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## A TRIP TO ALGIERS.

BY PROF. HENRI HERMANN LIOTARD.

The tourist who visits the picture galleries of Paris and pursues his investigations and sight-seeing as far as Versailles, cannot fail to be strongly attracted, in the magnificent palace of this town, by a room which contains the masterpieces of Horace Vernet. These pictures, which mostly represent warlike scenes, such as cavalry charges, sieges, the storming of citadels, etc., are especially remarkable for their movement and life, the art with which : the fighting soldiers are arranged, and the minute exactness of the costumes

and all the detail. Among all these pictures the one that appeals j the most to my fancy was the one called "La prise de la Smalah," the capture of the Smalah. It represents an attack by the French troops in Algiers upon the tent, or rather tents, occupied by the family (in Arabic Smalah) of the celebrated Arabian chief, Abd-el-Kader, and the capture of all his wives, children, nephews, followers, and arms,—he alone having succeeded in escaping, thanks to the swiftness of his horse; which on this occasion, it is affirmed, accomplished the remarkable feat of carrying its master within twenty-four hours one hundred leagues, or about three hundred miles, from the scene represented in Horace Vernet's picture. At the time at which the Smalah was captured (1842), Abd-el-Kader had been for a long time a thorn in the flesh of the French generals, both on account of his talents as a strategist and his accomplishments as a politician; and it was suggested that it would be a good plan to take his children and nephews to France to bring them up among the young French men and women, and place them again at the head of the tribes over which their rank and birth entitled them to rule: and this was immediately executed.

Since I had read the history of Abd-el-Kader and seen reproduced on canvass one of the most thrilling and important episodes of his life, it had been my steady desire to visit the country where these events had taken place; and after some years, this desire having been

revived by a sort of fever of colonization which raged in Switzerland about 1856, a fine day in the beginning of the winter saw me, accompanied by a faithful friend<sup>1</sup>, striding over the quays of the port of Marseilles, directing my steps towards one of the steamers that made regular trips between that city and Algiers. Of the port of Marseilles I need say very little. What would be likely to attract the attention of an American boy in it, is the enormous quantity of peanuts which are brought there, not to fill the revolving roasting pan of a Mangin, but to be used for the fabrication of that famous article known in the United States by the name of Castile soap.

The voyage was very pleasant, though we had a north wind so strong that gradually all the passengers disappeared to attend to their own business, which was mostly seasickness, and reappeared only when we had passed the Balearic Islands. From that point everything seemed spring-like; the wind grew calm, and the sea looked like a vast mirror; forty hours after leaving Marseilles we sighted Algiers. That city is built as if in terraces, upon a steep hill, the foot of which is bathed by the waters of the sea. The lower part of the city, with the exception of one mosque, is entirely new, and is composed of buildings principally connected with the extensive trade carried on in the harbor,—custom house buildings, warehouses, etc. When one has climbed about half of the hill, he finds the city traversed by a long street, the two sides of which are exclusively European; but if, going a few steps

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<sup>1</sup> James Vaucher (1830-1839) who would immigrate to the USA in 1861 and fight for the North in the Civil War. James' sister, Charlotte, will marry Prof. Liotard.

farther, he crosses the street and enters the part of the city situated above, he finds himself in the midst of oriental life as completely as if he were in Damascus or any other eastern town. The change is so sudden that it seems to have been effected by a magic wand. Here can be seen the old palace of the Dey, a number of mosques, one of which was constructed by Christian slaves, among whom is said to have been Cervantes, the author of Don Quixote, and the Kasbah an old citadel built at the southern extremity of the city. The Arab streets are dirty, crooked, and steep, and some so narrow that on account of the form of the houses, which lean forward, it would seem very easy to pass on a strong plank from the upper story of one house to the house opposite. If instead of crossing the long street the tourist turns right or left and follows it, he finds himself very soon in the suburbs, and may then realize completely how different the population is from that which he is accustomed to see. The landscape itself has changed; the familiar trees have disappeared. Instead of them the streets are lined by orange, fig, olive, and occasionally even palm trees; and the scanty porches of the houses are adorned with pomegranate and similar blossoming bushes. Further on, the country expands: Moorish houses, surrounded by extensive, well watered gardens, may be seen in every direction. Some attempts at industry may also be detected. In a small secluded valley I found, to my great surprise, a real forest of rose-geraniums; they were placed with so much regularity that it precluded all idea of their having been planted by nature, and I was told that the inevitable Yankee had been there, had tried to make essence of roses

without roses, and had left this grove of geraniums as a witness of the extraordinary fertility of the soil that bore them. Still farther on, about thirty miles from Algiers, is the small town of Blidah, a perfect orange grove, where it is easy to ascertain how little the unhappy inhabitants of northern climates know what an orange is when eaten just picked from the tree. Yet farther on, is found Medeah, the city of the mountains, reached by a laced road, imitated from the strategic roads built by Napoleon the first; where, seated on the upper box of a stage drawn by five fleet and powerful horses, you can enjoy the exhilarating swiftness and witness the extraordinary skill of the driver who guides them through gorges and vales.

In the latitude of Algiers it happens very often that, even in winter, terrific rain-storms arise, and cause the mountain torrents to rise so suddenly as to carry with them parts of the roads and bridges. Such was the fortune of my companion and myself, when we had hardly arrived in the town of Medeah; and we might now expect to be shut in for a long time, until the roads could be restored to their former condition, in a valley where the only remaining exit was a road leading to the great desert. Among the inmates of the hotel which we occupied was a young man whom we at first took for a French officer. It is true that he wore an Arab costume; but it is not unusual to meet with French officers in such garb, since it is the most comfortable one under the Algerian heats. We soon became aware, however, that although his French was unimpeachable as to the form of the language, it was uttered with a certain guttural pronunciation which made us pretty certain that our new friend was

an Arab; and in fact he turned out to be one of the nephews of Abd-el-Kader, of whom I have spoken before, having been sent to France to get civilization and be educated in a French college; and if skill at the billiard table, drinking absinthe before dinner, champagne during it, and brandy afterwards, constitute a high degree of civilization, Ahmed (this was his name) had got in France what he had gone there to get. He proved, however, to be a very pleasant companion; and we had hardly spent two days in his company when he proposed, as there was as yet no sign of the road being mended and becoming passable, to take us to his camp, or village, situated a few leagues from Medeah on the limit of the desert, and to introduce us to the true Arab life, to which he had returned a year before, having been placed at the head of one of the friendly tribes. Of course we accepted the invitation; and the next morning saw us mounted upon excellent Arab stallions, which in a comparatively short time brought us to our destination. The Arabs and Arab villages have been so often described that I do not intend to resume so hackneyed a subject. One or two particulars, however, will be of use here. The village which we entered after a few hours ride was surrounded, as they generally are, by a strong, thick, compact hedge of cactus, which without any other defense is found to be a sufficient protection against troops not provided with artillery. To cut it down with axes is almost impossible; trying to force it open is not to be thought of for a moment. Of course it is an excellent protection against any kind of wild animal, and the inmates of villages so protected feel perfectly secure against any attack of man or beast. What seems

incredible to the looker on is that anything so thrifty as such a hedge can grow on such a soil. Put on a road coal ashes a few feet deep, and you will have what resembles the fertile soil upon which the cactus grows,— and not only grows but produces a fruit which, if it is not very delicious, is at least juicy enough to quench the thirst of the traveler eager to enjoy something cooling. This fruit, called the Barbary fig, is surrounded with thorns extremely fine and sharp, which it seems ought to protect it against the greedy traveler, but the Arabs are very skillful in peeling the fruit with a sharpened piece of wood, and like to present it to you stuck on a pointed stick as a sort of fork, and then you can enjoy your refreshment without fear of being impaled. The plot surrounded by this hedge of cactus is filled with canvass tents, some of which, especially those of the chief, are fitted up with the greatest luxury. The carpets especially would fill any housekeeper with envy. Magnificent weapons of all kinds, cimeters both old- fashioned and new, and fire-arms of every description, fill every available place. When we arrived, on account of the perfect level of the country our advance had been already signaled by the sentinels, and the first order given had effected the sending in of all the women, so that the village looked more like barracks than like a community. The children, however, were there to prevent any mistake in that direction, and Heaven only knows how many were roaming around.

Eastern hospitality is proverbial; but I should never have supposed that it could be carried so far as it was my good fortune to experience. Our host, who had taken us from a sort of hovel

bearing the name of hotel to this enchanted land, did not mean to leave things half done, but evidently intended to show us every thing worthy of being seen. He planned for us a fantasia, a wild boar hunt, and a quail hunt, thinking that these three things would be likely to interest us more than anything else, as being especially Arabic in character.

# THE LAURENTIAN

VOL. V.

CANTON, N. Y., MARCH, 1892.

No. 3.

## A TRIP TO ALGIERS.

BY PROFESSOR H. H. LIOTARD.  
[CONTINUED.]

If you look in Webster's Unabridged for the word fantasia, you find the following definition: "A continuous composition, not divided into what are called movements, or governed by the ordinary rules of musical design, but in which the author's fancy roves under little restraint." Now this was not by any means what Ahmed had planned for us. but something far better. It is not that I want to be hard upon Arabian music; it has its charms, like any other music, but unlike any other music, it does not resemble in any way the people among whom it has originated. Instead of the wild, fantastic chords which you would naturally expect from a wild and fantastic looking people, you hear something sweet, impressive and full of pathos, as are generally melodies written in a minor key. But I am wandering from my subject. Very early in the morning: following our arrival at the Arabian village, we were awakened by loud reports which seemed to resound by the side of our tent; and immediately after, Ahmed entered to see how we had slept, and to announce that everything was now ready for the first act of the festivities he had promised us. After a very hasty breakfast, having found our horses of the day before rested, carefully groomed, and ready for anything, we proceeded toward the plain where

fantasia was to take place. The sky was of that deep azure which becomes deeper and deeper as one goes toward the south; the sun, which had risen a few minutes before, and which we had behind us. was shining upon a troop of from three to four hundred horsemen, covered with burnoses of a dazzling whiteness, formed about a quarter of a mile from us in so close array that they looked like a compact mass, and so immovable that had it not been for the motion of the long tails of the horses they would have seemed a petrified body of cavalry. As we approached, our horses began to neigh and elicited ready responses from their friends in the ranks, and upon a sign from our host the whole troop began to advance slowly towards us; then upon another sign, turned half on the left, half on the right, and began to revolve around us, first at a canter. Then they gradually increased their swiftness until they had reached a full gallop, at the same time shouting and shooting, throwing their guns high in the air, catching them again with unerring skill, and continuing these evolutions with the same vertiginous speed, without stopping a minute to take breath or allow their horses to rest. Our host had told me before starting that the only fault of my horse was his extreme sensitiveness to the spur (a fact that I had been fully able to realize during our ride of the day before); but as it was a young horse which had never taken part in a fantasia, there was very little risk, however excited the other horses might be, that he would try to join them in that exercise. "But," said

Ahmed, turning to my companion, "it is not the same with yours, and I would advise you, when the row begins, to be extremely careful and hold him well, because he might carry you a little farther and faster than you would like to go." I must add to this that Ahmed, who was a thorough horseman, had not been slow to perceive that my friend was a better rider than myself, and that there was no danger in giving him a very spirited horse; and the event showed the correctness of his prevision.

As the fantasia proceeded and some of the Arabs, I really believe in a spirit of fun, came nearer and nearer us, increasing: their speed and their shouting as they approached, my friend's horse, which he had been able to restrain so far, was suddenly taken by a sort of frenzy, raised his fore legs, stood for a few seconds on his hind legs, executed the most magnificent leap I ever saw a horse perform, and started in the track of the other horses, carrying away his rider, who had remained in the saddle as firm as a rock and as unconcerned as if it had been somebody's else horse that was perpetrating such antics. He certainly would have been a great deal more concerned if I had been in his place. The fun of the thing was that my companion had joined me in this trip to Algiers partly to recuperate from the fatigue caused by extended examinations passed after a four years course in a theological school; nothing was wanting now to give him the title of Reverend but his ordination, and it was very amusing to see a full fledged theologian playing his part in a fantasia at a break-neck gallop. He was very likely the only one that ever had such an experience. However, everything comes to an end,

even a fantasia, and my friend came back to us none the worse for his exciting ride, but absolutely deprived of the power of speech on account of the enthusiasm with which he had joined his companions in shouting.

By a singular coincidence about which I heard, of course, subsequently, the Emperor Napoleon III, having come two or three years later for the inauguration of the first railroad built in the colony, the company of the railroad organized in his honor a series of festivities including a fantasia, and it was the same tribe that had executed it for us which executed it in a plain near Algiers for the benefit of their imperial majesties, Napoleon III and Eugenie.

The next thing, after the horses had been taken back to their pickets, groomed, watered and fed, was our attendance at the great banquet, inseparable from any festivity. The national and ordinary dish of the Arabs is called kouskoussou. It is a coarse farina boiled with all sorts of spices, especially cayenne pepper, and served in form of a pyramid covered with fat gravy and pieces of boiled lamb or chicken. The service is extremely simple. The guests squat on the ground in a circle, ten or twelve together; a dish of the favorite viand is placed in the center of the ring, and they pitch in with a vengeance, with their fingers, taking all together, the kouskoussou, the gravy and the meat. It is needless to say that we pretended to eat more than we really ate, and that, had it not been for boxes of French preserves and hard-tack, of which our host had a provision, we should have been in danger of starvation.

The only beverage used is water. the Mohammedans being strictly forbidden the use of any intoxicating liquor; and although Ahmed himself had departed from the customs of his forefathers and did not practice abstinence, he was very careful to enforce that religious law among his men, and never to drink in his own village, or any where else when any of them were present. During my stay of four weeks in Algiers and its vicinity, I met with only one drunken Arab, and the looks of disgust which pervaded the countenances of those of the same race who saw him would have filled with delight any member of the "party of the future." To see a whole nation devoted to abstinence must give to Prohibitionists a fair hope to see, some time, intoxicating liquors done away with in this country. Only let them remember the significant fact that abstinence in that case is enforced, not by a civil but by a religious law.

After the fantasia in the morning, it was impossible to use the horses on the same day, so that our afternoon was spent in a dolce farniente with the accompaniment chibouque and the drinking of coffee. I should like to be able to give a rousing account of our wild boar hunt on the following day, but as I am acting the part of a chronicler and not of a novelist, I am compelled to tell the truth; and although we started, about thirty men, each well provided with a rifle at his saddle, a brace of cavalry pistols in his holsters, and a ten foot spear in his right hand, I must confess that we did not meet with a single wild boar, nor did we see the track of one; and I must add this other piece of truth, that I was extremely glad of it. A ten foot spear is an extremely awkward instrument to manage on

horseback when one is not accustomed to it; and as for a rifle, I never would have dared, in order to shoot it, to drop my reins and let my horse run at full speed without any way to hold him. The pistols were left to me, but to use them with advantage it would probably have been necessary to approach the boar nearer than I had a desire to. So all was for the best; and after a ride quite exciting over a rocky paths and dales -- for we had been obliged to leave the sandy plain and go back to the mountain -- we returned to our camp and rested, ending the day in nearly the same way as the day before.

The day after we were destined to see more game, or rather birds, alive or dead, than it has been my luck to see before or after. It was the occasion of the quail hunt which Ahmed had promised us. This we found profoundly charming, and as still and noiseless as our experience of the two preceding days had been agitated and noisy. The African quail has nothing but the name in common with the American bird. In fact, in the same way that the so-called partridge of this country is a pheasant in Europe, the American quail is a bird closely allied to the European and African partridge, only somewhat smaller; and the European or African quail, also a gallinaceous bird, is not to be found in America. Whilst I was living in Pittsfield, Mass., a club of sportsmen made the attempt to introduce and acclimate this last bird in this country. They got from Sicily a hundred pair of quails, and let them loose at the beginning of the spring in the vicinity of Pittsfield. I enjoyed very much the homelike song of that bird, which, however, ceased with the summer. In the fall, as the quail is a bird of passage,

they very likely started south and never came back. Did their instinct show them a way to their native shores? I don't know; but if they directed their flight to Europe, although they cross the Mediterranean twice every year, it seems highly improbable that they could cross the Atlantic.

In order to reach the scene of the hunt it was necessary to go in a new direction, where land was greener and in proximity to running water; and as the operations were to begin very early in the morning at some distance from the village, we had to start about sundown, and arrived somewhat late at the place where we were to wait for daylight, and whither our host had sent a vanguard of men to prepare our encampment, or rather bivouac, for it had not been deemed necessary to bring tents for so short a time. The appearance of our procession was quite fantastic; torch bearers headed it, and all the men who had taken part in the fantasia, with the exception of those who had been sent in advance, followed us. Immediately upon our arrival, after the horses had been taken care of, of course, for they are always first attended to, a supper composed of the inevitable kouskoussou was served. This time, as we were all ravenously hungry and there were no French preserves in the background, I overcame my disgust and went bravely at the kouskoussou. Well, it did not prove as bad as I had thought; after I got accustomed to the feeling of fat gravy running down to my elbows, I fully did honor to the dish and satisfied my hunger. The night seemed pretty long, and was long in fact; for we were now stretched upon the grass without any shelter, but amply provided with blankets and burnoses, during the

second fortnight of January. I forgot to say that in all the preparations for the hunt no mention had been made of any firearms — not the least little shot gun, no pistols, no revolvers, nothing — and I was curious to know what kind of warfare was to be waged against the innocent birds. My friend, although one of the most learned men I ever met, did not know any more than I; and Ahmed only answered, "You will see, you will see," and persistently refused to enlighten me any more. Long before daylight everybody was astir in the encampment, and when the sun rose in an absolutely cloudless sky we started, this time on foot, the horses having been firmly secured so that there would be no trouble and no interruption on that account. The landscape was quite different from the one we had left. Here no sand, no rocks were to be seen, but a plain covered with asphodel of a dark green color extended almost as far as the eye could reach, interrupted by a few bushes of dwarf palm trees, which are the weeds of the country; the horizon on one side being limited by the mountains we had left four days before, and on the other by the desert, which looked like a vast extent of yellowish sea. Now my curiosity was to be satisfied.



# THE LAURENTIAN

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No. 8.

## A TRIP TO ALGIERS.

BY PROFESSOR H. H. LIOTARD.  
[CONCLUDED.]

I noticed that on the start each of the hunters had in his hand a short stick of wood, and a few more of the same form and length hanging at his belt, and these were the weapons which were going to make such a dreadful : slaughter of birds. Ahmed explained to me that each of these sticks, made of very heavy wood, was provided at one of its extremities with a heavy piece of lead, so that when thrown with precision against a bird, the blow was sufficient to stun it or to break one of its wings. The men drew out in a long line, probably as much as three miles in length, and upon a signal given by the trumpet, they began to advance towards the plain, those placed in the center hardly moving, those at the two extremities running at full speed, and those between somewhat more slowly, measuring their speed by their distance from the middle, so that after some time, as the whole number was taking an oblique direction towards the middle, a ring of about a mile in diameter was formed inclosing a part of the plain. When the circumference was completed they stopped for a few minutes to give those who had run time to take breath; then upon another signal the whole troop began to advance, slowly and as noiselessly as possible, toward the center of the ring. I must say that the whole manoeuvre was led and executed

in so masterly a manner that I never saw anything that could be compared with it in the most disciplined and best drilled armies. Some birds had begun to fly away as soon as the men had begun that manoeuvre, but the latter had not paid any attention to them while forming into a circle, as they knew well that the birds never flew very far, but would remain on the field of action and be found later, to be more easily aimed at, tired as they were by a previous flight. But as soon as the circle was formed and the men began to march, the sticks too began to fly, and the skill and unerring aim showed by the hunters were really something surprising; it was of course impossible to watch the whole crowd at the the same time, and the only way to get a correct idea of the dexterity of the hunters were to single out one and follow him. This I did, remaining close to him until all the men were so close together that more hurling would have been as dangerous for the hunters as for the game. I shall not venture to estimate the number of birds killed, but if every hunter was as fortunate or expert as the one I followed, there must have been over two thousand; and very few weapons were lost, as the one used was generally found near the killed or stunned bird, then picked up and used again.

After a light lunch, we started back to the village and spent the remainder of the day resting, as we were to go back to Medea the next morning to see what was the condition of the roads and, if

possible, start for Algiers. The weather, which had been quite favorable for several days, was beginning to be threatening and we were unwilling, after having seen all that was worth seeing, and even more than is generally seen, to risk another storm and be obliged to stay in that locality longer than was absolutely necessary. Ahmed, whom we had met in Medea going to Algiers, and who had been prevented by the same reason as we, started with us. We found the road passable and arrived in Algiers without any difficulty. In that city we tried our best to return some of the favors we had received from our new friend, but he had to take the will for the deed, for it was impossible to repay a tithe of what we owed him. I had heard and read a great deal about Eastern hospitality, but I would never have thought that it could reach the degree that we experienced. It was almost impossible to admire anything without Ahmed insisting upon our taking it, or some of it. Among the objects of our admiration was a litter of slughi puppies (the Arabian grey-hound, resembling the stag-hound, only larger), and he insisted immediately that each of us should take one. My friend refused, as his home was in the city, but as I lived in the country, I accepted and remained ignorant of the value of that royal gift until I received with it a large parchment covered with Arabian writing establishing the genealogy of the animal, I do not remember now how many generations back. The dog, when he had grown up, was very tall and graceful. Unfortunately, the climate of Switzerland was too cold for him, and notwithstanding the care I took to keep him in a warm place during the winter, he pined away and died before he was two years old. He had a singular habit.

He used to sleep in my room, and when he thought that it was time for me to get up (or rather, I suppose, for him to have his breakfast) he jumped upon my bed, lay between me and the wall, placed his paws against it, arched his back and threw me out of bed. After a few days I got tired of that exercise and placed the head of my bed against the wall instead of the side, and, seeing that he had lost his fulcrum, he desisted from any further effort to make me get up.

Ahmed gave us also the privilege of visiting his house in Algiers; but before taking us there and bidding us to come in, he asked leave to precede us, for he had to tell his wife, mother and servant girls that he was going to introduce gentlemen in his home and so give them time to go to their apartments. After a few minutes he came back and told us that the way was clear. We went up the stairs, and on our way up I could not help noticing that, if the ladies did not want to be seen, they did not object to seeing, for I detected several pairs of eyes imperfectly hidden by curtains slightly drawn aside from the windows looking upon the interior galleries which we followed on our way through the house.

The Moorish style of architecture is quite peculiar, and a house viewed from the outside, where it has the appearance of an enormous cube of masonry without a single window and with only a scanty narrow door, does not prepare the visitor for the sight which awaits him in the interior. The middle of the building is occupied by an extensive square yard, or rather hall, lighted from above, floored with a marble mosaic of many colors, and ornamented by a graceful fountain which occupies the

middle. On the four sides of that hall are seen at least two, sometimes as many as four, galleries communicating with each other by means of elegant marble staircases and supported by slender marble columns delicately carved. I visited several Moorish houses during my stay in Algiers, all except that of Ahmed occupied by French families, and the arrangement was exactly the same in all of them. The carvings were more or less delicate, the marble more or less precious, but everywhere the apartments opened upon the galleries and received light from the windows looking into them.

We had not been there long when a girl carefully veiled brought in a tray covered with delicacies sent us by the lady of the house. I shall not attempt to describe them except to say that they had not the slightest resemblance to kouskoussou. After a very pleasant afternoon we took our leave, delighted to have been able, so near our own country, to peep into real Eastern life. The remainder of our stay in Algiers was somewhat tame compared with the fortnight which we had just spent, part in the mountains and part on the borders of the desert in the Arabian village. As it was at that time my intention to buy a farm near Algiers and settle there, we visited several places but did not come to any final decision, and later events prevented me from carrying out that plan. After having spent a little over three months of the winter in Africa, it was time to think of recrossing the Mediterranean. But before leaving these shores, it was necessary to provide ourselves with some remembrances for our friends in

Switzerland. I had only one person<sup>2</sup> in view when I made my purchases, and I had decided to take her things that would be of local interest. After mature deliberation I decided upon a bottle of attar of roses, a burnos and a box of dates. You may judge of my disgust when, my purchases made, I was told by a competent judge that the attar of roses came from Smyrna, and the burnos had been manufactured in Lyons. As for the dates, by turning the box upside down, I detected the trade mark, Cassotte et Cie, the name of a celebrated house of Marseilles importing dry fruits from all the parts of the world. For all I know, my Algerian dates may have come from the West Indies. I was told then that, if I wanted to be sure of what I was purchasing, I ought to have bought the fruit in its original package, a dog's hide. I thanked my informer and said that I preferred the box. Think of a young man bringing his best girl a dog's skin full of dates! I took my knife, carefully scratched out the trade mark, and it was only years later that I told the recipient of the couleur locale of my oriental presents.

A few days after, we were told that a steamer making a regular round trip between Havre and Marseilles, stopping on her way at Porto, Gibraltar and Algiers, had just entered the port and would stay only forty-eight hours, then sail directly to Marseilles. We visited it, found that there were only nine passengers besides ourselves, and that the staterooms and cabins seemed pleasant. The only drawback was that among the articles composing the rather miscellaneous cargo, was a drove

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<sup>2</sup> Charlotte Vaucher, James' sister whom Liotard married in 1857

of two hundred and fifty hogs, that seemed of a very lively disposition. But the captain assured us that as they would be placed very far from us, we should not experience the slightest inconvenience from their company; so we made up our minds to start at once. The only incident worth mentioning took place during the first night of the voyage. I had hardly betaken myself to the comfortable stateroom which had been allotted to me, yielded to the slightly rocking motion of the steamer, and lost consciousness in a refreshing sleep, when I was suddenly awakened by a dreadful noise in which the whistle of the engine and the sound of most unearthly voices seemed blended together in awful dissonance. In a few seconds innumerable suppositions, of which shipwreck, collision, or boarding by pirates, were among the first, riwrt crossed my mind. All the sins I had committed in the last fifteen years arose before me in appalling array. I jumped from bed, rushed to the deck

*\*\*\*\*\* dans le simple appareil d'une beauté qu'on vient d'arracher au sommeil"*

and found there that a heavy fog had risen on the sea, and that the captain of the steamer, thinking that the ordinary whistle was not a sufficient protection against a possible collision in that much travelled sea, had posted some of his men among the hogs with instructions to belabor them with heavy clubs and pull their ears, if the clubbing proved inadequate to produce a loud sounding noise. I was not acquainted then with America, but I am sure now that that captain must have had some Yankee blood in his veins. Our voyage ended without any further trouble, and we landed in Marseilles after one of the

most speedy crossings, notwithstanding a fog that delayed us a few hours, and I left the shores of the Mediterranean with a strong desire and hope sometime to go back to Algiers, a desire and hope never to be fulfilled.