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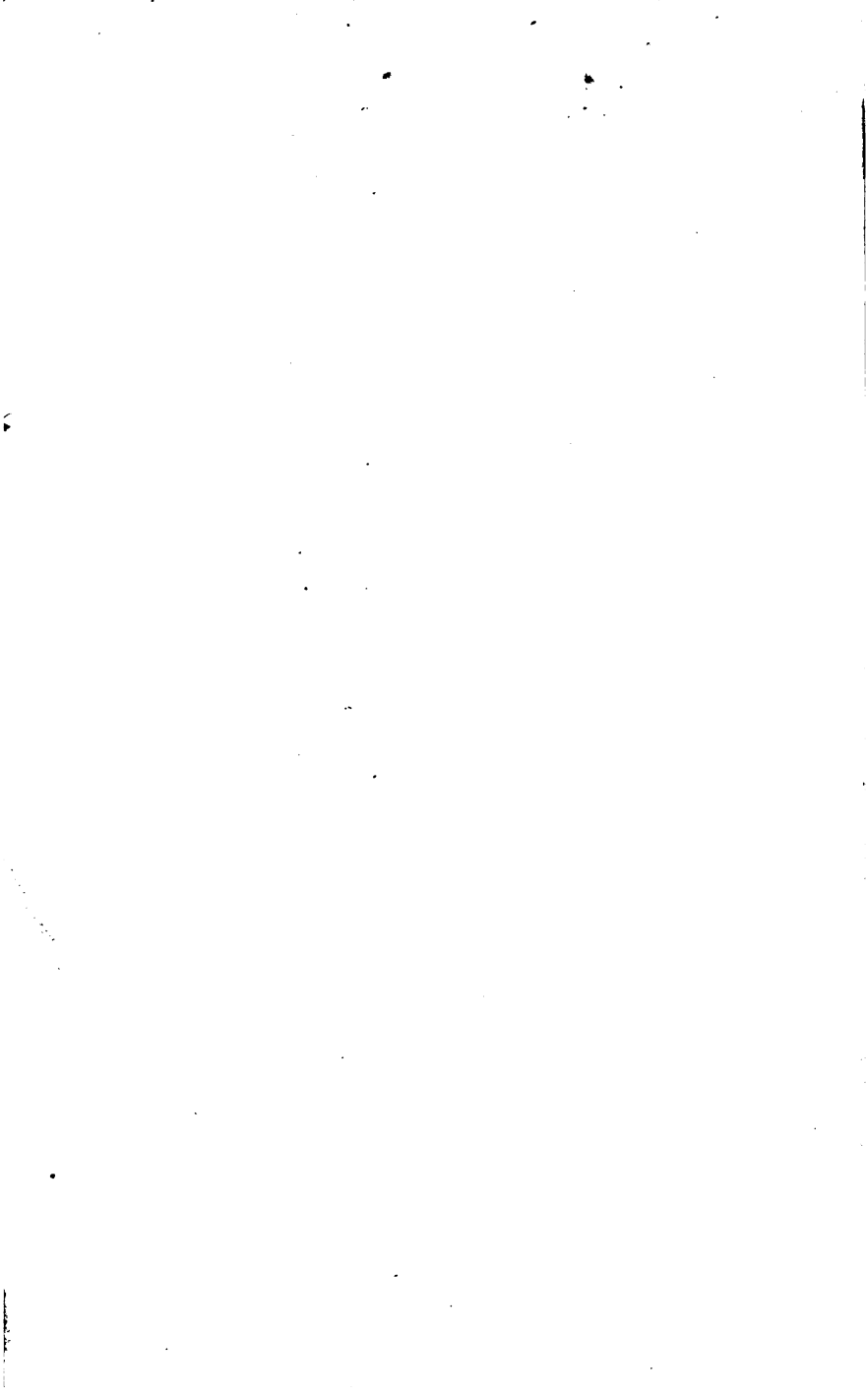
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LEAVES

"

FROM A

LADY'S DIARY

OF

HER TRAVELS

IN

BARBARY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,

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PREFACE.

THE following pages were not penned with a view to publication. They consist of selected portions of a Diary kept during a journey in the interesting countries referred to. In the course of her Travels, the writer recorded day by day facts which she was desirous of retaining in her remembrance, so that they might, in after-time, furnish her with a source of retrospective enjoyment.

Indulgent friends to whom the perusal of these fugitive memoranda was submitted, urgently recommended their publication, in the belief that some portion, at least, of the reading public, might possibly feel interested in a Lady's obser-

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vations relative to a part of the world but seldom visited by Lady tourists.

Not without considerable hesitation, the writer has complied with the wishes of her friends, in submitting to the press the following "Leaves" from her Diary; and in so doing, she ventures to hope that the unvarnished facts she has recorded, may be received as an extenuating plea for the defects of a work, in its nature desultory, and written under the influence of transient impressions.

ROME, MARCH 1849.

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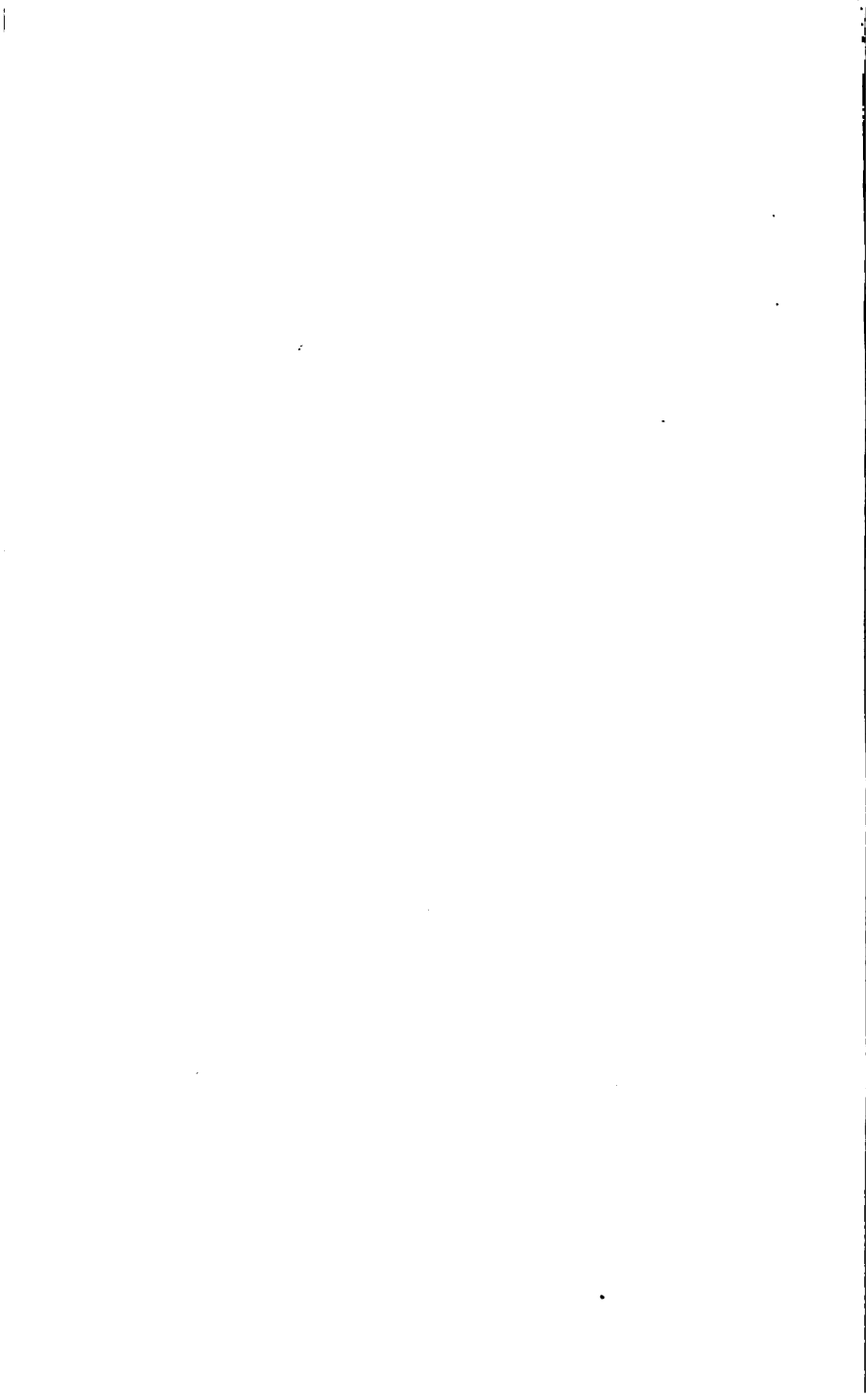
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LEAVES
FROM THE
DIARY OF A LADY'S TOUR
IN
BARBARY.

I.

Departure from Marseilles—Violent Storm—Arrival in Algiers—First View of the City—Wretched Condition of the Streets.

Algiers, December 22, 1847.

A VISIT to Algiers! The very thought conjures up visions of a new world. To Algiers we resolved to go, though we had not yet accomplished our tour in Spain. No matter! a year or two will work no essential change in the romantic "land of love and song;" but in a shorter space of time, Algiers, under French dominion, may lose much of its peculiar character; indeed the country may be so perfectly transformed that it will offer nothing to gratify the traveller's curiosity. These consider-

ations determined us to visit Algiers without further delay.

We were detained a few days in Marseilles. In the first place, my saddle had to be rescued from the merciless grasp of the Custom House officers, and next, our baggage had to be repacked after having passed examination. These matters, together with various preparations for our journey, occupied five whole days. The weather was mild and genial as in spring; and, on our first arrival in Marseilles, it was as fine as we could possibly desire; but, after a day or two, I observed, with deep concern, that threatening clouds were gathering in the sky. On the 19th a gale sprang up, and on the 20th, the day fixed for our departure, it absolutely blew a hurricane. Dr. S——, who is an experienced sailor, sought to comfort us by the assurance that, for persons about to embark on a sea-voyage, there cannot be a more cheering prognostic than to hear the wind howl. It may be so, thought I, at a more favourable season of the year; for then one may hope that the storm will abate before one sets sail; but now, in December, the elements are less capricious, and their fury is more lasting. The steamer which was to start on the 20th, the 'Philippe-Auguste,' was a fine new vessel, built of iron; one which, as F—— remarked, was well fitted to contend

with the wind and the waves, so that a breeze, more or less smart, mattered not. Accordingly, we made up our minds to go, and, on Saturday the 19th, we inspected the much-lauded 'Philippe-Auguste,' and engaged our berths.

Frequently as I have embarked at Marseilles, I have never been lucky enough to depart with fine weather. On the present occasion, the rain descended in such continuous torrents, that it seemed as though a second flood threatened the world with destruction. It was a day on which horses might be drowned in the streets of Marseilles—a catastrophe which has, ere now, actually occurred. In short, it was one of those days during which there is really no day; so that, instead of rising in the morning, one feels disposed to remain quietly in bed, to take a second night's rest. At ten o'clock it was perfectly dark. The 20th of December is certainly very close upon the shortest day; yet thus to overtake it was by no means agreeable. At twelve o'clock we were to be on board; and, accompanied by our friend Dr. S——, we proceeded, as best we could, to the 'Philippe-Auguste,' which boasted the peculiar advantage of being furnished with a *roufle*, that is to say, a cabin on the deck. This *roufle* served as the saloon, and was infinitely more airy and pleasant than the cabins below.

Even now I cannot, without a feeling of horror, think of our journey to the harbour, and our passage through it. Those who may have seen the smoothly-paved streets of Marseilles, overspread with a thick coating of mud, and drenched with a deluge of rain, like that which fell on the 20th of December, will readily grant us their sympathy. But, in addition to mud and rain, we had to encounter the pestiferous odours of the harbour, where the deposit left by stagnant water emits effluvia which inflict torture on the olfactory nerves.

Luckily we were not very long in reaching our destination, and with light hearts we ascended the steps leading to the deck of the 'Philippe-Auguste.' Above an hour was lost in waiting for the dispatches. When at length they arrived, the moment for weighing anchor was announced in the *roufle* by the inquiry:—"Y-a-t-il des perzannes qui vont à terre?" We now ascertained who were to be our fellow-passengers. One was a lady in very deep mourning, who, a few months previously, had lost a son in Algiers. She was now hurrying thither, accompanied by another of her sons, to take a last embrace of a third one, who was understood to be dying. Then there was a newly-married couple, deaf and dumb to all but each other. The remaining individuals of our party were

two gentlemen who, like ourselves, were on a pleasure-trip.

Alas! how often is the sweetest cup changed to gall and wormwood ere the eager lip has tasted it! I had previously made several sea-voyages, and some of considerable length; and though I had never before known sea-sickness, I now felt myself suddenly overpowered by that most distressing malady.

Our passage was so boisterous that the captain declared he never remembered to have had so bad a one; though his snow-white hair and weather-beaten aspect, bore him out in the assertion that he had made many stormy voyages. Such was the violence of the hurricane, that the captain directed the *roufite* to be braced down by strong ropes to the deck, fearing lest it might be washed overboard by the waves, and he even bound himself to the helm. The deck was flooded with water, whilst, in the cabin, chairs and benches were rolling about, and lamps, bottles and glasses, were upset and broken.

A French war-steamer, which left Toulon on the 18th (that is to say two days before our departure from Marseilles), and which ought to have reached Algiers on the 20th, was overtaken, a few hours before our arrival, by the 'Philippe-Auguste.' More need not be said in commendation

of our favourite vessel ; and yet how miserable were the forty-six hours spent in the passage ! On the second day, I felt sufficiently recovered to leave my berth, for a few minutes, in order to take a view of the Island of Majorca ; which we neared as we passed, though we were not close enough to discern Palma, the capital. The island, rising like a mountain above the dark and foaming billows, presents a picture of majestic beauty ; but I had been recently reading George Sand's " Majorcains," and I must confess that the description there given of the inhabitants of the island, caused me to gaze on the lovely Eden with feelings of aversion, and almost to regard it as a land of savages.

Still suffering from the effects of forty-six hours of sea-sickness, I feel to-day quite unable to describe in detail the impressions I experienced at first sight of this, to me, new quarter of the globe. A very peculiar sensation,—I may almost say, a feeling of sadness, took possession of me as we approached the coast. Africa lay stretched before me, but how totally different from all that I had, in fancy, pictured it ! Viewed from the sea, Algiers looks like a huge sugar-loaf, embedded in an amphitheatre of hills. One naturally expects to see an Oriental city ; but how is that expectation disappointed ! Here and there, the eye dwells on

a few Moorish buildings ; but not a single palm-tree is to be seen. Omnibuses and fiacres of the most wretched class (those that have plied in France for the space of ten years), drawn up in a straight row, are the first objects which offend the eye of the traveller, who, with thoughts wholly imbued with Oriental images, eagerly looks for trains of camels, and dromedaries. And worse than this ! I found here streets no less dirty than those I had so gladly left behind me in Marseilles, in the hope that, at least, I might exchange mud for the sand of the Desert. But no ! here I again found myself in muddy streets, looking as though they had been transported by magic from the opposite shore of the Mediterranean. I am prone to indulge in the very bad habit of drawing comparisons ; and whilst perambulating the streets of Algiers on a dull, rainy day, my mind wandered to the smiling, and luxuriant shores of Asia, I thought of Scutari, of the Sweet Waters, of the Golden Horn, of Bujukdere. The consequence was, that Algiers appeared to me like a miserable French mask on an African face. I am lodged here in a hotel, and though not one of the best class, I enjoy one very great comfort, which is, to hear the wind rage and howl without suffering from sea-sickness.

It is very hard for us poor slaves of imagination, that so many things on which our thoughts love to

dwell, have no existence beyond the moment when we come to know them in their actual reality. Here, where I flattered myself I should enjoy the genial radiance of perpetual spring, I find myself ankle-deep in mud, so that to walk out of doors is a thing not to be thought of. The distant mountains are covered with snow, which sleeps as undisturbedly on the Atlas, as on the summit of the Jura, or Mont Blanc. Those who have courage to venture out, must prepare themselves to contend with pitiless storms of rain and wind. For my part, I am glad to stay at home, where I feel happy and thankful to be beneath a sheltering roof. Having perceived that our sitting-room contained a fire-place (the greatest luxury the humble apartment can boast), I was emboldened to ask for a fire. But no sooner was my request complied with, than I regretted having made it; for, in the space of a few moments after the fire was kindled, our little room was so filled with smoke, that we could discern nothing an inch beyond our eyes. Poor T—— first set to work with the bellows, next with doleful lamentation, he opened one door, then another, and then all the windows in succession. Finally, in his despair, he determined to stop up the fire-place, from which there appeared to be no possibility of obtaining warmth without smoke. “Monsieur, il est impossible de faire du feu par ce

vent," said a waiter, who made his appearance after T—— had called till he was nearly hoarse. Oh, my dear friends in Europe, in this dilemma, how I thought of you, and how I envied your comfortable firesides!

II.

A table d'hôte—The theatre—The Duchess d'Aumale—Her court in Algiers.

Christmas Eve.

THE bell summoned us to breakfast at half-past eleven; for, according to French custom, the morning repast is late here. Two gentlemen, whom we met on board the 'Philippe-Auguste,' and at whose recommendation we fixed our quarters in this hotel, gave us some very dismal intelligence. They informed us that when rain sets in here at this season of the year, fair weather is not to be expected for some time: thus we have a cheering prospect before us! One of these gentlemen, a Hanoverian, has been, for many years, established in Marseilles; and I believe it is for the amusement of his young friend (an Englishman), that he is now on a pleasure trip to Algiers. We all breakfasted together, forming a party of five. Our late breakfast was prolonged by conversation, so that it was long past twelve o'clock before I could begin some letters, which I wished to despatch to my friends in Europe. I sat

writing till near dinner-time, which is six o'clock. At that hour, a revolution takes place, not only in our hotel, but apparently throughout the whole city. As soon as the clock strikes six, or rather before it has finished striking, the guns of the Fort commence firing a round. Whilst the thunder of the guns is rolling over our heads, the drums commence beating the *appel*: then the bell rings for our *table d'hôte*, and the sound is answered by the braying and barking of all the donkeys and dogs in the neighbourhood. Even Saetta, my Italian greyhound, contributes her efforts to heighten the effect of the concert.

Whilst this stunning uproar is at its height, all the inmates of the hotel, rushing from their various apartments, hurry down stairs—to dinner, I was going to say—but *to be fed* would be the more correct expression. It is a rule at this *table d'hôte* that no one of the guests must help himself; however hungry he may be, he must await the pleasure of an individual who presides at the head of the table. On the other hand, it is expected that every one, with however little appetite, should eat all that this tyrant may think proper to help. As among the numerous guests I happened to be the only lady, our president began his operations with me; and whilst, with an appearance of vehement hurry, he served out my allotted portion, he endeavoured to

encourage me to eat it by what he thought humorous remarks. Having heard our Hanoverian friend complain, that he always felt the evenings very dull in Algiers, we invited him and his companion to spend a few hours with us. They readily accepted our invitation, and we improvised an evening "*all'uso romano*." Our friend T—— got his guitar, and accompanied me on the mandoline, whilst I sang some Roman and Neapolitan songs, which had probably never before been heard in Africa. In this manner the hours glided pleasantly away until midnight warned us it was time to retire to rest.

But have I yet enjoyed any pleasure to atone for the misery of my sea voyage? Have I yet seen anything wonderful or curious? No! The whole day long the rain has poured in torrents; and for our comfort we are assured that it will continue for several days to come. I would never advise any one to travel in winter, and least of all would I recommend that season for a tour in Africa. We have been to the theatre, for there is one in Algiers. It contains only three boxes, each of which is only large enough to accommodate three persons. Our windows look towards the ruins of the former theatre, which has been destroyed by fire, but is to be rebuilt.

The building now provisionally used as a theatre is a hall of Moorish construction. Here, as I am

informed, the fair Duchess of Aumale wiles away many of the weary hours of her African captivity. She used to have a party every Friday evening; but the Duke being now at Constantina she receives no company. From our window we see a part of her palace. Her court establishment is on a very circumscribed scale.

III.

The Place Royale—Streets of Bab-Azoun and Bab-el-Oued
 —National costumes—Monument to the Duke of Orleans
 —The Jenina—Fort des Vingt-quatre heures—Gulf of Algiers—Aspect of the city.

Christmas Day.

TO-DAY, after two delightful rambles through the town, I feel a little more reconciled to my present place of abode. Whilst we were at breakfast the sun shone out, and resolving to take advantage of the favourable interval, we lost no time in sallying from our hotel. This hotel is a corner house, one side of which commands a view of the Place Royale, whilst the other looks to the Bab-Azoun Street. From the Place Royale run two great streets, intersecting the city in the directions of north and south. These streets lead to the two principal gates of the city, and hence one is called the Bab-el-Oued Street, and the other the Bab-Azoun Street. The word Bab in Arabic signifies

gate. Bab-el-Oued means the Water Gate, because a river flows past the Oued Gate, and from thence runs down to the sea. The Azoun Gate, (now demolished,) was so called after a young Caliph named Azoun, who, in the year 1522, was unjustly put to death on the adjacent square, now the Place Royale.

The view of the sea and of the little harbour of Algiers, as seen from the Place Royale, presents a beautiful and animated picture. Throughout the whole of the day the Place is the favourite resort not only of the higher classes, but also of the mass of the population. Here an endless source of interest and amusement presents itself, in the continuous succession of variegated costumes observable in the ever moving throng. Natives of every land and every clime are assembled here. In the motley groups may be seen women from various parts of Italy, arrayed in the gaudy colours of their national costumes; Spanish Señoras, with black mantillas and small Andalusian feet; Frenchwomen of all ranks and classes; Jewesses, wearing their pyramidal *sarmas*, or dressed in silk and satin, and bedecked with jewels; Mooresses of most ungraceful deportment, whose large veils and ample garments conceal every part of their persons save their radiant black eyes and their uncovered ankles; inhabitants of Port Mahon, (whose black pointed hats, remind me of the Roman "*come si pare*;") and

sailors from every part of the world. In addition to all these there are Europeans of every nation, and Negroes of every shade ; besides Arabs, Moors, Kabyles, Syrians, and a countless multitude of officers (military and naval,) soldiers, civil functionaries, &c. When I first went out, the tumult of the busy scene, and the continual movement that floated before my eyes, almost made me dizzy.

In the midst of this Babel, rises the bronze equestrian statue of the Duke of Orleans, in his uniform of Lieutenant-general. This statue, which is the work of Marochetti, was cast from the cannon taken by the French in various actions in Algiers. It is precisely like the monument erected in Paris, in the Court of the Louvre. The statue is supported on a white marble pedestal, which is adorned with two bronze bas-reliefs: one representing the taking of the citadel of Antwerp, and the other, the march through the Pass of the Mouzaia. In front of the pedestal, are inscribed the words, "l'Armée et la population de l'Algérie au Duc d'Orléans, Prince Royal, 1842." Facing the statue, there rises a large building called the Jenina, which, having but few windows, and those few grated, has very much the appearance of a prison. Nevertheless, this place was originally a palace, and the residence of the rulers of Algiers, in their days of piratical fame. The Jenina was

built in the year 1552, by Salah-Bais, and it was his residence and that of his successors, until the year 1816, when the Dey Ali removed the seat of government to the Casbah. The ancient splendour of the Jenina has long since vanished, and the building is now appropriated to the use of the Bureau de l'état-major-général. A few white marble pillars, with curiously sculptured capitals, are the only remaining traces of its former grandeur. The fire, which broke out in Algiers on the night of the 26th of June 1844, and which, in the space of a few hours, consumed a whole district of the city, consisting entirely of wooden houses, also destroyed a great part of the palace. Not far from the Jenina, and in near proximity to the sea, a double row of trees forms a pleasant promenade, undisturbed by the tramping of horses, and the rattling of carriage-wheels. Here, in the cool shade, the promenaders may if they choose sit down, and tranquilly sip coffee or sherbet. We took the direction of the Bab-el-Oued Street, which leads to the gate of that name. This gate opens to the square on which, in former times, the Christians and Jews condemned by the Dey, were put to death. A great cattle-market is now held in this square, which, however, still continues to be the scene of public executions.

Further up the Bab-el-Oued Street, and beyond

the square just mentioned, are the Place des Troglodytes and the Fort des Vingt-quatre heures. This fort received its name from the circumstance of its having been taken in the year 1816, by the English, under Lord Exmouth, who held possession of it only for twenty-four hours. We made our way to the Fort, for the sake of enjoying the fresh sea-breeze, and also because it is a point commanding a good view of the city of Algiers and the adjacent country. The gulf is imposing, from its magnitude. At its mouth, it measures nearly twelve miles in breadth, and its opposite shores (east and west) stretch at least six miles into the sea. Along the whole extent of this immense semi-circle are scattered houses of various heights and dimensions. But, excepting its vast magnitude, the Gulf of Algiers presents nothing very remarkable. It has none of the picturesque beauty of the Bay of Naples, none of the classic grandeur which awakens interest on approaching some of the ports of Greece; neither can it boast the gorgeous scenery which marks the entrance to Constantinople. The red, barren coast of Africa will not bear comparison with the luxuriant shores of Italy, Greece and Asia.

The city of Algiers is situated at the very entrance of the gulf; and, as seen from the sea, and from a distant point of view, it looks

like a heap of stones piled up in the shape of a sugar-loaf. Its form, which is that of a triangle, very pointed at the top, is marked in distinct outline on the brow of the hill on which the city is built. The lower part, that nearest the sea, is of modern European structure, having been chiefly built by the French. The streets are lined on each side with arcades. To our eyes they look very narrow; but to the Arabs, whose rows of houses are so close together that they almost touch each other at the roofs, these streets, made by the French, must appear very wide. In a country in which earthquakes are of such frequent occurrence, and attended by such destructive consequences, it is inconceivable that the French should have committed the inadvertence of building houses five or six stories high.

The Fort now called des Vingt-quatre heures, was originally built in the year 1569, under the direction of the renegade Pacha Ali-el-Guldye. The expense of its construction was defrayed by a Turk named Stitsarlitz, who, it is related, discovered a treasure on the site on which the building stands.

This Turk, as the story goes, after a long endurance of abject misery, being driven to despair, was about to end his life on the spot where he discovered the treasure, by which he was

unexpectedly raised from poverty to wealth. Near the Fort, a fig-tree marks the spot on which a converted Mussulman, named Géronimo, was immured alive, because he refused to renounce his faith in Christ. The Place des Troglodytes was in former times, a large Mussulman cemetery, and in the centre stood a monument to the memory of six Deys of Algiers, all of whom were successively put to death on that spot, in the course of one day, viz. ; August 23, 1732. A spectacle of a very different character took place here on the 5th of November, 1839, when the Duke of Orleans, after his triumphant expedition to the Portes de Fer, entertained his troops with a sumptuous banquet on the Place des Troglodytes. The hills right and left of Algiers are scattered over with villas, whose occupants may now dwell in peace and security. It was not always thus: only a few years ago the Bedouins were in the frequent habit of making hostile visits to these places, and helping themselves to whatever they might think fit to take: even if they saw a woman whose comely appearance happened to please their fancy, they would carry her off with as little ceremony as though they had been stealing a head of cattle. Every villa, indeed every house occupied by the French colonists, is shaded by plantations of trees or shrubs. In other places the

country adjacent to Algiers is almost entirely barren.

A few drops of rain had fallen several times in the course of our ramble, and at length thickly gathering clouds portended a coming storm. We therefore made our way back to the hotel with all possible speed, wading, as best we could, through the clay and mud which covered the roads and streets.

IV.

The Protestant Church at Algiers—Roman antiquities—
Suburb of Bab-Azoun—French sign boards—Jardin
d'Essai—Tomb of Sidi-Mohamed-Ben-Abderahman—
Surrender of Abd-el-Kader.

December 26th.

THE late hour at which I rose yesterday prevented me from attending service in the Protestant church of Algiers; but to-day I made atonement for the omission. At ten o'clock, accompanied by F— and T—, I repaired to the Protestant church, which is situated in the Rue de Chartres, quite close to our hotel. The church is one of the few modern buildings of this city, which reflect credit on the architect; but unfortunately it is on two of its sides so closely built in by houses, that the view of it is very circumscribed. I expected to hear

the service performed in the French language, and therefore I was not a little surprised to hear both the prayers and the sermon delivered in German. The church, which is of very simple construction, is an oblong building, light, spacious, and well-proportioned. It has a very fine portico, supported by a range of richly-sculptured Tuscan pillars. On the front of the building were inscribed the words: "AU CHRIST REDEMPTEUR." The interior is plain almost to shabbiness; but it must be remembered that a rising Protestant community, tolerated by a French colony in Africa, cannot venture to be otherwise than humble and unostentatious. A gallery supported by pillars runs round three sides of the church. There are no regular seats, but merely wretched straw stools. The altar has a dirty and neglected appearance, and its sole ornament consists of a very handsome Bible, the gift of the pious Duchess of Orleans. The congregation was very limited in number, and was chiefly composed of maid-servants and mechanics. I observed scarcely a single individual belonging to the middle class of society. The psalms were execrably sung, and the sermon, though good in itself, was badly delivered; but so great was the noise on the outside of the church, that not one half of what the preacher uttered was audible. At the conclusion of the service we proposed visiting the

Orleans Gardens, and with that view we proceeded through the Bab-el-Oued Gate; but to our disappointment, we could not obtain admittance, the gardens being always closed on holidays.

On returning to the hotel, we found that some of our party had ordered saddle-horses, and had set out on an equestrian excursion, taking with them, as *cicerone*, a gentleman who has resided eighteen years in Algiers, T—— and I stepped into a hired carriage, and ordered the coachman to drive us to the village of Mustapha Pacha. We passed through the Bab-Azoun Gate, and entered the beautiful new suburb of that name. Algiers is built on the ruins of the ancient Roman Icosium; and whilst digging the foundations of the houses in the suburb of Bab-Azoun, the workmen came upon some curious remains of a Roman street, of which a considerable portion is still visible. The Bab-Azoun Fort stands on a projecting rock on the sea-shore, and is constructed of stones, excavated from the remains of the ancient city of Rusgania. This fort was originally in 1582 by the Venetian Pasha Hassan, enlarged in 1798 by the Dey Mustapha, and after having fallen into a state of dilapidation, and decay, it was restored in 1816 by some engineer officers, who were banished from France for political offences. The fact that the city of Algiers stands on the site of the ancient Icosium, is proved beyond a doubt

by the following inscription, which is preserved on one of the excavated stones :

J. SITTIIO M. F. QVR.
 PLOSAMIAN
 ORDO
 ICOSITANOR
 M. SITTIUS. P. F. QUI
 CÆSILIANUS
 PRO FILIO
 PIENTISSIMO
 U. R. I. R.

This stone was long in the possession of a Moor, by trade a smith, who used it as a block for his anvil. It was rescued from destruction by the Europeans, who fixed it into the wall of a house situated at the angle where the two streets, du Castace and Bab-Azoun, meet. Above this stone is now fixed one of the little plates of the insurance company, "la Paternelle," and near it a painting of symbolical serpents denotes an apothecary's shop. An *accoucheuse*, who may be readily pardoned for feeling greater interest in generations yet unborn, than in the preservation of Roman antiquities, has fixed into the relic, the hooks from which her sign-board is suspended. The suburb of Bab-Azoun consists of good streets and squares, and it contains several large buildings, of which

one of the most considerable is the Dépôt des Balles de Farine, where, since 1835, every baker in Algiers is obliged to deposit annually a certain quantity of flour for the use of the city in case of scarcity. The "Abattoir civil," situated near the fort, was formerly a great Lazaretto, and has a quay running along the sea-shore. The building, formerly known as the Dey's bath, is now converted into the "Lavoir publique." The college, the library, and the museum (all contained within one building); the civil hospital, the Christian and Mahometan schools, and lastly, the batteries, the barracks, and the three squares, called the Places des Garamantes, d'Isly, and du Bournou, are all objects worthy of attention. On the Place du Bournou is held an Arab market for the sale of coals, wood, fruit, and vegetables. This market presents an interesting picture. It is curious to observe three or four hundred Arabs, belonging to six or seven different tribes, all busily employed in buying and selling. I shall return to this market by and by; but I must now proceed to Mustapha Pacha.

The road leading to the village is one of the finest in Algiers; and, along its whole extent, it is a scene of busy movement. Omnibuses are continually driving to and fro, filled with groups of passengers of most picturesque appearance. I

observed some of these omnibuses entirely filled with Bedouins, wrapped in their dingy burnouses; the hoods drawn down over their foreheads and half-concealing their faces. On these vehicles were inscribed the words, "Omnibus d'Afrique," and even the drivers were models for the study of an artist. I cannot conceive anything more amusing than to ride along this road as far as the garden of Mustapha Pacha, which also bears the name of Jardin d'Essai. There may be seen parties of Moors, riding on beautiful mules, and driving before them their laden asses or horses;—French officers, mounted on superb Arabian chargers, and followed by their smart liveried grooms;—European equipages of every description, droves of camels, &c.—in short it is impossible to convey any idea of the various objects constantly passing and re-passing. Fortunately the road is very broad, otherwise accidents would doubtless be of frequent occurrence. The Mustapha road takes a winding course in the direction of the coast, from which, however, it diverges so considerably, that on reaching the Jardin d'Essai we found ourselves at a considerable distance from the sea. The further we proceeded from Algiers, the more beautiful we found the vegetation and the scenery. On our left lay the sea, stretching forth its measureless expanse in ever-varying lines of green,

yellow, blue and black. Straight before us was the chain of the Little Atlas, the rugged outlines of which were clearly defined on the cloudless sky;—in the distance, several smaller chains of mountains seemed to float like shadows;—and on the right, the hills immediately adjacent to the city, scattered over with picturesque villas and plantations, form a beautiful addition to the picture.

As soon as we got beyond the suburb of Bab Azoun, our ride became exceedingly interesting.

Though Bab Azoun contains many very fine buildings, yet it likewise contains many miserable French gargotes, traiteurs, &c. These places are fronted by sign-boards, bearing inscriptions, such as: "Ici l'on boit sans soif, et mange sans faim," "Tiens, arrêtons-nous ici!" "Aux braves!" "Oh le bon vin!" "A la consolation!" "Au bon Français!" These, and other vulgarities of a similar kind, are the more offensive to the eye of the stranger, inasmuch, as one is unprepared to meet with them in this part of the world. How I regret not having seen Africa and Algiers before they became subject to French hyper-civilization! Leaving behind us the suburb of Bab Azoun, our eyes were greeted by more agreeable pictures of colonial cultivation. Here we saw beautiful hedges of aloes; olive plantations, where some of the trees were considerably higher than carob-

trees, which we had seen growing near the city; and at intervals, along the sea-shore, the slender palm-tree proudly reared its head. Le Château de l'Empereur, a majestic building, stands on the summit of a hill, its towers proudly overlooking the city and the gulf.

At the distance of about four miles from the city, our coachman stopped at the Jardin d'Essai. Here we alighted for the purpose of seeing this place, so highly interesting to Europeans. It is a school of experimental gardening, supported by the government, and it is under the superintendence of a Mr. Hardy, by whose indefatigable exertions plants indigenous to all parts of the world, are successfully cultivated here. Forty thousand mulberry-trees are annually reared in this garden for transplantation, and it is affirmed, that the number may be increased to two hundred thousand. The poplar, the ash, the elm, and the banana all flourish in equal perfection. The potatoe, and even the indigo plant have also been reared with the highest success. We passed through long alleys of young orange and lemon-trees, cypresses, and fan-palms; and we enjoyed a sort of childish satisfaction in plucking, with our own hands, the fruit of the banana, and tasting it as soon as taken from the tree. The fruit hung in grape-like clusters, among the leaves of the palm-trees. There is some-

thing quite beautiful in the rustling of the silky palm-leaves, when agitated by the breeze. To a poetic imagination, the sound might seem to be the gentle whispering of some beneficent genius in the world of spirits.

Having spent as much time as we could in the Garden, we again seated ourselves in our *voiture de luxe*, the title by which it appears our miserable vehicle has been dignified, ever since its importation from France.

We drove on to a good distance ere we reached the village called Hussein Dey. The old palace of the Dey still exists, but it is converted into cavalry barracks. The village, like all those adjacent to Algiers, is situated on a very fertile soil, partly cultivated, and partly overgrown with wild vegetation. It is inhabited solely by European colonists; and though the picturesque character of the place suffers by the absence of the Arabs and Moors, yet the surrounding country has gained in cultivated beauty.

We were now on the great road leading to the Maison Carrée, a military post, capable of lodging a whole battalion. But we proceeded no further onward, for we proposed, on our way home, to visit the tomb, or as it is called here, the Marabou of Sidi-Mohamed-ben-Abderahman. We therefore turned back, and it was fortunate we did

so, for we were soon overtaken by a smart hail-storm. We drew up the windows of our vehicle, a precaution which we discovered was of little avail, as all the glasses were broken. But the storm passed over like an April shower, though encountered in December, and after a promenade in a grove of bananas. Having arrived at the path leading to the chapel, we alighted and walked thirty or forty paces up a little acclivity, on very slippery ground. The chapel, which stands on this acclivity, is a pretty little structure; and its dazzling whiteness forms a pleasing contrast to the mass of dark green foliage behind it. On a post, in front of the entrance to the chapel, we read the words, "Il est défendu, sous peine d'amende, de pénétrer dans le Marabou." A few tomb-stones indicate that this chapel is a Mahometan sanctuary, and we advanced no further, intending to satisfy ourselves with a view of the exterior. But our coachman seeing us halt, called to us from the road, and informed us, that being foreigners, we should be allowed to enter. On receiving this intimation, we advanced into a gloomy avenue, having on each of its sides a few niches, and on the right hand side a small winding staircase. As yet no person had appeared, either to oppose our entrance, or to conduct us in. I thought I heard a strange noise, and on listening attentively, I

recognised the distant sound of harsh Arab voices, apparently proceeding from a subterraneous part of the chapel. We felt greatly perplexed, knowing the sacred character of a Mahometan mausoleum, and we feared we might render ourselves liable to the charge of desecrating it, as I had entered without removing my shoes. Nevertheless we proceeded onward, and at length we came to a well. Advancing a few paces further, we entered a pleasant court-yard. In one corner there was growing a splendid vine, whose branches, though now leafless, must in the summer season, cast a canopy of shady foliage over the open part of the court-yard. Along the sides of this court-yard, ran an arcade, supported by a range of slender pillars.

We had stood for a few seconds gazing around us, when a door, leading into the court-yard was opened, and a tall stately Arab made his appearance. He was wrapped in the ample folds of his burnouse, the hood being drawn partly over his face. Advancing towards us with a very friendly air, he stretched out his sun-burnt hand, and as if making an effort to utter all the French of which he was master, he greeted us with the words "bon jour!" He had taken off his shoes, if the coverings of his feet deserved that name, and left them at the door. I asked him by signs whether we could see the

grave of Sidi-Mahomed-ben-Abderahman; and he answered my inquiry, by saying "toi mirar!" and some other words which I could not understand. Three young Bedouins then entered the court-yard, and all saluted us with a "bon jour!" apparently the whole extent of their French vocabulary.

Concluding that the worthy Arab who first addressed us, had not understood me, I endeavoured, if possible, to make myself more intelligible; accordingly, I pointed to the door leading to the omb, which is always kept locked. My wish was now understood, and one of the three Bedouins was dispatched in quest of the keeper of the key.

This personage, who presently made his appearance, was an exceedingly handsome Bedouin. He had well-formed features, with a dignified cast of countenance, large expressive dark eyes; and teeth which, for regularity and whiteness, might fairly be compared to two rows of pearls—teeth which were a triumph of Nature over the Art of our European dentists. The Bedouins in general are remarkable for their fine teeth, and yet they are strangers to all the various powders to which we Europeans have recourse, and they never subject themselves to any of the painful operations with which we are tormented from earliest childhood. We conjectured that this handsome Arab was the superior of the

little community. His language was a jargon composed of Italian, French, Spanish and Arabic words jumbled together—a sort of *Lingua Franca* to me unintelligible. “*Toi parla arabe, toi mirar, toi saber marabu, &c.*” were the only words I could distinguish amidst all that he articulated. At length he opened the door of the *sanctum sanctorum*—but I, having my shoes on, was permitted to advance only a few paces beyond the threshold. However, there was little worth seeing. A wooden railing, behind which were hung several dingy banners, prevented us from obtaining even a glimpse of the tomb of Sidi-Mohamed-ben-Abderahman; but the handsome Arab gave me to understand, by signs, that I could not have a nearer view unless my feet were, like his, uncovered.

We now proposed to return to our carriage; but our friends would not permit us to depart so soon. They drew forth two mats from several which were lying under the colonnade, and spreading them out, they requested us to sit down on them. We complied, and a conversation ensued among us, which was certainly very animated, though I will not pretend to say how far it was mutually intelligible. It was curious to see this group of Bedouins, all squatted down cross-legged, and wrapped in their burnouses, looking like so many huge balls and it was still more curious to find

them entering freely into conversation, as though we had all been old acquaintance. The handsome superior had the air of a king, and looked as though he were born to rule over the rest. His manner and bearing were marked by grace and dignity; and his air was perfectly majestic, as he moved along enveloped in his burnouse. The elegant arrangement of drapery appears to be an art intuitively understood by the Arabs of all classes, from the richest sheik, down to the poorest Bedouin. They are all, from their earliest childhood, clothed in cumbrous garments, which by reason of their extreme length and amplitude, would have an awkward and ungraceful effect, without dexterity of management on the part of the wearer. The other Bedouins treated the superior with vast respect and reverence; doubtless great honour was due to him as guardian of the tomb of the saint.

On the 29th of May, which is accounted the first day of summer in Algeria, the little cemetery surrounding the Marabou of Sidi-Mahomed-ben-Abderahman, is visited by numbers of Arab pilgrims of various tribes. At early dawn, groups of Moorish girls of all ranks assemble beneath the fig and olive-trees which shade the burial-place; and without much apparent reverence for the sanctity of the spot, they amuse themselves with

all sorts of merry games. I have heard this scene described as being fairy-like to the eyes of a European. The honour of possessing the mortal remains of a Mussulman saint is contended for here among the inhabitants of different localities, as warmly as in ancient times several towns disputed the glory of being the birth-place of a celebrated man. In the opinion of many Mussulmans, Sidi-Mohamed-ben-Abderahman was buried in another spot, though in the neighbourhood of Algiers; but the Arabs evade all disputation on the subject by devoutly believing in the possibility of the Saint having been buried in several different places simultaneously.

The approach of evening warned us that it was time to think of returning home. We accordingly rose to take leave of the Bedouins, each one of whom cordially stretched forth his hand to us in token of farewell. When the superior saw our carriage, he turned to me, and said in his strange jargon, "toi la coche?" We offered him some money; but with an air of offended pride he declined accepting it. Nevertheless we parted very good friends; and we were obliged to make the promise of repeating our visit.

I have already mentioned the uproar which attends the announcement of our dinner. To-day, as usual, whilst the clock was striking six, the

firing of guns commenced, then the drums began beating, whilst, in the midst of these combined sounds, the dinner-bell of our *table d'hôte* was rung. With uncomplaining resignation we obeyed the summons and proceeded to the dining-room, where we took our places at table. We had been seated for some minutes, and the tumult in the interior of the hotel was gradually subsiding; but, to our surprise, the deafening noise without-doors, not only continued, but increased to such a degree, that we began to think the town had been taken by storm. "What can possibly be the matter?" was the inquiry eagerly repeated from mouth to mouth. The guns continued to fire; flourishes of drums and trumpets succeeded each other without intermission, and several bands of music were performing different airs at once. Presently the cause was explained; and we no longer wondered at the uproar, when we learned that it was occasioned by the arrival of the invincible Abd-el-Kader, who had surrendered himself to the French.

The inhabitants of Algiers seemed almost frantic with joy. The town was illuminated, and nothing was heard but shouts of triumph and acclamations in honour of the Duke d'Aumale, for whose government this event formed an auspicious commencement.

The evenings here are short. We scarcely ever rise from dinner till nearly eight o'clock ; and after we have withdrawn to our own sitting-room, and talked over all that we have seen in the course of our day's ramble, I find I have but little time left for writing.

I am too true an Englishwoman to dispense with my tea in the evening—that is to say, when I can get it, which is not always the case here. Yesterday, for example, when I ordered the servant to bring tea, he replied that his mistress had gone out, taking with her the key of the closet, and he could not get the tea-cups. It is inconceivable how deficient this hotel is in articles of common use, and even of actual necessity. Add to this, the bells are almost all out of repair ; so that, when a thing is wanted, the waiters have to be called from one corner of the house to another.

One privation which I have experienced here (to me a very severe one) is the impossibility of obtaining a glass of pure water. How wistfully I think of the limpid Fontana Trevi, and the clear Cocumella springs in Sorrento. To refrain from drinking water, or to drink it and become ill, are the only alternatives in Algiers. It is not considered safe to drink water here unmixed with wine. To a water-drinker, like myself, this is a great annoyance. The water in Algiers is not filtered,

and is so unwholesome, that those who drink it expose themselves to fevers and other disorders.

V.

Vegetation—Cultivation of the orange-tree in Algiers—
Picturesque scenery—Village of Budjareah—Sidi-el-
Ferruch—Le Tombeau de la Chrétienne—Bermondrais—
A Moorish coffee-house—Present to the Duke d'Aumale.

Dec. 27th.

TO-DAY I have been out for five hours, and the excursion has been so gratifying, that I am now quite charmed with Algiers. I had no idea that this country presented so much varied and beautiful landscape scenery. From twelve till four o'clock I was on horseback, riding a fine Arabian, a beautiful spirited animal, and at the same time so docile that I had no trouble in the bad, and sometimes, dangerous roads, through which we had to pass. The weather was superb. The sun shone as on a May day in Europe, and yet the breeze was so fresh, that I found my furred riding-habit by no means too warm.

We left the town by the Bab-el-Oued Gate, and having proceeded to some distance beyond it, we entered a broad ravine, formed by two chains of hills, and running up an acclivity. In this ravine

the French have begun to make a road, which, when finished, will be a very good one, but now it is almost flooded by the heavy rains and the mountain torrents. In proportion as we continued to ascend, the aspect of the surrounding country became more and more pleasing. The hills on each side of the ravine, but especially those on the left, were scattered here and there with picturesque villas, some in the Moorish style of architecture, others built in the Italian, French, or English styles. Most of these elegant residences belong to the different foreign consuls, or to wealthy merchants. Being built of a very white kind of stone, they stand out in broad contrast from the dark green hue of the surrounding vegetation, and the rugged masses of red-coloured rock which rise up at intervals. The wild olive was growing luxuriantly and in great abundance, but I saw very few orange-trees; not more than half-a-dozen along all the way we rode. They were very large certainly, and were loaded with fruit; but they were growing wild. Twenty years hence, probably, groves of orange trees will be no extraordinary sight in this country. The orange would thrive admirably well in Algiers; and it is only owing to the indolence of the Arabs that it has not been generally cultivated. Yesterday, in the Jardin d'Essai I saw thousands of orange-trees; and there is no reason to doubt that, by dint

of French industry, the orange may, in the course of a few years, flourish here as abundantly as in the Piano di Sorrento. The aloe grows admirably in Algiers, and the Arabs plant it in hedge-rows, which have a very beautiful appearance, and are quite impenetrable.

We saw whole fields of cactus (of the species which bears the *fichi d'India*) small fan-palms, cypresses, and the wild rhododendron; the latter bearing a flower resembling the small alpine rose so much admired by tourists in Switzerland, for whose souvenir books it often furnishes an elegant ornament. Pines too, which I had not previously seen in this part of the world, were flourishing here, and looking no less beautiful than those in the Villa Doria Pamfili at Rome.

After having proceeded to a considerable height up the ravine, we stopped to take a view of the surrounding country, which presented one of the grandest prospects of natural scenery I ever beheld. Before us lay the broad Gulf of Algiers, having on one side the chain of the Little Atlas; whilst the snow-capped summits of loftier mountains closed the back ground. The Plain of Metidja, ten miles long, extended from the sea-shore to the foot of the Little Atlas; and we could discern in the distance to the right a second bay, to appearance even larger than the Gulf of Algiers. The

L'île de la Méditerranée.

atmosphere was transparently clear, and the sun threw a radiant light on objects, even the most distant. The varied succession of beautiful natural scenery, which I saw in the course of our long ride to-day, was so wildly grand—so different from anything I have ever previously beheld, that it excited in a high degree my wonder and admiration. It has produced altogether a strange impression on me, and my sensations somewhat resemble those of a child who has, for the first time, witnessed the wonders of a Christmas pantomime. The glorious pictures of nature I have seen to-day float, as it were, in visions before me; and whilst I think of them, I could fancy myself transported to the enchanted regions of Fairy Land.

On our way homeward, we passed through the village of Budjareah. It contains at most only six houses, all of which bear evidence of the prosperity of the French colonists who inhabited them. A little beyond this village, we found ourselves at the elevation of a thousand feet above the level of the sea, at a point commanding a view of Sidi-el-Ferruch, which place also bears the Spanish name of Tore-Chica. It is situated about eight miles from Algiers, on a part of the coast where the sea runs up and forms a bay, on the left of the gulf. Though in itself an insignificant place, Sidi-el-Ferruch derives importance from the circumstance

X of the French having landed there when they invaded Algiers in 1830. It was consequently the opening scene of the great drama of war and bloodshed which has established French dominion in these countries. From our elevated point of view, we could also discern, though at a very considerable distance, the celebrated tumulus, called by the Arabs Zobo-el-Ruomyed, and by the Christians "le Tombeau de la Chrétienne." It is near the sea-shore, on a little eminence, forming a continuation of the Sahel chain of hills, which extend from the Maison Carrée near Algiers, to the Chenouan Mountains, near Cherchell. The Hadjutas, who have for several centuries inhabited this district, hold the Tumulus in high veneration, and relate many miraculous events in connection with it. According to an oral tradition, which has been transmitted with the steadiest faith, from past generations, any one who may desecrate or injure this tomb, is doomed to expiate the offence by some horrible punishment. The tomb is believed to be the resting place of a Christian woman, who was surnamed "the Saint," by a Christian community, who formerly dwelt near the spot, or made pilgrimages to it.

The tradition records that the Saint was the daughter of a French family, that she became a captive and was sold to a rich Arab. At her death,

X. ...
...

she earnestly implored that her remains might be interred on that part of the coast of Algiers, which is nearest to France. The people of the country do not pretend to know, with any degree of accuracy, at what period this little pyramidal monument was erected. It appears to be of very ancient date, and probably owes its origin to that time, when, according to Tertullian, "the Christians were spread through all the Roman dominions." I have travelled much, and I have seen nature in all her varied aspects, in different climes and countries, but I must confess that never, within so limited an extent, did I behold so much of grand and beautiful landscape scenery, as during my five hours' ride to-day. In some parts it resembled Italy, in others it reminded me of Switzerland; and not unfrequently it presented the barren and rugged aspect of the North of Europe:—yet every where the picture was stamped with a peculiar and distinctive character. The aloe, the cactus, and the dark-red hue of the ground denoted the African zone. Truly, a journey to this country amply remunerates all the trouble attending it. To the lover of nature, the artist, the man of business, even to the lady of fashion, I recommend a trip to Algiers. The passage hither, from Marseilles, is more speedily accomplished than that from Marseilles to Civita-Vecchia,

and at a better season of the year than that which I have made choice of, the little voyage cannot be otherwise than extremely pleasant.

To reach the Bab-Azoun gate on our way back, we had to pass through Birmondrais, a large village situated in the valley through which the river Knis flows. In Birmondrais we halted at a very clean-looking Moorish coffee-house, where there was the never-failing fresh fountain with its Arabic inscription. We alighted and ordered coffee, *all' uso Turco*. With Turkish coffee I had already become acquainted during my visit to Constantinople. It has a peculiar chocolate-like flavour, and is rather agreeable. Before we left France, we had been seriously warned that it was not safe to make excursions in the neighbourhood of the city of Algiers, without being well armed. We are, however, disposed to think that there is no reason for any such precaution. In our long ride to-day, none of our party carried any weapon of defence; yet we passed through many secluded places. Several times we found ourselves in the midst of numerous parties of Arabs, some of whom addressed us with an air of courtesy, and appeared disposed to enter into friendly conversation with us, could they have made themselves understood.

On returning from our morning's excursion

we found the hotel had been honoured by the arrival of a visitor of high rank: no less a personage than Ahmet-ben-Mohamed-el-Mokrani, Caliph of Mejana. This Arab chief arrived in the steamer from Bona, accompanied by a numerous suite. The object of his visit to Algiers is to offer his homage to the Duke d'Aumale, and to present to his royal highness the gift of several superb horses. The passages and stairs of the hotel were thronged with Arabs. Some belonged to the Caliph's suite, and others were residents of Algiers, who came to welcome him to the city. Several servants, or slaves, stood in waiting at his door. Unluckily this illustrious guest dined in his own private apartments, and consequently we had not the advantage of seeing him.

VI.

The Maison Carrée—A wild Bedouin—The Plaintain coffee-house—Various meanings of the word Marabou—African cattle—Habits of the Arabs—Their loquacity.

Dec. 28th.

To-DAY, favoured by the mildest weather, we mounted our horses at twelve o'clock, and sallied forth in the direction of the Bab-Azoun gate. We had not proceeded far from the hotel when a little

accident occurred to one of our party,—Vicomte S——, was thrown from his horse. The animal, being suddenly curbed, reared and threw his rider completely over his back. To the no small surprise and gratification of his friends, the Vicomte rose uninjured by the fall; but the accident so discomposed him that he felt no inclination to continue his ride. The poor horse was, however, rather seriously hurt by the bit. The bits ordinarily used in this country are of a peculiar construction, which renders them very likely to occasion mischief under the hand of a European horseman. They consist of branches, to which, instead of the European curb, there is attached a broad steel ring, which is passed below the under jaw of the horse. This sort of bit requires exceedingly cautious management; for a very ordinary degree of force in the use of it may seriously injure the horse's jaw.

The goal of our excursion to-day was the Maison Carrée, a military post of considerable magnitude. It is occupied only from November till May; for during the other months of the year, the misty vapours rising from the plain of Metidja occasion fevers, and render this district almost uninhabitable. Consequently there are no buildings near the Maison Carrée, except a few wretched coffee houses and restorations, kept by French and German

colonists. These people also, during the unhealthy months, remove to Algiers, or to the hilly parts of the neighbouring country. The Maison Carrée is situated a few miles from Algiers. At the time when the Turks were masters of this country the place was used as barracks, from whence the Aga was wont to send out troops, when required, to punish the depredations of the Arab tribes, or to force them to pay tribute. The building stands on an eminence, admirably situated for commanding the surrounding country, and defending the mouth of the Harrach.

In the year 1839, the guns of the Maison Carrée put Ben Salem to flight; and in 1841, when that bold chief penetrated into the Hamma the telegraph of the Maison Carrée was the means of saving Algiers from pillage and destruction. Near the fortress there is a bridge across the Harrach, which was built by the Moors during the reign of Dey Haji Hamet, in the year 1697, and it was repaired by Ibrahim in 1737.

On our arrival in the village of Hussein Dey, we came in sight of the Maison Carrée, a white mass towering in the distance. It has a battlemented roof, and is surrounded by a moat. After we had passed through Hussein Dey, we beheld before us the wide plain of Metidja, stretching out at the foot of the Little Atlas. The foreground of this

picture for a moment recalled to my mind the Campagna di Roma : but the recollection speedily vanished, for, raising my eyes, I espied the snowy head of the highest point of the Great Atlas, the Mont-Blanc of Africa, towering above the Little Atlas. To-day, for the first time, I saw the Great Mountain Chain, and I was much struck with the grandeur it imparted to the whole landscape. The scenery I have seen to-day is totally different in character from that which I saw in our excursion yesterday. It appears scarcely possible, that within the short distance of a few miles, the country should present such very different aspects. Even the vegetation was totally unlike that which we observed yesterday. To-day we saw scarcely anything but underwood, above which no tree save the fan-pine reared its head. We looked in vain for the cactus, the aloe, and the banana. The roads along the whole of our journey were remarkably good. The fields on either side were well cultivated, and here and there the country presented quite a European character.

A battalion of French troops are now stationed in the Maison Carrée. We rode into the large quadrangular court-yard, where there were only a few soldiers, who seemed greatly astonished at our unexpected appearance. These men wore a picturesque sort of uniform, somewhat resembling that

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of the corps of the Zouaves. The battalion now stationed in the Maison Carrée consists of native troops, and is called le Corps des Indigènes. They wear turbans of dark red, striped with white; dark blue jackets, richly laced red trousers, very full, and confined by bands below the knees. On their legs they have closely fitting gambadoes of black leather, and over them short white gaiters, which partly cover the shoes. Their swarthy complexions and Moorish features plainly indicate their African nativity. Having taken a view of the Maison Carrée, we departed.

In order to reach the high road by the shortest way, we directed our course through a deep hollow, which seemed as though it had once been the bed of a river. I had loitered a little in the rear of the rest of our party, and I was suddenly startled by a noise, which at first appeared to me to be the rattling of wheels. I concluded it was one of the ammunition waggons drawn by mules, which frequently pass and repass on the roads here. Fearing it might come in contact with me, as the road in this part was exceedingly narrow, I pulled up my horse close to one side, thus affording room, as I supposed, to let the vehicle pass me. To my dismay, I saw advancing a Bedouin armed cap-à-pee. He was galloping over the rough and broken-up ground in this hollow, as swiftly as I could have

ridden over the smoothest turf. A musket was lying crosswise over his saddle, and Heaven only knows how many other warlike weapons might be concealed beneath his elegant burnouse. The superior style of his costume, and the rich caparisons of his horse, denoted him to be an Arab of some distinction; probably the chief of one of the wild Bedouin tribes. I must confess I was not sorry when he had fairly ridden past us, for though, as he was without followers, there was no fear of an attack, yet his appearance was exceedingly menacing.

When he arrived at the bridge, a warm altercation ensued between him and some of the soldiers of the Corps des Indigènes, who refused to permit him to pass on his way to the city full armed, as it appeared he had been previously accustomed to do. After much argument on both sides, the Arab alighted from his horse, divested himself of his arms, and then quietly stepped into an omnibus, that happened to pass at the time. It was amusing to see this Arab warrior, who only a few moments previously, had looked so wild and fierce, thus accommodating himself to the habits of civilised life.

On our way home we made a visit to the Café des Platanes, situated opposite to the Jardin d'Essai. Having seated ourselves beneath the shade of the

beautiful plane trees, from which the place derives its name, we partook of some Turkish coffee. Owing to its proximity to the city, this coffee-house has lost much of its Oriental character; and I could not but regret that European civilization should have banished the elegant little coffee cups in use among the Turks. Our coffee was served in cups of French china, with saucers.

As some of our party had not seen the tomb of Sidi-Mohamed-ben-Abderahman, we halted when we arrived in front of the chapel. There we found a French officer, who had come to visit the Superior, and who was waiting for him, as he was just then absent. The Arabs, on our arrival laid down carpets in the vestibule of the chapel and requested us to sit down on them. We did so, and the French officer, with whom we entered into conversation, amused us with some interesting particulars relative to the Marabouts and their customs. I had frequently remarked the various applications of the word Marabout, which appeared to me to be used indiscriminately as the name of several different things. Some persons assured me, that the word signified a chapel; others declared that it meant the tomb of a Saint; whilst from others again, I learned that the Marabout was the Priest who had the care of the tomb. The French officer explained this apparent enigma, by informing me, that the word Marabout signifies

all these several things, and that it may with equal propriety be employed to designate a chapel, the tomb of a saint, or the priest himself who has charge of the tomb.

The Mahometans entertain the most profound veneration for their priests, who lead very rigid lives, being almost always engaged in prayer or in counting their beads. They are not prohibited from marrying. Their sacred functions, as well as their stipends, are hereditary; descending from the father to the son, but on condition of the latter being worthy of the veneration and respect which his parent enjoyed. The Arabs ascribe to their Marabouts the gift of prophecy. They even believe that some of their priests have seen the great prophet in visions, and have held conversations with Allah himself.

The title of Marabou is sometimes given as a mark of distinction to distinguished warriors; as in the instance of the celebrated Abd-el-Kader. Whilst we were engaged in conversation, our handsome Marabou arrived. He recognized us, and greeted us with as much cordiality as if we had been old friends. The French officer having drawn him aside, and entered into earnest conversation with him, we rose, with the intention of departing. The Marabou, observing this, came forward, and would not suffer us to go. He made signs, and uttered some words in Arabic, which, as we learned through

the kind interpretation of the French officer, signified: "do me the honour to take coffee." "Pray sit down," and other civilities of that sort. We could not decline this courteous hospitality. Coffee was brought, and we partook of it. The Marabou, as a mark of friendship, sipped some of the contents of the French officer's cup before it was passed to him.

The suburb of Bab-Azoun is not a very agreeable place to ride in. It is thronged, not only with soldiers, but with horses, mules, asses and camels; these animals being, for the most part, heavily laden.

The asses in this country are particularly small, and their legs, naturally short, seem still shorter, owing to the thick hairy skin that envelopes them. The oxen, which are frequently employed as draught beasts, are also smaller than those of Europe, and have short legs. Their heads and the lower parts of their limbs are of a very dark brown, nearly approaching to black, whilst the backs of the animals, as if bleached by the sun, are of a much lighter tint. Their horns are curved forward in such a peculiar way, that they appear to be actually growing into the eyes of the animal. When used for draught, the oxen are coupled together by chains. An Arab may be said to work as hard as his ox or his ass. He labours perseveringly to earn money, which he loves much, though

not for the sake of the enjoyments it might procure him ; for it frequently happens, that as soon as he scrapes a good sum together, he digs a hole and buries it in the earth. The dingy white burnouse is his principal garment, and he wears it through all seasons of the year : it protects him alike against the scorching rays of the sun, the torrent-like tropical rain, and the chill winter blast. The ill-preserved fruits of the country are his chief articles of food ; and if in addition to these, he has his pipe, all his wants are satisfied. In every situation, and however employed, the Arab always keeps possession of his pipe, which might be mistaken for a musket when, riding on horseback, he fixes it crosswise on his saddle. I am almost disposed to believe that the Arab smokes in his sleep ; or perhaps it may more properly be said, he never sleeps at all, for his whole life seems to be passed in a sort of dreamy wakefulness. The people of our hotel inform me, that their distinguished Arab guest never either undresses or goes to bed ; but that during the greater part of the night he sits cross-legged on the floor, chattering to the persons of his suite, or making them tell him long stories. How like the " Arabian Nights !"

It is the general custom of the Arabs not to undress at night. When inclined to repose, they merely wrap themselves in their burnouses, and crouch into a corner. Mattresses or cushions they

never use. The incessant talking of El Mokrani and his suite, very much disturbs some of the European guests who are lodged in the contiguous apartments. Our hostess and her French servants assured us, with expressions of horror and dismay, that the Caliph and all his people eat their meals from one dish, and without using either fork or spoon!

VII.

Visit to a Moorish family—Female seclusion—The daughters of Sidi Mahmoud—Their costume—A Moorish villa and its furniture—Bridal garments—A harem of dolls.

Dec. 29th.

TO-DAY, I spent several hours in the house of a Moorish family. When we started on the pleasure trip which has brought us to Algiers, our intention was to visit Spain. Our change of plan has caused me to come hither unprovided with letters of introduction, and the consequence is, that I have not a single lady acquaintance. Our hostess, who is a Frenchwoman of very lady-like manners, offered to make me acquainted with a Moorish family, and I most thankfully accepted the offer. Accordingly, about two o'clock I set out in a carriage, accompanied by our hostess and her niece. Our coachman was directed to drive through the Bab-

el-Oued Gate, and having done so instead of taking the road by which we had ridden on horseback to Budjareah, he kept further to the right. We had not proceeded far, when the road became so very bad, that we were every moment in fear of the carriage being overturned. The jolting was at length so violent, that we were unable to endure it, and we therefore got out and walked. The poor horses, panting and limping, slowly drew the carriage at some distance in our rear.

The house of Sidi Mahmoud,* whither my hostess conducted me, is situated about three miles from the town, on an elevated site among the hills. As we approached the house, the view was exceedingly fine. The suburb of Bab-el-Oued, the city of Algiers, the spacious bay, and the whole chain of the Little Atlas, lay, as it were, at our feet, presenting a magnificent picture. The country immediately around us was, however, much less pleasing than the scenery of any part of Algiers I have hitherto seen. The little hills had a very barren appearance, being only here and there patched with clusters of tropical shrubs. They reminded me of the Cevennes, and my companions remarked that they resembled the Pyrenees, of which, in fact, the Cevennes are merely a branch. As we proceeded onward, I looked around me with anxious

* Sidi is merely a title, synonymous with Mr.

curiosity, thinking it not impossible that I might catch a glimpse of a jackal. I had been informed that not only is the cry of the jackal frequently heard at night in these regions, but that sometimes, during the day, the animal may be seen prowling through the little ravines. However, my curiosity was not gratified, and as yet I have not seen a single wild beast in this country. The little estate of Sidi Mahmoud is not unlike an Italian *Tenuta*, such as may be seen in the vicinity of Rome. The gardens and fields, surrounding the Moorish habitations, are not remarkable for neatness or careful cultivation; indeed, the trees and plants all have the appearance of growing wild. There are some palm-trees, some fine bananas, a variety of fruit-trees, and abundance of herbs, and flowers. The house is built quite in the Italian style, being roofed by a little cupola, and fronted by a neat court-yard. On our arrival, Sidi Mahmoud was employed in his garden, but perceiving us from a distance, he came forward, carrying in his hand a large branch of a banana-tree, and he gave us a very kind reception. Meanwhile, the niece of my hostess entered the house to announce our arrival to the wife and daughters of the Moor. These ladies dared not come out to meet us, but were obliged to remain within the house until we went to them. The poor prisoners are not even allowed the enjoyment of a solitary walk in their own

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garden, surrounded as it is by a wilderness of hills and ravines; and where jackals, and hyenas, are the only living things that can intrude upon their privacy.

At the threshold of the door, leading from the court-yard to the house, the daughters of Sidi Mahmoud received us with cordial welcome. They are two very beautiful girls. The eldest, who is about fourteen years of age, particularly interested me. There is an expression in her soft, intelligent eyes, which shews that she feels the oppression of captivity. Her features are not those of a regular beauty; but the grace which marks all her movements, the soul-breathing animation which lights up her countenance, and the alternate blush and pallor which overspread her delicate cheek, seem to mark the fair Zuleica for a heroine of romance.

Whilst I gazed on her, I thought she looked like a personification of her lovely namesake, the glorious creation of Byron's Muse. Her beautiful chesnut hair was unfortunately (in compliance with the custom of the country) tinged with a reddish dye. It was combed to the nape of the neck, and a red woollen-band was closely twisted round it, so that the most beautiful adornment of a female head was converted into a long, stiff rouleau, which either dangled down her back, or was hidden in the folds of her dress. On her head, she wore a small,

closely-fitting fez. Her sister, a pretty smiling girl of ten years of age, had her hair arranged in the same manner, and she wore the same sort of fez. She was wrapped in a shawl of a clear sea-green hue, which was draped round her figure very gracefully, but entirely concealed her arms. Her full trousers of rose-coloured calico, descended nearly to her ancles. The costume of the elder sister was marked by greater elegance. Her shawl was dark red, but of less size, and thinner texture than that worn by her sister. After we had been a few minutes together, we became quite familiar friends, and the young ladies permitted me to have a minute inspection of their dresses. They conducted us to their drawing-room, or as they call it their *salon*. This apartment, like all the rooms in the house, is exceedingly small; and on my expressing some surprise at its limited dimensions, the elder sister replied in her broken French, "Mauresques pas tener salons pas jolies comme toi Français;" by which, she meant to say that their houses, or saloons, are not so fine as those of the Europeans; for they call all Europeans, indiscriminately, French. There was but little furniture in the drawing-room.

Over the middle part of the floor was spread a very handsome Turkey carpet; and along the sides of the apartment were laid several carpets of various kinds, and patterns. In one corner of the room, there was a looking-glass in a miserable-looking

frame, and beside it a loaded musket. Whether this weapon be destined for the defence of the elegant mirror, or of the lovely Zuleica, I pretend not to say.

Having observed a telescope fixed at the window, I expressed some surprise. Zuleica, who converses very intelligibly, in what she called the *lingua franca*, (a jargon principally composed of French words,) informed me that this telescope constitutes her principal source of amusement, and that she is almost continually occupied in looking through it, to watch the arrival of her friends, and the movements of the steamers in the harbour. The walls of the apartment were simply white-washed, and the window and doors were arched as a precaution against accidents in the earthquakes, so frequent in this country. The only decorations on the walls were two little frames, containing passages from the Koran.

Among the other articles of furniture contained in this apartment, I must not omit to mention a small table, on which lay some sheets of paper, (having Arabic characters inscribed on them, a book), and an inkstand.

When I entered the room, the young ladies brought a straw stool, and requested me to sit down on it, whilst they themselves squatted on the floor. A white muslin curtain hung over a doorway, which led to the sleeping apartment of the father and

mother. Nothing could be more plain than the furniture of this apartment. Two small French iron bedsteads indicated, it is true, great advancement in civilization; and between these bedsteads a piece of carpet covered the rough red tiles, with which the floor was paved. There was neither washing-stand nor toilette table; but indeed the apartment was so small that there was no room for them. I was next conducted to the boudoir, where coffee, pomegranates, melons, and sweetmeats were served. To decline taking anything that is offered is regarded as an affront by the Mahometans, so I was compelled to receive in my bare hand an immensely large slice of some kind of sweet cake, spread over with a thick jelly.

The collation being ended, the young ladies conducted me to their own sleeping room. Here we found a slave at work. She was a Negress, for whom I was told Sidi Mahmoud had paid 600 francs. I suppose this Negress saw something irresistibly droll in my appearance, for as soon as I entered she burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, and it was some time ere she recovered her composure.

Little Zuleica very good-naturedly opened several trunks to gratify me with the sight of some of her best dresses. She drew forth a number of garments of various descriptions, all composed of rich and beautiful materials. When I say that she had at least twenty elegant tunics of silk or gauze, and

several others richly embroidered with gold, I do not overrate the number. I expressed my astonishment at the number and variety of the garments, of which I imagined I had seen the last; but Zuleica turned to me with an arch smile, which seemed to say she had a still greater surprise in store for me. Then diving into the lowest depths of one of the trunks, she drew forth a complete bridal costume. It consisted of a robe or tunic, of rich red damask silk, embroidered with gold; a gold girdle; a splendid caftan; loose trousers of silk; and a veil of white gauze, several yards in length, and sprigged with gold. I was also shown several valuable jewelled ornaments destined to be worn with this splendid costume.

Seeing the bridal dress thus ready prepared, I conjectured that Zuleica was betrothed, and I ventured to ask her when she was to be married. At this question she blushed and looked confused; then, after a little hesitation, she replied, "Quand trouver mari."

Poor girl! thought I, you may be compared to one of those little flies whose whole life is comprised in a single day. In your innocence you vainly believe that marriage will open to you an unknown heaven; and you look forward with hope to the hour of your union with a being whose name you scarcely know, and whose voice you have never heard. Alas! how little do you think that no

sooner will the nuptial knot be tied than your happiness will have fled. Thenceforth the only solace of your life will be to look back to the transient joy of your bridal day!

Among Zuleica's ornaments were several set with splendid diamonds and pearls. My hostess after having examined and admired them, asked whether the jewels were all real. Zuleica looked a little offended at this question, and answered proudly: "Mauresques jamais tenir ce que n'est pas vrai." We were greatly amused by the interest and curiosity with which these Moorish girls examined everything we wore, and even asked the price of any article which particularly pleased them. No part of my dress escaped the scrutinizing eyes of Zuleica. She was particularly charmed with a small handkerchief I wore round my throat. I took it off and requested her to accept it as a token of my remembrance.

The elder sister had so engaged my attention, that the younger one appeared to think I had neglected her, and she timidly requested that, as I had seen all Zuleica's beautiful things, I would look at some of hers also. Accordingly she began showing me her dolls, meanwhile relating to me in her *lingua franca* the history of each. These dolls were attired in the costumes of Moorish ladies, and little Gumara assured me that the dresses were all her own making. After I had

admired them, and complimented Gamara on her taste, she told me with an air of mystery, that she had yet one thing more to show. So saying, she produced a doll with a huge black beard and fierce countenance, and dressed completely in imitation of the Sultan. Whilst I was engaged in admiring it, Sidi Mahmoud entered. He had heard that I could speak Italian, and he came to have a little conversation with me about Italy, a country with which he is acquainted, and in which he has himself travelled much. The father's unexpected appearance dismayed the young ladies, who coloured deeply whilst they endeavoured to hide the miniature effigy of the Sultan. I afterwards learned that Zuleica and her sister are brought up under such rigorous restraint, that even the possession of a doll in male attire is a thing prohibited. The spirit of contradiction is a fault of which we women are very generally accused in other parts of the world, as well as in Europe; but without either denying or admitting the justice of this charge, I am disposed to believe that the mere desire of breaking through a command, and doing something that was forbidden, prompted the daughters of Sidi Mahmoud to introduce a Sultan into their harem of dolls. The elder sister showed me some beautiful tambour work, with which she occasionally amuses herself. This accomplishment, I believe, she owes to her acquaintance with the daughters

of the English Consul, whose beautiful villa is situated not far distant from the residence of Sidi Mahmoud. Zuleica must be quite an exception to her countrywomen in general, for she can read and write Arabic very correctly, and she even knows the French alphabet.

It was now getting late, and we proposed returning home. Whilst we were taking leave, and just before we reached the door, a Moorish female of mature age stepped forward, and our young friends introduced her as their mother. She is the wife with whom Sidi Mahmoud lives here, but he has another in Algiers. This Moorish lady was of short stature, and by no means pretty.

VIII.

Departure from Algiers—Plain of Metidja—Buffarik—Monument to Sergeant Blandan—Blidah.

Blidah, Dec. 30th.

THIS morning at a quarter past eight, we left Algiers on our journey to Blidah. The weather was not very promising. Heavy threatening clouds obscured the sky; but as atmospheric symptoms have various meanings in different countries, and as we were confidently assured that we should have fair weather, we fearlessly set out. We had hired our

horses from the man who engaged to act as our guide, and he packed behind his own saddle the little baggage we wished to take with us.

Having proceeded about half way through the suburb of Bab-Azoun, we turned off to the right, and after ascending a hill, we reached Mustapha Superieur, a handsome village, containing large and well-built houses. As a place of residence, it is preferable to any part of Algiers. Having descended to a little distance on the other side of the hill, we entered the road leading to Birmandrais, and passed through the village. From thence, a short ride along a very good road, brought us to Birkadem, a town of some size, situated in a smiling valley about eight miles distant from Algiers. A handsome Catholic church, a Moorish coffee-house, with its fresh fountain, and (what I scarcely expected to see) groups of chesnut and cherry trees, are the principal ornaments of Birkadem. The place is inhabited by French military and colonists. On leaving Birkadem we entered upon the extensive plain of Metidja, on the left of which the Little Atlas frowns gloomily as if with evil foreboding. When we first entered upon the plain, we found the road in a very bad state, having been broken up by one of those subterraneous convulsions so frequent here, and which the French call by the expressive name of "mouvement du terrain." We observed here many small fan palm trees, intermingled with

wild rhododendrons and other shrubs. But as we advanced, the plain became more and more barren. When we reached Quatre Chemins, (a village so named because four roads meet in it,) our guide inquired if we were disposed to halt, as we were then more than half way to Blidah. We preferred going on to Buffarik, for our horses were quite unwearied, and as the sky looked more and more threatening, we thought it better to proceed as far as we could whilst the weather continued fine. Shortly before we reached Buffarik, our guide directed our attention to some miserable Arab huts, situated at a little distance from the road. He assured us that they were inhabited by a tribe of Arabs; but I could scarcely believe that they were human habitations, for they looked precisely like little heaps of clay. When in 1830, the French marched through this part of the country, on their expedition to Blidah, Buffarik was a mere wood surrounded by marshes emitting noxious vapours. In 1832, the French drove away the Arabs, took possession of the place, and established in it their first military posts on the plain of Metidja. It is impossible to conceive anything more dull and uninteresting than the village of Buffarik. The houses are all symmetrically built with the formal neatness of baby houses, and they look as dull and gloomy as if deploring the hard fate that has doomed them to occupy this dreary spot.

We alighted at the Hotel Mazagran, and ordered breakfast. But the order was unheeded. No breakfast appeared, and we saw but little chance of procuring anything to eat. The fact was, we had arrived at a most unfortunate moment. The whole village of Buffarik, and especially the Hotel Mazagran, were in a state of great excitement. At the hotel, preparations were being made for a banquet of three hundred covers, in celebration of the capture of Abd-el-Kader. The confusion that prevailed was more than enough to dismay six weary travellers, who, after five hours' hard riding, were sadly in want of refreshment. The hostess, a fat, ill-tempered woman was bustling about with her hands in her apron-pockets, scolding the servants, and every now and then knocking them on the head with one of her slippers. As to the servants, they did nothing but run here and there, and call to one another, as if noise and confusion were preferable to work. We saw so little likelihood of procuring anything to allay our hunger, that we would, without hesitation, have pursued our journey, but that our horses needed rest.

At length, by dint of offering a very exorbitant price, we procured a breakfast, or I may rather say a luncheon; and by dint of a little coaxing, we so far softened the hard heart of our fat hostess, that she added a very good pie to the banquet. An officer, with whom we entered into conversation at

the hotel, informed us that the inhabitants of Buf-farik are victims to the insalubrity of the climate. It is one of the most unhealthy spots in the country about Algiers. The military, stationed here, are exposed to great discomfort owing to the bad weather in winter, and the excessive heat in summer, to say nothing of the annoyance of continued contests with the Arabs.

As soon as our horses were ready, we resumed our journey to Blidah, and we soon reached Beni-Mered. This place was, on the 11th of April 1842, the scene of a sanguinary massacre. An escort conveying despatches, and consisting of 22 soldiers, commanded by Sergeant Blandan, was attacked by 300 Arab horsemen, belonging to Ben Salem, and the whole party was barbarously murdered. Sergeant Blandan, a brave young soldier, was the first who fell by the hands of these assassins, and his dying words were, "Amis, défendez-vous jusqu'à la mort!" A lofty column, erected in the grand square of Beni-Mered, reminds the passer-by of the heroic courage of young Blandan, and his brave companions. The nearer we approached the termination of our journey, the more dense became the canopy of cloud which had overhung the Little Atlas since an early hour in the morning; and when, about five in the afternoon, we reached Blidah, the beautiful landscape, which forms so picturesque a back-ground to the town, was entirely obscured.

Blidah is a charming place, situated at the foot (or more accurately speaking) on the first ridge of the Little Atlas, at the elevation of between five and six hundred feet above the level of the sea. The town is encircled by a girdle of trees ; which retain their verdant foliage throughout the whole year. At first sight Blidah looks as if embedded in a grove of orange trees, intermingled with luxuriant palms and cypresses. The approach to the town presented a most delightful contrast to the dreary and barren country through which we had passed. We stopped at the Hotel de la Régence, and whilst alighting from our horses, we were agreeably surprised to hear a military band playing on the Place d'Armes, opposite to the hotel. Could we have had a more delightful reception on entering a town in the wilds of Africa ?

I lost no time in divesting myself of my riding habit, and putting on a walking dress, for we were anxious to avail ourselves of the remaining interval of daylight to take a ramble through the town. The military band played so delightfully that we could not resist stopping to listen to it. Accordingly we walked a few times backward and forward on the Place, on which there was a motley throng of promenaders, consisting chiefly of military officers, and richly dressed Moors.

Two officers of the Premiers Chasseurs, observing that we were foreigners, politely offered their ser-

vices as our *ciceroni*. We thankfully accepted their offer, and they conducted us through a countless number of bazaars, as well as many squares, and streets. The town is very unequally built. Next to a neat looking house, having a pretty court-yard, planted with orange trees, one sees a miserable Arab hut ; and not unfrequently a range of splendid houses, fronted with arcades, abuts on a row of poor looking habitations, occupied by the more humble class of colonists. The veil of night was drawing round, and heavy drops of rain, which now began to fall, prevented us from extending our walk as far as we would have wished. We found a good supper ready on our return to the Hotel de la Régence. To epicures, Blidah must be rather an agreeable place of residence, for green peas and strawberries may be had in perfection all the year round. There also grows here a peculiar kind of radish, which is very agreeable. I hope by and bye to see more of Blidah. Meanwhile I must learn how one sleeps at the foot of the Little Atlas, for it is now midnight, and I am very tired.

IX.

Plain of the Mouzaia—Fording the Chiffa—The camp—Patriarchal mode of life—Tribes of Arabs—Dangerous journey—Return to Blidah.

Blidah, Dec. 31st.

LAST night we retired to rest with melancholy foreboding respecting the weather. It seemed impossible to doubt that it would be wet to-day, for when we went to bed the rain poured in torrents. Moreover the sky was so dark and gloomy, that it appeared vain to hope that one night would suffice to dispel the clouds. We all agreed not to rise until a sunbeam should shine in upon us. But when we entered into this agreement, we forgot, or rather we were not in the least aware that our sleeping apartments are without windows, or apertures of any kind, which will admit even a ray of light, much less allow a sunbeam to penetrate.

How long I might have lain soundly asleep in my dungeon I know not, but that the barking of my little dog awoke me about eight o'clock. On opening the door, I perceived that though the rain still fell heavily, the sky looked more promising. I sent a servant to call up all our party, that we might be ready to mount our horses at the first favourable moment. Nevertheless it was nearly ten o'clock before

we all assembled at the breakfast table. There we held a council, and arranged our movements for the day.

According to the plan we had originally traced out for our day's journey, we were to have gone to Medeah, a little town situated beyond some of the hills of the Atlas chain. The road thither lies through the plain of the Mouzaia, and the Gorge de la Chiffa, and presents much that is interesting. Besides, in the direction we proposed to take, Medeah is the only place in which there is a French hotel where we could pass the night, secure from the intrusion of either Bedouins or wild beasts. However, the bad weather, which had been of several days' continuance, rendered this plan impracticable. The mountain pass across the Atlas was obstructed by loosened blocks of stones and masses of earth, and we heard that accidents not unfrequently occur to persons who attempt to cross the Chiffa after heavy rains. We were told that only a day or two previously, several soldiers had attempted to ford the swollen stream on horseback, and that all were drowned, horses as well as riders. This was no idle invention, but a fact, as we were assured by several officers who had witnessed the accident.

However we had not come to Blidah to sit in an hotel, and we determined to go somewhere. The rain began to abate, and at intervals the blue sky

was visible between the grey watery clouds. We ordered our horses to be saddled, and without any clearly defined idea as to where we should find a roof to shelter us at night, we packed up our little baggage and set off. We directed our course towards the plain of the Mouzaia. The officer with whom we conversed at Buffarik, had kindly given us a note of introduction to one of his friends residing in the Mouzaia, and we trusted that in the event of our being unable to procure a night's quarters elsewhere, this gentleman would give us some sort of shelter.

At a short distance from Blidah, we entered a grove of olive trees, called "le bois sacré;" a name which the French have translated from the Arabic, and for which the grove is doubtless indebted to a little marabout that is built in it. Proceeding further on we arrived at a small fortified building called a blockhouse. The French, immediately after their invasion of Algiers, constructed a great number of these buildings, as points of defence against the attacks of the Arabs. The plain of the Mouzaia soon spread out in all its grandeur before us, and we rode along a fine natural road in the direction of the Chiffa. We still had the Atlas on our left, and as we approached nearer and nearer to it, we could clearly discern in detail all the little hills which stretch down to the plain in picturesque diversity. Here we found ourselves in a district of country

stamped with the pure African character. We frequently saw groups of Arabs in the woods, seated or lying on the ground, and half concealed by the trees; at a distance I could scarcely distinguish them from the grazing camels.

All trace of a path-way soon vanished. I rode on with our guide, in advance of the rest of the party. This man had been a soldier, and he related to me some particulars of his service in Algiers. He spoke regretfully of the great sacrifice of human life with which the French had purchased the conquest of this country; and he told me that he had himself borne a part in some engagements on the plain over which we were then riding. At every step we advanced, the road became more and more rugged, and we were often obliged to work our way through thickets, where the bushes and brambles covered deep and dangerous chasms. After we had proceeded to a considerable distance, our guide observed that, in a few minutes, we should reach the ford of the Chiffa; and he proposed that we should wait till the gentlemen came up to us, in order to consult with them on the expediency of attempting to cross the treacherous stream. "Suppose," said the guide, "that the swell of the river should, within the last few hours, have so far abated that we may attempt to cross; and suppose we get safely across, even then, we shall not have gained much, for to reach Medeah would be impossible. Not

only is the pass across the mountains broken up, but the day is now too far advanced ; and should the weather (which is by no means to be trusted) again change, the Chiffa will in a few hours be so swollen, that we shall be unable to re-cross it ; and then our return to Blidah will be impossible."

These observations would probably have appeared to most persons perfectly reasonable and unanswerable ; but, I know by experience, that in these matters guides are not always to be trusted, for it frequently happens that they offer suggestions merely in accordance with their own interests. I therefore halted and waited for our party, firmly resolved to employ all my eloquence to prevail on them to cross the Chiffa. When the gentlemen came up to us, and heard what the guide had to say, they all seemed very much disposed to concur with him. Whilst we were discussing the question, two horsemen rode up to the spot, where we were assembled in consultation. I thought they looked like French colonists, and as, on African ground, every foreigner wearing the European garb, may be regarded as an old acquaintance, I ventured to accost them. " Whither are you proceeding ?" I inquired. " Ma foi, chère dame !" answered one of them, in a broad Gascon accent, " nous voulons tâcher de passer la Chiffa, si cela se peut, car elle nous joue de bien vilains tours ces jours-ci." With these words they

both politely wished us good day and rode on. "And can those men, ill-mounted as they are venture to cross if we cannot?" said I to our Hanoverian friend, whose horse at that moment began to caper and sport with mine. "See," pursued I, "even our horses are delighted, and are fired with new spirit in anticipation of bearing us triumphantly across the foaming mountain stream!" "We are apprehensive only on your account," was the gentleman's reply. "Oh!" resumed I, "if fear for my sake be the only ground of your indecision, I will soon remove it!" So saying, I made a sign to the guide, directing him to proceed. He immediately galloped forward and I followed him. Doubtless the gentlemen thought I was only jesting; for after riding a very little way, I found myself at the edge of the river, and on looking round, I perceived that none of the party had followed me. The dark and foaming waves of the Chiffa were rolling angrily down their rocky bed; and I certainly did not expect to see either so broad a river, or so fierce a current. But I had full faith in my trusty Arabian; for when at sight of the water he pricked up his little ears and snorted eagerly, I knew he was equal to the enterprize. A few minutes elapsed ere the guide could satisfy himself as to the point at which we might most safely attempt the ford. He told me it was best to cross in

an oblique direction, as by so doing the waves would press with less force upon the horses ; and at length, having fixed upon what he thought a good point, he plunged in, I following him close at his horses' heels. I must frankly acknowledge that at that moment my sensations were anything but enviable.

With my left hand I held up my riding habit, (the length of which, in this emergency, I found to be no trivial inconvenience), and with my right hand I firmly grasped the bridle, at the same time using every endeavour to encourage my horse. The noble animal struggled courageously with the waves, which rolled furiously through a deep mountain ravine, a little above the point at which we forded the river. Every object seemed to whirl before my eyes, and I felt as if within a hair's breadth of being engulfed in one of the many hollows between the rocks, which form the bed of the river. To ford a strong current on horseback is not always a difficult undertaking, if the ground be level under the horses' feet ; but the bed of the Chiffa is covered with large rugged masses of rock, on which even the best horse can scarcely keep a firm footing. Had mine made a false step, or had he been overpowered by the force of the waters, I must have been swept away by the current without hope of deliverance. But my lucky star preserved me, and I reached the opposite

bank in safety. I had kept close to the guide, who, when he looked round, and saw me so near him, could scarcely believe the evidence of his eyes. When I found myself on *terra firma* and heard the shouts of my friends, whose voices were nearly drowned by the roar of the waters, I became for the first time conscious of the danger I had encountered. With anxious suspense I watched the passage of the other horses, whilst they forded the stream, and in a short time I had the happiness to see every individual of our little party safely across it.

Having turned to the left, we soon entered the mountain pass, called La Gorge de la Chiffa. The further we advanced, the surrounding scenery became more and more wild. We were not a little surprised to find in this desert country a plan traced out for a fine road, which is intended to be carried on as far as Medeah. As yet only a small portion of this road is constructed; and we rode along it until we arrived at the Camp de la Chiffa. The camp, which is situated in the narrowest part of the mountain pass, is like a swallow's nest embedded in an old wall. It is the most extraordinary sight imaginable. I cannot express how great was my surprise when I first came in sight of two hundred neat looking tents, with the French flag waving over them. Great numbers of men were employed in a variety of occupations in this little colony, isolated

as it is from all the civilized world. Two battalions of troops were stationed in the Camp de la Chiffa, for the two-fold purpose of defending the pass against the continuous incursions of the Kabyles, and of completing the road to Medeah. The officers have their clubs, cafés, and restaurants under the tents, and twice a week they receive the journals from Algiers. The soldiers who are employed in making the road, are paid for their work, *à la tâche*; so that, in addition to their military pay, they can earn eight or ten sous per day. They are thus enabled to provide themselves with many comforts, and they pursue their labour cheerfully. Our appearance excited some surprise among the inhabitants of this secluded region, who are unaccustomed to see any visitors save Bedouins and wild beasts. They all greeted us very kindly; the officers especially shewed us great politeness. I was exceedingly amused by taking a peep into the interior of some of the little tents as we rode past them. What patriarchal groups here presented themselves. In one corner would be seated the soldier's wife with an infant at her breast, and a few yards from her a horse might be seen quietly devouring his oats. In another part of the same tent was the soldier occupied in brushing his boots; and here and there a bleating lamb, cocks, hens, and broods of chickens, all living together in most perfect harmony.

Most willingly would I have prolonged my visit to the *Camp de la Chiffa*. But we had no time to lose; and we pursued our journey along the road to Medeah, which the soldiers are employed in making. When completed, it will be an exceedingly fine one, though parts of it here and there are very bad, for the mountain torrents frequently destroy the work as fast as it is done. In some places our horses could with difficulty pass along one after another; whilst on our left there yawned a chasm into which the least false step would have hurled us. The soldiers, who were busily at work on the embankments on either side of the road, were the only living things which animated this mountain wilderness. As soon as they espied us from a distance, they suspended their labours, and, resting on their spades and pick-axes, they stood with their eyes fixed upon us until we were out of sight. They all assured us that we should be unable to proceed, as the road further on was completely broken up. Of the truth of this assurance we were speedily convinced, and we found ourselves obliged to retrace our steps. Being overtaken by a heavy storm of rain, we threw on our water-proof cloaks, and drew the hoods over our heads. Thus equipped, we rode back at full gallop past the camp, where we could read in the countenances of its inhabitants, the surprise occasioned by our sudden metamorphosis. They stared at us

as though they suspected that some evil genius of the mountains had transformed us into huge glistening black beetles. Our appearance excited no less wonder than merriment.

Without stopping, we proceeded to the outlet of the Gorge. It was now two o'clock in the afternoon. At most we could count only on three more hours of daylight; and we halted to consult on what we should do. No one of our party felt any great inclination to recross the Chiffa, and as we had brought with us a note of introduction to an officer residing in the Mouzaia, we hoped that he would contrive, in some way or other, to give us a night's lodging. Relying on this hope, we pursued our journey onward. On arriving at the Gorge de la Chiffa, our guide turned off to the left, taking a direction—the opposite of that by which we had come to the Gorge, and leaving the river and Blidah in our rear. After proceeding onward a considerable way, he suddenly halted and said: "Nous voici dans la plaine de la Mouzaia; mais je n'y connais guère une habitation européenne." We directed him to advance, though we were now so far from Blidah that there seemed to be little prospect of our being able to return thither that night, and we began to think seriously of a night's quarters among the Bedouins. "I really know not what is to be done," said F—, addressing me, "unless you

make up your mind *to rough it*, as we say in England. In that case, we gentlemen will be satisfied with any resting place we may get." I acquiesced, and we cheerfully pursued our way. The road, if that name can be applied to a succession of marshy lands, intersected by mountain torrents and deep chasms, was, in some places, almost impassable; and we were under the necessity of dismounting and leading our horses. We met several parties of grim looking Bedouins, with their camels. Their appearance inspired us with so little confidence, that we knew not which was the safer alternative:—to solicit from them a night's shelter and submit to be plundered, or to dispense with their hospitality and lose our way among the morasses and thickets of the Mouzaia.

The sun was now setting behind a mass of gloomy clouds and we began to feel seriously perplexed as to what resolution we should adopt. Ascending and descending, leaping chasms, crossing torrents and climbing over rugged masses of rock, had wearied our horses as well as ourselves. To crown our misfortunes, we now began to discover that our guide was quite unacquainted with the locality through which he had undertaken to conduct us. We entered a large grove of olives, where however our progress was not much improved, for the ground was loose and slippery,

and the branches of the trees hung down so low that they sometimes completely entangled us, and we were in fear of being like Absolon, suspended from them. All our party became so silent that it might have been supposed we were suddenly struck dumb. Not a word was uttered in admiration of the scenery, or the majestic mountains, of which we now and then caught a glimpse through the trees: we were absorbed in profound meditation. The guide rode first, F—— after him, I next, and the three gentlemen followed. In this manner we proceeded through the labyrinthian grove, of which the intricacies appeared to be endless. Suddenly we were startled by the distant barking of dogs. The sound became louder and louder, and after advancing a little further, we found ourselves in the midst of a numerous tribe of Bedouins, all armed with muskets and pistols. Their dogs, which were stationed as vedetts to guard the camp, were at least fifty in number, and at our approach they raised a most hideous chorus of barking and howling; some of these fierce animals flying at us and attempting to fasten on our horses. In many countries it would have been a much-wished for instance of good fortune to have met with human beings amidst so long and dreary a journey; but our guide seemed to be in no degree gratified by this encounter. He hurried on impatiently, and seemed to think we were extremely

lucky in being suffered to pass without interruption. We came up with several other parties in succession; indeed, we no sooner got rid of one swarm of Bedouins and their barking dogs, than we encountered another. None of them showed the least disposition to assail us, which was more than we had reason to expect, for all these Arabs were Hadjutes, a race very hostile to Europeans, whom, in several recent occasions, they have attacked and cruelly massacred. Knowing this fact, we did not feel particularly safe in being among them. Their scowling looks gave us sufficiently to understand that nothing but fear of the French soldiery held them in check.

Night was now setting in. We asked our guide how far he thought we were from the abode of the French officer, to whom we had the letter of introduction. The man coolly replied, that it was probably on the other side of a chain of the Atlas, in a district called the Mines of the Mouzaia. We were perfectly dismayed, for the place he alluded to was a good day's journey from the spot where we then were. We now discovered that the only place of shelter we could hope to reach that night, was a dilapidated building which the French military had once used as a redoubt, but which is now the haunt of wild beasts and birds of prey. "I think," resumed our guide, whilst he fixed his

eyes on some object in the distance, "I think I espy the red burnouse of a Spahi. These Spahis are Arabs, but they are in the French service, and if we must pass the night here, we may at least rest in safety amongst them." Towards this burnouse, which was at a considerable distance from us, our guide directed his course, we following him as speedily as the bad state of the ground permitted. Though we, as well as our horses, were beginning to feel the effects of our long and harassing journey, yet we proceeded on with unflinching spirit, for in our dilemma the faintest ray of hope was cheering. But alas! how were we disappointed by discovering, on a nearer approach to the red burnouse, that what our guide supposed to be a Spahi, turned out to be a Sheick or the chief of a tribe; for the Sheicks wear red and not white burnouses. We soon found ourselves once again in the midst of a tribe more numerous than any we had yet met with. In front of a tent we saw assembled together, in solemn conclave, a party of twelve Sheicks, the chiefs of neighbouring tribes. All were wrapped in red burnouses, with pipes in their hands and muskets slung at their sides. They had, apparently, assembled together for the discussion of some question of deep importance. "We cannot pass the night here," observed our guide, as soon as

he became conscious of his mistake. "These Arabs have no shelter to offer us; and if they had, it would not be safe to trust them, for they are Hadjutes, who are disposed to be very hostile. The best thing we can do is to gain the road which leads from hence to the Chiffa, and so get back to Blidah as soon as we possibly can. We need not fear the horses, for as soon as they find they are going homeward their Arabian blood will be up, and I can answer for their carrying us once more safely across the Chiffa. But we have no time to lose. Every minute is precious!"

"Return to Blidah! Recross the Chiffa tonight! Impossible!" we all exclaimed with one voice. I suggested that we should withdraw out of sight of the Arabs, and retire into some of the thickets, where we might remain in concealment until returning daylight. My proposition was negatived, and whilst we were considering of some better scheme, our attention was aroused by a strange wild cry, or rather a howl, such as I had never before heard; and in another moment there glided past, at a little distance from us, some black figures, shaped like large dogs. "What are those!" I exclaimed, not without some alarm, for I perceived that my horse was scared by the strange apparition. "Oh, nothing at all," answered the guide, coolly; "only a few hyenas and jackals prowling about

in quest of prey. Presently, Madame, the united howling of a concert of hyenas, jackals, panthers, and tigers will convince you that it is not very safe to pass a night here; and even should we be spared by the wild beasts, we have no chance whatever of escaping a fever!"

This information at once put an end to all indecision. No one of our party felt the least inclination to brave the perils of a night's lodging *à la belle étoile* in an African wilderness, and accordingly we made the best of our way to the Chiffa. That our horses should have been at once able and willing to perform this *tour de force*, I confess astonished me. The current of the river had wonderfully abated from the time when we forded it in the morning. Nevertheless, I could not divest myself of some fear on plunging into the stream in the darkness of a gloomy night. As soon as we were safely across it, our horses started off at a spirited gallop in the direction of Blidah, where we arrived, Heaven be praised! without accident, a little before eight o'clock.

The people at the Hôtel de la Régence were beginning to be uneasy at our prolonged absence. A good supper was speedily prepared for us; and whilst we partook of it, we could not help thinking that our well-spread table and comfortable fire, were infinitely preferable to the company of Arabs, and wild beasts in the Plain of the Mouzaia.

X.

New Year's morning in Blidah—The Queen of Greece—Arab mode of riding—Cruelty to animals—Return to Algiers—Walks in the environs of the city—The Casbah.

Algiers, Jan. 2nd, 1848.

WE passed a very dull and uninteresting New Year's Day, and when evening came, I felt so fatigued by my journey of the day before, that I thought I could not do better than retire very early to rest. I am now entering a few lines in my diary, to describe the manner in which we welcomed New Year's morning in Blidah.

Our supper being ended, on the last night of the year, I would fain have gone to bed early, for I felt very much disposed to sleep through the transit of the old to the new year. However, when I hinted my intention of saying "Good night," every voice was raised against so unheard-of a proceeding; and it was agreed that we should all struggle against sleep and weariness until after midnight. The task of amusing ourselves, until the setting in of the New Year, proved less difficult than I expected. I had sat down to write a few lines, when I was suddenly interrupted by the distant strains of music; and I presently distinguished the tones of a harp, accompanied by

some other instrument. The music approached nearer and nearer, and before I was aware of their presence, the musicians were in our apartment. These serenaders were two poor Italians, one of whom played the harp, and the other the guitar. In a moment the gentlemen moved the tables and chairs from the middle of the room, polkas and waltzes were played, and I might have danced in the New Year, but that our unfortunate Mouzaian expedition had disabled us from all further exertion. The idea of dancing after a day of such fatigue, reminds me of the Queen of Greece. Her Majesty, who is an excellent horsewoman, makes long equestrian tours in the interior of the country. When we were in Athens, we were informed by a gentleman of the court, that during these excursions, though the Queen may have been on horseback almost the whole of the day, she is never deterred from concluding the evening with her favourite amusement. On one occasion, when the weather was exceedingly wet, and the rain pouring in torrents, twenty-four men were required to hold down the tent in which the court party danced, lest it should be washed away. It may fairly be presumed that, under these circumstances, some individuals of the royal circle would have preferred offering their devotions to Morpheus, rather than to Terpsichore—such, at all events, would have been my preference the night before last. But

though we dispensed with dancing, we greeted the entrance of the New Year in the good old English fashion. A bowl of punch was prepared, and whilst the clock, striking the hour of midnight, tolled the knell of the expiring year, we drank to the health of our dear distant friends, with fondest wishes for their welfare and happiness.

A refreshing night's rest restored our exhausted energies, but when we awoke in the morning, a cloudy threatening sky damped our New Year's Day hopes. I know not how long we might have slept, had we not been suddenly aroused by the shrill trumpets of the native regiment of cavalry accompanied by a furious beating of drums in the court-yard of the hotel. Irritated by the insufferable noise, my little Italian greyhound started up in a fright, and increased the discord by her angry howling. On inquiring the cause of this disturbance, we learned that it was prompted by the kindest motives possible; and was merely intended "pour souhaïter une bonne année." Luckily this serenade was of brief duration. It was soon succeeded by the band of the French regiment, which offered its New Year's greetings in more melodious strains.

In a few minutes we were all assembled round the breakfast table, where we discussed our plans for the day. The only proposition I had to make was, that on our return to Algiers, we should not take the same route by which we had come from

thence to Blidah. After rather a long debate, it was determined that we should go first to Coleah, there rest for the night ; then on the following day proceed to Algiers by the way of Sidi Ferruch, and the Trappist Convent, two places which tourists in this country must not neglect to see. The journey we were told would be rather long and difficult ; but the pleasure to be derived from it would, we were assured, more than atone for any inconvenience we might encounter. The town of Coleah, where we proposed to pass the night, is situated on the Algerian Sahel range, at the elevation of nearly six hundred feet above the level of the sea. The country around Coleah is so verdant and fertile, that, when seen from a distance, the little white houses of the town look as though they were stuck in a basket of flowers. The tomb of the Marabou Sidi Ali Embarrek, shaded by palms and cypresses of extraordinary height and beauty, is the crowning ornament of Coleah. The plan of visiting this interesting place met with the unanimous approval of all our party, until one of the gentlemen happened to enter into conversation with some French officers at the hotel. From them he gathered information which caused the project to be set aside. We were informed that the rain which had fallen during the two preceding days would render it very difficult, if not impossible, to proceed across the country from Blidah to Coleah ; the more

especially as our guide was very imperfectly acquainted with the road. I hinted that we might engage an Arab to pilot us across the swamps and morasses which we were told would impede our advance. But the suggestion was overruled, and the result of our long debate was the determination to proceed to Coleah by the dull, uninteresting military road ; that is to say, to go as far as Quatre Chemins by the same route by which we had come from Algiers. We ordered our horses to be in readiness at eleven o'clock.

But I must not quit Blidah without noting down some of the most remarkable features of that beautiful place. Dr. Shaw is of opinion that this town stands on the site of the Bida Colonia of the Romans. Other antiquarians conjecture it to be the ancient Sufasar. But whatever name the town may have borne, it is certain that the beauty of its situation has rendered it a favourite place of residence from times of remote antiquity. The Marabous, whose tombs still adorn the banks of the neighbouring river (the Kebir), are the most ancient inhabitants of this district, who have left any traces behind them. In 1825, Blidah was visited by a frightful earthquake which reduced the town to a heap of ruins. Prior to that event it contained 18,000 inhabitants, whereas its population is now only 7,487, and one half of that number are Europeans. By the treaty of the Tafna, Blidah was transferred

to the dominion of the French, and in 1838, Marshal Vallée formally took possession of it. A large mosque, called Djema Kebir, situated on the Place d'Armes, opposite to the Telegraph is now transformed into a Catholic Church. Two other Mosques are still retained by the followers of Islamism. A museum, several schools, a printing office, good hotels and cafés, together with many very handsome houses, bear testimony to the advancing prosperity of Blidah. The splendid groves of orange trees, and the many pleasant gardens within the town as well as in its vicinity, have justly gained for this place the name of "the African Paradise."

At the appointed time our horses were in readiness, and we set out. The first part of our journey was delightful. The sun shone brightly, and the light brought out vividly the varied gradations of colour which diversify the wide spreading plain. Orange-trees, laden with their golden fruit, were growing side by side with stately palms and gloomy cypresses. Numerous pine trees greatly heightened the beauty of the scene, and they particularly arrested my attention from the circumstance of their not being stripped of their lower branches, as one is accustomed to see them in Italy—they were here growing in their natural form. The country through which we rode was very solitary. A few Arabs with their camels, carrying provisions to the town,

others with their animals unloaded, coming from it, and here and there an omnibus, were the only objects we met for a considerable distance. We soon found ourselves sinking into very deep mud on the road to Quatre Chemins, which runs in a straight line, and is extremely monotonous and wearisome. It is like some of the roads I have seen in Germany, wanting only the formal rows of poplar trees to complete the resemblance. An Arab, who galloped rapidly past us, attracted our attention. He was a young man of very fine appearance, and his elegant costume, together with the rich trappings of his horse led us to conjecture that he was a man of some consequence: we therefore regretted that the speed with which he bounded along, had prevented us from having a good look at him. The Turks and Arabs have only two modes of riding, viz. either pacing or very swift galloping. In this country the natives never trot and seldom gallop at moderate speed; they are unable to do either the one or the other. But an Arab horseman proceeding alternately at a furious gallop and a leisurely pace, really journeys less speedily than a European, who keeps up a moderate but regular trot or gallop. The Arab horses can with difficulty be made to trot, and their trotting is a sharp jolting movement, very unpleasant to the rider. When, on my first arrival, in this country, I saw

an Arab bounding along at a headlong gallop, I concluded he must be the bearer of important despatches, or that he was riding for a wager—or, that possibly he was a criminal flying from the pursuit of justice. I was often not a little surprised, after riding on a little way, to find that we overtook the horseman whose fleetness had excited so many conjectures. So it happened with the young Arab, whose elegant appearance attracted our notice on the Quatre Chemins road. We had ridden on at a regular European *tempo*, and in a short time we found ourselves almost at his heels. When we overtook him, one of the gentlemen accosted him by making some inquiry respecting the road to Coleah; and to our surprise he answered in excellent French. He informed us that to reach Coleah it was not necessary to proceed all the way to Quatre Chemins, but that we might if we pleased, turn off at Buffarik. In the course of some further conversation, we learned that since the year 1839, he had been employed by the French government as an interpreter; a circumstance accounted for by his speaking such pure French, as well as for the tasteful sort of fancy dress in which he had arrayed himself. Having taken leave of us with many graceful obeisances, he again set off at a gallop, and was speedily out of sight. We had not proceeded much further when the sky became very cloudy and a shower of

rain fell. From the rain we protected ourselves with our waterproof cloaks ; but the wind blew very violently and it was exceedingly cold.

After a ride of about twelve miles, we reached Buffarik. To proceed direct from thence to Coleah, as our friend the interpreter had recommended, was an enterprise on which none of the party, save myself, seemed disposed to venture. I yielded to the majority, and did so the more readily, in the hope that before we should reach Quatre Chemins, whence we had originally intended to direct our course to Coleah, a favourable change of weather would enable us to carry out our plan. But fate had ordained that we should not go to Coleah. When we got to Quatre Chemins, the gentlemen were all of one opinion as to the expediency of proceeding direct to Algiers. I do not think I should have so easily resigned myself to the disappointment, but for the fear of tiring out our poor horses, who would have had to perform a journey of upwards of thirty-six miles without rest or forage. In Europe this would be thought impossible, or to say the least very cruel ; but not so in this country. Since I have been here I have had frequent occasion to observe and admire the excellent qualities of the horses ; but of the much extolled affection of the Arabs for those animals, I have certainly not witnessed any examples in this part of Africa. On the contrary, I have

frequently been horror-struck at the little humanity exercised by the natives, even to their most useful animals, such as horses and camels. As to the inferior animals they are often treated with the most revolting cruelty. A day or two ago, for example, I observed a Bedouin woman cramming a number of unfortunate fowls into a basket too small to contain them; yet she nevertheless persisted in forcing them in with as much indifference as though they had been dead; and dead they must have been long before their cruel mistress unpacked them for the purpose of giving them the *coup de grace*. Yesterday I saw an Arab treating a poor sheep with cruelty which it sickened me to witness. Such scenes are of daily occurrence here, and they bear evidence that the elements of barbarism are still predominant among these people.

On our arrival in Quatre Chemins the weather took a favourable turn. A fresh north wind dispersed the vapoury clouds, and the blue sky appeared clear and serene. The condition of our horses, and the skirt of my riding-habit plainly denoted what masses of mud we had waded through. Coleah, which lay at some distance to the left, on an elevated plateau, smiled, as if inviting a visit from the passing travellers; but we were obliged to turn our backs on the pretty town. We soon reached a point

where two roads meet, each leading to Algiers. Turning from that along which we had passed on our way to Blidah, we took the road which leads to Duera and crosses the hills; this, our guide assured us, was at once the shortest and the best way. About midway between Quatre Chemins and Algiers we reached Duera. It is rather a considerable town, containing a church and several public buildings. The houses are erected in neat, regular rows; but an air of gloom pervades the whole town, and dullness seems to yawn from every window. Altogether our journey from Blidah was very unsatisfactory.

Our poor horses were now becoming more and more weary, and they eagerly turned to every house and every hut in the hope that we intended to make a halt. Throughout nearly the whole of our journey the roads were so bad that it was scarcely safe to put our horses either to a trot or a gallop; yet we occasionally did both, fearing that otherwise we should not get back to Algiers before a late hour in the night. We had, it is true, very little rain; but the wind was piercingly cold; and whilst we were crossing the bleak, barren hills, it blew with such violence that in some places, especially where we had to pass deep hollows, I had some difficulty in keeping my seat firmly in the saddle. My horse did his best to preserve a steady footing, but on one or two occasions the force of

the wind drove him quite to one side, and my riding habit, being blown out to its full width, acted as a sail, thereby not facilitating his advancement. Amidst the annoyance of this boisterous wind, and with our horses sometimes knee-deep in mud, we rode the distance of thirty-two miles; and in a condition of extreme discomfort and weariness we at length arrived at the Hotel de la Régence, in Algiers.

This morning the sun shone brightly, and the whole city appeared to be animated with new life, in consequence of the arrival of the Duke d'Aumale. This is the first Sunday of the New Year, and after having attended church, I was persuaded to take a walk on the Place, to enjoy the fresh air, and to see the throng of people assembled there. Having walked a few times up and down, we passed through the Bab-el-Oued gate, and proceeded to the beautiful gardens called the Promenade d'Orléans. This place, which is under the superintendence of Colonel Marengo, also bears the name of the "Jardin des Condamnés Militaires," because condemned soldiers are sent there to labour as a punishment. In these gardens, the Mosque of Sidi-Abderahman-el-Talebi, rises on the summit of a series of beautiful terraces, planted with choice shrubs and flowers. The plantations are partly in the French and partly in the English taste, and the walks are ornamented with statues,

busts, pillars, kiosks, and fountains. From the uppermost terrace the spectator commands a splendid view of Algiers and its majestic gulf.

We left the gardens by a gate which opens on a wide and newly-made military road. On our left, the Casbah rose in gloomy dignity. This fortress stands on the highest point of Algiers, and from the city it can be reached only by a very steep ascent. The new road, in which we now found ourselves, leads to the Casbah, but by a long and circuitous course. To shorten our way, we undertook the herculean task of ascending a steep, rocky precipice, uniting with, and forming a part of the old outer walls of the town. On the summit of this rock, stands the Casbah, and at its foot is the Babel-Oued gate. Having reached the highest point of the ascent, we saw beneath us a wide ocean of house-tops, gradually descending lower and lower until they reached the shore. The picture which now unrolled itself around us, amply atoned for the fatigue of climbing the ascent. On our right was Cape Matafus, and opposite to it, at the other end of the Bay, the Maison Carrée, indicated merely by a small white spot. In the middle was Algiers, with its picturesque environs rising in an amphitheatre; the hills scattered over with villas and Moorish houses. In the distance was the chain of the Little Atlas, with the faintly-traced outlines of other mountains in the back ground, and the endless expanse of

the clear blue sea. The whole formed a panorama of inconceivable grandeur and beauty. We could not quit this spot without taking the opportunity of visiting the Casbah, which is in itself a little town.

In the month of November, 1816, the then reigning Dey, being alarmed by the plotting of conspirators, as well as by the ravages of the plague, which was at that time raging fearfully, removed the seat of government from the Palace of Jenina to the Casbah. It was in that fortress that Hussein Dey committed the insult to France, which gave occasion to the invasion of Algiers, and subsequently led to the banishment of the Dey from his dominions.* The Casbah is now converted from a palace into barracks; and the only vestiges of the splendour of its former inhabitants are a slender minaret, a few arches supported by marble pillars, and some paintings rapidly going to decay. The apartments occupied by the Commandant of the fortress are very elegant, and contain some of the old furniture; but we were disappointed at not being able to see the Salon des Miroirs, and the celebrated kiosk, which was the scene of the inter-

* This affront was the memorable *coup d'éventail*. The Dey and the French Consul, M. Deval, were seated in the little kiosk, in the gardens of the Casbah, discussing some question of importance, when a difference of opinion having arisen, the Dey attempted to strike the Consul with a little fan he held in his hand.

view between the Dey and the French Consul. The caverns which contained the treasures still shew some traces of their original destination. According to official estimates, the treasures found in these places, amounted to about fifty-five millions of francs; but private information represents their value to have been nearly four hundred millions. If this information be correct, it is calculated to create a very unfavourable opinion of the rectitude of French officials. A cypress, said to have been planted by the hand of Hairaddin Barbarossa, still flourishes in the gardens of the Casbah, which occupy the most elevated point of the old piratical city.

On our return home, we passed through the Rue de la Casbah. From this street to the fortress there was formerly an ascent of four hundred and ninety-seven steps. The Casbah street has been entirely rebuilt and paved by the French. It was previously extremely narrow; but is now of a fine width, and is lined on either side by a range of well-built European houses. It is very interesting to take a walk through the Casbah street, and observe the passers by. At one moment may be seen a Moorish lady of rank, attended by her female slaves; next comes a poor Arab woman, on her way to the baths, leading her child by the hand, and carrying a bundle of linen under one arm. Now and then, between the rapid opening and shutting of the

doors, one may catch a furtive peep into the anti-rooms of the baths, where groups of women are sitting, *à la turque*, sipping their coffee. Here and there are the entrances to old Moorish streets. Most of these places are over-arched, and are so miserably gloomy and dirty that they look like the mouths of subterraneous dens. On looking through some of these covered avenues, one perceives steep flights of steps; and Moors closely muffled up in their burnouses, are seen gliding in and out. It is remarkable, how very seldom one sees children in the streets of Algiers. Occasionally one may meet a beggar-woman with her infant in her arms; but children of from one year old to eight, I have, as yet, never seen, with the exception of one or two who were coming from the baths with their mothers. On our return to the Place Royale, we found it thronged with promenaders, and a military band playing, as is customary every Sunday evening.

XI.

A ride along the sea-shore—Pointe Pescada—The English Consul's villa—Arab cookery.

Jan. 3rd.

TO-DAY we have had a very delightful ride, in a direction in which we had not previously been. After passing through Bab-el-Oued Gate, we pro-

ceeded along the line of the sea-shore, until we arrived at the Salpêtrière. We then turned to the left, and passing the Hôpital du Dey, proceeded onward as far as St. Eugène, a pretty little village situated on the coast. Sometimes we rode close down to the margin of the shore, and now and then we turned a little out of our course, to wind round small creeks and inlets. The sea was rather rough, and the transparent blue green waves, breaking white foam against the rocks, imparted a picturesque and animated character to the scenery. After a ride of somewhat less than two hours, we arrived at the Pointe Pescada, a rugged mass of rock, projecting from Cape Caxines, the extreme point of the Gulf of Algiers.

We had fixed upon the Pointe Pescada as the boundary of our excursion, and having lingered for some time to view the extensive prospect around us, we turned back. Whilst proceeding along the same road, we met a man who undertook to conduct us to the villa of the English Consul, at which we arrived, after a ride over a very rough road. The Consul was not at home, but we had the opportunity of viewing and admiring his delightful villa, which is one of the most pleasant residences in the environs of Algiers. The house, which is an old Arab building, has been improved and beautified under the Consul's direction. It is situated on the declivity

of one of the hills of the Sahel Chain, and is surrounded by terraced-gardens and pleasure-grounds, of wide extent. When, on our way home, we reached the Bab-el-Oued Gate, we found that it was yet early in the afternoon. We consequently prolonged our ride as far as the Porte Neuve and the Casbah, and we returned home through the suburb of Bab Azoun.

For to-day I have nothing further to note down except that I have tasted, for the first time, a favourite Arab dish—a pure specimen of barbaric cookery, called Kuskussu. To make sure of having it in perfectly genuine style, we had it prepared by an Arab cook. On making inquiry as to the mode of preparing this favourite Arab delicacy, I received the following recipe. First make a flour-pudding, then divide it into several portions, shaping each portion into the form of a cake. On these cakes must be laid slices of mutton and some maize, and the whole baked, after being seasoned with some spice, and a plentiful allowance of pepper. The appearance of Kuskussu is certainly not calculated to tempt the appetite of a European epicure; neither does its taste atone for its very uninviting appearance. Compared with this Arab dish, Turkish pilau is an exquisite dainty.

XII.

Dey Hussein and the French Consul—The Fort de l'Empereur—Charagas—Sidi Ferruch—Staoueli—The Trappist Convent—Remarkable scenery.

Jan. 4th.

THIS morning the sky looked so bright and propitious, that we ventured on our long-contemplated trip to Sidi Ferruch; a place which also bears the Spanish name of *Torre Chica* (Little Tower). It is not only remarkable as presenting charming pictures of African scenery, but it is also a point of high historical interest.

Hussein, the last Dey of Algiers, claimed the payment of a sum of money from the French government. Some question having arisen respecting the justice of the claim, the payment was in consequence deferred. This delay irritated the Dey, who manifested his displeasure by insulting and annoying indiscriminately all the French residents of Algiers. The French Consul, M. Deval, repeatedly remonstrated against this conduct, and on the 23rd of April, 1827, he had an interview with the Dey, in the little kiosk in the gardens of the Casbah. In the course of the arguments which ensued, the Dey made a motion with his fan, which, in the opinion of

some who observed it, was merely expressive of contempt; but which by others, was interpreted as denoting an intention to strike the Consul. Be that as it may, the result was, that in a very few days afterwards, M. Deval quitted Algiers. The French Government demanded an explanation, but instead of giving one, Hussein, on the 27th of June, 1827, broke up an establishment for coral fishing, possessed by the French at La Calle, near Bona. Algiers was immediately blockaded, but the blockade, whilst attended by great expence to France, led to no satisfactory result. An expedition against Algiers was fitted out in the beginning of the year 1830, and the command was consigned to General Count Bourmont. The fleet conveying thirty-five thousand troops, abundantly supplied with arms, ammunition, &c., embarked at Toulon, at the latter end of May. This naval force was commanded by Admiral Duperré, and it consisted of eleven ships-of-the-line, nineteen frigates and two hundred and seventy four transports. It encountered a terrible storm in the Mediterranean, and on the 2nd of June the Admiral was obliged to anchor in the Bay of Palma, there to await a favourable change of weather. On the 10th he again set sail, directing his course to Sidi-Ferruch, where four days afterwards, the expedition effected a successful landing.

On the 19th of June, 40,000 Algerians,

chiefly Arabs, presented themselves to oppose the invaders. This force, which had been mustered by the Deys of Constantina and Titteri, was commanded by Ibrahim Aga, the son-in-law of the Dey of Algiers. An engagement took place, and the Algerians, unable to make a stand against French tactics, were completely defeated. This was the celebrated battle of Staoueli, so called from the place where Ibrahim Aga pitched his camp. On the following day, General Bourmont might have marched on Algiers, but the heavy artillery had not yet been landed; and it was only on the 25th, after several actions, (which though favourable to the French were not decisive) that the army began to move against Algiers. On the 4th of July, a vigorous fire was directed against the Fort de l'Empereur; and the Turks, by whom it was defended, abandoned it after a determined resistance. Dey Hussein, disheartened by the repeated defeats he had sustained, since the first landing of the French expedition, acted on the advice of the English Consul and surrendered. On the 5th of July, he concluded a treaty with Count Bourmont.

The French General, at that moment, little thought that another Government than that of Charles X, would reap the benefit of the conquest, which won for him his Marshal's baton. But so it was! Bourmont had no sooner taken

possession of Algiers, than he received information of the July revolution.

That event not a little deranged his plans. He consigned to his successor the command of Algiers, and on the 8th of September he abandoned the scene of his conquest. The Dey and the principal leaders of the Turkish militia, withdrew from Algiers on the 18th of July, taking with them their families and a considerable part of their property.

But I must now proceed to describe my trip to Sidi-Ferruch. Leaving the suburb of Bab-Azoun, we turned to the right, and having advanced a little way up the road leading to the Fort de l'Empereur, our attention was arrested by a very handsome tent, occupied by some Arabs. The tent was covered with a sort of cloth or canvas, striped red, yellow and dark blue, and judging from its external aspect, its interior might be supposed to be a very comfortable place of abode. In front of a coffee-house, at a little distance from this tent, we saw a party of Arabs, seated in the Turkish fashion. Their scarlet burnouses trimmed with fur, and all the other parts of their costume were characterized by a degree of costly elegance which led us to infer that these men were not merely the owners of the tent; but also that they belonged to the few who have remained faithful to their leader, Abd-el-Kader, who has just

been conveyed to Algiers, the prisoner of the Duke d'Aumale. Our conjecture proved to be correct; for the guide informed us, that these Arabs whom we saw so tranquilly sipping their coffee and smoking their pipes, had only twelve days previously been fighting like lions against the French. We all thought it more agreeable to meet them here, assembled in picturesque groups and regaling themselves with their coffee, than to have encountered them a few days previously, in some solitary part of the country.

Proceeding along the fine military road, now in progress, we arrived at the Fort de l'Empereur, which also bears the name of Buri-Muley-Hassan. It is a high and irregularly-built fortress, without either moat or outworks. On the side nearest the city, the walls are upwards of forty feet in height; those towards the open country are lower. This fortress is stated to be more than 140 feet higher than the Casbah, and 660 feet above the level of the sea. It occupies the site on which the Emperor Charles V. fixed his headquarters during his unfortunate expedition against Algiers, in the year 1541, and after the retreat of that monarch, it was built by Hassan Pacha, the successor of Hairaddin, whose name it long bore. A tower, which was blown up by the Turks when they abandoned the fortress, on the 4th of July, 1830, was of Spanish construction. On the 5th

of July, 1830, General Bourmont received the capitulation of the Dey in the Fort de l'Empereur. The building is now converted into barracks.

The rays of the sun beamed forth, just as we reached the Fort. All was life and animation within. Drummers were practising the *reveillé*, the tattoo, and all the other varieties of drum beating, whilst a detachment of troops was going through their evolutions. We stayed for some time to view the fortress, which, with the surrounding scenery, is too interesting to be passed by with a hurried glance.

After we had crossed the little chain of the Sahel mountains, the road took a winding course through the plain. The country was finely cultivated, and as we rode onward we had an excellent view of that picturesque mountain, the Zakar. It stands alone and quite detached from the rest, as if disdaining all connexion with the less beautiful hills of the Little Atlas. The weather had taken quite a favourable turn: the sky became clear and cloudless, and the air so genial that I could have fancied I was once more inhaling the ethereal atmosphere of Greece. On the way from Elbiar to Staoueli—a distance which we rode in three hours—we passed through a little village called Cheragas. We were struck with the stillness and absence of life and movement on this road. No Arabs whisked past us

at full gallop; no *Omnibus d'Afrique* reminded us of the rapid strides of civilization within the space of a few years. We saw no trains of laden camels, mules, or asses; no tribes; no picturesquely draped Bedouins: everything stamped with the peculiar character of the people seems to be banished from this district of the country. How happens this? I inquired within myself. Does the Arab's heart bleed when he wanders through this region where the incursions of the foreign conqueror first commenced? No! the cold phlegmatic Berber is endowed with no such susceptibility! It is strange that this place would seem to be deemed unworthy to receive the dead; for, during the whole of our journey, we saw only one Marabou, whilst in other parts, one of these chapels is to be seen at every quarter of a mile. When we reached Staoueli and the Trappist convent, it was unanimously resolved, that instead of stopping we should proceed onward to Sidi-Ferruch, and visit the convent on our journey homeward.

From Staoueli therefore, we turned to the right, and proceeded along a highly interesting road to the little tower of Sidi-Ferruch. It was visible from a far distance; its dazzling whiteness contrasting with the blue waves of the sea. The scenery around us was strange and peculiar, looking like a fantastic improvisation of nature.

On the right and left of the road, plains of vast extent, overgrown with shrubs and thickets, stretched forth as far as the eye could reach. Besides the small fan-palm, the myrtle, the oleander and the ricinus, I observed a multitude of trees with whose names I was perfectly unacquainted. One in particular, laden with fruit, resembling the acorn, was very prevalent. Our guide informed us that this woody district of country between Staoueli and Sidi-Ferruch is infested by wild boars, panthers, lions, jackals, and hyenas, and consequently it is a favourite sporting ground for the hunters. We would have fain seen some of the wild inhabitants of these solitudes, but our guide added, that they never venture from their hiding places till after sunset, when all is still and silent; and that the tramping of our horses would suffice to keep them out of sight.

The village of Sidi-Ferruch contains precisely twenty-one houses, inhabited by colonists. These houses, which are small, are all built after one uniform plan, and all at equal distances from each other. Their uniformity, and the carpet of green sward which spreads around them, has a somewhat formal, but at the same time a very pleasing appearance. The tongue of land, which has a peculiar form, projects into the sea to the distance of about 3,500 feet. The Torre

Chica, or Little Tower, whence the Peninsula derives its name, invests this desert place with the interest of historical recollections. This tower, together with a very pretty Marabou, adds picturesque effect to the scene. Before we alighted from our horses we took a view of the obelisk erected to commemorate the landing of the French. On one side are inscribed the words : " 14 Juin, 1830, débarquement de l'armée française," and on the other side, the following : " 14 Juin, 1844, à l'armée par terre et par mer." Having consigned our horses to the care of the guide, we took a leisurely stroll round the Torre Chica, and the somewhat dilapidated Marabou.

Prior to the French conquest, this tract of country was covered with the tents of numerous Arab tribes; and even for some time after the arrival of the French, continually recurring instances of plunder and assassination, rendered travelling here very unsafe. The Arabs have now almost entirely withdrawn; but traces of their vengeance frequently meet the eye. Here and there, over spaces of considerable extent, I observed that the trees and shrubs had the appearance of having been singed. On asking the guide the cause of this, I was informed that the Arabs had committed this act of devastation from motives of revenge. In Sidi-Ferruch we wished to have a luncheon of oysters :

those caught there being celebrated by African epicures. When, however, we reached the miserable little inn (for there is but one in the place), there was no room into which we could be shown; the only apartment allotted to the reception of visitors, being at that moment occupied by a dying invalid. From the hostess, who gave us this information, we also learned that the oysters had yet to be brought from their beds in the sea. Thinking that operation would detain us much longer than we could stay, we were about to depart; but some of our party declared that it would be perfectly preposterous to leave Sidi-Ferruch without eating oysters: this, coupled with the promise that we should not be detained more than half an hour, induced us to wait. The hostess of the inn was a little shrivelled French woman, whose head was adorned with that *coiffure* so much in favour among her countrywomen of the lower class—I mean a silk pocket handkerchief twisted up in the form of a toque. When we consented to stay, she commenced making bustling preparations for our accommodation. A miserable rickety table was brought out and placed in front of the house, and a bench was procured for us to sit on. At the appointed time the oysters appeared, and, with the addition of some bread and wine, we made a very agreeable luncheon. In the meanwhile, our horses were refreshed and

fed. As soon as they were saddled we journeyed homeward, intending to halt on our way at the Trappist convent in Staoueli.

The first stone of this monastery was laid on the 14th September, 1843, by the Bishop of Algiers, on a foundation formed of balls, collected on the field of the battle of Staoueli. The building was consecrated on the 30th of August, 1845; but it was not, till a subsequent period, devoted to the purpose of a Trappist Convent. It contains upwards of one hundred monks, who cultivate a considerable extent of ground, which the government has assigned to them by a grant. The rigid regulations of the brotherhood of course prohibited the possibility of my being admitted into the *sanctum sanctorum*; but I saw a part of the surrounding grounds. I was particularly struck by a group of ten superb date palms, which stand in front of the monastery. These ten palms are planted so closely together, that at a little distance they appear like one tree, and they present a most majestic picture of tropical vegetation. Whilst I gazed on them, I thought if these trees had tongues, what tales might they not tell of Arab adventure—of battles fought and victories gained. Now, withdrawn from the stirring events of the busy world, they shade the front of a peaceful and gloomy Trappist Convent, over the door of which are inscribed the words, "*His est Domus*

Dei." The monks glide about like shadows, rapt in contemplation; indeed, so entirely are they absorbed in inward thought, that if a question be addressed to them they seldom reply. Some are engaged in ploughing the fields; some in digging and planting the garden, and others have the task of feeding the pigs and geese. Geese in Africa! What a strange incongruity this appears! I cannot describe the singular effect produced on me by this new European importation. The colonists must, however, have found it a satisfactory speculation, for every little village in Algiers swarms with flocks of geese; and they seem to thrive here as well as they would in an English farm yard. We took coffee in a little coffee-house opposite to the Trappist Convent. Milk, always a scarce article in Africa, was not to be procured here, all that the Trappists had, being required for their invalids, of whom a considerable number are suffering from fever.

Between Staoueli and Cheragas the country would be devoid of interest, but that the long chain of the Little Atlas continues visible, and with its ever varying forms and changing colours, imparts continual diversity to the landscape. We passed, on our right, the villages of Uled-Fayed, St. Ferdinand, St. Amélie, and Duera. All looked smiling and pleasant, but the plain in which they are situated is very insalubrious, and the poor

colonists who inhabit these villages are dying of fever, after having spent all they possessed in emigrating to this country. These advancing steps of civilization (purchased, alas! at too great a sacrifice), have changed the appearance of the plain; but the mountains, the hills, the ravines, and the valleys are unaltered, and the general aspect of the country is the same as before the French invasion. We were turning away from the Zakar, which forms an interesting object in the surrounding scene. In none of my former excursions had I so close a view of this curious and beautiful mountain. We presently arrived at a point of our journey whence we could distinctly perceive the cleft, which the fierce current of the rapid flowing Chiffa has made in the Little Atlas chain, dividing it, as it were, into two parts. The bright sky and transparent atmosphere favoured our view of distant objects. There was an ethereal clearness in the air to-day, surpassing anything I expected to experience in this part of the world.

A little beyond Elbiar there is a point of view which arrests the attention of the admiring tourist, and from whence the wide-spreading Gulf of Algiers looks precisely like a beautiful lake. This effect is produced by the chain of the Sahel mountains, uniting with Cape Matifus. The setting sun, gradually becoming more and more red, tinged with its last retiring rays the snowy summits

of the Great Atlas, which were visible above the lesser mountain chain; whilst the picturesque environs of Algiers, rose in semi-circular tiers, scattered with pretty villas and Moorish houses. The vegetation is as verdant and blooming as with us in the month of May.

XIII.

Travelling plans—The quay, the lighthouse, and the batteries—
Emile Prudent in Algiers—The Caliph El Mokrani—His invitation.

Jan. 6th.

WHAT a contrast between yesterday and the day before. The latter we passed on interesting historical ground, and in the contemplation of some of Nature's grandest pictures; whilst yesterday was almost wholly swallowed up and wasted in laying down travelling plans and endeavouring to determine travelling arrangements. Though it is our intention to remain for some time in Algiers, yet we recollected that we have already been fourteen days here, and that it is time to make some definite arrangement for the remainder of our tour. People who are not content with a short visit to Algiers, and who do not, at the conclusion of that short visit, make up their minds to go quietly back to Marseilles by the 'Philippe Auguste,' the

'Ville de Bordeaux,' or some other of the Bazin Company's steamers,—find themselves surrounded by a host of difficulties;—and these difficulties appear so insurmountable, that the mere hopelessness of overcoming them keeps the mind in a painful state of indecision. Our project originally was a tour in Spain. We changed our plan and came to Algiers; but if we were destined to see no more of Barbary, than this city and its environs, I must needs confess I should return very dissatisfied with my trip. Every ten days a French war steamer is dispatched from Algiers to Bona; and from the latter place there are numerous facilities of proceeding to Tunis. This plan seems inviting. But suppose we get to Tunis, what then? Proceed to Italy by way of Malta. That journey promises well, but it presents one formidable impediment: which is, that no steamers run between Tunis and Malta. What remains to be done? To venture in a sailing ship in the most dangerous season of the year;—or to make up our minds to end our days in Tunis;—or to perform a second time the unpleasant voyage along the coast and to land in Algiers, instead of in Civita-Vecchia,—such are the agreeable alternatives which present themselves. To add to the unpleasantness of the journey to Bona, the war steamers are totally unprovided with accommodation for passengers, being fitted up solely for the transport of troops and officers,—

and indeed it is only when any of the officers' berths happen to be unoccupied, that civilians can procure a passage in these vessels.

The 'Tartare,' which sails on the 10th inst., for Bona, is now lying in the harbour, and yesterday we determined to inquire whether the Captain could take us, and what sort of accommodation we could procure. Whilst we were proceeding in a boat across the harbour, our boatmen directed our attention to a large ship named the 'Solon,' destined to convey Abd-el-Kader, and his numerous suite from Oran to Toulon. As we approached the 'Tartare,' the spacious quarter-deck looked so clean, and all appeared to be in such excellent order, that we thought in summer one might make a very pleasant passage, even without the accommodation of a berth. But at the present season that is out of the question, for we know by bitter experience, that even in Africa it may be severely cold in January. A very short conference with the steward of the 'Tartare,' enabled us to perceive that there was no hope of obtaining a passage in that vessel, so we again stepped into our boat and rowed ashore.

After having landed, we took a stroll along the quay, a place which I had not seen since the day of our arrival. We were just in time to witness a scene worthy the traveller's observation. The quay was all noise and bustle; a

sort of market being held on it for the sale of provisions. Here might be seen all the genuine characteristics of the Algerine populace. Such an assemblage is not to be found in any other quarter of the city. What exquisite groups for the study of an artist!

We ascended to the top of the high tower of the light-house, which commands not only a grand sea-prospect, but also a view of the city of Algiers in its utmost extent. From no other point does the city appear so large; nor can so favourable a sight of it be obtained in any other situation. The Château du Phare, as it is called, is built on the ground-work of one of the towers of the old Spanish fortress El Peñon. That place, when in the possession of the Spaniards, was heroically defended by Don Martin de Vargas; but it was taken in 1520, by Hairadin Barbarossa. In 1544 it was repaired by Barbarossa's son, Hassan Pacha, to whom it owes its present octagonal form. The high tower, now the Tour du Phare was completely demolished by the bombardment of Marshal d'Estrée, in the year 1688; but it has been restored, and in a great measure newly built. Its summit is about one hundred and ten feet above the level of the sea. Several formidable batteries defend the Gulf of Algiers. From one of them, now called "*la grande Batterie couverte,*" Dey Osmar fired on

the English ships when Lord Exmouth bombarded Algiers in 1816. Lord Exmouth reduced nearly the whole of the city to ruins, and burned the Algerine fleet in the harbour. Traces of old Moorish painting are here and there visible in the arched towers of these batteries. At the extremity of the harbour there is an elegant quadrangular building surmounted by a cupola. It was erected by Hussein, the last Dey of Algiers. Under the Turkish government, this building was appropriated to the Marine Minister; and, since the dominion of the French in Algiers, it has been the residence of the Contre-Amiral-Commandant de la Marine Royale. At the foot of a long flight of steps leading to the Porte de la Marine, or as it is also called, the Porte de la France, are the Custom-house offices and warehouses. Having mounted this flight of steps, we entered the rue de la Marine, and soon reached our abode, the Hotel du Gouvernement.

Few of my friends in Europe will guess how I spent the evening yesterday. Will it be believed, I went to a concert! A concert in Algiers! and what is still more extraordinary, I heard the celebrated pianist, Emile Prudent, who, for several seasons, has been the darling of the musical circles of Paris. I must fairly confess I was disappointed. On the whole, Prudent's playing does not rise to the high point of perfection to

which I had wound up my expectation. As to all the rest of the concert, it was insufferably bad. Between each of Prudent's solos, there was an execrable performance, of the "Overture to Fidelio," or the "Overture to Fra Diavolo," or a dull French romance, &c. Prudent's "Seguidilla" was certainly charmingly played; but, unluckily it was the finale, and those who, like ourselves, waited to the end of the concert, were too tired to enjoy it. After such an entertainment what a relief it would have been, to step into a carriage, and, whilst driving homeward, to yawn out one's long repressed weariness. But no such luxury can be indulged in here! The ladies of Algiers, from the Duchess d'Aumale downwards, have no alternative but to wrap themselves in their shawls, tuck up their dresses and pick their steps through the muddy streets, as best they may.

On arriving at our hotel we were met by our hostess, who conducted me to my apartment. In the course of a little conversation which we had together, she gave me an amusing account of her illustrious guest the Caliph El Mokrani. She assured me that nothing pleased him more than to receive visits from Europeans. On my observing that we should be very much pleased to visit him, she promised to announce us on the following morning.

El Mokrani, Caliph of the Medjanah, is the head of one of the great Arabian feudal families, and he was a powerful ruler in the provinces now under French dominion. He was the first of the great chiefs who declared their adhesion to the French after the taking of Constantina: and his allegiance was very important, not only on account of his family influence, but owing to the high distinction which his personal valour had earned for him. El Mokrani's first exploit, after his adhesion, was one which considerably aided the French conquest. He defended the mountain pass of the Bibans, (the *Portes de Fer*) for the army of the Duke of Orleans. The French Government treats El Mokrani with great consideration, for though in the French service, he is still permitted to exercise authority in his own dominions, and to hold the rank of a great Arab feudal prince. The conditions on which these privileges were conceded to him, serve to shew the extent of his power and influence. He was required to maintain, out of his own resources, a force for opposing the enemies of France, and to hold in check the tribes with which the French at the early period of the invasion, could not attempt to interfere. The districts of country which formed the dominions of this Caliph, and in which he still exercises control and influence, are very extensive, and they are inhabited by the most considerable of the Arab

and Kabyle tribes in those parts of the French possessions.

Next morning, the Caliph having been informed that we were anxious to have the honour of being presented to him, immediately sent word that he was in readiness to receive us. After passing through a small ante-room, thronged with dirty-looking Arabs, we were ushered into the presence of the renowned Chief. He is a man of about seventy years of age, and his dark olive-coloured countenance certainly has never been handsome. We found him seated *alla turca*, on a sort of couch or sofa. The capacious hood of his burnouse was drawn partially over his forehead, but not so low as to conceal the twist of camel-hair, the favourite Arab bandeau. A broad bordering of gold, which edged his blue burnouse, and the decoration of the Legion of Honour, of the second class, were the only ornaments of his dress. By a motion of his hand he invited me to sit down on the couch beside him; then smiling graciously to the gentlemen who accompanied me, he signified his wish that they should be seated on the chairs. Luckily, one of the Caliph's interpreters was present, otherwise we should have had but little interchange of intelligence, as El Mokrani knows not a word of any European language; he cannot even say "*bon*

jour,” a salutation which every Arab and Bedouin has continually at his tongue’s end.

The conversation commenced with the compliments usual in such interviews; he expressing assurances of the pleasure he felt in receiving us, and we declaring our happiness in having the opportunity of personally knowing so great a man. I observed to him, that we had heard it was his intention shortly to return to Constantina, to join his tribes, who are assembled in that vicinity; and I added, that we ourselves had some idea of visiting that part of the country. On hearing this, the Caliph replied, that it would afford him great pleasure if we would travel under his escort to Constantina; adding, that we need be under no apprehension of danger, as he could pledge himself to convey us in safety wheresoever we might wish to go. I expressed my warm thanks for his kind offer, observing, that though fully conscious of the advantages we should enjoy, in making the journey under such favourable circumstances, yet that the fear of occasioning trouble to him, was not the least of the many obstacles which must deter us from acceding to so desirable a plan. The Caliph replied, with great politeness, that we need be under no fear of incommoding him; for, that if we wished to take half Algiers with us, he had an escort sufficient for our protection. He more-

over observed, that as soon as he should join his own tribes, he would have great pleasure in introducing me to his wives. The interpreter, who was a Greek, accompanied these invitations with the most flowery descriptions; at the same time assuring us, that nothing he could say, could convey any idea of the gratification we should enjoy, in travelling under the escort of so great an Emir. El Mokrani several times reiterated his wish that we would travel with him, and he pressed his invitation the more urgently when he heard that our party consisted of English and Germans. "The French," said he, "already know Algiers and my people; therefore, I am the more desirous of making the natives of other countries acquainted with them. Henceforth the two nations, (meaning the French and the Arabs) will be united together and will form only one! (here, to give more force to his meaning, he placed his two fore-fingers in juxta-position). French civilization pursued he, is daily diffusing more and more light in Algiers, and this part of Africa will go on improving and flourishing, under French dominion!" El Mokrani is a true reformer of his country,—a sort of Pio Nono among the Arabs. He does not smoke, but he takes a great deal of snuff. The apartment contained no other articles of furniture than the couch, on which the Caliph and I sat, and a few chairs. Eight or ten Bedouins were

present during our interview; some cowering in corners half asleep; and others, standing bolt upright with their arms straight down at their sides. In the ante-room we observed on a table, the remains of a *kuskussu*.

The Caliph's invitation to accompany him on his journey, seemed to promise so many advantages, that we were once or twice almost tempted to accept it. The Greek interpreter, who gave a glowing and poetic colouring to every thing he described, drew a charming picture of El Mokrani's camp, with its countless multitude of tents. He spoke of the plume of white feathers which would wave on the top of our tent, as a mark of honour; he told us of the visits we should receive from the tribes, and of the splendid natural scenery we should have the opportunity of seeing. An Arabian interpreter and a French staff officer were to form part of the Caliph's *cortège*. How different was the account given by them of this Idyllic tour! In the first place, we should have to sleep for fifteen or twenty nights under a tent, in the month of January, (no trifling matter to a European unaccustomed to that sort of lodging); then to ford rivers, to wade through morasses, or to beat our way through thickets, perhaps to ride for a whole day amidst pelting storms of hail and snow; then at night, when wet to the skin, and wearied almost to death, we

might perhaps have no shelter or resting-place but a miserable tent, momentarily in danger of being blown away by the wind. These were a few of the horrors enumerated by the Arab interpreter, who, whilst he imitated with his voice the howling of the wind, wound up his description of the pleasure-trip with the following significant words: "Ennuyeux, très ennuyeux; pas maisons, pas fenêtres, rien. Horribles chemins, toujours froid et mouillé!" I must confess I feel no inclination to encounter such difficulties and dangers for the sake of the advantages we might enjoy in travelling under the powerful escort of the Caliph El Mokrani.

XIV.

The Djedid mosque—Palace of the Duke d'Aumale—The Bishop's residence—Scene in a Moorish bath—Historical particulars relating to Algiers.

Jan. 7th.

TO-DAY I visited the Djedid Mosque, and was exceedingly interested by all I saw there, for we were fortunate enough to obtain admission during the time of worship. On entering the front court we found it filled with women, all crouching down on the ground. They were not permitted to enter the Mosque, and they seemed to be waiting to receive

alms from the richer Arabs who passed by. I was required to take off my boots, but was permitted to enter with my stockings on ; however, the gratification I enjoyed would have made it well worth my while to remove them also, had that proceeding been indispensable. Seating myself on one of the steps at the entrance of the Mosque, I unlaced my boots and placed them in the custody of a little Arab boy, who promised to take care of them. Having thus gained permission to enter, I passed over a row of mats and small Turkey carpets, which were laid down in alternate succession.

The Believers stood in rows along the sides of the Mosque, which is a building of very peculiar form. The Iman uttered some words, to which the congregation responded ; they seemed to be repeating a sort of Litany. This part of the service being ended, all kneeled down, at the same time bowing their heads until their foreheads touched the ground. Whilst thus prostrate, they all simultaneously muttered those sounds peculiar to the Mahometans when at prayers, and which a humourous traveller has compared, not inaptly, to the noise made by a diving duck.

Those who have visited Constantinople, and have seen the Aia Sopiha, the Solymania, and the Achmet Mosques, will not, perhaps, be very deeply impressed by a visit to the Djedid Mosque in Algiers. However, the structure of the latter is so

peculiar, that I must not pass it over unpoticed. The building forms the angle of the Place Royale and the Rue de la Marine, and it is the work of a Genoese architect. Having been destined for a Christian Church, at the time of its erection, when the Spaniards were in possession of this part of the Barbary coast, its form is that of a cross. The nave and main aisles are arched, and the transept is surmounted by a cupola. At the extremity of each arm of the cross there is a small pavillion, which gives the building, externally, an oblong form. The walls are decorated with Saracenic ornaments and the minaret is a quadrangular tower. There are not more than four Mosques in Algiers, in which worship regularly takes place on Fridays, and it is only from the minarets of those particular Mosques that the Muezzin calls out the hours, and summons the Faithful to prayers. There are no burial places attached to the Mosques in the interior of the city. The cemeteries, respectively allotted to persons of various religious creeds, are situated in the suburb of Bab-Azoun, and they present nothing remarkable. The Christian cemetery is walled round, and is situated near the Fort des Anglais.

The palace, now occupied by the Duke d'Aumale, was formerly the residence of Hassan Pacha, and is unquestionably the handsomest building in Algiers. It was originally merely a Moorish house, and it required very extensive alterations and improve-

ments to convert it into a palace, fitted for a European prince (the Gouverneur Général), and his family. The front is of beautiful white marble; and the inner peristyle, which is supported by marble pillars, with painted and gilt capitals, has a rich oriental effect, perfectly in keeping with the general character of the building.

The Bishop's residence faces the palace, and is remarkable for some exquisite open work carving in stone, which surrounds the arches of the windows. When seen from a little distance, this carved work looks almost as fine as lace. This building is also an old Moorish house, and one of its rooms is used as the Court Chapel. The church which the Duke d'Aumale is building near the palace, will be very beautiful when finished. It is constructed chiefly of old materials: that is to say, the pillars, &c., have belonged to old buildings, now in a state of ruin.

Whilst passing through the streets to-day, I now and then got a peep into the court-yards of several Moorish houses, whilst the outer doors were being opened or shut. Some of these court-yards have glazed roofings or sky-lights, others are open; but all have arcades supported by rows of slender Moorish columns. In the Rue de l'Etat Major, my attention was attracted by a dirty-looking curtain, which was hanging, by way of a door, before the entrance to one of the houses. It immediately

occurred to me that this place was one of the bathing-houses used by the Moorish women, for I had been told there was one in this very street. I had long been desirous of seeing one of these places, so identified with the manners and habits of the people, and requesting the gentlemen to wait for me, I drew aside the curtain, and without further ceremony, entered the sanctuary. In the ante-room, I was met by a hideous-looking old Negress, who, laying her fat hand on my arm, seemed resolutely determined to arrest my further advance. I was about to withdraw, when, as if suddenly guessing that I wished merely to see the place, she exclaimed, in a sort of broken Spanish jargon: "No lavar, no lavar: mirar, si mirar?" meaning that I could not be permitted to bathe; but that I might look about me. Thereupon my swarthy conductress led me through several rooms filled with steam; the temperature of each being successively warmer and warmer, until at length I entered one in which I was nearly over my ankles in hot water, whilst the vapour was so thick that I felt almost suffocated. This vapour hung like a veil of crape before my eyes; but through it I could perceive a group of Moorish women and negresses. Some were bathing, some amusing themselves by throwing water over each other, and some sitting on the ground painting each other's eyebrows. All were laughing and talking loudly;

and the roof of the apartment, being vaulted in the Moorish style, their voices resounded in multiplied echoes. As soon as they saw me, they gaped with wonder, and one or two of the party, apparently offended at my intrusion, manifested, by their gestures, an inclination to turn me out. However, I felt no disposition to prolong my visit, and, slipping a piece of money into the hand of my conductress, I speedily made my exit, not sorry to escape from the overpowering effects of the heat, the vapour, and the noise.

Having been employing myself in collecting some historical particulars relating to Algiers and its inhabitants, I shall note them down here lest they escape my recollection.

The discovery of Algiers is assigned to the mythical age of Hercules. A legend records, that twenty of that hero's followers having deserted him, they repaired to Africa and, on the site on which Algiers now stands, they built a city, called by the Romans Icosium, a name formed from the Greek word signifying *twenty*. Icosium formed a portion of Mauritania and, on the downfall of the Roman dominion, it became the booty of a Vandal conqueror, who entirely destroyed it. But, Phoenix-like, the city rose up again from its own ashes, and when the Arabs overran that part of the country, it fell under the dominion of the race of Mezarhanna, and was long a dependency of the kingdom of Tlemsen. On the subjugation of Tlemsen by the Tunisian princes, the

Chiefs of the race of Mezarhanna emigrated to Bugia. There, by the payment of tribute money, they purchased their independence, and, joining the race of Ulad-Tehaliba, they fitted out several vessels for piratical enterprise.

To repress the depredations of the African freebooters, Ferdinand V. of Castile fitted out an expedition, which he placed under the command of Pedro de Navarra. The Spanish Admiral took possession of one of the little islands, situated in the gulf, and opposite to the city of Algiers,* where he built the fortress called El Peñon, of which I have already made mention. The Sheik of the race of Ulad Tehaliba, Selim-el-Teumi, who took the title of king, and who had entered into an agreement to pay a tribute to the Castilians, summoned the pirate, Bab Harud, to his aid, whereupon the latter, who had sustained a defeat before Bugia, hastened from Gigelli to Algiers. His efforts were, however, unavailing against the strong fortifications constructed by the Christians for the defence of El Peñon. The only act by which he signalized himself, was that of strangling Selim in his bath, and hanging the body of his victim on the battlements above the Gate of Bab-Azoun. Selim's son fled to Spain,

* These islands were, at the period here alluded to, called El Djezair-Beni-Mezarhanna, signifying in the Arabic language, the Islands of the Son of Mezarhanna. From El Djezair is derived Algiers.

where he raised a force of ten thousand men, which, in the year 1515, proceeded to Algiers. Diego de Vera, who commanded this army, succeeded in landing his troops, but being driven back by the enemy, they were obliged again to take refuge in the ships that had brought them to Algiers. The fleet put to sea, and was overtaken by a dreadful storm, which totally destroyed it. In the year 1517, Hairaddin gained a signal victory over Hugo de Moncade, who, with all his army, was captured and reduced to slavery. Aided by some French pirates, whose guns had previously destroyed a great part of El Peñon, Hairaddin carried that fortress in May, 1520, after a gallant defence by Martin de Vargas. By the labour of thirty thousand Christian slaves, Hairaddin constructed, in the space of three years, the Mole which formed the old harbour. Hairaddin placed his throne at the disposal of the Emperor of Constantinople, and the latter appointed the old Eunuch Hassan to exercise the functions of Pacha of Algiers.

Charles V., flushed by the success of his expedition against Tunis, the fame of which had resounded throughout Christendom, arrived before Algiers on the 23rd of October, 1541, with a force of 25,000 men. This fine army contained the flower of the European nobility; but before it could be landed the fleet was overtaken by a violent storm. The vessels were dispersed, several of them lost, and the

shattered wreck of the expedition returned to Spain.

From that time, Algiers, the harbour of pirates, was ruled by a long line of pachas in succession. Hassan conquered Biskara, Mostaganem, and Tlemsen, and died in his fifty-seventh year. His successor was Hassan, the son of Hairaddin, who waged war against the Sheik of Morocco, whose head he brought as a trophy to Algiers, in 1544. Salah Rais, who wrested Bugia from the dominion of the Spaniards, died of the plague at Matifus, in the year 1555. Mohammed . Kordugli was assassinated in a Mosque, whither he had fled for safety. Mohammed, the son of Salah-Rais, embellished the city, and freed its environs from bands of robbers who infested them. He was deposed in 1567, on account of the stringent severity of his rule. The celebrated pirate, Ali Fortaz, distinguished himself at the battle of Lepanto, where he commanded the Mussulman fleet. He carried off from Malta the statue of St. John, and fixed up the trophy at that gate of the City of Algiers, now called, the Porte de la Marine. Hassan, a Venetian renegade, plundered, in 1582, the coasts of Spain, Italy, and Sardinia. Memmi and Achmed Turqui passed successively from the Algerine to the Tunisian Government, (1583). Chaban and Mustapha who reigned in succession till the year. 1592, were distinguished only for the mildness of their sway. In 1601, Doria, with a Spanish fleet appeared before

Algiers ; but after having partly landed his troops he made them again embark and put out to sea, threatening winds causing him to apprehend that he might encounter in the gulf, a disaster similar to that which befel the fleet of his uncle, Charles V.

In 1626, the race of the Kuluglis rose in insurrection ; but by the aid of the Janissaries, the insurgents were quelled, and nearly all were immediately put to death. After this barbarous proceeding, the authority of the Janissaries became boundless. They sent Pacha Yonnes back to Constantinople because he would not pledge himself to act in accordance with them ; and they imprisoned Pacha Hassan because he could not give them their pay as speedily as they desired. The French Consul, M. Blanchard was arrested, and piracy was carried on with greater impunity than ever.

About the year 1631, a famine occasioned great misery in Algiers, and the city was almost wholly destroyed by an earthquake. These calamities, added to the ravages of the plague, caused most of the inhabitants to fly from their homes, and to migrate to other parts of the coast ; but in their new settlements the Venetians attacked them by sea and the Arabs of Constantina by land, thereby dealing death and destruction among them. Meanwhile, the Janissaries rebelled so repeatedly against the Pachas, that the Porte was compelled every year to appoint a new one.

In 1650 an insurrection broke out among the slaves, who pillaged the city and committed the most atrocious cruelties. When it is recollected that the plague had now been raging for the space of four years, the wretched condition of this country may be easily imagined.

In the year 1660, a revolutionary movement was attempted, having for its object to annihilate the Pachas, and to place the government in the hands of a council of officers (the Agas); but the leader of the movement, Khellil was betrayed by the Agas themselves and put to death. The Porte however, which was favourable to the change of government, sent Ismail as Pacha to Algiers; but he was to be merely the representative of the Sultan, without exercising any independent authority of his own. Several other Pachas, who successively became Presidents of the Council of the Agas, were assassinated. About this time, Paul, the Commander of Malta, fitted out a fleet of fifteen ships, by which he captured many of the Algerine pirates who infested the Mediterranean. In 1666, the Duke de Beaufort's expedition against Gigelli, was followed by a treaty of peace between Algiers and France.

The Janissaries, having once more usurped supreme authority, nominated one of their own body, Hadi-Mohammed Trick, as President of the Divan, under the title of Dey, which signifies

Protector. At this time the English Admiral Spragg, and the Dutch Admiral Ruyter, were cruising in the Gulf of Algiers; and the city, whilst thus threatened by the enemy, was a prey to the ravages of the plague. In 1677 the powder magazine exploded, and the Dey, to escape from the combined misfortunes which pressed upon the ill-fated city, fled to Tripoli.

On the 4th of September, 1682, and on the 26th of June, 1683, Algiers was bombarded by the French Admiral Duquesne; and about the same time, Dey Baba Hassan was poignarded by Mezzo-Morto. That assassin, who committed a series of horrible crimes, slaughtered a number of Christians, among whom was M. Levacher, the French Consul, whom he ordered to be bound to the mouth of a loaded cannon, and in that manner shot. On the arrival of Marshal d'Estrée, Algiers was bombarded from the 1st to the 16th of July, 1688. Acts of barbarity and violence were again renewed, and the French Consul, M. Piolle was put to death with thirty-nine of his countrymen in a cruel manner. Mezzo-Morto, who exercised the joint functions of Dey and Pacha, was, after the space of a few months, deprived of his authority. During the latter years of the seventeenth century, scenes of internal disorder alternated with wars against Tunis and Morocco. Meanwhile the population was decim-

ated by the plague, and the unfortunate Deys, when unable to procure money for the pay of the soldiers, were doomed either to the bow-string, or to captivity for life.

In 1710, Baba Buseba, who was appointed by the Porte to be Pacha to Algiers, was sent back by the then-reigning Dey, Ali Chaus. The latter brought the Porte to consent, that from that time forward, the sovereignty of Algiers should be vested in the Dey alone. A frightful earthquake, which happened in the year 1716, was deemed by the Mahometans no very favourable augury for the new order of things. Mohammed-Effendi, the Dey who succeeded Ali-Chaus, concluded a treaty of peace with France on the 21st of December, 1719. He rendered himself very unpopular by his dissolute course of life, and he was shot in the streets of Algiers. The Porte now made one more endeavour to send a Pacha to Algiers; but the new Dey, Carabdy would not permit him to land. Carabdy died quietly in his bed, an end which few of his predecessors or successors could boast. On the day of his demise, August 23rd, 1732, no fewer than six Deys were successively chosen, and all were, one after the other, put to death.* The Government then devolved on Ibrahim VII. The

plague and the war with Tunis were the most remarkable events which signalized his reign. His successor, Ibrahim-Kasnadji, who was victorious in the wars against Tunis and Tlemsen, died in battle in the year 1748. He was followed successively by Mohammed and by Ali Dey. The latter, in the year 1766, insulted the French Consul, an offence for which the squadron of the Chevalier Fabry called him to severe account. His successor, Mohammed the Osman, waged a long war against the Arab tribes, but gained no advantage over them. In 1770, the Danes made an ineffectual demonstration against Algiers, and in 1775, the Spanish expedition, commanded by O'Reilly, after much hard fighting and considerable loss, was forced to re-embark without accomplishing its object.

Circumstances arising out of the French expedition to Egypt, caused Dey Mustapha to declare war against France in the year 1798; but a truce was concluded in 1800. The Deys who succeeded each other from that time to 1815, almost all suffered a violent death. In 1815, Lord Exmouth submitted to the Algerine Government the conditions of the Allied Powers for the abolition of the slavery of Europeans in Algiers. These conditions not being acceded to, his Lordship in 1816, returned to Algiers, accompanied by the

Dutch Admiral Van der Capellen, and the bombardment of the city was the consequence, Dey Omar, who was strangled in September 1817, was succeeded by Megheur-Ali-Khodja, who removed the seat of government from the Jenina to the Casbah, and who died of the plague in 1818. He was succeeded by Hussein, the last Dey of Algiers. Hussein gave an ungracious reception to Admirals Jurieu and Freemantle, when they represented to him the necessity of putting an end to piracy. The long-brooding animosity between the Algerines and the French was brought to a crisis in 1829, by the insult offered by Dey Hussein to the French Consul in the Kiosk of the Casbah. A declaration of war was the consequence, and the French landed in Algiers in 1830.

When we consider the uninterrupted series of crimes which make up the history of Algiers, it can only be matter of surprise that a country, which has been the scene of so many barbarities, should still continue to hold a place in the rank of nations. The conquest of Algiers has placed under French dominion the three ancient Roman provinces, consisting of Numidia and the two divisions of Mauritania. The capitals of those provinces, Cirta Sitifis and Cæsarea, now bear the names of Constantina, Setif and Cherchell. Algeria, under the dominion of the Turks, was divided into four provinces, viz. the province of Algiers, the Western

or Oran Province, the Eastern or Constantina province, and the Southern or Titteri province. The different races of which the population is composed, continue, with but little change, the same as they were in the time of the ancient Romans.

The present inhabitants of Algeria may be divided into eight classes; viz. the Kabyles, the Moors, the Arabs, the Turks, the Jews, the Renegades, the Negroes, and the Europeans. The Kabyles, who were the earliest inhabitants of this country are the descendants of the Berbers. They dwell in the mountainous districts, as their name denotes;—the word Kabyle being compounded of the two words *gabaily* (race) and *djebaly* (mountain). The Moors are descended from the aborigines of Mauritania. Under the dominion of the Deys, the Agas and the Pachas; the most important government appointments were filled by the Moors. These people are not so dark in complexion as the Arabs. Their noses are less prominent, and in general their features altogether are less strongly marked than those of the last-mentioned people. Hunting and shooting are their favourite pastimes. The Moorish women are frequently described as being handsome; but I have seen very few possessing any claims to beauty. The Arabs are descended from the great Mussulman races who wandered from Asia into Africa; they have one characteristic in common with the Kabyles which is, that they

intermarry only among their own tribes. Like the Kabyles, they pride themselves in their exclusiveness, and boast of being the most noble people in all Africa. They are immediately recognizable by their dark, olive-coloured complexions, animated black eyes, and manly cast of features. Some of the Arabs devote themselves to agricultural pursuits, and live permanently in certain districts; others, who are called 'Bedouin Arabs,' wander from one part of the country to another, taking with them their cattle and their tents. The Turks of Algiers, whose ancestors have inhabited this country since the time of Barbarossa, are the most immoral of all the races of people here. Of the Jews, the majority came hither in the thirteenth century, when they were driven by persecution from various parts of Europe. These unfortunate people are oppressed here as in other parts of the world, and are hated and ill-treated by Turks, Moors, and Arabs. They are not permitted to wear any but black turbans; and prior to the French conquest, the slightest infringement of the laws, subjected them to be burned alive. The renegades, who may not unfairly be regarded as the refuse of human nature, seem to be conscious of their degradation, and strive as it were to hide themselves in the crowd, amidst these various races of people. The negroes in Algiers come from all parts of Africa,

as may be seen in the varieties of their colour and features. Though much is said and written against them, yet I am bound to declare that those whom I had the opportunity of observing, were industrious, honest, and content with their lot. I am inclined to believe, that European dominion in this part of Africa, has been hailed with more sincere welcome by them than by any other class of the population.

XV.

Difficulty of proceeding from one part of the coast to another—
The 'Tartare' and the 'Euphrate'—Indecision and disappointment.

January 9th.

TO-MORROW morning a French Government steamer proceeds to Philippeville and Bona, and if we wish to avail ourselves of that opportunity of commencing our journey to Tunis, we must make up our minds without much delay. It is now eight o'clock in the evening, and the steamer starts at eight to-morrow morning, therefore within twelve hours we must determine whether we will go or not. No pains are taken here to facilitate to travellers the means of moving from place to place: nor are the officials, with whom one has to communicate, remarkable for civility.

A bright gleam of sunshine tempted us forth to-day, to take a farewell look at the beautiful view of the Gulf, as seen from the Jardin d'Orléans. On our way thither, we were told, in answer to some inquiry, that it is only within an hour of the time when the steamer starts for Bona, that any information can be obtained relative to the accommodation for passengers. We accordingly resolved to go to the post-office ourselves, to ascertain whether there was any mode of evading this very inconvenient arrangement. Entering a dirty winding street, leading from the Rue Bab-el-Oued, we soon arrived at the post-office. There, after some little difficulty, we learned that the steamer had accommodation for two passengers only, and that after five o'clock no application could be attended to for securing even those two places. We represented that our party consisted of three persons; and that we would willingly pay for three of the best berths if our friend could be allowed merely a chair in the cabin reserved for the use of civilian passengers. "Only two of the best places are disengaged," was the reply, "the third must be on deck." "A place on deck," observed F——, "may be pleasant enough in the month of June; but now in January, when it is incessantly raining, you surely cannot expect a passenger to pass the night on deck without

shelter." "Oui, sur le pont, à la belle étoile!" was the brief reply.

Relinquishing our proposed walk to the Jardin d'Orléans, we now hastened down to the harbour; and stepping into the best boat we could find, desired the boat-men to row us to the 'Tartare,' as we wished to ascertain whether the place on deck was really the only accommodation to be procured. When we got on board the 'Tartare,' we were informed that that vessel would not go to Bona next morning, but that probably the 'Euphrate' would go in her stead. To the 'Euphrate' we accordingly proceeded. We found a lieutenant pacing up and down the deck. We represented to him the difficulty of our case; and stated, that in the event of no more than two of the best berths being disengaged, we requested, as a favour, that one gentleman of our party might be accommodated with a chair in the cabin. The officer informed us that the list of passengers had not yet been sent on board; but he politely added, that though he had nothing to do with the arrangements in question, yet he would communicate our wish to the commander of the steamer. Though somewhat comforted by this civility, yet we felt some degree of disinclination to go to Bona by the 'Euphrate,' which is not nearly so fine a vessel as the 'Tartare,' and is moreover very slow,

having an engine of only one-hundred and sixty horse power.

Since the day on which we made our delightful excursion to Sidi-Ferruch, the weather has been stormy, and as it has continued so for the space of five or six days, we may reasonably look for a favourable change. Of that, however, there is no indication at present. December and January are considered the two worst months for sailing along this coast, which is at all times dangerous. Within a very short space of time several distressing shipwrecks have occurred here.

Whilst these and other reflections were passing in our minds, the clock struck four. We had now only one hour left for consideration. Unfortunately F—— and T—— could not come to a decision. Time passed on. The last quarter of an hour;—the last few minutes arrived before we were aware; and when at length we formed our determination, it was too late. The post-office was closed; and I, who was anxious to secure at least the two disengaged berths, was, I must confess, very much out of humour; nor have I yet recovered from the effects of my disappointment. Meanwhile, we intend to have all our luggage packed up, just as though we were certain of departing; and at seven o'clock to-morrow morning F—— will go on board the 'Euphrate' to ascertain finally whether we can

depart. But I have my misgivings, and I fear that when I open my Diary to-morrow evening, it will be to inscribe in it, the record of my disappointment.

XVI.

Departure from Algiers—The city as viewed from the sea—
Cape Matifus — Dellys — Bougia — Gigelli — A storm at sea—
Landing at Stora—Philippeville.

Philippeville, January 13th.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 10th, we were all ready to start; our luggage being packed up just as though we had secured our passage on board the 'Euphrate.' F—— went out, with the intention of proceeding first to the post office, and from thence on board the vessel; but in about half an hour he returned bringing very unsatisfactory tidings. The post-office was not open, nor would it open till eight o'clock, precisely the time appointed for the departure of the 'Euphrate'. To go on board the vessel, he had been assured was useless, as the passengers' places must all be engaged at the post-office. Consequently we had no alternative but to be patient and resigned. It was near eight o'clock, when F——, inspired by some wild hope of success, set out to make a final experiment. What transpired on his visits, first

to the post-office, then to the steamer, and finally to the residence of the English Vice-Consul, I have not yet heard; nor do I clearly understand by what means he at length succeeded in securing our passage. All I know is, that on his return our fate was decided, and that within a very short time we found ourselves on board the 'Euphrate'. The English Vice-Consul accompanied us on board, and introduced me to his cousin, the daughter of a French General. This young lady is proceeding to Tunis on a visit to some members of her family who are settled there.

When we reached the "Euphrate" she was very far from being in readiness to depart. Several soldiers were engaged in pumping out water which had found its way into the machine-room through a fracture in the boiler. To this circumstance it appears we were indebted for the opportunity of proceeding by this steamer, which, but for the delay thus occasioned, would have started at eight in the morning. The deck presented the motley assemblage of passengers always observable on board these French war-steamers. The sky was clear, and seemed to promise us a favourable voyage. We steered direct for Cape Matifus, which we reached in about an hour and a half. The view of Algiers from the sea is certainly most magnificent. Whilst we con-

X *M. A. P. 11. 11*

tinued in proximity to the shore, we commanded a distant view of the surrounding mountains with the venerable Casbah and the Fort de l'Empereur towering above all other points of the city. Masses of floating clouds caused continual changes of light, thereby producing the most beautiful and unexpected effects. At one moment the city would be enveloped in shade, whilst the sun's rays fell brightly on the surrounding country, enabling us to discern distinctly the beautiful European and Moorish villas which adorn the landscape. At other times the overclouded hills frowned gloomily. Algiers was the central point of light, shining radiantly like the sun amidst surrounding clouds. Gradually, as we receded from it, the city became smaller and smaller, until at length it diminished into a little white spot, and in a short time was totally lost to view.

On board the 'Euphrate' there were upwards of two hundred French troops. When we arrived, several officers were marching up and down the deck; some wrapped in old burnouses, and others wearing paletots drenched with rain; but beneath the shabbiness of these outward habiliments, it was easy to discern the refined manners and good breeding of the Parisian Salons. Among the passengers on deck, were two or three poor looking French women, of the lower class, and a few Arabs, who were doubtless destined to

enjoy all the comfort of berths "*à la belle étoile.*" On the fore-deck there were a few negroes and Bedouins. Mademoiselle H—^t, the cousin of the English Consul, who looked deadly pale, reclined on one of the benches. She told me she suffered so severely from sea-sickness, that she dreaded undertaking the voyage. Captain Willemain, the commander of the 'Euphrate,' who was introduced to me, was an exceedingly agreeable and intelligent man.

Cape Matifus, which we had now passed, presents nothing remarkable as viewed from the sea. It is flat and devoid of any distinctive character,—the soil is fruitful and the climate salubrious, yet nevertheless, that district has been, during a long series of years, a mere desert. Excepting the Fort built by the Turks, in the reign of the Pacha Kurdugli, and the few remaining ruins of the ancient Roman city, Busgania, (most of the vestiges of which were employed in building the city of Algiers) Cape Matifus presents no traces of the work of human hands. Charles V., after his luckless expedition to Algiers, in the year 1541, shipped at Cape Matifus the wreck of his forces, on board Doria's Fleet. The Cape is now an extensive desert and the dwelling place of wild beasts. It has been proposed to build a village there and to make it a place of recreative resort for the inhabitants of Algiers; but several years will probably elapse

ere this can be carried out. As yet there is not even a road communicating from the one place to the other.

After passing Cape Matifus, we came in sight of several ranges of mountains, rising one above another. But the weather did not long continue favourable. About three o'clock it began to rain heavily. I had seated myself on a bench at a sheltered part of the deck, when the Captain observing me, begged I would permit him to conduct me to the saloon. As it was getting rather chilly I accepted his proffered arm and went below. Sea sickness had previously driven nearly all the other passengers from deck, and F—— had been compelled to retire to his berth. T—— followed me to the saloon which was used as the dining room. It was spacious and elegantly furnished. At its further end there was another apartment of a semi-circular form, called the *Galerie*,—in which there was a good fire. Thither I withdrew, and lay down on one of the sofas, where the effects of my early rising, joined to the fatigue I had undergone in the morning, soon caused me to fall asleep. When I awoke, I was informed that we were in the harbour of Dellys, and were to remain there an hour. We took advantage of this interval to refresh ourselves with tea.

Dellys was originally built by the Arabs from the ruins of the ancient Roman city, called Busu-

curium, on the site of which it stands. When in 1517 the two Barbarossas divided Algiers between them, Hairaddin fixed the seat of his government at Dellys. The old French traveller, Nicolas de Nicolai, who visited the Barbary coast in 1551,—in describing Dellys, says:—“ C’est une ville habitée d’un peuple fort récréatif et plaisant, dont presque tous s’adonnent au jeu de la harpe et du luth.” Under the oppressive dominion of the Turks, this happy state of society was speedily destroyed. In 1837 the inhabitants of Dellys having joined the Kabyles in an insurrection, a French steamer and another vessel were dispatched with troops to restore order ; but the sight of the vessels sufficed to bring the insurgents to reason. In the spring of 1844, when the Gouverneur-Général determined to deal a final blow on Ben-Salem, he took possession of the town of Dellys. On the departure of their Kaid, Abd-er-Rahman (the uncle of Ben-Salem), the inhabitants of Dellys received the French with open arms. They offered the use of their Mosque as a magazine for grain, and voluntarily gave up several houses as quarters for the French troops, who formed the little garrison. On the 12th and 17th of May, the French having completely subdued the Kabyles, withdrew from Dellys, and since that time the tranquillity of the place has been undisturbed. Dellys numbers about 1339 inhabitants, of whom 308 are Europeans,

and the rest natives. The climate is healthful, and the scenery in the environs of the town is pleasing. On the sea-shore many beautiful Roman antiquities have been discovered consisting of mosaics, amphoræ and medallions. The houses are all surrounded by neat looking gardens.

At half-past eight o'clock the paddles of the 'Euphrate' were once more in motion. At Dellys we took on board sixty soldiers, for the purpose of landing them next day at Gigelli, another station on the coast. The Captain invited us to partake of supper, but we did not feel disposed to do so and retired to our quarters for the night. Though the wind blew rather boisterously, yet it did not prevent our enjoying a good night's rest, and in the morning at seven o'clock we were lying at anchor before Bougia.

This city was founded by the Carthagenians, who gave it the name of Saldæ. All races of people who have successively settled in this part of Africa have acknowledged the importance of Bugia, and have left there traces of their settlement. According to the testimony of some geographers, Bugia stands on the site of the ancient Baga or Vaga. Others affirm that it occupies the site of the ancient Choba, and Dr. Shaw is of opinion that Bugia, is the city which succeeded the Roman colony Salva. Be that as it may, the existence of many beautiful and interesting ruins, prove that in ancient times

an important city must have flourished on this part of the coast. In the seventh century it fell under the dominion of Genseric, who made it the capital of the Vandal Empire. In 708 it was conquered by Mussa-ben-Roseir, and reduced to the yoke of Islamism. The Aghlabites, rulers of Tunis, reigned over Bugia, to which they gave the name of Bad-juaa. Obeid-Allah, the Fathemite, who conquered the Aghlabites, became master of the city and partially destroyed it. Bugia was successfully ruled by the Zeyrites and Hamadytes. In 1151 it was subjugated by Almohade Abd-el-Mumen, Sultan of Morocco, and in 1240 it became a dependency of the throne of Tunis. About the middle of the twelfth century the Pisans established commercial agents in Bugia, and conjointly with the Catalonians they maintained extensive traffic with that place during an interval of two centuries. About the close of the fifteenth century, the piracy of the Bugians began to assume so alarming a character, that the Spaniards fitted out an expedition for the purpose of suppressing it. This expedition was commanded by Pedro de Navarra, who, on the 6th of January, 1510, took possession of the city. The inhabitants, who then numbered about 8,000, fled terror-stricken on the approach of the Spanish fleet, consisting of fourteen ships, and having on board 15,000 men. This force was however very much diminished by the ravages of the plague. In 1514,

Bab-Harud made repeated attacks on Bugia, but he was in every instance defeated, and was obliged to retire with his troops to Gigelli. Under the domination of the Turks, this town lost the commercial importance it had acquired. It was especially celebrated as a place of export for wax and leather.* In the year 1831, the crew of a French brig, wrecked on this coast were treated with great barbarity by the inhabitants; and in 1832, repeated insults offered to English and French ships, caused the town to be attacked. On the 29th of September, 1833, the French, under the command of General Trézel, took possession of Bugia. The place was, however, repeatedly exposed to the attacks of the Kabyles, until in March, 1835, they were completely subdued, and driven into the interior of the country by Colonel Duvivier. They then concluded peace with France. The hostilities which since that time have occasionally risen up between the wild, lawless inhabitants of the mountains and the French military commanders or civil authorities, have in no way tended to disturb the general tranquillity of the country. Bugia now contains about 731 inhabitants, of whom 514 are Christians and the rest natives.

The view of Bugia from the sea is highly pic-

* In the Arabic language, the words Bugia and Badjana signify wax and leather; whence the name of the place.

turesque. The city is encircled in its near proximity by masses of rock of the most fantastic forms; and in the distance rise lofty ranges of mountains. The Guraya mountain, on the southern slope of which the town is built, is upwards of 2,000 feet above the sea level; and the foot of this mountain descends in an almost perpendicular precipice into the sea. A rocky promontory, jutting out from the foot of the Guraya, is called Cape Carbon, and after rounding that Cape the town appears in view. The neat houses, peeping out from amidst thickets of luxuriant foliage, form a pleasing contrast to the rugged mountain scenery around the town.

But though the romantic picture presented by Bugia and its gulf, together with the many historical recollections connected with the place, deeply interested us, yet another spectacle now claimed our attention. In the distance, as far as the eye could reach, the dark sea presented a fearfully troubled aspect. The angry billows struggling in fierce conflict, rose on the horizon in huge fantastic shapes. This boded no good for the rest of our voyage. The few last days of our sojourn in Algiers had certainly been very stormy; and some of our fellow-passengers found consolation in the conjecture that the troubled sea was the result of that tempestuous weather. But others, and they proved to be right, affirmed that the storm was coming, instead of passing away. However, the next station,

Gigelli, was not much more than forty miles further along the coast. We expected to reach that place about two in the afternoon, and as the sixty men whom we had taken on board at Dellys, were to be landed at Gigelli, we hoped at least to have the option of staying there for a time, if we should find it expedient so to do. But it will be seen how fully the sequel of my story verifies the words of Petrarch :

“ Quante speranze se ne porta il vento !”

The wind, which had been in our favour during the first twenty-four hours of our passage, now changed to the north-west, thereby exposing us to the risk of being driven on the rocky and dangerous coast. The Captain directed the passengers to withdraw to the saloon, where the windows were closed, and to prevent our being in utter darkness, lamps were lighted. With eager impatience we listened for the firing of the gun which was to announce our arrival at Gigelli. At length, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the signal was given, and I hurried on deck, full of curiosity to see the town.

Gigelli possesses much the same sort of historical interest which attaches to Bugia. It was founded by the Carthagenians, who gave it the name of Giligilis. Having been raised by Augustus to the rank of a Roman colony, it speedily became

intersected by roads leading to Bugia, Setif, Constantina and Hippona. During the time that the cities of Algeria were subject to Christian sway, Gigelli was a bishopric. In 1514 it was conquered by Barbarossa, who made it a harbour for his pirates, and who abandoned Gigelli only to establish himself in Algiers. The French, the Genoese and the Flemings, kept commercial agents here, and carried on trade in wax and leather with the races of people in the interior. When Louis the XIV. projected the scheme of a military establishment on the Barbary coast, he cast his eyes on Gigelli. That monarch sent thither the Duke de Beaufort, who on the 23rd of July, 1664, took possession of the place, leaving there 400 troops under the command of the Count de Gadane. A fortress, the remains of which still exist, was built for the defence of the town; but a very short time afterwards some disunion broke out between the French soldiery and seamen. The natives, taking advantage of this circumstance, made themselves masters of the fortress and put the whole of the garrison to the sword. From that time, commercial intercourse between Europe and Gigelli ceased. The Arab inhabitants, though reduced to a very small number, continued to carry on the coral fishery, and they trafficked with the people of the neighbouring towns. In 1804, a native of Morocco, named Hadji-Mohammed-Ben-Laruch, raised himself to supreme autho-

rity over the Arab population of the town, under the promise of protecting them against the Kabyles, who molested them by continual attacks. This popular Chief carried on an active system of piracy against the Turks, to whom he was an object of terror, and who conferred on him the distinctive title of the "Pirate of Gigelli."

In February, 1839, the French brig, "L'Indépendante," was wrecked close to Gigelli, and the Kabyles captured the whole of the crew, refusing to liberate them, except on payment of a ransom, which they had fixed. This proceeding provoked reprisals on the part of the French; and on the 13th of May, 1839, Colonel Desalle landed at Gigelli and made himself master of the place without much resistance. Gigelli contains only eight hundred inhabitants, and of that number, two hundred and sixty-three are Europeans. The town stands on a little Peninsula of rock, connected with the main land by a long, flat, sandy isthmus. But for the slender minaret of a mosque, and a few Arab huts, Gigelli would present the aspect of a European town; for the houses now standing are almost all of French construction.

The rain poured in torrents when we neared Gigelli, and the fierce wind and heavy sea rendered it impossible to land the soldiers we had brought from Dellys. It was not without considerable diffi-

culty that a small pilot boat made its way to the 'Euphrate' to receive the despatches we had brought and to put others on board. We were consequently thwarted in our design of going ashore during the hour the steamer was destined to stay at Gigelli. The heavy rain soon compelled us, with the rest of the passengers, to take refuge in the saloon, where the Captain for awhile bore us company. Captain Villemain informed us, that at this season of the year the coast about Gigelli is usually so stormy, that it is seldom practicable to effect a landing there. "It may appear incredible to you, pursued he, but it is nevertheless the fact, that the sixty soldiers whom we took on board at Dellys, for the purpose of putting them ashore here, have been during the last two months, continually on the passage from Bona to Dellys and from Dellys to Bona, each time passing the place of their destination, without being able to reach it!" Gigelli, the Captain assured us, is a miserable place of exile, both for colonists and military. Not only is it exposed to the incursions of the hostile Arab tribes; but owing to the total want of roads and bridges the inhabitants are cut off from all intercourse with the other tribes on the coast. Even the steamers which pass to and fro every ten days, are frequently unable to communicate with the shore, and in winter a pilot boat can but seldom venture out to bring and receive letters.

We once more weighed anchor, to proceed on our onward course, though the wind continued very boisterous. We could plainly perceive that this threatening state of the weather created considerable anxiety in the mind of the Captain, who had already intimated that he abandoned all hope of reaching the shore that evening, as under ordinary circumstances he should have expected to do. All the moveable articles of furniture in the saloon were ordered to be firmly fastened. By six o'clock the storm had very considerably increased, and the tossing of the vessel was intolerable. We now became fully sensible of the defects of the old 'Euphrate.' Her engine of one hundred and sixty horse power, was not only insufficient to contend against the fierce commotion of the sea, but a few hours before our departure from Algiers, an accident had occurred to it. We had, it is true, full confidence in our intelligent and experienced Captain; but still we were aware that in circumstances of such difficulty, the best efforts of seamanship frequently prove unavailing. We heard Captain Villemain issuing his orders in a stentorian voice, which was every now and then audible above the groans and complaints of the unfortunate soldiers and other passengers, who lay stretched in different parts of the deck, expecting every moment to exchange their miserable situation for a still more miserable death. Nor were the passengers

below in a much better plight. The Captain had, it is true, ordered tables, chairs, &c. to be made secure, yet a multitude of objects, whose movements could not easily be restrained, were rolling and tumbling about in every possible direction. Every one was suffering more or less from sea-sickness, and, by a sudden pitch of the vessel our last lamp, having been extinguished, we were in a truly deplorable state.

Previously to the occurrence of this last catastrophe, I had felt so overcome by exhaustion, that I stretched myself on the sofa in hope of finding solace in sleep; but vain were my efforts to compose myself for the enjoyment of the "*dolce obbligo dei muli*;" Though unable to sleep, I fell into a sort of half unconscious state, from which I was speedily aroused by finding myself suddenly immersed from head to foot in water. The waves had forced their way through the ill-closed window at the stern of the ship, and in a few moments, our little cabin below the poop, was completely inundated. We now began to perceive that our situation was not only uncomfortable but dangerous. A carpenter was sent for to nail up some boards against the window and to stop the crevices with tow; but these precautions were insufficient, and the waves still continued to force their entrance. At this awful moment, when the people of the ship were all busily engaged in some important duty, I

felt reluctant to disturb the attention of any one by asking questions, though I felt most desirous to ascertain how far the danger of our situation warranted the alarm I felt. Perceiving the steward, (who entered the cabin to see whether the lamp was burning), I could no longer repress my anxiety to know whether we had passed Cape Collo. Six hours previously I had heard the Captain remark that Cape Collo being passed, a good share of our troubles would be surmounted. I therefore ventured to ask the steward whether we were advancing to that point: "Mon Dieu! Madame," answered he, "advancing is out of the question. The barometer has again fallen, and the storm is so violent that we cannot even return to Bugia. All we can do is to keep out as far as possible from the coast to avoid being dashed to pieces!" Alas! thought I, this is a pleasure trip, indeed, with death staring us in the face!

About half-past three in the morning, feeling myself very ill and unable longer to endure the chilling effect of the cold sea water, which still continued pouring in upon me, I made an effort to reach the private cabin of Mademoiselle H——, the door of which was just at the foot of the stairs. I knew she had at her bedside an arm-chair, in which I thought I could sit for the remainder of the night, and where, if I could not sleep, I might at least be dry. But to reach the young

lady's cabin, it was necessary to pass through the dining-room or saloon. There all was wet, cold and dark, and the vessel rolled and pitched so violently, that even the most practised seaman must have found it difficult to keep his footing. I was compelled to relinquish the attempt, and more dead than alive, I groped my way back to my miserable resting-place on the sofa, where I lay until my watch informed me that it was daylight.

What took place during this day I know not :— to me it was only an uninterrupted continuance of the dreadful night. Sea-sickness now deprived me of my last remaining spark of energy; and for the space of ten hours every question that was asked respecting our course, invariably received for answer: “ nous allons au large pour éviter la côte.” I lay in a state of lethargy scarcely conscious of anything that was passing around me, until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the Captain sent some one to inform us that we were out of danger, and that he hoped to reach Stora that evening. In an hour or two afterwards, the storm partially abated, and I felt sufficiently recovered to go on deck. The coast was now clearly visible; but it appeared a dreary waste without a trace of human habitation, or even the smallest bay or little creek, that might

afford a temporary sheltering place to the storm-beaten voyagers.

The long looked for Philippeville was now in view; but I saw it in imagination rather than in reality; for all I could discern was a faint shadow of white buildings behind clouds of thick mist. Before us lay the little island of Frigina, partially concealing the Cape behind which Stora is situated. Frigina is merely a mass of rugged rock, rising almost perpendicularly to the height of more than two-hundred feet above the level of the sea. A light-house, which has recently been built on the summit of this rock, is the only object indicative of human existence along the dreary shore. The steamer now suddenly tacked about, and as the Captain had informed me, that we must steer round the Island of Frigina before we should come in sight of Stora, I concluded that we were nearing that place. Night was however drawing in, and as a brisk breeze was blowing, I withdrew to the cabin of Mademoiselle H——, to shelter myself from the cold, and to await the firing of the gun which would announce our arrival at Stora.

In the course of a few minutes we weighed anchor, and a signal was fired to acquaint the harbour-master of Stora that he might send off a boat to receive the dispatches. A considerable time elapsed and our signal was not answered.

The Captain concluded that the roaring of the storm had prevented the report of our guns from being heard by the people on shore; and in consequence he directed a large thirty-pounder to be fired. This gun stood just at the top of the steps leading down to Mademoiselle H——'s cabin, whither I had betaken myself. A sudden flash of light, which illumined the whole ship, was succeeded by a loud pealing noise like a clap of thunder. This discharge was followed by several others; and at length we heard several faint reports, like volleys of musketry, fired at a distance. I counted about six of these discharges, the report of which skimmed over the sea, like whispers, when compared with the thunder of our great gun. Captain Villemain understood the language of these whispers, which informed him that the harbour-master had heard our repeated signals, but that the boisterous sea rendered it impossible to send out a boat, either to receive the despatches or to land passengers. This information occasioned some degree of perplexity, as our captain's orders enjoined him to remain only a couple of hours in the roads of Stora, and then to proceed to Bona. It was already eighteen hours beyond the time when he ought to have arrived in the latter place.

It consequently became a question with Captain Villemain, whether it would be most advisable to

brave the storm and to endeavour to pursue his passage on to Bona, or to lie at anchor all night before Stora, in the hope of being able, on the following morning, to land at Philippeville the troops and passengers destined for that place. The reefs of rock scattered along the shore at Stora render the Bay, in a north-west gale, even more dangerous than the open sea; but trusting to the good anchors with which French war-steamers are always provided, the Captain resolved to remain where he then was all night, and to trust to the chance of being able to effect a landing next morning.

About ten o'clock we all retired to rest, in the hope of passing a more tranquil night than the last. In that hope, luckily, we were not disappointed.

As soon as daylight appeared, the 'Euphrate' repeated her signals for boats: but they received, as on the preceding evening, the negative answer of six faint reports. We now began to fear that the Captain would, without further delay, proceed direct to Bona, giving up all thought of landing goods, troops, or passengers. However, the aspect of the sea and of the roads of Stora, soon convinced us that to proceed was impossible. The storm which, during the night, had partially subsided, seemed to be gathering anew; ocean and sky being blended together in one dark mass.

It was noon when the often-repeated signals of the 'Euphrate' induced the harbour-master of Stora to venture out in a boat with three rowers. All were wet to the skin when they reached the steamer. Their errand was to convey the despatches ashore, and to inform the Captain that he must, on no account, allow any one to attempt to land. The harbour-master added, that such were the express orders of the commandant of Stora, for, during the last few days, many accidents had occurred, and several boatmen had lost their lives. This was unpleasant news for us. To be so near land, yet unable to reach it, and doomed to encounter renewed dangers on board the miserable 'Euphrate;' this was, indeed, dreadful! Among the troops on board our steamer, there was a young soldier of the regiment of the "Chasseurs d'Afrique," who declared himself very ready to risk his life in the hope of going ashore. By some means or other he had succeeded in exacting from the boatmen a promise that they would either return themselves, or send others to fetch him; and accordingly the harbour-master's boat had no sooner reached the shore, than another boat, with four rowers, pushed off, working its way over the turbulent waves, and making for the 'Euphrate.' This boat had come to fetch the young soldier. We inquired how it happened that these men, regardless of the prohibition of the Com-

mandant, so boldly risked their own lives and those of others? The answer was, that they were criminals condemned to the *travaux à la boule*;—men who have only degraded and miserable lives to lose, and who, being endowed with great energy and courage, care not what dangers they encounter for the sake of a little gain.

One of these boatmen, a handsome, vigorous young man, bore on both his arms the brand of misconduct; nevertheless his frank and intelligent countenance was calculated to inspire interest and confidence. I could not help being pleased on learning that he was not condemned for life, but merely sentenced to work for a year at the *travaux à la boule*, as a punishment for repeated desertion from the military service of the marine. I was very much surprised to hear him speak English; and on asking him to what country he belonged, he informed me that he was a native of Jersey. He offered to convey us safely ashore for fifty francs per head. This was rather a high charge, but our Captain observed, that if, after what we had heard from the harbour-master, we would venture to trust ourselves to the care of the *condamnés*, he had no doubt they would gladly land us all for fifty francs. Our party consisted of four persons, a Polish Colonel, one of the passengers of the 'Euphrate' having proposed to join us in the bold adventure. The offer of fifty

francs was made, and the boatmen accepted it; but as they assured us that the boat was too small to convey four persons with luggage all at once, and that, therefore, they would have to come back to the steamer a second time, we agreed to give them something more. It was arranged that F—— and I should go first, in company with the Polish Colonel, and that T—— should follow with the luggage. I hurried to the cabin of Mademoiselle H—— and we took leave of each other, mutually expressing the hope of speedily meeting in Tunis under more propitious circumstances.

I must own that my courage began to fail me when I first set foot on the steps by which I was to descend from the deck of the 'Euphrate' to the boat. I felt very much as though I were about to enter Charon's bark to be wafted to another world; in truth, it was a moment of terror such as I never before experienced. Getting into the boat was, unquestionably, the worst part of the affair; for every angry wave that rose, threatened to dash us against the side of the steamer. Much of our danger was surmounted when we got clear of the 'Euphrate,' and found ourselves fairly in conflict with the billows, though our poor boat was cruelly tossed to and fro in the watery chaos. Not one of our party ventured to utter a word. We sat in almost breathless silence, our anxious eyes, by turns,

directed towards the shore, and fixed on our rowers, who seemed to be making unavailing efforts to reach it.

When we came within some distance of the point at which we were to land, a group of the convicts, who had been watching our advance, plunged into the water, with the intention of carrying us ashore; for the rocks which spread over the beach rendered it unsafe for the boat to approach nearer. Our Jersey man immediately plunged into the water, and called out loudly to me:—"Now is the moment, be quick, my lady! throw your arms round my neck!" Without hesitation, I obeyed his direction, and, in a few moments, half swimming, half wading, my deliverer bore me safely to *terra firma*. F—— and the Polish Colonel, after being nearly torn in pieces, by the endeavours of the *condamnés* to get a secure hold of them, were landed in triumph; and we speedily found ourselves all safe. As soon as I felt the solid ground beneath my feet, my long-suppressed emotion found relief in a flood of tears. After having offered up fervent thanks to Heaven for my deliverance, I sat down for a few minutes on the sea-beach, overcome by exhaustion.

A number of persons, Arabs and Europeans, had collected to watch the passage of the boats to and from the 'Euphrate.' Among them was a gentleman who, I learned, was M——, a military surgeon.

Stepping up to me, he offered me his arm and begged I would permit him to conduct me to what he called his "*cabane*," situated a few hundred paces from the margin of the shore. From thence, he said, I might watch the fate of our friend T—— and at the same time be sheltered from the rain. I thankfully accepted this polite offer, and, in a few moments, we reached the humble dwelling, which was merely a clay hut, roofed with tiles, its whole furniture consisting of two beds, a table, and a few chairs. This hut had no window, and it was filled with smoke; it however contained a fire, to which I gladly drew near, for the purpose of drying my clothes, now dripping wet. On the outside of the door, a sort of portico was constructed of hoops fastened together by ropes. From this portico which commanded a view of the whole Gulf of Stora, I watched the boat returning from the 'Euphrate' and I soon had the satisfaction to see our friend T—— and the baggage safely landed.

Meanwhile, my new host furnished me with some information relative to Philippeville and Stora. He gave a sad account of the shipwrecks which frequently occur on this coast during the winter months. He informed me that he was one of the military surgeons stationed at Philippeville, who were, by turns, banished to Stora for three months at a time, to take charge of the *condamnés*. "This

removal to Stora," he observed, "is always regarded as a great misfortune, the place being shut out from all intellectual society, and in near proximity to the settlements of the Kabyles, who infest the environs and render it unsafe to venture even to the distance of a mile from the town." After hearing his description of the wild and barbarous state of the country adjacent to Stora, I was not a little surprised when he informed me that an omnibus runs several times every day between that place and Philippeville.

"However," added my informant, "you cannot avail yourselves of it, for, owing to the heavy rain during the few last days, it has not been able to run; and I fear you must rely on your own pedestrian powers for accomplishing the journey."

Stora cannot properly be called either a village or a town. In the winter season, when neither large nor small ships can anchor off Philippeville, Stora becomes the harbour of that town. The place contains two neat residences, those of the Commandant and the harbour-master, and a number of huts chiefly occupied by Arabs and sailors, built almost close to the shore. A little further inland rises a building of considerable dimensions. This is the *maison des condamnés*, where the convicts are lodged and where they pursue various kinds of labour.

In ancient times, Stora was the harbour of Constantina. A Roman road, paved with black stones, communicating between the two places, is mentioned by Leo Africanus, as having existed in his time. Several interesting vestiges of Roman antiquity may still be seen in the environs of Stora. There are the ruins of an arch, the remains of cisterns and of an amphitheatre; the latter, judging from some mosaics, still visible, must have been a very grand structure. The Roman town was destroyed by the Vandals. The French and the Genoese who, several centuries ago, traded on this part of the African coast, founded several commercial establishments in Stora. In 1838, when tranquillity was established throughout the province of Constantina, the French commenced building the town of Philippeville, near the Roman remains just mentioned.

As we were under the necessity of proceeding from Stora to Philippeville on foot, we deemed it expedient to set out on our journey without loss of time. The two places are about four miles and a half distant from each other; but the distance was no consideration; the chief impediment lay in the bad state of the roads. Our new friend, the military surgeon, kindly procured for us the use of a little cart to convey our baggage; and with no other guide than a Maltese, who undertook to drive the vehicle, and to whom we could, with difficulty, make

ourselves intelligible, we set out on our promenade. The road from Stora to Philippeville reminded me greatly of that which leads from Torrento to Castellamare. On the right, there is a range of mountains, affording, here and there, an open prospect into charming valleys; and on the left is the sea-shore. The road runs in a winding course along the mountain slope, about three hundred feet above the level of the sea.

With what delight our eyes dwelt on the tranquil scenery of nature, after the many weary and anxious hours we had passed on board the 'Euphrate.' But though we had escaped the dangers of the sea, we could not help reflecting that, even amidst these seemingly-peaceful solitudes, we were exposed to perils scarcely less formidable. We had heard many frightful stories of persons being attacked by wild beasts in these regions; but we had also heard of almost as many instances of miraculous escape. From this last category, I may quote the following:—

“About half-way between Stora and Philippeville, there is a little European coffee-house, used as a resting-place for travellers, and in front of which, are inscribed the words “*Au petit repos.*” We were informed, that only a few days before we passed that way, the landlady of this house had gone out to hang up some washed linen on a thicket of brushwood at a little distance from her dwelling.

Whilst she was thus engaged, a furious panther, which had been concealed among the bushes, suddenly sprang out upon her ; but fortunately, her cries brought to her assistance two or three *condamnés*, who happened to be within hearing, and who drove the animal away. However, persons who travel in this part of the world must make up their minds either to brave these hair-breadth scrapes, or never to venture without doors ; for the chance of being attacked by barbarous Kabyles or by wild beasts, places human life continually in jeopardy. On our journey we luckily met only a few poor-looking Frenchwomen and some soldiers, who asked us whether we could give them any tidings of their comrades of the 38th regiment, who had come with us from Algiers in the 'Euphrate.' They were not a little sorry to learn that their friends were, in all probability, fated to go on to Bona.

On reaching Philippeville, we proceeded straight to the *Hotel de la Régence*, which possesses, at least, one recommendation : that of commanding a fine view of the sea, and of the Gulf of Stora. However, there was but one room to spare, so we went to seek our fortune at the *Hotel des Princes*, a house, by the way, very unworthy of its name. Here we met the Polish Colonel with whom we landed at Stora, and who had gone on before us to Philippeville. He told us, that though the hotel presented

but very scanty accommodation, yet the people who kept it were attentive and civil. Here, therefore, we fixed our quarters, happy to have, at length, an opportunity of changing our clothes which we had now worn, without intermission, for five days and nights.

XVII.

Effects of the storm—Condition of the Colonists—Impassable roads.

January 14th.

SINCE my arrival here, to go out of doors has been an impossibility. The incessant rain has at intervals been accompanied by hail and snow. Having, as yet, had no opportunity of making my own observations, I have been glad to listen to the reports of others; and as there is no sea-view from the windows of this hotel, I must content myself with hearing the roaring of the waves. This evening, the 'Euphrate' is still moored safely in her anchorage; but the little boat, belonging to an English steamer, (the 'Scotia') in which we yesterday came ashore, was, during the night, shattered in a hundred pieces. Early this morning, a large French schooner, called the 'Louise et Victorine,' and two smaller vessels were driven ashore. I am continually thinking of the poor 'Euphrate.' How

distressing must be the condition of her passengers in these violent gales.

We have determined to make no attempt to leave Philippeville until the weather takes a favourable turn. It cannot be more stormy in the north of Europe than it is here just now. The cold is so severe, and the doors of our rooms close so very imperfectly, that we find it extremely difficult to keep ourselves in an endurable state of temperature. To what a miserable life the poor colonists are doomed in the small towns of Barbary! Here, in Philippeville, the only inhabitants are the military, and a very bad class of civilians. These latter consist of bankrupt tradesmen, and dissipated mechanics; men, in short, whose society would be shunned in any town in Europe. The population here would seem to be the very refuse of France. I hear, to my great mortification, that there is considerable difficulty in procuring horses here, unless one intends to purchase them. The main road to Constantina is in so bad a state, that the diligence is two whole days in making the journey which, in summer, is performed in nine hours.

Our Polish friend, Colonel K——, brought me to-day a small ancient coin, which he had picked up among the ruins of the amphitheatre. This gentleman, whose wife and family are in Paris, has obtained the permission of the French Government

to found a commercial establishment in Philippeville; he, and some other Polish refugees, proposing to unite together to form a company. He has been here only twenty-four hours, and the bad climate has already so disheartened him, that he has some misgivings as to the practicability of carrying out his scheme. He passes his evenings with us; for, evenings to a solitary man in a town like this, are dreary indeed. We dine down stairs in the public *salle*, the only way by which we can secure our dinner being warm. Besides ourselves, and the Polish Colonel, there are in this hotel about fifty other guests, all French military officers. The dinners are wretchedly cooked, and the appearance of the waiters, who attend on the guests in their shirt sleeves, is not very seemly.

XVIII.

Roman remains—Description of Phillippeville and its inhabitants—Arab method of scaring wild beasts—Harsh voices peculiar to the Arab women.

January 16th.

TO-DAY we visited the remains of the Roman amphitheatre. The ruins are in a state of extreme decay, and the steps are overgrown with grass and weeds. Portions of statues, pieces of stone bearing

inscriptions and fragments of friezes and bas-reliefs executed in fine Parian marble, lie scattered over the ground in profusion. Among these vestiges of antiquity, one object forcibly arrested our attention. It was a bust in a tolerably good state of preservation, and presenting so strong a likeness to Louis-Philippe, that it might have passed for a genuine representation of that monarch's head and countenance. This bust was not, I believe, discovered till after the town had received the name of Philippeville, otherwise, the name might seem to have been suggested by the likeness of this bust to the King of the French.

If the Government would expend money for the excavation of antiquities, there cannot be a doubt that many valuable objects might be found here. But France has other uses for all the money she can expend on this colony. On credible authority, we have been assured, that since the French have been in possession of Algiers, no less a sum than thirty millions of francs has been laid out in the building and maintenance of hospitals in the different provinces. The ruins of the amphitheatre are situated on a little eminence, commanding a complete view of the town of Philippeville, together with the more picturesque prospect of the well-wooded valley leading to Constantina.

Philippeville is altogether a modern European

town, and its new-looking houses bear evidence of having all risen up within the last nine years. With the exception of a pretty little mosque, which stands near the Constantina Gate, I do not remember to have seen a single Moorish building in the whole place. The streets are wide, and regularly built; the principal one, as in all the towns of Algeria, being called the Rue Royale. The houses in this street are handsome and spacious, and the street itself is lined on each side by arcades, which are extremely useful in fine as well as in bad weather. The Rue Royale also contains some tolerably good shops. The town has two gates, one opening on the road to Constantina, and the other on the road leading to Stora. As provisions, &c. destined for Constantina and other parts in the interior, pass through Philippeville, this town is a place of considerable commercial activity. The inhabitants of Philippeville amount to 5546, of which number 5000 are Europeans. The rest are Africans, chiefly Kabyles and Negroes, who earn their bread by dealing in coals, driving mules, and carrying burthens. Philippeville contains a theatre, (a structure not much superior to an English barn,) in which a French company is at present performing. This same company plays alternately here and in Constantina. We should never have ventured to come to Philippeville, had it not been for our desire

to see Constantina ; for at the present inclement season there is no means of reaching the latter place, except from Philippeville. Nothing but the difficulty of proceeding onward would have detained us so long in this interesting place ; and for our comfort, we have just been informed, that the communication between Philippeville and Constantina is entirely suspended.

The window of our sitting-room looks out on the 'Place Hélène,' where an Arab market is held every morning. The Bedouins, who attend this market, are a most dirty, miserable race of people. Wrapped in their dingy burnouses, they sit squatted on the ground, with their faces almost resting on their knees ; and their appearance altogether is not unlike so many sacks of potatoes that have been rolled on the dirty ground. Their voices are peculiarly harsh and inharmonious. Every now and then a dispute arises among them, and then their exclamations and gestures become so violent, that there seems every reason to fear the controversy can only be settled by the yatacan. To-day, in conversation with a French colonist, we happened to allude to the harsh voices for which the Arab women are remarkable. He thought the circumstance might be accounted for by their habit of shouting loudly for the purpose of frightening wild beasts. He assured us, that when lions or

other beasts of prey approach the tribes, all the old women are called out to scare away the animals by hideous howls and cries. The horrible discord thus created is said to have the desired effect, especially on the lion. The king of the forest, after having strolled to the vicinity of a Bedouin encampment, with the intention of helping himself to a sheep, a goat, or a calf, has sometimes been known to return home without his supper, rather than brave the horrible howling of these furies.

XIX.

The Roman cisterns—View of Philippeville from the hills—Projected boundaries of the town—Insecurity of travelling.

January 17th.

WE went out on a rambling excursion to-day, and we directed our course up the ascent of one of the hills between which Philippeville lies. Before we reached the summit of the eminence, we arrived at the ancient Roman cisterns, objects well deserving the traveller's attention. These magnificent works are in as perfect a state of preservation as if they had been only recently completed. The cisterns, which supplied water to the ancient city of Rusicada, are destined now to render the same

service to Philippeville. Some defects in the subterranean aqueducts, through which the water is to run from the cisterns to the town, is the reason why they are not now in use. The cisterns are seven in number, all of large dimensions, and of various and symmetrical shapes. After having minutely examined these wonderful vestiges of antiquity, we continued our walk, and after rather a difficult ascent, we reached the summit of the hill. We now stood on a much higher point than that on which the ruins of the amphitheatre are situated, and we enjoyed, certainly, the finest view that can be obtained of Philippeville and its environs.

The town lies in a broad ravine or glen, formed by two hills. One end of this ravine faces the sea, and the other opens into a picturesque and luxuriant valley. Through that valley we shall pass to-morrow morning, on our journey to Constantina, for our places are now actually secured in the diligence. A wall is in the course of erection, to mark the bounds to which the French propose that the town of Philippeville shall extend, when completed; and this boundary wall comprises a space of considerable extent. The barracks and the hospital erected over the hills, are really grand structures. The Governor's house is a good building, and a Catholic church just begun will, when completed, be an ornament to the town. The

view of the stormy Bay of Stora, with the Island of Frigina on the one side, and the Cap de Fer on the other, presents a bold and striking contrast to the prospect afforded by the smiling valley at the opposite end of the ravine. The hills on each side are extremely barren, their only vegetation being a few cactus bushes scattered here and there.

I had promised myself the pleasure of a ride to Collo ; for I understood there was no difficulty in going thither and returning to Philippeville in a day. We happened to inquire of a French officer to-day, whether the excursion was practicable, and he told us decidedly that it was a thing not to be thought of. We mentioned our intention of applying to Captain Adam, (who holds a high appointment here,) for permission to have a few spahis as an escort. But the officer assured us that they would be perfectly useless to us, for that we should have to pass the settlements of some native who had not acknowledged the French as the rightful possessors of Algeria, and amidst whom European travellers, even when accompanied by escorts, are not safe.

Such is the country of which the French call themselves masters. On the newest maps, it is true, the boundaries to which the French possessions extend are all clearly defined ; and the names

of towns and villages are noted down in parts which are as yet uncultivated deserts. But when credulous travellers, like ourselves, relying on the authenticity of maps, wish to take a trip to any one of the numerous places which, on paper, seem so easily accessible, they hear nothing but exclamations of "Heaven defend you!—you know not what you would undertake!" &c. The only means of arriving at the truth on these questions, is by personally visiting the principal towns on the coast. In those places only can information be obtained relative to the disposition of the tribes in the contiguous parts of the country.

XX.

Departure for Constantina—Bad roads—Intended mystification
—El Arruch—El Cantur—A night's lodging in Noah's Ark.

January 19th.

In a lonely house, situated on a hill between
El Arruch and Smendou.

I HAVE already mentioned that we had secured our places in the diligence for Constantina. At five o'clock this morning, we were aroused by a loud knocking at our chamber doors, an act of service for which we were indebted to some men belonging

to the Post-Office, whom we had engaged for the purpose on the preceding evening. These men were so earnest in the fulfilment of their engagement, that they would not stir from our doors until we convinced them we were up, by handing to them our carpet bags. We were speedily in readiness to start on our journey; but though breakfast did not occupy us longer than ten minutes, yet it was half-past six before all the passengers were seated in the diligence. When we engaged our places at the Post-Office, we were told that, owing to the very bad state of the roads, each passenger would be permitted to take only a very small portion of luggage; and it being our intention to return to Philippeville, we arranged to leave at the hotel our trunks and my saddle. We had some difficulty in prevailing on the Post-Master to allow us even to take our carpet bags—a concession which we obtained only on payment of a high price.

Day was just beginning to dawn when we passed through the Constantina Gate. The road was exceedingly muddy, and here and there a few houses scattered along it at distant intervals. The only living objects that appeared in sight were a few Bedouins driving their mules. During the night heavy rain had fallen; and when we first set out, gloomy clouds denoted that more might

be expected. However, we had not proceeded far when the sun shone forth brightly, so that the bad condition of the road then became our only source of apprehension. Of all the bad roads I have yet seen, that from Philippeville to Constantina is decidedly the worst — I mean the worst driving, for on horseback, I consider, almost any road may be practicable. At some parts of the journey we were in momentary danger of being overturned. Luckily the diligence was much lower than those vehicles usually are. We occupied the *coupé*, and there were only six inside passengers, a poor Frenchwoman, with her two children, two officers, and an Algerine Jew. Nevertheless, our five horses, who were good strong animals, had hard work to drag us along. Not only were the roads loose and swampy, but the wheels of heavily laden carts had left deep ruts, into which our horses' legs frequently disappeared, first on one side, then on the other. Sometimes the poor animals would plunge one fore-foot and one hind-foot into a deep rut, and in this manner they would limp on, with the two opposite feet at a level considerably higher. The jolting and tossing thus occasioned was no less disagreeable to us than it was fatiguing to the horses, and it very much diminished the pleasure we should otherwise have enjoyed in viewing the scenery of

the beautiful valley through which we were proceeding.

We had advanced about three miles, when a horse soldier came up to us at a rapid gallop, exclaiming—“*Vous ne pouvez passer!*” Our driver stopped and inquired what cause prevented us from proceeding. The soldier replied, that a bridge, close by St. Antoine, (a mile or two distant from the point where we then were,) had fallen down; that two coaches had already been overturned in attempting to proceed, and that, to prevent further accidents, the road had been barricaded, and nothing could pass. To corroborate this disheartening intelligence, the soldier drew a letter from his pocket, saying, “I am now hurrying to Philippeville, to convey these orders for the immediate repair of the bridge.” Regardless of the soldier’s warning our driver pursued his way, to all appearance, not the least disconcerted by what he had heard. Though at a loss to guess the meaning of all this, yet we were not loath to try our chance of going forward, for it was dreadful to think of returning to Philippeville, and being detained prisoners there, heaven knows how long. Some time elapsed ere we ascertained what was to be our fate; and in the meanwhile the road became so extremely dangerous, that I determined to alight from the omnibus and to trust to my feet. A detachment of

soldiers happened to be marching in the direction we were going, and for some little distance I followed close in their rear. F—— had long previously alighted, and was by this time a considerable way in advance of us. I soon discovered that I had attempted an enterprise beyond my power; for the soldiers, turning off on one side, left the main road, and with giant strides dashed over ditches, brooks, and thickets with as much unconcern as though they been marching over the smoothest turf. Breathless, exhausted, and ankle deep in mud, I succeeded in making my way back to the high road. To my infinite consolation, I espied the omnibus, and I resumed my seat in it; but with the anticipation of being obliged, in a few minutes, to alight again, for we were now within a very little distance of the bridge, which we had been assured would present an insurmountable obstacle to our further advance. How agreeably were we surprised to find the bridge perfectly sound, and the approach to it considerably better than the road at any previous part of the journey. So much for the warning of our friend the soldier! What may have been the motive for this mystification is a riddle which I am unable to solve. In the course of a few minutes we reached St. Antoine, a newly-built French village, where we changed horses. St. Antoine may be regarded as forming the boun-

dary of agricultural labour in this direction; for beyond that place the country assumes a perfectly wild and uncultivated character.

At twelve o'clock we arrived at El Arruch, and we drew up at the door of a wretched little inn. Here a luncheon was served, and the other passengers and ourselves partook of it, all seated at one table. Of the style of this elegant collation, some notion may be formed, when I mention that the greatest delicacy on the table, was a dish of cold asparagus. A fire having been kindled for us, the room was speedily so filled with smoke, that we were obliged to betake ourselves to the open windows and doors to avoid being stifled. The country between St. Antoine and El Arruch partakes somewhat of the European character. There is a total absence of African vegetation; and at the sides of the brooks and rivulets I frequently observed willow trees. Gently sloping hills, thickly wooded to their very summits, close the back ground. El Arruch is situated on the healthiest part of the whole colony. It is a large village, embedded in a valley which appears to be, in a great measure, cultivated by nature. The hills are clothed in fresh verdure, and their summits are crowned with forests, which in a clear atmosphere, such as that in which we saw them, present the most beautiful varieties of colour.

About one o'clock we left El Arruch, after having exchanged our five good horses for eight miserable, half-starved mules. Our way lay through a barren dreary track of country, and the further we advanced, the more boundless seemed the desolate prospect. In our more immediate proximity, we occasionally perceived a few groups of Arabs. On our way we passed a poor European woman, who was employed in chipping stones. Our driver, who appeared astonished to see a female alone in this solitary and dangerous part of the country, asked her whether she was not afraid, at the same time offering her a place in the omnibus, if she chose to go onward with us. She, however, declined the offer, observing that she felt no alarm. Nevertheless, we saw, at no great distance from her, the half-consumed remains of two horses and a camel, which, during the foregoing night, had been the prey of wild beasts.

After proceeding about a mile and a half along the upward slope of a hill, we reached this place, which is called El Cantur. It is not a village, but merely a house, or rather a range of miserable wooden sheds, situated on the summit of the eminence. Here, however, we must take refuge, for between El Cantur and Constantina there is not a single house wherein we could obtain a night's lodging. The view from the summit of the emi-

nence, on which this solitary house stands, unfolds a scene of wild grandeur worthy to be delineated by the pencil of some great master. In the far distance is El Arruch, embedded, and, as it were, slumbering quietly in the wilderness; that village and a little minaret on the neighbouring hill, are the only visible traces of human existence. All the surrounding country is wild and barren, but marked by so much of sublime simplicity, that our eyes lingered with pleasure on the scene, until the last gleam of daylight vanished. The proud Queen of Night rose in her brightest glory between two hills of fantastic form, (called by the French *les Pommettes*,) whilst the red tinge of sunset still gleamed in the western sky. Altogether it was one of the grandest pictures of Nature I ever beheld.

This place, where we are doomed to pass the night is a wooden house, of the rudest possible construction. The ground-floor contains a kitchen and one large room for the reception of travellers. The upper floor consists of bed-rooms, divided one from another only by thin deal planks. At sun-set, when the encroachments of wild beasts and Bedouins render it dangerous to remain without doors, the inhabitants of El Cantur, men and women, cattle, poultry, &c., all withdraw into this wooden house, which then may fairly be compared to Noah's Ark. The animals have,

it is true, their own lodging-place apart, but this evening a considerable portion of them have honoured the parlour with their company. We are now sitting here surrounded by a party of soldiers, who have been working all day on the roads, several carters, and one or two huntsmen. To complete the motley assemblage, half a dozen greyhounds are pacing to and fro, absorbed in contemplation, whilst a small herd of goats and kids are sporting in the most frolicsome way imaginable, to the no small discomfiture of two or three hens, with numerous families of chickens. All this host of living creatures are to be fed and sheltered here to night. At the further end of the room there is a small stove, in which a fire has been kindled,—sending forth a horrible smell, accompanied by volumes of smoke; to which the pipes and cigars of the soldiers lend their contingents. Silently, in one corner of the room, sits our fellow-passenger, the Algerine Jew; whilst the little Frenchwoman, who also came with us in the omnibus, is scolding, with all her might, in the vain hope of stopping the cries of her hungry and weary children.

Having withdrawn to a part of the room where I thought I should be least exposed to interruption, I took out my memorandum book, and till now I have been occupied in making notes.

But I can write no longer, for the fatigue of the day's journey, together with the noise and smoke of this place, have given me a most severe headache, the only cure for it would be a sound night's rest,—an indulgence certainly not to be hoped for here.

XXI.

Journey from El Cantur—Sunrise on the snow-topped mountains
—Smendou—Hama—First view of Constantina—A Moorish
Funeral—The Hotel de l'Europe.

Constantina, January 20th.

UNABLE longer to endure the incessant movement and noise which prevailed in the travellers' room at El Cantur, I went in quest of the hostess, and earnestly petitioned for a private apartment. She promised she would endeavour to oblige me, and presently came to say that the best arrangement she could make, was to let me share a room with the Frenchwoman and her two children. I was thankful to get even this accommodation; and after having, with some difficulty, succeeded in fastening the door, I threw myself on the bed. To undress was out of the question, for it was severely cold, and the wind whistled loudly through the crevices of the ill-

joined deal planks which composed the walls of the house. The little sleep I might by possibility have enjoyed, was disturbed alternately by the cries of the children, and by the howls of hyenas and jackals, prowling about on the outside of the house. I rose several times, and amused myself by watching from the window the movements of these animals. The moon shone brightly, and her pale clear light gave to the surrounding landscape the effect of being overspread with snow.

Before six o'clock in the morning a general movement, together with the din of noisy voices, denoted that everybody in the house had risen; and at half-past six we were seated in the omnibus, pursuing our journey. About a mile and a half from El Cantur we reached the highest summit of the chain of hills. The rising sun spread a beautiful light over the snowy tops of the surrounding mountains, producing that peculiar effect, often observable in this country at sun-set, but very seldom at sun-rise. In the evening, when the snow-capped mountain-tops are illumined by the sun's departing rays, the flood of light that has spread over the earth during the day, is not yet wholly absorbed, and consequently the contrast is not very strongly marked; but the beams of the morning sun fall on the sleeping

world, as it were by surprise, tinging with rosy light the snowy pinnacles, whilst the mountains themselves are slumbering in darkness. This splendid effect of light and shade I beheld this morning. The veil of night was not yet withdrawn from the earth; every object in the foreground was enveloped in shadow, whilst a bright glow of light played over the mountain summits.

But the pleasure I enjoyed in the contemplation of this sublime picture was not of long duration. Having arrived at a point where the road began to descend, our omnibus rolled on with great rapidity, and in a few moments plunged into a deep hollow, occasioning so violent a shock to the passengers, that we all, with one accord, alighted, too happy to escape without broken bones. We encountered several accidents of a similar kind before we reached Smendou, a French military encampment, situated about ten or twelve miles from El Cantur: between those two places we proceeded the greater part of the way on foot. At one part of the road we met a cart, which though lightly laden, and drawn by twenty mules, had rolled into a hollow, and could not be extricated. But our forced march, though attended by considerable fatigue, was rewarded by the opportunity it afforded us of observing much that was interesting. We saw the country

which here presents the peculiar character it has preserved unchanged during the lapse of many ages. Tribes of nomade Arabs were dispersed here and there in the valleys. Sometimes we passed within so short a distance of them, that we could plainly perceive the little Bedouin children playing under the tents, whilst the elder members of the family, accompanied by their dogs, were engaged in tending their herds and flocks. It seems unaccountable that these Arabs, whose duars, or villages, are frequently in most insalubrious situations should be, not only a healthy, but a very strong and handsome race of people. In winter they scarcely know what it is to have a dry rag of clothing. Throughout the whole day they are exposed to the most inclement weather, and at night, when they return to their tents, the damp marshy ground is their only resting place. Their food is wretched, consisting chiefly of bread dipped in rancid oil; except when the calender marks a festival of the Prophet, on which occasion they indulge in the luxury of a greasy kuskussu. Yet I have not seen a single sickly or deformed Bedouin since I have been in Africa.

Excepting the Frenchwoman and myself, all our travelling party carried arms, a precaution indispensably necessary in this part of the country. However, the mere sight of defen-

sive weapons is sufficient to protect travellers against the attacks of the Bedouins. Loaded muskets and pistols are carried about here with as much unconcern as umbrellas or walking-sticks in other parts of the world.

In Smendou we changed our mules, and after leaving that place, we travelled through a mountainous and barren tract of country, presenting none of the characteristic features peculiar to this part of the world. Indeed, we might have forgotten that we were on African ground, but for certain moving and living objects, which continually reminded us of the fact. Arabs richly dressed, and armed cap-a-pie, frequently galloped past us; and occasionally we met French officers, in gay uniforms, attended by escorts of spahis, armed with their long muskets, and wrapped in their red burnouses. Sometimes we encountered a train of horses or mules carrying tents and baggage belonging to the French army. These passing objects tended not a little to enliven our journey.

I had been told, that on arriving within four or five miles of Constantina we should discern the city, rising in its solitary grandeur on the summit of a rocky eminence, surrounded by extensive plains. I was becoming impatient, and whenever I espied a rugged looking mountain in

the distance, I expected soon to come in sight of Constantina. Having proceeded up-hill for upwards of seven miles, we saw before us a fertile district of country called Hama, smiling like an oasis in the wide spreading desert; and in a very short time we found ourselves on a fine high-road, traversing the vale of Hama, which is luxuriant in tropical vegetation. We stopped at the "Hotel du Hama," and there exchanged our miserable mules for five spirited Arabians, which, judging from their excellent condition, seemed as though the only work they were required to do, was every second day to draw the diligence triumphantly into Constantina. These fleet-footed animals dashed too swiftly through the lovely valley, in which I would fain have lingered, for I felt as if in a new world after the many dreary and uninteresting prospects we had had during the two last days. This was a truly southern landscape. Lofty palm-trees, laden with golden fruit, reared their heads proudly like kings, amidst gloomy cypresses, and groves of oleander, ricinus, fig-trees, cactus, and numerous other plants, which our rapid progress prevented us from distinguishing.

No sooner had we left the Hotel du Hama than we beheld Constantina, the Cirta of the ancients, looking as though placed by enchant-

ment on its lofty site. Viewed from a distance, it presents the effect of a huge heap of ruins, mingling with the rugged masses of the grey scarped rock on which it is built. Gradually as we approached, we saw the old city more and more distinctly. If I had had a hundred eyes I should have employed them all in my eagerness to gaze on this ancient capital of the Numidian kings—a place which has been the scene of so many interesting historical events. I had heard and read many descriptions of the peculiar situation of Constantina; but the reality exceeded all I could have imagined. A fine broad military-road, on a gradual ascent, brought us, in the space of an hour and a half, from Hama to that gate of the city called the *Porte Valée*, situated near the celebrated breach.

In the *Place Nemours*, just within the gate, the omnibus stopped, and I remained within it, whilst F—— went in search of an hotel. In the meanwhile I saw a Moorish funeral procession pass along the *Place*. It did not appear to be the funeral of a rich Moor, for the decorations were very simple, and the followers few in number. Eight Marabouts walked first, at a very slow pace, muttering some verses from the *Koran*. Over the bier was a covering composed of some heavy kind of cloth, striped

with red, yellow, and blue. The corpse was borne by four Moors, and eight others closed the procession.

F—— was a long while absent, and on his return I alighted from the diligence amidst the curious gaze of a crowd of gaping Moors. F—— informed me, that he had not been able to fix on an hotel; they were all so very bad, that he knew not which to choose. We wended our way through a narrow Moorish street, lined on each side with little stalls; and having worked our passage, with some difficulty, through a crowd of buyers and sellers, among whom there was scarcely a single European, we at length arrived at the Hôtel de l'Europe.

This hotel is an old Moorish house, a circumstance which, I confess, led me to give it the preference over some other places, where we might doubtless have been better accommodated; but I have repented of my injudicious predilection, and the few hours I have passed here have sufficed to convince me that these Moorish houses, though very interesting to look at, are not dwelling-places suited to Europeans. The rooms are like dungeons; they have no regular windows, but are lighted from glass-doors, which open on galleries looking into the court-yards. The rooms are consequently very deficiently supplied with light and air. Then there is such a labyrinth of passages and corridors, with

little flights of steps leading up and down, that it would require the thread of Ariadne to avoid losing one's way in the mazy intricacies.

Our bed-chamber is as cold and dark as a cellar ; there is no chimney, and consequently no possibility of having a fire. As yet, we have not been able to procure a private sitting-room, and the dining-room is a place in which English servants would not take their meals. Before six o'clock we could get nothing to eat, and at that hour we found ourselves in a miserable cold room, into which the wind was blowing from all points of the compass. In this room there were several tables, at which about thirty hungry Frenchmen were seated. To attend on all the guests, there is only one unfortunate waiter, who is scolded and driven here and there, and expected to do fifty things at a time. We are told, on high authority, that no man can serve two masters at once ; so it is easy to imagine how well we are attended to at dinner by our poor waiter, who has not only two, but some thirty masters, and several of them none of the most patient. The chambermaid is a Jewess, who wears a most peculiar costume, and understands no language but Arabic.

In all that relates to domestic comfort, Constantiniana has but few recommendations. I might perhaps be content, but that the severe cold wrings from me complaints, as it were, in spite of myself.

I am here assailed by my two bitterest enemies—cold and darkness.

XXII.

Historica partic lars—The Falls of the river RummelCoudiat-Ali, the Musselman Cemetery — Funeral ceremonies — Arab women mourning for the dead.

January 21st.

THIS morning I felt very much disposed to follow the example of the poor people in some parts of Italy, who, when the weather is very cold, frequently keep in bed all day long. It was half-past ten before I could screw up my courage to encounter the chilly atmosphere and the dismal twilight of our apartments.

This Moorish house is the very perfection of discomfort. In the construction of these habitations the object held to be most desirable of attainment was to ward off, as effectually as possible, the heat of the sun; it may, therefore, be readily inferred that the architects did not bestow much consideration on the means best calculated for excluding cold. To obtain breakfast at this hotel is an affair of no little difficulty. We were very humble in our requirements, having only asked for a few cups and some milk; yet a couple of hours at least elapsed before our repast was served. Before I set forth on

my perambulations through this interesting city, I must note down a few memoranda which I have employed myself in collecting relative to its past history.

At a very remote period of antiquity, a Greek adventurer, who subjugated all this part of Africa, is said to have founded the city of Constantina, and given to it the name of Cirta. About the year 230 (B.C.), Narva, whose wife was a sister of Hannibal the Great, ruled here over the Mussulmans or Oriental Numidians. In the first century of the Christian era, a Roman colony was founded here by Sittius, in whose honour this city was, for a time, called Sittiana. Cæsar gave it the name of Julia, and adorned it with many large buildings. The Romans regarded it as the largest and richest city in Numidia, of which country it was, in some respects, the key; for all the great roads of the province led to it. It became the royal residence of Masinissa and his successors. Strabo informs us, that Constantina, at that period, contained many splendid palaces; and that, at the invitation of King Micipsa, Greek colonists settled there, and pursued several branches of industrial art.

In the year 304, Rufus Volusianus, a general in the army of Maxentius, conquered and destroyed the city. It was rebuilt by Constantinus, who gave it the name which it retains at the present day.

These barren rocks became, in a very early age, the dwelling-places of Christians, and the blood of martyrs has flowed profusely on the banks of the Ampsaga, now the river Rummel. Petilian, who belonged to the sect of the Donatists, was for fifteen years Bishop of Constantina, and he disputed here with St. Augustin.

After Justinian had delivered Africa from the Vandals, that emperor did much for the improvement of Constantina. He constructed a splendid aqueduct, the ruins of which still exist, at a little distance southward of the town. After the Arabs became masters of this place, it was ruled by various dynasties. In 1568, Constantina fell under the dominion of the Turks, and shortly afterwards became disturbed by an insurrection. Ali Fartas, Dey of Algiers, who repaired hither to assist in quelling the insurgents, ultimately succeeded in usurping the sovereign authority; and from that time Constantina became a dependency of Algiers, and the residence of a Bey.

In the year 1826, Hadji Achmed Bey, cruelly persecuted the Turks in Constantina, and no less than three thousand of those people were sacrificed to his sanguinary tyranny. In 1830, this barbarian furnished a contingent of troops to the Dey of Algiers, and marched with them to aid in resisting the French. On his return to Constantina, he found the

city gates closed against him, and when at length he effected an entrance, and once more became master of the place, he renewed his former acts of oppression. He was deposed by the French, who declared that he had, by his cruelties, forfeited all right to the throne. Sidi Mustapha, the brother of the Bey of Tunis, was chosen to be his successor; but nevertheless Achmed continued to wield sovereign authority in Constantina.

In 1836 and 1837, Ben Aissa defended that city for him against the attacks of the French. Marshal Clauzel repeatedly attempted to take Constantina, but continually failed, the place being very strongly fortified by nature. The French, however, kept up an incessant fire against the weakest point of the city, and at length succeeded in effecting a breach in the wall. The Arabs made a desperate defence, and the French having nearly fired their last ball, and being exhausted by cold and fatigue, were preparing to effect a retreat. General Count Damrémont however determined on making a last desperate attack on Constantina. He marched thither with a corps of 10,000 men, in the foremost ranks of which the Duke de Nemours bravely distinguished himself; and on the 13th of October, 1837, after several weeks of hard fighting, Constantina was taken by storm. This conquest was purchased with the life of the brave Damrémont.

Since then the French have remained in undisturbed possession of this city, which the Arabs previously considered to be utterly impregnable. "Constantina," they were accustomed to say, "is a rock in the middle of a river; and our soothsayers and marabouts tell us that, to take possession of this rock, would require as many Frenchmen as it would require ants to draw an egg out of a basin of milk." The French, however, performed the miracle.

Now for my first perambulation through this curious city.—Passing up the Caraman street (one of the few of European structure), we entered the Place Nemours, by the Valée Gate, through which we entered yesterday from Hamma. Both sides of this gate bear the inscription, "Porte Valée, 1845."—On passing through it, we found on the outside a great deal of bustle, and many Arabs moving to and fro with their mules. The cause of all this stir was that the natives were holding a market. We directed our course to the ravine and the fall of the river Rummel, objects which justly claim the attention of strangers on a visit to Constantina.

Leaving the high road on our left, we passed along an extensive slope, scattered over with the bones of dead animals. On our right towered, almost vertically, the gigantic masses of rock on which the city stands, and which rise to the height

of from 500 to 750 feet above the sea-level. On the left was the valley of Hamma, watered by the fantastically-winding Rummel. The scene, which is one of peculiar beauty, is bounded by a chain of snow-topped mountains, to which the reddish-brown hue of the smaller hills form a marked contrast. The whole country, as far as the eye can reach, would present a character of rocky barrenness, but that the banks of the Rummel exhibit a luxuriant fertility of tropical vegetation.

Having proceeded to the distance of a mile and a half along the rocky ascent on which Constantina is built, we arrived at a group of very small houses, near which there is a water-mill. From thence we passed over some planks, laid across the narrow stream by which the mill is worked, and we soon reached the fall.

As we approached, a loud noise like the rolling thunder, or the discharge of guns, was repeated by hundreds of echoes from chasms in the gigantic rocks—and then was lost in the wide expanse of the valley. We learned from some soldiers whom we met that the rocks had been blasted in several places to effect a new channel for a current of water for working another mill. About two hundred paces further on, we found ourselves under a high bridge of rock, and from this point we commanded a view of the fall, which, owing to the heavy rains of nearly

two months' continuance, now presented a spectacle of unusual grandeur. From a narrow cleft of the rock the foaming Rummel dashes down an almost-perpendicular precipice of upwards of fifty feet. The torrent then divides into several cascades, which flow in detached streams until they reach the plain, where all blend together, and the river tranquilly winds its course through the valley.—After lingering for a considerable time to gaze in admiration on this wonder of nature, we proceeded along a narrow foot-path on one bank of the Rummel: the ravine became more and more narrow, until two colossal over-hanging masses of rock united together, and hindered our further advance. Looking upward from this point, we perceived some houses on the heights above us, which had the appearance of birds' nests embedded in the rocks. If this fantastic sport of nature existed in Europe, the Falls of Rummel would be a favourite pilgrimage for those multitudes of travellers, who are ever running about in quest of the wonderful; but many circumstances combine to render this spectacle a thing almost inaccessible and unknown. The French are no great lovers of nature, and they neither write nor speak much of the marvellously interesting site of Constantina, merely because it does not attract the notice of other nations. The English, on the other hand, though indefatigable travellers, and enthu-

siastic admirers of the beauties of natural scenery, are nevertheless not much disposed to explore a French colony in search of the picturesque; and until the trumpet of fame shall proclaim to wonder-seeking tourists the marvels of Constantina, they will remain unknown or forgotten.

We were within a very short distance of the Porte Valée, on our way back to the city, when our attention was arrested by certain monotonous muttering sounds, which led us to suspect that a funeral procession was approaching. Our conjecture proved correct, for in a very few moments a bier appeared in sight. It was preceded by a considerable number of marabouts, and followed by a train of several hundred mourners. The procession was closed by about forty women, all wearing robes of dark-blue chequered cotton. These garments enveloped them from head to foot, and covered their faces so completely, that not even their eyes were discernible. The procession turned from the Porte Valée, in the direction of a hill called Coudiat Ali, which is the Mussulman cemetery at Constantina. The sight was pretty, and somewhat theatrical in its effect, as the long train of Arabs ascended the height of Coudiat-Ali, threading their way between the thickly-scattered grave-stones. The women remained at the foot of the hill, and seated themselves on the ground, forming irregular groups, in which camels, mules,

asses, and goats, were intermingled. Whilst our eyes were occupied in observing these various objects, our ears were assailed by a most heterogeneous combination of sounds. Flourishes of drums and trumpets proceeded from a military band at a little distance; while in nearer proximity, the neighing of horses and mules, the braying of asses, and the barking of dogs, were mingled with the doleful wailings of the female mourners, and the monotonous muttering of the marabouts, whose voices became fainter and fainter as they ascended the hill. All this formed a hideous concert, of which no description can convey an idea. Though we did not descry a single European in the train of mourners, each individual being muffled in a burnouse, more or less costly according to the rank of its wearer, yet we could not resist the desire we felt to ascend Coudiat-Ali, and witness the funeral ceremony. Following in the rear of the procession, we reached the summit of the hill just as the body, simply wrapped in linen cloth, was being lowered into the grave.

I must confess that I felt somewhat ill at ease when I found that we were really the only Europeans present. A cemetery is to the Mussulmans a place no less sacred than a mosque, and I feared lest my presence might give offence, more especially on account of the playfulness of my little

Italian greyhound Saetta, who, in spite of all my efforts to restrain her, frisked and gambolled among the assembled mourners; but my apprehensions proved groundless, for long before the ceremony of interment was at an end, and whilst the marabouts were earnestly engaged in prayer, some of the mourners began playing with Saetta with as much unconcern as though there had been nothing more serious to engage their attention. The prayers occupied about a quarter of an hour, and at their conclusion all the assembled throng, mourners as well as priests, gathered up some earth with their hands, and dropped it into the grave. The whole ceremony was then at an end, and we took our departure, without waiting to see the women ascend the hill, as we are informed is customary, after the men leave the grave.

A pilgrimage to a cemetery is almost the only occurrence which affords these Arab women the opportunity of taking a walk in the open air. A French officer, residing here, has assured me, that the prospect of enjoying a little freedom causes them to hail a death in their families as a positive blessing. They make repeated pilgrimages to the burial-place for the space of several months, during which mourning for the dead becomes their most agreeable occupation.

On leaving Coudiat-Ali, we walked on the

outside of the city wall, as far as the El Djabia Gate, which having entered, we proceeded through the city to the El Cantara Gate. We thus saw all the three gates of Constantina, and enjoyed several good views of the city. After this long journey we felt not a little fatigued, and therefore took the shortest way on our return to the Hotel de l'Europe.

XXIII.

The Casbah—Palace erected by the last Bey of Constantina—
Remains of a Roman bridge—The Hill of Mansourah—External
view of the city—Its internal aspect and character.

January 22nd.

THIS morning, the first place we visited was the Casbah, which stands on the very highest point of the city. This old fortress now contains a fine range of barracks for five thousand men, besides a military prison and an hospital. It still bears the name of the Casbah, and is in itself a little town defended by several pieces of cannon. It commands Constantina, and crowns the perpendicular rocks which surround the city. The peculiar form of the old fortress, when seen from a distant point, has caused the Arabs to compare Constantina to a burnouse spread out

at its full width, the Casbah representing the hood. We went over the whole of the building, and were frequently charmed by lovely views of the valley of Hamma, seen from various points. One part of the Casbah is situated at the height of upwards of three-hundred feet above the Rummel. When Constantina was under the dominion of the Vandals and the Turks, women charged with adultery were hurled down from that lofty eminence into the abyss below, heavy stones being fastened to their feet. I shuddered to think of the many victims of jealousy and intrigue, who must doubtless have suffered this cruel death; and, with a feeling of horror, I withdrew from a spot which had been the scene of such barbarities.

From the Casbah we proceeded to the splendid palace erected by the last Bey. Externally this building is remarkable for nothing but its considerable size. But on entering, one may imagine one's self in a Chinese temple. The gay variegated colouring, the rich tracery and superabundant ornament,—the quaint mannered style which characterizes even the most trivial details,—all render this palace a fine specimen of that sort of oriental taste which we find pictured in the "Arabian Nights." The building comprises no fewer than four inner courts. The

first we passed through is the largest and handsomest. The middle part is laid out as a beautiful orangery, and along the four sides are arcades, supported by a double range of pillars. The roofing of these arcades is painted blue and yellow, and from it are suspended numerous wooden lamps, all painted in a variety of colours, and producing a very gaudy and tasteless effect. The lower part of the walks is lined with manjolica, and the upper part decorated with an endless variety of ornaments. The arched windows are precisely of the form of a horse-shoe, and the glass is painted in brilliant hues. The doors are overloaded with carved work. We could not gain admittance to the inner apartments, as they are at present undergoing repairs. As far as I could judge, in passing some of the doors, they appear to be constructed very much on the plan of the rooms in the hotel where we reside.

After quitting the Bey's palace, and passing through several very dirty streets, we came to the El Cantara Gate. It takes its name from the El Cantara bridge, an ancient Roman structure, and the finest ornament of Constantina. This bridge spans a chasm of two-hundred feet deep, and forms a junction between the city and the hill of Mansurah. It has been so frequently

altered and repaired, during the last fifty years, that it may now be called a modern rather than an ancient bridge; nevertheless it still bears the stamp of its Roman origin. The arches are adorned with sculpture, representing the caduces of Mercury, floral ornaments, bulls' heads, and other objects of classic art. I must not forget to mention a curious peculiarity of the river Rummel; at the upper part of the city it forms a confluence with a small stream, called the Bumerzug, after which it completely vanishes from sight, pursuing a subterranean course along a space of about two hundred feet. It does not flow under the El Cantara bridge, but reappears in the ravine which separates Constantina from the mountain Sidi-Mesid, and there it forms the splendid fall which I saw yesterday.

We ascended the Mansourah, and long before we reached the summit of the eminence, we obtained a magnificent view of Constantina and its environs. The tiled roofs of the houses are the nestling places of countless multitudes of daws, hawks, falcons, &c., and the nests are so closely studded together, that at first sight they seem to form one compact mass. About a dozen slender minarets, and some thickets of cypress-trees, are the only objects which relieve the monotony of the picture; for the city itself blends

with the grey rock on which it stands, and is scarcely discernible from it. The two hills, Mansourah and Sidi-Mesid, approach very nearly to the city, but without absolutely joining it. Between Constantina and Sidi-Mesid, a beautiful prospect opens; and the eye ranges over the valley of Hamma, until the view is bounded by the snowy mountains, and their canopy of white feathery clouds. On the left Coudiat-Ali and a part of the gardens of Inglis Bey are likewise visible. In our immediate proximity, masses of rock, studded with bushes of cactus and aloe, completed the fantastic but beautiful picture.

But if on the outside of the city there are many points of picturesque landscape scenery on which the eye may dwell with pleasure, there is but little beauty within the city walls. Constantina is a mere labyrinth of narrow streets, from four to five feet in width, and in many instances, over-arched. The houses, like all those of Moorish structure in the Barbary states, have no windows in the outer walls, and their low doors are like entrances to prisons. They are, for the most part, built of clay, and on the foundations of ancient structures. One half the houses in this city are either in ruins, or in a state of rapid decay. Algiers, Blidah, Philippeville, and even Bugia, have some resem-

blance to European towns; but Constantina bears throughout the stamp of its Numidian origin. The vestiges of antiquity, scattered over various parts of the city are not conspicuous for beauty. Those fragments of buildings, which have defied the annihilating hand of time are remarkable for strength and durability, and are characteristic of the warlike genius of the Romans, rather than of their artistic taste.

Constantina is divided into two parts, or districts; the one inhabited by natives, the other by Europeans. This latter district is in a very incomplete state; and the squares and streets, to be comprised in it, have as yet no existence save on maps. The Place Royale, for example, in which the Casbah is situated, is at present completely covered with heaps of rubbish; though when the plan is carried out, it will doubtless be a very handsome square. The deficient supply of water is a great cause of the exceeding dirtiness of the streets. It is computed that no less a sum than 350,000 francs is annually expended in providing Constantina with the indispensable element. The population amounts to about 20,882, of which number about 1,919 are Europeans. The trade of the city and province of Constantina was formerly much more extensive than at the present time. It is now chiefly maintained by the

transport of caravans to Djerid and to Nigritia, where woollen and cotton cloths, silks and oil are exchanged for gold-dust, for slaves, and especially for dates. The climate is not unsalubrious, though, owing to the peculiar situation of the place, the heat is oppressive in summer, and the cold extreme in winter. No carts, or wheeled vehicles of any description, pass along the narrow streets, everything is conveyed on the backs of camels, mules, and asses. The footsteps of these animals are scarcely audible as they pace along the soft muddy ground, and the consequence is, that pedestrians continually find themselves surrounded on a sudden by these indefatigable beasts of burthen. I have once or twice seen a street completely blocked up by a single mule, carrying a load of hay or straw. When two of these animals, advancing from opposite directions, meet face to face, one or other of the Arab drivers resorts to the cruel process of pulling his mule back by the tail, until he arrives at a cross street where he can stand till his opponent passes by; as to turning round, it is a thing impossible. However, this is not the worst that may happen. An unfortunate foot-passenger may get jammed between a wall and a load of hay, and so come to an untimely end. Not much less miserable is the fate that

awaits the person who may chance to find himself closely wedged in between two donkeys, the one laden with the hides of animals newly flayed, and the other carrying oil, dripping copiously through the bags that contain it. In such a dilemma as this, the luckless pedestrian is tempted to exclaim, "Oh! Land of the East! are these thy boasted perfumes of Arabia?"

XXIV.

Fall of Snow—Monument to the memory of General Count Damrémont—An old Moorish street—Shops and the articles sold in them—Hardships endured by the French military in Algiers.

January 23rd.

ON rising this morning, I was not a little surprised to find the house-tops and streets of Constantina covered with a thin sheet of snow. Yesterday we called upon a man who lends horses on hire, and we arranged to go to his stables at nine o'clock this morning, for the purpose of selecting some horses. The fact is, we have conceived the bold scheme of riding back to Philippeville on horseback; for we have an insurmountable dread of again encountering the horrors we experienced on our journey from

thence by the omnibus; and to protract our stay much longer in Constantina would be to expose ourselves to the risk of being laid up by illness.

At the appointed hour we repaired to the stables of the man who had undertaken to lend the horses; but, to our mortification, we discovered that no reliance was to be placed on his promises. He now told us that he had neither horses nor saddles at home; the horses he had proposed to lend were, he said, on a journey, and had not returned as he expected; the saddles too, were all either lent out or wanting repair. He, however assured us, that if we could return about eleven o'clock, he would be sure to have some horses for our inspection. Having thus an interval of two hours on our hands, we thought we could not better employ it than in visiting the monument erected to the memory of General Count Damrémont, which is situated about half a mile from the Porte Valée.

Meanwhile the weather was becoming more and more threatening. The sky was overhung with heavy clouds, and flakes of snow, mingled with hail, were drifted through the air by the keen cutting wind. At the foot of Coudiat-Ali we perceived a number of camels crouched on the ground, and looking as if the inclement state

of the weather was to them alike unexpected and unwelcome. They manifested their dissatisfaction by low wailing sounds, and by curling their upper lips and gnashing their teeth. A group of camels is naturally associated in the imagination with a hot sandy desert; and I cannot describe the strange impression I felt at seeing them lying on the snow, and in a state of temperature like that of a northern winter.

The monument to General Damrémont is of a pyramidal form, and it is erected on the very spot on which he was killed. That side of the pyramid, facing the city, bears the following inscription:—"Ici fut tué par un boulet en visitant la batterie de Brèche, le 12 Oct. 1837, veille de la prise de Constantine, le Lieutenant-Général Denys, Comte de Damrémont, Gouverneur-Général dans le nord d'Afrique, Commandant en chef de l'armée Française expéditionnaire." The opposite side of the monument looking to the open country, bears the same inscription, translated into Arabic and engraved in Arabic characters. There is little reason to doubt that the ball by which Count Damrémont was killed, was destined for the Duke de Nemours, for whom it would appear the General was mistaken. Damrémont was standing near the battery, attired in full uniform,—wearing his regimental cap, decorated with a feather, and close beside him stood the Duke de

Nemours in half uniform. The distinction of costume, it is naturally supposed, caused the General to be mistaken for the Prince, whose life was the object at which the enemy's aim was directed. On the Place Valée, close to the gate of that name, there is a neat little minaret, much injured by the many balls by which it was struck during the action. It is preserved, in its half-destroyed state, as a monument to the soldiers who fell on the occasion. Affixed to it is a marble tablet, with the words:—"Aux Braves morts devant Constantine en 1836 et 1837."

The Place Nemours, within the gate, as yet consists merely of groups of miserable Moorish houses, or rather huts, and along one side of it runs the city wall, terribly dilapidated by firing. Two streets run from the Place Nemours,—one is called the Caraman Street and the other the Ronand Street. The latter preserves to this day its purely Moorish character, and its aspect is in all probability precisely what it was a century ago. It consists of two rows of small shops, with roofs jutting very far forward,— and as the intervening space between those projecting roofs is, in many places covered with boards, the street is but dimly lighted, and bears in some respects, a resemblance to the bazaars of Constantinople. Most of the shops are merely little square rooms, the walls on three of their sides

being daubed over with white-wash : the fourth side is open to the street. The floors of the shops are raised about two feet above the street, and the shop-keepers sit on mats, with their goods ranged round them. These shops contain nothing of a nature to tempt Europeans to become purchasers. Dried and fresh fruits, spices, bread, woollen and cotton cloths of European manufacture, but of very inferior quality, are the principal articles offered for sale. In one part of the street, the shops are exclusively occupied by saddlers and shoemakers, but their goods are all of a very inferior description.

It was now time to think of our appointment with the horse-lender, and, accordingly, we made the best of our way to his place of abode. After we had waited for some time, he shewed us two horses, one furnished with a lady's saddle. I was tempted to engage him ; though he was very small, whilst his saddle was of dimensions large enough to have fitted the Trojan horse. My riding-habit, with all the rest of my equestrian paraphernalia, I had left behind me in Philippeville ; but I was determined not to be disappointed of my ride, and as a substitute for a riding-habit, I wrapped myself in F——'s burnouse. Only imagine what a sensation I should have created in Hyde Park ! The horse, allotted to me

was a strong little animal, and though it was a bold adventure to attempt to ride him upwards of sixty miles, especially with his ill-fitting saddle, yet we engaged him, along with two others, for our journey back to Philippeville next day.

As we were passing along the Place du Palais, F—— happened to ask a question of an old Colonel, and this circumstance led us into conversation with him. He was exceedingly curious to know what had induced us to visit Constantina, a place which, as it appeared, possessed but little attractions to him. The French military, and not without good reason, regard service in Algiers as the most miserable exile to which they can possibly be doomed, and they are at a loss to conceive how anybody can be mad enough to select this country for a tour of pleasure. The consequence is, that since our arrival here, we have been the objects of all sorts of strange conjectures; and we are taken for everything, except what we really are:—harmless travellers, desirous of taking a little peep at Africa. My style of dress, it must be confessed, tends to favour these extraordinary conjectures. For walking, I wear my broad brimmed grey beaver hat and a velvet jacket, not unlike those seen in the costumes of the middle ages. When on horseback the cold frequently induces me to wear a short polka

cloak, lined with fur, over my long green riding-habit. Seeing me thus equipped, it cannot be matter of surprise that people should be puzzled to guess what part of the world we have come from. Some have affirmed, but I cannot tell on what ground, that we belong to the suite of the Duke d'Aumale; others correct this mistake, by declaring that we are a party of Missionaries; and many confidently believe that we are members of a troop of strolling players.—But to return to our old Colonel. He really seemed to derive comfort from the opportunity of giving vent to complaints of the misery he has suffered in Africa. He wound up his jeremiad by informing us that his regiment was now ordered to Setif, about thirty leagues further up the country, a place, he said, so horrible, that any other town in Algiers was like Paris in comparison with it. He tells us that the streets of Setif, which are not more than four or five feet broad, are at the present time so deep in snow, that the inhabitants cannot stir out of their houses without the help of stilts. This officer has been two months waiting here in Constantina for a favourable change in the weather, which may enable him to set out with his regiment to Setif. In that part of the country, the deep snow, the swollen rivers, and the dangerous state of the mountain passes, pre-

sent insurmountable obstacles in the way of even the most hardy troops.

XXV.

A tame lion—Inglis Bey, the Moorish Reformer—Tepid springs—
Washing-day of an Arab tribe—Encounter with a serpent.

January 24th.

OUR horse-lender has completely deceived and disappointed us. We now find that the horses we made choice of yesterday, do not belong to him, but that he merely contemplated purchasing them with the money he counted on receiving from us. However, he has not succeeded in carrying out this clever scheme: the consequence is, that here we are to remain to-day, and we have arranged to return to-morrow to Philippeville by the same conveyance which brought us hither. After all, considering the severity of the weather, I can scarcely regret being disappointed of our ride on horseback, for we should have suffered not a little from the cold. We had a hard frost here early this morning, but nevertheless, the sun shone forth; and, as in our Moorish cavern, we are uncheered by his influence, we went out and continued in the open air for the space of six hours.

We first repaired to the Hotel Royal, for we could not think of departing from Constantina without paying our respects to the royal inhabitant of that house—I mean a superb tame lion. This king of the desert received us in an apartment he occupies on the ground-floor of the hotel. The door of this room, which communicates with a court-yard, is kept constantly open, and the lion enjoys the privilege of walking in and out whenever he pleases. He is so extremely docile and good-tempered, that no one can feel the least afraid of him; and we stroked him with as much confidence as we would a dog or a pet pony. He is ten months old, and fully conscious of his own strength and his power to use it. It was exceedingly curious to see this lion and a large greyhound playing together. They rolled over the floor with the sportiveness of two young kittens. The dog fearlessly thrust his head into the mouth of the lion, round whose neck he twined his slender fore-legs, so that they were perfectly concealed beneath the long flowing mane of his noble playmate. This beautiful lion has been purchased, for a considerable sum by the owner of a French menagerie, and in a very short time he will quit his native land to be transferred to his wooden prison.

On leaving the Hotel Royal we passed through

the Porte Valée, with the intention of walking to the gardens of Inglis Bey, who is a very distinguished man in Constantia. This Inglis Bey has taken an active and decided part in endeavouring to civilize and reform his countrymen. He has himself embraced Christianity, and has adopted the manners and customs of the French, so far as to wear the European dress. His sons are receiving a classical education, and one of them is, I am informed, studying divinity, with the view of becoming a Catholic priest. We sauntered down the mountain-side until we came in sight of a place called "*la Maison Blanche*," which, however, is not a single house, but a group of several, situated at the foot of the declivity. We then turned off from the main road, and keeping to the left, we began to ascend the Selabey Mountain, round the foot of which winds the foaming Rummel.

Having proceeded a considerable way up the ascent of the Selabey, we came to the tepid springs which flow into a large basin of nature's own formation. Here a great number of Arabs, men as well as women, were engaged in washing their clothes. Judging from the numbers employed in this operation, I could not help suspecting that it must have been the general washing day of a whole tribe. Observing a red burnouse,

we were led to hope that its owner was a spahi, and could possibly speak a little French. We knew not where we were, and wished to ascertain the name of the place. But all our endeavours to make ourselves understood were vain; and it was not till after we returned to our hotel that we ascertained we had been to Selabey.

Near the springs there was a low dwarf wall, above which towered groups of fine palm trees. Without any difficulty we scaled this wall and found ourselves in the garden of Inglis Bey. We saw nothing remarkable in it, except the extremely neglected condition of the plantations, which were entirely overrun with weeds. After looking round, we again crossed the wall and walked back to the tepid springs. Near them was a small marabou and several tomb-stones, which led us to fear we were trespassing on sacred ground. This circumstance made me feel rather uneasy, surrounded as we were by a considerable number of natives, some of whom had, by their gestures, indicated that they were not disposed to treat us with much courtesy. After F—— had made a little sketch of the springs and the marabou, I proposed that we should wend our way homewards.

We had begun to descend the Selabey mountain, proceeding, one after another, along a little narrow foot-path, when F——, who was the foremost,

suddenly directed our attention to a huge serpent. The reptile lay at some distance from us, in a sound sleep, and coiled up as symmetrically as a cable on board of a ship. He was not aroused from his *siesta* in the most agreeable way, for F—— and T—— took up two large stones, and threw them at him. We were fortunately out of his reach, otherwise this exploit might have been attended with danger to us. When the first stone was thrown, the serpent raised himself up in the air, moved his head up and down, twisted and curled himself in a variety of ways, thereby giving us an idea of his immense length; and then to our relief, he crawled rapidly down the declivity, in the direction opposite to that in which we were going. This serpent must have been at least eight feet long and about the thickness of my wrist. On arriving at the *Maison Blanche*, we made a little halt, for we felt fatigued. We entered the house of one of the colonists, and were received with great civility by the mistress of it, who set before us wine, bread and cheese.

The ascent of the eminence, on which Constantina stands, is certainly difficult; but the road is much frequented and the eye continually rests on some object of interest. To-day, I saw several French ladies riding on horseback,—probably the wives of some of the officers stationed here. Most of them

wore their elegant Parisian *amazones*, with white African burnouses thrown gracefully over them. This looked very pretty, but the effect of the fanciful costume was entirely spoiled by the prosaic man's hat.

XXVI.

Our farewell to Constantina — St. Charles — Night quarters—
Dangers of the road between St. Charles and Philippeville—
Murders committed by the Arabs—Treachery of the Bedouin
women.

Philippeville, January 26th.

WE were called up yesterday morning before day-break, and, in a very short time, we were hurrying to the diligence. The streets of Constantina, usually so full of bustle and noise, were now silent and deserted. The only objects we could discern through the gloom, were here and there the outlines of a few groups of poor Bedouins who, to all appearance, had passed the night without shelter. On arriving at the Place Nemours, we found our punctuality was quite superfluous. Not one of the other passengers, who were to depart with us in the diligence, had yet made their appearance, and after all our efforts to be in time, we had to wait, at least, an hour.

At length we set off. The first rays of the

morning sun were just lighting up the distant mountains; the groups of palm-trees, which topped the nearer hills, were marked in outline on the vapoury sky, which, from a faint rosy hue, became gradually more and more red and glowing. The continually changing gradations of light and colour, produced a magical effect on the surrounding scenery, until the sun, having risen above the horizon, filled with his glorious radiance, the deepest recesses of the Hamma Valley. We soon took our farewell look at the proudly enthroned city of Constantina.

At the first stage of our journey, we exchanged our horses for mules; and emerging from the fine high road which passes through the fertile valley, we entered upon that barren district which mentioned in describing our journey from Philippeville. At mid-day, we reached El Cantur, where we passed a wretched night on our way to Constantina. We implored our driver to use his utmost endeavours to get to Philippeville before night; but he heeded not our entreaties; and when we arrived at St. Charles, a miserable little place, between El Arruch and Philippeville, he halted, and said, very coolly:—“*Nous restons ici!*” This was mortifying intelligence, the more especially, as it was still good day-light. The house at which the diligence stopped was so dirty and destitute of all accommo-

dation, that we were induced to try whether any other night-quarters could be procured in St. Charles. A Bedouin, whom we engaged to carry our little luggage, conducted us to a house, in front of which, in large characters, appeared the inscription "*au Petit Levrier.*"

We entered, and found the host and his wife very civil people. They told us that they could accommodate us perfectly well if we had no objection to sleep on the ground, as they had several beds which could be prepared for us in some rooms in the upper story of the house. They at the same time informed us, that the only access to these bed-chambers was by means of a ladder fixed on the outside of the house. To this we made no sort of objection, feeling assured that nothing could possibly be so bad as the inn we had just come from. Be that as it may, our night-quarters at the *Petit Levrier* afford a tolerably fair idea of the advancement which civilization has attained in St. Charles. The garret, or loft, allotted for our sleeping-place, was divided into three compartments, separated, the one from the other, by thin deal planks, which reached only about half-way from the floor to the ceiling; an arrangement rather too *communistic*, considering that two of these so-called rooms had been engaged by some officers and other persons. The room in which we supped was a place

of general reception for all the guests in the house. It was lighted by two candles which, for the lack of candlesticks, were fixed into the mouths of two empty wine bottles; and an Arab, who stood by the fire-place, performed the duty of a pair of bellows by fanning the newly-kindled fire with one corner of his burnouse.

Whilst supper was being prepared, F— mounted a horse belonging to our host, and taking his musket, sallied forth in the hope of shooting a stray jackal, panther, hyena, or any other specimens of that species of game which might come in his way. Meanwhile, I was amused by chatting with two officers, who, it appeared would, like ourselves, have preferred going on to Philippeville to staying all night at St. Charles. Standing at the foot of the ladder, which was destined to serve as our bed-room staircase, I had observed two fine horses which, I was informed, belonged to these officers; and after we had interchanged a few words of conversation, I inquired what prevented them from proceeding to Philippeville that night; as they were not, like ourselves, dependant on the caprice of a diligence driver. My inquiry was answered by such a description of the dangers of the journey, that I felt very thankful our driver had not been prevailed on to proceed. These officers assured me that so

many murders have of late been committed on this road, that a patrol of four chasseurs and a brigadier is now sent every evening from Philippeville and from St. Charles, to compel all travellers, whether on foot, on horseback, or in any kind of vehicle, to repair to the nearest village, and there remain till the following morning. However harmless the Bedouins may appear, not one of them goes unarmed; and the massive folds of their burnouses invariably conceal, at least, one pair of loaded pistols and a yatagan. I moreover learned from these officers that the Bedouin women are very artful and are frequently very treacherous to the French. Sometimes, on meeting a way-worn traveller, they make a shew of sympathy, and under pretext of giving him a glass of fresh milk, or some such refreshment, they entice him to one of their duars or villages, and there deliver him up to the men by whom he is murdered. However, the Arabs are not the only assassins here, a fact which will be readily credited by any one who has had the opportunity of observing the numbers of idle and dissolute Europeans with which some parts of this country are infested.

On retiring for the night, I stretched myself on the bed without undressing, and though I did not sleep, I had at least a resting-place for the space of

a few hours. I must confess that I thought my quarters, bad as they were, preferable to the night-journey to Philippeville.

XXVII.

Projected journey to Bona by land—Overflow of the Badjetta—Stoppage of communication—Arrival at Bona—Wreck of the Avenger—Melancholy death of Lieutenant Marryat.

Bona, January 28th.

THE journey to Bona by land had been described to us as a trip so full of interest and pleasure, that we determined to accomplish it at any sacrifice. Captain Adam, who exercises unlimited authority in this part of the country, and who is much respected and beloved by the natives, promised to furnish us with letters to the Caliph of Badjetta, whose tribe, he said, would provide us with shelter for a night. The difficulties of our adventurous enterprise were moreover very considerably removed by Captain Adam's kind offer to furnish us with beasts of burthen for the conveyance of our luggage, as well as with an escort of two spahis and an interpreter. We therefore wanted nothing but riding-horses, objects no less indispensable than difficult of attainment. We thought ourselves exceed-

ingly fortunate when we succeeded in hiring the only two horses which were to be had in Philippeville. These two were sufficient for us, T—— preferring to proceed by the steamer to Bona, and to join us on our arrival there.

We ordered our horses to be saddled, with the view of giving them a trial in a ride to Stora. Of all the hacks that ever were hired, these were certainly the worst. With difficulty we got to Stora and back. We then called on Captain Adam to ask him whether he thought it would be expedient to attempt the journey to Bona with such horses. "*C'est de toute impossibilité,*" was the captain's reply. He added, that if I would be willing to ride a good mule, he had one at my service: at the same time, he said, he would not advise me to try it, as the slow pace of the animal would render the journey exceedingly wearisome and tedious. We returned home disappointed, and quite undetermined as to what we should do.

At eight o'clock in the evening the 'Phenicien' was to sail from Stora to Bona; and we knew that if we let this opportunity escape, we should have to wait until the 3rd of February for the departure of the next steamer. Time was slipping away, and we had not come to any determination, when our Polish friend, Colonel K——, called on us. He was the bearer of a message which speedily put an end to all waver-

ing on the question of travelling by sea or by land. "I have come," said Colonel K——, "at the request of Captain Adam, to inform you, that he cannot consent to your undertaking the journey by land to Bona. He has just received information that the Badjetta, and several other rivers, have overflowed their banks, and for a time all communication is stopped." Colonel K—— moreover informed us, that within the last few days, the courier travelling by land from Bona, together with several other persons, were drowned. We had, therefore, no alternative but to prepare for our departure by the 'Phenicien.'

At half-past six we passed through the gates of Philippeville in the omnibus; and on arriving at Stora, we speedily procured a boat to convey us to the 'Phenicien.' Of our voyage to Bona, I have but little to relate. The beautiful phosphoric light which glimmered over the sea, and the bright stars which bespangled the heavens, augured for us a favourable passage; and we were not disappointed. The 'Phenicien' is a large vessel, handsomely fitted up, with a *rouffle* on deck; but to me, a night on board a steamer, under the most favourable circumstances, is anything but enjoyment. Last night, at half-past ten, we were out of the Bay of Stora; and on awaking this morning about six o'clock, I was exceedingly happy to find that we had reached

the end of our voyage, and were lying at anchor off Bona.

The Seybouse, which falls into the sea close to Bona, washes down in its course such a quantity of sand, that near the mouth of the river an immense bank has been formed: the consequence is, that even very small vessels can approach only within a considerable distance of the town. Some time elapsed before we could procure a boat to row us to the little quay at which we were to land. Meanwhile the sun, rising majestically above the horizon, diffused a brilliant light over the mountains and little chains of hills, which form a picturesque back-ground to the city.

Bona is a tranquil, pleasant, I may almost say rural-looking place. The little I have yet seen of it pleases me exceedingly; and were I an emigrant in search of a place of settlement, here I think, I should be induced to pitch my tent. After breakfast, we took a walk about the city, and called on the harbour-master, to deliver a letter of introduction given to us by Captain Villemain, of the 'Euphrate.' The old harbour-master, who received us with great civility, assured us that a fortnight ago he had suffered the greatest anxiety for the fate of the 'Euphrate,' and had several times given her up for lost.

In the course of conversation, the harbour-master detailed some interesting particulars relative to the

loss of the 'Avenger,' a fine English war-steamer, which, five weeks ago, was wrecked on the coast between Bona and Tunis. Of two hundred and sixty-four persons on board the 'Avenger,' all perished with the exception of four: these four were Lieutenant Rooke, a gunner, the steward, and a cabin-boy. The 'Avenger' was commanded by Captain Charles Napier, a step-son of the celebrated Admiral Napier, and she was on her passage from Gibraltar to Malta. On the night of the 20th of December, (at the very time of our stormy passage from Marseilles to Algiers,) the 'Avenger,' driven by the fury of the gale, struck on a coral reef, near the island of Galita. The boats were ordered out, and the ship's company on deck made every effort to save themselves and each other; but their efforts were vain, and in a very short time the ship went down.

Among the many individuals who perished by this melancholy event was Lieutenant Marryatt, a son of the celebrated Captain Marryatt. This young man, one of the most promising officers in the British navy, was an excellent swimmer, and in the course of his short life, he had rescued more than one of his fellow-creatures from a watery grave. In connexion with his untimely death, the following curious fact was related to us by the harbour-master of Bona. A short time before the 'Avenger' left

Lisbon for the Mediterranean, one of the cabin-boys, named Morley, fell overboard: he was unable to swim, and was on the point of sinking, when Lieutenant Marryatt plunged into the sea for the purpose of saving him. The drowning boy, in despair, threw his arms round Marryatt's neck, and clung to him so firmly that all his efforts to swim were unavailing, and he was, in his turn, obliged to call out for help. The first lieutenant of the 'Avenger' (Lieutenant Hugh Kinsman), then leaped overboard, and was fortunate enough to succeed in saving both his brother-officer and the boy. It curiously happened that this same cabin-boy (Morley) was one of the four persons saved from the wreck of the 'Avenger.' He could not swim; whilst two most expert swimmers, Lieutenants Kinsman and Marryatt, were both drowned. The last that was seen of poor Marryatt was when an immense sea broke over the wreck, and washed him, with about twenty others, from the deck. The cause of this awful catastrophe is traced to the circumstance that the currents along the African coast are, at certain times, much stronger than at others; and that consequently, in spite of the most accurate calculations, a vessel frequently loses her right course, and is driven too near the coast.

The harbour-master informs us, that February and March are the two months during which the greatest

number of shipwrecks occur on the African coast ; consequently we may be imprisoned here for two months, unless we have courage to risk the danger.

XXVIII.

The ruins of Hippo—An Arab fair—Huts built of rushes—
Scenery round Bona—Ancient Roman Bridge—Adventurous
journey.

January 29th.

I must confess that the cold produced rather a blighting effect on my enjoyment of yesterday ; and my spirits to-day might possibly be somewhat damped, but that I continually rouse myself by recollecting that to-morrow I am to visit the ruins of ancient Hippo and the grove of St. Augustine. How many hearts would beat high at such a thought, and how many privations may be cheerfully borne for such an enjoyment ! Our host, who is a gentleman in outward appearance, and who evidently bestows more attention on his dress and his fine horses, than on his neglected hotel, on being informed that we wished to take a ride, offered his services as our *cicerone*. As we thought we could not have a better, we accepted his offer. My saddle was speedily fixed on the back of a dapper little sorrel ; two very good horses were also

allotted to F—— and T——, and our elegant host himself mounted a fine spirited Arabian, finely caparisoned in true Parisian taste. We set off, and having ridden to the end of the Rue de l'Arsenal, in which the hotel is situated, we passed through the Constantina Gate.

We had not proceeded far before we discovered the object to which our host's officious civilities tended. To explain this, I must mention, that at dinner yesterday we formed acquaintance with a French military officer, Captain Levrat, who proposes to depart to-morrow for Guelma, in company with his wife's father and mother. As we contemplated a trip to Guelma, we inquired of the Captain whether he had any objection to permit us to travel with him, so that we might avail ourselves of the protection of his escort. Captain Levrat replied, that nothing could possibly be more agreeable than our company on his journey; but at the same time he declared himself quite at a loss to guess what could induce us to visit Guelma. In fulfilment of his duty as an officer, he said, he had lived there in banishment for several years. He had recently married a young French lady, whose parents had just arrived in Bona, from Paris, and his wife being near her *accouchement*, he had come hither to escort her mother and father to Guelma, to celebrate the birth of their first grandchild. Captain Levrat said he had never before

known any European travellers who felt disposed to undertake a journey to Guelma, but that if we were determined on the enterprise, his assistance, and the protection of his escort, were quite at our service. Colonel K—— had given us a glowing description of the many interesting objects we should find in Guelma; whereas Captain Levrat assured us we should see nothing whatever worthy of attention. At all events, we thought we should see a country into which European civilization had not yet penetrated; and that in itself was, we thought, well worth the journey. T—— was adverse to the scheme altogether, as he thought, judging from what Captain Levrat said, the journey would be attended with great difficulty. Our host, too, wished to dissuade us from it, but for his own reasons; he was desirous of keeping three guests in his hotel as long as he could, and he offered his services as a guide to accompany us to Hippo, hoping that the excursion would afford him a fair opportunity of picturing to us the horrors of the journey to Guelma.

He first led us to the ruins of Hippo, to which no longer back than fifteen years, Sir G. Temple could not venture without the escort of the celebrated Colonel Yussuf and a troop of fifty horse soldiers. On the outside of the Constantina Gate, where the natives daily hold a fair, we beheld a

picture of pure African life and manners. Hundreds of buyers and sellers of all classes were assembled together, busily trafficking in various kinds of wares. Many of these Arabs pass their whole lives in little huts built of rushes, which are scattered here and there along the high road. Many of these huts are so small, that it might be supposed a single individual would fill one of them as completely as a snail fills its shell; yet we frequently saw several Arabs seated in one of them, busily occupied in some kind of handicraft. On our right was a wide-spreading plain, bounded by the Edough range of hills, and on our left, only a few yards distant, the sportive waves were rising on the sea-beach. The scenery on this part of the coast is not either wild or romantic; nor does it present the majestic aspect of the Bay of Algiers; but a more pleasing prospect than that commanded from the Constantina Gate at Bona, it would be difficult to conceive.

Proceeding onward to some distance, we crossed a large bridge, which spans one branch of the Seyboure. This is called the Hippo Bridge, because it is the only medium of communication with the interesting ruins. It was built by the Arabs, and is in an excellent state of preservation. On reaching the other side of the bridge, we entered upon a cultivated tract of country shaded with olive trees, and then we

ascended the hill, on the summit of which the ancient vestiges of Hippo still remain. We alighted for the purpose of taking a leisurely stroll amidst these interesting relics of ages long past. But before we had time to examine the ruins as attentively as we wished, our guide mounted his horse, and signified to us that we must think of returning, otherwise we should not reach home till very late. We re-mounted, and proceeded on at a tolerably rapid pace along the high road, until we arrived at an ancient Roman bridge, about a mile from Hippo. The garden-like environs of Bona did not extend very far in this direction. We soon found ourselves in a barren plain—and the high road suddenly merged into a morass. “Here,” said our guide, with an air of triumph, “will commence your troubles and difficulties to-morrow, if you attempt to carry out your scheme of going to Guelma!” The prospect was certainly a dreary one! As far as the eye could reach, nothing was visible but a measureless extent of barren, marshy ground. “This is the beginning of the road to Guelma,” added our host; “and the first part of the way is the best: a few miles further on, you will find it very much worse!”

But I have not been intimidated by these discouraging representations. To-day, at dinner, when Captain Levrat asked me whether I was still dis-

posed to venture on the formidable journey to Guelma, I replied, that I looked forward to it with the utmost pleasure, and that I had got a horse which I thought would carry me thither, however bad the roads might be. Thus far, then our fate is decided; and I have now only to prepare myself for all sorts of dangerous adventures.

XXIX.

Departure for Guelma—Voiture Masson—The Spahis—Their skilful horsemanship and warlike games—Captain Levrat and the Arab tribes—The Ruisseau d'or—Nechmeia.

Guelma, January 31st.

I rose at four o'clock, and having made all the necessary preparations for our journey, I went down into the breakfast-room. There I found a good fire burning, but, to my surprise, our travelling party had not begun to assemble. Soon, however, all made their appearance, and breakfast being dispatched, we were in readiness to depart.

At six o'clock, our caravan began to move. Captain Levrat's father and mother-in-law had brought with them, from Paris, a considerable quantity of baggage, which was packed on two mules. These animals, accompanied by two spahis,

took the lead, and proceeded a considerable way in advance of us. Next followed two other spahis, whose duty it was to keep closely before us, for the two-fold purpose of picking out the most practicable parts of the road, and defending us in case of attack. These spahis, who were mounted on superb Arabians, were enveloped in red burnouses, the hoods drawn over their heads, so that, when viewed from behind and at a distance, they looked like bales of red cloth, packed in a triangular form. Their long muskets were fixed obliquely on their saddles. In the ample folds of their burnouses were concealed a great number of formidable weapons, which I had no wish to see them make use of. These two spahis were followed by a carriage of very peculiar construction, drawn by two horses, one of which was ridden by a soldier. This was called a *Voiture Masson*, so named after its inventor, an officer of engineers, named Masson. This sort of carriage was introduced in the French army in Algeria, for the transport of wounded and dying soldiers; and it is impossible to conceive any thing more admirably adapted to that object. It consists of a litter, supported on a frame-work with wheels; this frame-work being constructed on a principle which almost prevents the possibility of its being overturned. A canopy, supported on light iron rods, protects the invalid from rain. This *Voiture*

Masson was for the accommodation of Captain Levrat's mother-in-law, who, during her stay in Bona, had been endeavouring to qualify herself for performing the journey to Guelma, on the back of a mule. But the poor lady at length gave up the attempt in despair, and the only alternative was to provide her with the conveyance I have just described. At the side of the *Voiture* the father-in-law of Captain Levrat rode on horseback. Next in order followed the Captain and myself. I had promised to go at a moderate pace, and not to give my horse the bridle, as Captain Levrat had observed my doing yesterday, for the long and fatiguing journey we had now before us, required that my horse should waste none of his strength. F—— and T—— brought up the rear of our little caravan, accompanied by a Spanish groom, whom we had engaged to attend to our horses, and who was dressed in his national costume.

Such was the order in which our procession moved through the Constantina Gate, about half-past six o'clock. The morning was cold and gloomy, but nevertheless, Captain Levrat prophesied that we should have a fine day. We had not proceeded very far on the road when we met a numerous drove of camels. The spahis, in their endeavours to drive them out of our way, threw the whole troop into disorder. The irritated animals stretched up their

long necks, shook their heads, at the same time giving utterance to the most hideous tones. The camel is discontented and impatient under the sway of man. It is true he is obedient to his master; but he is far from rendering willing obedience. He is frequently obstinate, and will sometimes shew his ill-temper by trying to bite his driver. The instinctive aversion of the horse to the camel, was manifested in a marked way by a fine Arabian, on which one of our spahis was mounted. The spirited animal reared himself almost in an erect position on his two hind legs, whilst he struggled fiercely with his two fore legs, which were raised in the air, thereby putting the skill of his rider to a hard test. On my expressing to Captain Levrat my admiration of the admirable horsemanship of the spahi, he told me, that it was only on the field of battle that an adequate idea could be formed of the equestrian skill of these people. He assured me that a spahi had been known to gallop up within musket range of an enemy's detachment of 3000 men, and having fired, turn his horse's head, and vanish out of sight with the rapidity of lightning. As bold and fleet riders, and skilful marksmen, the spahis are quite unapproachable by Europeans. The peculiar form of saddle used by the Arab horseman, favours these *tours de force*. It has an elevated back almost like a chair, and

the rider has so firm a seat in it, that he cannot be thrown by a leap of the horse. The stirrups, too, are contrived so that the rider keeps his feet steadily in them, even when at the swiftest gallop.

Captain Levrat described to me a sort of joust or sham fight sometimes practised by the spahis. Some hundreds of horsemen, in full costume, that is to say, a sort of jacket, richly embroidered with gold, and their horses equipped in the most elegant style, assemble together in some open space; and the sport consists in their galloping about with inconsiderable speed, and firing their muskets in every direction. Though their movements are guided by certain rules, yet, to the uninitiated spectator, the whole scene is one of bewildering confusion; and the shots appear to be fired at random, and without the least caution for the avoidance of personal danger. To the Arabs, these warlike games are what the Coridas are to the Spaniards, except that in this country, women are not permitted to be present; and that it seldom happens, by any inadvertence, that blood is shed. The muskets used on these occasions are loaded only with powder. "These spahis," observed Captain Levrat, "make excellent soldiers, and they are well paid by the French Government; for it is our interest to encourage native troops, and to reward their fidelity. They wear their own national costume,

with the exception of black military coats; and they are paid at the high rate of three francs per day. Out of that they have, it is true, to find their own rations and those of their horses; but as far as regards themselves, they can live upon two sous per day. They drink no wine; and if they can procure bread, and cheese made of goat's milk, it is all they require for their food. The pipe is, however, an indispensable necessity. As the treatment of their horses is a matter quite at their own discretion, it is deemed advisable to have frequent inspections. When it is discovered that the animals have been neglected, the spahis guilty of that neglect are confined in their barracks during the day's furlough, which they are allowed to have in turns at pretty frequent intervals. Some of these spahis," continued the Captain, "are really rich men in their way. Salah, for example, one of those in advance of us is, among his countrymen, quite a man of distinction. He possesses several wives, a great many tents, and twenty heads of cattle. When we subdue a new tribe, we elevate the head of one of the principal families to the rank of a Sheik. This rank is conferred by a very simple ceremony, consisting merely in the investment of the dignitary in an old red spahi burnouse. But whenever it is possible, we leave the tribes to be governed by their own Sheiks."

By this time we had reached the ancient Roman Bridge, a little beyond which is a beautiful estate belonging to the Marquis de Bassano. We now turned in the direction to which our host pointed yesterday, telling me that there the troubles and difficulties of my journey would commence; and just when we arrived at that spot, the captain, turning to me, said:—“*Madame, si vous désirez des bosses et des plaies, vous serez servie.*” It required some courage to bear up under these repeated warnings, but I had, over and over again, assured Captain Levrat, that whatever difficulty or danger I might encounter, he should never hear me murmur or utter a complaint. I consequently mustered all my courage and resolution, in the firm assurance that trouble resolutely met, is more than half subdued. During summer, owing to the frequent passage of droves of mules and camels between Bona and Guelma, a natural road is marked from the one place to the other; but at this season of the year it is impossible to track it. Instead of keeping a direct course, the spahis conducted us in a zig-zag direction, selecting those parts along which our horses and mules could proceed with most ease and safety; but, in spite of all their precautions, we were sometimes unable to advance, and were obliged to strike off in a different direction. These turnings and windings added not a little to the length of our journey.

For the space of seven hours we rode over a tract of ground so unsolid, that it was like quicksand beneath our horses' hoofs. This part of our way was dreary beyond all description: no house or hut, no tree or bush, no trace of human life broke the desolate monotony.

Advancing a little beyond this deserted region, we saw tribes of Arabs—some pretty near us, and others at a distance. "Well, madame, how do you like the Steppes of Africa?" said Captain Levrat, addressing me, and evidently expecting me to betray some token of dissatisfaction. "These wildernesses," pursued he, "are not the most pleasant places to travel in; but, notwithstanding the dreary solitude, there is not the slightest reason to apprehend danger. I am master over all these tribes; and as far as the eye can reach, my authority extends. In saying this, I perhaps express myself too strongly; but I may say, without fear of contradiction, that these tribes are so devoted to me, that we have nothing to fear from them; indeed, they would be the first to defend us against the attacks of hostile tribes." Scarcely were these words uttered, when a countless multitude of Arabs issued forth from the surrounding tents, for the purpose of welcoming the captain as he passed through their encampment. These poor creatures seemed happy in being allowed even to kiss the edge of his cloak;

and when he stretches out his hand to them, their joy knows no bounds. Captain Levrat, who has the command of all this district of the country, is worshipped by the Arabs, who feel the influence of his active benevolence and kind-heartedness.

About two o'clock our spahis communicated to us the cheering intelligence that we should speedily reach the Ruisseau d'Or, a house where we were to pass the night. We now began to descend into a little valley, and we soon heard at a distance the murmuring flow of the river Ruisseau d'Or. This river owes its name to the rich fertility of its banks, which are charmingly contrasted with the sterility of the neighbouring country. Groups of carob and olive-trees, verdant oaks, wild vines, with groves of recinus, oleander, and myrtle, greeted our sight most agreeably, as we descended the slope of the valley. In previous parts of our journey we had frequently observed with disgust the dead carcasses of animals lying before the huts; here, on the contrary, the pleasant picture was enlivened by herds of oxen and goats grazing in the verdant meadow-land. As yet the village of Ruisseau d'Or contains only one house (an inn), together with some huts occupied by Arabs and European colonists; but improvement is rapidly proceeding, and already several lines of street are traced out, and the foundations of many good houses laid. We alighted at the inn, and partook

of a good dinner, which Captain Levrat had taken the precaution to order, having sent one of his spahis forward for that purpose. The captain had intended that our caravan should halt for the night at the inn at Ruisseau d'Or; but as none of our party seemed indisposed to go on, he suggested that we should proceed as far as the next station, Nechmeia, and there rest for the night. He thought this plan the most expedient, as the weather was not to be depended on; and in the event of rain, we should be only a short distance from Guelma, which place we could easily reach from Nechmeia. This proposition was unanimously agreed to, and as soon as our horses and mules had rested and fed, we again mounted and set forth.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when we left the Ruisseau d'Or, and in the space of a minute or two we found ourselves on a fine broad military road. To make so excellent a road from Ruisseau d'Or to Nechmeia, and in the midst of a desert country, appears an absurdity; and one naturally asks why it was not begun at Bona? The country on either side of us was wild, but not unpleasing. Night soon overtook us, and the frequent howling of wild beasts caused us to wish ourselves safely lodged at Nechmeia, though the place had been depicted to us in no very attractive colours. Captain Levrat, who was as full of life and spirits,

as when we left Bona, amused us by his animated conversation; but our poor horses and mules began to show that they felt the effects of the weary journey and the bad roads they had travelled.

After proceeding for seven or eight miles in the darkness of a very gloomy night, we were delighted to hear the distant barking of dogs. The sound fell upon our ears like the sweetest music. How joyfully we hailed it! On advancing a little further, we could plainly discern lights! We were now fast approaching our resting-place, and we suddenly found that we were no longer riding along the excellent road on which we had entered after leaving Ruisseau d'Or. The fact is, this road does not run all the way to Nechmeia, but terminates within a little distance of that place. I could feel (for seeing was out of the question) that my horse was wading through deep mud, and here and there stumbling against huge stones. We had just arrived in sight of the inn, when my unlucky horse, stepping on one of the hills of mud, which intercepted our way, stuck fast, unable to move a foot. After having surmounted so many impediments of a more formidable kind, it seemed quite ludicrous to be thus arrested in my progress, when so near our destination. Captain Levrat, who had ridden on in advance of us, to secure the best night-quarters that were to be had, seeing my distress, speedily came to my assistance,

and walking through the mud, which, however, his high military boots enabled him very effectually to defy, he led my horse to the door of the inn. "I fear," observed he, "that matters are not the most promising, as far as regards our night-quarters. Madame Laborde, at whose house I wished to put up, has twelve *rouliers* quartered on her; so we must be content with such accommodation as the Widow Respet can give us. I almost regret that you yielded to my suggestion of coming to Nechmeia, instead of remaining at Ruisseau d'Or, where we might have been comfortably lodged. *Mais à la guerre, comme à la guerre !*"

The stragglers of our caravan having arrived one after another, we soon all mustered under the roof of the Widow Respet, a diminutive little Gascon woman, who was almost crazy with delight at seeing Captain Levrat, declaring herself perfectly overpowered by the honour, as she expressed it, of receiving "*Mon beau capitaine, et toute sa noble société.*" Her house was full of guests, consisting of muleteers, soldiers, *rouliers*, &c.; nevertheless, she gave us a room to ourselves, where we supped and had tea.

Our sleeping-rooms were very much in the style of those we had occupied at El Cantar. In my bed-chamber the roof was low, and covered with tiles so imperfectly laid together, that in some places

there were apertures through which I could put my hand. My allotted resting-place was a wretched mattress, on which I lay down without even taking off my riding-habit; but, in spite of every discomfort, extreme weariness might have procured for me some little sleep, but for a terrible hurricane which sprang up during the night. The wind blew with such fury, that I fully expected the fragile roof of my bed-chamber would be blown off. The rain poured through the gaps, and I suffered severely from wet and cold, though I had taken the precaution of throwing my furred cloak over me. In the morning I found myself suffering from a severe sore-throat, and altogether extremely ill.

As Captain Levrat's departure from Bona had been delayed somewhat beyond its appointed time, it was necessary to proceed onward with the least possible delay. By day-break, our horses were saddled, and having partaken of a hasty breakfast we set off. After riding seven or eight miles, we arrived at a place called Hammam Berda, where there are some tepid springs. Though the temperature of these springs is above 25⁰ Reaumur, yet they have received the name Hammam Berda, which signifies "cold baths," they being cold in comparison with some others. Here may be seen the Roman remains of the basin into which the springs flow; as well as the ruins of an ancient building

supposed to be of Spanish origin. Under the Roman dominion, Hammam Berda was a favourite resort of the votaries of pleasure; and, in consequence, the neighbourhood of the baths was thickly scattered with elegant patrician villas. In the summer season, the place now presents many attractions; for, whilst the surrounding country is dried up and scorched by the glowing rays of the sun, vegetation in the immediate vicinity of the Springs is verdant and blooming. Several miles before we reached Guelma, we saw Hammam Berda on the declivity of one of the now snow-crowned Manna Hills, a portion of the Atlas chain distinguished by that name. Meanwhile, Guelma, as we approached it, alternately appeared and vanished from sight; looking sometimes as if on a hill and sometimes as if in a valley. Gradually the white houses of the little town became more and more distinctly defined; and without having entered any town-gate, we soon found ourselves pacing over the broad macadamized streets of Captain Levrat's place of exile.

On the previous evening, a Spahi had been sent forward from Nechmeia to Guelma, to engage lodgings for us. Captain Levrat expressed great regret that he could not invite us to become his guests, owing to the circumscribed dimensions of his house, in which the only spare apartment was now to be

allotted to his father and mother-in-law. The inn, at which our lodgings were engaged, though the best one in the town, was a mere *ginguette*, and inscribed on the wall were the words:—" *Ici on loge à pied et à cheval. Bon vin à 5 et 6 sous.*" However, we were ushered into a clean-looking room, possessing comforts unknown in our hotels at Constantina and Bona:—I mean a well-constructed fire-place and a good fire. The latter was most welcome, for we were suffering severely from cold; and Captain Levrat had, with kind thoughtfulness, ordered an excellent luncheon, which was soon in readiness. Feeling too ill and weary to go out just yet, I have drawn my chair and table close to the fire, and am now occupied in writing.

Guelma is understood to have been founded by the Romans, who gave it the name of Calanca; and under that name it is mentioned by St. Augustine. The town was at a very remote period, almost totally destroyed by an earthquake; after which event, it ceased to be inhabited. Under Mussulman domination, the vestiges of a few ruined buildings and shattered walls were converted into a sort of citadel. On the 15th November, 1836, when the French took possession of this stronghold, they found it in excellent condition. The walls which, at one part, are upwards of twenty feet high, enclose an area of about eight hundred acres. On the outside

of the wall, there are vestiges of an amphitheatre, a temple, several towers, and other ancient structures. The traces of five Roman Viæ are still visible; two of these roads, which ran along the banks of the Seybouse, led to Hippo; the third led to Constantina, the fourth to Zama, and the fifth to Tiffich. In the time of the Romans, Calanca must have been a place of considerable importance; and doubtless, the colonists found here many of the enjoyments they had left behind them in Rome. French colonization was commenced here in 1844; but though the environs of the town are exceedingly fertile, yet its distance from the sea-coast, and the difficulty of transport, render colonists rather averse to Guelma as a place of settlement. Another disadvantage of the town is, that it is rather more exposed than most others in Algeria to attacks from the Arab tribes. Besides the three hundred cavalry commanded by Captain Levrat, there is a considerable number of infantry troops here: this is a strong defensive force for a small town containing only a few hundred inhabitants.

XXX.

Captain Levrat's house—Gérard the celebrated lion hunter—
German colonists in Algeria—Antiquities in Guelma—An Arab
market—Disposition of the Arabs towards the French.

Guelma, February 1st.

THE little inn at which we are lodged and which is dignified by the title of "Hotel des Voyageurs," is a place of refuge for all sorts of wayfarers, and it is crowded with guests. On the ground-floor, in the room below ours, there is a billiard-table, at which people were playing till a very late hour last night; and in the room adjoining, a bacchanalian orgie was held by a party of gendarmes and soldiers. As the walls which separate the different apartments consist merely of thin wooden partitions, the noise is often anything but agreeable. To-day, I intended to have ridden as far as Hammam Meskutine; but I have been unable to accomplish my intention; and here I am sitting by the fire, and still feeling very unwell. To our horses, this day of rest will not be unwelcome. From hence to Muskutine and back, the distance cannot be less than thirty miles, and considering the condition of the roads, the journey will not be unattended by exertion.

Yesterday evening we made the acquaintance of Madame Levrat, and spent a few very pleasant hours in her house. On our journey, the Captain had given me so delightful a picture of his domestic happiness, that I was quite anxious to be introduced to the family circle. Yesterday evening, when I entered the neat little drawing-room, I could almost have fancied myself in fairy land. For the space of six months we really have not seen a neatly-furnished and well arranged house, and consequently, the pleasant feelings we experienced on entering Captain Levrat's charming little abode, are indescribable. Elegant taste was observable in even the most trivial details of the furniture. The drawing-room was indebted for its principal decoration to the industry of the Captain and his young wife; a fact which, in itself, created a charm which the most costly luxury might perhaps have failed to produce. I could confidently have laid a wager that the window-panes were adorned with good specimens of glass painting, until I touched them to convince myself that the figures were formed of cuttings of coloured paper.

This exquisite illusion, the captain told me, was the work of his wife's fair hands. The windows were hung with snow-white curtains, and, under Captain Levrat's superintendence, some pieces of wood, otherwise useless, have been converted into

a sofa, for which mattresses, neatly covered with printed cotton, form the cushions. But the focus of attraction is a piano-forte, which the captain ordered from Paris, and which, with considerable expense and difficulty, he has succeeded in getting transported to his secluded place of residence. The walls of the room are hung with some very pretty family portraits, together with warlike weapons of various descriptions. Among the latter is an exceedingly curious Kabyle yatagan, with its wooden sheath beautifully ornamented with carving—the work of those wild mountainous people. The African yatagan differs materially from the Turkish weapon of the same name; it is longer, more pointed, narrower, and less curved. A beautifully ornamented hunting-hanger, and a fine fowling-piece (by Lepage), particularly attracted F——’s admiration. Independently of the beauty of their workmanship, a peculiar interest attaches to these weapons. They belong to a young lieutenant in one of the squadrons under the command of Captain Levrat, and this young man is no other than Gérard, the celebrated lion-hunter, who, though he has not yet completed his nine-and-twentieth year, has already slain eleven lions. In Algiers, we had heard Gérard spoken of as one of the greatest wonders of the age. He sallies forth on his hunting expeditions armed only with a double-barrelled gun

and a hunting-hanger. His intrepid courage, and the success which invariably crowns his enterprises, have won for him high fame in France, as well as throughout Algeria. The beautiful hunting-hanger I have just mentioned was sent to him from Paris by the *Club de Chasseurs*, and the fowling-piece was a present from the Duke d'Aumale.

Madame Levrat told me, that on her first arrival in Guelma, she had severely felt the privations entailed by her banishment. This amiable young lady had been married at the age of eighteen, and up to the time of her union with Captain Levrat she had only known the gaiety and elegance of her happy home in Paris. At first, therefore, she was naturally sensible to all the disadvantages of the change; "But," she added, "I am now so reconciled to this country, that I scarcely feel any desire to return to Europe!"—She drew a melancholy picture of the misery suffered by the colonists here during winter. The Germans, of whom there are a considerable number in this part of the world, complain loudly of the French Government; alleging that they have been induced to come and settle here, and then left to starve. The French, on the other hand, affirm that the German emigrants are unwilling to work. Numerous instances have occurred in which families, consisting of persons quite incapable of useful labour, and accompanied

by swarms of children, have sold all their little property in Germany, and with the money thus obtained they have defrayed the expenses of their passage hither. In hundreds of such cases, the French Government has sought to mitigate the misery of individuals by distributing daily rations of meat, sugar, coffee, rice, &c. ; but the Germans, instead of applying these allowances to the uses for which they are granted, sell them to the first customer they can find at half their real price. With the proceeds of this traffic they provide themselves with wine or brandy. In Italy, the Germans generally receive the name of "wine drinkers;" and they appear likely to earn the same distinction in Algeria.

When we were taking leave of our amiable friends yesterday evening, Captain Levrat proposed sending his servant with a lantern to accompany us home. Though we had but a very little distance to go, yet he said the precaution was nevertheless necessary, as nothing was more probable than that we might be met in the streets by a jackal, a hyæna, or a tiger.

The situation of Guelma is so solitary, and so exposed to the open country, that wild beasts frequently make incursions into the town, and roam about the streets during the night, as stray dogs do in other places. Had we not been thus warned by

the captain, we should certainly have been not a little startled, when at the distance of only a few yards from our own door, we saw the figure of a wild animal gliding past like a shadow. During the night also, I heard at intervals the cries of wild beasts, apparently not very far distant from our windows; and whenever these cries were audible, they were answered by a furious barking of dogs from several of the neighbouring houses.

It would seem that our arrival in Guelma has occasioned a degree of surprise, how little the inhabitants of this town are accustomed to the visits of strangers. We had not been here more than two hours, when the commandant of the fortress sent a message to inform "*les deux messieurs*" that he wished to speak with them. F—— and T—— immediately obeyed the summons. They were introduced to an elderly man, wearing the decoration of the legion of honour. He received them very politely, and requested to know what had induced them to come to Guelma, for he could not believe that their visit was prompted merely by motives of pleasure or curiosity. Having satisfactorily assured him that they were merely on a pleasure-trip, he told them they had acted with great imprudence in venturing into this part of the country without a strong escort, for that the Arabs were by no means to be trusted. F—— and T——

thanked the old gentleman for his kind warning, and soon convinced him that they had adopted the best precautions for ensuring their safety, by the escort of Captain Levrat. They mentioned their intention of visiting the springs of Hammam Meskutine, whereupon the commandant expressed his doubts of the practicability of the plan. The enterprise, he said, was attended with great dangers and difficulties, not the least of which was the necessity of twice fording the treacherous Seybouse, as well as another river. F—— mentioned that it was not our intention to undertake the trip without a proper escort, which however had been promised us by Captain Levrat; but this did not satisfy the old commandant, who said he could not permit us to set out on such a journey until it should be ascertained that the river could be forded with safety. He said moreover, that only very recently several persons, travelling on trading expeditions in those parts, had been plundered and murdered; and he observed, that if F—— and T—— were resolved on going to Hammam Meskutine, they must be prepared for the worst. Though this picture of the dangers attendant on our projected trip was probably exaggerated, yet it is nevertheless certain that in a country in which such advice is given by a person quite disinterested, it is not wise to neglect precaution.

I have just returned from a ramble through the

whole of the town and its environs. Among the vestiges of antiquity, which are not numerous, there are the ruins of a range of buildings, which seem to have been baths—the walls sixty or seventy feet in height. There is also a very elegant arch, supposed to be the remains of one of the city gates; and there are some few traces of an amphitheatre. Of the old city wall considerable vestiges remain, and the French have endeavoured to restore it, for the purpose of defending the place; but Guelma is so dreary and desolate, that it will be long ere it become a tolerable place of residence.

The building which most pleased me in the town is a church, now about half finished. The portico and pillars are of beautiful rose-coloured marble, several blocks of which I observed among the ruins of the old city wall. This marble is, I am informed, obtained partly from Hammam Meskutine, and partly from a quarry near Guelma.

The Bishop of Algiers is said to have discovered, at a place called Anonnah, not far from Guelma, the remains of three churches. These remains consist of arches, tombs, and portions of walls; and the Cross, sculptured on the latter, bears evidence that these temples have been devoted to Christian worship.

A barren hill, at a short distance from the town, is appropriated by the Arabs to the purpose

of a market-place. Here a busy trade is carried on ; and every article required by the humble wants of an Arab family, is bought and sold. I made a visit to this market, and the scene amused me not a little. From a camel to a little cake, everything may be purchased here. I observed many cakes of a peculiar kind, and of which the Arabs are very fond. They are made simply of flour and water, and have very much the appearance of pancakes. To render them the more delicious to the Arab taste, they are spread over with oil. The stalls at which perfumery and other fancy articles are sold, amused me most. Among the various articles displayed on the stalls, were bottles of rose oil, powder, soap, salve, artificial and natural flowers, tobacco and pipes. These things are all confusedly jumbled together, amidst dates, figs and vegetables of all kinds. Amongst the most highly-valued wares, were small looking-glasses, of the worst possible quality and in wretched frames. I understand that these luxuries are in the highest request among the Arabs, and that not the poorest tent or hut is without one.

What Captain Levrat had told me of the disposition of the Arabs,—those at least who are subject to French dominion, was fully confirmed by my own observation as I passed through this market. Their dislike of Europeans is unequivocally expressed in

their countenances. Fear restrains them from any open manifestation of hostility; but it is easy to read in their features the bitterest hatred, combined with the most profound contempt. Without any right notion of the causes which induced the French to go to war with their Deys, they feel themselves to be under the dominion of an enemy. In his home, the Arab is without a home; for the hated foreigner rules in his native land. A feeling of humiliation imparts to the naturally gloomy features of the Arab a still more dark expression. It was perhaps not quite prudent on the part of F—— and myself to venture alone into the throng of Arabs assembled on the market-place; for we were the only Europeans among nearly three thousand natives. However, we met with no annoyance, and were highly gratified with what we saw.

We have determined to set out to-morrow on our visit to the springs of Hammam Meskutine. Captain Levrat advises us to go, as the sight of that remarkable place will amply atone for the inconvenience attending the journey.

XXXI.

Trip to Hammam Meskutine—Difficulties of the road—Fruitless attempt to ford the Seybouse—Return to Guelma.

February 2nd.

OUR expedition to Hammam Meskutine has been quite a failure; or as Captain Levrat terms it: "*une véritable retraite de Moscou!*" But before I attempt to narrate the particulars, I must mention that yesterday we had an invitation to a dinner-party in Guelma; that the dinner was followed by a *petite soirée*, and that it was past midnight ere we returned to our quarters. I need scarcely add that these entertainments were given by our friends, Captain and Madame Levrat. A military surgeon, now at Guelma on leave, was one of the guests at our dinner-party. We passed a delightful evening; but on our way home we observed sinister forebodings for our journey of the morrow. The sky was dark and a small thick rain was falling.

During the night, my cough, which had been rather troublesome throughout the day, became so much worse, that it allowed me no rest.

The cloudy sky of last night had inspired us with apprehensions which were fully realized this

morning. There was no prospect of any improvement in the weather. My cough was now accompanied by a pain in the chest, and I felt altogether very unwell. But in spite of every impediment, I was resolved to set out on our projected trip. "A Spahi shall await your orders to-morrow morning at nine o'clock!" said Captain Levrat, whilst taking leave of us last night; and he added, "Je vous enverrai la perle de tous mes cavaliers, le jeune Yaya, un charmant garçon, qui est le favori de ma femme!" Yaya possessed the recommendations of being perfectly acquainted with all the safest and most practicable paths on the road to Meskutine, and of being able to speak some words of French. We also took with us the Spanish servant whom we had brought from Bona.

We set forth from Guelma under a very heavy rain. Our Spahi guide, Yaya, leading the van. "Viens, Madame; viens!" said he, whilst he galloped down a steep declivity, with as much unconcern as though it had been a smooth level. I did my best to keep pace with our fleet guide; but he outstripped me by a considerable distance. Yaya rode a superb grey horse, (a present from Captain Levrat), whose colour contrasted well with the bright hue of his red burnouse. The ground was in many parts so wet and clayey, that it was with the utmost difficulty we could get our horses

to advance. The poor animals slid along on all their four feet at once, just as though they had been shod with skaits; and when we came to precipitous places, they crouched down on their hind legs like dogs, and in that position slid down the declivities. I do believe that ice itself would have afforded us a more secure footing than the slimy mud over which we had to pass. The danger to which we were exposed, kept me in such a continual state of alarm, that I became at length quite feverish. Unable longer to keep my seat in the saddle, I alighted; but before I was five minutes on my feet, the soles of my boots were so clogged with mud that I could walk no further. Every now and then I was attacked with such severe fits of coughing that I felt utterly exhausted and I again mounted my horse. The rain now poured heavily, and after having proceeded more than seven miles amidst all these difficulties, we were suddenly met by an obstacle more formidable than any we had yet encountered. A broad arm of the Seybouse, flowing with a fierce and rapid current, had to be forded. Poor Yaya stood for some moments in great perplexity, being utterly at a loss to determine at what point it would be best to attack the enemy. His spirited horse had several times reared as if to give us to understand that no good awaited us on the

opposite side of the river, and Yaya then came to me, saying: "Toi malade, pas aller méchant chemin,—beaucoup d'eau—danger pour toi,—toi aller maison."

We were aware that there was not along the whole of our route, even the smallest hut in which we could obtain shelter, and we had yet twelve miles to ride. Under these circumstances, and ill as I was, it would have been worse than folly,—it would have been madness to attempt to proceed. There was no alternative! It was now clear that I must conquer my obstinate spirit and turn back! As we rode homeward, we several times heard the distant howl of the hyæna. The day was so dark, that probably even the wild beasts supposed it to be a continuance of night.

XXXII.

The springs of Hammam Meskutine—Calcareous formations—
Old Arab legend—A singular natural phenomenon—The
Jardin des Condamnés.

February 4th.

WHAT can I say of these days of captivity? Nothing, save that we should have been lost, but for our amiable friends, Captain and Madame

Levrat. Yesterday, I was so very ill, that I should have kept my bed the whole day, had it not been for the noise of the people in the billiard-room, and the incessant movement in other parts of the house. For some time I deliberated with myself whether I should call in the aid of the medical gentleman whom we met the other evening at Captain Levrat's, or whether I should make a determined effort to rise and seek some mitigation of my suffering in the pleasant social circle which awaited us at the captain's house. I resolved on the latter course, and watching for a favourable opportunity (for the rain had poured in torrents all day) I made my escape from this noisy hotel.

Kind Madame Levrat administered to me a potion of her own preparation, and that remedy, aided by a few hours of pleasant society, wrought a wonderful improvement in me.

In defiance of adverse weather, F—— has determined on making another attempt to accomplish the pilgrimage to the Springs. This morning at a very early hour I was awakened by the voice of Captain Levrat, who had come to call him up; and who, by way of encouragement, said:—“*Mais, mon cher, vous êtes donc venu à Guelma, avec l'intention de vous noyer.*”

As the hope I entertained of seeing Hammam Meskutine is fast vanishing, I will here note down

all that I have heard of that remarkable place, from F—— and other persons who have visited it.

The name, Hammam Meskutine, signifies, in the Arabic language, “the Enchanted Baths,”—and these warm springs are natural phenomena, which perhaps have not their equal in the whole world. I am, therefore, quite inconsolable at the thought of having made the long and difficult journey from Bona, and having been five whole days here in Guelma, within the distance of five-and-twenty miles from those wonderful springs, yet unable to see them. At the distance of a mile or two from Hammam Meskutine, thick clouds of vapour are seen rising from these warm springs. The water is highly impregnated with calcareous properties, whose accumulated deposits have formed conical heaps, some of which are upwards of thirty feet high. From amidst these cones the springs jet forth lofty columns of water, which descend in splendid cascades, flowing over the ancient masonry, and covering it with a white calcareous stratum.

The mass produced by the crystallization of the particles escaping from the seething waters, has been, after a long lapse of years, transformed into beautiful rose-coloured marble. F—— brought me a piece of this substance from the springs. It is precisely similar to that used in building the church at

Guelma, which is obtained from a neighbouring quarry. From the remains of an ancient tower and a fort, situated near Hammam Meskutine, it is evident that these springs were known to the Romans. An old Arab legend records that, owing to the extreme wickedness of the inhabitants of these districts, God visited them with a punishment similar to that of Lot's wife, by transforming them into the conical heaps of chalk I have mentioned above. To this day, the mass of the people firmly believe that the larger cones represent the parents, and the smaller ones, the children.

Owing to the high temperature, the surrounding vegetation is clothed in the most brilliant green; and the water of a tepid brook, which flows at the foot of the cascades, though in itself as clear as a mirror, appears to be of a beautiful emerald colour. F—— told me that he was not a little surprised to see in this warm rivulet a multitude of little fishes sporting about as lively as though they had been in the coolest water. This curious, natural phenomenon is explainable by the fact, that in this rivulet, which is of considerable depth, the under currents are sufficiently cool to enable the fish to live and be healthy, though the upper current of water is so warm, that it is scarcely possible to hold the hand in it any longer than a few seconds.

The hilly environs of Hammam Meskutine are exceedingly beautiful, and around the waters perpetual spring prevails.

Whilst I was engaged in writing the above particulars relating to Meskutine, Captain Levrat entered, and proposed, as the rain had ceased, that we should make a visit to the *Jardin des Condamnés*. To this proposition we readily acceded. I expressed my surprise that in so small a place as Guelma, there should be a sufficient number of soldiers under punishment to keep so extensive a garden in such excellent order; but Captain Levrat informed us that the number of the *condamnés* was equal at least to that of the civil inhabitants of the town.

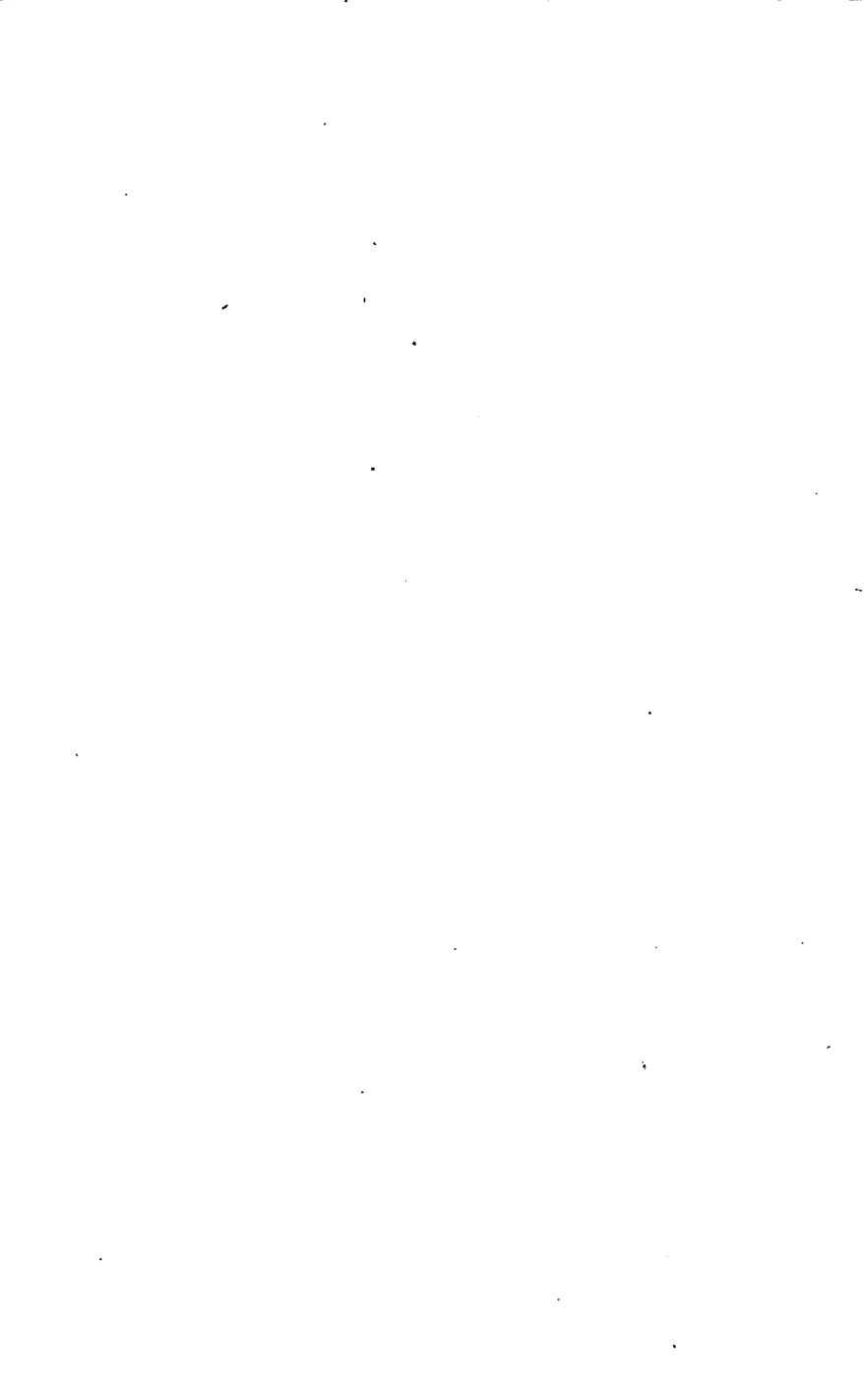
We have passed this evening in the house of our friends, where we have been very agreeably entertained with music and conversation.

This, I have reason to believe, is our last evening in Guelma, for to-morrow morning, should the weather prove favourable, we propose to set out on our journey back to Bona. I feel so much regret at parting with our agreeable friends here, that I cannot say I shall be very sorry should a rainy morning cause our departure to be deferred.

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