

mounted by a monkey and in the race. These illustrations furnish us amusement, as we wait for the trout, quail, and other dishes of which the dinner is composed.

The tops of the mountains begin to lose the last radiance of the day. We start for Blidah. The moon comes out to give us the Gorge under new lights and shades. Verily, it is grand. The lights are on one side and the shades on the other, and they reach far up into the sky, from which the cascades leap and play in the moonlight musically and fantastically.

We slept at Blidah, and had no earthquake. We awoke to find the starlings, which fill all these villages of Algiers, in full song. We are soon in our carriage, out of the walls and gate of the place, and on our way to Milianah. We pass an Arab market, which is held every Friday over the country. Thousands are chaffering and bargaining. We begin to find some Morocco people among the native population: they are darker and wilder looking. We pass some gipsies from Spain. We go by a vale known as the Valley of Robbers. It used to be quite a haunt in the good old days before the French *gens d'armes* came.

We are half-way to Milianah before we know it. Our driver has been bragging a good deal about the Arab horses, their endurance and speed. We listened incredulously. Now we begin to have faith. He tells us that one of his horses, a white one (and most of the horses here are white or dark gray), can go—has gone—126 miles in twenty-two hours! Now I believe it. We have travelled behind these horses for a fortnight. We have been promised, for example, to reach our destination in nine hours; we were content; but we reach it in *six*! We are delighted. Every time yet have we been more than delighted with the performances of these horses. It is either

a cunning way the French have of promising far less than they perform, or else when under way, their horses beget a more than ordinary momentum. We were promised forty-eight hours from Marseilles to Algiers; we did it by the steamer in forty! So that it looks like a French rule, and it is a good one. As to the Arab horses, I have seen the best of them. Nothing can excel the elegance of their bearing and the speed and hardiness of their thoroughbred training and work. The best stallions of Algiers are in the hands of the French officers. The cute Arab will risk a flogging, and something worse, in order to steal into the precincts of the stallion with his blooded mare, for the probability of a thoroughbred colt. I do not see, however, evidence of that attachment which it is said the Arab bears to his horse, and which the Arab songs lead us to imply. The spur he uses on his horse is worse than torture. It is a sharp spike, six inches long. I wondered that these Arab horses were so plenty and so cheap. One of the finest was priced at 500 francs, or 100 dollars. The Doctor says such horses would bring in London £150. I think in New York they would bring 500 dollars. But I wondered no longer when I found that the Government prohibits their exportation. If it were allowed to-morrow, Algiers would be full of horse-traders from Marseilles and Paris. Why is their export prohibited? It is impossible to do the work here, under the summer sun, either of the army or the diligence, with any other kind of horses. So it is alleged. The reason given by a French officer for these fine qualities of the Arab horse, is, that they are not closely stabled. The French follow the Arab custom, and give them, as the Doctor gives his consumptive patients, plenty of fresh air and sunbeams. Their innate good qualities having been improved by many generations of this

careless care, we find the Arab horse the best type to-day of his kind!

As we approach Milianah we find the flora changing, for we are rising. The clematis and elder bushes appear, and everywhere on the hills and in the fields, the prickly broom, giving to the very air a golden hue. Blidah was 600 feet above the sea; Milianah is 2700; so that we ought to be prepared for great vegetable changes. As we approach near, the tall, fresh, green poplars stand up like sentinels about its walls. Gardens of vines, weeping willows, lemons and figs in wonderful abundance appear. Algiers city is not so far advanced in vegetation as Milianah, and the latter is so far up in the air! Wherefore? The solution is easy, Milianah is sheltered beneath Mount Zakkar—6000 feet high, white with marble and snow—but a complete protection from the northern winds; and her foliage is exposed to the south and its balm of solar radiance. Hot it is, no doubt, in summer. Here against the rock on which it is built the genuine sun of Africa pours its vertical rays, and doubtless burns and bleaches. But Milianah is the Damascus of Africa. I was ready to say here, as poor Buckle said, on the last of May, 1862, at Damascus, where he died: 'This indeed is worth all the toil and danger to come here!' Milianah is not only beautiful for her vegetable grandeur, but, like Damascus, because of the fountains and streams by which it is caused. She not only turns a dozen or more mills by her water-power, but irrigates the city and silvers the perpendicular rocks on which her ramparts are erected, with cascades, which leap from the terraced sides of the mountain and flow through many conduits throughout the plain below for miles. The Moors, who once made Milianah the seat of their power in Africa, knew more of irrigation than any other nation. Southern

Spain, the driest part of Europe—Murcia, Valencia, Andalusia, all the lands which they held, from Bagdad to Gibraltar—were made to blossom under their system. Spain still preserves the system. We shall see much of it when we arrive there.

I wish that I could give you a photograph of Mili-anah, warmed somewhat by the colours of the flowers which make it so fragrant. Make to your mind the imagery of a plain, out of which, rising through several miles of gardens, there winds as it rises, the road, up to the gate in the rear of the city; and before you get there, picture the limestone rocks grottoed, honeycombed, and irregular at places, but all decorated with vine and leaf and cascade, and surrounded by a staunch wall, within whose fortified escarpments a luxuriance of vegetation seems to surround a city of elegant proportions, with tower of church and dome of mosque, and all flashing white and clean as one of its own cascades under the African sun—then you have Mili-anah! It is the glory of Algiers! Enter within its gates! Walk around its plaza! Here we find embowered in foliage, in the centre of the large square, a Venetian Campanella. It stands alone and sounds the hour for Moslem and Christian. Go down the wide avenue to the south side of the city, and you find yourself looking from the precipitous walls, upon the grand views beneath and afar! You see no frowning beetled brow of rocky fort, fortified by art and nature. That is here, but it is visible only from below. You gaze down amidst the wild bryony, creeping about the rocky sides, making hanging gardens of these walls, creeping about where the cactus, the rocks, the pomegranates and the fountains, the figs and the waterfalls in promiscuous luxuriance form a foreground. While at the end of the long plain, more than twenty miles distant, the mountains stand, one

range above the other, and the second above the third, long intervals between, for seventy miles and more, until the eye from Milianah seizes, as upon its last outpost of the vision, the mountain range from which the beginnings of the Desert appear! Our way lies there!

What a leap from Milianah to yonder wall of Atlas! Yet we must partially go over it. Not, however, until we exhaust Milianah—having visited its market, where the vendors stand with their donkeys loaded with charcoal; visited its plaza by evening, where we saw the fat woman, weighing 400 pounds, painted on the booth larger than life, and heard her speak in French of the immensity of her obesity, and showing her *jambes* and arms, prove to Arab and European that she was all their fancy and the artist had painted her; visited the public garden, where we gathered *cromatella* roses as big as your hat—a small round hat; talked among the booths with intelligent Jews, of whom some had been to England, and one old man had a son in America; seen the Jewesses decked out in gay colours, and the Jews in their dark dresses—admired the easy air of the latter, and the beautiful eyes of the former, for ‘hath not a Jew eyes?’—and a Jewess too!

What more, then, hath Milianah? I could fill a chapter with its olden renown as a Moorish city, and its military glory as a French fortress. Here were once twenty-five mosques! Now there is but one! Here once lived the great Emir, Abd-el-Kader. His house is now occupied by a gunsmith, who works his machinery by the water which once fructified the Emir’s gardens. Lemons and roses once in Moslem days, now fusils, and revolvers. Civilization marches. Here, long before the Turk and Christian, and their historic vicissitudes, the Romans made this the head of a colony. The French say: ‘We only resume,

after some unpleasant years of interruption, what the Romans began.' Here, in 1830, the Emperor of Morocco ruled. He departed soon under pressure. In 1837 Abd-el-Kader made his brother Bey of Milianah. He did not last long. In 1840 the French took and held it against the multitudinous and daring attacks of the Emir. For twelve months 1200 French soldiers, under the brave Colonel d'Illens, held this place. At the end of that time 700 were dead, 400 were in the hospital, and 100 weak men still held it. They had determined to blow up the magazine and perish, rather than surrender. General Changarnier rescued them. They live in history. Poems have celebrated their heroic resolution.

It makes this, and other places which we have seen, interesting, to know that Canrobert, Berthezene, Desmichels, Clausel, Bugeaud, the Duke of Orleans (whose effigy, in bronze, ornaments the square of Algiers), Valle, Pelissier, Randon, McMahan, Niel, and others, whose names figure in the wars here, and in the Crimea and Italy—the heroes of Sevastopol and Magenta—and some of whom, like Changarnier, rose above the law of the sword, into the elemental law of liberty for France—here, on this ground, made their first efforts, and won and wore their first laurels.

Algiers has been the training ground for French heroes. It is so still. It is objected to the present government of the colony that it fosters the sword, and imperils French civism and liberty at home. We are at a loss to know how the latter is in jeopardy, inasmuch as it is not, and may not—unless Napoleon becomes wise,—be in existence. Whether Algiers is helped by the military rule, is not so hard a problem as whether France is hurt. Of this, however, when it comes properly under my eye. That organ is just now full of Milianah. True, I see the French soldier

as we dash out of the gates; for is he not there to salute? I see the Arab move around this beautiful city, subject and discontented; but is there any hope of his being rescued? Only one; let him do as Abd-el-Kader did—go off to the Orient, where many of the best Moorish families have gone, and in Syria, under the ‘Sick man,’ get better! There his religion is held so sacred that he may refuse his wine and, without Christian interdiction, multiply his wives.

CHAPTER XII.

*PLAIN OF SHELLIF.—TENIET-EL-HAAD.—
CEDARS—DESERT.*

'Yea, the fir-trees rejoice at thee, and the cedars of Lebanon, saying :
Since thou art laid down, no feller is come up against thee.'

ISAIAH xiv. 8.



WRITE from Teniet-el-Haad. It is the last fortified town held by the French this side of the Desert. In the last chapter, we had started for this place out of the beautiful walled City of Milianah. Milianah might have been better described; its associations and surroundings are attractive. It is not far south of the old Roman City of Cherchel, which is seen sleeping under the sea! Earthquakes make strange bed-fellows! Milianah is the last city of refinement to be found before we move toward the Desert. It is so attractive both for vegetation, waters, and sky, that it requires an effort to leave. But once started, it requires an effort to stop. Our horses gallop through crowds of donkeys and men about the gates, and then down, down, we go—winding off our miles, like thread from a spool, until we drop 1000 feet as easily as ever a player, in an Irish sensational drama, leaped from a fictitious crag into an imaginary lake, upon a painted island in an illusory scene,—upon a feather bed. By the Doctor's barometer we fall easily in an hour over 1000 feet! We are in the plain. The pampa grass grows along the road. We meet the heavy laden teams, with

their many horses and many bells, tintinnabulating along the dusty route; a strange team, as patient as the Pennsylvania team of thirty years ago, only they have no dog or tar-bucket under the waggon, and yet, unlike the Conestoga, they have three horses at the wheel and six tandem. They are the avatars of civilization. The donkey and camel must get out of their way. They, too, must soon go out before the railroad. The Arab tent, so exquisite in fancy, and so dirty in fact, must give way before the Occident and its steam. Even here, on a level 1300 feet above Algiers, according to the barometer, the railroad is in progress. We see the Arab men and women working at it. What hands enterprise employs! The Pacific Railroad once worked squaws. Within two years the Desert will be within a few days of the railroad! Then there will be something fresh to draw the gambler from Monaco, and the epicure from Nice.

As we approach Teniet-el-Haad, the thermometer opens mildly at 76° , and we ride over the great plain of Shellif, between Milianah and the mountains without turning a hair of our Arab horses. The plain is well-cultivated. Like the Metidja, it is full of grain, almost ripe for the harvest. Where the grain is not, there is the poppy, wild and red; and the marigold, all yellow,—spangles the green garment of Atlas, which here sweeps down smoothly over the prairie. We stop at a stone well, round-walled, and worn with the chain. The Arabs are thick about it. It is the same kind of well, according to the pictures, at which Jacob met and wooed Rachel. We come to the region of small palms, and here in these fields, which seem to be claimed by no one, the smutched and dirty tents of the Arabs are spread. Around them

we see the goats, sheep, and donkeys. We approach the mountains, if not the Desert. The signs betoken this. Is not the vulture circling above us far? When a camel drops in the dusty path, does he not appear at once as a speck on the horizon in one instant, and in the next is he not in the carcase?

As we advance the day gets hot. The wind blows from the south. The air grows close and stifling. We recall Byron's line—'Death rides on the sulphury siroc;' and at once consult science. The thermometer says 92°. We can stand that, for we are on the rise, and Teniet-el-Haad will be ours before night. Teniet is 4000 feet, and surely it will be cold enough there. Over mountains and plains till evening, we work our way, and finally come upon a walled town of a few hundred people. Soldiers appear, cavalry and infantry; the gun sounds for 'sunset,' and the music plays. We are in reach of European civilization again. We find a lodgment at the Teniet Military 'Cercle.' The proprietor finds us some rooms in the rear of his inn. They are situated upon the 'Rue Mexico'!

Luckily we had purchased some powder with which to kill fleas. It is a sort of dust. As we were in a military hotel, we found that the powder was effective on the light infantry. Many a flea bit the dust. But the powder had no effect upon another troop; I will call them the heavy artillery. I will not mention their familiar name. I will only designate them under their Latin appellation of *cimices*. But the Rue Mexico will be remembered by us, not alone for its name, but for its conflicts. I wish I could describe it. We reach this rueful rue through the kitchen of the 'cercle,' thence through a back yard into a little alley ten feet wide. As we turn into the alley from

the yard we see painted on a one-story, whitewashed, stone-house,—

RUE MEXICO.

Whether the authorities, whose drum sounds here as it did on the docks at Vera Cruz, and in the Plaza at Mexico, intended to honour the French triumph in America by this designation, or whether the word *rue* was a playful *double entendre* on the forlorn path which French imperialism followed in Mexico—I know not. I only know that we lived in that street, nearly two days, and made desultory efforts to sleep there two nights. The Rue consists of four houses on one side and five on the other, one being a stable. I have seen an Arab gallanting his donkey down our boulevard! These houses are covered with a red tile. At the west and fashionable end of this street are seen the tents of the Turcos; and above them, upon the hill, is the fort, in yellow stone. The houses are all whitewashed. I perceive a young Arab, minus his clothes, approach. He whistles a French tune. He is progressing. Three turbaned people and a dog are examining a string-halt mule for a trade. A tall, dilapidated African wench, in tatters, makes up the *tout ensemble* of our street. But the swallows do not disdain to sing there. The dogs sleep in it, regardless of fleas. The people have not yet heard of Maximilian's failure, and the name of Mexico is still glorious. Does it not run parallel with the Rue Napoleon? and where so near the Great Desert can you find a better street than the Rue Napoleon?

The houses in Rue Napoleon are numbered. Some have 'insurance' signs on them. Respectable denizens

have their sheep in the houses. An African, of choicest ebony, has a wheelbarrow and is wheeling whitewash through that street! Chickens and goats are there! One end of the rue runs into an elegant open stable. Above the stable, in fine perspective, is a mountain, and a road winds up it, and a camel is on the road—and the African landscape is thus complete! Three thousand soldiers are here in Teniet. It is the outpost of the French occupation. From hence, as a military base of operations, the fights were made. Ammunition, provisions, and guns are here kept for emergencies. An emergency arises, to wit:

When we arose in the morning and looked up and down the Rue Mexico—lo! there is a hurrying to and fro of brave men! The trumpets are sounding, the drums are beating, and something is up! Is there an insurrection? There is. Where? among the Indigenes? It is. Where? in the desert tribes? Aye, marry is it! Does it mean destruction? It does—dire, direst. On with your armour, men of mettle! Mount your barbs, ye chasseurs! Pack on your backs your knapsacks, O Turcos! The Locusts are upon ye! As an enemy they are worse to Algiers, by far, than fire and sword of fanatic Moslem! The news is hurried into Teniet, that the army of locusts which ate up every green thing three years ago, is on the march! Already their videttes have been seen by us, not knowing what it meant, far up into the alluvial plains, near Milianah. The van of the locust army is approaching; nay, is already here and beyond Teniet-el-Haad. Five hundred men—before I can understand the situation—are already on the march to meet the host before it reaches the fertile plains. The locusts come from the desert, and with instinct equal to reason, they are making for the road to Milianah. They do not travel over fields and mountains, but on

the highway! At night, when they are tired and torpid, the soldiers gather them in heaps and throw lime on them. By day they fight them back with branches of trees and noises—guns, drums, trumpets, blunderbusses, and thunder. In this way they may save the country at the north.

It was a terrible devastation, that by the locusts of 1867. It was the more so, inasmuch as the natives had made no provision for famine and loss of crops as in former years. Before the wars with the French it was the custom, when crops were gathered, to hide the surplus in the ground for an exigency. During the wars, this surplus was taken by the French. The natives, Arab and Kabyle, since then have sold their surplus. Hence, when the crops were destroyed by the locusts in 1867, the natives were in the power of the brokers and hucksters, and found no relief. The famine was, therefore, terrible upon them. Over one hundred thousand people perished of hunger.

I remember to have read, in some notes to a poem of Southey, that the Arabs of the Desert rejoiced at the advent of the locusts, because they devastated the rich plains of Barbary, and thus afforded them the opportunity safely to push through the Atlas gates, and pitch their tents in the desolated plains. Where such terrible consequences follow, it is worth while to ascertain not only how to avert (and in this instance, unhappily, the effort was too late, and, therefore, fruitless) but to investigate the cause of these insect plagues. They are one of the results of the intense sun of the desert—for the beams of which, I was *not* in search. Scientific men, in investigating the maximum degree of vital manifestation under the sun's rays, have concluded that it attains its highest point, as well as its greatest variety, richness of hue, and sometimes venom, where the solar beam is most intense and the luminary most

nearly vertical. Hence, life, especially insect life, increases as you go from the Pole to the Equator. Humboldt has written of its horrors in the South American swamps. The beetles and birds of Brazil are described by Agassiz. The pyramidal ants of Africa, the white ants of India, the parasol ants of Trinidad, these are the schoolboy's wonder! The scorpion valley we have ourselves found in Algiers; but the locust phenomena outrank them all, either as marvels or as scourges.

The masses of locusts not only darken the sun, but their migration is conducted on a plan so remarkable that human reason can hardly out-march, out-flank, or out-general them. They have been known, in their short lives, to do more damage than the armies of men. Even after death, when great masses have been thrown into the sea, they have, when thrown back on the shore, poisoned the air by their decomposition. In 1858 they moved from Barbary on England. They have been known to cross from the Continent to Madagascar. They are the same enlightened insect which providence used in Egypt nearly 4000 years ago, of which it is recorded that 'the locusts went up all over the land of Egypt, and rested in all the coasts of Egypt; very grievous were they. . . . They covered the face of the whole earth, so that the land was darkened; and they did eat every herb of the land.'

If any one will explain why England in August was full of ladybugs, and how they reached that fast-anchored isle, I will explain the locust flights. With feeble wing—a leap rather than a flight—these insects, born of the sun, have come to England to eat the vermin which infest the hops, with a view to beer and ale. Surely there is a special providence in these miraculous flights!

But our pathway will cross that of the locusts, if they push on their columns. We are to move on toward the Desert. We are to see the great forests of ilex and cedar, south of Teniet, upon the Atlas, from which the present chapter is penned.

The forest is a day's hard ride and many hours' walk from Teniet-el-Haad. More; it is a good two hours' walk from the end of the road, called by the French '*Le Rond Point*,' or turning. It is so called, because it is the only point within many miles among these mountains where a carriage may turn to go back. It is the point to which the French officers at Teniet-el-Haad often ride for a day's recreation and pic-nic among the mountains. Indeed, we left below us, at the foot of this mountain, a considerable company of them. They are bivouacking in the woods, near the hut of a lumberman, and under the wide-spreading umbrage of the cedars of Lebanon, which help to make the forest here.

I write where I sit, upon the topmost and most southern of the range of Atlas, into whose heart we penetrated at Fort Napoleon, in East Algiers. Here, in Southern Algiers, we have gone through this range of Atlas, and have now an uninterrupted look to the far south—so far that nothing intervenes between us and the limit of our vision, as far as the eye can reach from a point 6000 feet above the sea. That is, we have an eye-grasp of objects over 150 miles distant! What we have seen, when so far north from here—as if in cloud-land, or in arctic-land, or in dream-land—is here and now real and near; for we are not only amidst, but have surmounted, the mountains which gave such a glory to distance.

Apart from the gratification of the eye, there is something very attractive to me in the mountains. I naturally go toward and into them. These African

mountains have a spell about them ; they hide the mysterious. Beyond their walls what is there—not ? The unknown is ever wonderful. They form a part of that range which makes Italy. They are classic enough to help Scylla and Charybdis into their olden bad fame. They make Sicily possible. Crossing under the sea, from Sicily to Tunis, they are only 1500 feet below its blue surface. They are as plainly marked to the eye of Captain Maury, or the philosophic geographer, as if they were above, all clad in snow and dressed in greenery. East of Tunis, and as far as Egypt, there is a level desert ; west, these mountains move in majesty towards the Atlantic. Were there 1500 feet more upon the ridge which binds Sicily to Italy and to Africa, we should have one continent less ! Let him who would abolish Africa reflect on this. We have seen the glories of this range in its most conspicuously interesting aspect, and from its grandest positions.

I find it best, as a saving of hand-labour, if not as a matter of interest to reader and writer, to take my shots at scenery 'on the wing.' If I wait till next day, or till I return to my hotel, or have more leisure—when every day is crowded with fresh incident and new phases—something of the interest and all of the freshness of description are lost. Therefore, I take my ink in pocket, and my 'pen in hand,' and open my eyes and write. Whether seated on a crag or in the grass ; upon a fallen pine, or ensconced amidst the broad arms of the olive—whether in a Kabyle cabin or an Arab tent—the best way to reproduce the object to the eye at home is to catch it before it 'lights.' If I could concentrate into one focus the eyes of your mind, and fix them here on this pinnacle of grandeur, and then, inspired by one lofty mountain thought, turn it round till it sweeps the horizon, you would

have a panorama entirely unique and sublime—an endless chain of eminent ‘royal highnesses,’ each worthy to wear the crown of Atlas, or the diadem of snow wherewith the Alps are honoured. It seems as if the mountains here were once mobile billows, and had been stayed as they stand, by the Living Word! Turning directly to the south, you perceive mountain beyond and above mountain, until the vegetation, here so gigantic, gradually seems to die out, and the hills begin with a few patches of isolated green to make their halting and timid march towards sterility. Still on, and on, until we perceive where they end, and, by the aid of a glass, where the yellow line of sand begins. There, at last, between us and the horizon—just before our eye, no illusory mirage—there, is the first footstep of the Inscrutable in the sands of the Great Desert of Sahara. It may not be *the* desert itself, but it is enough for a sample. It is the Algerine desert; almost as formidable as Sahara. We know that Sahara begins there to be what it becomes further on, in its consummate desolation. Beyond this line of sand two or three dark green spots appear. Are they oases? In the midst we see a town, by the aid of a glass—called Chelala—white, oriental, but dim—a resting place for travellers over the great sea of sand. Then beyond this—most uncertain, waving, and vapoury—a hundred and fifty miles from our lofty vision ground, is a line of mountain where my pre-historic Taurarigs, or Berbers live and levy tribute of the caravans, or plunder. To the left, on the west, are three surpassing peaks of mountains. They are a part of this range of Atlas, rugged and glorious. As we look out from our mountain ground of vantage, they seem awful and mysterious, swimming like clouds in the upper ether, or standing like weird sentinels at the gateways of the Desert. The heart