beard. He conducts us into a small mosque. We peep within. Finally, we take off our shoes and venture in. Here are families of Moors in groups, sitting cross-legged on their mats; mostly women and children. They are unveiled. As I protrude my dark sombrero within the sacred precinct, I catch the look, half reproachful, half coquettish, of a fair girl, of dark, almond-shaped eyes, whose face is stained with cerulean tints, and whose ankles and wrists are heavy with gold and silver ornaments. Her look seemed to say, 'Oh! you—you—naughty sir! You dare; *how* dare you? Tut! tut! Oh!' Of course this is an 'imaginary conversation,' to which I respond by going further. I actually go through the little court, and under the ground, where are lights aflame, and two unpleasant bodies recently buried, wrapped in shawls; the odour unpleasant, and the mourning not poignant. The families laugh, chat, giggle, eat, drink, and have what is called in New York, a jamboree over the bones of their kin. Some try modestly to put on their head-gear; some turn their faces to the wall, and with eyes askance, seem embarrassed; but, on the whole, they enjoy the intrusion. All at once a wild looking old man begins to rail at them for their shamelessness. Our conductor says that he is touched in the head. I am not so certain about it. He may be a fanatical Moslem. Religion makes people wild without being exactly crazy. He raises quite a hubbub, and as we leave we hear him still railing—a voice from the tombs—'a doleful sound.'

We breathed easier when we were again on our promenade *à la voiture*. Now we go to the Valley of the *Femme Sauvage*. The story of the valley is, that a beautiful lady was crossed in love; left Algiers to assuage her grief among the mountains; came to this vale twenty years ago; her money ran out; she

cultivated lemons; she was *soured* of the world; for she never spoke to any one. She gave away lemonade, and the good people who drank it gave her something. The story is true; but the name *Sauvage*, which might imply a *wild* woman, is interpreted to mean only a *timid* creature—one who could not grapple and battle in life with its harsh experiences. The road to her former home is very charming. Her house, however, is closed. The brambles fill her little garden. She is dead! The valley is sheltered from the north wind, and Flora is abundant and Ceres advanced. The pomegranate is here, ready almost to blush, and the fig is immense in size, and far in advance of the fig of the southern shore of Europe. The nightingale sings in the groves of the lentiscus. Along our upward path, the rock-rose (so common in both its white and red dress, all through Algiers) decorates the banks and bespangles the rocks. Everywhere, above the shrubs of the country, tangled with the white hawthorn, fighting its democratic way, and even fighting its neighbour, is the prickly pear; everywhere is the blackberry. It is the bramble of all nations—as cosmopolitan as the chicken! It asserts its right to live and flourish. Why not? It is the plain, common blackberry of America, and does not care for the aristocracies and regalities of the European flora! Why not, at least here, may not the *blackberry* be African. The earth has a red tinge and the rock is silicious sandstone. We pass by the jail-like Moorish country-houses, windowless, but with portholes barred, and with the same inner quadrangular court observed by us in the city houses. The mulberries as yet look bleak and untropical. Like the chestnut trees in February on the mountains of Corsica, which alone left the impression of winter—they are leafless. Strange, but true it is, that only in

the Genoese Riviera have we seen all the trees in winter covered with the garniture of summer. The sunbeams were ever with them. Not, of course, by night, but ever by day. My learned friend holds that all these places so bepraised, which, like Algiers, are celebrated for a temperature equable by night and day, are not so good for health. Algiers is not so far south as Nice; and at the latter place the nights are cool, if the days are warm. He argues that the earth is turned from the sun half the time, when it is night, and that thus nature, which does all things best, teaches us that times of repose, times of cool, tonical rest, are needed for recreation. Hence he argues that, as at Mentone and elsewhere on the Riviera, the mountains shut in the coast from the north winds, and make the night cool, if the day be warm—there are more health-giving influences than at Algiers; and that protection from the North is worth half-a-dozen degrees of latitude towards the South, for sanitary restoration and vegetable production.

These are results from observation thus far. We may, in our progress after winter sunbeams, find more reasons for appreciating Algiers. Certainly, wherever the spot is guarded, there the conditions of a sanitarium appear. We hope to find this further inland.

One thing was very striking in the Valley of the Wild Woman. Across the road, amidst the tangle of vegetation, where the lemon was hid in the nooks from the wind, there appeared on the hill-side, cut in the rocks in the shape of a temple, supported by Egyptian or Assyrian figures of women—a splendid tomb! At the top of the temple was the form of an eagle. The grotto beneath, in which some body or bodies once reposed, was covered with foliage and vines. But there the old sculpture remains. It will thus stand till some earthquake—no rare occurrence

here—disturbs the tricks which art has played with nature.

In our observations about Algiers, I am at a loss whither to turn for incidents. I find enough to write about—novel to a stranger—from my window at the hotel. Glancing out upon the bay—where I perceive the divers going down in their armour to dig out the accumulated sand which chokes the harbour—I could find for a pen-picture a company of a hundred 'peculiar' people watching the performance; or, moving upon the waters of the bay, what is it I see? Not a man walking? Is the miracle repeated here? It is a marine velocipedestrian. He sits securely and works a water-wheel below him with his feet, which propels the cigar-shaped canoe, to which the wheel is fixed. This is a dim description; but as I see at a distance and from my window, I cannot do it better.

If you would know Algiers better, stray into the French quarter in the evening and visit the Café Chantant. You will hear excellent music and see good acting. You may call for coffee and cognac; or drop your sou into the basket of the half-dressed cantatrice and danseuse, who comes down from the stage among the audience for her coppers. If, however, you would prefer French experiences in Paris, and are here to study the Arabs and their melody, go with Hahmoud, as we do.

Upon a raised table, amidst a crowd of fifty coffee-drinking and cigarette-smoking natives, sitting cross-legged, are the musicians—three—two with tambourines, or drums, and one with a sort of hurdy-gurdy, with a bagpipe sound, or flageolet squeak, or something. The music is barbaric, but a Kabyle brother starts up and keeps time. He is bare of foot and shaven of head. He has two stringy handkerchiefs

INTERIOR OF MOHAMEDAN HOUSE.

in his hands. He dances, and oh! heavens! what dancing! He wheels, he steps, he jumps, he cavorts; he sways his handkerchiefs, as a coquette her fan, as if to say: 'Am I not all grace?' He astounds you by an unexpected spasmodic hitch, as if somebody had stuck an awl into him; then halts, as if he were injured or astonished by being suddenly jerked out of his burnous or cuticle. Then he tries to bend at once both backward and forward, gracefully; and with a leap in the air, arms akimbo, he subsides into a quiet Kabyle in a corner, to enjoy a smoke, while another takes his place. This is Kabyle recreation.

Now for something more horrible, which I almost sicken to paint. Hahmoud insists on our going up into the old city to see some Mahomedan rites. The devil himself is an Algerine dervish. These are not the dancing, whirling dervishes of Constantinople. There are several sects of Moslems peculiar to Morocco and Algiers. I think there are seven. I believe Hahmoud belongs to this one. He did not like to confess it; but I saw him, as we entered, quietly salute the chief dervish with a peculiar embrace and kiss. To this performance the ladies went; but they had to go up stairs into one of the galleries of the inner quadrangular court of the Moorish house, among the Moorish women. Several nationalities were represented in our crowd. Expectation was on tip-toe to see and hear. It was a hot night, and the room was close and full of people. Some two dozen Moors were present. It is dark in the room; only two dim candles and a charcoal fire, which smouldered in a skillet. The object of the latter appeared to be to warm up the drums which the dervishes beat, and which, when the sheepskin got loose, they heated over the fire to make it tight. Perhaps there were some fumes in the skillet to make the dervishes

devilish. While our ladies above were taking coffee, very black and sweet, in nice little china cups, in the galleries, with their Arab hostesses, we sweat downstairs, leaning expectant in the dark against the white-washed walls or against the pillars of the court.

Now the chief begins. He chants passages of the Koran, while, standing around him semi-circularly, a half-dozen respond with whining tones. Others, with their drums, sit cross-legged in a row, before a little stand with two long, lighted wax tapers. A monotonous drum chorus begins; then a long-haired dervish bounds up like a jack-in-the-box, as if shot in the rear; and, being up, a brother unbinds his garments and spreads out his hair, and then he jumps up gently at first, keeping time to the music. His head bows as his body sways; then faster and faster, till his hair flies around wildly and his hands are swinging insanely. He is joined by another who is more staid. The last looks as if he ought to know better. The first one, exhausted, falls down in epilepsy and is carried out. No. 2 is joined by No. 3; then No. 4 appears, and, by this time, No. 1 re-appears, and the group collectively, like a brutal nondescript —are all at it. No. 1 having worked himself wild again stops a moment. The others stop. A brother appears from behind with a red hot bar of iron.

No. 1 laps it with his tongue. I see it smoke. My blood runs icily. He slaps the incandescent iron with hand and foot. Then the ministering brother offers him to eat some delicate stems or pieces of glass. He crunches and swallows them. His digestion is excellent. If it had been candy, and he had been a juvenile, he could not have relished it more! Then No. 2, the intelligent, stops and has a long wire run through his tongue and out of each cheek, protruding four inches. He snarls meanwhile like a caged hyena.

Then No. 3, who has been rather quiescent, commences to snap and bark like a hungry dog—eyes popping out, and face all savage and imbruted. *Barked?*—He howled, he growled. Finally, the ministering brother comes out with one of the thick leaves of the prickly pear, a foot long, in form of an ellipse, an inch thick, and full of thorns; all the dervishes drop down on all fours and are biting at it and into it, and crunching it.

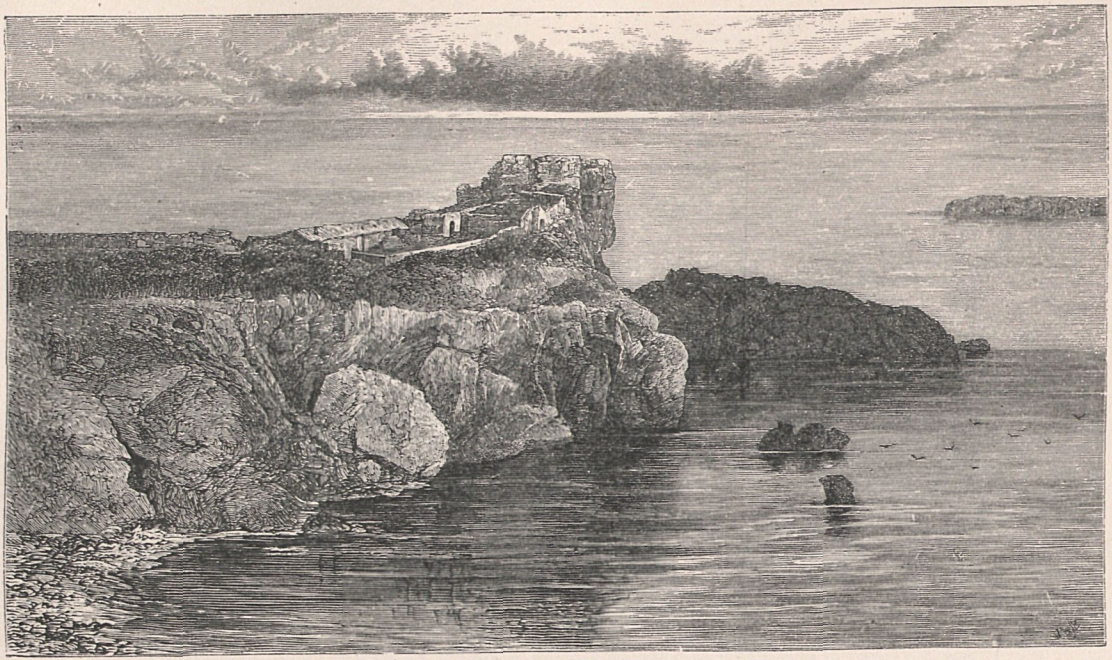
The froth of their mad mouths hangs to the green prickles and slavers the green rind. Ugh! What more? No. 4, in an ecstacy of fanatic diabolism, swallows a scorpion. Whether they have taken out the poison, or whether the afflatus is so enormously exciting, that poison is innoxious; or what, God knows! We summon Hahmoud in haste; beckon our ladies from above in the dark, and seek relief and breath in the narrow streets. Upon these infernal orgies we have nothing to comment. It is as near making the human a wild animal as anything can be.

It is worse than the negro performances every Wednesday, upon the seaside, at the Jardin d'Essai. Here all the blacks of Algiers come to celebrate the fête of Nissam. It begins when the beans begin to blacken. Up to that time the negroes abstain from eating beans. The 'sacred' is mixed with the profane in this festival. They celebrate Belal, a sainted black female slave, who had been in Mohammed's family. They pray and gorge with food. An ox, covered with flowers and gay foulards, is sacrificed. They dance round it seven times before they give the death stroke. As the ox dies, whether soon or not, in agony or not, so is the prognostication of good or evil. Then begins the negro dancing. Then the prophetic negresses, retiring under a tent near the sea,

are waited upon by the crowd to learn their futures. The crowd bring chickens to the prophetess. She wrings off their heads, and throws the body into the waves. If the 'headless rooster' swims and struggles —so; if otherwise—*not*. That is clear. Then begins more dancing and chanting, and a wild sort of music, called Derdeba. It should be called Diablerie, for it is a jolly row. Thus these black devotees of Mohammed outstrip all the rest of their co-religionists, except the brutal Dervishes. To beat *them*, I defy all the powers on or under the earth! Justice, however, to the better class of white Mohammedans demands that I should say, that they disapprove of these mumbo-jumbo orgies. Especially have they endeavoured to crush out these negro extravaganzas.

The negroes are here pretty much as elsewhere—not of much account. I say this not from American prejudice; for where you see such mixtures as here, you forget all about colour and caste. It is the testimony of others. A volume I have opened says, in speaking of the races here, that the Kabyle is a good worker of the soil; the Biskri a fair boatman and porter; the Mzabi is busy as a baker, butcher, grocer and small merchant; the Laghonati is a laborious bearer of oil; but 'le nègre blanchit les maisons, ou exerce quelque grossière industrie.' He whitewashes or does worse, or nothing. That is about all of him, here.

One object worthy of note is the cast of the body of the Christian martyr slave. Refusing to abjure his religion, he was cast, not into a dungeon, but in plaster; not pounded, but fixed alive in the mortar, and thus smothered in a horrible way. Rumours of this tragedy ran over Europe at the time; for it was done by one of the piratical Deys of the last century.



PIRATE COVE.

But it was verified only the other day, when the remains were found on removing the wall of the old fort. The body was, of course, dust; but the mould was there, showing how the skin, lips, and brow, the very bones and attitude, took the form of agony under the terrible torture.

Our next outdoor venture is along the sea to the west of Algiers. We go to the battle grounds —to which I have referred—where first the French in 1830 landed and fought. We go to see the harbours where the pirates lay in wait for their prey, and a print of which I have inserted herein. We go to see the Community of La Trappe, some fifteen miles from Algiers; and we go on Sunday. Our way is past the barracks of the soldiers, through Mustafa Inferior, much improved and improving; and out of the city on a road just freshened with last night's rain, and with the ever present spray from the sounding shore. The road looks newly dressed in asphodel, convolvulus, and marigold. How the marigold worships the sun! What numbers of them. The meadows are like a cloth of gold. The great breakers thunder against the black rocks, those basaltic ribs of Atlas, which protrude to the seas and resist the thumps of Neptune! The sea dashes far into the rocks, and forms numberless cascades. All along we see the little palm scrub. Dr. Bennet says: 'They seem to spread out their fan-like hands in welcome.' I respond: 'Therefore is our hospitable hand called the palm.' Surely, it is so. There is more than one meaning in the Bible phrase, 'Ethiopia shall hold out its *hands* unto God.' Twenty fingers there are to this palm; all spread out in the most cordial, reverent way. Beyond us already looms up a mountain range, like the Estrelles, near Cannes. At its foot is the bay where the French debarked in 1835. They were four

weeks coming from Toulon to this point in their ships. At that I wonder not, if such a sea prevailed then as now. We forget to look in front at the great 'Tomb of the Christian,' arising to our sight. We forget to note the sportsmen, with pointers, hunting quail. We forget the acres of geranium in full flower, acres on acres, illimitably, planted here for the essence of its leaf. We are hardly drawn to observe the red gladiolus, the rock rose, the arbutus, ciscus, lavender, holly, prickly broom in yellow flower, hiding the moor-like country for leagues, and the rosemary, so fragrant. Is not the sea all in white, blooming in tempestuous grandeur, and throwing its blossoms in a wealth of luxuriance far over the dark rocks, and even into our faces upon the highway? And can we forget to see the hand of man, as well as of God, in history, written in these rocky inlets and island breakwaters? Here, upon these wild rocks, we see the ancient Moorish forts! Under their guns once lay the Corsairs, fierce, daring men, 'linked to one virtue and a thousand crimes.' Behind these islands, and in the coves, lurked other 'coves'—the marine devils, whose diabolism brought Christianity to the doors of the mosque and gave Algiers to France.

And yet, when we think that only seventy years ago, there were 30,000 Christian white slaves held in and about Algiers, is it not marvellous that the civilized nations allowed this so long? We have seen an army of 20,000 men and an expenditure of fifty millions by a Christian nation to rescue in Abyssinia half a dozen silly missionaries. But never a hand raised to rescue 30,000 Christians who toiled at the galleys, or worked on the jetties, or in the fields and in the hot sun, at the call of Mohammedan masters! Well, I feel a little proud that the United States, when an infant, had one blow at these people,

and won their respect by thoroughly thrashing them.

But we are seeking the Trappists. They have been established since 1843. They have 4000 hectares. There are two and a half hectares to an acre. The heath, like the land along the coast, changes at once. It smiles sweetly, as soon as we approach their domain. There are 112 members of the community. We drive up to the portal through a line of caroubas and mulberries. We behold over the portal an image in white, of the Mother of God, and within it, the Saviour upon the cross, and the skull and bones! Upon one side is written in French: 'Celui qui n'a pas le temps de penser à son salut, aura l'éternité pour s'en repentir.' On the other: 'All the pleasures of earth are not of as much value as one penitential tear.' All through the establishment are mottos to teach the frailty of all earthly hopes, and the overruling duties which pertain to the other world.

In one thing we are disappointed—our ladies are interdicted from the convent. A courteous Brother, in brown sack and capuchon, meets us, helps us to descend from the carriage, invites us into an anteroom, and bids us wait until the Brothers rise from their breakfast. It is 2 P.M. The Brothers begin their day at 1 A.M., and have gone for a short rest after breakfast. Our ladies must remain outside, and we go through. Our first observation is a cluster of nine palms, all growing from one stock, apparently, on a mound. They form a rare picture. In fact, we bring home a photograph of it.

In the first room we enter, we perceive a government chart of that fight, which occurred on this very ground of Staouel, 14th June, 1830, and which resulted in the success of the French. We meet numbers of the Brethren. They all bow. None, not even

our conductors, are allowed to talk within these walls, sacred to meditation. We see some in white, and some in brown garments. The white are the Levites and adminster at the altar. The others contemplate. All work—all do charity. Many poor are relieved by them. All the work of the farm, the blacksmithing, the cooking, the making of clothes and sandals—all is done by the Brethren. They showed us their long stables of mules, horses, cows, oxen, and pigs, and the principle of association was most graphically illustrated not only in the exuberance of the farm production, but in the very comforts of bed and board by which they sleep and live. It is popularly thought that the Trappists are engaged in digging their own graves and filling them up again. I did not see this. Nor did I see that they mortified the flesh too much. Their solemn mien and formal manner disappeared when out of doors and out of their precise duties. Hahmoud, our Moorish guide, was with us. He had been there before. How merrily twinkled the eye of Father Joseph, as he offered Hahmoud some wine. 'No, my religion forbids,' said Hahmoud; and then with some quiet jokes on Hahmoud's peculiar ways, the Brothers passed round the good wine—red and white—of their own vintage; and with it the best of bread and honey, grapes, and almonds, all from their own lands. The very wax made into candles for their holy observances comes from their own hives, and is manufactured by their own hands.

Altogether, this was a joyous visit. These good monks made it a white stone in our travelling calendar. Far aloof from the world of gain and pleasure, with good libraries and good consciences, no temptations to beset them, earning their own living by the 'sweat of their brows,' given to hospitality, ever constant

in prayer, they live far, afar on this African coast and make its desert places to blossom as the rose. Surely they live not in vain in time, although they profess to live only for eternity!

Yet many come here and try this life and fail signally. Only five in twenty succeed!