

CHAPTER IX. THOUGH not so sanguine as Lutaif, as to the emollient powers of his epistle, I was pleased to find that for the first time, next morning, we received ample supplies of food, baskets of grapes and oranges, and for the first time people spoke to us without an air of breaking some command. It appeared he was a French deserter from Algeria, having deserted in Ain Sefra,* walked to Figig, and pretended to turn Mohammedan, he came by Tafilet, and was about to make his way down to the coast.