

who leant over the balcony with listless air, and rode back to the shore. In a charming cove shut in by a headland, on the slope of which is a Saracenic tower—so it is called—the fishermen's boats were anchored or hauled up on the beach, and frisky, half clothed children were playing their antics among the rocks. Two lava ridges set their black feet in the sea, while the vine was beginning to wind some wreaths around their jagged fronts. The sand is hot a few inches below the surface, and when it is scooped out the hollow fills with warm water. I saw a mother wash her child in one of these improvised bath tubs, then stand in it herself and wash her shoeless feet, while the little cherub sat staring at us. *Molto pittoresque* it all was, with the classic simplicity of attire. And then evening fell over white houses and huts, and over the fortified hill with its tall flag staff, and over the tower on the headland, in a spiritual body of gold, and the blue wavelets, with their white frills, came lipping to the shore. On a breakwater of rough stones below the watch-tower, where of old they looked out for the Moorish pirates, sat a man with his eyes fixed on the sea. We stopped for a sketch, and put him in. A group of peasants coming from work passed by, and stopped with Girolamo and his donkeys for a chat. "From what country were the *forestieri* and where did they live?" Our little knight-errant silenced the questions as became him. But they had heard our English tongue, and their impression was confirmed, for we heard them say:—"Si, *Francesce*,"—"Yes, French." This being settled, they went their way, shouting to the man on the breakwater that he was going to be put into a picture. Nothing is more certain than that self-consciousness spoils even the poise of the body. The man drew himself up into a picturesque attitude in view of the honour, and his picturesqueness was gone.

Vespers were going on in a little wayside church, remarkable for nothing but miracles performed by the Virgin, and the wild beauty

of its site. Inside was twilight, which the tapers only made more dim, and we could just see kneeling forms dotting the floor—a few poor people, our peasants on the road most likely among them—and waving what appeared palm branches in their hands, while music came out of the dimness, as though the evil power against which the Virgin warred, had left the spirits disturbed and wounded. Girolamo, who often acted as guide, and explained the hard words in the dialect, would have us see the sacred things; but we could not see, and I think he had a vague and troubled idea that we did not wish to see. It is not pleasant to have the children staring at you as an infidel, and to offend them "whose angels do always behold the face of my Father in Heaven."

Monte Rotaro is a cone rising out of the side of Epomeo. We have often looked over to it from the Grande Sentinella, whence we could clearly discern the slightly truncated crater form; and we had a desire to explore it.

The greater part of the journey we made on donkey-back, the steeper part on foot, with Donna Maddalena, who was the more pleased to be my companion, because it would enable her to visit the graves of her father and sister, who were buried in this crater, with the other victims of a pestilence.

It was pleasanter to leave my donkey and his Sicilian driver, much as the driver had pleased me by telling me all the way of the delights of his country, to which I looked forward as my winter quarters, and to go on with Maddalena alone. It seemed to her a pious and, perhaps, meritorious pilgrimage. Her lips were moving in prayer whenever she was not talking to me. I almost fancied I detected in her a shade of self condemnation, as though the souls of the departed were still suffering in purgatory through her neglect.

The rugged footpath by which we ascended lay through a wild rich growth of heather,