

meet some half-dozen camels and drivers—Kabyles. Hahmoud knows the head man. I desire to ride a camel, never having essayed it, since I 'swung round the circle' of a tan-bark ring, when life was young and Africa *terra incognita*. The camel drivers consent. The French population gather about our carriage and watch proceedings. The complaisant head of this caravan descends from his donkey. He calls one camel, uses his stick upon him, says, 'scht!' 'scht!' with plentiful sibilation, and the camel prepares to come down. This is a part of his early education. His front knees first touch the earth. He groans at the indignity. Then, after more sibilation, he gathers in his two hinder knees, and gives another groan. He looks mad, chews the cud vigorously, observes my motions as I proceed to mount, and not seeing a turban, and not knowing me for one of the 'long robe,' he exhibits a strong disinclination to being 'backed like a camel.' There is a coarse, wooden skeleton of a saddle on his hump. I lay my hands on, preparing for a spring. 'No, no!' all cry. 'Not that one. Try another!' 'Why not?' 'Oh!' as Hahmoud translates the Arabic, 'He is too *méchant*,'—*i.e.*, wicked. Others are lowered on their knees. At last I mount; the Doctor takes another. We are so successful in our camel ride that we persuade one of the ladies of our company. She mounts, with Hahmoud's aid, a grey one, but her ride is cut short. Her camel, too, is cross. The Arabs say that the beast is afraid of the black dress of the lady, being accustomed only to the light woollen burnous. It was hard for her to mount, and being mounted it was a lively trot for my lady. She clung to her saddle with a death grip. The camel started off. Far up in the air, swaying with the motions and feeling uncomfortable at the sinister looks of the camel, she calls a halt, and

is at last rescued from her lofty, ambitious and precarious position. I am sure that the artist has but faintly pictured this interesting ride.

Soon we proceed, and having reached the confluence of the Sebaou and Oued-Aissi—two principal streams in this part of Africa—we find the bridges not yet made. We perceive the convict soldiers at work driving piles for the bridge. But we have to cross. The rivers are not full, but when full are very wide, and the bed, nearly a half-mile broad, is full of boulders. Of course the crossing-place changes with each day's current, and is therefore perilous. Our driver summons some Arabs to ford in advance. It is lucky that it is afternoon, for we learn that in the morning the current is strong and deep. The melted snows of the day before reach, by soaking through the earth, the middle of the plain by morning. The Arabs fold the drapery of their clothes high about them, and—wade in! We follow in our carriage. A few sous in recompense, and we move on to Tizi Ouzou, where we are to rest over night.

From it we can, by a glance through the dim air, perceive Fort Napoleon, far up and beyond in the mountains. Tizi Ouzou has much celebrity, not alone for the vigour of its fighting against the French, but for its great fertility. The mountains above the village are crowned by a marabout tomb. The marabouts are the priesthood most sacred in the Moslem faith. They are the repositories of literature. Their homes are sacred, and their tombs preserved. Upon every mountain where the Arab population is gathered you may see a small, square building, with a dome. This building is white, and renewed by the reverence of its devotees. Many a marabout, by his songs, sermons, wit, and wisdom, has given the French the trouble of suppressing fresh insurrections. The 'sacred

war,' as it is called, which Abd-el-Kader waged from 1837 to 1848, was preached as the Crusades were, by priests. The marabouts rouse the people by a secret, emotional religious power. They will yet cause the French much trouble. Fanaticism is very unruly.

The valley of Tizi Ouzou, where I write, is cultivated. The green fields climb up above to the summits, 4000 feet. The flocks are abundant. There is no separation—not yet—of sheep and goats. The French houses are low and white-washed. We had hardly descended from the carriage and into our little inn here, before two Kabyles—Hahmoud's friends—invited us to walk across the valley, and see their town. One of them, in good French, promised to show us the inside of his house, and to introduce us to the women-folk. We pursued our path up the mountain side, and there, behind the high, prickly-pear walls, lay the irregular, streetless, flat-roofed town. The mosque is the most considerable building, in front of which sit, cross-legged, some score or more of Kabyles, who salute us. A dozen of their children are playing corner ball—our old American play,—only this, that those who are 'in' ride on the backs of the 'outs.' It is a political lesson. We visit the fountains. Then we enter one of the huts. A little yard, roughly paved, and shut in by the prickly-pear, is the antepast of the domestic entertainment within the low door of the cane hut. The hut is dark, and smutched with smoke and soot. It has no chimney. All of them are thus, even those of stone. These were not even lighted, as others which we saw were, by a little charcoal fire on a brazier, in the middle of the hut, or in a hole in the ground. The smoke got out, any how. It got out of the door just as the mother of our conductor drew our ladies in. You should have seen the

old woman of these premises! What hilarious grunts and giggles of satisfaction she displayed. After I struck a match, she pointed out her properties and advantages. She pointed out her jars for olive oil, saying: 'Umph!' With a gurgle of delectation, she showed us a pan for cooking her bread. She lit some rags, as the match went out, to show us her mat, which she slept on, or rather matting to be placed on the stone bed. How easily are the unsophisticated comforted! When one of my lady friends gave her some coin she was made happy—could not let her go. The children—and there are many in the Kabyle country (Algiers is prolific, even the girls put on the veil at nine)—the children were watching for our exit. While the boys were boisterous and boasting, and displayed their morsel of French, learned in the schools, the girls were as timid as gazelles. Coaxing would hardly bring, even to one of their own sex, foreign to them, the trembling forms of the bluely-tinted and tattooed girls who followed in the rear of the boys for the sous! As we marched down the mountain, there were not less than a hundred children dancing in our wake. Some were bold enough to talk. Some had charge of their kids and lambs, and dropped them to say 'Buono.' One of our ladies to one of the youngsters of ten years, thus:—'What will you do when you grow up, my boy?' 'Oh! I shall be married.' 'Will you make your wife work?' 'No! I will do the work; she may stay at home.' 'But what will *she* do?' 'Oh! make bread—and—my burnous.' 'Do you wash your own burnous?' 'Oh, yes.' 'How?' 'With my feet.' 'Why not with your hands?' 'Too heavy.' So you may see, from these chance talks of the shaven-headed youngsters, something of their elders. It is true the Kabyles treat their wives pretty well. They seldom, unless sheiks,

have more than one. We see them in the streams washing their own burnous. The women carry water in great jars to the huts from the fountains as they carry their babies—on their backs—with hands behind to guard. This seems to be their principal employment.

The French have had some of the Tizi Ouzou children at school. They have shown great proficiency. We overheard some of the children who followed us say of the others: 'How proud these schoolboys are!' The schoolboys say, '*Quelle bêtise!*' and trot along after us, 'proud' of their civilized tongue and the attention we bestow.

I have been rather particular in these frivolities of the children, for they are indices of the government established. Is it not an interesting problem, even for Americans to solve: How may subjugation by the military be made at once tolerable to the conquered race, and elevating to a higher refinement?

But we are soon at our hotel, leaving political and social problems under the beauteous, pink veil which Nature is arranging for the evening party, whereat Old Atlas will gallant his family to the upper star-lit halls.

We, too, pass within the veil, and sleep till morn. Then we start again. More rivers to cross, and, still worse, they are dangerous; for, if the horses should halt, the carriage would sink in the sand of the stream. We wind up, up, and around the groves of ilex, ash, and olives, in a spiral path, decorated all the way up with the little red pink silena and the pheasant's eye. We are overlooking valleys, rich in vegetable life; and like a splendid piece of mosaic, far below, like a picture from an Alpine height,—you may see the square fields of newly-ploughed ground, alternating with light and dark green fields, as far as the human

eye can penetrate either with or without a glass. We perceive the Kabyle villages. We go through more and more of them. They grow better on the mountains; because built there of stone, and tiled. We are treated courteously; invited in; our watches and ornaments are gazed at with unsophisticated curiosity. The Peruvians did not look at Pizarro's feather or Almagro's horse with more simplicity and eagerness than the Kabyle girls examined the dress of my lady companions. The work on hand was the pressing of the olive—dark and oleaginous. The old press used in the time of Daniel—a simple wooden screw, which has been whittled out for a common press—is all the mechanical power they have. We see the women kneading bread. We notice many Kabyles lying around and doing nothing. We ask why? They are waiting for harvest next month. But generally they are working people. Their fig-trees are loaded; their olives are thrifty; their wheat looks well; their cattle, camels, donkeys, and horses, seem the best. Their houses, beds, and dress, alone show the lack of civilization and comfort.

But there are many drawbacks to their prosperity. Everything now looks well. But the locust may be on his devouring path from the desert, as in 1867. The fogs may come from the sea, and all the summer harvest may be lost! The sirocco may come in June, and blast by its hot breath the flower of the wheat. This has been, and may be. But the Kabyle still labours on and ever. He is, to-day, what he was when Rome found him.

We finally wind up to Fort Napoleon. It is like all the other places where battles have been fought in Algiers—a walled town. It has a good hotel, but the roguish landlord, anxious for custom, offers Hahmoud a handsome bribe to hold us over night. Hahmoud

is honest and refuses. We have a good lunch of wild boar's meat, and between the dishes we amuse ourselves by observing the pictures of the auberge. Here is Napoleon III. in red pants, sash over his shoulders, five medals on his breast, a cocked hat, and as large as life! On the other walls, the English cockney is ridiculed in a pictorial series of Parisian caricatures, very imaginative! Above us is the skin of a leopard, like that which we saw at Tizi Ouzou. The leopards are nearly obsolete here. So are the lions. A few now and then appear. We have seen none yet; in fact, no wild beasts, except a jackal. But of the wild beasts of Algeria I must write at length. My porcupine quill, presented to me by one who plucked it, has much to tell.

Fort Napoleon overlooks 170 villages. It has but 500 soldiers, but it is strongly fortified. We obtain a splendid view from its highest terrace; from its centre 'all round to the sea.' The long, broken, snow range of Atlas, which has followed us hither, seems but a short distance from us. The village is improving since the war has ceased. Some officers pointed out the two Kabyle towns last to yield to France. They had their local Joan of Arc. Her name was Fatima, and she inspired an intense hatred of French rule, and helped the Kabyles to fight. We see here what we have seen before—a grand market of the natives. Calves, cows, kids, sheep, goats, horses, donkeys, figs, and charcoal, are here traded off and on. Some 1000 Kabyles are gossiping and buzzing like so many bulls and bears in a New York gold market or a Paris Bourse.

We were kindly treated by the authorities at the fort, and before night, we dashed, under the crack of the whip on the flanks of our three horses, and followed by crowds of Kabyle children, to the base of the mountain. In

passing one village a handsome young gentleman—a Kabyle Alcibiades—in a very clean robe, accosted us in French. He was astonished that we had come seven thousand kilometres to see him! He had a very vague idea of America, but an enthusiastic admiration for the Italian girl, who is one of our companions. He ran after our carriage several miles in an ecstasy of love at first sight. The scapegrace! He had two wives already. He said that he could afford another, as his last was an orphan and cost only three hundred francs! I said, 'How much do you propose for mademoiselle?' 'A thousand francs, and if you wait here I will go up the mountain for the money!' We did not wait, but dashed on, and the Kabyle after us. I was reminded by his flowing robe and naked leg, of the verse of old Purchas (before Chaucer) in his 'Musical Pilgrim'—describing my Kabyle, *tunc pro nunc*, as a—

'Man with doublet full schert
Bare legget and light to stert.'

What time we made, or he made, for many miles! How he performed that journey; with what strides and with what hopes; how the Arab horses glanced round now and then at the airy bournous of this swain,—is it not more than written,—graphically sketched on enduring copper, whose impressions I present on the neighbouring page?

The Kabyle men are shaven, but the women wear long hair and have girdles, which the men have not. They all have glistening white teeth and perfect. Good food and digestion,' says the Doctor. 'No wine,' says Hahmoud. It is true. Mohammed forbade wine to the faithful. Hence, they say, white teeth and good digestion. We see no rows, no drunkenness. The only intemperance is too much marrying!



A turning proposal of marriage



Hahmoud says: 'If they drank, what with jealousy of their women and their independence and guns, their troubles would multiply and their prosperity decrease.' In fact, as we were told by the officers at the fort, one of the great troubles among the Kabyles, not only between the towns and tribes, but individuals, springs from the jealous feeling as to their wives. *La Vendetta* is almost as rancorous and persistent here now, as it ever was in Corsica. We are told that to-day, while at the fort, a man with a pistol had been walking and watching for an enemy.

There has been much fighting here, not alone on domestic, but political matters. Every field has been a camp; and every little mountain town has run red with blood. The Arab makes more display; but the Kabyle effects more. I do not admire the Arab way of treating the women, by shutting them in houses and tents, or worse in manifolds of linen drapery. Even when they travel, the Arabs, like some we met, build on a camel's back a harem, in which to hide their women under shawls. It makes an interesting picture of the Orient, but has no good sense to recommend it; and more than that, it does not improve the temper or ensure the chastity of the Arab women. This mode of isolating the women is as unnatural as it is tyrannical and devilish. No wonder the Arab women are reputed cunning and loose. The Kabyle women are otherwise. The men respect them. I have seen the Arab men riding and the wives walking. Not so the Kabyle. If he rides, his wife is before or behind; and the Kabyle man carries—the baby! On our pathway to this place we observe many signs of the 'Grande Halte du Maréchal,' from which I infer that here the French troops bivouacked on their pursuit after the natives in this Kabyle land.

If I could give in a few words my observation of the Kabyle, I would say that he is industrious and ingenious; the Yankee of the Mohamedans; democratic in polity, frank in intercourse, and independent in character; a mountaineer and a farmer; a man of bravery and of intelligence, only his religion enthrals his energy.

CHAPTER XI.

BLIDAH AND MILIANAH—THE ARABS.

‘And he will be a wild man; his hand shall be against every man, and every man’s hand against him; and he shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren.’—GEN. xvi. 12.

‘The Arab is the hero of romantic history; little is known of him but by glimpses; he sets statistics at defiance, and the political economist has no share in him; for who can tell where the Arab dwelleth, or who has marked out the boundaries of his people.’—*The Crescent and the Cross.*

WE return to the city of Algiers from Kabyle land, and from thence we move to the west and south. The desert is before us, and Oran is beyond. A splendid stopping point is the city of Milianah, which is reached *via* Blidah. We have thirty miles of railroad out of Algiers to Blidah. We start at noon and remain there all night. The railroad runs eastward for a space, along the sea. A strange phenomenon appears on the waves, for half a mile out. The sea is ‘incarnadine,’ with a vegetable fucus. The effect is peculiar, tropical, and striking. Soon we turn to the south, and pass over the plain of Mitidji. It is not so well cultivated as its rich soil would demand. The fact is, it is malarious, and although it has buried a generation, it has yet to bury more before the old fruitfulness comes out of its soil. Blidah is celebrated for its earthquakes and its oranges. It has been badly used by the former. In 1825 it was shaken up horribly. Seven thousand people perished in the ruins caused by the earthquake. Another destructive earthquake occurred in 1867. Every house made of the boulders and mortar, as the poorer houses here are

constructed, was shaken down. There was great loss of life and property, and great suffering was the consequence. Our driver told us that he had been shaken, and when he awoke he found the walls of his house down, and his head out of doors. He showed me a scar on his forehead from the falling of his tiles. But Blidah makes up soon for these disasters. She has twenty-two gardens of delicious oranges. They are large and fine. No such oranges grow anywhere else that I know of. The Sicilian, Nice, Mentone, Spanish, or West Indian oranges cannot compare with them. Why are these oranges so very rich and sweet? Is it the sun? But the sun is the same at other places. If you would know why winter sunbeams ripen the orange with so palatable a saccharine juice, you must go into the arcana of nature. I ask my friend, the Doctor, sometimes such puzzling questions. He does not answer me as the peasant in Corsica did, when I questioned him, why one mountain was all green and the other all bare? The peasant says: 'It is the caprice of the Eternal Father.' The Doctor would say, 'It is owing to the exposure—northern or southern. If under too scorching a sun, the land will be bare. If under too harsh a northern blast, the same. If it has no water, no clouds, no irrigation, or other conditions of vegetable life, then that life will not appear. Rocks are the bones of nature. They come out of the skin to show that the patient is not so well, and will not grow.' But you ask: Why is the orange so sweet, and the lemon so sour, all under the same sun, and from the same soil? Why do the dates ripen after being plucked, and other fruit not? There you are trying to force the arcana. Only thus much will the oracle respond: Grains or fruits, even when unripe, have starch in large quantities (*amylum*). It is partly

changed to sugar in ripening, whether the process takes place before or after gathering. This sugar by fermentation becomes spirit. That any vigilant whiskey inspector knows. In all three conditions—starch, sugar, and spirit—the chemical components are the same: carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. Good! It begins to be clear why Milianah has the sourest lemons, and Blidah the sweetest oranges; for is not the combination of these components, at the two places, in different proportions? And does not this constitute the difference? But why should the rocks grow cedars of Lebanon, and the fat plains have nothing but grass and flowers? The oracle is dumb. Let us eat our oranges, and drink of the spirit of wine, and be glad. Allah is Allah! and Mahomet is his prophet! Let us be content to look at the orange in its bloom, and its golden orb of fruit, and be thankful, without further inquisition. The size of the orange-trees at Blidah indicates that they are guarded from the north wind, and not harmed by the sirocco. I measured in one garden an orange-tree whose trunk was six feet round! The Doctor confesses that no such trees grow on the Riviera. There are some 40,000 trees growing and bearing here. Of course, this makes Blidah quite lively. It has a population of 8000, more than two-thirds European, and among them many Spaniards. The cactus, or prickly-pear, is much grown here. It is a sort of hedge or protection to the other fruit. The malaria once prevailed, but drainage has made it an infrequent visitor. Blidah is 600 feet above the sea-level. Generally, the malaria stops at 300 feet, as in Corsica. But the plain is so enormous between Blidah and the sea, and the mountains—Sahel range—along the sea, so enclose the streams from the Atlas south—at whose feet Blidah reposes like a young bride in her orange blooms,—

that it required much labour and ditching to make Blidah habitable and healthy. Above Blidah is the Atlas, and, as usual here, behind a misty shroud; because the air from the north comes saturated from the moist plain and the sea. But the mountains do not look less lovely because they are enshrouded, and their deep shadows are very beautiful upon their northern flanks.

I spoke of the orange orchards. We visited the largest one. Through avenues of plane-trees we come to its gate. We perceive at the gate a fine dog on watch, and over his kennel some facetious person has written: '*Parlez au concierge, nommé Turc!*' I cultivated the good humour of our Cerberus, and he allowed us to go in. This garden is walled thickly, and guarded also by cypresses.

But there is a more delightful resort than this for the inhabitants of Algiers and Blidah. It is the Gorge of Chiffa. After being fixed in our quarters—for, the hotel being full, we had to be lodged the best we could over a confectionery establishment—we proceed to the Gorge. It is a two hours' ride. As we go out we perceive upon the plain the Chasseurs d'Afrique, practising in the sun. The flash of their swords, the words of command, and the white horses dashing about so picturesquely mounted, make it a lively scene. We are happy in meeting on the way mine host of the Gorge, who turns about to prepare our dinner. While dinner is preparing, we pass on to penetrate the mountain still further. The Gorge is celebrated for four things—its cascades, dashing down from mountain heights, 4000 feet; its monkeys, after which the inn is named; its having been visited by Louis Napoleon in 1860; and its gardens of quinine and tea-plants, and winding paths up the mountain. On our return to the hostelry we are invited to walk

up the paths. The torrent from the mountain—which runs at right angles with the Gorge of the Chiffa, and empties its seething waters into the Chiffa—has made such a wild, romantic valley, that the hand of Art has seized upon it to beautify it with paths and plants, flowers and fountains; while Science has made its quiet nooks, unvisited by harsh winds, a conservatory for experiments in quinine and tea-plants. ‘Will the party please walk up to the summer-house where the Emperor took breakfast? Your dinner will be served there.’ We will. We did. It is a fairy spot. The birds sing all through it, far up some thousand feet, whither the walks tend and wind among rocks, trees, and flowers. Here moss of every colour and age grows, made beautiful near the grottos of fern, and both fed by the dampness of the torrent. The African ivy hugs about the rocks, which hang imminently over our heads, or lie where they have been tumbled into the midst of the torrent. What with the song of the torrent never ceasing, the carol of the birds—a whole choir attuning at once—the ba-ha-ing of the goats above and sheep around, the croak of crapeau, and the chattering of the monkeys, who are wont to come out of a warm afternoon from the rocks above to eat and talk, old monkeys and young ones—the latter on the backs of their mothers—but all little monkeys—these are the beings whose noises salute our ear. But to the eye, what with the willow, the micoulier of Provence, the castor-oil tree, the quinine, and tea—‘Ah! is it not pleasant,’ says the Doctor, ‘to see Nature doing her best, as she does here?’ Human nature must do likewise; and so we go to dinner. Upon the side of the hostelry some genius has painted a race of hounds after a wild boar. The dogs are mounted by monkeys; even the gobbler which saluted us as we passed up the valley, is depicted