beats as we gaze—beats tumultuously—and the hand trembles to record its throbbings. Turning about and looking north, the excitement is not lessened; for our vision reaches Milianah, which is over ninety kilomètres (five kilos to three miles) from Teniet. Over this distance we have come—over mountain and vale, through cool blast and sirocco heat—not without fatigue; but the fatigue is compensated by this one magnificent view, for ever burned by the 'Sunbeams' into our memories.

We are so far out of the track of travel, even for French people—and I was about to say, being on this untravelled mountain, for Arabs—that it is worth while to give the reader the *modus operandi* of coming hither. Algiers, to English and Americans, is only known as a conquered colony, and the battle-ground of Abd-el-Kader. The French themselves know only a few of its places by personal observation. I mean the French tourists. A French writer, in a pamphlet which I have picked up (being a plea for a more liberal policy for Algiers), says that Algiers is as far off as China, as the French look at it only through the wrong end of the lorgnette. There is much truth in the remark, not alone for its political metaphor, but for its literal meaning. We astounded the French travellers we have met, when we told them that we were bound for Teniet-el-Haad. Indeed, but for the fact that two of our party were invalids, unequal to 120° Fahrenheit, and the sirocco which blows at times to that point of the thermometer, we should now be moving over the Desert itself. As it is, we must be content with a Mosaic vision from the mountain of promise. We are not permitted to enter in upon the land itself. It puzzles me almost to know, much more to tell, how we attained this grand eminence. Teniet is itself 1200 feet above Milianah,

and Milianah is 2700 feet above the sea. We undertake by a carriage road—as rough a road as any country can show (made at first for military, and then for forest purposes)—to reach the Great Forest. We pass through every variety of scenery and climate to reach it. We find the flowers, trees, and birds of the temperate zone as we rise up into the mountains. The hyacinth, the blue and yellow orchis; the bluebird, jay, and cuckoo; the oak, ash, and cedar,—all salute us. What oaks these are! Some are deciduous, just drawing over their naked wintry fingers the green gloves of spring. Some are, like the evergreen oaks of Florida, hanging with sad, grey pendants of moss. As we rise upon Atlas' sides we see, far off below, our road from Milianah, over peak after peak, and into plain after plain. We are going west rather than south, and before us are the mountains of snow and cedars, and behind us the green wheat and barley fields of the Teniet environs. I count six ranges of mountains in the east and north, and as we move still on and up, the few red roofs of Teniet seem like specks in the distance. At first we see a few young cedars. They are conical in form, but how unlike the mature cedar which we soon meet—the limbs of which are covered with green, and are as thin and flat as a table. Some are gigantic. It is hardly the same graceful, little tree we first perceived. *Quantum mutatus.* After fighting the north wind and the sirocco for a thousand years its trunk is, as it ought to be, immense, and its limbs and foliage beaten down at right angles with its trunk. As you look down on these forests, it seems as if you could walk over their level floor of frosted green. These are the veritable cedars of Lebanon.

I know that efforts have been made to depreciate the 'glory of Lebanon.' It is said that Lamartine is

responsible, by his grandiose description, for the poetic aggrandisement of the cedars of Lebanon; for they are, he says, grand and impressive; they tower above the centuries, they know history better than history knows itself; they astonish the people of Lebanon. Evidently, they did not astonish Madame Olympe Audouard, when she visited Lebanon; but M. Alphonse Lamartine did. She found the trees dwarfed and ugly, and Lamartine imaginative in more senses than one. 'Shall I carve your name under M. Lamartine's, Madame?' said her guide. She asked if he had been with the poet when he carved his name. 'Not at all,' was the remarkable reply, 'for he never came here; but, like a wise gentleman, remained in Beyrout, and sent me here to cut his name.'

Such at least is the story as it goes the round. Whatever of truth there may be in Madame's representation, these cedars of Lebanon deserve all the eulogy which Lamartine has bestowed on them. Dean Stanley, in his exhaustive and elegant volume on Palestine 'recognized the sacred recess of the present cedars of Lebanon.' He proceeds to describe the scene and the impressions; from which we learn that Lamartine did not exaggerate. Above the moraines of ancient glaciers, and even above the semicircle of the snowy range of the summit of Lebanon, is a single dark massive clump—the sole spot of vegetation that marks the mountain wilderness. This is the Cedar Grove. The outskirts are clothed with the younger trees, whose light, feathery branches veil the more venerable patriarchs in the interior of the grove. There are twelve old trees remaining, called by the Maronites the twelve apostles! Their massive branches are clothed with a scaly texture, and contorted with all the multiform irregularities of age. From these David had received his grand impressions. The shiver-

ing of their rock-like stems by the thunderbolt is to him like the shaking of the solid mountain itself. Dean Stanley further remarks upon the peculiar grace of the long sweeping branches, feathering down to the ground—as we have the transplanted cedar in Europe, and which, he says, is unknown to the cedars of Lebanon. He pictures the latter as we saw them in the Atlas; the young trees holding up the old, and the elder holding up the younger trees. He speaks of their height and breadth, and does not forget, what we saw all through the forest of the Atlas, that it was full of birds of gay plumage and clear note. It was out of these ancient trees that the Temple of Solomon was made; so that it was called the house of the forest of Lebanon. Tyre and Sidon built their ships out of these cedars, and their fame went with ancient commerce to the ends of the then known earth. Sennacherib could find no image so suitable to the expression of his power as this: 'By the multitude of my chariots am I come to the heights of the mountains, and to the sides of Lebanon, to the height of his cedars, and the beauty of his cypresses.'

Our experience with the chariot was limited, compared to that of Sennacherib. We ascended to the height of his border, and the forest of his park, on foot.

The cedars of Judea, aye, even those described by the Psalmist, cannot be, as we believed them to be before the enchantment of observation, larger or more beautiful than those of the Atlas. Where do they not grow here? There are two forests of them, many miles square in area. Some of the trees burst through rocks; some grow out of peaked mountain tops; some look so natty that it seems as if they were a company of Parisian ladies, exaggerated a thousand fold in size, and carrying their parasols with a genteel

crook of the elbow and the latest Grecian bend. The colour of the cedar foliage is that of tea green, with a sort of whitish frost work. Some of my readers may have seen the cedars of Lebanon. Some at least have seen, in the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, the first one ever brought into Europe, in 1740. Its counterpart is here reflected in a thousand forms and much larger and multiplied infinitely.

Among these living cedars, above us and below us, we find many blasted and many charred by fire; but even in their desolation, they seem sacred and sublime. The live oaks about them, covered with brown, gray, and green mosses, would of themselves repay us for this forest trip, had we seen no cedars. We missed our trip to the larch forests of Corsica, owing to the snows of February. Those larches were 170 feet high, and immense in diameter. These cedars are not quite so high, but as great in girth. They are broad and wide, fit emblems of Atlas—upon whose head they grow. I measured one of the two under which we lunched; and in a fair way, three feet from the ground. It measured thirty feet around; not equal to the 'big trees' of California; but big enough!

Nature exaggerates her growth here to compensate for the vegetable lack in the Great Desert so near. Nature does nothing in a hurry. Having reached the climax of vegetable glory in these oaks and cedars, she gradually moves down the ravines and mountains, until there is not a blade of grass left where the Desert may be said to begin its empire; for we are outside of the Tell, or cultivable region. And even in these forests, before we see the Desert, the mind is prepared for Desolation. One-fourth of the great trees are blasted; but their skeletons remain. The bones of their gigantic bodies are here; and in all postures. Some are erect, as if they died proudly facing the

blast; some devotional, upon their knees, as if warned of death and praying to be delivered; some grotesquely on all fours, or flat on their back, big enough even when down and dead, to frighten the ordinary woodman. But I must record the truth. The woodman has come hither, and he does not spare these cedars of Lebanon! The Scripture is fulfilled; 'Howl fir-tree, for the cedar is fallen!' The Government have conceded to the railroad company the privilege of cutting these trees as sleepers. They are being slaughtered: but it will be years yet before the glory of Lebanon departs. It is so difficult to reach them among these mountains, and so far to haul them. It is a pity the workmen could not clear up the forests by taking out those which are half-alive and half-dead; or, if you please, remove those unhealthy cedars with large protuberances, called gout stones, or those which resemble the description of the old Indian orator—'dead at the top.'

But we have not yet reached the heart of the forest. The barometer registers only 4500 feet. The vegetation varies as we rise. Here is the schoolmaster's ferula again, and the blackberry pushing its way to the very edge ot the Desert, and inviting comparison with the old oaks. Flowers appear in great abundance. The wild pea, the butter-cup and the daisy, deck the road-side! How beautiful the wild roses look—the French eglantine—draping the old rocks! How came Narcissus here? Where is his mirror of tranquil water, in which to dress his vanity? Here is the purple, velvety pansy, as large and as sweet as that of England! It lies in clusters, as if native to the Atlas, and used to the breath of 5000 feet elevation. Here, too, is the hawthorn; not numerous, but here! How came it in Africa? Is it indigenous, or is this May in England, or April in America? Where is the solution?

Listen! You hear it in the voice of the birds. The cuckoo has had an indigestion, or the swallow, or jay, or that other unknown bird of passage, whose note is familiar to English ears. They have brought the undigested seeds here, just as the birds in Corsica have sowed that island with the wild olive. What that other bird is—even the learned Doctor, our companion—does not know. It seems to say, as it sings: 'Come! come! sit here—sit here!' The Doctor answers: 'I must kill one of you, my beauties—when I get to Surrey, in order to ascertain the bird which helps us to plant the pansy and the hawthorn on the ridges of Atlas!' But the kind-hearted Doctor will not kill; he would rather read Audubon.

Still we travel up—through the zones. The road becomes nearly impassable. We walk mile after mile, around the awful edges of precipices, looking down sheer thousands of feet. We startle the owl, as we startled the pelican in the plains of the Kabyle. 'The owl of the desert and the pelican of the wilderness.' The oriental imagery of the Bible is here and thus illustrated, for the owl flies towards Sahara, as the pelican flew for the waste marshes of the plain. Still we move up and out of the Temperate toward the Arctic zone. Snow appears, and near it, some green spots of grass. The Doctor, who is ever alive to botanic utilities as well as beauties, has found here the maritime squills. The natives call it a wild onion! Squills! My mouth expectorates in the pronunciation! It covers all the Algerian land, high and low. It has followed us east and west from Algiers. He has found something else. It is the *hedera mauritanica!* 'Good!' I say; its associations are more agreeable. It is the African ivy—as beautiful as that which varnishes with its glistening green the Gothic glories of the English and Irish abbeys and minsters. Now

we approach the rocky eminences, looking down from which we see our turning place, the Rond Point.

It is a green plateau; down below us, and across the wide valley over there, we hear the French officers enjoying their picnic. We give the Indian war-whoop. It is responded to by an Arab shout. We finally approach the spot. Horses are found tethered under the trees. Bottles of wine are opening, and game disappearing from the table. We are met with hospitality. The officers say that we are about 5000 feet above the level of the sea. We select two immense cedars of Lebanon, having a circumference of about thirty feet each, as our tent! Under it we picnic. An Arab boy, the same who killed the porcupine here last evening and to-day gave us the quills, is on the alert to bring us a jar of mineral water, all cool, from the famous springs near. The Doctor analyzes it. No need of his charcoal filterer for this water. It has a name and fame as old as that of the Roman days.

Finishing our lunch, we feel as if our object were not accomplished. There are mountains still above us. We are on the last ridge of this range of the Atlas; but we have no view of the Desert. Shall we ascend? It is an untried path, but it looks feasible, except this, that we have two ladies, and we two men are supposed to be invalids. The Doctor has a cavity in his lungs, and as for me, no matter! We resolve. The Doctor proposes in a methodical way to rise with the occasion. His aneroid barometer will measure his upward path. One hundred feet and then five minutes rest; another hundred and then ten minutes; another hundred, fifteen, &c. Thus he will save his breath and his lungs. At least, he will try the ascent. I suggest, as the mountain is very steep, and time is of the essence of the operation, that

we had better begin at once, as we have 1000 feet to climb. We could not go much higher, as our aneroid barometer marks only 6000 feet, and it would blow up if we attempted more. Allons! First rest, by all hands, on a cedar tree, hewn and ready to be made into ties for the railroad at Milianah! Second rest, two hundred feet, Doctor in a rocky, curule chair, cushioned with venerable moss; ladies at his feet, near a charred cedar, hollow, but decorated with the honeysuckle; the other invalid in advance, prospecting the ravine for easy paths. Third rest; Doctor rouses, hits Atlas about the jugular, and falls in the ring; wind still good! Fourth rest; he is able to start ten minutes sooner; on and up we go—on and up, until the barometer indicates that we have risen 800 feet. The Doctor forgets his methodicity and his lungs. The writer is in advance, but runs against a perpendicular rock 200 feet high, and reposes in despair near a snow-bank; he makes a battery of snow-balls, assaults the party below by way of recreation, and is assaulted in turn. He retreats gracefully before numbers, makes a detour of the rocks, rises to the top of the ridge, and lo! disappointment and perspiration! another mountain beyond, and another valley below, and no view and no Desert yet! The Doctor assumes command and directs operations. I am scout. We turn to the west, follow the ridge. The barometer is near the bursting point; the ladies resolute; the Doctor still sound. At last, at last, after refreshing our lips with *African snow*, under the cry of 'Excelsior,' we reach the summit! We are rewarded. We come upon the wild, wonderful spot, where I write this chapter. True, we are not so high as other mountain tops. We are not quite as high as Mount Washington. We are more than three times as high as the Torc mountains of Killarney. We

are higher than the Catskill Mountain, but we have a view such as I have never before had, and which I have I fear in vain endeavoured to describe.

Around is snow and grass; and our table for writing is a rock covered with a greenish dark moss. Again and again we gaze off into the distant south. We see no caravans winding their way to or from the Desert, but we see the mountains of the wild tribes, who levy their tribute and defy the French. The level, herbless plain grows more yellow, almost red, as the sun sinks; more like 'a thirsty land where no water is.' The air far away seems hot to look at; yet we look at it from a cool, snow-surrounded mountain. We play at snow-balls here, and within view, the ostrich hides her eggs for hatching in the burning sand.

As we gaze in deep amazement at the view, clouds begin to gather on the west and north. They are full of moisture from Labrador, says the Doctor, and are trying to do something for Sahara! If these mountains were only larger, there would be glaciers and rivers, and then Sahara would not be—sand! She would be all through as fruitful as one of her own oases. These rocks require only pulverization and water to be—food. Give them water and the sunbeams will make them fertile. This is one of the Doctor's thoughts. He sees camelias in muck, dates in clouds, wine in running brooks, and good in everything. He is, in fact, an optimist. He finds utility in fleas. They tend to make people cleanly. He even found some excellence in the scorpion I killed. He did not tell me what. I suppose because it furnished food for —Dervishes! But in the economy of nature, he does not exaggerate the influence of clouds and mountains. Many of his climatic and sanitary conclusions about Algiers are based on those very phenomena of wind and rain and mountains; for here the clouds are

drawn by gravitation to the mountains; and but for these clouds, the oases would be sand, and irrigation would lose its fertilizing power for the plains. Without these clouds no one could sing the missionary hymn about 'Afric's sunny fountains,' much less its 'golden sand.'

But for these clouds, or for the cause which draws them hither, what might not the opposite coast be? If Sahara—a furnace—sending to the upper air its heat, and sucking the north winds with their clouds and rains from the coasts of Spain and France, leaving them dry, and refreshing with copious rains the plains of Algiers; if Sahara were not as she is—a sucker—Northern Africa would not be so cool and damp, nor would Spain and France be so warm and dry! These are not paradoxes. But we have no time for reflection. The storm comes. We are far away from habitation or succour, in case of danger. We retreat in disorder—a little damp, but all safe. Teniet-el-Haad we reach, and we sleep on the borders of barbarism and sterility, in the 'Rue Mexico.' We sleep; unconscious of the terrible fact, which we afterwards ascertained,—that we had been in that part of Atlas where lions and tigers are common. We sleep; for we are very weary, and the fleas have lost their power to disturb us. Is the Spanish proverb true which says, '*Quien duerme bien no le pican las pulgas*'? He who sleeps well cares not for fleas!

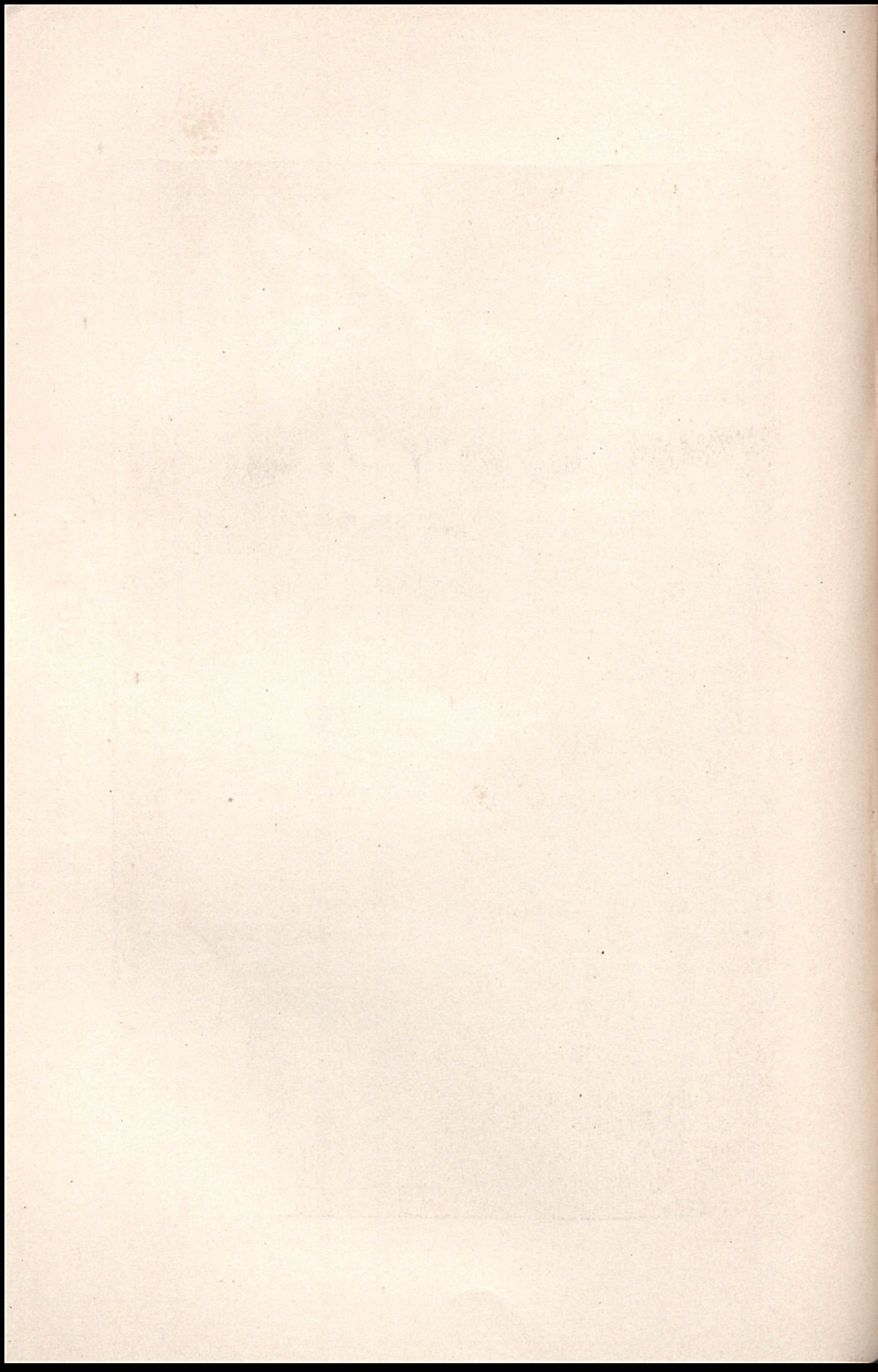
I close this chapter in Milianah, to which on the next day we retrace our steps. We pass through the camp of scorpions—where I killed an ugly, venomous specimen. It was reckless on our part to pic-nic in this neighbourhood. Not because of the colony of convicts—some of them sneaking about in the brush; but on account of the scorpions. But our pic-nic was a delight. We almost filled the ideal of the worthy Fuller,

in describing the early monks, who left the city for the wilderness. As for their food, the grass was their cloth; the ground their table; fruits and berries their dainties; hunger their sauce; their nails their knives; their hands their cups; the next well their wine-cellar, and what they lacked in the cheer of their bill of fare, they had in grace.

Lunch being over, we pass over streams lined with oleander in such profusion, that when it comes out in June 'Afric's sunny fountains' will be all aflame. We follow the meanderings of a stream whose foam is not amber and whose gravel is not gold; but we find its bed incrusted with—salt! On inquiring of our drivers, we find that we are near 'Salt River.' I had supposed that stream, the synonym for the Limbo of departed politicians,—was somewhere in America, although I knew Africa had something to do with it. My companion, who is slightly tinged with the fanatical, suggested playfully that I ought to go up to the sources of Salt River. 'I should find some friends;' but as a few choice friends still remained absent, I refused.

One peculiarity this Salt River has. It is illustrated in the sketch. Fifty Arab women go there daily, and after the water has run over the rock and the sun has evaporated it, they scrape the rocks, and thus 'earn their salt.' We met four Arab women and one child on their road home to their tents from the salt region. They had kettles full of salt, and as they are samples of the Arab women, I will photograph and anatomize them. They were dressed in a—chemise, which had two loops to let the arms through at the humerus! These openings are unnecessarily continued down to the ileum, thereby allowing the curious profane to obtain a vision of the—female form divine and dirty! Their feet are encircled with anklets

ARAB WOMEN AT SALT RIVER.



of steel or some dark metal, or ebony. We did not handle them. The feet presented no useless conventionalities of sandal or shoon. Their outspread phalanges took firm, yet graceful grasp of the earth. No fear of scorpion did they show. In the absence of their male protector—for they were all wives of one lord—they showed no fear of us Giaours. Their eyes sparkled as they saluted us. One of the number tried to say: 'Bon jour;' but her guttural Arabic made it sound like—'Bad job!' A handkerchief confined their raven hair, over which there was a turban of enormous altitude, requiring the Doctor's barometer to measure it. They did not look beautiful; nor do their smoky tents or filthy surroundings look enticing. They do not wash much. The Arabs reproach the Moors for living in houses. The latter reproach the Arabs for not making their ablutions, which is a part of Mohammedanism. Both female and male Arab seem to be varnished over with layers of dirt. The nitrogenous elements, decaying in their bodies and going out of the skin, produce an odour very unlike that of jasmine or attar of roses!

We meet, however, when nearing Milianah, many families of Moors, and some Arabs, too, very unlike the females from Salt River. I present one of these ladies pictorially, as in marked contrast to the Salt River dames! These ladies of Milianah were riding, and were covered with white veils. All but one eye was hidden, and sometimes even that; but they will peep a little. They sometimes walk, bearing their baby behind on their backs, the husband a rod or so in advance. Slaves follow them, and they all follow their full-turbaned master. He still lives, or rather lingers, near Milianah, and praises the days past and sighs to be afar from French rule and Hebrew liberty, afar off in Syria, with his old neighbour and brave chief,

Abd-el-Kader! While going up, we meet a score of families coming down the mountain from Milianah. Among them is a couple on horse-back—Jacob behind on the crupper, and Rachel astride in front. All these people look proud and cleanly, and

Lady of Milianah, full dress.

no wonder. They have been to Milianah—city of fountains—to the baths. They are tending homewards. As we move up through the leafy and floral paradise to the walled city gates,—the waters plash down the garlanded rocks, the clouds begin to grow orange and red over Atlas as the sun sinks, and the warm breath comes from the south, showing that the

north-west storm of yesterday has been smothered by the sirocco. As we ascend and look below us, and follow the white thread of the spiral road we have come by, and thence glance over the plains and mountains to the distant range of the Atlas, where two days ago we stood, we are not sorry that a kind Providence has permitted us to see so many of His terrestrial wonders, and to return to the vicinity of comfort in this beautiful city of Milianah, upon this most Delectable Mountain!