

sheep, and credited with the proceeds of the milk converted into cheese, of the butter-milk, of the wool, and of the rent of a portion of the land let to under-tenants.

There are in Sicily many well cultivated vineyards; and the wine of Milazzo, of Syracuse, of Avola, and Vittoria go to Italy. That of Marsala is exported to all parts of the world, and is largely consumed in England. Hemp is also grown; but corn is the main produce of the island, and it is received in certain public magazines free of charge, which in some parts of the island are rather excavations into calcareous rocks, or holes in the ground, shaped like a bottle, walled up and made water proof, containing each about 1600 English bushels of corn. The receipt of the *caricatore*, or keeper of the magazine, being a transferable stock, is the object of some gambling on the public exchanges of Palermo, Messina, and Catania, the speculations being grounded on the expected rise or fall of corn. So long has corn been preserved by these means, that it has been found perfectly good after the lapse of a century. The olive grows to a larger size in Sicily than on the continent of Italy, and attains a greater age, there being evidence of trees having reached the age of seven or eight centuries. The peasants respect the olive, and cannot bear that they should be destroyed, yet they take no care of them, and the oil they make is, in general, only fit for soap-boilers. The pistachio nut is cultivated here, as well as a large sort of beans, which answer the purpose of potatoes, and forming a considerable part of the food of both men and animals. The Sicilian honey is in much estimation, and owing to the great consumption of wax in churches, the proceeds of bee-hives form a valuable item in husbandry. Some cotton is grown about Terranova and Catania; and these are the principal natural resources of the country.

The chief town in Sicily is Palermo, containing about 200,000 inhabitants. It is paved with large flat pieces of lava, with the addition of side-walks, upon which the tradespeople, such as shoemakers, tailors, &c. carry on their respective trades out of doors. There is a beautiful public garden in the town, with a fine view of the sea on the one side, and on the other of the mountains which enclose the nook of level land, called the *Conca d'Ora*, or Golden Shell, in which Palermo is situated; and the fore-ground of which is occupied by fragrant groves of acacias and of orange-trees. It is overspread with villages and farms, and country houses, where people of fortune reside during the month of May, and again during part of September and October, when the rainy season is over. There is a school, the *scuola normale*, at Palermo, composed of no fewer than nine hundred and forty boys, both from the age of six to that of fourteen. The mode of life of the higher ranks differs little from that of the Neapolitans. They rise very late, take a walk, dine between three and four, drive or walk about the sea-side every evening; then to the opera; then to the card table at night; then to bed at day-break. They take no pleasure in agriculture, and never visit their landed estates in the provinces. The country houses, where they spend a few weeks in spring and autumn, being all in the neighbourhood, they live there exactly as in a town. Their *conversazioni* are just the same as in Italy; people meet to play cards and eat ice, but converse very little. A man-servant at Palermo receives three carlini a day (thirteen pence sterling), with his board and livery; a labourer from three to four carlini a day, and finds his own food: but provisions are very cheap. Female servants are procured with difficulty. Land in this neighbourhood is let at four per cent. on its estimated value. The farmers are said to be very ignorant, and to keep their accounts by means of marks or tallies. The paternal lands of noble families are entailed, and cannot be sold without special leave of the king, but purchased land may.

Messina has suffered severely from earthquakes, and was completely demolished in 1783, since which it has had the advantage of new and regular buildings. Its population is now about 70,000. Its fine quay extends more than a mile along the port, and a rocky and sandy head-land, projecting circularly, forms a deep, spacious, and tranquil harbour, accessible nearly at all times, notwithstanding the proximity of Scylla and Charybdis. Education is said to be much neglected at Messina; and the nobility do not in general reside there. It is, in short, neither fashionable, nor learned, nor rich.

Amongst the other towns are Syracuse, abounding with antiquities, the remains of the ancient city of that name, and Catania, in the immediate neighbourhood of Mount Etna, which has very frequently overwhelmed it by eruptions. At every such convulsion Catania has been more or less injured; but it has thrice been completely overturned or burnt down, and its inhabitants wholly, or in part swallowed up, viz. once in the twelfth century, and twice in the seventeenth. Of Mount Etna, we must give an account on another

occasion. Those who wish for a more circumstantial description of Sicily, should consult Brydone and Lukie's Tours, and especially Simond's Travels in Italy and Sicily, from which this account is chiefly compiled.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

TO A LOVER OF AUTUMN.

You blame me, sister, when I say,
That Autumn makes me sad;
But quicklier still you silence me,
For thinking Spring is glad;
Does it not prove, howe'er we blame,
We all are very much the same?

There is in every breast that lives
A sadness of its own,
That reason neither cures nor gives,
Whose fountain is unknown;
A something that we seldom tell,
But that we cannot conquer well.

Why is the joyous Spring to thee
A melancholy thing?
And why does Autumn unto me
Such gloomy feelings bring?
Neither can answer, but we know
We do not merely fancy so.

It may have been some single hour,
That colour'd them to both;
Some vivid moment's lightning power,
That, growing with our growth,
Made that to one for ever sad,
Which to the other seems all glad.

Perhaps the heart was beating fast,
With bliss too deep to say,
When on a hawthorn bough we cast
Our happy eyes away;
Perhaps when tears were ill-restrain'd,
That look on a dead leaf was chain'd.

We mark'd not then the hawthorn bow,
Nor then the wither'd leaf;
But they are felt intensely now,
In silent joy or grief;
Let us compassionately see,
Man's spirit is a mystery!

MISS E. M. HAMILTON.

WANT, THE SPUR OF GENIUS.

FOR ourselves, however, we must confess that we never partook in the common wonderment about the long silence of Crabbe as a poet. We always knew that he originally published because he wanted bread; and that soon after the appearance of 'The Village,' he acquired a competence in the church; and we must admit that we have never been much disposed to marvel at the abstinence from publication of any man, however gifted, however diligent, who has not the stimulus of want behind him. Least of all have we ever been able to see anything astonishing in the silence, during the maturer years, of persons who have chanced to acquire some reputation by early literature. Boyish spirits evaporate; when a man begins to find himself recognised as an author at all, the painful question 'an author of what class?' begins also to force itself on his solitary meditation; and if he has continued to be a reader,—to study, with the growing intelligence of advanced years, the great standard monuments of excellence—and if there be no immediate spur of indigence to make *dare* all his motto, we can find nothing to surprise us in the fact that the fears of modesty should be able to put a drag on the wheels even of already acknowledged talents. Where there are naturally great animal spirits, or where temperament, not in itself very high, is subjected to the perpetual forcing of town talk, and the flattery of *coteries*, such feelings as we have been adverting to may, easily no doubt, be counteracted; but that a devoted admirer of Horace and Pope, settled down in a country village, with an adequate income, an abundance of domestic and professional duties to attend to, should have, on reflection, thought but little of himself for having produced 'The Village,' and paused long before he adventured on another appearance as a poetical author, seems to us not only not wonderful, but the most natural thing in the world; and had 'The Village' been twice as good a poem as it really is, we should have, *a priori*, considered its writer as but the more likely to halt. In literature nothing equals the content of the ignorant but the audacity of the imbecile; and in these latter days the two seem generally to go together.—*Quarterly Review*.

A MASSACRE.

THIS morning a number of Arabs were brought here from the villages and from the mountains on the other side of the river. There were ninety-five of them, generally speaking well-made and fine-looking fellows, with scarcely any dress on except round the middle. When I saw them, they were sitting very quietly on the ground, tied together by a rope passed round the arms and back of each. Returning from a stroll on the banks of the Nile, I was accosted by the Piedmontese officer, who informed me that Achmet had just walked from his tent to the place where the Arabs who had been taken prisoners were; that, after just looking at them, he gave orders for them to be shot—*en masse!* I was disgusted at hearing this, and I kept on my way; but, after a pause, thinking as I was

here I might as well be present, I returned and stood among the throng, and witnessed this dreadful butchery. A battalion of one hundred of the new raised Arab infantry advanced and fired, but few, apparently, fell at the first fire; they fired again, both times at the word of command; and, finally, closing in, discharged their muskets a third time. The Turkish soldiers, who were looking on, then used their sabres to pierce those who were struggling! This was a revolting spectacle; but I confess, though I felt so much shocked in returning to see them, yet during the scene it did not strike me with that horror I had anticipated.—*Madox's Excursions, &c.*

PHILOSOPHICAL ANALYSIS OF DANCING.—The sum and substance of the matter seems to me to be only this:—A party of ladies and gentlemen (who elsewhere pass for intelligent and rational beings) assemble at the ball-room. They soon array themselves in opposing lines. Presently a young lady jumps up from the floor, shakes one foot, and comes down again. Again she springs up, and the other foot quivers. Then she turns round in her place, springs up, and shakes both her feet. Her intelligent partner opposite performs the same operations. Then both rush forward and seize each other's hand, jump up again, shake their feet, and stand still. The next lady and gentleman very rationally and soberly follow the example just set them, jumping, shaking, and turning, and so on to the end, and for no other reason than because black Coffee sits in the corner yonder drawing a horse-hair across a catgut.—*American paper*.

KIND LANGUAGE.—To use kind language costs nothing at all; unkind, costs always more or less; oftentimes more to him who employs it than even to those to whom it is addressed. But every man is bound to anticipate that unkind language will produce the fruits of unkindness, that is, suffering, in the bosom of others.—*Bentham's Dentology*.

DEATH.—What is death, but the forgetfulness of some few hearts added to the general unconsciousness of our existence that pervades the universe? The bubble breaks in the vast desert of the air without a sound.—*Bulwer*.

MEXICAN BANDITTI.

A rather startling instance of its [the lasso's] formidable character was communicated to me by Mr. Hotchkiss, an American officer of the United States army, which personally occurred to himself during a journey he was taking on horseback, accompanied by a native servant, through one of the provinces of Mexico. Both were well mounted, armed with pistols and swords; a circumstance absolutely requisite for every traveller passing through the country; and, in addition to these, his attendant carried a lasso, in the use of which he was sufficiently expert. On arriving at an intricate and lonely part of the road, they were suddenly attacked by three robbers on horseback, who issued from a species of ambush in a wood, where they appeared to have been lying. The highwaymen, when within a dozen yards of the travellers, called out to them to stop and surrender their money. The appeal was speedily answered, by the American drawing forth a pistol from his holsters, with which he immediately and instantly ordered his servant to make use of his lasso. More dexterous in the management of this weapon than of the pistol, he obeyed the order, and wheeling his horse on one side, while the robbers were rushing on his master to revenge their fallen companion, he whirled round his thong, and threw it with unerring aim over the head of the assailants. The effect was instantaneous; the captured ruffian was in a moment hurled from his saddle and dragged along the ground at no very gentle pace, as you may imagine, at the heels of the lasso bearer's horse. The third villain, after firing his pistol at the American, fortunately without effect, perceived the fate of his two comrades, hastily turned round, and putting spurs to his steed, galloped off and made good his retreat. As the danger was now over, the servant dismounted for the purpose of disentangling the noose from the neck of his vanquished foe, whose body presented a hideous spectacle. His neck appeared to be broken, his features were mangled by the stones over which he had been so violently dragged; his face suffused with blood, his clothes torn to pieces, and the spark of life extinct. There he was left along with the corpse of his lawless companion, to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field, while the American, who was a man of athletic form, and possessed of the professional courage of a soldier, prosecuted his journey without further molestation.—*Tudor's Narrative*.

HABITS.—Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant actions of life succeed each other. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake, that is added to the pile, produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion acting upon elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.—*Bentham's Dentology*.