

fighting Jews; and, judging by its quality, it belongs to the light brigade. I learn from 'Judges' and 'Chronicles,' that the tribe of Benjamin, like my Arab friends, were experts in its use; and from 'Kings,' that it was used in attacking and defending towns, and in light skirmishing—as in this delicate warfare on the birds. From 'Maccabees,' I have the apocryphal account of its use by the Syrians, with some refinement in its manufacture. The simple sling, which I made when a boy, is the same which these Arabs have, viz., two strings to a leathern receptacle for the stone in the centre, termed the pan, or *caph*. At least Samuel the prophet says so; and Samuel ought to know. According to that good son of Hannah—whose name I have the honour to bear—the sling stones (1 Samuel xvii. 40) were selected for their smoothness. A bag was carried round the neck, as a sort of shot-pouch, or the pebbles were heaped up at the feet of the slinger. We know what sort of a stone David took for Goliath, and how it hurt. The old rude sculptures of Egypt show some of these slingers at their art; but I never understood how neatly they could be aimed, and how swiftly shot, until these Arabs taught us. Their skill rivals the classic fame of the dwellers in the Balearic isles.

Our ride from Milianah to Orleansville, runs through a valley, very wide and perfectly cultivated. The birds were busy at the grain and the Arabs at the birds. In England, some years ago, the farmers were in a rage at the little winged thieves, for destroying their crops, and commenced to destroy them. They soon found out their mistake. The birds were really conservative. The Algerines are on the same track. They are after the birds now; but when the worm comes, they will call for the birds. What a lesson here for—political and social sages!





There is nothing more beautiful than fields of grain waving in the zephyrs, and just transmuting or transmuted into gold. There are vast areas of grain here, and where grain is not upon our Western route, the Abyssinian jasmine, the white flox, the flaring red poppy, the yellow, prickly broom, and opulent marigold, fill the meadows. On all the route to Orleansville, and thence to Relizane — where the railroad begins to run west to Oran — we perceive why Africa is so fragrant and efflorescent, why her sands are 'golden' in another and better sense than those of Australia, and why her fields are beautiful with bountiful harvests. We see, too, every few miles, that the capital and enterprise of France is making a railroad track along and parallel with this coast. Every few miles, already erected and waiting, are good substantial stone houses for the railway officers, the only houses to be seen out of the little villages, not counting the Arab huts and tents as such. These railroad edifices are the nuclei of towns hereafter to be called into existence. The land around them is offered at about six dollars per acre; and the wonder is that so few seem attracted to these alluvial plains. Labour is plenty. The Arab *will* work. I have already told how I have seen him at it. Notwithstanding he is so berated by the French, he is used and useful. Our driver could not speak ill enough of him. I confess that, compared with the Kabyles, the Arabs are not so industrious, but I find them much better than they are painted. Our driver talked of them as Western people in American territories talk of the Indians. They are vermin, robbers, murderers, useless cumberers of the earth, only fit to be exterminated. But one must make allowances. The Arab has lost his pasturage. His tenure of land, for his flocks, never very strong, has been rendered very uncertain.



He wanders very much now—still nomadic in his wits and about his fortune. He is in perpetual unrest as to his right of property. He may be lazy and may think that 'property is robbery,' and try, on this principle, to increase his store. He may grow tired of his nomadic flock breeding,

—'fold his tent, like an Arab,  
And quietly *steal* away.'

Our driver approves of that verse in its most literal significance. He thinks the poet has travelled through Algiers. But I rather distrust that driver. He told me some monstrous stories yesterday about lions and tigers here. Perhaps he took me for a credulous Cockney. He did not frighten me; no, sir. I have seen only one jackal, and that in the Gorge of Chiffa; one porcupine, and one scorpion. Not a lion have I met 'in the way.' One leopard I saw at Fort Napoleon, but he was dead and skinned. In fact, it was the skin I saw. I had read Gerard, and how he killed one hundred and thirty lions here, and kept after them till he found honourable sepulture in the belly of the royal beast. I have read of a native lion-killer, Mustafa Somebody, who always killed his lions when they were gorged and dormant. He was a mighty hunter. That would be my style with a lion. But I was not prepared to hear our driver say, that along this route, not long since, while driving the diligence in the night, he saw what he thought was a cart and two lanterns before him, at which his horses refused to go on. He got out, went ahead; found two enormous lions in the road. Their eyes were the lanterns. He struck them with his whip, when they sneaked off! I asked the driver, gently, 'if he were native to Algiers?' 'No, Monsieur.' 'Are you then from France?' 'Oh! oui, Monsieur.' 'From Gascony?' His exploit was accounted for—he was from Gas—con—y!



But it is not long since lions did ravage these parts. The very cactus hedges and fortified farms show that protection from them to flocks and people was sought for. Laws were made to help in eradicating the royal beast. Bounties are yet paid for his death. Near the Morocco line, lions and hyenas, panthers and jackals are common. The Government pays eight dollars for a lion or panther scalp; for a young lion, or young panther, three dollars; for a hyena, one dollar, and for a young hyena or jackal, about thirty cents. There are adventurous Arabs who make the hyena business quite lucrative. I have seen no return of the bounties paid since 1863, when there were 1578 animals paid for. There is no better sign than this in a new country. I can remember, and I am not old, when Ohio paid bounties for wolf scalps. But we have seen no wild beasts here of any account. We have breakfasted on wild boar, and have seen the little wild piggies, all brown and striped, and very pretty for hogs. They are easily tamed, and (like the Arab here and there) are found following the French about like a pet dog.

When Southern Algiers was fairly opening fifteen years ago, and the French soldiers were working their way to the inland, where the wild beasts did most abound, I remember to have seen in the Paris '*Charivari*' some funny caricatures of the experiences of the green French conscript. One retains its place in my memory. It was that of the unsophisticated young soldier just arrived, who, seeing a lion asleep, ran up, and in a glee of satisfaction caught him by the scruff of the neck, and called out to his companion with great delight that he had him! I do not remember what was the result.

In these letters I have said little about Roman or other remains, preferring to photograph the living



present. But there is much of interest to the archæologist in Algiers. The museums of Spain, France, and Great Britain are full of Roman coins, arms, tombs and monuments. But in no part of the world out of Italy, are there such attractive evidences of the great power of the ancient world as here. Carthage leaves its impress both here and upon the opposite coast; but Rome outlives and outshines all nationalities, in her aqueducts, roads, amphitheatres, temples, and cities. Cherchell, shaken by an earthquake, is still visible under the waves of the sea, whose salt preserves the town, as ashes preserved Pompeii, and rock preserves Herculaneum. But there is one monument in Algiers, which not to see or mention would be like going to Egypt and forgetting the



Tomb of the Christian.

pyramids. I may be excused for presenting an engraving of it. It is called the 'Tomb of the Chris-



tian? We have seen it from several points: on our trip along the sea to the Trappists; and to the Gorge of Chiffa; upon our visit to Blidah, and afterwards on the way to Milianah. It is upon one of the lofty mountain points, and cuts the sky so clear and clean that it is ever beckoning your vision from distant points. It is said by some to be the sepulchre of the Mauritanian kings; by others, to have been erected in memory of a Vandal princess, who was converted to Catholicism. Hence its name. It is 136 feet high. Its base is polygonal, and is 195 feet in diameter. Ionic columns support the tomb, which rises in circular steps, in the form of a truncated cone. Various are the stories told of this monument; several romances are woven about it, but they are all reduced to this, by some scientific and learned researches: In the year 22 before Christ it was erected by Juba II., King of this region. He had been brought up in Rome, had visited Greece, and had travelled to Egypt. Hence the base of the monument is Ionic, and the dome like that of Egypt. It was erected in honour of his wife, who was an Egyptian, and brought her religion with her to this land. These revelations are the result of the researches of Dr. McCarthy, an Irish savant employed here by the Emperor for tracing and verifying Cæsar's campaigns in Africa. But whoever made this tomb, and for what purpose soever—affection, vanity, or ambition—it is the pervading presence of Algiers. It seems to follow you. It is the genius of the country. It is like St. Peter's to Rome, and Vesuvius to Naples. You cannot think of Algiers, without recalling the vision of the Tomb of the Christian.

There is another tomb in the province of Constantine very similar to it. It is no doubt a burial monument of the Mauritanian kings. It is called the



*Tombeau Madressen.* When I presented it to the artist who has undertaken to illustrate this volume, Mr. Simpson, he at once recognized old friends in these monuments. He had never been in Algiers, but being skilled in such subjects, from his researches as the artist of the 'Illustrated London News,' in India, in the Crimea, in the Abyssinian war, and the East generally, he made me a note bearing on the matter. In it he writes that the Tomb of the Christian, and the *Tombeau Madressen* are so unlike any other architectural remains in the western parts of the Old World, that they have given considerable trouble to archæologists to explain them. Their identity with the Buddhist Topes, or Dagopas of ancient India, Ceylon, and similar erections of the present day in Ladak, Thibet, and other parts of the Himalayas, makes their explanation still more difficult. These Buddhist buildings may be described as 'round pyramids,' and this description exactly describes the tombs of Algeria. Drawings of these Buddhist Topes were in Mr. Simpson's Exhibition of Indian Drawings in London. The Buddhist Topes were tombs and temples combined.

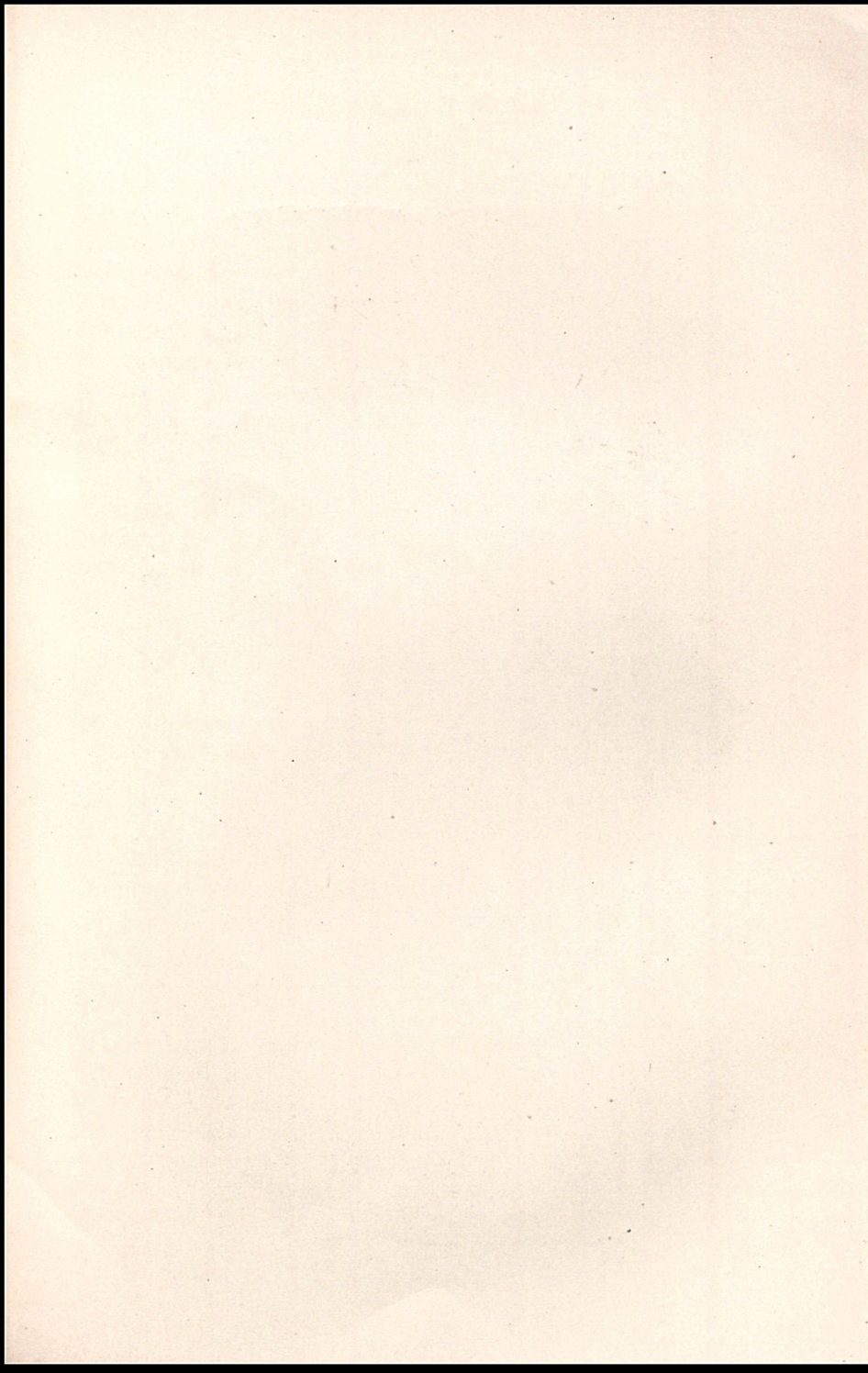
I was surprised at the appearance of Orleansville. Although it had but a thousand people, nearly all were European. The hotel was Parisian. The country about it is hot, and the land denuded of trees. The water is not drinkable, but it serves to irrigate very well the plants within the walls. The River Chelif runs by the town. Its valley bursts through the mountains here towards the sea. Our Kabyle friends live in the mountains on the north. Many a good fight they have waged with the French hereabouts. The place is the old Castle Tingitii of the Romans. It has had much to do with the French and native wars. It is thoroughly defended by a wall



and a fosse. It is like all the Algerine towns. They resemble, with the walls, towers, and gates, more a city of the Middle Ages than one of the nineteenth century. In 1843, when Marshal Bugeaud was rebuilding the town of Orleansville, the ancient basilica of St. Reparatus was discovered. This Christian church was built here under Roman rule in the third century. It has some rude mosaics, red, black, and white, and is ornamented with five inscriptions, of which two form a species of *abracadabra*. One of these is upon the words, '*Sancta Ecclesia*,' spelt *Ecclesia* (with one *c*). It is a square, covered with letters. The letter *S* occupies the intersection of the two diagonals, or the centre of the seventh line. Starting from thence, you may read in every direction—'*Sancta Ecclesia*'—repeated a great number of times. Here it is—

A	I	S	E	L	C	E	C	L	E	S	I	A
I	S	E	L	C	E	A	E	C	L	E	S	I
S	E	L	C	E	A	T	A	E	C	L	E	S
E	L	C	E	A	T	C	T	A	E	C	L	E
L	C	E	A	T	C	N	C	T	A	E	C	L
C	E	A	T	C	N	A	N	C	T	A	E	C
E	A	T	C	N	A	S	A	N	C	T	A	E
C	E	A	T	C	N	A	N	C	T	A	E	C
L	C	E	A	T	C	N	C	T	A	E	C	L
E	L	C	E	A	T	C	T	A	E	C	L	E
S	E	L	C	E	A	T	A	E	C	L	E	S
I	S	E	L	C	E	A	E	C	L	E	S	I
A	I	S	E	L	C	E	C	L	E	S	I	A

We found the most delightful accommodations at Orleansville; and took our dinner, as Plato advised his ideal republicans to dine, with sweet music—harp, violin, flute, and voice! At this feast every dish was at hand. The spirits of the old Roman epicures, who once visited the baths and waters of Algiers, seemed to have managed this menu for us. Among the dishes







AN ARAB TENT.



was the *kouskousou*, made of flour stirred up with sour milk, and garnished with beans. This is the national dish. It was tolerably good. Hunger made it seem so, at least.

But I have no complaint to make of the French cuisine. We have been nowhere yet that we could not get three or four good meals a day. While in England—at any English village inn, or even in the cities—you have only the mutton chop or beefsteak, either overdone and charred or underdone and raw; in France and its dependencies you can always have something—ragouts, soups, and meats, fruits, salads, and dessert—fresh, fine, and savoury. The native wine of this country, especially at Milianah, is good. It is like a light sherry, stiffly alcoholic, but very palatable. It smacks of the sun; it will bear improvement in the making. Unlike the full-bodied wines of Corsica, or the unfortified port of southern Spain, it is the very wine to make a breakfast, a lunch, or a dinner sparkle! The white wines of Algiers have a fine future, and great efforts are making for their perfection.

Nine more hours of carriage-riding from Orleansville, and we are at the railroad terminus. We changed our horses at a fortified auberge, half way. While waiting for the change we visited some Arab tents. I said that they were not enchanting. In fact, we were disenchanted by too close an observation. The tent fabric is much smoked. It may look better in the engraving. It is like a filthy old rag carpet, awkwardly stretched on poles. The entrance is very low—so is the tent. The women were present, and invited us to enter. There were four tents enclosed by a sort of fence of dried wild *joujoub*, a thorny bush common here on the moors. Inside of this fence were some goats, and sheep, and one donkey.



The latter was chasing the kids and lambs with the playful jocoseness of a kitten. There were three women—all wives—of different ages; one like a child. They were ornamented with immense steel necklaces and ear-rings, having little red coral charms pendent. On their foreheads were similar decorations—very coarse, and not unlike those of our squaws. The tent curtain was so low that we had almost to go on our knees to enter. We saw some matting, rolled up now, but reserved for night service. It was their bed. Two kids, tied together, occupied the centre of the tent. A woman was milking a goat. Charcoal embers were alive under an iron pot in one corner, and scattered around was an immense amount of rubbish. This was the tent whose romantic beauty fills the fancy of the Occident. One of the wives held upon her back her baby, its feet somehow supported in a belt at the back. The little one had to hang on to the mother while the mother milked the goat. I do not yet understand how that baby held on to that mother. The women seemed very proud of their ornaments. One of them who had the double ear-rings, at top and bottom of the ear, six inches round, was eager to take off her handkerchief and head-gear, and display her distorted ears and tawdry decorations. They have little use for fire, as they live on goats' milk. What cooking they do is done either with charcoal or the joudouba thorn-bush. By the way, as there were no hawthorns or wild briars in Syria, and as this thorny joudouba is native there, it must have been this to which the Psalmist referred, when he spoke of the laughter of a certain class being 'like the crackling of thorns under a pot.' David had been a nomad! He had, while watching his sheep, cooked an improvised mutton chop, over the crackling of the joudouba.



We are soon in the cars and on the way to Oran. The track is lined with the castor-oil plant. The plains are very level. As we leave for Spain to-night, we watch for the sea. We hope it is not covered with white caps. Alas! before we reach it we see the wind-mills about Oran swinging their long arms madly. We pass into Oran—past a fine cemetery full of dead Mohammedans and live cypresses.

The mountains about Oran are whitish with limestone, and seem almost chalky. The fields are decked to the last in colours. The city is splendidly fortified by Santa Cruz and Santa Gregory. Its rocky mountains are topped with castles, the scenes of many a fight between Spain and Algiers. The anchorage is fine. The jetty is made, like that at Marseilles, of artificial stone. Oran has 23,000 people—all busy. The Spaniards are most noticeable. Their black velvet hats everywhere appear. Some 3000 have emigrated hither within a few months, owing to the home taxes and the doubts they have of a stable government at home. In 1509, Cardinal Ximenes himself led the fight here against the Mohammedans. He conquered Oran. Hither the disgraced Spanish nobles used to be exiled; and they had a saturnalia while here. Oran was called a little court. It was so lively when the Spaniards used it for a prison or exile, that it was sought for by those in search of enjoyment. Since the French have had it, it has been very gay. The population appear on the dash. Business is brisk. An earthquake now and then does something. Oran is an Algerian Chicago—in little. We see, as it were in a picture, military people of every uniform and grade, from the chasseur with his blue cap and red pants to the spahis with their red, flowing robes. Here are the Jews in sombre black and Jewesses in damask, gold, or silk; the Spaniards, from



the huertas of Andalusia, with their light shawls gracefully folded over their shoulders and a semi-turban about their heads betraying the Moorish vicinage; and finally, amidst a tableau of outside natives—on donkeys and off, moving, noisy, and curious to look at—we find the Moors themselves, careless, easy, fastidious, stoical, and any other adjective to show how utterly indifferent they seem to the active European life around them. The whole makes up a picture quite equal to that at Malta or Algiers. It would require a Dutch artist of the old school to depict its variety and detail.

Thus endeth my description of Algiers and the strange vicissitudes and contrasts which make up its life, scenery, history, and people. I cannot close without remarking upon the courtesy everywhere extended to us by French and native, by officials and peoples, by Kabyle and Arab. Especially would I remember the honest, faithful, and accomplished master of the Hôtel d'Orient at Algiers. Not because he sent after me, through the country, to return some money I had deposited, and which I had forgotten to draw; although that was very handsome and indispensable. But his hotel is a model. If I were to build one, I would send an architect to Algiers to study its conveniences and proportions. It rises up before me, like a dream of the Orient. Its court, so airy and sweet with flowers; and its figures of Mahmoud the Great, Schamyl of Circassia, and Abd-el-Kader—wrought in stone, within the enclosure—these, if we had no other souvenirs, would preserve Algiers in the amber of our memory.

Let not the traveller who crosses the ocean and desires to see Oriental life rush off to Syria or Egypt before he tries Algiers. It is at the door of France. Fifty hours from Marseilles in good weather will bring



him to Algiers, and less than half that will take him from Malaga or Carthagenena to Oran. I would advise him not to go in winter. Some friends who were in Algiers in February were nearly four weeks weather-bound. The sea is uncertain. If you put out, you may have to go back or run for refuge into another port. So at Corsica in winter. But in April there is no such risk. Take little or no baggage with you. Be prepared, if you can, to go in a company of four or five, to make up a carriage-load, and thus save expense and the too rigorous travel of a diligence. Besides, in these countries of the sun, the diligence runs generally at night; and you miss so much. Arm yourself with plenty of flea powder! Do not be afraid of being under an umbrella! The sun is very perpendicular and warm in its attentions. The turban has an object. If you lunch out of doors (as we did often) and upon the ground—find out first if the ground has a good or a bad reputation for—scorpions; and if you can secure a companion—as accomplished as Dr. Bennet in the sciences, botanical and otherwise, and as social in the amenities of life—do so. But you will have to look long and far to find him.

We depart in the vessel for Spain at 4 o'clock. We are to see the smoke of the silver and lead mines of Carthagenena at breakfast to-morrow. The little steamer rides very lightly on the waves within the mole at Oran. We have inspected her. The sea looks squally. What will the vessel do in the open sea? We are attended, and so is our baggage, to the boat by an indigent indigene—Mahmoud, *not* Hahmoud. We were compelled to leave the latter at Algiers. Hahmoud wears a French sack-coat and Turkish baggy breeches. He is the incarnation of the conflict between the two civilizations. His coat is of the Occident, and it looks bright and new. His breeches



are of the Orient, and are seedy, patched, and ready for the rag-basket, the paper-mill, or as manure for the olive! Thus passeth away the glory of the Deys, the Pirates, the Moors, and the Arabs before France! Adieu to the African Orient! Hail to Spain! old Spain no more, but *Hispania rediviva*, under the revolution!

## CHAPTER XIV.

## SPAIN—VEGETABLE SURPRISES AND DISAPPOINTMENTS.

'Once more—once more! in dust and gore to ruin must thou reel!  
 In vain—in vain thou tearest the sand with furious heel—  
 In vain—in vain, thou noble beast! I see, I see thee stagger,  
 Now keen and cold thy neck must hold the stern Alcaydé's dagger!'

LOCKHART'S 'Spanish Ballads.'



WE steamed from Oran, in Algiers, into the port of Carthagera through a heavy sea. The Spanish coast might as well have been in the moon, for it was utterly bleak, woodless, and leafless. Dry, white limestone mountains, like those we left at Oran, stand along the coast, and make it so forbidding that we wonder the Carthaginians ever thought it so inviting, or that for its conquest the Romans under Scipio waged such terrific wars.

The port presents a narrow gateway between the lofty rocks on either side, which are impregably fortified. As we go between them, an officer boards our vessel, and we sway on the waves while we pass through his ordeal. He examines us for our health. As we steam up the bay, we perceive before us the great old fort built by the Carthaginians. It was captured by Scipio Africanus, 210 B.C. At that time, Carthagera, or New Carthage, was one of the richest cities of the world. Not for its glass, cordage, and fisheries—which now furnish employment to most of the population—but for its silver and lead mines, from which, as we sail