, who at length made his appearance, and conducted us to a neighbouring chapel, in which, under a glass case, are preserved the hat and sword of the heroic founder of Valetta.

After a glance at the battered ramparts of the Borgo, we passed through its gateway and across its fosse into the adjacent quarter of Burmola, which extends around the head of the creek, joining together the more ancient Borgo and Senglea. The interest here is chiefly, if not entirely modern, this creek of the harbour, from its secure and sheltered situation, being occupied by the principal naval establishments of the English government, as it was by those of the knights before them. The coup-d'œil from the water is really magnificent; on the north side is seen the elegant residence of the Admiral-Superintendent, in front of which is generally moored some colossal man-of-war or steamer; while the Victualling-yard, the Dock-yard, and the Naval arsenal, range around the extremity to the opposite side of the creek. The improvements made since the cession of the island to the English, are commensurate with the extensive demands of the Mediterranean squadron. The flour and biscuit factory occupies the site of three large arches called the galley arches, erected by the Grand Master Wignacourt in 1692. The wheat is washed, ground, and converted into biscuit, and the grain and flour hoisted and moved about, almost entirely by machinery; fifteen thousand pounds of bread, serving as a daily supply for as many seamen, are produced every twelve hours, a quantity which can be doubled by working night and day. The Dock-yard contains everything necessary for the immediate refitting of a man-of-war, and, since the use of war steamers, has received suitable additions and improvements; the latest, a spacious dry dock, the want of which had long been felt, being

brought to a completion in 1848, and has been found of immense utility for heaving down and repairing the steamers of the squadron. These works have given employment to a large number of native artificers, and confer upon the adjacent streets of Burmola an active and business-like appearance.

Through Burmola we finally directed our steps to Senglea, in quest of Fort St. Michael, which bore the brunt of the terrible and oft-repeated assaults of the Ottomans. But it was with no little difficulty, and not until after repeated inquiries, that we could distinctly ascertain its position. Of the soldiers we questioned, some had never heard of such a fort, while others said it was over in Valetta—thus fainter and fainter often becomes the echo of noble deeds, with the progress of time and change! The gallant fellows mounting guard upon the ramparts, little dreamed that they were standing upon a spot, once heaped with corpses, and dyed with blood, which had once witnessed the height of daring, and the extremity of heroic endurance. From



the fort itself, at the N. E. angle of Senglea, we proceeded to trace the course of the wall which defends it on the side opposite Mt. Corradino, and from whence the Turkish batteries kept up so tremendous a fire. Although still presenting a formidable

front, no part of the walls of Malta is so ruinous or neglected. Here the whole scene of the attack was taken in at a glance; the fort, the walls, the position of the stockade which Candelissa vainly endeavoured to force, and the encampment of the Ottoman army. A tide of glorious recollections rushed upon the memory, as it reviewed the past history of the spot, but on looking at its present condition, a very different train of ideas is somewhat too abruptly awakened; for the line of buildings behind these bastions is now become the lowest Wapping of Malta, the favourite home-ashore of the jolly tars of the fleet, and the merchant-sailors from the creek below, to whose revels it seems exclusively given up. Conspicuous afar upon the fronts of the houses are the names of the different "hotels," as, to flatter the pride of poor Jack, they are pompously denominated; such as the "Faith, Hope, and Charity," "the Collingwood," "the Ring of Bells," "the George," "the Lovely Polly;" in reality, so many grog-shops and brothels to drain him of his hard-earned cash, from which, as we passed them, the sounds of rude revelry and angry quarrel burst forth; while women of the lowest order, in tawdry attire and with gin-inflamed cheeks, emerged in broad sunshine from the neighbouring alleys, in loose attire and still looser looks.

We were here in a somewhat uncomfortable dilemma. Fatigued and famished alike with our lengthened ramble, some refreshment became absolutely necessary; but where to obtain it was the difficulty, for not a decent house of entertainment, or tolerable restaurant, could we discover anywhere on our course, from the height of St. Angelo to the point of Senglea. At length, after entering several "hotels," we made our way into one called "the Shepherd," which seemed to promise a little better than the rest, and were shown into an upper chamber redolent of nauseous fumes, with a rickety table covered with a foul cloth,—rude pictures of naval exploits, and favourite ships—of Pollys, and Bettys, and Susans in flaming ribbons, and yet

more flaming cheeks, and a highly coloured print of the virtuous Joseph escaping from Potiphar's wife. After procuring such refreshment as the place afforded, we adjourned to its neglected garden, a curious nook overhanging the harbour, and which, from an inscription that caught our eye on the wall above, not entirely decipherable, had been evidently formed and occupied in former times by one of the principal magnates of the Order. We regretted the more the not being able to make out all the inscription, as its tenor appeared to be somewhat original and facetious, and surmounted by what *appeared* to be a billiard-ball and cue.

Hoc fac, et vives.

VINCENTIUS CARAFA,

SUAE CHRISTIANISSIMAE MAJESTATIS PHILIPPI, HISPANIARUM REGIS,

EQUITUM PRAEFFECTUS ITALICORUM,

DUX, ET COMETARILIS CONSILIARIUS.

Hic, ubi pugnavi quondam discrimina vinces,
Hortis delicias nunc mihi jure paro.

1590.

This do, and thou shalt live.

VINCENT CARAFA,

PREFECT OF THE ITALIAN KNIGHTS,

DUKE, AND PRIVY-COUNCILLOR OF HIS MOST CHRISTIAN MAJESTY

PHILIP OF SPAIN.

Here, where I have fought battles, thou wilt conquer,
Now, as is just, I prepare for myself the pleasures of the garden.

1590.

Having followed the bastions, we directed our steps to the main street, which intersects its entire length, and which we were surprised to find broad and handsomely built, vying with any in Valetta in architectural appearance, and nearly so in cleanliness; and having in addition peeped into the churches, which, like the rest of those in Malta, were well built and gor-

geously ornamented, and evidently well frequented, we descended to the ferry at the extreme point of Senglea, and, crossing the waters once ensanguined by the destruction of Candelissa's fleet of boats, landed at Valetta, and ascended the streets of stairs to our lodgings in the Strada Britannica, well pleased to have traced out the localities, and collected at least some memorials, of the famous siege of Malta.

Let us now pass very briefly over the subsequent history of the Order, which, indeed, presents no chapter of anything like equal interest. The defence of Malta resounded throughout Christendom, and raised to the highest pitch the glory of La Valette. But the congratulations and presents from the different princes of Europe, which poured in upon him, could not blind him to the perils of his situation, menaced afresh by the hosts of Solymán, or distract his attention from a project he had conceived for the secure re-establishment of his Order. This was, to abandon the Borgo, and, as L'Isle Adam had originally intended, to erect a new city upon Mount Xiberras, which commanded both the harbours, fortifying it with the utmost resources of art. The Pope, the kings of France, Spain, and Portugal, and the different Italian potentates, contributed largely to this noble design, to further which, in addition, many of the Commanders of the Order also bestowed the greater part of their possessions. Having engaged the most able engineers, La Valette, on the twenty-eighth of March, 1566, surrounded with all his Knights, laid the first stone of the new city, which, in his honour, received the appellation of VALETTA. The works were pushed with the utmost ardour, the Grand Master himself for two years never quitting the spot, but often taking his repasts, and even giving his orders and audiences, in the midst of his workmen. But, although he had the satisfaction of seeing the rapid growth of a city, which was to bear his name to posterity, he did not live to

witness its entire completion, being cut off by a *coup de soleil* in August 1568.

In the armoury of Malta may be seen the suit worn by La Valette. It is of richer material, and more elaborately orna-



mented than that of L'Isle Adam ; and, as far as we are enabled to judge, belonged to a man broad at the chest, and slender in the limbs, elegantly proportioned, and of the middling stature.

His funeral obsequies were of extraordinary magnificence. The corpse was placed on board the chief galley, disarmed and with her masts lowered, towed by two other armed vessels, which trailed in the sea the numerous standards and banners taken by La Valette from the Turks. These galleys were followed by two others, also covered with black cloth and funeral trappings, on board of which the reigning Grand Master, with his Council and Knights, having embarked, the procession

issued slowly from the Great Harbour, and entered that of Marsa Muscet. The household of the departed, with his officers and servants in deep mourning, descended first on shore, the greater part carrying torches, while others bore standards taken from the Turks. Next came the clergy, bearing the body, and chanting the solemn prayers of the Church, immediately followed by the Grand Master, and the great body of his Knights. The corpse of La Valette was borne into the chapel of Notre Dame de Victoire, which he had built at his own expense, and interred with all the solemn ceremonial justly due to the memory of so illustrious a man. It was afterwards, with that of L'Isle Adam, transferred to the vault beneath St. John's Church, in Valetta.

Under the Grand Mastership of Pierre de Monte, the city of Valetta was completed, and the residence of the Order transferred thither from the Borgo in 1571, memorable for the glorious sea-fight of Lepanto, in which Cervantes distinguished himself, and was taken prisoner. Although this was a severe blow to the naval power of the Turks, they had not yet renounced the favourite idea of wiping out their past disgraces by the reduction of Malta; but the formidable attitude assumed by the Knights in their new stronghold led them rather to direct their assaults against the fort of Goletta and the city of Tunis, of which they succeeded in rendering themselves masters. In 1615, sixty of their ships appeared before Malta, and landed 5,000 soldiers, who were, however, unable to carry off any of the inhabitants into slavery. These hostilities were as vigorously reciprocated by the galleys of the Order, which, sometimes, attacking by themselves, succeeded in capturing a far superior force; at others, joining their forces to those of the Venetians, rendered good service to Christendom by keeping in check both the Turkish marine and the Barbary corsairs, at a period when as yet the naval forces of the great European powers were but very imperfectly developed. But, as the marine of France and England became more powerful, while the Turkish empire,

once so formidable, gradually sank into insignificance, the occupation of the Knights of Malta was gone. Secure in their impregnable bulwarks, and covered with the *prestige* of former exploits, they became rather a corporation of wealthy princes than a body of hardy warriors. Their luxurious habits and their scandalous dissensions rapidly undermined their power, and paved the way for a downfall as ignominious as their rise was full of glory. The island, however, has much to thank them for. They applied themselves to the development of its resources, and carefully fostered the cotton manufacture, which greatly enriched the population, increased nearly tenfold under their flourishing rule. Those stupendous fortifications which attract the wonder of the stranger, were, under the rule of the successive Grand Masters, also carried to completion; but the heroic spirit that should have defended them was gone.

Such was the altered position of Europe, and of the effete Knighthood of Malta, at the breaking out of the French Revolution. Their property in France was confiscated, and the Order, as regards that country, annulled. Their revenues in Italy and Spain shortly afterwards followed, and the possession of their impregnable stronghold became the next object of the policy of the Republicans. Emissaries were accordingly sent to the island, who secretly fomented the divisions already existing among the knights, and also successfully laboured to form a party favourable to the pretensions of the French. Bonaparte also despatched a ship of war, which, under pretence of repairs, was permitted to enter the port for the purpose of refitting, but, in reality, to take such observations as might facilitate a conquest: a measure soon followed up by the sudden appearance of the French fleet, having on board the grand army destined for the reduction of Egypt. Bonaparte immediately sent a summons to the Grand Master, Hompesch, to demand the free entry of all the ports for the whole of his fleet and convoy; a proposal equivalent to a surrender. It is said by Alison that

"the capitulation of the place had been previously secured by secret intelligence with the Grand Master and principal officers." It is at least certain that, a powerful party being ready to back the pretensions of the French, the city was a prey to dissension at a moment when unanimity was indispensable. The preparations for defence had been neglected; and in the midst of panic and confusion the terms of capitulation were hurriedly arranged. To the Grand Master was secured a principality in Germany, or a pension for life of 300,000 francs; the French knights were to receive a pension of 700 francs; and a promise was given that the property of the inhabitants should not be invaded, nor their religion disturbed. Thus ignominiously came to a close, on the 12th of June, 1798, the once illustrious Order of St. John of Jerusalem, having subsisted for more than seven hundred years. At this time its members consisted of 200 French knights, 90 Italian, 25 Spanish, 8 Portuguese, and 5 Anglo-Bavarian—in all, 328, of whom 50 were disabled by age and infirmities; and the force under arms amounted to 7,100 men, which might easily have been increased to 10,000.

The French might well congratulate themselves upon the facility with which they had acquired such a stronghold. It is said that Bonaparte, on the evening of his arrival, on walking round the bastions, suddenly stopped, and exclaimed, "What sublime fortifications!" to which Caffarelli replied, "It is well, general, that there was some one within to open the gates to us; we should have had more trouble in working our way through, had the place been empty." The greatest activity was displayed in putting the works into an effective state of defence, and a thousand guns were soon mounted upon the bastions. Leaving General Vaubois, with a garrison of 3,000 men, and liberating and carrying off with him the Turkish galley-slaves, in order, as Alison remarks, to produce a moral influence upon the Mahometan population in the countries to

which their course was bound, Bonaparte set sail for Egypt on the 19th of June, after rifling St. John's, and carrying off with him the sword of La Valette, and such treasure as could be readily obtained from the public edifices and churches. When asked, upon his departure, to give his instructions as to the defence of the fortifications, he contented himself with laconically desiring Vaubois "*to lock the gates, and put the key in his pocket.*"

The indignation of the Maltese people was excessive at finding themselves thus sold to these new masters; and several of the treacherous knights were massacred by them in a tumult that arose on the surrender. Their discontent was soon carried to its height by the conduct of the French, and shortly after receiving the news of Nelson's victory at Aboukir, they broke into open insurrection. A detachment of soldiers was engaged in rifling a church at Citta Vecchia, when the exasperated populace fell upon and exterminated them; and the flame spreading over the whole island, the French were soon compelled to shut themselves up within the walls of Valetta, where they were closely hemmed in by the insurgents. The distress of the Republicans was consummated by the appearance of an English fleet, which landed arms and ammunition for the people, and established a rigorous blockade, which was sustained by the French garrison for a period of two years, with an heroic constancy far worthier of the L'Isle Adams and La Valettes of old than of their degenerate descendants, so recently expelled. After enduring the utmost extremity of famine, and without the slightest prospect of relief from France, the French commandant at length obtained an honourable capitulation from General Pigot, who had assumed the direction of the siege. Only a few quarters of wheat were left in the place, insufficient for more than a day's provision. The English commissioners were received by General Vaubois with a dinner which exhibited all the refinements of the *cuisine*. Dishes which *seemed* to be composed of every variety of

animal food were duly set before them; nor could they help expressing their surprise at being treated to such a repast, at a period when the garrison were supposed to be in want even of bread; whereupon the general assured them that the *matériel* of the dinner consisted entirely of some tame rabbits, together with a couple of quails, accidentally taken upon the ramparts, and skillfully disguised by the inimitable skill of his *artiste*.

Besides co-operating with their ships and forces in the restoration of Malta to its inhabitants, the English had assumed, with their entire consent, the civil direction of its affairs; and on the 15th of June, 1802, the members of the congress, elected by the free suffrages of the people, solemnly made over the sovereignty of the island to the king of Great Britain and his successors. It was not without great reluctance that the French were compelled to give their assent; and Bonaparte is reported to have said that he would as soon see the English in possession of a fauxbourg of Paris as of the fortress of Malta. An attempt was made at the peace of Amiens to reconstitute the Order upon an independent basis, under the protection of all the great powers of Europe; but the solemn protest of the Maltese themselves caused it to be renounced, and at the congress of Vienna the possession of the island was finally confirmed to the English, her national arms placed over the gates, and the following inscription put up above the Main Guard in the Square of St. George, opposite the palace:—

MAGNÆ ET INVICTÆ BRITANNIÆ
MELITENSIVM AMOR
ET
EUROPÆ VOX
HAS INSULAS CONFIRMAT,
A.D. 1814.

CHAPTER IV.

EXCURSION TO ST. PAUL'S BAY.—DISSERTATION ON THE APOSTLE'S VOYAGE, AND
SCENE OF HIS SHIPWRECK—CITTA VECCHIA—BENGEMMA, ETC.

ANOTHER excursion was marked out for us to-day, and to a spot which as far surpassed in interest that of the preceding, as the footsteps of the missionary are more sacred and venerable than the traces of the warrior,—we mean St. Paul's Bay, where, according to very ancient tradition, the Apostle of the Gentiles suffered shipwreck on his voyage into Italy. Most of my readers, we may safely presume, would set out on such an excursion with feelings of no ordinary interest, which, in my own case, was greatly increased by the following consideration:—

During several preceding journeys in the East, it had fallen to my own lot to follow upon the track of St. Paul, from his birth-place at Tarsus, even to his prison in Rome. I had traced his footsteps from Jerusalem—where we first hear of him, as a zealous persecutor of the Christians, consenting unto the death of the martyr Stephen—to Damascus, the scene of his conversion—and thence to Antioch, where “the disciples were first called Christians.” I had followed his devious missionary course to the shores of Crete and Cyprus, and the coasts of Asia Minor, through the beautiful islands of the Archipelago, to Athens, to Corinth, and to Italy; often sailing, with the New Testament in hand, upon the very same track, looking upon the same headlands, passing through the

same straits, threading the same passes, and travelling over the same highways. I had stood on the top of Mars' Hill, where still remain the stone seats of the Areopagus, and the platform from which he delivered his celebrated oration,—climbed upon the slippery sea-beat wrecks of the quay of Cæsarea, whence he took his final departure from the land of his forefathers, and with no less interest looked down upon the ruined mole of Puteoli, where first he landed upon the shores of Italy. This visit to the scene of his shipwreck, then, was another and interesting link in the chain of personal recollections of the Apostle's course.

After an early breakfast we started in a caleche, and passing out at Port Bomb, reached the summit of the hill at Casal Nasciar, where, between two antique small forts, an extensive view suddenly opened over the greater part of the island, St. Paul's Bay being among the most conspicuous features. A little distance on the left was a deep rocky dell with a cavern, the spot to which the Apostle traditionally retired after his shipwreck for prayer and meditation—a tradition which, smacking as it does of the cave mania of Palestine, and being in manifest opposition to the practical tone of the Apostle's mind, which would rather have led him to dwell among his fellow-men, than to seclude himself in an ascetic retirement, did not induce us to deviate out of the direct road to the Bay. Before us, like beacons, were two white buildings, marking the opposite sides of its shores; the nearer one a flat, small tower, and called St. Paul's; more distant, on a bold ridge, an enormous and showy pile, called the Palace of Selmoon, erected at a great expense, and for some incomprehensible purpose, and at present tenanted only by a few peasants.

Before entering into a more minute description of the spot, it will be well to introduce to the reader the following interesting dissertation, for which we are indebted to the pen of Mr. Samuel Sharpe, the learned historian of Egypt.

ON THE SHIPWRECK OF THE APOSTLE PAUL, AND THE
HISTORIAN JOSEPHUS.

The doubt that once hung over the island on which the Apostle Paul was wrecked, has been gradually giving way to the inquiries of travellers and critics. They have each helped the other; and we consider that it is quite proved that it was Malta.

The traveller, when he visits the island, now looks with pious interest for the beach on which the ship was stranded, for the shape of the land which made the two currents, and for the harbour in which was wintering the second ship, that afterward carried the Apostle to Italy. Biography is naturally more engaging than history; our feelings are more warmly moved by the success or suffering of one man than of a crowd. If the person about whom we read was a great and good man, our interest rises higher. If his adventures have been told with faithfulness and minuteness, we imagine ourselves present with him at the time, and form pictures in our minds of the scenery and outward circumstances that may have accompanied the events told. Such is the case with the simple but most careful history of the voyage and shipwreck of St. Paul, written by his fellow traveller, the Evangelist Luke, in the last two chapters of the Acts of the Apostles.

In the case of some early voyages and travels, we have very little to compare them with but the geography and natural history of the places mentioned. Such is the march of Moses out of Egypt. And in the case of St. Paul's voyage, though it is mentioned in other writings, yet it is highly interesting to compare it with the map, and with the accounts of other voyagers in those seas. They help us to fill up particulars as to the winds and coasts, which Luke has left out; and they enable us to understand more exactly the difficulties in which the ship was placed during the storm. Every autumn the same winds

are met with by the sailor in those seas, the same storm is to be dreaded, the same rocks and quicksands must be shunned, the same course is to be run by his vessel, and the same harbours are at hand for his shelter. Every natural feature that the traveller has seen and related to us, adds life to the Evangelist's narrative, explains it when necessary, and at the same time proves its accuracy.*

Rightly to understand the shipwreck, and the direction in which the ship was being driven before the storm, it will be worth while to begin at the beginning of this interesting voyage. Indeed, without it we could hardly prove that Malta was the island on which the Apostle was wrecked; as critics used to think that it was the island of Melita in the Adriatic Gulf.

It was when Nero was emperor of Rome, and Felix was governor of Judea, that Paul, while preaching in Jerusalem, was taken up and thrown into prison on the charge of breaking the Jewish law. Lysias, the Roman governor of the city, heard what his accusers had to say against him, and was puzzled both by the trifling nature of the charge, and by the excitement it caused among the Jews. He was alarmed both for Paul's safety, and for the peace of the city, if he released him; and therefore he sent him to Cæsarea, where the governor of the province dwelt, that the charge might be heard by Felix himself.

About that time, perhaps, A. D. 60, though the year is uncertain, Porcius Festus came into Judea, as governor of the province, to succeed Felix. Festus also heard the charge against Paul; and on Paul's refusing to go back to Jerusalem to be tried, and saying, "I appeal unto Cæsar," Festus determined to get rid of the difficulty by sending him to Rome. This privilege of appealing to Rome, Paul gained by being born at Tarsus. Accordingly, he was to be sent as a prisoner, but with

* No author has contributed so much to explain the last two chapters of the Acts of the Apostles as Mr. James Smith of Jordanhill, in his "Voyage and Shipwreck of St. Paul," from which the writer has borrowed freely.

as little severity as possible ; and his high character for learning and virtue gained him kind treatment from those who had him in charge. Here we will begin with the words of the Evangelist, though it will be necessary to employ a more exact and more correct translation than that in common use.

“ And when it was determined that we should sail to Italy, they delivered Paul, and some other prisoners, unto a centurion, named Julius of the Augustan Band.” The eighth or the Augustan Legion was stationed on that coast, as may be learned from the coins of Beyroot. “ And entering a ship of Adramyttium,” that was sailing homeward, “ we launched, meaning to sail to the coasts of Asia, Aristarchus, a Macedonian of Thessalonica, being with us.” He was accompanying Paul in love and reverence ; for as the centurion had put his prisoners into a merchant ship, he, and Luke, the writer of the narrative, and many others of Paul’s friends could take their passage in the same ship, and accompany him. “ And the next day we touched at Sidon,” having sailed about seventy miles. “ And Julius treated Paul mildly, and gave him liberty to go to his friends to refresh himself. And when we launched from thence we sailed under the lee of Cyprus, because the winds were contrary.” Had the wind been favourable, the pilot would have laid his course in a straight line from Sidon to Rhodes, passing on the south side of Cyprus ; as it was, he kept nearer the coast, and passed on the north side of Cyprus. “ And when we had sailed over the sea of Cilicia and Pamphylia,” between Cyprus and the mainland, “ we came to Myra in Lycia. And there the centurion found an Alexandrian ship sailing to Italy, and he put us therein.” Had the wind been easterly, the Alexandrian pilot would hardly have been on that coast, he would have sailed from Alexandria along the coast of Africa to Cyrene, and thence have crossed to Sicily. But the westerly winds had made him take the longer course by the coast of Asia, and he had anchored in the bay of Myra. The Alexan-

drian ships were of a very large size, and had a particular merit in the eyes of the Hebrew passengers. By the law, the Jews were forbidden to drink out of wooden vessels, as being unclean; but in the Mishna, an exception is made in favour of the large well of water in the Alexandrian ships. "And when we had sailed slowly for several days, and were scarcely come to Cnidus," an island near the south-east point of Asia, "the wind not suffering us, we sailed under the lee of Crete, by Salmone," the most easterly point in that island. "And hardly passing it, we came to a certain place called Fair Havens, nigh whereunto was the city of Lasea," in the middle of the south side of the island. There the pilot waited for a change of wind, which was still blowing from the west.

It is not improbable that in Crete Paul may have been kindly allowed to land, as he was at Sidon. The other passengers might please themselves. If the Apostle landed, we may be sure that he employed his time in preaching the Good Tidings, which had been declared by Jesus, of forgiveness to those who repented. Here he would endeavour to found a Christian Church. Two years afterwards, when released from his chains in Rome, he writes an Epistle to Titus, whom he had left behind in the island of Crete, to appoint elders in the several cities. In this, and the Apostle's other Epistles, there are difficulties respecting his own movements from country to country, and the movements of his friends. To remove these difficulties, some critics have supposed that he made a second voyage to Rome, and touched a second time at the island of Crete. But this seems a very unnecessary supposition. It is more natural to believe that Titus was one of the friends who, with Luke and Aristarchus, accompanied the prisoner on his voyage, and that it was while the ship was detained by westerly winds in the harbour of Fair Havens, that Christianity was first preached in Crete, and that when the ship sailed Titus was left behind, "to set in order the things wanting."

The gales of the autumnal equinox, which blow from the north-west, and were called the Etesian winds, are usually followed by a quiet October. But this year the Etesian winds continued longer than usual. "And when much time was spent, and the voyage was already dangerous, because even the fast," which with the Jews began on the 5th of October, "was already past, Paul advised, saying, Men, I perceive that the voyage will be with hurt and much damage, not only of the lading and the ship, but also of our lives. But the centurion believed the pilot and owner of the ship rather than what was said by Paul. And because the haven was not commodious to winter in, the greater number gave advice to set sail thence also, if by any means they might reach Phenice, a haven of Crete, facing away from the south-west wind and north-west wind, and winter there. And when the south wind blew softly, supposing that they had obtained their purpose, loosing thence they sailed close by Crete." This year, however, the stormy season, which is looked for in November, began earlier than usual. "And not long after there beat against it a tempestuous wind, called Euroclydon," or more correctly Euroquilon, east-north-east, which the Alexandrian sailors called a Typhonian wind, as though it were sent by their wicked god Typhon. This made it impossible to reach the port they were aiming at, though only fifty miles from Fair Havens. "And when the ship was caught, and could not bear up against the wind, we gave up and were drifted. And running under the lee of a certain island called Claudia," about ten miles from Crete, "even while so far sheltered, we were scarcely able to get hold of the boat. And when they had taken it up, they used helps, undergirding the ship," with cables, to save it from going to pieces in the rougher sea they were to meet when they lost the shelter of the islands. The storm was driving them towards the coast of Africa, into the large bay called the Syrtis, or *quicksand*, to the southward of due west. The aim of the

pilot was to run the ship to the northward of due west; but he might well doubt how far he could keep the desired course under such a storm. "And fearing lest they should fall into the Syrtis, they lowered the sail, and so were driven. And as we were exceedingly tossed by the tempest, the next day they lightened the ship," throwing some of the cargo overboard. "And on the third day they cast out with their own hands the tackling of the ship," that is to say, the great yard of the main-sail, and perhaps the main-mast itself, a work which would require the help of all hands on board. "And when neither sun nor stars appeared for many days, and no small tempest overhung, at last all hope of our being saved was taken away."

The Apostle now stood forth to give comfort to the despairing crew. He had before warned them of their danger, and advised that they should remain in Fair Havens. He now told them that he had been assured by an angel from God in the night, that though the ship was to be wrecked, not a life would be lost. "And when the fourteenth night was come, as we were driven along in the Adriatic," as that part of the Mediterranean was then called, "about midnight the sailors deemed that some country drew near to them. And they sounded and found twenty fathoms; and when they had gone a little further, they sounded again, and found fifteen fathoms. Then fearing lest we should fall upon rocky places, they threw four anchors out of the stern, and wished for day. And as the sailors were about to flee out of the ship, and had let down the boat into the sea, under colour as though they would carry forth anchors out of the foreship, Paul said to the centurion and to the soldiers, Unless these men abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved. Then the soldiers cut off the boat's ropes, and let her fall off."

"And while day was coming on, Paul besought them all to take food, saying; This is the fourteenth day that ye have tarried and continued fasting, having taken nothing." During such a storm the men could hardly be able to light a fire or to

cook food. They must have been on very short allowance. "Wherefore I pray you to take food, for this is for your safety; for not a hair shall perish from the head of any of you. And when he had thus spoken, he took bread, and gave thanks to God in the presence of them all; and when he had broken it, he began to eat. Then were all of good cheer; and they also took food. And we were in all in the ship, two hundred and seventy-six souls. And when they were satisfied with food, they lightened the ship, casting out the corn into the sea." As they had determined to run the ship aground, the cargo of wheat would be lost at any rate; and by making the ship lighter, they would be able to get nearer to the shore before it struck. "

"And when it was day, they knew not the land, but they discovered a certain creek with a beach, into which they were minded, if it were possible, to thrust the ship. And having cut off the anchors, they threw them into the sea, at the same time loosing the bands of the rudders; and hoisting up the foresail to the wind, they made toward the beach. But falling into a place with two currents, they ran the ship aground; and the fore-part stuck fast, and remained immovable, but the stern was broken by the force of the waves. And the soldiers' counsel was that they should kill the prisoners, lest any of them should swim out and escape. But the centurion, wishing to save Paul, kept them from their purpose; and commanded that those who could swim should throw themselves off first and get to land, and the rest, some on planks, and some on things out of the ship. And so it came to pass that all came safe to land. And when they were saved, then they knew that the island was called Melita," or Malta.

Thus this large Alexandrian ship, at first heavily laden with corn, but lighter as the cargo was thrown overboard, had run before the wind, with its sails at first lowered for safety, and then with its main-yard and sail thrown overboard, from Clauda, near Crete, to Malta, about 470 miles in thirteen days.

The wind had been blowing east-north-east, but the captain, bearing up as well as he could to the northward, to avoid the African coast, had reached Malta from the east-south-east. He had found soundings in the dark, and was running along the north-east coast of the island without seeing it, and in the morning had run aground, in a bay open to the east-north-east, from which quarter the wind blew. Tradition and nautical criticism agree in pointing out the spot where the Apostle was saved from the dangers of shipwreck, and it still bears the name of St. Paul's Bay.

"And the barbarians showed us no common kindness." They were to be called barbarians only because of their language; for being of a Phœnician race, they could not speak Greek. The Apostle spent his time on the island in works of piety. He laid his hands on the sick, and prayed over them, and healed them, and in return "they presented us with many presents, and laded us as we set sail with things for our wants.

"And after three months," that is, in the February of next year, "we set sail in an Alexandrian ship, which had wintered in the isle, whose sign," or figure-head, "was the Children of Jove." This ship had, no doubt, left Alexandria earlier in the season than that in which the Apostle sailed. It, very probably, had sailed in a direct course from Alexandria, coasting Africa, till it came to Cyrene, and thence crossing over to Malta. "And coming to Syracuse, we tarried there three days. And from thence, going round, we came to Rhegium," on the coast of Italy, a port in the Straits of Messina. "And after one day that the south wind blew, we came on the second to Puteoli," on the bay of Naples. This was the end of the voyage, as being the nearest port to Rome in which the large Alexandrian ships could anchor. "There we found brethren," of the Hebrew nation, "and were asked to tarry with them seven days, and so we went toward Rome. And from thence, the

brethren who had heard of us came to meet us as far as Appii Forum and the Three Taverns, whom when Paul saw, he thanked God, and took courage. And when we came to Rome, the centurion delivered the prisoners to the captain of the guard, but suffered Paul to dwell by himself with a soldier that kept him."

The year in which Festus came into Judea to succeed Felix in the government of the province is, as we have remarked, uncertain. So, also, is the number of months that Paul remained at Cæsarea before his voyage after the arrival of Festus. The time of his shipwreck is, therefore, doubly uncertain. It may have been in the autumn of the year 61, 62, or even 63. The Jewish historian Josephus, tells us of himself, that he was born in the first year of Caligula, and that when he was in his twenty-sixth year, or A.D. 62, he also was shipwrecked in the Adriatic on his voyage to Rome, in company with some countrymen who had appealed to Cæsar. His account of the voyage was written forty or fifty years afterwards, in his old age, and, therefore, it wants all those little particulars, which we have been dwelling upon in Luke's history. It is boastful, as to himself, like his other writings, and from them we may suppose that it exaggerates in the numbers, and is careless of accuracy. But he agrees with Luke, so far as to prove that the two writers sailed and were shipwrecked in the same ship. His words are as follows:—

"But when I was in the twenty-sixth year of my age, it happened that I took a voyage to Rome, on the occasion which I shall now describe. At the time when Felix was procurator of Judea, there were certain priests of my acquaintance, and excellent persons they were, whom on a small and trifling occasion he had put into bonds, and sent to Rome to plead their cause before Cæsar. These I was desirous to procure deliverance for, and that especially because I was informed that they were not unmindful of piety towards God, even under their

afflictions, but supported themselves with figs and nuts. Accordingly I came to Rome, though it were through many hazards by sea; for, as our ship was drowned in the middle of the Adriatic sea, we that were in it, being about 600 in number, swam for our lives all the night; when, upon the first appearance of the day, and upon our sight of a ship of Cyrene, I, and some others, eighty in all, by God's providence, prevented the rest, and were taken up into the other ship: and when I had thus escaped, and was come to Diccarchia, which the Italians call Puteoli, I became acquainted with Aliturus. He was an actor of plays, and much beloved by Nero, but a Jew by birth; and through his interest became known to Poppea, Cæsar's wife, and took care, as soon as possible, to entreat her to procure that the priests might be set at liberty; and when, besides this favour, I had obtained many presents from Poppea, I returned home again."

The only real difference between the two accounts is, that Josephus does not mention the stay of three months on the island of Malta. He writes as if the ship were wrecked in the open sea, and he was saved by being at once taken up into the second ship. This very great disagreement in the two narratives we must set to the account of Josephus's inaccuracy. The second ship he rightly calls a ship of Cyrene, for the Alexandrian vessel, in a favourable voyage, may have touched at that port. He adds to the Apostolic history, the interesting information, that it was through the Jewish actor, Aliturus, that he, and, we may add, the Apostle and Christianity, gained an introduction into "Cæsar's household."* That Josephus sailed in the same ship with Paul, we may hold for certain. No Jews born in Judea had the privilege of Roman citizenship; of Jews who had that privilege, the number was so small, that it is not probable that two such appeals to Rome, by Jews from the province of Judea, should have been allowed in the

* See Phil. iv. 22.

reign of Nero. That two ships, carrying such Hebrew appellants from Judea, should have been wrecked in the Adriatic, from both of which the passengers should have been saved, and landed at Puteoli, and that within the space of three years, we may pronounce impossible.

So then the Jewish historian Josephus, when a young man, made the voyage from Cæsarea to Italy with the Apostle Paul, the Evangelist Luke, and their friend Aristarchus, and, for part of the way, with the young Titus. He calls the Apostle his friend, though worldly prudence forbad his naming him. From these fellow-travellers he must have heard the opinions of the Christians. He was able to contradict or confirm all that they said of the founder of our religion, for he was born only eight years after the crucifixion. But Josephus, when he wrote his history and life, was a courtier, and even a traitor to his country—he wanted moral courage, he did not mean to be a martyr, and any testimony in favour of a despised sect is not to be expected from him. The passage in his *Antiquities*, in which Jesus is praised, we may give up as a forgery of the third century: it is enough for us to remark, that after having lived for five months with Paul on the voyage from Judea to Italy, he does not write against this earnest teacher of Christianity, as either a weak enthusiast, or a crafty impostor. But he praises his piety and virtues, and boasts that he was of use in obtaining his release from prison.

To return to our description. We reached the shore of the bay at St. Paul's Tower, a fortified building erected for the defence of the coast, and garrisoned by a few of the native Maltese Fencibles. It stands almost upon the edge of a rock, one of the highest points of the low precipices surrounding the bay, which is everywhere fretted into singular coves and nooks and reefs, by the incessant action of the waves. From this spot an excellent view is obtained of the mouth of the bay.