



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

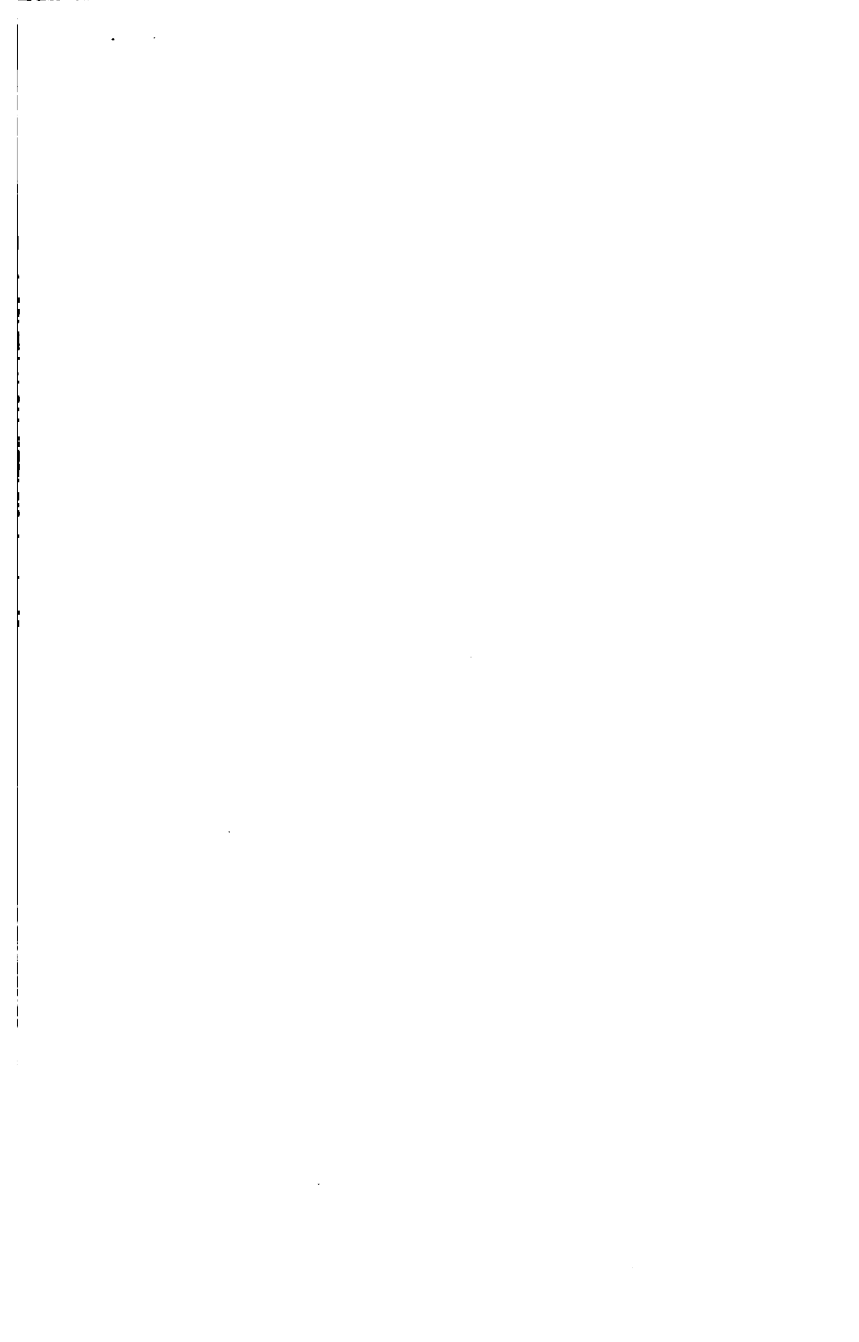
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES

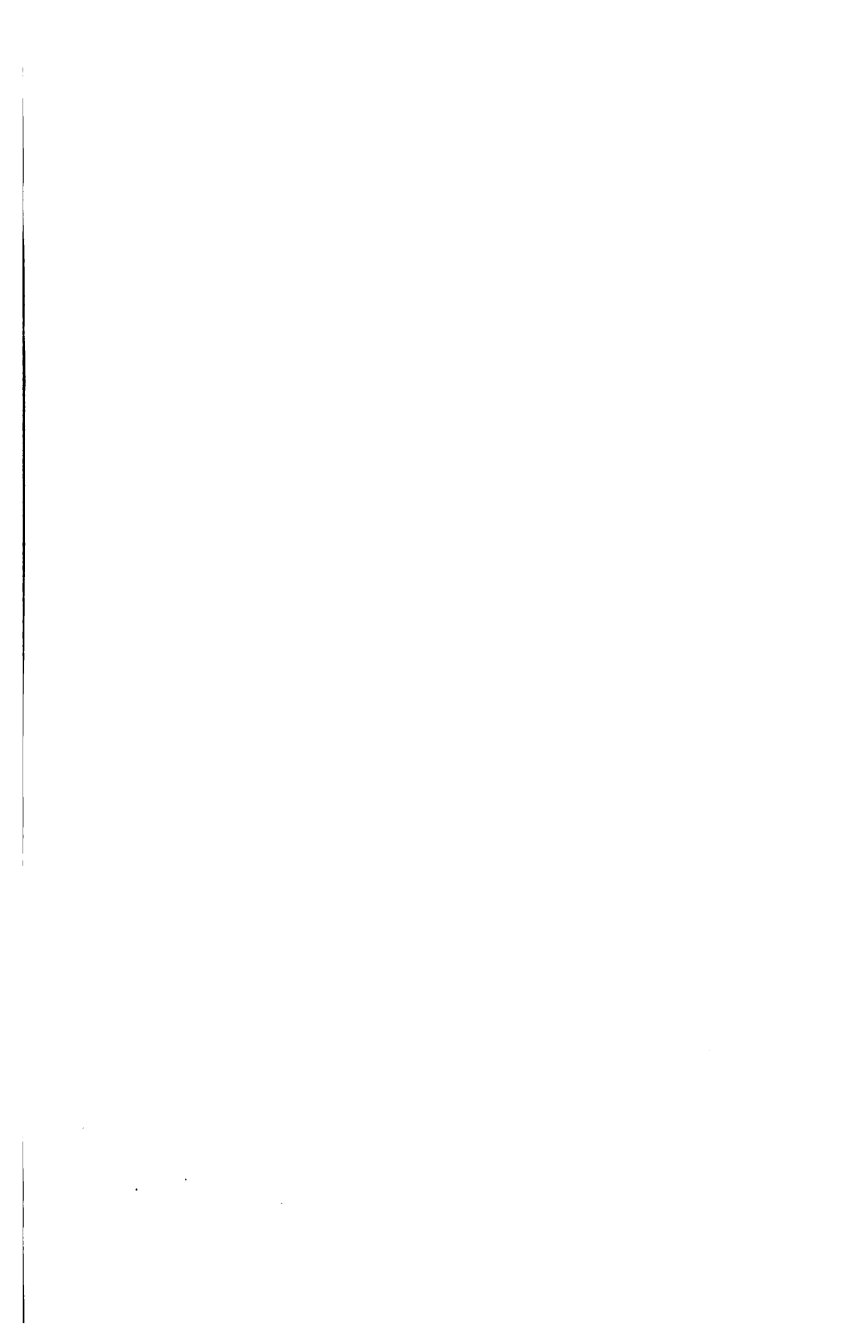


3 3433 08244921 0



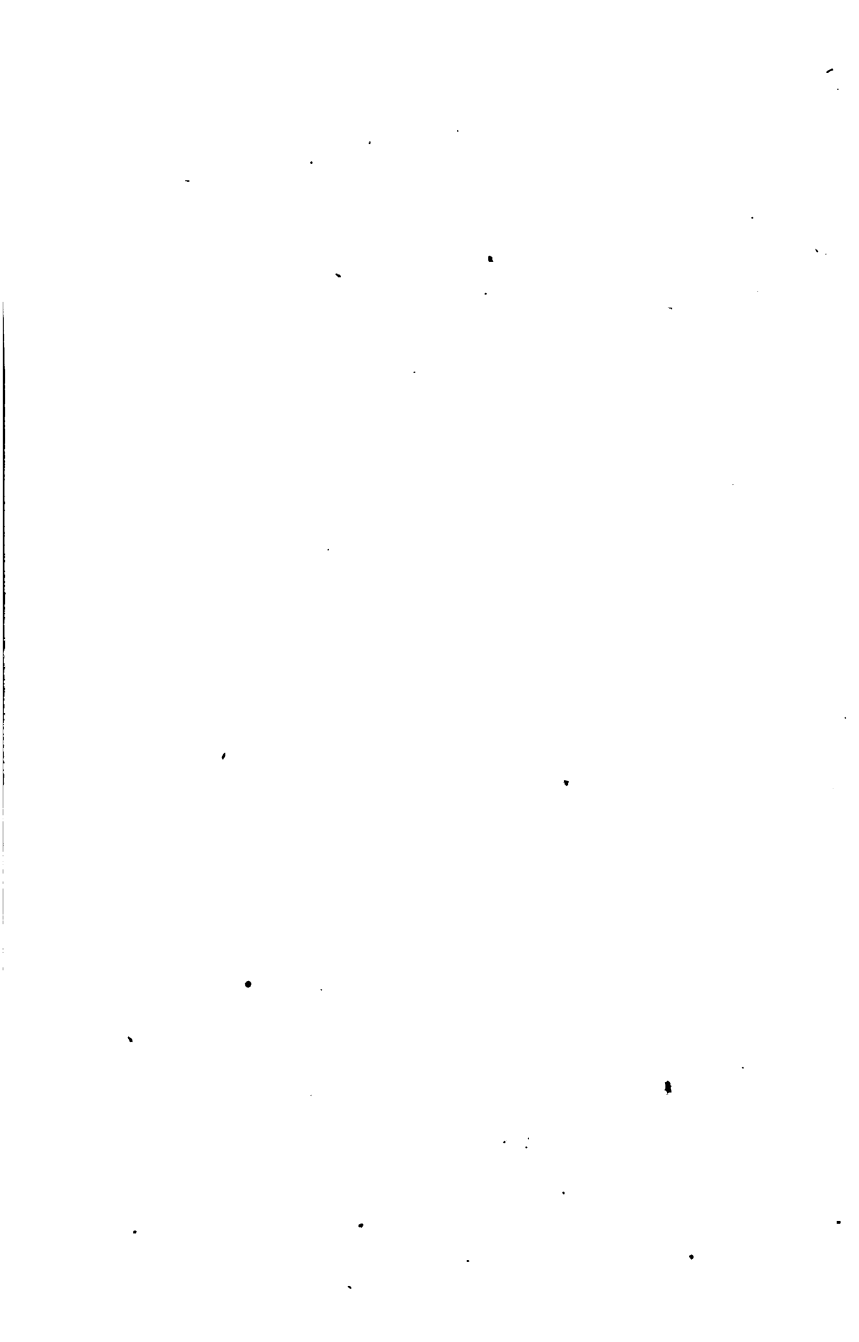








THE CRESCENT
AND
FRENCH CRUSADERS.



10471 —

THE
CRESCENT
AND
FRENCH CRUSADERS.

BY

G. L. DITSON,

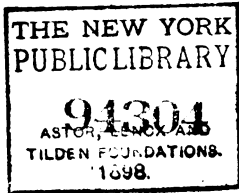
AUTHOR OF "CIRCASSIA, OR A TOUR TO THE CAUCASUS,"
"THE PARA PAPERS ON FRANCE, EGYPT AND ETHIOPIA," ETC., ETC.



20 —

NEW YORK:
DERBY & JACKSON, 119 NASSAU STREET.

MDCCLXIX.



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1898, by

GEORGE LEIGHTON DITSON,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.



W. H. Tinson, Stereotyper.

Geo. Russell & Co., Printers.

TO

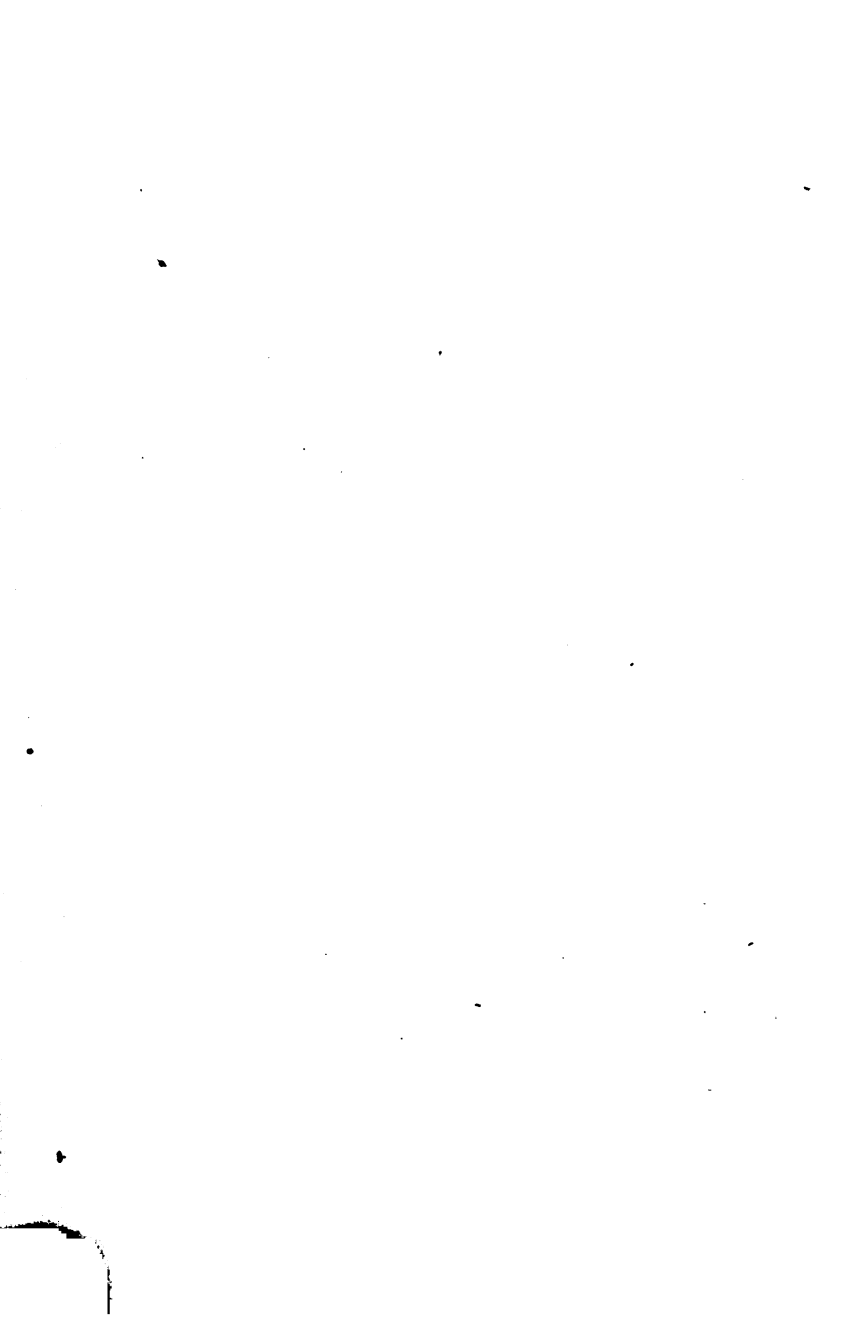
H. L. B.

"THE CRESCENT AND FRENCH CRUSADERS"

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.



C O N T E N T S .



L E T T E R I .

Algiers orologically—Courses of the Atlas—Little Atlas—Great Atlas—Plains—
The Sersous—The Tell—Great Sahara—Little Sahara—Herodotus' division of
Northwestern Africa—The three Plains of Algeria—Occupations of the People—
Lakes—Attack on the Kabyls—Rivers—Boundaries—Climate—Products—Exhibi-
tion in Paris—Zoölogy,..... 13

L E T T E R I I .

Algerian Steamers—Commercial Disadvantages—The ancient Port—The new
Port—Algiers without—Algiers within—A Street Scene—Public Buildings—
Experimental Garden—Roman Remains—A Marabout—Colonel Marengo—
Modern Improvements—Population—Officers—Churches and Schools,.... 30

L E T T E R I I I .

The Kabyls—Transient Conquerors—Suggestions on the Removal of the Kabyls
—Expedition against the Kabyls—Grain-mart at Medea—Arab Agriculture—
The Olive—Oil Manufactories—Cultivation of Cotton—Silk and the Silk-worm—
Orphan Girls preparing Silk—Tobacco,..... 46

LETTER IV.

Horse Racing—The Government Stud—The *Halouf*—The Arab *Course*—The Arab Winner—General Yusuf—Fantasias—A Sham-fight—Native Costumes—Plan for improving the Breed of Horses—The Barbary Horse—Algerian Sheep—An Arab Trick—Cows and Oxen—Wild Animals, 55

LETTER V.

A Cotton Crop—Kohl—Henna—Clivet Pomade—Native Jewelry—Moorish Embroidery—Saddle Manufacturers—Kabyl Weaving—Negro Work—Coral Fishery—The French as Coral Fishers—The Fisheries sold to the English—Annual Coral Product—Coral Marts—Soap—Honey—Wax—Palm Juice,.... 71

LETTER VI.

A Change in the Letters and Seasons—A Storm—Disasters—Suburbs of Algiers—French Bridges—Roman Roads—Objects seen in my Rambles—Valley of the Consuls—Moorish Country Seats—Ceremonies at a Sacred Fountain—Sacrificers—Cures—A Jew Slaughter-house—The Casbah,..... 86

LETTER VII.

Progress of the Colony—Difficulties to be overcome—Government Organisation—Civil and Military Divisions—The Governor-General—Council of Government—The Prefect—Council of Prefecture—Sub-Prefects—Commissions—Commissariats—The Bench—Courts of Appeal—Imperial Court—Procureurs—Chamber of Commerce—Bureau Arabe,..... 104

LETTER VIII.

Winter Weather—Population of Algeria—Origin of the Name Moor—Mauritania—Origin of the Moors—Moor and Arab compared—Moorish Morals—Costumes—Religious Sects—A native Court of Justice—The Muftis—The Cadi's Power curtailed—Education—A School—Courtship and Marriage,..... 190

LETTER IX.

Commercial Statistics—Animosity between Moor and Arab—Arab Pride—Arab Insouciance—Arab Faith—Native Distaste for French Rule—Arbitrary Government—Native Auxiliaries—The Spahis—A Razzia—The Natives' Love of War—Native Crusaders—Arab Courtesies—An affecting Incident,..... 186

LETTER X.

Distribution of the Tribes—The Koulougis—The Jews—The Kabyls—Origin of the Word Kabyl—Berber Tongue—Kabyl Customs, Dress, and Morals—Kabyl and Arab compared—Kabyl Women—Circassian and Kabyl Laws compared—The Kabyl a Manufacturer—Kabyl Government—Koubas—Zaoulas—Sidi-Embarak's Tomb,..... 149

LETTER XI.

A Stroll about Algiers—A Moorish House—Seraglio of the Deys—Terrace of the Harem—Views—The Harem within—Mustapha Pasha's Palaces—Other Palaces—Tile Ornaments—Moorish Furniture—Turkish and Moorish Architecture compared—Koubras—Moorish Aqueduct—Country Seats—Woman, 163

LETTER XII.

A Trip into the Country—Duke Rovigo's Road Views from the Boujareah or Massif—Boufarick—Hostility of the People—Blida—Markets—Shops—Negresses—Dress—Red-headed Children—Amusements—Wady-el-Kebir and its Mills—A Surprise—A sad Mistake—Combats in the Chiffa—Medea, 175

LETTER XIII.

En Route for Tunis—Island of Galata—Tabarca—Environs of Tunis—Ancient Sites—Tunis in the Distance—Tunis within—Disembarking—Goleta—The Bey and his Navy—Lake Bahéira—Custom-House—Market Scenes—The consular Dwellings—A domestic Scene—Country Palaces,..... 189

LETTER XIV.

Discoveries at Carthage—Colossal Mosaic Heads—Priestesses—A Figure of Victory—Are they Roman or Punic?—Dress of the Priestesses—Roman and Punic Costume compared—Punic Inscriptions—Historical Names—Reflections on the Fall of Carthage—Reverend N. Davis and Family,..... 200

LETTER XV.

A Translation of Punic Inscriptions—Historical Characters—Views from the Terrace—Mecca Pilgrims—Bedouin Women—More Terrace Revelations—Maltese and Jews—Basars—Carthaginian Coin—Amusements—A Vulgar Pantomime—French Missionary Labors—What we owe to the Semitic Race, 211

LETTER XVI.

Fete of the *Bej* of the Camp—Arrival of the Troops—Fantasias—The Bardo Palace—The Bey's Court—An Artesian Well—Tomb of St. Louis—Death of St. Louis—Philharmonic Society—Tunisian Amusements—The French Consul—Abuse of the Arabs—Money Changers—An Honest Jew,..... 222

LETTER XVII.

Leaving Tunis—Voyage to Stora—Philippeville—Ruins of Ruscada—A handsome Italian—Leave Philippeville for Constantine—El Arrouch—El Kantour—Arabs *en route*—First View of Constantine—Drawbacks to Society—Place de la Brèche—People—River Rummel—Natural Bridges,..... 234

LETTER XVIII.

Appearance of Constantine—My second day's Ramble—A Roman Bridge—An Arab's Cupidity—The fatal three Stones of the Casbah—My third Ramble—Natural Bridges—A Work of Art—Tomb of Præcilius—Roman Remains—Christian Martyrs—Celebrated Characters who flourished at Cirta,..... 246

LETTER XIX.

Preparations for the Capture of Constantine—Hardships encountered by the Army—Attack on Constantine—Retreat of the Troops—Changarnier and Clausezel—Second Attack and Capture of Constantine—The Officers killed—A Monument to the Brave—Palace of the late Bey—The Palace reepeople,..... 267

LETTER XX.

Depart for Batna—Analogy between Roman and French Conquests and Possessions—Scenery and Incidents—French Settlements—French Colonists—Arabic Names—An Arab Council—Salt Lakes—Caravansary—Sisters of Charity and the Natives—Mistress of the Caravansary—Tomb of Syphax—Roman Ruins—Laborers..... 268

LETTER XXI.

Arriving at Batna—My first Day at Batna—Arab Unsociability—Arab Parsimony—Settlement of Batna—Lambesa—The Prætorium—A Temple, probably of Fame—Temple of Esculapius and other Roman Remains—An Oriental Scene—A tame Lioness—Gerard saved by a Lion, 268

LETTER XXII.

Departure for the Desert—Caravansary of Oukou—A Smala—Tribes migrating—Scenery—Wady-el-Kantara—Change of Scenery—Another Caravansary—Dividing Line between the Tell and Sahara—More Smalas—Supposable Tête-à-Tête—The New Wife—A Caravan when moving and halting,..... 267

LETTER XXIII.

Appearance of the Caravans—A Salt Mountain—Confusion in a Smala—Arab Coolness—A Frenchman Outfranked—M. Germain—Can Cotton be grown in Constantine?—Bedouin Manners—Outalya—Outalyan Homes—A Belle—Coiffure—Dress—Natives compared—Improvements anticipated,..... 268

LETTER XXIV.

Weaving, and a Native Loom—More Homes—Scarcity of Water—A Sheik's Tent and Wives—Arab Indolence—A New Process of Spinning—Roman Progress in Africa—Renewal of the Journey—Women at Work—Biskra and its Inhabitants—Sheik-el-Arib—Population and Palm-trees, 829

LETTER XXV.

Returning to Algiers—A Government Steamer—M. and Mme. Bertrand—Djigelli—A Traveller's Discomforts—An unfortunate Hunter—Bougie and its Background—Hostile Kabyle—Ascent of Mt. Gouraya—View—A Gourbie—Descending the Gouraya—Duke d'Ayen—Lella Gouraya, 845

LETTER XXVI.

Friends in Algiers—Set out for Morocco—Kouba-Romeah—A Swiss Colony—Scherchell—From Scherchell to Tenes—The Caravansary—Tenes—Mostaganem—Oran—From Oran to Tlemcen—Tlemcen—A Dangerous Route—Lala-Marnia—Colonel de Montfort—Nemours—Embark for Morocco—Tangiers, 854

THE

CRESCENT AND FRENCH CRUSADERS.

LETTER I.

Algiers orologically—Courses of the Atlas—Little Atlas—Great Atlas—Plains—The Sersous—The Tell—Great Sahara—Little Sahara—Herodotus' division of Northwestern Africa—The three Plains of Algeria—Occupations of the People—Lakes—Attack on the Kabyls—Rivers—Boundaries—Climate—Products—Exhibition in Paris—Zoölogy.

OROLOGICALLY considered, Algeria is one of the most attractive and marvellous of countries. Her long parallel mountain ranges, intersected by narrow, sombre, precipitous defiles, cut by headlong torrents that render them impassable during the winter rains, are not less fantastic and imposing than those which invite the traveller over the Alps, and when one remembers that the lion and the hardly less fierce and untamable Kabyl occupy their summits, their plateaus, their valleys, they are at once invested with an interest as peculiar and stirring as when in legendary times they were made the nursery and the haunt of every species of fabulous monster.

The double chain of mountains which traverses Al-

geria,* is known under the general appellation of 'Great and Little Atlas.' They are a continuation of the *Idrar N Deren*, of Morocco, where they attain their greatest elevation. Their direction is nearly northeast and southwest, though in many places they vary very considerably from this line, making occasionally a segment of a circle whose extremities approach the sea. It may be said, however, that they follow or determine the course of the coast. This is also true as regards Tunis, whose eastern maritime border is almost defined by the 8th longitudinal line (reckoning from Paris); while the coast of Tripoli is turned off at right angles from the Tunisian frontier by the *Gebel Fisato*.

The most northerly of the Algerian ranges is the Little Atlas. From its face *septentrionale*, numerous mountain ridges, more or less lofty, are thrown out toward the sea—forming those bold headlands which the navigator of the waters which lave their base, hails from afar. Behind these lie those fertile plains and slopes, that under Roman tillage became the granary of Rome. Southward, to the chain of the Great Atlas and the Sahara, stretch away other branch ranges and tablelands—the superior region; southward still, that which is often designated as 'the country of dates' (*Blad-el-Djerid*) or of palms. Beyond this majestic wall, this fertile

* It may be well for the reader to remember that *Algeria* is the name applied to all the French possessions in northwestern Africa, whereas *Algiers* either refers to a province thus called, or to its capital, the city of Algiers.

boundary, lies that wide field of sand and rock and scattered oases, as yet but partially explored—the Great Desert.

Besides the subordinate and bisecting spurs of mountains already mentioned, there is another called the Sersous. It is composed of a succession of hills which border the Atlas and serve as a sort of stylobate to, or connecting link or step between it and the more depressed plateaus. They are peopled by nomadic tribes, who come hither to pasture their flocks.

The loftiest of the Atlas ridges, or of this conglomeration of upheaved rocks, is found, as I have said, in Morocco. Not far from the capital of that empire, the Miltzin rises to the height of 11,398 feet above the level of the sea, while in Algeria, a point of the Aouress mass is found to be the most elevated, or 7,583 feet. It is in about $35^{\circ} 30'$ north latitude, and borders the route (to be hereafter described) from Constantine to Biskra and the great basin of *Serkha Felrir*.

The broad tract of land which lies between the Mediterranean and the Great Sahara and contained within the latitudes 32° and 37° , is nominally divided into two belts. There is nothing particular, physically, to mark the line of separation between them, while their extent in every direction differs in the different provinces. That bordering on the sea is called the Tell; the other is the Little Sahara; embracing a region, as I have partially indicated, peculiar in its aspect, its products and

its people. Some persons have designated the latter zone or belt as the Sahara, in distinction from the Desert; but as the Arabic word *Sahara* means desert, I do not see on what authority this change has been made. As this region, however, includes some extensive sand-plains and oases, it is, I conceive, very properly termed the Little Sahara; while that which is nearly one vast arid waste, and can be wandered over for weeks without offering to the eye a solitary green spot, must ever bear the name which is given to it by the Bedouin, who exclaims to the traveller whom he has conducted to its borders, "Behold the *Great Sahara*;" for then, with nostrils expanded, with heart throbbing, he wheels his well trained steed on the burning sand, tosses his musket into the air, and discharges it in token of his joy, at once more gazing on this world of freedom—once more entering on a life unwall'd by bricks and mortar, and untrammell'd by conventional forms.

Herodotus, with his usual sagacity and truthfulness, made also three divisions of this portion of northwestern Africa. The first, he called the inhabited land; the second, the land of wild beasts; the third, the Desert. The first and last have retained their ancient character and merit their ancient appellations; but the second is fast assuming a new aspect before French engineers and bullets, under Randons, Girards and MacCarthies.

The Tell, as we have seen above, is the maritime zone; it is estimated to have a mean breadth of 125 miles. A

peculiar feature of this district is the three plains or savannas, known as the plain of Bona, the plain of Metidja and the plain of Oran. The first has a surface of 437½ square miles. It is situated in the Province of Constantine, and watered by the rivers Seybouse and Mafraç. The second is in the Province of Algiers; is about 40 miles long by 12 to 20 broad, and is watered by several streams—the principal of which is the Harach. One day, with some friends, with gun and dog, I had the pleasure of wandering over the latter in search of game. I found it gently undulating, the soil sufficiently rich, and capable of compensating, as in olden times, any amount of agricultural industry; yet it was, apparently, almost wholly neglected. The third plain is in the Province of Oran, and is of great extent, but I have not been able to obtain its exact dimensions. These steppes compose the truly agricultural districts of the territory, while southward of their boundaries lies the realm of pasture.

The surface of the Tell is reckoned at 53,091 square miles; but all of it has not, up to this date, been subdued by French arms, French money, or French diplomacy. The Kabyls—of whom I shall have occasion frequently to speak, since they are the most troublesome as well as the most interesting people of this country—like the Circassians, will not, in effect, acknowledge any master; and at the moment when the invaders think themselves sure of the future tranquillity of Algeria, there are ten chances

to one that they are on the borders of a close and desperate conflict with these hardy and indomitable mountaineers.

I have said that there is nothing particular, physically, to mark the line of separation between the Tell and the Little Sāhara; there is, however, a division recognized in the character of their products, and the habits of their people. Where grain is the rule and not the exception, the first district is indicated; where it becomes the exception, and dates and flocks supply food and clothing, we enter on the second. The inhabitants of the former are an active, industrious race, love to till the soil, live in villages, and have houses constructed of solid materials; those of the latter abhor labor as the Spaniards do, live under temporary shelters, and change their place of residence when the season changes. Some tribes come annually from the far South, and pitch their tents along the borders of the Sersous. They bring with them large quantities of excellent dates, which they exchange for grain and other products of the northern zone—thus keeping up a constant, profitable and civilizing intercourse between the two extremes of this strange land. The natives sometimes call these, the *camel people*; the dwellers in cities, *gold people*.

In the *superior region*, there are vast basins without any natural outlet or communication with each other; in the rainy season they become lakes, where the lion slakes his thirst. These are formed by those branch

ranges before referred to, which run from the Little to the Great Atlas, and so cut up the central portion of Algeria as to render it like the Caucasus, inconceivably difficult to control by any series of fortifications, however judiciously arranged.

I may here appropriately remark, that the Kabyls, fearing an attack from the French, recently entrenched themselves on some of these heights, and were with the utmost difficulty dislodged. It is indeed stated, and believed by many who know the nature of the obstacles met with in similar expeditions, that the French, in their late movements in the Kabyl district, have been utterly defeated. For three days, it is said, they strove to reach the position of the enemy, but were repulsed with great loss—stones being rolled down upon them by the assailed; while, owing to the precipitous character of the crags they had to climb, the assailants were unable to fire a single gun. This, however, is in all probability only another version of the account rendered to the Minister of War by the commander, General Yusuf, which is in part as follows:

“During the march I was apprised that a numerous armed band occupied the plateau of Mahallet-Ramdan, upon which I wished to establish my bivouac. This position as a *point stratégique* is excellent; its occupation renders one master of the surrounding country to the north as well as to the south: but to establish myself there it was necessary to dislodge the Kabyls, groups of

whom crowned the crests of the rocks to the east, where they had entrenched themselves behind piles of rocks, in the belief that they would be sheltered from our assaults. As soon as I learned their position, I condensed our columns, gave them a few moments' repose, and then advanced to within a gun-shot and a half of the enemy. Four pieces of artillery, under command of Capt. Pellieux, sent some well directed obuses into the midst of the Kabyls; their explosion threw great disorder among them. I sounded the charge. The Zouaves scaled the rocks, the 2d battalion, under Colonel Collineau, took the right, the 3d under Lieut.-Col. Manuelle, took the left, so as to completely envelope the culminating point of attack; they reached the plateau by the most difficult acclivities, without responding to the fire of the Kabyls. The entrenchments were carried without hesitation; the Kabyls, decimated by the Zouaves, took to flight, and in a short time completely disappeared." This report does not add that the Kabyls returned three times, and with desperate valor sought to regain the position they had lost. It may be injudicious for me to make any comment at the present time on this affair; suffice it to say, that the governor, General Randon, who went to overlook the proceedings of the army, entered this city mid the firing of cannon, and through long lines of armed men. Madam Gossip adds, that Colonel Fenelon, who had command in this late affair, will probably be made a General, and—is to marry the viceroy Randon's daughter.

As the Little Atlas is removed from the sea by the breadth only of the plains above enumerated, it is evident there can be but few rivers of any considerable length ; there is, in fact, but one, the Sheliff, deserving the name of river, and none that can be called navigable, except for short distances, at certain seasons of the year. The Sheliff rises in the northern slopes of the great Atlas, in a region known as the Gebel-Armour, in about 34° north latitude and a little west of the longitude of Paris. After continuing a northeasterly and northwesterly course for some 200 miles, cutting its way through the Little Atlas near Medeah, it suddenly assumes a southwesterly direction; thence, two and a half degrees further west, it empties into the Mediterranean by the village of Mostaganem. The smaller streams of note are the Tafna, in the western part of the Province of Oran ; the Sig, which empties into the Gulf of Arzu ; the Harach (the Savus of the Romans) mentioned above ; the Summam, which empties at Bougie, the Seybouse at Bona, and the Rummel, near Djenna ; the latter girding in its way the lofty rocks of Constantine. Some of these, though they cannot be made available for any kind of transports, may be used for such varied machinery as is found along the water courses of the United States ; for many of them abound in magnificent falls or rapids, and are so sure not to be dried up by the scorching African sun, that it only requires an energetic population along their banks to turn them to good account.

The French scientific explorers make out that there are four great water-courses in what was formerly termed Barbary. The one to the north is that of the Sheliff, already named; to the east, the Wady-Melrir, which extends far into Tunis; to the west, the Wady-Seggar, which passes the frontier of Morocco; to the south, the Wady-M-Zab, * which expands into the desert—all starting from that dominant Algerian ridge, the Gebel Amour.

The boundaries of Algeria may be considered as both natural and conventional. That to the west bears the latter title, from a treaty concluded on the 18th March, 1845, between the emperors of Morocco and France: Side-Alimida-ben-Ali being the plenipotentiary of the former, and Count de la Rue of the latter. The eastern boundary is also conventional, but it has some natural features which render it more remarkable. Here, in all its appalling dreariness, extends the vast plain of Lake Melrir, which is no less dangerous to cross, than its forbidding aspect indicates. South of this are two oases, separated by certain mountains of sand, recognized as a dividing line by the nomad tribes, who every spring come hither with their flocks.—The tribe of the Hamama occupies the oasis known as the Belad-el-Djerid, which belongs to Tunis; the Rebeais confine themselves to the

* The word *wady* or *ouady*, is often heard among the Arabs. It means a valley, but is also applied to a stream; thus our Guadalquivir is derived from three Arabic words, *Wady-el-Kabeer*, signifying the great river. The Spanish pronunciation of the name is very like the *Moorish*.

Wady-Souf, which pertains to Algeria. Northward of the plain of Lake Melrir is the Wady Helal which continues the division, recognized equally by the Frachich nomads, who pay tribute to the Bey of Tunis, and by the Nemenchas, who, each grazing season, occupy the opposing slopes, and acknowledge the French sway. The southern boundary of Algeria is hardly definable; it is, however, now generally conceded to be the six great oases, which, though considerably separated from each other, form as it were an emerald bracelet around this arm, stretched far out into the desert. They are bound together by those ties of sympathy which the frequent intercourse of their inhabitants engenders, and connected with the northern provinces by the necessities or the luxuries of life. They are also in the way of caravans to and from the interior of Africa, from Soudan, from Fazzen, from Touat, etc. Metlili, 25 miles south of R-Ardeia, the principal settlement in the oasis M-Zab, is considered the gate of egress for what little commerce the Frank has with those who people the unknown South. I hardly need add, that the Mediterranean is the natural northern limit of the country under examination.

Taking the boundaries above given, Algeria's superficial area is three-quarters that of France. The latter has 527,687 square kilometres; the former has 390,900 square kilometres (150,496.5 square miles). From east to west—that is, from Cape Roux to Nemours—the dis-

tance is about the same as that from the Rhine to the Atlantic.

The climate of Algeria is considered, by many, to be very unhealthful: this however depends on the constitution of the parties. One officer declared to me that he owed his life to it, while a consumptive individual thought himself injured by a short residence here. Some places have indeed been depopulated by the insalubrity of the atmosphere, and fevers are still common in certain districts; but this has been, and is, caused by undrained marshes of which there are yet too many in every province—emitting after a rainy season that fatal miasm so feared by travellers along the Pontine plains of Rome. The south winds of summer are also dreaded by invalids and others who are obliged to remain in the country during that portion of the year. The approach of these siroccos is generally heralded by a sort of brazen glow that gathers about the mountain tops, which seem to be reflecting the fires that burn in the African sands. The atmosphere then becomes filled with a fine reddish dust, that can be readily collected on moistened white linen, and on the sails of vessel made damp by the night air, even far out to sea. The heat is parching, suffocating; respiration and even perspiration seem at an end; the limbs ache, the head swims, and if one is not acclimated, he sinks in hopeless prostration under the “demon of the desert.” In winter, snow often covers the mountain tops and ice occasionally forms

in the lowlands; but the worst feature of this season is the rain that almost daily deluges the land, filling every ravine with headlong torrents, rendering every stream unfordable, and all sort of locomotion out of doors almost impossible. There are of course exceptions to this rule, one of which the people are now experiencing: for nearly twenty months hardly a drop of rain has fallen in the districts bordering the Mediterranean. As a general thing, however, the water-sheds referred to above, annually perform their important functions. The great Wady-M-Zab, which gathers the streams of the southern slopes of the Great Atlas, to pour them into the *chots* of the desert where they are absorbed and lost, changes so instantaneously from a dry bed to a wild, wide sweeping, overwhelming river or sea, that "notice is given by horsemen directly the northern horizon blackens, gun shots are fired as soon as the torrent appears, all objects are removed, and soon with a terrible noise, the flood rolls on and the Saharian city stands by magic on the banks of the waters, which rise to the palm tufts; but a few days only elapse ere all disappears."* The rains commence about the first of November, and continue into January. During this time the north and north-west winds prevail, often growing into hurricanes that spread desolation along the entire coast. It is then that the natives gather in thousands upon the shore to watch

* Morell and "Explorations Scientifiques."

for wrecks—and they are seldom disappointed, for there are few harbors and none that can be put into with safety. Twenty-three years ago, bound from Smyrna to New York, I encountered here one of these appalling tempests; all our light spars were sent down and housed, and for three days we drifted under bare poles; on the fourth morning, the captain announced to us that shipwreck was inevitable, that every moment he expected the vessel would strike the rocks. A kind Providence favored us—we had been driven farther to the eastward than we expected—we had passed the Ras-el-Zebib of Tunis, and were partially sheltered by it in the bay of ancient Carthage. It was one of these fearful north-west gales that destroyed more than half of the Spanish fleet under the orders of Moncade, and another of them which put such a melancholy end to that mighty expedition of Charles V. in 1541—150 vessels and 800 men of his vast force being swallowed up by the sea. In 1830, soon after the French army had disembarked at Sidi-Ferouch, a rain storm burst upon it with such fury that the soldiers, having no tents to shelter them, were nearly drowned. The heavens had become black almost in an instant of time, and thunder claps broke momentarily upon the rocks around them. Dismay and disorder filled the ranks: *Voici l'orage de Charles Quint!* exclaimed the men; but as suddenly the sky was cleared, order restored, and the enterprise in hand carried on to a successful termination.

In the autumn, in the last months of winter, and in the spring, nothing can be more delicious to every sense, than Algeria. The air is then loaded with the fragrance of fruits and flowers; the mountain slopes and the savannas are richly green with ripening crops of grain; with orchards of oranges, of figs, of pomegranate; with vineyards, with forests of oak, of pine, of cork; with groves of the olive and the palm.

Of the products of Algeria, the French have a permanent exhibition in Paris: they are proud of it, and very justly so. Some specimens of cotton shown there are certainly extremely flattering in appearance, and the goods manufactured from it are of the most delicate kind; but I am told here that the produce is merely nominal, and cannot be compared even with inferior qualities in the United States.

The wheat, oats, barley and corn are excellent, but the latter does not attain much more than half the size of ours. A good quality of rice is also shown, and the most exquisite of olive oils—the best of which is pressed from the fruit of trees grafted by the Kabyls. Flax and raw silk—from which the manufacturers of Lyons have produced lace and gorgeous silk fabrics, such as would fascinate the most fastidious lover of those delicate creations—cochineal in its natural state on the cactus leaf, tobacco from the coast, dates from the south, cork-wood, copper, lead, and iron ores from the Little Atlas, coral from the sea, and beautifully veined alabaster, are

also among the multifarious objects collected in the Rue de Bourgogne from this strange land—this land of anomalies and mysteries. It is indeed asserted by the patrons of Algeria, that every kind of fruit, of tree, of vegetable indigenous of, or growing as an exotic in Spain, France or Italy, finds its appropriate soil in the maritime zone of this territory; while many of those of a tropical climate, thrive well on the sunny slopes, in the sandy fields, in the oases of the Little Sahara. Of other forest and fruit trees which abound here, I will mention the Barbary fig (*cactus opuntia*), of which hedges are often made to fields and gardens. The fruit is highly prized by the natives, constitutes in fact almost the sole nourishment of many of them, but proves to be deleterious to the unacclimated—to the soldiers, for instance, who have incautiously eaten of it too freely. The jujube abounds in a wild state; it is also cultivated, and yields an abundance of fruit much esteemed. The apple, the pear, the peach, the prune, though they grow here, do not seem quite at home. The American aloe, the birch, the poplar, the *salix alba* and others unknown to us, are common in this region. I should not omit to state that many experiments have been made with the potato, for which, it is hinted, the Algerians, like some other people I know, have a particular penchant; but the quantity yielded is never large, the size diminutive, and the quality of an inferior kind; two crops, however, are annually gathered—one in June, the other in December. Much

has also been said about a new kind of sugar-cane introduced from China, but I am credibly informed that it will not thrive in northwestern Africa.

As the natives depend more on fruit than vegetables for their subsistence, the scarcity of such an article as the potato or the failing of a crop of grain, is not so much felt as it would be in any European state. With the Arabs, beans serve in some measure as a substitute for both of these products. As a general thing, vegetables attain in Algeria dimensions wholly incredible; pumpkins and cauliflowers are mentioned as attaining a diameter of not less than a yard. Onions, peas, cucumbers, tomatoes, parsnips and carrots are plentiful. I shall endeavor, by and by, to give some statistics in regard to the exact quantity of produce exported.

The Zoölogy of Algeria has not been neglected by French savans and economists. Its domestic as well as savage animals are among the most valuable and most singular made use of by, or known to man. I must refer to this hereafter.

LETTER II.

Algerian Steamers—Commercial Disadvantages—The ancient Port—The new Port—Algiers without—Algiers within—A Street Scene—Public Buildings—Experimental Garden—Roman Remains—A Marabout—Colonel Marengo—Modern Improvements—Population—Officers—Churches and Schools.

THE city of Algiers, where, after several excursions into the interior, I have resolved to take up my winter quarters, stands on the site of ancient Icosium. It is gradually growing in importance, and daily becoming more and more closely, intimately, securely allied to France. The *Messagerie Impériale* has steamers of 200 and of 220 horse power plying between Marseilles and this port three times a week, and between Marseilles and Oran, and Marseilles and Stora (en route for Tunis), once a week. The time that should be occupied between the two first named places is only 36 hours, but the *Louqsor* (Luxor), which brought me here, was nearly two days and a half in accomplishing the distance. The price of passage is 95 francs. Not long since a new company was organized under the name of *Compagnie de Navigation Mixte*. It is said to have superior steamers (screw, which use both sail and steam) and to

carry freight and passengers cheaper and quicker than the former. Its boats reach this city from Marseilles every Saturday, and every other week one is dispatched hence east, and another west, to the principal ports along the coast. Both of these lines are doing a fair business; that of the *Messagerie Impériale* receives large sums from government for carrying the mails, for passengers belonging to the civil and military service of Algeria and their families, and for emigrants sent out at the public expense; the *Louqsor* had on deck eight or ten German and Italian families of the latter class; and the *Osiris*, which arrived a few days previously, brought 46 of what are here called *colons* (colonists).

Algiers, however, in a commercial point of view, has no natural advantages; on the contrary, it encounters at every turn, obstacles to its progress that are almost insurmountable. There are no rivers to transport to its shores the products of the interior, and no railroad can be made to partially supply their place, without tunnelling through the broad Boujareah range of hills on which the town is situated, or carrying it round the whole of the southern and eastern portion of the bay, to a point where said hills slope down into the Wady-el-Harach and the Metidja plain. The bay itself is only a simple indentation of the coast and is little better than a roadstead—its wide open mouth welcoming the most violent winds that sweep the Mediterranean. The great plain south of the Boujareah, which should be the garden of

Algiers (and will probably become so), as well as the granary of the province, is that which has already been referred to as so unhealthful from a lack of drainage: in a recent journey along the base of the lesser Atlas mountains and the Sahel, I was constantly meeting with cases of fever.

Previously to the time of Khairaddin Barbarossa, small craft frequenting this mart, sheltered themselves behind the little island Peñon near the shore, while others lay under Cape Matifou (15 miles distant), or at Sidi-Ferouch. When this pirate, Barbarossa, carved his way to power, he set his Christian slaves to remedy a glaring evil and create a safe retreat for vessels by building out a causeway or mole to the island above named. The mole was about 900 feet in length and the island 500, with a breadth of 150 feet; the *ensemble* very much like the "Old Port" of Alexandria (Egypt). When the French came, it was found that this work was being undermined by the sea, and that it was necessary to take immediate measures to prevent its entire demolition; they accordingly threw in about it, enormous, square, artificial blocks, formed of hydraulic lime and broken stones, which finally settling down and becoming firm by the infiltration of sand, fixed a substructure that has since been depended on as a northern breakwater to the military harbor. But, what might serve for a few *caïques*, *sandaïes*, and other small Greek and Turkish craft, would not answer for the fleets of France, nor

for what was soon considered to be in accordance with the growing necessities of the place, so in 1848, one of many plans for enlarging the harbor and improving it in various ways was finally adopted. It was estimated that the cost would be 41,592,000 francs. It embraced the following works, now nearly completed. A jetty, 2,600 feet in length, which starts from the southern point of the Peñon, forms the segment of a circle whose concave face is toward the sea, and terminates in a pier-head surmounted by a battery: this protects the shipping from the north and northeast winds. Another, starting from the faubourg Babazoun* has been carried out about 4,000 feet, forms an elbow and terminates in a southeasterly line from the pier-head of the former at a distance of 350 yards—the width of the entrance. These embrace an area of $237\frac{1}{2}$ acres (95 *hectares*). A third wall, called the *Algefna*, has been built along, near to, and parallel with, the shore. The space thus formed, between the *Algefna* and shore, is being filled in with earth, and will in a short time present a clean broad quay for the reception and embarkation of merchandise.

During a severe storm last winter, several of the Cyclopean blocks of the superstructure of the Babazoun jetty were swept off into the port, and it was feared that the whole would sink under the furious waves that broke

* It may be well here to state that Algiers faces the East—that the faubourg Babazoun is in the extreme southern part of the town, while Khairuddin mole and Peñon are at the northern part.

over it; these structures, however, made of artificial blocks as before stated, become firmer the more the sea and the sand act upon them.

As the harbor we have been describing is not (at least, so it appears) quite what is required, notwithstanding the enormous expense at which it was created, a plan for another has been proposed and is under consideration. It is to be formed by a jetty running northward from the Peñon, and to have its entrance protected by a second, carried out from the Sidi-Kattani point—embracing an area of 60 acres.

The approach to Algiers from the sea, offers a view at once imposing and picturesque. The city, as white as snow, rises in the form of a triangle to the summit of a hill crowned by the ruins of the Casbah, the ancient palace and stronghold of the Deys. To the right and left, the Boujareah highlands curve round it, and their slopes are dotted with dwellings imbedded in luxuriant gardens. Overtopping all, on a more distant elevation, is seen the *Fort de l'Empereur*. This was the first important point won by the French in 1830, and as it holds the town at its mercy, the Dey was forced to surrender at discretion. Ascending by long flights of steps and an inclined plane from the quay I have mentioned, you find yourself emerging in the neighborhood of the great thoroughfare of the metropolis, where the structures before you are European in their appearance, but the populace almost entirely oriental. The Biskri, with his black face and

strongly marked features, is selling baskets under the verandah of a French café; several Kabyls, shouting at the top of their voices, rush past you with a hogshead of American tobacco that is suspended to a pole borne on their shoulders; small forms, muffled in white, appearing like lilies afloat on some muddy stream, are moving slowly and gracefully about in the busy throng, while everywhere, in groups, or in stately march, is seen the Arab, robed in his everlasting bornouse, and his head girt about with fifty yards of rope-yarn. Turning to the right, you encounter a clock-tower (formerly a minaret) pertaining to a mosque erected by Christian slaves during the Turkish rule; it is, singularly enough, in the form of a cross. Further on, is one of the largest and finest of Moorish edifices to be met with (the Djema Kebeer), having on the street an elegant marble colonnade. Turning to the left, you are in the *Place du Gouvernement*, a neat oblong square, planted with trees, and adorned with a fountain and an equestrian statue of the Duke of Orleans. On three sides of this fashionable promenade, which is enlivened by a band of music every other evening, are French four-story houses with colonnades; on the fourth side is a handsome balustrade, generally occupied by people of leisure, who, from its elevated position, look down on the bustle of the quay and the harbor below, and enjoy the breeze that blows in there fresh from the sea. Crossing the square, you turn to the right into the street Bab-el-Oued (wady), or to the

left into Babazoun (the valley-gate, and the southern gate). These are a mile in length, run along the whole base of the triangle mentioned above (i. e. the base before descending to the Algéna), having on either side lofty buildings with colonnades like those of the *Place du Gouvernement*. Do you wish to leave this great thoroughfare—this sole thoroughfare for carriages—and examine other portions of the town? prepare yourself for fatigue, for a slip-up, for being at the first turn inextricably lost; for as the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, so have the natives of Algiers. The streets, or rather alleys, are, indeed, all the way up to the Casbah (nearly 500 feet above the sea), only a succession of steps; and as the inhabitants, in order to economize space, have built the second stories of their houses out beyond the first, so as to touch each other from opposite sides of the way, you are in as much obscurity and have as little view of heaven while treading your devious route among them, as you would have in a railroad tunnel.

One however can hardly take this perilous promenade without wishing to renew it, for there is such an air of mystery in all that one beholds, and marvellous cautiousness in the air of all that one meets—excepting perhaps the children, negro wenches and trowsered cyprians who descend upon you from their aerial slippery avenues with a security of step only acquired by long practice—I say, there is such an air of mystery and marvellous

cautiousness in the air of everything around one in these sombre regions, that a spirit of curiosity and investigation is aroused in the explorer, which, unfortunately, the habits of the people will not allow him to satisfy. From a low, narrow aperture in the wall, a stockingless sepulchral looking image emerges, and the stranger has no doubt that some dead person has started alone on a pedestrian excursion to the graveyard, but as the hand is raised to close the rude unpainted door, the *takelilah* falls back and reveals a round and jeweled arm, loins girt with a golden girdle fastened by an elegant fibula, and a corsage of satin of cerulean blue wrought with tasteful devices, while the bosom is only partly clouded by lace of fabulous fineness; but in an instant, the apparition is no more attractive than a bale of wadding—its long impenetrable mantle has returned to its wonted duty of hiding everything of the person but the eyes and ankles, and the shadows of the arches have done the rest. But why is that negress following her? why in a moment more is that turbaned stalwart man closing the same rickety aperture and stealing away as though afraid some one would know where he lived? Has there been a murder committed there? has pestilence invaded the place? The stranger full of wonder, follows also—he knows not where; he turns a corner, and all has mysteriously disappeared, save the darkness of the passage. The fact is, as you know, the Mohammedan woman is ever more or less the slave of her lord, who has no faith in her; and doors

and streets were never designed to be either articles of luxury or ornament, but merely of necessity; for as the habitations of these people are generally constructed around open courts, all the light, all the scenery, all the promenade, all the exercise, the family is supposed to require, is to be obtained there.

If one has patience to take him to the apex of this triangle he will be well repaid by extensive and agreeable views; but he will find there also the evidences of Frank enterprise. The lofty and massive walls of the Casbah have been partly torn away to make room for a road and a prison; but a neat little mosque, with spiral marble columns for its portico, is still allowed to remain, though the crescent of its spire has been replaced by the cross.

Descending to the Babazoun and continuing southward, you are in a few moments at the old limits of the city, where formerly stood the famous Gate of Victory, into which, during the expedition of Charles V., Ponce de Balagner, *dit de Savignac*, knight of the Temple, plunged his dagger and fell a victim to his too intrepid gallantry and temerity. Here now is a large space (the Place Bresson) cut partly out of the hill to the south where a handsome theatre has been built; the opposite side, or that on your left, is open to the sea, though much above it. Thence, by an upper street, after five minutes' walk, you reach the *Place d'Isly*, adorned by a statue of Marshal Bugeaud, the hero of the battle after which the square is named. Taking the lower road

from the Place du Théâtre, you are soon in the faubourgs, and if you wish to see how fantastically an Arab can make a knot of the legs of a sheep, and cut his throat, or upset huge oxen, you will stop at the government slaughter-house, where all animals brought for sale as meat in the Algiers market, are examined, butchered and taxed. In this neighborhood is also an orphan asylum, superintended by the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, who give to numbers of poor unfortunate girls, primary and religious instruction, teach them to sew, and encourage them in domestic habits. As you continue curving round the bay, with the Mustapha acclivities on your right, the land between you and the sea gradually expands into a broad rich plain; here, about two miles from the Gate of Victory, the French government have what they call the *Jardin d'Essai* (experimental garden).

The experimental garden is well worth visiting, but it is to be regretted that it is not nearer the city, for the distance prevents its being a place of resort—as it might profitably be—while the dust of the road traversed in reaching it, is not the most agreeable feature of the drive. The object of this establishment is threefold: first, to improve indigenous trees and plants, and see to what perfection they can be brought by proper culture; secondly, to acclimatize exotics of all kinds; and thirdly, to form a nursery, so that colonists and others can soon have around them from hence, at slight expense, orchards, orangeries, etc., of inestimable value. This last fact did

not at first strike me as of much importance, but in a recent visit to Tipaza and Coleah, I met with one or two farmers, who stated that they were thus about to enrich and adorn their estates. The trees which particularly attracted my attention in the garden, were the india rubber, with its large, firm, fair leaf; and the date, that on every side had thrown out long, slender, bright saffron stems, like branches of a candelabrum, and hung them with massive clusters of fruit. A small field of Chinese sugar-cane, lately introduced to the Algerian climate, I also noticed, but its appearance was not at all prepossessing, and I was credibly informed, that, notwithstanding learned French essays had shown how it was soon to supersede all other plants of the kind, owing to the quality and quantity of its saccharine matter, numbers of persons who had attempted its culture had been almost ruined by it.

Perhaps I should not omit to state, that in preparing these grounds, some Roman coin, and the remains of a Roman aqueduct were found; there is indeed, no doubt that Roman villas once covered these hill-sides. The country seats which now attract the traveller's attention, are the celebrated General Yusuf's and the late Mustapha Pacha's; the latter, developing all the elegance and luxury of Moorish architecture. On a brow of the same range, still stands the pirates' observatory. It appears to be a low building, partly imbedded in the ground, but with a sort of colonnade that commands a view of

the bay. Thence the watch notified their craft in the port, as soon as a white sail was seen on the horizon of the offing.

A league or so further on, you leave the seashore, turn to the right, cross over the Harach, by a bridge of rather modern date, though called Roman, and enter on the Metidja, near the Maison Carrée (now a vast prison), by the route that must be traversed by any railroad that connects Algiers with the interior of the territory.

Returning to the Place du Gouvernement and continuing northward through the Bab-el-Oued, you are in a few moments outside of the town, whence its dingy battlements are still seen climbing up along the edge of the cliff, over which peer the white-washed terraces of old Algiers. In the valley below is one of the most holy of Koubas, and it is the only one Christians, by request of the natives, do not enter. It contains the sarcophagus of a saint, hung round with banners that have probably been on a pilgrimage to Mecca. Nearer the gate and bordering the road, on what was once a rocky, dusty escarpment, a large pleasure garden, with fine avenues, has been made by one Colonel Marengo, after whom it is named. Colonel M. was formerly commander of the citadel, and while holding this post, induced the military convicts, who are said to have been much attached to him, to lay out and plant this agreeable retreat.

On your right, as you issue from the Bab-el-Oued, is an

old Turkish marine fort, which has a formidable aspect ; on the same plateau, near at hand, the French have established a battery and erected artillery barracks. Further along, is the northern abutment of the new fortifications that form a girdle around Algiers 16,000 feet in length. The southern sea-abutment is outside the faubourg Babazoun, thus giving for the expansion of the city as much more ground as it originally occupied—125 acres.

It is true that millions of French gold have been expended here on objects that a colony in many other places would not have required. We have seen that it was necessary, first of all, to form a harbor. Surrounded by hostile tribes, there was no security but in strong military works. To make Algiers a commercial town, broad streets had to be opened, quays built and hundreds of houses torn down and others more suitable erected in their places ; while, to render it habitable by Europeans, there was no alternative but to clean and pave the filthy lanes, dig sewers, lay out public squares and establish fountains everywhere.* Before the arrival of the French there were, throughout the country, only foot-paths—camels, asses and horses being invariably used by the natives for transporting their merchandise and as a means of locomotion ; in fact, the Arab has in his language no word that signifies a wheeled vehicle. In order to maintain military posts, found colonies, etc., it

* From 1840 to 1847, nineteen fountains had been built at a cost of 141,446 francs, and 21,608 feet of drain laid that cost 837,154 francs.

was necessary to make roads, oftentimes in places where every kind of obstacle was to be overcome. A fine road, for instance, has been constructed directly over the hill on which the city stands; but it takes the diligence, with six horses, one hour to reach its summit. It is worthy of mention, also, that the public squares, hotels, cafés, principal streets and shops are lit with gas.

As I have hinted, these enormous works have been a severe drain on the treasury of the mother-land; but there is a satisfaction in knowing, that they will not require reconstructing in our time, unless some terrible convulsion of nature should come to do the work of ages; and now it would seem that this colony, this empire if you will, starting from the point of view we have of her to-day, cannot fall short of a brilliant and prosperous future if rightly governed, or rather, if not governed too much—an evil colonies are generally subject too, and toward which power universally tends.

In 1622, according to Gramaye, Algiers contained 13,000 houses, 100 mosques, and 170 baths and schools. Several other writers about the same time give to the city 100,000 inhabitants. In 1841, it contained only 16,000 of the Moslem faith, while at the time of the French conquest (1830) there were upward of 25,000—17,000 Moors, 4,000 Turks, 2,000 Negroes, 2,000 Arabs and Biskris. This falling off has arisen from the dearness of provisions, which the poor could no longer sustain. In 1848, the

entire population amounted to 37,572—5,000 less than the year previous. In 1854, it was 50,878.

Algiers, as you are aware, is the residence of the governor-general of Algeria; of the bishop of the diocese of Algiers; of a prefect; of a procureur-general, chief justice of Algeria; of a vice-admiral, superior commander of the marine of Algeria; of a *commissaire central* of police, and *chefs* of the civil service; the seat of an imperial court, of a *Tribunal de Première Instance*, of a Tribunal of Commerce, of Justices of the Peace and of a Chamber of Commerce.

The governor-general resides in a love-of-a-Moorish-palace, where windows and doors are empanelled in delicate marble columns. To enter the Cour Impériale, you have also to pass through a low Moorish doorway. The cathedral was a mosque, whose façade is adorned with four massive marble pillars; and the bishop's residence belonged to a wealthy Mohammedan; but it has no architectural beauty exteriorly, though gorgeous within.

Besides the cathedral, there are in the city four Catholic and one Protestant churches, four grand mosques and numerous Jewish synagogues. Formerly the Jews were held here in great contempt, and even a Mohammedan child could smite them with impunity; but now they are fully protected in all the rights of citizenship; they flourish like Barbary figs; they reap golden harvests in the commercial world, and their women are the most richly dressed of all who walk the streets. Algiers also

boasts of a "chair for the Arabic language;" a Museum and Library which have many valuable Arabic MSS., and about 6,000 volumes, pamphlets, maps, etc.; and an Imperial Lyceum that affords instruction in the higher branches of literature to 240 scholars. The annual expense of each boy maintained at the school is 800 francs, while those who live outside, pay only six francs a month.

An account of the races and Arab fantasies which have just transpired here, must be deferred for the present.

LETTER III.

**The Kabyls—Transient Conquerors—Suggestions on the Removal of the Kabyls
—Expedition against the Kabyls—Grain-mart at Medea—Arab Agriculture—
The Olive—Oil Manufactories—Cultivation of Cotton—Silk and the Silk-worm—
Orphan Girls preparing Silk—Tobacco.**

IN my first letter I made some casual remarks respecting the products of Algeria: I will now notice more particularly a few of her staple articles—those on which the prosperity of the country must mainly depend; those, consequently, toward which the government is directing its special attention. Any conclusions one may arrive at, however, will be somewhat problematical, since much, in the future of this colony, is involved in the disposition that may be made of a certain portion of her population,—the best, perhaps, the Kabyls or mountaineers, numbering some two hundred thousand—and how far friendly relations can be maintained with them.

The subject of removing the Kabyls to the oases of the Little Sahara, has been often ably discussed in the French journals; one party advocating the necessity, the other the fatality of such a measure. The ground assumed by the former is, that the Kabyls have a proud,

indomitable spirit, which no amount of suffering, no kind of hostility, not even countless defeats can ever overcome, and hence the colonists established in their neighborhood will have no security for their lives and property ; and that, so long as this strange people hold the Atlas, its fastnesses, its acclivities, its passes, it will be necessary to keep about the base of their homes a strong military force to repel their hostile incursions into the lower country. To sustain this opinion they bring forward the fact, that the Kabyls have looked down from their inaccessible heights and seen the Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Saracens, Spaniards, Turks, come in all their pride and strength and pass away, while they remained untrammelled and unchanged—have seen successive tides of humanity roll in and fret themselves awhile around their rocky barriers, then recede and leave them in their untamed fierceness and independence. And it is well known that they as well as the Moors and the Arabs, believe that the present dynasty will ere long give place to another and that they shall again be masters in the land of their fathers.

The party opposed to the removal of the Kabyls to the oases, take a humane and apparently reasonable view of the case, and cite the demoralizing influence we have had over our Indians, the results of our wars with those of the Florida glades, as examples that should deter the French government from dreaming of so mad a project. To take 200,000 mountaineers and condemn them to a Saha-

rian climate, would be more than a simple expatriation, it would be their death; besides, the knowledge that they were to be driven from their homes, their family altars, sacred sepulchres and sanctuaries, would arouse in them a war spirit no quantity of blood could allay. It is said, also, that the Kabyls are agricultural, industrial, commercial, eminently accessible to progress; that they defend their country against an armed invasion, but never against one of interest, of ideas; and consequently it is of the utmost importance to retain them where they are. Indeed, if they were driven hence, how many centuries would it be before the same amount of grain, oil, wax, honey, etc. which they now bring into the market for consumption and exportation would descend from the inhospitable regions of the Atlas?

The government decided to subdue or annihilate the Kabyls by force of arms. Last spring, with this intent, a formidable expedition was set on foot against them; and there is little doubt, though it was of short duration, that it was one of the most sanguinary affairs it has been the misfortune of the French soldier here to be engaged in. Many villages were burned, thousands of valuable trees and growing crops swept away, and tons of olive oil poured out like water upon the ground; for in almost every house there were large wooden vats of this valuable commodity that were at once smashed in pieces. It will be many years before the country can recover from this terrible blow; but, perhaps it is enough that the

tri-color waves from the loftiest peaks of the Djura.

The grain grown in 1856 was valued at 34,141,941 francs; * and for this the French were much indebted to the mountaineers. When I was in the Atlas, I visited the grain-mart of Medea where all the grain of that district had to be brought, measured and taxed, before it could be sold; but in the crowd of venders there was not one who was not a native of these hills; the purchasers, however, were two Frenchmen and an Italian who own mills in the Wady-el-Kebir, near Blida. The Italian informed me that the wheat of this region was the very best, and that he would give more for it than for any other grown in Algeria. He was paying from 54 to 55 francs the *sâa*—two Arab sacks weighing 363 lbs., or about 3 cts. the lb.

In preparing their grounds, the natives generally plough it twice and manure it; but, in reality, owing to the nature of the instruments they use, it is only the surface that is disturbed. It is not customary with them to let their lands lie fallow. They have the Egyptian mode of threshing grain; *i. e.* have it beaten out by the feet of cattle driven over it for that purpose; and they are equally destitute of machinery for winnowing it.

* The quantity of wheat grown last year was 8,105,529 hectolitres, valued at 76,330,323 fr.; of barley, 151,401 hec., valued at 34,330,307 fr.; of rye, 54,246 francs worth; of oats, 337,543 francs; of corn, 26,393 hec., valued at 418,177 fr. The quantity of grain and flour exported to France and Crimea during the year of the Crimean war was 1,790,665 hectolitres.

The Kabyls manufacture vast quantities of the very best of olive oils, and it is by them that the markets are supplied with the finest olives. The olive, in its wild state, is more widely spread over Algeria than any other tree. Along the slopes of the Sahel, in lofty parts of the Atlas, scattered through the forests or collected in groups, I have seen this hardy *chedgra*, defying alike time and tempest, the teeth of wild animals, and the very fires that are periodically set to destroy the stump-palm and other wild shrubbery. The Kabyls detach, and plant anew, such sprigs as they find springing up around the roots of old trees; these they irrigate as much as possible. They also trim and graft the wild olive and thus obtain the fruit, and the best, much sooner than is possible from the young shoots, which, taken from the nurseries, do not reach maturity in less than twenty-five or thirty years, whereas the others begin to produce on the second or third year, and in eight or ten, yield as much as they ever can. Along the coast, the olive is gathered in October, but in the interior, where the temperature is colder, not till January. Some tribes beat off the fruit, others allow it to fall. For expressing the oil different methods are adopted. Some expose the fruit eight or ten days to the sun, then put it into well-cemented vats, where it is trodden by the feet; others use large stones for the purpose; others again a screw press of rude construction; but it is said, that even by the best of their processes, the yield is only ten or twelve kilogrammes of

oil to one hundred of olives. When the fruit has passed through the press, the residue is put into hot water and worked with the hands till a further quantity, though small, is obtained.*

Perhaps no subject connected with the agricultural interests of the country has occupied so much of the attention of government, as the cultivation of cotton. Every possible inducement to make an essay of it has been offered to both natives and colonists, and every sort of ground and region of country experimented with; but I am credibly informed, that the success of the operators has seldom, if ever, been commensurate with the amount of labor or money expended in the trials. † There is great hope, however, that the oases and the southern sunny plains of the Tell will prove to be the *El Dorado* of English, anti-American cotton enthusiasts; for there, artesian wells are to be made to moisten the thirsty soil, and whole families from Soudan, are to be induced to come to insure the success of the enterprise. The Abids are also spoken of. They form an important class in the empire of Morocco, understand perfectly the cultivation of cotton in their country, and produce enough to supply the wants of fifty millions of individuals.

* It is said that in 1854, Algeria produced 11 millions of litres, or 8,086,406 gallons of olive oil, eight million litres of which were consumed in the country.

† I can affirm from an official report I have seen, that the cotton crop was less in 1855 than in 1854, or 721 bales, weighing 77,491 kilogrammes (a kil. is $2\frac{205}{1000}$ lbs. avoirdupois). In 1854 it was 912 bales.

For producing silk, no doubt, Algeria is much better adapted than it is for cotton. I have noticed in all my excursions, that thrifty mulberry trees were extremely common; that they adorned not only private gardens, but public roads, walks and squares. From one of the government nurseries there were distributed to the colonists in the space of ten years, 237,000 of these trees, three or four years of age. Here too, it is said, the worm is much less exposed to frosty or severely cold weather than in any other place in the basin of the Mediterranean; but if such intemperate seasons as affected the silk produce of 1854 should often occur (and the inequality of the seasons is one of the greatest drawbacks this colony will encounter) little could be anticipated of an encouraging nature even in this favorite branch of industry. In that year the exportation amounted to 1,063 kilogrammes, whereas in the year previous it was 4,514 kil.”*

From two reports of the Lyons Chamber of Commerce respecting Algerian silk; from the remarkably beautiful stuffs I have seen made of it; from the fact that it obtained a prize-medal at the great London exhibition, I have reason to believe it nearly equal in quality to any produced in France. That from Philipville, worked at Lyons, is said to resemble in texture and firmness, the silk of Provence, and not, when spun, to

* The province of Algiers produced 12,708 kilogrammes of cocoons, and Oran 1,842, which shows that the larger portion was consumed in the country.

contain so much down on the thread as the latter. This down (*duvet*) is an evil of which the Chamber of Commerce complains in the following manner: "Several of our French departments, reputed for their industry, spin silk that is unequalled as regards its regularity, nerve and elasticity, and yet their most careful products cannot be employed in all fabrics because it has a down which it seems impossible, for the present, to avoid." In some localities the silk has not this defect, and among these Algeria is classed.

In connection with the preparation of silk, winding it from the cocoon etc., it is pleasant to state, that the government employ in its *pépinières officielles* a great number of orphans—young girls taken from the asylums. They soon acquire a proficiency in this delicate branch of industry which is very gratifying to all concerned.

Two or three years since the *boubyx cynthia*, a species of silk worm that lives on the leaves of the oak, was introduced into the country. It was brought from China by the French consul M. Montguy: and it seems from the "report" of the *Société Zoologique d'Acclimation* that the experiments made with it were of so encouraging a nature that further attention would be given to it; and "one can affirm," in the language of the document before me, "that the insect accomplishes in Algeria, with great facility, all the phases of its existence."

There are few things in this regency to which both

colonists and natives have given their attention, that have been so generally remunerative as the cultivation of tobacco. In commerce, two kinds are particularly designated: one is the *nicotiana tobacum*, the other is the *nicotiana rustica*. The latter is highly prized by smokers, and several tribes have become quite distinguished as producers of it. The *chebli*, for instance, known far and wide for its agreeable aroma, is grown in the Metidja by the Ouled-Chebel Arabs. The former is more generally used for snuff. The tobacco of the oases of the Little Sahara is said to be much stronger than the northern, and that of the Oasis de Souf is mentioned in proof of it.

The first crop of tobacco is gathered in July or August; occasionally a second cutting is made before the rains set in, in November. A great quantity of Virginia leaf tobacco is consumed in the city of Algiers in the manufacture of cigars. In one large establishment here, where are several hundred workmen employed, the proprietor informed me that he hardly used any other than the weed from my country; sometimes he added a little from Alsace: he had even manufactured cigars of American tobacco and sold them in New York for the real Havana.*

* The quantity of tobacco grown here last year was 4,895,590 kilogrammes.

LETTER IV.

Horse Racing—The Government Stud—The *Halouf*—The Arab *Course*—The Arab Winner—General Yusuf—Fantasias—A Sham-fight—Native Costumes—Plan for improving the Breed of Horses—The Barbary Horse—Algerian Sheep—An Arab Trick—Cows and Oxen—Wild Animals.

THE races which came off here on the 27th, 28th, and 29th of October, formed an extremely interesting exhibition; it was interesting in several points of view: it brought before us the government stud, composed of about twenty of the most beautiful animals eyes ever feasted on. It collected from far and near innumerable Arab tribes, and finally showed us all that is exciting in the desert mode of warfare.

In these races the government has one object in view—an improvement in the native breed of horses; the encouragement is a handsome premium presented to the winners by the governor's lady.

I was in the Atlas mountains when the news reached me, that the 27th had been fixed on for the *course*, and I wasted no time in returning to town. Had I not been apprised, however, that it was to be something more than its name indicated, I should have been one of the last to give any countenance to it; for horseracing is such

an odious feature of English society, every American should guard against its popularity at home. In fact, railroads and new modes of warfare have entirely superseded the necessity of Europeans raising animals of *great speed*, while those who wish to improve the *beauty* or *strength* of the beast, can do it without any of those painful adjuncts, those disgusting scenes, foolish boastings and the vice, which, I have always heard, characterize such exhibitions in Great Britain. The weather was propitious, and as the hour drew nigh when the curtain was to be lifted on the more orderly portion of the drama, one might have fancied that he had gone back to the time of tournaments; for there were thronging the way, all that was brilliant and gorgeous and fanciful, and even grotesque in costume, and all that was dashing, fearless, spirited and graceful in equestrianism: every nation appeared to be represented, both on foot and on horseback, and bright Moorish eyes flashed over the scene from every point of view.

The affair was to take place on a large plain about half a league from the city, bounded on one side by the Sahel hills, now whitened by Arab tents, and on the other by the sea. There, a long, handsome, covered gallery had been erected and decorated with flags, with a large pavilion in the centre for the governor-general and his family, his suite and invited guests; this became a particular point of attraction, not only on account of the distinguished persons presiding, and the beauty of many

of the ladies, but the presence of a number of native chiefs and General Yusuf. I was to have been favored with an invitation to a seat here, but owing to the illness of our consul was forced to take a humbler though not less convenient position.

A little before one o'clock the governor-general, with a brilliant staff, arrived and took his place in the *tribune*, before which the *Spahis** were defiling to occupy a position on the extreme right. Soon after, eighteen hundred Arab horsemen were seen moving majestically over the plain, with streaming banners, with barbarous dissonant music, and with crimson and white drapery falling in neglected folds about their gilded trappings: they too, proceeded to the right.

At the appointed time the government stud appeared in the circle, and so glossy was every one of the charming troop, I hardly dare affirm that he was not covered with satin. Each was led separately by two grooms, who, having long red cords attached to the animal's bridle, were enabled to keep at a distance from him, and thus leave to the spectators an unintercepted view of his elegant proportions, of which he, in every instance, seemed conscious and proud; it was indeed one of the most *recherché* affairs that has ever fallen under my notice.

It may be well here to state, that this stud is made up, principally, of horses brought from Arabia and Syria; one

* The *Spahis* are native cavalry in government pay. They are armed with a short musket which they carry before them—the butt resting on the right thigh.

of the number, however, is the splendid creature presented to Napoleon by the Pasha of Egypt, and is a descendant of Mahomet's celebrated mare. Most of these were procured in 1846, when it was discovered that the fine Arab breed was nearly extinct, owing to the wars that for many years had desolated the country, and to the ignorance, carelessness, and indifference to the subject, of a great portion of the native tribes.

After the exhibition of the "stud," a race came off between five European horses, which made the circuit twice, or 9,750 feet. This excited more interest than the subsequent one, as there were engaged in it a fine animal belonging to General Yusuf, which had recently won at Blida, and another that had been the *vainqueur* in 1855; and there was some merriment intermixed with it, arising from the fact that the fleetest in the ring was named *El Halouf* (in Arabic, the hog); for when he was in advance, the natives would cry out, *el halouf! el halouf!* (the hog! the hog!) *El Halouf*, four years old, was the winner, making the two rounds in 4m. 48s.* Stakes 2,000 francs, given by the emperor.

The second course was also European. Seven horses were engaged, making the circuit only once, or 4,875 feet. It was won by the *Arib*, three years old, which ran the distance in 2m. 3s. Stakes 1,000 francs, given by the town of Algiers.

The subsequent rounds, including those of the two

* It is now said that the same distance was made last year in 3m. 40s.

following days, were more attractive to the stranger, since they were, with one exception, made solely by the Arabs. The first of these was the *Course des Aghas*,* of which there were three divisions; the second, the *Course des Cavaliers de petites tentes*, in four divisions; the third, the course between the Aghas who had won; the fourth, between the winners of the *petites tentes*. In these trials, in the skill of the riders, in the speed of some favorite *jument*, or in the success of a personal friend, the natives must have felt the deepest interest; but I can say, that of a hundred males in my vicinity, not one lost for a moment his native dignity; the females, however, were more excited, and many were the little feet to be seen peeping out under ample trowsers, as their fair owners sprang up on the seats behind me.

The starting of the horses, when the signal was given, was like a flash of light; their stopping, still more astonishing; but the first could be easily accounted for, if one noticed that the rider's spurs consisted of a single spike, nearly six inches in length. When at the height of their speed, there was, as you can fancy, something in their appearance, unique and artistic, though in repose it was the reverse. One young man, who won twice for his brother, the *Caid* of the subdivision of Medea, lay low on his horse's neck, so as not to gather the wind;

* The *Agha* is a sort of civil and judicial chief, who receives a fixed salary from the government. The *Caide* are chosen from the most distinguished of the tribe; see that their men are prepared for service, and command in time of war.

but his light, white *haick* was afloat behind him like a cloud: he made the distance in 1m. 53s.

On the second day there were thirty-six different divisions of Arab tribes—*Courses des Caidés et Chefs des tentes*. On the third day there was a grand review of the *goums*,* the Arab *fantasias*, and a race in the fields between native and European horses. The distance of this last *course* was $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles—the stakes 2,000 francs—the winner, the Caid of Medea, mentioned above, and the time 12m. 35s. The second prize was also awarded to a mare of Medea—making three prizes carried off by the Arabs of that mountainous district.

As Marshal Randon was ill on the last day, the review of the troops fell to General Yusuf, one of the most renowned cavaliers and warriors of the day; and no one could have done the honors of the occasion with more grace, or personal satisfaction, apparently. But I must hasten to the grand *finale*—the *fantasias*, which a few lines will suffice to dispatch.

The *fantasias*, are what we should call a sham-fight. An equal number of tribes being arranged on each side of the hippedrome, we will consider them for a moment in actual hostilities. Two or three of the most daring start from the ranks, sweep over the intermediate space, and when near enough to the opposite party, discharge their muskets, wheel and fly and reload as they go; but they are not sure of escaping, for the fleetest horses

* *Goums* are the body guard of the Chiefs.

of the enemy, are sent out in pursuit; the wind could hardly be swifter than they, their nostrils are expanded, and they seem winged with the fierceness and energy of their riders, who, taking deadly aim as they approach the pursued, fire, turn as they fire and retreat, and all at a wild headlong speed, that is actually appalling. Now a hundred rush into the arena, and amid dust, confusion, and the rattle of musketry, urge their panting barbs to the task of making the foe pay dear for his temerity. It is at once evident, however, that their safety is in the velocity with which they can regain the shelter of the main body, for double their number are on their flank, in their rear—they are nearly surrounded and lost: but the war-whoop is heard, and in an instant, the field is covered with a cloud of desperate combatants—fifteen hundred Arabs leap to the final charge; a fearful encounter ensues; the noise, the confusion, the strife is redoubled: the weaker, defeated, are flying for the far desert; but, the bugle sounds a recall, and the contest is ended. The tribes being again collected under their respective chiefs, they all advance to the pavilion, preceded by a fanciful array of Aghas, Caid and standard bearers. There the presiding officer, representative of the governor-general, is saluted by them, in a manner indicative of their entire submission. They lower their banners simultaneously before him, amid the roar of firearms, which seems to be the seal they give to every joy, to every triumph, and to every treaty.

Many of the Arab chiefs, brought together on this occasion, were robed in costly and picturesque costumes, while the trappings of their horses, their saddles, bridles, stirrups, as well as the scabbards of their swords (which they swing round the neck, and outside of the left arm) were heavily incased with gold. One tribe had their horses covered with a striped silk mantle, that fell about them nearly to the ground, but the men themselves you would have sworn to be American Indians; for each one wore a broad brimmed palm leaf hat (*medols*) with a very lofty crown, entirely covered with short black ostrich feathers, which, together with his dark skin, and bornous hanging about him like a blanket, gave him in every respect the air of one of our highly adorned red men of the forest.

I have said that in these races the government has in view an improvement in the native breed of horses; but this is not all that it does to this end. It maintains a stud in each of the provinces—one at Blida, one at Mostagauem and one at Alelik. Every spring these are distributed throughout the country at special depots where the natives and colonists bring their *juments*. Those that are accepted have their age, color, size, pedigree, name of owner and tribe or district to which he belongs, registered in the most particular manner; and as the offspring of these unions fetch a higher price than any other, it is the strongest possible inducement for the Arab to avail himself of this gratuity. There are also

annual "agricultural fairs" at which premiums are given for the best horses, mares, colts, etc.; in fact, last year, by a decree of the minister of war, 12,000 francs were further appropriated for this object.

The study of the Algerian or Barbary horse has occupied some of the ablest minds;* for, as is often said, he is more than the servant, he is the companion of the Arab; and though there is a doubt about his being of the pure Arab breed, he is admitted to have descended in a direct line from the Numidian race so celebrated in ancient times.† He is indeed the only horse used here by the French troops, as it is found that he endures the heat of the climate, the fatigue and privations of war far better than the European; and being at the same time much surer of foot, is valued particularly in Atlas expeditions. "To respond to every demand made upon him," say the French, "it is only necessary for him to be a little larger."

The Algerian horse is shorter and plumper than the Morocco or English; all that were at the races I have described, were small and of a configuration that indicated at once lightness and vigor.

* General Daumas and Abd-el-Kader have paid much attention to this subject. St. Marie thinks that the Morocco horse is the strongest. He says he has known one mounted by a *Spahi*, travel 125 miles in eleven hours and not moisten a hair.

† And the veterans themselves were at last broken by the Numidians in the service of Rome. This same cavalry, the cause of Hannibal's conquest in Italy, decided his fate and that of Carthage at Zama, etc.—*Michelet*.

It was estimated last year that the number of horses in Algeria was 156,560.

As I have entered on the animal kingdom of this region, it will be best to add here what else I have to say on the subject.

For the raising of sheep, both the country and people are particularly adapted. The climate is warm and dry; the soil produces an abundance of substantial, aromatic, saltish plants, and as the tribes of the south, more especially of the Little Sahara, love a pastoral life, their flocks become very naturally their chief riches, and thrive under their migratory habits. The sheep, however, of that region are by no means the best; wars and razzias have mixed the breed, and various kinds are found in the same district. Their bodies and legs are long and slender, and they often have no wool on their necks, limbs, or under their bellies. In some of the oases, there is a peculiar species (says the "*Catalogue explicatif et raisonné des produits algériens*") without horns and with short hair like a gazelle. They are called *demmam*, are usually very fat, and give an abundance of excellent milk. In the province of Constantine they raise a few of that curious breed which have long broad tails that weigh 4 or 5 kilogrammes (8 or 10 lbs.) I have seen them in Asia Minor drawing these huge appendages behind them on a piece of board attached to a cord tied about their hind quarters.

If we look back to the middle ages, we find that wool

was, at that time, one of the most important articles of export from the Barbary States ; and as we see that it is now produced in large quantities under many disadvantageous circumstances, we cannot wonder that this colony is counted on as destined, at no distant period, to be the finest wool-growing country in the world. Indeed it is said here that the Merino sheep, so celebrated for the excellent quality of its fleece, had its origin in the plateaus of the Atlas, whence it was carried into Spain by the Moors.

It is calculated, that on an average one half of the wool of Algeria is exported. It goes to Morocco and Tunis (much more than formerly) and the rest to France, where it is made into blankets and other coarse articles, or put into mattresses ; the other half is used by the natives for clothing, tents, etc.

Stimulated by premiums offered by government, a number of individuals or companies are trying to better the quality of Algerian wool. An establishment for this purpose has been started at El-Arrach. At Blida they are mixing in the Bourgogne species, and at Oran, the Merino.

The *population ovine*, as the French express it, is reported to be 6,875,894 ; of which, 25,689 belong to Europeans, and 6,850,205 to the natives. In 1854, the number exported was 44,667 ; the quantity of wool shipped the same year was 1,557,087 kilogrammes (about 3,425,580 lbs.) ; the previous year, however, the exporta-

tion amounted to 4,346,000 kil. (or about 9,561,180 lbs.) I do not know the cause of the great decrease.

There are said to be "tricks in all trades but ours." The Arabs, before shearing their sheep, run them over a sandy plain; the wool thus collects a large quantity of fine dust, which adds not a little to its weight. This became so great an evil that a law was enacted to punish the offenders.

Of goats there are owned by the natives 3,484,902; by Europeans, 13,551; but as they destroy the young trees, no encouragement is offered by government for their increase, excepting those of the Angora species—a troop of which the ex-Emir Abd-el-Kader presented to the minister of war.

As the Mohammedan has a great abhorrence of the hog, there is of course none of the *espèce porcine* to be found in their midst by their consent. When they encounter a wild boar (which is not unfrequent), they say he is a Christian, introduced into the country by the Spaniards, on purpose to annoy them. The number of swine owned by Europeans is yet quite small.

What Algeria is particularly in need of, it appears to me, are fine cows—those emblems of pastoral felicity, of rural comfort, of agricultural prosperity—and the consequence is, milk is dearer than wine, and good butter more scarce than earthquakes. Whether grass is not plentiful enough, or whether the great heat of summer is the cause (and it is probably one or the other) I have

not been able to learn, but it is known that the Arab cow gives ordinarily only from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ a litre (about a pint and a half to three pints) per day, and the European, under the greatest care, only two to four litres (from two to four quarts). To increase the quantity, some of the colonists have introduced the Swiss breed, but with little success; others, the race Bretonne, which, according to the *catalogue* before referred to, is much more predisposed by its organization, its habits and its size, for the free life of African pasturage: the results have been more satisfactory. Different kinds of oxen have also been brought into the country. I passed a few days since, on the Metidja plain, a couple, such as I have seen on the campagnas of Rome, with their magnificent wide-spreading horns, that give them an air of sovereignty. Into the province of Oran, a Spanish breed has been imported, which, for strength and endurance, is much esteemed. The Kabyls make great use of the ox in tilling their fields; and they also employ him as a beast of burden—loading him with sacks of grain and panniers as they would a horse or an ass. Before the French conquest, one could be bought for 45 or 50 francs; the price now is nearer 150 fr. (\$30).

The number of horned cattle in this colony is estimated at 1,053,084—the Europeans owning 16,906 oxen and 4,400 cows; the natives owning of both genders 1,031,738.

Of the camel I must speak in another letter.

Of animals, not domestic, there is in Algeria a curious

mélange, such as amuses and interests one in our menageries of the North. In the lesser Atlas, ten leagues hence, are an abundance of monkeys. In traversing recently the gorge of the Chiffa, I saw the holes in which they live, and the trees and rocks they daily visited; subsequently, I found myself in the Wady-el-Kebir, the haunt of the panther. Jules Gerard, an officer here, has become celebrated as a lion killer; but the king of beasts is now seldom to be met with—much more rarely than the panther. When the French first came to Algiers, the Kabyls and Arabs frequently brought young lions into town in the hoods of their bornouses, and offered them in the market as they would a litter of puppies. Hyenas and jackals are very plentiful; the latter do a vast deal of mischief in fruit and vegetable gardens. They are extremely fond of grapes and melons, but do not neglect a lamb or a pig in their way. In fact, if you go among the Arabs in the interior of the country, you will almost every night hear them shouting or firing off guns to frighten away the wild beasts—lions, panthers, hyenas—who come to disturb the repose of their flocks. Mashal Bugeaud was so struck with this when on a tour of inspection of the routes that were being constructed in the neighborhood of Milianah, he immediately ordered that premiums should be awarded for the destruction of these troublesome animals. The tariff then made was modified in 1852, and stands thus:—For a male or female lion, 40 francs; for a young one of six months, 15

francs; for a panther, 40 francs; for a young one, 15 francs; for a hyena, 5 francs; for a young one, or a jackal, 2½ francs each.

Porcupines and partridges, gazelles and cameleons, antelopes and ostriches, the tortoise, the rabbit and the hare are natives of this curious country. In the Sahel range, near Tipaza, I found partridges and hares so plentiful that the excitement of the *chasse* was almost destroyed. The meat of the hare is one of the most common placed before you on Algerian tables. In the region of Gebel-Amour is a species of wild goat, which the Arabs value very highly for the delicacy of its flesh. It is called *leroui*, is easily domesticated, and the government have thought of introducing it into France.

In my first letter I spoke of the tribes of the Little Sahara who came each spring to pitch their tents by the Sersous and trade with northerners for the grain and other products of the Tell. Among the various articles which they bring with them, there figure pretty largely both ostrich feathers, ostrich eggs and skins. The eggs are bought for museums, as pendants to lanterns, and ornaments for the mosques and Koubas of the Mohammedans; and we all know to what elegant uses the ostrich feather is put, in the *beau monde*. *La dépouille* of the male ostrich is more expensive than that of the female; one of the former (an entire skin with feathers on) costs among the Ouled-Sidi-Cheikh only 22

or 27 francs; the latter, 10 or 15. Black plumes sell for 12 francs the kilogramme ($2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.); white ones 3 francs each. In their exportation from Algeria to France, the white are reckoned at 100 francs the kil., but the black at only 10 francs. In 1853, the quantity exported hence of this article was 600 kilogrammes (1,320 lbs.)—worth 31,560 francs (\$6,500).

LETTER V.

A Cotton Crop—Kohl—Henna—Civet Pomade—Native Jewelry—Moorish Embroidery—Saddle Manufacturers—Kabyl Weaving—Negro Work—Coral Fishery—The French as Coral Fishers—The Fisheries sold to the English—Annual Coral Product—Coral Maris—Soap—Honey—Wax—Palm Juice.

IN this letter I will mention a few more articles which enter to some extent into the trade or figure as objects of luxury and ornament among the natives. Before proceeding, however, I wish to say, that in company with our consul, I recently paid a visit to a couple of small fields of cotton near the sea, where the exposure appears to be good, the soil of the very best quality, and where there is an abundance of water; the cotton crop of this plantation has recently been ploughed up, and I gathered from its dwarf branches, solid green pods, and dry open ones about the size of a thimble, in which the cotton was in some instances black and in others of too meagre a quantity to pick; and yet this had been tended with the most scrupulous care, had sprung up from the roots of a crop of the preceding year, equally bad, which had been cut down.

From time immemorial, the women of the Orient have been accustomed to use a coloring matter on the edges of their eyelids, not only, it is said for the purpose of

imparting more depth and softness to the expression of their eyes, but to fortify their sight, and by the reflection the tint is supposed to give, counteract the effect of a too brilliant sun. Both Jewesses and Egyptians had a pigment for this purpose, which has been found among the articles of their toilet, hidden for ages in the tombs of the desert; the Arab and Moorish women of to-day paint with *Kohl*. The Bible mentions some circumstances which confirm the former statement and the latter is hourly brought to my notice. The Greek and Roman dames had the same custom; and I am aware that not a few American ladies are anxious to adopt it; in fact I have a private mission here independent of my letter-writing (and I trust the interested will thank me for withholding names), which is to obtain for some bright eyes I know of, the means of throwing afar those soft languishing looks that subdue the stoutest hearts.

The Moorish and Arab women have very beautiful eyes, whose expression is doubtless much heightened by the use of the kohl. These muzzled fair ones are, however, not satisfied with eyelid-coloring; they use the pigment to give an unnatural and often unseemly length and breadth to their eyebrows—joining them together over the nose with a broad sweep of the brush such as a house painter might make in representing the arc of Iris.

Kohl is an article of commerce among the natives. It is a preparation of the sulphate of antimony, brought

from the oasis of Touat, and from Tafilalet, in Morocco. The latter is sold at Tlemcen for 70 francs the 100 kilos.

Henna (*Lawsonia inermis*, Linn.) is in as much request by both Arab and Moorish women, as the kohl. It has also been experimented with as a coloring matter for woollen goods; and a valuable report was lately made on the subject by the able chemist M. Chevreul. He finds that the leaf has two coloring principles; one is yellow, the other red; but it has unfortunately, a brown also, which sullies, and gives what is equivalent only to that produced by a mixture of wold and madder; besides, it does not sustain the color so well as the latter when exposed a few months to the light. There is, however, in commerce a color resembling this, made of ingredients less costly than wold and madder, and which has less durability than the *henna*; *henna*, therefore, may well supply the place of the latter, if not of the former—and of the former, perhaps, when the expense is an important consideration.

When the natives use the *henna* for staining their persons, the leaf is pounded up fine and mixed with water to the consistency of a paste; it is then put on the parts to be discolored, where it remains till the desired effect is produced. A woman in the height of fashion has both her hands and feet stained in this manner a dark, dirty yellow, and when a stranger sees one of them for the first time, he fancies she is wearing gloves and very short

stockings. I believe, also, it is this same leaf that gives red heads to the children, particularly of Jewesses; for it seems that golden hair, *alias* light brick color, is as poetical an affair here as it is with us.

The Arabs use the *henna* as a veterinary medicine, and it is said to be efficacious in cases of contusions, swellings, abscesses, etc.

A pomade much in vogue with the wealthier Moorish ladies is that of the civet cat. It is brought by merchants and pilgrims from Abyssinia and Egypt in little red boxes, and as it is a costly article, is, of course, soon adulterated, and large quantities of the fat of other animals, having in it only enough of the Simon-pure cat to shed through it an agreeable odor, give lustre to the luxurious braids that dangle about oriental shoulders.

The manufacture of jewelry and the trade carried on in it, is of considerable moment in Algeria, though many of the articles have little intrinsic value, and depend on the taste with which they are produced, or a happy combination of colors. A small, oval, very white shell, is often mixed with pretty effect with fine coral; crimson is interlinked with gold; and bracelets, that would otherwise appear as an unmeaning string of coin, have written on them terse sentences from the Koran, that may serve the wearer as beads do a Catholic. Jewesses, Moorish and Arab women, wear anklets, as well as bracelets; some wear tiaras and ornamental pins

in their hair; and nearly all who can afford it, and particularly the favorites of the harems, are adorned with rings and massive gold chains. The latter article, however, is not thrown around the neck, but its two ends are attached to the two corners of some portion of the costume that is attempting to get together about the bosom, and hangs dangling over the girdle that girds the loins. When a Jewess puts on a French boot and retains the anklet, it looks as though the Occident and the Orient had got their foot into the same yoke.

Moorish embroidery—handkerchiefs, headdresses, etc.—though too gaudy for our market, finds its way into many others, and occupies a multitude of fair hands, but the gold embroidered slippers (*baboudj*) such as are seen in our museums, are made by men and boys: a child four or five years of age, engaged in the business with his father, attracts considerable attention in the Passage d'Orléans of Algiers, by the neatness of his work and the steady attention he gives to it. The province of Oran is celebrated for the manufacture of morocco *baboudjes*—the bright yellow and red slippers found in all the markets of the world. The little village of Tlemcen, a sort of Moorish Lynn, has upward of fifty shops employing three or four men each, who produce annually not less than 150,000 francs worth of slippers. The price is usually under 30 cents a pair.

The manufacturers of saddles occupy about the same relative position among the natives as cabinet-makers in

Europe do to those there who are obliged to keep house. Here are thousands of families without a chair or table, but few without a saddle. Some of these *serdjomaras* are elegantly embroidered in silk, and in gold and silver, and display taste, skill, and patience, worthy of admiration. This work is also done by men; the women in the meantime having much more laborious and never-ending duties, such as bringing water, weaving, washing—the burden, the sum of petty things which constitute the economy of a household; and when the “lord” of the establishment is poor, the less favored of his “better halves” is often obliged to carry the work of weaving far into the small hours of night.

The weaving which I have seen in a Kaybl hut—the manufacture of a bornous—was done in an upright frame; the rudeness and simplicity of whose structure made one marvel at the regularity and beauty of the article therein produced. The weaver sat on the ground in front of her loom, and plied the shuttle and nursed her baby with a native grace that was not altogether unpoetical.

Negroes manufacture very tasteful and nearly waterproof baskets from the leaf of the dwarf palm. They work as they chat on the benches of the cafés, using a needle with a broad eye and strips of colored cloth which are interlaid with pleasing effect. The dwarf-palm thus made way with, is one of the greatest evils colonists have to encounter in this country. To free an estate of it is an expensive undertaking; the govern-

ment therefore encourage its use in every possible way, and cordage of some celebrity, and mats, hats, sacks, and even paper are manufactured from it ;—how profitably I cannot say.

I have mentioned the article of *coral* as used among the ornaments destined to adorn the native women. As coral forms an interesting feature in the foreign trade of this country, and has done so for many centuries, I will give here a sketch of the history of the coral fishery which is gathered principally from the *catalogue explicatif, etc.* Ages ago, from the rocks off the coast of Sicily, Corsica, Italy, Sardinia, this crystal shrubbery of the sea was gathered to bedeck the fair world, even to the farthest Inde, but for the last seven or eight hundred years it is said that the African beds have proved to be the most beautiful. France had very early an organized system of coral-fishing, and treaties respecting it with the beys of Tunis, which she found very advantageous, not only in a commercial point of view, but because it led to the rearing of a class of bold and hardy seamen needed in her navy. As early as the beginning of the 12th century there was a village in Tunis called *Mers-el-Djoun* which owed its origin and prosperity entirely to this business. The Pisans had then their vessels navigating all the known seas, and they were not likely to let this traffic escape their notice : in fact, in 1167, they negotiated a treaty with Tunis, which had in view, as one of its principal objects, the cession to them of the coral-

fisheries—to carry on which they founded an establishment at Tabarque, off the mouth of the Wady-Zaine. This doubtless led to an exploration of the entire coast: for a century or so subsequently, coral researches are mentioned at Bona. Later, the business passed into the hands of the Catalans, who paid an annual rent to the State of Tunis; but in 1446, the fisheries, which then extended to Bougie, were rented to a Barcelonian. In 1551, the Genoese, who like the Pisans had become distinguished for maritime enterprise, were also seeking coral at Bona, where the beds are now reported to be exhausted; even the illustrious Andrew Doria did not disdain to be a *fermier de la pêche*. About the same time, Charles V. having given to the Lomellini family of Genoa the Island of Tabarque, which had been ceded to him (Charles V.) by Soliman II. as a ransom for the famous corsair Draguet, the Genoese establishments were transferred to that island, where an extensive trade in coral was for a considerable time maintained. Difficulties having finally sprung up between the Tunisans and their foreign neighbors, the former broke up the business of the latter, which then occupied 34 vessels and 272 sailors.

About the middle of the 16th century the French appear again, though stealthily at first, in the coral fisheries. They soon had at Marseilles two important commercial houses, with certain treaties made with the tribes *de la Mazoule* and privileges from Soliman II.; but as the beds

here were superior to the Italian, there were many rivals in the field, who established depots at Roux, Bona, Collo, Djijelly and Bougie.

The coral fisheries were definitively accorded to the French, by a treaty made the 20th of May, 1604, begun at Algiers by Savory de Brèves and concluded at Constantinople with Amurat III. Under Louis XIII., in 1694, the Duke de Guise, Governor of Provence, obtained another concession and gave a new development to this enterprise. Ten years afterward the celebrated Cardinal Richelieu sent several agents hither and attempted to form a new establishment at Stora. In 1649, under Louis XIV., it seems that a private company obtained the sole right to the coral beds by paying an annual rent of 105,000 livres. Under Louis XV. in 1719 the India Company succeeded the French. Asia Minor and the Indies were then the principal marts for coral. To the India Company succeeded the Society Auriol of Marseilles, and later, another called *Compagnie d'Afrique*, which, as there was then little competition, was encouraged to form a regular and permanent system of operations. Its vessels were all built at Marseilles and were each manned by seven men, who during the interval of the fishing season either returned home or were distributed among the 48 *baragues* at Calle, while the boats were housed and repaired. The coral obtained was brought to the company's magazines, and there divided into three lots, according to quality, which were thus valued: First quality,

28 francs 57c. the kilogramme; second, 19fr. 5c.; third, 9fr. 52c. At the end of the season, the expenses were subtracted from the proceeds and the remainder divided into 25 parts, distributed as follows: eight parts to the captain, four to the mate, ten to the five sailors and three to the vessel. The annual product of each boat was 1,200 livres, or 9,600 francs. The expenses were 5,850 fr., which left 3,750 fr. to be distributed as above.

The prosperity of the *Compagnie d'Afrique* was eventually much affected by the admission into the business, of Corsican fishermen; and it finally ceased to exist, when, in 1791, the commerce of Barbary was declared free. Two hundred vessels were at that time engaged in this enterprise, and their combined annual products were valued at 2,000,000 francs.

In 1798, when war was declared with Algiers, the agents of the French companies were seized and sent into captivity, and their establishments destroyed. The few years of respite which followed was found to be very advantageous to the coral beds: the coral obtained a size, firmness, and richness of color unknown before; and it was thus seen that these forests of the ocean required the same management as those of the land.

In 1806 the Bey of Constantine, at the instigation of the English who had become masters of Malta, admitted Maltese, Jews and Spaniards into the coral mart, of which the French had entire possession.

In 1807 the Dey of Algiers sold to the English the

former French concessions, but as they were occupied with the theft they had recently made of Malta they left the fisheries to the Greeks, Sicilians, and others. This lasted ten years, during which time the Italians obtained an ascendancy that was not further disputed.

The convention of 1817, after the general peace, put France again in possession of her former privileges, by paying a rent of 60,000 francs; but the treaty of 1830, that fixed the rent at 200,000 francs, caused a loss in five years of 300,000 francs. During these last ten years there were engaged in this business 174 vessels and 1,800 sailors, producing an average of 174 kilogrammes a boat, valued at 50 francs a kilogramme.

For two years after the French conquest of Algeria little was done with the coral fisheries; the civil intendant then fixed the rates for the summer season at 1,160 francs, and for winter 535 francs. In 1844 the rates were reduced to 800 francs for the year. There were then engaged in this business 105 Neapolitan boats, and only 3 or 4 French.

The average annual product of coral is now from 22 to 25,000 kilos. The price is exceedingly variable, depending much on fashion, which regulates the demand. The custom-house value was at one time only 2 francs the kilo, while the ordinary price which foreign purchasers have now generally to pay is about 60 francs.

The exportation of crude coral from Algeria in 1854 was 23,042 kilos, of which only 1,618 were sent to France.

The larger quantity goes to the two Sicilies, Tuscany, Sardinia and Spain, where it is wrought and mounted, and then shipped for Alexandria, Constantinople and Aleppo. From these cities it is transported to Bagdad and disseminated thence through Persia, India and China. The principal depots in the Indies are Goa, Calcutta and Madras, whence caravans take it to the interior. The European traffic stops at Bagdad.

Coral ornaments were in vogue in France under Francis I., and Louis XIV., but subsequently went out of fashion; they however came into favor again under Napoleon—thanks to Mademoiselle Clary of Marseilles, afterward Queen of Naples and of Spain, who wore the first parure of coral seen during that emperor's reign. This lady encouraged and protected the manufacturers of coral, which had for a long time been the pride—as well as one of the sources of prosperity of her native town.

As has been seen, France has almost entirely lost the various advantages growing out of this trade—the employment it would give to many workmen, the profits arising from it, and the forming of a set of hardy seamen. Aware of this, the minister of war, it is said, has for a long time been giving to the subject his most particular attention.

Soap is one of the most important adjuncts of every well ordered *toilette*, but it would appear that here, as in our own favored land, the poor have a sort of

instinctive dread of it; yet, blessed be the Koran for this one good thing—it inculcates cleanliness. In the markets, both of the Tell and the Little Sahara, is to be found a cheap and particularly good soap, a dark transparent substance, much in favor with those who use the article. It is made by the Kabyls—that able people, whose industry was particularly spoken of in my last communication—and is transported in goat skins to various parts of the country. In its composition are employed lime, the ashes of the myrtle, and olive oil. They first make a cold lye of one part lime, and two of ashes, then put in an equal quantity of oil, and boil the whole together. There is found here also what is called a vegetable soap—the sugar of the *ephedra fragilis*, obtained from the top of the plant, which springs up wild from the sand, grows into a large bush, and assists in nourishing the native cattle. It is known to the Arabs under the name of *azeram*, and their women use it to soap and whiten their garments.

The markets are also considerably indebted to the Kabyls for wax and honey. The Moors give some attention to the hiving of bees, but the Arabs more. The first named gather large quantities of the comb from the crevices of their mountain rocks, and the hollow of trees; and from this source, replenish the fixed hives depopulated by the suffocating process, so well known among our own country-people—a process which seems full of profligacy and ingratitude. The harvest generally

takes place in the spring, at which time the best honey is procured. The Kabyls boil the comb, after extracting its contents, then press it into cakes. Some tribes know how to whiten it.

Honey is used very much among the wealthier tribes, and takes the place of sugar and molasses. Arriving in their tents, if you fail to have set before you a mutton stew, or a dish of the everlasting *couscousou*, you will be sure to be served with bread and honey. When wheat is dear, omelets are a substitute for cakes, which revel also in a coating of honey. These treasures which the rocks and trees yield, are of inestimable value to the poor—an easy and simple source of revenue. In some of the villages settled by the colonists, a few individuals have occupied themselves with the “education” of bees (as the French express it) and have been rewarded by government. They find the country well adapted to this species of industry, as the mountains and the plains, for a great portion of the year, are covered with a variety of aromatic plants, which succeed each other with the seasons.

The Romans obtained most of the wax necessary for home consumption, from this region (Numidia), and it is said to have been in great favor with encaustic painters. In the middle ages it was one of the most important articles of export from Northern Africa. Under the deys, the government monopolized the trade, and the Kabyls were obliged to sell to it their wax at a price fixed

in advance. Bougie, the capital of the Kabyl country, was the principal depot of this kind of merchandise, and from thence the French derived the name they gave to candles—*bougies*.

The natives get from the palm what is called a vegetable honey; and though it has much of the richness of the other, has none of its economy, for the tree dies if sapped for three successive years. All the upper branches are first cut off, then a hole is bored into the side of the unleafed top, into which a reed tube is inserted, for the purpose of conducting the sap into the basin suspended beneath. A single tree will give fifteen or sixteen litres of this *miel végétal* (*lagmi*), per day, which when fermented, makes an intoxicating drink, highly prized by both Arab and Moor; though, be it said to their credit, they are universally temperate (in all things) without the aid of Temperance Societies; proving, that there is a virtue among them, derived from some source or other not yet hit upon by the fanatics of New England.

LETTER VI.

A Change in the Letters and Seasons—A Storm—Disasters—Suburbs of Algiers—French Bridges—Roman Roads—Objects seen in my Rambles—Valley of the Consuls—Moorish Country Seats—Ceremonies at a Sacred Fountain—Sacrificers—Cures—A Jew Slaughter-house—The Casbah.

FEARING that you may be surfeited with statistics of cotton, cattle and crops, I shall change somewhat the character of my communications. I may be obliged, however, by and by, to give you a few more figures.

We have just been passing through some of those winter storms such as I experienced on this coast in 1833, and described in Letter I. Toward the last of October, the clouds commenced their annual gathering about the summits of the Atlas mountains, and occasionally spread themselves out in light showers over the valleys. I found myself then in the lesser chain, at an elevation of about 4,000 feet, and besides having my clothes occasionally drenched with rain, many of the fine views with which those regions abound were so completely enveloped in mist that it would have been just as profitable, so far as they were concerned, to be at the bottom of a well as there. The Arabs and Kabyls were at the time bringing their grain to market or preparing their grounds for the winter seed; and one often saw

heavily laden donkeys threading their way down narrow precipitous paths, hill-sides gladdened by the plough and glowing with new-turned furrows, or, if the sun fell rightly, perchance the naked ridge that bounded the view southward enlivened by a train of camels coming with their burdens from the far desert.

Some weeks later the Sahel* hills began to receive their share of moisture, and in the middle of November light rains were a daily occurrence. This lasted a short time, when fair mild weather returned and people were promenading without overcoats; indeed up to about the middle of December, the atmosphere was as bland as it is in New York in early autumn; in fact, we had a snuff of a temperate sirocco. A few days afterward the wind changed and blew in feverish, warning gusts, and clouds appeared to collect from every quarter—we were evidently to have a storm of no slight magnitude. Forty-eight hours subsequently it burst upon us with a fury that shook the very foundations of the earth and caused some of the inhabitants to believe that they had experienced an earthquake—they at least shook in their shoes. Two Moorish houses near the Casbah, whose walls became saturated with the driving rain, crumbled into a mass of ruins, beneath which were crushed to death a Moor and his mistress. Several buildings were

* *Sahel* is an Arabic word, meaning coast or shore, and is more properly applied to the range of hills between the Haratch and Scherchell, than the name *Boujareah* occasionally given them. *Boujareah* is only a *part* of the Sahel back of Algiers.

unroofed, and numbers of persons injured by falling chimneys, weathercocks, etc. Two diligences, hence for the interior, were overturned; one by the wind in a gorge in the Sahel, the other by the washing away of the road, unseen because entirely covered with water. The effect of the torrents that poured from the Atlas on to the Metidja plain was like what I have previously described in the little Sahara. The Haratch and Masafra, that were fordable in the evening, became in the night wild raging rivers, overflowing their banks, the neighboring fields and country, and sweeping everything before them. A gentleman whom I know, who had a farm near the course of the former, lost nineteen head of cattle and forty hogs. The sea-coast was not less the scene of sad disasters. Everywhere shipwrecks occurred. Three vessels were lost within sight of this town. A large English bark sunk in the very centre of the harbor. Three days afterward, we were enjoying a fine, clear, almost summer atmosphere.

The weather has again become bad and colder, and one is hardly comfortable without a fire. Yesterday morning (Dec. 27) we had a succession of hail storms, and for an hour the ground was quite whitened by them. Last night another Moorish house fell, burying a family beneath it. This is an affair that frequently happens here; but one is not surprised at it when he sees the materials of which the walls of these dwellings, particularly near the Casbah, are built. Some are indeed of

great thickness, like those of the palace of the dey, now in process of demolition ; but this is not enough to save them, for the mortar used was a reddish earth that appears to have had no adhesiveness and crumbles in the hand like a ball of ashes. Government has an inspector of Moorish habitations, which are generally found so bad that it is forbidden to repair them. In many instances the occupants have been forced out, just in time to save their lives.*

There are few cities in the world whose suburbs offer so many agreeable, picturesque, and, as a novelist would say, romantic places to ramble in, as Algiers during the winter season ; but when the heat of summer, the siroccos of the desert, breathe through these valleys their desolating breath, nothing of this remains. Every tree, shrub, and plant that now, unnaturally it seems to us northerners, cast over each nook and cranny their vivid verdure, or make the air luxuriously redolent, will then be dried up and covered with dust. When the season is fresh and full of life in New England, nature will here appear exhausted, dead. At the present moment, roses full-blown adorn many a garden walk ; the orange in fruit and flower, the blossoming almond, apricot, wild hop, and agave or aloe, beautify the highways and byways we traverse in our morning strolls.

† I have learned this morning that the house which fell last night, demolished another that stood opposite. Eight dead bodies have been taken from the ruins and two persons seriously injured.

I rise at 6 o'clock A.M., and when the sun gets up have generally passed the Bab-el-Oued or Babazoun gate and entered on some one of the French, Turkish, or Roman roads that tend toward the interior. The French, you are aware, make magnificent roads and bridges—here they have displayed a great deal of taste as well as skill, in these structures; and when the Arabs look on them, those particularly which combine both solidity and beauty, they exclaim, “The Roumi* have strong heads.” They are said not to be averse, however, to the march of things, supposing that at some future time, all will fall into their hands.

There are still, in this neighborhood, quite a number of Roman roads: I walked one this morning for nearly half an hour. It leads up from the rich plain of Mustapha, south of Algiers, and is in some places 20 feet or more in width, and well paved. Generally these ancient works are of little magnitude—made probably as mere avenues to gentlemen’s villas—but this was evidently a route of public importance, traversing the Sahel to its southern slopes, and perhaps down to, and over the Medidja plain.

When I have sought the eminences that command the finest views—spots usually monopolized by wealthy Moors or Turks for their summer residences—I have invariably

* It is said many of the natives think the French to be the children of those who once governed here, and hence give them a name which means either Roman or Christian.

had to climb such paths as the donkeys may have engineered, unless said residences have become French.

You would not, I fancy, thank me for my reflections on African stones because laid by Roman hands fifteen hundred years ago, and perhaps trodden by a Hannibal, a Scipio, or even a Cato; nor over the scenes these hills witnessed when the Arabs burst upon them like a whirlwind from the desert, and laid the scimitar at the root of Christian rule; nevertheless these reflections are like a border to the landscape I have daily beneath my gaze. I am called upon, too, to admire the handsome Moor, respect the stately Bedouin, sympathize with, or pity, the subdued look of the fierce Kabyl; if these subjects are wanting, I find myself, perchance, beneath the wide spreading branches of the Karob, or observing that my way is bordered by the Barbary fig, or the aloe whose flowering stalks shoot up like trees to the height of 20 or 30 feet. Once I reached the apex of an acclivity that overlooked a Moorish garden, in which a young woman in house-costume—loose jacket, and trousers that descended only to the kness—was examining the progress of some peas. At another time, passing near an Arab hut imbedded in cactuses, I came unexpectedly into the presence, as Walter Savage Landor would say, of a very lovely Arab girl, who was washing clothes at a spring in the mountain side. Her dress was much like that of the Mooresses; and in this exceptional instance

was so neat and tasteful, she seemed rather a child of luxury than of toil. She sang and laughed as she worked, appearing not to have noticed my approach; but to sustain her confidence, she soon on some pretext or other, called to a young man, doubtless her brother or husband, who was tending sheep hard by, and who responded that he heard her.

In one of the most retired valleys back of Algiers are a couple of modest French hotels, or restaurants, where scandal, it is said, has often found a tongue; or, in other words, the resort of parties who seek to conceal the intrigues by which they peril both happiness and reputation. A little further on is a spring of mineral water much esteemed as a purifier of the blood. If it could purify the conscience, it is thought that some of the *hautaine monde of Djezair*, would drink of it with avidity. Northward of the town lies the "Valley of the Consuls." Here during the time of the deys, most of the consuls resided, and though the various sites their dwellings occupy are pleasing in the extreme, they could not have always been agreeable retreats, for by their castellated forms, pierced and crenated walls, it is evident that their occupants were not entirely safe from hostile attack, and had rather to depend on their own forces than any protection the government might afford them. This was particularly the case with the establishment of the Danish consul, on the other side of the city, whose

house and garden have recently been nearly all carried away by an avalanche of earth, that desolated acres of the plateau beneath.

As I have before said, nearly all the massive, flat-roofed, whitewashed mansions one sees dotting the hill-sides about Algiers, are Moorish. They are built, like those in the town, around hypethral courts; had small grated loop-holes, here and there along the façade, but were elegantly decorated within, while their grounds were often extensive and laid out with taste. Most of these, at the present time, glitter with large French windows, and are occupied by French dignitaries—Marshal Randon, for instance, having one of the best; his son-in-law, General Fenelon, another; General Yusuf a third, etc.

I must now give you an account of some religious ceremonies, savoring of folly and fetichism, which I occasionally stroll out to see. They take place at an early hour every Wednesday morning and are worthy of a minute description, though, in this enlightened age, such things can hardly be believed without ocular demonstration. Passing the Bab-el-Oued gate and continuing along the shore for a couple of miles or so, you arrive at a place in the road that has an abrupt acclivity on the left and a slight embankment on the right. Mounting the latter, you look down about twelve feet on a sandy beach over which the sea breaks in bad weather, but where it ordinarily lays its calm borders,

distant six or eight feet from the base of your position whence issues a sacred fountain. Around the latter and against the bank a semicircular wall has been built, say two and a half feet in height and three in diameter. This forms a sort of well, now nearly filled to the brim with sand, rubbish, and vegetable matter thrown into it from the road: it has however sufficient depth to contain the scanty supply of water the fountain affords. This water is considered to possess, with the assistance of certain forms that savor of sorcery, healing properties no less marvellous than those of Siloam, and thousands of all classes, of every religion and faith, come here to be healed of their diseases.

The officiating priestesses are three in number, and three different means are resorted to, to produce the desired effect—purification by water, externally and internally, and incense; prayer and pebble-stones; sacrifice. The water is used in different ways, apparently according to the will or wisdom of the distributor; the incense is tossed round the head or held under the clothes of the patient, depending on the locality of the complaint; the sacrifice is usually a cock, sometimes a sheep, a goat, a bullock (and black animals must be sacrificed at the black fountain, white at the white, etc.); the prayer consists in no expression of desire but in simply screaming out, in as rapid a voice as possible, some cabalistic word which strikes on the ear like yulloo, yulloo, yulloo.

The distribution of the priestesses, who are Moors,

and the implements they use, are as follows: The oldest and the most *outré* in the derangement of costume, is squatted down on the edge of the well, having before her an earthen pot of live coals, on which she now and then casts small particles of incense; behind her, stuck in the bank, a number of wax tapers burning and otherwise, and in her hand an earthen bowl that serves for both drinking-cup and wash-basin. Priestess No. 2 is squatted on the side of a ledge of rocks a few yards distant. Priestess No. 3 stands on the sand in front of the fountain with an assistant, a negro, who grasps the sacrificial knife, and appears ready for any desperate deed.

Having now before us the *dramatis personæ*, let us proceed to business. We reached the bank beneath which the performances take place, a little after seven o'clock. A young Jewess with a child had been through the ceremonies and was at the moment standing on the shore, crying *yulloo* (she afterwards sat down there and ate her breakfast); and a Kabyl, or Kaloogy of the town, had just commenced operations. Priestess No. 1, rising majestically on the curbstones of the wall, waved three times before him the incense pot; priestess No. 2 then took by the legs the cock he had brought and swung it round his head while she invoked the aid of the spirits; afterward the animal was handed to the negro, who placing one foot on its head, the other on its breast, cut its throat, and as the blood flowed the priestess took some of it and put it on the forehead of

the patient. The cock soon fluttered away his life, and if in this operation he had got into the sea it would have been a very favorable omen. When quite dead he was passed over to priestess No. 2, who plucked out his feathers, a few of which were carefully done up with a pebble stone in a piece of paper, and given to the sick man to carry with him. Finally, priestess No. 1 proffered him a cup of the wretchedly filthy water, which he of course was obliged to drink; and if this did not cure him there is little doubt that his case must have been a hopeless one.

The next sacrificers were a Jewess and her husband, and as the ground on which they stood was holy, they were obliged to take off both shoes and stockings. The lady was excessively fat, of an *embonpoint* that would have suffused the eyes of a Turk, but she performed all the exactions of the ceremony with ease, dignity, and an entire disregard of spectators. Judging from her costume, she was a woman of wealth. She wore a rich shawl which she laid aside, revealing a costly silk tunic heavily embroidered with gold about the breast; and as she removed her stockings, one might fancy, perhaps, if he did not turn away his head, that she wore full satin trowsers gathered into a band of gold about the knee. Two cocks were sacrificed in this instance (after having been waved round the heads of the parties, who stood close together for the purpose) and their warm blood was smeared on the wrists, the forehead, and the naked

ankles of these healthy looking people. Both the man and woman then washed their feet in the sea, had their wrists dashed with holy water, their persons fumigated, a new taper lighted, and after making their *toilette* on the sand, departed. I heard it suggested that they were solicitous of offspring; and surely, this mode of obtaining them is quite as creditable, if not so sure, as that said to have been adopted by ladies seeking to have little saints when the celebrated holy man El Andalouci, a refugee Spanish Moor, held spiritual sway in these regions.

The fourth sacrificer was a young Moorish woman. She was obliged not only to uncover her feet, but unveil her face before the priestess. The first requirement was easily complied with, as she wore, according to custom, only slippers, but the second was not so quickly done, nor did it accord so well with her ideas of morality. To lift and throw back the *haick* was only to reveal a couple of plump arms, that were very much in the habit, doubtless, of thus showing themselves; but to unbind and let fall those muslin scarfs that had ever before hid her face from the vulgar world, was an ordeal only an excess of faith could have sustained her through. I fear that we appeared rude to her, and perhaps even cruel; but one can so seldom see a Moress's features, our curiosity will be pardoned—at least by others. The lower part of her physiognomy proved to be not so classic as the upper (and this, I have

heard, is generally the case), but the whole was fair and full of expression. When the *haick* was raised, one believed there were glimpses of a low crowned crimson cap, edged with pearls, binding masses of raven hair that folded luxuriantly about the temples, then went back into long braids, whose ends, adorned with long pink ribbon, fell almost to the ground. This woman gave only some pieces of money to the priestess, and made no other sacrifice. The ceremonies for her were simple and soon over, and consisted principally in fumigation; she, however, took away with her a bottle of the water, in order, probably, to complete at home the cure of her complaint.

This last performance took place at a fountain presided over by negresses only, and is a few steps from the former. There is still another, equally holy, some rods further on, and four more in this neighborhood which I have not visited. Six of these are named after colors—*Ain-el-Bidha*, the white fountain, for instance, and *Ain-el-Quala*, the black, the first one described; the seventh is called *Ain-Wuleud-Sergou*.* They are supposed to be the residences of the genii; but why, I could not conjecture, unless it is that they flow from under a rock, on which stood a Koubah, a mausoleum of the Santo Sidi-Yakoub, subsequently converted into

* Children of *Sergou*, is the name given to Christians in the negro dialect. The negresses who officiate at these holy springs are said to have been, before conversion, Abyssinian Christians.

a French cabaret. Father Haedo * says that this saint (the Spanish Moor mentioned above) "went mad toward the end of his life;" but adds, that "he was one of those *marabouts* who were wont to take singular liberties with the fair sex of Algeria, giving a good sound beating to the poor women who flocked to kiss his hands. The sly traveller insinuates that the Algerian ladies, notwithstanding his violent habits, did not scruple to invite him to visit them, for one of the purposes they now resort to his fountains, nor did parents or husbands oppose this, regarding the practice as a signal blessing." †

Absurd as it may appear, there are many proofs that the favors or the cures sought here, have been obtained, but it may be accounted for on this ground, if no other, "that *faith* works wonders;" indeed, if one has at first credulity enough to induce him to make a sacrifice at these fountains, I can see wherein he might be seriously affected by favorable or unfavorable omens. Some suppose the good result to arise from the anæsthetic properties of the water or air, as in the case of the clefts at Delphi; but I fancy I should not be at a loss to attribute them to the right cause, when those who have the gout come here and dance the *djebbe*; or when those who have sensitive stomachs, take one draught of the filthy water.

* *Topografía Istoria general de Argel*, Valladolid, 1687.

† Morell's Algeria.

Some who frequent these *aiouns* become possessed by genii. The phenomenon is such as is found among the dancing Dervishes, who may be seen almost any night in Algiers, working themselves into trances and such nervous states of the system, that they are enabled with impunity to wipe their tongues over red hot shovels, eat nails, live coals, and the prickly leaf of the cactus; but this is a phase of things, a psychological development I will not attempt to analyze. When, however, more of it comes under my observation, I may be induced to make some further remarks on the subject. *Plena errorum sunt omnia sic.*

The Jews, you are aware, fancy that they are forbidden, by divine command, to eat meat unless killed in a certain way. The government here allows them to use its slaughter-house for the purpose of carrying out this requirement of the law, and I recently had the satisfaction of witnessing the performance. A small Arab ~~was~~,^{was} fatted (if such a term can be used toward any of the native animals) on Arab food,* was led in, and soon had his legs tied together by a young Jew, who afterward threw him over on his side. His head was then turned so that his nose was in the air and the points of his horns were resting on the ground; this distended and exposed the neck, which was carefully

* This probably no more affects a Jew, than it does an Englishman to make money out of the products of slave labor.

washed. After a few moments' repose, a stout, butchery-looking man arrived, with rather a short, straight, but broad, blunt-headed knife, which one very naturally supposed he was going to use, though he wore no white frock, and had only a slight alteration in his ordinary costume; but it turned out that he was only the keeper of the "holy poker," and that his one-sided cloth apron merely indicated an observing, not a practical butcher. At the proper moment, the sacrificial instrument was handed over to the young man who had thus far done all the work, and he at once drew it across the throat of the poor beast, leaving a wide, deep gash that indicated only too clearly the sharpness of the implement employed; but even then, life did not escape without many a painful struggle, though, after the Jew had done his work, a Kabyl of the establishment plunged his own sharp pointed knife forward into the brain, and backward through the same wound to reach the heart.

Recently, in one of my morning walks, I ascended, with our consul, the break-neck streets of Algiers, to examine the few remaining apartments, and the grounds, of the far-famed Casbah.* Passing first through a small garden of fig trees, surrounding a tasteful marble fountain and ugly gun-carriages, and overlooked by the

* Casbah means literally "reed," but I have not discovered its appropriateness.

seraglio, which has now become (*proh pudor!* exclaims one) the quarters of artillery, we mounted the lofty parapets, commanding a magnificent view of both city and sea. Here, still are to be seen the formidable Turkish batteries, that overawed the former when the deys retreated thence for safety from their subjects, or swept the harbor and bay when an enemy's fleet threatened an approach. The walls, however, on which these imposing pieces rest, though well cased without, and wearing an impregnable aspect, are miserable mud and cobble-stone structures, that could not withstand bombardment for an hour. I afterward visited the mosque, and the gallery from which there yet projects over the court the little pavilion used as a reception room by the deys, and where the last one, in 1827, insulted Deval, the French consul, by a blow with a fan, and lost by it his empire. How just! And yet I have reason to believe that one of our consuls might be spit upon, and imprisoned, and the result would only be, *negotiation!* This portion of the palace, though neither elegant nor grand, has its apartments handsomely inlaid with figured porcelain plates, that form an extremely pretty border to a room, to an arcade, or a cornice, and is much used for this purpose in all the Moorish palaces, and about the towers of mosques. The dey's mosque consists of a single vaulted room, encircled within by a gallery, supported by marble columns.

This is now occupied by a company of Zouaves, and when I entered it—shades of Mahomet!—the holy dome was resounding with the noise of dozens of bugles, horns, and bassoons, played at random by a practising band.

LETTER VII.

Progress of the Colony—Difficulties to be overcome—Government Organisation—Civil and Military Divisions—The Governor-General—Council of Government—The Prefect—Council of Prefecture—Sub-Prefects—Commissions—Commissariats—The Bench—Courts of Appeal—Imperial Court—Procureurs—Chamber of Commerce—Bureau Arabs.

I BELIEVE there never has been a colonial government that has had to contend with more difficulties, or difficulties more varied in their nature than this of Algeria;* nevertheless, the colony has steadily advanced in the route opened in 1830. It has steadily advanced, and its progress has been marked by prodigies of valor, as well as by prodigality of gold. French heroism has received here its baptism of blood as well as the sum of its ambition; and great names, great deeds, great monuments, have made memorable, hill, valley and plain, from the shores of the Mediterranean to the Great Sahara. The chivalry of the desert has been aroused, as it never was before; nor ever had it before such a leader—one so full of the sublimity of faith, and the exaltation of patriotism, and who had such influence over it by his genius and his name:—Abd-el-Kader was its inspiration. Three revolutions at home, tended also to disturb the order of things here; but a country subject to earthquakes

* New Russia has presented about the same, with the exception of climate.

could receive a shock or two without national detriment, and become stable again. At present, "the powers that be" seem determined, *coûte que coûte*, to give full scope to this colonial enterprise; for its borders are not far from the highway to India.

When a good footing was obtained, and military and civil institutions were established on French bases, fancy the diverse nationalities, interests, creeds, customs, prejudices there were to encounter—Judaism, Islamism, the Kabyl of the mountain, the Turk, and Moor of the town, the Arab of the village, the Arab of the tent; and all these it was important to reconcile without doing violence to either. I have had occasion, also, at various times, to mention the obstacles nature threw in the way of Algerian prosperity, and with what admirable energy they have in some instances been combated; of the lack of good natural harbors for its commerce, and of great navigable rivers; and how badly, owing to its orographical features, it was adapted for railroads, except the region of the three great plains, defined in Letter No. I.; of the strange diversities of climate, of the fearful storms and deluging rains of winter, and the terrible siroccos of this terrible country.

Immediately on the occupation of Algiers by the French, a commission of government was formed, with the intendant of the army for president; it afterward received the name of *comité* and then *commission administrative*. A civil intendancy was subsequently created,

which was the cause of no little difficulty, as the direction of finances and the high surveillance of justice was committed to its charge. In 1834, a governor-general was placed over the colony, and changes were made in the administration of finances. In 1845, a *direction générale des affaires civiles* was instituted, and four directors placed at the head of administrative services; one of justice; one of the interior, and public works; one of finance, and commerce; and one of Arab affairs; while there was formed near the governor-general, a superior council of administration. Algeria was divided into three provinces, and these into territory, civil, mixed, and Arab. In 1846, a fifth *direction* was created for public works. In 1847, most of the above powers were suppressed, and there was established in each province a *directeur des affaires civiles*—soon after also suppressed. In 1848–9* the following dispositions were made, which, with some slight modifications, exist at the present time. An important feature in the new arrangement, was the placing of each department of government under the control of its respective minister at home, and limiting the power of the governor-general as hereafter defined.

The division into provinces being maintained, these were now divided into civil and military territories. The civil territory of each province forms a department, administered by a prefect, with sub-prefects in each *arrondissement* and civil commissioners and mayors in the

* Dictionnaire de la Legislation Algérienne. Decrees p. 323, etc.

communes. The military territory is subdivided into departments and circles; its government appertains, under the immediate authority of the governor-general, to a general commandant of division. The *territoire civil* forming the department of Algiers, of which the town of Algiers is the *chef-lieu*, is divided into two arrondissements and seven districts. The *territoire militaire*, forming one military division, having its head-quarters at Blida, has six subdivisions, administered by generals of brigade. The *territoire civil*, forming the department of Oran, is divided into two arrondissements and five districts. The *territoire militaire* of that province, formerly one military division, whose chief seat is the town of Oran, has five subdivisions. The *territoire civil* forming the department of Constantine, is divided into three arrondissements, subdivided into seven districts. The *territoire militaire* of the same, forming one division, whose *chef-lieu* is the town of Constantine, has four subdivisions.

The governor-general* has command of all the military forces both of land and sea, and the *haute administration du pays*: he promulgates the laws, decrees, ordinances and regulations to be carried into effect in Algeria. He is assisted by a council of government in the administration of all affairs concerning the territory, and by a secretary-general, who is charged with the preparation and expedition of administrative affairs and the centralization of work falling to the governor-general.

* Then Marshal Randon.

The governor-general having the high direction of all measures which interest colonization in Algeria, addresses in this respect his instructions to the prefects, who render to him an account of their execution.*

The council of government is composed as follows :—
The governor-general, who is its president; the secretary-general; the procureur-general; the chef d'état, major of the army; the bishop; the rector of the Academy of Algiers; the superior commandant of the marine; the military intendant of the army of Algeria; three civic councillors, reporters.

The prefect is alone charged with the administration of his department: to this end he corresponds directly with the ministers at home, and every month sends a report to the minister of war on the condition of things over which he is placed. Independent of the periodical reports which he must also make to the governor-general, he corresponds with him for primary instructions concerning the affairs of his department, which must, before being decided on, be submitted to the "council of government." He administers directly the *arrondissement chef-lieu*, and his authority extends over the civil native administration of his department. He names the mayors and assistants over the communes, where the population does not exceed 3,000, excepting the *chef-lieux* of departments and *arrondissements*. He

* The powers of the governor-general have just been considerably extended in the way of naming mayors and many other minor officers in the communes.

names also the *cheiks* of villages inhabited by natives in his department; but tribes or fractions of tribes living in tents, though in the *territoires civils*, remain subject to military jurisdiction and administration. He must make two excursions annually through his department and report thereon to the minister of war and the governor-general, and he cannot absent himself from his post without permission from the former, and giving notice to the latter.

The council of prefecture is composed of four members in the department of Algiers, and three in each of the others: in these the prefect has the presidency by right, and in case of equal division his voice decides. The functions of councillor of prefecture are incompatible with judiciary functions, of ministerial offices, etc., but a councillor can by a special decree of the minister of war, fill the office of secretary-general of the prefecture, and in this quality have the keeping of the archives of the department, sign dispatches, legalize the signature of sub-prefects, etc.

The sub-prefect administers the arrondissement confided to him under the immediate authority of the prefect. He has subject to his orders the *commissaires civils*, the mayors and the *cheiks*, with such reservation as above named. He is obliged to make two excursions annually through the arrondissement and into the Arab settlements, and report thereon to the prefect.

There is also a *conseil général* of department, com-

posed of sixteen members in the department of the province of Algiers, and twelve in each of the civil departments of the other provinces, but of its peculiar functions I have not as yet been apprised. Its attributes are, however, contained in laws published in France, 22d June, 1833, and 10th May, 1838.

In the military territories, the superior direction appertains, as before stated, under the immediate authority of the governor-general, to a general commandant of the division. The judiciary functions can be exercised in each locality by a *juge de paix*, or, in default of one, by a *commandant de place* or any other officer named by him. The civil functions can be filled either by the *commandant de place* or a mayor named by the governor-general.

In the *chef-lieu* of each sub-division is a consultative commission, charged with giving its advice on all general or local matters that concern exclusively the military territory to which it appertains. It is consulted on all projects of expense, on colonization, agriculture, public edifices, public instruction or worship, Christian, Jew or Mohammedan; on justice as regards the natives; public charities, markets, caravanserais, etc., etc. Members composing this, are: The superior commandant of the sub-division, as president; the sub-military intendant; the commandant of artillery; the commandant of engineers; the officer charged with the Arab affairs; the *juge de paix*, the mayor and several others. It meets once a

week and oftener if required, and reports its acts to the general commandant of division ; the latter every fifteen days reports directly to the minister of war and to the governor-general, on the political, administrative and commercial situation of affairs submitted to his authority ; transmitting also to the same, the acts of the commission.

In 1840, there was an organization of *commissariats civils*. " This " says the minister of war, " is an Algerian institution and an excellent school for the administrators of the colony." By a decree of 1848, the functions of its officers were defined and amount to this : The *civil* commissaire is invested in the district confided to him with powers which elsewhere are divided among numbers of functionaries.* He is, by turns, administrator, mayor, judge in civil matters (commercial and police), procureur-impérial, judge of instruction and notary. Each commissariat is composed of a commissaire and secretary, with a sworn interpreter, and under the title of *gardes coloniaux*, sworn French agents, in number as many as the service requires. At or near the seat of every commissariat is established a brigade of gendarmes, which has in its *caserne*, a place for prisoners. The brigade is under the order of the commissaire, since he is charged with the publication and execution of laws, ordinances, decrees ; the execution of measures for the

* In some instances the *commandant militaire* exercises provisionally the functions of a *commissaire civil*.

general security, the municipal and rural police, surveillance over the property of the colony and of works executed with the funds of the colonial service. As colonization and security advance and the development of civil interests permit, the commissariats receive a new organization and government. In 1849, for instance, the com. of Mostaganem was suppressed, and the town was erected into a sub-prefecture; in 1851, Koleah and Boufarik were erected into communes.

The service of justice, which till 1848 was in the hands of the minister of war, was then transferred to the minister of justice; but native jurisprudence remained subject to the former. From time to time, tribunals of the first instance have been established and justices of the peace created as the population increased and the military districts came under civil administration. There are, in Algiers, an imperial court, a court of appeal, a tribunal of commerce, and a tribunal of the first instance; there are also tribunals of the latter class in the principal towns of other provinces. When there is no justice of the peace or commissaire, the *commandant de place* fills their functions. Appeals from their judgments can be carried before the tribunals of the first instance.

Penal jurisprudence has undergone many changes. At first the people of each faith were allowed to have their own tribunals, but this was found not to be reconcilable with the sovereignty it was necessary to maintain. French tribunals now take cognizance of all crimes,

whether committed by Mussulman, Israelite or Christian, though Arab and Jew can appeal to their own cadis or rabbins (judges) in cases that constitute crime according to their laws and not according to French laws. In no instance, however, are they* allowed to pronounce sentence of death or even imprison a person.

The court of appeal of Algiers renders judgment directly on crimes committed in the civil territory of this province; the tribunals of the other provinces give a first judgment in crimes committed within their jurisdiction, but their decisions can be appealed from to the court of Algiers. Hence these courts have the same cognizance in criminal matters as the courts of assizes in France. In correctional matters, all the tribunals of the first instance are cognizant of the crimes committed in their ressorts. The tribunal of Algiers alone has a special correctional chamber and the court of appeal of Algiers decides on appeals from the judgment of the correctional tribunals.* Two years since, a court of assizes was established in Algeria. It takes cognizance of all facts which in the eyes of the law constitute crime. It renders judgment without the assistance of a jury.† It sits every four months in each of the *chef lieux* of an arrondissement where there is established a tribunal of the first instance. It is in Algiers composed of five council-

* Morell's Algeria.

† It might be inferred from this that other courts have a popular jury, but such is not the case.

lors of the imperial court, of whom one exercises the functions of president, and of a scribe of the same court. In the other arrondissements it is composed of three councillors of the imperial court, two magistrates taken from among the presidents or judges comprising the tribunal of the first instance, and of a scribe of the tribunal. These magistrates go into the divers arrondissements to hold their sittings.

The imperial court is composed of a president, seven councillors, two councillors *adjoints*, having a deliberative voice; of a recorder and sworn scribes. Constituted as a civil chamber, it takes cognizance in matters civil and commercial, of appeals from judgments rendered in first *ressort* by tribunals of the first instance, of commerce and Mussulman tribunals. Constituted as a criminal chamber, it judges all the affairs *de la compétence* of courts of assizes* directly for the province of Algiers, and on appeals from judgments rendered at Bona, Philippeville, Oran, etc., of crimes *à charge d'appel*; of affairs of commerce, in regard to which their competence in first and last *ressort* is the same as in civil matters, and in all cases where the tribunal *statue*, on facts considered crimes, the judge who has made the instruction cannot sit. The *ressort* of this court embraces the whole of Algeria, save the jurisdictions of *conseils de guerre*.

The tribunal of the first instance of Algiers is composed of a president, of a judge of instruction, of four

* Probably the new court of assizes takes away this competence.

judges, of three judges *adjoints* having a deliberative voice, of a recorder and sworn scribes. It divides itself into two chambers, taking cognizance in the first of civil affairs; in the second, of correctional, or civil measures which have been returned to it by the president. These tribunals in Bona, Oran, etc. are composed of a president, and two judges, of whom one is charged with the service of the *instruction criminelle*: of two judges *adjoints* having a deliberative voice, and other assistants like the preceding.

The tribunal of commerce of Algiers is composed of a president, nine judges and five pleaders. The number of electors necessary to form this, was fixed in 1852, at 70. A list of these is made out by the director of civil affairs (now suppressed), but they await the approval of the governor-general.

The procureur-general has, under the orders of the governor-general, the direction of the judiciary service of Algeria. The members of the magistracy, the public and ministerial officers and all other functionaries or agents attached to the administration of justice, are under his surveillance.

The procureur-impérial receives, in the extent of the territorial jurisdiction with which he is connected, the processes verbal, complaints or denunciations on all facts which are of a nature à *provoquer l'application, soit de peines afflictives ou infamantes, soit de peines correctionnelles.*

In connection with government affairs I have yet to mention the chamber of commerce and the bureau Arabe.

The decrees of the 3d of September, 1851, and the 30th August, 1852, on the organization of chambers of commerce in France, are applicable in Algeria. A merchant, 30 years of age and established three years in business, be he French, native or foreign, is eligible to membership of the chamber here. He is elected for six years. Every year a new president is named. The chamber must be composed of not less than nine, nor over twenty-one members. It has for its attributes—first, to give to government when required, its advice and such information as it possesses concerning the industry and commercial interests of the country; second, to present its views on the means of advancing these interests; on ameliorations that may be introduced into any branch of commercial legislation, comprising the tariffs of the custom house and of *octrois*; on the execution of public works that can benefit commerce; concerning the ports, the navigation of rivers; on railroads, etc. It can correspond directly with the minister of war—advising the governor-general and prefect of the same.

There is in each department of Algeria, near and under the direction of the prefect, a bureau charged with Arab affairs. It has for title, *Bureau Arabe Départemental*, and is composed of a chief, of *adjoints*

and natives (*personnel indigène*). Its attributes in matters of native administration, reserved within prefectorial authority, are the following: Political police of the natives; organization and *personnel* of worship, of public instruction and of justice in that which concerns the Mussulman; organization and surveillance of corporations; surveillance of religious societies known under the name of *Khouans*; organization and surveillance of the *bit-el-mal*, in concert with the "service of the domains," and of the special Mussulman benevolent establishments; political assistance of the natives; surveillance of the markets, with the assistance of the municipal authority; of the operations of the *amin el zekkat* * with the concurrence of the *service des contributions diverses*; of the *sage-femmes* Mussulmans, dellal or enchantresses; surveillance of native armories, and authorizations to purchase arms and munitions of war, and preparation of the lists of the Arab tax.

In the arrondissements, an *adjoint* of the bureau Arabe can be placed under the orders of the sub-prefect. In the arrondissements chef-lieux the prefect can delegate to the chief of the Arab bureau, or an assistant who takes his place, part of his attributes in matters of native

* A tax on flocks. The *achour* (tithe) is a tax on grain. The former has a religious origin, like one of the kind in Christian countries. The amount differs in different provinces. 1 sheep in 100; 1 ox in 80; 1 camel in 40; in some places 20 or 25 acres of ground pays a measure of wheat, and a measure of barley, or an equivalent in money.

administration, even the right of calling to his aid an armed force. In virtue of the same, the chief of the bureau Arabe department, has the right to cause the arrest of natives and members of corporations, bring them before the tribunal of *amins*, or before others, according to the nature of the case. Fines of from one to fifteen francs, and imprisonment from one to five days can be adjudged for disobedience, quarrels, non-payment of taxes, asylum or means of escape accorded to an enemy, and neglect to render an account of the number of births and deaths. In differences between the natives, they can, where the sum in dispute does not exceed 100 francs, present themselves before the chief of the Arab bureau, before an assistant or a civil commission, and declare that they accept him as arbiter. Arabs settled in the civil territory are administered by the mayor of their commune, except such as come under prefectural authority as defined. Arab chiefs, designated under the name of cheiks, are established under the prefectural or sub-prefectural authority in each rural commune where there is an agglomeration of Mussulman population. These cheiks are charged with furnishing to the mayor such information as is necessary to maintain tranquillity and order in the country, with their assistance in the affair of assessments, and with assisting the agents of the treasury in appraising and recovering taxes. Mounted Arab guards, *champêtres*, are established, if thought necessary, in

tribes or fractions of tribes in the territory of the communes. They must assist the gendarmes when required, and must notify the Arab inhabitants of the communes, verbally or by note, of the citations emanating from the government. They are named by the prefect and are under his orders or of those delegated by him.

LETTER VIII.

Winter Weather—Population of Algeria—Origin of the Name Moor—Mauritania—
Origin of the Moors—Moor and Arab compared—Moorish Morals—Costumes—
Religious Sects—A native Court of Justice—The Muftis—The Cadi's Power cur-
tailed—Education—A School—Courtship and Marriage.

IN one of my late letters I described some of the pleasures to be had in rambling among the valleys of this queen of the Barbaries, but—I meant when it was *fine weather*, and not in such a winter as we have just passed through. For two months, up to about the 8th of February, it rained and hailed incessantly; and as the mountains around us were (and still are, February 20th) covered with snow, the air was chilly as well as damp, and those of us who came here for our health had abundant reason to regret it. We braved for a while the hostile elements, but were finally driven to the close fireside; and for more than a month, your 'humble servant' was confined to his room, and even compelled to put aside his pen. The gloom that was abroad over the fair face of nature, laid a heavy hand upon his spirits; but those sainted forms that had become idols in the silent sanctuary of his thoughts, unfolded their white wings to curtain him from the grave. The news that reached us from the interior of the country was of a no

less sombre character. Hundreds of thousands of sheep and cattle, and even the natives themselves, were perishing in the ravines, and on the lofty plateaus of the Atlas. Many died of hunger, but more of exposure—for the Arabs do not provide places of shelter for their flocks and herds. This was not a momentary evil, and when the people were the poorest, provisions became the dearest. Mutton now, the most common meat in the market, costs 16 cents a pound: eggs are selling at 16 cents a dozen, and vegetables 2 cents a pound.

In my last letter, I defined the form of government—civil, military, judicial—of Algeria: perhaps it would have been better had I first given you an account of the people around which this complicated web of bureaucracies has been extended. To ascertain however, what the *population* of Algeria is, I find to be as difficult a matter as to know what amount of *revenue* the government obtains from the colony; for no two accounts agree concerning the former, and of the latter there are no accounts at all. The *Annuaire* of 1854 says, the total population of Algeria is 475,884, but this is too large an amount for the European, and not enough for the native. From very good authority I learn that there are in the three provinces 126,000 Europeans, and about 2,500,000 natives. The number of Kouloglis* is estimated at 20,000; Jews at 80,000; the negroes at

* From two Turkish words meaning the children of slaves. They are the offspring of Turks and Moorseses.

20,000; Moors at 55,000. The Moors of the city of Algiers number, it is said, from 15,000 to 17,000, and the entire population about 40,000.

The Moors, I once supposed, derived their name from Morocco, and I had always associated them in my mind with Morocco leather, and a certain red Morocco hat, and a pair of shoes I had when somewhat small. It did not often occur to me that any other solution than my own of the word Moor, had ever been sought after. To many, a Moor is merely an Arab who inhabits a town, in distinction from those who live in tents. Bochart derives their name from the Phœnician *mauharim*, signifying the last, or those at the extremity of the earth; but De Broses thinks it comes from the Berber *more*, a merchant. Dr. Shaw is inclined to the opinion that "moor" is from a Hebrew word signifying a *ferry*, and applicable to this people, because they lived near a ferry, or strait (Straits of Gibraltar); but Passow believes it is from the Greek *mauros*, black; this, however, is not at all a forcible conclusion, since this people, though they have a skin slightly bronzed, are rather delicately sallow or fair (never ruddy) than brown—fairer even than many a Spaniard who boasts of having Moorish blood in his veins. There is, I think, a more simple and rational solution of this difficulty, than any of the above—it is in the word that would naturally be applied to those inhabiting this region, whether they had emigrated from east, or not—the western people, from the Arabic

word *el morhab*, the setting, or the place where the sun goes down to the Orientals. From *el morhab* or *el moghreb*, doubtless comes the *rhrb* (written with three letters) the Arabic name of Morocco, for it is precisely like the preceding, with the exception of one letter, the first which the latter lacks—the *mim*, corresponding with our *m*. My master in the Arabic language, who is a Moor, sustains me in this opinion. “It is too, not improbable that from the same Arabic root, *rhrb* or *gharb* comes the name *Algarves*, applied to the most western province in Portugal of which the Moors were for a long time masters.” †

I fancy also that the Romans adopted the name Mauritania for their most western possessions in Africa, not because the inhabitants were Moors, or black people, or lived near a strait, but because those provinces were toward the sun-setting, occidental. Algeria, you are aware, corresponds to Numidia, part of Mauritania and Gætulia. Mauritania was originally separated from Numidia by the river Mulucha, but its boundaries were enlarged by the addition of a third of Numidia to reward the treachery of Bocchus in giving up Jugurtha.

Having now settled to my own satisfaction the origin of the *name* of this people, I will try and decide who the people themselves are, and note some of their customs and habits. One writer defines them negatively: “They are,” says he, “neither Berbers, nor Koulouglis,

† J. J. Marcel's Tunis.

nor Turks, nor Jews, nor negroes: they are the residue of the population of towns when one extracts from them these five classes of inhabitants." He then goes on to state that most of them are ignorant of their origin; some only go back to the *Andalous*, or Mussulmans driven out of Spain; others pretend to be descended from tribes of the interior, and thus enter one of the two categories, Arab or Berber. A greater part of them however are descendants of the renegades who, under the domination of the Corsairs, came to seek an asylum in these ports or on board the vessels of Barbary, a refuge from the laws of their own countries.*

Without entering into detail on the causes that influence me in my opinion, I cannot but regard this as an error, and one that does the Moors too much injustice. Sallust, in a fragment preserved by Priscian (says Morell) calls them indeed "a vain and lying people, like the rest of the Africans;" and though this may be as true of them now as then, it cannot dispel the halo that has descended with their name from ancestors whose chivalry was equal to their glowing faith, whose love of science brightened as darkness thickened around them, and who raised and left to us, monuments of fabulous beauty. But are they of the Arab race? Sallust, who obtained his information from a very good source—the writings of Hiempsal, king of Carthage—says that when the army (of Hercules) that had overrun Asia, Libya and Spain

* M. E. Carette.

was disbanded, the Persians mixed themselves with the Getulians, adopted their customs and nomadic habits, changing often their encampments, and took the name Numidians; while the Medes and the Armenians united with the Libyans of the seacoast and received the name of Moors. The scholiasts on Sallust think he was mistaken, owing to the errors of the translator of the Punic works of Hiempsal. They suppose that the Amorites or Arameans were confounded by him with the Armenians, and the Pharseans with the Persians. The Moors themselves state that their origin may be traced to a district in Arabia called Sabœa, whence their ancestors under King Ifricki were driven by a superior force and compelled to emigrate to the west. From almost any ethnographic view of the subject, it seems reasonable to infer, that this was one of the waves of the Semitic flood that rolled in here at various epochs from Egypt and Asia. Strabo says, "that according to some authors, Hercules* brought the Moors from India;" and though not so dark as the Hindoos, they certainly remind one much more of the better class of that race than they do of the Arabs. The Moor loves his ease, is a merchant or manufacturer, and has a soft voluptuous air like the former, and a roundness of form, *embonpoint* (by which he may be distinguished) wholly unlike the latter. He is not nomadic, and mixes readily with foreigners, while

* There were several Hercules: any great traveller, merchant, or warrior, seems to have received this name.

the Arab is noted for the hostile isolation of his habits and his manners. The Moor, though he feels himself superior to a Christian, does not wholly despise him, and Frenchmen, Spaniards and others have not found it difficult to unite themselves with Moorish families. The Arab flies all contact with cities and all alliances not countenanced by the Koran. I have seen here several Moorish ladies with light blue eyes, but I do not remember to have seen the like among the Arabs, either of Egypt, Syria, or Barbary. The former have, undoubtedly, much Vandal blood coursing through their veins.

The Moors are all things to all men, so that they be allowed the tranquil possession of their property and the enjoyment of their luxurious habits. They humbly bowed their necks to the yoke of the Roman, the Saracen and the Turk, and now almost without a murmur wear that of the French. The tribes however of the interior have always fought to desperation for their mountain passes and their arid wastes; the Kabyls seem never to have been really conquered. Unfortunately, the Moors readily adopt the vices of the invaders of their country, without abandoning those they already possessed. A few days since, a couple of natives descending the Casbah street, passed a Moor who was lying drunk outside of a French wine shop. "See," said one of them, pointing to the fallen man, "what these foreigners make of us." Their intercourse with Frank and Jew, whom they think it almost a virtue to deceive,

heightens if possible their native cupidity; and now, while the expenses of living here are quadruple what they were in the time of the deys, and their indolent habits remain unchanged, they are forced to resort to dissimulation and vice, emigrate, or die of starvation; indeed only a short time since I heard an "official" say, that on account of the scarcity of provisions and the impossibility of Moorish manufacturers competing with the French, their numbers were fast decreasing in Algiers. Before the French conquest, a sheep could be bought for what *three pounds* of mutton now cost. An ox was then sold for 30 francs, 100 eggs for 24 sous, and a bushel of wheat or barley for less than one franc.

This is rather a sad phase of the condition of this people, it may be admitted, and I know there is a brighter one; but I fear its attractions are entirely superficial. One occasionally meets about town, a superb looking fellow, whose bearing is characterized by a grace and dignity that challenges admiration; whose costume, for fitness and effect, you would only expect to see in some brilliant tableau on the stage:—he is probably the pensioned son of some dey or chief, ousted in 1830. The *cafés* show a set of loungers, who might from their insouciance be mistaken for the children of a Cræsus:—perhaps the keepers of the establishments who walk about armed with little pairs of tongs, are the only ones of the party who know how they are to buy their next

day's bread. Everywhere you will also meet with Moorish women, who wear vests of silk embroidered with gold; gold anklets and bracelets; rich scarfs about their loins; lace haicks over their heads, and gold chains dangling from shoulder to shoulder. As the highly respectable Islam female seldom goes out of her doors, you can fancy who these creatures are. A further estimate of the morality of this people may be found in the fact, that the Mooresses were very large contributors to the revenue of the *Mezoua*, when that officer was in power. The *Mezoua* was a government agent, authorized to impose on these fallen fair ones a tax of two dollars a month, and exhibit them several times a year at a public ball; the sum thus obtained in 1831 was 22,320 francs. But this business soon passed into other hands, for this native official made use of his authority in the most scandalous way. As his profits grew with the numerical *accroissement* of cyprians, he sought to increase the number from among the reputed honest, but whose conduct was suspected; and when he could prove before the Cadi, that they had committed some fault, they were *comme femmes perdues*, and their names were placed on his infamous record. That day of dishonor broke the bonds of marriage, drove the child from the parental roof, and threw a shadow over many a household. So far as the natives themselves were concerned, they saw nothing revolting in this office; and as, besides their four - legitimate wives, they are permitted to have any number

of concubines, it was usual for them to seek for the latter among those whose names were inscribed in the book of the *Mezoua*. After the French had reigned here five years, the office was suppressed, and its powers placed with the *commissaire central* of police.

The costume of the Moorish man is tasteful, and made up of light colors; that of the Moorish woman, gorgeous, brilliant, and graceful in the extreme. The former wears the red cap (*tarbouch*) concealed by the hood of his bornous or numerous folds of a yellowish stuff that form a turban; an under vest (*djaba-dolis*) fastened up to the throat with innumerable small silk buttons; and an outer vest with sleeves. He wraps a long sash about his waist, covering the upper part of large full trowsers (*seroual*) that are gathered into a band at the knee, below which the leg is generally left bare; and he protects his feet with shoes; the better class put on stockings. The Moress, in the house, or on the housetop, wears the same style of short full culottes, but of costly damask, and only puts on the long white Mameluke trowsers (*seroua-el-zankal*) when she goes into the street, or trowsers of color, if not yet nubile. Her coiffure is composed of a tiara of precious stones (*ziref*), and a brilliant scarf, whose golden fringed ends hang down behind with her abundant tresses. Her chemise or under-vest, is so transparent about the bosom it seems to serve no purpose for which garments are usually worn. From a square piece of stuff between the shoulders,

there passes under the arms and fastens in front, a very narrow band that is intended to keep the breasts from falling too low. About the waist there is wound twice, a broad scarf (*euzame*) of silk and gold; it conceals a part of the body above the trowsers, which are placed very low. Some add a jacket or corsage of silk (*frimla*) richly wrought with silver and gold; it has tight sleeves, fastened in part by countless little gilded buttons. In their houses, when reposing, these people occupy a low divan or rugs on the floor; but the ladies, when they stand, have a very common habit of slipping off a shoe, raising and resting the bare foot against the inside of the knee of the other leg.

The Moors belong to the sect *Maleki*, the Turks and Koulouglis to that called *Hanafi*. There are four orthodox Islam sects, *Chafi*, *Hambli*, *Hanafi* and *Maleki*, comprised under the collective designation of *Sunnites*. There is a fifth, *Wahabi*, to which a considerable number of natives, Berbers particularly, belong; but they are regarded as schismatists. To express their estimate of the difference there is in these various branches of the parent stem, the Arabs employ a very simple but beautiful image—the four sects are four voyagers, who drink at the same fountain but out of different dishes; the *Wahabite* is the fifth, who is imprudent enough to disturb the water and then drink of it troubled. The Moors have a great hatred of these last, and ridicule them by remarking that they take off their pantaloons

to say their prayers, and that they eat cats, dogs, and asses. The first accusation has its foundation in a very creditable fact; which is, that they are in the habit, before saying their prayers, of laying aside such of their garments as are particularly soiled, in order to appear as respectable as possible when presenting themselves to the deity.

The *Maleki* hold their court of appeal (*Medjeles*) in Algiers—the supreme court before which are brought all appeals from judgment rendered by the tribunals (*meh-akmas*) of the Cadis—in the great mosque of the marble colonnade in the *rue de la Marine*; the Hanafi hold theirs in the mosque mentioned in one of my letters as having been built by Christian slaves in the *Place de la Percherie*. The court room of the former is about ten feet square, and the sittings held there twice a week are always open to the public. When I visited it, the mufti was literally on the bench, with an *adoul* or scribe on his right. The appellant and defendant were squatting together on the floor before his worship, like twin brothers. There were no learned counsel present to be heard on either side; there was no excitement, no witnesses even; the court tranquilly listened to the squatters, and being, probably, wholly unbiassed, rendered, I doubt not, a decision founded in equity if not in law. The books of the court were two or three manuscript works, placed on a shelf as far from his worship as possible,

and had that cobweby and useless air they perhaps deserved.

The muftis may be recognized by their head-dress. It is a kalpack, or kind of turban, that resembles an enormous ball of cotton thread, wound without a spool. The judge who presided the day I visited the *medjeles*, is a very tall and rather feeble old man. I see him abroad quite often with a long India scarf thrown over his kalpack.

In 1830, the cadis, who were Moors, and who could sell justice as it is sold in many other places, had sovereign jurisdiction, and without appeal in any case, civil or criminal, between Mussulmans; but as was stated in my last letter, it was soon found necessary to curtail their power. The most common cases that are now brought before them are demands for divorce and for the payment of money, in penal matters, cases of drunkenness, breaking of fasts and blasphemy. The judges and other officers are paid a fixed salary by the government. The chief justice receives 1,800 francs a year.

The Moors are probably as well educated as any other natives, but as most of the Moorish families are wretchedly poor, their children may be said to be brought up in ignorance.* The schoolmaster is, however, to be found here, and in my walks about town I occasionally

* Considerable is being done by the French to remedy this evil, and there are said now to be in the schools *de frères de la ville* 1,506 pupils.

enter his sanctum (*insid*), impelled by a vague curiosity that is awakened each time I approach one of these places, so pregnant with confused reminiscences of Webster and hard words, Murray and martyrdom, *Liber-primus* and birch rods. The last time I visited an *insid* I was accompanied by our consul Mr. Mahony. The apartment was a low vaulted room, lighted only from the doorway. On mats on the floor sat the teacher (*maullem*) and twenty-four scholars. The former had a long rod beside him, and each one of the latter a painted board (*louhoh*) in his hands, on which he wrote in ink, with a reed pen, sentences from the Koran; repeating them afterward in a loud tone, as he rocked backward and forward. The youngest in the school was the son of a *Caid*; he was distinguished from the rest by a *haick* of delicate stuff bound round the head by a single cord. He could have been no more than three or four years of age, but he had a very prepossessing and intelligent look and made the letters of the alphabet with some facility. When, however, he was guilty of a certain number of mistakes, he had to hold out his little hand and receive a blow from the ferule of an assistant who was instructing him, and who, on one occasion, struck him so hard that he burst into tears; indeed he trembled from fear, and thus lost much of his native capacity to accomplish the task set him. As the Koran is a civil as well as a religious code, to know it by heart is, to a Mussulman, the perfection of education; the dogmas, therefore, of Islam are

hammered into the youthful mind by all Mohammedan teachers ;—and they are right, if Catholic Europe and Protestant England are so.*

The Moors make the occasion of a marriage or a circumcision one of great festivity. The daughter of Mustapha Pacha is about to enter the wedded state, and invitations have been extended to many French ladies of the 'ton' and some of the foreign consules. The father is wealthy, is a protégé of the government, has a palace at Mustapha, and the affair will be one of much splendor ; but unfortunately, gentlemen are not to be admitted. Love in these cases is here *per force* blind, for the parties to be yoked do not see each other till after all retreat is cut off, and Cupid has to be armed and winged by some old woman whose age permits her to go abroad and converse with the other sex not of her own household. Now commence the intrigues, which result in a sale such as is often made at fashionable watering places. The mother knows where there is a *wealthy* young man suitable for her daughter, but how is he to desire one whom his eyes have never fallen upon ? The old woman tells him of her beauty, the sweetness of her disposition, the plumpness of her form (for they are fatted

* I recently met a fiery English clergyman, a Mr. T., whose hatred of the Americans (expressed in an overheated moment) was only equalled by his bigotry. He gave me to understand that the immorality of our people arose from not admitting ministers into our schools. He probably had not seen the statistics of *crime* in his own country.

here like turkeys for "Thanksgiving") and when his mind is sufficiently inflamed by truth or falsehood, the parents are consulted, the bargain is struck, and all that remains is to appear before the *cadi* and have the agreement recorded.

LETTER IX.

Commercial Statistics—Animosity between Moor and Arab—Arab Pride—Arab Insouciance—Arab Faith—Native Distaste for French Rule—Arbitrary Government—Native Auxiliaries—The Spahis—A Razzia—The Natives' Love of War—Native Crusaders—Arab Courtesans—An affecting Incident.

BEFORE resuming my remarks on the people of Algeria allow me to give you a few statistics that have recently come to my notice. The expenses of this colonial government are estimated at fifty millions of francs; the revenue through their custom houses is reported as follows:—"The ensemble of receipts effected by the care of the officers of the customs department of Algeria during the first nine months of 1856 amounted to about four millions two hundred and ninety thousand francs, while the corresponding period of 1855 did not exceed four millions." The amount of merchandise exported and imported last year was forty-one millions; being an increase over that of 1854 of 33 per cent. The amount of tonnage employed in the coasting trade in 1853 was 48,300; in 1854 it was 58,681. Of the three ports which figure largest in this business, Tenez holds the first rank, Mastaganem the second, and Algiers the third. In 1848 the imports amounted to 1,643,035 francs; the exports were only 14,186 francs. During the six years

of Marshal Bugeaud's administration the total amount of revenue derived from the colony is said to have been 105,000,000 francs. During the first sixteen years of French rule here the government expended 100,000,000 francs, and the whole amount of the tribute obtained from the Arab tribes in 1846 was 5,000,000 francs. I further gather from Count St. Marie, that 5,000,000 francs are spent every year for the troops over and above the ordinary pay they would receive in France, and that the pay of the native troops in 1845 amounted to 7 or 8 million francs. Adding to the customs receipts another quarter in the same ratio as represented above for the first nine months of 1856, we have 5,362,000 francs; and if the taxes on the native tribes produce what they did in 1846, we have a sum total of revenue of 10,362,000 francs, which would, if our information and estimates are correct, leave a deficit of upwards of 39,000,000 francs.

In my last letter I asked the question:—Did the Moor and the Arab descend from the same parent stock? Against this hypothesis there is an argument of no little force found in the fact that a bitter animosity always exists between these two peoples or races. The Arab accuses the Moor of loving to snuff up the stench of a city, of lacking hospitality, of being like a woman when one talks of powder, and of obtaining a livelihood by selling sugar and spices, and manufacturing trivial things for children; the latter retorts by saying that the

Arab is always at war, has no mosques or fountains, and that his prayers cannot be acceptable to God because he neglects the ablutions prescribed by the Koran. When the Arab visits the town, the Moor leaves no means untried to overreach him in trade, thwart him in his plans and get him imprisoned or otherwise punished for the most trivial offences; but woe to the Moor, who passing among the tribes of the interior, gives his enemy an opportunity to retaliate; if he escapes with his life he may thank heaven for a special providence. At no time does this hatred appear to have been allayed, and it is a rare thing to find an Arab who will consent to have his daughter marry a Moor.

The *fiercé* of the Arab is as natural to him as to breathe. He never appears to assume a haughtiness or a dignified aspect, but he walks among us as though not of us, and by his grace and air of distinction, which his rags cannot conceal, he really impresses one with the idea that he is of a superior mould. He does not however inspire confidence, but commands respect; he seems enveloped in mystery, and we look at him with the same sort of feeling as we do the Sphinx of Memphis; we find too, that we have often a yearning to know how he would write, and think, and speak if he were educated; for if he is not a poet and an orator, Nature, I would almost swear, has made a mistake and chiselled out a falsehood.

The Arab's costume is indicative of his habits, for who

with a *bornous* on (and this garment he always wears if no other) would think of laying stone-walls, using a hammer at a forge, a plane at a bench, or standing behind the counter to sell "sugar and spices?" He may maintain his dignity behind a plough and when broadcasting seed upon his fields, but he appears to better advantage on horseback, or when tending his flocks that in countless numbers roam over the Saharian plateaux or the plain.

To destroy the Arab element of society would be to strike from the varied panorama of life here, one of its most curious and picturesque features. To make an Arab into a Frenchman—put on him a slouched cap, blue pantaloons, and a blouse—is a design as *outré* as that of harnessing an ostrich of the desert into a stage of the town. But the Arabs are dirty creatures, notwithstanding the injunctions of the prophet to observe frequent ablutions as well as prayers, and I daily see them sitting in the sun at the foot of the statue of the Duke of Orleans in the *Place du Gouvernement*, picking vermin from their dusty and tattered garments; still, I am hardly conscious of entertaining a wish to change the scene, though had I such a wish, it would only be that these poor creatures might find a less lively occupation and a more cleanly attire.

It is the Arab's unconquerable and glowing faith that all admire and many envy. The sternest trials of life and vicissitudes of fortune, even death itself, he meets

not merely with a stoical calmness, but with words on his lips which show his resignation to the divine will. *L'hamdoullah*, I thank God, and, God is good and merciful, are expressions welling up constantly from the sincerity of his convictions, from his utter dependence on his Creator. I have said that he meets death with stoical calmness; I may even say more, for I have accounts from an officer who has had occasion in the fulfillment of military discipline, to cause several of them to be shot, which give me the impression that there is a sublimity in the serenity with which he awaits his fate, that is almost appalling; every sign of fear is overshadowed by a proud and tranquil defiance of all mortal harm that gives him an air of a being, nearly, if not quite, inspired, and around whose brows there is already entwined a halo of immortality.

How far the Arabs are satisfied with French rule, it is difficult to ascertain; but I doubt not that the systematic manner which the Frank has of doing things tends very much toward the disarrangement of their ideas. To be bastinadoed before paying a tax and save a few francs by the operation, suits them better, perhaps, than the contribution of a regular fixed sum, levied on the amount of grain annually grown, and on the number of animals owned by the tribe; for this implies that the stranger has a knowledge of their affairs which cannot but wound their *amour propre*. It is said by some well informed on the subject, that the government has

treated them with great injustice—particularly in confiscating their property for insufficient reasons. When a native could not or would not show a title to the estate he held, it was taken from him, even though it had been the homestead of his forefathers; but I know that in some instances, mistrustful of the French and doubtful of the result of their confidence, the Arabs refused to take to the proper authorities, and have them registered, the legal documents they really possessed. The result was, the natives thought themselves robbed; and the government suffered a moral and material loss it is difficult for it to regain. Other sequestrations that have taken place at different epochs have in them more of the semblance of justice. In 1852 the inhabitants of the Oasis Zattcha, in the province of Constantine, having taken an active part in the revolt of the Zibans, had their property confiscated. The principal value was in date palm trees. The cheik owned 1,273, besides 96 trees of a different species of fruit. The whole number of palm trees which the tribe (consisting of 112 people) lost, was 12,738, and 903 of other kinds of fruit. In the same year the property of the tribe of Oulid-Dhan was confiscated. In 1841, by order of Marshal Bugeaud, the property of the inhabitants of Tlemcen, of Boumedin, and of Ainel Hout, who left the village to assist the enemy, were also thus disposed of. In 1846 many of the inhabitants of the Circle Djema Gazout, in the province of Oran, were served in the

same way; the natives also of the village of Lagouat and the tribe of Ben Salah. The following government order will show the nature of, and the reasons for these proceedings: "Considering that El Hadj Mohammed ben Henny, ex-caid of caids of Beni Hidjas passed to the enemy in 1845 after having organized a revolt in favor of Bou Maza, and who was killed Jan. 26, 1846, in combatting for the *emir* (Abd-el-Kader); that the members of his family, Mohammed ben Ahmed ben Henny, El Haouissin and Hassen ben Henny, passed also to the enemy at the same time; considering etc., the property belonging to these natives is finally annexed to the domain of the State, particularly two parcels of land called Blad ben Henny, which contains 44 hectares 38 acres 36 cent."

At the French conquest the *caids* were deposed, but it was soon thought necessary to restore them to their office as the most proper medium through which to govern the tribes. The French also, like the Romans and the Turks, have made use of native troops and found them very efficient auxiliaries. As Castellane observes: "the Indian was needed to drive the Indian out of the American forest, and the Arab to contend with the Arab in Africa." Respecting the native chiefs, I will here quote a valuable paragraph from Marshal Bugeaud's "circular" of the 17th Sept. 1844: "It is important that we make those serve us who have influence with the tribes, be it for their birth, their courage,

or aptitude for war or government. Birth exercises yet *un grand empire* among the natives, and if this be not the only cause of preference, it should be with us an important consideration. To reject the power of influential families would be to make dangerous enemies. The Arab noble has a great deal of pride and pretension; to set him aside would be to throw him among the fanatics of religion and nationality. The best means to annul, to diminish his prestige, is to make him serve our designs." Those who were made caids received from the government on the day of investiture a handsome bornous; but they on their part had to give for the honor, a horse that was fit to serve in the cavalry. They were named for one year, and on each renewal or prorogation of office, another horse had to be forthcoming for government use. The Spahis or native cavalry wear their ordinary costume, and their only distinctive uniform is a red bornous instead of a white one. They mount their horses from the off side, which looks awkward enough; this probably arises from the fact that their right arm is free (the right side of their bornous being usually thrown back over their right shoulder) to grasp the bridle and the mane, while the left is more or less encumbered by their drapery.

I have said that the native troops were valuable auxiliaries: as a proof of it, I will give you an account of an expedition (a *razzia*) made against the Hamians, a

people of the Sahara, composed of fourteen tribes of the subdivision of Tlemcen. It resulted in the capture of 1,500 camels, and 15,000 sheep, cattle and horses. The Hamians, composed of two great factions, the Chaafa and the Dijembaa, having revolted, and made some attacks on the French outposts, it was thought necessary to chastise them, and a pretty strong force was sent for the purpose. Being warned of the approach of the enemy toward the Chott de Pigri, the Arabs with all haste fled to the southwest of Pigrieg. The column followed their track, and after three days of march of the most difficult kind, came up with the disaffected. They were entrenched in a gorge of the Gebel Aouarin, which they defended with the greatest obstinacy, being attacked by the *Spahis* and *Goums* (irregular native cavalry). The *Spahis* of the 2d regiment present at this affair, fought valiantly; they showed themselves most excellent marksmen, and were *magnifique* (as the bulletin expresses it) during the three hours which the combat lasted. The result was as above stated.

With a natural love of war, or perhaps more properly, the excitement of battle and the glory of victory which their poets love to chant, these people are easily enlisted under the French banner for French gold. Like the Swiss, they will serve the vilest of wretches for money, and like them, I believe, are faithful servants when once they have pledged their words; but I would not by these remarks have you infer that I compare the French

emperor with the vile Bourbon who reigns in Naples, and who has recently been *lauded* here by the bishop, in a tirade against LIBERTY.

The Arab is essentially aristocratic, and he would think it a great humiliation to be governed by one whose ancestors were not illustrious. The titles to nobility are derived, as you are aware, from being descendant of Mahomet's daughter, Fathma Zabra, or of her uncle; of the celebrated tribe Koraiche, to which the Prophet belonged; or of the conquerors, Mehhal, who came from the East as the followers of the companions of their great chief. The first are called Cherifs, the latter Djouads and Docavdas. The religious nobles are called *marabouts*; they have descended from very pious ancestors, who have become, as the Catholic church would say, saints; and they are supposed to devote themselves to a strict observance of all the precepts of the Koran and to instruction. To these marabouts, the French have been indebted for many of their most sanguinary battles here, and for many a renewal of hostilities when they had reason to believe that the tribes, from the severe chastisements they had had, were satisfied to remain quiet; for, with the Koran in their hands, the priests have preached the holy crusade from *douar* to *douar*, and year after year have lit up the fires of revolution that only rivers of blood could quench.

The different grades of nobility are scarcely recognizable by us. Some of the most distinguished wear a very

delicate white *haick*, over that which is bound to the head; others wear a small light colored cord of camel's hair wound innumerable times about their *tarbouch*, which is in all cases first covered with the light drapery above mentioned; others again a dark-colored rope of camel's hair; but it is not necessary for them to be well dressed, and the most noble are often bare-legged—may have on the slippers of a beggar and the tattered robes of their grandfathers. There are, however, with them as with us, those delicate distinctions of caste which the Arab never mistakes; nor does he ever forget or omit those prescribed rules by which he is taught to regard them. The forms of their salutations are fixed for every grade of rank, and for the varied events and fortunes of life; the code of etiquette and the formulas of urbanity are known to all, are transmitted from father to son, and no one is likely to pay too little or too much respect to any of his fellow-creatures. As with the Hindoos, it is an offence to inquire of an Arab about the health of his wife. To obtain this information, manifest an interest which has in it the charm of friendship and no ~~arrière~~ *arrière pensée*, they resort, says General Daumas, to the following circuitous and delicate questions: "How are the children of Adam? How goes thy tent? How is thy family? How are thy people?"

The Arab is almost invariably grave, and never otherwise than solemn in his salutations. This arises from his religious education. His "salaams" are invocations of

God's blessing on you, and he could not pronounce them with an air of levity—an air that generally accompanies the Christian's "How are you?" and which appears scandalous in the eyes of the children of Islam.

Hospitality is a cardinal virtue with this people. I will illustrate this by a story told by General Daumas, and which any one will hear in visiting Medea and its neighboring *douars*. Bou-Bekeur, who lived at Medea in the Atlas, saw at an encampment (near the village) of a nomadic tribe, the son of a person who had once treated him with hospitality. From that moment the tribe became as it were, his guests: every day he sent his slaves to them with dates, bread and roasted meats. When about to depart, they were all gathered at his house, where they were to sup and pass the night. The re-union was extremely joyous. A son of the host, a little boy seven or eight years of age, had engaged the attention of all by his grace and vivacity; his father was filled with joy, and the friend of Bou-Bekeur had decked the child out with a new bornous embroidered with silk, a red cap and yellow shoes. That evening, however, he did not appear at supper, and the father was asked to have him brought. "He sleeps a profound sleep," replied he, and he was no further urged. The conversation continued to be animated, and various subjects were discussed with all cheerfulness. The night thus passed. After the morning prayer (*fedger*) they were to separate. "My friends," said Bou-Bekeur, "I have, according to

our law, made every effort possible to make you at home with me; I now come to ask of you a testimony of affection. When I said last night that my son slept a profound sleep, he had just been taken up dead, having fallen from the terrace of the house. It was God's will to give him repose. Not to trouble your festivities, I concealed my grief and silenced my wife with a threat of divorce if her cries should reach you. It was a duty I owed you as my guests. Assist me now to bury my child and add your prayers to mine."

LETTER X.

Distribution of the Tribes—The Koulouglis—The Jews—The Kabyls—Origin of the Word Kabyl—Berber Tongue—Kabyl Customs, Dress, and Morals—Kabyl and Arab compared—Kabyl Women—Circassian and Kabyl Laws compared—The Kabyl a Manufacturer—Kabyl Government—Koubas—Zaoulas—Sidi-Embarak's Tomb.

THE *Tableau de la Situation, etc.*, 1850, gives the following account of the distribution of the natives of this regency: The province of Algiers contains 290 tribes or 900,000 souls. The province of Oran has 275 tribes or 600,000 souls. The province of Constantine reckons within its boundaries 1,300,000 or 580 tribes, of which about 60, all Kabyls, are yet unsubdued. The first named division has also some 20 or 30 tribes that do not yet acknowledge the French dominion. All that have submitted are administered directly in the military districts by the commandants of circles and the *bureaux Arabes*, as has been previously stated, and in the departments, through the authority of the prefects.

The grand expedition, that was recently set on foot against the unconquered tribes of the almost inaccessible Djujura range, was for a long time in abeyance, on account of the state of monetary affairs at home. My present letter (after a word or two about the Koulouglis and Jews) will be principally devoted to these

hardy mountaineers, who have caused the French so much trouble.

The Kouloouglis of Algeria, being few in number and of no moral influence, are, perhaps, hardly worthy of notice. In time of the deys, however, they were not to be contemned; they were numerically formidable, and the corps of the Spahis was commonly recruited from among them.* Their name, as before mentioned, is derived from two Turkish words, meaning the sons of slaves, as they are offspring of alliances that frequently took place between the Turks and Moorish women.

The Jews are numerous—in the mountains with the Kabyl, in the Little Sahara with the Arab, in the towns with the Moor and Frank—in every place where there is trade they are to be found. But I will not weary you with a description of them, since they are everywhere the same wonderful people, with the same look, the same religion, the same habits and customs. The Jew of Algeria is like the Jew of New York; he has preserved his special type, though his costume here resembles that of the Moor in all save color: for when the Turks ruled the Barbary States, the Israelite was not allowed to wear any garments that were not black, or of a dark shade; and now, though emancipated, he retains by choice what he was compelled to adopt under the despotism of those despotic, tyrannical, bigoted followers of Islam.

* In 1839 the number of Kouloouglis fit to bear arms amounted to 8,683.

The Kabyls are the most interesting, or, at least, the most enigmatical of the descendants of the Semetic and Indo-Germanic tribes who have peopled Northern Africa. Though they are Mohammedans in religion, they are less tenacious of the dogmas of their faith and less superstitious than the Arabs; their manners and customs differ also essentially from those of the latter, while their language has no affinity with the Arabic.*

Respecting the etymology of the word Kabyl there is as much difference of opinion as there is concerning the origin of the Moor. Some derive it from the Phœnician. "Baal is a generic name of Syrian divinities, and K, in the Hebrew, serves to unite the two terms of comparison (*K-Baal*, as the adbrers of Baal)." * Herodotus has applied the name of Kabyl to some tribes of Cyrenaica, but in none of the other ancient writers is the word to be found; it is consequently inferred that this people under consideration were not called Kabyls till after the Arab invasion. Writers now seek for the derivation of the word in *kuebila* (tribe), in *kabel* (he has accepted), and in *kobel* (before); in the first, because it explains their organization; in the second, because they accepted Islam; and, in the third, those who preceded: but my opinion is that it comes very simply and naturally (as was stated in another letter), from *gebél* (a mountain,) Gebels or Kabyls meaning mountaineers.

The double range or agglomerated masses of the

* General Daumas' Mœurs, etc.

Atlas, that traverse Algeria from Morocco to Tunis and form about one half of the territory of this regency, are more or less peopled by Kabyls. Nearly all, as above shown, have, after many ineffectual struggles, bowed their heads to the imperial eagle; there are some, however, dwelling in the *Djujura* (the *Mons Ferratus* of the Romans), a spur of the Atlas, which runs northward and separates the province of Constantine from that of Algiers, who, by their persistence in combating the Frank invader, have obtained for their country the name of "the Grand Kabylie." This *Mons Ferratus* is a world of almost inaccessible cliffs—another Caucasus—the majestic snow-clad range on which the eye rests, while now, in the warm sun of Africa, our gaze is turned southward as we promenade the "Plaza" of this city of the Isles.

The Kabyls all speak the *Berber* tongue, or a dialect of it, which is a pretty conclusive proof of the unity of their origin; but they have no books, no manuscripts, and the very alphabet of their language has been lost. In 1651, however, a step was made toward obtaining a clue to it—another Rosetta stone seemed about to unveil a long hidden mystery. Thos. Darcos discovered near Tunis, in the ruins of Dugga, an epigraph containing seven lines of Phœnician and seven of an unknown language. In 1722, Walter Oudney found at Djerma, in the country of the Touareg, and at El Kat, seventeen strange letters, or characters, which so closely resembled

those of Dugga, that a common parentage was claimed for them. Captain Boissonnet was also fortunate in obtaining from a *taleb* who had made eighteen voyages to Timbuctoo, a third specimen. When the French first occupied Algiers, a correspondence was carried on between one Othman Khodja and a bey of Constantine. For greater security, they employed particular signs, which they thought beyond the reach of any one. Some years later these fell into the hands of the learned De Sauley, who, noticing some isolated characters at the top of the page of each, thought it probable they composed the sacred formula, *El Hamdoullah*, with which all Mussulmans begin their dispatches. It proved to be as he supposed, and he was enabled to decipher the whole correspondence. Comparing then these letters with the inscriptions found at Dugga, and other places, he remarked a striking analogy between them. "Thus," says a writer in *D Univers*, "was revealed, in all its evidence, the *filature séculaire* of the Libyan language, which has outlived so many rich languages, and is perpetuated in that now spoken by the Kabyls."

I have said that the customs and habits of the Kabyls differ essentially from those of the Arabs. In their mountain homes they are taught to be indifferent alike to heat and cold, to wear a single garment, a striped woollen shirt (*chelouha*) and go with head and feet uncovered. Those whom I have seen, however, in the Atlas and in the towns, wore not only the Tunis cap, but

a bornous when they could afford it. They often wear also leggins of leather, and sandals. The Arab lives under a tent and is a nomad; the Kabyl is fixed to the soil, and lives in a house built of solid materials. The former plants no trees, and owns only such property as he can move along with him; the latter plants trees of all kinds, has a garden, and raises an abundance of vegetables. The Arab never shaves; the Kabyl shaves till he is from twenty to twenty-five years of age, when his beard is allowed to grow, as he is then supposed to have obtained the discretion of manhood. The Arab wears many talismans; they usually consist in scraps of the Koran, written by a *taleb*, and sewed up in small leather bags. They are supposed to protect the wearer from the "evil-eye," from witchcraft, etc. The Kabyl says, "What is decreed by Heaven must take place; there is nothing that can prevent it," so he gives no heed to talismans or evil-eyes, though he has faith in the power of old women to work very strange miracles.

The Arab is a thorough thief; by night and by day he avails himself of every opportunity to appropriate to himself the property of friend or foe; the Kabyl would be ashamed to steal from any but an enemy; in this case he receives the approbation of his tribe, but in the other he would be universally condemned. I learn too from a gentleman who has long lived in the neighborhood of the Arabs, that they are both treacherous and ungrateful—at least to Christians. You may be

kind to them unceasingly, said he, bestow on them any number of favors, they will receive all with a gracious air and apparent thankfulness, but when the moment comes to test their sincerity, they prove themselves to be anything but *reconnaissant*, will turn from you and steal the last hen on your roost. General Daumas, who spent many years in this country, also remarks, that the Arab, in showing hospitality, puts in it *plus de politique et d'ostentation* than of heart. Among the Kabyls, if hospitality is less sumptuous, one divines at least in its forms, the existence of a good sentiment. The Arab is an idler, a dreamer, a poet, and in these things, perhaps, more than any other, may be seen the striking contrast there is between him and the Kabyl. The Arab detests work, while the Kabyl loves it, seeks it; when it is not to be found in his own village he goes abroad for it, and like a Yankee can turn his hand to most anything. Passing down the rue Babazoun in Algiers, you will always see from moment to moment at the fountain on your left, a rather small active man, with a large copper vessel on his shoulder or in his hands; he is Hassem, the Kabyl, and he supplies the neighbors with water for one sou the jar. Going to the office of the United States consul, which is in a large house occupied as in France and Italy by various families, you will see a fiery-eyed youth cleaning up the court, filling wine bottles, washing the stairs, etc.; this is Alli the Kabyl, and his pay is about 40 francs a month. Early in the morning you may observe numbers

of natives taking down the shutters of "stores," arranging merchandise for sale, etc.; they are doubtless Kabyls, for they are esteemed for their probity, their aptness at all work, and their cheerful dispositions. Hassem sings at the fountain as the water trickles into his jar; he is directly opposite my windows, and I have almost learned by heart one of his plaintive mountain airs.

The Kabyl is frugal, parsimonious—he will not even spend his money for a bed at night, but wrapping himself in a bornous or a mat, he takes the sidewalk of the arcades for his couch, and runs the risk of being occasionally kicked by a careless pedestrian. Indeed, when one walks out here at a late hour in the evening, he is very likely to stumble on one of these objects, and only learn that it is a bale of humanity when he hears it give a significant grunt or a guttural ejaculation in an unknown tongue. The Kabyl is not likely to settle in the town; when he has gathered a small sum of money he returns to his native village, buys him a gun, a cow and wife, builds another story, perhaps, on to the dwelling of his parents, and becomes a farmer.

"The Arab," says Daumas, "is a liar; the Kabyl is ashamed to tell a falsehood." With the Arabs a musician is classed with buffoons, and women who are respectable, seldom play on any instrument of music, or dance, appear in public with their faces uncovered, or even at the tables of their lords and masters. Among the Kabyls woman has the same freedom that she has in Europe;

she goes to the markets, mingles in all the festivities of the other sex, leaves her face uncovered; and, while she has a reputation for greater beauty and cleanliness than the Arab woman, is not less courageous than the latter; is in fact often to be found on the field of battle, giving nerve by her presence to those who might falter; assisting the wounded and carrying off the dead. She enjoys also unbounded license (which no position countenances among the Arabs) when either a widow, when divorced, or when abandoned by her husband. Returning to the roof of her father or brother, no conventional forms, no social laws place any restraint upon her actions; "which explains," says the able writer we have quoted above, "the pretended custom which some historians attribute to the Kabyls, of offering their wives or their daughters to their distinguished guests."

There is a striking analogy between the spirit of the institutions, the laws, the customs of the Kabyls and those of the Circassians. With each of these, if a person has committed a murder, it is only the life of that particular person that can expiate the crime, and that life must be taken by the nearest relative of the deceased. Vengeance becomes a sacred obligation—the mother teaches it to her son, and when he is old enough to bear arms, if his father or brother has been assassinated, he knows no rest till the assassin has perished by his hands. If the widow has only a daughter, and her husband has

been murdered, she publishes to the world that she asks no dowry or price for her child, but a husband who will take upon himself the fulfillment of this ancient custom. The Arab is satisfied with the blood of a relative of the offender or of the tribe to which he belongs. Among the former, many daughters are the riches of a family, for they are sold by their parents as they would sell a lamb from the flock. They are valued among the masses at one or two hundred dollars. When a young man sees a girl whom he would like to possess, he asks the price. If it is more than he is able to pay, he either goes away to work to gain the balance of the amount required and trusts to the affection of the fair one to await his return, or he is accepted and allowed a month or two to make up the sum. The day in which he takes her under his own roof is a sort of fête for the whole village. Men, women and children turn out *en masse*. They form a procession, headed by a band of music, and amid shouts and firing of musketry conduct the happy couple to their new home, where a feast has been prepared in keeping with the wealth of the parties thus congratulated and honored.

The Kabyl is also a manufacturer of arms—guns, sabres, knives, etc., and a firelock which is very highly valued and exported into Tunis and Morocco. The Circassian, too, can manufacture a blade equal to the old Damascus, and knives that Russians are proud to own.

The Arab is never a mechanic or artisan ; the shoeing of a horse, the making of a saddle, employs all the mechanical skill he possesses.

The Kabyl government is a republic of the purest and simplest form. Each village elects a governor or chief, who is called an *amin*, whose duty it is to see that public order is maintained, and the laws and ancient customs of the tribe observed. The *amins* of the villages (which comprise a *ferka* or fraction of a tribe, *arch* or *kuebila*) form when united a council or *djemma*.* This council elects a president, *amin* of *amins*, discusses the common interest of the country, renders judgments, etc. The president is the *cheik* of the tribe, and commands the army in the time of war, unless hostilities are begun in behalf of some particular tribe, in which case it generally furnishes the leader. The elections are for the most part annual affairs, but in some villages they are semi-annual. When several tribes more or less, are united for some common cause, the body is called a *soff*. As with the Circassians, each tribe, each fraction of a tribe, each village, each individual has, as it were, a perfectly independent political existence, and it is only when some general calamity threatens the country, and these various little republics form a *soff*, that they appear to have the consistency of a body politic. It is true that every young man arriving at a certain age, is registered and enrolled in the militia, but he obeys no one except in

* *Djemma* is also the name given to a mosque and to Friday.

the above named exigencies. The people are also regularly taxed, but this to them has an aspect entirely moral, for the *zekkat* and *achour* (explained in a preceding letter) are paid into the mosques and are used to defray the expenses of religion, of schools, of talebs, to give hospitality to travellers, feed the poor, and sometimes, if occasion requires, furnish powder and arms to those of the tribe who are unable to procure them for themselves.

“Alone among the Mussulman nations,” says the general above quoted, “they have a code to themselves, of which the prescriptions are neither derived from the Koran nor from sacred commentators, but from ancient usages which have maintained themselves through ages and through the changes even of religion.”* This code is one of traditional customs, handed down from old to young, from age to age—laws written in the memory of every taleb, judge, cheik—laws the *amins* have at heart and must see respected. The following are some of the never varying penalties involved in this *recueil*. To draw a yatagan without striking, 8 boudjous; † do. and striking, 16bs. To prepare a gun and not fire it, 10bs.; firing the same, 30bs. To be convicted of a theft, 100bs. Entering the house when the master is absent, 100bs. Appearing at the washing

* Gen. Daumas thinks that the Kabyls were once Christians.

† A boudjou is about 85 cents.

place of the women, 2bs. To strike with the fist, $\frac{1}{2}$ bs.
To strike with a stick, 3bs.

To the strict letter (if I may use the expression) of this code the *amins* must confine themselves, and never has one of them the privilege of rendering an arbitrary decision. It is also worthy of remark that no capital punishments take place among the Kabyls. When a person has committed a murder, he no longer pertains to the tribe—he is thenceforth an outcast, an exile; every bond of relationship is broken, his house is burned, his property confiscated, and the proceeds of his estate are given to the poor.

Throughout Algeria—in the vicinity of towns, on the heights of the Atlas as also on the banks of the Nile, and in the desert—are to be seen, low, isolated whitewashed domes (*Koubbas*) glittering in the sun. They are here vulgarly called *marabouts*, because they are the tombs of these holy men. I say “isolated,” but sometimes around the most celebrated there are collected numerous buildings—a mosque for religious services, a place for the study of the sciences and one for primary instruction, apartments for the poor and for travellers. The *ensemble* bears the name of *Zaouia*, and recalls to mind the convents of the middle ages, and those the voyager still finds in the Holy Land. Such is the veneration in which these *Zaouias* are held, that a criminal flying to them is shielded from the hand of justice. I had the pleasure last autumn of

visiting one of these—the koubba of Sidi-Embarak of the family of Abd-el-Kader. His coffin, placed under the dome, is a massive affair, covered with silk drapery; over each end of it fall also the folds of costly banners that were borne in his battles, but now hang motionless from lofty staffs crowned with the crescent, the symbol of Islam.

LETTER XI.

A Stroll about Algiers—A Moorish House—Seraglio of the Deys—Terrace of the Harem—Views—The Harem within—Mustapha Pasha's Palaces—Other Palaces—Tile Ornaments—Moorish Furniture—Turkish and Moorish Architecture compared—Koubras—Moorish Aqueduct—Country Seats—Woman.

HAVING heard much, and read much of Moorish architecture, it was one of the first things that excited my curiosity on arriving in this Moorish capital. I wandered about the town, through narrow gloomy streets, or rather *ruelles*, overhung by projecting eaves, rotten verandahs, and the second and third stories of odd looking habitations, under long archways that are both dirty and damp, up countless abrupt flights of steps that abut on others still more precipitous; I peeped into out-of-the-way avenues that terminate in the cellars of bakeries (for the bakeries here are always in cellars), in pens for dilapidated donkeys or the rubbish of the neighborhood—into passage-ways closed by rude wooden doors, bearing perchance the monogram of a saint, and I began to wonder where those fabulous structures were that had so dazzled the world. It is true that I came across a mosque that has a few spiral columns supporting the arches of its entrance, and another whose façade is a marble colonnade of great length and beauty, but as they had not

the effect I sought I returned to my hotel, and like many a stranger concluded that I had been deceived. A long residence here disabuses my mind and finally unravels the mystery; a visit to the two palaces of Mustapha Pacha, to the seraglio of the Casbah, the palaces in which the governor-general and the bishop reside, and the building occupied by the library, convince me of the luxurious habits and wealth of their former proprietors, and, that what is here unveiled can only have been the offspring of an elegant taste, and of a refinement unparelled.

That you may have a good idea of the *exterior* of a Moorish house, I have only to request you to fancy four plain whitewashed walls, say 20, 40, or 60 feet high, having in them, at irregular distances and hap-hazard places, round holes about four inches in diameter, and others of the size of a 7 by 9 pane of glass. These apertures you will at once conjecture are made for light and ventilation, and not with the intent of affording the inmates of the inclosure a peep at the outer world: and you are in the main correct, for the larger apertures are near the ceiling of the apartment in which they occur, and the smaller ones have an inclination toward the zenith, as though designed only for astronomers; besides, they are seldom pierced in the lower stories, but at an elevation *à l'abri* of all clandestine correspondence.

The southern wall of the seraglio of the deys, the Casbah, is a part of the old fortification of the city, and from its dizzy heights one looks down into the threatening fosse,

and away over sea, hill and plain that have given many a fearful page to history. The lofty terrace of this interesting souvenir of a power that has passed away, forms as it were the third gallery or promenade allowed to the females of this voluntary prison; it is the place to which they retreated in the cooler hours of the afternoon, where they received their friends, played games and were in fact *chez eux*. I will fancy you for a moment occupying their place, sitting where they sat, walking where they walked, and enjoying the delicious air that comes up loaded with perfume from the orangery that separates the harem from the palace, and finally trying to get the view I have mentioned above; but you find yourself hemmed in by a brick-and-mortar barrier, higher than your head, and you are forced to have recourse to one of those apertures already described; you stoop, and a few inches of vivid landscape greet the eye; another hole—a few waves of the restless ocean breaking in foam at the foot of the Sahel; you at last mount some steps you discover by accident, and a vast, varied, majestic panorama is unfolded before you. Turning now toward the centre of this flat roof, you encounter another wall that guards what appears to be a large square pit. The parapet is low, the elbows easily rest upon it and you look over into a resplendent marble-paved hypethral court, surrounded by an elaborate gallery supported by marble columns, that in their turn support others that sustain the platform on which you stand.

Descending to this interior balcony, if I may apply such a term to it, by a stairway of substantial masonry, your attention is drawn to the curious devices of the lattice-work with which it is fronted, to the shafts that are wrought with consummate skill into spiral threads and cords, and to their richly chiselled capitals. Behind the middle column is a lofty doorway cased with marble; on each side of it a square window, cased also with marble, and closed by a costly grating of bronze. Entering the room, which these windows light from the court, you find it long, lofty and very narrow; that at one end a broad and formidable structure has been built up for a bed five or six feet above the floor; that at regular intervals there are large niches in the walls, that probably served for vases of flowers, ornamental boxes, articles of the toilet, etc., and that at an unreachable elevation, there are several of those seven by nine ventilators closed in one or two instances with a brilliant plate of stained glass, that has a cheering, pleasing effect.

The niches mentioned above are worthy of note, from their peculiar contour, and may be described as follows: Draw the arch in the form of a bow; from its extremities allow the lines to swell boldly out, but as they descend, incline them by a graceful curve toward each other till the base becomes narrower than the top. Putting two of these a little distance apart, you perceive that the intermediate space is exactly suited to form,

where the descending lines end, a sort of capital of itself, and springs naturally from any shaft place beneath it.

Continuing your walk around the gay and airy gallery; over which have often passed the gold-embroidered slippers of Moorish beauties, you see that the other rooms opening on the three other sides of it are, in their general features, like that already described; those below, however, though nearer the fountain* that throws its sparkling waters up toward the light, are not so agreeable because they are darker, but they maintain the same invariable form; the entrances, in fact, to the court are made at one of its angles, so as not to interfere with this universal order of things. Passing out of the hall which has conducted you to the interior of this establishment, you observe that its strong wooden door very significantly bolts on the *outside*. In the garden, there is a kiosque, that has considerably changed its original character; also, a gem of a *jet d'eau*, at which the artillery-man now slakes his thirst.

The palace *en ville* of Mustapha Pacha, is much larger than the harem of the Casbah, but of the same style of architecture. It has twenty-seven apartments. The lower ones, on a level with the court, are dark, damp, and at present unoccupied except for a few hours a day by a young ladies' school. The galleries are supported by forty marble columns of the same exquisite workmanship

* There are some of the palaces I have mentioned, which have no fountain in the courts. It may be said also, that this description embraces some of the particular features of other palaces.

as the above mentioned. The hall of entrance is a long, low, vaulted apartment, having on either side a succession of niches, each two of which are separated by twin columns of marble, resting on a platform that may serve well as seats for servants in attendance. The street door is broad, low, and studded with oval-headed massive bronze nails; in it there is a "slide," which enables one, when it is drawn back, to see through a fine grating who the person is claiming admittance without being seen by him. The second door is something like the first; the third and fourth (at the furthest end of the hall), are like the others, and open—one into a small anteroom, the other into a court at the side most remote from the street.

The library, the bishop's palace, and several others, though not so large as the late pacha's abode, are more tasteful, and have a purity and a delicacy of detail that are exceedingly impressive. Some are adorned with spiral columns, than which, nothing of the kind can be more captivating. The Napoleon altar at the Invalides in Paris, is enriched with several gorgeous shafts of this character, that probably have no equal in the world.

The Moorish arch, so graceful and picturesque, may, perhaps, be best defined by a section of a suspended balloon.

The ornamental borders, the tracery work, in these buildings, as also about the towers of mosques and the tombs of saints, are made with porcelain plates or glazed tiles, four or five inches square. Their color is usually a

very delicate blue, and they are covered with Arabic characters, passages from the Koran, or a scroll that is never inelegant. They run up from the capitals of the columns to the galleries, extend around the fronts of the galleries, around the base of all the walls encircling the court, along the sides of the stairway; and as they are on a purely white ground, the effect is all that could be desired.

On entering a Moorish dwelling, you are reminded of the approaches to strongly fortified places. The passages you first come to, are such as could be easily defended, and the stairways, when the apartments occupied by the family are only in the second and third stories, are in remote and unexpected quarters. In the latter case the lower story is generally very poorly lighted—is a succession of massive arches of masonry-work, made to sustain the marble flagged square, fountain, pillars, etc., above. The whole has the air of security and exclusiveness, and is symbolical of Eastern life.

The wealthy, carpet their houses with an article of native manufacture, which is so thick as to feel to the feet like a bed of down.* Each carpet is one entire piece, very long and narrow, in the fashion of the floors of the country. Its colors are subdued, and its design and texture admirable. In all cases, rugs more or less costly,

* Some of these are on exhibition at the Museum, in Algiers, and attract universal attention.

the skins of wild animals, of lions and tigers particularly, cushions of gold cloth and of satin, are strewn here and there with a negligence both elegant and seductive, betokening a careless comfort and convenience, in keeping with oriental habitudes. Along the side opposite to the door, there is oftentimes a low divan, a broad seat strewn also with cushions that are readily arranged to the laziest position possible. Mirrors are rather valued as necessary adjuncts of the toilet's repertory than as mere ornaments. Chairs, those stiff-legged, straight-backed, hard-wood, rheumatic looking atrocities, have never had the honor of being banished from these saloons, as they were never admitted to them. Besides the cushions and skins, one of the most common articles of furniture met with here, is a little dwarf stand, not higher than the divans, inlaid with pearl. This is a sort of *porte-assiette* for the family; and being placed before a party who are to be served with coffee for instance, it receives the coffee-tray with its burden of cups, sugar bowl, etc.

People now these gleaming marble galleries, these cushioned chambers, these terraces, and these gardens with those Moorish damsels, whose beauty is bewildering, whose costume is all that wealth and inimitable taste can make captivating—unrivalled—unique—and you have a picture before you that seems rather like a pageantry of the fancy, a delirium of poetry, than what is real and substantial.

Moorish architecture, as displayed in mosques and other public buildings, does not compare with the Turkish. Here, at least, it has none of those lofty expanding domes, those slender, graceful minarets, which add so much to what is pleasing in the aspect of Constantinople. There are indeed domes in Algiers, and what, perhaps may be termed minarets, but the former are not lifted into the air like those which overlook the Bosphorus, and the latter are simply square towers, without any pretensions to grace, but which serve the muezzin equally well when at the appointed hour he calls the faithful to prayers. The mosque of the rite Maleki in the *rue de la Marine*, covers a great deal of ground and has a costly colonnade in front, built by the French, but the interior has no merit but that of being spacious, and having a succession of white-washed arches of a solidity which imparts to the beholder a feeling of security.

The *koubas*, improperly called *marabouts*, are domes as the word signifies. They have much of the character of chapels, but are in reality the tombs of *santos*, as has been stated, *marabouts* or very holy men (and sometimes even of women) whose sepulchres come finally to bear their title. These *koubas*, I believe, have generally, if not always, an octagonal form; now and then one is handsomely ornamented with colored, glazed tiles, but for the most part they are kept of a glaring white, by frequent white-washings. Like chapels to the Virgin in Italy, these monuments may be seen in almost inac-

cessible regions—on the crest of crags, on the summits of abrupt hills, cutting their forms as it were out of the dark blue sky, glistening amid the brazen glow that hangs above the Atlas, and heralds the sirocco of the desert, or against a sombre background of mountain pine, or sterile rock. The interest which attaches to these tombs is varied and peculiar ; but as this phase of the subject more properly belongs to the history of the religious sects, in Islamism, I will leave it for another letter.

Going out of the Babazoun, or southern gate of Algiers, and continuing in that direction for about a mile to the suburbs of the village of *Mustapha Inferior*, you reach a broad valley, whose sides are clothed with rank verdure, and through which in the spring, as at present, there pours a small stream, that has worn for itself a narrow bed with precipitous banks. Across this valley runs a lofty Moorish aqueduct, the only one of this style of architecture that I have met with in the province. It is composed of two tiers, or twenty-five arches, seventeen of which are in the upper tier, and eight in the lower. The centre arch of the latter is of an imposing height, and spans the rivulet, which in winter becomes a fierce and muddy torrent. This aqueduct conveys water to the city from a spring in the Sahel, and adds much to the beauty of these naturally picturesque slopes. It starts from the base of what was once the rich garden of *Mustapha Pacha*, whose palace, and many other large

native country-seats, dot the gentle acclivities to the west, and overlook the sea.

Moorish country houses are built round a quadrangular court, are flat-roofed, and windowless,* like those of the town, and a stranger immediately asks himself in looking at their plain exterior, what material difference there can be in living in a prison in one place or another. They have, indeed, those small grated openings, and air holes already referred to, through which a limited glimpse of creation may be had perhaps; but here, as in the city, it is in the *interior* that its occupants, the females particularly, are expected to seek their recreation. It is true, I have seen Moorish women in their gardens, with their short trowsers, and sleeveless jackets, or simply in culottes and transparent chemise—their house costume, in fact—and have almost mistaken them for some wild, pale, indigenous flower, that had just burst into life, amid the wondrous and strange productions of this marvellous country; I have seen them in the early morning, brushing the dew that sparkled like their own bright eyes, from the rose bushes and pea blossoms, that lay along their walk; I have seen them even weeding their grounds, and doing it with a sort of unconscious grace, that the aloes waving over their heads might have envied; but I never saw them walking there with their husbands, with their male friends, or with

* There are houses on the sea shore, and others so situated that they cannot be overlooked, that have windows 2 or 3 feet square.

their lovers. I never saw them when they appeared as though they were really enjoying the scenery, the perfumed air, the hallowed breath of nature, the song of birds, or anything beyond the apathy of an existence that has no exactions but those of love and the toilet. They are merely caged butterflies, the plaything, the servant and slave of a lord, for whose supreme pleasure alone these palaces and gardens are created.

LETTER XII.

A Trip into the Country—Duke Rcvigo's Road—Views from the Boujareah or Massif
—Boufarick—Hostility of the People—Blida—Markets—Shops—Negresses—Dress
—Red-headed Children—Amusements—Wady-el-Kebir and its Mills—A Surprise
—A sad Mistake—Combats in the Chiffa—Medea.

As I stated in a former letter, when the races were announced to take place at Algiers I was in the Atlas mountains. I had made the trip to Medea for the purpose of seeing the gorge of the Chiffa which approaches in grandeur the great "pass" of the iron gate in the Caucasus and like it has been the scene of some of the most sanguinary conflicts in which, kind, generous, Christian man has been a prominent actor. I also visited Blida. If, however, you are not well acquainted with the geography of Algeria, you will at once ask, Where is Blida? The Arab will tell you that it is a rose at the foot of the hills. If you consult Ptolemy you will find it to be Bida Colonia; but if you happen to be in Algiers, take the diligence, climb the Massif, cross the Metidja plain in a southwest direction, and in five hours you will find yourself in one of the prettiest little towns in the whole of this vice-royalty. To enjoy this trip in all its perfections, mount at six o'clock in the morning to the cabriolet of the diligence which is standing in front of the Hôtel d'Orient in the Place du Gouvernement, and you

will very soon be ascending a steep mountain road called the Chemin Rovigo—from having been made in 1832 when the duke of that name was governor-general—presenting at every turn of its tortuous course such views as few other places in the world can produce. At first, a mass of old Moorish and Turkish houses, overlooked by the Casbah, barriers of native rock and cultivated slopes hem you in closely on either hand, then a deep fosse and a wall that once protected the southern side of the town, turn your route to the left. Soon you gain a commanding position, when the harbor, with its fleet of French steamers and its native craft, the wide expanding bay and its shore saddled by the Sahel, the sun rising blood red from the sea and a calm stretch of the blue Mediterranean, are all beneath your gaze; higher up, and you see the strong fort de l'Empereur from which the French, in 1830, held the city at their mercy. In one hour from the time of starting you have passed the *barrière* of the new fortifications, and reached the summit of the Massif. But they are not inanimate objects solely which will have attracted your attention; a Moorish woman, bundled up to the very eyes and down to the very eyebrows, strides majestically along the dusty way, followed perhaps by a Biskri, black as night but clothed in dashing red; then an Arab donkey boy with a load of fruit accompanied by his little sister, who if she lives will be beautiful you fancy; then a treacherous looking Biscayan, with tasselled hat, driving a huge load of lentisks or

charcoal to the needy market. At one point you will believe yourself gazing at a santo's dome—it is the entrance to a tunnel which extends, it is said, a league and a quarter through the hill for the purpose of bringing water thence for the use of the town below ; there is, however, hard by, a sacred spot thus covered. For two hours subsequently, you will be gradually descending but still winding along the summit or ridges of hills covered mostly with the palm shrub and other dwarf products of no value which indicate a worthless soil, and you get an extensive view of the great Metidja plain and the ridges of the little Atlas which bound it to the south. Three quarters of an hour more brings you to Boufarick.

Boufarick is a small village situated in the centre of the plain of Metidja on the banks of the Herach and surrounded by gardens and farms which support about 2,000 people. It has always been considered an unhealthy place, and several times the colonists have been swept off by fever ; but a system of drainage recently resorted to is said now to have remedied this great evil. Previously to the French invasion a fair was held here every Monday. Arabs and Kabyls from the Little Atlas, Moors, Kolouglis, Maltese from the plains and the Sahel, brought hither the various products of their districts ; but not long after the present government had obtained possession of the town, it was discovered that these reunions were no longer merely commercial but had assumed a political character very detrimental to its interests. In fact the mar-

abouts, or native priests, took advantage of the discontent which they knew pervaded all ranks, and at these weekly gatherings preached a holy crusade against the invaders. The effect was all these fanatics, as they are called, or patriots, could desire; for their words being considered as mandates from heaven, roused a spirit of hostility that made the Metidja and the passes of the mountains that open upon it, the most bloody of all that have been acquired by French arms. Boufarick became a military camp, the market for a time ceased to exist, but owing to its central position, it finally resumed its ancient character. It is now a curious thing for us to alight from a diligence having its horses changed in the public square surrounded by houses of a half European type; and it must be more curious still to the Arab to whom a wheeled vehicle has ever been a stranger.

As a slight evidence of the hostility of the people of this vicinity, you will see in front of the very next town you enter (Beni-Mered), a handsome, lofty obelisk erected to the memory of Sergeant Blandau and his brave companions who perished here while acting as an escort, and to the last courageously defending their charge. The Arabs in large numbers had concealed themselves in a ravine just to the north of the village, and when the French approached, sprang out, surrounded them and shot them down to a man.

Continuing your route over a fine level road with the Little Atlas mountains rising grandly and abruptly be-

fore you, you soon perceive at their base the lovely "Bida Colonia" or "the rose at the foot of the hills." As you approach, you discover that the slopes of the aforesaid mountains, with their deep dividing valleys, against which the village lies like a bank of snow, are adorned with square patches of cultivated ground, bordered by luxuriant trees; and that Blidah itself is embedded in orange groves. As you enter its gates—for it has a low wall around it—you find the streets running through it at right angles; the houses generally in the Franko-Moorish style, mixed in with mosques and ruins; a public square adorned with the button-wood tree and surrounded by dwellings with arcades; extensive three-story barracks and a market square, where, among fruit, vegetables and fish, your attention will be particularly attracted to massive pomegranates, the egg-plant, the quince, and the eel with a snout very long and pointed like the beak of a woodpecker.

The population of Blida it is said once amounted to near 15,000; it has now 8,000 civilians and any quantity of soldiers. In 1825 it was entirely destroyed by an earthquake and the debris of many of the fallen habitations still encumbers its *stradelli*. It is natural to suppose that after such a sad disaster the people would have sought another site, but this was so beautiful to them, so perfumed still was its atmosphere from the orangeries around, they returned as the Neapolitans do about Vesuvius after an eruption, and rebuilt it and called it New Blida. The

orange gardens, however, were nearly all destroyed by the French when they took and pillaged the town ; for the Arabs, in that engagement, sheltered themselves behind the trees and for a long time maintained a most murderous fire upon their enemy. At last the *axe* was brought to bear upon them, but it was not till vast fields had been cleared, that the natives fled to the mountains.

I have mentioned a market-square, but there are two in Blida; one is for the Franks, the other for the natives: the latter is, of course, the most interesting to a stranger. There you will find yourself in the midst of a throng of tall, fine looking men, clothed in the white graceful bornous; but they will take as little notice of you as the native women, who utterly ensconce themselves in their drapery, with the exception of their left eye and ankles. If you discover here, on a sheep-skin, a large mass of brownish stuff which you fancy to be jelly, and to which you rush with a determination to have a taste of it, you may be sure it is *soap* brought from the Kabyly. If you see an Arabess and a Jewess cheapening something in a sack or palm-leaf basket, it will probably be the well known English walnut, of which they seem particularly fond. In the melon, the onion, the red-pepper, the squash, which are sold on all sides, you will also recognize old acquaintances and would almost fancy yourself in the nice vegetable markets of Philadelphia, were it not for the strange guttural jargon that breaks upon your ears like the rattle of

musketry, heard in a deep glen. As the native market, the native part of the town will be to you the most attractive. The streets are indeed narrow and would be filthy if the inhabitants were allowed to have their own way; but they are compelled by the French police, who inspect them every day, to sweep before their doors. The shops are hardly anything more than niches in the wall; where a man coiled up like a cat, has just room enough before him for a little pair of scales and a box of, perhaps, fine cut tobacco; or, if the magazine is a little larger, you will find jumbled together, or hanging in droll juxtaposition around the squalid proprietor, garlicks, shoes, a string of charcoal, tobacco bags, bridles, eggs, brilliant cotton handkerchiefs and the carob. The buildings in which these extensive merchants do business are little higher than one's head, and of the rudest possible construction; but it is, probably, to their want of elevation that they owe their erect position after the earthquake of 1825.

To go a shopping in one of these towns, cannot be to the veiled damsels, such a delight as it is with us, for there is no hauling over of goods to discover new patterns, almost everything being exposed at once to view; besides, the shopkeepers are usually very old men, or stripling boys. You will also observe here, as at Algiers, that the venders of the best looking bread, exposed on mats or low benches distributed along the streets or squares, are generally negresses, who have costumes half

Jewish and half Moorish but always of a very négligé character. The faces of these creatures are of a strong, rude cast, much marked with knife-cut lines, but not lacking in intelligence. Some wear large earrings like our ladies, and strings of gaudy beads and Turkish trowsers. They speak Arabic.

There are several customs among the people which will recall the far Orient. The women, though they scrupulously conceal the upper part of their persons, leave their feet and ankles bare in order, perhaps, to show their anklets, which like those worn by the Hindoos, are generally of silver, and of cumbrous size; but those of the latter people are usually oval, while these of the Mooresses are often broad, flat, and wrought like their armlets. The children are very frequently red-headed: this will, of course, appear strange where all adults have black hair and dark skins. A lady who has resided here many years, even thought it natural; or, perhaps, till reminded of it, never thought of it at all. The hair is, however, dyed to make it beautiful. I have seen the same thing in India, in Syria, and at Coutais at the base of the Circassian mountains.

Every evening there is a band of music in the public square; but as the place is not well lighted, few ladies honor it with their presence. May not the charm of sweet sounds be much enhanced, when one can show a delicate foot and a richly embroidered skirt? An old bachelor might fancy so. When this is over, the places

of resort are the *cafés*. There, with dominoes and cards, conversation and newspapers, another hour or so is whiled away, and then *bon soir*. If, however, town-life is monotonous and dull, there is game, and rare game too, of a fierce kind, in the mountains hard by—the invigorating sport of the chase in the Atlas may be had by half an hour's walk. If, too, you can at the same time get some good musician to play the bugle to you from the fortress on a lofty eminence that commands the Wady-el-Kebir, your ears will be greeted by its echoes that ring miles away among the rocks of this picturesque gorge.

Whether you take a gun or not, a stroll up the Wady-el-Kebir should not be neglected. The bed of the stream is nearly dry at this season of the year, but as soon as the rain sets in, it will assume the aspect of a raging and headlong river of considerable magnitude; at present, there is water enough for several flour mills, which are well worthy of a visit. The first and second are owned by rival French companies, the third by an Italian, and the fourth, far up the valley, by a Moor: and they well represent the relative character and condition of the people to whom they belong. The first are elegant four-story buildings, full of exquisite machinery, and surrounded by gardens; the last is a hovel partly in the ground, and all that is mechanical about it, is of the simplest, rudest kind; its wheel is turned by water falling through a tunnel, whose top opens at the terminus of a small grassy canal carried along the base of the cliff under which the mill is couched.

From the terrace of the former, you have a lovely view of the village, its orangeries and cultivated fields and the wide-spreading Metidja, bounded by the Sahel range, on which stands the great and curious pyramidal monument called by the natives Kouba-Roumia (a Christian's tomb). Along the valley, by narrow precipitous paths, you see the Arabs winding their way homeward among the hills. If these scenes should ever escape your memory it will be because you have forgotten everything else.

When about to retrace our steps from Wady-el-Kebir my attention was attracted by two superb horses, that came dashing down the ravine. In a moment they had passed us; and we were no less pleased with the riders than with the animals they were astride. The party consisted of a young female, richly attired, and a tall delicate youth of great beauty, followed by a footman, also well dressed and evidently belonging to a wealthy master. Whence they came or whither they were going, was such a mystery, my companion (the fair French *maitresse d'hôtel*) asked the question of the servant; but he did not deign to reply; he rather quickened his steps, and in an instant was close at the heels of the splendid dapple-grey ridden by the young Moor.

Blida, I have said, contains any quantity of soldiers. During my short stay here, two divisions of those who went in the late expedition against the Kabyls, returned; their entrance into town was heralded by

bands of music playing the most lively airs, but as the men were dusty and weary—as may be supposed after a seven days' march—and were accompanied by the baggage train and guns (the latter were mounted on mules), the whole told too plainly the errand they had been on, and it was a sight more saddening than cheering. We knew too that some hundreds of their comrades had perished in the short but fearful struggle they had had with the sagacious and hardy inhabitants of the Atlas, and that the same sort of warfare was soon to be renewed.

The details of the horrors of war, though always heart-rending, have few incidents so painful as the following, which I had from the best authority. In all expeditions against the Kabyls, no quarter is shown by either party. When a Kabyl falls into the hands of the French, he is at once shot; when the French are taken by the Kabyls, they are decapitated; indeed, a soldier said jocosely to me, "if a man is wounded in a retreat so that he is unable to keep up with the army (for in the hour of retreat—the most dangerous time—the Kabyls always follow, and from behind rocks and trees, fire stealthily on their foe) his head is no longer of any more use to him than a football." In this late affair against the Guechtoulas, an officer of the Zouaves was shot by some one concealed among the rocks, when no enemy appeared in sight. Scouts were immediately sent out, but no trace could be found of any one save an old man,

unarmed, a Kabyl, whom they were going to dispatch on the spot; as he affirmed, however, that he had a son in the French army, whom he had come a great way to see, they carried him into camp. The commander wished a search to be made in order to verify the prisoner's statement, but the Zouaves being so enraged at the loss of a favorite officer, and affirming that they believed the old man had thrown away his gun when he saw that he could not escape, and that this story was a mere invention for the purpose of saving his life, they finally obtained permission to put him to death. The Kabyl soon ceased to live. On the following morning, it was found that the old man's story was only too true—that his son was there in French service—that he had come far to see his child. For a week subsequently the young man was closely watched in the belief that he would desert, but as no signs of his intention were discovered the surveillance ceased; a day or two afterward he disappeared taking with him ten of his countrymen and twenty muskets.

Pursuing a westerly course for five or six miles along the base of the Atlas, you cross the broad bed of a shallow stream, turn abruptly to the left and enter the ravine of the Chiffa, memorable for the following contests: 26th August, 1834, combat of French under General Rapatel, with the Hadjoutes; 31st March, 1836, Marshal Clauzels fights with the Kabyls; 19th August, 1836, combat with the Beni-Amers and the Gharabas, by General Letang; 6th September, 1836, skirmish in

the camp of the Chiffa, under General Rapatel; 19th November, 1839, French under Marshal Valée fight the Hadjoutes; April 27th, 1840, skirmish between Abd-el-Kader's and the troops under Duke of Orleans and Marshal Valée; December 17th, 1840, razzia and destruction of the ancient camp of regulars under Abd-el-Kader, by General Rullière; April 1st, 1842, combat between French under Chef d'escadron Daumas and Hadjoutes under Sidi Embarek; April 29 and 30, 1842, General Changarnier fought here, and in the Wady-el-Kebir by Blida, with the natives under Sidi-Embarek and El-Berkani.

This and the pass of Cantara, to be hereafter described, are the main highways over the Atlas—the two great routes that unite the Mediterranean with the Sahara. It was of the utmost importance to the French to possess them, and their loss was to the Arabs the knell of the sovereignty of the desert: hence the struggles above enumerated.

When the French had driven their enemies from the Chiffa they made through it, with incredible labor and expense, a military road; but, from rocks and cliffs which for miles overhang it on one hand and the deep and sombre chasms on the other, along whose edge the carriage wheels seem trembling as you ascend toward Medea, few can pass here without an agitation of the nerves they will seldom experience elsewhere. Where there is space enough, a French encampment has been established.

Medea is situated 3,017 feet above the level of the sea. Its site is pleasant, the valleys and hills about it fertile and picturesque, and it is surrounded by a wall; but the town itself has little to interest the traveller except perhaps an immense aqueduct of Roman construction, its barracks and grain market, and a woman who has become noted as a hotel keeper and having been presented by Horace Vernet with a picture from his own inimitable pencil.

LETTER XIII.

En Route for Tunis—Island of Galata—Tabarca—Environs of Tunis—Ancient Sites—Tunis in the Distance—Tunis within—Disembarking—Goleta—The Bey and his Navy—Lake Bahéira—Custom-House—Market Scenes—The consular Dwellings—A domestic Scene—Country Palaces.

WHEN fair weather returned and the Mediterranean had become less tempestuous, I set forth for Tunis—stopping on my way a couple of days at Bona for the purpose of visiting the site of the ancient Hippo Regius, the episcopate of the venerable St. Augustine. At Bona I took the Marseilles steamer with mails for the Orient, and continued my journey. We got under way at eleven A.M., and after twenty-one hours of boisterous weather and rough fatiguing sea, came to anchor near the Goleta, the barrier of the lake on which Tunis is situated.

From Bona to Cape Rosa, I kept a good look-out for the *embouchure* of the Mafrag (the *Rubricatus*), but I did not discover it. At four P.M., we were off *la Calle*, near which were a number of boats engaged in the coral fishery, this being the best place for that beautiful product of the sea, to be found on this coast. Soon after, the dark clouds that curtained the horizon to the northward were lifted for a moment, and revealed to us the grey cliffs of Galata. This island, though an arid rock, is said to be

overrun by rabbits and goats, and to have formerly served as a refuge for pirates. By some of the old mariners of the Mediterranean it was thought to be composed of lodestone, or to be inhabited by an evil spirit having the power to draw vessels upon its inhospitable shores. This idea arose from the fact that to the eastward there are strong currents setting upon it. It was in the neighborhood of this island that in 1847 the English frigate, the *Avenger*, was lost with all her officers and crew excepting three of the former and five of the latter.

A little way beyond La Calle is the small island of Tabarca, once a well-known coral depot. It is the one that was given to Charles V. by the Bey of Tunis as a ransom for a celebrated corsair.

After passing Cape Farine, which juts out into the sea to the northward of ancient Utica, whose site is supposed to be near the mouth of the river now called the Medjerdah, you enter the Gulf of Tunis, having on one hand, to the westward, the rather low land that separates Utica from Carthage, and on the other, the rugged peninsula El Dakhul, terminating with Cape Bon, the Ras-Addar of the Arabs. Several hours later you see to the southeast and south, in bold relief against the sky, the mountain Gebel Hamamm-el-Lyf, the lead hills whose curiously cut, precipitous peaks tower above the latter, and 25 miles off, Gebel Zaghwan. You are now near the northern border of the Punic peninsula, the site of the Phœnician city, whose newly discovered

monuments leave no doubt of its identity. On its depressed outline is a summer palace of the Bey of Tunis, with several mansions, occupied during the hot season by foreign consuls. If you could land at this spot you could walk over in an hour to the very mounds of Magara where Scipio made his first successful attack on Carthage, and cut his way through Asdrubal's hosts to a footing within the walls. As there is, however, only very shallow water here, you are forced to double the promontory, when, Tunis comes into view at the foot of the bay, and those fertile acclivities and ruin-crowned heights that once glittered with temples and palaces, the pride of Rome's rival.

The distant approaches to Tunis are peculiarly picturesque; few ports offer so many lofty imposing landmarks. When you have reached the *Goleta* the scenery is tame and unattractive. But Tunis yonder, Tunis stretching along the opposite banks of the lake of El Bahéira (of which *Goleta* is the entrance) enchants you with its lovely position and makes you for a moment fancy that here is at last one oriental city that may remind you of the tales in the Arabian Nights. "Distance lends," etc., and it is strikingly so in this instance, for El Bahéire, as well as Tunis, is disgustingly filthy; the former receiving the contents of the great open drains that surround the town, and the latter having many of its thoroughfares almost choked with garbage. I should however say that this more especially applies to the Jewish quarter, where

I have been obliged, in going into some of the Jewish synagogues and houses, to descend five or six steps to reach their floors, which were originally on a level with the street. In the *Moorish* quarter, considerable more attention is paid to cleanliness.

Allow me to return a moment to the steamer from which I have landed and entered the town *with my pen*, much more readily than I did in person. Among the passengers were several English gentlemen and ten Moors, two of whom were females. The Moors invariably take passage on deck, where they sleep and eat, bringing with them always their necessary provisions, which consist for the most part of bread and dates, oranges and dried raisins. One of the Moorish women was young and of a slender make; and though she was enveloped from head to foot in white cotton cloth, I could occasionally see her large dark eyes and her henna-stained hands; the other was short and fat and bore a striking resemblance to a bale of wool. She wore a large blanket or *haiok*, fastened about the head by a handkerchief; I took a sketch of her, which I preserve with care. We were all obliged to disembark in a clumsy looking sail-boat, where, huddled together, we passed about five hours (with the exception of half an hour or so at Goleta) of mutual misery and discontent, for a violent head-wind had sprung up and there was no alternative but to buffet it for the above-named time. In the harbor we had the satisfaction of being splashed by clear water, but when

we had passed the Goleta canal and entered the lake El Bahéira, our keel stirred up its filthy bottom, and we seemed literally to be sailing in a putrid sea. When the weather is bad and passengers have reached the Goleta, they usually take a carriage thence to town, going part the way round the Bahéira by the plain of Carthage; but our ill luck attended us—no carriage was to be had.

Goleta at first appears to be quite a formidable place; when, however, one has inspected the half starved soldiers who are to man its guns—when one sees them sitting at their post knitting night-caps, braiding straw, or mending their shoes, with their muskets reposing in some safe corner, the natural inference is that Mars only hung his spear and shield outside to turn cobbler within. The bey keeps an *agha* at Goleta, whose principal duty is to examine ships' bills-of-health and give pratique. The present incumbent is a son of Count Raffo, the secretary of foreign affairs. I had the pleasure of meeting him the other day at the Rev. N. Davis', and I found him a very agreeable and entertaining personage. He married an English lady, who now resides at Pisa on account of her health.

The bey has several vessels of war which lie rotting at the Goleta, and I am told that he is anxious to be considered the possessor of a navy, though for what purpose is hardly known. Some years ago he ordered a frigate built, and when its hull was finished he discovered that he could not get it out to sea, the canal being too narrow

to admit of its passing. When I saw it heeled over on its side in the basin where it was constructed, I was reminded of our trans-atlantic friends who once found one of their steamers in just such a predicament.

El Bahéira* is ten miles in circumference, but when you have crossed it and reached the quay of the Marina you have yet to walk a half mile or more before you come to the gate of the city. On the quay is the custom-house, and here you will be gratified by the courtesy and the dispatch you meet with, and possibly be amused at the simplicity of the establishment, which, in other countries, is usually composed of countless officials and cross-barred windows, clerks, desks, pigeon-holes, and papers, confused ideas and a certain number of shillings for being annoyed. The custom-house of Tunis is a building about four yards square, and the whole number of persons employed there does not probably exceed half a dozen; indeed, what is considered the complicated machinery of this department of the administration, is managed by a good natured man who has not grown lean by any over exertion, mental or physical.

Our luggage was carried up on the heads of some bare legged Kabyls, and we found good accommodations at the Hôtel de France, kept by most obliging and amiable proprietors, M. and Mme. Tournier. Outside the gate De la Marina (Bab-el-Bahia) our attention was arrested

* The word in Arabic signifies a little sea, it being the diminutive of *Bahar* the sea.

by a vast throng of natives, black and white, who have turned the open space there into a sort of market: fish, vegetables and bread I particularly noted, for they were spread out on the dirty ground. It is said that on account of the vermin which enlivens the drapery of the Arabs, a visit to these places cannot be made with impunity; to me, however, there is so much that is picturesque in an oriental group, that I find myself very often in the market and bazars of these people. I almost admire, if I may be allowed such terms, their ragged, defiant aspect, their graceful misery; their slovenly *insouciance* has in it even a religious air, a submission to the divine will, which one hardly dares upbraid. Mixed up with what there is really repulsive, one sees the sleek and well-fed Moor in gay and costly garments; the lean and cautious Jew in his more sombre vestments; sometimes women in tights, glittering with gold embroidery down to the very feet, others with faces closely muffled and silken haicks over their heads, who substitute breeches for pantaloons.

Behind these groups of buyers and sellers at the Babel-Bahia gate were numbers of stately camels loaded with coal, wood, wool, etc, completing, with a background of the old grey wall, terraced houses and mosque domes, a singular picture of oriental life which one will find it difficult to forget.

The first imposing European-looking building you notice on entering the town from the side I have been describing

is occupied by the British consul, but is owned by the bey. The French consulate is directly behind it, and further on in the same block, the United States consulate, also owned by the bey. The reigning pasha (of three tails) of Tunis possesses a great deal of real estate from which he derives a large revenue. As his houses are the best here (with one or two exceptions) they are naturally sought after by the consuls, who obtain them only by paying a pretty good rent. Turning to the left from the square on which the first named consulate is situated, you have on one hand one of the crumbling walls that surround Tunis, and on the other, several very handsome three-story dwellings owned and occupied by wealthy Italian, French and Maltese merchants; but the street on which they stand is so narrow, it is only outside of the wall that they can be seen to advantage.

As in all other eastern Mussulman cities, little or no attention is paid to the comeliness of the exterior of habitations, which renders a walk among them so uninteresting. Plain as brick and mortar can make them, they rise on the right and left, oftentimes without even a grated window to relieve their monotony, and when you have spent days in rambling in their vicinity or lived in their very neighborhood in fact, you know as little of what they inclose as a blind man would. It is only by accident, or rather by a succession of accidents, that you get at the mysteries within. A young man, sometimes from an excess of vanity and desire to show

a foreigner that he dare set at defiance the conventional forms and customs of his country, will take a stranger into the very heart of his household. I know of an instance of this kind which recently occurred here. A son of one of the highest officers in the bey's service, invited to his palace a gentleman whom he casually met in society. On arriving, a sumptuous entertainment was prepared in Moorish style with the addition of strong drinks and wine. When champagne had been drunk pretty freely, he ordered that his wives should be brought in, and should both drink and dance. His wives came attired in the most gorgeous manner and they both drank and danced, rather through fear of their lord and master than from any pleasure they could derive from it themselves. Sometimes penury, sometimes cupidity will pave the way to a discreet person who will don for the moment the native costume; occasionally a child incautiously throws a door too widely open when, if you are passing at the moment, you may catch a glimpse of domestic life; but this seldom happens, for nearly every house has two doors between its courts and the street. One must in fact mainly depend on the report of his female friends, who can readily gain admittance to Moorish houses; but they are not always willing to give an account of all they see. In Algiers there is much more license allowed to strangers and native women; and probably this will increase till Mooresses will be found on the fashionable promenade with French

hats, and unveiled faces; some have already adopted French boots, even before laying aside their golden anklets.

Though the Mussulmans here are so much afraid of having their thresholds sullied by the foot of an infidel, the Jews are quite the reverse; and as the manners and habitudes of the latter, their style of living, the arrangement of their apartments, etc. are almost of necessity like those of the former, one by visiting the Jewish families of Tunis, will have, except so far as dress is concerned, a pretty good idea of what he would find among the children of Islam.

A short time since I rode out to the country palace (at Manouba) of the bey's military chief, and when I saw the good taste and luxury displayed there, I wondered how he could be content for a moment, knowing that the capital of his country bore such evidences of neglect and of bad government, as to make it a disgrace to any land that claims to be within the pale, or even in the region of civilization. The bey's palaces too, at Bardo and Marsa, have marble courts, costly decorations and tasteful gardens; these show that he is not ignorant of the beauty of cleanliness nor of the charms of an atmosphere perfumed with roses; yet the fact remains that within sight of his terraces 200,000 of his people, year after year, are breathing the exhalations of filth-flooded sewers, rife with pestilence and disease. The Manouba gardens are several acres in extent and are kept in the Italian style. The

proprietor has here one winter and two summer houses, all of which are furnished in the most costly manner. Pianos, elegant engravings, mostly of H. Vernet's pictures, damask divans, mirrors, rich drapery to the beds, are things which I particularly recall to mind in the former ; and fountains, trees, curious and abundant beds of flowers and marble Moorish colonnades in the latter. As a whole, few places in Italy can compare with it, yet Monsieur le Général spends nearly all his time in Paris.

LETTER XIV.

Discoveries at Carthage—Colossal Mosaic Heads—Priestesses—A Figure of Victory—Are they Roman or Punic?—Dress of the Priestesses—Roman and Punic Costume compared—Punic Inscriptions—Historical Names—Reflections on the Fall of Carthage—Reverend N. Davis and Family.

I **REG** that you will allow me to give you an account, though hasty and imperfect, of the excessively interesting monuments which have recently been discovered in these hallowed precincts, Carthage, by a Polish gentleman, the Rev. N. Davis. They consist of Mosaics and Punic inscriptions. The Mosaics are rich in color, chaste and tasteful in design, and of an execution at once fine, rare and artistic. The Punic inscriptions are probably votive tablets. They are cut in calcareous stone, and the characters are nearly all in a good state of preservation.

Mr. Davis, who is employed by the British Government, made some six or eight unsuccessful excavations in different parts of what is considered to have been the most populous portion of the city; at last he came to those gradual acclivities which overlook the harbor of Tunis—some pleasing elevations not far from what he now decides to be the Byrsa and the Forum—and there his labors were duly rewarded by the untombing of the following Mosaics:

A colossal head of Ceres and another, unknown, but likely of the goddess Astarte or Ashtaroth, or a priestess of the temple (some call these the heads of Dido and Juno); two full-length female figures, about two-thirds the size of life, making offerings at altars; a figure of Victory, with a Roman dedicatory inscription; a circular floor, with an elaborate border, having within it a basket of flowers and a basket of fish; several square floors that have radiating from their centres, squares, circles, triangles, etc., interwoven with a harmony and mathematical precision that is quite remarkable—the whole in tasty colors.

The first mentioned heads are thirteen inches in length without the *coiffure*. One wears a wreath made of the stalks of wheat; the other has above her forehead an oval figure, that appears to be formed of a portion of her luxuriant hair, which is carried back from the face in massive wavy folds, *à la mode*, at this day, in France and America. The foreheads of these two figures are not so low as those usually represented in Greek sculpture; but their noses are straight and regular, and their chins are plump and round. Their lips, however, are thicker than those we see in Greek or Roman works of art; the ruby part, in its curve and fullness, indicating a descent from the Semitic, rather than the Caucasian or Indo-Germanic races.

The figures at the altars are each under a (sacred?) tree. On one of the altars a transparent bowl is evi-

dently represented, into which a mulberry branch, apparently loaded with the berry, is being placed by the worshipper. Before the other, at the foot of the altar, there is a vessel full of some liquid that has floating upon it what may be considered, without any stretch of the imagination, cocoons of silk. A portion of the head of each of these beautiful priestesses had been destroyed by the foundation walls of some superposed building, but with this exception they are nearly perfect. Another priestess like the above has been found; she is represented dancing before the altar.

The Victory I have not seen, as it is covered in the process of removal, but I am told that it is an aerial figure bearing in an extended hand a crown or wreath.

The baskets of fish and flowers are represented on their sides, and their contents consequently flowing out upon the floor. This must have been a little gem of an apartment, for the work is of the highest order; the fish and flowers being so well executed as to make it easy to distinguish to what class they belong.

To what epoch to refer these ancient and interesting relics, is now a question. As regards the one bearing the Roman inscription, there is hardly room for conjecture; but respecting the others? I will give you a description of them, their position, etc., and let you judge for yourself. I, however, have just heard a would-be *savant* declare that he does not believe any of them to be Punic; but I differ with him in all humility.

In the first place, and very fortunately for the establishing of a basis for the solution of the difficulty, three mosaic floors have been discovered, just so nearly one above the other as to allow a portion of each to be uncovered without removing either of them. I have seen them twice, and can therefore substantiate the fact. The lowest one was found in cutting away a hillside, at the depth of about five feet; on its right, as you stand facing the north, and about three inches above it, there is another flooring of mosaic; three or four feet above the latter, and on its eastern side, there is still another, and at about the same elevation on the other hand is *the* "Figure of Victory." Now, if the latter is Roman—and there can be no doubt of it—is it not more than probable that the others, *several feet below* and under earth that has the appearance of being the accumulation of ages, are Phœnician? There is another thing worthy of particular note: the mosaics of the upper ones are imbedded in a cement about an inch thick that is excessively hard, and has to be taken up with the figures one is desirous of removing in a perfect state; whereas the lower ones (after having had a piece of cotton cloth glued down upon their surfaces), can be obtained without the cement, as it is easily cut away by any sharp instrument. Mr. Davis also says that the cement which unites the stones of the latter is much firmer than that which is used on the former. Furthermore, the costume of the two priestesses is unlike anything I remember to have seen

from the hands of Greek or Roman artists. It is, indeed, more in keeping with that of the Hebrews of the present day than those worn by the immediate descendants of Romulus and Remus or of the fair Helen. It consists of an inner gown that has long, tight sleeves, fastens up closely around the neck and falls down over the feet. It has no sash or belt or plaits, but is cut so as to fit well the body without encumbering it in its movements—is made to yield to the most graceful “lines of beauty” a human form could develop in the most studied of artistic attitudes. Over this is an open robe that has the same contour as the other, but its sleeves are large, (bishop) like those worn a few years since, and are shown to good advantage, as the arm is raised to place, as before stated, an offering upon the altar. Around the neck of this robe and down its front, an inch or so from its edges, around the sleeve, a little distance also from the edge of its broadest part, it is ornamented with a dark band or ribbon, exactly like scores of garments one may meet with on Broadway, Chestnut street, or the Boulevards of Paris. The whole is extremely modest, chaste and simple, but the artist was master of his materials, and made the most of them. He had no silken girdles, or tassels, or folds of drapery to dispose of, and his figures, if upright and actionless, would have been stiff and unattractive; he therefore had resort to a “pose.” His subject in one instance has partially crossed her feet, and is leaning against some object that gives her entire

support and confidence; nature then aids him with her beautiful curves—the arm is put into use so as not to hide them—the delicate hand is placing the offering upon the altar; and, indeed so perfect is it all, one fancies he can almost see the wavings of the sacred tree that throws its mysterious shadows around her.

We are all more or less acquainted with the Grecian taste; we remember the rounded, naked limbs of Grecian goddesses, and have fancied that he who chiselled them felt that it would be a profanation of his art to envelop them in robes that had no warmth, no sense, no pulse, no life, no breathing lines all instinct with divinity. We remember, too, the long and ample tunics of the Roman matrons, but their arms were bare, and they were more like heroines of the tribune or the camp, than the daughters of a mild, pure and unadulterated faith, as these now before me impress me that they are; the modesty, the calmness, the saintly repose, in fact, of these gentle worshippers evoke in the heart such humble, hallowed, halcyon aspirations that one is prepared to invest them with a magnetic and living principle.

The Punic inscriptions were discovered by accident. The Bey of Tunis is building a palace on the northern shores of the peninsula on which Carthage stood, and he sends his men here to dig for the hewn stone of the ancient city. They were working a few yards distant from the spot where lay the baskets of fish and flowers already described, and after having removed a portion of

an old wall which was about ten feet under ground, they came to a mass of small stones that seemed to have been collected and thrown in there, as the bones of a graveyard are sometimes heaped together when the land is required for other purpose. These proved to be the votive tablets above referred to, and a score or two were thus at once obtained by Mr. Davis, who, by his habits of observation and watchfulness, secured the precious treasure that the next day would have witnessed carelessly imbedded in mortar in a Mussulman mansion. These tablets are usually pointed at the top, are four or five inches in breadth, and eight or ten in length, and were probably inserted in the inner facings of some temple. A good idea of their general character may be obtained from the engravings, plate six of *Africa*, in vol. 2nd of *L'Univers Pittoresque*. They are ornamented in various ways. Some have at the apex an arm and an open hand (to keep away evil) resting on a sort of curtain, cornice, or capping; others, a flame or a triangle, surmounted by a globe or head. In the centre, with or without a border, is the inscription, which consists, for the most part, of five lines. Beneath this, some have an open hand; others, figures that are supposed to represent Venus: others, again, a vase or goblet. Mr. Davis is now busily engaged in translating them, and I am in hopes in my next letter to be able to give you the result of his difficult undertaking.

Had it not been for the labors of Mr. Davis, who is an

able scholar and an enthusiastic archæologist, after my own heart, Carthage would not have possessed half the charm with which it is now invested. There are to be seen here, it is true, a great number of immense cisterns, indestructible masses of a gigantic aqueduct, a few columns in an area that was once probably the Forum, some portions of the buildings of the Byrsa, and the jetties of the Cothon; but what are these shattered, desecrated débris compared with whole floors of mosaic, and those rapturous figures which seem now springing fresh from the hand of the artist, though they may possibly have been entombed here two thousand five hundred years! Great works are around me, prostrated by the hand of time, tottering, decayed, and beyond regeneration; and, though they cause one to linger among them from the fascinations of their marvellous history, they weigh upon the spirits like a foreboding of evil. But when I behold these priestesses starting from their long silent sepulchres, and standing in their chaste and spotless garments at the altars to offer up the first fruits of the season to the gods, a beam of joy and gladsome light breaks through the night of ages, and illuminates the pathway to antiquity. I know the exact corner of the city where Scipio made the famous attack which rendered him master of the port and the fortifications surrounding it, and enabled him to penetrate to the public square, where his soldiers encamped for the night; but in this there is all that is painful and appalling, for thence com-

menced those street-fights which lasted for six days, when the proud and imperious Carthage "sank into a heap of ashes." When, however, I look on these costly pavements, which bear no stain of blood, no trace of a warrior's footstep, but seem rather fragrant with the tread of some gorgeous beauty, some Sophonisba, or to have been just swept by a Dido's queenly train glowing with Tyrian dye, my spirits go bounding through another historic field, that is flooded with sunshine and flowers. From these gentle acclivities, I overlook those sparkling waters which have borne many a hostile and tumultuous fleet, then buried it, burdened with the dying and the dead; but when I turn to these firesides, these hearthstones as it were, I am reminded only of the hospitable shore that gave its peaceful welcome to the Phœnician dame flying from the cruelty of a royal brother, the murderer of her husband. If, however, these new-born treasures, these boudoirs of an ante-Christian era, occasionally awake a sentiment of sadness, it is in recalling the day when they may have been bathed with tears and heard the sighs of a doomed and despairing people—the day when the Carthaginians, having delivered up their arms and three hundred hostages, and discovered the perfidy of the Romans, both maids and matrons turned their fair hands to fashioning arms for the defence of the town, and wove their long silken tresses into bow-strings for the soldiery; or when Carthage was given to the flames, and women and children, like

the fair partner of Asdrubal, perished in the common wreck.

But I must not close this letter without saying something more of the Rev. Mr. Davis, into whose hospitable habitation I have been most cordially received while pursuing my studies at Carthage. Mr. Davis resided at Tunis some years ago, I believe, in the character of a missionary. He then, by the influence of his good name, the friendly relations existing between him and the government, and through his consul, endeavored to obtain permission of the bey to explore the grounds of this peninsula, but all in vain. He however did not relinquish the pursuit, nor lose his interest in these cultivated mounds, though he was for a time recalled to England. In a subsequent visit to this country, circumstances threw him into the company of the new bey, who, taking a fancy to him, at once acceded to his wishes. He obtained a house in the neighborhood of the field he designed to examine, and without delay entered on those labors which for years had been the aspiration of his heart, and which have proved so successful. His family has recently joined him, and now, beside the abundant charms of a home, he has, for the moment, that which springs from the society of a couple of young English ladies of rare accomplishments. He has not neglected to add to the family tree a beautiful mosaic of his own: a number of lovely children dot around his hospitable board, and light up every apartment with their happy faces. Such

a place as his, in the wilderness of Carthage (I refer to social comforts and pleasures), you can fancy, is an oasis which gladdens both the eye and the heart, to say nothing of the "inner man," which the traveller finds is not to be neglected. I shall bid adieu to Carthage in a week or two; and I assure you it is with much regret that I find myself obliged to return to Paris, though I intend to take Morocco in my route back. *El Mogreb* will probably be my most western point of observation for the present, though thence, Spain and America come often within the scope of my calculations.

P. S.—Since writing the above, I have seen a shaft or column Mr. Davis has discovered. It is about a foot long and three inches in diameter, and has a Punic inscription on one side.

LETTER XV.

A Translation of Punic Inscriptions—Historical Characters—Views from the Terrace—Mecca Pilgrims—Bedouin Women—More Terrace Revelations—Maltese and Jews—Bazars—Carthaginian Coin—Amusements—A Vulgar Pantomime—French Missionary Labors—What we owe to the Semitic Race.

In my last letter, which gave you a hasty description of the interesting monuments the Rev. Mr. Davis has recently discovered at Carthage, I stated that I hoped to be able to obtain from him a translation of some of the Punic inscriptions he was then studying. Mr. Davis has had the kindness to hand me a couple which are as follows:

1. "To the divinity to Tanith Pan Baal, to the Lord to Baal Hamon Hanno the son of Bar. . . . Kareth, the son of Mago vowed."

2. "To the divinity to Tanith Pan Baal,* to the Lord to Baal Hamon, a man vowed in blood by a sacrifice (or by a sacrifice of affinity), Baalithan the son of Hanno."

Here we have Hanno and Mago, names familiar to us in Carthaginian history; and as each of the other tablets contain also the names of the persons who have made offerings to the gods, and caused them to be in-

* Baal-Moloch is Saturn.

scribed in this manner, I doubt not that many broken links in the chain of history will now be restored. In connection with these records, the following historical facts have a new interest.

In the year 262 before the Christian era, Hanno the elder is sent into Sicily to assist Hannibal, the son of Giscon, who is there besieged by the Romans; he finally loses his life while battling for his country against the consul Cornelius. Twenty years later, another Hanno, a contemporary with Amilcar, the renowned father of the great Hannibal, and his rival in glory, takes an active part in the war against the Romans. In the year 337, B.C., a rich citizen of Carthage, named Hanno, forms a conspiracy against the government with the intent of becoming dictator and tyrant. He chooses the wedding-night of his daughter, when unsuspected, he can prepare a poisoned repast for the senate in the interior of his palace. His plans are discovered, but he is allowed to go unpunished as it is feared that the execution of a man so influential would be a sad thing for the state. He forms a second conspiracy, which is also discovered. The Carthaginians then tear out his eyes, break his limbs, hang him upon a cross, and that none of the odious race should live to imitate his example or avenge his death, his children and all his relations are executed.

Five hundred years before Christ, one Mago, the father of Asdrubal and Amilcar, succeeds Malichus as suffete of the republic of Carthage, and general of the

army, into which he is the first to introduce military discipline. A hundred years later, one Mago is found at the head of numerous vessels of war, going against the Syracusans, over whom he obtains a signal victory. Mago II., son of the latter, is also charged with the command of the army in Sicily, but supposing himself betrayed by his mercenary Greeks, returns to Carthage, where, being condemned to suffer ignominiously for a neglect of his duty, he puts an end to his own existence.

Traversing a portion of the isthmus which joins Carthage to the continent, there is a river that was called Backara or Bagrada;* its passages were defended by Mathos. As its name is similar to that of the son of Mago in the above inscription, I mention it here to show that it may possibly have been one familiar to the Carthaginians, and have belonged to some distinguished family. I will, however, leave all further suggestions to abler heads than mine; and if we have patience we shall probably have, through the British Museum, a satisfactory explanation of all Mr. Davis' discoveries.

When there is nothing particularly interesting to call me abroad, I can always find amusement by ascending to the terrace of the hotel. To the eastward, the view is bounded by the hills of Carthage and the bay; to the southward, by the mountains that overlook the plains of the famous Kaïroan; to the northward and westward by

* Perhaps the Mellana of to-day, which lies to the south of Tunis, and is crossed by the road leading to Zaghuan, Kaïroan, etc.

Moorish habitations, and the walls that run along an elevated ridge behind the town. Almost directly beneath me, though separated from the hotel by two streets and a wall, is a caravansary, flanked by a spacious yard, where beasts of burden of all kinds, hundreds of camels, donkeys, horses, that have brought merchandise and their masters from the interior, come to pass the night. The noise made by this congregation of beasts, and their noisier Arab drivers, is at first far from agreeable, but one soon gets accustomed to it, forgets it, and then enjoys the scene, which is purely oriental. I am, however, aware that everything of this kind awakens different, oftentimes entirely opposite sentiments in different persons. I heard a man recently declare that the Arab was an uneducated brute, and should be treated like a dog; soon after a young English lady remarked that she liked to look on the Arab, for he seemed like the true "lord of creation."

Tunis is particularly animated at the present moment. Thousands of the children of Islam are daily arriving here, to embark for Alexandria on their pilgrimage to Mecca. I see them come and go. With the same stately gravity, with the same severe face, they bid you welcome and they bid you adieu. There is no unravelling of the Arab character, except through his religion. He is in the hand of God, who shall make him afraid? He is in the presence of God, how can he indulge in any levity? The errors of his education account for any de-

fects in his morals. The fatalism with which he is inspired, makes him a proud, defiant warrior; his glowing faith carries him triumphantly through the trials of Ramadan, through the fatigues and privations of a journey to the tomb of Mahomet. The Orient is a hallowed world to two great nations, for it holds the sepulchres of their prophets. Lying between them, and revered by both, of these people, so hostile to each other, is the tomb of Abraham. To the Mussulman as well as to the Christian, there is something holy in the atmosphere that hovers over the shores of two great eastern seas.

I have said that Tunis is particularly animated at the present time; not only do the natives flock in here for the expedition I have mentioned, but it being the "shearing season," they come with loads of wool, which finds a ready sale and its way to England via Malta. If I mount the terrace early in the morning, I see the camels issuing from the dark archways of the caravansary, and wending their way toward the savannas of the south and the desert. Often they are guided by stalwart negroes, who wear their turbans and bornouses with the dignity of princes; above some are seen floating the light and airy drapery of female forms, and as the wind is no respecter of Mohammedan customs, it occasionally lays bare a multitude of beauties. The Arab women are, however, as a general thing, hideous. They are deformed by dirt, by tattooing, by ungainly garments, by an absence of every expression education gives to the

human face, by hard labor and by much fasting; there are, of course, exceptions to this rule, but it is mostly confined to females under twenty years of age; they never appear to have what is called the freshness of youth, but tanned by a constant exposure to the air, and very early becoming mothers, pass into dingy begrimed womanhood ere the blush and beauty of girlhood has hardly had a beginning or revelled through a single summer. I do not here include the Moors of the town—I am speaking only of the Bedouins, the veritable Arabs.

From one side of our terrace, you can look down into a humble Moorish court, where is an old dame, whose costume consists of short pantaloons, a chemise and a shawl. On a terrace to the north, a fine looking Maltese lady may once in a week be seen engaged in hanging out to dry a vast quantity of very delicate linen, which her Jewish servant brings up in a basket, but cannot understand why every piece must be so particularly pinned to the line, and not let fall several times into the dirt. On another terrace, adjoining the latter, some Jewesses in very short, loose silk frocks and "tights," are enjoying a promenade and the fresh breeze. On the other hand, the Spanish consul's flag is flying, and under its folds you perceive that a portion of the town curves round toward the lake, and is overlooked by a couple of picturesque hills, crowned by a fortress and a saint's tomb, a *Kouba* with its large white dome glistening in the sun.

The population of Tunis, I am credibly informed, cannot be less than 200,000. There are 60,000 Jews and upward of 13,000 Europeans, six or eight thousand of whom are Maltese. The latter are a very mischievous class, and give the British consul no little trouble. They use the knife freely, they cheat in the most barefaced manner, and overreach Jew and Christian, with an aptness unparelled; they deserve, however, much credit for their activity and perseverance, and it is to them we are indebted for the carriages and horses we procure when making excursions into the country, and also for many English articles of merchandise, obtained via Malta. The Jewesses are employed in a great many houses as servants; our consul's lady has one, of whom, speaking one day of the peculiarly bloomer character of her costume, she remarked, that though the woman was poor, she would not wear any gown (more properly a frock, as it is loose, and descends only part-way to the knees) that was not made of silk. In our hotel we have a Jewess, a native negress, and an Arab who is such a perfect "character" as we say, that, had I time I would give you a full account of him: one peculiarity of his is, that he never speaks if he can avoid it, though he understands four or five languages; and when he does speak, he is so laconic as to make one laugh outright; I would give considerable, if I had Cruikshank or Cham here to sketch him.

You are aware that in the cities of the East, nearly

all of one kind of business or trade congregate in a particular bazar, or *sook*: the manufacturers of caps, for instance, of shoes, of harnesses; the India merchants, the date merchants, etc., are found in their appropriate quarters. I stopped one day in the bazar for arms, and had some very beautiful weapons shown to me. The natives here understand inlaying steel with gold and silver in a very pleasing manner, but I found that all the gun barrels, on which they were at work, were imported either from France or Germany; they were very long, small, and thin at the muzzle. The stocks into which these are set, are tastefully inlaid also with silver, pearl, and ivory, but they are much too short to suit a European sportsman. In turning out the wood-work, one observes that the *toes*—those useless, often troublesome, despised little things with us—have an important part to perform. The chisel is placed between them, while their owner, squatted on the floor, turns the lathe with one hand, and steadies the whirling stick with the other; or, they hold one end of the stick, that is being carved out, or the silver thread with which the barrel is being wound; indeed, when I had seen the various uses to which they were put, that even a delicate skein of silk could not be wound or knotted without them, I began to have great respect for *toes*.

There is perhaps no place in the world where so many interesting coins can be procured, as here. Carthage is an inexhaustible mine, and probably not a day passes in

which more or less are not found on its classic soil. I picked up some there myself; Mr. Davis' family and our consul gave me quite a number, which they also found while I was at Carthage; and our worthy countryman, Dr. Heap, presented me with a beautiful one in gold, of Tiberius. I bought of a Jew, in the bazar, sixteen in silver, for a little more than their value as metal, and about two hundred in copper, for about as many sous. Of the Constantines, one can procure almost a cart load for a song. Our consul is a clever numismatist, and has a rare and fine collection of coin—gold, silver and copper.

Of amusements, I have nothing to say, for the natives have none, if I except an exhibition called the *Kouskous*, which is got up during Ramadan, and some simple music in their cafés. The latter is made usually with a single guitar and a fiddle with two strings, accompanied by the voices of the players. The airs are almost always plaintive, and until one gets accustomed to the nasal twang, and long nasal trills in which they are rendered, are decidedly disagreeable. It being now the great fast of Ramadan, the *Kouskous* takes place every evening, and as it is said to be peculiar to Tunis, I had the curiosity to visit the place of entertainment. After traversing, with lantern in hand, innumerable narrow, uncleaned lanes, we came in front of a door, where was a great crowd, and where a young man was crying at the height of his voice: "Come in, come in; the show is

about to begin!" Crowds of children, boys and girls, young women and men, were all pushing in and out of the entrance, as we forced a passage, thence through a long hall to an irregularly shaped apartment whose roof was sustained by a few columns. But what an exhibition we had come to see! Of childish simplicity in its structure, its developments, and the language used in it,* were of a nature to disgust any one that ever had fall upon him the shadow of a moral education. It consisted of a screen, in the centre of which was fixed a large oiled sheet of paper. Behind this were two men, who caused little figures to move before the oiled paper, and by a strong light, throw their shadows upon it, which shadows were seen by the spectators without. The figures were in themselves all that could shock a sensitive mind, and their acts were such as could alone have been dictated by the most degraded of human intellects; and yet, as I have said above, women and children, particularly the latter, came in crowds to see it, and went away apparently delighted. If such exhibitions are freely allowed to young girls, it is not to be wondered at, that when they are older, only impenetrable walls and jealous guardianship can keep them from the grossest infidelity. Schoolmasters are indeed needed in Tunis; and missionaries, perhaps, might have a salutary influence, if they would throw away the dogmas of their peculiar creeds (and in no other way can

* I had a gentleman with me who understood perfectly, the Arab language.

they get access to the Mohammedan ear) and become philosophical teachers. French missionaries have already established schools here, the good results of which will be felt through ages. I have conversed with the inspector of them, and he informs me, that between two and three hundred scholars are now being instructed by the "brethren," and that among them, there is now and then to be found a native. But, in regard to the religious faith of this people, distinguished personages in this country say, after knowing well the Mohammedan character, that they would not convert to Christianity the children of Islam, if they could. Perhaps they have met with those who *call* themselves Christians, but who think no more of "doing to others as they would be done by," than of living by honest industry. Be that as it may, I think you will agree with me that, though this people should be allowed to remain in the faith of their fathers, it is a duty we owe them, a duty we owe to humanity, to restore to them some of that learning of which they were the discoverers and the keepers during an age of darkness—to restore to the Semitic race, some of the treasures we have borrowed from it, and have so long enjoyed.

LETTER XVI.

Fete of the Bey of the Camp—Arrival of the Troops—Fantasias—The Barde Palace—The Bey's Court—An Artesian Well—Tomb of St. Louis—Death of St. Louis—Philharmonic Society—Tunisian Amusements—The French Consul—Abuse of the Arabs—Money Changers—An Honest Jew.

WE had a curious fête the other day which is peculiar to Tunis. Every year the *Bey of the Camp** makes two excursions into the interior of the territory for the purpose of collecting the taxes levied on villages, *douars*, etc. and as some of the tribes are occasionally refractory and refuse to pay the sum demanded, he is obliged to take with him a sufficient number of troops to command respect and enforce obedience. It is on the return of this marauding expedition that the festival takes place.

Having secured a carriage a day or two beforehand, we started out early in the morning for the bey's palace at Bardo. The weather was extremely fine, the whole country covered with a rich green carpet, the view on every hand all that could please the eye. To the left lay a small lake; to the right, some uplands covered with the olives; and when we had passed under the arches of a vast aqueduct of modern date that overlooks the town on one side and a wide spread plain on the other, there

* The Bey of the Camp is heir presumptive to the throne.

were bordering the horizon in the far distance the ruins of a Roman or a Phœnician aqueduct, that in olden times conveyed water to the cisterns of Carthage. But the most attractive feature in the drive was the varied multitude that thronged the way—men, women and children of all nations and of every degree of fortune. The poor Bedouin woman was carrying a child or two on her back, while her husband, with a companion ragged as himself, strode on heedlessly before her. A Jewess, with gold-embroidered leggins, was leading a lovely little girl, whose cap was girded with sequins. A party of well fed Moors in gay attire, and Mooresses with faces bandaged with black, hardly escaped in their indolent mood, being run over by a cabriolet loaded with brawling, brawny Maltese ; while a wealthy Arab dashed by on a favorite mare, whose trappings of solid silver were in such rich profusion that they were heard clattering about her neck and breast sometime after she had left us behind her.

We rode on past the palace where the bey was to arrive, and met his advanced guard, a company of dirty looking infantry, who could evidently do good service in an expedition where the booty would be their own. A few miles further along we came to the Arab cavalry escort, immediately behind which was the bey and his bediamonded staff under three rich silken banners, followed by another company of infantry. As the party approached Bardo, Arab horsemen, one after another,

came sweeping down the sides of the procession, aiming and discharging their muskets while their horses were going at their utmost speed. This noise, mingled with that of a native band of music, (?) added not a little to the general confusion in which everything appeared to be mixed up; but allow me to remind you, that nothing is so confusing to an Arab as order, and an *orderly* charge of Arab cavalry would very soon amount to a disorderly retreat. When the chief had entered the palace (the women in the meantime shouting in a shrill voice, *loo, loo, loo, loo*), the infantry formed lines down in front of it, leaving an open space in which the Arabs were to continue their *fantasia*. They now went off to a considerable distance, then rode at full speed up to the gate and fired their muskets; the extraordinary part of this performance was, that they drew rein only when they had reached the slippery pavement of the court, where it seemed impossible for a horse to maintain his footing; yet not one fell, not an accident occurred.

The palace at Bardo is a very large, bright red building, encircled by a fosse and a wall on which some heavy guns are mounted, one of which announced in thundering tones to the distant city that the Bey of the Camp had arrived in safety. We obtained admittance to the interior court, which is surrounded by a gallery supported by marble columns. Through this passed the stately and graceful sheiks, the grave, grey-bearded ulemas, the high functionaries of government and a few

of the consuls, for the bey had a reception in a saloon opening on this court, and these people came now to pay their respects to him and congratulate him on the number of camel-loads of silver he had been enabled to wring from "his grateful, ever faithful subjects."

You see incidentally in the above, one way the bey has of raising a revenue; the other is by making each male person of a certain age pay three piastres (about 40 cents) a month.

The bey at present has his judicial sittings in a tent at Marsa. It is placed in an open space in front of his palace there, and any one can attend the *seance*. In his court there are no special pleadings, there are no records to be consulted, there is no jury; the bey listens, decides, and there is no appeal; justice is summary and he who is condemned to be bastinadoed receives his punishment at once before the tent. I went out especially to be present at one of the sessions, but there was no court that day, for his majesty *had gone a hunting*. By the way, his majesty is said to be a good sportsman and a most excellent shot; he fires always from his horse, and has not only the best of dogs to assist him in getting game but some finely trained hawks.

Though I was disappointed in the object of my visit to Marsa (it lies just along the western borders of the site of ancient Carthage), I had the pleasure of seeing there the machinery and the process of boring an arte-

sian well which the bey is having made in his garden. The work is being carried on by a young Frenchman of rare talents, a Mons. Dubois. From the top of the artesian tower to which this gentleman conducted me, I had a fine view of the sea on one hand and the rich plain which stretches away on the other, to the harbor, the lake, and the whited sepulchre, Tunis. Marsa is a summer residence for the notables of the regency and the consuls. The French and English consuls have houses here, and Count Rafo, the secretary of foreign affairs; Count Ben-Ayad has a palace on a cliff at Garmart, overlooking the others.

From Marsa I drove to Mr. Davis', where, taking in some friends, I proceeded to Cape Carthage and subsequently to the tomb of St. Louis. Cape Carthage is a promontory surmounted by a lighthouse and occupied in part by the Arab village of Sidi Bousedé. We had to leave the carriage outside the town and climb the hill on foot; the natives allowing us to pass without any sign of discontent, though a few years since a Christian would hardly have ventured into its narrow streets. We reached the lighthouse and ascended to its dome, accompanied by one of its keepers, a young Arab mother of considerable beauty, whose thin and scanty costume was in strange contrast with that of one of my companions.

The tomb of St. Louis is a vast mausoleum, erected on a commanding eminence by the French government, or perhaps more properly by Louis Philippe, to the unfor-

tunate king who died here, it is said of the pest, in his crusade against the Infidel. Its position is one around which must have been clustered the rarest monuments of the old Phœnician city, for such an imposing point as this would naturally have been selected as the site for those costly temples that were erected here to the gods by the followers of Dido.

You are aware that France's saintly king, with a large army, landed near Carthage, invested and took it, in 1270. He came to assist in the great work of disseminating the doctrines of Christianity, which the crusaders in their mistaken zeal thought themselves authorized to reestablish in the East with fire and the sword; but the plague and a wind storm that seemed loaded with death decimated his ranks, and ere he could have the satisfaction of seeing the cross replace the crescent of the Saracen, "he breathed his pure soul away on a heap of ashes," on a plain I am now overlooking, "just as a powerful reinforcement arrived from Sicily under his brother the King of Sicily, who piously collecting the earthly remains of the best king France ever saw, brought them back to Europe with the relics of his army."*

The monument of which I am speaking is composed of a lofty wall, with its interior façade formed into chambers and colonnades, surrounding an acre or two of ground laid out like a garden, with walks, trees and

*Dr. Russel.

flowers, having here and there a massive column, the sole remnant of some gorgeous structure long since swept away. In the centre there is a small circular chapel surmounted by a dome and a cross: within there is an altar, above which, and immediately back of it, stands the statue of the good, and pious sovereign whose shade, perhaps, now calmly and joyously hovers over the place.

When I returned to town I received an invitation from Dr. H. to attend a reunion of the Philharmonic Society. A Philharmonic Society in Tunis! Well, I really did not think that either poetry or music could be cradled in such a nursery; nevertheless it is true, and the representation was a very happy one; the violin and the horn were both in the hands of amateur artistes of great taste and skill and many pieces were performed in a manner that would have done credit to some of the finer opera houses of Europe; but there were only a dozen or two of gentlemen and ladies present notwithstanding the scarcity of amusements here. The Tunisians, however, had last winter an opera company whose representations were well attended; they also had a series of balls in which it is said the luxury of the toilet and all that is costly in costume was fully developed—that no soirées except those of some imperial court were ever illuminated with more diamonds and pearls (to say nothing of beautiful eyes) or through which there rustled silks of greater value.

Among those who particularly adorn the European society of Tunis, besides some whom I have heretofore mentioned, are Monsieur Roche and his lady. The latter is a person of much taste and beauty, and the former a gentleman of great talents, of a commanding presence, of an urbanity and courtesy that attach to him all who come within his influence: his history is also remarkable, and would, like that of General Yusuf, read like a romance if it could be fully written out. He was once in the army of Abd-el-Kader, became a Mohammedan and married an Arab girl, a relative of the Emir; he also made a pilgrimage to Mecca, and on his way actually passed as a *hadji* through this place where he is now consul-general and Chargé d'Affaires de France. His influence is not only very great with the bey but is said to be felt through every branch of business in the regency—that in the Sahara, from the frontiers of Tripoli to the oases of Ouaregla, whence a good deal of wool, dates etc., pass into Tunis, he has agents whose aim it is to turn the trade of those districts through Algeria. I doubt not that in their own provinces, the French use every possible means to prevent the Arabs from carrying their products thence into either Morocco or Tunis, but I do not believe that any resident of the latter places can do much (even if it be true that such a thing is tried by them) towards effecting a change in this matter.

Since the conquest of Algeria it is well known that many caravans of the desert who formerly traversed that

country, have sought, and very naturally, a market for their merchandise among the neighboring nations who profess the same faith, have the same institutions, customs and habits, and where they are not likely to be either abused or insulted as is too often the case in the French possessions. That the Arabs require to be kept with a strict hand there is no doubt, for any particular leniency on the part of the government would be considered a weakness or to arise from fear ; but that private individuals, having no legal authority over them, should be allowed to maltreat them, is detrimental to the interests of the government, if not disgraceful to it, lowers it in tone, destroys its moral influence and makes it difficult to control the passions of its subjects, who, besides being a conquered people, are burdened with ignorance and bigotry and easily made desperate by fanaticism, which has no higher aim than the destruction of the infidel (Christian) oppressor. In reference to this subject I will state, that in a recent trip into the Atlas I sat by the driver, where, amid the pleasurable emotions arising from the beauty of the scenery, I received the most painful shocks from his brutality. When an Arab was passing within reach, he would give him a severe out with a whip ; sometimes when one of these poor creatures had hurried his donkey or his horse to the very edge of the precipice in order to give the entire road to the carriage (for the French having made all the carriageable roads claim every inch of them in their passage), he would

strike the animal, in order, seemingly, to cause both him and his master the utmost discomfort possible. In one instance, an Arab who had been struck retaliated by throwing a stone at the offender. I will, however, do the government justice by saying, that I do not believe it is apprised of these acts; I remember in fact to have read, in a work on Algeria, that General Bugeaud (I think it was) said, "that every Arab thus insulted, was a loss to him of a good soldier."

But to return to Tunis. I have yet a thousand things to relate concerning the customs, manners, etc., of this people, but as some of them are common to all the Arab tribes, they will probably find a place in some other letter. I must not however omit to mention the money changers' establishments in the Place of the Porte de la Marine. They consist of a crockery-ware crate set up on end. Over one of these the Moor (and like me you will wonder it is not a Jew) throws a piece of cloth to shelter him from the sun, squats himself down in the bottom, places a little stand before him, spreads out his money on it, smokes and passively awaits a customer. What rent he pays I did not learn, but probably something less than is asked for a favorable position on Broadway

There is also an article in the costume of the women, and a manner of wearing it, I have not seen in any other place. It is a long, narrow, bluish mantle, which having one edge fastened on top of the head, would naturally fall

in folds over the face and down each side of the wearer, but as this state of things would be inconvenient to the lady while walking abroad, she spreads it out with both her arms so as to form a sort of tent or rather shed, which slopes down gradually from her forehead and wholly hides the face. I was told it was worn by women when going to the mosques; it is certainly repellent, reminds one of a turkey with her wings down, and must ever appear absurd to a stranger, unless, worn by a young lady, it is turned into a sort of "hide and hoop" affair and made an accessory to the wiles of coquetry.

In Tunis, as elsewhere among the Mohammedans, the Jews are a despised and abused people; but I am happy to be able to give the following account of the fidelity of one of this race, taken from the writings of Dr. Frank, who at the same time speaks of the children of Israel as among the worst of men.

The minister of the bey, *Moustappa Khodgia*, who died a few years since, had a Jew *intendant* in whom he placed the utmost confidence. He gave into his hands the sum of nearly four million of francs, and as he wished it to be kept a profound secret, no register was made of it, and no receipt taken. The minister died before disposing of this money and the Jew could have appropriated it to his own use without the possibility of a discovery; however, from fear, or from a desire to show to the bey his honesty and attachment to him, he informed him of his secret. The prince, far from being gratified with

this confession, had his cupidity so aroused that he accused the Jew of possessing a great deal more than had been delivered up, and thenceforth did not cease to make upon him the most exorbitant demands. The poor Israelite, whose statement had been wholly correct, was soon reduced to the extremest misery, and Dr. Frank finally saw him a beggar in the streets of Tunis. How many Christians are there who would have been as honest as the Jew ?

LETTER XVII.

Leaving Tunis—Voyage to Sora—Philippeville—Ruins of Rusicada—A handsome Italian—Leave Philippeville for Constantine—El Arrouch—El Kantour—Arabs on roads—First View of Constantine—Drawbacks to Socas.y—Place de la Brèche—People—River Rummel—Natural Bridges.

I LEFT Tunis in as ragged a cabriolet as you ever saw; it was drawn by a horse in every respect worthy the vehicle, and my postillion was a Maltese boy about ten years of age. The father of this lad had assured me that he would take me to the Goleta via Carthage in an hour and a half; but when he was outside the gates, he gave his place to his son, and probably told him, as it was a warm day, not to overheat *the animal*. I was glad of the change, but the responsible party had left me. We crept along at a snail's pace and my grumbling was of no use, for the boy understood only Maltese and was very likely obeying strictly his father's instructions. Pretty soon some of the harness gave way, but it was ingeniously repaired by my lad, who finally mistook his road and made a circuit of several miles to reach the place I desired once more to visit. Rather than cross the Lake *el Bahéirah*, which I found so disagreeable on my arrival, I had given myself a few hours of extra time, so the delays experienced in my land-trip did not cause the loss

of my passage, as would otherwise have been the case. At Goleta I was enabled to embark without any custom-house or passport annoyances, and after about half an hour's exposure to the sun in a small boat, reached the steamer bound to Bona and Philippeville.

With a long lingering look I bade adieu to Carthage, recalling to mind at the moment, the memorable dispatch of Caius Marius concerning it, and the words of Cato when he showed the figs of Africa to the senate. I could not but feel also, when it was receding out of sight, that the shades of empires hovered over it, and that the spirits of its many brave and noble defenders still walked its sacred silent shores. Early on the following morning we reached Bona, where we spent the day. In the glow of a lovely golden evening we got under way for Stora, and after about ten hours' steaming anchored in its little harbor.

Stora is nestled under abrupt hills. Along their base, and up their sides are scattered a few neat houses and a picturesque little church with a slender steeple, reminding one, in the distance, of a New England village. Stora contains the remains of a Roman cistern, and what is supposed to have been a quay, but there is no probability, I think, as some writers affirm, that it stands on the site of Rusicada, for between the sea and the acclivities back of the village there is not room enough for so considerable a space as the ancient Roman city above named must have occupied. The Romans may have had

here, as the French have now, a few houses (and a fort) and have sheltered their galleys under the cliffs that jut out seaward from its northern boundaries; but one can hardly doubt, when he has seen the ruins at Philippeville, that the latter occupies the site of Rusicada, or at least that there was the centre of its population.

Between Philippeville and Stora is an excellent road, sometimes almost losing itself in dark shady valleys, then emerging on a hillside commanding a far distant view of the sea and a glimpse now and then through the trees, of the village you are leaving, and the one you are approaching. As a promenade it is still more interesting, for then you can dive into still deeper and more umbrageous thickets, pause under some overhanging rock to listen to the rush of the waves that are breaking at the base of the cliff below you, watch the folding of the white wings of the fisherman's craft, as, emerging from the gloomy channel of the *Isle de Singe*, it glides into the sheltered nook that bounds the view to the left, or admire the imposing French structures, the hospitals, barracks, etc., that overlook Philippeville on the right.

In form, Philippeville on the bay is like the Greek A; its centre being an open space bordered by hotels and cafés. Behind these rise abrupt hills several hundred feet in height. From the shore on each side of the town the French have built a wall. These climb the acclivities on either hand, run along their crests and finally descend into the valley at the south, where they join the

gate "Constantine"—the embouchure of the *rue Impériale*. The *rue Impériale* is a broad handsome street, lined with buildings in the French style with colonnades, under which are spacious shops, well supplied with all kinds of European merchandise. Among the most conspicuous are those for the sale of books and maps—a very refreshing sight for one coming from the literary desert, Tunis. As you ascend this main artery of the town from the apex of the said A, the hills become less precipitous, the village expands to the right and left, and its beauty and interest increase. To the left is a handsome square, adorned with trees and a fine antique statue, recently found there, of a Roman emperor; to the right, in the *Place du Théâtre* are some columns, capitals and vases, the remains probably of a majestic temple; further on, the imposing and picturesque ruins of a Roman amphitheatre, which contains many valuable inscriptions, handsome torsos, capitals, etc., while near the summit of the hill back of it are the great Roman cisterns, still used to furnish the town with water. These cisterns have been handsomely repaired by the French; they are 30 feet deep, probably 20 or 30 yards in length, and supply per day 6,000 *mètres cubes* of water. The spring which replenishes them is, I am told, several miles distant, and bears the name of the Fountain of Beni Melek. *

* I think I may have made a mistake, and that these waters now come from Wady-Rira, though formerly the town was supplied from Beni Melek.

In 1849 the population of Philippeville amounted to 6,653, of which the greater portion were French, Maltese and Italians. Madame Prus says that "the town is peopled almost exclusively by emigrants from Provence, Marseilles and Corsica, as is the case with all the principal towns of Algeria." At present Philippeville is said to have a population of from ten to twelve thousand; and here as elsewhere, as far as my observation goes, there are more Maltese than Corsicans and more Spaniards and Alsacians than people from Provence. The most beautiful woman I have yet seen in the country is an Italian from a little rock on the coast of the Island of Sardinia, and as she was poor, married a poor Maltese and now sells beer and tends babies behind a counter in a *café* in a by-street of this place.

After two days' rambling about Philippeville I started for the interior—for Constantine, Lambesa and, perhaps, the desert. It was a lovely morning, the air was pure and fresh, and the blush of another day had suffused the east when the diligence, on which I had taken a commanding seat, went rumbling out of the gate I have heretofore mentioned, on its way southward. After half an hour or so the country became more open, though more or less hemmed in by hills, till we approached Gastonville, a small, neat, quiet town on the banks of the Saf-Saf, which empties itself into the sea at the eastward of Philippeville. In agreeable conversation with a captain of spahis (native cavalry), the hours passed pleasantly

away, and we soon reached El Arrouch, situated a little to the left of the great Roman road that almost in a straight line united the ancient Rusicada with Cirta (Constantine).*

El Arrouch lies on the western acclivities of the pretty valley of Zerga, which is shut in to the southward by Mount Eddis, whose sharp and barren pinnacles shoot up curiously into the air like the Gothic spires of a church. While our horses were being prepared, my attention was called to the crests of Mount Eddis, which had suddenly changed their background from a field of blue to one first of an orange hue, then of a dingy red, from an atmosphere cool and pure as northern winds could make it, to one charged with a sirocco heat and the fine, glowing sand of the desert; but it was of short duration, it was not yet the season for the hot blasts of the Sahara, and when we had reached the summit of the mountain we only encountered the ordinary heat of the month of May.

To climb to the *maison des cantonniers* of El-Kantour from El Arrouch was long and fatiguing work for our poor horses, but there they obtained some rest while we were devouring a rather tough and very late breakfast. The *maison des cantonniers* is a sort of inn, bearing the imposing name of "Hôtel de Bellevue," and is situated among the rocks we had admired from the valley; along-

* The bridges along this road were constructed in the time of Hadrian Trajan, at the expense of the republic of Cirta.

side of it is a bakery and a wine shop, and their customers are the hardy muleteers and *charretiers* who transport the merchandise of France to Batna, and, in some instances, to the very borders of the desert. When *en route* again, we passed a few Arab huts on the heights beyond, where we heard a shepherd boy, like one I had seen in the Metidja plain, playing his flute to his flock of sheep and goats.

Descending into the valley and the village of Smendou, we continued for several miles along the right bank of a stream of the same name, then crossed it and followed nearly the route of the *vois Romaines* to Constantine. The road all the distance is good in the dry season, and in many places has a handsome border of trees. To keep it in repair, negroes are constantly employed in breaking up stone; these blacks have in fact a sort of monopoly of this business, and are preferred to other natives—being more industrious and faithful. We met many Arabs on the way, generally on horseback. Sometimes one would have his wife riding behind him *à la mode masculine*. It often happened, too, that these people rode without saddle or bridle and appeared as much at home as we should in a rocking-chair. The Arabs are all cavaliers; the old as well as the young ride with an ease and stately grace that is quite fascinating, and one of these strange children of the desert never seems to have the measure of his capacity for enjoyment filled to the brim, till he is astride his favorite barb; then his

air is of one who says to the earth, "I spurn thee;" to the winds, "I can outstrip thee;" to the clouds, "I can soon be with thee;" to the lightning, "I am thy companion." The calmness of perfect satisfaction and content settles upon his face, for he evidently knows of no higher joy, no superior earthly beatitude.

Toward evening we found ourselves emerging from a shadowy defile and entering on a light bridge, thrown across the broad bed of a mountain torrent, when suddenly we caught a glimpse of Constantine, lying like a white cloud on the summit of a majestic cliff; in a moment it had disappeared, for we came under the acclivities of the isthmus or narrow neck of land which joins it as it were to the continent, and prevents the Rummel from converting it into an island. Here we dismounted and pursued our way on foot, allowing the carriage to take its long and zigzag route up the rocky eminence, while we climbed the steep and direct paths of the Arabs, stopping now and then to rest, or to regard more attentively any new phase of the scenery our progress developed.

When you first see Constantine in the distance, you can well believe it to be the only thing of the kind in the world; and when you approach it, your astonishment and admiration are not lessened, for you get a more distinct idea of the gorge which has been cut around it by the Rummel, of the *rocher escarpé* on which it reposes, and the height you have to ascend to reach the habitations

you see peering over the dizzy elevation—indeed, from the walls of the casbah to the waters of the basin of the cascade, the distance is a trifle less than one thousand feet perpendicularly.*

We passed through a party of Arabs who had made a coal-mart of the hillside, and came out on a plateau of the ridge which has been adorned with trees and from whence descend two roads, one to the right and one to the left—one leading to Philippeville, the other to the interior. We then crossed the plateau and entered the *Place de la Brèche* by the gate *Valée* and were soon installed in the *Hôtel des Colonies*, which fronts on the *Place*. Sometime after, the diligence came rumbling into the same square (for the gate *Valée* is the only one by which a carriage can enter), and I had the satisfaction of obtaining my baggage—minus a hat that had been flattened into something resembling a pancake: and here I may be pardoned for remarking, under this severe affliction, that a nice hat is quite indispensable to a traveller who takes letters of introduction and would present himself at the house of a French gentleman; one must even go dressed wholly in black to pay proper respect to the host he is visiting. This has sometimes prevented my accepting letters of introduction and presenting those I had. I have even known the round and ruddy

* I was informed by an officer in the casbah (which is the northwestern part of the town), to whom I was recommended, that the place on which we stood was 300 metres above the basin, or 968 feet.

cheeks of an American consul to be contracted with mortification when, forgetting that he was a *Citizen of the United States*, and wishing to keep up *French* customs, he found me in his saloon with light-colored pantaloons on.

After this digression I will return to the Place de la Brèche—thus named because it was here that the French, in their second attack, made the breach by which they entered the town—presenting at the moment of our arrival one of those animated oriental scenes that require the pencil of an artist and the pen of a poet to do them justice. Several Jewesses—a type of what Vernet must have seen when he painted his Rebecca at the well—with fair faces, fair arms, and unstockinged feet, formed a group near one of Arabs composed of a tall manly sheik in costly costume and a dozen or so of his people in white bornouses. A couple of handsome young Frenchmen in the uniform of the spahis—red jackets, white turbans, full blue trowsers and overboots—and a party of officers of distinction were stopping for a moment to see a lady, mounted on a fine Arab horse, pass by with her servant for a ride outside the walls. A little further on there was a large crowd of natives gathered round a man who alternately sang and played on a darbourka. French citizens and soldiers, muffled Mooresses, negresses of a remarkable embonpoint and postillions—all were embraced in one glance of the eye; while the oriental character of the houses surrounding us, with the rose-tint of the twilight hour, left nothing to be desired in the panorama.

I have spoken above of the Rummel. This river (the Ampsaga of the ancients) rises in the mountains near Setif, follows the course of a valley of the Little Atlas till it reaches the lofty neck of land that unites Constantine with the continent and constitutes a natural barrier that must have made here a long deep lake till the stream cut its way through it. In the process of making this *embouchure* it converted a portion of the rocky barrier into an insulated mass whose form may be represented by the letter C,* then took nearly the direction from which it came and finally reached the Mediterranean about two-thirds of the way from Stora to Djidjelli, where now, after joining another torrent from the west, it bears the common name of *Wady el Kebir*. In the lapse of ages these waters, like those of the Niagara, wore for themselves a deep bed, differing however from that of the American falls in being vastly narrower, vastly deeper, and leaving in its course around the town a number of natural bridges of rock that combine the picturesque, the majestic and the beautiful. In one place for several hundred feet the river passes through a subterranean channel and goes entirely out of sight, and when near the point where it breaks from its sombre barrier and bounds into the broad light of day, it forms two lovely cascades, 229 feet in height. Some writer describes these falls as having only *one* single leap: they have, in fact

* Constantine is very irregular in its form, but the stranger, in walking round it, will be likely to think it a perfect circle.

this appearance when seen from a certain point below the lowest basin, but when you enter the gorge above them, by the path cut inside of the rock and built up from the bed of the stream, you find them some distance apart. I will endeavor, in my next, to give you a more minute account of what I have seen here, and of the manner in which the place was taken by the French.

LETTER XVIII.

Appearance of Constantine—My second day's Ramble—A Roman Bridge—An Arab's Cupidity—The fatal three Stones of the Casbah—My third Ramble—Natural Bridges—A Work of Art—Tomb of Præcilius—Roman Remains—Christian Martyrs—Celebrated Characters who flourished at Cirta.

CONSTANTINE, like Jerusalem, slopes toward the east, and when seen from the heights in that direction, does not look unlike the ancient "city of David" from the "Mount of Olives." Its highest parts—its westerly and northwesterly portions—are occupied by the French; the remainder is densely covered with native shops and habitations. The latter are one or two stories in height, often with tile roofs and generally windowless on the streets, which, like those of all oriental towns, are narrow and badly paved, and filthy when the police does not enforce the sanitary law of cleanliness.

It is curious to see how the natives have built here their houses, stables, tan-vats etc., on the very edge of the ravine; but when among them, the danger of their position is not so apparent as when you are on the opposite heights. There you can look down into the gloomy depths that must entomb them if a few feet of the overhanging rock on which they are (probably) securely resting, should be riven by any convulsion of nature, or, if their walls should crumble to

pieces, as has often happened to the Moorish dwellings of Algiers ; here too you will see women working and children carelessly playing about a yard that has hardly the semblance of a parapet, perhaps nothing between them and this most frightful of ravines.*

During my second day's stay at Constantine, I ascended the main street a short distance, then entered another to the left, at right angles with the former. This terminated on the edge of the cliff to the northwest, whence I looked out over the valley of the Rummel through which the silver stream winds away for many a mile among green slopes, and finally seems to lose itself under the hills overlooked by a blue range of the Atlas. This view was commanded by the Roman theatre or circus, whose ruins were recently discovered on the western declivity of the neck of land that joins Constantine to the continent; and you can fancy that when a glowing African sun, just rolling along the horizon, was throwing its last crimson rays around the majestic peaks of the Djudjura, and through its gorges to fire the lesser cliffs, the gentler hills and the rich autumnal fields of the Wady Kebir or the plain, the spectators of the scenic representation must have found a double charm in this wondrous exhibition.

Returning to the main street, I continued on to its extremity (leaving the Casbah on my left), then went to

* While I was at Constantine (though I did not see an account of the sad affair till after I had left) a French child fell from one of these cliffs and was of course dashed to pieces.

the right, and by an easy descent at first, then by a difficult one, to a level of one of the great natural bridges which span the ravine. Through this the light breaks beautifully and the birds swim there in glistening plumage; but, on the other hand, there is a dark, deep, black cavern, overhung by gigantic rocks with walls towering to the clouds. I carefully approached the opening and looked down into the darkness, but I saw nothing save the crows that went sailing past me into the gloomy vault: I heard, however, the sound of the rushing waters of the Rummel, which, mingling its muffled music with the shrill, angry screams of the hawks that hovered over my head or poised on the jutting ledges and crags above me, filled my mind with the murky images that border on the supernatural, or partake of the strange vagaries of dreams.

Crossing one of the natural bridges, shaded by a forest of the Barbary fig-tree, I climbed the opposing heights, then ascended the stream to a bridge of wood some distance from the town, called the *Pont Américain*. For five hours—till the approach of evening warned me homeward—I hung along the edges of this mysterious chasm. Sometimes I attempted to throw a stone across it—for it seemed an easy task—but I never succeeded in hitting the opposite rocks; sometimes I stoned the wild birds, sailing hundreds of feet beneath me, but in that I was no more successful than in my former undertaking; occasionally I crept on my hands and knees to the brink of a

projecting ledge, or stood and gazed at the habitations that seemed trembling on the very verge of destruction on the opposite shore.

When the Romans were in possession of Constantine, they united its opposing cliffs by numerous aqueducts or bridges the abutments of which can still be seen, but the only one that has remained spanning the stream is that called *Kantara*. This too was lately destroyed, save its lowest arch, which is of immense height and great solidity. On this the successors of the *peuple-roi* built three tiers of arches, but as they were not of sufficient solidity, some of them recently gave way and the remainder were thrown down by cannon balls. The French are now constructing an aqueduct in the place of the latter, and on the same solid Roman foundations. This will convey water to the town, where it is much needed.

The majestic and picturesque work is worthy the place it occupies. On its northern face, at the right of the Roman arch, are two sculptured elephants in the act of fighting; above them is a small figure, which I suppose to be of the emperor in whose reign the bridge was built; but its height did not permit of my ascertaining. When I had examined it below, I mounted to the place where the workmen are employed in raising the new arches, and there I was told of a sad accident that had occurred a day or two previously beneath their own eyes. The police having taken from an Arab some bad fish, threw them over the cliff into the Rummel; the

man, wishing to regain them, descended to the bed of the stream near the bridge, but could not ascend. Being discovered in his perilous position, a rope was lowered down from the place where we stood and the poor fellow was carefully drawn up; but when he was near the spot where he would have been safely landed—so near that a French laborer had already lain down on his breast to extend to him a helping hand—his grasp became too feeble, his fingers appeared to be palsied with affright, or with a revulsion of his energies when he felt he was about to be saved, he left the rope and fell a distance of two hundred and fifty feet. I need not say that he perished.

This circumstance reminds me of one which is said not to have been infrequent in Constantine during the domination of the Turks, and it is given as follows in the *Univers Pittoresque*: “At a certain angle of the Casbah there had been placed by the pacha, three massive Roman stones, which served as a *garde-fou* to those approaching the most precipitous part of the ravine, those vertical cliffs heretofore mentioned as being 1,000 feet in height, five or six times as high as the column of the Place Vendôme. They lay exactly on the edge of the abyss and it was impossible to thrust the head over them and look below without experiencing a most painful vertigo. Before Constantine was taken by the French, it happened from time to time that, at the break of day, two men were seen silently taking their way toward these *trois pierres*.

One carried a white sack from which there escaped plaintive sounds; the other a box formed of three boards and open at each end. Arrived before the three stones, one end of the box was placed on them, while the other received the sack; the two men then slowly raised the latter extremity. Soon the inclination of the box caused the sack to slide out, which, turning and turning in the void, fell on the pallid rocks of the Rummel. That done, the two men bearing the box retraced their steps. Some hours afterward, one could see descending from the *Porte Neuve* two or three persons, who pick their way carefully along to the bed of the river, direct their steps toward the sack, now become silent, open it and extract the mangled corpse of a woman, which they carry away to give it burial. The impression of terror produced by these executions survived the power that ordered them. It is but a few years since, that the women of Constantine who descended to the gardens of the Rummel,* could avoid casting a look of terror up toward the Casbah, to seek there for the *trois pierres*."

My third excursion led me out of the *Porte Valée* and down under the cliff of "three stones" which in some places, particularly near the first natural bridge from the *embouchure*, greatly overhangs its base. I strolled far up into the ravine by a path sometimes cut in the side of

* The gardens occur immediately after the Rummel breaks from the gorge and enters the plain. It is at that point that the rocks rise to the fearful height we have mentioned,

the rock, and sometimes built up with masonry-work from the bed below, and found nothing lacking of the grand and picturesque. The bridge just mentioned seemed swimming in the air, hundreds of feet over my head; while above that, the rocks still towered hundreds of feet. Swung midway from base to top, this vast natural arch spans the gorge and cannot be regarded but with awe amounting to reverence; it is a thing crowding upon the heart such emotions of wonder and admiration that the knees are ready to bend, and the voice to cry out, It is enough O God! I do and must worship thee and thy works. But it is not a mere sterile rock without life and habitations; myriads of wild birds build their nests in its crevices; the vast throng comes and goes, and the eye is wearied with its endless evolutions. The sportsman sometimes visits this spot I am told, and essays to reach the hawk, that dives down from the clouds and sweeps fearlessly under the imperial arch; but he finds that he has mistaken the height of the game he seeks, and that his shot have expended themselves harmlessly in the air; the report of the gun, the echo even, hardly ascends, it would seem, to the aerial nests; for the wild pigeon, the crow, the swallow, remain undisturbed in their secure retreats.

Here also is to be seen the work of man's hands, hardly less wonderful than that we have been contemplating. It consists of an immense gallery cut in the living rock, a distance perhaps of half a mile; this gallery, large enough for a stage-coach to drive through, has a walk on one

side, which you reach by occasional doors opening on the ravine, with an iron railing to keep visitors from falling into its dark and rapid current—for it conveys the waters of the Rummel, which it has taken from a higher source, to the mouth of the chasm, where they are employed in turning the wheels of a mill. I believe, also, that there is a secret passage to it from the Casbah.

I returned to town by the same path I had descended to the Rummel, and on my way stopped to see the family tomb of Præcilius which was accidentally discovered not long since by some laborers. It appears in the first place to have been a large vault, hewn in the face of the great rock on which Constantine stands, then to have had other lesser vaults built up around its interior walls. In one of these a large sarcophagus was found, bearing a long inscription to the above-named person. The floor of this chamber is handsomely inlaid with mosaic; it was also covered over with another mosaic floor, now destroyed; outside of this is a sort of antechamber which has also a mosaic pavement of considerable beauty.

Constantine is rich in Roman vestiges; in almost every corner of the town one finds the marks of the Roman chisel. In the walls of the Casbah there have been built numerous inscriptions: the great vaults under the *caserne*, which are used for storing grain, were ancient Roman cisterns. It is said that whenever it is necessary to make excavations here to the depth of 20 or 30 feet, one is almost sure to find monuments dating back to the time

of the Roman conquest; there are known also to exist under the town, immense galleries, which have not yet been explored, and it is also said that many of the houses stand above arches of masonry-work of great solidity; that there are in fact two Constantines or Cirtas* one above, the other underground.

There is one inscription here particularly interesting to the Christian world, as it bears the names of two martyrs who were put to death during the bloody persecution of the sect of Jesus, in the last years of the reign of Valerian. Mariani and Jacobi appear to have been the two persons who thus won a melancholy distinction, and whose memories were for a long time held in great veneration in Numidia. Their execution took place at a spot commanded by the opposing acclivities, where thousands of spectators could readily behold it; at a point between the two heights of Mansoura and Koudiat-Ati, near where the Rummel enters its sombre prison, or on the side of the isthmus opposite that on which the Roman theatre was situated. It is worthy of remark, that beneath the inscription, as given in the interesting publications of the *Société Archéologique* of Constantine, there is a double cross (↔), represented in a manner likely to mislead those not well acquainted with the symbol, and thus save it from destruction.

* Cirta, in the Numidian language, designated an isolated rock; it is synonymous with *kaf* or *kaf*, an Arabic word which has become the name of the ancient *Sicca Veneria* — *Annuaire de la Société Archéologique, année 1858, p. 102.*

Constantine is invested with a historical interest hardly surpassed by any place in Africa, after Carthage. It was by turns the capital of Syphax; of Masinissa, the finest cavalier of his time; of Micipsa, of Adherbal, of Juba II., who married a daughter of the famous Cleopatra; *chef-lieu* of the Roman province of Numidia, it was erected into a colony by Julius Cæsar, to recompense the body of partisans, with whom Publius Sittius Nucerinus had rendered him such important services during the African war, and it was thenceforth called Cirta Cittianorum till the time of Constantine, when it received its present name.* Masinissa, mentioned above, was probably the third king of Numidia, succeeding his father, Gula or Gala, who was the successor of Naravasse. At the beginning of the second Punic war, under the consulship of Fabius Maximus, both Carthaginians and Romans sought the alliance of the Numidians; Scipio finally succeeded in winning over Masinissa to the cause of Rome, and it may be said, that the fate of Carthage was then sealed. Masinissa was the affianced, as you are aware, of Sophonisba, whose fame, beauty, talents, have been the favorite theme of the dramatic writer, the poet, and the novelist; but it was the same lover who sent to her the poisoned cup, rather than see her fall into the hands of the Romans, and probably become the wife of either Lelius or Scipio. Titus Livius and Appian, give different accounts of this

* *Annuaire de la Soc. Archéologique, année 1853.*

celebrated beauty; it would seem, however, that though affianced as above stated to Masinissa, she was for political purposes made to wed Syphax, and it was when the latter was taken prisoner at Cirta (Constantine), that Masinissa again saw her, then in the fullness of her loveliness, and determined to make her his wife; it was then, also, that Scipio demanded of Syphax, what demon had induced him to renounce the Roman, and seek the Carthaginian alliance, and learned that it was the beauty of Sophonisba that had seduced him. "She loves her country ardently," said Syphax, "and is able to persuade those she wishes; it was she who allied me to Carthage, and precipitated me into this abyss of woe. Be on your guard, that she does not also seduce Masinissa." Lelius wished then to take her and put her with the other prisoners of war; but being entreated by Masinissa to leave her in her palace for awhile, he consented to do so, and abide the decision of Scipio. The latter claiming her as his prisoner, and indicating that she should grace his triumphal entry into Rome, caused her royal lover to send her the means of self-destruction, saying, "Take this, or become the slave of the Romans." Masinissa, broken-hearted, had only her lifeless corpse to offer to those who came to seize her. Royal funeral honors were paid to her remains.

LETTER XIX.

Preparations for the Capture of Constantine—Hardships encountered by the Army—Attack on Constantine—Retreat of the Troops—Changarnier and Clauzel—Second Attack and Capture of Constantine—The Officers killed—A Monument to the Brave—Palace of the late Bey—The Palace repeopled.

THE capture of Constantine cost, as you will readily imagine from the description I have already given of its peculiarly insulated position, the lives of many brave men.

At the same time that Marshal Bugeaud was combating the well organized forces of Abd-el-Kader,* in the province of Oran, fighting his way to Tlemcen, Marshal Clauzel, then governor of Algiers, was preparing an expedition against El-Hadj-Ahmed, the bey of Constantine. He had been to Paris for the purpose of obtaining reinforcements before undertaking the enterprise, and had threatened to resign his command if his wishes were not complied with; a change in the cabinet put an end to the expectations its former ministers had aroused, and General Damrémont was sent out to take his place, in case he put his threat into execution. "In the alternative of abandoning a scheme, so long since announced,

* Abd-el-Kader attacked him at Sikkak, on 6th July, 1836, and then retired to Nedroma, after a loss of 1,300 men.

or of executing it with insufficient means, the governor-general decided on the latter. He had, besides, been deceived in regard to the sentiments of the tribes, in respect to the new French bey, Jusouf, recently named over the province.* He, in fact, had reason to believe, that owing to the tyranny of the Turkish rulers, most of the natives would receive with joy the news of his approach, and that the gates, even of Constantine, would be opened to him without the necessity of firing a gun or striking a blow.

On the 8th of November, the expeditionary corps, consisting of 7,781 French, and 1,356 Turks, set out from Bona. It was accompanied by the Duke de Nemours, who had with him General Edward Colbert, Colonel Boyer, and Lieutenant-colonel Chabonne. The prince was not to have any command. "*C'était un témoignage de confiance, donné par le cabinet au gouverneur-général.*" On the 15th, the army pitched its tents among the Roman ruins of Guelma (*Kalama*), and on the 21st took up its position under the walls of Constantine; it followed the road which was the scene of Jugurtha's triumphs over the Roman proprætor Aulus, 110 B.C.; it experienced, like the latter, the rigors of a season *exceptionnelle*, and it experienced also defeat.

At this time the French knew little of the interior of the country. Its physical character, its climate, and its products, particularly of the Atlas, were things about which

* *Algérie*, par M. E. Carotte.

they had much to learn, and that too in a school of the rudest trials, of the sternest vicissitudes. They had felt the burning African sun in the Tell; they had seen thousands die of fevers at Bona and in the villages of Metidja, but they hardly dreamed of snow, of cold winter rains, whose effects were not to be less dreaded than those of the heat. They were prepared to carry any of the Kabyl strongholds, perched among almost inaccessible rocks, or to cut their way through the Arab hordes that might be encountered in the plains, but where there were no roads, or bridges, and these plains, their natural route, were covered with water, and the rivers were swollen above their banks; these were enemies they were not prepared for, and far more disheartening than the former.

The night previous to the arrival of the army before Constantine, Marshal Clauzel pitched his tents by the torrent Bou-Merzoug, where he and his troops may have borrowed some encouragement from a fine old Roman ruin, which looked down on the encampment; but snow, rain, hail, descended piteously upon them; the baggage trains sank in the mud, and it was with great difficulty they reached the bivouac; the cold became more and more intense, and no wood could be obtained, for, strange to say, hardly a tree can be seen along the whole route from Constantine to the desert.

On the 22d and 23d, the French having previously reached the heights of Condiat-Ati, the neck of land

heretofore described, fronted by a little hill dotted with Mussulman tombs, were employed in cannonading the place and repulsing the sorties of small bodies of Arabs. On the night of the 23d and 24th the French made two simultaneous attacks on the two gates of the city, one under the command of General Trezel, the other under Lieutenant-colonel Duvivier; but though the usual courage and daring for which French troops are distinguished, were displayed on this occasion, they were unsuccessful, and all hopes of accomplishing the object of the expedition seemed then at an end. On the 24th, General Clauzel ordered a retreat. Tents, baggage and everything that would impede their march, were destroyed: their provisions failed them, the weather continued tempestuous, and the distress of the column was so great that veterans of the Russian campaign of 1812 declared that its sufferings were surpassed.

Every one knows, too, with what savage joy the Arabs pursue a retreating army; how even those who skulked from an advancing foe, spring now from their hiding-places and descend with the swiftness of an eagle on what they consider almost sure prey; how they rush forward, fire, wheel and fly, and thus harass an enemy's rear without ever coming to a general engagement.

Under these difficulties the forces of General Clauzel pursued their way toward Guelma, displaying that calmness and bravery which could have alone saved them; it is also said that here Changarnier, by his coolness and

intrepidity, greatly distinguished himself; in fact, "made himself conspicuous for the first time." The *tirailleurs* kept in check the cavalry of Ahmed Bey; but when about half-way to the monument of Soumah, the latter, by the continual augmentation of their numbers, considered themselves strong enough to make a successful charge.

Changarnier now rallied his men, formed them into a square, and awaited the enemy at twenty-five paces. "They are 6,000 and we are 250" he said to his soldiers (the battalion of the 2d) "you see that there is nothing to fear!"* So warmly were the Arabs received, so steadily and well directed was the fire of the French, that the former fled within the space of two minutes, leaving however in the little square of the French commandant thirty-four killed or wounded. The loss of the Arabs must have been considerable; at any rate, they made no further demonstrations against the column, which reached Guelma on the 28th.

The failure of this expedition caused General Clauzel to be recalled, though it was rather to be attributed to the inclemency of the season than to the resistance he met with from the natives. General Damrémont was soon after named Governor-general of Algeria, and on the 7th July, 1837, he established a vast camp at *Medjez-el-Amar*, a little in advance of Guelma, as a basis of ulterior operations, a point of departure for further expedi-

* Baron Baudó.

tions in the south. Here he was suddenly attacked by 10,000 Arabs under the command of Ahmed-Bey, who expected to surprise him and thus obtain an easy victory; but, though the assault commenced at the break of day and in that wild and furious manner peculiar to barbarous nations in general, they were received with a well sustained fire which soon discomfited them. For several successive days these attacks were revived; the bey then retired to his stronghold on the rock of Constantine.

This demonstration on the part of Ahmed-Bey terminated all negotiations on the part of the French, and General Damrémont determined at once to carry the war into the enemy's camp. On the 1st of October the army set out from Medjez-el-Amar; it was about 13,000 strong and was accompanied by the Duke de Nemours, who had solicited the favor to come and partake as in the preceding year, the perils, fatigues and privations of the expedition. On the 6th they arrived before Constantine and took up the same position on the ridge of Condiat-Ati and heights of Mansoura, which had been occupied by the forces of General Clauzel. They had met with no opposition along the route, but when they appeared before the town they saw that immense *pavilions* had been erected on the ramparts to "mark the resolution of the inhabitants" (as one historian says) "to offer the most sanguinary resistance." On the 9th, three batteries had been planted on the plateau of Mansoura,

and opened their fire; on the 10th another *batterie de brèche* was established 300 yards from the river gate (*Bab-el-Oued*), and another still nearer, which was finished on the same night. Before opening the latter two, General Damrémont wished to examine them, and for this purpose went with the Duke de Nemours at 8 o'clock in the morning to the depot *de tranchée*, where, being struck by a ball, he fell and expired without uttering a word.

General Valée being the oldest in grade, was naturally called to take the place of the late distinguished commander-in-chief and direct the operations of the siege. The death of Damrémont aroused the ire of the army, by whom he was much beloved, and if more zeal or enthusiasm was required to insure the success of the undertaking, this sad event had sufficiently elicited it. During the 12th a tremendous cannonade was kept up and a breach effected; in the evening Ahmed-Bey sent to demand a cessation of hostilities, but the only reply he received was the word *surrender*, which was accompanied by a shower of shot. On the 13th, at 7 A.M. the first column of attack, under the orders of Lieutenant-colonel de Lamoricière, threw itself forward into the breach and soon attained its summit, but from thence into the town every step was desperately defended and as desperately won; the combat was hand to hand and the strife deadly; the explosion of a mine put the commandant of the French *hors de combat*. The second column of assault,

directed by Colonel Combes, soon came to the assistance of the first; the contest was if possible more fierce and bloody; but the indomitable courage of the assailants swept everything before it, and it was not long before the tricolor flag was seen waving over the dizzy battlements of the old Roman Cirta.

"This victory," says M. E. Carotte,* "was dearly bought. General Damrémont, General Perrégaux, the brave Colonel Combes, commandants Vieux and Sérigny and a crowd of other valiant officers found their death on this field of battle."

I visited the spot where General Damrémont fell, and found that a granite pyramid, about twenty feet in height, had been erected there to his memory. It has an inscription which states the time and cause of his death. In a square, within what are called the walls of the Casbah, is another monument of an elegant and classic design, standing over the remains of the officers and soldiers who also perished at the taking of Constantine. It is an offering made by the army to these their former brave companions in arms.

The reflections which these mementoes of the horrors of war naturally awaken, must ever be of a saddening and painful nature; yet, it is gratifying to see that those who offered up their lives at their country's bidding have not been by their country forgotten. A little incident

* Most of these details are borrowed from M. E. Carotte's *Algérie in the Uniform Pittoresque*.

also showed me that the last resting-place of those officers and soldiers above referred to, is held very sacred by those who survive. Wishing to read the inscription on the column, I approached perhaps nearer than was necessary, and in so doing stepped on the broad platform outside of the railing which incloses the monument; a soldier, who was pacing in front of it, motioned me off, saying it was not permitted to put one's feet there. His tone was that of one speaking the sentiments of his heart, rather than obeying the orders he had received from a superior. I was, consequently, mortified at my own rudeness—what perhaps appeared to him a want of proper delicacy of feeling—and I humbly apologized for the act.

It so happened that I went directly from these scenes to the palace occupied by Ahmed-Bey and his harem, when Mohammedan rule gave way to the Christian. A *Zouave* guard admitted me to the interior, which for grandeur, variety, and I can almost say beauty, surpassed anything of the kind I had seen in Algeria. It is composed of several large gardens, filled with luxuriant tropical plants whose leaves were sparkling with the spray of delicious fountains; around these are vast marble colonnades, from which you enter into halls and saloons decorated in the Arabesque style. Between the gardens is a long open chamber gleaming with a forest of columns, each row differing from the others in the size of its shafts, their shape and the form of their capitals; passing through this and turning to the left, you perceive a

gallery running round a hypethral court and that its white pillars reflect the dazzling light they receive directly from the heavens above, toward which, from beds of flowers before you, go up a continual fragrance and a gush of sweet waters. No windows look out from hence on the narrow dirty streets; no dust, no noise from the outer world assails this seeming paradise; nor from without, can one get in gazing at its plain and uninviting walls, the slightest idea of what they encircle. Here is symbolized to some extent the social condition of things under Islamism, and those who dislike what they call "the out-door life of the French" might here have been gratified, perhaps, with a picture wholly the reverse—with the hostile isolation to which the followers of the Prophet of Medina are accustomed—the strict exclusion of everything but domestic comforts—making home replete with charms that satisfy every sense, while all that pertains to the world in common was left to defilement, "to the Christian and the dog."

I lingered for some time in this curious place; the sun which had glanced along the sculptured capitals and flitted over the marble pavement of the palace had departed and left it buried in shadows ere I had satisfied my curiosity; then, very naturally, I began to repeople it; I called to its garden walks, to its galleries, to a seat under the fig-tree by the gurgling fountain, to its gilded and sculptured halls, the dark dreamy-eyed Mooress whose arms and throat rival in whiteness the wax-flowers in her

hair, whose costume is more brilliant than the blossom of the pomegranate, and whose movements are more graceful than the lily stalks bending to the crystal stream that reflects her beautiful form ; many pretty children are also here, and one purer than snow is asleep on the dusky bosom of an Ethiopian. Leaning on gold embroidered cushions strewn over a costly carpet, there is also a favorite—a newly purchased jewel, who languidly lifts her taper henna-dyed fingers from a mandolin and flings its music, with that of the tinkling waters, over the evening hour. My fancy was finishing the picture when I saw a tall Arab in white bornous moving majestically among the columns, then disappearing at a door of the harem : this would have made the illusion complete, but he was followed by a French soldier and soon by a gentleman in Frank costume, bearing on his arm a lady in fabulous crinoline. I invoked the shades of Ahmed-Bey and his beautiful houris, and went out of the gate.

LETTER XX.

Depart for Batna—Analogy between Roman and French Conquests and Possessions—Scenery and Incidents—French Settlements—French Colonists—Arabic Names—An Arab Council—Salt Lakes—Caravansary—Sisters of Charity and the Natives—Mistress of the Caravansary—Tomb of Syphax—Roman Ruins—Laborers.

THE weather was day by day growing warmer, and I had yet much to see in Africa, so I hastened away from the town of Constantine and proceeded toward the desert. Before mounting to the *impériale*, in the morning in question, it was natural that I should take a glance at my *compagnons de voyage*, whom I noted down as follows: A French captain of Spahis, four Sisters of Charity, an Arab *sheik*, two Moors and an American—your humble servant. You perceive at once that it would hardly be possible to throw together a company with more diverse tastes, interests and occupations than this before you; and if there was any one who seemed to notice the peculiarity of the assembly it was the *sheik*; who, though calm, proud, self-relying in his aspect, evidently regarded with distrust, with many misgivings, this influx of strange peoples into the heart of his country.

Though it was an early hour at which we set off, and our heavy vehicle went rumbling through the Place de la

Brèche and out of the Porte Valée, the Arabs had already collected about them in picturesque groups or were squatted singly here and there beside small piles of wool or fruit or other articles of merchandise they had brought in from the neighboring *douars*.

Leaving the pyramidal monument of General Damrémont on our right we descended a fine road bordered by trees to the banks of the Rummel just above its entrance into that dark gloomy gorge I have heretofore described. We thence crossed what is called *le Pont Américain*, an American bridge, made of wood, and in a few moments reached the junction of the Rummel and the Bou-Merzoug near which one descries the majestic ruins of a Roman aqueduct that once bore a crystal stream within the walls of Constantine, or to the cisterns, also in ruins, on the heights of Condiat-Ati. Five arches of it yet remain, and the altitude of the loftiest is said to be not less than 60 feet. It is made of hewn stone and extended, either by super or subterraneous structures, to the sources of the Bou-Merzoug nine or ten leagues distant.

One cannot look on these memorials of the Romans in the heart of Africa without contemplating the vicissitudes of their fortune—more particularly when one sees the striking analogy there is between their conquests and those of the French; that the battle-fields of the former have been those of the latter; that the same advance posts established by the “mistress of the world,” have been found to be at points the most advantageous to

those who would achieve a like success; and that the situations selected by her for her colonies are those which offer the greatest advantages to the husbandman.

Constantine, as I have already observed, was held by the Romans; and the number and magnitude of the monuments they left behind, attest its importance. Djemily, Setif, Lambesa and many others of the kind, were places in this province selected for the agriculturist;—regions blessed with a wholesome atmosphere and a perpetual verdure, for streams of the purest water descend from the neighboring hills to irrigate the rich undulating plains that lie spread out around them. Of military exploits, I will mention here only one, where the analogy above referred to has been observed by Baron Baude and quoted by Morell.—When the French army, after its first unsuccessful expedition against Constantine, was retreating to Guelma, it drew up on the hillsides overlooking the plain of Sidi-Tamtam, “and beheld the same spectacle that Cæsar recorded 1881 years before, when 30 Gaulish horsemen, on his retreat to Ruspina, drove back into the walls of Adrumetum 2,000 Moors who pursued them.* We were on the slopes, says the baron, as on the steps of a theatre; the 3d chasseurs d’Afrique alone remained in the plain, drawn up in line perpendicularly to the river and sepa-

* “Accidit res incrediblis, ut equites minus xxx Galli Maurorum equitum due millia loco pellerent, urgentque in oppidum.”—*De Bello Afr.*, c. 6.

rated from the Arabs of Ahmed by the bivouac we had just left. Suddenly a savage cry arose, and the Arabs rushed like famished jackals on the abandoned camp. Like sheep before the dogs, the Arabs ran away amidst the laughter of the spectators, scattered by the charge of Captain Morris."

As we proceeded on our way I could not but remark the peculiar and impressive silence that pervaded the valley. "What added to this silence and loneliness" as one of our favorite authors has observed respecting Spain, "was the absence of all singing birds, a natural consequence of the want of groves and hedges." I thought of, and longed to hear the sweet toned bells of Italy; and to none of us, I think, would the sound have been more grateful than to the Sisters of Charity who accompanied us, one of whom had been a superior in a convent at Naples. In place of what I desired, there were lingering in my ears the long drawn sonorous notes of the *muezzin* who had awakened me at *el fedjer* with a summons to prayers, which at that early hour went ringing, it seemed more dolefully than usual, over the slumbering town: *Alla ila Alla Mohammed resoul Alla!* It is true that this was in harmony with the scenery, and a matin bell might have appeared intrusive; for the grey walls and minarets of the ancient Cirta still lay in view, now touched with a gleam of the rising sun, while a party of Arab horsemen were slowly defiling through the arches of the old Roman aqueduct, and plunging into the

shallow waters of the Bou-Merzong whose dark opposing shore afforded a fine relief to the white drapery of these hardy cavaliers.

I met with no adventure on the road worth recording unless it be the partial drenching I got just before arriving at Batna. The aerial seat I had selected—a place almost entirely free from the dust which was constantly enveloping every other part of the vehicle, and commanding always an admirable view of the country we were traversing—was entirely exposed to the sun and rain as well as to the air; and when toward the close of the day the heavens became suddenly darkened, I thought a change of position might be advisable; but before I had time to act on the suggestions of prudence, the storm burst over our heads, and in a moment seemed to have deluged the whole earth. The wheels now sunk deep into the mud of the plains, and when we came to the valleys or ravines that lay in our route, we found them almost impassable from the torrents that swelled and thundered through their beds. It was pitiful and wearisome, to see our poor beasts in their efforts to extricate us from our difficulties. We proceeded without any serious accident and reached town late at night, instead of early in the evening as we had been promised in setting out. The diligence that followed us was less fortunate than ours: it was upset and smashed to pieces and the *conducteur* nearly killed, though the driver and passengers escaped with but slight bruises.

We left the valley of the Rummel soon after leaving Constantine, and entered on a succession of beautiful plains rich in pasture, containing countless flocks and herds, and Arab tents which increased in number as we advanced southward. At first we saw a few French farm-houses that had an air of comfort and security, but subsequently we passed through several villages surrounded by low walls pierced on every side with loop-holes for musketry, which indicated what at least had been the insecurity in former times of these advanced settlements. The traveller, however, accustomed to the formidable fortifications of European towns, is apt at first to smile at the slender defences with which these hamlets are protected; but when he remembers that the Arabs have neither artillery nor infantry—that they depend solely on cavalry, which, when it has approached a place and opened fire upon it, retreats as if the very walls receiving its leaden missiles were awakened by them into life and were in full pursuit, he no longer doubts their efficiency.

Some of these villages are very pleasantly situated; their sites have evidently been selected with a view to genial and salubrious temperature; and if the colonists inhabiting them were of the right stamp, the country around would soon have the appearance of one vast beautiful garden. But such is seldom its condition; and I doubt not that the native often asks himself, in what consists the boasted civilization of these foreigners. Indeed many of these settlements, I have been told by the

inhabitants themselves, would not exist a year were it not for the aid, direct or indirect, they receive from government. To this fact, however, there are creditable exceptions which I shall have occasion to mention hereafter.* It is very true that a person merely riding through these places, or only stopping long enough in them to dine or refresh his horses, cannot be supposed to have a very good knowledge of their condition or that of their inhabitants; still he will receive certain impressions, and if he is from the United States will be apt to make comparisons between the flourishing condition of the colonies there and what he sees here. In the former there are unmistakable signs of thrift and every man looks and acts as though he had something to do—a sort of destiny, if I may use the antithesis, to carve out for himself. If there are not exactly so many trees set out along the streets; if the houses are not just so many feet apart, or of an equal height; if there is no theatre or fountain in the public square, there are more patent proofs of individual wealth; there is the tired ox, the glistening plough, the new cart, the freshly painted fence, the large barn, the well-conditioned cow, while here along the principal street, which usually leads from one gate to another, are numberless *petits* “*Magasins du Vin,*” “*des Comestibles,*” de “*Loge au pied et cheval,*” and about them either soldiers or other idlers, who are not likely to add much to the wealth of the State. The rest

* The Trappists for instance.

of the inhabitants appear to be waiting for some great event to take place to make them suddenly rich. They want a good road on which they can convey to market the products of the soil—they wait for government to make one. They can do great things, they fancy, when they have a railroad—the government have *talked* about it, so they wait for the railroad. They need water to irrigate their grounds—they wait for government to send Mr. Gauthrot to find out where water can be had on the spot, instead of learning of the Arabs how to bring it in canals. In fact there is but one opinion, that the colonists *sent* out are not of the right kind. Those who come on their own account are very few.

There is no great variety in the natural scenery of the country we were passing through during the morning. Plain succeeds to plain, hemmed in, in some instances, by bare limestone cliffs that lift their jagged crests high into the air. These seem to shut out the noise of the world and to throw a solemn stillness over all they embrace. There is always something, however, to interest the stranger. At one moment he sees an Arab sweeping along the plain and suddenly halting before some low black object, which is probably his home; for immediately, several women appear to take charge of the animal he has ridden, remove his saddle and bridle and place them under cover, while the haughty lord, without deigning to salute his wives, passes within the shadow of his tent, or squats down before it to resume his dreamy look

and solemn silence. At another time his attention is drawn to a train of camels moving slowly along the verge of the savanna, or browsing on the dry and scanty herbage of a hillside near some *douar*. The shepherds with their fierce white shaggy dogs, vast flocks and herds, and countless tents, the manners and the costume of the people whom he encounters in his way, also form an interesting subject of thought and conversation, and the hours, fatigue, heat, rain, hardly obtain the honor of being noted in the tourist's journal.

The Arabic lessons which I took in Algiers have already been of service to me, for with my Arab dictionary in my hand I often ascertained the meaning of the names of places we were passing, which added greatly to their interest. These names the French have had the good taste in many instances not to change, for like those given by our Indians to lakes, waterfalls, etc., they are almost invariably significative, referring either to their appearance, their character, or to some event that has taken place near them. When on one of the plains I saw to the southward a mountain ridge surmounted at one point by a curious mass of rock that projected out over its base, reminding me of the head of some vast bird. I asked its name, and learned that it was called by the Arabs *Gebel Nefanesr*, the eagle's beak. Near this is an isolated hill, called *Gebel Halouf*, or mountain of the hog, because it has a shape resembling that animal, and a line of low shrubbery along its summit like bristles.

Some however say that its name is derived from the fact that the natives slew here a wild boar, the first they had ever seen of these abhorred creatures (though they are numerous in some of the more westerly districts), and which they believe were introduced into the country by the Spaniard on purpose to annoy them. We also passed *Ain-hallou*, a fountain of sweet water, and *Ain-ya-coute* the transparent fountain, where we refreshed ourselves by hearty draughts of its sparkling *miaa*.

On the great plain of Zemoul I counted a hundred tents; and there were probably hundreds of others in the far distance. Here too, in a wide, open, level space, where the sward was beautifully green, sat in council a dozen Arab chiefs. Their twelve superb horses, richly caparisoned, grazed in freedom around them. The sheiks thus collected form what is called a *djemaa*. They consult together concerning the general interests of the *farka*, or community of *douars* or villages—if a small collection of huts or tents is worthy of this title—and you can imagine that their decisions would be of the soundest character, such as would elicit the respect of their various tribes, and would bear the test of severest scrutiny. For here, in the great temple not made with hands, with the vast, pure, blue vault of heaven above them, to which all their actions would be exposed and up to which their very thoughts would seem to rise undisguised; here, in the stillness and solitude of this vast savanna, from no quarter of which could there reach them a single sound to disturb

their deliberations; here, where there were no listeners but the God of nature, where there were no popular sentiments to be appealed to, no populace to be aroused, there could be no motives influencing their determinations but such as were high and honorable.

You may possibly fancy that this party would have reminded you of a council of Indian chiefs gathered round a council fire on one of our great prairies; but such was not the effect. Dressed wholly in white, the head of each bound round with a camel's-hair cord—a sign of nobility, as the red fringe was of royalty among the Incas—you would rather have thought of an assembly in which Abraham might be sitting, and you would have approached it with the same deference you would a convention of Biblical patriarchs.

When 63 kilometres from Constantine I descried a lake, girt by barren hills and glowing like burnished silver under the brilliancy of a mid-day sun. Determined not to be deceived, I at once made up my mind that it was a mirage, that it would recede as we approached, and finally disappear altogether. I was congratulating myself also on having seen this singular phenomenon, this optical illusion arising "from an unequal refraction in the lower strata of the atmosphere," when our driver drew up before a low modern building, over the door of which I read "Hôtel des deux Lacs Salés." The proprietor was evidently an adventurous spirit, but he had not frightened away the Arabs, for their *gourbas* were

still in his neighborhood, whither a stray hen and other articles often mysteriously found their way.

I was then after all deceived and disappointed ; yet, a *salt* lake thus far in the interior of the country, was a phenomenon not unworthy of note. It occurred to me also that like the Dead Sea it possibly yielded bitumen ; for Pliny speaks of bitumen from Numidia used at Carthage. As we approached it, we descried on its surface a considerable number of flamingos (*phœnicopterus*) and ducks,* which at once took to flight, directing their course to the eastward, whither, a short distance off, there is another lake, making the two referred to by the hotel sign. The latter, much larger than the other, could not be seen from our position owing to some intervening highlands ; the smaller appeared to be four or five miles in circumference. †

Our route now for some distance was dreary in its aspect ; it lay along a heavy sandy road on the margin of the *Lac Salé*, quite impassable during the wettest season. Beyond the lake was a vast number of camels, feeding, many of them very young ; there was no grass, however, in this marsh or meadow, but tufts of weeds or shrubs impregnated with salt, on which they thrive exceedingly well. They were attended by several Arabs,

* M. Borrer speaks of having seen in a marsh a little further north, Egyptian geese whose representations are found sculptured on the banks of the Nile, also swans, spoonbills, etc.

† I had no means of ascertaining its size.

but no tents were to be seen within the sterile unfruitful borderings that bounded our view.

At 4 P.M. we reached the caravansary of *Ain-ya-coute* and were welcomed by an Arab chief wearing the decoration of the Legion d'Honneur. The Sisters of Charity here dismounted and went down to the fountain at the foot of the declivity on which the caravansary is pleasantly situated, but when the Arab women, who were there washing clothes, saw them approach they appeared frightened and disposed to run away, for they probably never before beheld human beings in the curious and sombre costume in which these kind Christian messengers were habited. As however the elder of the natives remained immovable, the younger ones gained courage, and so much so that when they were quite sure these people in black were females and beautifully white withal, they crowded round them to take hold of their garments, examine their collars, and even their stockings. They themselves, in the simplicity of their own toilet, with their legs and arms bare, wearing no garment that could boast of a seam, wondered doubtless how people could be so foolish as to put so much work on things, that after all could be but indifferently pretty, if not absolutely ugly. When the *sisters* had returned to the esplanade in front of the house, one of them offered a piece of bread to a rather poor looking young Bedouin who was standing near her. As it was the season of the great fête Ramadan, a Mohammedan would not dare touch food,

much less eat it, so the young man was for an instant considerably perplexed as to what he should do. His embarrassment however was of short duration, for wrapping his hand as if by accident, in the folds of his bornous he extended it and took the bread. His politeness had triumphed, not exactly over his religious scruples, for he had not touched the food, but in finding the means of not offending or wounding the generous feelings of the female who, he knew, was desirous of doing him a kindness. He then turned away, holding the morsel at almost arm's length, and hastening to the *caravansary* doubtless deposited it there, to be eaten at a later hour when twilight would be fading into *el lil*.

There were no travellers at the *caravansary*; the stables at the end were empty, and the apartments unoccupied, except by a Frenchman—who had fitted up a place in the farthest part of the open court, for the sale of wine and absinthe—and the wife of the sheik, who had a room at the right of the entrance, where, as the door was partly open, I had a glimpse of her youthful person. It was too dark there, however, to distinguish her features; but she appeared to be dressed in some tasteful garments, that partook rather of the Moorish than Bedouin character. I would have given a considerable sum if I could have daguerretyped her thoughts and impressions, as, gazing through a chink in the solitary window of her cheerless abode, she saw the passengers take their several places in the *diligence*, and heard the crack of

the whip, and the shout of the driver, as we rolled away toward the table-lands of the Atlas.

Toward evening, after having traversed another plain, on which there were innumerable camels, we approached a spur of mountains that run here to the northward from the Aouress range. Dark, tempestuous clouds had gathered along its crest, veiling the mass below in shadows, while a thin mist, like a veiled spirit, crept down the steep declivities, and along the margins of the valleys; but at one point, there was a depression in the range, through which streamed the soft light of some far-off, clear sky, revealing, in sharp outlines on the summit of a cone-shaped hill, a pyramidal monument, called the tomb of Syphax.

By whom, or for what purpose this curious and imposing structure was reared, is not known. It is held in much reverence by the Arabs, and is thought by them to entomb great riches, which are guarded by genii. This superstitious feeling was doubtless heightened by the acts of a certain avaricious bey of Constantine, who wishing to become master of the treasure, battered it ineffectually with great guns. I regretted exceedingly that I could not go at once to this interesting ruin, but I had to content myself with reading "that it is of the same form as the *Kouba-Romeah*, near Blida, and may not, improbably, be of the same period, or of the date of the Numidian kings;" but it is not at all probable that it is the tomb of Syphax, for this distinguished chieftain

and *roi*, having been defeated and taken prisoner by Masinissa, was delivered up to Scipio and sent to Rome, where he died just previously to the moment when he was to grace the triumph of the victor (203 B.C.)

Symbolizing the obscurity in which the history of Medrashem, or the pyramid, is involved, heavy mist soon enveloped it, and sweeping away the golden glow that had been like a diadem on its grey and weather-beaten brow, shut it from our view; at this hour also, the flocks of sheep, the camels, the goats, the horses, were to be seen far and near, moving toward the douars, where, gathered within the circle of tents, they were to pass the night, and where no wild animal would dare to assail them, unless it might be the king of beasts, which is often met with in these regions. A peculiarly peaceful stillness, in fact, prevailed the plain, a stillness presaging the storm, that I have already said, burst upon us, previously to our arrival at Batna.

I should not forget to mention, that at various places along the route, Roman ruins were conspicuous. They generally consist of large, well-hewn stones, standing upright in the ground, and usually occupy positions commanding the valleys that must necessarily be traversed by persons going from the north to the south of the province, or *vice versa*. I also noticed, during the first part of the journey, that the road was kept in repair by negroes, who were breaking up stones for the purpose.

They were Biskris, I was told, and were employed by the government in preference to Arabs, who are essentially a lazy people. These blacks were always busy, at least when we saw them ; they live hardily and frugally, and all, or nearly all the money they obtain by their labor, they finally take to their own country. The costume of one of them consisted of a spotted calico turban, jantly put on, and a pair of red trowsers that had once belonged to a French soldier ; in fact the wardrobe of each showed a commendable economy. Several of them reminded me of an African prince, who once made a visit of ceremony, on board a ship, with nothing on but a cocked-hat and a coat with epaulets.

LETTER XXI.

Arriving at Batna—My first Day at Batna—Arab Unsociability—Arab Parsimony—
Settlement of Batna—Lambessa—The Prætorium—A Temple, probably of Fame
—Temple of Esculapius and other Roman Remains—An Oriental Scene—A
tame Lioness—Girard saved by a Lion.

“ONLY just across the way, Monsieur—only a step to the *Hôtel d'Europe*,” said the garçon, as I descended, wet and chilled through by the damp night air, at the *bureau* of the diligence. His voice sounded cheerfully, and I fancied myself transported at once to a cheerful fire before which I was drying myself, and beside a table, on which were smoking hot toast and coffee; so I gave my *alfohas*, or saddle-bags to him, and we started for “just across the way, Monsieur.” We walked a considerable distance, and passed through a gate in a high wall, which led me to suppose I had alighted outside of the town; then traversed several muddy, obscure streets, and finally came to a two-story house, on the corner of which I read on the glass of a lantern dimly lighted, *Hôtel d'Europe*. At this moment, a huge dog with a pack of little ones rushed upon me from the open door, but the voice of the garçon changed the aspect of things, and I was soon in the presence of a vulgar-looking dame, who with many smiles endeavored to make up for

the cheerlessness of the establishment. It was too late to think of eating, for the cook was asleep, so I was shown into a large barren chamber, encumbered with neither tables nor chairs, and left there with a smoky lamp that might have figured at some sepulchral scene in Herculaneum, and to my own reflections. The bed was pretty good; in fact, the fat dame, to give me the assurance that it was a superior one, told me with a friendly air that it was hers, but she had given it up for the purpose of making me *very* comfortable.

On the following morning, though some straggling clouds hung over the adjacent hills that bounded the view westward, they were the only signs of the storm of the preceding evening. The sun lay brightly on the verdant slopes of the valley; flocks and herds were going abroad to graze in the plains; the Arab struck his tent, which he had hastily pitched the day previous, and moved toward the north, while a few of the inhabitants who had leisure, strolled to the garden (*pépinière*), that runs along the southern wall of the town—a pleasant retreat, but lacking the gaiety of groves that are the home of birds. I went out myself, and in less than two hours had traversed all the streets and squares, seen the church, hospital, barracks, magazines and cafés, and was ready for a trip to some other place.

Batna has the air of a town just struggling into being. Many buildings well begun, one would fancy had had a stroke of palsy (probably arising from want of funds),

when attempting to get above the first story. The church or cathedral, is a handsome stone structure, and will be imposing, when finished. The hospital and barracks are large and commodious. The *cafés* appeared to be the only places doing good business; yet, from its situation—from its being on one of the great routes from the Sahara to the sea—Batna must be more or less a depot for the merchandise, destined to find its way from one to the other.

It is however an unfavorable feature in the social condition of all these settlements, that the Arabs live, and have their shops and *cafés* apart from those of the French. They maintain a hostile isolation, and will not, like the Jews, Copts, Armenians, and many other nations, mingle in a friendly and confidential manner with their conquerors. The few who are here, display this sentiment of aversion to the French, and dwell and do business in a portion of the village, quite distinct from the rest. The causes of this are various and, perhaps, insurmountable. Their religion, and the antipathy to the Christian implanted in them with their first childish lessons, naturally suggest themselves; but there are others of a less serious nature, which, nevertheless, have immense influence over them; the most conspicuous of these is their parsimoniousness. The Arab puts a few dates in a sack, or in the cap of his bornous, and starts off for a town several days distant. When he arrives, if there is no caravansary, he lies down to sleep under an

arcade, as he has on his way, wrapped in his garments. He does not require a chamber, nor a bed, nor a washstand; he drinks and washes his hands and feet at the public fountain, or in the river, where his camel also slakes her thirst. If he takes coffee, it is in a little Moorish *café*, where, for a single sou, he obtains a cup that he knows is pure and strong. With the expense of that single sou he, perhaps, makes the whole journey, disposes of his merchandise, and returns home to bury in the sand, the *entire* proceeds of the sale. If, on the other hand, he had required the comforts and luxuries we find indispensable, had had his hot breakfast and dinner daily at an inn, slept on a good mattress, combed his hair before a mirror, had his boots blacked by the *garçon*, and taken perhaps a poor cup of coffee, with a bad *petite verre d'eau de vie*, at a French *café*, he probably would have expended a *napoléon*, instead of the four hundredth part of one as in the first instance. If he does ever lay out his money lavishly (by comparison) it is for silver ornaments, bracelets, brooches, anklets and earrings for the favorite in his tent.

As I may have before remarked, it is a great misfortune for the French government—a misfortune it will more seriously feel as the evil increases, one that I think is already more or less embarrassing—that this habit among the Arabs, of burying all the silver money (they do not like gold so well, or perhaps do not so fully understand its value) that comes into their possession, can-

not be overcome, and such friendly relations established between the victors and the vanquished, as may lead the latter into a liberal outlay of their gains. It is, however, thought by many, that the Arab firmly believes, that the Christian domination is to be of short duration; the shorter, the more he, the faithful follower of Mahomet, can rob and pillage the invader, and make his stay in the country *unprofitable*. If this be true, then the finest schemes of the savants of the Bureau-Arabe will be shipwrecked ere they reach a profitable issue. But to return to Batna.

This town had its origin, I believe, in an encampment formed here in February, 1844, by an expeditionary column, sent by the Duke d'Aumale, then governor of the province of Constantine, against the Arab *khelifa*, who, in the name of Abd-el-Kader, held Biskra with 2,000 infantry, and kept the neighboring country in a hostile attitude to the French. At first, the encampment was at the foot of the Gebel Soulthan, a lofty mountain, of a sugar-loaf form, seen hence to the westward clothed with majestic cedars; but it was so near the home and strongholds of the Kabyls, who descended upon it with desperate fierceness, that it was thought advisable to move it farther into the plain.

In 1847, Batna contained 268 European inhabitants; two years latter, 340; it now has, I am credibly informed, 2,500. Its site is 3,608 feet above the level of the sea.

I remained eight days at Batna, waiting a favorable opportunity to proceed to the Desert; and I should have considered the time as thrown away, if I had not been able frequently to visit Lambesa, where, indeed, I would have taken up my quarters during my stay in that region, if I had found even a *guingette* with an unoccupied apartment.

Lambesa is about two leagues from Batna, and for the extent and beauty of its ruins surpasses any other place I have seen in northern Africa.* Situated along the slopes and about the base of some hills that lie around Mount Aouress, the loftiest of the Atlas range, its inhabitants must have enjoyed, for a greater portion of the year at least, a temperature both genial and healthful, while the abundant streams that gushed (and still gush) from the rocks above, gave perpetual fertility, freshness and bloom to the meadow below—a gorgeous carpet variegated by the seasons and dotted here and there with magnificent temples, theatres and mausoleums—a continual feast for the eyes of the amiable Lambesians.

Lambesa, according to Ptolemy, whose statements are confirmed by numerous inscriptions found here, was a colony of the third Augustus. It was one of the most advanced posts, and a very important position in a chain of routes and defences established by the Romans in Numidia; was joined by paved ways, which can still be

* It is said that Tebessa, on the frontiers of Tunis, has a greater number of ruins.

traced, with Theves, Theveste, Sitifi and Saldæ: the one leading to the latter passed by Diana now called Zanah. But with all its greatness and beauty, the annals of the African Church attest that it was stained with the blood of many martyrs. During the persecutions under Severus, Valerian and others, this thriving place was the theatre of a multitude of tragic scenes that had their origin in the councils of a bigoted priesthood, who, as one of our admired historians has said when writing of Aztec civilization, "invoked the holy name of religion in the perpetration of human butchery."*

One of the most perfect and imposing monuments, the remains of Roman taste and genius in this country, is the Pretorium of Lambesa. It is a rectangular building, ornamented with Corinthian pilasters and columns. Its walls, which are of great height, are in nearly their original condition. The sides, thirty-eight paces in length, have each four portals,† differing very considerably in size; the second from the western end being of such colossal dimensions as to have suggested the rather absurd idea that the building was an *écurie d'éléphants*. The façade, facing the west, has only a single, but grand portal, on each side of which were three beautiful Corinthian columns. Two of these still remain on one side and one on the other. The eastern end has three portals.

* Prescott.

† The *Univers Pittoresque* says, "each side is pierced with three portals; that in the middle is of colossal dimensions."

On one side, but some yards' in advance of the central and largest entrance, stands a massive, lofty shaft, with a Corinthian capital, that once perhaps supported a statue. There was, doubtless, opposite to and corresponding with this, another of equal dimensions; but there are no signs of it left on the surface of the ground.

It does not appear to me probable that this was the *pretorium*, or a triumphal arch, as some persons have suggested, but rather a library or museum, or a temple of Fame or of Victory, having in its centre a colossal figure like the Minerva in the Parthenon of Athens. Indeed, when looking at it, I could easily fancy an armed host, with banners aloft, with elephants, camels, horses, defiling before a majestic statue of Mars and through the imperial portals of this magnificent structure, while from the city above, from the house tops, from the hill-sides, went up the shouts of the multitude as the pomp of a Roman triumph and the pageantry of the procession were unfolded to their admiring gaze.

The remains, however, of the building which exhibits the most originality and taste in design and awakens the most regretful emotions in the mind of the beholder as he treads the *débris* of its beautiful marble columns, appertain, it is said, to a temple dedicated to Esculapius and to Health. The portion of the door still standing, the steps leading up to it, the delicately fluted shafts that glisten around you like snow, the variegated and highly polished stone that encircles the sanctum of the deity

it enshrined, all attest with what a gracious care and what a lavish hand the whole was carried on to completion; in what regard in fact the deity was held, with what a generous fervor its favor was courted.

But that which was shown me by my guide as the Temple of Esculapius, I have reason to believe was dedicated to Sylvan, the fabled deity of the wood; for this name is found sculptured in various places about it, on stones that probably occupied a place over the great portico, etc. I found also several altars bearing the simple yet expressive inscription, SILVANO (*to Sylvanus*). It is very likely that my soldier cicerone was mistaken, for we were surrounded by the confused remains of other temples not less admirable for size and solidity, if not for richness and elaborateness of sculpture.

On every hand too, scattered over acres of ground, there is a mixture of mutilated inscriptions, many of which have been deciphered by an able and industrious French archæologist and recently published. Of other monuments here, particularly worthy of note, I have yet to mention a beautiful gate (of Septimus Severus) of three porches; the arches of an aqueduct, and a circus; the latter, in the plain, having its walls in near as perfect a state as when its seats were occupied by a Roman audience.

Lambesa has been made a sort of retreat for political convicts. A large, fine building, walled in, has been prepared for them and is said now to contain two hun-

dred. When I passed there, I saw numbers working in a garden—a new *pépinière*; and had it not been for a soldier or two on guard, I might have been led to suppose these laborers the happy colonists, who, voluntary exiles from *la belle France*, were preparing for themselves a happy home in *la belle Numidie*.

It was getting near night when we vaulted into our saddles to return to Batna. As we descended toward the plain, keeping along the margin of a ravine whence came the sounds of a brawling brook, softened by the distance, we stopped to contemplate one of those singular scenes so oriental in their character and which once beheld are never effaced from the memory. A small caravan had halted at the foot of the declivity. It was at *el-morreb*, the hour of evening prayer. The Arab had taken off his shoes ("for the place of prayer is holy ground,") and turned to the eastward; then alternately standing, kneeling and bowing his face to the very earth, worshipped *Allah*, his and our God, and invoked his blessing with these outward signs of humility, reverence, resignation and faith. When this duty was performed the caravan moved onward and was soon lost to sight in the sinuosities of the valleys that diverge from the base of the Aouress and lead up to the superior plateaus of the Atlas.

There are few places in northern Africa more infested by lions than the region round about Batna. They are daily seen by travellers, but they are never known to

attack any one unless particularly molested or wounded. An Arab belonging to a tribe living near Lambesa brought two young ones to my hotel, which he wished to sell. A gentleman in Batna has a fine lioness, that I went to see. He had possessed it from the time it was very small, and so tame is it, it received and returned my caress like a cat in an amiable mood—rubbing her cheeks alongside of mine when I put down my head for the purpose. A dog of medium size was brought up with this lioness, and so much attached is she to it, that she becomes restless and appears very unhappy when he is out of her sight; indeed, she allows him to take her food away from her, out of her very mouth as it were; and this he does with a presumption that is astonishing—sometimes with a growl, as though he would make this giantess actually afraid of him. The attachment is mutual, and brother and sister could not dwell together in more loving harmony; it is even touching to see how the canine brute, generally so faithful and devoted to his master, turns from his caresses to lay himself down under the protecting frown of the queen of the forest.

Here I think I may be pardoned for relating a story, often told, about Gerard, *the lion-slayer*, for it was not far hence the remarkable facts occurred, and are as follows. He was one of the battalion who not long ago was on its way from Guelma to Tebessa (a French post on the confines of Tunis, referred to in a note on a

preceding page), and who, deceived by the apparent friendship of an Arab sheik, fell a prey to his treachery, every one being massacred, save Gerard. The spirit of Nimrod, says the writer from whom I take this account,* watched over our *spahi*. A lordly lion, crossing the route of the battalion, a short time before it met with its sad fate, was fired at and grievously wounded by Gerard, who, dismounting, swore by his beard he would have the skin of the beast. Plunging into the thicket, he followed the lion all that and the next day, when he at length reached the king of beasts, and slew him. This accomplished, our hero turned back to regain the route of the battalion; but he wandered many days and found it not. During this time his comrades were all killed, and he was supposed to be among the dead. "But one fine morning," continues the narrator, "he marched into the auberge at Guelma, usually frequented by him, with a fine lion's skin, and asked for breakfast from the landlord, who, petrified, thought he saw a ghost. But he ate so well, that they soon found, to their joy, it was Gerard himself in the flesh." Thus it was that this celebrated hunter was saved by a lion.

* Algeria Illustrated, Morell, p. 241; and Leaves from a Lady's Diary, etc.

LETTER XXII.

Departure for the Desert—Caravansary of Ouksoù—A Smala—Tribes migrating—Scenery—Wady-el-Kantara—Change of Scenery—Another Caravansary—Dividing Line between the Tell and Sahara—More Smalas—Supposable Tête à Tête—The New Wife—A Caravan when moving and halting.

THE distance between Batna and Biskra, the first oasis in the Sahara, is usually made at this season of the year (May) in two days, but when the rivers are swollen as they are after the winter rains, all calculations concerning the number of days or weeks the trip will require are utterly futile.

Soon after leaving Batna, in our progress southward, we came to the dividing line between the sea and the Sahara. On one hand the waters run northward to the Mediterranean, on the other, to the desert, and it is with no ordinary emotions the traveller begins his descent toward the latter and catches his first glimpse of the stream that is to lose itself in the sands of that mysterious region.

Our first stopping place was the caravansary of Ouksoù, situated on the northern margin of a vast, level savanna, girt by a double chain of hills. Here we breakfasted on eggs and fowl, brought in by the Arabs whose douar was

hard by, and who have the reputation of being incorrigible thieves. I returned with one of these worthies to his very primitive habitation; but, with the exception of its lovely situation and the wide and varied view it commanded, was devoid of every charm. Dogs and children were going afield with the flocks, for it was yet early morning. The women were away in the mountains, gathering fagots, which they bind in enormous bundles and bring home on their heads. Before I left, one returned under a load it would seem impossible for an ordinary female to support for a moment. They are, however, like the *felhas* along the Nile, so erect, so graceful, so majestic in their gait when bearing these burdens, one feels that, rather than forego the sight, he could almost pardon the indolence of their task-masters which imposes this labor upon them.

At the extremity of the plain, the *spahis*, with French officers, have an encampment known here as the *smala* (household). The distance from the caravansary to this military post, or, in other words, the breadth of the plain, was considered by my guide to be about five leagues: and indeed, from the monotony of the route, I fancied it not much short of this estimate.

We did not stop at the military station, though its site is in every respect admirable, but continued on our way, and after traversing some barren uplands, came early in the afternoon among the hills of the second chain, observed above the first that hemmed in more

immediately the Ouksoù. Here were repeated the *gebel hallouf*, *gebel nefenser*, and *medrashems*, which nature had sent up to pierce the clouds with their pyramidal peaks. Before entering among them and descending into their uninviting passes, some of which looked as though they might lead to Tartarus, we were forced to halt; for we encountered an Arab smala coming from the desert, occupying the way as far as the eye could reach. Hundreds of camels, all heavily laden; thousands of sheep and goats, driven by women, came pouring along the sombre defiles; now descending some precipitous declivity, now ascending another; sometimes lost to sight in the depth of a ravine, then seen painted, as it were, against the sky as they moved slowly around the brow of a majestic headland by a path, made, perhaps, solely by these annual migrations. At one point were visible only the heads of the camels and the *bassours* or canopies raised on their backs for the protection and security of the favorite odalisques and young children of the hareem,* making one think, for a moment, that the very unstruck tents of an army had taken up their line of march with those they were accustomed to shelter. And when on the white drapery of the human troop the sunlight fell full and clear as they passed some valley opening toward the declining "god of day," they awakened in the mind a suspicion, whether or no they were

* I think this orthography preferable to *harem*, since, among the Arabs, the last syllable is pronounced and accented like *sem* in *be-seem*.

not the bright images of an overwrought fancy, or that it was a celestial band, winding through the mystic vales of the Atlas. Here too, one is almost disposed to admit, when he first beholds such a strange procession, and remembers that he is in the *terra incognita*, a land of enchantment, of prodigies, a region of fabled monsters, deities, darkness and enigmas, that it is some ghostly company, who, long pent up in the legendary caverns and haunted ravines of this fabulous region, have come forth—going perchance as they were wont, but now with phantom ceremonial—to lay their fancied dead under the waving palms of their Elysian fields.

When the caravan had passed, we began our own descent, which was somewhat perilous; for the calcareous slopes we were on were deeply seamed by the torrents of a thousand winters, and it was only by considerable care and adroit management that we got along without any mishap.

I do not remember to have seen a single bird in these haunts of the lion and the panther, or any other living thing save such as composed the *smalas*, which from time to time enlivened the route. The scenery, however, was always more or less picturesque and varied. Sometimes the rocks rose in regular layers, as though placed there by human toil and art or by some Cyclopean hand that would fain have walled out the Deluge. On one side of the road, as we emerged from a barren gorge, a silvery rivulet sprang into the light, and glistening for a

moment beneath our gaze, darted away, to mingle with other mountain streams and gain a warmer clime. Some camels were on its banks, and a transitory Arab camp embowered in a grove of flowering oleanders. A pyramidal peak thence closed the view southward, but before we reached its base, the warm south wind began to blow, bringing with it a fine yellow sand, which gave that soft golden glow and haziness to the atmosphere, so peculiar to the desert and its vicinity. Through this, everything took a new tinge, a new appearance; the *Gebels* loomed more loftily, the ravines wore a more mysterious, a more fascinating aspect, and each camel, as he issued from the misty and obscure passes with his tented load of *houris*, seemed like some mammoth spectre rising from the bowels of the earth.

But it must be said, that for sublimity and the excitement arising from the apparent perilousness of the way, this does not compare with that of the Chiffa, described in Letter XII. If any exception is to be made it is at the wonderful channel, or *Wady-el-Kantara*, where the united streams of the north, now bearing the name *el Kantara*, cut their way to the desert, through one of the boldest barriers the Atlas opposes to their progress. Here too, after traversing the *wady*, occurs a transition in scenery that bewilders the senses as its marvellous beauties are unfolded to the eye. Having been for many an hour toiling over the arid way, oftentimes for incredible distances along the rough stony bed of a turbulent river,

with horses enervated by the sultry heat, you find that the gigantic walls which till now had kept a respectful distance on either hand, suddenly close upon you with an appalling majesty of front which says, "hither shalt thou come, but no further." You are beneath those towering adamantine cliffs whose dark blue outlines were so distinctly seen when you were many leagues away to the north, and which appear to have been reared as a sort of second bulwark to the great desert. You cannot at first discern that there is, nor imagine it hardly possible that there could be, an opening through them; but turning abruptly to the left, and plunging into the rapid current of el Kantara, you emerge in front of a gap whose wild indescribable magnificence and rugged grandeur are perhaps unparalleled, and which have obtained for it a fabulous origin and peopled it in legendary tales with children of the air.

The gorge of el Kantara (or Wady-el-Gantra,) is the Calceus Herculis of the ancients. They fancied that this demigod kicked the passageway through the mountain;—and why not, since they could not account for it in any other manner? The walls rise on either hand almost perpendicularly, hundreds—nay, thousands of feet, apparently, leaving an opening only wide enough for a stream that is spanned by a single arch—of no considerable breadth—of a Roman bridge; and for a road, partly made by restraining the waters in a more limited bed, and by cutting away the rock above. The precipice

on the left of the breach, as you come from Batna, is the abrupt west end of the Gebel Aouress; that on the right is the east face of Gebel Metlili.

Wady-el-Kantara is called by the Arabs of the eastern portion of the great desert, the *mouth* of the Sahara, for this is the only avenue by which they can pass and repass to and from Constantine, whither they bring dates, haicks and the other products of the oases and their inhabitants, and whence they take back principally grain, shoes, silver ornaments for their women, and trappings for their horses.

But it is not till you have crossed the artistic Roman bridge—going from under the frowning cliffs of one side to those of the other—and followed, for half a mile or so, the Dædalian course of the river (though high above it), traversing in fact the entire gap, that there is revealed that scene of marvellous beauty I have just referred to. Suddenly, your astonished gaze rests on a gorgeous grove of palms, interspersed with the crimson-flowered pomegranate and the fig; you look down on its bright coronal of verdant boughs waving in the very *embouchure* of the breach, glancing far along the margin of the plain and fringing the southern base of the sombre barrier you have just passed; you break from the spell, the gloomy thralldom as it were of the gorge, and descend at once into a terrestrial paradise.

The effect of this view is doubtless much heightened by the stern and solemn character of the scenery you

have previously so long been contemplating, still, it can never fail to impress the least susceptible traveller; he cannot but wish that it may be indelibly fixed in his memory; he will be sure to recall to mind the "happy valley of Rasselas." At the moment we caught our first glimpse of it, the setting sun lit up the crests and escarpments of the hills that bound it to the eastward; and which, as they are of a crimson hue, threw a rich coloring over the whole that enhanced the enchantments and fascinations of the hour.

From Calceus Herculis to near the caravansary in which we were to pass the night, the road has a gradual descent and is bounded on the right by the mud walls and towers of the little Arab village, el Kantara, embowered in the palm-grove already described. The noise of our carriage preceding us as we rattled down the hill, men, women and children came out to gaze at, what many of them, probably, had never before seen, a vehicle with wheels, drawn by horses; and when they saw *four* horses curiously caparisoned, all conducted by one man, their countenances wore an air of astonishment which an Arab very seldom allows himself to betray. When we had gone by, the boys set up a shout; but whether it was one of ridicule or satisfaction I could not divine.

The caravansary was all that a traveller could reasonably require. It was supplied with good beds, and the cookery was excellent; we even had for dessert an abundance of luscious strawberries. While dinner was being

prepared, a young Kantarian came and offered to be my cicerone in the village, but it was at too late an hour; all the dogs in town would have been at my heels; besides, the long and fatiguing ride I had had that day disposed me rather for sleep, than leading a canine rabble through the obscure lanes of el Kantara. If the scenery had been beautiful and impressive the night was no less so, and I closed my eyes upon it with reluctance. I however slept soundly till morning, undisturbed by a party of Arabs who had picketed their horses under the windows, or rather loopholes for musketry, of my chamber.

On the following day our route at first lay along the valley of el Kantara which finally expands into the great plain of Outaiya; thence we traversed a mountain chain of rock and sand and descended to the desert.

There seems to be a difference of opinion in regard to what should be the proper line of separation between the Tell and the Sahara, and between the Little Desert (by those who admit of one) and the Great Desert (or Sahara). I believe that I have given in a former letter the remarks of some writers on this subject, but having now seen the two regions myself I think that a boundary line may very simply and very naturally be made in this way: The *Tell*, where the plains admit of cultivation; the Sahara, where all cultivation is confined to the Oases. The word *sahara*, if I am correctly informed, has the same signification with the Bedouin as is given by us to the word *desert*; that is, a vast tract of country which is

of sand with the exception of an occasional green spot here and there, where the date-tree usually abounds. This division at once suggested itself to me when, from the summit of the mountain ridge last named, I looked down on the wide unbroken expanse, on the great African sea of sand, and saw no object to relieve or gladden the eye save the island of Biskra.

At a quarter before six in the morning we bade adieu to the caravansary of el Kantara, and soon after began to meet with the Saharian tribes (of which we had a specimen the day previous) which compose that great annual exodus to the mild and fertile regions of the north, so interesting to contemplate, so novel and so curious to behold. During the whole day they engrossed our regard and our attention. Smala succeeded to smala, each tribe separate and distinct from the others, but with this exception, all moving on without system or order, in the same slow, measured step which camels are accustomed to take when not urged forward by their drivers, and which must necessarily be incident, more or less, to the march of large bodies of people burdened with their flocks and herds, their children, their household utensils and their provisions for a long journey and for barter.

In the smaller of these companies were seemingly only a score or two of camels; in others, many hundreds. Sheep and goats were in thousands, their number, as well as the number of camels, depending, of course, on the size and riches of the tribe.

As it was an early hour when we set forth, we passed some *smalas* who were still encamped, or encampments not yet *en route*; others, who were "striking their *black* tents for the morning march." At the latter we observed that the females, as usual, were doing all the work. They pulled up the stakes, folded with care the unwieldy tent-cloths, brought out and placed on the backs of the camels the long heavy double sacks of dates; they also fastened with great care and nicety on the backs of one or two of the largest camels, those tents before referred to, which were to contain the *odalisques*, and children too small to walk.

With what sentiments, with what emotions the women performed this last task for their rivals, for the favorites of the household, can only be surmised; I fancy, however, one would be safe in saying, that not a few low-toned, envious remarks, are woven in with their toil.

"What Hassen can see so fascinating in that woman is more than I can discover!" says *Nedjema-el-Lile* (star of the night), as she was called when young, but now without the first affix, as she has grown darker and lost her brightness with an increase of years.

"Nor I," says *Defla* (the laurel-rose), as she was called when she first came to the tent of Hassen, but now only *Aquim* (the sterile), as she had had no children.

"It is true, she is a little younger," continues the first.

"Alas! at least five summers," replies the second, who would be very glad if she could not have counted more than ten summers before her rival had counted one.

"It is also true that she has given Hassen a son, while, unfortunately for me, both of my children are daughters, said *el-Lile*.

"That alone is sufficient for Hassen ; he has ceased now to be the butt of his tribe ; he is more cheerful, which is all in our favor ; he feels that he has a new light and glory in his tent, and for this reason he doubtless has named her *Schems-el-Dar* ; a son was the greatest favor he would have asked of Allah."

"Without that, she would have been mistress ; she would have ruled him by her arts. She throws on her *haïck* with a negligent air ; nevertheless, it is all studied to catch his admiring gaze. She dances with a greater *abandon*, with more voluptuous gestures than we ever thought it becoming to use. You know, too, how she stole my *kohl* for her eyes, which, till then, were neither so large, nor languishing as yours ; and you remember, that when she had no *henna* for her nails, she drew blood from her fingers, and stained them with it."

"Well, her turn will come by and by ; Hassen is rich, and it will not be long before he will have another *el-Shems* under his roof ; then his present pert beauty will lay aside some of her heavy bracelets, and come and help us twist these ropes, and bind these burdens, and fasten on, perhaps, a more beautiful canopy still than this for *her* rival."

Such, it occurred to me, might possibly be the conversation going on between two dirty looking, bare-

footed, sun-tanned females, when one of their sex came out of a neighboring tent, and stood imperiously before them. She was tall in stature and graceful, her clothing was fine and white, and as she drew her haick to veil her face, one could see that her dainty wrists were burdened with silver ornaments. On her bosom lay the favorite *oulid*, the male child, the father's pride and joy, a little *nedjema* of the *gourbi*, he who was to add another warrior to the tribe. The mother seemed conscious of the treasure she possessed, and had decked it out with a crimson cap, and a snowy bornous, which made it a more conspicuous, and consequently a more enviable object to *Aquim* and *el-Lile*.

When the latter had constructed a sort of wicker basket on the back of the kneeling camel, and bent over it several long elastic sticks, to form an arch, they threw over the whole a white cloth of delicate tissue, having the appearance of stuff made of worsted and silk. This done, the queenly mother stepped forward and handed her child to *Aquim*; then, raising her garments boldly to the knee, placed her foot on the neck of the camel, and gracefully threw herself into the well cushioned covert. The child was placed beside her; the two women then withdrew their feet from the fore legs of the animal, which at once rose; lifting his beautiful burden high in the air, and starting off unguided to join the others who had preceded him.

There was a noticeable difference in the aspect of the

tribes we met. The large and wealthy, had a more gay and brilliant appearance. In many instances, carpets and rugs were laid over the camels' backs, wound in rich profusion round the seats the women were to occupy. These articles were of wool, and generally striped, and as the dominant color was a dark, rich crimson, it gave a sort of regal air to the caravan. When, in fact, one of these large and stately "ships of the desert" had on this royal robe, with an elaborate fringe hanging from its borders, and the shadowy folds of the drapery of the canopy above falling gracefully over it, I instinctively imagined that he was transporting some fairy queen, beautiful and beloved, perhaps a Cleopatra, or other dusky princess of the Sahara, languishing for freedom and its fancied pleasures, and I involuntarily looked to see the curtains drawn away, and some signal given, which should authorize us to "come to the rescue." When, however, I had time to consider that we were, in their sight, mere "Christian dogs," that our pale faces were insipid, that our costume had neither grace nor comeliness; that the custom of shutting up our women in brick and mortar ovens, in narrow streets, where they seldom saw the sun or breathed the fresh air of heaven, was paralyzing, sickening to their ideas of freedom; that our conventional forms rendered existence a burden, instead of a joy, and that our religion made us the sombre victims of a fear of eternal flames, instead of filling us with delight, with a glowing beatitude; when I con-

sidered all this, I felt in my heart, that we must be to them, objects of pity and very possibly of positive contempt, and that they, in their simplicity, and not we, with the *fardeau* of our fictitious life, were the truly happy.

As I have before said, these caravans occupied our attention the whole day. About four o'clock P.M., they pitched their tents. But whether at rest or in motion, they were the same enigmatical children of the desert, whose habits and customs, whose costume, whose religion, whose code of ethics, whose government, differ so essentially from our own, they excite in us an irrepressible desire to know them more intimately, to fathom, to explore their interior life, the poetry of their being so poor in material, so rich in development. This in me, at least, was an inextinguishable longing, and had I possessed an intimate knowledge of the Arabic language, by which alone my aspirations could have been realized, I would have unhesitatingly pitched my tent with theirs; their friends should have been my friends; where they went, I would have gone, till from their first prayer in the morning to the last at night, I could have known and read their thoughts.

When a halt was made for the night, the children formed the outer circle, to keep the flocks from going astray. The women, at once set themselves to work unloading the camels, and preparing everything with commendable alacrity for the encampment; while the

men, with the air of beings who have an innate consciousness that there was no design in the economy of creation that the lords of it should degrade themselves by labor, stood here and there, thoughtful and silent, casting their looks over the wide-spread savanna, but utterly regardless, apparently, of the bustle going on around them. As evening approached, the periphery of the circle grew less; the children gradually drew toward their homes, the little village, which had as it were by enchantment sprung up in their midst; and when darkness had fairly settled upon it, nothing was to be seen outside of its black woollen walls, save the white shepherd-dog walking his sleepless watch.

LETTER XXIII.

Appearance of the Caravans—A Salt Mountain—Confusion in a Smala—Arab Coolness—A Frenchman Outfranked—M. Germain—Can Cotton be grown in Conasntine?—Bedouin Manners—Outaiya—Outaiyan Homes—A Belle—Colifure—Dress—Natives compared—Improvements anticipated.

THE exodus referred to in the preceding letter constituted the principal charm of the journey from El Kantara to El Outaiya, and to Biskra. It was not, however, an isolated group, an isolated tribe, an isolated encampment, that made the only *tableau*, which, curious and captivating in effect as a whole, was worthy of study in all its details. In one or two instances, as we rose over a ridge of land, a wide spreading *beria*, or uncultivated field, framed by barren mounds of sand and strangely truncated rocks and pyramid hills, trembling in the dizzy light of an African sun, saluted our straining sight, while near and far, till they faded away in the distance, came rolling on, as wave succeeds to wave, the proud, opulent, Islamitic hordes and those countless flocks already described. Pouring in from the Sahara, the multitudinous and tortuous train moved over the incandescent plain in one vast, fantastic, shadowy line, filling the mind of the beholder with images at one moment grotesque, hideous, painful, at another with those clothed

with the dreamy halo, and the soft poetry of the desert. One fancied that he looked down on a flock of swans, following their leader in a wide silvery wake, over the misty bosom of the sea; then that he beheld a huge many-headed anaconda, dragging his slow length along, going from the slimy *chots* of the south, to plunge into the clear waters of the Mediterranean.

As we approached Outaiya, the chain of mountains we had on our left seemed to take a more easterly direction to join another spur of the Gebel Aouress; those on the right declined toward the desert. In the centre of the former, rose a bold craggy mass, called the mountain of salt, having at its base a white escarpment, which could be seen at a great distance. Here the host of the caravansary of El Outaiya informed me he obtained his salt; he broke it off in huge blocks and brought it home on mules, and it had the appearance of being a very good article. We subsequently descended into a large basin, which was more or less incrustated with salt that had percolated through the soil. Near this, on the side of a reddish sandhill, I found a broken stone sarcophagus, but it was empty and bore no inscription: its shattered, neglected and careless condition was in keeping with all that surrounded us.

Hastening on in order to avoid as much as possible travelling in the heat of the day, we suddenly dashed into a Bedouin tribe, in a narrow pass where either we or they would be obliged to leave the

road. The former was impossible, as our carriage would have been overturned in the attempt, so there was no alternative but that of compelling the Arabs to cause their beasts of burden and their flocks to climb the sides of the acclivities, and thus leave the route open to us. Our driver, annoyed at the indifference and delay with which the latter movement was effected, drove rapidly and injudiciously forward, throwing the whole caravan into confusion. The foremost camels fled back upon those behind, frightened apparently by the odd accoutrements of our equipage. Those behind, huddled together in wild confusion, or sprang up the steep banks which lined the way both to the right and left. This last was evidently a perilous action, for the *bas-sours* which contained the females and the children were so violently shaken and rocked to and fro, that they were about toppling from their aerial position, and spilling their precious contents on the unconscious earth. The inmates, unaccustomed to such excessive shocks and vibrations, threw aside the curtains and would have annihilated us if fierce looks and wild gestures could have done it. There was hardly one of these moving tents that failed to reveal to us either a jewelled arm, a beautiful face, or sparkling eyes; hardly one in which there were not two or more children, who, not less alarmed than their mothers, thrust out their little heads and gazed at us with terror-stricken countenances. But forward went my driver in true Jehu style, till an Arab

seized our leaders by the reins. He did not, however, appear to wish to stop us, but only to moderate our pace. This was followed by a flood of vituperation on the part of the Frenchman which would not have improved affairs had he been understood by the man in the bor-nous. The sheik now rode up to the carriage and in a calm and quiet manner made to me a gesture of the hand which plainly said *doucement, doucement*—gently, gently. I accordingly requested the driver to pay more attention to the comfort and welfare of the people we were among, and suggested that it might at some future time be to his advantage, as well as to the advantage of others coming after us. It may have had some effect, but it did not lessen his expressions of contempt of the Bedouin—a feeling in which I found the lower class of the French generally participated.

It was perhaps a quarter of an hour before the whole party' had passed, and during this time, though much occurred to disturb the equanimity of almost every individual of the tribe, not a sound, not an exclamation of any kind escaped their lips. Their women had exposed themselves in their home-garb or undress; they had seen them nearly thrown from their lofty seats, which would have resulted in their being trampled to death by the camels; they had been turned unceremoniously from the road that they had been accustomed so long to consider solely their own, and they had had their feelings wounded by the inconsiderate and ungenerous haste of

one pertaining to the race of their conquerors; yet, wonderful as it may seem, they endured it all without a murmur, without a word of reproach or disapprobation, without even one of command or advice to their companions, which would have implied that each one did not know how to take care of himself. Never before did I witness such *noiseless* confusion; never before did I see human patience so sorely tried without an explosion; never before did I see the dignity of human nature so beautifully triumphant.

I regretted exceedingly that these so called semi-barbarians and infidels, should have had so much cause to contemplate us with disdain; yet it afforded me another proof of the native nobleness of this people; it was a new incentive to an admiration I had always entertained of them and which I have already on various occasions expressed.

My Frenchman, I think, was subsequently ashamed of his conduct, for he remained for a long time moody and silent. I doubt not he would have felt better had he got into a quarrel with these "*bestias*," as he termed them, or if they had even abused him a little with their tongues and grumbled at his daring and insolence; but he had not a thing on which he could nourish his *amour propre*, not a reflection, except what was laudatory, to cast upon the unoffending Arab, not a reproach but what would recoil on himself; he could not find in any aspect of the affair a justifiable motive for his proceed-

ings, so he fed his chagrin at his own table of discontent and made no further reference to the subject.

At 9 o'clock, I alighted at the caravansary of Outaiya situated on the margin of the plain and near a little village of the same name, and soon had breakfast served to me in company with a French gentleman, M. Germain.

M. Germain I soon discovered to be a plain, frank open-hearted man, a great lover of Nature and a fine student in her princely school—a botanist, in fact, of rare attainments. The French government had appointed him *Chef de la Pépinière de Biskra*, and recently commissioned him to put under cultivation 90 hectares (225 acres) of the plain before us. He informed me that this rather difficult undertaking had been set on foot by the English, which at once gave me a clue to the reason why the English had entered with such *élans* into the project of a railroad from Philippeville to Constantine and so on; and why the delay in commencing it had occurred,—a delay arising from the question yet unsolved, Can cotton be grown to advantage in the province of Constantine?

Mr. Germain is of the opinion, and perhaps I may say is quite sanguine, that he will succeed in this enterprise; but in the course of my conversation with him on the subject, and subsequently, I obtained some details which led me to believe that his wishes had got the better of his judgment. For instance, the natives on whom he was eventually wholly to depend, were averse to turning their beautiful field, so prolific of grain (about which—its

culture, produce, quality, value—they knew everything), to what at best was a mere experiment, to something they were wholly ignorant of and cared nothing about. It is true they had been partially blinded by assurances of undoubted success, and of great rewards and premiums from the *Angliz*, and they had been influenced by their sheiks, who wished to secure the good will of the French; but they had evidently not entered into the work with any heart; indeed, this same experiment had already been tried at Biskra. The natives of this oasis had been taught to plant cotton, that is, they had been induced to look on and see the process; but when it had grown, the cotton remained ungathered, and those who had learned how to prepare the ground, put in the seed, etc., never afterward made any use of their knowledge.

Another cause of immediate, and perhaps permanent discontent at this invasion of their immemorial rights, is the monopoly of water. The governor of the district had given orders to M. Germain to prevent the Outaiyans from using for their lands any water whatever, until the 225 acres had been sufficiently irrigated; and I know that the sheik of the village did not dare to use a drop for his parched and thirsty garden, though it flowed hard by in a canal made by himself, till he had the assent of M. Germain. The care displayed to husband the precious element, indicated a scarcity of it, though it should, comparatively, be very abundant this year, as the Atlas from which it descends was during the last winter covered

more than usual with snow. What will be done in a dry season remains to be seen; and these dry seasons frequently occur and are the cause of that instability in crops of which the French colonists so bitterly complain.

After breakfast, Monsieur Germain, with that courtesy for which the French are distinguished, took me to the village above named and introduced me to the sheik just referred to. The latter kindly conducted me to his own house, where he presented me to his wives and daughters, and afterward to other houses, where I saw females weaving the delicate woollen cloth of the country and where I was also admitted into the sanctum sanctorum of Arab homes.

It is proper here to remark that the Bedouins, the Arabs of the desert and its vicinity, are much less sensitive in respect to the appearance of their women in public, and to their private virtues, than the Turks or Moors, than the Mohammedans generally of the towns. This arises, probably, from the tent-life or sort of vagabond existence of the former, with which seclusion is wholly incompatible; and if we may believe some writers who have had the best possible means of knowing, the utmost license one can conceive of, is allowed to the gentler half of our romance-haunted heroes of the Sahara.

As we traversed the narrow unpaved lanes of Outaiya we were of course followed by a crowd of children, while from almost every flat-roofed housetop, some of which could be nearly reached with one's hand, dogs barked

savagely at us and seemed very anxious to explore with their white teeth the interior of our foreign and forbidding costume. Reaching by a wide open gate the courtyard of the sheik's dwelling, we forced our way through a flock of sheep assembled there, and entered by another broad door-way (which I think could not boast of a door) into the centre of a hall or long room, the two ends of which appeared to serve for the entire household. A fierce dog guarded the approaches to the right. We turned to the left and were, with four or five steps, in the presence of a group of females, the most picturesquely coquettish imaginable. I wondered why Cerberus had not been placed on this side; for when I saw through the obscurity, one of the beauties with a sort of distaff in her hand, I thought of Proserpine holding the symbol of eternal heaviness. Let me first say, that the building we were in would be considered anywhere in Europe as a mere shed or hovel; but we must remember that here we are in a temperate climate where the actual necessities of the people are few; and that, as it is not their custom to have soirées as with us, they do not need fine mirror-girt apartments and costly furniture to ravish the sight and excite the envy of their neighbors. The roof was sufficiently elevated, and if I remember rightly was formed of slabs of the palmtrunk and thatched. The floor was the primitive earth and could not boast of being either very level or very clean. The apartment had no windows and all its light came through the broad aperture by which we

had been admitted. On the left, against the wall that formed the façade (on the court) of the building, was the bed. This consisted of a wide wicker platform raised about five feet from the floor on sticks driven into the ground. It was covered first with a mat, then with a heavy piece of carpeting or rug, and seemed to serve during the day for the repose of numerous articles it was best to keep from being soiled, and as a sort of garderobe. On the floor in front of the bed were other rugs spread on mats; these, with a few cushions, constituted the furniture of this oriental boudoir.

I have said that we came upon one of the most picturesquely coquettish groups imaginable; but it was coquettish rather from its free voluptuous simplicity, than from artfulness; it was not got up for the occasion, but was wholly impromptu, for our coming had not been announced: we found the family in their ordinary toilets and at their ordinary occupations.

A tall, slender young girl, beautifully made and with features for a sculptor, leaned her right shoulder, partially uncovered, against the edge of the bed. Her right arm, wholly undraped, fell at her side, her left was akimbo and her feet were crossed. Her single skirt was short, her drapery scanty, and she in every respect was such as must have served Vernet as a model for some of his beautiful African pictures, and Schopin for his inimitable tableau (save by Vernet) of the "Toilette de Judith." She was a neighbor and had come in, perhaps to tell some of

the gossip of the village. She remained unagitated, did not change her position, and seemed wholly unconscious of her varied charms. On the rug at her feet, sat two females, who were, I believe, the wives of the sheik. They wore more or less jewelry, silver bracelets, collars, earrings, etc., of which the former had none, and their persons were no less carelessly exposed. Nearer to us, on some cushions, leaning her back against a palm-trunk pillar that helped support the roof, was a charming little creature, about eleven years of age, the daughter of the sheik of the district now encamped in the plain. She was already married to a son of our host, a boy about twelve years of age, who was also present with us. This little wife wore a less simple attire and more costly jewelry than the others, for both her father and father-in-law were men of wealth. Her coiffure, as well as that of those already mentioned, deserves a minute description; it would have done credit to an eminent Parisian barber: it merits in fact to be handled by an abler pen than mine, not only because it is very becoming, very effective, but because it is peculiar to these daughters of the desert.

In the first place, they mingle with their long luxuriant tresses large quantities of black woollen yarn, or thread of shining goat's hair; then braid the whole into two or three massive braids on each side of the head. These are carried first low down along each cheek, then back over the ears to a point a little below the crown, where

they are caught and held by one equally massive, which is wound directly round the head, nearly on a line with the upper part of the forehead, forming in appearance a sort of turban, or Grecian cap, or rather the fillet, an ancient ensign of royalty. The latter effect was more particularly produced by the coiffure of the little wife, who had mixed a rich crimson yarn in the great braid that encircled her temples like a diadem. I should not forget to mention that the latter had also everywhere entwined in her hair, strings of beads, of little white shells of the desert, of precious stones, and of golden coin, in fact that she had had her raven locks arranged with such consummate taste, my thoughts wandered to the gorgeous coiffures I had sometimes seen in the shop windows of Paris, on which the *perruquier*, or *chevelure* artist had evidently lavished all his skill.

The braids which embrace the cheeks sustain and throw out the others which fall over them; this forms for the face a broad margin, which, by its luscious blackness, gives relief to the former and makes it appear whiter and fairer than it probably is in reality; as the white bornous worn by the Arab makes him appear blacker by the same force of contrast.

When abroad, these females throw over their heads the haick, which usually hangs down the back. In Algiers it is gathered about the face. If it is of delicate texture, it dallies with the shoulders and the naked arms like a bridal veil, to which the showy, rich, elaborate coif-

fure just described, adds an indefinable grace and charm ; indeed, when I have seen these tawny moslem dames thus decked out, moving majestically over the plain, I have more than once been reminded of some queenly, stately damsel of the North, going to the bridal altar.

The tall young girl standing by the bed and the little wife of the group before us were unoccupied. The latter was enveloped in a promiscuous assemblage of drapery, I could not study out ; and she was the only one who appeared in the least agitated, or disturbed by our presence. The former, unconscious, as I have before said, of her thousand charms revealed by the simplicity of her garb and gracious and coyless attitude, deigned to lift upon us once, her dark melancholy eyes, but afterward gave no more heed to us than she would have done to a strange dog, remaining with her bare shoulder against the bed, her left arm akimbo and her feet crossed. Her costume may be described thus : Two pieces of fine, delicate, white muslin cloth, say half a yard wide, were fastened on the shoulders by two huge silver brooches ; one of these pieces fell behind, the other before, and were gathered in at the loins, by another piece wrapped about the hips and tucked in under itself. The arms were thus left entirely free, the sides being open from the shoulders to the waist. Her toes were ensconced in slippers, but she wore no stockings. The women on the floor were preparing some gossamer threads, and the broad silver bracelets clinked on their arms as they

moved them to and fro, hither and thither, laboring for the loom.

I have said that the building we were in would any where in Europe be regarded as a hovel, yet I doubt not that it is in every respect comfortable and that the people who inhabit it are envied by many an Outaiyan. I doubt not that the young ladies who had succeeded in winning the affections of the sheik, our host, who is a wealthy man, are deemed the most fortunate of the douar, for to have earrings three or four inches in diameter, bracelets four or five inches in width, to sit all day on a rich rug, and have slaves to bring the water, thresh the corn, do the cooking and weaving, are things not lightly estimated by these people: and when in this light I mused on the scene before me, I found it invested with its own peculiar fascinations. We had in fact made a morning call on a fashionable family, we had penetrated to the interior of a home, we had beheld the loveliness, the artlessness of an Arab village belle in the unstudied and magic allurements of her semi-toilet; we had been permitted to contemplate at our leisure the quiet industry, the simple comforts and gentle habitudes of domestic life, and I had reason to be grateful to the sheik for his urbanity, his amiability, his courtesy toward me who had no claim upon him but that of being "a stranger in the land."

I may be permitted here to remark, if I have not already done so, that so far as my observation goes, the

women of the towns, *i. e.*, those who have fixed habitations, are vastly more attractive than the real nomads. The latter have much severer tasks imposed on them than the former, and probably their nourishment is not so good nor abundant. It is true they gain in strength, perhaps agility, and their powers of endurance are greatly enhanced. They are in fact lean, sinewy, vigorous; their step is firm, yet elastic and buoyant as Diana's, and in their gait they are beautifully erect, steady, dignified. Their complexion heightened in its tawny character by constant exposure to the sun, by a little dirt and sometimes by tattooing, is not likely to enthrall a European taste, though in features they are often unexceptionable. At the age of thirty, when with us the female is just entering on the effulgent and serene splendor and perfectness of womanhood, she has become among this people almost a hideous hag, a marcescent, neglected drudge. The former, particularly if we include the Moresses of the seaboard towns, have a fuller habit, more embonpoint, arising from a less active life. Their limbs have the round, dimpling plumpness of infancy, and it is not a rare occurrence that they become more beautiful with a reasonable increase of years. Their complexion has not the dead fixed hue of the North American Indian, nor the ruddy under-tint of the Italian brunette, nor yet the creamy delicacy of the Armenian; it impresses one with the sentiment that it has rather the tinge of the evening hour when day and night commin-

gle, where there still lingers a fleeting shadowy light, or in which there is still suffused, a slight, warm, golden glow of a summer's twilight.

The ladies we called on neither saluted us when we entered their apartment nor when we left it; nor do I suppose they would have addressed to us a single word for anything in the world, unless their lord and master had commanded it. Born almost to slavery—certainly to an *esclavage moral*—having their inferiority constantly impressed upon them by the manner in which they are treated (I do not know that it is supposed that their souls are worth saving, since the *faithful* of the other sex are to have prepared for them in paradise brides of perpetual youthfulness), they could not, even with comfort to themselves, take part either in the deliberations, the conversations, or the festivities of their husbands, fathers or brothers, and of course, less if possible, in those of strangers.

This abasement of the female sex, is, it is well known, common with most all oriental nations; but the time is drawing nigh when it will be otherwise. Steam and electricity are doing their wondrous work, they are levelling with the dust many of the degrading barriers of ancient customs and laws. They are throwing the light of knowledge rapidly and surely over the darkness of the East, so long in the fatal thralldom of the priesthood. They are messengers superlatively didactic, they are the iconoclasts of the nineteenth century.

LETTER XXIV.

Weaving, and a Native Loom—More Homes—Scarcity of Water—A Sheik's Tent and Wives—Arab Indolence—A New Process of Spinning—Roman Progress in Africa—Renewal of the Journey—Women at Work—Biskra and its Inhabitants—Sheik-el-Arib—Population and Palm-trees.

THE sheik, on our departure from his house, conducted us to three others, where we were also admitted to the apartments of the females. In the first, a woman was weaving a bornous. The loom consisted of some bamboo sticks which held the warp vertically from the roof to the floor. Into this the woof was worked by the hand without the use of any shuttle; and as each thread was placed, it was beaten down upon the one below it by a brush, made, I believe, of fine bamboo splinters. This process, one can fancy, is of the slowest possible kind, but the web thus made is firm, even, and exceedingly durable. The weaver sat on her feet *à la Turque* and one or two very dirty little children played on the mud floor at her side. A few sous to the latter won a sweet smile and happy look from the mother, who, I fancied, had not often a cause for smiling or being happy, as she was evidently very poor. Poor however as she was, she was true to her womanly nature—she had not neglected her *coiffure*, and her magnificent raven braids gave to her well

formed face at once an air of gentility and to her whole person a sort of fashionable mien we could not but admire. I need not speak of the *graceful* manner in which she wrought the plexus before her. Grace is the veritable offspring of the Orient; it is the all-captivating boon bestowed upon her children; it is the *mille-fleur* of every-day life as well as the occasional garland of princely entertainments; it is exhaled as an intoxicating perfume from palace and from hovel.

At the second house we visited, some rugs were shown to us, which in an artistic point of view—in color and design—would have done credit to some of the noted manufactories of Europe; while in solidity they surpassed anything I have yet seen.

At the third house (I think the sheik desired to give us a favorable impression of the belles of the town, or it might have been at the suggestion of M. Germain's interpreter, who was a gay young Arab), we were also presented to a couple of beautiful women, of fairer complexions than the former, who were seated on low stools in the courtyard of their habitation. They wore the same simple home-dress already described—two pieces of cloth fastened on the shoulders by huge brooches and left entirely open at the sides down to the hips, where they were girt by a sash and the upper border of a skirt—but as nature had been far otherwise than churlish to them, they were, perhaps, proud of the charms they displayed, though I am sure that an American lady

would have immediately suggested some additional drapery.

Going thence, the sheik proposed to entertain us with a dish of couscousou, or fresh milk. M. Germain accepted of the latter, and we stepped into the empty ante-room of a very poor-looking house, to wait for it to be brought to us. We had been there but a few moments, when a door opened in the mud wall behind us and two very tall and very beautiful young girls came out, apparently for the purpose of ascertaining our wishes. They seemed to know my French companion, and saluted him with a pleasant laugh; but seeing two or three Arabs about the entrance, and supposing, it is probable, that their curiosity or courtesy might be misconstrued, they fled like frightened gazelles, and I saw them no more.

While we were drinking the bowl of milk, which finally came with a juvenile escort, and proved to be very good, my Arab dictionary was passing from hand to hand and excited great curiosity; but so far as I could judge by the way the natives regarded it, they were merely able to make out the Arab characters, but not a whole word, though I doubt not all of them had been taught, when children, to read and write passages of the Koran: and it is very probable that each one could repeat many of the divine laws of Mahomet—learnt also at school. They at least left the marks of their dirty fingers on the margin of the book as a souvenir of their literary tastes.

When our simple repast was finished, Monsieur G. offered the sheik a silver five-franc piece, which he would not accept. The interpreter explained the reason, saying, that his sheik was a very rich man and could not and would not take pay for a bowl of milk. Monsieur G. finally persuaded him to receive the donation in trust for the poor, though even this he did reluctantly. He then invited us to his garden, which is situated just outside of the village. It was what is called in New England a sauce garden, but it could boast here and there of fig and apricot trees. The vegetables were evidently suffering from the scorching rays of the sun, which turned the soil into dust, and it was at this time that the sheik obtained the permission (mentioned in the preceding letter), to let in water upon his grounds. Over the whole plat, little canals had been prepared for its irrigation. These all converged on the main one, which conducted a large volume of water from the river (previously named, but here called Outaiya), a considerable distance off; so, as soon as Monsieur Germain assented to his taking a little of the precious element, provided he could insure him (Monsieur G.), that there would be enough for his cotton-field, the Arab removed with his foot a slight mud embankment and saw his garden at once gladdened as with a refreshing shower.

We here took leave of our worthy and amiable Outaiyan and proceeded to visit the distinguished and powerful sheik, or rather caïd, encamped alone with his wives

and children in the great plain a little in advance of the village and of our caravansary. His tent was exceedingly capacious; it being, I should think, not less than sixty or eighty feet in length and about the same in breadth. Its sides were lifted all round, several feet from the ground; this allowed of an admirable circulation of air, and as the tent was made of that thick, black and white striped camel's hair stuff, *el-feldjar*, which is impervious to the heat as well as to the rain, I found to my astonishment that it was much cooler and in every respect, a much more desirable retreat than any I had seen in the town. Mats and rugs were spread in different places; in others, there were large piles of well-filled sacks, and a quantity of yellowish wood which I fancied was for dyeing. The sheik, who is about sixty years of age, tall in stature, with thin, marked, prominent features but not unpleasing, sat just within the borders of his tent. We approached at a very slow pace in order to give him time (so my companion suggested) to conceal his women if he so desired, by ordering them into the *doumes*, or private apartment, usually formed by a long strip of cloth drawn across one end of these movable habitations; but it seems that he, like the others we had already seen and visited in this region, had no particular scruples on this subject. He received us with quiet dignity—his wives remaining as they were—though apparently not over gratified at our interruption of his long day meditations. When he

observed, however, that I was the stranger among the party, he motioned me to a seat at his side.

Stooping very low, I managed with some considerable awkwardness to creep under the curtain and place myself *à la Turque* near him on the carpet. I was then announced as a great traveller who had come from over the great waters (which he cared nothing about, as it did not encroach on his territories); that I had made this long journey in order to see his country (he doubtless considered it a very stupid performance), and that on my way to the Sahara, having heard everywhere of his illustrious name, of his military exploits and his many honorable scars, I was very anxious to speak with him, and to hear speak, the hero of a hundred battles (he listened as though he thought it all gammon). The interpreter failed to interest him either in America or the object of my journey; but when Monsieur G. jocosely rallied him on the extent of his harem, he laughingly and with sparkling eyes, replied, that he had only *four* wives. His son, about twenty years of age, joined us soon after our arrival. He has a handsome face, but his frame is delicate, and he evidently possesses little of that mental or physical energy which had made his father one of the most distinguished warriors of the day: indeed, Monsieur G. assured me, that he had offered to give French lessons gratuitously to this young man, but he had never come near him for the purpose of receiving them. "They are, in fact, opposed to pro-

gress," said Monsieur G.; "they wish for no French or other innovations, however valuable or important, however highly estimated throughout the rest of the world; they crave nothing but idleness and the *douce tranquillité* of their harems; they are proud of nothing save their sons and horses."

I must not pretend to give the exact words of my companion; but I think his meaning is here expressed, and it caused my thoughts to turn on his previous conversation, and to put a few queries concerning that cotton crop, he was one day to see whitening the whole of the wide spreading plain of Outaiya.*

In our estimate of the character of the Arab, we should never for a moment lose sight of the fact, that with him religion is the basis of everything, and that that religion makes of him, more or less, a fatalist. The priest alone can rouse him from his apathy and stoicism, for it is then that he hears the voice of Heaven calling him to action. This explains the enthusiasm which spreads like wildfire over the land when the marabouts preach the Holy War: it explains the unrivalled influence of Abd-el-Kader, and it also explains the tranquillity that often immediately follows defeat; for he reads in his misfortunes the will of a higher power and considers that his religious teachers have misinterpreted it. He is known often to repeat this sentiment of Cicero, *Secundæ res honores, imperia,*

* Monsieur G. informs me that he is experimenting with the Louisiana red and white and the Georgia long sole.

victoria fortuita sunt ; but he puts Allah in the place of chance.

I have said that the women of our caïd remained as they were ; I saw, however, only two of the four above named and one of the female slaves, the servant, the *femme de chambre*, the particular confidant and constant attendant, doubtless, of the caïd's last choice, the young woman who sat on a stool at the other end of the tent with her back to the light. This charming creature fully sustained the favorable impressions I had already received of the noble type, the exquisite symmetry and the gentle imperiousness of deportment of the Outaiyans. Her costume was in all respects like the last described ; and as she made some pretext to go to the village while we were with her husband, we had an opportunity of admiring her beautiful form, her majestic air, her proud elastic step as she walked away from the tent.

The pretext this youthful wife had for visiting her neighbors at this time might be found, I fancied, either in a fear of or a respect for her "lord and master," or in her vanity ; and as it is well to look charitably on the actions of our fellow beings (particularly on those of the weaker sex, whichever it may be) I am willing to believe that she desired to evince a due regard for her husband's feelings, which might be wounded by the gaze her manifold attractions would naturally elicit from strangers ; still, from the malign grace with which she threw her haïck over her head and readjusted it as she

swept along before us with swan-like ease and suppleness, we could not but fear there might be a slight desire for admiration mingled with her more elevated sentiments.

What occupation these women had I could not make out; they appeared to be engaged in some light work which I should have thought to be knitting, if these people were accustomed to wear stockings, or indeed any other article which requires knitting-needles in its manufacture: it is possible they may have been weaving in some way with the hand, the white cap that is usually worn under the red tarbouch.

I am here reminded of a new process of spinning which I saw in town, and which I should not forget to describe, since it may induce some enterprising American to obtain a patent for it. A negress was sitting on the ground with a bunch of wool by her left side and a large flat wooden bowl by the other. In the latter was the bobbin to which was attached the thread extending through the hands of the operator to the wool opposite. When the negress wished to twist the thread, she carried it down to the ankle of the right foot, then with her right hand rolled it along over her shin up to her knee; this, setting the bobbin in motion, it rolled at random over the bowl and thus accomplished the work desired.

There is no doubt that the Romans penetrated the interior of Africa as far as this and even farther, and had

here a village or a fortified camp ; and it is quite probable that Outaiya is built upon and with some of its *débris*, for M. Germain showed me in the walls of one or two of the houses, massive well hewn stones, while in the court of the caravansary there is another, bearing an inscription in large Roman characters. This inscription embraces six or eight lines of deeply cut letters, now unfortunately much defaced ; but I could very clearly make out the following which is, perhaps, of as much importance as all the rest :

MICAES ——— ESM ——— VRELIVSANTONINVS ET
 ——— AVRELIVS ——— GERMANICL*

At 10 o'clock in morning of the day on which I arrived at Outaiya the thermometer rose in the shade to 29° centigrade, and in the sun to 52°.

At half past one P.M., we were obliged again to put ourselves *en route* in order to reach Biskra before night-fall. It took us to two hours to cross the plain of Outaiya, but the time seemed short, for we were constantly meeting with such tribes as I have already described going to spend the summer in the Tell, and passing encampments where the flocks were reposing, where the camels were cropping the dry and scanty herbage, where we saw many of the charms of "still life," many of the beauties of a home, though a transitory one it is true, and where, as prolific subjects of contemplation, new phases of this nomadic life, were constantly presented to our view. But

* Marcus Aurelius Antoninus succeeded Antoninus A.D. 161.

there was one feature in it, which though always full of interest, was nevertheless painful in all its aspects—the hard work imposed on the women. Near several *douars* exposed to the burning sun, they were threshing out grain—using, for the purpose, a crude stick about four feet long with a knob at the end. The wheat or doura that was being threshed was on the ground where a spot, eight or ten feet in diameter, had been made level and stamped down till hard and smooth and surrounded with a slight embankment of earth.

When the poor creatures seemed almost too weary to raise their simple flail, they rested for a moment or two. Nearly all whom I saw thus laboring in the fields were as dirty and in reality as uncomely as the others I have lately mentioned were cleanly and attractive, still there was always something so peculiar, so graceful and showy in their drapery or coiffure, something so classic, so artistic in their *pose*, something in every movement and gesture so nonchalant, yet full of character and meaning, something sometimes so nearly *spirituelle* in their fine-line features, something so impressive in their burning eyes and their white regular teeth, they did not awaken that feeling of disgust usually engendered on beholding, in civilized Europe, a woman whose garb is neglected and whose person is uncleanly.

After crossing the plain, we dashed through a broad, shallow stream, that was seeking its way to one of the ingulfing chots of the Sahara, and soon reached the

summit of the Col de Sfa ; hence our eyes went glancing down its sandy and utterly barren slopes, and over the great waste, with its green oases and palms—far away over a vast yellow field, through which were moving long trains of camels—far away where the horizon was bounded by a mysterious haze, that seems ever to hang its saffron folds over the desert.

The approach to the French Biskra is exceedingly picturesque. The houses along its northern front are of a pleasing style, though very badly built ; some have colonnades, and as they are brilliantly white, give fine relief to the many beautiful willow trees that hang their long, drooping limbs before them. The interior of the place disappointed me, though the extravagant character of its inhabitants won my constant attention. Here meet the most hardy and adventurous of the Franks, the most daring and dissolute of the Saharians. Every day one may see cantering slowly through the town, on a magnificent steed, the great sheik el Arib, surnamed the Serpent of the Desert. He has a palace at old Biskra, a few miles hence in the interior, and as his influence over the surrounding tribes is immense, and as he can at any time bring a large armed force against the invaders, the French have bound him to their interests by an annual stipend of 60,000 francs. At the various native *cafés*, dancers, musicians, singers, appear to be in constant attendance. Women go through a kind of vulgar pantomime, which they call a dance. They are bedizened

with jewelry and paint—they attach to their persons every sort of ornament that will glitter and clatter. I saw several with small looking glasses suspended to bead necklaces, or hung to their girdles; one, who carried one in her hand, stopped often in the street to consult it. On a raised platform in front of a native restaurant, men and women seated *à la Turque*, spend the long day playing cards. One female whom I saw there, had on red morocco boots, and over them, massive anklets. Her cheeks were highly painted, and she had evidently striven to cover up the marks that time and dissipation had made upon her cheeks: her eyes, however, were yet intensely black and piercing, and her features were regular and fine. Inhabitants of other and far distant oases, are constantly parading the market-places with stately step, fierce looks and tattered garments. Just in the suburbs of the town, the negroes have a settlement. Nearly all their dwellings are cone-shaped, and have the appearance of our Indian wigwams. A little further off, in open spaces or nestled among the palms on all sides, are the tents of the Arabs.

One day I rode out to Old Biskra to see the ruins of a fortress formerly occupied by the French, an artesian well abandoned before completed, and the sheik el Arib above mentioned. The road lay through a rich grove of palms, which seemed to give a gentle coolness to the atmosphere by keeping the fierce sun from drying up the moisture of the earth. Near the old fortress (hardly

worthy of note), were some poor Arab huts, and though they were evidently the abode of squalor, and singly anything but attractive, their position was so lovely, they formed together a most striking and charming tableau. After lingering here awhile, my guide conducted me to the palace; but as the Serpent of the Desert had not yet returned from town, we were forced to await him outside. It was not, however, more than fifteen minutes, before, dashing through the palm grove, we saw the elegant and graceful cavalier approach. When within a couple of rods of us he suddenly stopped, dismounted, threw his reins to a servant, and came and shook me warmly by the hand. The Ramadan *fête* prevented his showing me that kind of hospitality for which these people are distinguished; but he took me over his garden, where he had a few fine fruit-trees, and some young pet ostriches which followed us in our walk.

Returning to town, I went again to examine its bazars, and study the character of its people. Suddenly the night shut in upon us, the heavens were draped with the blackest of clouds, which were not long in deluging the earth; in fact, it was only by the flashes of lightning that I was enabled to find my way back to my lodgings. The following morning brought me the news that the shallow stream or streams* I had forded in coming hither, were now utterly impassable, and that I should be obliged

* The river which we crossed so many times from Batna hither is called Turfa, Tilatoo, Kantra, Lella, etc., corresponding with the place it passes through.

to remain a day or two more in the oases whether I wished to or not. I could not, however, complain; for the rain was much needed, and its abundance had filled the hearts of the people with joy and gratitude. The next day I visited the *pépinière*, or botanical garden, here established by the French. It is about a half an hour's walk from the barracks, is under the care of M. Germain, is prettily laid out and adorned with a great variety of exotic trees and flowers. The director, *ad interim*, very kindly showed me over the grounds and gave me the history of many of the plants that were new to me; when he came to some cotton they had been experimenting with, he remarked, "that cotton in this region had not succeeded so well as they expected." I subsequently saw the field on which the natives of Biskra had been taught to cultivate the article, but I saw no signs that their learning had done them or the English any good.

When the rivers had fallen, I turned my course northward, and in six days was again on the shores of the Mediterranean.

Biskra is said to contain 3,000 native inhabitants, and 115,000 palm trees. It is one of the few oases that have streams running beyond them. The river to which it is indebted for its fertility, goes southward till it joins the great Wady-el-Djedy.

The French, in 1844, fought their way to Biskra, where they left a garrison, of which every officer was shortly

after massacred by the tribe of Ouled-Nail, who, by friendly advances, obtained admittance to the citadel. Now everything wears a peaceable aspect, and there is no reason to suppose that the Frank rule will be of short duration; still, when least expected, a tempest may burst upon it from the desert, and the morrow may hardly find a vestige of it left. Who can tell what new Abd-el-Kader, what new marabout may arise to preach another holy war, arouse the fiery spirit of these untamed sons of the Sahara, gather them into one vast brotherhood, and strike a blow that shall make Africa tremble, as it did when the Koraish hordes broke upon it under the Caliph of Omar?

LETTER XXV.

Returning to Algiers—A Government Steamer—M. and Mme. Bertrand—Djigelli—A Traveller's Discomforts—An unfortunate Hunter—Bougle and its Background—Hostile Kabyls—Ascent of Mt. Gouraya—View—A Gourbie—Descending the Gouraya—Duke d'Ayen—Lella Gouraya.

AFTER remaining a couple of days at Philippeville, I was enabled to obtain a passage to Algiers in a French war steamer, the Prony. The parties, however, granting this privilege could not insure me a state-room or even a berth. If there was any such thing unoccupied, and some government officer did not require it, it was to be put at my disposal by the steward. I accepted the conditions and went on board, not knowing but what I might be obliged to sleep for several nights on the open deck. A few moments' reconnoitering convinced me that the boat had never been constructed for passengers—that the captain had been well provided for, and that was about all—that we could only find berths in a sort of second cabin, where more or less cooking was done, and where drummers, dirty scullions, and everybody in general had a perfect rendezvous. Had this been the only place where dirt and discomfort were prevalent, it would have been even more provoking than it really was, but on the very quarter deck no more order was observable than

elsewhere, and the men were scuffling and using obscene language under the very nose, almost, of the commander. This disregard of our comfort and a disgraceful manner in which a *messagerie impériale* boat once landed her passengers at the island of Syra, are the only two instances I can recall to mind where, when the French have taken money for a passage, the person paying it has not been treated with the greatest courtesy.

If anything can ever reconcile me to the disgust engendered by the uncleanly cabin of the Prony, the indifferent food and the bad manner in which it was served, it is the remembrance of my friends M. and Mme. Bertrand, with whom I became acquainted by being placed (with another person—a lady) in the same stateroom with them. M. Bertrand I found to be a distinguished surgeon in the French army. He wore on his breast a couple of decorations, and he showed me a gold medal or coin presented to his father by Napoleon I. as a token of friendship. Lady B. is one of those persons who, laying no claim to beauty, interest you by their grace and gentle bearing, and fascinate you by their earnest eloquence. When I returned to France I received from these charming people “as a souvenir of Algiers,” a beautiful and valuable work called “Lettres sur les révolutions du globe, par Alexandre Bertrand.”

We steamed out of the port of Philippeville, or rather from under the sheltering rocks of Stora, at half-past

eight in the morning, and until mid-day were keeping near the coast, which is composed of very irregular though not lofty hills, with here and there on the slopes, and in the valleys, green patches nicely cultivated by the Kabyls. The crests of the high lands were occasionally fringed with trees. In the afternoon the rain drove us below, and when night came, it was so dark and tempestuous that it was thought unsafe to stop at Djigelli * though there were passengers on board who expected to be landed there.

Djigelli is situated on a peninsula stretching toward the north, and was formerly a great retreat for Turkish and Arab pirates. It is surrounded by a wall which runs up and along the top of the hill behind it. Considerable money had been expended at Djigelli in making a secure harbor by connecting a chain of rocks that lay near, constructing batteries, barracks, hospitals, etc., but a few weeks previously to my calling there on my way to Tunis, an earthquake had shaken it to pieces, and I found many of the inhabitants living in temporary wooden sheds built along the shore outside of the town, away from the tottering walls of their former dwellings. At the beginning of the sixteenth century, Leo Africanus estimated that Djigelli contained 600 hearths or fires: I should not think that it held now more than one-half that number of inhabitants; and

* Probably the ancient Igilgills: written also Djidjelle, Gigel, Jigel, and Dschidgell.

though it is an isolated place, owing to the hostility of the surrounding tribes who cut off all land communications, it had, during the Roman sway, roads leading hence to Constantine and other interior cities and villages, and could boast of the burden of a bishopric.

When we reached Bongie—33 miles to the westward of Djigelli—it was intensely dark and raining in torrents; still, the passengers whose destination was the last named place were glad to disembark here, though they had, as is the case in all the Mediterranean ports, first to get into a small boat and then land in the surf perhaps, or at some indifferent, unlighted quay. A lady with a husband who had recently broken his leg in a lion-hunt, was among the unfortunate number who were forced to leave the steamer in this dreary and tempestuous night, and who received our heartfelt sympathies.

Having in the preceding paragraph referred to a lion-hunt, I am reminded of a melancholy affair which recently occurred in the neighborhood of Philippeville. I translate from a French paper: "An Arab tribe, living about two leagues from Stora, finding that their flocks were nightly ravaged by an enormous lion, sent several of their people to the village of St. Charles, not far hence, where a shoemaker resided who enjoyed a merited reputation for his address and courage as a *chasseur*. The Arabs prayed that he would come and deliver them of the guest that caused them such great losses. The shoemaker eagerly accepted the invitation, and Sunday last, at

five in the afternoon, armed with a double-barrelled gun, left St. Charles and proceeded to the spot indicated, where he hid himself in a tree. A short time subsequently—about 8 o'clock—he heard a growling noise, which indicated that the lion was approaching, and he soon after saw the king of the forest coming toward his place of concealment. He fired both charges of his *carabine* and the animal fell or rather rolled upon the ground, where he remained extended without movement. The first ball had lodged in his head, the second in his right shoulder. The *chasseur* immediately reloaded his gun, but remained still in his ambushade for a quarter of an hour; then, without firing again, he went up to the lion, who during this time had not shown the slightest signs of life.

“Wishing to be quite sure that the animal was dead, before making signals to the Arabs (who had remained some distance off) to approach, he touched him on various parts of the body with the end of his *carabine*. This done he turned to give the signal, when suddenly the lion, making a last effort, sprang up and with one of his paws struck the hunter in the neck and literally tore the spine from his back. The poor man was instantly killed, and the lion expiring also at the moment, fell heavily, with his head upon the body of his victim. Both were soon after carried into St. Charles. On the following day, the skin of the beast was taken to Stora, where all the inhabitants came to admire its colossal propor-

tions and express their profound regret at the loss of the courageous man who had sacrificed his life to rid the environs of the so long dreaded and dangerous creature."

Bougie has a population of about 2,000, is prettily situated among old grey-grown and modern fortresses and along the valley that leads up to the formidable cliffs of the Gouraya. As we took our departure early in the morning succeeding the evening of our arrival, I did not land; in fact I had no desire to, as I had visited the place on a previous occasion.

Bougie has been, perhaps, one of the most difficult places to hold, and one of the most dangerous posts of all that are occupied by the French in Algeria. Standing at the terminus of the gigantic Djujura range, it has doubtless ever seemed to the mountaineers like an ugly wart on the hand they stretched out to the sea. The almost inaccessible heights of this bold promontory, which is joined to the Great Atlas range by a series of majestic mountain escarpments and leagues of barren adamantine ridges—overlooking on one hand the wide spreading Metidja plain and on the other the deep rich valley of the Bou-Messaoud and Bousselam—have, until a few months past, been in the undisputed possession of the proud, dauntless, unconquered Kabyls, descendants, it is supposed, of the vandal hordes, who, in the fifth century, under Gunderic, having drawn their swords in Spain to carve their way to a still sunnier land, had, it

would seem, determined never again to sheathe it. Retreating before the conquering arm of Belisarius, but finally taking refuge in these fastnesses where the boldest dared not pursue them, they maintained their warlike attitude. Here, day after day, night after night, skirmishes have been going on between them and the French outposts, and the sentinel as he walked the ramparts of Bougie itself, was often saluted with the whistle of a Kabyl bullet. Recently, after many a long and desperate struggle, after unheard of daring on the part of the Zouaves, after the most fearful escalading of natural precipitous barriers, after days of hand to hand fighting, surprises, routs and bloody victories, the French hosts were seen darkening the snow-clad heights, and planting their standard on every peak of Djujura. Bougie is now as safe a place as Algiers.

When I landed at Bougie on my way to Carthage, I sought at once for a guide to conduct me to the summit of the Gouraya, for, viewed in one direction from the sea, it appears like an isolated conical rock, with two nearly perpendicular sides, lifting its sharply pointed apex thousands of feet into the air; and I did not doubt that a view from the aerial peak would well repay the trouble of ascent: I also remembered that Morell says: "The great rents of the Simplon, St. Gothard and Splugen, offer nothing comparable to this prodigious up-heaving of mountains. The view from the Righi is more extensive but less imposing than that of the Atlas from the

- Gouraya, which reminds one of the imperfect work of the Titans described in Virgil.*

Going up from the quay we passed through the town by a winding and rather pleasant street, bordered on either hand by neat dwellings and shops, and came to the suburbs. Here in an irregular field, adorned with a few carob and olive trees, was a miserable gourbie—a small native village or encampment—where squalid women, dirty naked children and idle men, seemed worthy objects of pity. They probably belonged to one of the neighboring tribes, and were rather ready for war than for work.

Near the gourbie we entered the great road opened under the direction of General Duvivier. It was cut with incredible labor out of the very rock of the mountain whose sides it climbs by a zig-zag course for nearly two miles and a half—13,120 feet. But no one can imagine how peculiarly strange, wild, picturesque, bizarre the environs are, which, from the crest of the Gouraya unfold themselves like a panorama to the eye of the spectator. Here, where once stood a santo's tomb—the marabout Sidi-Bosgri's, to which a pilgrimage was thought efficacious for the infirm—the French have established a battery which from the harbor appears like, and about the size of an inverted flower pot. From the top of its walls you look down, on either hand, into the sea; and one here cannot but be reminded of the rock of Gibralt-

* Georg. lib. 1.

tar. Inland the scene changes; and beyond a lovely valley and a glistening stream, a great vast sea of hills—vast wild billows of earth rolled and heaved into the very vault of heaven—seem to have been petrified in their majestic march toward the desert and far-off horizon.

I had however taken only one long look at all these surroundings, before I saw that the flag of the steamer had been lowered as a signal for the passengers to come on board. I had two and a half miles to travel—how long would the boat wait for me? I leaped from the walls—down the stairs—down the steep rock—down the rough precipitous road; and I think that in less than 20 minutes I was at the base of the hill, but with both ankles sprained. For several days afterward I was hardly able to move, and for more than a month I did not entirely recover from the effects of that hasty and perilous descent. Under these circumstances I became acquainted with the Duke d'Ayen (related by marriage to the Lafayette family) whose kindness I shall never forget.

I did not have time to visit the spot, part way up the Gouraya, where is a French fort commanding Bougie, on which was a noted kouba of a fair Kabyl saint, named Lella Gouraya. She is said to have been a woman of great courage, beauty and piety, and to have exercised immense influence throughout the province.

LETTER XXVI.

Friends in Algiers—Set out for Morocco—Kouba-Romeah—A Swiss Colony—
Scherchell--From Scherchell to Tenes—The Caravansary—Tenes—Mostaganem
—Oran—From Oran to Tiemeen—Tiemeen—A Dangerous Route—Lala-Marnia
—Colonel de Montfort—Nemours—Embark for Morocco—Tangiers.

ON my return to Algiers my old friends there received me in the most warm and hospitable manner. Our consul, Mr. Mahony, very kindly made me take up my quarters at his house; M. Bresnier, *Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur*, presented me with several autograph letters of distinguished Arab chiefs,* among which was one of Abd-el-Kader; M. Berbrugger,† *officier* of the Legion of Honor, gave me his valuable work on the various "Expeditions against the Kabyls;" Dr. Bertrand welcomed me to his new home. After a few days' repose, I set out for Morocco.

I left Algiers at six in the morning and reached Blida in the evening via Charagas, near which is the celebrated Staoueli monastery, kept by the monks of La Trappe.

* One from the "Serpent of the Desert" (named in a preceding letter), whose chirography is curious and artistic.

† I intended to give here an auto-biographical sketch of this distinguished author, who has been so intimately identified with the progress of this country, but my limits will not allow it.

On my way, I crossed the Metidja, and in a ferry-boat, the Mazafran or Roman *Savus*. The next day I went on to the little village of Marengo, and thence to examine the most remarkable and enigmatical of African monuments—the Kouba-Romeah,* on the heights of the Sahel.

A few hours after leaving Marengo we entered a lovely picturesque valley, known to the Arabs as Wady-el-Schems. In it a Swiss colony have established themselves and called their little village Zurich—an appropriate name, which with the environs of their new homes, must often remind them of their native land. Here, too, the Romans have left their foot-prints in the ruins of two aqueducts of considerable magnitude that conveyed water to Scherchell, two leagues hence. I climbed to the summit of one of them and obtained a view of the sea, on which the valley finally opens near the last named town.

Scherchell stands on the site of the Roman Julia Cæsarea,† the capital of Cæsarean Mauritania and of Juba II. who married a daughter of Cleopatra. Here, very often while the workmen are engaged in preparing the grounds for the new colony, they come upon costly

* This remarkable structure is built like the pyramids of Egypt; has a base about 800 feet in circumference, and was about 100 feet high. In Turkish it was called, says Morell, *Maltapasy* or treasure of the Sugar-loaf, but supposed by some antiquarians to be the ancient family sepulchre of the kings of Mauritania.

† There is a tradition, that the ancient as well as the modern city, was erected by Andalusian Moors.—*Blafeld*.

baths, and foundations of massive edifices, or turn up elaborate friezes, gold, silver and copper coins, and marble statues. Of coins, I obtained here a number—one of the father of the above-mentioned Juba. Scherchell now contains about 3,000 inhabitants.

As I neared the town, it presented a gay and animated scene, for it was on the day when the natives of the district had come in to pay their taxes. The bureau Arabe, just outside of the eastern gate, was thronged; fine horses were tied in the shade of numerous neighboring trees, tents were scattered here and there, and many soldiers who, under the banner of Abd-el-Kader, had fought with desperate valor for his empire, were sauntering about here with inimitable calmness, grace and hauteur under the guns and bayonets of their conquerors. With what feeling they paid the *achour* and the *zekkat*, to the foreign *kelb* (dog), it is difficult to say.

Wandering about the town, I observed a nice looking Arab standing at his gate, holding a donkey. I soon made a bargain with him to conduct me to Tenes. The remainder of the day I spent among the ruins in the vicinity; examining huge fallen columns, indestructible walls and finally a vast circus well girded with hewn stones, but curtained about with almost impenetrable hedges of cactus and Barbary fig. Returning through the eastern gate, a crowd of people hurried past me bearing on a litter a dying native, who had just been stabbed.

The next morning, at the appointed time, my man was at the hotel, and as everything had been prepared beforehand, I was soon mounted and on my way westward. The country for several miles was covered with fine-looking grain. Morning glories, dandelions and thistles turned their bright faces to the sun, and the oleander flung its fragrance to the breeze. Birds, too—a great rarity here—sang by the way-side, and when, in an hour or so, we reached the hamlet Novi, one of these songsters, a little black fellow, which my guide called *furrh*, was filling the air with its melodious notes. A short distance beyond Novi, the mountains approach the sea, the plains, or rather acclivities, lose their culture and the road becomes a mere mule-path of the worst description. The region we here entered on is entirely under native rulers, and at certain distances Arab stations have been established, where a sort of police reside who are held responsible for the safety of persons and property passing this way. Over each of these *postes* (generally miserable huts) a small flag is kept flying, to indicate its character. I had a special permit or passport from the *bureau Arabe* to traverse this district, but was not called upon to show it. As we advanced, the scenery grew wilder and more rugged; our route, in fact, was over an interminable succession of hills and valleys. In one narrow pass we met a band of mountaineers, all armed with sickels. They were headed by a man who played on a flute and were bound, said my guide, to

Marengo, where they had been engaged at two francs and a half a day, to cut the grain on that region of the Metidja. Soon after, we saw by the road-side in a romantic ravine below us, an immense grove of lofty oleanders, all in full bloom. Some women were standing there, but when we drew nearer, hid themselves in this fragrant wood, where they doubtless had a hut. As we passed by the place, my eyes were instinctively riveted on something which, though graceful, slender, roseate, seemed too full of life to be an oleander: it was, I believe, a young Arab girl, with crimson cap and flowing tresses, a short dirty frock and scarlet sash (a costume that seemed borrowed from the foliage drooping about her), a bright young creature, that looked the very child of an oleander, the very spirit of that enchanting, perfumed retreat.

Turning northward we left a rugged mountain-ridge behind us, and again approached the sea. In the distance, on a beetling cliff, stood a Moslem Kouba or Santo's tomb overlooking a quiet little nook or indentation of the coast, which, though now nearly filled up, had evidently served the Romans as a port, at least of transient resort.

Between four and five o'clock P.M. we passed through the waddies Harbil and Darmoos, and an hour later entered the broad desolate-looking valley in which, on the acclivity to the east, stands a caravansary. I found here a few Arabs who were also making a halt for the night.

After an unexpectedly good supper, prepared at the cuisine of the establishment, I spread a mat upon the floor of a long chamber, where, mid somnambolic music of favored inmates, and the chattering of men at the door, I slept soundly.

“It is two o'clock,” some one said to me in bad French, and at the same time I felt a hand laid gently on my shoulder. “You proposed to start in good season this morning,” continued the shadowy form, “and by the time we get our coffee it will be three—and almost daylight.” I recognized my guide, who must have been aware, though I had promised to set out early, that that hour was not just the one in which I should choose to risk my neck in the dark passes of the mountains we had yet to traverse; but, once awake, I considered it useless to attempt further repose, so jumping up with a cheerful *salam*, I bade him rouse the cook, get me something good to eat (this was done particularly to delay our departure), see that the mules were fed, and that the moon was above the hills. I had had but little sleep and felt feverish, uncommonly lonely, and depressed in spirits, as though something was warning me of evil; but I unbolted the huge gate, went out into the cool air and found companionship in the solitude and the stillness, relief in the fresh breeze, strength in the firm, majestic barriers that hemmed me in on either hand; and, after going a short way down the declivity, the most soothing influence from the music of a stream that

in silvery murmurs like some swift-winged houri going to the bosom of its beloved, was stealing through the depths of the glen to the open-armed sea. I took a seat by a rock and soon fell asleep; but, even this time, had no better success than before, for Mohammed, my watchful dragoman, was on my track, and by his loud shouting brought me to my senses, and to a conviction that I was not where I should be; indeed, when I returned, he gave me to understand, that, unprotected as I was, I had exposed myself to robbers, for the natives here are more often where you least expect to see them, than where you might think it reasonable to look for them; and added, pointing to a couple of Arabs who had thrown themselves down outside the walls of the caravansary, "even these might have been less harmless than they appear now."

At three o'clock we were on our way. Reaching the pebbly bed of the wady and crossing the stream, we began hunting for a path that would conduct us up the mountain. We wandered about in every direction, sometimes into a sort of jungle, from which we were glad to retreat, then into a field of grain or small bamboos; a dozen times we sought the acclivity, a dozen times we returned to the valley—it was too dark to find the way. Thus we passed a whole hour—one of the most wearisome and perplexing I had known for a long time. Finally, plunging into the hurrying waters, we followed their course downward about half a mile, when we fortu-

nately discovered the route ; but, starting from the top of the steep bank, which it seemed impossible for our beasts to surmount. My guide, however, did not hesitate for a moment, and when his mule came to the place, she sprang up it like a cat ; mine was equally nimble, and for two hours we were climbing Arab paths that lacked little of being perpendicular—"a route very penible," was the saying at Scherchell, and I was warned against it. I had been told, in fact, that between Scherchell and Tenes there was nothing of interest, that fatigue and danger bordered every foot of the way ; but I can safely say, that when ascending the heights opposite the caravansary and I saw the moon rise over the hills behind it, and the morning star with unwonted brilliancy trembling on the crest of the ridge I had passed on the preceding day ; when I saw the valleys and gorges throw off their gloomy drapery and put on robes of light—revealing here a mountain village, there a cultivated slope, far above us a Kabyl cottage, far below us groves of the fig and the olive—I felt myself fully compensated for all the fatigue I had thus far suffered or was likely to suffer.

The tribe of Beni-Howa occupy this part of the country. During the morning we fell in with several of them, well mounted, who kept us company for greater or less distances, then struck off by by-paths into the mountains, the more secluded valleys and the fastnesses of the interior.

If the first day's journey had been fatiguing, this was

much more so, for the ascents and descents were more numerous, and more abrupt. In some places the bare limestone cliffs reflected the burning sun till the heat became almost insufferable; in others, the paths were full of rolling stones or led along the brink of precipices, where, in one instance at least, the earth had already cracked, and seemed ready to crumble with us into the abyss; and it was not a little provoking, when in such places, the mule halted, as though he thought it my duty, and expected me, to tumble off there. We arrived at Tenes at 5 P.M., where I found a very comfortable inn, and spent the night.

Modern Tenes is ninety miles west of Algiers: it occupies an elevated table-land, overlooking the sea on one hand and a broad deep valley on the other. It is laid out in a very pretty and regular manner with trees, public squares, walks, etc., and contains about 1,200 inhabitants. The old Moorish town stands a short distance back of the French, and has a reputation by no means enviable, though it is said, that its sorcerers were so distinguished in former times, the Egyptian Pharaoh sent for one of them when he wished to confound Moses by superastounding miracles.

I embarked in the morning on a Touach steamer, on board which everything was in good order. Our route was along the Darha* coast, behind whose rough exte-

* It was in a cave of the Darha (in Arabic "north") where Colonel Pellissier suffocated 1,600 Arabs.

rior are many fine grain fields. At ten o'clock at night we were landed at Mostaganem, where, as the gates were closed, we had some difficulty in obtaining admittance.

Mostaganem is situated on rather high ground, a quarter of a mile from the sea, and not far from the mouth of the Shelif. It is about 65 miles from Oran, and contains 6,000 inhabitants; is cut in two by a narrow gorge, on whose eastern bank reside the natives, who are fine bornous and haick manufacturers. Its society I think the most social and refined of any in Algeria. Monsieur Gandillot, president of the civil tribunal, the family of Colonel de Montfort and M. David opened to me their hospitable mansions. Their soirées were of the most charming kind; and when they had not these, they enjoyed fine music in their lovely public garden. They took me to visit the principal places of interest in the vicinity,—Mazagran, memorable as the spot where, in 1840, 128 French soldiers in a small fort, withstood, for three days, the attacks of many thousand Arabs under Abd-el-Kader, whose tent was pitched by a palm tree still to be seen,—Sidi-el-Mitou, etc. I spent a week at Mostaganem, and then continued my journey, crossing the Macta (or Mulucha, the Cartennus Flumen of Ptolemy), and a broad sterile sandy plain; and going round the Gulf of Arzu, came to a town of the same name (or Arsenaria, called Beni-Zeian, by the Moors), situated on one of the finest harbors on the coast, and about which are

many Roman ruins. Leaving Arzu and placing between us and the sea a range of hills, we ascended to a vast table-land quite red in color but producing an abundance of grain, and after passing through several small villages, came in sight of Oran, overlooked by a picturesque fortress, that crowns the peak of a majestic mountain of rock. After nine hours of pretty hard travelling, we wound round a hill, and descended into a deep valley opening on the sea, and had on either hand, climbing the acclivities, the old Moorish, and Spanish, and the modern dwellings, strong castles, and mosques of Oran.

Oran contains about 30,000 inhabitants, has a number of very fine streets, planted with trees, many fine shops, houses and hotels, and is, taking into view the curious melange of its population, its architecture, ruins, gardens, shady retreats, etc., one of the most interesting places in northwestern Africa. It was founded by the Moors who were driven out of Spain, was conquered by the Spanish in 1505, but retaken by the former in 1708; taken again by the Spanish, who held it till it was ruined by an earthquake in 1791-2. It has a very small harbor, but the French are making that quite safe.

Having visited all the forts and other remarkable places, I set out in company with a Swiss gentleman for the interior—the South. We started at three in the morning, traversed a large plain covered mostly with shrubbery, and for several hours were in view of the great salt lake, or *Sebka*. At 1½ P.M. we crossed the

Isser and three hours later the Safsaf, on fine stone bridges. Toward evening we saw Tlemcen and Ouzidan the holy city, (as it has a beautiful tomb and mosque to Sidi-bou-Medina) lying imbedded in olive groves, half way up a mountain slope whose crest is an arid ridge of rocks over which fall several lovely sparkling cascades that water the rich plain below. We arrived at night, stopped at a small French inn, and then strolled out to hear the music of a military band.

Tlemcen is one of the most Mussulman of Mussulman towns; its streets are the narrowest of the narrow, its men the fiercest of the fierce, its women the shabbiest of the picturesquely shabby, but it has declined from its former grandeur and importance and now contains only about 12,000 inhabitants; once it was the capital of a kingdom. In the eighth century, Edris, calif of el-Morhab and founder of Morocco, reigned here. It fell successively under the Zeïrites (about 980), Almoravides and Almohades, then to Yagmouezen-ben-Zian, who made it independent and founded the dynasty of Zeïrites (in 1248). In 1312 it became subject to Morocco and in 1515 submitted to Barbarossa, who, driven hence by the Spaniards, perished in his flight. Abd-el-Kader made it his quarters for a long time—occupying its large and strong citadel, in the heart of the town, called Mechouar. The ruins about Tlemcen are peculiar and interesting; among them is the half of an exceedingly lofty Moorish minaret of great beauty; but in visiting these

places either my companion or myself came near being saluted by a bullet. Having gone a good distance from the town and ascended an acclivity to examine a ruin, I saw a man creep stealthily from a cave beneath it, having in his hand a gun, which he held in a manner indicating his readiness to fire. As he concealed himself behind a ledge of rocks, I called to my friend to stop, and as this, probably, showed to the bandit that I was not alone he made no demonstrations. We withdrew and saw no more of him. Soon an Arab came from another direction and motioned us to depart. We had evidently entered on a region of country where the natives did not fear to show their hostility to the *Roumi*. It was near Tlemcen that the diligence was stopped, not long since, by the Arabs, and three persons in it were shot. Indeed, as we approach Morocco, danger increases, and this was apparent when seeking a guide for that route.

After three days stay at Tlemcen, we found a party going to Lala-Marnia, who had one of the Spahis for escort and guide. They were glad to have us join them, "as it would be safer," they said. We started at 8 A.M. and after traversing an uninteresting district in a westerly direction, came to the Wady-el-Zitoun (valley of olives), where, as it was after mid-day, we halted for lunch. We found a cool spring in the wady and there we spread our carpets, leaving the horses on the bank above; but though no villages, huts, or people could

be seen in that region, our Spahi went up very often to ascertain if the beasts had not been stolen. Thence the country was more rugged and hilly, and the black tents and camels of the Arabs and fields of grain could be seen on various acclivities. Toward evening, having forded the river Tafna, we ascended a steep hill, covered with olives. Here a French captain had been shot, and here our companions were full of anxiety, knowing that every tree around them might be sheltering a hostile native. A poor peddler who had joined us for protection, could not well keep pace with us, but rather than leave him behind at this spot we proceeded at a slower gait.

We entered Lala-Marnia in the night, and much to our surprise found that it was not a village, but a mere military encampment. Several rude buildings had been put up here however, and in one of these we got lodgings—the privilege of sleeping on the floor. The Chasseurs d’Afrique hold this important post, and though we passed their tents, hardly a sound was to be heard save the stamping of the horses’ feet, and the rattle of a scabbard as the officer went his round of inspection; but there was no lack of watchfulness, for they nightly expected an attack from the Moors from the town of Oushda (lying in the plain below, near where the battle d’Islay was fought), which could be seen from a point a little above the encampment.

Colonel de Montfort, who commanded here, gave me a hearty welcome, and offered me a portion of his tent;

he also planned several interesting excursions—one to the lead mines in the mountains, and another to some hot springs. These we made with a strong cavalry escort, as otherwise we should have been in danger of our lives; for only a few days previously the colonel and several friends, while taking lunch by a stream which crossed the route we travelled, had seven Arab bullets fired into his party. None were killed, but the assailants could not be found though scouts were at once sent out for them.

At 4 A.M. of the third day, I set out for Nemours; the colonel very kindly supplying me with a mounted escort and an Arab guide. We traversed a hilly country, and in four hours descended into a sort of alcove to the purely Moorish town of Nedroma, which has about 1,000 fires, occupies a lovely site and from its groves of figs and pomegranate, overlooks a fertile and beautiful valley. Thence, through another hilly district by steep Arab paths, we made our way to the Mediterranean—reaching our place of destination a little before dark.

Nemours (*Djema-Gazouat*) constitutes the last French post toward the frontiers of Morocco. It contains about 400 inhabitants, barracks, hospital, etc., but nothing to interest the traveller, and after remaining here four days, waiting for a steamer, I bade it a hearty adieu.

At two in the morning the steamer fired a gun, and after some delay, arising from the difficulty of embarking

in the surf, I found myself safely aboard. My destination now was Tangiers, which I reached in two days—stopping on the way, several hours at Gibraltar.

Tangiers is not so formidable a place, nor half so large as I supposed (it contains only about 10,000 inhabitants), but is more sunny and cheerful in its aspect, better built and more cleanly; though, like Nedroma, not a brick in it reminds one of Europe. It lies on two irregular acclivities and along the valley between, and is surrounded by a lofty wall, which, on the seaboard, is mounted with imposing guns. The houses are generally of one story and flat roofed, and being whitewashed up to their eyes, have a neat appearance; giving at the same time a distinct and pleasing relief to the figtrees which grow about them. These trees afford the best fruit of the kind, while their thick foliage—an enviable luxury in the summer season—throws over the courts where they are planted, a deep cool shade, in which the children play, the family receives its guests on cushioned mats spread for the purpose, and where it takes its simple repasts and its siestas. The casbah occupies the northern and highest part of the town, incloses the court of justice—a neat building with a marble portico and colonnade—and the pacha's palace, which is said to be a miniature Alhambra; but as his lordship was there with his family, I could not gain admittance.

The Jews here, also, are held in great contempt; they

are even obliged to take off their shoes when they pass a mosque; * but they thrive under it, and their women have the reputation of being the handsomest in the world. If space would allow I should be happy to give a sketch of one interesting Israelitish family whose head is our consul at Tetuan, a town one day hence. I saw the wife in her bridal costume, and for splendor and costliness I believe it was hardly ever surpassed.

The country immediately round Tangiers has a wild and untamed aspect, excepting such grounds and gardens as belong to the consuls and other diplomates, who reside outside of the walls. I made one or two excursions with our consul, to a garden he owns several miles from town on a lofty plateau, overlooking the straits, and I should have visited Tetuan and other places had I not been expecting a boat to convey me to Mogador. The season, however, was so far advanced, I was advised to go north, instead of south; so I returned to Paris via Spain—reaching the capital of *la belle France* after an absence of one year and four days.

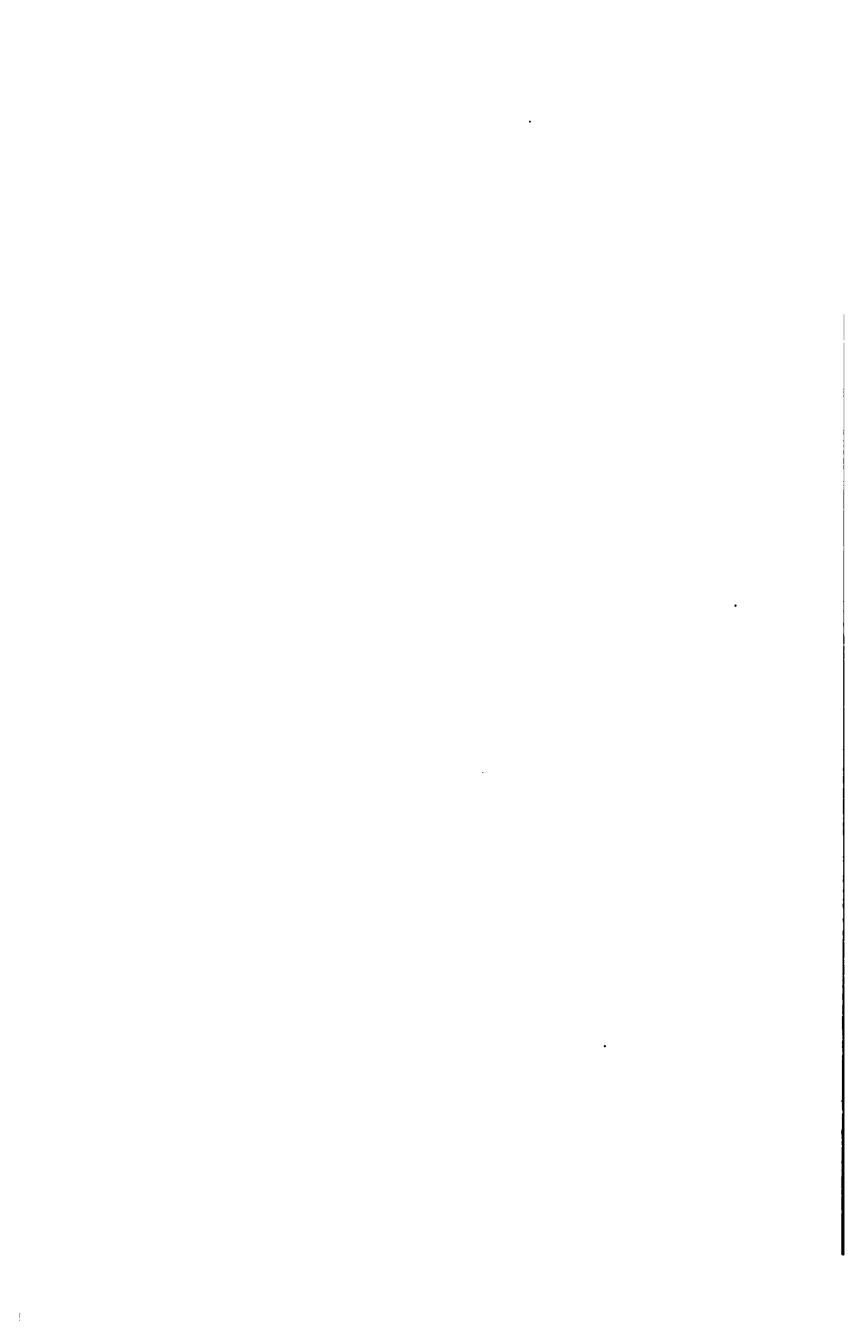
As Tangiers was the last place I was to see in Africa, I bade it adieu with great reluctance. It was, too, the only one where French arms or French diplomacy was not apparent. Tunis bows to the French chargé d'affaires; the late States of the dey have no flag save

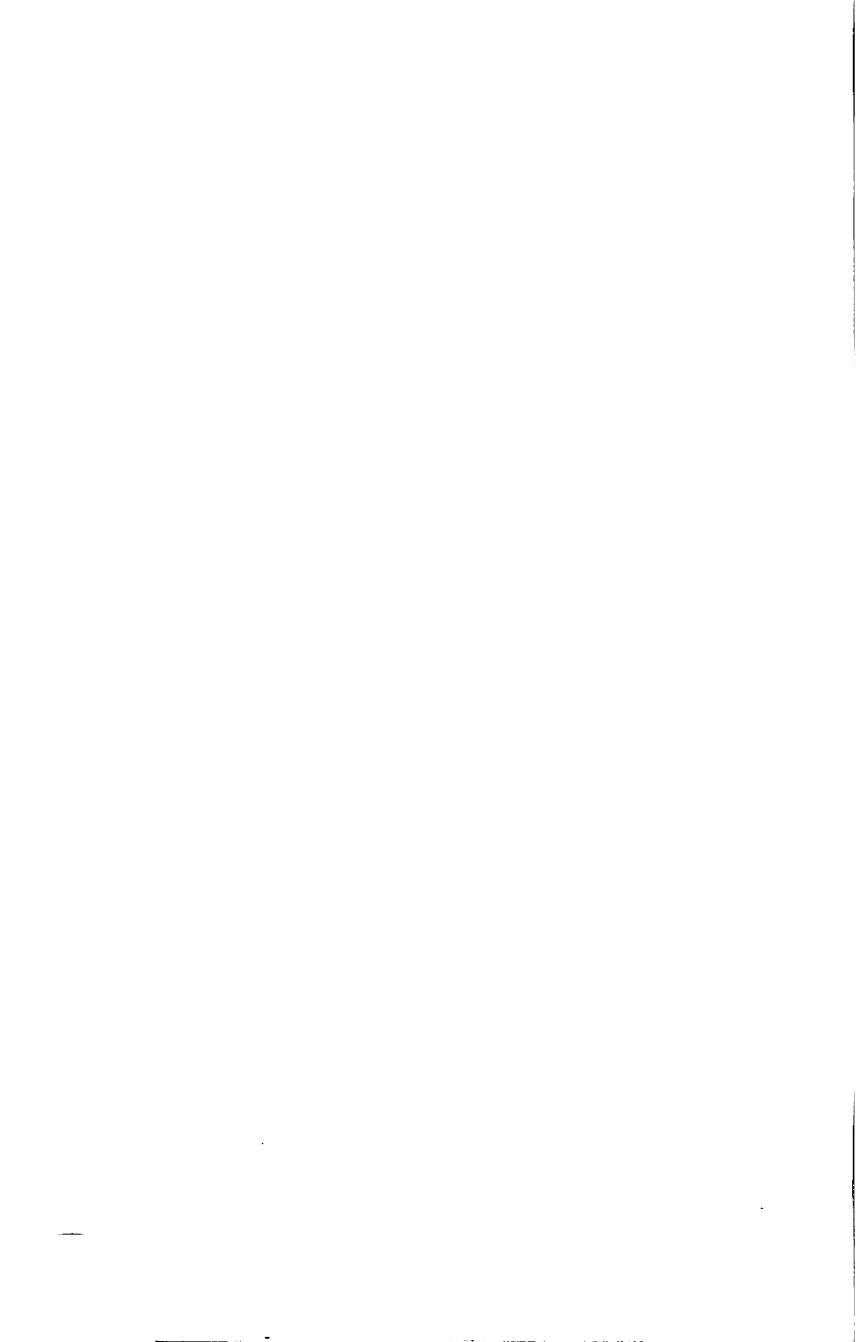
* I have seen exceptions to this rule. Many are attached to the foreign diplomatic corps and are thus protected in their rights.

the tricolor ; but here, the Moor is master ; here odalisques revel in their brilliant and inimitable *toilettes* ; here the manly gravity, the untamed *hauteur*, the quiet voluptuous tastes of the children of Islam have had no remodeling ; here the green banner of the Prophet floats from every battlement ; here the crescent has not waned before French crusaders.

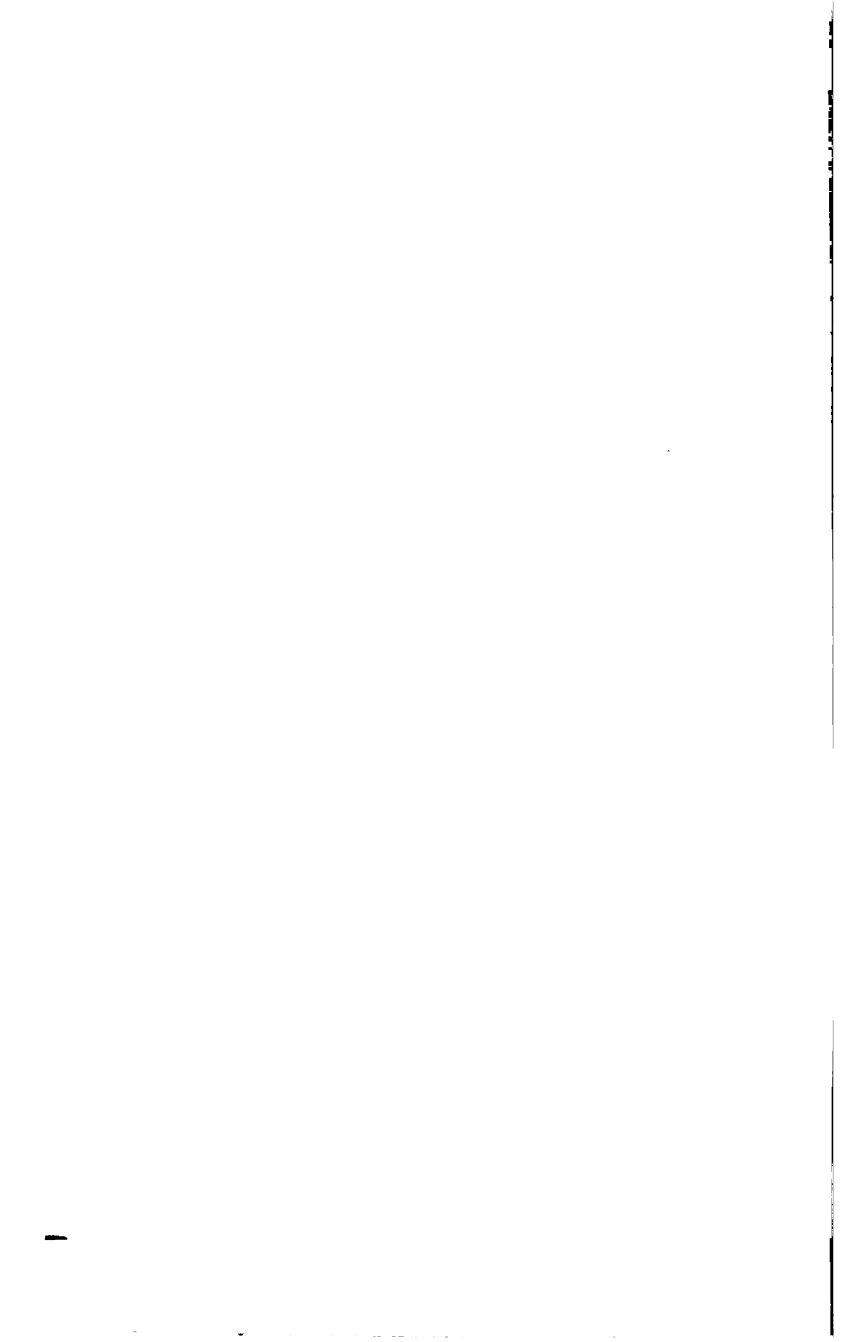
THE END.

62









19 1957

FLUOR ENDING

