



ABD-EL-KADER.

people are ready to defend themselves now, as did their fathers of old, by their own arms? Wherefore should this nation, above all others, be the only one that is entirely dependent for defence upon the regular soldiery? Cannot the Government intrust them with arms?"

Impressed by the loud expression of public opinion, awake to the urgency of the case, and ready to direct the general enthusiasm and patriotism so that they might be best rendered available for the national defence—the Government finally permitted the formation of volunteer corps, both artillery and rifle, under certain restrictions as to discipline and organisation, liability to military service, and subjection to military law. Though at first it had been proposed that this volunteer force should be supported by individual subscriptions—so that it would cost nothing to the nation except in case of being called into active service—yet eventually the Government decided on furnishing a certain proportion of the rifles demanded for the organisation of each corps, with an annual allowance of ammunition for practice.

Drill-sergeants were furnished from the militia; two members of each corps were admitted for instruction to the Musketry School at Hythe; and all corps were subjected to periodical inspection by the military authorities.

In consequence of this judicious patronage and support, volunteer corps have been enthusiastically organised throughout the kingdom, so that there are now distributed through the kingdom volunteer corps, the strength of which may be approximately estimated, in the absence of returns, at

100,000 to 150,000 men. The movement has extended even to the Australian and New Zealand colonies; and it may be anticipated that eventually this will take the form of a permanently-organised national guard, that will free the country for the future from constant harassing apprehensions, not very creditable to itself or complimentary to its neighbours; furnish, in some measure, material for the regular army; and much reduce the present heavy military expenditure.

At present, at the requisition of the commander of a corps to the War Secretary, there will be an annual issue of 200 rounds ball, and 120 blank Enfield cartridges, with 392 percussion caps per man, for practice, to each rifle corps, at cost price; while for artillery practice the necessary ammunition is issued free of cost. Rifles have been issued to the extent of 100 per cent. on the effective strength of companies, with target. Accoutrements are invariably furnished by the individual volunteer. It must be especially observed that the Government ammunition is available only for rifles having the Enfield gauge of .570 of an inch.

It is to be hoped that these associations for the common defence will not degenerate into clubs, whence men of unblemished honour and courage may be excluded, who are not in possession of a special social rank and importance; that, on the other hand, they may not become the pretext for unwise expenditure, a means of gratifying contemptible personal vanity, or of promoting dissipation. To avoid these dangers, it is desirable that the entrance fee should be reasonable, not to exceed five shillings; that the

dress should be plain and stout, without frippery or feathers; that the other equipments should be in union with the dress; and, finally, that the corps should assemble exclusively for duty. The cost of uniform and equipment should never exceed five guineas. In our next number we design giving an abstract of the Government regulations as to volunteer corps.

ABD-EL-KADER AND THE MOORS.

ALGERIA and Morocco are close neighbours, and a commotion in one is usually felt by both. Since 1830 Algeria has been in the possession of France; and for the last thirty years has formed an excellent school for the French soldiers. The long and gallant struggle maintained by the illustrious emir, Abd-el-Kader, who was at last overpowered, but not beaten, served to bring out all the strategical skill, military organisation, and dashing bravery of the picked troops of France. Though Abd-el-Kader has long been in captivity, the spirit which animates him survives amongst the tribes of Northern Africa; it is felt throughout the empire of Morocco, and the chivalry of Spain must not expect to make an easy conquest. For fifteen years (1832 to 1847) Abd-el-Kader kept the French in more or less constant warfare. When his troops were apparently destroyed, and he himself driven to some mountain fastness, he would suddenly reappear, harassing the frontier posts, swooping upon some small encampment, or French market, overthrowing

a company of troops sent out in pursuit, and at length compelling the Gallic commanders to make gigantic preparations to enter on a lengthened and disastrous campaign, he could no longer maintain, he gave up by flight, to reappear again at a time and place of which no suspicion had been entertained. Like a will-o'-the-wisp, he and his faithful followers flitted about, apparently only to lead all pursuers into ambushes and dangers, on the hot sands and in the sickly deserts of Africa. People at last began to doubt the identity of Abd-el-Kader, and the wits of London and Paris jested at the frequency of the rumours that the Arab chief was taken; but taken he was at last, not so much by the increased vigilance of the French, as by the treachery of his false friends the Moors.

During the Algerian campaign, the Moors had served their own interest by harassing the French army, by committing depredations on the rising colonies, and by rendering aid to the insurrectionary tribes. With the view of obtaining a redress of grievances, the French dispatched a fleet for the purpose of attacking the Moorish coasts, and, by such means, obtaining a redress of grievances. These operations led to a treaty, by which the Emperor of Morocco bound himself to restrain Abd-el-Kader from further aggressions on the French. Driven to desperation by this treaty, Abd-el-Kader, with a handful of devoted adherents, in the nights of the 11th and 12th December, 1847, attacked the Moorish camps, and routed the immense army they contained; but overpowered by numbers, and hemmed in on all sides by hourly increasing masses of Moors, he was gradually pushed back on the frontier of Algeria. The bad state of the weather impeded military operations; but, on the 21st of December, the fords of the Moulouia became practicable, and the baggage and the families of his brave companions proceeded towards the plain of Triffa—the resolve of Abd-el-Kader being to see them in safety in the French territory, and then cut his way through the Moors with such of his followers as would venture to follow him. He threw himself into the country of the Beni-Suassur, and sought to again take the road to the south, which the Emperor of Morocco had left free; but, surrounded on that side by the French cavalry, he trusted rather to the gallantry of the Gauls than to the mercy of the Moors, and surrendered to General Lamoricière and the Duc d'Aumale. He was sent in a French steamer to Toulon, and has since been detained in captivity.

The Moors have now become involved in a serious difficulty with Spain, and the old stories of chivalry are reversed; for, instead of the Moors in Spain, we have the Spaniards in Morocco. Ceuta, a seaport town on the Moorish coast, is still in the possession of Spain. It was taken from the Moors in 1415; has belonged to Spain since 1640; and has withstood several sieges by the Africans. Harassed by depredations, by the violation of accepted terms, by secret plottings and by open violence, Spain has resolved to revive the old quarrel of the Crescent and the Cross; and, favoured by the possession of a seaport town in the territory to be invaded, has dispatched a considerable army to Ceuta, which ought, if the old spirit of Christian chivalry still survived, to have defeated the Moors over and over again weeks ago, and have sent back the keys of Cordova and Granada, which the Moors carried off with them when they were driven out of Spain. Such complete success, however, has not yet attended the expedition; and, with the exception of a few skirmishes of doubtful issue, nothing has been done.

In the meantime, the French, with the experience of the Algerine campaign fresh in their memories, and as if in active concert with the Spaniards, have prepared for the impending hostilities. The following are extracts from an order of the day, issued by General de Martimprey to the corps d'armée now assembled on the Morocco coast:—"Our frontier has been violated by the natives of Morocco; our colonists, our patrols, were first attacked; then our very camps, within five leagues on this side of the frontier, have been assailed by bands numbering thousands, both mounted and on foot. Under the influence of secret agencies, the agitation has spread from the border provinces to the division of Algiers, where several market-places have been recently pillaged—a fact unheard of for years. Thus, from one point to another, our dominion and the principle of authority, by means of which persons and property are protected, seem imperilled. It is our business to restore our position to its proper footing, and we are about to do so by marching against those aggressors, who, scorning all regular authority, only recognise the principle of force. The battle of Ily had this result, that the Moorish tribes respected our territory for fifteen years; at present, to obtain a

similar result, it is necessary to give them another proof that, if we are attached to peace, if we seek no territorial aggrandisement, they have always before them soldiers worthy to emulate those led in 1844 by Marshal Bugeaud of venerated memory. They must yield once more before your courage and your discipline."

THE DIAMOND STAR.

(Concluded from page 127.)

DESCENDING to the garden, she went directly to a secluded arbour, embowered in foliage, at no great distance from the house.

"Cesareo!" she whispered.

A young cavalier, who was concealed in the arbour, instantly advanced and clasped her in his arms.

"Dear Florida!" he cried, "I feared that you would disappoint me. But we have yet some happy moments to pass together."

"Not a moment, Cesareo," replied the lady. "My father will soon return. I came to beg you to retire instantly, and await another opportunity of meeting."

"You are anxious to get rid of me!" replied the cavalier.

"Not so—my father will soon return, and he will be sure to inquire for me directly."

"Well, then," said the lover, "if it must be so, go you to the house, and leave me the solitary pleasure of watching the window of the room gladdened by your presence."

"No, no, Cesareo!" cried Florida, in terror, "that must not be."

As she said this, her eyes were instinctively turned to the window of her room, and Cesareo's followed the same direction. The shadow of Landon's figure, as it passed between the lamp and the window, was seen defined distinctly on the curtain.

"By Heaven!" cried Cesareo, "there is a man in your bed-chamber!"

"My father!" said Florida.

"You told me in your last breath that he had not returned. You are playing me false, Florida. You have a lover, and a favoured one."

"No, no!" cried the agonised girl. "It is nothing, believe me—trust not appearances, I will explain all."

But at this moment the distant clang of trumpets and kettledrums was heard, announcing the governor's return.

"I must be gone!" cried Florida—"believe me, I am faithful;" and, with these words, she fled into the house.

"The dream is over!" said Cesareo. "But I will have vengeance on my rival;" and he left the garden, muttering curses, and grasping the cross-hilt of his sword.

Florida flew to her chamber.

"Fly!" she cried to Landon. "I have sheltered you at the risk of my reputation—my father is returning, and you must leave this house. A jealous lover may denounce me, and both of us be ruined for ever. Farewell—climb the wall at the back of the garden, and take refuge in the next house. I will still watch over you."

Landon obeyed, and made his escape from the governor's garden, just as Don Rodrigo was entering the courtyard. He crossed another small garden and entered a small house at the extremity, the door of which was unbarred, and again found refuge in a room on the lower floor, where he concealed himself behind a screen.

He had not been here long before he heard footsteps entering the room, and the voices of two persons in conversation; one of them was evidently a female and the other an old man.

"Dear father!" said the female, "I am rejoiced to see that you are returned. You never go forth in this city that you do not leave me trembling for your safety."

"I have passed through much peril, Miriam," replied the man. "Snares and violence have beset my path. I went to carry the gold and the silver I had promised to Jacob the goldsmith, when, lo! I was beset by the ungodly rabble."

"Dear father!"

"Yea! and they dragged me to their place of skulls—even to their accursed Golgotha, where the blood of mine only brother was drunken by the ravening flames, and where thirty of our brethren perished because they believed in the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob."

"And did they force you to witness the *Auto da Fé*?"

"They brought me to the place, Miriam—but there the spirit of prophecy descended upon me, and

I lifted up my voice and denounced their abominations, even as the prophet of old did the iniquities of the Egyptian king. And lo, Miriam, there was a miracle wrought! The voice of Heaven spake in thunder to rebuke their impious blood-thirstiness. The flood-gates of heaven were opened, and the rain descended in mighty torrents and quenched the Moloch fires kindled by the Christians. And a great wind arose, and the scaffold was destroyed, and the goody youth that stood thereupon was saved from the death of fire, as the multitude were scattered."

"And lives he, father?"

"I fear not," answered the old man, sadly. "For if he were not crushed by the falling scaffold, yet verily the cruel sword of the troopers and the men-at-arms must have sought out his young life."

At this moment Landon stepped from his concealment.

"No, my friends," said he, "I yet live to thank Heaven for its providential care. I have even found a friend in the household of my bitter enemy, for Donna Florida d'Almonte sheltered me and commended me to your roof."

He had now time to scan the persons of his hosts. The elder, Isaac the Jew, was, as we described him on his appearance in the plaza, a man of venerable appearance, with a mild and noble countenance, wearing the long beard and flowing robes of his race. His daughter, Miriam, had the commanding beauty, the dark eyes, the flowing hair, and the bold features, of the daughters of Israel. She was richly clad in robes of silk, and many a jewel of price gleamed in the raven tresses of her hair.

"Thou art safe beneath this roof," said the Hebrew, "for Donna Florida, though the daughter of the man of tiger blood, hath yet befriended us and ours, and, for her sake as well as for thine, thou art welcome."

Landon thanked his new friends for their hospitable pledges.

"I would fain," said the old Hebrew, "give thee garments more fitting than the accursed robe that wraps thy youthful limbs. But, of a truth, I have none of Spanish fashion, and the Jewish gabardine is almost as fatal to the wearer as the robe of the *san benito*."

"Here comes Reuben," said Miriam. "Welcome home, dear brother!"

A handsome youth of sixteen entered at this moment, and saluted his father, his sister, and the stranger. He bore a bundle in his arms.

"I was charged," he said, "by the Lady Florida to bear this package to the stranger I should find here. It contains a Spanish dress. She bid me say," he continued, addressing Landon, "that, when you have put on these habiliments, you can repair with me to the governor's garden at midnight. The waiting-maid and confidant will conduct you through the house to the street, and make your way to the English ambassador's."

After thanking the youthful messenger, Landon was shown to an apartment where he was left alone to change his dress. Donna Florida had supplied him with a plain but handsome cavalier's suit, including mantle, hat and plume, and, in addition to these, a good sword. Landon hailed this latter gift with joy, and buckled the belt with trembling eagerness. He drew the weapon and found it to be a Toledo blade of the best temper. He kissed the sword with ecstasy.

"Welcome," he cried, "old friend! With you I can cut through odds, and at least sell my life dearly, if I fall again into the hands of the Philistines."

Returning to his new friends, he sat down to a hearty meal which they had prepared for him, and to which he did an Englishman's justice. At the hour of twelve his young friend Reuben signified his readiness to accompany him on his adventure.

"Farewell!" he cried. "I owe you a debt that nothing can repay. But believe me that your kindness will always dwell in the heart of Clarence Landon."

Reuben and the Englishman were soon in the governor's garden. It was pitch dark, and they advanced cautiously, groping their way. All at once Landon stumbled against some person.

"Is it you, Reuben?" said he, in a low tone. But he was instantly grasped by the throat. Dealing his unseen assailant a blow with his clenched hand, which made him release his hold, the Englishman instantly drew his sword, and threw himself on guard. His steel was crossed by another blade, and a fierce encounter ensued, the combatants being practised swordsmen, and guided in the dark by what swordsmen term the perception of the blade. Reuben had made his escape, and gone to tell his father of this new disaster. The struggle was brief, for the antagonist of Landon, closing at the peril of his life, and being a man of Herculean strength, wrested the