

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

LONDON, Jan. 23, 1893.—No one who has visited Algiers will ever forget the lovely though diminutive mosque of Sidi Abd-el-Rhaman which stands above the Garden of Marengo and overlooks the sea. Its surroundings are charming, and within its little cemetery are encalyptus, mulberry and fig trees shading the quaint old tombs. The inner chapel is a sort of shrine from being the burial-place of numbers of Moslem saints, Pachas and Deys; and a wondrous number of sacred relics, emblems and carvings, with lamps, ostrich eggs, embroideries, grotesquely decorate the columns, walls and hang from the ceilings. More than a million francs have been expended on such gifts and tokens.

It is in this little Mosque that one will see so many Arab women. The glittering silk haiks hide their faces, but there is a constant atmosphere of perfume, an endless tinkle of concealed and half-concealed jewelry, a continuous murmur of musical voices in prayer, and a ceaseless rustle of woman's attire as they come, go, or prostrate themselves in their devotions. The latter are certainly solemn and impressive, whether down among the old fisher-folk, at the Grand Mosque with the Maleki rite, or here where the wealthier Arab men and women come clad in the richest textures of the orient and laden often with jewels which would purchase a king's ransom.

The Moslem must pray five times each day. Every act of prayer begins with these words from the Koran: "Praise be to God, the Lord of all creatures, the most merciful, the Lord of the day of judgment! Thee do we worship. We implore Thy aid. Direct us in the right way." This, and other passages are repeated, led by the thalib, a sacred scholar and an old man, in the nature of responses. The faces of all are toward the east, their Mecca. At each mention of the name of God, every worshiper prostrates himself so that seven parts of the body—the head, hands, knees and feet—touch the sacred carpet together.

The booksellers of Scotland, and particularly the second-hand bookseller dealing in curious and valuable works, of whom there are very many in Edinburgh and Glasgow, do not entertain a very kindly feeling for the memory of the late Lord Tennyson. The cite many little unpleasant characteristics of the laureate as a man, but their particular reason for unfriendliness lies in the fact that, as they insist, he was even more of a Shylock than Ruskin in all his relations with booksellers; and that not many years since he nearly caused the ruin of one of their number, Mr. Robert Forrester, bookseller of the Royal Exchange, St. George's Square, Glasgow.

A stranger one day sauntered into Mr. Forrester's shop meanly clad, grizzled and unkempt and betraying all the ordinary marks of a seedy customer beneath a frowsled slouch hat. He was very anxious, he said, to get a very cheap copy of two of Tennyson's poems as gifts to poor folk who were not able to purchase them. He was shown several copies of the cheapest copyright English editions, but these were far too dear. Hadn't Mr. Forrester something within his means, perhaps one of those cheap American reprints? Oh, yes, he had two copies, left by some family re-

turning from America, but it was illegal to sell them. That would not matter, in so good a cause. The grizzled stranger pressed the purchase, and finally secured the two copies for four shillings. He was none other than Lord Tennyson himself, and through the unmanly artifice he succeeded in mulcting Mr. Forrester to the extent of £250!

Everybody in the United States knows, or knows about, brave and good old Robert Collyer, who, though for a quarter century one of our greatest of preachers, works in his study beside the very anvil on which his 'prentice-days were passed before he became a full-fledge Yorkshire blacksmith. His master was "Owd Jackie" Birch the village smith of quaint old Ilkley, in Wharfedale.

When you stand by its ancient church of All Saints, and look in upon its mossy graves and the Runic crosses, your hands will grasp the bars of its huge iron gates. They were forged on "owd Jackie's" anvil by this same stout hearted "Yorkshire Blacksmith." And somehow as one turns away from Ilkley, the feeling comes strongly that there was wrought into these roads and bars a hero-grit more impressive and imperishable than is revealed in all other monuments or tokens left in Wharfedale, since the days when the Romans trod these pleasant ways.

There is an old quatrain among the Irish peasantry, the origin of which, for the spirit of insinuating prophecy it contains, might fairly be attributed to the provident genius of one of the characters to which it refers:

While Ireland is ould Ireland
You'll have forevermore
The bocough and the corrag
Beside the cabin door.

The bocough was the wandering minstrel and story-teller of Ireland. He had keen scent for every spot where geniality and generosity flourished; but poverty, oppression and sorrow have long ago withdrawn the scant cheer that once gave him place.

The bocough is gone. But the other one, the corrag, who requires no raiment, food or housing, remains within the shadow of the Irish cabin door. Throughout Connamara, and particularly in a former tramp down from the Ballindoon district to Cloghmore and the sea, I saw one of these silent, dried-up old fellows trembling in the wind by the door of every hut or cabin I passed.

To my fancy each one took on a separate individuality and seeming. This one stood there defiant, as if repellant of your approach. That one had a saucy air as if to intimate that a fine, "right" blackthorn was concealed about his person. Another seemed decrepit and weary from silent vigil out there in the bitter mountain wind. Another was bent and leaning as though it could stand there no longer. Another seemed to beckon the passer to enter, or to hint with weary gesture that you keep upon your way. And many, very many, stood bowed and sadly attentive as if listening in reverent solemnity to endless tales of want and woe that come in hopeless tones from the halfstarved souls within.

The corrag is but a tall bundle of limbs or oisers, set before the doorto break the hurt of the savage mountain blasts, "the ould man of the branches," the peasants call it; but one sometime

feels that this insensate typified protector of the Irish cabin was the only object in guise of human that ever got thus near the man-neglected, God-forsaken peasantry of this pitifully conditioned land.

To my mind a scene in early morning on Grand Canal in Venice, is far more interesting than one in the early evening, when the faded aristocracy of the city are moving about with apparent listlessness in their private black gondolas, decorated with their owners' coats-of-arms, propelled by private gondoliers in ridiculous liveries, or at night when the canal in general is wholly and offensively a show object to open-mouthed strangers. In the very early morning, while the gray is yet upon the water, and the gurgling of the tides is like the chuckling of night imps in the dark retreats of the lowest arches and angles, then it is that the oddest and most fascinating processions pass and re-pass away down there in the shadows beneath your window.

Scores of little, long barges loaded with vegetables from the flat, outlying islands are on their way to the market at the Rialto. The sails are red, with blue tips and yellow center pieces, and most grotesque figures of Madonnas are painted somewhere on their gaudily-colored sterns. These barges are propelled by poles in the hands of men in purple, pink, blue and orange garments, and very often a bareheaded peasant woman is piled in with the vegetables. Here and there a sandalo, a lighter and more graceful bark than the gondola, darts by. It is rowed by two men, with tassled caps, like the Biscayan fishermen. A half dozen goats are tied head and tail to the gunwale, and women and children are milking these on their way to the next customer.

Barcas with soldiers speeding to or from guard-changing, fill the shadowy way with a din of chattering profanity. Here are four nuns with bowed heads being rowed on some errand of mercy. Again whole families of the lowlier classes, especially pious through some common bereavement, are setting out to be present at some very cheap and early mass. Here come a crowd of boats with villagers, vegetables, fowls, flagons of milk bestowed in dewy wisps of grass; rolls of butter in last year's sweet, white corn-husks, and numberless and nameless stuffs for the mercato. They are from the mainland hamlets, and must have been astir at midnight. Following these is a curious procession of gondolas piled higher than the gondoliers' heads with household goods; and the people owning them who are thus "moving," follow in their own gondolas, suggesting a funeral of household goods cut short in its cortege.

There are friars with huge baskets in their gondolas setting out to the markets to buy and beg for their brethren and the poor; tired fishermen with boatloads of gleaming fruit of the sea; sailors subdued and sullen after an all-night's roystering on their way back to their dog's life and the ships; messengers with the night's collection of telegrams, bakers in white linen caps and shirts, with boatloads of black, brown and white bread; water-carriers with huge casks and flagons of drinking water; butchers, icemen, grocymen, all in boats making their first morning rounds; and all of them down there upon the