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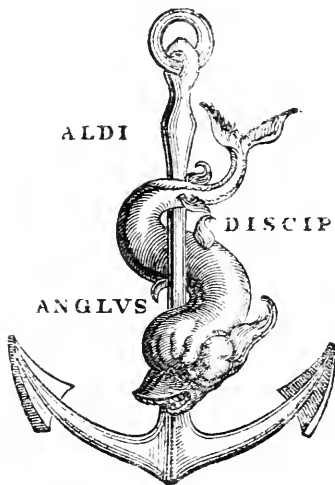
GRADUATE SCHOOL

AFRICAN STUDIES

A

RESIDENCE IN ALGERIA

BY MADAME PRUS



LONDON

WILLIAM PICKERING

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE
COUNTESS OF ZETLAND.

I AVAIL myself most readily of your kind permission to dedicate this translation to you, and confidently trust that your approval of the contents will be ratified by general readers; the public can hardly be expected to take the same personal interest that we do in Madame Prus, and yet may not be displeased to know the real claims she has to their sympathy and confidence. This accomplished widow of a highly educated French Physician, was induced by many untoward circumstances to emigrate to Algeria, and settle in Bona. Left again by the sudden death of her only brother, to struggle alone with poverty in a distant land, she found some alleviation to her many sorrows, and some occupation to her active mind, in marking the

practical working of the French system of colonisation in Algeria and in mastering the character and manners of the natives.

Madame Prus never failed to communicate to her friends in Europe, and to myself among them, the impressions made by this new and striking phase of things. Her truthful letters written on the spot, and full of local colour and character, give details which graver authors of the male sex, busied with military statistical politico-economical investigations seldom condescend to furnish. She has tasted the bitter salt of the inadequate appliances and assistance afforded to the poorer and humbler emigrants from Europe, who quit homes and civilisation for a fatal region where sun, soil, wild beast, and wilder man, are all so antagonistic. Her plain unvarnished tale dispels the poetic illusion of this distant African Arcadia, and tears off the mask of this Utopia, so full of promise at Paris, so impotent in conclusion, at Algeria. She has lifted up the shroud and exposed the skeletons of the heart-broken stranger, which bleach in this whitened sepulchre. She has lived with the natives, and heard their curses, deep not loud, whe-

ther when sojourning under the hair-tents of the patriarchal picturesque Arab in the arid grandeur of the desert, or associating with the Musselman in the towns, and thus she knows the antipathetic incompatibility, and the hatred they all bear to their invaders.

France,—whose genius is for conquest not colonisation,—in maintaining the possession of Algeria, at a vast expense of blood and treasure, has sacrificed sound policy to pride; assuredly her hold either on the homes or hearts of the people is null, and when the first angry cannon booms, and the fiery breath of real war sweeps over the still blue waters of the Mediterranean, her dominion will melt away as the snow wreath under the sun of Africa, and the imprint of her foot,—although her heel be iron-armed,—will disappear as the step of the camel is effaced, when the Si-moom passes over the sands of the Numidian Sahara.

Yours most sincerely,

THE TRANSLATOR.



A RESIDENCE IN ALGERIA.

Philippeville, July 20, 1849.

MY DEAR CAROLINE,



ACCORDING to the wish you so kindly expressed to hear from me occasionally, I now despatch my first letter from this quarter of the globe, hoping that the description of the new sphere of life now open before me, will prove as interesting to you as the reality of it is to me.

You know the regret I felt on leaving England, where I had spent sixteen happy years, and the strong motive which urged me to take so venturous a step, at my age, and in this season. My brother, ruined by the consequences of the revolution of 1848, had determined to avail himself of the government offer, made to all distressed persons, of a free passage to Algeria, hoping by the cultivation of a small allotment of land to find the means of existence, if not of prosperity. The only survivors of our family, and both advanced in years, we had agreed to rejoin each other as soon as possible, to spend our old age together, in the exercise of that

mutual care and affection which give fortitude to endure the many reverses and trials of life. Unwilling to take advantage of my sisterly attachment, my brother represented to me in the strongest light the many inconveniences attendant on the life of a colonist in Algeria, and the want I should find of all European comforts. Intent alone on the accomplishment of a project which I had fostered for years, namely, to spend the last years of my life with the only being to whom I was united in ties of kindred, I resolved to accommodate myself to his mode of life, whatever it might be. In vain you cautioned me, with obliging solicitude, against the adoption of too hasty a resolution; my mind was made up, and I set off accordingly.

After leaving London, and performing a prosperous journey through France, I embarked at Marseilles on board "Le Phénicien," a ship bound for Philippeville. Our passage was unfavourable, as always is the case between France and Algeria, the gulf of Lyons never being calm, even in fine weather, far less during a storm; and the waters of the Mediterranean here have a motion more agitated than usual, owing to the vicinity of the rocky coast of Africa. No incident took place on our journey, except the capsizing of an unlucky fishing boat, which struck against one of our wheels near the entrance of the harbour. The crew, however, were all saved.

We stopped this morning at Stora, an old Roman port, now used as a harbour to Philippeville, the approach to that town being dangerous for vessels of heavy burden. On arriving, we saw an eruption

of a volcano among the mountains of Bougie in the distance. We soon reached Philippeville, and being obliged to remain there a day and a half, I made use of the time to visit the most remarkable places.

The town of Philippeville, built by the French on the site of ancient Rusicada, has the appearance of a fine provincial town thinly inhabited. The walls which surround it defend it from the attacks of the Kabyles, who, notwithstanding this, succeeded in setting the town on fire a few years ago. Speedy measures, however, were adopted, and the flames prevented from spreading, but from that time the Bedouins of the country were forbidden to remain in the town after sunset. A tribe of Arabs is generally encamped outside the gates, and all the loiterers repair thither when the time allotted for their stay in the city has elapsed.

There is nothing more singular or more picturesque than the appearance of these Arabs, arrayed in the majestic drapery of their "Bournous" and reminding one strongly of the old engravings representing the Patriarchs of the Bible. Their aspect and bearing are noble and dignified, and their imposing attitudes might offer many a model to our actors. At every step, vestiges of the old Roman city meet the eye, but it is impossible to obtain any account of them. The town is peopled almost exclusively by emigrants from Provence, Marseilles, and Corsica, as is the case with all the principal towns of Algeria. It presents a sombre aspect, as many of the houses are shut up, and the number of bills for lodgings, visible in every window, are a sufficient proof of the depopulation of the city.

The hospital is a fine large edifice, and the barracks are worthy of a capital town. The buildings are on a large scale ; yet all seems rather to indicate the necessity of occupying a great extent of land, than that of accommodating many inhabitants.

We shall embark for Bona at six o'clock.

Bona, July 23, 1849.

Pity me, dear Caroline! On arriving here I found a letter in an unknown handwriting, addressed to me "poste restante." Alas! my brother is no more. Attacked by the typhus fever, he died ten days ago.

Bona, July 28, 1849.

It seems that in the gift of tears, Providence has granted us the means of alleviating our sorrow, and that the very sign of our weakness is often the forerunner of renewed courage and energy.

The death of my brother destroyed all my hope. No earthly consolation was left me. Without a friend, without even an acquaintance in this foreign land, my loss appeared intolerable. There was, however, one advantage in my complete isolation : I could give free vent to my grief, without being molested by the foolish curiosity of those, who, intending to show kindness, distract the mind with their feigned expressions of sympathy.

The same letter informed me, that a cart would be sent to convey me to Mondovi, on the following Saturday at nine o'clock in the evening, in order to avoid the heat of the day. I was utterly indifferent about my place of residence, but felt a sort of mournful pleasure in the thought of inhabiting the house which had belonged to my brother. I therefore

waited for the cart, which arrived at the time appointed, drawn by oxen, as a journey of eight leagues through a sandy country would have been too fatiguing for horses.

Had I not been absorbed in grief, I should have been most reluctant to travel in this manner by night. But at that time I was entirely taken up with the idea of entering that deserted abode, and of finding myself the sole possessor of it, after all my hopes of living there in peaceful happiness with one whom I loved so much, and who loved me in return with such tender affection.

At five o'clock in the morning, I perceived the first houses of the village, or rather the encampment, of Mondovi. My heart sank within me at the desolate appearance of this colony. Imagine, dear Caroline, long rows of wooden huts, divided lengthways by slight partition walls, and subdivided again into spaces of various sizes, according to the number of individuals in each family. In these spaces, or rooms, as they are *miscalled*, men, women, children, dogs, cats, pigs, hens and chickens live huddled together in lamentable confusion. The wooden roofs of these houses afford but feeble protection against the burning heat of an African sun; but at seven o'clock in the evening an abundant, cold, and heavy dew invariably falls, and such as yield to the temptation of breathing the evening air pay dearly for this temporary relief. But this is not all.

After sunset, the vapours rising from the ground produce such a prodigious number of insects, that it is no exaggeration to say one is literally covered with them. Added to these, swarms of musquitoes

render the idea of repose entirely useless. I thus passed three weeks, spending the nights in a state of feverish agitation, and the days in the lassitude caused by want of sleep, and the annoyance of insects of all descriptions.

My brother's house was quite empty. It had been stripped of all its scanty furniture before my arrival; by whom I have never discovered. The military police were not active in investigation, indeed there was but a slight force in the whole colony, which, however, was by no means useless; for though many of the French colonists in Algeria are sober, industrious, and honest people, several of them have faults, the immediate reverse of these good qualities.

The allotment of land conceded to my brother was transferred to me, as his heiress at law. From that time I was placed as a widow on the registers of the colony, and was obliged to share the dwelling of another widow, in the same circumstances as myself.

According to the original plan, the village is to consist of two hundred brick houses. Of these, scarcely thirty have been built. The colonists are amused with promises of more substantial dwellings than their present tenements; but in spite of these, the works proceed but slowly, it being almost impossible to prevail on the masons of Bona to work at Mondovi, except for enormous wages. The reason of this is obvious; unwholesome exhalations rise from the soil when it is ploughed or dug for the purposes of cultivation or building. These produce the frightful epidemic of typhus fever; and the wind, blowing over the vast plains of the desert,

fills the air with fine and burning sand, which corrodes the eyebrows, and strikes with ophthalmia. The result of these calamities has been, that half the inhabitants of the colony, and the whole of the garrison, with the exception of thirteen men, have been removed to the hospital at Bona, where one third of them have died. The masons who caught the fever refuse to expose themselves to the same peril for *any* remuneration, and the Arabian workmen follow their example. It is said that the works necessary to establish the colony have killed more soldiers than were destroyed by the Arabs. This is very probable, from the fatiguing nature of this kind of labour, which is now strictly prohibited.

I have arrived here under melancholy auspices, but await with patience the result of my undertaking.

The Algerian committee at Paris is in direct opposition, both of will and action, to the military authorities in Africa. Whenever a measure is resolved on by the former, the latter refuse to execute it, on account of its impracticability. At Paris, the colonization of Africa is viewed in a sort of poetic light; and if the country does not *quite* realize the idea of fabled Utopia, it appears at least a land of promise, an Elysian Paradise, where the tombstones of the happy colonists will bear this inscription: "I also have been in Arcadia,"—that is to say, Algeria.

The military authorities, living on the spot, and acquainted with the real facts of the case, plainly declare: "These gentlemen are visionary enthusiasts, utopian dreamers. On the strength of their

vivid imagination, but at the expense of the government, they send out thousands of unfortunate adventurers, whose sole fate is to perish in misery on this African soil. In vain do they hope to carry out their theory of Algerian colonization ; the only result of the many attempts made for this purpose has been the death of the greater number of these poor emigrants, who were unable to withstand the fatal influence of the fevers and other epidemics caused by this dreadful climate. The colony of Robertville has been entirely destroyed, and the site it occupied is now a vast wilderness ; that of Penthièvre can hardly support a quarter of its population ; that of the Golden River has filled the hospital of Guelma with its inhabitants, and Mondovi will soon be a desert.”

Such are the effects of this system. But in spite of the plainest evidence, new arrivals are expected in the month of October ; such is the force of the delusion which it is the interest of the French government to maintain.

On the banks of the Seybouse, which flows to the north of the village, about a mile from Mondovi, live a tribe of Bedouin Arabs, men of gentle disposition and friendly nature. Their chief, Abdallah, had been a great friend of my brother, who had taught him a little French. One day he came to pay me a visit, attended by two of his companions. The expressions “Thou” and “Thee” are the only forms of address used by these primitive sons of the Desert, all others being unknown to them. The Arab chief seems about thirty years old, his coun-

tenance is most intelligent, and his bearing dignified but courteous. He led his little son by the hand, a child of singular beauty, whose dark, piercing eyes seemed to divine one's thoughts before they found utterance in words. I embraced this child, and promised to instruct him, which I should gladly have done had I remained at Mondovi. Among other gentle exhortations, I happened to say to him, "Thou must be a wise and brave man, like Abd-el-Kader." The father seemed struck with my words, and said, placing his hand on my arm, "Thou lovest Abd-el-Kader." "I love and admire him," I replied; "he is a great man, the Napoleon of the Arabs." The chief then spoke in Arabic to his companions and to his son; the latter threw his arms round my neck, and the two Arabs, who were seated on the ground, rose, and stretching out their hands, warmly greeted me. We conversed a few minutes longer, after which my visitors took leave, but from that time henceforth, I daily received a supply of fresh milk, Barbary figs, melons, &c. and every Arab who passed by my cottage gave me a kind word or a smile.

The colony of Mondovi is divided into two camps, called Centre No. 1 and No. 2. They are situated at the distance of a mile and a half from each other. Centre No. 2 is situated near the mountain passes of Ella-rough, now the resort of the wild hordes of the Kabyles, on a hill without water, which greatly increases the difficulty of cultivation. No. 1, on the contrary, is provided with two old Roman wells, and the Seybouse, one of the principal rivers of the

country, flows to the north of the village. This river produces very bad fish, but is useful in many places for irrigation.

The wild Kabyle tribes render the neighbourhood of Ella-rough very dangerous. Our garrison had hitherto kept them in awe, but at this moment it consists of only thirteen efficient men, which presents rather an alarming prospect for the future. I once asked Abdallah if there was any danger of an attack; he replied, "There might be, if the Kabyles were supported by the tribes of the Desert; but should that ever be the case, thou shouldest come to my tribe, where thou wouldst be safe." I thanked Abdallah for his kind proposal, but thought it a desperate resource.

Our captain, for we are under military government, told me that he intended to organize the colonists of the two centres into a kind of National Guard, as all the garrisons would be withdrawn to their respective battalions, should war break out with the revolted tribes. "Then how should we defend ourselves against the Kabyles?" I inquired. "As best you can," was the answer.

Whatever may be the *supposed* advantages of a concession of land at Mondovi, I must confess, that were it to come to the point, I should infinitely prefer a safe retreat behind the fortifications of Bona, to being obliged to defend myself, "*as best I could*" in the case of a Kabyle invasion.

At the south of the colony are three fields, all adjoining one another. Of these, one had belonged to my poor brother, another, to a young man who died shortly before my arrival, and the third was

the property of the widow, my companion. All three are waste, uncultivated, and dried up with the heat. Not a tree is to be seen in this desolate land; a few rose-laurels on the banks of the Seybouse are the only signs of vegetation to be seen for miles around. The ground is deeply cracked in all directions, and the crevices afford shelter to numbers of reptiles. The jackals prowl about the neighbourhood after sunset, and though they never attack a man, a child might easily become their prey, or be devoured by the wild beasts that follow in their wake. Hyenas are as common here as wolves in some parts of Europe.

One evening, I heard a loud, piercing scream, like the cry of a child. My companion seized me by the arm, and said, "Listen to the hyena!" A cold shudder ran through my whole frame, and shortly afterwards the wild animal passed our cottage, pursued by all the dogs of the place. These creatures are of a cowardly nature, and take flight at the least alarm. This one had evidently made its way to the "gourbi" or stable, where all the cattle of the village were kept; but, unable to enjoy the feast in silence, its cry had betrayed it.

The driver of the cart which had brought me to Mondovi, told me that a hyena had crossed our road, but had taken flight at the mere cracking of his whip. Lions seldom make their appearance. Occasionally they come from the mountains of Ellarough, and prowl about Mondovi during the night. The colony generally loses an ox or a cow by one of these visits, but unless the lions are starving with hunger, no great danger exists for the human part

of the population, as they hardly ever attack those who pay no attention to them, and give no signs of fear. Panthers and tigers are more dangerous to meet; but they are seldom seen in frequented places.

Hitherto, I had borne heat, fatigue, and want of sleep without being seriously ill; but about this time I was seized with a kind of listless apathy, which threatened to deprive me of my faculties. One day, as I was seated on a stone before our cottage, in a sort of mental torpor, and almost unconscious of what was passing around me, our captain went by, and after looking at me for a few moments, said: "You are not well, my dear lady; the air does not agree with you. You must go to Bona. Can you do anything to gain your living there? I advise you not to wait till it is too late. Prepare yourself for the journey, and I will give you a signed permission to depart, and a letter of recommendation to Mr. Leoni, the Inspector of the Colonies." I accepted this offer with joy, and left Mondovi that very day, accompanied by the widow, my companion, who also had obtained leave to depart. We went by the Invalid Carriage, a regular means of conveyance which it had been found necessary to establish, on account of the sickness that prevailed in the colony.

We entered Bona by the "Porte Constantine." It was most curious to see the Arabian market, which is held outside the gates, but within the fortifications. Imagine a number of white figures, of the same colour as the walls which surround them, moving busily to and fro among the stores of pro-

visions laid out for sale. These are the Arabs of the district, wrapped in their white bournous, or sheepskins. Their wares consist of different kinds of fruit, which grows abundantly in this country, curdled milk in earthen vessels, butter, &c. A certain degree of courage is required to penetrate through this crowd and gather in one's stock of provisions, as the want of cleanliness both in the articles of food and in the persons of those that sell them, is most revolting. These people use no ablutions except those prescribed by the Koran, which are limited to the hands and feet. Their clothes actually swarm with vermin, and a visit to the Arabian market can never be made without disastrous consequences; but this inconvenience being unavoidable, the best way is to bear it with stoical firmness, and to overcome the disgust which the scene described causes to our more refined feelings.

Nothing can be more picturesque than the view from the market place. The old Arab town, half concealed by its high embattled walls, is built in the form of an amphitheatre, and about a hundred steps further, you see the terraces belonging to the more modern part of the city. The military hospital, and the minaret with its pointed roof are imposing edifices, situated in the "Place d'Armes." On the left is the lofty Chain of the Edough, at the base of which is a lovely valley, and on the right, the blue waters of the Mediterranean. On the sea shore are to be seen the tents of the Bedouin salt merchants; with their camels lying on the sand, and their small, lean horses picketed to the ground. In the distance, the Twin Mountains appear in bold relief

against the clear blue sky; on these were erected the sumptuous edifices of ancient Hippona, several imposing remains of which are still to be seen. Reservoirs of enormous size, and the beautiful ruins of the Church of Peace, of which St. Augustine was the last Bishop, attest the grandeur of the ancient city.

The "Rue Constantine" which is a kind of suburb to the town, is composed both of Arab and French houses. The "Rue Damrémont" and the "Place d'Armes" are built entirely in the French style, but the roofs are surrounded with terraces, where linen tents are raised, under which the inhabitants spend a great part of their time, breathing the cool evening air.

I presented myself at Mr. Leoni's, with the letter of recommendation given me by the captain of our colony. This gentleman and his young wife received me with the utmost kindness, and enquired what were my resources for gaining a livelihood. Unfortunately for me, instruction was but little valued at Bona, and the few talents I possessed were equally useless. However, I could make artificial flowers, which Mme. Leoni approved of as an excellent means of subsistence. I had brought a few materials from Europe, and now found them of the greatest use. I took a lodging in the "Rue Damrémont" for myself and my companion, whom I trained to be my assistant. We made various ornaments of artificial flowers, and I soon obtained the custom of the principal Moors of the city, who are passionately fond of flowers, but are deprived of them in their natural shape nine months in the

year. The higher classes of the Moors, though they do not conform to all our customs, have adopted many of them, from the mere impulse of imitation. They speak French, which indeed they find indispensable from their frequent contact with French society, but this accomplishment is practised by the men only. A Moorish lady has never been known to accompany her husband on any visit, or to make the least change in the traditional usages of her nation.

Encouraged by the patronage of the Moors, I gladly received all who were willing to give me any information to satisfy the curiosity I felt on various subjects. I wrote down all the facts I could gather, and having besides frequent opportunities of making observations on my own account, I soon formed an ample collection of new and curious details.

Twice a week, the band of the forty-third regiment gives a public concert outside the town, at the foot of the ramparts. Mr. and Madame Leoni have had the kindness to send for me to accompany them to hear it.

September 20, 1849.

I have just witnessed a spectacle, dear Caroline, which has strongly excited my feelings. I will tell you the drama, when I have described the scene where it took place. Imagine thirty or thirty-five instruments, of which four were ophecleides, executing the overture to William Tell, under an avenue of plane trees outside the fortifications of Bona, at the base of the gigantic chain of the Edough, with the mountains of Sainton in the distance. The fortress of the Cashba crowned the summit of the

intermediate hill. Extending to the right and left, the vast plain of Karesas, burnt up by the heat of the sun, and stripped of all vegetation, gave an idea of the solitude of the desert. This wild landscape was occasionally illumined by brilliant flashes of lightning, while the mountains re-echoed the inspiring music of the brass band ; and the sweet modulations of the hautboy, clarionet, and cornet à piston gave full effect to the graceful melodies of the fine composition chosen for the evening's performance.

Unlike the scene at the opera, where the brave Helvetians alone occupy the ground, it seemed as though that spot had been chosen for the assemblage of representatives of all the various nations in the vicinity. Spahis, Moors, Jews, Corsicans, Maltese, French soldiers and sailors, together with the brilliant staff of the forty-third regiment of the line, formed an animated and varied "coup d'oeil." A few Arabs, leaning against the trees and wrapped in their graceful white mantles, were attentively listening to the music of Rossini. These various individuals, unconscious of the effect they produced, had been grouped together by chance in a style so picturesque, as far to exceed the artistic arrangement of the theatre. The clouds were pierced from time to time by vivid flashes of lightning, giving a still more imposing effect to this singular scene, and by their fitful glare we distinguished the white forms of the Bedouins, returning to their tribes among the mountains, while the sound of the drums was mixed with the rolling of the distant thunder.

Such were the decorations of the scene, surmounted by the azure dome of an African sky.

Now to the drama. Fixing my eyes on the distant hills, I saw, half way between the base and summit of the Edough, a small house, which though white-washed with lime, according to the custom of the country, was hardly visible on the steep declivity of the mountain. I marvelled who could be courageous or singular enough to inhabit a dwelling so far removed from all human intercourse, and on my return home, with the aid of a telescope, I could still distinguish the house, which had every appearance of being inhabited, although the distance prevented me from distinguishing any person near it. Instead of windows, the walls were furnished with loop holes.

Incited by curiosity, I enquired of one of my acquaintances at Bona, who was the mysterious occupant of this solitary habitation. He gave me the following particulars.

AYESHA.

AT some distance from Guelma, in the territory of Coudia-mena, was an Arab tribe, governed by a chief of great bravery and exalted patriotism. He had two children, Mahomet and Ayesha. The youth, though gifted by nature with great beauty, had a weakly and delicate constitution, more adapted to the intercourse of private life than to the constant warfare that generally falls to the lot of the Arab. Ayesha, on the contrary, added invincible strength of character and masculine energy to a lofty stature and commanding features. At the

time of the French invasion, their tribe, with several others, took part against us ; Ayesha and Mahomet accompanied their father to battle, showing themselves in all respects worthy of him. At last, he fell, in an encounter with our troops, and dying, gave his musket to his daughter, with a look that seemed to command her to avenge his death.

The Arabs, dispirited by the loss of their leader, were soon overcome, and taken prisoners to the Cashba.

In consideration of her sex, Ayesha was treated with respect. She soon learned a few words of French, but neither could nor would dissemble the profound hatred which she bore to her conquerors. No degree of kind treatment could induce her to acknowledge our dominion, she haughtily refused to submit to the conditions imposed by the new regulations, and as the French authorities rejected with disdain the idea of treating this young girl with severity, she and her companions were restored to freedom.

Ayesha rejoined the wandering remains of her tribe, and retired to the neighbourhood of Guelma. The rising of the tribes of Ella-rough gave her a pretext to renew the war, but from that period, all her expeditions proved unfortunate, though they were organized and carried into effect with the greatest ability. Ayesha, the daughter of a renowned leader, and celebrated herself for her courage and her hatred of the French, was invested with supreme authority by the principal men of the tribe. Even her brother yielded to her superior talent. When she gave a counsel, or directed a

measure, and the stern glance of her dark eye fell on those who opposed her, Mahomet was the first to submit, and the rest followed his example.

The town of Philippeville had just been built, and the French flag waved over its white walls. Ayesha and her Arabs, from their retreat among the mountains of Bougie, beheld the safety of the rising city ensured by fortifications, and our supremacy established over all the surrounding country. Some of her followers, discouraged and hopeless, muttered words of surrender. How discordant must these have sounded to the proud daughter of the slaughtered hero! Left alone with her brother, who had witnessed these symptoms of dissatisfaction without giving any sign of displeasure, she said to him, while the blush of indignation overspread her handsome countenance: "Mahomet, could you submit to live under the yoke of the Infidels, and to bear in their service the musket which has killed our father?"—"Ayesha," answered Mahomet, "too much blood has been shed already. The neighbouring tribes have accepted the terms of friendship and commercial intercourse proposed to them by the French in exchange for their submission. Thus, they are peaceful and happy; let us also surrender. Our father would have set us the example to do so could he have foreseen the good conditions we can obtain from our conquerors. We are allowed to retain our laws and customs, our religion and form of worship are protected. Let us therefore accept the dominion of the Christians, and conclude the treaty ere it be too late." "Never!" replied the young heroine; "if your soul has lost the strength and

energy that belong to a child of the Desert, mine at least has inherited the courage and patriotism of our father.”

She then returned to her tent, and having summoned all the men of her tribe: “ Brothers !” she exclaimed to them, “ our cause is the cause of Allah, but to maintain it, brave and devoted hearts are needed. Let those among you who feel their courage fail, go to the tents of the Christians and yield to their authority ; but let those who love the independence of the Desert follow me, if they, as I, are determined to live and die unsullied by the ignominy of a foreign yoke.”

Several from among the tribe slowly rose, and, after casting a melancholy glance at the valiant daughter of their former chief, left the mountains of Kabylia, and repaired to the French camp, where their submission was accepted. The next day, Ayesha struck her tents, and withdrew to the Black Mountains, whither some of the unconquered tribes had taken refuge.

A change came over the demeanour of Mahomet. Deeply attached to his sister, he had never entertained the idea of abandoning her, but he saw with grief that her mind was bent on an undertaking, the only result of which could be to keep alive the spirit of revolt, without any chance of realizing her plan for the liberation of her country, which by this time had become impossible. A prey to constant sorrow, he used to withdraw from the tribe, descend among the deep ravines, wander over the plains, and return at the end of several days, worn out with fatigue and privation. In vain he represented to

his sister the futility of any further attempt at insurrection, the intrepid girl was but the more fixed in her purpose.

But fortune seemed to have forsaken the cause of the Arabs. Every attack made by Ayesha on the French detachments was unsuccessful, and a strange fatality seemed to attend all her undertakings. Although it was evident that the French spared the Arabs as much as possible, and treated them more like rebellious children than enemies, still Ayesha's troop, with many others, was worsted in every encounter and driven back to their mountain fastnesses, while the skill with which the French defeated all their plans gave reason to suppose that they had previous knowledge of their deliberations.

Ayesha had two companions, whom she admitted to her confidence. One of these, having perceived that continual reverses caused great discontent among the tribe, and that the authority of the maiden warrior was often called in question, determined to avail himself of the first favourable opportunity of ensuring the command for himself. Ayesha, aware of his design, resolved to watch his proceedings, suspecting him of being the traitor who had betrayed her plans.

One night the young chieftainess, with four men of her tribe, descended from the Edough. After a march of three hours, they heard a slight noise, on which they took up their post of observation behind a caroub tree. They soon perceived an Arab, wrapped in his bournou, taking the direction of Bona. On arriving at the top of one of the small eminences which rise from the plain of Karesas, he

made a sign, upon which three horsemen left the French outposts to meet him, and a short conversation took place. In a few minutes they separated, and the Arab, returning homewards by another road, disappeared in the depths of a ravine, and shortly afterwards was seen climbing the steep ascent on the opposite side. In a moment he fell, struck by four bullets. Ayesha, convinced that he was the traitor, who had fallen by her orders, sprang forward, and rushed to the spot where her victim was lying. But at the first glance she cast on the white form stretched at her feet, she trembled, and uncovering the face of the dead man, uttered a piercing cry of agony. She raised the corpse in her arms, carried it to the Seybouse which flowed near the spot, and tried to stanch the blood that streamed from the wounds, but finding life extinct, she threw the body into the river.

The sound of firing had attracted the attention of the French guard stationed at the outposts. A small troop was immediately sent out on investigation, which arrived at the scene of the tragedy in time to rescue from the waters what proved to be the lifeless form of Mahomet.

At the sight of the soldiers hastening in their pursuit, the four Arabs rejoined their tribe. The unfortunate Ayesha made no attempt at flight. She was captured, and on being examined, declared that her brother had been murdered by her command. In the vehemence of her despair she accused herself so that she might not survive him. But instead of the condemnation she hoped for, she was acquitted; and having soon afterwards obtained the

body of Mahomet, she caused it to be buried on the spot where he fell. Four walls were then erected on the site of his grave, and in this melancholy abode the unhappy daughter of the wilderness leads her solitary life, in shame for the subjection of her country to the dominion of the infidel, grief for the treachery of her brother, and remorse for having caused his death.

The Arabs are fatalists in the extreme. According to their creed, it is useless to apply to the skill of a physician in case of illness, as nothing can change the irrevocable decrees of fate. The Moors of the more civilized classes are less bigoted, and though they admit the same theory, make no scruple of calling in the best French physicians, whose advice they carefully follow. If the patient recovers, the cure is ascribed to destiny working through the means of science; if, on the contrary, he dies, the survivors declare that nothing COULD have saved him.

Among the more distant tribes, the Marabouts, or holy men, exercise such a degree of influence over the minds of their countrymen, that these latter believe them to possess magic power, or the gift of healing. In all cases of slight accidents, the consequences of which however might be dangerous, such as the bite of reptiles, the sting of scorpions, or any other kind of envenomed wound, their knowledge of local remedies often enables them to perform cures. They are careful to add to their treatment a few cabalistic words, either pronounced during the dressing of the wound, or written on a

piece of paper, which the patient is forced to swallow. This is the usual remedy for fevers and other epidemics. The dose administered, the patient lies down, drinks quantities of water, and recovers or dies according to the strength of his constitution and the intensity of the disease.

When an Arab dies, the body is stripped of its clothing a few hours afterwards, stretched on a board of the requisite length and breadth, and washed ; in which process it is often rudely handled. The eyes, mouth, and ears are closed with small pellets of cotton wool, and the corpse surrounded with sprigs of wormwood, mint, thyme, marjoram, and other sweet scented herbs, brought from the mountains. Incense is afterwards burnt on small censers : in districts where vegetation is scarce, the herbs are dispensed with, and the incense alone is used. When these ceremonies are finished, the corpse is wrapped in a sort of winding sheet made of white muslin, which is fastened with a cord, above the head, something like the closing of a bag. Then all the women of the family and of the surrounding neighbourhood assemble in the court of the house, or in the tent of the deceased, if the death takes place in a tribe ; when the oldest, seated on the ground, and surrounded by the rest, begins to enumerate the virtues of the departed. In the course of her recital she becomes greatly agitated, and gives utterance to her grief in piercing shrieks, which are re-echoed by her companions.

These signs of despair have an effect rather singular than touching, and lose their sympathetic power in becoming a customary formality. The

nearest relations are placed in the centre, the others according to their degree of kindred, then, the mere acquaintances, and last of all, the women of the neighbourhood, who arrive at the scene of lamentation by the terraces of their respective houses, without setting foot in the street. It is curious to watch the expressions of grief of this latter class of mourners, as they consist solely of strange contortions of the body, executed with the most phlegmatic countenance.

Mother, wives, sisters and daughters utter loud cries, and tear their faces, according to the degree of affection they bore the deceased. Their grief at first exhibits itself with some moderation, but they proceed by degrees to the most violent outbursts of despair, which increase to a sort of madness, while the blood streams from their faces. In the midst of their screams and howls, they reproach the dead with having abandoned those who loved him, and recount the many cares of which he was the object, and of which he is deprived for ever.

During the space of nine days, these frantic scenes are renewed three times a day. In the intervals between them water is brought from the cistern with which every Moorish house, rich or poor, is provided, and ablutions are performed, which simply consist in washing the head, hands and feet, without drying them. Then all the women seat themselves on the ground, on mats prepared for the purpose, and drink coffee, while they are free to converse or weep at pleasure.

The next day, the body is placed on a sort of litter, of the shape of a large open chest. This litter

is carried by means of two long transverse poles, on the shoulders of four men. The rest of the funeral ceremonies are performed according to the wealth of the family. If the deceased is poor, he is simply placed on the litter in his muslin winding sheet, and is rudely shaken in this primitive means of conveyance, by the constant succession of those who join in the pious care of bearing him to the grave. This act is obligatory according to the Mussulman creed, and each passer by, whether known or unknown to the deceased is forced to lend his shoulder for a few minutes, as a last service rendered by the living to the dead.

If, on the contrary, the family is rich, the body is covered with silken stuffs, rich carpets, and girdles embroidered with gold. The principal personage in the procession marches in front, while the others surround the corpse, singing the funeral hymn, the monotonous tone of which chaunt is in strict accordance with the subject. On arriving at the grave, the body is carefully divested of these temporary ornaments, and the act of interment is concealed from all bystanders.

The Arabian customs vary very much among this population; each tribe has its own, which it preserves even in the midst of cities. A few days ago, I heard in a neighbouring house, the sound of tambourines, reed pipes, &c. which usually announces a family festival. I mounted on my terrace, but was unable to see anything in the adjoining court, except a few negroes preparing mats, as if to receive a numerous company. In vain I endeavoured to get a view into the interior of the house, my curiosity was doomed to

be disappointed. I went into the street, where I heard a wedding spoken of. I walked about near the entrance of the house where the nuptials were to take place, though with small hopes of success, when a Moorish woman, carefully enveloped in her veil, passed near me, and gently touching my arm, said to me in excellent French: "Thou wishest to see the wedding? Come!" She then linked her arm in mine, and we entered the house together. If I was astonished to hear her speak French so well, I was not surprized at the kindness of her act, as they all are, in general, civil and obliging to those that please them. She introduced me into a large hall on the ground floor, where I found myself in a company of about twenty Moorish ladies, richly dressed, and all seated in the oriental style. They made room for me, and I seated myself among them; they received me most graciously, and after shaking hands with me, made me the customary salutation by raising their hand to their lips. Coffee was served, without sugar, and the music began again.

Three old women, no less hideous than the witches in Macbeth, resumed their tambourines to accompany the most discordant chaunt that ever offended Christian ears. These three matrons possess a great number of privileges at Bona. They preside at births, and if the new born infant be a boy, they hail its arrival with the frightful din of their tambourines, and distract the ear of the suffering mother with their noisy congratulations. Part of their business is also to tattoo, which they do with great skill and taste, and to arrange the dress of the brides; in

which last particular they signally fail, at least in the eyes of a Parisian.

I had endured my share of this dreadful concert for above three quarters of an hour, wondering in whose honor I was thus exercising my patience, when at last the music ceased, and a pause ensued. The lady who introduced me had taken off the "koïk," or veil, that concealed her splendid attire, and I was able to examine her at leisure. She was singularly handsome, in spite of the pains she had taken to paint her face, according to the Moorish fashion. By this means her beautiful eyebrows were joined in one arch across her forehead, and her eyes received additional lustre from the tinge of cucuma under her long eyelashes. Black patches were placed on her cheeks that glowed with artificial brightness, reminding one of the belles of the court of Louis XV. and her frequent bursts of gaiety disclosed a set of pearly teeth. Her long black hair was gathered in large rolls under a fillet of crimson silk and gold; her beautifully modelled hands and arms were tattooed so admirably, that they seemed to be covered with black lacework of the most intricate design; the tips of her fingers were dyed with rocon; and her legs and feet tattooed in the same manner as her arms. Her slippers were richly embroidered with gold and silver, and heavy golden bracelets adorned her arms and legs. All the other women wore the same kind of costume, the only variety consisting in the different arrangement of colours, in the greater or less beauty of the silken trousers, double chemises of cotton and muslin, and length of the gauze veils ornamented with gold and

silver spangles. The weight of the earrings and gold chains with which they were loaded seemed in no degree to impede their motions, and certainly, if their intrinsic value was rather a proof of the wealth than of the taste of the wearers, their size was a still greater testimony of the personal vigour that was able to endure such a weight in a heat of forty-five degrees.

When I had finished my scrutiny, which seemed by no means disagreeable to the objects of it, my first acquaintance offered me a place by her side, which I gladly accepted; and the following conversation took place between us.

“ In a few minutes thou wilt see the bride.”

“ Where is she ?”

“ Behind that great damask curtain, where she has been hidden three days.”

“ Why ?”

“ Because she came with her mother from one of the tribes in the mountains, and is lodging here with the mother of the bridegroom. Nobody is allowed to see her before the moment she is conducted to the nuptial chamber. She was married this morning before the *cadi*, veiled from head to foot, and neither her husband nor we have yet beheld her.”

“ What is thy name ?”

“ Fatima.”

“ How, then, Fatima, dost thou speak such good French ?” She laughed.

“ Dost thou not perceive that I am a French woman ?”

“ What ! Thou ? Why then appear as a Moor ?”

“ That is very easily explained. My parents brought me to Africa a few years ago ; they died, and I was left alone, an orphan, with the dreary prospect of entering a hospital of refuge. Mazoud, our neighbour, a young man of great wealth and kind disposition, offered me his hand and fortune, with a solemn promise that I should be his only wife, and enjoy the free exercise of my religion. I accepted him. I am happy, my husband loves me most devotedly ; and, contrary to the custom of the country, I am sole mistress of my home, and respected by his family, who load me with kindness and marks of affection. I have nothing to desire, and if Mazoud were to imagine that anything were wanting to complete my happiness, he would allow himself no rest till he had discovered my wish and gratified it, anticipating my thoughts before I could find words to utter them.”

“ But, Fatima, this is a complete rupture with thy country and countrymen.”

“ My husband is dearer to me than all.”

I felt that this was an argument that refuted all mine, and pressed her hand in token of acquiescence.

The mother of the bride then made her appearance, and passed behind the damask curtain before mentioned, accompanied by the three matrons. Small wax lights were distributed among us, after which the curtain rose, and the bride, supported on each side, was led into the midst of our circle, and placed on a cushion that had been prepared for her. They next proceeded to arrange her toilet, which had not been required for the ceremony of the morning.

The matrons covered her with a velvet mantle worked in gold, slightly resembling the cope worn by our priests, but closed at the sides. On her hair, the long tresses of which were rolled under a fillet, like Fatima's, was placed first a velvet band, five inches in width, stiffly mounted on pasteboard, then a second one of the same kind, but ornamented with gold fringes and strings of golden coins. When this was done, they proceeded to paint her eyebrows, eyelashes, and lips, a measure which seemed by no means useless, as she was deadly pale, and appeared completely exhausted.

The poor young creature had been suffering from fever for several months; while her youth and good constitution had struggled against the malady, unassisted by any scientific help, in consequence of her nation's strange belief in fatalism. She had been betrothed for many years, and the time for her marriage having arrived, the promises exchanged on each side had to be redeemed, without any regard for the consequences.

When her toilet was entirely finished, all the ladies who were present went into the court, and, striking their chins with their fingers, produced that sound so like the barking of a dog, which is often heard in the Arab towns, and is so disagreeable to the ear. This was the signal that the husband's authority was about to commence, and that the moment had arrived when he was permitted to take the first view of his young wife. She was then placed on the threshold of the door, and her hands were left free, in order that she might raise her veil. The bridegroom was just crossing the court; he

advanced straight to his wife, viewed her by the light of our tapers, and placed a piece of money on her head, according to an ancient custom, as a sign that he accepted the spouse chosen for him, though the law would have permitted him immediately to repudiate her. The poor young woman, who seemed scarcely fifteen years old, exhausted with illness, fatigue, and the painful uncertainty she was suffering, was unable to lift her hand to her head in sufficient time to retain the piece of money, which confirmed her new title. It fell to the ground, upon which arose a general cry of distress; as Arab superstition regards an accident of this kind as an announcement of death to the person who lets fall the fatal medal.

The bridegroom retired to his chamber, and the bride was led back among the circle of her friends to hear the hymeneal chant. This was another severe trial to my ears; and I much rejoiced that at least I was spared the words of this discordant music, which being in Arabic I did not understand. We then went in a body to lead the bride to her husband. I wish I could describe to you any of the wonders that the Tales of the Arabian Nights relate about the interior of Moorish houses, but I was neither at Bagdad nor Bassora, and Bona is still in a state of primitive simplicity, in regard to costly furniture and other articles of oriental magnificence; a slight covering of whitewash was the only sign of luxury in the houses of the richest Moors.

On entering the nuptial chamber, the only thing I saw was a white mass, squatted on the ground on

a corner of the carpet. This was the bridegroom, who had to be roughly shaken before he would change his position and make room for his young wife. She was then placed beside him, and they remained in this singular attitude, resembling the china figures that are sometimes seen on each side of the fire place in old houses. We then returned to the hall, where the dancing began, accompanied by the same inevitable music.

The mother of the bridegroom first danced for her son, and afterwards the mother of the bride for her daughter; then came the performance of the nearest relations. I shall describe this kind of dancing when I give you an account of the festival of the sheep. The spirit both of dancers and spectators was excited by such an increase of singing and vociferation, that for my part, satisfied with what I had seen of the attractions of such a party, I was too happy to return home, though even here I was molested all night long with the sound of the detestable Arab music, and the chants and other signs of rejoicing of the guests, which were protracted till a late hour of the morning.

October 15.

The steam boat "Le Phénicien," which had brought me from Marseilles to Bona, is now in the harbour, with a yellow flag streaming from the mast, as a sign of quarantine. The worthy captain who commanded the vessel had died of cholera, twelve hours' distance from Marseilles, and according to custom, his body had been thrown into the Mediterranean. During our voyage I had heard him relate to Sir —— Hamilton, who was on board,

that the Princess Poniatowsky, who was returning from Tunis to France six months ago, had died on the passage, and her body was cast into the sea, according to the custom on board ship. He added that nobody was exempted from this necessity, and that although he lived at Marseilles, he should certainly be consigned to the waves were he to die on the passage. These words at the time impressed me with a melancholy feeling. The captain died a few weeks afterwards, and his corpse has very likely been thrown overboard at the very spot that he pointed out as the last resting place of the unfortunate princess.

The cholera is raging at Tunis; every one here is in great alarm. The heavy rains have also begun, and more falls here during one day than during three months in France, where such showers are quite unknown. I am literally placed between two opposing torrents. My lodging on the first story is inundated by the water from the terrace, the rain from without pervades the ground floor, and the cistern in my cellar pours its superabundant supply into the neighbouring houses. The hospital for the indigent poor has been hastily evacuated, as the water, filtering through the foundations, has undermined the ground, and the building threatens to sink under its own weight.

My poor companion has been ill for a long time; she has a settled desire to return to France, but is unable to do so for the present, on account of the bad weather. A dreadful storm has been raging for more than a week; it began by torrents of rain and hail, which fell in such abundance that it was

impossible to see any object at the distance of ten paces ; while the wind blew with such violence over the plain as to force the cattle to lie down. Trees are torn up by the roots, and bushes are dispersed like dust, before this hurricane. The thunder-bolts burst at several places at once, and the sea sometimes recedes, leaving a vast plain of sand uncovered ; then suddenly returns, overflowing the vacant space, while the furious breakers dash against the rocks, and the sound is heard afar off. Large ships, with sails unfurled, are violently tossed on the waves, —now falling away to one side, then regaining their balance, but only to be almost capsized on the other. Some vessels lie at anchor, others fire the alarm-gun, in danger of running aground, or of being swallowed up in the quicksands of the Seybouse, the shore of which is covered with fragments of wrecks.

This dreadful weather reminds me that twenty years ago Bona was the resort of the fiercest pirates on the African coast. Thus during the equinox, when frequent tempests endangered the safety of the vessels in the adjoining seas, the Arabs of Bona awaited on the sands the drifting of the wrecks, murdered the unhappy victims who escaped the fury of the waves, or led them away into slavery, and pillaged what remained of the cargo.

The children who have grown up under the dominion of the French have much improved since that period ; but the old men, who had been used to the above-mentioned practices, would not be found much altered in principle were the same opportunity to present itself.

In general, the disposition of the Arabs is good,

so long as they are not governed by evil passions. The charges of perfidy and cunning, often brought against them, are accounted for by their weakness and timidity. As strength and sincerity always go together, so do weakness and deceit. We ought also to remember that they are a vanquished people, and that we are the conquerors, and that while the dominion of the superior authorities is gentle and conciliating, that of the lower functionaries and underlings is always imperious and brutal, often unjust, and invariably oppressive.

The population of Bona amounts to 12,000,—of which 4,000 are French—principally natives of Provence. It seems as if Algeria had been conquered solely for their benefit; for directly after the invasion of our army, the “Provencaux” and “Toulounais” followed with theirs; but even their arrival had been forestalled by the Maltese, who had come in the rear of our troops, like a flock of birds of prey. They immediately assumed the monopoly of provisions and household goods, and of loans at interest, which are tolerated here as a secondary evil. The rate of usury here is ten per cent. but in urgent cases it is raised to twenty-five, thirty, and even forty. If a Frenchman wishes to establish himself in any trade exercised by the Maltese, all the corporation join against him,—prices are suddenly lowered,—and the Frenchman, obliged to sell at a loss, is either ruined or forced to retire. They also lay sole claim to the office of street-porter. All luggage and parcels are seized by these Maltese when a vessel arrives at the landing-place, and are carried, regardless of the wish of the owners, to

the hotel where the best remuneration is given to the bearers, who afterwards drive a hard bargain for their trouble, if you can understand them sufficiently. All the Maltese, without exception, are rich, and display a degree of acuteness in their worldly interest seldom equalled by any civilized nation.

The first time I saw a Maltese wedding party, I took it for a funeral, and was surprised, on viewing the procession, not to see the coffin-bearers. Indeed it is very easy to make this mistake, as the women walk alone in front in profound silence, their heads covered on one side with their large black aprons, while nothing distinguishes the bride from her companions. The men follow, dressed in one uniform costume, not unlike that of the English sailors. The cortège first proceeded to the office of the mayor for the civil marriage, according to the French law, which they are obliged to observe. The religious ceremony was afterwards performed in the church.

These Maltese are a singular people. Cruel, perfidious, cunning, envious, and revengeful, they have all the vices of the Italians without their poetry and fine qualities. If the sovereignty of the French were to cease in Algeria, that of the Maltese would probably take its place. These latter have taken such firm possession of the soil, that it would be difficult even for the Arabs, though more numerous, to dislodge them. The treatment which the unfortunate natives receive from the emigrants from Toulon and Marseilles is quite hard enough, and they dislike the intruders accordingly, but they positively execrate the Maltese, who constantly ill-use them

for no cause whatever, incite their children to do the same to the Arab children, assist them even in this cowardly persecution, and set their dogs at the unfortunate little wretches, in spite of their cries of terror and agony. The only notice taken by the police of these inhuman outrages is occasionally a feeble remonstrance, if they happen to pass the scene of action at the time; and if the parents of the children complain, it is impossible for them to obtain redress, as numbers of witnesses are always ready to depose in favour of the accused party.

One day I saw a hyena pass before my door: it had been taken by some Maltese in the mountains of Edough the preceding night. The poor animal had one leg broken, and was severely wounded; but notwithstanding this, these people had the wanton cruelty to deprive it of all its teeth, that their children might afterwards torment it at pleasure. Fortunately the poor beast's sufferings were terminated by the command of a general officer who, passing by the spot, ordered it to be immediately killed.

As we are bound to give every body their due, I must admit that the Maltese are a most laborious people, and indefatigable in their undertakings: they may be seen attending to their business at all seasons of the year. They sleep on the floor of their warehouses, or on a single board, generally without taking off their clothes. Such is their muscular strength, that four Maltese can easily carry a great cask of wine, suspended by ropes to long wooden poles, which they place on their shoulders. It is very common to see six Maltese carry, in this way, one of those large measures of brandy, called pipes

of Montpellier. In cases of any general plague or calamity, the Maltese undertake to gather all necessary contributions, but demand a high price for their services.

December 30.

To-day I saw a lioness from the Atlas brought into the town: some Arabs had killed her about six leagues from Bona. Besides the premium of fifty francs given by the government, the hunters were to receive seventy-five from the furrier for the skin: when stripped of this, the body was to be restored to them, as the flesh of the lion is good to eat.

The animal was of colossal size, and had been drawn in by two mules. I examined it at leisure, raising its enormous heavy paws, furnished with formidable nails, of the breadth of two fingers. Its powerful jaws, closed in the agonies of death, were provided with teeth corresponding with the claws in strength and sharpness. On returning home, a hound approached me, which, after smelling my hands, ran away with every sign of terror. Its master, an officer of our garrison, promised to relate the history of an excursion he had made into the country two years ago, in which he had the good fortune to save a child which had been carried off by a lion, and of killing the terrible animal itself. He kept his word; and I repeat the story here because it seems to me as interesting as it is curious. I give you the narrative in his own words; and though I may not succeed in exciting in you the lively interest which the subject raised in myself, I shall at least omit none of the details.

NEFA.

DURING my residence at Bona, I became acquainted with a family of Turkish origin, who did me the singular favour of allowing me free entrance into the interior of their establishment; by which means I penetrated into the mysteries of oriental life.

Sidi Ali el Ouchfoune was a man of lofty stature, and strongly resembled the Abraham in Horace Vernet's celebrated picture. His age appeared to be about fifty; and though the best part of life is over at that time in Algeria, he had never been visited by any infirmity. His principal wife was about twenty years younger. She was tall and handsome, and her arms were fit models for the sculptor. Her face was beautiful; her eyes of that oblong shape peculiar to orientals, and her mouth, rather too wide perhaps for European taste, displayed two rows of the most perfect teeth.

When she was not painted, her complexion was of a delicate whiteness which many a Parisian élégante might have envied. She had two little girls, who had not as yet lost their natural colour by the immoderate use of rouge; and the family was completed by a third daughter, the offspring of another wife, who had died a short time before. Nefa,—such was her name,—was seventeen years old, small, but pretty, and was betrothed to Osman, a young Moor, who, though of rather an effeminate style of beauty, was so ardent a lover of the chase,

that no danger could deter him from indulging in it.

Osman was my inseparable companion. One morning, shortly after dawn, as I was walking as usual on my terrace to enjoy the coolness of the air, and the glorious spectacle of an African sunrise, I suddenly heard a noise like the firing of guns, at about the distance of a league from the town; and soon afterwards I saw a horseman dashing across the plain as fast as he could ride. This was my friend Osman. My windows commanded a view of the court of the Moor's house, where I soon saw Osman arrive, apparently the bearer of evil tidings; and the shrieks of the women proved my conjecture to be right. On enquiry, I found that Nefa, who had been sent with some of her father's slaves to a farm-house in the country, where she was to remain till the day of her marriage, had gone that morning to the Golden River, accompanied by a young negro, and had been carried off by a band of marauders. The negro had contrived to escape by hiding himself in a thicket of rose-laurels, and then had hastened to inform Osman of the disaster.

Before he set off in pursuit of his bride, Osman came to acquaint Nefa's father with what had happened, and swore by Allah not to shave himself until he had succeeded in finding her. I resolved to accompany him. In vain he represented to me all the dangers to which I should be exposed as a Frenchman,—and especially as an officer; I was not to be dissuaded; and in less than an hour we were prepared for our expedition. The young Arab had collected together a few friends and faith-

ful servants, and the whole party consisted of ten people. We went at once to the farm-house on the Golden River, where the young negro showed us the direction taken by the ravishers, and the point where he saw them disappear. After walking three hours, we came to the entrance of a vast forest, where we saw a few smouldering embers on the ground, which proved to us that the party we were in search of had halted here to prepare their food. At the same time, we perceived by the foot-marks that one of their companions had left them at this place and had taken another direction. The question now remained to be solved, whether he had carried off Nefa with him, or whether she was with the rest of the party, as before this was discovered, it was useless to follow either track.

We alighted at this spot, and while Osman and his companions set out on their separate voyages of discovery, the rest of us prepared a few articles of food, amongst which was the indispensable coffee.

The view from our resting-place was magnificent. We were surrounded by an immense forest, which covered the winding passes of Mount Bouzizi; enormous trees extended their lower branches at a distance of ten yards from the ground, and cast their gigantic shadow over a vast thicket of underwood, from which arose vigorous stems,—some nearly four yards in circumference. Through a few cork trees on our left, we saw the waters of the great lake of Tetzara, which lies at the foot of the mountain. No trace was to be seen of tents or habitations of any kind, and one might easily have imagined oneself transported into a virgin forest of

the New World. The middle of the space before us was traversed by a small ravine, in the depths of which flowed a scanty stream of water, almost choked up by the dead leaves which continually fell from the trees. Nothing disturbed the calmness of this vast solitude except the wind, which occasionally brought the echo of distant firing, and from time to time the deep sound of the cannon, whose portentous voice roused the jackal and the tiger-cat from their den. I also heard at a distance a kind of hoarse roaring, which the Arabs assured me was that of the lion.

In about half an hour Osman returned, much discouraged. The horseman whose track he had followed had descended into the plain, going towards the place from whence we had heard the firing. A few minutes afterwards the other scout returned, but could give us no information. A negro, called Korali, then said to Osman: "Master, perhaps I may be more fortunate. I am well acquainted with these forests, and I shall soon be able to discover whether we ought to go on or return to the town." "Go," said Osman, "and if thou succeedest in enabling me to rescue Nefa, I swear, by the head of my father, that thou shalt be free." Korali bowed, and went off immediately in the direction that Osman had taken, but returned in a short time, laughing to himself, and looking at us with a significant expression. He then resumed his search on the other track: after a few steps he stood still, laid himself on the ground, put aside the briars and brambles that covered the path, then rose and exclaimed, clapping his hands for joy,

“This way, Master!” He then explained to us that Nefa must have been with the single horseman, as the horse of the latter seemed more heavily weighted than those of the others, as was evident from the marks of his feet being more firmly indented into the ground. This observation afterwards proved to be true. Our little troop then resumed its march, and plunged into the depths of the forest. The traces that guided us were so faint, and our progress was attended with so much uncertainty, that, by a sort of tacit agreement, not a word was spoken, for fear of distracting Korali’s attention from his arduous task. Nothing was to be heard but the sound of our feet on the dry leaves, and that of the branches broken on our way, which we arranged in such a manner as to enable us to find the road, should any mistake of the negro cause us to lose it.

We had gone a considerable distance in this way, rousing a few wild beasts, which fled before us, when we arrived at a vast opening in the wood,—a sort of glade,—partly overgrown with reeds, bushes, aloës, and yellow broom. Here Korali stopped, the traces he had hitherto followed being no longer visible. The ground was composed of pebbles and bare rock, on which not a foot-print could remain. We were obliged, therefore, to make another halt, while the negro resumed his search. This time he permitted me to accompany him, on condition that I should follow him as closely as possible.

In vain we examined every spot where a little earth or a few leaves were to be found; Korali seemed quite discouraged; when all of a sudden I saw

him rush forward, and make signs to me to approach, showing me a stone. I hastened to him, and looked at it, but to no purpose; I could find no meaning in his discovery. Korali smiled, and showed me that the stone was dry on the under, and wet on the upper side, and that in consequence its position must have been disturbed a short while ago. "But what is the proof," I said, "that it has been turned by a horse going over it?"

This observation seemed to puzzle the negro, and make him reflect; nevertheless, proud of his discovery, he continued to walk in the direction indicated by the stone, and the point where the traces had ceased to be perceptible. Korali was right in his conjecture; after passing the rocks, we distinctly saw the foot-marks of a horse printed on the ground. But now a new perplexity arose; the steps seemed to go towards the point from whence we had come. This difficulty was soon overcome, for on a nearer survey it was easy to perceive that the horse had been forced to walk backwards. Was this the effect of stratagem, or accident? Where had the horse stopped? These were now the questions to resolve, which to me appeared most difficult, as the pebbles on the rock prevented any trace remaining, and the whole side of the mountain from the glade where we halted, to the place where the foot-prints reappeared, was covered with a thick jungle of underwood. While we reflected on this, Korali was not idle, he searched and examined all about, and soon showed me a gap in the thicket, where the dust had been brushed off the leaves at the height of a man on horseback, evidently showing that the fugitives

had gone that way. We followed this trace, and when we arrived at the outskirts of the forest Korali's assertions received full confirmation. He stooped, uttering an exclamation of delight, and rose again holding a woman's slipper, which Osman recognized as belonging to his betrothed. Shortly afterwards the track was again discernible, and we rapidly advanced, descending the declivity of the Bouzizi.

In about four hours we arrived at a valley, where there was a small Arab encampment. We got our arms ready without stopping, prepared for all emergencies, while Osman advanced to meet the first Arab he perceived, and made signs to us to approach without fear. We found him in conversation with an old man, in which some other men of the tribe presently took part. Korali had led us right, the ravisher had passed that way, and was three hours in advance of us. This was all the information we could obtain. To all our questions, the old man and those about him made this one laconic answer, "M'narft,"—I don't know. What was to be done? How was it possible to find the direction we wanted in the midst of the numerous foot-prints of cattle and horses belonging to the tribe, and which they evidently wished to conceal from us? After a short consultation I persuaded Osman and his friends to accept the hospitality offered us by these Arabs, telling them that a word might escape from our hosts by chance, which might give us some idea of the route we were to pursue; besides which, that it was better to sleep in the encampment than to run the risk of falling in with a band of marauders, or

spending the night in the forest with no covering but the skies. I, for my part, resolved to satisfy my curiosity by a close examination of my new acquaintances.

After resting for an hour or two in one of the tents of the encampment, I found myself on the best terms possible with my hosts, and their little child, a lively mischievous boy about three or four years old, whose friendship I gained with the assistance of some small pieces of money and some lumps of sugar. I then went out, taking my weapons, amongst which was my double-barrelled gun, a faithful friend with which I had scarcely ever missed my aim. My wish was to employ the last hours of the day in enjoying the animated spectacle of the return of the cattle to the tents, and to kill one of the large grey vultures that I saw flying above me.

On arriving at a wild space covered with long grass, nearly as high as myself, I turned round, and contemplated with delight a landscape that reminded me of some of the scenes of the Bible. I viewed with a feeling of singular interest the tents of camels' hair, woven by the women of the tribe, under whose shade the Arab housewives were preparing and kneading the flour of the "conscouss," for the evening meal; the herds of cattle, driven home by young men whose scanty dress revealed their robust forms, the horses picquetted to the ground, the tall palm trees, whose long shafts seemed to rise to heaven, the thick tufts of rose laurels, among which were seen the pomegranate and the wild orange, and farther off (in the distance) the immense forest of Mount Bouzizi, standing out

in bold relief against the clear blue sky. This beautiful tableau, half illumined by the last rays of the sun, was animated by the picturesque costume of these sons of Ishmael. One moment I shall never forget, though I have often seen the same effect reproduced.

The instant the sun disappeared below the horizon, a sudden calm ensued, so deep, so instantaneous, that nothing can give an idea of its magic impression. All was silent, the animals on the plain ceased their lowing, the birds in the air their song; and all nature seemed sunk in sleep. Suddenly a shrill bark was heard, resounding from the mountain, which was slowly repeated from the opposite side; then, as at a given signal, a thousand voices rose, filling the air with hideous yells, which were doubled by the echoes. These proceeded from the jackals, descending from the hills in numerous bands, in pursuit of prey, and giving tongue like an immense pack of hounds, while the half wild dogs of the tribe responded to the cry. This clamour was occasionally interrupted by the shrill and plaintive scream of the hyena, but broke out afterwards with renewed violence.

I listened to all these sounds, so new and striking to me, and perceiving a few jackals, which, bolder than the rest, had ventured to cross the valley, I was preparing to shoot one or two of them before I returned to the tents, when I heard a noise among the branches close beside me, which I thought might be caused by the passage of a hyena. I waited, and soon afterwards shuddered to hear a hollow sound that seemed to make the earth tremble under my

feet. My whole frame was convulsed, the cold sweat poured down my forehead; a strange and fearful voice struck my ear It was the roaring of the lion!

When I recovered my presence of mind, I perceived a magnificent lioness going towards the encampment, describing a semicircle in her course. Prepared for all events, I took a couple of large bullets from my pocket, and loaded both barrels of my gun. More composed, but not daring yet to leave my place of concealment, I strained my eyes to keep the animal in sight, that I might seize the favourable opportunity of returning to the tents without danger. Every creature had been struck silent at the dreaded voice of the lioness; the barking of the dogs and jackals, the cry of the hyenas, had suddenly stopped. It was not dark yet, and the twilight, so short in these regions, had begun. I thought I heard the voice of a child calling to me, then a frightful roar, to which succeeded a shriek of horror. At the same instant I saw the beast return, slowly, carrying in its jaws the child of my host, which it had seized by the clothes, and with which it was trying to regain the solitude of the desert. The poor child neither cried nor moved, but seemed perfectly insensible. The men of the tribe stood gazing at the lioness, afraid to follow her, while Osman and his friends made a circuit in hopes of cutting off her retreat. The animal was coming straight towards me: the thought instantaneously struck me that if she were to plunge among the long grass, the child would be lost for ever, and that at all events I should attempt to save it, even

at the risk of missing my aim and killing it instead of the lioness. My fright had entirely disappeared, I did not even consider that I was a lost man should I fail in killing the animal on the spot; I thought of nothing but the child, and its poor mother, whom I saw rushing on the track of the lioness with dishevelled hair. I offered a silent prayer for assistance, and when the beast passed me, took a sure aim and fired off both barrels. I heard neither cry nor roar, as I expected, my sight grew dim, I heard a crackling in the bushes near me, something touched my shoulder, and I thought I felt the hot breath of the lioness. I bounded convulsively aside.

It was Osman, who came to join me and congratulate me; one of the two shots had struck the heart of the lioness, which had fallen down dead without a struggle, and the child was saved.

Osman and I remained near the body of the animal; all the inhabitants of the tribe, even the women, hastened to the spot; eager to approach me, and kiss the skirt of my bournou. But the most affecting sight of all was the mother, who seemed almost distracted with joy. She seized the child in her arms, overwhelmed it with caresses, and made it strike the dead animal with its hands and feet. She then led the child to me, made it kiss my hand, placed it in my arms, and took it back again to show it to her friends. It was a scene of joy and delight that no words can describe. When her emotion had subsided a little, she asked me what was my name. I spoke Arabic with facility, and having assumed the Mussulman costumè

as a kind of safeguard on my dangerous expedition, I resolved to keep up my character, and replied—

“ My name is Abdalla ben Yacoub.”

She answered, “ If Abdalla ben Yacoub ever wants a friend in any part of the country between the Mountains of Edough and the Lake of Tetzara, let him remember Etzeria and her husband Ben Mazourck ; he, she, and all that belong to them would lay down their lives for him. Is it not so, Mazourck ? ” she exclaimed.

“ Yes, by Allah ! ” replied her husband.

Whilst we returned all together to the tents, an old woman plucked me by my bournou, and made me a sign to stop.

“ Thou art not called Abdalla ben Yacoub ”, she said in a low voice: “ but thou art none the less a servant of God,* for thou art good and mighty. My tribe have not recognized thee, but I, who sometimes go to the town, know that thou art a Frenchman, and a captain *cadi*.† Fear nothing, I love thee, though thou art a Frenchman, because thou hast saved my grandson. Listen to me: if ever thou needest our help, go to the Marabout at Ain el Turco, and thou wilt find us. As a proof that I love thee, know that the young girl of whom thou art in search, is in the hands of the Beni-Salabs, who are going to deliver her to their Sheik. Keep my secret, and lead thy friends to the encampment of the Beni-flittas. The girl will sleep there tomorrow. Go, and may Allah protect thee ! ”

* Such is the meaning of Abdalla.

† Chief of the council of war.

The next morning at sunrise we were on horseback. Osman, guided by my advice, made us take the direction of the great lake of Tetzara, which we left on our right. Towards evening we arrived at the first outposts of the Beni-flittas; and by means of the information which the ingenious Korali obtained for us, by entering into one of their encampments unobserved, we learned that Nefa had arrived at the tribe, and was to be taken the next morning to the Beni-Salahs. We then continued our route without stopping, and a little before sunset our caravan halted at a small oasis, where Nefa was expected to pass on her journey. A vast sandy plain was extended around us, as far as the eye could reach, where a few bushes and tall grasses found a scanty subsistence. No sound disturbed the uniform stillness of the desert, while above our heads myriads of birds filled the air with their cries. Towards the north, a slight vapour indicated the situation of the lake, which was at the distance of about three leagues from our resting place.

There we remained till break of day, when the sun rose, bursting through the clouds, and spreading its dazzling brightness over the plain. The ground was pulverized by the heat, and the drought had cracked it in a thousand places. Suddenly a small black point was seen to the west, and became more distinct as the mist of the early morning vanished. We soon perceived that it was a group of horsemen rapidly approaching. "There she is!" cried Osman, "I know her by her striped veil." We agreed to attack them when they should have alighted on the borders of the oasis, where we conjectured they

intended to halt; and that till the time arrived, we should remain on horseback, concealed behind a hedge of rose laurels, which divided the oasis in two parts. But the horsemen had scarcely come near us, when the impatient Osman rushed forward, and we were obliged to follow him. I cannot tell what ensued, for the moment I leaped the boundary, I felt a violent concussion; my horse carried me some distance into the desert, and I fell to the ground quite insensible.

When my senses returned, I was alone, in the midst of a barren plain, and parched with burning thirst. I was not wounded, but felt a violent pain in my head and shoulder, caused most likely either by the fall or by a flattened bullet, while a sort of dizziness which I attributed to the heat of the sun, almost overpowered me. The wind had risen, a thick vapour had overspread the plain, the horizon was pervaded with a red glow like the reflection of a fire, and the sand on which I lay seemed burning. I turned towards the point from whence the wind blew, and in doing so, a hot breeze passed over my face, like the air from a heated oven. I recognized the terrible wind of the desert, or simoom, and fearing lest it should overwhelm me, I gathered all my strength, and rose, hoping somewhere or other to find a refuge, as the hostile tribe of the Beni-Salabs lay towards the east. I went a short way in a north-westerly direction, but now once more my consciousness forsook me. Falling down exhausted, I remained in such a state of torpor that I lost all recollection, till suddenly awaking, I found myself in utter darkness. Regardless of the consequences, I

called aloud for help, and immediately heard the barking of dogs, which seemed to sound from above my head. I then groped around me, and discovered I was in a *Silo*; where, as I afterwards discovered, I had been removed by those who had found me in a state of insensibility.

This is the name given to a sort of cave, hollowed out in the shape of a hive, and lined with masonry. The greatest number of these "Silos" may be traced to the Romans, to whom all that bears any impress of grandeur or utility in this country may justly be ascribed. The Arabs use them as granaries, or as places of concealment, and on leaving them in search of richer pastures, they always cover the openings of these caves, which in general are very narrow, so that their situation is most difficult to find, when not known beforehand. In some parts of Africa there are plains entirely covered with them.

In a few minutes, I heard the sound of the Tam-tam, and other musical instruments, announcing a fête; soon afterwards cries and the noise of firearms. While I tried to guess what all this meant, (I learned afterwards that the tribe was celebrating the birth of the Sheik's son) I heard a voice, calling to me from above:—

"Is it thou, Cadi?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"Do not fear," continued the voice, "remember Ben Mazourck, I am he."

The voice ceased, and a sound of retreating footsteps announced to me the departure of my protector. Tranquillized in some degree, I patiently awaited the time for escaping from my hole. Soon

after two Arabs came for me, and took me to the principal tent of an encampment, which I recognized as one of those we had passed the preceding evening. In this tent I found about twenty Arabs discussing my fate; among these was Ben Mazourck; I went straight up to him, and saluted him as a friend. He returned my greeting in Arab fashion, and uttered the word "Well," as if to assure me I might depend upon him.

The discussion continued, and in spite of the opposition of Ben Mazourck, it was resolved that I should immediately be given up to the Sheik of the Beni-Salabs, as one of those who had rescued the young girl who had been promised to him as a gift. This was my death-warrant, for they had recognized me as a Frenchman. This decision being made, Ben Mazourck went out to prepare me an escort, as he declared, and returned soon afterwards, saying that all was ready. I then left the tent, guarded on all sides by a crowd of men, women, and children, who insulted me, and threw sand in my face.

All of a sudden, a veil was thrown over my head, and a child seized me by the hand, calling me his friend. Cries of rage then arose, and I heard the name of Etzeria. I knew that I was saved, for it is a custom among the Arabs of all these tribes, that if a woman touch the clothes of a prisoner, or cover him with her veil, or place the hand of her child in his, he regains his liberty, and is regarded as sacred so long as he remains in the camp; but he cannot leave without danger, unless accompanied by an Arab, who declares him to be his guest. As I resolved to depart, the husband of Etzeria took me

under his protection, and we set off immediately, as he feared a reaction against me, because I was a Frenchman. The title of Marabout, which belonged to Ben Mazourck, had for a time suspended the ill-will the Arabs bore me, but it was urgent to make use of the delay thus afforded us.

After walking a few hours, Ben Mazourck left me, saying :—

“ Make haste and flee, lest they should pursue thee. The lake will guide thee, keep it to the right, until thou arrive at Ain Turco, where thou wilt be in safety. I will come next month to the town, to reclaim this horse and this weapon which I lend thee,” he added, giving me his yataghan. “ Thou hast saved my child, I have saved thee ; we are quits. Fare thee well. God is great !”

I made use of the warning, and spurred my horse into a gallop, till my friend had disappeared. Soon afterwards, seeing a negro coming towards me, I was about to avoid him, when I perceived that it was Korali. The faithful servant informed me that Nefa had been rescued, and had returned to Bona, under the safeguard of Osman. The negro had remained behind, at the command of his master, in hopes of gaining some news of me ; but not having found me towards the south, as he expected, he was going round the lake of Tetzara. One more event happened on our journey homewards, which proved to me the belief which the negroes entertain, that it is possible to fascinate the lion by speaking to him.

When we had arrived half way to Ain Turco, we made a short cut through a wood of olive trees, on one of the last slopes of the Edough Mountains, in

order to regain the borders of the lake, which forms a sort of curve at this point, and return to Bona by the valley of rose laurels. In an instant my horse began to tremble, which being observed by Korali, he exclaimed “ A lion must be near!”

Immediately afterwards, we heard the noise of branches crashing, and turning round, I saw a lion of large size rush from the thicket, about 200 steps behind us. I was going to urge on my horse, when Korali said to me, seizing my bridle,

“ If thou goest faster, we are lost!—leave it to me.”

We then walked on at the same pace, while Korali, still holding my bridle to restrain my horse, addressed the lion, which had approached near us, in a voice which he tried to render calm:—

“ Thou wilt not attack us, for we are men, as brave as thou.”

He repeated this sentence for several minutes, which appeared very long to me; the lion followed us slowly, then with one bound, disappeared in the jungle. Korali continued to repeat his singular form of conjuration, and then said to me:—

“ Thou seest that a lion is not dangerous, when he is met with courage.”

My return caused great joy to the whole family of Sidi Ali, especially to the two betrothed, whose marriage took place a few days afterwards. Osman did not neglect to perform his promise to the intelligent Korali; the good negro was almost overcome with joy, not so much at regaining his liberty, as that his master made him a promise to keep him in his service in a confidential situation, and to give

him in marriage a negress whom he loved. The ceremony of enfranchisement is very short, and consists solely of a declaration made before the *cadi*.

On the day fixed for the wedding, Osman and his father-in-law came to request me to attend it. I accepted the invitation, but was disappointed to find that the whole society was composed of men. For more than a week the bride had been kept in the strictest seclusion, seeing nobody but her mother, the slave who brought her food, and the matron who had negotiated the marriage. The last day was devoted to the purifications prescribed by the Koran, and according to the custom of rich families, a whole establishment of baths was engaged for the day, and all the women of the company availed themselves of the opportunity, with or without invitation, for the bathing was gratis, all the expenses being defrayed by Sidi Ali.

The marriage ceremony being the same as that I have already described, I refer the reader to the preceding article.

Note. Not only the negroes, but all the natives of Algeria maintain that meeting with a lion is not dangerous, unless the animal be hungry, and the person show signs of fear. I shall give further facts on this subject, one of which was related to me by my friend Abdallah. This good Arab, who certainly cannot be accused of vanity, regards an adventure of this kind as quite a common occurrence at Mondovi. When a lion appears in the village, which is generally at night, in search of prey, the dogs tremble, and no animal ventures to give notice

of his approach; but the heavy step and deep breathings are sufficient indications of the awful visitor. He always takes the direction of the gourbi, or stable, and his hoarse roar when he arrives in sight of his prey, gives warning to the colonists not to venture out of their dwellings.

January, 1850.

In spite of the stormy weather, the new colonists have arrived, and have been immediately despatched to the two central depôts, now rendered desolate by the pestilence. They cheerfully took possession of their new abode, in the hope of meeting with better fortune than their predecessors. They certainly will enjoy more *real* advantages, as even now there is a great difference between the position of the first colonists and of those recently arrived. The convoy of vessels which brought the first inhabitants to the unfortunate colony of Mondovi arrived at the African coast on the 10th of December, 1848. It was a mournful spectacle, say the inhabitants of Bona, to behold this crowd of men, women, and children, bearing the signs of miserable poverty and profound discouragement. The clergy and the civil and military authorities received them with a great display of welcome, and the Maltese music vied with that of the garrison in satiating their ears with the tune which has become so unfortunately popular—"Mourir pour la patrie." This air was their last adieu to their country on their departure from Paris, and now welcomed their arrival to Bona with an unconscious, but cruel irony, as if to make a bitter allusion to the fate that was prepared for them.

The 900 colonists spent the first night sleeping on straw in the barrack yard, and the next morning they were sent, FASTING, to the district of Mondovi, where nothing had been prepared for their reception. Those who were forced to go on foot, for want of room in the military conveyances, had to walk a distance of eight leagues through a marshy ground, where they sank knee-deep in mire:—a whole day was taken up by this painful journey. The conduct of the soldiers of the 43rd, who formed their escort, was touching in the extreme: they supported those who seemed spent with weariness, relieved them of their baggage, carried the children; and performed all these little offices with an affectionate solicitude which spoke well in favour of their humanity. When they arrived at the place of their destination, instead of the shelter they had so good a right to expect, they found nothing but an extensive treeless plain, almost converted into a swamp by the constant rain. Their kind escort hastened to pitch tents, to shelter them as well as possible from the violent showers, so abundant at that season of the year. But no means had been taken to furnish them with provisions:—for the first day they *had no food whatever!*

Worn out with fatigue, they lay down on the damp straw: those who had none, stretched themselves on the ground, some literally in the *mud*. The next morning provisions arrived from Bona, with waggons carrying the mattresses and other effects belonging to these unfortunate people. Six whole weeks were spent in this manner, under tents, till at last temporary huts were erected; but even

then, the poor colonists had to sleep on the wet ground, as nothing better was provided for them.

The new comers are not exposed to the same inconveniences. Their little dwellings are now entirely finished ; and though the rain does occasionally demolish a few of them, at least they have *some* shelter. May they long be able to resist the contagion which has destroyed their predecessors !

I remember that during my residence at Mondovi, my companion and I were surprised one night by a torrent of rain, which inundated our cottage. We opened a large umbrella, and passed the whole night during which the storm lasted, seated on our bed, shivering with cold, while the water poured around us, and our mattress was soaked through like a sponge.

Since I have again returned to the subject of Mondovi, I must tell you of an episode in my melancholy life there which I had forgotten, or to say the truth, had deferred to mention, but which, probably will be more amusing to you than it was to me.

As I had left Mondovi for Bona by the conveyance used for invalids, and in consequence had taken with me only as much baggage as I positively wanted, our captain had my trunks put by in a safe place, and promised to have them sent to me as soon as an opportunity should occur. Soon afterwards, however, the captain was removed from the district, and on my boxes not appearing, and my applications for them remaining unanswered, I resolved to go and fetch them myself, in spite of the repugnance I felt at the idea of returning to Mondovi.

To avoid the heat, I left Bona at nine o'clock one evening, in a cart drawn by oxen, which was to bring back my luggage, and which was now the only means of communication between the two places. The oxen that had been put to the cart were in harness for the first time, and from the very outset were extremely difficult to guide. They were allowed to rest at the oasis of Marabout, about midnight, and then we resumed our journey. When we arrived at a halting-place called "the fig-trees," the oxen stopped, and, with their proverbial obstinacy, refused to move a step further. The drivers tried in vain to urge them on by all the means usually applied in such cases. Threats, blows, cries, invectives, gentle exhortations, and amiable encouragement were alike useless; the animals would not stir; and at last, to show that their determination was fixed, they lay themselves down.

I was then requested to leave the cart, as it was necessary to employ vigorous measures, and the vehicle was in some danger of being overturned. Anxious to get to a safe distance from the refractory brutes, I went about thirty paces off, where I sat down on the sand with my back turned, that I might not see the poor animals tormented.

The night was beautiful, and such was the clearness of the atmosphere that objects appeared distinct at a great distance. A complete silence reigned around me, interrupted only by the cries and vociferations of the drivers, and the yelping of the jackals, which was heard in all directions. The surface of the ground was perfectly even, unvaried even by a hillock. Nothing was to be seen but the

vast expanse of sand and sky. I consoled myself with the idea that there was less danger of wild beasts in such a country as this, than in the vicinity of mountains and woods; and employed my time in contemplating the enormous fig-tree, or African cactus, whose knotty trunk, twisted in many shapes, resembled a mass of intertwined serpents. The height of this tree is about twenty-five feet; its broad thick leaves are covered with extremely small thorns, and resemble the rackets used in the game of tennis. The flower, which is of a beautiful bright yellow, grows at the extremity of the leaf, and is succeeded in the fruit season by a fig of exquisite taste. This tree is also called the Barbary fig, and grows in almost every part of Africa, in deserts, as well as in cultivated land. They are used to form enclosures for gardens, as it is dangerous, as well as difficult, to climb over them.

The cold had by this time become extreme, and still the chances for continuing my journey seemed as remote as ever. What was I to do? Continue my vigil during the remainder of the night on the forlorn hope of meeting with another cart, or set off on foot, leaving one of the two guides to take care of the baggage? This latter expedient was by no means tempting to me, as I should have had to walk two leagues and a half knee-deep in sand.

At last the oxen took fright at a straw fire which was lighted behind them. They sprang up, and the drivers had as much trouble in abating their speed as they had had in arousing it. We did not arrive at Mondovi till the morning was far advanced, having spent ten hours and a half on the journey.

I secured my trunks, and the cart, provided with a pair of fresh oxen, proceeded on its return to Bona, laden with my luggage. I had hoped to find some more convenient vehicle to convey me home, but the village, then almost deserted, was in sad want of horses. I sought in vain throughout the whole camp for some of these useful animals, and was at last prevailed on to go to Abdallah's camp to prefer my request, on which measure I decided, in spite of the excessive heat.

Protected by the shade of an immense umbrella, for that of a parasol would have been quite insufficient, I set out on my expedition, following the brink of the Seybouse, as I knew that the Arab encampment was situated in the midst of a plain not far from that river. I soon perceived the brown tents appearing in strong contrast to the pale tint of the surrounding sand. The Kabyle dogs saluted my approach with vehement barking, but as I was well acquainted with these people, some Arabs came to meet me, stretched out their hands in token of friendship, and led me to the tent of Abdallah, who was absent.

The tents were very low, and made of an extremely thick tissue of camel's hair, by which they were enabled to resist the scorching rays of an African sun, and also the torrents of rain which inundate the whole country during the wet season. Not a single tree, not a single plant relieved the eye from the monotony of this arid spot. One of the extremities of the plain was bounded by the Bourzizi mountains, whose rocky summits appeared in sad harmony with the still and deathlike face of

surrounding nature, though the valleys which are occasionally found among the table-lands offer a scanty pasturage for cattle.

The tent of Abdallah was divided into two rather large compartments. One of these was occupied by his family, wives, chickens, cats and dogs. The other, into which I was introduced, was his hall of reception, which was also used as his dormitory when he wished to sleep alone, and private sitting-room, in which he smoked from morning till night, seated cross-legged, according to the fashion of the Arabs.

The word "Mama," which I heard repeated around me, led me to understand that such was the appellation given me in the tribe. The title of mother is always regarded by the Arabs with the most profound respect. The women surrounded me with signs of the greatest curiosity; they never came to Mondovi, and had probably never in their lives seen a Frenchwoman. They requested me to sit down on a pile of mats from which the hens had just been dislodged, and afterwards brought me some fruit and goat's milk. About forty of them crowded round me, all taking the most minute survey of my person. One lay down on the ground to examine my shoes, while two or three more passed all my garments in review with the most scrutinizing attention, and others extended their hands, begging for a few "douros." All set upon me with a number of questions which I could not understand, and I was much annoyed with their impertinent curiosity. Fortunately Mohamed, one of the friends of Abdallah, who arrived, understood a little French,

by which means I was enabled to make him comprehend my request, viz. : to be mounted on some animal,—mule or ass,—that could convey me back to Bona.

A mule was instantly got ready and brought to the entrance of the tent ; but imagine my consternation at the sight of a flat and very wide saddle, without stirrups. The Arabs use these saddles to place burdens upon them, and seat themselves close to the tail of their steed, as chimney-sweepers in England ride their donkeys.

It was no easy matter to disperse the inquisitive crowd of gazers that had gathered round me. Mahomed succeeded at last by making a prolonged sound of ro-o-o-o-o, more expressive than civil, and by administering a few vigorous blows with his switch.

I had the choice of riding in two different ways. The first was in the manner of the Arab women, which is done by seating oneself tailor-fashion on the saddle. I foresaw that my equestrian powers were not up to this, and therefore adopted the other method, which was to mount like a horseman. Fortunately my dress was well adapted to this purpose, so I took my seat, though not without some dread of an expedition of eight miles, to be accomplished in this novel manner. Mahomed accompanied me, to see me safe, and to bring the mule back to the camp.

We had hardly gone a league, when my poor legs, placed in so uncomfortable a position, without support of any kind, felt as if they would drop from me ; nor was this the least of the evils I had to en-

dure ;—the heat was suffocating, and the plain we traversed was burnt up by the almost perpendicular rays of the sun. All of a sudden my companion, who possessed but a slight knowledge of conventional proprieties, lightly sprang up behind me, and seizing the bridle with both hands, urged on the mule to a high trot. This torture was not to be borne : I made a sign to beg that he would go at a foot's pace. He obeyed ; and intoned a sort of monotonous chaunt, which the mule seemed to understand, and regulated its pace to the measure. It may have been the reverse,—the rider adapting his melody to the action of the beast : but for this I cannot answer.

Almost dislocated in my joints by this new kind of horsemanship, and overwhelmed with heat, drowsiness came over me. I involuntarily fell asleep, but was roused by a sudden stop. I opened my eyes, and saw my companion running after my umbrella, which had dropped from my hand during my temporary slumber. This happened ten or twelve times, and Mahomed, with the calmness and patience peculiar to the Arabs, jumped off his seat without a murmur, caught the fugitive umbrella, and restored it to me with a smile.

We met nobody, except a few troops of camels with their guides ; but had there been any chance of meeting with Europeans lately arrived in Africa, they would have had some difficulty in solving the mystery of the singular group we presented, crossing the desert in the full heat of the sun in the middle of the day. The first idea would naturally be that of an elopement of a bedouin with a

Frenchwoman, but how then could they account for the umbrella held with so much placidity by the cavalier over the head of his victim, in such a manner as to shield both? Instead of the dishevelled hair which, according to the true style of romance, ought to have been floating in the wind, my straw bonnet, thrown back by the motion of the mule, jerked backwards and forwards in the face of poor Mahomed, who tried in vain to escape this inconvenience, and guide his steed by stretching his neck to the right and left with the strangest contortions.

The question of elopement would have put me in a position still more awkward, had I been seated behind the horseman, like a "châtelaine" of the middle ages, for in that case the spectators would undoubtedly have come to the conclusion that a French lady was carrying off a bedouin. At last, no longer able to resist the drowsiness that overpowered me, I closed the umbrella, and placing it horizontally before me, I leant upon it with both hands, and fell asleep in safety, if not in comfort.

This step was most imprudent, as I exposed myself without protection to the danger of a "coup de soleil." Fatal attacks of fever, attended with intolerable pain, frequently follow sleep in the open air during the mid-day heat, unless violent perspiration prevent the effects of such ill-timed indulgence. I was fortunately preserved from any pernicious results of my expedition, thanks, in a great degree, to the care of the good Arab, who tried by all means in his power to keep me from falling, and held me firm on the saddle till I woke up at last considerably relieved by my short repose.

It were vain to attempt to give an idea of the pain and discomfort I endured on this expedition. Great was my joy, on arriving at the oasis of Marabout, to find the cart with my luggage halting under the trees, and both drivers and beasts reposing in the shade. I was lifted from my mule almost senseless, placed in the cart in the midst of my boxes and bundles, and thus conveyed to Bona, but more than a week passed before I recovered from the effects of my perilous journey.

Many people blamed me for my imprudence in going alone into the midst of a tribe, and trusting myself to an Arab in the solitude of the desert. They said that my age had been my only safeguard. In this they were wrong; for in the first place, it may be supposed that I should certainly not have risked so rash a venture had I not been well known by the Arabs of the tribe of Abdallah. But had I even been a *young* woman I should not have had less confidence in the good faith of my conductor; for he seemed flattered by his mission, and respect to women is strictly enjoined by the religious creed of the Arabs, and is therefore scrupulously practised. It is true that I have heard of some terrible exceptions, particularly among the Kabyles, but I speak of the *rule*, not of the exceptions, and in my individual case I certainly had nothing to fear.

April, 1850.

The ravages of the cholera still continue, accompanied by the typhus and other dangerous fevers. The greatest mortality takes place in the camps, although a permanent medical board is established, by

which means immediate aid is afforded on the slightest appearance of the symptoms. In spite of this, the malady makes fearful progress ; besides which a sort of acrid vapour, that principally affects the throat, pervades the air. My poor companion is suffering from constant fever, and is determined to return to France when the weather is improved. I forget whether I have told you that the cause of the cholera has this time been traced to the crew of a vessel from Tunis, which by some strange imprudence, was allowed to land on our coast, regardless of the many cases of the malady which were raging on board. All the town was in commotion on the occasion, but the evil was done, and the only remedy that remained was to stop its progress as much as possible. The Tunisian passengers were obliged to encamp at the distance of a league from Bona, and a "cordon sanitaire" was established, which was formed by the Maltese militia, who in consequence exacted a high price for their services. Such precautions, however, were little better than a mockery, as if a "cordon sanitaire" three miles from the town could be any real protection against the cholera !

The perfect inutility of these measures was soon evident from the appearance of several cases in the military hospital. This is the place where the invasion of the epidemic is most to be dreaded, as among a crowd of invalids death strikes right and left.

The question then arose on the expediency of forcing the Tunisians to put to sea again—a tardy, useless, and, above all, a most inhuman measure !

Yesterday a Maltese brig, bearing a doubtful flag, cast anchor in the haven. An intimation was immediately sent for its departure, and on the refusal of its captain to obey, he was allowed the space of an hour to make up his mind. Orders were despatched to the commander of the Cashba to fire the guns of the fortress on the unfortunate vessel, and even to sink it, should it still remain in port when the time had elapsed. The brig put out again to sea before the expiration of the appointed period.

This was the second time within six months that the cholera had visited Algeria. The mortality is frightful, but the government has forbidden the publication of the bulletins of health, to prevent the further discouragement of the population, who are already quite cast down with terror. Orders have been given to the clergy to send out the funeral processions by the "Porte de Constantine," which is near the church, and to avoid traversing the town, that the mournful spectacle may not increase the despondency of the survivors. When a child dies, the custom is to carry it to the grave with its face uncovered, adorned with its best clothes, crowned with flowers, and holding a nosegay in its hands.

As the scenes of desolation with which I am surrounded prevent me from making many observations, I shall employ the time of my forced retirement in giving you a slight historical sketch of Algeria. I shall make it as succinct as possible, and only write down the facts that are already known, though, perhaps, it may not be useless to repeat them here.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF ALGERIA.

ALGERIA, formerly known as the Regency of Algiers, extends from east to west along the northern coast of Africa. This country, which was once the most powerful of the Barbaresque regencies, is bounded on the north by the Mediterranean, on the south by the Sahara, or great desert, on the west by the empire of Morocco, and on the east by the territory of Tunis. It is composed of ancient Numidia and Cæsarean Mauritania, so called from Cæsarea, its capital, built by Juba II. and dedicated to Augustus, on the elevation of Juba to the throne of Mauritania. Before the conquest by the French this district had endured the sway of four different nations, namely :

That of the Carthaginians, which lasted 700 years.

That of the Romans, which lasted 600 years.

That of the Vandals, which lasted 100 years.

And that of the Mussulmen, which lasted 16 centuries.

Carthage had fixed her mighty empire on the northern coast of Africa. She aimed less at the sovereignty of the continent than that of the seas, the latter being most favourable for her commerce ; and if on her invasion of Spain she carried her conquest into the interior of the country, it was because mines abounding in gold were to be found there. From the beginning of her importance as an empire, she had planted her colonies at the foot of Mount Atlas, near the Cape Nun, but her own territory was limited, and the dominions of Syphax

and Massinissa extended almost to the very gates of the city.

The Carthaginians might conquer the nations of Africa, but never dreamt of their civilization. They left them in their native barbarism, and merely used them as slaves to equip their vessels, thinking, perhaps, that their very ignorance was a pledge of their greater docility. This selfish policy was not without its consequences; Carthage was often obliged to defend herself against the invasion and the violence of her neighbours, and her dominion, though powerful, was often contested. Jealousy of Rome, her haughty rival, produced a war between the two nations; till after many years of alternate victory and defeat, the power of Carthage was utterly destroyed. Then followed the subjection of the north of Africa to the Romans, after which several native princes reigned in Numidia with the title of kings, but under the protection of their conquerors.

These princes,—acquainted by their communication with the Romans with the advantages of civilized life,—accustomed their subjects to peaceful and sedentary pursuits. Arts and agriculture flourished; the rich culture of the soil bore testimony to the industry of the people, and several cities were founded. In Numidia, on a bog, arose Hippo-Regius (Bona), the first residence of her kings; further inland, Cirta (Constantina), whither they afterwards removed. In Mauritania, Julia Cæsarea (Cherchell) and Choba (Bougie) were the principal maritime towns; and farther inland, Selifis (Sétif) gave its name to part of the country. All Barbary was reduced to the rank of a Roman province, with

the exception of Mauritania Tingitana, afterwards the empire of Morocco, whither the Roman armies never penetrated.

Frequent rebellions proved the impatience with which the Numidians bore the Roman yoke. Andalusia had become the patrimony of the Vandals, a body of whom, commanded by their king, Genseric, made a descent on Africa in the year 428, besieged Bona, of which town St. Augustine was at that period bishop, and in the space of ten years entirely expelled the Romans from Algeria.

All traces of civilization disappeared under the sway of these barbarous invaders. The roads, aqueducts, temples, statues, amphitheatres, triumphal arches, and other edifices erected by their enlightened predecessors, were suffered to fall into ruin. The crops were destroyed, the vineyards ravaged, the forests cut down. Such was the reign of the Vandals, one of desolation, darkness, and misery.

These countries were reconquered by Belisarius, and in the course of time passed under the dominion of the Saracens, and were governed by the Caliphs until the arrival of the Moors, when chased from Spain by a fanatical minister. Cardinal Ximenes persecuted the enemies of his religion even on the African shore to which they had withdrawn, and a Spanish army landing there in 1505, took possession of Oran and Bougie, and forced Algiers to capitulate.

Tired of their new oppressors, the Algerians called in the aid of the famous Mahometan corsair, Barbarossa, whose vessels infested the Mediterra-

nean. He hastened to their assistance, and entered Algiers at the head of 5,000 devoted partisans. The Algerians were not long in perceiving that it was but a change of masters, as the ambitious pirate soon threw aside the mask, assassinated the prince whom he had come to succour, and caused himself to be proclaimed king. Such were his cruelties, however, that the Algerians were obliged to have recourse to the Spaniards to rid them of their tyrant, and Barbarossa was killed in battle.

His brother, Khair-eddin, assembled fresh partisans, and succeeded in driving away the Spaniards; but feeling the necessity of putting himself under a powerful protector, he offered the crown of Algiers to the Sultan, on the sole condition of himself being appointed Pacha. Algiers thus was placed under a new government, the statutes of which were drawn up by the Sultan, and Khair-eddin was the first of the line of Deys, afterwards so celebrated. "There, as in a vulture's nest," says Laborde, the historian that I consult, "he planted the first germ of that piracy which afterwards spread terror over the whole of Christendom." The seas were taxed as though they had been his own domain, and human beings were brought to the market and sold like so many heads of cattle. Then were heard for the first time the words of captive and slave, which left so sad an impression on all these coasts. Miguel Cervantes, the author of *Don Quixote*, and Regnard, one of the best French comic poets, bore the chains of these sea-tyrants: the Knights of Rhodes and of Jerusalem resisted them bravely for many years, and other humbler religious orders, such as the

Brothers of Mercy and the Trinitarian Monks, were founded to purchase their clemency. Thus did religion and benevolence come to the assistance of misfortune, to whom worldly policy was unable to afford further protection.

Wearied by a perpetual though unavailing struggle, several of the European princes preferred paying the pirates an annual tribute rather than exhaust their forces in a succession of hostilities. But even these ignominious transactions were not always sufficient to protect them from attack, and frequently the infringement of treaties forced the sovereigns to have recourse to arms.

The Spaniards, who had been the principal sufferers from the depredations of these brigands, made a few ineffectual attempts to conquer them, till at last Charles V., irritated at the constant insults offered to his empire, resolved to crush with the whole weight of his power this den of crime, the cause of such extensive misery. The success of a glorious expedition he had recently made against Tunis encouraged him to undertake the conquest of Algiers, and the crusade against the maritime oppressors was preached throughout his dominions. Such an undertaking was calculated to excite the religious and chivalrous enthusiasm proper to the times, and warriors from all nations hastened to range themselves under the banners of the Emperor. Among the most distinguished were the Duke of Alva and Ferdinand of Gonzaga, as also the Spinolas and Colonnas, generals renowned for numerous victories.

Fernando Cortes, the conqueror of Mexico, though

in extreme old age, marched as a volunteer, followed by his three sons, and the fleet was commanded by Doria, the greatest seaman of that period.

Unfortunately, in spite of the admiral's urgent warnings, who entreated the Emperor not to risk a descent on the coast of Algiers at that season of the year, Charles V. persisted. He landed without opposition, and raised the Christian standard on the platform of Sidi-Jacoub on the 22nd of October, 1541. The whole army set to work to make trenches, and the fortress of the Emperor was begun under his very eyesight. But at the moment fixed for the assault of the town, a violent storm arose, and the Emperor had the mortification of seeing the total destruction of fifteen galleys and eighty-six transport vessels, with their crews and all the provisions for the army.

The Dey of Algiers, taking advantage of the stupor caused in the Christian army by the sight of this disaster, made a sally, and cut in pieces three companies which were occupying the bridge of Bal-azoun. He then retired, but returned shortly afterwards to attack the Knights of Malta. One of these, a French subject, in despair at the disorder which had begun to prevail in the ranks of the Christians, dragged himself, though wounded, to the gate of Bal-azoun, and, striking it with his dagger, said, "A French knight pierces thee at this place. May a French army come hither at some future time, and avenge our reverses." A prayer whose sad fulfilment has been realized in our days.

Near the gate of Bal-azoun are to be seen four enormous iron hooks, fixed in the wall a few feet

above the ground : these are used for the torture of the “ chinhun,” which consists in precipitating the victim from the top of the ramparts on to these hooks, where he remains suspended till life is extinct.

To return to the battle : the Emperor rushed to the assistance of the Maltese with a German division, and the Dey was forced to retire. The admiral Doria, preserving all his presence of mind, succeeded in rallying the remains of the fleet near Cape Matifoux, and wrote to entreat the Emperor to relinquish his design, and save the army by a timely re-embarkation. Charles V. dispirited by his failure, gave the order for retreat, and on the 29th of October, the Spaniards left their position in front of Algiers. But the Algerians, taking advantage of the disorder occasioned by their precipitate retreat, fell suddenly on the Christians, made a great massacre among them, and led away six thousand into slavery. At last the fleet set sail and left Cape Matifoux, but three hours afterwards was overtaken by another storm, which entirely dispersed it. Many vessels were lost, and one amongst the rest sank with seven hundred Spanish soldiers on board, who were drowned in the very sight of the Emperor without there being any possibility of rendering them assistance. After all these disasters, the Christians arrived on the 2nd of November at the port of Bougie, which still belonged to the Spaniards. Charles V. then dismissed the generals who had accompanied him, leaving them free to return home by any route they pleased ; then, after repairing the principal injuries that his vessels had sustained, he

embarked again with the remains of this once powerful fleet, and returned to Spain by Carthage. Such was the end of this expedition, from which nothing less had been foreboded than the complete annihilation of the states of Barbary, and which, in fact, only served to increase their audacity.

It was reckoned that a hundred and fifty vessels had been lost in these two storms. Three hundred land and sea officers, eight thousand soldiers and sailors were drowned, and all the artillery and munitions of war were left in the trenches before Algiers. As to the prisoners made by the Algerians, the number of them was so considerable that they were sold publicly in the town at the rate of an onion per head.

This easy victory increased the contempt that the Algerians felt for the Christians, and encouraged them to make further aggressions. Their habits of rapine were carried on with greater insolence than ever, and no flag whatever could find respect at their hands.

In the next century, Louis XIV. commissioned the celebrated Admiral Duquesne to chastise the Algerian pirates, and the triumph he obtained over them amply justified the expectations that had been raised by his talent. Still it must be confessed that he shared the glory of the victory with the inventor of bomb-galleys, which were then used for the first time. Algiers was bombarded twice, and a peace concluded for a hundred years. The principal result of this treaty was the liberation of the Christian captives ; it was required that all should immediately be set free ; and this stipulation was

observed in regard to the slaves in the immediate vicinity of the coast. But it was vain to attempt to obtain the liberty of the Christians who had been carried into the interior of the country, as the Moors were but little inclined to part with the slaves, who formed the greatest portion of their riches, though the laws of war required their liberation as a tribute. Still, the number of restored captives was considerable ; they were led on board the admiral's ship by the marabouts most respected for their age and sanctity. These unfortunate Christians, overcome with gratitude at thus recovering their liberty in so unexpected a manner, knelt at the feet of Admiral Duquesne as though he had been a protecting divinity, to whom they owed their deliverance.

The treaty was not long kept. Frequent infringements of it by the barbarians obliged the French government again to take up arms. In 1687, a French squadron, under the command of Marshal d'Estrées, appeared before Algiers, and destroyed the port of the town and the fleet. From this period no serious disturbance arose till 1775, when the Spaniards resolved to avenge the defeat of Charles V. However, this second expedition met with no better fortune than the first.

In 1814, a plan was proposed to the Congress of Vienna, to put an end to the robberies of the Algerians, and to abolish the traffic in white slaves ; in consequence of which Lord Exmouth appeared before Algiers in 1816, at the head of a formidable fleet. After a cannonade which destroyed the ramparts of the city, the fleet of the Dey was burned,

and he himself was compelled to agree to the conditions of the English admiral.

This lesson, though the most terrible that had ever been given to the Algerians, did not produce any lasting effects. The fortifications were soon rebuilt, and the usual cruelties were perpetrated with fresh insolence.

Hussein Pacha was proclaimed Dey of Algiers in 1818. He had always shown hostile intentions towards France, and annoyed with many vexations all persons of that country residing in his states. On the 30th of April, 1827, Mons. Deval having gone to the palace of the Dey with the other European consuls to pay him the usual compliment on the anniversary of the fêtes of Baïram, a discussion took place between them, and the Dey became excited to such a degree as to load Mons. Deval with invectives, and even to strike him in the face with the instrument he used to drive away the flies. So coarse an insult, offered to the representative of France, on a solemn occasion, in presence of the consuls from all the other states of Europe, could not pass with impunity. An immediate and ample reparation was indispensable, and was instantly demanded. The King of France, Charles X., sent orders to Mons. Deval to cease all communication with the Dey of Algiers, and to hold himself in readiness to depart.

On the 11th of June, 1827, a French division arrived before Algiers, for the purpose of conveying Mons. Deval and all the French residents from the town. After the departure of the consul, the Dey

sent orders to the governor of Bona to destroy all the French establishments, which had existed in the neighbourhood of that town for nearly three hundred years, and above all, the fort of "La Palle," which had been built to protect the coral fishery. The Arabs and Kabyles, who were charged with the execution of this decree, destroyed every thing in these various establishments with fire and sword; and all Europeans found in them were either massacred or reduced to slavery.

The French government had at first no intention of bringing this affair to a summary conclusion by taking possession of Algeria, but strictly blockaded all the ports of the regency, in hopes of destroying its foreign commerce. For the space of three years our vessels were constantly watching the coast of Algeria, to prevent all ships from entering or leaving the ports; but this measure was far from producing the desired results; the internal resources of the country were sufficient to victual the maritime towns of Algeria, and the only effect of the blockade was to put France to an expense of 7,000,000 francs a year, and to cause diseases of frightful mortality on board the vessels employed in this fatiguing service. After having spent 21,000,000 (francs) of money, and lost a host of brave men, the French government came to the conclusion that no harm whatever had been done to the enemy, and that the cause was not more advanced than it was the first day. An envoy was therefore dispatched to Algiers, to try to settle matters by negotiation; but the Dey met all advances with extreme haughtiness, and, instead of any attempt at conciliation, proposed

terms so exacting as to be quite inadmissible. The French envoy immediately departed by the same vessel that had brought him, "La Provence." At the very moment the ship set sail, the batteries on the mole discharged a volley against it, in direct violation of the law of nations, as the ship bore on its mainmast the flag of *truce*. The firing continued until the vessel had got out of reach of injury.

The expedition against Algiers was then resolved on. An imposing fleet cast anchor on the coast of Africa on the 14th of June, 1830. Algiers was taken, and the Dey, deprived of his dignity, embarked with all his family, on the 10th of July, on board a French frigate bound for Naples, which place he had chosen for his residence.

Nine races of inhabitants are to be found in Algeria, which may thus be classed :

1. The Berbers, or Kabaüles ; also pronounced Kabyles.
2. The Biskris, Mozabites, &c.
3. The Moors.
4. The Jews.
5. The Arabs.
6. The Turks.
7. The Koulougkis.
8. The Negroes.
9. The Europeans.

The Berbers, or Kabyles, are without contradiction the most ancient inhabitants of the country ; they are the descendants of the ancient Numidians, Getulæ, and Lybians, who never were subdued by any of the conquerors of Africa, from the Cartha-

ginians downward to the present time. They live on the mountains, from the base to the highest summit, and occupy all the branches of the Atlas, from whose several names they derive their various denominations, such as “Ouled-Amer, Ouled-Menasser, Ouled-Zeroual,” which means in their language, children of Amer, of Menasser, of Zeroual. They do not speak Arabic; their language has no resemblance to any other, hitherto known, and is most likely the same that was spoken by the ancient Numidians in the days of Massinissa and Jugurtha. The Kabyles are of middle size, and dark complexion, lean, but robust, and can endure fatigue and privation with wonderful constancy and courage. Their faces are shorter than those of the Arabs, and have a cruel and ferocious expression. They are very industrious, and manufacture all their own goods, even fire-arms and powder. This class is the most numerous of the Algerian population.

The Biskris, or Mozabites, came originally from Arabia. They inhabit the southern declivity of the Atlas.

The Moors rank next in point of antiquity to the Kabyles among the nations of Northern Africa. Their manners are more gentle than those of the Numidians, and they manifest a greater disposition to live in society and to enjoy the benefits of a more advanced civilization. The stature of the men is above middle height, their aspect grave and noble, their hair black, their complexion rather sunburnt, but more inclined to fairness than the contrary, and their eyes large, but without much brilliancy.

The Arabs live in the plains of Algeria. Those who devote themselves to the cultivation of the soil have fixed habitations; the others live under tents, and change the place of their residence according to the time of year and the state of the pastures. These are the Bedouin Arabs, whose language, physical and moral character, manners and customs, exactly correspond to those of their countrymen in Asia. They are the descendants of the two conquerors who, under the reign of the caliphs, took possession of a great part of Africa and invaded Spain. Their appearance in Algeria cannot be traced farther back than the seventh century. The Arabs are divided into tribes, each called after the name of some ancient chieftain. These are distinguished from the names of the Kabyle tribes by the latter people placing the word "Ouled" before the name of the tribe, while the Arabs use that of "Beni" (Ben in the singular), which has the same meaning.

The Jews. Almost all the towns of Algeria contain a large number of these people. They inhabited Africa before the arrival of the Arabs. The Jews who first settled in Algeria seem to have taken refuge there on the conquest of Judea by Vespasian; but the greater number of the present population trace their origin to the Jews who were expelled from Europe during the thirteenth century, and from Spain in particular, at various periods.

The Moors, who were themselves driven from the latter country, received the Jews with kindness, and granted them all the privileges which they enjoyed in Spain under the empire of the Arabs; even to the right of making liqueurs and wine. All the

conditions of this treaty were inscribed on a parchment, which the Algerian rabbis carefully preserve among their archives. When the Turks took possession of the town, their tyranny, though it extended to all the inhabitants, without regard to their religious persuasion, fell with especial weight on the Jews. These were not exactly reduced to slavery: they even were allowed the free exercise of their religion, and were subject in their worldly affairs to the authority of a chief of their own nation, appointed by the Pacha. Such concessions were probably made for the encouragement of commerce, which was practised solely by the Jews, who were also the only bankers in Algiers. However, these advantages were bought at the price of numberless vexations; a sort of capitation tax was laid on the Jews, who were also obliged to pay a double tribute on all the merchandize they imported, and besides the legal qualifications of which they were deprived, they had to endure a strange kind of oppression, in being forbidden by law to offer any resistance when they were ill treated by a Mussulman, however cruelly. They were compelled to dress either in black or white, and were even denied the small privilege of mounting on horseback, and bearing arms; not so much as a cane was allowed them. They could not leave the town without permission, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and were employed in the most degrading and laborious work, according to the caprice of the Pacha. Frequently, when a revolt of the Janissaries took place, the Jews were indiscriminately pillaged, and these unfortunate

people lived in constant apprehension of the renewal of these scenes, so fatal to them. The very children of the Mahometans pursued them in the streets, and the whole course of their lives was a distressing mixture of baseness, oppression and insult. This state of things was changed only by the arrival of the French, when the power of the Turks was destroyed, and the chains of the Israelitish population broken. In consequence of which, among all the inhabitants of Algeria, the Jews were the first to welcome with eagerness the dominion of the new conquerors.

The Turks, who possessed Algeria for three centuries, did not enter the country with the declared intention of subduing it; the Algerians had summoned them to their aid to repel the tyranny of the Spaniards; but the Turks, commanded by the famous Barbarossa, took possession of the maritime towns, as has been already mentioned, placing themselves under the protection of the Ottoman Porte, and offering the crown of Algeria to the Sultan, as their liege lord. The Turkish monarch eagerly accepted the proposal, sent money and arms to the new colony, and organized the fearful band of Janissaries, which in after times became as fatal to the Deys of Algiers as to the sovereigns of Constantinople. One singular law prevailed among them. Many as were the privileges enjoyed by the Janissaries, these were in a great measure forfeited on a marriage between one of that body and a Moorish woman. The children were incapable of entering the service to which their fathers belonged,

and were almost reduced to the level of the Moorish class. From these the present Koulouglis derive their origin.

In opposition to this harsh decree, the offspring of a union between a Turk and a Christian slave, were regarded as *Turks*, had the right of entering the "Odjack" or militia, and of ascending to the highest honours of the state, even to that of Dey, which office was entirely dependent on the will of the Janissaries, who disposed of it at their pleasure.

On the capture of Algiers by the French, all the unmarried Janissaries who inhabited the barracks of that capital, were shipped off to the number of 1500, in French vessels of war; and transported to Vourla, near Smyrna. The same favour was granted to the married Janissaries who claimed it for themselves and for their families. Those who chose to remain, were incorporated into the French army.

The Koulouglis, as has been already said, are the issue of marriages between Turks and Moorish women.

The Negroes were brought from the interior of the country, and are slaves. The most handsome come from Timbuctoo. The French having set the numerous slaves of the last Dey at liberty, several enfranchised families were formed, from which many individuals go out as domestic servants. Servitude is very easy in Algeria, and may rather be designated as an exchange of services and protection, than by the cruel name of bondage.

The Europeans formed a very small class till 1830, since which period they have rapidly in-

creased in number. The Maltese, the “Provençaux,” and above all, the Marseillais and the Toulonnais form three-fourths of the European population, and they derive the greatest share of profit from the conquest of Algeria. With the exception of the colonists sent from Paris, scarcely 2000 inhabitants of the centre of France have settled in the new establishment.

Dear and kind Miss Caroline. A thousand heartfelt thanks for the tokens of sympathy that I owe to your constant friendship; the only consolation left to me in my present isolation. During the life of adventure and misfortune which has fallen to my share, I have often had the opportunity of proving the courage and energy that a woman possesses, especially when exerted on behalf of the objects most beloved by her.

Now that I am alone in the world, and advanced in years, I have concentrated all the strength of my feelings in the affection which I bear you, and when I require courage for my own support, I am frequently enabled to find it in the fervent emotion of gratitude which I feel to Providence for giving me friends who sympathize with my misfortunes, as well as rejoice in my success.

After I had made up my mind to give up the charms of “sweet home,” many a hard conflict was still necessary before I could subdue my repugnance to the many annoyances and inconveniences attending the position to which I was destined. At last, having gathered all my strength for the purpose, and prayed for the assistance of God, I was able to

face many troubles which had appeared insurmountable, and soon ceased to view exclusively the hideous side of the picture spread out before me. All the poetry of this African shore revealed itself by degrees to my mind. I then saw the Arab, represented as so cruel and treacherous, assume quite a different nature under the influence of gentleness and kindness. I became accustomed to this sky, so inclement to strangers, I forgot the rigour of this terrible climate, and became absorbed in the magic of the glorious aspect of nature, which excited my admiration if not my love.

Two evenings ago, about six o'clock, whilst I was writing down a few notes, a brilliant light overspread the horizon, resembling a vast flash of lightning. Everybody rushed out of doors, but the ray had disappeared. Various were the conjectures made on the subject; some attributed the singular spectacle to the burning of gunpowder without explosion, others, to a fire in the neighbourhood, but the complete absence of either smoke or smell contradicted both assertions. Yesterday morning, the Arabs of the country declared that they had seen the phenomenon descend from the sky on the plain; the Corsicans of the "Place de la Marine," and the Maltese of the port saw it shine over the town, and a commercial steam-boat, though more than forty miles out at sea, observed it lighting up the Bougie Mountains.

It appears most probable, that the heat being unusually great for the season of the year, a large amount of electricity existed in the air, which discharged itself in a column of flame. Some such

solution must be adopted for the phenomenon, for the sky was all the while of the most limpid blue, not a cloud obscuring its transparency. I leave all further explanation to the care of the learned.

The Corsicans, who are superstitious in the extreme, attribute this appearance to the approaching end of the world; the Maltese, who are equally so, trace its cause to the cholera; the Jews to the coming of the Messiah; and we, less credulous, easily account for such a phenomenon in a country that seems endowed with a sun peculiar to itself.

Nothing in fact can give an idea of the sun of Africa; not even the rising of this glorious orb on the vast expanse of the ocean, nor its setting in waves of fire on the Savannas of Guyana. The sun of Africa appears gigantic, and in unison with the whole aspect of nature in this terrible country. The same character of arid grandeur pervades everything, deserts, trees, rocks, mountains, plains. The very men partake of the nature of the Lion.

When the wind of the desert rises, the sun is surrounded by a sort of lurid glare, which is reflected on the mountains and in the atmosphere. All is overspread with a sickly hue; the sky, the air, all creation is in a state of suffering. Then a burning wind rises from the sea of sand, and like an immense cloud, crosses the space with inconceivable rapidity. All that possesses life or feeling gives way before its baneful influence: man, deprived of all strength, remains panting and exhausted till the storm has passed—the child, whose delicate lungs are unable to breathe the suffocating air, utters plaintive cries, and writhes in pain on the lap of its mother—the

animals stretch themselves on the plain, struggling and pining for relief. The rays of the sun are concealed behind a veil of sand, and all nature is in agony.

I remember that on the 15th October, when I was much occupied with the establishment of my abode in "la rue Damrémont," I knew not to what to attribute the painful oppression I felt, and the perspiration that exhausted me. The Maltese porters who carried my luggage were in the same state of fatigue, though from obvious reasons. Still, I could not understand the sentence that they continually repeated to me: "Madame, will you be kind?" A key belonging to my new lodging was wanting, and I returned to my landlord's to fetch it. On passing through the "Place d'Armes," I found it deserted, except by a few negroes, who gazed upon me with astonishment. I turned into the next street, when a violent gust of wind made me whirl round like a weathercock and pelted me with a shower of small stones; at the same time another gust blew in my face with so hot a blast, that my lips and eyelids were almost scorched. This lesson was sufficient to show me the imprudence of remaining out of doors, so I hastily returned home. My very clothes were in a state of burning heat. Such are the effects of the "Sirocco," so called by Europeans, and by the Arabs "Simoum," or the Poisoned.

A few days ago, I took my poor widow of Mondovi to the place of embarkation for France. She was dying, and I am convinced that at this moment

she is no more. The wish to leave Algeria had become fixed in her mind, and she constantly exclaimed: "I will *not* die in this execrable country: I will go: the passage may yet save me!" Her state of mental excitement supported her in spite of her exceeding weakness. I helped her to get into the boat, and when I embraced her on taking leave, I saw that her eye was dim and that her face had assumed a livid hue. In spite of her irritability of temper, caused by illness, and which tried my patience to the utmost, I shall greatly regret the loss of this good widow, my companion in misfortune.

I had adopted a young orphan at Mondovi. She had lost her whole family by the fevers which devastated that colony. Out of fourteen colonists who took refuge under a tent on their arrival at that fatal plain, *she alone* survived. My poor brother, and the husband of the widow, my friend, were among the dead. This girl is of a good, affectionate disposition, she often tells me of the sufferings of my unfortunate brother during the first days of his residence in the camp. The knowledge that this child had shown him sympathy and soothed him in his last moments, was my principal motive for bringing her to my home.

The frenzy for colonization has not yet subsided. More colonists have arrived; and what is most extraordinary, more than fifty have come over at their own expense. The place of their destination is Heliopolis, near Guelina; at least they will go there when the roads are more practicable. A detachment of military convicts has been sent to mend

them, but the prevalence of various epidemics leaves no doubt as to the probable fate of the unhappy wretches thus employed.

The transport ship which brought the new colonists was fifteen hours behind time, and much serious anxiety began to be felt about her—the sea being, as usual, very boisterous, which makes it most difficult to double the Iron Cape. In such cases, ships are often obliged to turn back, and put themselves under shelter of the Genoese fortress, three miles from Bona.

The other day, whilst I was watching the departure of the boat in which I had deposited my poor invalid, I was shocked to see the wrecks of three vessels cast on the sand at the mouth of the Seybouse, and pitched to and fro by the waves; they had been destroyed in the last storm. Accidents are too frequent to excite much attention; but this spectacle was most painful, as it brought to my mind the agonies that must have been endured by those whom it was impossible to save in that dreadful night. Above these melancholy relics were seen the blue mountains of the now desolate Tunis; on the right the chain of the Edough, the fanciful shape of which appears at a distance like the profile of a colossal lion; it is in this roadstead, moreover, that all vessels cast anchor, whether homeward or outward bound. In such situations melancholy is found allied to poetry, for it is impossible to repress a feeling of admiration, in the very presence of ruin and misery.

February 1st.

The last five days have brought the return of spring, with its mild temperature and vivifying warmth. This change of season took place suddenly. On the eve of the first fine day the weather was cold, and the rain that has poured without intermission for the last three months penetrated every house with its dampness. The next day the grey clouds had vanished, and the azure vault appeared in all its beauty; the saturated earth began to dry, and in a few hours we were enjoying the delicious temperature of May.

It was fortunate for the edifices of Bona that the rainy season had terminated, for the water had filtered through the ground into the foundations, and many of the houses threatened to fall.

The Judgment Hall is an ancient mosque; the office has been established in the middle of the court, where formerly flourished a magnificent orange-tree, laden with fruit. The clouds, so long accustomed to water the tree of the garden of the Hesperides, continued in the same manner to rain on the officer of justice; and during the last session the nuisance was so great that the proceedings were closed, and the audience had to retire before the falling torrents, which invaded every part of the hall, regardless of the sacredness of the place.

You may conceive with what joy I accepted the offer made me this morning by the lady of the Tuscan consul, to pay a visit with her to the ruins of Hippona and the Roman cemetery, discovered two or three years ago. We began with the latter place, which is situated on the other shore of the Seybouse,

which we passed in a ferry-boat. I descended into the excavations which have been made, and brought from thence a pretty specimen of mosaic work, and a piece of marble off a tomb. I had preserved them in hopes of sending them to you, but having been told that they were the property of the owner of the soil, I restored them.

These excavations have been made by a mason contractor, to whom the ground belongs, and he works it solely for purposes of profit. As barbarous as the Vandals who formerly devastated Hippona, he builds walls with blocks of marble taken from this place. I have seen beautiful columns used as supporters to the railing of a back yard, and basso-relievos of the most finished execution built into the kitchen of a ground-floor.

Vestiges of the splendour of the ancient possessors of Numidia are so numerous here, that it is impossible to go fifty paces, either in the town or in the plain, without meeting with some specimens of Roman workmanship—which is easily recognised by the stamp of grandeur and simplicity impressed on all constructions of these masters of the world. It is quite certain that if these excavations were carried on intelligently, if not scientifically, many curious discoveries might be made; but the work is done, not only with the greatest carelessness, but without even decent regard for the remains of human beings, which are thrown aside, unhallowed by the slightest form of sepulture,—greatly to the scandal of the Arabs, whose ideas on this subject are infinitely more proper than those of our more civilized nation. It is much to be desired that the au-

thorities should be informed of this negligence, and that they should give orders for its remedy.

I will now tell you of a visit from Abdallah, which gave me great pleasure. Let us proceed according to order.

One evening whilst I was writing to you, one of my friends entered the room. This was the brother of the *cadi*, a young Moor, from whom I receive much of the information that I so much value. Certainly of all the dandies of Bona, Azuli is the most refined: his dress is in the best taste,—both rich and elegant. He took a seat, and we began to chat. A slight noise at the entrance made me raise my eyes, when I perceived a tall white phantom. A pair of brilliant eyes glanced at me through the glass door, and two rows of beautiful teeth smiled benignantly upon me. I rose; the figure threw back its hood, and I recognised Abdallah, who was greatly delighted at seeing me. I joyfully welcomed him, but was much amused at the contrast between my two visitors; one the type of Moorish civilization, covered with silk and gold, and the other the true child of the desert, with his long bare arms, and dressed in the costume worn by his people ever since the times of Ishmael. Abdallah had come to Bona on business; and when his duty was fulfilled he tried to find my abode—which was no difficult matter, owing to the smallness of the town.

There was but little sympathy between my two friends. The dandy soon took leave, and the peasant remained till I was obliged to remind him that the hour had arrived when the Bedouins were expected to leave the town. The next day he was to

return to his tribe. He shook me cordially by the hand, kissing his own afterwards, according to custom, and promised to bring me a pot of butter on his next visit to the town. Such a present is as valuable at Bona in winter as a hamper of game is in Europe during the shooting season, as no butter can be obtained except that which is brought from Malta and Provence, which is both dear and bad. Even the butter sold in the Arab market is made of goat's milk, and has a strong unpleasant taste; that made of cow's milk is somewhat better, but it is most difficult to get it either fresh or clean.

Abdallah related an episode to me in his bad French which much amused me, on account of the "naïveté" of the expression, which might have shocked anybody less familiar than I was with the habits of this good Arab, who certainly did not mean to offend me. I send it to you in its genuine simplicity, and beg you to excuse me for reproducing his language.

"Après que toi a quitté Mondovi, le docteur dit à moi un jour: 'Viens à la chasse dans la montagne.'

"'Bono,' que je dis, 'Quand toi reviendras?'

"'Ce soir.'

"'Bono; alors donne moi du grand plomb.'

"Le docteur il rit de moi, et me donne du grand plomb.

"'Tu as peur, Abdallah?'

"Moi ris et ne réponds pas. Le soir nous revenons, la nuit était depuis trois heures. Sur le bord de la Seybouse, dans le champ de ton frère,

nous voyons une lionne et deux petits lions couchés sur la terre. Le docteur et son cheval Français ils se mettent à trembler très beaucoup ; puis la médecine il veut se sauver. Je passe devant lui : ‘ Reste,’ que je dis, ‘ si tu te sauves tu es mort ! ’ La médecine il tremble encore plus, le cheval il dansait comme un petit chèvre.

“ Je charge mon fusil avec le grand plomb, et descends ; j’avance vers la lionne en observant tous ses mouvemens, prêt à faire feu. La bête me regardait sans bouger, car elle me connaît, la lionne, elle n’attaque pas l’Arabe qui a des troupeaux pour la nourrir. La chair de l’Arabe est trop précieuse pour la lionne. Je lui ai dit cela en arabe, bien entendu. Puis elle s’est levée, et sans se presser, elle a marché vers la montagne suivie de ses deux lionceaux.” (This latter part was almost unintelligible from his bad French.)

“ Je viens,” continued Abdallah, “ où j’avais laissé la médecine qui tremblait toujours, et pouvait pas dire un mot à moi. ‘ Tu es *bête* et *cosson* (cochon) comme une vieille femme,’ lui dis je.” These two strong expressions in the mouth of Abdallah signified the epithets of boaster and poltroon, which he applied to the doctor, perhaps with some reason. This doctor was a Corsican of colossal stature, but, unfortunately, of doubtful courage.

“ Le docteur, il claquait ses dents, et ses membres pouvaient pas s’arrêter : ‘ Marse’ (marche), que je lui dis. ‘ Si la lionne elle revient, Abdallah te défendra.’

“ Le docteur était d’une grande force, peut-être

l'était il aussi en médecine ; mais il faut l'être beaucoup pour lutter contre une lionne escortée de ses lionceaux.”

“ The lioness knows thee, Abdallah, but if thou wert to fall into her clutches, she would have less regard for thee than thou wouldest have for her, wert thou to kill her.”

“ Why ? ”

“ Because thou wouldest preserve her skin, and she certainly would not preserve thine.” The good Arab laughed so heartily that it was long before he recovered his composure.

“ Abdallah, dost thou think the war will soon be over ? ”

“ No,” he replied. “ If the French were to remain here fifty years longer the war would continue as long.”

“ Still, in spite of our many reverses, the capture of Zaatcha must have given a terrible warning to the Arabs.”

“ Thank the cholera for that, which has decimated the inhabitants of Kabylia. Had it been otherwise, you would have had a mass of 400,000 Kabyles to fight against.”

This, unfortunately, was but too true.

The next morning Abdallah returned to see me before he left Bona, and related to me how Mondovi had been actually converted into a royal hunting ground for the king of beasts, who had fixed his habitation on my property in defiance of the laws that should have protected it. In virtue of the prerogatives attached to royalty, a nightly tax of an ox or cow was raised by the strange visitor on

the herds of the poor colonists. Greatly as this loss afflicted them, they dared not venture to contest the legality of his claim with the kingly intruder.

I asked Abdallah what was the price of a live lion. He answered: "I sold one two years ago to the agent at Bona for 2000 francs."

"Is the one on my property as fine an animal?"

"Yes; it is a black lion of the Atlas, of the largest size."

"Very well, Abdallah, I will sell thee this lion for 500 francs. It is mine, since it is on my field."

"Macache (No, thank you). The French officers may amuse themselves by hunting it if they like; but I shall never disturb a lion, so long as it leaves my tribe in peace."

"Dost thou think, Abdallah, that we shall have the plague next summer?"

"I fear we shall; but if thou art afraid, thou shalt come to my tribe."

"But, my dear Abdallah, what should I do at thy tribe?"

"Thou shouldest sleep, eat conscouss, and I would buy mattresses that thou shouldst not have to sleep on mats."

I thanked him for his kind proposal, but declined the invitation, choosing rather to remain at Bona, even should the plague break out, than put my friend to the trouble and expense of my entertainment.

ST. AUGUSTINE OF HIPPONA.

ON leaving Bona by the "Porte Constantine" the traveller finds a broad causeway, bounded on the left side by the Mediterranean, and on the right by a valley extending to the base of the Edough. This road is of Roman origin, and led in former times from Carthage to the Straits of Gibraltar. About a quarter of a league from the town is a little river, whose Arab name, "Abou-gemma," signifies "Father of the Church." An ancient bridge, recently repaired by the French, is the means of communication between the two shores. There the soil becomes black and heavy, and the road narrow, edged on both sides by a prickly hedge of aloes, cactus, and jujube trees. Occasionally a few branches of the acanthus are visible among the thorny bushes; the leaves of this graceful plant are of an elegant shape, gathered together in the form of a basket, and strongly remind one of the Corinthian capitals so often found among ancient ruins. Two wooded hills form the termination of the route. Hail to the soil of Hippona! Hail to the sacred city, whose sumptuous edifices formerly covered these twin mountains, that extend in an almost imperceptible slope to the brink of the Seybouse. In front are seen the still imposing remains of the Church of Peace, a primitive establishment of which St. Augustine was the last pastor. Nature still wears the same fresh and fertile aspect, while man and his works have disappeared. Four-

teen centuries have passed over this ancient structure, but have respected those massive pillars, whose bases are formed of blocks of marble and granite, four feet in thickness, and whose summits support a vault of indestructible solidity. The cactus, with large prickly leaves, has taken root in the joints of the stone, or wherever it can find a little earth; the pomegranate displays its brilliant blossom hanging gracefully over the archway or cornice where chance has planted its vigorous germ. In the ruins, above them and around them, a luxuriant vegetation lavishes its treasures to adorn the ancient and sacred edifice which so often resounded to the voice of St. Augustine.

In the year 430, Genseric at the head of his Vandals, invaded the Christian part of Africa and covered it with ruins. St. Augustine died of grief the very same year; and his remains were deposited in the upper part of the crypt in the church where he had so long officiated. But when the Vandals conquered Hippona, and had taken possession of all the African provinces, the Church of Peace no longer appeared to the faithful a safe asylum for these precious relics. The neighbouring island of Sardinia however offered a friendly refuge to the confessors of the true faith, who were thus driven from their country by the Arians. The African Bishops were unable to avoid the persecution specially directed against the prelates; but the few who escaped, carried off with them the beloved remains which the unfortunate Hippona no longer was worthy to possess, and the town of Cagliari in Sardinia received the precious deposit in the basi-

lica of St. Saturnine, where it remained 223 years.

In 753, Sardinia herself fell into the power of the infidels who had conquered Africa. Less regardful of the sanctity of the relics than their former possessors, they sold them for the price of sixty thousand crowns of gold to the pious Luitprand, who wore at Pavia the diadem of the Lombard kings. This monarch built the magnificent basilica of St. Peter, “*au ciel d’or,*” for the reception of the sacred shrine : “*What ornaments can my church yet require,*” the pious monarch loved to repeat, “*now that this treasure is laid within her vault?*”

The relics of St. Augustine have been, since that period, the object of uninterrupted religious veneration. A number of lamps burn day and night near “*the Confession*” as a symbol of unceasing prayer.

But the unfortunate Hippona, though restored in our times to a Christian power, has long been deprived of her spiritual pastors, of the ceremonies of divine service, and of the veneration attached to the sacred places formerly inhabited by the illustrious prelate, and for which the Arabs still manifest the most deferential reverence. Parties of the ferocious Kabyles have often been observed to descend from their mountains, and assemble every Friday in the ruins of the ancient Basilica for the performance of their religious rites. They consider this place sacred, and unapproachable save to a pure heart. Some of them mount on a part of the wall in the corner of the building, though not without danger and difficulty, and there, on a large slab supposed to have been the tombstone of the holy bishop, they burn incense and offer cocks in sacrifice, as was

plainly proved to us by the feathers recently left there. Others sacrifice a black calf. This ceremony frequently takes place in these ancient edifices, which they regard as sacred.

When they are questioned on the motives of this belief, they say that the place had formerly been the residence of a great "Roumi," (or Roman, though this name is also applied to the French,) that his history had been written on a stone, which stone had been carried away; but that "the great Roumi" sometimes returns, dressed in a bournou of dazzling whiteness, to visit the spot once so dear to him.

The veneration they feel for these sacred places leads them to express it in Arabic characters on the walls. Those of the crypt are covered with sentences, particularly at the spot where they practise their religious ceremonies.

It has not been the will of God that the memory of the faithful pastor of Hippona should be forgotten on the African shore, which his efforts made so illustrious. Thus we perceive that during more than fourteen centuries, the remembrance of his past glory forms part of the wonderful tales of the Arabs, and is even introduced into the superstitious rites of their faith.

The present Bishop of Algiers, deeply impressed with these remains of the influence formerly exercised by St. Augustine, resolved to restore his relics to their first resting place, as the remains of Napoleon were transferred from St. Helena to the city of Paris. The good prelate spared neither expense nor trouble to succeed in an object which he had the pleasure to see crowned with success.

The removal of the relics of St. Augustine from Pavia to Toulon, and from Toulon to Bona, was a memorable period for the crowds that assembled from all parts of old Provence to be present at the embarkation, and to receive the blessing that the bishops who attended the sacred cortège dispensed to the people, from the altar on which the shrine was placed.

I borrow the following details from the pen of M. l'Abbé Sybour, now Archbishop of Paris :—

“ Yesterday the 30th of October 1842, at eight o'clock in the morning, by the light of a radiant sun, the ‘ Gassendi’ and ‘ Janaro’ had put all their boats out to sea. The rowers, with oars uplifted, and eyes fixed on the chief who commanded them, awaited the signal for departure. We had cast anchor in the harbour of Bona, between the fortress of ‘ la Cigogne’ that protects it, and the mass of rocks which, when seen from a distance, resembles a colossal lion. The sea was as smooth and as clear as crystal, and the landing of the object of our holy and peaceful expedition was effected in the most orderly manner. During this short passage, our little fleet assumed the form of a procession on the waves. It was a delightful ‘ tableau’ surrounded, as by a frame, by this strange African coast, which, however, excited thoughts and feelings of the most tender recollection. The aspect of religious pomp which pervaded the whole scene, was as solemn as it was affecting.

“ Our flotilla was composed of twelve boats. In the principal one, attended solely by the Bishop of Algiers, arrayed in his pontifical robes, was the

corpse of St. Augustine, whose shrine of crystal and silver reflected with unusual brilliancy the rays of the African sun. Then followed the six other Bishops, wearing the rochet and mitre, and after them came several boats, with priests in full canonicals.

“ One of these vessels conveyed a company of nuns of the Christian faith, another a band of Hospitaller brethren. From each vessel arose the sound of chanting and psalmody.

“ From all the shore, from all those hills where the African church had so long lain dormant in her winding sheet of sand and verdure, was heard a chorus of joyful voices, exclaiming ‘ Liberty and mercy ! ’ By this time we had approached the jetty, which was occupied by a thronging multitude in a variety of costumes. On the quay, a triumphal arch had been raised, bearing this inscription :—

‘ TO AUGUSTINE, BY RESTORED HIPFONA.’

“ When we arrived at the ‘ Place d’Armes’ the sacred procession stopped, the Bishop of Algiers placed the revered relics on an altar erected for the purpose, and mass was celebrated in view of the numerous population present.

“ The bishops of Bordeaux, Chalons, Marseille, Digne, Valence, and Nevers stood in a semicircle round the Metropolitan. The bishop of Algiers then addressed the multitude that thronged the streets and adjoining houses, and in an animated manner reviewed the principal events of the life of St. Augustine, his death, the long exile of his remains, and their glorious return under the protection of the French banner.

“ The next day the procession pursued its march towards Bona by the Roman causeway. When they arrived at the ancient bridge, another triumphal arch, raised by the joint exertions of enthusiasm and piety, again arrested their progress. The civil and military authorities of the town awaited them here, and a ‘ Te Deum ’ was chanted. The voices of this immense crowd, all rising in unison, and the inspiring sounds of the military music that preceded the cortège, completed the imposing effect of this solemn scene.

“ The procession slowly ascended the hill, where a tomb had temporarily been erected in the shape of an altar. The shrine was then displayed, and mass performed by the Bishop of Algiers, who preached with all the solemnity, eloquence, and poetic fervour, that the associations of the spot, the presence of the sacred relics, and the enthusiastic yet reverential devotion of the crowd could not fail to awaken.

“ People of all nations, French, Corsicans, Sardinians, Spaniards, Italians and Maltese, all bowed down in humble adoration of the Almighty, and raised to heaven fervent prayers in their various languages. Meanwhile from the summit of the hill on which Hippona is built, the vast sheet of the Mediterranean was discernible, reflecting the clear blue sky of Africa, and bounded on one side by high mountains, which are the natural ramparts of Tunis, and which also protect the soil of ancient Carthage. From the other side of the picture, the cannons of the ‘ Cashba ’ resounded at stated intervals from the commencement of the ceremony. The military music formed a suitable accompani-

ment to the inauguration of St. Augustine's statue, which was placed on a pedestal of white marble. This statue, executed in bronze, was turned with its face towards France. The expenses of this monument were defrayed by the Bishop of Algiers, the Bishops of France, and some voluntary contributors."

26th October.

MY DEAR CAROLINE. In my anxiety to turn to account every instant of my sojourn in Algeria, I never cease using all my powers of observation, and make no scruple of questioning all those who, from their position or experience, are enabled to give me information. Thus you may rely on the authenticity of the details I send you; and the certainty of this makes ample amends to me for the labour of collecting them. When the usual means fail in procuring me the knowledge I seek, I am obliged to resort to my ingenuity, which has often stood me in good stead, by obtaining admittance for me to the scenes I most desire to witness. I trust that my friendly feeling towards the Arabs, and my genuine admiration of the good points in their character, will plead my excuse for sometimes intruding among them, and that my presence, though perhaps unexpected, is not resented by them as one of those indignities, which as a conquered people, they have to endure.

Yesterday at sunset, three cannon shots from the Cashba announced the eve of the Mussulman festival of "The Sheep." During the day, whole flocks of the magnificent Barbary sheep, so much admired in the "Jardin des Plantes" at Paris, had been driven through the streets of Bona. These were

sold to the Arabs, who seized and carried into the interior of their dwellings the animals that they chose. A sheep per head is the calculation for the usual yearly supply of each family.

Killing the sheep is one of the annual rejoicings in Africa, as killing the pig at Christmas time is in some of the remote districts of France.

This morning, at six o'clock, three more cannon shots announced the opening of the fête, and all the Arabs, dressed in their best clothes, took the direction of the cemetery to begin the day with a pious tribute of regret to their deceased friends. The women, carefully enveloped in the "haik" or veil, and their faces muffled up in such a way as to leave nothing but the eyes visible, followed separately, leading their children by the hand. The Arab cemetery is situated on the side of the hill crowned by the Cashba; the principal tombs are designated solely by small heaps of stones, whitewashed with chalk. Some of these are surmounted by a cupola, whitewashed in the same manner. Several groups of Arabs, arriving from different directions, assembled at this point; they all bowed down to the ground, and severally addressed the departed in words of affection and regret. Some brought provisions, which they placed at the headpiece of the tomb, in order that the soul of the deceased might substantially partake of the pleasures vouchsafed to his family.

When this duty was performed, all returned home, to prepare for the business for which this fête was instituted.

Seated on the terrace of my house, I had resolved

to cast a curious glance into the courts of the houses adjoining mine, when I witnessed certainly by far the most unpleasing part of the ceremony. All the members of the family were ranged in a circle round the poor victim, dressed in their holiday attire, and ready to assist in the sacrifice. The head, feet, and tail of the animal were then washed, and before killing it, a large handful of salt was forced down its throat. The four wives of the master of the house, who varied in complexion from the most delicate fairness to the deepest black; each surrounded by her respective offspring, busied themselves in preparing, with the help of the servants, the jars used for salting.

These four wives possess an equal share of authority, although the first is regarded as mistress of the house; and on this occasion each endeavoured to increase her own extent of power as much as possible, by enforcing her opinion in a tone of voice and an accent of fury, which if heard in our markets, would cause the stoutest of our viragos to quail. However, the hands that were often thrust forward in menacing gestures never actually touched their antagonist, as any attack would have brought down signal vengeance on the offender, the fear of which put a stop to further violence. But the resentment, thus diverted from its natural course, expended itself in frantic self-mutilation, the women tearing their necks and faces in the most frightful manner, and vociferating with the whole strength of their lungs. The parties engaged in these domestic bickerings always shed their own blood, and never that of their rivals.

The question naturally occurs why the husband of these four amazons did not interfere to restore peace among them: he remained in a state of tranquil indifference, convinced that all was for the best, smoking his pipe and quietly looking on, as if the scene had been performed for his entertainment.

As soon as the details of the slaughter are completed, mats are laid down in the circular gallery which surrounds the court, the musicians are introduced, and a noise and clatter ensue of which nothing can give an idea but the sound of the engine on board a steam-boat. The measure increases in quickness as the dancers become more and more animated, and when the excitement has attained the highest pitch, all the company, musicians, dancers and spectators, raise their voices in piercing shrieks, as a sign of satisfaction. One of the four wives, a negress, attired in a piece of silk of various colours, yellow, violet, red, and blue, was the first to dance. Her lord and master continued to smoke as phlegmatically as ever, and gazed on, apparently unconscious of what was passing around him, while she danced with all her might, and certainly a considerable degree of vigour was required for such violent and protracted exertion. Exhausted at length by the extreme of heat and fatigue, she sank in an almost fainting state into the arms of one of the other women, who charitably exhorted her to take courage and to proceed. This advice she actually followed, till nature, unable to support such excess of zeal, fairly gave way: the dancer fell to the ground, and was carried away motionless, and as stiff and as pale as death. She was laid down

on a mat, while another took her place, and displayed the same zeal and the same activity. When the four wives had each danced separately, they joined together in a sort of "corps de ballet," and executed various figures, accompanying their movements with cries impossible to describe. The musicians and spectators all shared in this kind of delirium, and shook their heads and screamed in time with the music. This barbarous display of grace and harmony lasted four hours without interruption, and I must confess that it requires *African nerves* to enjoy it thoroughly.

When the repast was prepared, the master of the house, who apparently considered himself of a superior nature to his gentle helpmates, ate alone. The ladies, each surrounded by her children, seated themselves on mats after the oriental fashion, and partook of "couscouss," also pronounced "couscoussou." This is a sort of porridge, made of the flour of Saracen wheat, cooked in steam and seasoned with butter. It is thick enough for a spoon to stand upright in it, and these are generally stuck round the inside of the vessel or dish in which it is served. The same sweet concord prevailed during the repast as during all the other acts performed in common by the family. I never heard so abominable a din of angry voices. At last the hour of rest arrived; the mats were removed into the interior of the house, and the members of this peaceful household fell asleep, stretched on the bare ground, where from long habit, they most readily found repose.

I often see an Arab of noble aspect pass before

my door. He is of lofty stature and walks with great dignity ; his countenance is strikingly handsome, and his long white beard adds greatly to the venerable expression of his features. His costume is that of a personage of distinction, and he always has a chaplet in his hand, with which he seems engaged in constant prayer. All who meet him address him with the utmost respect, and kiss his shoulder, those that are personally acquainted with him, or rather, those whom he thus chooses to distinguish, kiss his hand. On inquiry I find he is a holy Marabout, who has performed a pilgrimage to Mecca, which accounts for the respect paid to him. His manners are gentle and benevolent, his habits austere and self-denying. When the poor Bedouins of the country perceive him, they humbly approach, touch his garment, and kiss the hand that has been in contact with the sacred vesture. Their veneration is increased by this man's reputation for learning, which is by no means ill founded, as the experience of twenty years of French civilization has greatly enlightened his mind.

It is more difficult to understand the deep respect paid in this country to persons afflicted with insanity. One of these unfortunate people lives opposite me ; but, although he is supposed to be deprived of reason, the expression of his countenance is most intelligent, and he has neither the vacant stare of the idiot, nor the wild glance of the madman ; a slight look of abstraction in the expression of the eye is the sole physical indication of the malady he labours under. I once had the courage to examine him, to form a satisfactory idea of his

character. I say *courage*, for so revolting was this man's want of cleanliness, as to oppose a strong bar to my curiosity. The cynical manner in which he delighted to exhibit his extreme state of misery, might have passed for the result of some vow, had not his reason been as wandering as it appeared. A Moor of the town once gave him a new "bour-nou" and a "gondora," or long calico shirt, the only garments worn by the poorer classes. He was not seen for a long time afterwards, but re-appeared one day in the usual place, having employed the time during his absence in reducing his new clothes to the condition of the former ones. In spite of this excessive loathsomeness, the people treat him with the utmost reverence, even kiss his hand, and the very children follow him in silence, refraining from any sign or any act that might annoy him. A sublime idea is the origin of this superstition: the Arabs believe that the soul of persons thus afflicted has left the body to rejoin the great prophet. For this reason they never contradict them, and give up to them whatever may strike their fancy.

One day I saw a crowd of people moving in the direction of a neighbouring house; at the head of these was a young Moor fourteen years old, the son of a public functionary: he bore a blue and yellow banner, surmounted by the Algerian crescent. Some slaves carried dishes full of fritters, couscous in earthen vessels, fruits, and peeled almonds; a negress was loaded with the little wax tapers generally used in family rejoicings, and about a dozen musicians followed with their tambourines.

I was very curious to know the meaning of all

this, and made inquiries of some Marseillaise, who had long been residents at Bona. They replied most judiciously, “ that it was an Arab ceremony, but as they had nothing to do with it, they had no desire for further information.” I could not say so much for myself, as I was always in search of some novelty. I followed the procession, hoping that my good fortune might enable me to discover the object of this solemnity.

The young Moor, who had perceived me, guessed my intention. When all had entered the house he advanced towards me.

“ Thou wishest to see what we are doing ? ”

“ Yes, Ali.”

“ Thou art good and kind, and lovest the Moors. Wait for me.”

He returned after a few minutes :

“ Come, thou shalt be well received.”

“ Tell me, what is this ceremony ? ”

“ A poor woman is possessed with an evil spirit. They are going to drive it away.”

We entered. An Arab closed the door which had remained half open, and leant against it. The court was full of people. A woman was seated under a gallery, on mats, in the eastern manner, and a beautiful child lay sleeping at her feet. She was surrounded by the vessels of couscouss and dishes of fritters and fruits that I had seen carried in the procession, and to which she appeared to be doing ample justice. A number of tapers, fixed in the centre of the dishes, seemed intended to light the evil spirit in his passage, and to prevent it from mistaking the way.

Then began the usual noise of piercing cries, accompanied by the sound of tambourines. I was not surprized that such means should be employed to dislodge the spirit from the wretched tenement it had chosen. All the obstinacy which the demon might justly be supposed to possess, could not long resist the distracting clamour raised for its expulsion. Convinced of the efficaciousness of the remedy, I made a sign to Ali that I was satisfied with what I had seen, and wished to depart. He desired the door to be opened. The Arab slightly altered his position to enable me to pass, and then closed it behind me, so as to preclude the possibility of any intrusion.

I also witnessed another superstition, no less curious. Every day, morning and evening, I see a Moor, richly dressed, pass along the street. All his features beam with kindness and serenity, a sword, or rather a long yataghan is slung in his girdle; all the Arabs salute him with respect, and press forward to kiss his hand.

This man is a chaouch, or executioner; an office considered so honourable in this country, that the person invested with it is regarded as a special favourite of heaven, entrusted with the care of facilitating the path of the "true believer" from this lower world to the seventh heaven of Mahomet. Such is the potency of this belief, that in no case is the head of the victim entirely severed from the trunk, that Mahomet may seize the deceased by the tuft of hair that adorns his head, and convey him straight to Paradise. For the same reason, the Arabs carefully preserve this tuft of hair dur-

ing their lives, and never allow the razor to approach it.

This “chaouch” is employed in the Arab court of justice, and performs the functions of assistant to the chief of police. The penalty of death has become much less frequent since the occupation of the French than it was before the conquest. In the present times, a jury is always summoned to decide the fate of a Mussulman, the court of justice is composed of Moors and Frenchmen, and when judgment is given, the *cadi*, who is seated at the left of the president, pronounces either the sentence or the acquittal of the accused.

I intend shortly to make a tour of observation through the principal towns of Algeria. I shall first go to Guelma and Constantina, and from thence proceed to Algiers. It would be a great satisfaction to me to visit the Sahara, but this would be most difficult, besides which that part of Africa is much better known than that which I inhabit. Bona the distant, the uncivilized, presented but few attractions either to the learned philosopher, or the traveller. The interest of all has ever been centred in Algiers; thither were dispatched the first specimens of Parisian commerce, there the first French settlers formed their establishment, and thanks to twenty-one years of civil and military occupation, this chief of Algerian cities has lost much of its primitive character.

This district is most unfavourable for studying the manners, customs, etc. of the Arab population; as their pristine simplicity has been amalgamated with, if not superseded by, habits of a quite con-

trary nature. The church at Bona is an ancient mosque ; it belongs to the “ curé,” who bought it at his own expense. Here I often observe a young Moorish woman, dressed in the French manner, who regularly comes to perform her devotions. An anchor, the emblem of hope, is distinctly tattooed on her forehead. This is her history :—

SPERANZA MARIA.

IT was the spring of 1815, and Ascension day. The sun of Africa, brilliant and radiant as usual, shed its purple beams over the Mediterranean, whose waters, gleaming with the reflected rays, bore on their smooth surface a little fleet of boats, intended for the coral fishery. The sails were swelled by the gentle breeze, and their dazzling whiteness formed a striking relief to the deep, unbroken azure of the sea and sky.

These fishing boats cast anchor near the shore of “ La Calle,” where the best coral is found ; the seamen, dressed in their holiday clothes, landed, and took the direction of a chapel, from whence the sound of a bell summoned the faithful to the vespers of the day.

Groups of Arabs were assembled on the shore ; and received the new visitors without giving signs of any hostile intention. Two hundred Christians, mostly French, Corsicans, Neapolitans, Sardinians and Maltese, were collected near the little church, which was too small however to contain the whole number. The doors accordingly were opened to

receive as many as could enter, and then, contrary to custom, were suddenly closed. In a few minutes dreadful cries were heard from within the sacred place; an awful massacre was being perpetrated there, while troops of Kabyles, assembled for the purpose in the vicinity, rushed upon the unfortunate worshippers outside, who were murdered kneeling on the ground, without either time or means to defend themselves.

This plot had been contrived by the Algerians, to revenge themselves for the severe lesson given to them by the European powers, in hopes of putting a stop to the continual acts of piracy that desolated the Mediterranean.

Of the two hundred victims who fell under the bullets or the yataghans of the Kabyles, the children alone were saved from death, but only for the purpose of being reduced to slavery. They were dragged from the scene of this frightful butchery to the slave market, where they were sold, and afterwards dispatched to various parts of the province. One of these, a child of French origin, hardly fifteen years old, wounded and almost motionless, fell to the share of an Arab called Achmet, who took him to his dwelling and gave him all necessary care, treating him as an animal, whose value depends on its preservation. When he was restored to health, all the household labour was allotted to him, to which fate he courageously submitted, and by his good conduct, first obtained better treatment from his master, and afterwards the confidence of the whole family.

The year following, the fleet commanded by Lord

Exmouth appeared in view of the African coast, coming to avenge the death of the unfortunate men who were massacred during the vespers of Ascension day. All Moors who were proprietors of Christian slaves hastened to take refuge in the interior of the country, Achmet among the rest, attended by his family and slaves, and with camels laden with the most valuable articles in his possession, withdrew to Constantina, where he hoped to remain unmolested.

Lord Exmouth destroyed all the habitations of la Calle, the fortifications of Bona and Algiers, sunk all the Algerian vessels he met with on the expedition, and informed the government of the regency that on the first complaint made to him against any of the states of Barbary, he would reduce the shores of North Africa to the condition of the Sahara, and make them unfit for the habitation of any living creatures, save wild beasts and reptiles. The effect of this menace was to repress for a few years any acts of pillage by the tribes of Algeria.

Achmet, satisfied with his young slave, treated him with kindness. Pietro, (such was his name) was active, industrious, intelligent, and of an excellent disposition. He acquired the affection of the whole family, and especially that of a little girl of four years old, who soon became so far acquainted with his language as to understand him, and ask him questions in French, to the great amusement of her parents.

The love of this child for Pietro, and her innocent intervention between him and her parents,

made the fate of the boy less deplorable. He became accustomed to it, and though still attached as much as ever to his native country, he bore with cheerful resignation the lot assigned to him by Providence.

Three years passed by without any further event. Pietro had attained the age of eighteen—Fatima that of eight. Her father viewed the increasing attachment between the two children without displeasure, and even admitted in his mind the idea of the possibility of their union, could Pietro be converted to the Mussulman faith. He gave this subject serious consideration; and for its attainment resolved to use the charms and gentle persuasions of Fatima. He carefully instructed the child in her part, and having assured her that she was acting for the Christian's best interest, left her free to follow the direction given.

Constantina is situated on the summit of a high rock, and though this position ensures its safety, it makes a residence in this town most inconvenient, as the Europeans living there now, feel to their cost. The number of edifices erected by the French afford a partial remedy to the many discomforts of the situation, but in 1819 the place more resembled a nest of eagles or vultures, than a town fit for the habitation of human beings.

Achmet's house was on the ramparts, and below the terrace was a precipice of the depth of 600 feet. Fatima used to run about close to its very edge, and laugh at the terror of Pietro, who watched her movements with the greatest anxiety. One day, unable to control his alarm, he detained the

child from her accustomed sport, holding her in his arms, and entreating her not to expose herself to such peril.

“ If I were to fall, Pietro,” she said, “ shouldst thou be sorry ? ”

“ Do not ask me, Fatima. The very thought of losing thee chills my heart. Art not thou my only friend ? ”

“ My father loves thee, and if thou wert to become a Mussulman, instead of being a slave, thou wouldst be his son.”

“ Thy father is a kind master to me, dear Fatima, but the God of the Christians is the only true God. I cannot and will not forswear his worship, even to become thy brother.”

“ But if my father were to force thee, Pietro, he would make thee happy in spite of thyself.”

“ He COULD not do it, Fatima, for I should remain firm in my belief, and would rather suffer martyrdom for the sake of my religion than enjoy all the pleasures of life by adopting a false one.

“ What is martyrdom, Pietro ? ”

“ Suffering torture and death rather than abjure one’s faith. The first martyr was the Saviour of the world, who laid down his life for us, and purchased our salvation with his sufferings on the cross.”

Then, in reply to Fatima’s questions, Pietro related to her the history of the Passion of our Lord.

“ Has Jesus Christ done that, Pietro ? ” said the child, clapping her little hands with admiration. “ Did He die on the cross for the sins of wicked men ? O Pietro, how good thy God is, and how the Christians ought to love him. Thou art right

to remain faithful to him, and I shall never again ask thee to forsake thy religion.”

Fatima returned home in a thoughtful mood, and repeated to her father her conversation with Pietro. Far from being discouraged with the ill success of his project, Achmet hoped to obtain a better result when his daughter should be old enough to be married.

Fatima, at the age of thirteen, was in the full splendour of her beauty ; which is much earlier developed in the East than in Europe. Pietro received the offer of her hand from her father, on condition that he should become a convert to Islam. He burst into tears at the prospect of a degree of bliss which he had indeed contemplated as possible, but refused the terms. All prayers, all threats were useless—he remained unshaken in his purpose. One night, his master had a suit of clothes, such as are worn by Mahometans, put in the place of those Pietro generally wore, hoping that by appearing in them, he would give a tacit consent to the agreement. Pietro tore them, and trampled under foot the turban, or symbol of the Mahometan faith.

The case now assumed a serious aspect. Achmet brought his slave before the *cadi*, who condemned him to be bastinadoed.

On learning Pietro’s sentence, Fatima gave herself up to violent despair. She accused herself as the cause of the fanaticism of her family, and of the persecution that had befallen her friend. The evening before the sentence was to be executed, Achmet was seated on the terrace before his house, and was

meditating sadly on the fate of his favourite slave. He regretted having acted so harshly towards him, but saw no means of preventing the course of justice. Absorbed in these painful thoughts, he was not aware of the presence of his daughter, till, looking up, he saw her before him, pale and trembling.

“Father,” she said, “he whom you deemed worthy to receive my hand, is to suffer the punishment of a malefactor for remaining faithful to his religion. What power must that religion have, that Pietro should prefer it to me! I will not forsake him who is going to be a martyr to his fidelity, for Pietro will die under this torture. Rather than be separated from him, I will follow him into the paradise of the Christians. If you leave him to die, I will abjure the creed of my childhood and throw myself down this precipice, to seek the death from which he has so often preserved me.”

Achmet tried to console his daughter, but in vain. Terrified lest some catastrophe should occur, but not venturing to make her any promise, he went to the mufti, the chief of the Mahometan priesthood, and disclosed the facts to him. The *cadi* was summoned, for the importance of the affair gave weighty matter for consideration.

The torture of a Christian might produce a sensation even as far as Europe. The visit of Lord Exmouth had left too recent an impression to make it safe again to call down the vengeance of the Christian powers. In this case, a virtue was made of necessity, and Pietro was released.

On his return to the house of Achmet, he was united to Fatima. He was allowed the free exer-

cise of his religion, these being the only terms stipulated by him ; but in return for this he was bound by the most solemn oaths to use no influence with his young wife to turn her from the faith in which she had been brought up. Pietro made the promise, and kept it faithfully.

This marriage was most happy. Fatima, ever gentle and submissive, endeavoured to make amends to her husband for all his sufferings by showing him the most devoted affection. Pietro openly performed his religious duties, even in the presence of his young wife, who listened to the Christian prayers with respectful attention, but refrained from giving any sign that might betray her feelings. Faithful to his word, Pietro did nothing, but also avoided nothing that might raise in the heart of Fatima a wish contrary to those of her parents ; a mutual independence subsisted between them, thus securing the tranquillity of both.

In the course of a year their happiness was completed by the birth of a daughter. Pietro was the first to receive the child in his arms. The simoom was blowing furiously, and the young mother, lying near a door opening into the circular gallery which is always built round the court of an Arab house, sought what slight relief could be obtained in breathing the outward air. Her eyes followed every movement of the happy father, with a glance that told of inexpressible pleasure. He, loading the child with caresses, carried it out of doors, and approaching Fatima, asked her what name she wished it to bear. “ Speranza ” she replied. Pietro took a few more turns in the gallery, then, when he

found himself alone, Fatima saw him approach the fountain, take some water, and kneeling down, sprinkle it over the child, saying: "Speranza, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." Fatima closed her eyes and crossed her hands over her breast; her husband looked at her and thought she was asleep.

The child Speranza grew in stature and beauty, and was the idol of the whole house. But the young mother, whose constitution was weak and delicate, was unfortunately attacked with consumption, which soon became hopeless for want of enlightened assistance.

One day, Pietro found her busily engaged in tattooing the figure of an anchor on her daughter's forehead, which she endeavoured to make as clear as ineffaceable. Displeased at first, but soothed by the mild expression of her countenance, he inquired the reason of this singular proceeding. "There is nothing pagan in this practice," replied his gentle wife. "It is the symbol of 'Speranza.' As my child will most likely survive her mother, this sign upon her forehead will remind her that she is a Christian."

Pietro appeared surprised. "Is this a cause of regret to thee, dearest Fatima?" His young wife smiled, and crossing her hands on her breast as she had done during the baptism of her daughter, she closed her eyes, then opened them to cast a look of affection on her husband, and raised them to heaven with an expression of ineffable peace and serenity.

"Fatima, dearest Fatima!" exclaimed Pietro, "thou knowest how I am bound by my oath, I dare

not ask thee a single question ; and yet—I think I understand”—Fatima placed her finger on her lips, and shewed Pietro an old slave who was watching them.

A few days afterwards, Pietro missed a small crucifix, that he had been accustomed to wear in his childhood ; all enquiry, all search was fruitless, the crucifix *could not be found*.

From this time Fatima’s health rapidly declined, and it soon was evident that her last hour was not far distant. Aware of the approach of death, she bid a tender farewell to her father and family, and begged to be left alone with her husband and child.

Pietro, kneeling beside his dying wife, tried with difficulty to gather her words, which excessive weakness rendered almost unintelligible : Speranza, now eight years old, hid her face in her mother’s lap, to conceal the tears that flowed in torrents. Fatima made a sign to request silence, then seizing Pietro’s hand, she placed it on her bosom. He trembled with emotion on feeling his own crucifix, the sign of redemption, laid on that heart, which he had believed attached to a religion of error.

“ I am a Christian, Pietro,” she said, “ for nothing can withstand the divine will, and yet thou hast faithfully kept the oath thou madest to my family. I believe in thy God, and since thou hast told me of the sufferings of Jesus Christ, I felt how I loved that God of mercy who sacrificed himself to redeem mankind from eternal condemnation. This is what thou callest Grace, is it not ? The Holy Scriptures have taught me this, since, thanks to thee, I have been able to read. We shall meet in heaven,

dearest Pietro, where we shall no more be separated; our child will follow us thither. Listen to me, my beloved ones, listen to me, for I feel death approach; I have but few minutes to remain with you.—Flee, Pietro, flee this very night with thy daughter. To-morrow thou wouldst have no power over her. Go to Bona, bring up thy child as a Christian, and let her heart be formed after the model of thine.” The young woman then drew her child towards her, and blessed her with a fervent prayer. “Speranza, thou hast borne from thy childhood the sign of one of the three Christian virtues. I have myself engraved it on thy forehead, as an authentic manifestation of my new belief and to leave on thee the ineffaceable mark of a religion in which, like thy father thou shouldst live and die. . . . Farewell, Pietro.—Farewell, my Speranza.—Depart speedily—this very night—make no delay—wait not to see what will take place to-morrow at my funeral.” Fatima then laid her head on her husband’s shoulder, and expired, after softly murmuring “O God, receive my soul!—defend Pietro and my child!”

At Bona in the “Rue des Pyramides,” is a lone and narrow building, formerly used as a mosque, but now as a place of worship for the christian population of the town. Too small to contain the number of those who seek to enter its precincts, it affords accommodation only to the first comers; the others stay without, and listen eagerly, to gather as much of the divine service as circumstances will permit.

Every morning when the bell summons the faithful to the first mass, a young girl is seen to enter the sacred place. Her age is about twenty, she is dressed in the European fashion, and bears on her forehead the mark of an anchor. She is always accompanied by a man, who though still young, shows by an appearance of premature age, the effects of this dreadful climate. My readers have doubtless recognized Speranza and her father in these two pious worshippers, who, kneeling on the stone floor, before the altar, openly join in the service of that religion which Pietro had so long been obliged to observe alone and in secret.

According to the last wishes of his beloved Fatima, Pietro tore himself away from her death-bed, took the child, and left Constantina that same night. They went to Bona, where Speranza was consigned to the care of the nuns of that town, who completed her religious education. Their worthy Superior and the "curé" of Bona were her sponsors at the baptismal rites, (the slight ceremony performed by her father at her birth being deemed insufficient) when she received the names of "Speranza Maria."

No attention has been spared to improve the rare talents that she received from nature. She is not only a well-informed, humble, and pious girl, but a model of gentleness, virtue, and beauty.

A beautiful church was commenced three or four years ago, on the outskirts of Bona, near the "Porte Damrémont." The want of funds, the great obstacle to all undertakings of this nature, prevents its further progress. The wits of the

town compare the building of this edifice to that of the triumphal arch at Paris, near the “*Barrière de l’Etoile*.” It would be unfortunate were the same result to take place in both cases.

Whilst attending mass on Assumption-day, I heard the “*Salve Regina*” sung to the air of “*God save the Queen*.” I tried to comprehend the cause of this singular novelty, and was not long in discovering it.

Of all the European population at Bona, the Maltese form by far the largest majority. They are the most assiduous in their devotions, and the most liberal in their offerings of all the Roman Catholics. It was therefore quite natural that they should pray, and have prayers said for the Queen of England, their respected sovereign; but as the subjects of other nations, scattered on this soil of Algeria do not share in this feeling, and have never heard the air of “*God save the Queen*,” the consequence is, that with hearty good will, but in complete ignorance of the trick played upon them, they repeat in chorus the “*Salve Regina*” for the prosperity of Queen Victoria.” There is no great harm in this, so I was careful not to reveal my discovery, which would have raised violent feelings of indignation among the Marseillaise and the Toulonnese, who are the most obstinate of all casuists, and the most irascible and turbulent members of all the christian world here present.

I am preparing for our excursion, which will be rather fatiguing. We shall go in the first place to Guelma, which journey will be performed on the backs of mules led by Arabs, who alone are per-

fectly acquainted with the roads, and may be treated with perfect confidence. I long for the moment when I shall see Algiers, the city of the Deys, or rather of the Corsairs; but as my object is to see and observe what is *new*, I shall not pay much attention to what is so well known already.

I am going to leave Bona, the white city, a name which equally applies to all the towns on the coast. In all, I am told, are to be seen the same square houses, with one large, heavy door at the entrance, in which a small grating is made to recognize the visitor. There are no windows opening to the front of the houses, where the only ventilation is afforded by a few small holes in the wall, like those of our pigeon cotes. The houses are whitewashed all over with chalk, which gives them a dazzling appearance, most painful to the eyes. Within the walls is a square court, in the midst of which is a fountain. A circular gallery, supported by stone or marble pillars, protects the apartments on the ground floor from the sun. A flight of steps leads to a second gallery, on which are situated the rooms of the master of the house and those inhabited by his wives. The walls of these are also whitewashed, or ornamented with squares of white porcelain, and the ground within the court is covered day and night with carpets, the value of which varies according to the fortune of the proprietor. In the principal houses there are two courts, one ornamented with a springing fountain, vases of flowers, and cases containing orange trees, mimosas, &c. The second, or inferior court is devoted to household purposes. In the houses of the poor the en-

trances to the interior are covered with curtains of printed cotton; in those of the rich, with velvet, damask, or fine tapestry.

The principal quarter of the Arabs is situated in what is called the High Town at Bona. Several Moors lodge together in a low, narrow room, furnished all round with strong wooden shelves, supported by cramp irons. These shelves are sometimes placed in two rows along the walls, one above the other, and are covered with mats. They are nothing less than the beds of the Arabs, where they retire to spend the night, or take shelter from the rain. Except for these two reasons, they are hardly ever under cover, but spend their whole time out of doors, occasionally smoking a pipe in one of the numerous coffee houses. They do not lead this life from distress; but many of them are bachelors, who either have no house of their own, or wish to have none.

I have just received an invitation that I have accepted with great delight. I have often met with Karesi, the caïd, or chief of all the Bedouins of the district: he once told me it was a pity I did not understand Arabic, as the ladies of his tribe would have had great pleasure in seeing me. I am engaged to accompany the wife of an officer, who is perfectly well acquainted with the language, and willing to act as my interpreter. In answer to a civil note I received from this lady, to ask me to settle the time for our expedition, I fixed on to-day.

I have just returned from my visit to Karesi, whose own residence is generally on the sands near the sea, with his tribe, which is called that of the

Beni-Urgin; but his family live at Bona, and he comes to see them twice a week. When we arrived at his tent, he had just alighted from horseback, and we were able to examine the beautiful animal he had ridden. The high backed saddle and saddlecloth were richly embroidered with gold and silver, and the broad silver stirrups were of the shape of a slipper. Karesi's own costume was the usual white bournou, over which was a brown one, made of very fine cloth, and ornamented with gold. He wore the high turban of the Bedouins, surrounded with several cords of camel's hair. His countenance is gentle and pleasing, but not dignified. As we were expected, the tapestry before the doorway was raised, and the ladies were surveying us, as we were surveying the horse. We interchanged salutations, after which we were introduced into the best room. This was high and vaulted, longer than it was broad, and whitewashed in the usual manner. In it was a bed of walnut wood, made after the French fashion, and piled up with twenty or thirty mattresses and cushions, which were spread out at night to form beds for the family.

Chairs were brought for us, and shortly afterwards a small table, or stand, on which was placed a large dish of "couscous." Round this enormous vessel, which was worthy of one of the feasts described by Homer, were quarters of chicken, and pieces of mutton and wild boar, all roasted in the flame, and very much smoked. The dish was completed by hard boiled eggs, cut in slices. We sat down on a magnificent lion's skin, in the oriental manner, and silver spoons, and a circular piece of cloth, intended

to serve as napkins, were presented to us. We dined alone, as a law of the Koran forbids Mahometans to partake the fare of a Christian, but the ladies of the tribe, attended by their offspring, were present all the time. When the first course was finished, curdled milk and excellent butter were served up, with dates, plums (the latter rather sour), and water as clear as crystal, in glass vessels.

The Caïd remained a few minutes with us; then his pipe was brought, and he went out to smoke. When the repast was finished, the table was carried away, and the ladies took their tambourines and began to sing.

This concert I need not describe, having already given you a sufficient idea of Arab music. They next proceeded to dance, beginning by moving to a slow measure, holding a silk scarf in their hands; on the music changing to a lively air, they became more animated, and waved the scarfs above their heads. The movements of this dance increase in rapidity till the performers fall down, exhausted with fatigue. The three wives of Karesi were among the company; the first seemed superior to the others, and had a distinguished appearance. She did not dance. These ladies were dressed in a sort of gold and silk brocade, intermixed with red, yellow, and green. Their head dress was composed of a piece of white muslin, wound several times round the head and chin, and fastened on the forehead with chains of gold and precious stones. Their arms were bare from the shoulder, as were their legs and feet, but curiously tattooed and ornamented with gold and silver bracelets. On the

whole I was disappointed with the specimens I saw of African beauty. With the exception of a few young girls, all appeared utterly devoid of the attractions that descriptions had led me to suppose they possessed.

Coffee was served to us in golden cups. It was not ground, as in Europe, but pounded in a mortar, boiled, poured out before it has time to settle, and drunk without sugar. They treat with scorn the idea of filtering it, and declare that we have no notion of making coffee.

We were seated on cushions in the upper gallery, for the heat was suffocating. During the dance, I had observed a large and strong cage, hung up in a corner. In the plenitude of my sagacity, I supposed that it was intended for some wild beast, knowing that Karesi kept several both at home and among his tribe; fortunately I had the good sense to keep my conjectures to myself. Unable at last to restrain my curiosity, I inquired the use of this cage, and Karesi's first wife answered that it was used as her carriage when her husband brought her to the encampment. On these occasions, she seated herself in this machine, which was then covered over with a piece of tent cloth, and slung between two mules. Thus she was conveyed unseen to the tent of her lord and master.

We counted seventeen children, varying from the age of infancy to that of nine or ten. We were told that Karesi had twenty-nine children, but that the rest were absent. The complexion of some was as black as ebony, that of others of the most delicate fairness. The number of wives allowed to Mahometans accounts for this difference.

The only furniture in the rooms were some gilded chests, painted in beautiful arabesque. These contained the clothes of the family. Magnificent furs, made of the skins of lions, tigers, panthers, &c. lay scattered all over the floor, on which the little children were rolling about. In the wall were small niches, covered over with gauze curtains. In these were placed censers for burning incense.

I must not forget to mention that Bona is more backward in civilization than any other town occupied by the French in this country. It is the farthest from the shore, and its finest habitations, like that of Karesi, offer a strange mixture of modern luxury and ancient barbarism.

Setting aside all the superstition of their worship, there is more *true* religion among the Arabs than even among the Moors. I do not speak of the ostentatious performance of those who go about the streets telling their chaplet. In these demonstrations there may be more or less sincerity; but I have often seen Arabs kneeling down and praying to God in places where it was most unlikely for their devotions to be witnessed; in the desert, on the seashore, in churchyards, &c. Nothing disturbs them while they are thus engaged; wholly absorbed in their pious meditation, nothing can divert their attention from it. The indiscreet curiosity of some of our countrymen, who were rude enough to mock at them, sometimes forced them to remove from the spot they had chosen, which they did without giving a sign of indignation or discontent.

On the occasion of the "Fête Dieu" all Bona is in motion: the Maltese, more devout in their profession than other Europeans, and rich and zea-

lous enough to be generous in their offerings, go to great expense to render the procession as imposing as possible by the pomp of the ceremony and the splendour of the temporary altars. All the young girls are dressed in white, covered with long veils, and crowned with roses ; they precede the host, and walk in two lines, in the midst of which is borne a white banner. They strew the ground with flowers, singing hymns. Boys of all the nations of Catholic Europe follow in their train, dressed in their best clothes, and holding a wax taper adorned with flowers, which tapers are used in the church after the ceremony. Then comes the canopy, which is carried over the clergyman bearing the host ; and the principal personages of the town, followed by the whole population, close the procession.

I carefully examined the countenance of the Arabs who came in crowds to see the cortège pass ; I even used a spying glass, to have a better view of the expression of their features, and observed that, *without exception*, all evidenced deep respect ; and when the priest ascended the steps of the altar, and the harmony of the military music was blended with the chaunting of the choir, all united in one act of adoration, in which, doubtless, there were many points of reserve ; but the general intention seemed to be to raise their hearts to God, independent of the laws imposed by the differences of form in religious belief.

I wish I could say as much for the conduct of our countrymen towards them. Always sarcastic, always frivolous, finding fault with all customs which are not *theirs*, and regardless even of the weight of cir-

cumstances, they lavish their silly jokes on all that they *do* not, or *will* not understand, thus insulting the most sacred feelings of the Arabs. This frivolity and thoughtlessness has injured the French in the opinion of the Algerian population more even than the oppressive tyranny of the underlings in authority.

It is true that the government scrupulously performs its promise of granting protection to each individual professing the Mussulman creed. In a court of justice, a Mahometan can be indemnified for any insult or deceit practised upon him by a Frenchman or other European; but I often see the poor Arabs who come to draw water from the well opposite my window, brutally treated by those of our nation, who often kick the pitcher of the poor Mussulman to pieces, strike him, and push him away, that they may get the water before their turn. Sometimes the Arab calls for assistance, then the police come and inquire into the case. But this is of little benefit to the injured party, as twenty false witnesses rise against him, and the cause of the unfortunate generally proving the weakest, he is obliged to leave the place without obtaining redress.

The want of proper persons to form a solid administration has caused many individuals to be chosen who had all to gain and nothing to lose. It is not yet forgotten in this country that a *seller of tickets* at the theatre of the Porte St. Martin at Paris was appointed judge, with an extensive salary. The other magistrates were, a former customhouse officer and two merchants, who, after signally failing in managing their own affairs, were called to the important office of judging those of others.

Numerous as are the opportunities afforded by this country, it is impossible to obtain a perfect knowledge of all the varieties of Arabian life, as what is peculiar to one tribe cannot be applied equally to all, so many are the points of difference among this people, though they preserve their respective customs with the most scrupulous care.

The sons of the desert in the vicinity of Bona have remained unchanged in their habits, leading the same wandering life as their forefathers did before them ; while the tribes that inhabit the base of the Edough and the neighbouring mountains have made a considerable step towards civilization, though they too faithfully adhere to their national manners and customs.

One of my French friends, whose employment gives him considerable authority over the Arabs in the surrounding district, had so far gained their affections by his gentle demeanour and the justice with which he exercises his functions, that the Arabs of a neighbouring tribe pressed him to pay them a visit with his wife and children. I was included in the invitation, and the ensuing Sunday was fixed upon for our expedition.

At the time appointed, the tribe sent us some mules and asses, each led by a guide, dressed in the picturesque bournou. Handsome carpets were laid folded on the backs of our steeds, on to which the women and children were carefully lifted. We then began our march, crossing the charming valley which extends from the foot of the colossal Edough to the sea.

We ascended the mountain, and as no care was

required to guide our mules, which were led by our attendants, we were able to contemplate at leisure the wild scene before us, in which nature seemed to have remained unchanged since the first days of creation. The barren summit of the Edough was concealed by white clouds, and though vegetation was in full vigour at this season of the year, the only shrubs to be seen were the dwarf palm tree, the Barbary fig or African cactus, with its large thorny leaves, the sharp-pointed aloe, the myrtle, and rose-laurel. Occasionally, we saw a stork cross the plain before us, holding in its beak a reptile or a fish from the Seybouse, that it was carrying home to its young. Then, taking wing, these birds alighted on the terraces of Bona, whose walls almost enclose the blue waters of the bay. In the distance, we perceived the tents of the tribe of the Beni-Urgins, which twenty years ago was composed of the fiercest pirates of the African coast, but now has become a faithful and submissive ally, and supplies with provisions the town from which it receives protection.

The caravanserai is situated not far from the "Porte Constantine," and the great fortress of the Cashba on a high table-land, from whence its cannons are pointed in all directions leading to the town. At the foot of this citadel is the aqueduct, which supplies water to 12,000 inhabitants. It was repaired a few years ago by the French, and is one of the many traces of Roman dominion in ancient Numidia.

Near the aqueduct is the botanical garden, and further on, as a last farewell to life and activity, a space enclosed by walls. This is the public cemetery,

where are laid the bodies of many of our poor countrymen, who had come to this ungenial clime in hopes of improving their fortunes among the chances of colonization. In spite of all the care lavished on them at the hospital at Bona, they all died of the African fever.

We advanced but slowly, for there was no road in this part of the mountain, and soon perceived, situated on a small eminence, a few miserable huts built of clay and covered with reeds. This was the end of our expedition. On seeing us arrive, the women and children ran out to meet us, and gave us a hearty welcome.

Madame A—— approached me, and expressed her fears lest our pleasure should be disturbed by the various insects of an offensive nature which we might expect to find in the abodes of our new acquaintances.

“Never mind,” I replied, “in this good land of Africa we must submit to these secondary evils, that novelty may lose none of its charm.”

We then alighted, and shook hands with our entertainers after the English fashion. They expressed great pleasure at seeing us, which was a sure proof of the sincerity of their affection, and, according to their custom, they raised the hand which had touched ours to their lips, and kissed it : a simple and modest token of respect.

The eldest of the tribe received us in his tent, and, miserable as was the abode itself, handsome carpets of bright colours were spread out for our reception. The walls and ceiling were plastered over with mortar and whitewashed ; indeed every thing

seemed in admirable order. A table had been set out, though these articles of furniture are never used among the Arabs, and was covered with a white linen cloth. Several large chests were placed round the table, and were also covered with white linen. The smoking "couscous" was then brought, and round the dish were spoons of box wood, the elegant forms of which reminded us of the Roman spoons preserved in our museums. Then followed roast chickens, rather smoked it is true, hard boiled eggs, dried and fresh fruits (apricots and plums being in season), nuts, almonds, milk, lemonade, and freshly made butter.

We dined alone, in spite of our solicitations to the contrary, as their law prohibits them from sharing the repast of a Christian. We respected their scruples, but kept up a lively conversation all dinner time, which was by no means difficult, our hosts being able to speak a little French.

When the repast was finished, all was quickly cleared away by the women and children, and coffee was served in elegant little china cups, of an antique form, without handles. The cups were placed one within another, instead of in saucers.

We then went to visit some of the other huts. In each a collation had been prepared for us, and was preserved from the dust and the flies by a gauze covering. We were obliged to take a slight share of each banquet, for to abstain altogether would have been a serious offence. All the women were more or less handsome; they never speak to any man, except their husband, father, or brothers. The husbands are also obliged never to address any

woman except their wife, mother, or sisters; but I believe that this law is not unfrequently violated. A young girl of twelve years old particularly attracted my attention; she was thin and angular, but gave promise of remarkable beauty. She was married, but was not to join her husband for four months. Poor child! she will be a mother before she is fifteen, and old at twenty-five.

A few days before, a birth had taken place in the family, and I expressed my regret at not having seen the fête. I was told, "There was none, for it was not a child." We looked at each other in great astonishment, wondering what was meant, when our hosts explained to us that the new-born infant was a girl, and that family rejoicings are only made on the birth of a boy. The nullity of women among this people renders their entrance into the world a matter of very small importance: they are not even considered as children.

I examined the texture of a bournou, and found the wool remarkably fine and white. On my inquiring into the process of this manufacture, one of the women brought a vessel of polished earthenware, which she placed on the ground. She then seated herself, and took from the vessel two cards, precisely similar to those which are used in Europe for combing wool. After showing us some wool of the most perfect whiteness, which had been washed in spring water without soap, she took a bobbin, or winder, and a distaff covered with the fleecy material. That which was placed between the cards became as fine as cotton: the woman drew it out very carefully, and twisted it most dexterously with one

hand, while with the other she rapidly turned the bobbin, which was soon covered with fine white wool ready for weaving. A coarser thread was made by means of the distaff, which is of the same shape as the spindle used in the provincial districts of France. A number of these bobbins, covered with the two kinds of thread, are fastened on a beam of proper length, fixed to the ceiling, and the women, gathering the threads together, weave them with their fingers with the most astonishing rapidity. In the space of fifteen or eighteen days, they can make a bournou of a single piece, more than six yards in width, and of corresponding length.

The Arabs, who detest all innovation, have carefully preserved the biblical costume which we see represented by the celebrated Italian painters. Nothing has been changed. Though this people has passed under the jurisdiction of many rulers, it has adopted neither the tunic of the Roman nor the garb of the Vandal. On the contrary, it was the Arab who imposed his dress on the descendants of Saladin, who, when they became Ottoman soldiers, altered the simplicity of their primitive costume.

The Arab of Bona, the part of Algeria most backward in modern civilization, unprovided with the many advantages enjoyed by Algiers, the town of the Deys, the capital of the new conquest, is still the living figure in the scenes of the sacred writings. That venerable old man, the Sheik of his tribe, sitting majestically in his tent, giving orders to his nomadic followers, is Abraham, the noble patriarch, whose history, independent of its higher sources of

interest, gives the finest description of the half wandering, half warlike mode of life pursued even to this day by the valiant chiefs of the desert. That young girl with bare legs, and skin tinged by the sun, drawing water from the well and placing the full vessel on her shoulder, is Rachel, going to present to Jacob the amphora from which to quench his thirst. The shape of the vessel, and the elegance of the costume, have remained unaltered since the times of the Israelitish ancestors of this singular people, whose domestic customs have varied as little as their dress. This chiefly consists of the bournou, the gondorah, or linen tunic worn underneath, and the strong leathern cap, surrounded by many rows of cord made of camel's hair, which preserves their head from the heat of the sun.

The Moorish denizens of the towns have alone showed any desire of imitation. Their costume resembles that of the Turks, and the interior arrangement of their households has undergone a slight change since the French invasion. Example has been sufficient to produce this; advice or persuasion would have been of no avail.

To return from this long digression. On examining their habitations, I noticed some goatskins, suspended like hammocks to beams in the ceiling. I inquired their use; upon which a woman began shaking one of the skins, which was full of milk, and continued doing so till some excellent butter was produced, though it still tasted of the wild herbs upon which the cows graze in the mountains.

In a corner of the poultry-yard, I saw a girl trying to hold back an enormous Kabyle dog, which

growled in the most threatening manner as we approached, and seemed ready to spring at us.

The nature of these animals is ferocious in the extreme, and their bodily structure is well fitted to the purposes for which they are employed. Their head is like that of a bear, and all their strength lies in their jaws and fore feet. Their aspect is terrible; their courage equals that of the English bull-dog. They obey even their master with reluctance, and seldom show much attachment to anybody.

The creature I saw had attacked a hyena a few days before; the conflict had been short but violent, and was brought to a close by the dog's master, who killed the hyena with his yataghan. The skin of the vanquished animal was laid out to dry on some neighbouring aloes, and I could examine at leisure its formidable jaws, furnished with canine teeth an inch in thickness. The hair is rough, like that of the wild boar, especially on the back, which is always bristled up, owing to the savage nature of this creature. They offered to sell me this skin for one franc.

At the distance of about 200 feet, we saw another tribe, and proposed to visit them. Upon this, our hosts immediately prepared to leave us, saying:—"We have no communication with those people, they are Kabyles." Of course we proceeded no further, as the Kabyles are not friends of ours, and are in open hostility with the Arabs.

I had provided myself with a small telescope, which was most useful to me on this expedition. The women of the tribe examined it with astonish-

ment, and not a little dismay ; but when they learned its use, and found that they were able to distinguish objects at the distance of four miles, they gave most amusing signs of joy and wonder. I tried, by a simple explanation, to make them understand how it was so, but all my eloquence was of no avail, as the practical application of the instrument far outweighed in the minds of my hearers the pleasure of comprehending its scientific principle.

The road from Bona to Guelma is not practicable for carriages of any kind, still less for the two vehicles bearing that name, which are used as means of communication between the two towns. These are two little carts, covered with an awning, and without springs, which causes the jolting to be intolerable during a journey of eighteen leagues ; for this reason our party determined to travel on mules. The Bedouins, who often go from one town to the other for commercial purposes, use these animals for carrying their wares, after the disposal of which a favourable opportunity is offered to the traveller to avail himself of the use of the mules to convey him to the town whither they return. This journey can also be performed on camels, but the action of this animal causes a sort of rocking motion backwards and forwards which is extremely painful to those who are not accustomed to it. Another excellent reason for choosing the escort of the Arabs, was the certainty of arriving safe at the place of our destination, without being molested by any encounter with the tribes of the desert. The only inconvenience to be feared was the chance of falls, or other accidents of this nature, but, in justice to the pru-

dence and obliging disposition of our guides, I must say that they were careful to use all necessary means for avoiding them. As I had a perfect recollection of a certain excursion made by me from Mondovi to Bona, described in a former letter, I protested against the broad, flat saddles used by the natives; and the ladies of our caravan being of the same opinion, we mounted our mules in the French fashion, and set off in high spirits. Guelma was the object of our expedition; our party consisted of about twenty persons, and camels, laden with our baggage, and other articles necessary for our encampment, closed the line of march.

Leaving Bona by the "Porte Constantine" we pursued our route, having the Mediterranean on our left, and on our right, the valley of the Edough, and the Roman or perhaps Byzantine aqueduct, which is raised on ten lofty arches of twenty-two "mètres" high, and connects the great chain of the Edough with that of Gef-el-Nessour, about a mile and a half from the ruins of Hippona. We crossed the ancient bridge, under which flow the sluggish waters of the Boudjimah, which formerly was the sole means of communication between the town and the mountains inland. The Seybouse heavily rolls its muddy waves to the sea, at its junction with which it forms a sandbank, most dangerous to ships. Along the coast are fragments of wall, apparently scattered about without purpose or design, but giving a good idea of the vast extent of the town of Hippona. Facing the river, vestiges of a theatre are to be seen, and in one of the adjoining houses a Mosaic pavement of coarse workmanship. On the other

bank of the Seybouse, not far from the tribe of the Beni-Urgins, are the excavations made in the Roman cemetery.

The road we followed was the ancient Roman causeway, which formerly led from Carthage to the Straits of Gibraltar. At a place called Drean, near the path pursued by the caravans, are the ruins of an edifice of the lower empire, called by the inhabitants the castle of Alkander.

About a league further on, where the road disappears among the mountains, we observed a tumulus of seven stones, erected to the memory of thirteen persons, who were devoured in this place by lions, which animals frequented these mountains in great numbers before the occupation of the country by the French. Since that time, the constant hunting parties, and the premium granted to the Arabs on the skins of wild beasts, have greatly diminished the number of these terrible creatures.

We encamped for the night in a place chosen by our guides, for you may suppose that all care was taken to ensure us the repose that our fatiguing journey rendered so necessary. With the exception of the cries of the jackals, to which we soon got accustomed, our sleep was not interrupted by any noise, and as the ladies had laid down on the mattresses without undressing, no great preparations were required the next morning to complete our toilet when the time arrived to resume our journey. Our next halting place was Hamman Meskhoutin, which, for my part, I was most anxious to visit, on account of the thermal waters which attract all the good society of Algiers, whether invalids or not, to the baths

established there. Shortly after the occupation of Guelma, at the distance of a few miles from Hamman Meskhoutin, the French found springs of warm mineral waters, so beneficial in their effect, that a bathing establishment was immediately resolved on. After the discussion and rejection of several plans, one was at last adopted, and the building commenced.

At the depth of about a yard, a Roman structure was discovered. The excavations were carried on with great activity, till several baths in a perfect state of preservation were laid open, and prove to the present age that civilization was as far advanced among mankind, and especially among the Roman people, fifteen centuries ago, as it is now. Since this time, the waters of Meskhoutin have been frequented for the cure of rheumatism, of pain caused by old wounds, and of the ailments of the many visitors who seek relief through their means.

The Arabs ascribe a curious origin to the warm springs of Meskhoutin. According to their legend king Solomon, here called Soliman, had constructed baths all over the world, and given them into the charge of genii, who were blind, deaf, and dumb, that they might neither see, hear, nor repeat what took place in these wonderful edifices.

However, in the course of time, king Solomon died, like all other mortals, but unfortunately without providing any remedy for the inconvenience which was caused by his decease in this instance. Since that time, the genii, ignorant that their master was dead, as nobody could make them understand it in consequence of their threefold infirmity,

have continued to heat the water as usual. For this reason (say the Arabs) warm springs abound all over the world.

This place has lately been the scene of a circumstance hitherto unexampled in the states of Barbary. I will here give you an account of it.

FETE GIVEN BY THE ARABS TO THE FRENCH LADIES OF GUELMA,

On the 28th of February and 2nd of March, 1850.

IN the course of the month of February, the Arab chiefs of the circle of Guelma, communicated to Mr. Tournier, the commander, their wish to give a fête to the ladies of the town, and requested him to act as interpreter in favour of their invitations. The commander was most willing to undertake the charge, and it is needless to say that all the ladies agreed with joy to the proposal, and availed themselves of this opportunity to vie with each other in grace, finery, and good taste.

The warm baths of Hamman Meskhoutin were chosen as the scene of the festivity, and the day fixed was the 28th of February. On that day, the true sun of Africa shone forth in all its splendour on the plain of Hamman Meskhoutin; the warmth was mild and genial, as it always is during spring in Algeria, and the most luxuriant vegetation was spread like a carpet over the sides of the mountains, while its balmy exhalations were wafted on the breeze.

The ladies of Guelma were ready at an early

hour for their departure, all cheerfully resigned to bear whatever little inconveniences they might meet with, especially those arising from the rude means of conveyance. The gentlemen mounted on horseback; but as the costume of the ladies was not adapted to this mode of travelling, they took the places prepared for them in the long, jolting vehicles belonging to the train of military equipages. These carriages are generally used for the transport of forage and provisions.

They set off. Many accidents of a trifling nature happened on the way, which rather promoted than restrained the hilarity of the party. The only incident that at all threw a damp on the general cheerfulness was the fall of one of their number into the Seybouse, which river they were obliged to ford. However, as no further consequences to the unlucky individual were to be apprehended, beyond the mere inconvenience of being drenched to the skin, the party continued their journey.

After two hours' march, they halted at Medjazamar, where there is an establishment for native orphans. Fifty or sixty children are here provided for at the expense of the government, and this institution does as much credit to the benevolence of those who erected, as to the kind solicitude of those who manage it.

At last they arrived at Hamman Meskhoutin. Two tents had been prepared for the reception of the European company; and magnificent Turkey carpets were spread to preserve the garments of the ladies from the contamination of the soil, while wreaths of myrtle, rose-laurel, and flowering mimosa,

or African acacia, adorned the interior. The Arab chiefs were standing before the entrance, dressed in their richest costume, or in the elegant drapery of the mantle usually worn. They received the ladies with the most polite and respectful welcome, and placed them in a circle, round which stood all the gentlemen of the company. When the introductions were over, the tricolour standard of France, surmounted by the Algerian crescent, was raised before the tents, and the sign was given for a fantasia, or African rejoicing. This consisted of a rolling fire of musketry that lasted a quarter of an hour.

The time for the banquet at last arrived: it had long been expected with impatience, as the expedition of the morning had greatly sharpened the appetite of the guests. The commander was sought for, that his orders might be taken, but he was not to be found. No anxiety was experienced as to the cause of this absence; but such was the hunger of the assembled company, that their regard for etiquette was put to a great trial, placed as it was in opposition to the imperious demands of the stomach.

Two hours elapsed. The faces of the guests grew longer every minute, when the firing of guns was heard, first in the distance, then gradually nearer. The company hastened to meet the truant and his accomplices, who returned, bringing a magnificent wild boar, which they had just killed. The commander made a thousand apologies for having kept the company so long waiting, and pleaded as an excuse his wish to offer the ladies a dish of venison.

Both French and Africans seated themselves at the table, and the Arabian "cuisine" displayed its chef

d'œuvres ; beginning with sheep roasted whole, and filled with pistachio nuts, afterwards the national and traditional "couscous," the dish both of rich and poor, which was served up with roast chickens, and ornamented with a wreath of hard boiled eggs cut in slices. Then followed the "chikouka," composed of capsicums, tomatas, and eggs beaten up with oil and lemon juice ; cakes spread with butter and honey, artichokes dressed like Spanish cardoons, but prepared with the pistils of bean flowers ; cakes of semolina, kneaded with dates, and pastry of all kinds, seasoned with sugar and the essence of rose and jessamine.

The French "cuisine" had also been invited to prove its skill on Algerian materials, which proposal had been wisely accepted, to the great consolation of the epicures, who were sadly disappointed with these unknown viands, by no means agreeable to their olfactory nerves.

The physician in chief to the hospital at Guelma took his place as carver among the ladies. Drawing from its sheath a magnificent eastern yataghan, he began to use it on one of the principal joints. This act of zeal excited a general burst of laughter, and all the ladies pushed back the plates presented to them. Greatly astonished, the doctor used all his powers of argument to prove to them the goodness of the roast, and the ease with which the blade of the yataghan divided it into slices ; the laughter still continued, and the portions were still refused. He met with no better success in showing them seven notches in the thickness of the blade, an undeniable evidence of its having been used in the decapitation

of seven heads. The obstinacy of his fair acquaintances was proof against all these grounds of conviction, and the pieces remained untouched upon the plates.

The French wines circulated freely, and had Mahomet been present, he would have had to shut his eyes to the performances of his votaries. The repast was most cheerful, as those of country parties usually are. One of the ladies made an observation which excited general hilarity: "When in former days the Romans gave an entertainment to the Sabines, the Sabine men returned—ALONE."

"This proves, madame," said an Arab chief, "that the Romans of that time were not worth the Arabs of this." The reply was just.

The conversation was carried on in tolerable French, quite good enough to be understood, proving how greatly this people has been civilized by contact with our nation, though they have had this advantage hardly twenty years. The chiefs are in almost constant communication with the authorities, and have easily acquired the new habits introduced among them. The inferior classes would do the same, if proper indulgence and kindness were shown to them, which, however, they seldom experience from the lower orders of our countrymen.

The Europeans complain, that although they admit the Moors to their society, and make them, as far as possible, partakers of the benefits of our civilization and the refinement of our manners, not one of them ever expresses a desire that his wife should enjoy the same advantages; whereas the Jews of

the higher classes introduce their wives into all the houses to which they are themselves invited.

The reason is that the thing is impossible, without transgressing the laws of the Koran, which no Mussulman would venture to do openly. Mahomet, whose object was to form an entirely credulous people, fanatically submissive to his will, succeeded in withdrawing man from the influence of domestic affections, in making woman an humble slave, of an essence inferior to his, destined solely to be the mother of his children, dying the death of all human creatures, but deprived afterwards of the joys of Paradise, her soul being a mere breath, which becomes extinct when life has departed.

On taking leave of their guests, the French ladies gracefully returned their thanks for the marks of attention so profusely lavished on them. Their hosts replied that they sincerely regretted not being able to complete the fête with a ball, as they understood that the gauze dresses of the ladies would be spoiled by the journey; but that, with the consent of their fair guests, they would effect their purpose at Guelma. The invitation was gladly accepted, and the ball fixed for the second of March.

The preparations for the fête were carried on with the greatest zeal. The Arab chiefs entrusted Mr. Vallette, the commander of engineers at Guelma, with the care of all the arrangements, particularly requesting that no expense might be spared on the occasion. The ball room was ornamented with the most perfect taste, in such a manner as to please all parties.

Long before the appointed hour, the chiefs arrived in their graceful costume, and “gantés” as fashionably as any dandy at the opera at Paris. It was probably the first time in their lives that these sons of the desert were attired in such luxurious articles of dress, to them so useless. The ladies arrived in due time, the African dandies received them with the greatest politeness, and taking them by the hand, led them into the rooms prepared for their reception, where they waited upon them with all the ease of manner and “bon ton” belonging to the best society.

The orchestra soon gave the signal for dancing to begin. To the astonishment of all the European guests, the Arab chiefs came forward and engaged the ladies for the quadrilles, in the performance of which they displayed considerable skill, but went through the figures with a degree of attention and gravity that testified a recent study of this accomplishment. It was evident that some goodnatured Frenchman had instructed them in this feat, which seemed to afford them great satisfaction; but the circumstance produced so much natural mirth, and such a kindly feeling of mutual good will, that it gave a real charm to all the amusements of the evening.

The chiefs of Bona had sent their deputies to this family fête, and their contributions to the refreshments and supper. At one o'clock in the morning a plentiful and elegant collation was served up:—in short, nothing was wanting to the general satisfaction, which easily accounts for the regret with

which the party broke up between six and seven o'clock.

We arrived at Guelma, which town is situated on the summit of the mountain Serdj-el-Aouda, and must have been a place of considerable extent and importance in the times of the Romans. The thirteen towers still existing in the circumference of the walls, and the divers inscriptions found on the monuments, seem to indicate the sixth century of our era as the period of its construction. This town abounds in antiquities, for the examination and correct valuation of which a scientific commission has just been appointed by the government.

All the towns in Algeria resemble each other. The houses are square, whitewashed with chalk, surmounted with a terrace, and the walls deprived of all ornament in the shape of windows, and only provided with small apertures to admit the air.

Guelma must have been very difficult of access in times of siege; defended on one side by the steep mountain on which it is situated, and on the other by a lake formed by continual showers on the marshy plain, it afforded but little chance of success to a besieging army. The Seybouse, in its frequent inundations, overflows the road, which prevents all communication; thus, during six months out of the twelve, it is necessary to use horses, mules, or camels to go the short distance between Guelma and the neighbouring towns.

This was the ancient Calama of the Romans.

Two days after our arrival at Guelma, we set out

for Constantina. The heat was excessive, and we suffered much in crossing the ravines, where the air has little room for circulation, and the rays of the sun descend perpendicularly. We all wore large pieces of flannel folded on our heads in imitation of the Arabs, to save us from a "coup de soleil," the effect of which is sudden and dangerous. Umbrellas and parasols were here of no use, besides which, the brown colour, like the black, increases the action of the solar rays.

When we arrived at the top of the hill "El-Soumah," we obtained the first view of Constantina, which has been justly compared to an eagle's nest built on a lofty rock.

In order to enable you to form a correct idea of this town, I will give as succinct a description as possible of the two memorable sieges that took place during the late war.

THE FIRST EXPEDITION AGAINST CONSTANTINA.

IN the month of November, 1836, Marshal Clausel attempted to seize Constantina. Unhappily, the season was ill chosen for such an enterprise, and his forces were insufficient. On the thirteenth of the month he left Bona, with only 7000 men, variously armed. The Duke of Nemours accompanied the expedition. No serious obstacle arrested the progress of this little army until it arrived before Constantina, but there a frightful tempest, a cold rain, and afterwards a heavy fall of

snow, caused great inconvenience to the troops. The roads became impassable, and the artillery and baggage waggons could not be drawn out of the quagmires in which they were sunk. With this small number of soldiers, harassed with fatigue, Marshal Clausel made ineffectual efforts against the gate of El-Cantarah. Both the means and the time were wanting for success: a long continuance of the effort would have compromised the army, and the Marshal was therefore compelled to order a retreat. This was effected in good order. General Changarnier signalized himself on this occasion by the bravery and coolness he displayed at the head of a battalion of the second regiment of light infantry, which was formed into a square to protect the retreat before a multitude of Arabs who had assembled from all directions to protect the town. Under a drenching rain, and during a dark night, this brave regiment marched on, presenting on all sides a forest of bayonets, and filling up its ranks as fast as the men fell under the fire of the enemy. The worst evil, however, which they had to endure was the horror of witnessing the decapitation of those whom they were thus compelled to abandon. The convoys of sick and wounded marched in the interior of the square. Thus was effected this difficult retreat, but, honourable as it was to the army which manifested such devotedness and courage; it nevertheless was a check which augured ill for our success, and which diminished the influence of Marshal Clausel. In the following year, the command of the second expedition was confided to General Denis Damrément, who had been appointed go-

vernor of Algeria in the place of Marshal Clausel. The Duke of Nemours accompanied him on this expedition, in which he displayed great intrepidity. To give a description of these events, I borrow the pen of a person present at the engagement.

SECOND EXPEDITION AGAINST CON- STANTINA.

“ **A**T break of day, on the sixth of October, 1837, the rain fell in torrents. Every body was on the alert. At six o'clock in the morning we ascended the slope of the platform called the terrace of El-Mansourah, and a little before eight the commander-in-chief, Count Damrément, the Duke of Nemours, and the officers of their staff took up their position in front of the town, on the border of the ravines and precipices which divide it from the platform, that is elevated about 600 feet above the Rummel. This river is hardly discernible among the steep declivities, about the base of which it forms its way till it surrounds the city.

“ As soon as we were perceived stationed on this commanding point, a volley of bomb-shells was poured from the Cashba, and the batteries near the gate of El-Cantarah discharged all their guns at us, but fortunately they did not take effect. The different brigades occupied the heights above-mentioned, and in a few hours the town was invested on all sides. The rain increased in the afternoon, and continued without interruption till the morning of the eleventh of October. As early as the seventh,

the operations of the engineers had become more difficult and more fatiguing; the adhesive clayey soil stuck to the feet of the men and horses, greatly impeding the progress of the cannons, and it was necessary to attach ten, sometimes twelve pair of horses to each piece of artillery, to enable them to drag it up the hill.

“ On the platform of El-Mansourah were stationed the baggage-waggons, stores of ammunition, and parks of artillery. This table-land was separated from the opposite heights by ravines from 400 to 500 feet in depth. In vain did the sappers and miners use their utmost efforts to make a road fit for carriages, it was no sooner traced out than it was swept away by the torrents of rain. Large stones, collected for the formation of the road, rolled down the ravines, causing our men the labour of carrying them up again, which labour, however, was undertaken with great zeal by the ‘zouaves,’ or natives in the French service. Such was the ardour displayed by our troops, that nothing seemed impossible to them; generals, officers, and soldiers were as assiduous in the works of the siege as they were valiant in the fight.

“ Five days and five nights were spent in this laborious work, during which the soldiers, up to their knees in mud, exposed to the constant rain, without even a bivouac fire to dry their clothes or warm their limbs, stiffened with cold, first received the germ of those diseases which were so rapidly developed after the taking of the town, and caused our army a greater loss than that sustained from the assault.

“ As soon as the town had been invested, the different batteries, in spite of the hindrance caused by the weather, directed their attack on the Cashba, which fortress was soon prevented from returning the fire, being entirely dismantled on one side. Our artillery was then removed with infinite trouble to the opposite heights, from whence they performed the same execution. The Duke of Nemours, nominally the commander of the siege, but in reality under the orders of the general in chief, exerted himself day and night with the utmost diligence, sharing the privations and fatigue of the common soldiers, without even allowing himself time for repose.

“ On the afternoon of the tenth, the cannons on the walls ceased to return our fire. General Damerément sent a messenger to the besieged, to propose terms of capitulation. The emissary returned the following morning with this sarcastic reply : ‘ That the inhabitants of Constantina *never* would submit, and that if the French wanted bread for themselves, or barley for their horses, they should be provided with both.’

“ The breach was commenced, and the morrow was fixed for the assault. During the night, the besieged attempted a few sallies, but were driven back at the point of the bayonet. On the morning of the twelfth, the commander-in-chief, accompanied by the Duke of Nemours and all his staff, arrived in front of the breach, which had been greatly enlarged since daybreak by the besieging batteries. They had left their horses behind the hill where the battery of mortars was placed, and took the road

downwards, towards the trenches, when General Damrémont stopped for a moment to observe the place with his telescope.

“ The officers of his suite besought him not to remain on this spot, where the ground was still occasionally ploughed up by the balls of the enemy ; he took no notice of their repeated warnings, and, unfortunately, this adventurous group, foremost in every danger, was too conspicuous to pass unobserved. A bullet from an opening in the wall between Bâb-el-Ouad (gate of the river) and Bâb-el-Djedid (gate of the reservoir) struck the general full in the breast. He fell, exclaiming, ‘ O my God ! ’ His intimate friend, General Pérégaux, hastened to his assistance, and leaning over him to see the extent of his wound, received another bullet in his face. This afterwards caused his death, the ball having lodged in the roof of his mouth, from whence it could not be extracted. The two generals were carried out of reach of the firing ; Count Damrémont, dead already, was laid on an ancient tumulus, raised to the memory of a young girl, twelve years old. This stone for a long time afterwards was stained with the blood of the brave but unfortunate general, and with that of his best friend.

“ In less than ten minutes, the cannon had demolished the part of the wall from which the fatal bullet had been sent, and General Valée, who succeeded to the command of the army, carried on the operations of the siege with the greatest vigour. During the whole night our guns continued to play upon the breach, to prevent the besieged from repairing it, but at four o’clock in the morning of the

thirteenth of October the firing ceased. Then the new general, aided by the Duke of Nemours, organized the columns destined for the attack.

“It was a little past seven in the morning when the commander of the battery sent to inform the general in chief that he had only one charge of ammunition left for each piece. The chiefs consulted together for a few minutes in private, after which the Duke of Nemours, turning to General Lamoricière, said, ‘General, are you ready?’ ‘Come on, my brave Zouaves!’ was the answer; and at the same moment all bounded over the parapet of the trench, and rushed on to the assault; the beating of the drum and the military music mingling with the cries of the besiegers. A few minutes afterwards the tricolour flag waved from the top of the rampart.

“Meanwhile the combat proceeded with the greatest energy; when one detachment had mounted the breach, it was immediately followed by another, while, in the town, our troops were engaged hand to hand with their adversaries, the field of battle being for the most part streets of the width of six to eight feet, encumbered with the ruins of the shattered houses.

“The resistance was most obstinate; every piece of wall, every aperture, was occupied either by Turks or Kabyles, who succeeded in throwing down part of a fortification, which crushed several of our soldiers to death, but this very act gave us access to a much more favourable position, which we instantly occupied, though a continued volley was kept up against us from the tops of the minarets, the terraces of

the houses, and the portholes of the barracks. Our troops continued advancing till they reached a large marble gateway, closing a street, where they came to a stand, till, after an hour of painful exertion and bloodshed, the sappers and 'zouaves' brought sacks of gunpowder to remove the obstacle by explosion. The besieged had a depôt of artillery stores near the gate, to which they set fire when forced to withdraw from the place, and the flames, reaching the gunpowder brought by our zouaves, caused a frightful devastation. An immense column of smoke and dust rose to the height of several feet, remaining for a long time immoveable, vividly glowing in the calm air, and concealing from view its immediate effects, which, however, were but too soon visible. Imagination can hardly form an idea of the disasters caused by this catastrophe: many lives were lost, but the number of the dead fell far short of that of the wounded, who were cruelly injured by the fire. Our enemies suffered as much as ourselves. The Arabs had assembled in great force on the other side of the gate and near the adjacent walls, to witness the effect of their own explosion, in the hopes of rushing upon the besiegers and throwing them from the top of the breach, but not having sufficiently calculated the chances and consequences of this fatal attempt, they were buried under the ruins of the very walls that sheltered them.

“The fate of the town being thus decided, only a few partial skirmishes took place in the streets, till the Turks, repulsed from point to point, were obliged to take refuge in the Cashba.

“It was at this moment that the brave Colonel

Combes, though mortally wounded, mastered his pain so far as to descend alone from the breach, to give an account of his proceedings to the commander-in-chief. He spoke with such composure and firmness that his wounds remained unnoticed. ‘Those who will outlive this day,’ he said in unaltered accents, ‘may rejoice in so glorious a success. As for me, I am happy to have been able to be of some use to my King and my country.’ He then tried to walk to the quarters assigned him, but after going a few steps he fell down, and expired on the spot.

“At half past ten, the last of the red flags had vanished from the fortifications, and the French banner waved on the Cashba. The inhabitants could not at first put faith in the assurance given that their lives and properties should be spared; but imagined that our sole object in recalling the fugitives was to bring the whole population together, for the greater facility of destroying them at a blow. When, however, at the end of a few days they found we kept our engagement, their confidence returned, and insolence and scornful conduct towards the Christians soon replaced the abject humility they had at first assumed.”

AN ARABIAN LAW.

ON the upper verge of the heights of El-Mansourah, and opposite the town of Constantina and the summit of Koudiet Aty, is a fine Moorish edifice, which alone was not abandoned during the

siege. Two ladies and a few servants occupied this house, the habitation of which would have been most dangerous, had not General Damrémont provided a safeguard in consideration of the ladies, which, though unsolicited on their part, preserved them from all insult, and their dwelling was left uninjured by the besieging troops.

As related in the foregoing narrative, the assault was terrible. Constantina, the town of the Numidian monarchs, beheld her ramparts shattered to pieces by the French cannons, and the tricolour flag wave triumphantly on the principal edifices of this ancient capital of the land of Jugurtha and Massinissa. All this was the work of one day. In the evening the moon shed her pale light on the bloody scene of combat, while both Moors and Christians were engaged in removing the wounded and burying the dead.

A litter was slowly carried up the side of the hill on which was situated the Moorish habitation, the door of which was opened to admit the mournful group. For a few moments cries and groans were heard from the interior of the house, then all returned to profound silence.

Agib and Mahomet were brothers, and dearly attached to each other. Both married at the same time, and to avoid a separation, they had a spacious dwelling built on the heights of El Mansourah. In the course of time, Agib became the father of a son, and Mahomet of a daughter, which served still more to strengthen the bonds of their mutual affection, the children being affianced to each other from their earliest infancy. But this happiness was of

short duration : Mahomet died, and his widow, overwhelmed with grief at his loss, soon followed him to the grave. Their daughter, Aurida, was brought up with her cousin, whom she was accustomed to regard as her future spouse. Agib, a zealous Musulman, was one of the first to march against the French, when the appeal to join in the holy war was made to the faithful from all the mosques in Algeria. He fell in one of the first engagements, and his son Ali, who accompanied him, seized the yataghan from the hands of his dying father, and vowed an eternal hatred to the invaders of his country.

From this time the young man never laid down his arms ; he came at long intervals to visit his mother and his bride, and when Constantina was threatened by our forces he returned to his paternal home to join the defenders of the besieged city. Desperately wounded during the assault, he was left among the smoking ruins of the fortifications, from whence he was afterwards rescued and conveyed to his mother.

A fortnight afterwards, two women were kneeling beside a young Moor, anxiously watching his countenance, the excessive paleness of which betokened much recent suffering. The couch on which he was laid was placed between two trees in the court of the Arab house beforementioned, which was surrounded by a circular gallery supported by marble columns, to shelter the apartments on the ground floor from the rays of a brazen sun. The water of a fountain fell in liquid masses into a richly sculptured basin. Clusters of brilliant flowers were mingled with the graceful tracery of the Moorish

architecture, and orange trees and mimosas threw a cool shade and a delightful fragrance over this charming retreat, where a number of rare birds, confined to the space by a net extended over it from the top of the house, had built their nests, and filled the air with their sweet notes.

Ali, for it was he, opened his eyes, and cast a languid glance at the two women beside him; then, returning to entire consciousness, he exclaimed, "My mother! my Aurida!" The former tenderly embraced him, and his bride pressed his hand with a gentle smile, while both urged on him the silence so necessary for his recovery.

His strong constitution soon got the better of the weakness caused by his wounds. He was restored to health; but a profound melancholy seemed to weigh upon the spirits of the young Moor. His mother tried in vain to rouse him from this deep depression; neither her attempts at consolation, nor those of his affianced wife had any effect on the unhappy Ali.

In consequence of our victory, heavy taxes were imposed on the vanquished tribes. Ali, as the chief of his family, and the mortal enemy of the French, refused to contribute his share of the burden, meaning to show energy, but in reality giving another proof of his inveterate obstinacy, and by this useless resistance he drew on himself the suspicion of the French authorities. He then again left his home, and, at the head of a few ferocious Hadjoutes, withdrew to the mountain passes of Mouzaïa, from whence he frequently issued to attack our troops on their occasional expeditions. He seldom, however,

succeeded in gaining any advantage over them, as their close lines could not be broken by his straggling band of followers, but he annoyed them sufficiently to be designated by our generals as a dangerous enemy, against whom precautions should be taken.

Two years passed away, and no tidings of the young enthusiast reached his unhappy family. The only comfort that his mother and Aurida received in their loneliness and affliction proceeded from the friendship of an old man, a friend of Agib, who had lived with him from his childhood, and after his death devoted himself to the care of his widow and of the two young betrothed. Sidi-ben-Omar was a Marabout, justly respected for his profound wisdom and austere virtue, and it was to his deep knowledge of the art of healing that Ali owed his restoration to health after his dangerous illness. He also in vain endeavoured to persuade him to withdraw from so unequal a contest, and accomplish the last wishes of his father and uncle in giving his hand to his young cousin, and become a happy husband and the peaceful inhabitant of his fair home. All the efforts of the venerable man were to no purpose.

One night, on the eve of a projected attack against the French, in which he and his band were to join the Kabyles, Ali entered his long forsaken home. His object was to see his family, perhaps for the last time, and to ensure the safety of his beloved bride by an act, which on any other occasion, would have been one of heroic self-denial, but in this instance, was the mere impulse of his blind fanaticism.

Foreseeing that his desperate mode of life might

endanger the fate of those most nearly connected with him, and wearied by their constant entreaties, he resolved to break the only bond which could form an obstacle to his adventurous career, and to resign the possession of Aurida to the only man whose character could ensure perfect security to his family. This sacrifice was most painful to him, as he dearly loved his cousin, but he felt it impossible to associate her with him in the perilous course he had adopted, which however he would not abandon, even for her sake.

Time being precious, he sent for Sidi-ben-Omar, who arrived in haste, anxious to know the result of the message. He found Ali in the arms of his mother, who earnestly besought him to give up warfare, and share their peaceful life by fulfilling his engagement to Aurida. The young man, touched in the tenderest point, almost failed in his fatal resolution; but at the sight of Sidi-ben-Omar, he recovered the desperate courage he so much required, and taking the hand of his cousin, he solemnly placed it in that of the Marabout, as a sign that he was the spouse he had chosen for her, having inherited from his father the right of guardianship, which empowered him to dispose of her according to his will.

Mute with despair, the young girl looked to her aunt for assistance; the wife of Agib, pale with indignation, had turned away from the imprudent youth who thus annihilated a whole future of happiness, and renounced for ever all domestic joys, to seek afar the realization of an insensate dream, the only result of which to himself could be exile or

death. She stood aloof, pressing Aurida to her heart, and bathing her with her tears.

Ali then approached Ben Omar, who stood in silent consternation: "Thou hast restored me to life," he said: "I repay thee with a gift more precious still, for Aurida is dearer to me than life itself,—but I love my country even more than her. Farewell, Ben Omar. Make her happy, and that she may for ever forget me as her affianced husband, remind her that it is from me thou hast received her." Then turning to the whole group: "Farewell. You will not see me again till the last of the infidel invaders has left the soil of our country. Seek not to prevent me. Ben Omar, to thee I consign my mother."

He turned towards the door. His mother stretched out her arms to detain him, but in vain: he rushed from the house. She then drew herself up, placed herself on the threshold he had just crossed, and extending her hand in the direction he had taken, she exclaimed with a cold and severe aspect:

"Ali, unnatural and ungrateful son, mayest thou live to regret the shelter of this house, into which thou hast brought sorrow and despair. Undutiful to me, disobedient to the wishes of thy father, mayest thou never, when wandering and wretched, find a friend to console thee, or a drop of water to quench thy thirst!—On thee I call down the wrath of Allah. May he avenge us for all we have suffered!"

Aurida uttered a scream of horror: "O mother," she said, "May Allah not hear this impious prayer, still less grant it, for were He to do so, it is thou who wouldest suffer. Think of the anguish that

awaits thee, were aught to befall him. Let the sacrifice of me suffice to appease thine anger. Ali was my master, he had the right to dispose of my hand, and I will obey his will," she added sobbing. Then addressing Ben Omar, "Be not offended at my tears: but—Ali was very dear to me."

"Aurida," replied Ben Omar, "I cannot regard thee as engaged to me by this rash deed of Ali. Remain at liberty, and some day perhaps, Ali will repent, and return to entreat thy forgiveness and claim thee as his wife. I cannot accept the sacrifice so recklessly imposed on thee, which, were it consummated, could produce nothing but eternal regret."

Unfortunately, this noble refusal was not accepted. The widow of Agib, seizing the hand of her niece, placed it in that of the old man, and said: "I, myself, give her to thee, Ben Omar. My son shall see her no more, for I feel that I shall not survive this cruel neglect, and my last days shall not be poisoned by the thoughts of Aurida remaining unprotected. I must leave her to the care of a husband, and have chosen thee, Ben Omar. In three days this child shall be thy wife."

The unfortunate girl bowed her head in token of submission, and did not withdraw her hand. The preparations for this melancholy wedding were soon made, but the ceremony was performed without any of the usual rejoicings. The large fortune of Ben Omar being sufficient for the two, he, with singular disinterestedness refused to accept any dowry with his wife, but, either from religious feeling or compliance with the customs of the country, he desig-

nated as the only objects he would consent to receive, the dowry given by the Prophet Mahomet to his daughter; viz. a camel, two sofa cushions, a leathern bucket, and 400 talents.

Sidi-ben-Omar treated his young wife with all the regard and attention that she had a right to expect from him; he sincerely loved her, and it grieved him to see that all his affectionate care was unable to remove the weight of sorrow that seemed to oppress her. Without demanding her love, or even venturing to hope for it, his whole endeavour was to cheer and console her, while he trusted that in the course of time his efforts would meet with success, and the unfortunate young woman be restored to serenity, if not to happiness. The counsel of Ali's mother, as the surest means for attaining this object, was to remove Aurida from the scene of such bitter recollections; and although she deeply felt parting with the child from whom she had never before been separated, she desired Ben Omar to take his wife to visit his family.

The Marabout had a brother, who was chief of the powerful tribe of the Garracah, and resided in the upper valleys of the Atlas. He resolved to take Aurida thither, surrounding her with all the comforts and luxuries that could diminish the hardships of so fatiguing a journey.

After travelling several days, they arrived in sight of the tents of the tribe. Sidi-ben-Omar, who was as much respected in his family as he was every where else, was received with marks of deep reverence and affection. His young wife was immedi-

ately surrounded by all the women of the tribe, and it was not without difficulty that her husband obtained for her the solitude she so much required. Accustomed from her childhood to the superfluities enjoyed by the wealthy of her nation, she was unable to endure the rustic simplicity of an Arab "Douar," and the habits of the rude children of Kabylia. The coarse manners of this people were so repugnant to the delicacy of her taste, that she could not sufficiently conceal it from her husband's relations, and thus excited their aversion. Displeased at the minute care and attention that Ben Omar lavished on his youthful helpmate, so contrary to the general custom of the Arabs, who show but little consideration to their wives, the members of the family made no scruple of openly showing their dislike to the woman so recently introduced among them; which treatment so greatly increased her natural timidity, that she never would raise her veil in their presence.

A few months elapsed in this manner. News was brought that the rebel band commanded by Ali had been entirely defeated, that the young chief had taken flight, and that a reward was offered for his capture.

Aurida wept freely before her husband. Ali was her nearest relation and the friend of her childhood, and the grief of the young woman appeared but natural.

The tribe received information that Ali had taken the direction of that part of the Atlas where they were encamped. They had great reason to believe that he would seek refuge with Ben Omar, and re-

solved to seize this opportunity of laying hands upon him.

One night the moon was shedding her beams in the midst of the starry vault, thus giving the heavens that limpid appearance peculiar to the beautiful nights of Africa, which is unequalled in every other clime. Aurida, leaning her head on her husband's shoulder, was listening with gentle confidence to the assurances of Ben Omar, who attempted to persuade her that Ali would escape from pursuit, and most probably withdraw towards Mascara to join the Emir Abd-el-Kader, and thus avoid the certain peril of tempting the avarice of the Garra-cah, when a Kabyle interrupted them, to summon Ben Omar to the tent of his brother. He had scarcely gone, accompanied by the messenger, when an Arab, carefully wrapped in his bournou, entered the tent with extreme precaution. Aurida, alarmed at the occurrence, hastily rose, and on the stranger throwing back his hood, she recognized Ali. Overcome with joy, surprize, and conflicting emotions, she uttered an exclamation of delight and rushed into his arms; then, ashamed at the expression of her feelings, she covered herself with her veil and burst into tears.

“Aurida, I am a hunted outlaw, dying of hunger and fatigue. I come to beg for a night's refuge and a few dates.” . . . At this moment, Ben Omar returned. He started at the sight of Ali, then looked at his wife, and noticed her tears and embarrassment.

“Thou art outlawed,” he said to Ali, “and hast a claim on my compassion. Remain here to-night, and to-morrow I will provide for thy safety; but

further than this, my power to serve thee ceases. The sight of this young woman is of course forbidden to thee, but only for the sake of her reputation do I insist on thy withdrawal, as I know her too well to injure her even by a suspicion. Here are refreshments," he added, "haste to conceal thyself behind this tapestry, for they lie in wait for thee in this neighbourhood."

He then arranged some carpets, which are usually found rolled up in the tents of the rich Bedouins. Ali had scarcely obeyed his injunction, when the same Arab who had intruded on them before, again appeared. Ben Omar left the tent with him, the Arab speaking in a low voice. The Marabout desired him, at the peril of his life, to be silent, but on the bedouin persisting in his importunity, he made a threatening gesture, which forced the unwelcome visitor to depart; while Ben Omar followed with evident signs of anxiety. A few minutes afterwards, a noise was heard, like that of a struggle, then a piercing shriek, and the venerable Marabout staggered back to his tent, wounded to death. Ali and Aurida received him in their arms, where he sank exhausted, and in broken accents thus addressed the fugitive:—

"Save thyself, unhappy man! Haste with all thy speed to gain the confines of the desert. A few minutes more, and it will be too late."

Ali attempted in vain to render him the assistance his state required.

"Depart immediately!" said the noble old man, "I desire it."

The young man rushed from the tent and soon

disappeared among the ravines. In the mean time the cries of the young wife had alarmed the whole tribe, who crowded round the dying man. He having exhausted all his strength in the effort to save Ali, fixed his eyes on Aurida with a last look of affection, and expired.

At the close of this eventful day, the corpse of Ben Omar was laid out in his tent, and surrounded by his family, who poured forth a continued strain of lamentation and regret. His brother, the chief, immediately undertook the investigation of the case, and it was discovered that Ali had been seen entering the tent of the Marabout, where his wife had remained alone. A general cry of indignation arose from the relations of the deceased, and the young widow was violently seized in her tent and led to that of her brother-in-law, where the whole tribe was assembled in council, ready to put the worst construction on every act of the unfortunate Aurida. Appearances were strongly against her, and this alone was sufficient to rouse to action the hatred borne her by her husband's kindred. She was condemned to death by her brother-in-law, as chief of the tribe, and the following day was fixed upon for the execution of the dreadful sentence. She was to be stoned, and her body left to the birds of prey.

Ali was unanimously regarded as the murderer of Ben Omar. The next morning, the corpse of the Marabout was carefully washed and perfumed, and brazen vessels, in which incense, lentisk seeds, and rosemary were burning, were placed round the bier. Aurida, with her hands bound, was brought before the body of her husband. At the sight of the good

old man, whose whole care had been devoted to her happiness, and whose death she was besides accused of having instigated, she bowed her head with a look of mournful reverence, and said fervently, though in a low tone: "O my beloved Lord! leave me not to be thus unjustly condemned!"

According to the usual custom at the funerals of the Marabouts of the Mountain, each man of the tribe was to kneel beside the corpse of the departed, and respectfully kiss his hand. The execution of Aurida was to conclude the ceremony.

One by one the Kabyles approached the venerated remains of Sidi-ben-Omar, to offer him this last tribute of respect; then took their places behind the unhappy widow, whose cruel death they so soon were to witness. When it came to the turn of the young man who had twice entered Ben Omar's tent the preceding evening, he started from his knees in horror, declaring that the hand he had just pressed to his lips had repelled him. An old man, whose great age made him the object of general confidence, slowly stepped forth from the crowd, and placed himself in front of the young Kabyle.

"Sidi-ben-Omar," he said, "was the pride of his family, and an honour to our religion. With his gentle nature, and his spirit of justice and piety, it is impossible that he should reject thine homage without cause. Cast away these fears, my son, which proceed only from weakness; come near, and swear by the corpse of this holy man that he never had reason to complain of thee."

The Arab again approached the body, and tried in vain to raise his hand in token of innocence.

He trembled, turned deadly pale, his knees sank under him, and his hand fell motionless to his side. "Pardon!" he exclaimed at last; "I am the murderer of Sidi-ben-Omar. I saw the traitor Ali lurking in the neighbourhood, and informed our chief, who, foreseeing that he would seek refuge with one who was so near of kin, sent for his brother that he might detain him in his own tent till Ali was gone. Meanwhile I had lost all trace of the fugitive, and was spying about the tent of the Marabout, when I perceived Ali enter it in his absence. When Ben Omar returned, I hastened to warn him of what had happened. He commanded me to be silent; I told him I intended to gain the reward promised for the head of the outlaw. Sidi-ben-Omar threatened me . . . I struck him

The assassin was punished with death, but the crime of which Aurida was accused, receiving no extenuation from his confession, she was condemned to be mutilated, that the infamous mark might be a life long proof of her shame.*

In spite of her protestations of innocence, her tears and cries, this iniquitous sentence was carried into effect, and a few days afterwards Aurida was clothed in rags, placed on a camel, and sent back to her family, after having been ignominiously expelled from the tribe.

Alone in her misery, under the safeguard of a

* The custom among the Arabs in cases of the crime here mentioned, is that the guilty woman should lose her nose. Since the French occupation it has been attempted to abolish all practices opposed to the wisdom of our laws, but among the distant and unconquered tribes, these habits remain unaltered.

single slave who was devoted to her, the unfortunate young woman crossed the vast tract of country over which she had travelled but a few months before, surrounded by all the comforts that the affection of her husband, and the respect of her numerous suite, could devise. The anguish of misfortune, the most severe fatigue, and above all, the scorn that her horrible mutilation excited, had taken the place of the luxuries and the delicate marks of attention so profusely lavished upon her. This toilsome journey lasted eight days, during which Aurida and her guide lived on alms, given with disdain and received with humility; but the courage of the young woman, derived as it was from the consciousness of innocence, rose superior to her adversity, and her example often served to raise the spirits of the poor slave who was her sole protector, and who ceased not to show her the most profound respect. Once only she had said to him, "Arbah, do not forsake me. Allah is great, and He knows that I am innocent." The poor negro kissed her feet and wept; and from that moment he served her with the same reverence that he had formerly shown to the virtuous Ben Omar.

At last the summits of Koudiet Aty rose above the horizon, and the end of their journey appeared in view. That same evening, they ascended the heights of Mansourah, and Aurida knocked with a trembling hand at the door of her former home. When she entered the presence of her kinswoman, the unhappy girl raised her veil without uttering a word. But the mother of Ali did not recognize her, and was unable to conceive the audacity of such a visit.

“ Mother, behold your Aurida. Do you not remember her ? ”

“ Aurida ! ” replied the elder woman, with an exclamation of horror : “ thou Aurida, the child of my love, whom I brought up pure and chaste ! O the shame that has befallen my house ! — Woe to thee, wretched woman, who hast brought on me this dishonour ! ”

“ Yes, I am Aurida, ” answered the poor girl, “ but I am innocent, and worthy as ever of your affection. Now I also claim your pity. ”

She then related to her all the events we have described, after which the widow of Agib assembled her household, and repeated to them the history of her unfortunate niece. The slaves burst into wild expressions of grief, for all loved Aurida whom they had known from her birth, and who then was hardly eighteen years old, and none ventured to doubt the virtue of one so pure, and whom the sensible mother of Ali upheld with her protection. This latter bestowed on the unhappy woman the tenderest care and attention, and even affected to treat her niece with a sort of marked deference, as if to restore to her in consideration what she had lost in happiness.

At the end of three years, Aurida lost her kind benefactress, who, since the day that Ali had left the home of his youth, with the curse of his mother, had not ceased to deplore his loss. Sad by day and sleepless by night, worn out with constant sorrow, she fell into a lingering illness, and died after having forgiven Ali, in compliance with the intercession of his gentle cousin. Still the existence of

the young man remained a mystery. For years no tidings had been heard of him.

Unable to remain in the place which was the scene to her of such painful association, the widow of Ben Omar changed her abode to the environs of Bona, where she bought a small property. She went to the town every day to bathe, according to the practice of Arabian women, followed by a favourite slave whom she had married to the faithful Arbah. She never raised her veil, but lived in the most complete retirement, never receiving a visit under any pretext.

But Ali was still alive. Tracked for a long time like a wild beast among the mountain fastnesses where he had taken refuge, he at last forswore his mode of life, dismissed his followers, and even refused to take advantage of any unexpected chance in his favour. His whole energy was now employed in pacifying the same tribes whom he had formerly incited to rebellion, and having no present field in which to display his courage, he exercised it in keeping up an exterminating war against the lions of the Atlas, who often descended to the plain, to the dismay of the peaceful inhabitants. The bullet fired from the gun of Ali never missed its aim, and if the enormous brute offered any resistance after the first shock, the young Arab chief rushed towards it, and put an end to the suffering of the wounded animal with his yataghan. It was easy to perceive that in these exploits he ventured his life with a degree of indifference which proved how burdensome it had become to him, and the contempt in which he held it.

At this time the Duke of Aumale arrived at Bona. His first act was to proclaim a general amnesty, hoping by this means to reclaim the rebel chiefs, who waited but for this opportunity to give in their submission, and this proclamation, published in the language of the country and posted up all over the town and neighbourhood, produced the most salutary effect. The brave Gérard, surnamed the "Lion-killer," was then residing at Bona. Having often heard of Ali, his competitor in this particular kind of combat, and his rival in courage and intrepidity, he made his acquaintance, and soon became attached to the young Arab, whose noble qualities, no longer held in check by the bitter hatred which had so long obscured them, appeared in all their grandeur. Gérard himself presented the brave Ali to the Duke of Aumale, who granted him pardon, and named him to a high command in a regiment of Spahis.

It was in August, the most sultry month in Algeria. The Rhamadan was over, and was succeeded by the brilliant festival of the Baïram, such a favourite with the Arab population. An immense space was devoted to the customary amusements, extending from the base of the Édough to the sea side, and from the caravanserai to the fortifications of the town. Hither the Moorish horsemen arrived in hosts, to gratify their national pride, and gain the admiration of the stranger, by displaying the rare intelligence of their Arab steeds, and their own feats of strength and agility.

The fête began by a military "fantasia," or mock battle. Two troops, representing two hostile parties,

made an impetuous onset, and when they arrived within gun-shot, discharged their fire-arms; then wheeling rapidly round in a semicircle, they regained the point from whence they had started, and charged afresh. The musket and pistol were almost the only weapons used by these horsemen, as they are in general entirely ignorant of the use of steel; the sole arm of this kind with which they are acquainted being the yataghan, which cuts with the edge only, and serves to no further purpose than to strike off the head of a fallen enemy.

When the "fantasia" drew to a close, the horsemen rushed one by one at full gallop towards the chief who commanded them, or the person in whose honour the fête was given, then stopped suddenly, and fired off their guns between the legs of their horses, who stood motionless till it was over; then galloped off again to make room for the next. Great danger often results from this practice, as the Arabs are by no means careful in loading their guns, often inserting the bullet with the cartouche; nay, they even sometimes make use of this opportunity to satisfy their private revenge.

On that day Aurida was returning from the bath, accompanied by her favourite attendant, who used all her powers of persuasion to induce her to witness the performance. Overcome at last by her entreaties, she crossed the "Champ de Mars," protected by a group of Arab women, and took shelter under the walls of the caravanserai, from whence she silently viewed the proceedings. The folds of her "haik" concealed her form, while a gauze veil, thrown over her head, left no feature visible, with the

exception of her soft, lustrous eyes, which beamed forth through the transparent texture, apparently in indication of her matchless beauty.

The games were performed to the admiration of the multitude, whose hopes and good opinions were severally bestowed first on one then on the other horseman, while bets were made, not so heavy perhaps as those at Tattersall's, but as serious in their consequences.

At last, a unanimous burst of applause crowned the exploits of a young man, who, when his part was over, alighted from his horse, and was warmly greeted by a French officer, who cordially pressed his hand, saying, "Bravo, Ali, this is a complete triumph. I hope now you are satisfied."

"My horse is such a good one," replied the young Arab.

"As for your horse, allow me to say that mine is just as good; and if you have any doubts on the subject, we will compare their merits to-morrow."

"To-morrow I mean to go to Constantina, as I now can do so without endangering my family by the presence of an outlaw. I must go and see my mother; she has suffered so much on my account."

"And a pretty bride too, doubtless," rejoined the French officer. "Defer this pleasure, Ali, for one single day, and I will accompany you as far as Guelma."

"A bride!" exclaimed Ali, "No, Gerard, I no longer have a bride to await my return. My mother is widowed and lonely. I must set off to-morrow."

The sound of this voice, its tender, melancholy

tone in pronouncing these last words, struck the slave of Aurida, who placed her hand on the arm of her mistress to arouse her attention. But this was unnecessary, for Aurida had recognized the voice so dear to her, and pressed both hands to her heart to still its beatings, while she strove to restrain an exclamation of joy.

Bitter then were her feelings as she thought of her revolting aspect, and, for the first time, she regretted her beauty for its own sake. Conscious as she was of her present desolation, and void of hope for the future, she could not repress the intensity of her emotion, which found expression in her eyes, to such a degree that the two officers on turning round, observed their lustre. She looked on Ali with a sorrowful glance, as if to entreat him not to depart; he stopped, wishing to guess her meaning; but a few tears were the sole, but touching answer. Ali then glanced at the slave, who sadly bowed her head.

“Thou knowest me, young girl; and it seems I am also known to thy mistress. Lest I should be mistaken, I entreat thee to obtain for me at least a word from her.”

“My lord Ali,” replied the slave, “seek not to return to Constantina. This is all, and even more, than I can venture to tell thee.”

“This is not sufficient,” said Ali; “I must have a word from thy mistress; and I must warn her also that I have little regard for a mere capricious whim. I have left my mother at Constantina, and she alone can give me news of all I love most in the

world. Thou mayest therefore imagine whether thy beautiful mistress can expect me so easily to relinquish my intention."

The slave looked at her mistress. Aurida, her voice, trembling with emotion, scarcely found strength to utter these words: "Ali, go not to Constantina. The house at Mansourah is desolate."

The spahi stood as if thunderstruck. He also thought he recognized the well known accents. "By the name of the Prophet!" he exclaimed, "for the sake of all that thou most lovest, if thou hast ever loved, tell me who thou art!"

"A most unhappy woman."

"What can I do for thee? Speak, O speak once more! I must hear thy voice."

"Come, Zulma," said Aurida, taking the arm of her companion, "Come, that I may at least remain in uncertainty, for I should die of grief were my fears fulfilled."

The two women then left the spot: Ali, determined to find out their dwelling-place, hastened to follow them. When they reached their home, he stopped at some distance from them, and saw Zulma evidently entreating the consent of her mistress to some project, which the latter at last gave by a sign, then disappeared under the portico.

Zulma turned round with a sad look to the officer of spahi's, who advanced rapidly, trembling with hope and anxiety, and accosted her, saying, "This woman! this woman! O for the name of this woman!"

"Aurida," gravely replied Zulma.

“ Aurida ! ” replied Ali, “ here, at Bona ! She whom I left in the tribe of the Garracah ? ”

“ Yes, it is herself. Now a widow, and at liberty.”

“ A widow, and at liberty ! ” exclaimed Ali, in a transport of joy impossible to describe. “ What ! Aurida is free ? ”

“ Yes,” coldly replied Zulma, “ she is free, but—dishonoured ! ”—

The young Moor drew back in horror. “ Woman, thou liest ! It cannot be, for Aurida was virtue itself. She was the purest of virgins, and the holiest of women.”

“ Yes, Sidi Ali,” Zulma slowly continued, marking her words with strong emphasis. “ She is dishonoured, for your sake ; and though innocent, she bears the reproach of the worst of crimes.” She then related to him all that had happened.

Ali, overwhelmed with despair and remorse, cried aloud, striking his breast, “ Aurida dishonoured for my sake ! ”

This thought seemed to drive him to madness ; his limbs refused their support, he raised his eyes to the house where dwelt the betrothed of his childhood, and called her in tones of agony. Then rushing towards the door, he threw himself on his knees, and kissed the threshold.

The door opened, and the unhappy Aurida appeared, covered with her veil. She stretched out her arms to receive him. Summoning all his resolution, he tore the veil from her face, gazed at her for a few minutes with a look of mournful tenderness, then pressed her to his heart.

“ Aurida,” he said, in the harsh tone peculiar to the Arab when his whole heart is in his words, “ I have sacrificed thee to false ideas of glory and ambition. I have renounced, of my own accord, all the happiness that our union would have afforded ; I have been the cause of my mother’s sorrow, and doubtless of her death also. Forgive me, for the sake of all I have suffered. May thy mutilation be my punishment, may thy love soothe my remorse, and henceforward I promise to live for thee alone, and assuage, as far as possible, the bitterness of thy misfortune by my life long esteem and love.”

The very same day, Ali went to the *cadi* of Bona, to whom he revealed his involuntary share in the events that had occurred in the tribe of Ben Omar, and loudly proclaimed Aurida’s innocence. He then swore to espouse in public her whom an iniquitous sentence had so unjustly deprived of fame.

On the following morning he led his cousin into the presence of the *cadi*, where the *mufti* performed the ceremony of their marriage. Such was the earnest and respectful attention he paid her, that every body present congratulated the bride on having inspired so ardent and sincere an attachment.

Ali faithfully kept his promise. He devoted himself entirely to the happiness of his wife, who on her side so deeply valued this felicity that she considered it not too dearly bought, even at the expense of so much misfortune and the loss of her beauty.

Constantina was the ancient Cirta. This town is situated on a high mountain level, surrounded on three sides by the Oued-el Rummel, a deep ravine

with precipitous banks. To the south, this plain joins the hills on the left of the Rummel by the isthmus of Coudiat Aty, while at its north eastern angle a gigantic bridge is thrown over the ravine, consisting of two rows of arches, one above the other. This bridge was constructed by the Romans, and restored by the Spanish engineers, and serves as a means of communication between the town and the table-land of Mansourah, over which lay the route of the French army before it arrived at the fortifications of Constantina. This town has four gates; that of Bâb-el-Gantarah opens on to the bridge, which is called by the same name. On the western side of the bridge is a basso relievo, representing a woman standing on two elephants.

On the right bank of the Ouad-el-Rummel, are six arches,—all that remains of an ancient Roman aqueduct. They are built of blocks of calcareous stone, the largest pillar being upwards of sixty-five feet high. Among the principal ruins is an old Roman causeway, vestiges of which are found in several places. This road is paved with lozenge-shaped stones of various dimensions, but most of them are about a “mètre” in length, sixty “centimètres” in width, and twelve in thickness. It is bordered by a little parapet of about forty “centimètres” from the pavement.

A volume would scarcely be sufficient to describe all the antiquities daily to be found in this remarkable city; but as the object of this work is not to display my knowledge of archaiological science, I pass over these details to resume the story of my peregrinations; particularly mentioning only one

singular edifice, which ought perhaps to be the first on my list of the wonders of Constantina.

Within the walls of the Cashba, or citadel belonging to most Algerian towns, is an ancient church of Byzantine architecture. Several of the columns have fallen down, but a portico is still standing, which however seems to have been built on the site, and with the materials of an edifice of anterior date. It is a matter of strong conjecture that this former building was the ancient palace of the kings of Numidia, and the portico, that under which Sophonisba, the wife of Syphax, the daughter of Asdrubal, a princess of tender age and rare beauty, threw herself at the feet of Massinissa to implore his protection against the brutality of the Roman conquerors.

Several houses in Constantina have tiled roofs, instead of terraces; the interior arrangement is generally the same as at Bona, and the other towns of Algeria. The aspect of the town is gloomy, and the streets are narrow and dirty in the extreme, although the greater number of them have been recently paved.

I shall now relate a fact, to prove the lengths to which some people are driven by the spirit of gain. This reproach applies especially to the Marseillaise, who assume to be more French even than the Parisians themselves.

During the siege of Constantina, it was generally believed that the provisions of war with which the town was abundantly provided, were supplied by the English, and sent thither by way of Tunis. When the town was captured, great was the astonish-

ment of the conquerors to find a number of powder barrels thus ticketed, "Royal Powder Magazine of St. Chamas, at six francs the kilogramme. Marseille." Enquiries were made at Tunis, and it was discovered that out of fifteen vessels, loaded with powder, which had arrived there, one came from Leghorn, one from Trieste, one from Malta, and twelve from Marseilles; and that shortly before the taking of Constantina, a ship from the latter town had landed at Tunis a cargo consisting of six large chests full of arms, intended for the use of the besieged. But the person entrusted to receive them, having heard of the success of the expedition against the city, had immediately sent them again on board the vessel, which had returned to Marseilles. As powder is prohibited at Tunis, it is most likely that it was smuggled to Constantina.

We have decided to complete our excursion by a visit to Algiers. It would indeed be a pity to undergo the trouble and fatigue of such a journey only to examine a few second rate towns; and although the heat is most intense at this season, we endure it courageously, knowing that the city of the Deys will afford us ample compensation, by satisfying both our interest and our curiosity. The journey by land being too long and fatiguing, we shall immediately set off to Philippeville, from whence we shall proceed to Algiers in a government vessel.

I need not again describe Philippeville, having already mentioned it on my melancholy journey to Mondovi; nor Stora, the ancient Roman port, now serving as an entrance to the ancient "Rusicada;" suffice it to say, that all large vessels carefully avoid

the town, the approach to which is most dangerous.

Collo is a small and ill frequented harbour, situated on a bay near the coast of Kabylia. The natives of the place were considered the most ferocious of all the inhabitants of this part of Africa. It is celebrated as the place of captivity of Mademoiselle de Bourk, a child ten years old, whose history I here relate, borrowing my narrative from an account published by the Trinitarian Monks, an order instituted, like that of the Fathers of Mercy, for the liberation of captives.

MADEMOISELLE DE BOURK.

THE Algerine pirates were carrying on their devastations in every part of the wide sea, which was their field of war. Their hand was against every man's, and every man's hand against theirs; they regarded neither the rights of nations, nor the claims of their fellow-creatures in their rapacious desire for gain. Nor did their violence cease with the immediate gratification of their favourite passion, but with a refinement of cruelty, they led into slavery the victims they had pillaged, in the hopes of obtaining a ransom. In vain did noble defenders arise, who sometimes by their vigorous efforts succeeded in averting the rapine that menaced Christians sailing on those seas; in vain did the Knights of Rhodes, of Malta, and of Jerusalem devote their utmost bravery in waging war against the infidels, they had no power to prevent the

horrors of the captivity imposed on the wretched victims. This nobler work was reserved for a small band of pious and humble men,—the Trinitarian Brothers and the Fathers of Mercy,—whose orders were established for no other object. These charitable individuals used to wander over all the Catholic countries of Europe, purse in hand, begging for alms to assist them in their undertaking. When this work was accomplished, they freighted vessels to convey them to Algiers, Tunis, and Morocco, where they landed without any other protection than the respect their holy mission inspired. The Moors always received them with marks of the greatest consideration, assigned them a suitable dwelling-place, and it often occurred that in contentions arising on fixing the amount of ransoms, they granted to the persuasive gentleness of the good fathers what they inevitably would have refused to demands backed with the power of compulsion.

Among the many narratives published by these pious travellers, one of the most interesting is that written by Francis Comelin, Philémon de la Motte, and Joseph Bernard, of the order of the Holy Trinity. It is from this work that we have extracted the following episode.

In the year 1719, these three fathers accompanied M. Dessault, the French plenipotentiary, to Algiers. The latter personage was entrusted with the negotiation of a treaty of peace with the Dey, on new conditions. At this time occurred the deliverance from captivity of Mademoiselle de Bourk, which excited great general interest.

“The Countess of Bourk, daughter of the Marquis

of Varennes, who was lieutenant-general of the royal armies and governor of Bouchain, was on her way to Madrid, where she was to join her husband, and afterwards accompany him on an embassy to Sweden, to which he had been appointed by the King of Spain. On arriving at Montpellier, she relinquished her plan of continuing her route by land, as the country was occupied by the French and Spanish armies. The Duke of Berwick, who commanded the troops of his Catholic Majesty, offered her an escort as far as Gerona, which however she refused, and having engaged a Genoese vessel, called a *tartane*, which was ready to sail for Barcelona, she embarked with her son, of eight years old, her daughter of ten, her relation the Abbé of Bourk, a governess, lady's maid, steward, and several servants; the whole party consisting of eleven persons. The Countess took all her plate and jewels, the ornaments of a rich chapel, and several other articles of great value.

The tartane left the port of Celta on the 22nd of October, 1719. On the 25th, when they arrived in view of the island of Palamos, an Algerian corsair of fifteen guns, commanded by a Dutch renegade, was espied two leagues off. A boat was soon lowered from the pirate ship and sent in pursuit of the tartane, manned with Turks armed to the teeth, who easily mastered the crew of the Genoese vessel, and sacked her throughout; then the corsair, taking her in tow, immediately set sail for Algiers.

Three days afterwards a furious storm arose; the cable which joined the two ships was broken, and the unfortunate tartane, separated from her guide

and deprived of her compass, became the sport of the waves, and at last was driven by the gale on to the coast of Barbary, in the gulf of Collo, near Bougie, where she cast anchor.

The captain wished to put out to sea again in spite of the weather, in order to reach Algiers, but they had scarcely left the gulf when another gust of wind threw the vessel back on the coast, where she struck against a rock. All the passengers who happened to be on deck either cast themselves into the sea, or were thrown overboard by the violence of the shock. Madame de Bourk was at the time engaged in prayer in her cabin, with her son and attendant; they were swallowed up by the waves.

Those who clung to the floating remains of the unfortunate tartane managed to land on the rock, and were thus wonderfully preserved. All who were unable to do this were drowned.

One of the passengers having observed Mademoiselle de Bourk struggling with the waves, swam towards her, seized hold of her at the moment she was about to disappear, and carried her to the rock, where he left her in safety; but trying afterwards to reach the coast, his strength failed, and he sank.

The natives of the country were the most ferocious of all Kabylia, and they bear that character to this day. They rushed upon the unhappy sufferers, stripped them of their clothes, and treated them in the most barbarous manner. The steward had succeeded in carrying Mademoiselle de Bourk to the coast, where they had to endure the same fate as their unfortunate companions.

In this miserable condition they were led to the

next village, which they reached with bleeding feet, the roads being covered with stones and brambles. Here they halted, and were received with the hootings of the women, the screamings of the children, and the barking of the dogs that were set at them. They were each supplied with a wretched bournou, and a piece of bread, made without leaven and baked on the ashes. By dint of entreaties they were permitted the use of a fire to dry Mademoiselle de Bourk's wet clothes.

The day following, people came in crowds from the neighbouring encampments, and joined their companions in treating the unfortunate victims with the utmost cruelty. Some lighted large fires, intimating to the captives that they were to be burnt alive; others drew their yataghans, and seizing one of the prisoners by the hair, passed the edge over his neck, pretending to behead him. Others again loaded their guns with bullets, and took aim at them; all seemed to make sport of their terror and distress.

Mademoiselle de Bourk had a little silver cross, which she wore round her neck. As it had belonged to her mother, the poor child looked on it as a precious relic. One of the Kabyles tore it from her hands, and throwing it on the ground, desired her to trample on it.

The noble girl, fearless of the terrible threats with which this order was accompanied, picked up her little cross and pressed it fervently to her lips. The villain then seized her by the hair, and would have murdered her had not the chief of the tribe prevented it.

Mademoiselle de Bourk, though scarcely ten years old, displayed in these dreadful circumstances, a degree of courage and firmness hardly to be expected in one of such tender age, and her example of resignation more than once revived the energy of her companions in misfortune, who were almost overwhelmed with despair.

“ I am not afraid that these people should kill me,” she used to say, “ for that I am prepared ; but my dread is that they may attempt to force me to change my religion, and I had rather die than consent to such a deed.”

A few days afterwards the Kabyles descended to the sea beach, taking with them the steward and one of the other servants, whom they employed in collecting the chests and bales of goods, which had been washed ashore from the wreck. All the dead bodies found on the sands were stripped of everything that still remained upon them, after which, the natives amused themselves by pelting them with stones. One of these barbarians took a sharp pebble and cut off the fingers of Madame de Bourk for the purpose of taking her rings, saying that he would not profane his knife by the contamination of the flesh of a Christian. The faithful steward wished to inter the corpse of his mistress, but the Kabyles prevented him, saying that *dogs* required no burial.

When their search was concluded they seized all the valuable part of the plunder, and allowed the steward to take a few books and an inkstand, of the use of which they were ignorant.

Mademoiselle de Bourk on examining the books, found some blank pages at the beginning and end,

which she preserved with the most scrupulous care. On one of these she wrote a letter to the French consul at Algiers, and observing that one of the Kabyles appeared to have compassion on her fate, she implored him to convey it to its destination. It appears however that he either shrunk from so perilous a commission, or that the letter was lost or destroyed, for no news arrived from Algiers. Several others had not any better luck, and the unfortunate captives almost gave up all hope of recovering their liberty.

The steward, who understood a little of the language of the country, neglected no opportunity of improving their condition, and kept up a constant watch on the movements of their persecutors. One day, as he was standing near the tent of the Sheik, where the tribe was sitting in council, he accidentally heard it mentioned, that they had resolved on leaving the spot in a few days, and proceeding southwards. This news struck the unfortunate shipwrecked people with the deepest consternation; in their present resting place they at least had the comfort of being in view of the sea, and of being able to discern any vessel which might chance to come to their relief; but once that they were removed to the mountainous tracts in the interior of the country, and surrounded on all sides by hordes of barbarians, their situation would become hopeless, and nothing would await them but the most frightful misery. All gave way to profound discouragement, except Mademoiselle de Bourk, who alone preserved her energy, and blamed her companions for doubting divine providence. “ Your

distrust of God" she said "is nothing less than blasphemy. God never forsakes those who trust in Him. Have confidence, take courage, and we shall soon see the end of our trials."

It soon appeared, by an undoubted proof, how right the pious child was in relying on the care of the Creator. Her infantine grace, her gentleness and resignation had gained the heart of the Sheik's son, who pretended to treat her with coolness in the presence of the men of the tribe, to avoid exciting their suspicion, but when alone with her, paid her the greatest attention and respect. Every day he brought her cakes and milk and other such luxuries in secret; gathered fresh grass for her to lie upon, and endeavoured by all possible means to elude the vigilance of his companion to obtain a few minutes' conversation with her. The steward, who was present at these interviews served as interpreter, and translated to his young mistress the Arab's ingenuous expressions of regard.

One evening at sunset a white sail was perceived above the horizon. A unanimous shout of joy burst from the captives: "Surely," they exclaimed, "this is the vessel sent to set us free!" The young Kabyle came to Mademoiselle de Bourk, and offered to take charge of a letter. He informed her that the vessel in sight was on its way to Algiers, and that he had determined to escape at night from the encampment to carry her missive on board. I leave you to imagine with what gratitude his offer was accepted.

The son of the Sheik accomplished his generous project. He disappeared from the camp that very

night, and swam to the ship, where he took his passage for a few douros which he happened to possess.

The next morning before the absence of the young Kabyle was discovered, the prisoners were led, under a strong escort, to the mountains inland. During a whole month they dragged on a miserable existence, from the persecution of the tribes through which they had to pass. Though exhausted by the fatigue imposed on them, they were subjected to the most cruel privations, and as scarcely any nourishment was provided for them, they must have starved, had not some children, more compassionate than their elders, given them food by stealth. Mademoiselle de Bourk, in spite of her tender age, was not spared more than the rest, and often was the victim of great cruelty.

The steward having once taken a bundle of straw from the "gourbi" or stable, to make a bed for his mistress, was seized by one of their tormentors who commanded him to lay his head on a block, then raising his axe, he was on the point of striking it off, when fortunately he was prevented by one of his less barbarous companions. The poor prisoners had by this time fallen into a state of hopeless despondency; Mademoiselle de Bourk, on the contrary, continued to show them an example of courage and submission. With her usual gentleness of manner, she urged them to prayer, as the only source of consolation, and every evening all five knelt down to offer up their humble and heart-felt supplications to the Almighty Being who watches over the afflicted and oppressed.

Meanwhile the son of the Sheik had arrived at

Algiers, and lost no time in conveying Mademoiselle de Bourk's letter to the French consul, who immediately communicated the intelligence to Mr. Dussault, the French ambassador. Deeply touched by the recital of so much misery, Mr. Dussault made no delay in fitting out a French tartane, then in the harbour. He wrote to Mademoiselle de Bourk, and obtained from the Dey a letter of recommendation to a Marabout of Bougie, who exercised great influence over his countrymen in all that district. The tartane set sail that same evening, and on arriving at Bougie, the native messenger dispatched by Mr. Dussault, delivered to the Marabout both the Dey's letter and one from the ambassador of France. Though ill in bed, the holy man instantly rose, got on horseback, and, accompanied by the Marabout of Gigelly, joined the little band, which took the direction of the southern mountains, where the prisoners were detained. After five or six days' journey from Bougie, and a great deal of ineffectual search, they at last succeeded in finding them.

The Kabyles came to meet the two venerable men, and kissed their hands and garments. They immediately began on both sides to negotiate the terms of the ransom: but the Kabyles seemed but little inclined to let their prisoners go.

The Marabout of Bougie observed to them that France was at peace with the states of Barbary, and that consequently they had no right to detain French subjects, contrary to the conditions stipulated in the treaty. Still the Kabyles were either unable or unwilling to understand these reasons,

and an appeal made to their good feeling, in which the Marabouts represented in touching terms the misery undergone by the captives, had no better result.

Mademoiselle de Bourk was present at this altercation. She trembled with anxiety lest the endeavours of the good Marabouts should prove ineffectual. The Sheik at last, losing all patience at their importunity, consented to give up the servants, but declared his intention of keeping Mademoiselle de Bourk, that she might become a convert to his religion and the wife of his son. "Never!" exclaimed the heroic girl. "I had rather die a thousand times!"

The Marabouts had exhausted all their powers of persuasion, and still were unable to gain their object. At last one of them ventured to slip a few pieces of gold into the hand of the Sheik, upon which he immediately changed his mind, and gave up his matrimonial project. This difficulty settled, they easily agreed on the amount of the ransom, which was fixed at 900 piastres, including all the captives. The Marabouts left hostages with the tribe as a security for the payment of the sum, then presented all the prisoners with the clothes provided for them, and brought them to Bougie, from whence Mademoiselle de Bourk and her suite immediately embarked for Algiers.

As soon as the tartane that conveyed her appeared in sight of that city, a boat was sent to bring the young lady and her servants to land. The Consul, accompanied by the principal French residents went to meet her, and escorted her to the dwelling of

the former, where a number of Christians, Turks, and even Jews had assembled, attracted thither by the hopes of seeing the courageous girl. The Ambassador, M. Dussault, received Mademoiselle de Bourk at the entrance of the court, and led her to the chapel, where mass was performed, followed by a *Te Deum*, to render thanks for the fortunate event.

The 900 piastres were punctually dispatched to the Kabyles by way of Collo. Some of the Fathers of Mercy undertook to remit the money to them.

The son of the Sheik, who had rendered Mademoiselle de Bourk so important a service, received her grateful acknowledgments, as well as those of the French authorities. The ambassador presented him to the Dey, who gave him the most gracious reception, took him into his palace, called Djeninah, and shortly afterwards named him to a post of high authority in the army.

Mademoiselle de Bourk returned to her family, and proceeded to Sweden to rejoin her father, who, as we have already mentioned, was Spanish ambassador at that court. There she received the education suitable to her birth, and which had been so unfortunately interrupted. In the course of time she married, and the virtues of the woman amply fulfilled the expectations raised by the noble qualities of the child.

To continue my observations on the coast of Algeria: Bougie, situated on a gulf of the same name, lies close to the sea side, on the southern declivity of Mount Gouraya. Properly speaking, this town

has no port, and the deep ocean that bathes its shore affords no refuge to vessels during the stormy winter months ; consequently it is only during fine weather that the coast is accessible by sea. Like most Algerian towns, Bougie is built in the form of an amphitheatre, and is surrounded by gardens of orange trees, pomegranates, and Barbary figs, or great cactus. Not far from Bougie rise the mountains of Kabylia, and beyond these, the icy summits of the Atlas.

From Bougie to Algiers the stations are but of little importance, and some even have no name. As the vicinity of the coast of Africa is most dangerous, especially with so variable a sea as the Mediterranean, ships always keep at a careful distance from land, not sufficient however to prevent the motion of the vessel being intensely disagreeable to all who, like me, suffer extremely from the effects of a sea voyage.

ALGIERS.

WHEN viewed from the sea, this town presents the appearance of a vast stone quarry, with huge blocks of white marble piled one above the other in the form of an amphitheatre, on the shore of the Mediterranean. At a distance its aspect is desolate and melancholy, but on a nearer approach, the simple but picturesque style of the buildings offers a most pleasing spectacle, and recalls to mind the well known descriptions in the Arabian Nights. Lofty domes and graceful minarets rise from the confused mass of humbler edifices, thus varying the

monotony of the general plan. The streets are so narrow that the projecting upper stories of the houses on each side almost meet, while a tolerably laden mule occupies all the width. In the higher part of the town the streets ascend, and are generally so steep that it was found necessary to place the pavement in the form of steps, to enable both men and horses to accomplish the feat of climbing them. This however is still a most difficult enterprise, especially in the streets that lead from the lower town to the Cashba.

In all the cities of Algeria, not only the houses, but also the public edifices are constructed according to the same architectural plan, and have the same interior arrangement. It is only in the larger towns that luxury and the fine arts display their wonders for the convenience and ornament of the buildings; thus in Algiers, the white cupola of the mosque appears in strong contrast to the lowly habitations at its base, and many a beauteous structure attests the former splendour of this capital of the Deys. The minaret of Bâb-azoun is one of the most elegant of these specimens of Moorish art. The lower division is whitewashed, but the upper part is covered with tilework of various colours, forming a graceful pattern. From the upper platforms of these minarets, five times a day the Muezzin calls the people to prayers, with "a living, animated voice," as writes Mr. de Lamartine, "conscious of what he repeats, understanding the import of what he proclaims. How far superior to the dead, unmeaning sounds of the bells in our cathedrals!"

Speaking of the ordinary dwelling houses, I of course except those inhabited by great personages of state, and wealthy private individuals. These buildings are on a larger scale than the rest, and are laid out in splendid suites of apartments and rich marble galleries, that are decorated with the well known Moorish sculpture, so scrupulously correct in its least detail. The projecting parts of this elegant tracery are tastefully painted in brilliant colours, arranged in harmonious contrast, and surrounded with gilding, thus producing the effect of gems set in gold; while the light, falling obliquely on several of these ornaments, enhances their beauty by forming a mixture of tints like the varying hues of the rainbow. None of the furniture so profusely scattered about Parisian saloons is to be found here; pictures, engravings and tapestry are alike unknown, and even mirrors are but just coming into notice. But to compensate for this deficiency, each apartment is bordered all round with a wide divan, covered with rich silk brocade, and serving the purpose of a seat by day, and of a couch by night. Soft carpets are laid on the floor during the wet season, to preserve the feet of the luxurious inmates from the cold arising from the porcelain mosaic work with which it is ornamented, but which, during summer, yields a delightful coolness.

Not far from the sea, on the heights overlooking the town, is the fort of the Emperor, a building commenced by Charles V. during his unfortunate expedition against Algiers, and finished by the natives a few years afterwards. The principal mosques

are distinguished by their several minarets, each surmounted with a gibbet shaped flagstaff, on which occasionally the banner of the faithful is displayed.

Algiers appears still more picturesque when approached by land. Then the traveller, standing in an immense plain, resembling a vast carpet of verdure strewn over with groups of the brilliant cactus and sombre tinted aloe, beholds afar a bright apparition as of a fairy city, the walls of which are bathed by the Mediterranean, whose clear depths reflect their glittering whiteness; while the battlemented fortifications and splendid edifices cast a wide, extensive shade on the ground, thus affording a grateful relief to the eye, oppressed with the brilliancy of a sky of dark azure, and of a sea so intensely blue, that at the horizon its colour amounts almost to blackness.

Towards the north Mount Boudjareah forms a background to the town, rising to the height of 500 "mètres" above the level of the sea. Pretty country houses are built on its slopes, separated from each other by deep ravines planted with trees and shrubs of rapid vegetation, whose green luxuriance presents a pleasing contrast to the dazzling whiteness of the town below.

With the exception of a few marshy places, sufficient of themselves to be noxious in any latitude, the climate of Algiers is healthy and temperate. Further inland the heat varies according to the elevation of the soil above the level of the sea. The heavy dews, so plentiful in this country, partly supply the want of rain, which often fails for several

months ; and the vegetation of Africa, less sensitive to the effects of drought than that of Europe, clothes the hills round Algiers with sombre tinted verdure, and flowers of brilliant bloom.

Inhabitants of colder climes can form no conception of the charm attending the close of a warm summer evening in these latitudes. The setting sun leaves the western sky in a glow of brilliant purple, and the silvery rays of the moon softly blend with the last departing gleams of daylight, while the vault of heaven is tinged with a thousand changing hues, which reflected in the sea seem to combine both elements. The fresh breeze that rises at this time endows exhausted nature with renewed life and vigour, and everything seems to unite to infuse into the soul a kind of gentle serenity and delightful calm, which leads it to abstraction from the world and communion with itself, while the emotions are purified, and the heart inspired with fervent gratitude to the Almighty Creator.

After a day's rest we made our first excursion into the town, beginning with the Cashba. This fortress, formerly the residence of the Deys, is situated above the town, which is shaped like a triangle, the Cashba forming the upper extremity. A street, or rather alley leads up the steep ascent, and a large folding gate, painted with various colours and bearing an Arab inscription, forms the entrance into the ancient palace. At the left of this gate, before the French conquest, was an aviary filled with white pigeons, turtle doves and other kinds of birds, while close by was an enormous gun, the mouth of which was above a foot in diameter. Se-

veral fancy articles, such as little ships, paper lanterns, &c. were hung up at the top of the gate; and inside the aviary, a strange mixture of objects, indicative of the simple tastes of the people, and of their consciousness of the danger that at any time might befall their chief.*

The gate admitted us into a dark vault, in the middle of which a fountain was playing, the water falling into an elegant marble basin. We then proceeded along an open gallery to the palace of the Dey and the batteries of the fortress. The powder magazine is situated in a pretty garden, and farther off we noticed some beautiful Turkish pavilions; all still bears an aspect of defence, and the powder magazine, though vaulted underneath is covered with bales of wool.

We soon came to a door of beautiful architectural design opening into a long corridor, which led into a large court, forming the centre of the building. On one side of this, and surrounded by a richly sculptured arcade, is a square tower containing two sets of apartments. A lemon tree in full bloom and a magnificent fountain are the principal ornaments of the court.

* To give these details I have been obliged to consult the descriptions of the Cashba, written at the time it was taken, for at the present day the fortress is converted into barracks. Happy are we to possess these descriptions, made by a few lovers of science, who have thus preserved the remembrance of Algiers in its original state. This town of the Pachas is gradually losing its national stamp, and assuming a French character, and probably in the course of a few years its appearance before the foreign occupation will be quite forgotten.

The opposite side of the gallery consists of a double row of columns, and formerly used to be the Dey's hall of audience. The ground here is overspread with rich carpets, and cushions of silk and Lyons velvet, embroidered with gold; while gothic mirrors and clocks of English manufacture ornament the walls. In a sort of niche, to the right of this gallery, is the door of the treasury, and a mosque is contiguous to the apartments of the Dey, a white marble stair case connecting the two buildings. Between the northern front of the palace, and the wall surrounding the citadel, there used to be a garden of rectangular shape, carefully cultivated and filled with rare flowers. This garden was surrounded by a gallery, where the Dey used often to come with his family to spend the evening and enjoy the coolness of the air. The ceiling is adorned with delicate sculpture and the walls with porcelain mosaic; on which the rays of the sun, glancing obliquely through the upper windows, produce the most brilliant effect. A fine banana tree still mingles its long, ribbon-shaped leaves with the brighter verdure of the myrtle and orange, and the dusky foliage of a magnificent cypress still forms a striking contrast to the white walls of the Palace. An aviary, filled with the rarest birds, was formerly attached to this gallery; but all was destroyed at the time of the invasion, and the sight of these deserted spots raises a deep feeling of compassion for the misfortunes of which they have been the witness.

In 1830, the narrow, winding streets of the town underwent a rapid change under the management of the conquerors. The greater part of them had

no written name, and none of the houses were numbered, which rendered it impossible to make out any given direction, without having a sort of general plan of the distances between the principal objects in the city. It was found necessary to widen these streets, to adapt them to the convenience of their European inhabitants, and to give them that straight form, so necessary to all who consider the value of time. The speculators who travelled in the rear of the army lost no time in erecting houses five stories high, which certainly have a very fine effect; several streets with arcades have been built, and in short, all has been done to constrain the natural orientalism of Algiers into a Parisian shape. A rich Moor, a man of great experience and good sense, said to me the other day, shaking his head sadly at the sight of one of these lofty habitations, the numerous apartments of which accommodated a host of lodgers: “ They seem little aware, that this is a country subject to earthquakes, for here they are, building away as they might do in France with all possible security, while at no great distance from hence, the ruins of Oran and Bleida are evident proofs of the danger they incur. Let them look at our Moorish houses, and observe how low they are built, and with what care they are propped up on beams, and made so as to support each other, even on opposite sides of the street. Then let them ask: ‘ Why have the natives fixed on this mode of construction?’ and I will answer them that in 1717 an earthquake was felt for nine months, and threw down three quarters of the town, while the population lay encamped in the fields, and only returned when all symptoms

of the calamity were over. In 1825, another convulsion threw down the walls of Oran and Bleida, and crushed many of the inhabitants under the ruins. Algiers, at the same epoch, felt fifty-three shocks in a fortnight. Another took place in 1839, and even worse consequences might have ensued, but for the manner of building adopted since 1717."

Before this precaution was used, no other remedy against the disaster was known, but that of strangling the reigning Dey. Though European science does not admit of such violent measures, it would at least be wise of our countrymen if they were to conform to the custom resulting from such dear bought experience, and sacrifice elegance to security.

The bazaars are constructed in the Moorish style, and in general are most curious. That in the "Rue du Divan" is mostly occupied by Moors employed in the various embroideries on leather and silk for which the town is famous, such for instance, as ladies' slippers, purses, portfolios, etc. Further on are vendors of essence of roses, jasmine, and other perfumes, and in the shops are displayed "chachias" or leathern caps such as are made at Tunis, silk scarfs, or "fotas," and many articles of the same description. The "della," or auctioneer, walks about laden with bournous, "djabadolis," or men's vests, "rhlilahs," or women's tunics, and "frimlahs," a sort of spencer worn by ladies. His fingers glitter with diamonds, and his hands are hardly able to grasp all the "insaias" (anklets) "rdites," bracelets, "sarmas" (ornaments worn by married women) and other articles of

value, which he is employed to dispose of for the benefit of Moorish ladies pressed for want of money.

ZAIDA.

HISTORICAL LEGEND OF THE FAMILY OF HUDLESTON,
OF MILLOUM.

RICHARD I. reigned in England, and Philip Augustus in France, at the time when the destruction of the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem, by Saladin, gave rise to the third crusade. The two monarchs, sharing alike in the religious enthusiasm and chivalrous ardour which the sacred cause excited throughout Europe, were among the first who expressed their readiness to deliver the holy city from the power of the infidel; and the nobility of both kingdoms, incited by the example of their sovereigns, placed themselves at the head of their vassals and ranged themselves under the sacred standard.

At the time of this memorable expedition, six great castles existed in Cumberland, the Lords of which all joined the great cause. One of these domains, that of Milloum, belonged to an old Saxon family of the name of Hudleston, supposed to be derived from Athelstan, the ancient Saxon king from whom the family in question was descended. The Lord of Milloum went with the English army to the Holy Land, leaving his possessions to the care of his brother, during his absence.

Great were the risks encountered by the Christian host on its long and arduous journey. Constant

epidemics, and the opposition of foes, impeded the progress and reduced the numbers of the army, while the fleet was beset on all sides by the pirates who infested the Mediterranean. The storms so prevalent on the coast of Africa destroyed or dispersed several of the ships, and the unfortunate vessels, unable to resist the violence of the sea and the attacks of the Algerine corsairs, easily became the prey of the latter.

One of the fiercest of these engagements took place between the ship on which the Lord of Milloum had embarked, and a tartane from the coast of Barbary ; but in spite of the most strenuous resistance, the ship was captured, and all that remained of its crew were made prisoners. The commander of the corsair sailed back triumphantly with his prize to the port of Algiers, and, after securing the vessel, he landed the captives, and brought them to the market, to be publicly sold as slaves. Each was valued according to his age, strength, health, and the station he filled in his own country.

The young English chief was of dignified appearance and gentle bearing. His features were mild and regular, and masses of splendid auburn hair waved gracefully over his forehead. His manly beauty and noble aspect soon attracted the attention of one of the emissaries of the Dey, who purchased him for his sovereign. A Franciscan monk, and a young English woman whose husband had been killed in the fight, were bought at a much lower price, and destined to share his captivity. The Kodja, or royal treasurer, led the three prisoners to the Cashba, which served the double purpose of a

place of defence and a residence for the Dey, who at that time governed the province of Algiers for the Caliph, his Sovereign. The high embattled walls, which effectually preserved the place from all intrusion, contained in their inclosure scenes worthy of the descriptions given by the Arabian poets of the splendid mysteries of oriental life. Built at first as a refuge for the family of the Dey in case of any sudden emergency, this fortress presented the singular spectacle of the perfumed luxury of the harem combined with the warlike turbulence of the citadel. Aviaries filled with birds of sweet song and gorgeous plumage, menageries, from whence gazelles and other tame animals were allowed to roam at liberty about the courts of the palace,—the odour of perfumes, which, proceeding from elegant bathing apartments and magnificent halls, diffused their fragrance over the surrounding space, gave an idea of tranquil enjoyment, quickly however and strangely dispelled by the ferocious appearance of the Janissaries, who guarded all the entrances to the palace, wielding the formidable scimitar, while two black slaves constantly stood at the door of the women's apartments, to prevent all admittance and all egress.

The officer, followed by an interpreter, numbers of whom were in the service of the Dey, for the better valuation of captives of different languages, led the Lord of Milloum into the presence of that Prince, who was seated, in the eastern fashion, on a divan, near a terrace overlooking the sea, smoking his chibouque, and gazing abstractedly at the waves, which, unconfined by any artificial restraint, the

mole not having yet been built, dashed their white surf on the masses of rock that formed a natural barrier to the coast, and made the approach dangerous to all vessels driven towards the shore by the waves.

A young girl, of singular beauty, was seated at his feet, gracefully reclining on cushions, and engaged, in innocent childish gaiety, in making a wreath of jasmine flowers to entwine in her hair. This lovely creature was scarcely twelve years old, but her slight elastic figure and delicate features gave promise of more than common beauty. Her hair, which was of the darkest and richest auburn, slightly tinged with henna, escaped in a profusion of silken masses from her "chachia" of blue velvet spangled with sequins, then waved gracefully about her, entwined with blue and gold ribbons. The beauty of her white shoulders and sculptured arms was visible through the transparency of a muslin under garment, embroidered at the neck and wrists, and the vest of blue velvet was enclosed at the waist by the "fouta" or cross-striped scarf, which fell in folds over the wide trousers. Her legs were bare, according to the custom of the country, and like her hands, were ingeniously tattooed; her nails were dyed with henna, and several gold ornaments, worn round the ankle, completed her attire.

This was the Princess Zaïda, the only daughter of the Dey, in whom was vested all his pride and happiness. She alone had the power of restoring serenity to the stern brow of her father, and of forcing a smile from his lips. In her presence he was enabled to forget for a time the heavy cares and

anxieties incidental to his position ; for well he knew that his power depended solely on the arbitrary caprice of the wild host of Janissaries, who often, after raising to the throne the sovereign of their choice, revolted from him, broke through their new allegiance, and deprived their late favourite both of his crown and life.

The Kodja and his prisoner stood near the heavy tapestry that fell over the entrance to the room, waiting in respectful silence till the Dey should have finished smoking his chibouque, and be pleased to address them. Nor were these few moments lost to the young English chief, who stood amazed at the lovely vision before him, and could hardly trust the evidence of his senses (as his imagination had never pictured charms so fascinating.) The laws of the harem did not as yet require that the princess should conceal her beauty under a veil. Her tender age exempted her from this observance, and another year was to elapse before she was to be subjected to the stricter formalities that custom imposed upon women.

The Dey at last turned towards them and desired them by a sign to advance. The Kodja bowed down to the ground and presented the prisoner, whom the Dey contemplated for a few minutes in silence. Satisfied apparently by this examination, he asked him a few questions, which the interpreter translated to the prisoner, and returned his answers to the prince.

“ From what country dost thou come ? Who art thou ? and what is thy fortune ? ”

“ I am a Christian ; England is my country, and

my ancestors have worn her crown. My position is that of a nobleman, and my fortune perhaps is equal to thine."

This declaration sounded most agreeably to the ears of the Dey :

"Then," he rejoined, "as thou valuest thy liberty, thou wilt be willing to pay nobly for it?"

"Give me the means of writing to my family," replied Hudleston, "fix the price of my ransom, and it shall be given."

"Ten thousand pieces of gold are but a small sum to demand from a prisoner of thy condition."

"It shall be paid in due time."

The Dey then regretted that he had not doubled the price, but made a mental reservation in his own favour.

"Let this Christian be treated with regard," he said to the Kodja; "I give him the charge of the flowers on the terraces and on the gallery of the baths, but desire that no other work should be imposed on him."

He then dismissed them with a sign, turned round to the terrace, and asked for another chibouque.

Two slaves entered the room, carrying a little table one foot high, beautifully inlaid with gold and mother of pearl, on which was a chibouque ready prepared, and a cup of silver filigree containing another of costly porcelain, into which they poured some coffee.

Zaïda approached her father, and, putting one arm round his neck, she breathed into his ear an entreaty that the captive should be allowed his liberty on his promise that the sum should be paid,

suggesting the impossibility of failure in one whose high birth and noble bearing seemed to give sufficient security. But the Dey, unwilling to forego present possession for distant, and as appeared to him, doubtful benefit, refused her request, determined at all events, to avail himself of the services of his prisoner, should the ransom stipulated not be forthcoming.

“ But suppose that distance or circumstances should delay its arrival ? ” anxiously pleaded Zaïda.

“ Then I should increase his labour in proportion to the time deferred,” replied her father ; “ for if he declared his birth and parentage to the chief of the slave market with the same pride as he did in my presence, the price demanded for him must have been high, and his services must repay me for the value expended on his purchase. Should the ransom altogether fail, he must live and die a slave.”

Zaïda retired to a distant part of the hall to conceal her tears. She threw a few lentisk seeds on a brazier, then took up a lute and carelessly passed her hand over the strings. But the music failed to cheer her, though it lulled the attention of the Dey ; she remained in a sort of dreary abstraction, till the voice of the Muzzin from the top of the minaret summoned the faithful to prayer. Then the Dey, roused from his meditations, went to the adjoining mosque, and Zaïda returned to the apartments of the harem.

Months passed away, but not a day elapsed that the young princess did not use her privilege of exemption from the stricter rules of the harem to enter the hall of audience. Was it that the spacious ter-

race before its windows afforded a more cheerful view than that seen through the narrow grating in the women's apartments, or that a young Christian slave, daily in attendance upon the flowers, and whose gentle aspect distinguished him from his fellows, excited her interest and her pity ?

One day, the simoom was blowing with more than usual violence. All living creatures were panting under the noxious influence of the poisoned air, and all sought a spot of shade in which they could find shelter and relief. Even the laws of slavery were relaxed in this instance. The Moors, incapacitated themselves from exertion, ceased to extort it from their dependants. Zaïda protected from the sun by the thick lattice work, was looking out into the garden, when she perceived a slave, apparently regardless of the burning atmosphere, occupied in watering some of her favourite plants, which seemed almost parched with heat. This was the Lord of Milloum, who instead of seeking repose, like the other slaves, did not allow even the fiery wind of the desert to prevent him from giving this slight proof of gratitude to the only person who had shown him compassion in his misfortune.

“ Go,” she said, “ thou art not aware of the danger to which thou art exposed ; for in thy gentler climate this plague is unknown.”

“ These flowers are yours, lady, and I should reproach myself were I to neglect them at a time when they more than ever require my care.”

“ But,” replied Zaïda, trembling with emotion, “ I would rather lose them all than see thee exposed to the least risk. Alas ! that I could relieve

the hardship of thy fate, unhappy stranger! Allah is my witness that this day would be the last of thy captivity. But stay not here,—and if her *commands* are not sufficient, *Zaïda entreats thee!*”

Hudleston obeyed. The kind expressions of the young princess, and her earnest desire for his welfare had sunk into his heart. He loved her, and far from wishing to suppress this feeling, he almost dreaded the moment when his ransom, delivered into the hands of the Dey, should release him from chains which he would gladly have worn for ever for the sole felicity of living near the fair infidel. At the beginning of his captivity when the labours of the day were over and he was extended on his couch, he used to pass in review before his mind his mode of life in merry England, and compare his past happiness with his present misfortune. He then thought of himself as returning from a long day's chase, to the home of his fathers, surrounded by his friends and retainers. He almost saw the large feudal hall, where all the household were assembled, with its vast fire place, in which whole trunks of trees were burning. His faithful vassals appeared to greet him with respect and affection, and even his hounds, stretched before the fire, seemed to watch his every look and gesture, as if imploring his notice. But by degrees, all painful reminiscence, all withering regret, faded away, to give place to one image, which now entirely filled his heart, and to one apprehension, of all the most terrible:—the thought of *Zaïda*, and the dread of losing her.

Every morning he came regularly to the terrace,

to devote all his care to the cultivation of the shrubs that adorned it, and an almost imperceptible motion of the blind never failed to assure him how highly his attention was valued. Even the presence of the Dey in the interior of the apartment could not withhold Zaïda from giving Hudleston this slight mark of sympathy and regard, in spite of her fears of arousing suspicion.

As we have already said, a Franciscan monk and a young Englishwoman were brought into the Dey's service at the same time as the Lord of Milloum. The monk, called Father Mathias, being found expert in gardening, was appointed to the general superintendence of the parterres, and Venifrede, the young woman, was attached to the special service of the princess, who treated her kindly, and regarded her with esteem and affection.

Two years had elapsed, and still no tidings were heard from England. The Dey forbore as yet, to express too loudly how great was his disappointment at the delay of the promised ransom. The difficulty of communication between the North of Africa and the North of England, gave too probable a reason for this delay to justify him in imputing any blame to his noble captive; besides, he had every reason to be satisfied with him as a slave, and these considerations, and the lingering hope of still obtaining the sum agreed upon, urged him to await the issue of events with patience.

Perhaps on the whole, the condition of slaves in the Dey's service, was not much worse than that of servants in the great families of Europe at that period, especially if the head of the household was of

a tolerably kind disposition, and had no particular hatred of the Christians. Even among the lower classes, slavery would be better defined as an interchange of services and acts of friendship, than by the idea attached to the word, and in general the laws of humanity were strictly observed. In exceptional cases, however, which occurred but too frequently, the captive not only had to endure the loss of freedom, but all the annoyances that hatred could devise, and unrestrained authority could execute, which daily and hourly vexations were alone quite sufficient to make his existence a torment. Still, captivity is in itself so great a misfortune, that those subject to it are in general too absorbed in its bitterness, not to regard all other evils as but secondary. Such was the case with most of the Christian slaves.

By means of Venifrede, her constant and favourite attendant, the young princess learnt enough of English to be understood herself, and to comprehend the meaning of others. A great relief it was to both to be able to converse without restraint and free from the prying curiosity of the black slaves and the Keeper of the Harem. Whenever they happened to meet the Lord of Milloum, Zaïda used to address him in a few words of his own language, which never failed to inspire him with fresh hopes and renewed courage.

Once, as she was walking in the garden, accompanied as usual by Venifrede, a poor negro slave threw himself at her feet, and implored her protection. He had neglected the menagerie entrusted to his charge, and a lioness had escaped during the night, making immense havoc among the birds and

tame animals, and destroying several of Zaïda's favourite gazelles. The negro had succeeded, at the peril of his own life, in forcing the ferocious animal back to its cage, but notwithstanding this, was to suffer the cruel punishment due to his offence.

The Bostangi came up at the same moment, and desired the slave to follow him. Zaïda, whose sympathies for the unfortunate had of late been so strongly exercised, and whose compassion extended from the Lord of Milloum to his fellow slaves, raised her hand above the head of the negro who was still kneeling at her feet, and pleaded earnestly in his favour. "The Dey's anger will fall on me," replied the officer, "but how could I refuse aught to thee, pearl of the Harem! I only entreat thee to stand between my master and myself, that thy influence may avert his displeasure. As for me, I am resolved to obey thee at all hazards, too happy to be allowed to kiss the dust below thy feet." He then desired the negro to take charge of the slave's prison, an office more suited to his powers, and appointed another slave to fill his post at the menagerie.

The poor black wept with joy and gratitude: he seized the border of the veil that concealed the features of his fair protectress, and pressed it to his lips; a mute expression of feeling too strong to find utterance in words.

Hudleston had witnessed this scene from a distance, and his admiration of the fair young creature, of whose noble disposition this was but an additional proof, reached the highest point. The prudent Venifrede, who had long observed the growing attachment between her mistress and the young English-

man, perceived with sorrow that it had attained a degree fatal to the peace of both. Devotedly fond of the young princess, she, in return for the kindness bestowed on her, assisted with her affectionate counsel and sage advice the ardent girl, whose tender feelings and quick intelligence required a wiser and safer guide than her mindless companions of the harem. She now urged upon her the necessity of subduing an emotion so destructive to her present tranquillity, and so ominous of danger for the future. Zaïda at first opposed this reasoning with the assurance that the prudence of the young Englishman and her own principles of virtue were sufficient to guard them from all peril, but Venifrede, persisting in her remonstrance, spoke of the tortures to which the Lord of Milloum would be subjected should the slightest rumour of his love to her reach the ears of the Dey. “Lady,” she said, “a prompt separation is the only chance of safety. Stay not to indulge your own feelings, at the expense perhaps of his life. Find means to obtain the ransom of the Lord of Milloum, and have it conveyed to the Dey, that the noble captive, restored to liberty, may return to his own country, and there occupy the position to which he was born. To shrink from this sacrifice were to give way to mere selfishness.”

Zaïda, at last, terrified at the danger she could not but foresee, and perceiving that this act of generosity and self denial would be the greatest proof she could give of her love, answered weeping :

“I myself will pay his ransom, and thou, if thou art willing, shalt return with him. Only let him not forget Zaïda.”

“ I have lost all that attached me to England in the combat in which I was made prisoner,” replied the faithful attendant. “ Your benefits have made me forget my captivity, and henceforward my life shall be devoted to you.”

“ Stay then with me,” said the unhappy girl, “ and may thy friendship and affection afford me the comfort I so much require.”

The next day the princess sent for one of the Jews who deal in precious stones, and laying all her jewels before him, desired him to select among them to the value of 10,000 crowns, which sum he was to bring without fail the next day. In thus hastening the term of payment, she hoped to anticipate all suspicion in the execution of her design ; but the Jew had no sooner left her presence than he began to reflect on the consequences of the affair. The singularity of Zaïda’s request made him dread lest he himself should be involved in some danger ; he waited therefore till the prince returned from the mosque, and then related to him the whole transaction. The Dey commended his discretion, and desired him to keep his money, ensuring him against all loss.

On returning to the palace, the Dey summoned the slave who had charge of the harem, and desired him to keep strict watch over every movement of his daughter, and to render him an account of her least proceedings.

Towards evening, Zaïda, accompanied by Venifrede, and covered with her veil, issued from the palace, and took the direction of the gardens before the bathing apartments of the Dey. Here they

met the Lord of Milloum, who advanced respectfully towards them.

“Noble captive,” said the princess, in a voice almost choked with emotion, “the term of your slavery is over. Your ransom is paid, and you are free to return to your country and friends. Go, and rejoice in your liberty, but should your thoughts ever wander back to Algiers, remember that you have left one there, who valued your safety above her own happiness.”

Hudleston’s countenance changed;—the news which formerly would have filled him with joy, now raised the bitterest feelings of grief and disappointment. At last he replied :

“So little do I regret my captivity, that I have no desire for liberty. It is enough for me to live in thy presence and have some share in thine interest. Ask me not to accept a gift which I no longer am able to appreciate, and leave me in my present condition, which, though in itself deplorable, *thou* hast made but too dear to me.”

Zaïda, now fully assured of the love she had long suspected, burst into tears. Hudleston renewed his entreaties, and it was not until Zaïda had represented to him in lively colours the dangers she herself would incur were the Dey to hear of their attachment, that he reluctantly accepted her generous offer. Then, hearing a slight rustling in the neighbouring foliage, he hastily retired.

It were needless to explain the cause of this noise. The keeper of the harem had but too well fulfilled the task imposed on him. Concealed among some shrubs, he had overheard every word of the preced-

ing dialogue. Venifrede, who had drawn aside out of respect for the feelings of the two lovers, fortunately escaped his notice, but the secret of the princess was betrayed. The spy watched her till she had returned to her apartments, then went to reveal to the Dey all that had taken place.

The next morning the prince refused to see his daughter, under the pretext of affairs, and she was prevented entering the hall on the terrace. The whole day passed, and in vain did the unhappy girl look from her windows over the garden, the Lord of Milloum was nowhere to be seen. She had as yet no suspicion that her project was discovered, and ascribed the failure of the Jew's engagement to some necessary delay ;—still a kind of vague terror had taken possession of her mind, which her lover's absence served but to increase.

No longer able to endure this anxiety, she at last sent Venifrede to seek for the captive in every part of the garden. The young woman wandered about for a long time, but without success, till at last, on approaching the slave's prison, she heard a low voice call her by name. She turned round, and perceived Ali, who after casting a rapid glance all around, cautiously whispered to her :

“ Go tell the princess that the fair haired lord is there,” pointing to the prison. Perchance she may obtain his pardon from the Dey. But no time is to be lost, for the Christian is condemned to be suspended every night by his hair, for two hours, to the beam in his dungeon. Such is the will of the Prince.”

Venifrede shrunk back in horror. “ Haste to

tell thy mistress," added the negro, "but above all, entreat her not to name Ali." He then disappeared, gliding like a snake through the bushes.

When she learned the fate of her lover, the unhappy Zaida gave way to the most violent despair. Regardless of all consequences to herself, she was on the point of braving her father's anger, and declaring that she would deprive herself of life if the Lord of Milloum were not immediately released. The sage counsels of Venifrede deterred her from running so useless a risk, but she felt that the time was come, and that she must act with promptitude and energy. The news of the cruelty exercised by her father on the unfortunate captive had extinguished in her heart the feelings of reverence and affection that she had always entertained towards him, while her love for the Christian, increased by the recital of his sufferings, burned with double intensity. Reflecting that this very love had been the cause of his present misfortune, she resolved to brave all consequences, and to frustrate her father's cruel intentions, by releasing her lover and sharing his flight.

Her first care was to desire Venifrede to introduce the slave Ali into a part of the palace where they could speak to him without being suspected. She then questioned the negro to prove his fidelity, and finding him resolved to serve her at all hazards, even at the expense of his life, she desired him to admit her and her attendant into the prison that same evening.

Ali exercised all his influence over the two negroes who guarded one of the doors of the palace,

and prevailed upon them, by holding forth the prospect of liberty and independence in case of success, to assist in the evasion of the fugitives, and open the door at the time required.

Father Mathias made his escape as soon as prudence would permit, and hastened down to the coast, where he made an agreement with the captain of a Neapolitan felucca, who consented, in return for a large sum, to receive on board the persons mentioned to him. The monk remained in the neighbourhood, to be ready to lead the fugitives to the place of embarkation.

All these preliminaries accomplished, Zaïda waited with feverish impatience till time and opportunity should aid her purpose. The last summons to prayer had been heard from the neighbouring minaret, and another tedious hour was to elapse before the Dey should return from the mosque and retire to his own apartments. Long did she watch, till all sound and motion had subsided, and the whole palace was in profound stillness. Then, followed by Venifrede, she left her room, glided noiselessly through the midst of the black slaves sleeping in the gallery, reached the garden, and in a few moments arrived at the prison. There they were met by Ali, who informed them that before the Dey had retired to sleep, he had had the dreadful sentence pronounced on Hudleston executed in his own presence. Struck with horror and dismay, Zaïda rushed into the dungeon.

On beholding the agonizing spectacle, she hastily drew her dagger, in the hope of severing the captive's hair, by which he was attached to the beam;

and thus putting an end to so frightful a torture ; but her overwrought feelings had made her hand unsteady ; she missed her aim, and the dagger made a gash across the forehead of the victim, who fell to the ground borne down by his own weight, the bleeding scalp remaining suspended.

A slight groan was the only sign of weakness that suffering extorted from the courageous young man. Zaïda suppressed her own grief, seized the hand of Hudleston, and they left the prison without further impediment. They were soon joined by Father Mathias, who led them to a part of the coast where the ship was lying at anchor.

As soon as they arrived on board the good father used all his knowledge and skill to heal the wound caused by Zaïda's haste and agitation, but in spite of his efforts an ineffaceable scar still remained, destroying the beauty of the Lord of Milloum. He, restored to the possession of Zaïda and of his liberty, now doubly valued both for her sake and his own, little regarded this disfigurement, but she was not to be comforted for having been the cause of it. Thinking of all he had suffered on her account, she felt that the devotion of her whole life would not suffice to pay her debt of gratitude, and throughout all the illness that followed the wound she tended him with the affectionate earnestness of a wife, and the respectful humility of a slave.

When the cure of the Lord of Milloum was declared complete, Zaïda announced her intention of becoming a Christian. Hudleston and Father Mathias felt infinite joy at this proposal, as they had always carefully avoided so delicate a subject as her

conversion, fearing to obtain, too easily perhaps, from an earthly feeling, what should be the issue of a higher and purer sentiment. The good monk therefore urged her to examine her own heart, and consider whether her desire to embrace the Christian religion proceeded entirely from conviction of its truth, and was unmingled with any other motive. On Zaïda assuring him that this was the case, and that although her love for Hudleston had been the first means to draw her mind to his faith, yet that she now wished to adopt it for its own sake, he consented to admit her into the church by the rite of baptism as soon as they should arrive in England.

A few days afterwards they arrived at Marseilles, from whence they travelled through France, and set sail again on board a vessel bound for the north of England.

Conclusion.

All was astir at Milloum Castle. The spacious apartments were filled with guests, the woods woke every day to the sound of the joyous chase, the stately tournament assembled all the brave and fair of the surrounding country, and the banquet, the dance and the song concluded the day's revels, in which the temporary Lord of Milloum strove to hush the voice of conscience, and stifle the pangs of remorse. He, the faithless depositary of his brother's possessions, had appropriated them to his own benefit. The long absence of the Lord of Milloum, the uncertainty of his fate, and the want of all tidings concerning him, afforded apparently

plausible pretexts for his brother's acts of usurpation till at last, either really believing him dead, or thinking himself sufficiently secure, he assumed the nominal title, as well as the actual possession, of all the estates of Milloum. This, though reluctantly conceded by all, could be opposed by none, as an impenetrable mystery rested on the fate of the former lord, and though the wishes of many still clung to the hopes of his being in existence, none ventured to assert, or even suggest its possibility. Still, the uncertainty alone was sufficient to mar the happiness of the usurper, who, in the midst of constant occupation, in the whirl of a continual round of pleasure, was pursued by the thoughts of his crime; and the image of his brother, appearing to claim the deposit he had confided to his care, haunted his sleeping as well as his waking hours. Embittered in feeling and soured in temper by this constant anguish, and jealous of the affection that the country people still bore to his brother, whom they persisted in believing alive, he became violent and tyrannical in his conduct, and the vassals hated, though they groaned under, his dominion. Their muttered expressions of discontent, and their ill-suppressed glances of scorn and aversion, made him feel the insecurity of his present position, and the light in which he was regarded. Such was the unenviable, but well deserved situation of the pretended lord.

It had just struck ten o'clock. The steward, wand in hand, had summoned the numerous guests to the banquet, and all took their places in the large baronial hall, the lord of the castle and his friends at the upper end of the table, the retainers below

the salt. Huge joints of venison, wild boar, and other trophies of the chase formed an ample feast, while ale, mead, &c. were abundantly supplied in large tankards. The merry jest, the joyous laugh, bespoke the general conviviality, and all but the false lord shared in its enlivening influence. He, immersed in gloomy thought, sat darkly brooding at the head of the table; his profound abstraction, redeemed occasionally by short snatches of rapid conversation, the settled frown on his countenance, and his wandering, restless eye, now fixed on the ground, now directed round the hall with a glance of suspicion, were sufficient indications of his mental disquietude.

In vain he endeavoured, in fits of sudden recollection, to join the general hilarity and conceal his inward anxiety by forced attempts at mirth; the constrained, unnatural effort was but too visible. The cup dropped from his hand, the half-uttered sentence died ere it passed his lips, and the unhappy man relapsed into his painful reverie.

Suddenly the sound of a horn was heard three times at the gate of the castle, as a sign to lower the drawbridge, which was always raised during dinner time. This sound was neither singular nor unusual, as it merely announced some traveller or pilgrim in search of hospitality; but the Lord of Milloum, struck as it were instinctively by the realization of his worst fears, rose from table, stiff and pale as a statue, and exclaimed, "O God! That is my brother's blast!" Such in fact was the case. The door slowly opened, and the rightful owner of Milloum entered the hall, leading by the hand his

Moorish bride, and accompanied by the faithful companions of their misfortune. Loud exclamations of joy greeted their arrival; the vassals and retainers, delighted at the termination of the usurper's rule, crowded round their real lord, and welcomed him with the most lively expressions of respectful pleasure.

His first deed was an act of mercy. He freely forgave his brother, and promised him an ample share of his possessions, a promise he afterwards strictly fulfilled. He then resumed his position in the home of his fathers.

The baptism of Zaïda was celebrated previous to her marriage; she assumed the name of Anna. A few days afterwards the Lord of Milloum led the new convert to the Altar, where their nuptials were solemnized with all due splendour, after which they returned to the castle, amid the joyful acclamations of the crowd of dependants, who were delighted with the sweet countenance and winning grace of the lovely Moor.

Such was the respect evinced to her, that the little seaport town where they had landed was called after her, "Anna's Ease," and to this day it retains the name of "Aneys." From this town several of the family formerly derived their title, being known as Lords Hudleston of Aneys.

It were needless to say that the Lord and Lady of Milloum lived beloved and respected, happy in each other's affection, and that a whole future of happiness crowned an attachment begun under such singular circumstances.

Shortly after her marriage, the Lady of the Castle

desired that the mass of hair that she had carefully preserved as a relic of the past, should be introduced into the arms of the family. Her wish was granted, and a bloody scalp, raised aloft by two white arms, still forms the crest of the house of Hudleston.

The Moorish baths are for the use of both sexes, but they are provided with different entrances, to prevent the men and women from meeting. As the customs are the same for both, I shall speak of the Moorish bath, properly so called.

One first enters a hall in the midst of which is a large reservoir. Cords, on which towels are hung, are stretched between the columns that surround the hall, which is kept at a high temperature. Under this circular gallery, and skirting the wall, is a sort of raised platform, on which straw mats are laid. The visitor takes his place on one of these mats, then places his clothes on boards attached to the wall, and he need have no scruple in trusting his watch, purse, or any object of value he may have about him to the care of the master of the place, who, after having examined them generally puts them into an open case. No instance has ever been heard of in which anything was purloined.

The master of the bath and his servants use these mats as beds during the night; their night dress consists merely of a white bournou with a hood, thrown over their other clothes, which they never take off. Thus they are always ready at command, and at whatever hour of the day or night one may go, the door is opened, the bath is prepared, the attendants are ready, and not an instant need be lost.

These attendants are generally young Moors of sixteen or eighteen years of age to wait on men, and Negresses for women. As soon as the person is undressed, a bather covers him with a blue linen robe, gives him a pair of high wooden slippers, and leads him through a still warmer gallery to a vault, heated to the temperature of thirty or thirty-five degrees Reaumur. In the midst of this is a marble reservoir; round the room are alcoves raised above the ground for the sake of coolness, and along the wall several small fountains.

The visitor seats himself on the brink of the reservoir, and remains there some time. The bather then places a piece of linen on the ground, on which the person lays himself, while the attendant rubs him, covers him with a lather of soap, and even brushes the skin with an instrument resembling a currycomb. These operations though not pleasant at the time, produce an agreeable effect afterwards. There are private vaults for those who wish to be alone.

The next proceeding is to wash off the soap with tepid water; then follows a gentle walk about the room, after which the attendant brings a basket full of warm linen, some of which he first winds round the visitor's head in the shape of a turban, and, after drying him carefully, wraps him in three or four soft sheets. In this state the latter returns to the place where he left his clothes, where, instead of the straw mat, he finds a mattress, with good cotton pillows, ready prepared for him. On this he lies down, and rests as long as he likes, with the young man who waited on him lying at his feet, watching

his least movements, supplying him from time to time with pipes and coffee, and occasionally covering him over to preserve him from cold.

The same process is applied to women by Negroes. A bath of this description costs a stranger the moderate sum of one frank, twenty-five centimes; and the natives pay only fifty centimes.

As I have mentioned before, the manners and customs of the inhabitants vary considerably in different parts of Algeria. I have already described a wedding at Bona; I now give one at Algiers, to show how entirely there ceremonies differ.

Women, in general, are little considered in Algeria, as is the case in all Mahometan countries, and their whole employment is attending to the affairs of the household. When the husband is rich enough to keep servants, the wife is the superintendent over them, but is regarded by her husband merely as a slave of rather superior degree, bound to obey his every look and sign. A few exceptions to this rule may be found at the present day, owing to the beginning of civilization which their recent connection with European society has introduced among the Arabs, and which cannot fail to produce good effects.

The Arabs marry very young. Before the French invasion marriages have even been known to take place between children of ten and twelve years of age; this perhaps may still occur among the lower classes of the natives, who have not yet benefited by the good example set them by the more advanced of their own nation, and who scrupulously adhere to the customs of their forefathers. The conse-

quences are that the women are old at twenty, and that the men, thus precociously placed at the head of a family, soon become tired of domestic joys, utterly excuse themselves from all home duties, and forsake their wives to find in others the charms which the first have lost.

Marriages are often made by an agreement between the two families, which, however must be ratified by the consent of the parties immediately concerned. Sometimes, instead of the parents, a representative invested with their powers, named a "wali," fixes the conditions of the marriage. It is not allowed to force the will of a girl who has attained her majority, but the slightest sign from her, a tear, a smile, or even silence is always interpreted as a token of consent. In cases where the parties have been married under age by means of a representative, they may demand the annulling of their marriage when they attain their majority.

When a young man wishes to be married, he enquires whether the object of his choice is handsome, industrious, etc. When he is satisfied on these points, the terms are discussed between the two families, after which the ceremony takes place before the *cadi* or *mufti*: sometimes even, in imitation of the French, it is performed in the presence of both, as the representatives of civil and religious authority. A few days before the wedding, the father of the bride gives the whole or part of the promised dowry, and the bridegroom sends the sum agreed upon for the purpose of adorning his young wife. Her trousseau consists of clothes, linen, and wool for mattresses. On the day appointed for the cere-

mony, musicians assemble in the court within the house of the bride, and perform a concert in her honour. When the marriage is completed, refreshments are served to the whole company, of which, however, the bride does not partake, but remains in her own apartments, attended by her women. In the evening all the guests go to the bath, and it is considered a polite attention on the part of the bride's father to engage the whole of the nearest establishment, for so many hours, as in France one would take so many boxes at a theatre. They return to the bride's house at seven o'clock, where they remain about an hour longer, then they all go home.

At about eight o'clock, a mule, more or less richly caparisoned, is brought to the door. A sort of palanquin, with curtains hermetically closed, is placed on its back. Two of the nearest relations of the bride lead her from her room, and bring her to the door, accompanied by the cries of the women, meant as a kind of salutation, but most offensive to the ear. When the bride is placed in the palanquin, one of her relations walks before her, carrying a golden candelabrum with a number of wax lights, while all the rest follow in her train, each carrying a lighted candle, the length of which denotes the degree of kindred of the bearer. During the time the procession lasts, the bride is expected to make a curious noise by striking her hand upon her chin, which, mixed with the cries of the women, produces anything but a harmonious effect.

When the procession arrives at the house of the bridegroom, the young woman is introduced into her husband's chamber. He rises, takes her by the

hand, and seats her beside him at his left hand. Then is the most critical moment of all, for he has never yet seen her, having taken her on the word of others. All the better for her if her chance is a good one; if not, alas!

They are left alone. The young man raises the veil, and resolves the terrible question: "Shall I, or shall I not love her?" If she does not suit him, he retires, and she returns to her parents. (This, however, seldom takes place among the better sort of people; if the husband is pleased with his wife, he receives her with delight; if not, he treats her with respect, and keeps her, unless she be afflicted with great infirmities, or revolting ugliness.)

Then, on a sign from the husband, a woman called a "machsta," who attends to the bride's toilette, approaches, and offers them a few drops of water poured into the hollow of her hand. The new married couple then offer the same to each other, and the ceremony is declared complete.

The funeral ceremony is here conducted much in the same way as at Bona. Here I noticed the same formal expressions of despair, which is roused, graduated, and dispelled at will; also the same self-mutilation, and all the adjuncts of this distressing pantomime. There is even less appearance of gravity in the march of the procession here than at the latter mentioned town. I have seen people bear their relatives to the grave, not with the sober deportment befitting the occasion, but with a sort of jaunty air and gymnastic step, occasionally stopping at a mosque, to entreat the prayers of the congregation for the deceased, and to give all faithful mus-

solmen passing by the opportunity of relieving them in carrying the bier, which is considered a pious duty.

The custom of burying in coffins has been introduced since the French conquest, and even now is observed only by a few rich Moors. The corpse is generally laid in the grave, dressed in the usual habiliments, and the grave is defended from the attacks of the jackals by the manner in which it is formed. It is divided into two parts; the lower one is narrower than the other, and furnished with a sort of ledge, or shelf, to admit of its being covered with large stones. The corpse is placed in the lower vault, which is filled with leaves, an "oulemah" or priest, reads a few prayers over it, after which those who attend the funeral cover the grave with earth and stones, and go away thinking no more of the deceased than if he had been dead a hundred years. No one remains in the cemetery, except perhaps a few beggars, to whom bread and fruit are distributed by way of alms.

I once asked a Moor the reason of this haste, which would shock the feelings of any European. He answered that it proceeded from the desire felt by the relations to see the deceased established in his tomb, where, as they believe, the angel Azraël awaits him to question him over his past life, and send him to Paradise or Hell according to his answers.

If the family is wealthy, monuments of slate or marble are erected to the memory of the deceased. These monuments are composed of two stones, placed vertically, on each of which an inscription is

written ; the profession of Mahometan faith on the head-piece, and on the other the name of the departed, with invocations addressed on his behalf to divine Providence.

I never saw any tombs of this description in the cemetery at Bona, which is situated on the slope of the hill near the Cashba. All there were of about the same shape, three or four feet long, with a stone at the head, to indicate the face of the departed turned towards Mecca. These tombs were made of brick, covered over with mortar, and whitewashed, like all the other buildings ; many were surmounted with little domes, in imitation of the monuments of the Marabouts. These and other great personages have tombs of large dimensions, generally a square edifice with a cupola, surrounded by sombre tinted trees.

THE WIDOW OF ACHMET-DEY.

I HAVE lately made acquaintance with a lady who is on the point of leaving Algeria to return to France ; the physicians having recommended entire change of climate as the only remedy for the ophthalmia that distressed her. Unable to endure the rays of an African sun, she was obliged to live secluded in a dark room, and thus, in spite of the exalted position she held, and her perfect knowledge of Arabic, which would have enabled her to become acquainted with every object of interest in this singular country, she was to leave Algeria with the disappointment of not having been able to gratify

her curiosity. I therefore took advantage of rather a cloudy day to endeavour to induce her to come with me to see a mosque ; she consented, and we set off for one of the handsomest and most celebrated of these edifices, called the mosque of Sidi-Abd-el-Rakman, and situated outside the gate of “ Bab-el-Oued.”—A stony path, skirting the Cashba, led us to the object of our research.

This mosque is smaller than that inside the town, and is surrounded by a cemetery, where are interred all the descendants of the Marabout from whom the building derives its name, and whose tomb is erected within its walls. A hollow tree grows in the midst of this cemetery, and is carefully watered by the pious believers, who put linen cloths within the hollow, from whence they are supposed to derive the virtue of healing all diseases.

Arabian History, like that of all other nations, has chiefly been preserved by religious tradition. Every mosque affords ample materials for interesting study, as all of them contain the tomb of some venerated saint or personage of celebrity, to whom is attached some legend, which, whether true or false, dreadful or marvellous, abounds in the profuse imagery and brilliant colouring that give “ the Arabian nights ” their peculiar charm.

The Deys of Algiers, as the Pashas before them, were continually exposed to the revolts of the powerful and insubordinate band of Janissaries, and to the attempts of every assassin, and in consequence seldom enjoyed either a long or a peaceful reign. The fate of the last few princes affords abundant instances in point ; the Dey Mustapha was murdered

by his black cook in 1814; the two who afterwards successively filled his place died in the space of a fortnight; after their death, Omar, a skilful warrior and the conqueror of the Bey of Oran, was elected by the Janissaries, but only to perish by their hands in 1815. Achmet, who succeeded him, met with the same fate, being strangled in the gallery of the baths. Then followed Aly-socco, who died of the plague a few days after his ascension to the throne, and was succeeded by Hussein, the last of the Deys. He was dethroned by the French shortly after the capture of Algiers, and begged leave to retire to Naples, where he died shortly afterwards.

Leaving our shoes in an outer hall covered with matting, we entered the interior of the building. The marble pavement was covered with a rich carpet, on which several Moors were kneeling, for it was the hour of prayer. All were telling the beads of a chaplet and repeating litanies somewhat similar to ours, while they bowed their heads to the ground, looking towards the niche that indicated the direction of Mecca, and where they believed the Prophet was actually present to hear them. Then rising, they continued their monotonous chaunt, that mingled with the sound of the stream which supplied the tank for ablutions.

Various as are the different forms of adoration, the feeling that raises the mind of man to the Supreme Being is the same every where. The fervent devotion of these Arabs could not but excite our respect, and we also were ready to kneel down and pray to the Creator of all to enlighten the minds of those who worship Him in ignorance, and who only

require guidance and instruction to lead them in the way of truth.

Rows of ostrich eggs, strung on wires, and a number of small flags adorned the walls of the dome, in the centre of which was suspended a large lustre of Italian crystal. The symbols of Mahometanism, the raised hand and the crescent, were visible every where. The raised hand bears a mysterious signification, and is supposed to possess the power of counteracting the evil eye.

In the midst of the edifice is the tomb of the Marabout, distinguished by a cenotaph of carved wood, and protected by a gilded iron palisade, while large flags, tokens of some victory, deck the four corners.

While we were examining the building, the Moors took their departure in silence, and we were preparing to follow their example, when the sound of an angry colloquy attracted our attention. Looking round, we saw the Mufti, or priest, in strong altercation with a poor woman, who was kneeling beside a marble tomb in a corner of the building, under the only window. “Away!” he said, “nor venture to show thyself in this sacred place. Doth not thy Lord curse thee from Heaven, thee and thy son, who blush not to serve the infidel? — Get thee hence, or I drive thee away.”

“Ja Sidi Macha Allah.” (May Heaven protect me) she replied; “knowest thou not that if I come here to pray, it is because I have bought the right to do so. My lord rests here, and here I will remain; if I am insulted, the French will protect me:

they know who I am, which thou ought'st not to forget."

The Mufti went away, muttering curses against her. We approached, and a few words in Arabic soon established us in the good graces of the Moorish woman. She appeared about sixty years old, her figure was bent and her complexion faded, but the dignified motion of her head, and the traces still visible of extreme beauty, seemed to belie her wretched condition. This is her history, as she related it to us.

Next Baïram it will be thirty years ago, since I was a happy child of twelve years old. My skin, now pallid and shrivelled, was then soft and white as the petal of the lily; my eyes were so brilliant, that it was needless to mark them with the black line under the lashes; my eyebrows joined in one graceful curve, and my black hair waved round me like a flowing veil, when the long curls escaped from the hands of my mother, who dyed them with henna. Yes, I was beautiful, so beautiful, that among the women, by whom alone I was seen, nothing was spoken of but the Pearl of Hassan-ben Omar.

No one told me so, except my little Venetian mirror. I lived happily in that house which you see in the town below; my mother had taught me to embroider in gold, and not the most skilful Jew in the whole bazaar could vie with me in taste and dexterity; the slaves brought me baskets of roses, of which I made conserves and pastilles, or wreathed

them into garlands for my hair. I tended the flowers on the terrace, preserving them from the sun and wind, and I tamed the pigeons, till they flew towards me whenever I appeared. But my happiest hours were those I spent in leaning on my iron grated window, watching the clouds fleet over the sky, and the white sea-birds hover above the waves, looking like daisies in a green meadow. Sometimes I saw a ship rise gradually above the horizon, when the sky was glowing red, and the sun was setting in a golden halo; sometimes a bark filled with fishermen glided past the rock on which our house was built. They heard my voice as I sang, and looked to see whence it came, but I kept myself concealed, and laughed at their disappointment. Thus did my young life pass like a tranquil dream; I had no desire or thought beyond my home, and no rumour from without ever ruffled the calm tide of my existence. I seldom even was admitted into the inner court, except when my father, then chief of the Janissaries, returned from some distant expedition. I then was always the first to kiss his hand, for to please him was my sole desire; in him was centred all my affection—he was the universe to me.

One evening, when I was going as usual to meet my father, my mother entered my room, and desired me to dress myself. I put on my gold embroidered robe, my vest of richest brocade, tied my fota round my waist, and followed my mother to the large hall, where all my family was assembled.

There, in the midst of a table covered with refreshments, was a large open basket, filled with magnificent tissues of gold and silver, flowers made

of diamonds that glittered like drops of dew, emeralds and rubies set in a thousand fanciful shapes, and in the midst of all, the golden "Sarma" or matron's cap, which I once found so heavy when I tried on that of my mother. A thick film seemed to shroud my eyes; I understood that I was to be married and to leave my home, and I fell almost senseless at the feet of my father. He seemed moved, but his countenance was radiant with joy as he announced to me that the envoys from my destined lord were waiting for me. They concealed my hair under a black silk handkerchief covered with jewels, they threw over me the haïk, which scarcely allowed my eyes to be seen, and led me to the door of the house, from whence I was conveyed in a litter carried by four strong negroes into the centre of the town.

The house of my father, which I had always considered as so vast and spacious, was nothing in comparison to the splendid building to which I was brought. The court paved with white marble and surrounded by a gilded colonnade; the galleries were carved in open work, like the shrine of a Marabout, and the finest sculpture and painting was lavished on the decoration of this enchanted place. But if I was struck with admiration at the gorgeous scene, what was my amazement when the Janisseries whom I met on my way bowed down before me, and a strain of music, mingled with the voices of the women who viewed me from the terrace, was poured forth to greet me as I ascended a staircase strewn with flowers.

Some slaves introduced me into a hall resplen-

dent with light. The ceiling of painted wood was carved into the shape of fruit and flowers, so true to nature that I almost wished to gather them, while at the end of the room, seated on a throne under a canopy, was a noble warrior of commanding aspect. How did my heart bound within me, when, by the crescent of diamonds on his turban, I recognized Achmet the Dey!

The Iman of the grand mosque stood beside him. The Dey descended the steps of his throne, took the Sarma from the hands of a slave, and placed it on my head. He then poured some orange flower water into the hollow of my two hands, which I raised to his lips, and out of which he drank with eagerness. Trembling, almost motionless, I waited till he should raise my veil, for he yet might discard me, if I did not please him; but his admiration soon dispelled my fears. He seated me beside him on his throne; the officers of the household approached one by one to make their obeisance and kiss his hand, after which they all withdrew.

When we were left alone, my lord opened a little door concealed behind the drapery, and we went out upon the terrace. The town below us appeared one dazzling mass of light, the last gun fired in honour of the Baïram, lamps of various hues shone from the spire of each minaret, the very vessels in the harbour seemed wrapt in a luminous haze, and all around looked calm and beautiful. A feeling of dizziness came over me, such as those feel who are suddenly raised to a height to which they are not accustomed, and from which their senses almost recoil in terror. After a few moments of si-

lence, the Dey said to me, “Nedjournah, all thou beholdest is thine. Command as a queen, and thou shalt be obeyed, for—I love thee!”

Ask me not whether I loved him! The delight of that moment was sufficient for a whole lifetime. My father had always described Achmet as brave and generous, and I was proud and happy to be his wife.

It were impossible to describe the felicity I enjoyed for two years; I loved my husband, and my reverence was equal to my love. His will was my only law; had he even commanded me to leave him, or condemned me to death, I should willingly have submitted for his sake. He, the greatest in the kingdom, scorned not to consult me on the most important matters, and used to declare that the young and simple girl often gave him wiser counsel than his oldest and most experienced ministers. Achmet used often to absent himself to fight against the rebellious tribes; but when the time drew near that he expected an heir from me, he feared to leave me in reach of any danger. By his orders, the Janisseries removed the treasure, arms, furniture, etc. from the house we inhabited to the Cashba. All this was done in the course of one night, without the knowledge of anybody.

My husband had bestowed the greatest care in making this fortress as pleasing a residence as it was a secure refuge, but still I found a great difference between it and the home I had left. Henceforward my only walk was to be a terrace, exposed all day to the heat of the sun, which was scarcely tempered even by the evening breeze; while in my

former abode I could breathe the air at midday among groves of orange, lemon, and pomegranate trees always in fruit and flower, beneath whose shade the myrtle and rhododendron grew luxuriantly, and birds of all kinds warbled among the roses and jessamine that were trained on espaliers to the roof of the house. At one end of this garden was an arbour, with a table and seats of marble and vases of alabaster, while a constant stream was poured from a jet d'eau into a basin, filled with the rarest water plants. Here I used often to come to refresh myself in the cool shade, and bathe my feet in the fountain, regardless of the little harmless snakes whose heads appeared above the level of the water.

When my child was born, my joy was equalled only by that of my husband, whom one of my negroes led to my bed side. This bed was as large as one of your rooms in Europe; at each corner were gilded palm trees, on the branches of which were peacocks and birds of Paradise, with plumage of precious stones and eyes of diamonds; curtains of blue and gold brocade fell in heavy folds from the sculptured canopy over a coverlet of the same, and beside me lay my beautiful child. Such was the pleasure of the Dey, that all shared in it; the very Jews were less persecuted than usual, and the sword of the Chaouch rested in its sheath, for my lord had resolved that all the world should be happy.

Often used I to hang the little cradle on the branches of the banana trees, and watch my babe while I sang him to sleep, or await the arrival of my husband with all the eagerness of love, listening for his very step, or trying to catch the tone of his

voice. But this blissful time was short ; though safe in our retreat from outward foes, we had no defence against treachery from within ; some of the chiefs, jealous of the Dey's power, and fearing lest he might overcome them more easily from the castle, raised a horrible conspiracy within its very walls. One night, having murdered my father and his Janissaries in the outer courts, they rushed into our apartments. Achmet fought like a lion, but one of the assassins threw a scarf round his neck and strangled him ; after which, proud of their deed of crime, they left the palace, and proclaimed Aly Dey in the room of Achmet.

Aroused by the noise, I hastened to the spot. I untied the fatal knot, but my lord was no more. I should have died also, had not the danger that threatened my son inspired me with fresh courage. I took him in my arms, rushed from the scene of horror, followed the first path that lay before me, and arrived here, where I sank down, exhausted with terror and fatigue. When the muezzin came the next morning to call the faithful to prayer, he led me and my child to a place of refuge. This tomb, by which I was praying, is that of my husband, whom I hope soon to rejoin in death.

My son has grown up strong and handsome. He is a ulema (wise man). The French have given him a place in their tribunal, consult him on all affairs of moment, and follow his advice. When he has fulfilled the duties of the day, he comes here to repose himself and comfort me. Sometimes he repeats a few verses from the Koran, sometimes we look afar over this wide land which was governed by

his father, and while our eyes wander from the Point of Pescada to Cape Matifoux, from the English fort to the hospital and garden of the Dey, and we view this fair country, the scene of our former splendour, we reflect on the vicissitude of earthly things.

I can hardly imagine that I am that same Ned-jumah, whose mind was once filled with thoughts of grandeur and glory—that I am she for whom the Bedouin used to traverse the desert and range the Atlas, to supply her with gazelles and fresh dates; whose sole word would have sufficed to strike off the head of that mufti, who now insults me! but gladly would I again live over these thirty years of grief and humiliation, could that short time be restored to me, when the happiness of a great and brave man was dependent on every tear and smile of mine, for that man was the Dey Achmet! My own affliction I can bear, but to see my son, unknown, forgotten in this very town, over which he should have reigned, and where his name is scarcely mentioned, this it is that breaks my heart! He, greater than I, stoops not to complain, but merely repeats, when I weep for him, ‘Allah Kebir,’ God is great.”

One of the finest tombs of this description is that of the Marabout Sidi Ferruch. It is situated on a peninsula of the same name, at about seven leagues from Algiers, which spot was chosen for the landing of the French army, and the commander-in-chief fixed his head-quarters in the very building. This tomb is without exception the most beautiful in the whole country. After crossing a court surrounded

by walls, you enter a large square hall, communicating with another of smaller dimensions, and lighted by an octagonal dome. Under this cupola is the monument of Sidi-el-Ferruch ; the shrine is composed of pieces of wood, inlaid like a work in marquetry, and is ornamented with a variety of amulets of gold, coral, and glass. Three large flags were placed round the cenotaph, and a number of banners, lances, and other trophies decorated the walls. All these objects were carefully respected by order of the general.

After the conquest, we learnt that Sidi-el-Ferruch was held in great veneration among the Arabs, and that when it was known that the French army was to land near his tomb, a long procession of them went to offer up their prayers to the saint for the utter extermination of the invaders, and to propitiate him by offerings which they left in the sacred place. When the town was taken, Sidi-el-Ferruch not only fell in the esteem of his votaries, but was accused of treachery. In consequence of this, the building in question no longer bears his name, but is known as “ La torre chica.”

I was told that a revolt of a singular kind broke out at Algiers a few years ago. The Moorish women, seeing the liberty enjoyed by their European sisters, took it into their heads to imitate them, and to cast off the yoke of conventional dependence. A club was formed with a female president and female orators, the most eloquent, or at least the most audacious, of whom moved, that for the future woman's servitude to her husband should cease, and that she should no longer be compelled to wear a veil. This

plan was unanimously agreed to, and carried into effect the same day. The men, alarmed at the consequences of this act of rebellion, assembled in council at the mufti's, who advised them to take no notice of their wives' misdemeanour. These oriental asserters of the "Rights of Women" were therefore left in full possession of their liberty; but the taste for it soon waned away, for want of opposition, and the fair delinquents gladly returned to their conjugal duties.

There is no difference between the Arab quarters in Algiers and those in the other towns I have seen. All the houses are low, square, and ventilated with narrow gratings, just sufficient to admit air and light. Here are the same rooms surrounded with shelves, where the inhabitants sleep at night, and smoke their pipes by day, when rain or extreme heat force them to seek *some* shelter. This wretched accommodation is entirely unprotected, and the entrance is merely covered by a piece of net work, which gives free admission to the outward air.

As at Bona, there are several coffee-houses here, where negroes are constantly employed in preparing coffee on stoves as black as dirt can make them. The amateurs of this beverage drink it very hot, and without sugar, and instead of liking it brown and clear, as we Europeans do, they never allow it to settle. The Arab coffee is not so strong as ours, and the difference of taste between them is most perceptible, owing most likely to the mode of preparation, the former being pounded in a mortar till reduced to a sort of coarse powder. This coffee is

brought from the interior of the country, where the real Mocha is cultivated, which possesses far different qualities from those of its counterfeit in America. The small spot of ground on which the real plant is grown could not produce the hundredth part of the immense demand, consequently the Isle of Bourbon supplies some portion of the quantity required, while the rest is made up by various ingenious devices in the substitution of spurious articles for the genuine, by which all purposes are answered.

The same traffic is carried on with the wines of Madeira and Champagne, which are exported in large quantities to the four quarters of the world. In the case of the latter production, the whole province in which it grows, including the land used for building, would not suffice to furnish wine enough for one day's consumption throughout the world. The same may be said of the little island of Madeira, the wine of which is held in such repute. It is fortunate that chemistry provides means as effectual as harmless, by which this deficiency can be remedied, and the amateurs of the beverage supplied, no less to their own satisfaction than to the benefit of all concerned in this branch of commerce.

I shall now give an account of slavery in Algeria. Several authors contradict each other on this subject, but the details I now propose giving are as correct as any that can be procured.

Several captives of note have pined in the bagnios of Algiers, but as I have neither time nor space to dilate on this subject, I shall only mention the cases of Miguel Cervantes, the immortal author of Don

Quixote ; of St. Vincent de Paule, that sublime pattern of virtuous self-denial and christian charity, and of Regnard, the celebrated comic poet.

Miguel Cervantes was present at the battle of Lepanto, in 1575, and lost his left hand in the engagement. He was left at Messina to be cured of his wound, after which he proceeded to Naples, in hopes of setting sail for his native country in the royal galley called "The Sun." This vessel, however, was captured on its passage by the famous Arnaut Mami, the most formidable corsair of that period. Although captivity in Algiers was regarded by the Spaniards as the worst of misfortunes, the evils of it were mitigated to those who chanced to fall into the hands of masters possessed of a tolerable share of humanity, or sufficiently alive to their own interest to spare their slaves in hopes of obtaining their ransom. Fortune, however, denied this favour to the unfortunate Cervantes ; he was claimed by the redoubtable Mami himself, who some years afterwards succeeded Hassan the Venetian as Pasha of Algiers. He was an Albanian renegade, the deadly enemy of all Christians, and, more especially, of Spaniards. By so many acts of atrocity had he distinguished himself, that even among his countrymen he passed for a harsh and pitiless master. Still, the courage of Cervantes remained unbroken, his undaunted spirit supplied him with strength to undertake his own deliverance, which, in spite of all obstacles, he resolved to effect.

The corsair, after having disarmed his prisoners, had them searched, and on Cervantes was found a letter from Don John of Austria to his brother

Philip the Second, strongly recommending Miguel Cervantes, who had honourably distinguished himself at the battle of Lepanto. The brother of Miguel, Rodrigo, was taken prisoner at the same time, and both were bound with the same chain, and reserved for the same purpose, this high testimonial having given Mami hopes that every thing would be done to release the two captives.

A Greek renegade had a garden three miles from the coast, and employed his slave, a Navarrese, to cultivate it. After several years of labour, this slave at last succeeded in making a subterranean passage between the least frequented part of the garden and the sea. He and Cervantes agreed on a plan of escape, and the latter, having contrived to leave his master's house, went to the spot pointed out by the Navarrese, accompanied by several of his companions in misfortune. They were fifteen in number, and all men of honour and resolution. Cervantes was entrusted with the command of the little troop, and of the direction of the requisite measures: the gardener kept watch outside; and another slave, called "the gilder," from his profession, and whose employment gave him free entrance into the town, undertook to supply them with provisions. They remained immured in their retreat the whole day, and only ventured to leave it for a few hours in the night, when all suspicion was lulled.

Cervantes made an agreement with a Majorcan slave, named Viano, who had purchased his own freedom and was on the point of returning to his country. It was settled that he should come back to Algiers in a small vessel, and take the fugitives

on board. Viano kept his word, he returned home, freighted a ship, cautiously approached the coast of Algiers, and was going to leap on shore, full of ardour and delight, when he was discovered by some Moors, who gave the alarm and called the guard. He immediately re-embarked and put out to sea, so that the fugitives were not discovered. But the fear of evil is often worse than the evil itself; "the gilder," who at first was so earnestly devoted to the interest of his companions, now terrified at the danger that threatened both himself and them, resolved to ensure his own safety by an act of baseness. He went to the Pacha of Algiers, announced his intention of embracing the Mussulman faith, and to prove the sincerity of his convictions, betrayed the unfortunate captives, who were immediately brought back to the palace, and Cervantes, their chief, put in chains by order of the Pacha. The heroic Spaniard, dreading for his companions the effects of Hassan's wrath, determined to avert it from them at his own peril, and said with noble pride, when brought before the Sultan's representative: "If having endeavoured to regain our liberty be a crime in thy sight, I alone am to blame. Spare my brothers, who are guiltless in this affair, for it was I who induced them to quit their bonds, and who gave them into the power of the villain who has deceived us." Struck by these expressions, and by Cervantes' courageous self-devotion, Hassan Pacha bought him from the corsair Mami, and detained him in the palace, where he was treated with kindness and consideration.

Rodrigo Cervantes, though somewhat older than

his brother, was his inferior in many respects. He had given ample proofs of bravery, when fighting by his side at the battle of Lepanto, but heaven had denied him the gifts of genius, so profusely lavished on the younger of the two, and the unflinching strength of mind, which enabled Miguel to endure all adversities without being overpowered by them. Rodrigo also suffered without complaint, but the sadness and depression visible in his countenance showed the grief which consumed him. Mami had provided them the means of writing to their family, and Miguel had made a free statement of the miseries of their captivity, convinced that his friends, in spite of their poverty, would make no delay in sending the sum required for their liberation.

In the course of time the ransom was sent, as usual, through the means of the Fathers of Mercy; but Hassan thought it insufficient to purchase the freedom of both brothers, and consented only to part with Rodrigo, who owed this favour less to the compassion or regard of his master, than to the contempt in which he held his merits. Before they separated, the two brothers held a long consultation, in which it was agreed that when Rodrigo arrived in Spain, he should present a letter from his brother to the king, requesting that an armed frigate might be sent to a certain part of the coast of Algiers, to receive Miguel on board, with as many others whose escape he could contrive to effect.

Days and months passed away, and no news from Rodrigo reached his brother, who at first accounted for this delay by the many obstacles that might prevent the execution of their design; but at last,

losing all hope of success through this means, he resolved to depend on his own courage, and applied himself to organize some other scheme by which to regain his freedom.

The windows of a neighbouring house opened on the terrace of the bagnio, if the name of windows may be given to a few wretched apertures made in the wall, and protected by an iron grating. One evening, when Cervantes and two of his companions were on the terrace, they chanced to look in the direction of these windows, and saw a long reed issuing from one of them, and swaying backwards and forwards, as if for some purpose. One of the three captives, Blanco de Paz, advanced to the spot, but the reed was withdrawn; Captain Vedma followed his example, but with no better success. Cervantes approached at last, and a small packet was let down to him, fastened to the end of the reed, and containing a few gold pieces, and a letter written in Arabic. Blanco de Paz was the only one of the three prisoners who was capable of understanding it, and although Cervantes had not a good opinion of this man, he was forced to yield to circumstances, and to let him read the letter, of which this was the meaning:—“When I was a child, my father had a Christian slave, who used often to tell me about Lela Marien (the Virgin Mary). She died, and since then I have often seen her at night.—She tells me to go to the land of the Christians, and that there I shall find Lela Marien. Gladly would I obey her, but I know not the way. I have seen many Christians through the window, but thou alone art he whom I can trust, if thy

countenance deceives me not. I am young, I am rich, and if thou art willing, we will go to thy country, where I will become thy wife. Trust to no Moor, for were my father to know of this letter, he would throw me into a well, and cover it over with stones. Come here again to-morrow, fasten thy answer to the end of this reed, and if thou canst not write in Arabic, explain thy meaning by signs. Lela Marien will teach me to understand them."

Blanco de Paz appeared much agitated on reading this letter, but he wrote the answer in Arabic, at the dictation of Miguel Cervantes, who sent it to the young girl in the manner agreed upon, informing her of the means to be taken to facilitate their evasion, and that of the other Christian slaves, without whom Cervantes would not consent to leave the country. Blanco was acquainted with a Valencian merchant, whom he commissioned to purchase a skiff, which was to convey the fugitives to the Spanish coast.

A few days afterwards, all concerned in the plot met at Cape Pescada; the young Moorish girl arrived at the place of rendezvous at about twelve o'clock at night, followed by a female slave, who was to accompany her. Cervantes was the last, and his countenance told the dreadful tidings before his lips could utter the words. Blanco de Paz had revealed their secret. Jealous of the favour shown to Cervantes by the young Mussulman convert, he had pretended to serve him as the surer means of betraying him. The lady had gone on board the vessel with ten of the party, the rest dispersed, for fear of being captured at sea. The vessel set

sail, and Miguel Cervantes returned to the town, where he concealed himself in the house of a Moor named Aïca, on whose good faith he could depend.

The skiff was seized by a vessel sent in pursuit of it, the Moorish girl was brought back to her father, who fortunately for her, gave credit to the reasons she assigned for the event ; and all the other captives were shut up in the dungeons of the bagnio. One man was already bent on the discovery of Miguel Cervantes. The Valencian merchant, who had furnished the sum necessary for the purchase of the skiff, hearing of the unfortunate result of the scheme, feared lest Cervantes should be put to the torture by the merciless Hassan, and that pain would extort from him the names of his accomplices, which Blanco de Paz, either from prudence or selfishness, had forborne to mention. He soon discovered his place of concealment, and used all his powers of persuasion to induce him to set sail at once, in the first ship that could be found, offering himself to defray the expenses of the journey, or even to pay his ransom to the Dey, on condition that nothing more should be heard of him. On Cervantes inquiring the motive of such unwonted generosity, the Valencian confessed his fear lest a confession forced from him by torture should compromise himself, and cause not only the loss of his fortune, but of his life also. “ Rather than consent to thy proposal, base villain,” replied the noble Cervantes, “ I would myself denounce thee to the Dey. Thinkest thou that I could abandon my companions to the peril into which I have led them ? the adventure of the subterraneous passage might have taught thee that such

is not my practice. Know, that I value every hair of their heads above thee and all thy riches, and am resolved that not even thou shouldst have cause to accuse me of meanness towards them.”

At this moment the voice of the public crier was heard, announcing that a slave of greater importance than “the cripple,” as Cervantes was called, had escaped, and that the penalty of death was decreed against any person who gave him shelter.

On hearing this news, Cervantes was struck with alarm, not on his own account, but on that of the friend whose life was in danger, and whom he believed to have escaped for the purpose of diverting the current of the Dey’s anger from Cervantes to himself. He rushed out into the street, regardless of the entreaties of the Valencian merchant, who selfishly reminded him that he also would be involved in the ruin that would fall upon him.

Cervantes, disgusted at last with his importunities, told him that he meant to give himself up to the Dey, in order to insure the present safety of *all* his companions, then went to the palace, leaving the poor merchant tranquillized on his own account, but in a state of utter amazement at a degree of generosity which he could not comprehend.

On the evening of that same day, Cervantes was led before the Pacha, with his hands bound and a rope round his neck. The examination was severe, and the fury of the prince at the highest point, but Cervantes’ calmness and self-possession remained unmoved. When asked the names of his accomplices, he replied, “I should not thus have stood before thee, Hassan, had it not been for the villany

of a traitor. Blanco de Paz had promised to share our fate, whether for good or evil. He was the most ardent and zealous of all in carrying my plans into effect: he was my accomplice, and he it is whom thou shouldst punish.”

The Dey, to intimidate the prisoner, inquired indignantly why he had endeavoured by his flight to deprive him of the ransom due to him.

“When I was bought by thee for 500 crowns,” he answered, “thy avarice speculated on receiving 1000 as the price of my freedom, which I should have been content to wait for, had I thought of myself only. But I know that there are 25,000 Christians in this infamous town, who have no hope of ever returning to their native land, and my principal motive for escaping was, that I might return with a fleet to set them at liberty.”

The Dey burst into a scornful laugh on hearing these words, which, however, coming from the lips of Cervantes, were not without meaning. Was he not a Spaniard, one of the heroes of Lepanto, and protected by Don John of Austria? Such were the thoughts that crowded into the Dey’s mind, and made him pause ere he gave a rash order. “Let King Philip come with as large an army as he pleases,” he said as a kind of bravado, “as his father Charles V. came here before him!” and he laughed again.

“It is to efface the stain of that defeat,” replied Cervantes, “that the king is preparing an expedition against thee. Do not deceive thyself, Hassan. Thy subjects hate thee, and would be too glad to join the Christians, were they to come

over. Then what refuge would be left thee, when pressed on all sides by the hosts of the king my master, and thy own rebellious subjects?"

All who were present at this interview, had regarded Cervantes as already condemned to death. What then was their surprise when the Dey suddenly rose from his seat, and ordered the prisoner to be taken, not to the slaves' department, but to the Moorish prison adjoining the palace. There he was detained five months, loaded with chains, and treated with the utmost rigour.

One morning, at break of day, a flag was perceived just above the horizon, and recognized as that of the Order of Mercy. Shouts of joy were heard from all parts of the town of Algiers, and the multitude of Christians of every nation, who so long had borne the yoke of slavery, saluted the banner with all the enthusiasm of hope realized. The vessel of deliverance soon entered the harbour, and the good fathers were seen standing on deck, dressed in their long white robes, while the flag, significant of their mission, floated from the prow.

This was what usually happened when a ship of this kind entered the port of Algiers.

The fathers first received a visit from the Turkish functionaries, who enquired the amount of the sum they brought, which was divided into equal parts, and put in coffers on the deck. The consuls of France or Spain met the holy men at the landing-place, and accompanied them to the palace of the Dey, the coffers of money being carried before them by their Moorish attendants. In this first interview, the fathers kissed the hand and robe of the

Dey, and answered his questions by means of an interpreter. They afterwards went to the lodging assigned to them.

The various sums collected by the Fathers of Mercy* were devoted to separate purposes; the money raised in France served for the purchase of French captives, and the contributions of all countries had each their appointed use.

Great inconvenience was often caused by the interference of the great functionaries, who arrogated to themselves the right of enforcing diverse purchases, but the fathers in general firmly withstood their unlawful pretensions.

When the ransom of a slave was to be paid, the master of the person in question used first to pay a visit to the fathers. Negotiations were carried on with great deliberation in the East, and whole hours were often spent in coming to an agreement on the price, which was generally at last decided by the tears and entreaties of the captive. The acts of purchase were drawn up at the office of the consul either of France or Spain, and all preliminaries being thus adjusted, the fathers opened the coffers containing the money, which was counted over by an interpreter, and distributed among the several claimants according to the terms agreed on. The new made freemen then kissed the hands of their former masters and of their deliverers, and the bar-

* This order was founded in the thirteenth century, by Pierre de Nolasque, a gentleman from Languedoc, and Raimond de Penaford, a Spaniard. The Fathers of Mercy were clothed in white, and wore the arms of Aragon on their scapularies, the order having been first patronized by James King of Aragon.

gain was concluded. This, with few exceptions, was the rule of proceeding adopted for the liberation of slaves of all nations, either through the means of the Fathers of Mercy or of the Trinitarian Brothers.

While Cervantes was enduring the horrors of the strictest captivity, the Dey Hassan was denounced to the Sultan by some of his numerous enemies. He immediately received orders to go to Constantinople, and Jaffir Pacha was sent out to succeed him. The day of the good monks' arrival was the last of Hassan's power. When the former were acquainted with the position of Cervantes, they proposed the subject of his ransom to the Dey, who demanded a thousand crowns, which was double the price he had paid to the corsair Mami. This sum was too large for the finances of the good fathers; they were obliged to refuse giving it, and the next day Hassan embarked for Constantinople, taking with him all his slaves and his treasures, Cervantes among the rest. One day, one hour more, and the genius of the illustrious poet would have remained unknown, buried in a Turkish prison. On further consideration, the worthy monks resolved to make another effort in his favour. They went on board the vessel, and by the force of their arguments and entreaties at last prevailed on the ex-Dey to accept the half of the sum specified, on condition that it should be paid immediately. They returned to Algiers, and with great difficulty made up the ransom, which was still far deficient of the amount required, as the mother and sister of the poet had only been able to raise 350 ducats, even by the sale

of their little property. The sum was duly paid to Hassan, who delivered the captive into the hands of his deliverers.

On the 19th of September, 1580, Miguel Cervantes returned to his country, after five years of slavery. Free he was indeed, but he lived poor and despised, even in his native land, where the fruits of his genius were not appreciated till long after his death. His was the fate of many men of talent, who enjoy their fame in anticipation merely, and whose merit is acknowledged only by future generations, capable of understanding its greatness.

St. Vincent de Paule was captured on his way to Narbonne by three Turkish brigantines, who coasted the gulf of Lyons, on the look out for any vessel that left the port of Beaucaire. He was brought to Algiers, where he was purchased by a fisherman, who afterwards resold him to an old man who was a practitioner of medicine. After the death of his master, St. Vincent fell to the share of his successor, who again sold him to a renegade from Nice in Savoy. This man had three wives, one of whom was a Greek Christian. She, curious to know the manners and customs of the French, used often to question the new slave on the subject, and watch him at his work. One day, she desired him to sing the praises of God. Struck with the remembrance of the "*Quomodo cantabimus in terra aliena*" of the children of Israel, he sang the psalm "*Super flumina Babylonis*" with great fervour and expression, and afterwards the "*Salve Regina*," with which his mistress was charmed. She reproached

her husband for having forsaken a religion, the beauties of which were made more apparent to her by the song of praise she had just heard, and her arguments had such an effect, that a feeling of remorse for his apostacy arose in the mind of her spouse; who shortly afterwards left the states of Barbary, taking with him his Christian wife and St. Vincent de Paule. They landed at Aigues-Mortes, and proceeded to Avignon, where, on the 26th of June, 1607, the repentant sinner was again received into the bosom of the church, the ceremony being performed in due form by the vice legate.

Deeply sympathizing with the sufferings of the Christian slaves in Algiers, from his own seven years' experience of captivity, St. Vincent de Paule used his utmost endeavours to interest the King, Louis XIII., in the fate of the 20,000 victims in whose misfortune he had shared, and to induce him to devise some means of affording them the comforts of religion. Accordingly, that monarch gave him the sum of 10,000 francs for the purpose, and the venerable priest immediately sent four lazarists to Algiers, who built a hospital there, with a small chapel adjoining, for the use of the Catholics. This hospital was still in existence in 1830, when the French took possession of the city.

Regnard, one of our best comic poets, was also taken by a pirate on his way from Italy to Toulon. His condition was bad enough during two years, but being gifted with the power of accommodating himself to circumstances, he made the best of his, and displayed a talent for cookery, which gained

him the favour of his master, who at last unwillingly parted with him for the sum of 12,000 francs, sent by his family to pay his ransom. Regnard brought with him to Paris the chain he had worn in Algiers, and carefully preserved it as a "souvenir" of his captivity.

Although the occupation of Algiers by the French has not yet produced all the good results expected, one great advantage has nevertheless been obtained by releasing the states of Europe from the ignominious tribute which they paid to this horde of pirates. The following is a list of these several sums.

The kingdom of the Two Sicilies paid an annual tribute of 24,000 piastres, besides furnishing presents to the value of 20,000 piastres.

Sardinia paid no direct tribute, being freed from the charge by England; but at every change of consuls, a considerable sum was expected from her.

The States of the Church were under the protection of France, and paid neither tribute nor any other imposition.

Portugal had concluded a treaty with Algiers on the same conditions as the Two Sicilies.

Spain was subject to no tribute, but made large donations at the appointment of every new consul.

Austria was freed from all tribute and consular presents by the intervention of the Porte.

England sent a donation of £600 sterling at every change of consul, in spite of the conditions laid down in 1816, under the cannon of Lord Exmouth.

Holland lent her assistance to bombard Algiers in 1816, and was included in the terms of the treaty.

She paid no tribute in consequence, and the Dey spared no means to molest her in every possible manner.

The United States concluded a treaty with the Dey on the same terms as that made with England, and adopted the same plan concerning the consular presents.

Hanover and Bremen did the same.

Sweden and Denmark paid an annual tribute consisting of sea-stores and munitions of war, to the value of 4000 piastres. Besides which, these kingdoms made a present of 1000 piastres at each renewal of the treaty, that is to say, every ten years.

The consuls also made presents to the Dey on entering into office. We must observe likewise, that the Algerian government, to make up for the indulgence granted to some of the smaller states, used occasionally to raise questions and discussions which caused a change of consuls, and brought in the presents due on the occasion. Although France paid nothing, according to agreement, the custom of making presents at the nomination of each consul was kept up till her final rupture with the states of Barbary.

There are several useful institutions at Algiers, as well as in all the other Algerian towns, established by the conquerors for the benefit of the native population. One of the most remarkable of these is a school for boys—the laws of the Koran not permitting girls to be taken from the superintendence of their mothers.

This school is held in a house overlooking the street, and is fitted up like the shop of a merchant.

About twenty boys are seated on mats, each holding a board, on which a few words from the Koran are written in Arabic letters. The master, an old man with a long white beard, reads the passage from the book of Mahomet, and all the children repeat it after him, producing a noise enough to deafen all bystanders. None of the pupils is allowed to withdraw his attention or speak to his neighbour, all are obliged to say, or rather to sing, the same lesson.

What appears strange at first sight is to see this number of small heads, covered with red caps, bowing simultaneously and rising again, as if set in motion by an invisible piece of machinery.

In the habitations opening into the street, it is not unusual to see Arabs seated opposite each other on the boards where they sleep at night, with a chess-board between them. This game has long been a favourite with this people, but I observed that fewer pawns are used than among us in Europe. "Tric-trac" is also very common here; and I have even seen cards, such as are called in France "Tarrots," covered with oriental signs, in the hands of the children, who play at the game which we call "La bataille."

An Antiquarian Museum has also been established at Algeria, which contains several specimens of natural history; but among the principal curiosities are some mosaics brought from Carthage.

Until very lately, Rome's mighty rival was doomed to perpetual oblivion, because the surface of the soil showed no vestige of her venerable remains; but a scientific commission, sent by the government, made excavations on the site of the town, which proved as

successful in bringing ancient Carthage to light, as those which restored Herculaneum and Pompeii to the admiration of the world. The news was heard in Europe with lively interest, that the streets of Carthage would soon be laid open, and that the discoveries, already so interesting, would be carried on to the fullest extent. Sir Granville Temple was one of the members of the commission, and has most likely published the result of their labours.

The ninth month of the year, called the Rhama-dan, is a sort of Lent to the Mussulmans, and is spent in fasting and prayer.

This period of repentance and meditation never returns at the same time of the year, but sometimes falls in one season, sometimes in another. The fast is observed from two hours before sunrise to a quarter of an hour after sunset. During this interval the Moors neither eat, drink, nor smoke. They are likewise prohibited from embracing any person, or using any perfume.

The conclusion of the day's fast is announced by a cannon shot from the Cashba to the inhabitants of the country, and by the voice of the muezzins to the townspeople. All good Mussulmans then go to prayer, after which they have their only repast for the day. When this is finished, they are at liberty to attend to their business, but the greater number of them go to the coffee-houses, where they spend the night in smoking, drinking coffee, and playing at chess. The more devout employ their time in works of piety and charity, and the mosques are illuminated and kept open during the thirty nights of the month.

Yesterday was the last of the Rhaḥmadan. Three cannon shots proclaimed the solemnity of the morrow, and this morning at three o'clock all the negroes of the town were rushing about, striking their tambourines with an iron hook in their right hand, and with the fingers of the left. This instrument was the "tympanon" of the ancients. Others played on large castanets about a foot in length, and made of iron or copper. The object of all this din was to awaken the sleepers, which object was most effectually obtained. Such is the beginning of the feast of the Baïram, a religious and national festival, which none fail to attend. Slaves and free men, all join in groups of ten to fifty, and after proceeding through the streets and singing at the doors of their masters or patrons, they all assemble in the principal square of the city. There they again divide into several parties, with a tambourine player at the head of each, every negro holding his large castanets in both hands. Some are armed with short sticks, and these latter groups are by far the most curious, as there is more character in their performance and variety in their attitudes. The musician stands in the middle, and the dancers form a moving circle round him, executing their wild measure with the greatest skill and dexterity, and striking their sticks against those of their neighbours to the right and left, before and behind, in such good time and with such precision, as to give the effect of one single sound. They sometimes even strike over their shoulder, without turning round, but never miss their aim. Some occasionally stop, and walk a few steps in the gravest man-

ner, moving their heads and arms in time to the music, while others again leave their places, rush into the midst of the circle, and perform a sort of pirouette ending with a bow down to the ground.

The Arabian violin has only two strings. The instrument used in Europe is also known here, but serves only as a bass to the other. The musicians play on the Italian mandoline without either taste or method, and on a reed pipe pierced with eight holes.

The Mussulmans in general have little feeling for the beauties of harmony, which few of them can understand. One day, after hearing the overture to William Tell played by the forty-third regiment of the line, with *real* talent and execution, I hoped that my enthusiasm was in some degree shared by a Moor who had seemed to be listening with great attention. I asked him his opinion, with all the conceit of a person who expects a compliment, but what was my mortification when the barbarian shook his head, saying with the tone of the most learned connoisseur: "I can discover no sense in this music. There are so many instruments that they spoil each other."

I seldom have felt more foolish or more disappointed, and could my companion have guessed my thoughts, he would not have thanked me for my civility, for I was almost on the point of saying to him that their detestable Arab music was well suited to such ears as his.

The three days of the Bairam are spent in a round of amusement, consisting chiefly of the "Fantasias" already described in the story of "an Arab Law." The Moors are excellent horsemen, and never fail

to show themselves off to the best advantage, dressed in their richest costume, and mounted on their best steeds.

None can form an idea of the beauty and grace of the Arabian horse who has not seen it in its natural state, untrammelled by bit or bridle, ranging in freedom over the plains of Africa, from whence it returns at night, of its own accord, to the tent of its master. Possessed of singular intelligence, it seems to understand every intonation of the human voice, and to reply, by shaking back the mane that waves over its small, well shaped head, or by a bound, significative of hesitation or dislike. But when once mounted, the sagacious animal is obedient to every word and sign from its rider, and exhibits itself in the field on *its own account*, going through the various exercises with evident pride, as if conscious of its own merits, and receiving applause as justly due to them. It evidences its delight by a thousand coquettish signs, which seem to call for renewed acclamations. The feats of these horses are however not more wonderful than those performed in the circusses of London or Paris, though I have seen an Arabian walk the distance of a quarter of a mile on its hind legs. One knows not which performance most to admire; that of the horseman, who, urging his steed to a full gallop, stoops and picks a wand from the ground, or that of the horse, which stops in a moment when going at its fastest pace, and stands as still as a statue, not a single motion giving sign of the course so suddenly interrupted. In all military exercises, the horse and man seem to form

but one individual, like the centaurs of old. The horse never flinches when the gun is fired off between its ears, and seems to require no guidance from the rider.

The celebration of the fêtes of the Baïram also give the best opportunity of examining the richness of the Moorish costume, as the women parade all about the streets, holding their children by the hand. The “haik,” or veil, covers their whole persons, with the exception of the eyes, which eyes are in general so beautiful, that I can quite understand the jealousy of the husbands. But in spite of this veil, which however they sometimes raise, as if on purpose to display their charms, you can see their trousers of silken muslin, their robes of silk embroidered with gold or silver, or worked in variegated colours. Their bare feet are enclosed in slippers of red, blue, or yellow morocco, likewise embroidered in gold or silver. The children are dressed in velvet or embroidered silk, and wear the “chachia” or Tunisian cap, made of the same colour as the vest, covered with sequins, and ornamented with a golden tassel. Some are attired in a parti-coloured garment of blue and yellow, like the costumes worn in Europe at the time of the middle ages. Their exclamations of joy, added to those of the negroes, produce the most discordant clamour ever heard. The “Baïram” is to the inhabitants of this part of Africa, what “les trois finesgras” are to the Parisian population. The latter festival is also observed in Algeria, and though the poor negroes have no knowledge of its meaning, they are

too glad to have a pretext for dressing themselves up in colours and tinsel, hats with feathers, paper flowers, etc. etc.

The carnival was instituted in this country by the Provençaux and Maltese, shortly after their arrival. The latter in particular, made it a kind of saturnalia, revelling in all the luxury of dirt and drunkenness. In this however, they are not imitated by the negroes, who faithful to their customs, make as much noise as possible, but proceed no further, and their innocent enjoyment never excites the abhorrence and loathing caused by the disgusting excesses of those, who, being placed, as we believe, on a higher scale of humanity, ought to set a better example to their less favoured brethren.

Seventy days after the Baïram, a great festival, called "Aïd el Kebir" takes place, in which as many sheep are killed as there are persons in each family. The victim is cut up in three parts, one of which is salted and set aside for the use of the household, the second is distributed among the poor, and the third is made a present of to the friends and acquaintance of the donor. The "Aïd el Kebir" is the festival commemorative of the Hegira.

The twentieth day after the "Aïd el Kebir," is the first day of the Mahometan year. It answers to the Lady-day of the English in one particular, as it is the time chosen for all changes of residence. Ten days afterwards is the feast of the Achoura, in which all true believers are supposed to give the tithe of their possessions to God, in the shape of a generous donation in money, corn, oil, etc. to the poor.

The next fête is that of "Muloud," which lasts seven days. This is the anniversary of the birth of the Prophet. On the evening before, all the houses, shops, bazaars, etc. are lighted up with wax candles, and all the mosques are splendidly illuminated. The schools also are proclaimed in vacation, and ornamented with flags, of the colours of the celebrated marabouts.

The "Adhra" is an entertainment given by the Moors to their friends, or what in France would be called a "soirée." The principal amusement consists of the performance of the "Mechdoubins" or dancers, who execute wonderful feats of strength and agility, till, thrown by the excitement of the measure into a sort of nervous delirium, they become almost frantic in their movements, and finally drop down, completely overwhelmed by the exertion. The spectators, seated on the divans, leisurely smoke their pipes and drink their coffee, smiling at the efforts of the performers.

Women also give "Adhras," and the female dancers are called "Medahols." I have described one of these spectacles in a former part of this book, and will only add here, that in spite of the zeal displayed by the "danseuses" to give the best idea of their talent, they only inspired me with the profoundest feeling of compassion, and a strong desire to quit the scene, which however, civility forbade me from doing. I made a firm resolution never to be present again at such proceedings.

There are negro performers of the same kind, who even out-do the Moors in the extravagance of their antics. They grind their teeth and wring their

hands, as though in violent convulsions ; and as the paroxysm increases, they give way to the most frightful demonstrations of frenzy and violence, eating glass, raw meat, and the leaves of the thorny cactus, which they tear with their teeth ;—swallowing fire, serpents, scorpions, etc., and when their strength is fairly exhausted, they fall into a state of torpor and complete prostration, from which however they no sooner recover than they begin again. They are supposed to be gifted with magical power, and charge very dear for their performance.

No other music is used in these fêtes but an earthen vessel covered with a piece of parchment, on which the musicians strike with their fingers or an iron hook, in time to the measure.

After the capture of Constantina, and the restoration of peace, Europeans of all nations went to establish themselves there, as in all the other towns of the settlement. The consequence was that Constantina, as well as Algiers, lost its pristine character, and became a mart for all trades that could possibly be turned to account. With the exception of the stamp of antiquity that rests on this town, as testified by its venerable ruins, Constantina in 1850 no longer bears the appearance of a Mahometan city, and still cannot properly be called a French town. It is, in short, difficult to distinguish her by any characteristic whatever, and the diverse elements of which her present aspect is composed, good as they are of their kind, make one regret still more the loss of that originality which was the principal charm of the place.

The Bishop of Algiers, feeling the necessity of establishing the religion of the state as soon as possible in his new diocese, explained his views to the Governor General, who put the large and handsome mosque of Achmet-bey at Constantina at his disposal. On the 3rd of March, 1839, it was consecrated as a church.

The Arabs came in crowds to witness the ceremonies of the Catholic Faith, and appeared amazed and almost stupefied with all they heard and saw. Convinced that our God is the same as theirs, and that we only differ in the *manner* of worshipping Him, they behave in church with all the respect due to the place and occasion. They kneel as we do, and pray in their language when they are unable to understand the words spoken in ours by the officiating priest, and when the service is over, they eagerly seek to satisfy their curiosity by asking for an explanation of all that took place.

On Easter Sunday, most of the great personages of the country, and the chiefs of the Desert, agreed to meet in the church at Constantina, to celebrate the offices for the day. The latter were struck almost motionless with astonishment when they beheld the magnificence with which all was conducted; the soldiers standing under arms, the priests arrayed in their richest pontifical robes, the music sounding at the elevation of the Host, and the respectful demeanour of the generals of the army, seemed to impress them with awe and reverence. When the priest, ascending the pulpit, addressed an eloquent discourse to the faithful of all nations, the interpreters explained to the chiefs whatever had reference to

the Arab population, the Europeans being exhorted to live with them on the most peaceful terms, and to treat them with gentleness and friendship.

When the service was concluded, the native chiefs surrounded the Abbé Suchet, who had officiated at the mass. They kissed his hand with the deepest veneration, and enquired the meaning of the great cross of "Sid na Issa" (Jesus Christ), of the little statue of "Lela Marien," of the confessional, of the baptismal font, of the altar, etc.; and when each was explained to them, they replied, "Melih Bez-zef"—it is well. "Allah Iazekoum"—God loves you.

On the 21st of May, a great solemnity took place on the banks of the Rummel, in honour of the king Louis Philippe. The scene of this ceremony was a large plain surrounded by hills, which were covered with Arabs, and appeared at a distance like the waves of a sea white with foam. All the inhabitants of the town were present, and the provinces and the great desert were represented by the chiefs of each tribe, and by the principal persons of each family. A more numerous or a more singular assembly never met in any part of Africa. In the midst of the enormous square formed by the French troops, an altar of turf was erected, ornamented with wreaths of flowers. Upon this altar was a magnificent trophy of various arms, over which waved the great standard of Mahomet, joined with the colours of the province and the French flag.

All the great Arabian dignitaries, the chiefs of tribes and heads of families, expressed their wish to accompany the general and his staff into the square

formed by the French troops round the altar, and attend the celebration of the mass, which they did with an appearance of astonishment mixed with admiration. At the elevation of the host, they knelt down, in imitation of the Christian part of the congregation, and the crowds which covered the hills followed their example.

Such a spectacle as this was never witnessed, even at the time when the Christian Church celebrated the mysteries of our religion in this remote district, for the worship of the Redeemer was limited to those only who professed the Faith He taught, the other nations, indigenous to the country, never bowed the knee before Him.

After divine service, the fantasias and martial games began. The governor had instituted prizes for the victors, and tents had been erected, that the officers of the staff might witness the national sports. One tent, in particular, was raised for the accommodation of Archbishop Suchet and the Sisters of Charity, who were appointed to distribute the prizes and to crown the victors. It was a strange, but touching sight:—these swarthy Africans, these fierce children of the desert, kneeling down before the pious and humble women whom they had learnt to venerate, and receiving the crowns, the reward of their merits, from the pure and trembling hands of the modest Sisters of Charity.

I made acquaintance at Bona with Sister Aglaë, a nun of the Christian doctrine at Nancy. Anxious to find a wider field for the exercise of her ardent charity, she had come over to Algeria at her own expense, and her first care after her arrival was to

learn the vulgar Arabic, the only dialect in general use here. As soon as she was able to express herself in this language, she carefully enquired into, and sought for, every case of suffering, grief, or misery, where her assistance might be useful or necessary. The poorer Mussulmans were the principal objects of her solicitude; she attended their wives and children in illness; their customs forbidding the former to receive any assistance from a man, even in cases of extreme danger. The pharmacopœia of the hospital was placed at her disposal, and there she supplied herself with the medicines she required. To her skill in the art of healing, she joined the greatest delicacy of tact, and a degree of singular intelligence, which enabled her to meet the difficulties of all cases, mental and bodily, that fell under her observation; and when unable to restore a patient to life, she used to soothe his agony by the kindest expressions of comfort, without ever allowing an inadvertent word to escape, which might hurt the religious feelings of the person on whom she bestowed her sympathy. But when the soul was about to take flight, she would kneel down and pray earnestly that that soul, blind in belief, though perhaps right in action, might be admitted to the favour of God.

The good nun and I were great friends. I used often to accompany her in her visits, which perhaps more than any thing, opened the way to my personal observations of Arab domestic life, and enabled me to study their private habits. It was touching to see these poor people, when they perceived their

kind benefactress, crowd round her, jostling against all who stood in their way. One said, "Thou hast saved my mother. May God protect thee, and lead thy heart aright!" Another, "My father has been almost blinded by the last simoom; wilt thou come to see him?" A third: "The child of Mysoub has hurt himself, and Mysoub asks for the saint" (that was the name given to her). "Wilt thou not come?" "In an hour," replied Sister Aglaë, "I shall have seen them all:" and the Arabs would depart, kissing the hand that had touched her veil, and blessing her.

One day, when going her round of visits, Sister Aglaë saw a poor negro child, sitting on a stone in the corner of a street, "What art thou doing there, Ali, sitting in the sun?" she said to him. "Go home to thy father."

"Ali has no home," replied the child, "and the cholera has taken his father." (It was at the time when Bona was suffering cruelly from the ravages of this epidemic.)

"But where dost thou sleep?" asked the good sister.

"Here, on this stone. I wish to go and join my father."

"Why wish for death, my poor child? It is wrong to do so."

"Because I am hungry, and have nothing to eat; and when I am hungry I am very ill."

"Come with me, then," said Sister Aglaë, taking him by the hand, but the poor child was unable to walk. She took him in her arms, carried him to

the room in the hospital that was especially under her care, put him in a little bed, and rendered him all possible attention.

Shortly afterwards, I was myself attacked with typhus fever, and the physician who attended me strongly advised that I should be conveyed to Sister Aglaë's ward, where she would take care of me, and where he would be able to visit me several times a day, he being the principal physician of the hospital. This was one of the most difficult matters that I ever had to settle, but the case was urgent. I was placed on a litter, and taken to the hospital, where Sister Aglaë gave me a bed next to her own, a screen only dividing them. That of Ali was opposite.

During the first few nights, when my brain was disturbed by the excitement of fever, I was almost alarmed at the fixed expression of the eyes of the poor little negro. Frightfully deformed through the ill treatment of his mother-in-law, who also had died of the cholera, and emaciated to a skeleton, this poor, fragile creature was truly an object of compassion. When the height of my delirium was past, I used often to distinguish his little black face, as he sat on a chair close to my bed, watching me. I was once surprized to see him come near me in the middle of the night.

“What dost thou want, Ali?” I asked.

“It is a long time since thou hast eaten,” he replied, putting a pear into my hand, “eat this, for I am sure thou art hungry, and Ali will always keep his pears and grapes for thee.”

“I must not eat, Ali, the doctor has forbidden me.”

“ But if thou dost not eat, thou wilt die,” he answered weeping.

Sister Aglaë, who watched this little scene, rose, kissed him, and put him back into his little bed, telling him that he would be the cause of my death were I to give way to his entreaties.

Ali was hardly eight years old. I never saw a negro countenance with so much sweetness and expression, but his deformity prevented his limbs from growing to the natural size. He was afflicted also with extreme difficulty of breathing, proceeding from an advanced state of asthma, which was beyond all cure.

Every morning and evening, Sister Aglaë read prayers. Little Ali was not able to kneel, but lay on the bed with his arms extended, which was the only posture he could assume without pain. At first I thought he was a Christian, and was rather surprized at this deviation from Sister Aglaë’s rules. I once asked her to whom Ali prayed.

“ He prays to Allah,” she replied. “ When he feels inclined to become a Christian, he himself will tell me. I act by example, and should be unwilling to force him to a conversion of which his youth prevents him feeling the importance. In the mean time M. le Curé has sprinkled him.” (This, as my readers know, is a ceremony in the Catholic church previous to baptism, generally performed on infants.)

That same day, Ali was very ill, and got up but for a short time. Sister Aglaë was much with him, but shook her head to my anxious looks of enquiry. The doctor visited him whilst going

his rounds, examined him, prescribed nothing, and passed on.

On the following night, it was I who sat up in my bed, watching his every movement. He once stretched out his arm for the drink beside him, but could not reach it. I immediately got up, raised his poor head on my left arm, and tried to make him swallow a few drops. He was dead!

I called Sister Aglaë, but all help was in vain. We knelt down and repeated the prayers for the dead before the corpse of the sweet and gentle child, who was so generally beloved for his kind feeling for others, his intelligence, and the courage with which he bore his constant suffering.

The servant of the infirmary who took away the body, though accustomed to this kind of service, could not help saying :

“ What a pity he was a negro, for such a one as he was fit to go to Paradise.”

“ But negroes are men as well as we,” replied Sister Aglaë, “ and God judges us by our actions, not by our colour. Ali is at this moment perhaps an angel in Heaven, as well as your own child.”

For a long time, we greatly missed the poor boy, but the increasing horrors of the cholera forcibly withdrew our minds from the regret we felt for his loss, to the contemplation of more painful scenes. The ward in which I lay was filled with invalids suffering from this dreadful malady, who died off in rapid succession, as if to make way for others likewise afflicted. The sublime courage and self-devotion of Sister Aglaë seemed to rise to the occasion. Intent wholly on the relief of those entrusted to her

care, she hardly allowed herself time for rest. I once entreated her to spare herself a little, but to no purpose, she merely answered, "Fear nothing on my account. As my need, so shall my strength be. Does not God temper the wind to the shorn lamb?"

It must be said for Abd-el-Kader, that he did his utmost to deprive Arabian warfare of the stamp of ferocity imprinted on it by the immemorial, but barbarous custom of refusing all demands for quarter. His orders always were, to make as many prisoners as possible, and only to kill those whose obstinate resistance rendered it necessary to do so. This command was obeyed so far as his own authority could enforce it, but still, the fanatical hatred of the Arab gave him opportunities of following the old custom, and his own inclination.

In the beginning of the year 1841, the Bishop of Algiers, at the request of the Governor-general, wrote to the Emir to propose an exchange of the French prisoners who had fallen into his hands, with the Arabs who at that time were in our power. Abd-el-Kader accepted the offer of the prelate, and charged his kalifat (lieutenant) Sidi Mahomet-ben-Allah, to appoint the time and place for the exchange. The latter wrote to the Bishop, requesting him to go to the farm of Mouzaïa on the 18th of May, with all the Arab captives, and offering to meet him there with all the French prisoners he could gather together, to effect the exchange agreed on.

On the day appointed, forty-three men, forty-eight

women, and thirty-nine children were assembled in the "Place d'Armes." The women were occupied in milking the goats with which we supplied them for the nourishment of their little ones. The Bishop had hired twelve large carriages to convey the women and children to the place of rendezvous, and the men were to follow on foot. Each person was provided with a bournou, two foulards, bread, and other provisions, and the little caravan, preceded by the Bishop's carriage, set off, unescorted by any troops. The first halting place was Bouffarick, a village about seven leagues from Algiers.

An unforeseen circumstance almost caused the project to fail, at the very moment when those concerned in it were most sure of its accomplishment. A French column, commanded by General Baraguay d'Hilliers, had that very morning taken possession of the farm of Mouzaïa. The kalifat, on seeing the place he had designated seized by the enemy, thought that he was betrayed, and retreated, carrying with him the French prisoners. The news of this unfortunate event soon reached the Bishop, who nevertheless was determined to set all matters right, and clear his countrymen from the suspicion attached to them.

He dispatched the Abbé Suchet, Mr. Berbrugger, the librarian of Algiers, and Toustain the interpreter, to explain the mistake to Mahomet-ben-Allah; but it was not without some difficulty that the messengers of the Bishop contrived to fix new terms for the treaty, and to appoint the time and place where the exchange of prisoners was to be effected.

At last it was agreed that the parties should meet

at Bouffarick, but beyond reach of the French camp there established;—that the Bishop should be unattended by any military escort, and that during the interview, no French soldier should appear beyond the limits of the camp;—that notice should be given to the commander of Blidah to make no hostile demonstration, should Arab horsemen be seen in the plain near the town;—that the Abbé Suchet and his three companions were to remain as hostages in the hands of the Arabs, till the exchange was made; (the next day being appointed for the purpose) and lastly, that the kalifat himself was to lead the French prisoners to the place designated, he also not being allowed the privilege of an escort.

All took place according to the rules laid down. Nevertheless, the four French hostages who remained in the Arab camp after the departure of the kalifat suffered much from being obliged to pass a few moments in a state of intense and well grounded apprehension. The ferocious aspect of the crowd of enemies with whom they were surrounded was enough in the first place to strike them with fear and misgiving, besides which, it was not long before they heard the sound of the French cannon actively firing upon the Arabs in the “Col de Mouzaïa,” where a sharp engagement was taking place. The chiefs seemed to tremble with fury as they sat on their horses, and cast fierce glances of indignation at the hostages, who, having alighted, waited the issue of events with all the calmness and tranquillity they could muster. Still further signs of displeasure and suspicion began to manifest themselves among the Arabs, and a general commotion seemed ready to

break out in the camp, when the Abbé Suchet, who stood observing every symptom of danger, knelt down and began to pray. The Arabs, respecting as usual all devotional exercises, refrained from any annoyance or molestation.

This state of anxiety, however, did not last long. An Arab horseman soon came from the kalifat, to request the Abbé to conduct the Arab prisoners to the spot where he and the Bishop were engaged in deep conference. The good ecclesiastic immediately mounted on horseback, and hastened to fulfil the mission assigned him. A few minutes afterwards he was at the place appointed, with the prisoners. The latter walked in a line before the kalifat, who was seated in the Bishop's carriage, and signed to them, as they passed, to take their places behind him. There also were assembled a number of Arabs, who had come with horses, mules, asses, etc. to carry home their wives and children. In a moment the carriages which had brought them to the spot were empty;—husbands, fathers, and brothers rushed almost mad with joy, into the arms of their wives, children, sisters, friends, etc. But these expressions of delight were mingled with cries, groans, and shrieks of despair, for many a widow and orphan had come on their long errand in vain, and could not find the object of their search among the rejoicing multitude, who, intent on their own pleasure, seemed little to regard the grief of those who were thus disappointed. The agony of these unhappy creatures knew no bounds; some rolled in the dust, others tore their faces, in a sort of deli-

rium, while their children clung to them, holding them in a close embrace.

Meantime the French captives were approaching. The kalifat shook hands with the Bishop for the last time, and went to meet the Abbé Suchet, whom he greeted most cordially, both reciprocally wishing each other all happiness. Mahomet got upon his splendid courser, and watched the French prisoners as they entered the carriages which had conveyed the Arabian women; then, making his horse prance, he brought around him a swarm of Arabs, who had kept themselves concealed till the exchange had taken place. With a motion of his hand, he directed them towards the west, and placing himself at their head, led the way to the hills.

The hostages were restored, and the cortège returned to the French camp, the prisoners singing a hymn in honour of their liberation, expressive also of their gratitude to the good Bishop who had saved them from the horrors of captivity. To give an idea of what these horrors were, a slight sketch must be made of the exterminating system of warfare carried on for some time after the French conquest. I will therefore relate a few episodes taken from the accounts published at the time.

The Bey of Litteria had entered into a treaty of alliance with the French, but, forgetting his promise, soon afterwards joined the Kabyles against them. Marshal Clausel, indignant at this breach of faith, determined to march against Medeah, the capital of his dominions, and take vengeance on him for his treachery; but having unluckily been misin-

formed as to the preparations necessary for such an enterprize, he committed several errors, and seriously endangered the safety of his troops by crossing the pass of Mouzaïa. However, he was extricated from danger by the valour and intrepidity of the soldiers, who, knowing with what barbarity the Kabyles murdered the wounded, were inspired with a sort of fierce courage, which made up for their own inferiority of number, and enabled them even to overcome the difficulties of their position, which were such as to render it almost impossible to engage with their subtle and well practised enemies on fair terms. The road they were pursuing was but a narrow pathway, giving admittance to only one at a time, and the heights above were occupied by crowds of Kabyles, who encompassed them on all sides.

With the resolution of despair, they climbed up the steep face of the rock, in hopes of driving away the enemies, who stood on every ledge where the foot of man could find a resting-place, and from thence showering their musketry on the French below, and causing horrible devastation among them.

Such was the disadvantage at which our troops were engaged: a small band, strange to the country and ignorant of the way, had to make head against a host of warriors, whose well chosen situation almost ensured them from peril. The Arabs at last ceased to fire on the French, but, seizing them by their leathern belts as they ascended the rock, threw them into the abyss below, where the unfortunate victims died ere they reached the bottom.

At last, by dint of unflinching perseverance and dauntless courage, our soldiers reached the top of

the hills, where no rocks offered a friendly shelter to their enemies. The first seven men who ascended to the summit fell under the swords of the Arabs, who immediately decapitated them, and afterwards took flight, maliciously showing our men the bloody heads of their companions.

After passing through the narrow defile, the French army perceived in the distance a high mountain, on which was situated Medeah, the chief town of Litteria. This town contains about 6000 inhabitants, and is far superior to Algiers in point of construction. The country around is of so singular an aspect, and so utterly different to the usual character of the scenery in those regions, that it reminds one of the plains of Burgundy, between Beaune and Châlons.

Most of the houses in Medeah have tiled roofs, as is generally the case in towns situated among the mountains, where the climate does not admit of the flat terraces that form the principal characteristic of Moorish cities. Some of these houses, however, have terraces built in a sloping form, to let off the rain. In this district, the cactus, the palm tree and the orange cease to exist, and the country is divided into cultivated fields and vineyards, surrounded by hedgerows.

A deputation of the inhabitants of the town, preceded by a white flag, came to meet our army, and proposed terms of surrender. In spite of the vicinity of an innumerable host of armed Kabyles, who covered the neighbouring hills, our troops easily took possession of Medeah. The Bey offered to give himself and his son as prisoners, on the sole

condition that their lives should be spared. Marshal Clausel readily consented, and the prince immediately placed himself in our power with all his family and 150 Janissaries, all unarmed. On being asked what had become of their weapons, they replied that they had been deprived of them by the Kabyles, a sufficient proof how little they understood their use.

The day after the capture of Medeah it was discovered that there was hardly any ammunition left in the town, the want of which material would have been greatly felt, in the case of any sudden attack. The Marshal (General Clausel) ordered the commander of horse artillery to send fifty men in search of some, adding that a troop of infantry should escort them beyond Bleida. The commander informed him that, for want of knowledge of the country, the men would be exposed to certain death. However, Clausel insisted, and the troop set out on the expedition.

On the day following, the weather changed for the worse, and provisions soon began to fail. In consequence of this state of things, the Marshal resolved on leaving Medeah and returning to Algiers, after appointing 600 men, under the command of a colonel, to serve as garrison to the conquered city. This officer however represented to the Marshal how impossible it would be for so small a force to occupy a post so dangerous as that of Medeah, the town being ill fortified, and the neighbouring hills affording refuge to numbers of Kabyles, whose thirst for blood was equal to their love for pillage, and who, by descending from their mountain fastnesses, could

so encompass the city as to prevent any of the garrison setting foot beyond the walls, by which means the town would be at their mercy, and might easily be destroyed by a mortar and a few cannons.

By dint of entreaties, the Colonel at last obtained the reinforcement of another troop, which was to remain at Medeah till the return of the regiment sent out on search of ammunition. The whole number of the garrison amounted to 1200, and among other necessities attending their position, there was a great scarcity of forage and victuals, and even of straw for the horses. But this was a circumstance that the Marshal had neglected to take into account. Thus a double error was committed. A garrison was left without either food or ammunition, in a dangerous country, where every moment might bring the chance of an attack, and an army was sent out on their march, each man provided with only twenty cartouches, and having to pass through narrow defiles, where a thousand of the enemy, occupying the heights above, could impede their progress and reduce their numbers by hurling stones down upon them, if not destroy them entirely. These contingencies, however, were apparently not foreseen by Marshal Clausel, commander-in-chief of the French army.

The condition of the soldiers engaged on this expedition was wretched, owing to the bad lodging and worse food they had had since their arrival at Medeah. They however, began their march in tolerable order, carrying the few provisions they had been able to obtain. Fortunately, they met with few obstacles in crossing the plain of Mouzaïa, the

scene of their former difficulties, and with the exception of a few slight skirmishes, no serious encounter took place.

On arriving in the neighbourhood of Bleida, they heard that the detachment of infantry which had escorted the artillerymen, had taken up their quarters at the place appointed as the termination of their journey, but that numbers of Kabyles had been seen hovering about in the distance, which gave but too good reason to fear that the troop that had proceeded farther had been murdered by them.

Neither was the least doubt entertained that Bleida itself had been attacked by the savage multitude, and was at that very moment in their power. The army bent their steps thither in the greatest haste and anxiety, but on entering the town, the most horrible spectacle met their eyes. The streams were tinged with blood, heaps of dead bodies choked up the way, and traces of bullets on the walls and gates showed that the fight had been carried on from street to street. Near the gate opening on the road to Algiers, lay a promiscuous mass of dead bodies, the corpses of the French soldiers covering those of the Kabyles and Arabs, their enemies, proving that they had remained victors in the death struggle. The shattered houses and deserted habitations completed the dismal scene.

Bleida was under the dominion of the French, which was the cause of her ruin, her submission to us having excited the fury of the Kabyles. The garrison, too weak to resist the number of the enemy, was murdered, as well as all the inhabitants who had been unable to flee from the town soon enough to avoid the slaughter.

The first care of our troops was to bury the dead that lay scattered about everywhere. In a short time the few people who had escaped from the massacre, returned to the town, encouraged by the sight of an army capable of protecting them. Then ensued a scene of distress difficult to describe; old men, women and children wandered about, examining the corpses as they were carried to the grave, in the dread of recognizing in each, a son, a father, or a brother, while our soldiers stood by, with their arms folded, and their countenances expressing the sympathy they felt for the wretched beings around them.

The departure of the army was fixed for the morrow, and it was determined that not a single person should be left at Bleida. In consequence of this resolution, the inhabitants of that unfortunate city set out in the morning, leading mules laden with their scanty baggage to the place appointed, where they were to join the army and march in its rear towards Algiers. Four hundred people, Jews and Moors, women and children, had to perform this painful journey of fifteen leagues, most of the women carrying infants in their arms, or dragging three or four children after them, the little ones clinging to the clothes of their mother, and weeping bitterly, while boys and girls of eight and ten years old carried burdens nearly as large as themselves, under the weight of which they almost sank. Some led their blind and aged relations by the hand, others carried children unable to walk. But in spite of all efforts, these unhappy creatures found it impossible to keep pace with the army, encumbered

as they were with burdens, both dead and living. Some threw away the slight remains of their worldly goods; others, exhausted, sank down upon the ground, and implored the pity of the mounted troops. One poor little girl of about ten years old, who carried her baby brother, found herself unable, thus laden, to proceed any farther; but, unwilling to leave the child to its fate, she lay down and clasped it in her arms, weeping in the most heart-rending manner. One of the officers, moved with compassion, placed the child before him on horse-back, another took care of the little girl, and their example was followed by several others, to the infinite relief of numbers of unhappy parents, who overwhelmed them with thanks and blessings. The soldiers also joined in the act of mercy, and shared their allowance with the fugitives, while several of the officers of the staff gave up their horses for the use of the distressed women and children. The baggage waggons were crowded with these poor creatures, and every means was used for their safe conveyance, that the warmest sympathy could devise. The conduct of our soldiers in this instance did them credit, as a proof of their kindly feeling towards suffering humanity, and of their promptitude to assist when succour is required.

The army was compelled to march at a slower pace than usual, on account of the encumbrance caused by this long train of fugitives, but at last they arrived in sight of Bouffarick, where a scene of still more appalling horror met their eyes. The ground was strewed with dead bodies, despoiled of their clothes and horribly mutilated, while human

limbs, palpitating as if life were hardly extinct, were suspended on the branches of three palm and two olive trees that overshadowed some Moorish tombs close by. The corpse of an unfortunate sutler woman, who had followed the troops in search of provisions, was hanging by the feet, in a state that showed the tortures that had been inflicted on her, and two or three men were found buried alive, up to the neck. They were speedily released from this dreadful situation, but assistance had come too late. They expired a few minutes afterwards.

At this agonizing spectacle, a cry of revenge and horror was heard throughout the whole army. The men had recognized the bodies of their companions, those unfortunate artillerymen, for whose safety they until that moment had still ventured to entertain a gleam of hope. Alas! that was gone. All had been murdered, and their mangled remains were found scattered over the country as far as Sidi Haït, a village not far from Algiers. The jackals had already commenced their work of destruction, and of some of the unhappy victims nothing but the skeleton was left.

The brave artillerymen seemed to have defended themselves to the utmost, and a number of graves newly dug, in which the Arabs had buried their dead, proved the loss the enemy had sustained.

After the arrival of the troops at Algiers, no time was lost by the government in sending to Medeah the ammunition so much required. A singular means was devised for carrying this plan into execution, more creditable to the ingenuity than to the prudence of those who contrived it. The powder

and cartridges were packed up in bales of a different shape from that generally used, and consigned to the care of the Arabs, who, being well paid for the carriage, conveyed them as merchandize to the place of their destination, ignorant of their contents. The success which it met with, hardly justifies the boldness of this experiment, for had the dangerous materials fallen into the hands of the enemy, they would have served to destroy the very people for whose assistance they were originally intended.

Such was the fury with which the war was waged during the first few years of the invasion, and this instance is but one among many. It may be adduced, as a slight palliation of the cruelties ascribed to us, that the Arabs were always prone to impute to fear, the moderation exercised towards them by their conquerors, and that therefore it was necessary to pursue the course of severity which alone could reduce them to submission.

The actual war ceased three or four years ago, but parties are still annually sent out against those districts, the inhabitants of which refuse to pay their share of the contributions levied throughout the country. In 1849 a rebellion took place at Zaatcha, of sufficient importance to cause the apprehension of a general rising among the Kabyles; but after the capture of that town, the tribes of the interior returned to submission, and now seem to have given up all hopes of the successful issue of a struggle, which already has proved to them so unfortunate.

At the present time (1850) Medeah and Bleida are restored in some degree from ruin, and keep up

an active correspondence with Algiers. This commercial intercourse is conducted by means of carriages, which perform the journey between one town and the other, twice a day, thus securing a great advantage to the inhabitants of both.

The remembrance of Abd-el-Kader is still rife in Algeria, and his great name, joined to his misfortunes, has numbered even his enemies among his admirers. A slight notice of this celebrated person will not be out of place here.

His father, the Marabout Mahiddin, or to write it more correctly after the Arabian style of orthography, Mahi-el-Dinn, belonged to the powerful tribe of the Hachem, who live by the cultivation of the plain of Egrès, to the south of Mascara, where his family enjoyed great religious celebrity, which extended over the greater part of the Mussulman world. One of the ancestors of Abd-el-Kader, of the same name as himself, was revered as a saint in the neighbourhood of Damascus, where several chapels, erected to his memory, still exist. In virtue of his reputation for piety, Mahi-el-Dinn was endowed with the privilege of making his house an asylum for debtors and criminals, where they were secure from the terrors of the law. His profound erudition, the popular favour he enjoyed and the influence which he exercised over the masses of his countrymen, in right of his own personal reputation and illustrious descent, roused the apprehensions of the Bey of Oran, who soon penetrated into the designs of the ambitious Marabout, which tended to nothing less than the subversion of the Turkish dominion in Algeria, and the establishment of a constitution,

which should unite all the Arab tribes under one government, the principal place in which he reserved for himself.

To avert the storm impending over him in consequence of this discovery, the Marabout set off on a journey, accompanied by his second son, Abd-el-Kader, who had been initiated from his earliest youth in the vast designs and ambitious projects of his father. After travelling over Asia Minor and visiting the tomb of the Prophet, they returned to their native country, their minds enriched with the knowledge of various kinds which they had gathered on their pilgrimage, and their views extended and enlightened with further acquaintance with men and manners. After his return, Mahi-el-Dinn was appointed by the Arabs Bey of Mascara ; but his term of office proved but a short one. He died soon after his installation, poisoned by the orders of Ben-Moussa, the chief of the Moors of Tlemcen, whom he had endeavoured to deprive of his command.

Abd-el-Kader had an elder brother, who, in an engagement with the Christians, in which both headed the tribes that yielded them allegiance, sealed with his blood the love he bore to the religion of his fathers and the independence of his country. Warned by the prospect of their common danger, the Arabs saw the necessity of appointing one commander in chief, endued with supreme authority, and none appeared more fit to exercise this office than the son of the illustrious Marabout, and the brother of the dead hero. Accordingly, on the 14th of December, 1832, a general meeting of the tribes was held, in which Abd-el-Kader, then hardly

twenty-eight years of age, was proclaimed prince and chieftain of all true believers.

His first expedition was successful, and he returned to Mascara in triumph. Shortly afterwards, he took possession of Tlemcen, and seized upon the person of Ben Moussa, whom he compelled to take poison, in vengeance of his father's death.

During his residence in Egypt, the young chieftain had become deeply imbued with the principles of Mehemet Ali, whose creative genius and practical wisdom he greatly admired. Gifted with wonderful intelligence and a degree of instruction rarely met with among Arabs, his experience proved useful to him, and all his knowledge turned to good account. Active, ambitious in project, cautious and circumspect in execution, he affected a rigorous austerity of manners, and simplicity of habits, which, while it adorned his private life, gained him that prodigious influence over the Arabian multitude, who, from the time of his advancement, regarded him as a special favourite of heaven.

When the treaty of peace was proposed to Abd-el-Kader, he refused but one of the conditions annexed to it. Perhaps if some middle course could have been adopted, a general pacification might have been the result, and torrents of human blood might have been spared, since at the mere announcement of a cessation of hostilities, a renewed impulse was given to all the commercial relations of the country, and all the elements of discord seemed on the point of subsiding into quiescence.

The terms of the agreement gave Abd-el-Kader all the rights of a sovereign, and every liberty was

granted him consistent with the interests of France. This prince invited all the officers of the French army to Mascara his capital, and during their journey thither and their residence in the town, treated them with a degree of courteous regard and consideration which seemed a fair promise of his intention to keep up a good understanding with the invaders. On their return to their former cantonments, they found the neighbourhood of Oran, which they had left entirely deserted, peopled by numerous tribes, whom the tidings of the intended pacification had brought back to their original places of resort. Such was the general confidence, that the sea-ports were crowded with merchant vessels, the friends and relations of Abd-el-Kader came in numbers to inhabit the towns occupied by the French, and the Emir himself offered to confer with the French general on some points which still remained to be settled.

This important interview did NOT take place.

Abd-el-Kader, having been recognized as a sovereign, refused to appear before the foreign commander on a footing of equality, which was the only condition on which the latter could agree to meet him. The Emir then broke off all negotiation with the French, and taking advantage of the truce, marched into the valley of the Chétif, the inhabitants of which he soon reduced to obedience. General Trezel, at this time, succeeded General Desmichels in the command of our army, and, thinking that his predecessor had gone too far in his concessions, put a stop to them entirely, and intimated to the Emir that he was no longer to exercise

any authority over the tribes who inhabited the country conquered by France; to which arbitrary mandate Abd-el-Kader replied that he would advance to the very walls of Oran to deliver the Mussulmans from the Christian yoke.

War was in consequence again declared between us and the Algerians, and from that moment it was evident that a skilful hand directed all its operations. Abd-el-Kader introduced a new system of warfare, teaching his followers to use the bayonet and to close with the enemy hand to hand, which, combined with their numbers, gave them an advantage over us, which was neutralized only by our superior tactics, and the strict discipline maintained in our army.

An attempt was once made to persuade the Emir to submission, by urging upon him his critical and almost desperate situation, and the hopelessness of his cause. Abd-el-Kader's witty reply is well known. "When standing on the shore," he said, "you watch the fish swimming in the sea, it appears that nothing is required but to stretch out your hand to seize them. But in spite of this, the fisherman must use all his nets and put forth all his skill before he can get them into his power. The same is the case with the Arabs." He was right, for all our efforts were long ineffectual against an enemy, who, though constantly defeated, ever seemed to elude our grasp.

I have lately met with a family of travellers newly arrived from Spain, and visiting the north of Africa. They were at Pau during the latter part of the Emir's residence in the castle of that town, where he was long kept prisoner, and they had solicited and obtained permission to pay the prince a visit, the de-

tails of which they were kind enough to give me, and which I here subjoin.

“ On entering the Emir’s room, we found him seated on his bed. He rose to meet us, and shook hands with us cordially but with dignity. His stature is above the middle height, his head beautifully shaped, and his black beard and hair form a striking contrast to his garments of white wool. His hands, delicate as those of any lady, are of the most perfect form, and his whole aspect is one of grace and majesty combined. Though surrounded by every luxury that humanity could suggest or art could devise, he seemed ill at ease in his new abode, and restless, as though he were longing for the sandy wastes of his desert home.

“ ‘ Since I have trusted to the good faith of my enemies,’ he said, ‘ I have never had cause to repent having done so. I quite understand that reasons may exist which prevent the fulfilment of my greatest wish—to go to Mecca, there to live and die. I am contented to wait.’ A lady of our party then addressed him: ‘ Prince, you possess the admiration of the whole world, for you are magnanimous and noble in misfortune as you were brave and generous in prosperity.’ A gleam of pride and satisfaction gleamed from the Emir’s dark, soft, melancholy eye, and a sweet smile played round his lips. He seemed on the point of replying to the compliment, but suddenly resuming his customary grave expression of countenance, he changed the subject by speaking of the health of his family, whom he invited the strangers to visit.

“ The ladies of whom it was composed were

lodged in three rooms, contiguous to the Emir's private suite of apartments. His mother occupies the farthest. Her age is about seventy, an expression of deep sadness and dejection is visible in her countenance; but her eyes have the same look of bright intelligence which animate those of her son. In constant ill health, she spent her time extended on a sofa, before a large fire, and surrounded by a number of female attendants, both white and of colour, who all appeared to serve her with the greatest respect and affection.

“ In the second room were three negresses, wives of Abd-el-Kader; they sat in groups on the mattresses which formed their bed, while their several children lay rolling about the carpet and climbing upon the tables. The faces of some of these children were extremely pretty; the boys had their heads shaved close all round, with the exception of one lock, which was carefully curled, and the little girls wore their hair long, intertwined with ribbons. All were dressed in their native costume, but with great simplicity. Their manners were gentle and pleasing, and they smiled most graciously as they wished us good morning, and offered to give us their hands.

“ The rooms were furnished in the same style as the apartments of persons of high rank in Algeria, with a mixture of European luxury. Instead of doors, ‘ portières,’ or curtains of rich tapestry, were hung over every entrance, and carpets were spread over the floors to preserve the feet of the inhabitants from the cold and dampness of the stone pavement underneath. Cushions were scattered about in every

part of these large rooms, the walls were furnished with mirrors, ornamental time-pieces, etc. and a profusion of flowers kept up a grateful fragrance. Nothing seemed wanting to the convenience of the sad inmates of the castle, who however regarded everything with perfect indifference, and appeared absorbed in melancholy. Warm as is the climate of Navarre, the temperature was far below that to which this family had been accustomed, and which they endeavoured to produce by means of the enormous fires which we saw burning in every grate. But were even the deficiency of nature in this respect supplied, what could make up to the poor exiles for the loss of the sky of their native land ?

“ The women of Abd-el-Kader’s family were dressed in long white robes, with double tunics made of the same material, which style of attire differs but little from that in general use in Algeria. The hair was entirely concealed by the head-dress, which consisted of a piece of silk, fastened on by a sort of tulle scarf, which was wound several times round the head and under the chin. Chains of gold and silver, and rings of enormous size, adorned their necks and ears ; their legs and arms were tattooed, and ornamented with rings of gold and silver. These women were handsome, and appeared resigned to their fate.

“ The third room, adjoining that of Abd-el-Kader, was a large saloon, where the half closed shutters admitted but a dim light, while a glowing fire made up for the partial obscurity. This was the apartment of the principal wife of the Emir, whom we found seated on a sofa, looking at her children

grouped on the carpet at her feet. She appeared about forty years of age, her countenance was severely beautiful, but *goodness* was the prevailing expression. Her white dress was made of finer material than that of the other women. The younger children were climbing up and down her knees, and her melancholy glance, as it fell upon them, seemed to betray her anxiety for the future prospects of these unconscious little ones. She had two daughters, one of whom was admirably beautiful, such a creature as painters love to dream of, but whose charms baffle their art to imitate.

“The household of the Emir amounted to the singular number of thirty-two men, thirty-two women, and thirty-two children.”

A member of the Chamber of Deputies once proposed, as an additional mortification to Abd-el-Kader, to appoint him Governor General of Algeria. Had this point been carried, the great chief would most likely have proved more efficient, or at least more fortunate, than the number of our countrymen who so rapidly succeeded each other in this difficult situation. This question was once discussed in my presence between one of the principal officers, and a merchant from Paris, who had come on an amateur expedition to Bona.

“Marshal Clausel,” observed the former, “asserts that Algeria is a sort of Elysian Paradise. General Berthézène, on the contrary, maintains that it’s a cursed place of which we can’t get rid fast enough.”

“Both may be mistaken,” replied the merchant,

“ I know but of one person who could set matters right, and reconcile all your conflicting theories, and that person is Abd-el-Kader.”

“ He certainly seems the man most likely to suit us in this affair,” said the officer, “ but then what should we do with this host of Europeans settled here in Algeria ? ”

“ Make them all turn Mahometans. If their interest depended on it, few of them would object, and the rest would follow as a matter of course.”

This assertion is not unlikely, particularly when one considers that the first emigrants to a new colony are generally of the refuse of society. As the gaining of money is their first object, they are seldom scrupulous in the means of pursuing it. This speculative principle is moreover the same as that, which, on a larger scale, actuated the pirates on the Algerian coast.

I have recently had an opportunity of seeing the famous Youssouf, one of the most celebrated personages that figured in the late war.

Gifted with great personal beauty, and as brave as he was handsome, this singular adventurer was ignorant of the land of his birth, though both his complexion and features bespoke an Italian origin. His earliest reminiscences were those of a shipwreck, in which all his companions had perished. He owed his safety to being cast ashore on the coast of Tunis, the Bey of which town adopted him, and brought him up at court till he attained the age of eighteen, when, having gained the affections of the sovereign's daughter, he responded to her feelings with the most ardent devotion.

They contrived several secret interviews, but in

one of these, were discovered by a slave, who thus became possessed of the secret of their attachment. The danger to the princess was imminent, as her father's unrelenting disposition could ill brook the violation of the strict laws of the harem, and would make no allowance for the temptation offered by the charms of his young protégé, while the best fate that Youssouf could expect was immediate death.

Roused to action by the prospect of the danger that awaited them, Youssouf entreated the lady to withdraw to her apartments, while he detained the slave who was longing for an opportunity to reveal the tale to the Dey. Left alone with this man, the desperate lover stabbed him to the heart, as the shortest means of disposing of the difficulty, and concealed the body in his room, that, by gaining time, the lady might provide for her security, and he might take measures for his own speedy flight.

Youssouf escaped from Tunis and offered to serve as a volunteer in the French army, then newly arrived in Africa. Our chiefs were but too happy to receive him, and his intelligence, courage, and intrepidity carried him through the subordinate ranks till he attained that of general. His devotion and fidelity in that capacity proved equal to his other fine qualities, and he now is one of our most distinguished officers. After the flight of Youssouf from Tunis, the body of the slave gave rise to various suspicions as to the motive of so speedy a retreat, but the Dey apprehending part of the truth, thought that the reputation of his daughter depended on the suppression of the rest, and consequently whatever conjectures were made in private, nothing was uttered on the subject.

The brave Gérard* is a hero of equal valour, though of less notoriety, than the one last mentioned. He has lately been laid up with a bad fever in the hospital at Guelma, in despair at having missed a magnificent lioness that he had chased during a whole night, and was almost sure to have found on the ensuing evening, had he not been suddenly seized with such an attack of illness as forced him to go to the hospital, much against his will, as he is not a man to be alarmed by indisposition, however severe. In this case, however, his superiors used their authority to compel him to self-preservation.

Gérard is of middle size, and nothing in his outward appearance indicates remarkable strength or vigour; — but no man ever displayed courage or presence of mind superior to his.

ORAN.

THIS town is situated eighty leagues to the west of Algiers, on the sea shore, in the curve of a bay, and is one of the most important cities of the coast of Africa. This is owing to its maritime situation, to its strong fortifications, and to the magnificent harbour of Mers-el-Kebir, in which the largest vessels are able to take refuge. Like Gibraltar, Oran may be reckoned one of the keys of the Mediterranean, as it entirely commands the entrance into that sea. The town is built on two

* Called "the Lion-killer."

long platforms, separated by a deep ravine formed by a river large enough to turn several mills, to supply the town with water, and to irrigate the gardens.

Oran was built by the Moors after their expulsion from Spain, besieged and captured by the Spaniards in 1509, and retaken by its original possessors in 1708. Subsequently the town again fell into the power of Spain, who, after the earthquake of 1790, restored it to the Dey of Algiers.

The buildings were almost entirely destroyed by the calamity, but the fortifications, originally constructed by the Spaniards, were so strong that they resisted the shock. They are still in a state of tolerable preservation, though they were terribly neglected by the Algerian government. At the base of the mountain, close to the sea, is the fortress of Mouna, which is well supplied with artillery, and defends the harbours of Oran and Mers-el-Kebir. In the western part of the town is the old Cashba, the fortifications of which, though in ruins, are still capable of use. The interior of the building is large, and consists of numerous apartments which have lately been put in repair and used as barracks. On the hillock overlooking the sea are the fine ramparts of the new Cashba.

The old and new towns are separated by the deep ravine before-mentioned. This is laid out in beautiful gardens, watered by a number of springs, which, after forming cascades and various other ornaments, are still further useful in turning the mills which supply the town. The eye loves to linger in this delightful spot.

When, after landing on the beach, you cross the “*Quartier de la Marine*” and arrive at the gate of the town, you are struck with the feeling of disappointment generally caused by the sight of most Algerian cities, the near survey of which seldom realizes one’s expectations. A pretty minaret, the sole remains of Moorish architecture at Oran, partly makes up for the general deficiency ; the streets are wider and better constructed than those of Algiers, and there are several squares and public places. At the time of the French invasion the town was inhabited by Moors, Arabs, Negroes and Jews.

In 1850, the number of new edifices, built at Oran, had completely altered the general appearance of the place. Elegant warehouses now occupy the site of the wretched huts where the Jews formerly displayed their goods for sale, and fine buildings, several stories high, have taken the place of the humbler dwellings. But the experienced prophesy that these splendid edifices will not long remain standing, and that a catastrophe, as terrible as the former one, will renew the scene of devastation. The traces of that fearful earthquake are still but too visible at Oran.

The internal arrangement of the houses is the same here as in other parts of the country. The rooms are furnished with carpets, mattresses, and cushions, in the Moorish style. Sometimes a bed may be seen, raised on a platform, but these articles of domestic convenience are still extremely scarce. Curtains are hung across the door-ways, and the walls are supplied with shelves cut out in various shapes, on which the inmates of the dwelling lay

their pipes, turbans, coffee-cups, etc. Low tables, more or less richly ornamented, and a few large chests, form all the rest of the furniture. The former are used at meals, and the latter contain the money and valuables of the family.

In one of these houses I noticed an opened hand, sculptured over every door-way. The superstition of the Evil eye is as prevalent here as in the southern countries of Europe, and the same means are resorted to for averting it.

Another custom, no less strangely superstitious, is that of putting pieces of paper, marked with cabalistic signs, between the beams of the ceiling and the flooring above. These are supposed to be beneficial in ridding the house of serpents, scorpions, and other venomous reptiles.

A poor shoemaker has established himself in the new quarter of the town, and his shop is guarded by a hyena called Fanchette. This animal is of the most gentle disposition, perfectly tame, and greatly attached to her master, who reared her from a cub. The only thing that can rouse her to fury is to see the shop entrusted to her care, invaded by a dog in the absence of its owner. When any creature ventures to take such a liberty, Fanchette springs upon the only chair, and protests against the desecration of her master's home by opening her jaws and displaying two rows of teeth, the efficacy of which is unquestionable. During the night, when the door is left open, as the only means of admitting air into the wretched tenement, Fanchette watches over the good tradesman and his property, with the fidelity and intelligence of the best mastiff.

I cannot say how far it is prudent to trust to the apparent gentleness of a tamed wild beast, but this instance proves at least what may be achieved by education. Here is another case in point.

“Monsieur Antoine” was a young wild boar ten months old, belonging to one of our officers, and had been brought up by the soldiers of his regiment. He slept with the corporal, had his trough in the mess-room, eat anything the soldiers pleased to give him, and grunted most imperiously if he were left unnoticed. When the drum beat, for any cause whatever, Mr. Antoine rushed forward eagerly, to obey the summons. If there was a gathering of the troops, he took up his position to the right, where he remained till the men had left the place. He thus took part in all the inspections and reviews. When the soldiers went to bathe, headed by a drummer, or a detachment was sent out to escort a convoy, the wild boar regularly attended them. In the latter expeditions he always used to accompany the advanced guard, lie down during the halts, and never leave his place in the line of march.

One day, that, as usual, he was advancing in front of the army, the soldiers prepared to cross a deep ravine. This being contrary to the inclination of Mr. Antoine, he protested against it by the most significant grunting, and watched the soldiers with the greatest attention as they penetrated deeper and deeper into the ravine. At last, with all the courage of despair, he darted across the rocks, and reached the other side at the same time as the last man of the detachment. After a forced march he sup-

pressed all indications of his craving appetite till the soup was prepared, and his usual ration was given him. When sound asleep, if he heard the sound of a drum, he used to wake up suddenly, and rush in the direction from whence the summons proceeded.

This accomplished individual was favoured with the friendship of the whole garrison. In consequence of his extraordinary docility, he had acquired habits of cleanliness foreign to his nature, which quite exempted him from the application of the proverb concerning his race. The end of his career, however, was a melancholy one: the battalion to which he belonged being ordered home, he was taken on board the "Victory" frigate, which was to convey them back to France. During the passage he had the misfortune to excite the aversion of the captain, who compelled his master to have him destroyed.

The commander of the fortress had brought up a young cormorant, which became as tame as either of the animals before mentioned. It used to go about at perfect liberty, generally taking its flight to the sea, where it subsisted on what fish it could find. Whenever it heard the voice of its master, the bird never failed to fly straight to the boat in which he was sailing, and would come from any distance at the sound of its name, "Mr. Baptiste." Before I drop the subject of animals, it may be worth mentioning that the soldiers of the garrison, put to their wit's end to discover some means of whiling away the time in the dull seclusion to which they were necessarily condemned, hit on the expe-

dient of drilling dogs and monkeys, in which attempt they perfectly succeeded.

I have lately seen a copy of a newspaper, published at the time when the towns on the sea-coast were governed by Arabs, appointed, according to their abilities, by the Governor General. One of these "Beys" was put over the town of Bleida, but his conduct having excited considerable disgust among the people under his administration, they rose against him and drove him from the town. At the same time they sent a deputation to the commander-in-chief with the following petition:—

"We inform you that the Governor whom you placed over us has been the cause of the revolution at Bleida. He took a sheep from the tribe of the Beni-Sala, and refused to pay for it. He wished, moreover, to have it shorn for nothing, and thus gave rise to a dispute between him and the Sheik of the Beni-Sala. He also gave a banquet, to which none were admitted but those who paid him with money. All who had none, were thrown into prison, where they remained as long as the fête lasted. He oppressed our people in every manner, and extorted from them all he required, while he gave nothing in return.

"We have heard that you love tranquillity, exercise justice, and wish that all should be happy. We therefore entreat you to send a just man to rule over us, for he and his sheep have been the only cause of the rebellion."

This literal translation was published in the newspaper of the province, and caused great amusement by its originality.

It produced however, a good result. The next Governor took the petition in the light of a warning, and carefully avoided all interference with the property of his subjects, sheep in particular.

Long after the capture of Oran, the Arabs, or rather the Kabyles of the surrounding country, kept up a sort of guerrilla warfare with our troops, and never failed to attack them when they fell in their way. In consequence of this, the commander-in-chief used to send out detachments of Voltigeurs to beat about the woods in search of foes in ambush. But though formidable at first, the Kabyles generally flinched before the superior bravery of our countrymen; as is proved by the following instance.

A corporal, happening to be separated from his troop, was attacked by a Kabyle, whose fire had just missed him. A desperate struggle ensued. The corporal cast aside his gun and grappled with his adversary, whom he at last threw to the ground. The Kabyle, finding himself overpowered, took the shawl which he wore round his waist, gave it to the corporal in token of submission, and made signs to him to tie his hands behind his back. The latter consented, and led his prisoner back to the town, the Kabyle walking before him, as unconcernedly as if nothing had happened.

My peregrinations now drew to a close. We decided on returning to Bona, and after hastily gathering my notes together, I embarked with my companions on board the vessel which was to convey us back to ancient Hippona. Our passage was long and tiresome, owing to the necessity of keep-

ing at a distance from the coast, in order to avoid the rocks and reefs, which render a nearer approach perilous in the extreme.

As we sailed in a merchant ship, many delays took place. We were obliged to stop both at Algiers and Philippeville. At last, after a tedious journey of five days, we landed. But alas! what were the news that greeted our arrival! The typhus fever was raging at Bona in all its malignity, and a few days afterwards the town was put in quarantine.

It was at this time that I was attacked by the fearful malady, and that Doctor R—, finding it impossible to get me an intelligent nurse, had me taken to the hospital, and placed in a ward for women, under the superintendence of Sister Aglaë. I have already given an account of my residence there.

The military hospital is the only one at present existing at Bona, the building used as a general hospital having fallen down last winter. Fortunately, sufficient indications were given of the catastrophe to enable the authorities to have the patients conveyed to the military hospital, so that all fatal consequences were averted.

Many are the inconveniences which women are obliged to endure in an establishment of this kind, intended for the use of men, and conducted on military principles. Judging from my own feelings on the subject, I often thought how unbearable these discomforts would be to an English woman, unaccustomed to “rough it” as I was obliged to do. A military attendant came at four o’clock every morning to open the windows, which looked towards the

country, the food was distributed among the patients by soldiers, headed by a corporal; and at three o'clock in the afternoon, the same attendant returned, to shut the windows, and open another which looked towards the sea. In short, every thing was subject to military rule, and in spite of our repugnance we were forced to submit to it. My only resource then was to make the best of my situation, carefully to follow the regimen prescribed, and to take the remedies ordered. In time I succeeded in bearing all annoyances, and I even became blunted in a certain degree to the painful scenes which were renewed every day. Prayer for the dying was my principal occupation, and during my convalescence, I was allowed the privilege of spending much of my time in Sister Aglaë's oratory. But this very convalescence being nothing less than the continuation of an obstinate fever, I was advised to return to my native country as soon as possible, the doctor assuring me that the fever would sensibly diminish when I should be ten leagues out at sea, and would entirely disappear on my arrival in Europe;—which prediction was verified.

In consequence of the number of departures, the quarantine having prevented many from leaving the country before, a set of larger steam-boats were required. The travellers, impatient at having been so long detained on this ungenial shore, tried to rush on board all at once, and there was no small difficulty in establishing order among them. The invalids, and the soldiers recently wounded in the engagement at Zaatcha were first allowed to embark; then the people travelling either for business or

pleasure ; and last of all, the unfortunate colonists, who were returning to France with their hopes destroyed, their wretchedness increased, and their families diminished.

A few Barbary sheep, some Kabyle dogs of the rarest breed, a young Lion in a cage, and several tame monkeys belonging to the poor soldiers, were also taken on board ; all these creatures were crowded together on the deck of the “*Mérovée*,” and their near contact with the passengers proved a serious inconvenience to the latter.

Our passage lasted four days, which were spent in a manner anything but agreeable. Drenched to the skin by the waves that beat over the ship, we tried in vain to dry our clothes in the sun. Powerful as is the heat of that luminary in these regions, it was insufficient to relieve us from the discomfort we suffered.

At last we arrived at Marseilles. Delighted at the termination of the journey, each passenger, provided with his cloak and carpet-bag, was preparing to land, when a boat rowed up to our vessel bearing an order from the Commission of Health that all should remain on board. In vain did our captain declare that no case of illness of any description had occurred during the voyage, the servants of the commission disregarded all his assertions, and desired our pilot to steer towards the lazaretto.

Some of the Algerian authorities on board gave their names, in hopes of obtaining better terms for us all, but it was to no purpose. All they could gain was permission for the captain to land, and explain to the commission how matters really stood,

while we were obliged to keep out at sea, the coast-guard vessels strictly watching us, to prevent any infringement of the order given.

After considerable difficulty, the physician and several members of the commission being absent, we got leave to land, but such was the panic caused in Marseilles by the mere name of cholera, that only two boats ventured to convey us to the shore. In consequence, they had twenty times to perform the journey between our vessel and the landing-place, where, contrary to the usual detestable custom, no agents were stationed to torment us with the recommendation of their respective Hotels. However, in this instance we regretted that no guide was to be found to lead us through this immense city, with which several of us were quite unacquainted. Accompanied by the young orphan whom I had adopted, and, who for more than a year had been my constant companion, I wandered about from street to street, in search of an hotel, but for a long time all our attempts to procure a night's lodging were useless, owing to the terror caused by our arrival. On our application for admittance, the question was invariably asked, "Did you come by the Steam-boat?" and when we acknowledged the fact, we were dismissed with the intelligence that not a room in the house was vacant.

We spent several hours in this agreeable pastime, till at last, by dint of eloquence, and a pathetic representation of our distress, we prevailed on one Hotel-keeper to give us the accommodation we so much required. The favour was grudgingly bestowed, but thankfully accepted. The waiter who

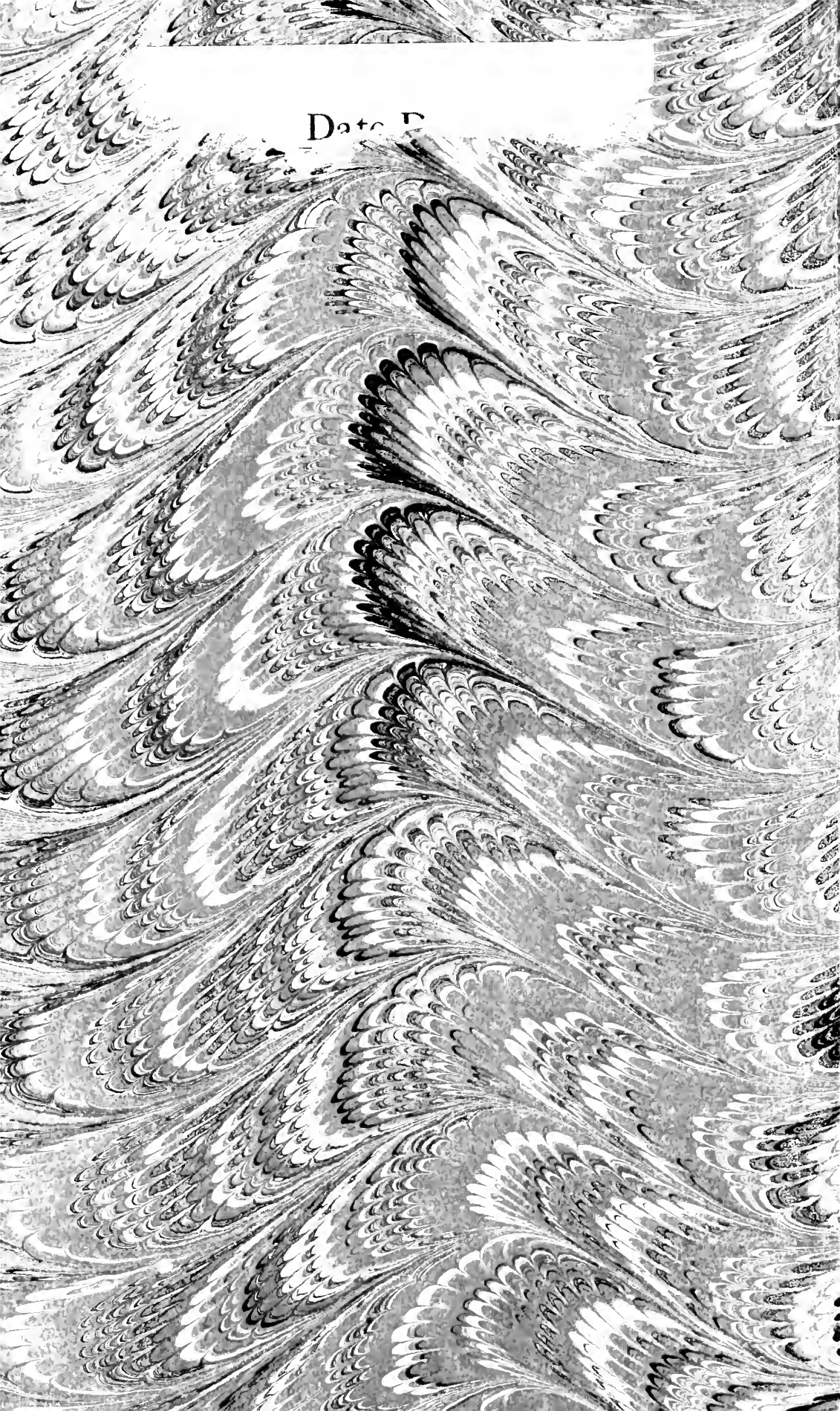
attended on us informed us that the many cases of plague which had appeared in Algeria had given serious alarm to the inhabitants of Marseilles and Toulon, which accounted for the inhospitality of our reception.

Their fears were well founded, nor was the plague the only evil they had to fear from frequent communication with the new Colony. The cholera and the typhus fever, as destructive in their effects, though less terrible in name, spread their fatal influence over the towns of North Africa, and our countrymen of Marseilles are right to use all means of avoiding the contagion.

As, in consequence of the fears we excited, we could expect neither kind attentions nor moderate prices, we lost no time in taking our places on the railroad from Marseilles to Avignon, from whence we proceeded to Paris.

THE END.

Date _____



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