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ALGIERS AND ITS SUBURBS.

ONE hears much of the repetitions of history, but it was its contrasts which chiefly impressed us as we looked down on Algiers from one of the sunny villa terraces of Mustapha Supérieur, its charming foreign suburb. The great, beautiful, blue Mediterranean stretched before us as far as the eye could reach, with the peaceful merchant vessels of all nations coming and going at their will. Steamships and pleasure yachts from all parts of the world were anchored in friendly security in the harbor at our feet; and we had to rub up the dull tablets of memory and apply ourselves vigorously to our guide-books in order to realize that scarcely two generations ago the Dey of Algiers and his staff of piratical ruffians held full and undisputed sway over this same land and sea, and that the only European and American residents in the Regency were Christian captives who worked in chain-gangs on the jetties of the very harbor where we were watching with so much interest the quiet arrival and departure of the mails. Hard, too, was it to believe that on these same heights, and from many of these same Moorish villas where we and our friends of the foreign colony were so comfortably and charmingly established, the old pirate owners watched the same broad expanse of sunlit sea, but with greedy eyes and cruel thought, only intent on putting out in quick pursuit of their prey. It seems indeed incredible at the present day, as Lieutenant-Colonel Playfair justly says in his lately published "Scourge of Christendom,"* that such a state of things could have been permitted by the powers of Europe; "that so infamous a rabble should have been allowed the undisputed right of interfering

with the commerce of the world and enriching themselves with the ransom of the best blood of Christendom"; and that thirty thousand Christian captives were at one time held in Algiers alone, "representing every nation in Europe, and every rank in society, from the viceroy to the common sailor, men of the highest eminence in the church, literature, science, and arms, delicately nurtured ladies and little children, doomed to spend their lives in infamy."

The Algiers of to-day presents an extraordinary and most comforting contrast. The French rule may not be all that English and American lookers-on could wish, but it has at all events swept out of existence the horrors of that time, with the bagnios and the slave-prisons and the old city gates, the Bab Azoun and the Babel Oued, on which were exposed sometimes the heads, sometimes the headless bodies, of the luckless victims of the Dey. The Kasbah, the ancient citadel of the Janisaries, is now full of French Zouaves, who in Algiers somehow impress one as imitation soldiers and therefore harmless. The old palace of the Dey has become the residence of the French Governor-General, and military bands play dancing music for the gay European world in the very rooms to which in the old days the consuls of the great powers were arrogantly summoned to bring their yearly tribute, and be dismissed again with insult for their pains. Broad modern boulevards and streets gay with *cafés* and *magasins de nouveautés* are doing their best to surround and crowd out of sight the old Moorish town. Lines of tramways skirt the sea and mount the hilly suburbs; cabs and gayly painted omnibuses jostle each other along the quays and in the modern part of the town; and of the moving throng always to be found in the Place du Gouvernement, under the very

* The Scourge of Christendom. Annals of British relations with Algiers prior to the French conquests. By Lieutenant-Colonel Playfair, H. M. Consul-General at Algiers. London, 1884.

shadow of the great mosque, and occupying, it is said, the site of the former slave-prisons, by far the larger part are Europeans, there for business or for pleasure.

The old order is indeed changed. The degrading tyranny, the infamous selfishness, the brutal cruelty of the old rule are gone, never to return. But on the other hand, happily, much of the old picturesqueness remains, and forms in fact the great attraction of Algiers. The Moors, although outnumbered by their conquerors in the public places and modern thoroughfares, are still the people of the place; and the old town, elbowed back, crowded to the wall, as it were, by the parvenu neighbor who stations herself in front, is still essentially the same city as the El Bahadja, Alger la Blanche, of the old days. Once turn one's back on the nondescript quarter at the foot of the hill where the two towns, the two races, meet without mingling, and old Algiers, the inaccessible, the impregnable stronghold of the pirates, rises before one, its intricate narrow streets, "like mysterious staircases leading to silence," painfully climbing the steep hillside step by step. Here silence still reigns, and mystery. The houses are high and windowless, the walls for the most part blank spaces, the

streets mere little defiles, so narrow that in many places the bracketed roofs touch overhead, and so dark in spots that the stranger has to feel his way; and up and down these steep and narrow winding streets grave bearded and turbaned Arabs and veiled women with anklets and henna-stained fingers pass continually as in a dream. Their city, their "white city," wraps them round and protects them from outside interference and inquisitive gaze, very much, says Fromentin, as does their national garment the bournous. "They ask but little," he adds in his charming book, "Une Année dans la Sahel"; "unfortunately that little we cannot grant. They ask to be let alone, not to be interfered with or jostled against or watched, to live in their own way, to follow their own customs, to do in all things as their fathers did, to hold property without recording it, to build without uniformity of streets, to travel without being noticed, to be born without being registered, to grow up without vaccination, to die when and how they please. In return for what civilization has taken from them they claim the right to go naked if they must, to be poor, to beg at the gates, to sleep in the open air, to forsake trade, to let their fields go to waste, to despise the



KABYLE WOMEN IN AN ARAB LANE.



ROAD OF THE BLUE FOUNTAIN.

ground of which they have been dispossessed. Those who have riches hide and hoard them; those who have nothing wrap themselves in their misery, and of all their lost rights hold none so dear as the right to be resigned and indifferent to poverty." We may add, even to be dignified, majestic, and, whatever the outward condition, always graceful, always picturesque. No amount of filth or wretchedness

ever takes from the Arab the instinctive grace with which he drapes himself in the folds of his bournous, even when there is nothing left of it but a poor handful of rags.

Fromentin — an artist who paints quite as well with his pen as with his brush — continues: "The Arabs have this one distinguishing privilege — they cannot appear contemptible. They may be poor, but never

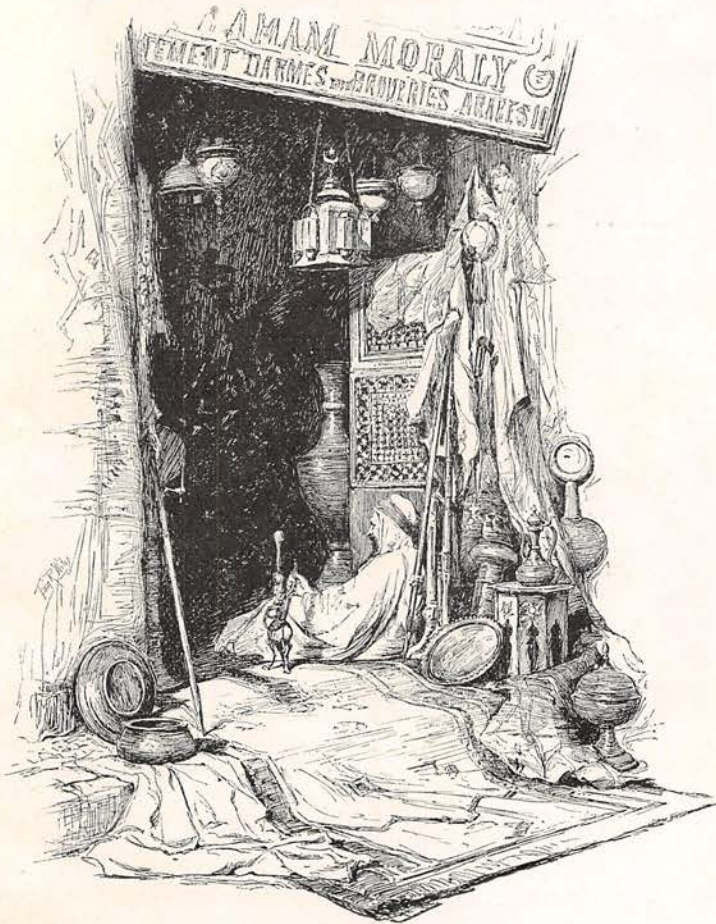
sordid; destitute, but never commonplace. Their dirt has a dignity of its own; their beggars are epic poems, half Lazarus, half Job. They are grave, they can be violent, but never stupid, never coarse."

These are the people who crowd the narrow defiles of the old city, sit cross-legged in its little shelf-like shops, frequent its mysterious Moorish baths, and look down from its high roofs and

capacity they become familiar features of villa life. Such also are the bric-à-brac merchants who haunt the garden-walks and terraces, and spread their wares—embroideries of Tunis and Algiers, carpets from Zanzibar, Kabyle "haïks" and jewelry, spears from the desert, brass pots and trays of Damascus—in tempting array over gravel-paths and balustrades, anywhere, everywhere, to attract attention,

while they themselves with imperturbable gravity and indifference smoke their cigarettes or perhaps gently play a little nameless tune on a minute mandolin, while the ladies look through their collection; after which they quietly roll up the carpets, shoulder the brasses, and move on to the next place. The thought of these men in flowing drapery, snowy turbans, and yellow or red slippers, graceful in gesture, unhurried in movement, and framed by a setting of soft carpets and bright metals against a background of Mediterranean blue, will always be associated intimately with recollections of villa life at Algiers.

Villa life is lived, in great part, on these sunny terraces. As a rule the houses—those, at least, which are available to strangers—are too cold, with their faces turned towards the sea and their backs to the sun, to suit the requirements of summer-houses for



A BRIC-À-BRAC DEALER.

terraces on the sea that no longer belongs to them. We met them, too, on the highroads outside the town, astride of donkeys so small that the riders' slipped feet almost touched the ground, or on Arab horses with gay saddles and trappings, and often—such are the incongruities of Algiers—on the platforms of horse-cars running to Mustapha, or the tops of omnibuses on their way to Birkadeen or other inland villages. Many of them, too, are regular venders of fresh eggs and vegetables, or of partridges and wild rabbits, carefully concealed in the folds of the bournous if the game season is over; and in that

the city residents. They have, however, the merit of forcing one out into the open air and sunshine, and the terrace with its exquisite view, its many garden-seats and little tables, its rugs laid down at pleasure for the feet, and often its pet monkey perched on a corner of the terra cotta balustrade, becomes a delightful outside sitting-room, where much of the business and pleasure of the day is transacted. It is the vestibule, too, of the garden, and a garden in Algiers is indeed a delight. We had known and loved the lilies and anemones of Florence, the jasmines of Florida, the luxuriant tropical climbers of the West Indies, and above all

the roses of southern California; but here we found them all, and in a profusion of which we had never before dreamed. The superb crimson and purple *bougainvillea* of the tropics festoons with the luxuriance of our Virginia creeper the house-fronts and verandas, and blooms from October till May, and its deep masses of color mingled with those of the orange *bignonias*—*venusta* and *grandiflora*—are indescribably rich. Geraniums of all colors and varieties grow as freely as lilac-bushes or sumachs, and many of our ordinary garden flowers are so common as to be of no account at all. On many an untended roadside bank nasturtiums of various shades, stocks, scarlet geraniums, irises, white marguerites, lantanas, oxalis, and other familiar plants have seeded themselves, and may be found all winter growing wild. The same may be constantly seen pushing their way bravely among the sharp spikes of the aloe and cactus hedges, on which also hang festoons of tangled morning-glory and wild rose.

The cultivated roses, however, are the great glory of the Algerian gardens. Imported originally from France, they find here a congenial soil, and repay the slightest care with a thousandfold luxuriance of bloom. We found all our old favorites, the Cloth of Gold, the Chromatella, the Gloire de Dijon, the Maréchal Niel, La France, the Duchesse d'Abantès, Général Jacqueminot and his fellows, and a hundred others,— all in full vigor



A NEGRO.

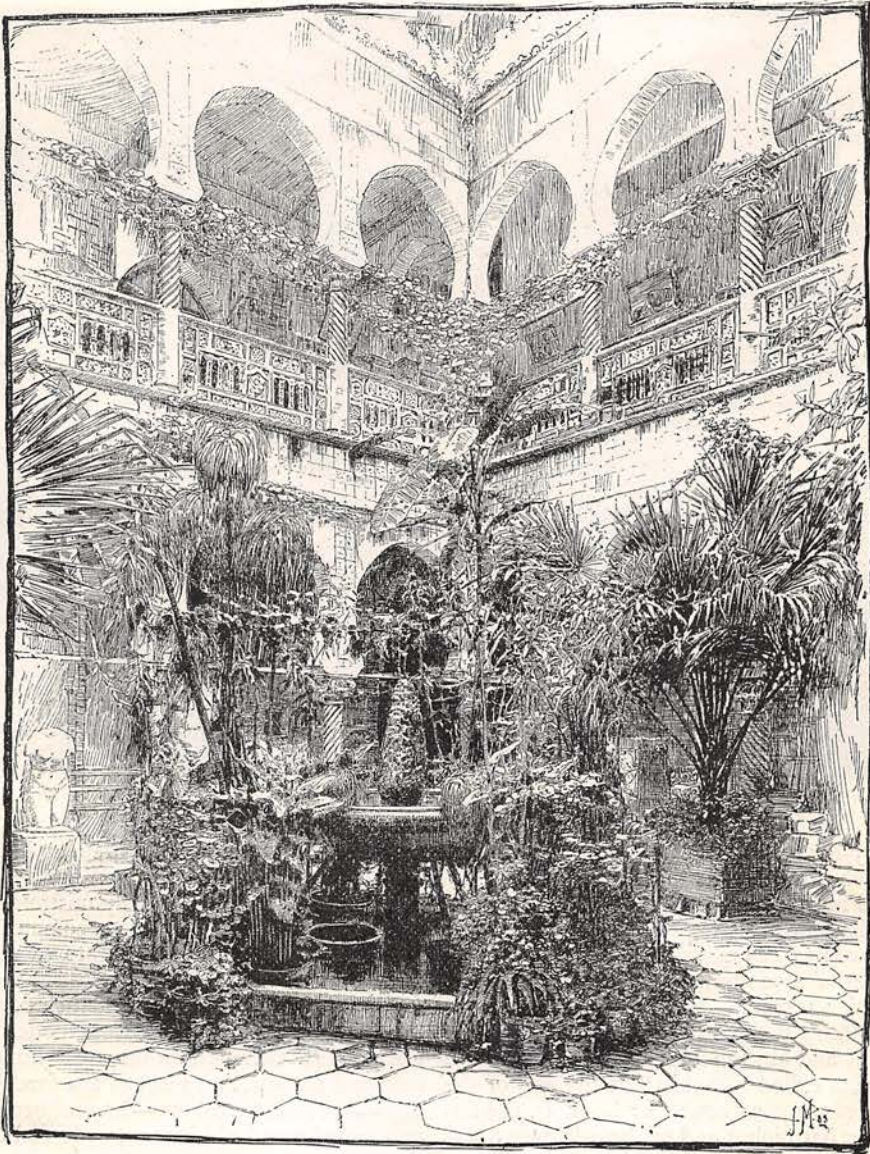
of youth and beauty, and by no means ready to yield precedence to newcomers, even should the later varieties be allowed to enter the place; for so strict are the custom-house precautions against the dreaded enemy of the vine, the phylloxera, that growing plants, cuttings of all kinds, vegetables, fruits, even innocent apples in travelers' lunch-baskets, are rigidly shut out, and if found ground under the despotic official heel. It was whispered in the English colony that one lady, an enthusiastic rose-grower, had successfully smuggled a fine lot of new cuttings by utilizing them as a so-called "dress-improver"! The old long-established varieties grew in the wildest freedom in our own special garden, climbing to the top of every available tree,



Engraved by Frank French.

From a photo. by Jean Geiser, Algiers.

A NEGRESS.



COURT OF THE MUSEUM AND LIBRARY.

and hiding their superfluous abundance in the inaccessible branches of our Mandarin oranges, which, in their turn, yielded us enough fruit for a dozen families all winter long.

Thanks to the vigilance of the custom-house officers, the phylloxera has never made its appearance in Algeria, and consequently the fresh, healthy young vineyards are another striking feature of the neighborhood. Each year more hillsides are brought under cultivation, and it is interesting to watch grape-growing in all the processes—the clearing of the land, the plowing and digging, the planting, the

pruning, the weeding, the careful watching of the tender shoots, and the shaking off of insect enemies into tins made expressly for the purpose. Our walks and drives often took us over the slopes of the well-known Château Hydra vineyards, and past the big storehouses—literally *caves* dug in the rocky bank—where the casks of wine are rolled in to be kept till called for.

The Château Hydra itself, standing on high ground and overlooking the many acres of vines, is one of the best preserved and most interesting specimens of the old Moorish



INTERIOR OF MUSEUM AND LIBRARY.

country-house. The beautiful inner court, with its open arcades, its horseshoe arches, its twisted marble columns, and wealth of glazed tiles, has been left practically untouched. The dwelling has necessarily been adapted to the uses of a modern villa, but its old characteristics remain — the long narrow rooms surrounding the court and depending on it for light and air, the little raised and domed chambers called “koobas” at the end of the rooms, serving as couch or boudoir, the fascinating flat niches and cupboards over doors and windows with their arabesque ornamentation, and the blank outside walls only broken at distant intervals by small grated windows, which look out, not on the open country or the outside world, but into the original secluded harem garden of the old days when Château Hydra was one of the favorite summer palaces of the Dey.

Many of these delightful old Moorish houses are now in the hands of the French and English residents, and one can fancy the horror which would assail the former owners could they see their sacred precincts thrown open to the public gaze, the seclusion, the silence, the mystery all swept away, sunshine let into the dark corners, the gardens gay with the

laughter of rosy English children, and the husband's guests received with open-handed hospitality by the cultivated kindly mistress of the house. Many of these houses, some of them with the names of the old pirate owners cut in Arabic letters on the gate-posts, are noted for their friendly hospitality and their combination of Arab picturesqueness and modern English comfort. Others, however, are so hopelessly cold and sunless, that most of the foreign colony — the resident colony — have either bought and transformed old houses, or have built for themselves from the foundations villas that rival the old ones in artistic effects, and have, in addition, the light and air, the cheerfulness, the coziness, and the nameless charm of *home*.

Most of these delightful villas are on the heights of Mustapha Supérieur, or rather scattered over the cluster of hills known as the Sahel. This district embraces all the high ground about the city of Algiers, including the Arab villages of Birkadeen, Birmandreïs, El-Biar, and the intervening country as far as the high hill Bouzareah, which overlooks a distant suburb of the city and the Vallée des Consuls, where in the time of the Regency the representatives of the European courts lived apart in a kind of moral quarantine.



VEILED MOORISH WOMAN.

The old British Consulate of those days, with which one grows very familiar while reading the story of Mr. Blanckley's six years in Algiers (1806-1812) told by his daughter, Mrs. Broughton,* still stands on its high position overlooking the sea, but has fallen into a rather pathetic state of dilapidation. The tanks are empty, the gardens overgrown, and the house, now owned by an easy-going old French lady, betrays a sad inclination to let itself run down

* Elizabeth Broughton, "Six Years' Residence in Algiers." London, 1839.

at the heel. We drove out to it one bright spring afternoon along the excellent highway which replaces the steep and difficult path by which the Consul's family used to come and go on horseback on the rare occasions when they ventured into town. The old French lady received us with great politeness, and took us all over the premises, from the dignified portal—a stately and unusual feature in its day—through the old Moorish inner court open to the sky, up to the high chamber from which the Consul looked out over the sea and

exchanged signals of encouragement or warning with approaching British ships. The hill Bouzareah—crowned by an Arab graveyard and a most picturesque native village, which squats in a thicket of cactus and aloe—rises almost directly behind the Vallée des Consuls, within an hour's easy walk; but so circumscribed and beset with danger was the life of the foreign residents in those days that

ontory almost overhanging the sea, the church of Notre Dame d'Afrique, where each Sunday afternoon a most impressive ceremony takes place—the service for the dead lost at sea. Driving over from Mustapha one day, we waited in the church until vespers were over, and then took our places on the door-step while the procession of priests, choir-boys, and seminary students—some



AN OLD ARAB WELL NEAR A FIG-TREE.

it was considered quite out of the question to attempt what is to-day one of the first and pleasantest excursions about the city.

Looking from the old British Consulate across the intervening ravine and wooded slopes, we saw the buildings formerly occupied as the American, the Danish, and the Belgian headquarters, and the site of the Spanish Consulate, now covered by a half-finished seminary for Roman Catholic priests. Not far from this also stands, on a commanding prom-

eighty or ninety in all—came slowly down the aisle, crossed the threshold, and ranged themselves in two rows facing each other on the cliff over the sea, intoning all the time the Office for the Dead. Between the two ranks stood the officiating priest, and before him was held outspread, to be sprinkled with holy water and perfumed with incense, a velvet pall—the outward and visible sign of those for whom he was praying, the unnumbered and unknown dead wrapped in the winding-



RUE DE LA MER ROUGE IN THE OLD TOWN.

sheet of the sea at his feet. The scene was full of profound solemnity and pathos, and of great beauty as well. The sunset glow brightened the rich colors of the priest's vestments and fell upon the ranks of bare-headed young students, many of whom sang with a fervor that recalled Lucca della Robbia's choir-boys. The soft, strong wind blew into graceful folds the long white bournous which, with the red tarboosh, the brothers in charge of the seminary have substituted for the usual clerical dress, and the scarlet-robed censer-bearers swung their incense across the blue back-ground of the sea, which stretched to the far horizon.

This drive to Notre Dame is one of the

most interesting about Algiers, but there are many more — that to the Trappist Convent, for instance, and beyond it to the "French Bay," where the conquering army landed in 1830, or along the heights of the Sahel to the fine point of view at Kooba, or, again, down the valley of the Femme Sauvage to the Jardin d'Essai, the botanical garden of Algiers — an interesting place in itself, and commanding a lovely view of the city and its suburbs. Indeed, the broken, rolling, open country surrounding Algiers is one of the great charms of the place, affording, as it does, great variety in the drives and still more in the walks. The first thing the French did on occupying the country was to set the army at work building



MOSQUE AND CEMETERY.

fine, wide military roads in all directions, which traverse the uplands and sweep up and down the hills in most intricate and graceful curves. These, which are kept rolled and smooth as a ball-room floor, are connected again by the *chemins de travers* (country cross-roads) which we enjoyed more, perhaps, than the others, as they led us through vineyards and fields of young wheat and barley, and acres upon acres of the inexhaustible green peas of the neighborhood. Sometimes, too, we would know by the unusual fragrance of the air that we were approaching another and more delightful crop, rose geraniums, grown by the acre in rows like cabbages, to be distilled into perfume. Still other roads take

one over high breezy ridges, the home of cactus and aloe and scrub oak and pine and the disappointing asphodel, most graceful in its growth, but so extremely unpleasant in its odor as quite to destroy any latent longing to walk the Elysian Fields. From all such high points, in fact from all Algiers, wherever one goes, the horizon is wide, and the views are most lovely, whether one turn northward to the sea or look landward across the great green plain of the Metidja to where in the blue of distance the Atlas Mountains rise and are crowned by the snow-covered heights of the Djara Djura. All the charming near effects of villa and garden, of stone, pine, olive, and aloe, have the mountains or the sea to fill in the picture, and often both combined, as where the hills beyond Cape Matifou sweep round and embrace the bay and its white breakers, the bay where the fleet of Charles V. of Spain perished

in its futile attempt against the pirates.

The foot-paths are not less attractive in their way than the carriage roads, and any one anxious to see the nooks and corners—the charming “bits” dear to the sketcher—should not fail to follow them round the rocky points inaccessible to wheels, up and down the wooded but waterless ravines (for there are but few brooks in all the Sahel), and especially through the many deep-sunk narrow cuts known as the “Arab lanes.” Many of these are of great age, claiming even to be Roman roads, and formed before the coming of the French the only means of communication between the villages. Sometimes, as though by chance, they cling to the sides of



INTERIOR OF A VILLA.

a natural ravine, but more commonly they push their way uncompromisingly, in true Roman style, straight before them, regardless of all obstacles. We occasionally found rocks and hills cut through to the depth of twenty or thirty feet to make way for a narrow little path that could just as well have gone over or round them if it had chosen. Very steep are they too, and quite impracticable for any but sure-footed and long-winded men and beasts, but the natives love and use them still. The pedestrian, besides finding them useful as short cuts, is therefore sure to meet in them many a picturesque group of Kabyle or Arab laborers with the tough hardy little donkeys that do so much of the heavy carrying of the country, and will find himself storing away still another picture in his memory, in which the setting will be a perspective of high, moss-grown, rocky banks festooned with tangled vines and roofed by overhanging trees.

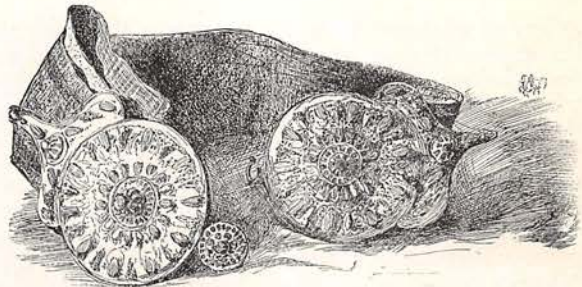
All that we saw of the more distant outlying country about Algiers was comprised in a few days' visit to Blidah, a pretty little town at the foot of the mountains, noted for its orange-groves and its Vallée des Singes, where wild monkeys are at times seen frolicking and chattering among the forest-trees, and a run up to Hammam Rhira, a modest watering-place among the hills, the baths of which are of long-standing reputation for their efficacy in rheumatism. The guide-books, however, tell of many delightful expeditions — to Milianah, to Fort National in the heart of Kabylia, to Teniet and the Cedar Forest, to the Tombeau de la Chrétienne, and many other

points of interest within a few days' journey of the city.

In fact, we were not often tempted to leave the terrace and the roses even to go down into town, and fortunately villa life is made so easy by the assiduous English house agent, grocer, butcher, guide, counsellor, and friend all in one, that there were few household errands to be done. Marie the cook in her trim cap and apron was quite competent to attend to these, going to market in the early morning, and hiring a three-sou Arab to carry her big basket of poultry and vegetables up the hill. We meantime found ample occupation in lounging on the terrace with a book or sketching-block, in gathering and arranging the flowers, in prodding the donkey up and down the garden paths, and in watching the antics of Tartarin de Tarascon, the pet monkey and a never-ending source of amusement to the household.

But for those to whom the East never loses its nameless charm, Algiers contains much of interest even in the neutral quarter where the two towns touch each other, "with no other boundary line than mutual mistrust and antipathy." It is there one finds the Governor-General's palace and the still more beautiful one occupied by the Archbishop — both admirable specimens of old Moorish houses. There, too, are the two principal Mohammedan mosques, still intact, while so many have been turned into commonplace Christian churches. One never tires of pausing a moment at the door of one or the other and entering quietly the cool, silent inclosure, where no footfall even is heard, to watch the worshipers prostrate themselves — with empty formalism, it may be, but with extreme grace of drapery and movement — towards the little niche in the eastern wall which marks for them the direction of Mecca.

We were also interested in the Court of Assizes and the Court of Appeal, which are both held not far from the Governor's palace in still other old houses. Climbing the tiled staircase, we looked down from the open



A KABYLE BELT.



RUE DE L'ARABE IN THE OLD TOWN.

gallery of what used to be the quarters of the harem on a strange scene in the old arcaded court below. The matter-of-fact European tribunal and reporters occupied one side of the inclosure, and a mongrel crowd of witnesses and spectators filled a good part of the remaining space. There were Spaniards, Italians, Greeks, ragged Kabyles from the mountains (whose women, unlike the other natives, go unveiled), negroes, turbaned Arabs, veiled Moorish women with children on the shoulders or slung under their arms, all looking on

with stolid indifference or gesticulating with wild excitement,— while the prisoner himself stood pinioned and guarded, with, on one occasion, an Arab gun and a bloody bournous lying on the ground before him as silent accusers.

Of course we visited the collections of manuscripts and of Roman and Arab antiquities in the Library and Museum, though here, again, it is the Moorish architecture and the choice Persian tiles of the beautiful old building itself that chiefly attract one. A strange bit of Algerian history is illustrated

by one of the objects of interest in the Museum—a ghastly plaster-cast of the Christian martyr Geronimo, writhing in the agony of death. Tradition had for three hundred years told the story of the Moorish lad who, coming under the influence of Spanish missionary monks, became a Christian and a saint in all but name. He abjured the faith, it was said, for a brief moment under the pressure of bitter persecution and slavery, but returned to it with new zeal, and proved it in the end by a heroic and horrible death—that of being thrown alive, with his hands tied behind him, into a block of liquid concrete which was afterwards built into the wall of one of the outlying forts near the city. Such was the tradition, singularly and literally true in the minutest details, as was proved in 1853, when part of the Fort des Vingt-quatre Heures was demolished, and the block of concrete found containing the accurate impression of the martyr's body, face downward, and the hands tied with cords behind the back. The block itself was claimed by the church, and deposited with great honor in what used to be a Mohammedan mosque, but is now the Roman Catholic cathedral of the town.

Another spot well worth seeing, in the St. Eugène quarter of the city, is the very picturesque mosque, marabout, and cemetery all combined which bear the name of one of the holiest of Arab saints, Sidi Abd-er-Rhaman eth-Thalabi, probably the same worthy who has given his name to the larger Arab cemetery at the other end of the town. Every one goes to see the latter, too, and if the visitors are ladies they choose Friday as the time, as on that day—the Mohammedan sabbath—the native women flock to the cemetery in a body, dressed in their gayest and best and *unveiled*, to picnic among the graves of their friends. It goes without saying that a high wall surrounds the cemetery, and that on that occasion no man is admitted within it. The cemetery itself, like all Oriental graveyards, is neglected and very shabby. The graves are overgrown by weeds and littered with the fragments of many festivities, and the inclosure is entirely without anything like ornamental planting; yet such places, always including and surrounding as they do a marabout or saint's tomb, have an interest and picturesqueness quite their own. Whenever in one's walks a white dome catches the eye, one instinctively turns towards it, sure of finding something worth seeing, if only a few crumbling head-stones under an old olive; and through the open door of the marabout a few tattered but very holy garments, the former property of the saint, hang like battle trophies over his head.

To return to the sights of the city, it is, after all, old Algiers itself, rather than any special thing in it, which is best worth seeing. In spite of the attractions up at the villa, we came back again and again, sometimes by day, sometimes by moonlight, to climb the steep little staircases called streets, to pause a moment at the corners and watch the mysterious veiled figures flitting this way and that, to look over the shoulders of grave checker-players at the doors of Arab cafés, to glance in passing at an Arab school where the boys are ranged cross-legged on shelves round the room in assorted sizes—the little ones below, the big ones on the top shelf near the ceiling—to stop for a little gossip or a little bargaining at some one of the tiny bazars by the way, and to catch furtive glimpses through half-closed doors into interiors that fascinate because they reveal so little. Perhaps were the mystery all done away, could one enter and see for one's self the sloth, the ignorance, the vapidness of the life within, the charm might all be lost in a feeling of profound pity and sadness.

There is still one spot which must claim attention before taking leave of town and villa alike, and that is the English Church of the Holy Trinity. It is most interesting, not only because it is naturally the center of so much that is dear to the foreign colony, but because its walls have become, by means of a series of memorial tablets and inscriptions, a valuable historical record, reaching back to the time of the first English consul in Algiers, John Tyn-ton, appointed in 1580, the first consul ever appointed by England in any country. The list includes those Englishmen “who have been honorably connected with the past history of the place, those who have suffered the martyrdom of slavery here, and also such as have died here since the French occupation.” It is chiefly to the untiring zeal and devotion of the present British consul, Lieutenant-Colonel Playfair, that this extremely interesting record of historical names and events is due. It has been placed also in such form as to be at once an enduring commemoration of the heroic dead and a great ornament to the church, for the memorial slabs which form a dado round the walls are of beautiful Numidian marbles, ranging in color from pale creamy white and delicate rose to the deepest orange and red. Much of the stained glass also commemorates historical personages, and the large circular west window, representing St. Peter's deliverance from prison by the angel and bearing the inscription, “Lord, show Thy pity on all prisoners and captives,” is in memory of the English who perished in captivity during the time of the Deys. Of the larger

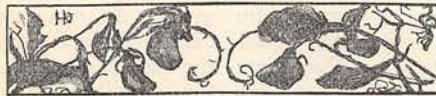
mural tablets, one is in honor of the memory of Mr. William Shaler, Consul-General of the United States, "who, during all the troublous times preceding and subsequent to Lord Exmouth's operations (in 1816), when the British consul was in chains, and when he and his family were subsequently expelled by the Dey, rendered most eminent services to them and to the British nation"; and the latest of the series of inscriptions bears the name of the kind and universally respected American consul, Mr. Jourdan, who died at an advanced age in Algiers in the winter of 1883-84, and was buried in the old consular cemetery at St. Eugène.

The most interesting of the tablets are, however, the ones containing the names of those who suffered in the dark days of Christian slavery, and especially that which records the story of the Rev. Devereux Spratt, who was captured by pirates off the coast of Ireland in 1640, with one hundred and twenty of his countrymen, and sold with them into bondage in Algiers, and who subsequently, when his freedom was purchased, refused to avail himself of it. We have happily part of the story in his own words, quoted in Colonel Playfair's "Scourge of Christendom." "I was like," he says, "to be freed by one Captaine Wilde, a pious Christian, but on a sudden I

was sould and delivered to a Mussleman dwelling with his family in ye towne, upon which change and disappointment I was very sad; my patron asked me the reason, and withall uttered those comfortable words, 'God is great!' which took such impression as strengthened my faith in God, considering thus with myself, 'Shall this Turkish Mahumitan teach me who ame a Christain, my duty of faith and dependence upon God?' " Afterwards when offered his freedom, "A petition was presented by the English captives for my staying among them; yt he (Capt. Wilde) showed me, and asked me what I would do in ye case. I tould him he was an instrument under God of my liberty, and I would be at his disposeing. He answered Noe, I was a free man, and should be at my own disposeing. Then I replied, 'I will stay,' considering that I might be more servisable to my country by my continuing in enduring affliction with the people of God than to enjoy liberty at home."

It is interesting to know that still later he was forcibly sent away by a proclamation commanding all freemen to be gone from "that nest of pirats," and that "after a time the Lord opened a doore of setillment" to him somewhere in the county of Cork.

W.



REAPING.

ALONG the east strange glories burn,
And kindling lights leap high and higher,
As morning from her azure urn
Pours forth her golden fire.

From rush and reed, from bush and brake,
Float countless jeweled gossamers
That glance and dazzle as they shake
In every breeze that stirs.

A bird, upspringing from the grain,
Flutes loud and clear his raptured note
That mingles with as blithe a strain
As e'er thrilled human throat.

Amid the tasseled ranks of corn
She stands breast-high; her arms are bare;
And round her warm brown neck the morn
Gleams on her lustrous hair.

The sickle flashes in her hand;
The dew laves both her naked feet;
She reaps and sings, and through the land
She sends her carols sweet.

The wind breathes softly on her brow;
To touch her lips tall blossoms seek;
And as the stricken columns bow,
They kiss her glowing cheek.

O happy maiden! in her breast
Guile hath no place; her virgin sleep
Vain thoughts ne'er trouble; she is blest;
She hath no tears to weep.

She knows nor longs for prouder things;
Her simple tasks are all her care;
She lives and loves, and reaps and sings,
And makes the world more fair.

James B. Kenyon.