

The first barrier to an invasion from the landward side is a deep ditch hewn through the solid rock, right across the peninsula, from the one harbour to the other. Soldiers in varied uniforms are marching backwards and forwards, to or from parade, or to keep watch on the ramparts, or are taking their pleasure afoot, or in the neat little covered "carrozzellas" or cabs of the country. Sailors from the war-ships in the grand harbour, and merchant seamen on

bourers, brown little men, barefooted, broad-shouldered, and muscular, in the almost national dress of a Glengarry cap, cotton trousers, and flannel shirt, with scarlet sash, coat over one arm, and little earrings, jostle the smart officers making for the Union Club, or the noisy "globe-trotter" just landed from the steamer which came to anchor an hour ago. A few snaky-eyed Hindus in gaily embroidered caps invite you to inspect their stock of Oriental wares, but except for an Arab or two from Tunis, or a few hulking Turks from Tripoli, Valletta has little of that human picturesqueness imparted to Gibraltar by the motley swarms of Spaniards, and Sicilians, and negroes, and Moors, and English, who fill the streets all periods between morning gun-fire to the hour when the stranger is ousted from within the gates.

Malta being a most religiously Roman Catholic country, priests and robe-girded Carmelites are everywhere plentiful, and all day long the worshippers are entering or leaving the numerous churches amid the eternal jangling of their bells. At every turning the visitor is accosted by whining beggars whose pertinacity is only equalled by that of the boot-blacks and cabmen, who seem to fancy that the final purpose of man in Malta is to ride in carrozzellas with shining shoes.

The many palaces which the comfort-loving knights erected for their shelter, impart to Valletta the appearance of a "city built by gentlemen, for gentlemen." The Knights are, however, still the greatest personalities in Malta. We come upon them, their eight-pointed cross, and their works at every step. Their ghosts still walk the highways. The names of the Grand Masters are immortalized in the cities they founded and in the forts they reared.



MALTESE FALDETTA.

a run ashore, swagger about the streets. Native women, with that curious "faldetta," or one-sided hood to their black cloaks which is as characteristic of Malta as the mantilla is of Spain, pass side by side with English ladies in the latest of London fashions. Flocks of goats, their huge udders almost touching the ground, are strolling about to be milked at the doors of customers. Maltese la-