

genious 'Quæstio' appended to the *Poemata*, 'Why the more modern Latin poets are not as much read as they deserve to be?' But we can now only thank Mr. Landor for the pleasure he has afforded us. These volumes look so much like a consummation of his literary labours,

that we scarcely venture to hope for much more from his pen. But if he should give any fresh collection of his beautiful conceptions to the world, we trust that they will not be encased in Imaginary or any other Conversations, but will take the form of downright, unmistakeable idylls.

A CAMPAIGN IN ALGIERS.

WHEN the blow of a fan, inflicted by an arrogant dey on an insolent consul, brought a French squadron off Algiers, to receive the official and blockade the port, no one beheld in the hostile demonstration the prelude to a long series of bloody campaigns; none foresaw the desperate and costly war in which French discipline, wealth, and ingenuity, have striven for seventeen years against the tenacious patriotism and fatalist courage of Africa's desert children. Even later, when, after three years' fruitless blockade, forty thousand French soldiers landed at Sidi Ferruch, and French cannon thundered against the palatial Kasbah, and the fort of Charles V., who supposed that these twoscore thousand men were but the first instalment of multitudes devoted to death by lead and fever—that the roar of Bourmont's guns was but the overture to the martial concert in which Frenchman and Bedouin were so long to play their parts? Algiers fell; one hundred and fifty cannon, fifty millions of francs, and seventeen men-of-war, were the prize and trophy of the victors; but of these, in less than three months from their landing, fifteen thousand succumbed to wounds, fever, and climate. The long-accumulated rarities and treasures of the Kasbah were shared amongst French officers, of whom the highest were not ashamed to sack their share of spoil; the soldiers found proportionably rich plunder in humbler dwellings, and in the beautiful country-houses environing the town. The dey, with his private property, and a suite of one hundred and twenty persons, was shipped off to Port Mahon. Here were chastisement for the offender, credit to the French arms, a

sop to the French soldier: sufficient had been done, it might be thought, for the vindication of France's dignity; sufficient vengeance taken for the insult offered to her representative. But French ambition had still to be gratified. Whilst England's power spanned the world, and the little island on Europe's coast owned, in each of the four other divisions of the globe, territories far exceeding its own extent, a few petty islands were all that France could shew as colonies. The deficiency must be repaired, and an opportunity now offered. North Africa was the very country for French conquerors and colonists. Its fertile soil, good ports, and facility of access, were all in favour of the scheme resolved upon. And soon the crafty and selfish monarch, whom one revolution had called to the throne of the Tuileries, and another has set aside, saw the advantage he would personally derive from a war of colonisation in Algeria, which by attracting the attention of the nation he governed, and dazzling, or at least amusing them with a little brief glory, would leave him greater liberty to reconstruct the royal prerogative, shaken to its base by the events that had given him a crown, and to pursue those projects of dynastic aggrandisement which, far before the welfare of his country, were the grand aim of his egotistical desires. The volatile and light-hearted French nation, ever 'pleased with a trifle, tickled with a straw,' were to be kept in good humour by the feats of prowess of a Bugeaud, a Lamoricière, or a Changarnier; by exaggerated reports of petty conflicts, handsomely coloured in the docile *Moniteur*; and by the occasional exhibition of Moorish tents and

umbrellas in the Tuileries gardens, or of bearded Arab prisoners gaping upon the boulevards. Unquestionably Algeria did its part in drawing French attention from Louis Philippe's manœuvres; and it is curious to observe—although this can be little more than a coincidence—how quickly the capture of Abd-el-Kader and the tranquillisation of his country has been succeeded by a grave outbreak of popular dissatisfaction, and by the employment against the Citizen King of those very measures that drove his predecessor into exile and gave himself a crown.

It was very soon found that the Bedouins, though undisciplined, and at first contemned by their more civilised opponents, were, in fact, anything but despicable foes, and that a large force was necessary for their subjugation. Driven from Algiers, Constantina, and their other strongholds, they were neither destroyed nor discouraged, but boldly kept the field and harassed their enemies, who had to guard each inch of ground which they conquered. The French army of occupation was repeatedly reinforced; large drafts of fresh troops were necessary to fill up the chasms made in its ranks by disease and war; and in addition to the numerous regiments of the line sent from France to Africa, various auxiliary corps, more or less regular, were raised and augmented in the course of the long contest. The most prominent amongst these were the Chasseurs d'Afrique, consisting of several squadrons of excellent light cavalry, chiefly volunteers, and of eight battalions of infantry. The latter made up a sort of condemned regiments, to which were transferred from the French army men guilty of offences against discipline, such as wild conduct, drunkenness, insubordination, and the like, not necessarily implying moral turpitude. Believers in the truth of a French proverb, signifying 'the greater the scamp the better the soldier,' will not wonder that these eight battalions were amongst the bravest and most distinguished of the African army. They were composed chiefly of smart young fellows, daring and hot-headed, a majority of whom belonged to the corporation of *maitres d'armes*, or

fencing-masters, of which we shall by and bye take occasion further to speak. Sharp discipline was, of course, necessary; and the officers were selected on account of known severity of character. Next to the Chasseurs come the Zouaves—light infantry, dressed Oriental fashion, and taking their name from an African tribe, although consisting chiefly of Frenchmen. Their dress is very picturesque, consisting of a red fez or cap, with a green turban-like band round it, a blue Turkish jacket and vest, with red lace and braid, a blue sash round the waist, loose, short, red breeches, tightly fastened below the knee, and continued by leathern leggings to the ankle, white gaiters, and strong shoes. According to Eastern mode, jacket and vest are without collars, cut round at the neck, which is left bare. The costume is excellent for that climate and service. Lamoricière was formerly colonel of the Zouaves, which have at all times greatly distinguished themselves; and many of the officers were young men of excellent French families, tempted by the picturesque garb and adventurous nature of the service. Then come Spahis, native soldiers, officered chiefly by French, like our native regiments in India. There was the Parisian Legion, a corps raised soon after the commencement of the war, and composed principally of idlers and ne'er-do-weels recruited in the French metropolis—a terribly unruly set, whom fever swept away by hundreds during the first year of their African service. The vacancies were filled by conscripts; and, at last, the corps was got into first-rate discipline, and was admitted into the regular army as the 67th regiment of the line. Finally, during the whole period of the Algerine war, we find a body of foreigners, consisting of deserters, political refugees, and escaped criminals (mingled, perhaps, with a few of a better stamp), from nearly every European nation, serving under French colours by the name of the Foreign Legion.

It is not proposed to enter, in this place, into a dissertation on the African war, or a history of all or any of the different corps just enumerated. The business of the pre-

sent paper is with a young adventurer, who, after carrying the musket in more countries than one, has abandoned it for the pen,—a more peaceable, if not always a more harmless weapon. We believe him to have done his duty with his gun; we can honestly praise him for the way in which he handles his goose-quill. Already, in a recent number, we introduced him to the readers of this Magazine, as the author of two lively and agreeable volumes on Spain. We now, by an unimportant inversion of the natural order of things, come to a previous work, recording his African experiences. These were various and laborious rather than military. Although bearing arms, and wearing a soldier's coat, he did not fire a shot—scarcely saw one fired—during his twelve-month's service in Africa. His campaign was without a skirmish. If the *Bilder aus Spanien* smelt of powder from title-page to 'Finis,' and sometimes horrified the reader by their sanguinary details, the *Bilder aus Algier*, on the other hand, make up as pacific a narrative as the most tender-hearted need desire. They are not the less entertaining. We are not sure if we do not prefer them to the companion work. The subject is perhaps more novel. We are unacquainted with any book detailing in this minute and graphic style the life of a French private soldier, his habits, hardships, and peculiarities, both in France and in Africa. As in the Spanish adventures, an agreeable vein of egotism runs through the African delineations; and we are given glimmerings of the narrator's character and previous circumstances, that make us take an interest in him personally, as well as in the scenes he so pleasantly depicts.

Mr. Rosen first presents himself to us in the character of passenger on board of a ship bound from the Brazils to Marseilles; at which place, after considerable buffeting off the Balearics, he arrived early in March 1834. Here he remained till towards the middle of June, before executing his strange project (long since formed, he tells us), of enlisting as a private soldier in the Foreign Legion of Algiers. He does not explain his reasons for selecting so desperate a course,—these not coming, he says,

within the scope and intention of his work; but he promises that, if any of his readers be tormented overmuch by curiosity, he will, upon personal application, give them a full, true, and particular account of all they desire to know. Less curious persons may believe, if they so please, that a strong wish to see Africa drove him to take up the musket. Without any intention of performing a pilgrimage to Holstein, for the purpose of prying into Mr. Rosen's private affairs, we decline believing that mere love of strange lands and thirst of adventure seduced a man of his education and habits of life into the coarse uniform of a legionary soldier. What his motives were, however, is a point wholly unimportant. He shews us enough of his proceedings before enlistment to prove (did not his book do that) how different were his previous associates from those he found under the colours. He arrived in France with some pecuniary resources, resolved to expend them before adopting a course which certainly required a very considerable degree of resolution. Between the confinement and privations of a long sea-voyage, and the still more rigid restraints of military service, he interposed a brief period of relaxation and enjoyment—a thin layer of caviar between two unsavoury slices of coarse ration bread. Half of his book contains his adventures in France; and nearly half of that portion, having nothing whatever to do with military service, might have flowed from the pen of any intelligent, lively tourist, who should have passed three or four months in the pleasant capital of Provence—from its remote position, one of the least known, at least to Englishmen, of all the larger French towns. Mr. Rosen gives in few words a very good idea of Marseilles, after Lyons and Paris the most important and populous place in France.

The city divides itself naturally into two portions, the *Vieux Quartier* (St. Jean), which is old and gloomy; and the *Quartier Neuf*, which has many handsome and regularly built streets and squares. Amongst the latter are conspicuous the Place Royale and the Place St. Fereol, with the préfecture and the palace of the general of division; amongst the latter are to be remarked the streets

of Paradise and Rome, the *grand cours* (a sort of short, broad boulevard), and especially the Canébière, a very broad street of handsome shops, leading to the harbour, whose quays exhibit a scene of extraordinary bustle and motley life. Every day I took my walk along the quays to enjoy the humours of the throng, the pushing, running, crowding, and shouting of all nations and languages. The conflux upon week-days is here so great, that one is almost literally carried along by the crowd, with whose feet and elbows one is in continual contact. 'Trente Dioux!' cries a Provençal, upon whose tender toe somebody has incautiously trodden. 'G—d—!' surlily mutters the Englishman, pushing forward the Bedouin, whose wide bernous impede his progress, and who sighs out an 'Oh imsi Allah!' in reply to the islander's imprecation. 'Däwelan hacka mig!' apologises the Swede, who has just upset the basket of an orange-woman from Hyères, for which piece of clumsiness he is pursued by as many 'Coquin de Diou!' and 'Enfant du diable!' as there are oranges on the pavement. And with loud cries of 'Contage! contage!' a cunning Italian gathers up the fruit from between the feet of a *carajo*-cursing Spaniard. At the building of Babel's Tower so many tongues were hardly spoken as here daily upon the quays of Marseilles.

This throng and bustle begin early in the morning, and are at their height at three o'clock, at which hour all the merchants of Marseilles hurry down to 'Change, held in a great hall of the Hôtel de Ville, at the south end of the harbour. At four 'Change is over, and every body rushes back to his counting-house to finish his letters, then out to his *bastide* or country-house, for few persons of any means spend more than a very small portion of the year in the town. Gradually the quays become less thronged; the labourers, weary with severe toil under an oppressive heat, retire to their *bouille-à-baisse* (a sort of fish-soup, national in Provence); and after a while, when the cool of the evening comes on, the harbour assumes quite a different aspect. Stalwart porters, tarry sailors, screaming fish-wives, and bustling men of business, are replaced by elegant loungers, ladies, dandies, and pretty grisettes in short petticoats, yellow stockings, snow-white cap, and with scissors at girdle. The promenade at an end, the theatres and coffee-houses fill. The

latter are very numerous, and many of them very splendid. One in particular, the Coffee-house of the Four Nations (a very favourite sign, by-the-by, all over the Continent, both for coffee-houses and hôtels, although to what four nations reference is made, it might be difficult to ascertain), received a large share of Mr. Rosen's patronage. It is the chief resort of political refugees. These abound in Marseilles, where there was formerly a *depôt* for Polish exiles, and where, very recently, there was still one for Spaniards and Italians. The latter are the most numerous in Marseilles; and amongst them are many young men of distinguished families. At night there is a great concourse of all these banished patriots at the *Café des Quatre Nations*, where, amidst smoke of cigars and consumption of ices, kings are dethroned and republics founded. Of course there are not wanting disreputable individuals who cloak some baser crime under an assumption of political delinquency, and are, in fact, mere swindlers and impostors, living by their wits, and at honest men's expense. Mr. Rosen fell in with some queer customers, and paid smart-money for experience. Amongst these was a German, whom he does not name, for the excellent reason that he is convinced the name he then bore was fictitious, and that he has since changed it at least a score of times. The gentleman gave himself out as a natural son of Prince Esterhazy, on whose Westphalian estates he said he had been brought up, had then gone as page to the court of the old Duchess of Lucca, then as cadet into the Chasseurs of Lombardy, whence he had been compelled to fly on account of unsuccessful political intrigues. He spoke many languages, possessed the exterior and manners of a gentleman, but had an ugly habit of borrowing money; and disappeared from Marseilles after dipping pretty freely into the purses of various acquaintances, including Mr. Rosen, who subsequently heard of him as serving under the Carlist banner, and even met him, at the end of the war, in a Bayonne coffee-house, when, however, his debtor shewed no disposition to refund.

In so flourishing a commercial city

as Marseilles, where steady industry and hard labour are the order of the day with all classes, the Sunday is naturally looked forward to with great pleasure; and when it arrives, scarcely a creature with legs to walk, and money to pay for a dinner, lingers in its parched and shadeless streets. The efflux of holiday-makers begins at daybreak, to avoid the heat, which, during a very large portion of the year, becomes oppressive at a very early hour. Our African campaigner, who is a very keen observer, gives an amusing and truthful picture of the dominical outwandering of the natives.

Let us station ourselves at the Aix gate, and watch the various groups. Here is an artisan in his best Sunday garb, his broad-brimmed white felt hat upon his head; upon his arm his sturdy brown-skinned wife, who already, although the sun has not risen, unfurls a huge umbrella to protect her from its rays. In front are three or four hopeful off-shoots, conveying amongst them a huge basket, with sufficient provender for a regiment of cavalry. They come from the heart of the Quartier St. Jean; the youngest boy is already tired, and asks his father if there is still far to go?

'*Trente Dioux!*' replies the gruff but good-humoured Marseillaise. '*Camina, camina, ne craigne pas que la terre te manqua!*'

After these come three grisettes, in neat lace bonnets and calico gowns. They look around them with impatience. Four o'clock has already struck, and their sweethearts had promised to be at the gate at four precisely. Ha! they stand still, they wave their white handkerchiefs — Yonder come the tardy swains; three handsome young fellows, in short jackets and trim white trousers. With smile and bow they approach the expectant damsels, pulling off their clean straw hats, surrounded by tricoloured ribands, and apologising for their delay, occasioned by the purchase of a bottle of orgeat and bag of sweetmeats. Orgeat and sweetmeats! Delightful music in grisettes' ears! And arm in arm the happy party pursue their way. A group of soldiers now appear; they are the 13th of the line, in full dress, but unarmed; they have leave from the Sunday inspection, and are off in quest of cheap wine. Have a care, comrades, wine is only a sou a glass, the sergeant on duty at your barrack-gate has sharp eyes; may you not, perchance, pass the next night in the blackhole? But go, enjoy yourselves, poor fellows! With your sou a-day, your pleasures are not many. Here are

three youths with beards *à la jeune France*, and hair dressed *en Titus*; they are medical students, and in haste; doubtless their fair friends have preceded them. But what have we here? Two elegant young gentlemen. How is it they are so soon out of their feather beds? I thought the fashionable world loved to lie longer. They approach. Ha, ha! The young dandy with the glossy ringlets, eye-glass, and watch-chain, is the waiter from the Café de la Comédie; his companion is the servant at my hôtel. They bow politely to me, but have evidently some difficulty to banish from their salutation the air of easy familiarity which they have donned for the day, with their best coat and most genteel manners.

There is a pleasant tone about this and various similar bits of description scattered through Mr. Rosen's book, which does credit to his heart and observation. But we must pass on to the commencement of his military service, or at least of his military engagement, into which he allowed himself to glide as easy as possible, although even thus the transition was sharp enough. His holidays having expired, and Black Monday arrived, he betook himself to the quarters of General Damremont, who subsequently fell at Constantina, but at that time commanded the military division of Marseilles. The general received him very affably, but greatly wondered when he heard the purpose of his visit, and kindly tried to dissuade him from it.

'What, sir,' said he to me, 'you, who appear a young man of good family, you wish to join that corps? Do you know that you must enter as a private soldier, and that the Algerine Legion handle shovel and pickaxe oftener than musket? It is a very severe service; and I do not think it can ever suit you. I advise you to give up the idea, if possible, and return to your own country.'

'General,' I replied, 'I am grateful for the advice you deign to give me; but I have the honour to tell you that I am finally resolved. I am aware of the position of the Legion; I know my lot will not be brilliant; but I hope good conduct, and some little capacity, may induce circumstances that will render it more supportable.'

Finding him thus resolved, General Damremont recommended the adventurer to Colonel Bernelle, then in command of the Legion; and directed him to go to Toulon, where he would find the depôt of the corps,

and be admitted to join it. To Toulon, accordingly, Rosen forthwith betook himself; but the recruiting officer being out, he postponed his enlistment till the following day, and passed the interval in seeing the town. He gives some curious details concerning the galley-slaves, of whom there are generally above 6000 at Toulon, about half of them being sentenced to perpetual labour. They wear green caps and grey dresses, with 'T. F.' (*travaux forcés*) upon the sleeve; and work in the arsenal, in the harbour, and at the fortifications, under charge of a peculiar class of guardians, called *garde-chiourme*, for the most part veteran soldier, but often drunken and not very reputable characters. Thus, probably, does it happen, that in spite of complicated precautions, and of the strong garrison of Toulon, galley-slaves frequently escape. Their dwelling adjoins the great marine arsenal, and consists of immensely long halls, with rows of camp-beds on either side, to which they are every evening chained. A sack of straw and a blanket compose their mattress and covering. Their leisure hours are employed, by many of them, in the manufacture of most ingenious toys and ornaments, which are sold in a bazar, and the price given them by instalments, or on their release. Mr. Rosen there saw a line-of-battle ship, with rigging complete, wrought out of the finest steel, and no bigger than a hen's egg. The equipment of the vessel was complete; not a thing was wanting; and some of its parts were so exquisitely minute, that a magnifying glass was necessary to distinguish them. This curiosity was purchased by an Englishman for eight hundred francs, or thirty-two pounds. Small boxes, and knick-knacks of various kinds, are made out of cocoa-nut shell, with portraits, landscapes, scenes from the heathen mythology, &c. &c., beautifully carved upon them. For five francs Mr. Rosen bought one, upon which was cut a striking likeness of Napoleon.

After spending at the coffee-house the last evening he was to pass as a civilian, the aspirant to military glory, tempted by the beauty of the night, strolled out upon the glacis of the fortress. The air was balmy with scent of flowers, wafted by the

soft breeze from adjacent gardens, and, absorbed in speculation as to his future fortunes, he unwittingly prolonged his walk until the hour of eleven, clanging from the town-clocks, warned him to return. He hurried back to the nearest gate, but found, to his disagreeable surprise, its iron grating closed against him, and was informed by the grinning sentry that he must have the kindness to wait for admission till four the next morning. Every gate of the town was closed, and the future antagonist of the Bedouins had a fair prospect of an anticipatory bivouac upon the glacis. Upon inquiry, however, he learned that he should find taverns upon the high-road, where beds and good wine at a half-penny a *litre* were procurable, and the corporal of the guard especially recommended to him the sign of the Old Grenadier. Thankful that matters were no worse, Mr. Rosen turned about to seek the promised shelter. He had proceeded but a few paces when a cannon boomed from a bastion in his rear, and immediately, from the line of sentries manning the walls, a cry arose of '*Sentinelle, garde à vous!*' This nocturnal report made the wanderer start and pause; but before the outcry upon the walls had ceased, he again resumed his walk, left the glacis, and, inclining to the right, followed the high-road. All was still, when suddenly his footsteps were again arrested by a hoarse 'Who goes there?'

'Traveller,' replied I, not knowing whence the call came, when suddenly, from some adjacent bushes, three men stepped out, and the moon, just then emerging from behind a cloud, shone upon a group by no means calculated to reassure a solitary wayfarer. Three repulsive-looking figures, in old, worn-out, half-military garb, barefooted, and with the most abominable countenances I had ever seen, stood before me.

'Whither bound, friend traveller?' said one of them, a little foxy fellow with tattered red overalls, a blue smock-frock, and a military cap, below which last appeared a face that would certainly have been sufficiently hideous without a long scar that divided it nearly into two portions.

'It is very late,' said another of the precious trio, who wore a broad-brimmed hat upon his head, the hair upon which was shorn to the very roots, and a ragged hussar jacket upon his shoulders. 'It is

very late; I reckon you won't go any further.' And then, with a searching look, as if desirous to see what impression the question made upon me, 'Are you not afraid of the escaped convicts?' said he. 'They might attack you here. You heard the cannon-shot? you know what that means?'

'Not in the least, sir,' replied I, with all the coolness I could assume. 'I am a stranger, and do not know the customs of the country.'

'Indeed!' said the third fellow, a tall powerful figure in a foraging-cap and sailor's dress; 'you are a stranger here? You do not know that the cannon-shot is to alarm the surrounding peasants, and to tell them galley-slaves have escaped? If they catch the birds they get a good reward, and that is why we came out when we heard the gun, in hopes of making a hundred francs or so.'

'Well,' replied I, 'good luck to you; and good night, gentlemen.'

And thereupon I would fain have parted company with the gentlemen, whom I could not doubt were themselves fugitive galley-slaves; but this was not so easy.

'Holla, sir!' cried the little one; 'not so fast—we want you to help us. Please to stop with us. We will divide the reward,' added he, with a villanous smile. 'Our comrade has lagged behind with a sore foot, but he will be up directly; and you, Mr. Traveller, will be good enough to pay for a few bottles of wine.'

I could but put the best face on the matter. Luckily I had little money about me, and I was willing enough to give it all, so I might get safe away; but I confess my heart sunk as I noted the greedy and dangerous looks the three ruffians cast at my clothes, and heard them whispering together in their convict slang. I made a violent effort to appear unconcerned, and replied smilingly,—

'I am very willing, gentlemen; let us seek a tavern: what money I have is at your service.'

And producing the few francs I had in my pocket I handed them to my red-haired friend, who took them with a suspicious look, and hooking himself upon my arm, moved towards the high-road. I was fain to follow, affecting an indifference I certainly did not feel. Behind us came the two others. Passing by some bushes, a peculiar noise attracted my attention.

'It is nothing,' said my companion; 'it is our comrade bandaging his foot.'

A strange sort of bandaging, thought I, that sounds exactly like a file upon iron; but I said nothing, and the next instant I was disturbed in my meditations by the appearance of the fourth of the

party, who must have dressed his wound with great surgical skill, seeing that no trace of lameness remained, save and except that peculiar drag of the leg which I had already observed in the three others, and which is pretty usual with persons accustomed to an iron-anklet.

Admission was sought at several taverns, but could nowhere be obtained, to the great discomfort of Mr. Rosen, who was compelled to wander about the whole night with his dangerous companions. These no longer concealed their real character of galley-slaves, but openly discussed before him their plans of escape, finally deciding to return into Toulon. Between the French and the Italian gates of that town is a smaller entrance, the shortest way to the Grand Cours, upon which the market is held, and through this pass nearly all the carts and waggons bearing produce for sale. A crowd of these vehicles, covered for the most part with a linen awning, awaited the opening of the gate, and when these took place the four convicts prepared to enter with them. Poor Rosen, drowsy and frightened, stripped of money and silk handkerchief, received a hint to follow his nose in the contrary direction, and to avoid recognition should he again fall in with his queer friends. He gladly availed himself of the permission to depart, and looking round when he had attained what he considered a safe distance, he saw the runaways clamber into different waggons and conceal themselves amongst the fruit-baskets and piles of vegetables. He now returned to his inn, and, after a few hours' sleep and a restorative breakfast, again sought the recruiting-officer, who, like General Dameremont, strove to dissuade him from his purpose; but Rosen was obstinate, and, finally, his engagement was drawn up for three years' service in the Foreign Legion. He enlisted under the name of Frederick Frederick, aged twenty-one years, a student, native of Denmark, and coming last from the Brazils; and having signed away his free agency for thrice twelve months, he proceeded to the St. Louis barracks to report himself to the sergeant-major of his company. In the barrack-yard he suddenly found himself amongst a very mixed assemblage.

A detachment of recruits had just arrived from Strasburg, consisting for the most part of deserters from various services. At that period such arrivals were of daily occurrence, composed chiefly of Belgian deserters, many of whom had served first in Prussia, then had deserted to Holland, then to Belgium, and thence again into France; and all that in so short a time that it might almost be said they had served four sovereigns in one pair of shoes. Another class of recruits consisted of men who had not previously been soldiers, but whom destiny, crime, or misfortune, had driven to this desperate resource. The adventures of these men were often strange enough, and, doubtless, lost nothing in the telling. Rusticated students, cashiered officers, unfrocked parsons, fraudulent bankrupts, broken gamblers, deceived and despairing lovers,—men, in short, from every conceivable class composed the very mixed society found in the Foreign Legion. The accounts given of themselves by some of these gentlemen were most extraordinary; and Mr. Rosen describes the contrast between what they were and what they had been (if their own tales deserved credit) as often irresistibly ludicrous:—

I could not repress a loud laugh (he says) when I once heard a drummer, with drum on back, gravely state that he had been bailiff or upper-bailiff in the royal Wurtemberg service, and had clandestinely left his post because he could no longer endure to witness the peculations of his superiors. A martyr to his sense of rectitude, he had exchanged a fat berth under government for the pleasurable occupation of tapping stick on sheepskin. I was not a little surprised to recognise under soldier's cap and jacket a young man with whom, a year previously, I had made a steam-voyage on the Brazilian coast, and who had then attracted my attention by his elegant exterior and by the fluency with which he conversed in most of the living languages. In a corporal I recognised a fashionable gambler, whom I had seen a few years previously at the baths of Pyrmont, driving magnificent blood-horses and living at an extravagant rate. A certain Count von S—, of one of the most distinguished Prussian families, must have felt odd enough in a soldier's coat; and the son of Prince W—, whom I more than once saw sweeping the barrack-yard and performing other

duties of a still less agreeable nature, was not shewn much favour on account of his illustrious father's rank and services.

Installed in barracks, and an iron bed allotted to him, Mr. Rosen had to submit to a deal of curiosity and questioning, due chiefly to the respectability of his dress and appearance. A little well-timed liberality, in the way of a supply of wine for the whole room, propitiated his new comrades; and when he had exchanged his civilian garb for the red overalls and grey coat, his quality of gentleman was soon forgotten, and he was voted a good comrade on all hands. Judging from the tone of his narrative, he speedily became inured to the manifold disagreeables of his new position. The change must have been great, indeed, to a man who, as he hints, had mixed with the best society of Marseilles; from feeding on the fat and lying on the soft, and sauntering away his time on promenades, in theatres and coffee-houses, to the gloomy barrack, the hard, bug-infested couch, and the coarse *ratatouille*, conceded him by the French Government, with the addition of ill-fitting clothes and a halfpenny per diem in consideration of his entire services and unconditional obedience. Moreover, *depôt* life was wearisome and monotonous, and Mr. Rosen rejoiced not a little when, about three weeks after his enlistment, he was shipped, with sixty other recruits, on board a French corvette, for conveyance to Africa. Four days' pleasant sail brought them to Algiers, through which town and along a road as good as any in France they were marched to the country-house known by the name of Mustapha Pasha, where the staff of the Foreign Legion then lay. During their inspection here by the adjutant-major, a number of officers sauntered out of their quarters in a loose undress, suitable to the oppressively hot climate. These gentlemen, however, soon beat a precipitate retreat, for the purpose of donning the regulation uniform, upon the appearance of a little dark Corsican, with a something Napoleonic in his air and figure; which something he endeavoured to augment by imitating, as far as circumstances permitted, his great countryman. Colonel, afterwards General Bernelle, took great

interest in the Legion he commanded, and had come down to examine the new recruits, which were distributed according to their capacity and attainments. Those who understood music were allotted to the band, smiths and carpenters were sent to the sappers and miners, the rest to the ranks. Rosen was amongst the latter, and was forthwith introduced by his sergeant into a barrack like a dog-kennel, with rows of hammocks, swarming with fleas, suspended from the roof. Having got through the night (in continual conflict with the greedy blood-suckers), he would gladly have gone into Algiers, but could not get leave for that day, so consoled himself by wandering about the neighbourhood and visiting what had once been a magnificent Moorish country-house, known by the French as the *Maison Riche*. It had belonged to a great officer of the dey's, but was then inhabited by several French families:—

Through rather a low door one reached the inner court of the building, surrounded by a double row of lofty marble pillars, supporting two stories and galleries, upon which latter the doors and windows opened, all draped with vines and filled with beautiful plants in pots. In the middle of the court was a fountain, in whose basin were a multitude of small gold fishes and little tortoises, the latter no bigger than a dollar, with particoloured shells, and very pretty to look upon. The whole court, as well as the various staircases, was paved with tiles of painted porcelain. Pity it was to see every thing in the magnificent building running rapidly to decay. The orange-trees that sprang out of the porcelain pavement of the great and lesser courts were, for the most part, dead; and the aviaries, once full of gaudy parrots and rare singing-birds, were tenanted by fowls and young swine; the terraces were broken down, the vine and jasmine bowers torn asunder; exotic plants, the size of trees, were shamefully cut and damaged. In the neglected gardens, however, oranges, figs, and mulberries, grow in great abundance, although the former were small and bitter, far inferior to some I subsequently tasted at Belida.

Another flea-bitten night, and Mr. Rosen, having received musket and cartridge-box, was marched off with some other recruits to the camp of Couba, where the second battalion of the Legion lay. The way was along the sea-shore, over an old Roman

road, fringed on either side by thick hedges of the prickly Indian fig. It led past the *Café de Platanos*, or Plane-tree Coffee-house, an Arabian establishment, where a number of the aborigines are constantly to be found stretched upon carpets in the cool shade of some gigantic and very ancient plane-trees, drinking coffee and smoking tobacco, whilst their horses, asses, or camels, refresh themselves at a beautiful spring. The road from the coffee-house to Couba barracks, and the barracks themselves, were the work of the Legion, and on arrival Mr. Rosen found the realisation of General Damremont's assurance that Legion soldiers were more often employed as labourers than as warriors. Scarcely had he reached Couba and taken possession of his hammock when the battalion was called together by sound of drum; spades, pickaxes and wheelbarrows were distributed amongst them; and it was with one of the last-named useful but unmilitary machines that our recruit opened the campaign, considerably to his disgust and to the blistering of his palms, uninured to such rude labour. Road-making over for the day, he had to submit to another kind of torture, for the infliction of which he was handed over to a drunken old Swiss drill-master, who cursed and blasphemed from the 'Fall in!' to the 'Dismiss!' and would, doubtless, have used his cane upon the clumsy squad, but for the strictness of the French military code. Rosen, however, better provided with money than most of his comrades, found means to propitiate the crusty corporal by an occasional dram, and was accordingly pronounced a most promising recruit, although he honestly confesses that during his three year's service in the Legion he never attained sufficient skill in the management of his musket to enable him to present and shoulder arms with perfect dexterity and smartness. We have already seen, however, that at loading and firing he was an adept, accomplishments more prized in a service like that than the most elaborate manœuvres of a mere barrack-yard butterfly. That his qualities as a man of action were soon discovered is manifest from the fact of his recommendation, within a few

days of his joining the battalion, for promotion to corporal's rank, which relieved him from spade-work and from standing sentry, although it sometimes gave him the embarrassing feeling that he was commanding men who knew more of soldiering than himself.

Thus passed the month of July. On the 1st of August the two battalions of the Legion were to relieve a French regiment of the line at the camp of Douera. Before departure Mr. Rosen witnessed a sight that, at the time, made a very deep impression on him, although subsequently, and especially in Spain, habit enabled him to look upon such scenes with indifference. This was the execution of a young soldier, a native of Baden, who, in a moment of drunkenness, and irritated by reproaches, had thrown a blacking-box in his sergeant's face. The non-commissioned officer, a brutal ill-conditioned Swiss, had at once made his report; a court-martial was held, and the delinquent sentenced to death for using manual violence towards his superior. The execution was to take place upon the plain of Mustapha, in presence of the whole garrison of Algiers. We will translate Mr. Rosen's account of the spectacle:—

When I arrived upon the ground with my battalion, several regiments were already formed up in a great square, open on one side. The place we took up was close to the spot where the sentence was to be carried into effect. Soon the dull and distant sound of a drum was heard approaching from the direction of the city, and immediately afterwards a guard came in sight followed by a mob of gazers, and surrounding the unhappy criminal. The drum sounded dismally, beating the dead march. At a canteen at the entrance of the plain the escort halted, whilst the tavern-keeper, according to a prevailing custom, brought the delinquent his last drink, a large glass of French brandy. Then the mournful march was resumed, till the guard, still surrounding their prisoner, paused in the centre of a square. The condemned man was a tall handsome young fellow, of about five-and-twenty. His uniform was clean and well-arranged; his hair and beard, grown long during his imprisonment, were neatly combed. His face was very pale, but wore an expression of resignation, almost of indifference, shewing that he had already closed his account with this world. After the attendant

chaplain had spoken a few words to him; and the judge-advocate had read the sentence aloud both in French and German, he was placed in front of a picket of twelve corporals, charged to shoot him. It was attempted to bandage his eyes, but he refused to submit, and it was not insisted upon. He himself pulled off his great coat, folded it neatly, and placed it before him with his cap and cravat; then, in a loud and steady voice, 'Brothers,' he said, 'I pray you take good aim,' and, without flinching or hesitation, he gave the words, 'Present, fire!' The corporals had attended to his prayer; he stirred not after their volley. With clang of martial music the whole of the troops now marched past the corpse, whose head was shattered by the bullets; then the sappers buried him where he fell. All were sorry for his fate, for he was a brave soldier and good comrade. Having been for some days in hospital, where he had saved up a few sous of pay, he made merry with some companions on coming out; his head, still weak from illness, was easily affected by wine, and thus it was he had committed the breach of discipline for which he suffered. His prosecutor, the sergeant, whose harsh language had provoked the outrage, was universally blamed. Whilst still in time, he was urged to withdraw the charge, but stubbornly refused, although he well knew persistence in it would result in the soldier's death. Retribution, however, was in store for him; for when subsequently, in Spain, he had been promoted to a commission, his low conduct and disgraceful tricks caused him to be infamously cashiered and sent back to France.

When Mr. Rosen, landing at Marseilles, and eager, after his protracted voyage, for European news, questioned the Provençal boatmen concerning the latest discoveries and intelligence, he was told, amongst other marvellous things, of portable fortresses, constructed in France and sent over to Algeria to be employed in the taking of Constantina. His informant having told him an instant before, and with an air of profound conviction, that Napoleon had not died at St. Helena, but was still alive in America, planning a return to France (a belief prevalent till within a very few years amongst the lower orders of Frenchmen), it is not surprising that Mr. Rosen discredited the tale of the movable towers nearly as much as that of the resuscitated emperor. There was a mixture of truth, however, in the sailor's yarn. The

blockhouses so generally used by the French in Algeria were made, in the first instance, of timbers shaped in France and shipped thence to Africa. Of these blockhouses, which abound upon the French lines, two were to be seen upon the way to Douera. They are entirely of wood, and at a distance resemble Dutch windmills. The ground-story consists solely of a very strong timber enclosure, serving to support the upper floor, loopholed all round, and admitting a garrison of about thirty men. It is reached by means of a ladder, which the occupants draw up after them, and are then in security from casual attack of the Bedouins. Of course such forts as these could not long withstand artillery; but to the Arabs, whose sole arms are musket and yataghan, they are impregnable. Even in the basement openings are sometimes made, through which to throw hand-grenades when the enemy hazard themselves near enough. A ditch, wall, and *chevaux-de-frise* are added to the defences; and thus protected, the scanty garrisons have continually held out against the assaults of hundreds of Bedouins, Hadjouts, and Kabyles.

At that period the most advanced point of French occupation in Africa, the camp of Douera, traversed by every expedition towards the Atlas chain or into the rich district of the Metidja, presented a scene of great bustle and activity. Barracks, storehouses, magazines, and shops were in rapid progress of construction at the hands of thousands of military workmen. Besides the Foreign Legion, constituting the garrison properly so called, there were many other troops there; sappers and engineers, soldiers of the waggon-train, detachments of cavalry to supply orderlies, and *compagnies de discipline*, or condemned companies, to which the most severe and painful labours were allotted. Then there was the usual allowance of camp-followers, and a perfect town of huts and booths, taverns, and shops of all kinds.

Here, in the reed-hut of a French wine-seller, sit a party of Legionaries, singing German songs and sipping the black wine of Provence; yonder a party of sappers carry the stew they have just made into the shop of their countryman, the Alsatian baker. On one side, under

a tree, a soldier has established a game of *loto*, and loudly proclaims the numbers as he draws them out of a dirty forage-cap. The card costs a sou, and the players are many, the lookers-on more. On the edge of the thicket graze several saddled Arab horses, whilst their masters—Turkish Spahis, employed as orderlies and couriers between camp and city—are stretched lazily in front of a little tent, wrapped in their loose red *bernouzes*, whilst a Negro boy prepares coffee and puts hot coals into their long pipes; and an old Negro bakes oil-cakes, a favourite delicacy both with Arabs and Christians.

Somewhat further, on a space of ground allotted to them, are a crowd of Arabs of adjacent and distant tribes, with country produce for sale. Large oranges from Belida, pulpy prickly-figs, bananas, strawberries and mulberries, green and purple figs, are sold here in vast quantities, and at exceedingly low prices. A dozen oranges cost a sou; a tall pointed basket, such as the Arabs carry on their heads, full of beautiful prickly-figs, is sold for two sous; bananas and tree-figs are still cheaper; and it has often been found necessary to raise the price by order of the police, the health of the soldiers suffering from excessive consumption of fruit. Nothing can compare with the unbounded fury of an Arab who fancies himself defrauded of an orange or a fig. With frightful cries, and face inflamed with rage, he pursues the thief, abandoning his whole basket to the mercy of the soldiers, who, amidst shouts of laughter, assail its contents. Then comes the solemn-visaged gendarme, as invariably to be seen in the fruit-market of Douera as in the Tuileries at Paris, in huge jack-boots and formal cocked-hat, drives away the plunderers, and guards the deserted baskets till the appearance of the owner, who returns to his diminished store cursing frightfully, and having lost far more by his absence than the fig of contention he has, probably, not succeeded in recovering.

Towards evening the streets of the camp, which were straight and regular, and kept thoroughly clean, served as a promenade. Put a Frenchman where you will, he must have his place of lounge and rendezvous, his *café*, his billiard-room, and the *cabinet de lecture*, where to take a daily glance at the newspapers. None of these things were lacking in the camp of Douera, and the *Café Français*, although only a boarded shed, was by no means uncomfortably arranged within. Ladies, too, had not feared to adventure themselves thus far into the desert, despite the lion's roar and the Arab's wild hurra.

Several of the superior officers had their wives with them, and the lady of Colonel Bernelle gave evening parties. Her husband did all in his power to increase the social enjoyments of the camp. With this view, he had taken great pains with the band of his Legion. It consisted of fifty musicians, chiefly Germans, and included several of very great skill upon their respective instruments. The band-master had formerly occupied the same post in a Bavarian regiment, and under his direction the Foreign Legion could soon boast one of the best orchestras in the French service. Bernelle also devised another musical treat for his comrades and their ladies. The Legion included a number of South Germans, especially Wurtembergers and Bavarians. No one who has travelled in Southern Germany can fail to have remarked the natural musical talents of the people,—the skill and harmony with which, at fairs, festivals, and so forth, those self-taught singers repeat in chorus their beautiful national and local airs. Colonel Bernelle sought out of the ranks of his battalions a number of men with good ear and voice, and these were united into a kind of singing club, which performed every evening to a numerous audience. Then, at nine o'clock, the drums rattled out the retreat, the band played a final symphony, and men and officers retired to their tents. Half-an-hour later the camp was buried in silence, broken only by the replies of the sentinels to the reliefs and rounds, and by the howling of the jackals, who, at nightfall, creep from their lurking-places and prowl nearer to the abodes of men. And thus went life in the camp of Douera,—monotonously enough, if not altogether disagreeably. But soldiers, naturally grumbling animals, are apt to be especially discontented when condemned to inaction within sight of a foe; and many of the adventurous Legionaries, including our friend the Holsteiner, cursed the Arabs for the indifference or want of pluck that kept them from any hostile attempts upon the camp, now daily increasing in size, strength, and importance. At last, a sudden nocturnal call to arms raised hopes of a skirmish. The troops turned

out in dead silence, and with closed ranks, leaving but a feeble garrison behind. It soon appeared, however, that the expedition had no purpose more bellicose than that of escorting the French general Rapatell to Bouffarik, where he had an appointment with the chiefs of some allied tribes. Bouffarik is about three leagues from Douera, and the road to it lies through abominable swamps, in which the horses sunk to their bellies, and where some of the soldiers, immersed to the waist in the tenacious slime, had to be dragged out by their comrades. The darkness increased the difficulty of keeping the right track, which leads along an old Roman dike. At last, after some hours' wading in the bog, the column reached the celebrated Pass of Bouffarik, where the Legion some time previously, when forming the rear guard on the return from a razzia, was set upon by Arab horsemen and suffered severe loss, notwithstanding their gallant defence. The heads of some unfortunates, who fell alive into the enemy's hands, were afterwards exhibited upon the trees of Bouffarik. At a few hundred yards from these same trees the column now halted, and the men piled arms and lay down upon the grass to rest from the fatigues of the night. Under the trees stood fifty mounted Arabs, some of whom, distinguished by the brilliant white of their bernous, and the beauty of their arms and saddlery, appeared to be chiefs of tribes. Almost all of them had long guns slung across their shoulders, with very large locks of peculiar construction, and barrels richly inlaid with silver and gold; splendid yataghans, with scabbards of chased silver, were belted round their waists; and in their girdles were pistols of similar make to the guns. Some of these weapons were purchased by French officers at high prices. After a conference, by means of an interpreter, between General Rapatell and the Arabs, the latter handed over some heavy bags of money, receiving in exchange papers (probably receipts); the column marched back to Douera, and the Bedouins scampered away in the direction of Mount Atlas.

At that time it was customary for the French troops in Algeria to change their quarters every month,

and this gave Mr. Rosen opportunities of seeing a good deal of the country during his twelve months' service there. From Douera he was marched back to Mustapha,—not, however, to the flea-infested dog-kennels, but to roomy stone barracks. The vicinity of Algiers enabled him frequently to visit that city and inspect its curiosities. The best houses and palaces were occupied by the French generals, or used for general military purposes, such as hospitals, barracks, and storehouses. General Trezel lived in one of the dey's residences, whose inner court was surrounded by several rows of marble pillars and by tiers of galleries, gorgeous with Oriental architecture and rich mosaics. In the hospital of Bab Azoun, the sick men lay in long glass-roofed halls, between rows of magnificent marble columns; and in the marine barracks the soldiers spread their beds on marble-paved floors, and hung their weapons upon pillars of alabaster. The Kasbah itself had not escaped humiliation. Its innumerable courts, saloons, and galleries, served as barracks and warehouses: where the houris of the dey's seraglio once dreamed away their time in the sybaritical enjoyments of eastern luxury, and in a seclusion never penetrated by stranger's eye, bearded grenadiers now sang, drank, and swore. The magnificent audience-chamber, where the impetuous dey fanned away his kingdom, was encumbered with piles of red trousers and grey coats, intended for the equipment of French regiments. And in the vaults, where so many Christian slaves have groaned and languished, the cooks now prepared the mess of the soldiers who had delivered the last of these captives. Not only in a few principal buildings, but throughout the town, in every street and square, Mr. Rosen was struck by the strange medley of the picturesque and the civilised, the French and the Oriental. The Rue de la Marine had already assumed quite an European aspect, the Moorish edifices being replaced by magnificent houses in modern style, with capital shops on the basement floor. Coffee-houses, restaurants, newspaper-rooms, of course; milliners and frivolities equally so; and, finally, a French

theatre, with vaudevilles of Scribe and dramas of Victor Hugo. There was a beer-house, kept by Bavarian brewers, and much frequented, although the climate is by no means favourable to brewing; and a mosque, turned into a church by the introduction of a high altar, where the devout went to pray, and the French hung the flags captured from the foe. But before Mr. Rosen had half satiated his curiosity by rambling about Algiers, the quick-recurring change of quarters came, and he returned to the camp of Couba, where a little adventure befel him.

I recollect in particular (says Mr. Rosen), amongst the various distinguished visitors we at that time saw, a numerous group of horsemen who, early one morning, appeared at the blockhouse. Most of them were very richly and tastefully attired in Arab costume, but the practised eye soon detected some who, whilst attempting due dignity in the draping of the noble garb, were evidently unused to its wear. They alighted from their horses—fine Arabian coursers, with rich saddles and embroidered reins; and my astonishment was not small when one of them—a powerful and handsome man, whom the others treated with much respect—inquired, in the purest German, of one of the soldiers, the way to our commandant's quarters. The soldier, chancing to be a Frenchman, did not understand the question, and I hastened to reply, at the same time preceding the guests to the colonel's dwelling. There are a vast number of chameleons in the neighbourhood of the Maison Carrée, and we used to catch them and carry them about with us, for they soon become accustomed to men, and grew so familiar, that we kept them in the breast-pockets of our coats. One of these creatures happened to be sitting upon my shoulder, and this seemed greatly to amuse the stranger, who asked me several questions about the little animal, and, amongst others, whether I would sell it. This I refused to do, but added, that it would give me great pleasure if my countryman (for such he evidently was) would accept it as a souvenir of the Maison Carrée and the Foreign Legion. At first he refused, but seeing me obstinate in declining to sell it, he at last took the creature away in the folds of his bernous. Our commandant, who seemed to expect the stranger, received him with much distinction, whilst I and my comrades puzzled our brains as to who this German-Arab could be. The Spahis of his escort could tell us little. One of them said he was a Polish prince, on a visit to the

Governor of Algiers, and who had made an excursion to the banks of the Hamza, at the foot of Atlas. Not till long afterwards did I learn that the stranger was no other than Prince Pückler Muskau, the fashionable tour-writer, who at that period passed several months in Algeria.

The result of the prince's tour, as those of our readers to whom modern German literature is familiar will probably remember, was the book known as *Semilasso in Africa*; where we also find detailed the adventures of a soldier of the Foreign Legion, set down by the writer from verbal narrative. It is but just to add that he made himself very popular with his countrymen serving in Africa by his affability and kindness, and left one of his own books, *Tutti Frutti*, as a present to a soldier of the Legion, who afterwards lent it to Mr Rosen.

It would have been hard upon Mr. Rosen to have sent him away from Algiers without allowing him to partake in one of those great achievements of modern French warfare known as a *razzia*. Accordingly, in the month of May, at about midnight, his battalion was turned out, in company with a squadron of regular Spahis, who served as guides. After traversing for several hours the low grounds of the Metidja in the direction of the Atlas chain, a part of the horsemen hurried forward, and presently the infantry heard some dropping shots. These were music to Mr. Rosen's ears, who deemed them the harbingers of a fight. The poor young man had formed a very erroneous idea of French warfare in Algeria. The enemy to be encountered was far too gentle to realise his martial aspirations. Instead of curved scimitar and deadly rifle, crook and cowhorn were the weapons of the foe. No tawny Moslems, still fierce in their captivity, vanquished but unsubdued, were to grace his triumphant return to the Square House. In their stead, bleating sheep and 'milky mothers' were in abundance. He had but to turn his bayonet into a goad, and feast his imagination with savoury dreams of future mutton, instead of less substantial visions of glory,—now, alas! dissipated. The distant shots grew more numerous, and mingled with them were the cries of men, women, and children. At

daybreak, the battalion halted in the immediate vicinity of an Arab douar; whence the Spahis soon made their appearance, driving before them an immense flock of cows, sheep, and goats. The douar belonged to the above-mentioned tribe of Beni Mussa, and its inhabitants had driven away the flocks and herds of a tribe allied with the French. Complaint was made to the Governor of Algiers; who ordered this *razzia* to revenge the aggression. The Spahis having surrounded the douar—whose occupants, unsuspecting of danger, lay asleep in their huts—fired a few shots. These awoke the Arabs, and, with their wives and children, they fled in dismay. They were allowed to escape unpursued, whilst their assailants collected the cattle,—not only that which had been stolen, but that which really belonged to the unlucky Bedouins. It amounted altogether to more than twelve thousand head, including fifty camels.

Altogether the service in Algeria was so little attractive, that Mr. Rosen and his comrades hailed with extreme delight the announcement of their transfer to Spain; and many a soldier, whose term of service had expired, and who was about to avail himself of the freedom thus given him to abandon the soldier's coat, renewed his engagement right joyfully when told that the land of the Cid was the destination of his battalion. Afterwards, when their castles in the air were pitilessly thrown down, and they found that by exchanging Africa for Spain they had, as Mr. Rosen expresses it, got under the water-spout to escape the rain, they grumbled heavily at the injustice of handing them over, without so much as 'With your leave!' or 'By your leave!' from the service of King Louis Philippe to that of Queen Isabella. But we here find a confession, that had the choice been given them between the two countries and services, they would gladly have chosen that of Spain. This, however, is no excuse for the arbitrary manner of their treatment, or for the cruel neglect with which they were treated in the Peninsula.

What has Mr. Rosen been about of late? Has he resigned the pen? He has no cause to do so, for his efforts are very successful. In the

preface to his last book, he held out a prospect of his engaging in some other adventurous service, and gave a half-promise that, if he did so, he would write down his experiences for the benefit and entertainment of mankind. We, therefore, daily look for an announcement of some fresh narration,—of campaigns in India, Circassia, or other distant lands; where, doubtless, he has been swinging the sabre and gathering fresh laurels. He is too stirring a spirit to vegetate quietly in Denmark. Or if, perchance, he has taken to some

peaceful calling, and is tranquilly seated beneath the shade of his own vine and his own fig-tree (albeit we opine such plants to be rare in his northern latitudes), why should he not recall the memories of his youth, and let us hear how he fared at his German university, and subsequently in his Brazilian rambles? Whatever he writes, we are well assured of one thing,—that his lively style, and frank, manly mode of expression, will, independently of the intrinsic interest of the subject, render it very pleasant reading.

HOSPITAL NURSES AS THEY ARE AND AS THEY OUGHT TO BE.

IT is a common remark, that hospitals owe their origin to Christianity. It was one of the earliest effects on the hearts of men of their acceptance of that pure faith, that it gave to sickness and suffering a dignity which they had never possessed before. Men approached the sufferers now with a kind of reverence. Heretofore, the chief effort had been to keep them out of sight. Feelings of personal affection might, indeed, triumph over the natural shrinking from that which is, in many of its forms, repugnant to the senses — which, in every form, is very trying to the temper — but no one felt that the sick, as such, had claims on him. There was no public provision for them. Unless they had friends of their own, they were left to perish unheeded.

And as the reverse of this order of things is one of the great social improvements which we owe to the influence, direct and indirect, of the religion which stamped its name and character upon Christendom, so among its earliest institutions was the providing a class of persons who should make the work of administering to the sick especially their own. The order of deaconesses, and the effects produced upon the condition of female society by the labours of that body, have scarcely had sufficient prominence given to them in our Church histories. They have been spoken of as something subordinate and unimportant. The

history of an Easter controversy, or of a Phrygian heresy, has had greater attractions for men whose minds were trained to look less to the growth of an organised society, telling as it grew upon the world, than to the succession of parties and disputes within the bosom of the society itself. Yet we can scarcely over-estimate the effects which must have been produced when, in the midst of the social corruption of the later days of the empire, a body of women devoted themselves to perform those works of mercy which had hitherto been left to chance. They were, indeed, as the simple language of their epitaphs in the catacombs of Rome describes them, 'Virgines,' and 'Viduae devotæ.' It had not then been discovered that the religious life of women must be confined to a cloister. In all times of public calamity, when persecution came upon the Church, or when the world was visited by pestilence, they were foremost in endurance and in action. They were not kept back either by the danger or the loathsomeness of the work. Their patience, their gentleness, their self-devotion, must have made them, as the like qualities have made the Sisters of Charity in our own days, the very ideal of nurses.

It is sufficiently notorious that the present race of hospital nurses do not quite come up to the standard of this ideal. We do not need parliamentary inquiries or a blue-book report on the condition of hospitals