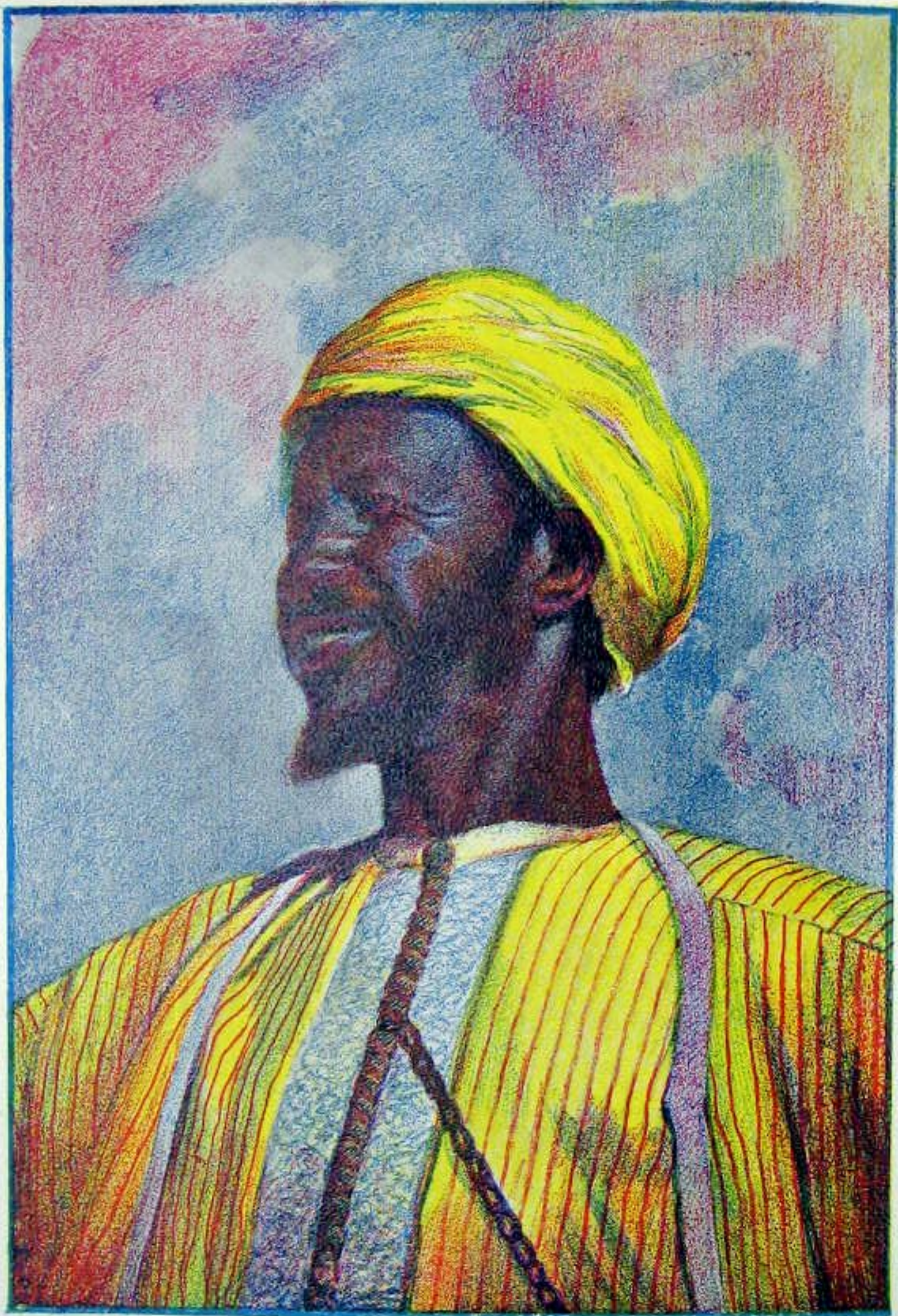


C. P. KRIBS

Private Library

Volume 166



HAJ ABD-ER-RAHMAN SALAMA

THE
BURTON HOLMES
LECTURES

With Illustrations from Photographs

By the Author



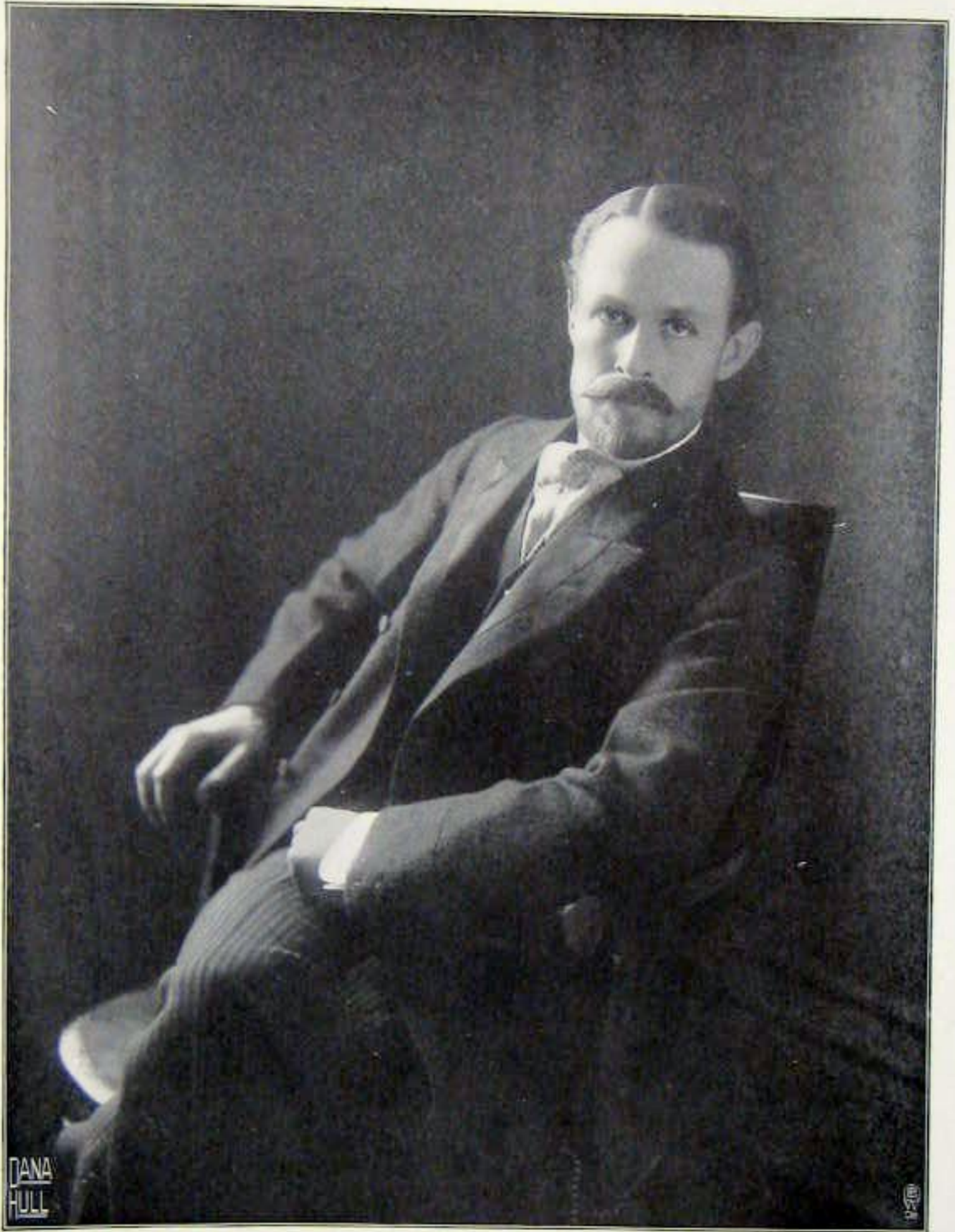
COMPLETE IN TEN VOLUMES
VOLUME ONE

NEW YORK
McCLURE, PHILLIPS & CO.
MCMV

Copyright, 1901, by E. Burton Holmes. All rights reserved.

Mr. Holmes has been asked to supply data for a biographical sketch. He replies that his biography will be found in his lectures, each lecture being a chapter from his life of travel. Thirty chapters of this autobiography appear in these volumes, — thirty preliminary chapters, — for Mr. Holmes hopes that his life of travel is but just begun.

Elias Burton Holmes was born in Chicago in January, 1870, inheriting a love for travel. In 1883 he acquired a love for photography. In 1886 he traveled abroad and took pictures. He has been traveling and taking pictures ever since. In 1890 he appeared before his first audience, — the members of the Chicago Camera Club, reading and illustrating an account of a tour "Through Europe with a Camera." In 1893 he made his first professional appearance in the recital hall of the Auditorium, Chicago, describing a journey to Japan. Kind friends and curious acquaintances insured the success of this venture, and encouraged Mr. Holmes to enter upon a career in which the labor has been a labor of love. For five successive winters the Burton Holmes Lectures were among the features of the amusement season in the cities of the Middle West. In 1897, on the retirement of Mr. John L. Stoddard from the field which he had created and occupied for eighteen years, Mr. Holmes found himself prepared to carry on the work begun by Mr. Stoddard.



Edwin Burton Holmes

TO
MY
THREE

Half-Tone Etchings and Colored Inserts by
WHIPPLE ENGRAVING CO., Chicago. . . .
Decorative Titles by **ARTHUR DODDS,**
Rochester, N. Y. . . . *Typography, Electro-*
typing, Presswork and Binding by **ELLIS**
PUBLISHING COMPANY, LTD., Battle Creek.
Mich.

FOREWORD

To transfer the illustrated lecture from public platform to printed page is to give permanent form to the ephemeral. To set down in formal black and white the phrases framed for the informality of speech is to offer them to a keener scrutiny than they were meant to bear. To reproduce in miniature, by means of the half-tone engraver's art, pictures that were intended to meet the eye, enriched by color and projected in a darkened auditorium, is to reduce mountains to mole-hills and to dim the brilliancy of nature to a sober gray.

In these volumes The Burton Holmes Lectures undergo a trying transformation. The words and the pictures are the same, but the manner of presentation must affect the value and force of both. The appeal is now made not to expectant auditors in the sympathetic atmosphere of a place of entertainment, but to readers uninfluenced by the tone and the inflection of the speaker, and free from the magical influence of pictures that glow and fade as the traveler tells his tale.

In an illustrated lecture the impression upon eye and ear should be simultaneous, that the suggestion of travel may be successfully produced. It may be pardonable to cite, in proof of the completeness of the illusion, an incident which conveys a convincing compliment to the art of the illustrated lecture. On the screen a picture of a village at sunset—a river flows at the spectators' feet—misty mountains rise in the distance—the calmness of approaching night seems to hover in the golden twilight. All this simply an effect produced by the projection of a colored photograph and the utterance of a few suggestive words. A woman in the audience looks and listens—and then unconscious of the humor of her words, murmurs to a companion, "Oh, if some one could only paint that!"

FOREWORD

Therefore the author begs that all who read, will, at the same time, listen with the mental ear to catch the shade of meaning that should be conveyed by every phrase, and that they will endeavor to project the illustrations, through the lenses of imagination upon the screen of fancy, and thus re-magnify the mole-hills into mountains, re-tint the landscapes and the cities, and restore to the sunset-skies their wonted wealth of color.

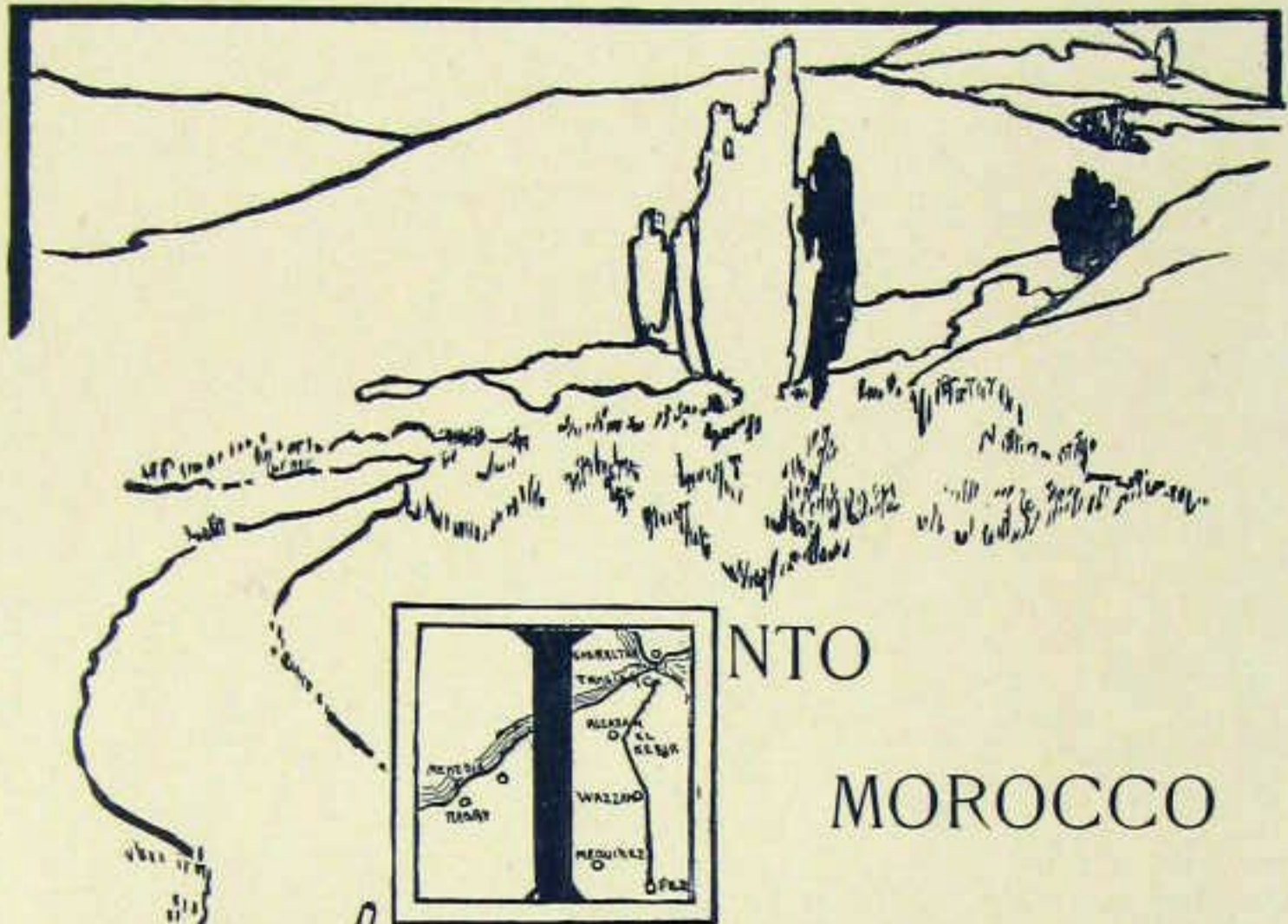
In appearing before a new audience—the reading public—the author is cheered by the thought that it is an audience, not of strangers, but of friends, who, as readers in their easy chairs at home, will manifest toward him the same indulgence that they have shown as auditors in the orchestra stalls of theaters or the seats of lecture-halls.

The author gladly acknowledges his debt of gratitude to his auditors, who, by their support and sympathy, have made possible the years of travel which these volumes represent; and to his fellow-workers whose efforts have contributed in so large a measure to the success of his lectures, to Katharine Gordon Breed, who was the first to realize the possibilities of the art of coloring lantern slides; to Helen E. Stevenson, whose color work embellished the illustrations of the later lectures; to Oscar Bennett Depue, who, with modesty and self-effacement, has devoted himself to the operating of the illustrating instruments and to the development of the art of motion-photography; and to Louis Francis Brown and Lyman G. Bournique, who, with business ability and tact, have directed the public presentations of The Burton Holmes Lectures.

E. BURTON HOLMES.

Chicago, January 1, 1903.

INTO MOROCCO



NTO

MOROCCO



THE transatlantic steamers, that every season bear so many of our fellow-countrymen from our own shores directly to the ports of Italy, pass, as all travelers know, through the Gibraltar Straits. Those who have sailed this course undoubtedly recall with a thrill of pleasure the morning when, after eight days upon the broad Atlantic, they waked to find on either hand the shores of a great continent,—the hills of Spain upon the north, and opposite, the grim forbidding mountains of Morocco.

They will recall, as well, those two gigantic rocky promontories which guard the western entrance to the Mediterranean,—those historic Pillars of Hercules called by the ancients Calpe

and Abyla,—the rocks that for the men of that time marked the extreme western boundary of the known world.

For centuries Calpe and Abyla, sea-girt mountains torn asunder by some god of might, were looked upon as the very ends of the earth. Beyond them no man dared venture.

Calpe is now the famous fortress of Gibraltar, a bit of Spain held by the British Empire. Abyla, upon the shore of Africa, is now the penal colony Ceuta, a piece of Moorish territory, conquered and held by force of Spanish arms. At the bases of these two mighty cliffs the waters of two oceans mingle; for there the wide Atlantic, the waterway of



GIBRALTAR

the new world, touches the historic inland ocean, around the shores of which are grouped the nations that have ruled the world in ages past. The narrow channel that links the seas together serves also to separate two lands so widely dissimilar that nowhere in the world may the traveler, with so little effort, enjoy a greater shock of contrast than by crossing the Gibraltar Strait from Southern Spain to Tangier, in Morocco.

In the space of a few short hours he may there go back a thousand years; pass from to-day to a mysterious yesterday, strangely remote from us in life and thought. Within sight of the shores of Europe, within sight of the Spanish railway stations, within sound of the cannon of Gibraltar, he will find a land in which there are no roads of any sort, a people who still use in war the picturesque Arabian flintlock and the clumsy yataghan; he will find a remnant of the Middle Ages, so perfectly preserved by the peculiar embalming influence of the Mohammedan religion that the Morocco of to-day differs little from the Morocco of the year one thousand.



By Permission

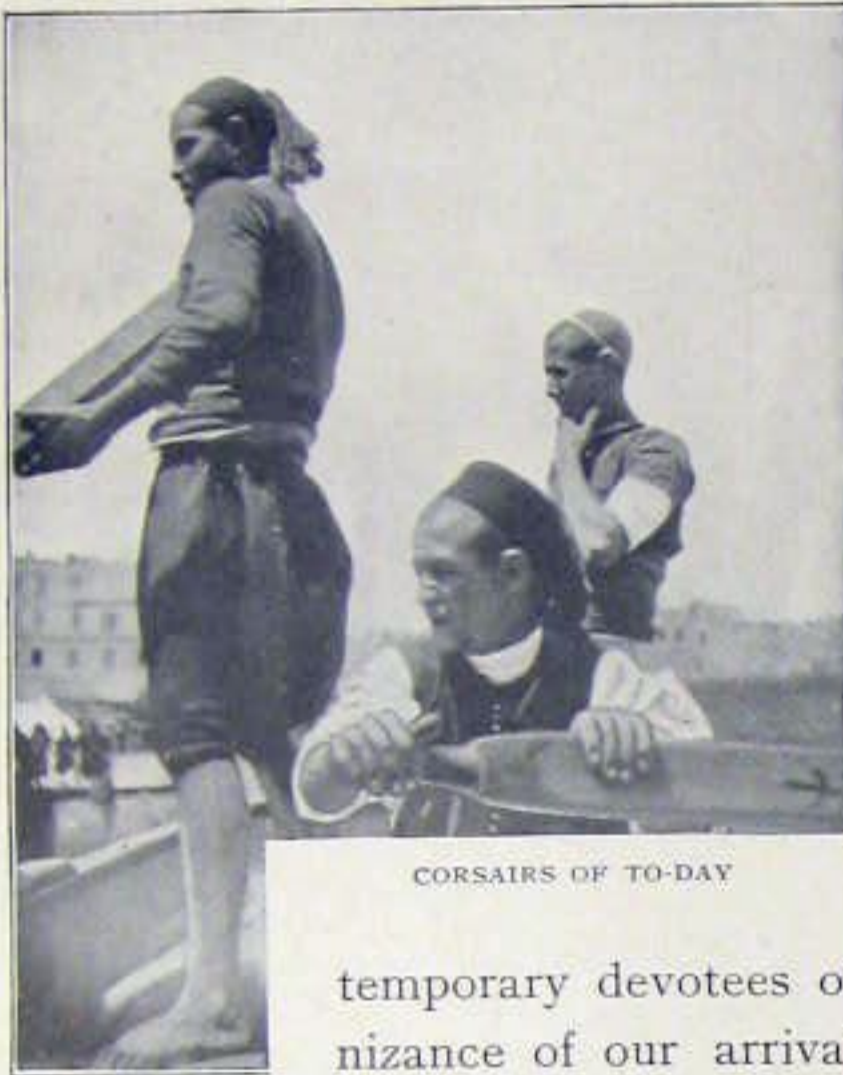
CAPE SPARTEL LIGHT

One of the most keenly relished moments of my life was the moment when that tiny patch of white, at first so like a drift of snow on the distant Moorish hills, finally resolved itself into a city of strange African aspect, and our ship dropped anchor in what the Moors are pleased to call the *harbor* of Tangier. At last we are about to touch the shore of the strangest, most inaccessible, and most mysterious land



A CITY LIKE A DRIFT OF SNOW

that borders on the Mediterranean. Algeria and Tunis have been modernized by France; railways transport pilgrims to and from the Holy Sepulcher in Palestine; Egypt is but an Anglo-Saxon playground; Greece also has her roads of steel, her daily papers, and her parliament. But Morocco remains unique. Isolated from the world of to-day, and—thanks to that isolation—completely independent, the Empire of the Moorish Sultan has preserved the customs and traditions



CORSAIRS OF TO-DAY

of its past, untouched by modern civilization, unchanged by European influence. The land is to-day as it was, and as it shall be—at least until it be conquered by the infidel, and the throne of the descendants of the Prophet be overthrown by the enemies of Allah.

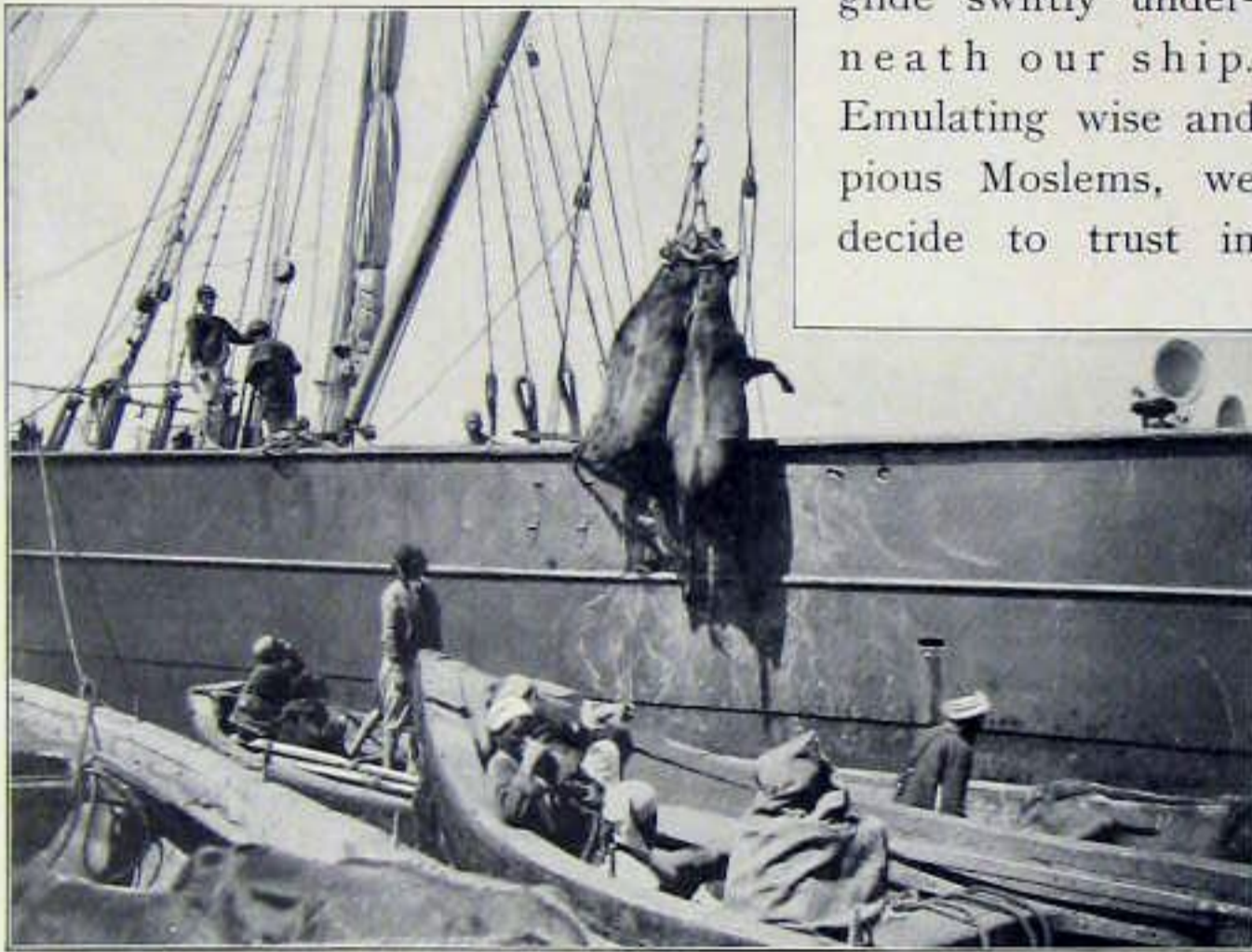
Meantime, the contemporary devotees of Allah have taken cognizance of our arrival. Lighters are quickly manned, and we are treated to an excellent representation of the manner in which Christian ships were boarded and



PIRATES OR PORTERS

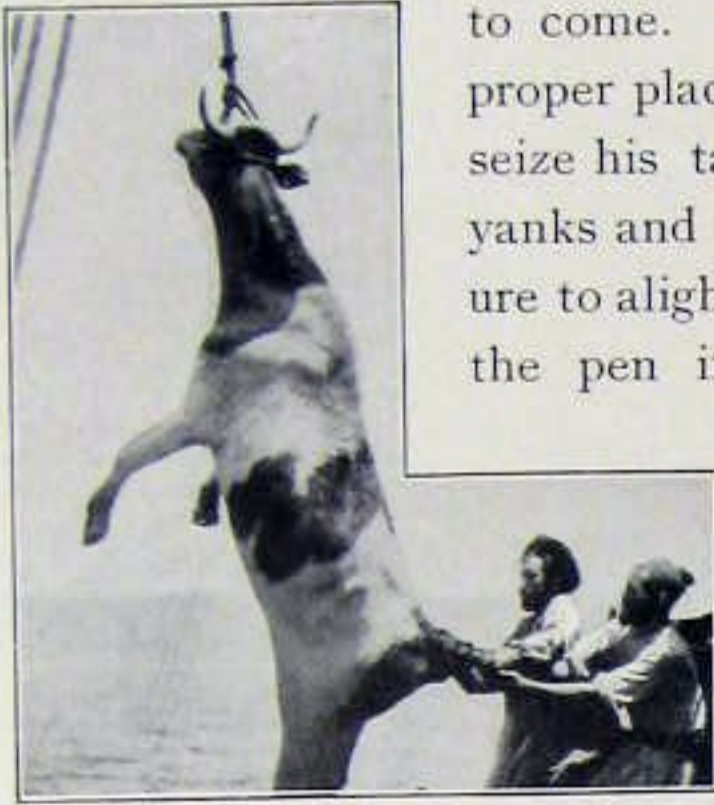
pillaged by Barbary pirates, in the day when the Corsairs ruled the sea, and all Christendom paid forced tribute to the Sultans, Deys, and Bashas of the Barbary States. A horde of turbaned porters and guides overrun the decks, seize indiscriminately all visible handbags, bundles, and boxes, and toss them, yelling madly all the while, into the boats which rise and fall alongside as the huge swells from the Atlantic

glide swiftly underneath our ship. Emulating wise and pious Moslems, we decide to trust in



A RISE IN BEEF

Allah for the recovery of our belongings in due time ; and, while the battle of the baggage rages, we turn our attention to a neighboring cattle-ship, where the embarkation of its bovine passengers is proceeding with much celerity and considerable discomfort to the unhappy creatures. The horns of each steer are bound with rope ; a hook descends, is engaged in the loops ; the donkey-engine snorts, and skyward go the astonished steers, two at a time, in attitudes painfully undignified. But painful as is this rise in beef, the worst is still



A TAIL OF WOE

to come. To land the animal in the proper place upon the deck, fearless Arabs seize his tail, and by a series of vigorous yanks and twists cause the suffering creature to alight with his nose pointed toward the pen in which he may leisurely re-adjust his elongated carcass, recover from his undisguised indignation, and console himself by watching the precipitate arrival of some other steer with whom he may have had unfriendly rela-

tions on the Moorish plains. Thus it is that hundreds of head of Moorish cattle begin their fatal voyage across the strait; for vast quantities of Moroccan beef go to feed the lean and hungry Spaniard, or to supply the brawn and muscle of Gibraltar's sturdy English garrison.

Having witnessed the acme of this cruelty, we observe with comparative unconcern the unceremonious manner in



PERSUASIVE METHODS

which the animals are persuaded to enter the lighters. A yelling band of Arabs and negroes boost and shove the resisting brute up the gangplank and tumble him head foremost into an already crowded boat, where he regains his feet as best he may. The thuds of falling bodies, the wild cries of the savage workers, continue until, the cargo complete, the craft puts off.



THE BEACH

Looking around we find that we have neared the beach, above which rise the frowning walls of old Tangier. Formerly all passengers landed on the beach, and in rough weather the arrival of a tourist party was a diverting spectacle, the frightened passengers being carried from the tossing rowboats to the sandy beach upon the broad backs of native porters. These porters are invariably Jews, for we are given to understand that no self-respecting Moslem would bend his back to so vile a burden as the carcass of a "Christian dog." We almost regret the tameness of our own

arrival, for, thanks to a comparatively calm sea, our boats are able to approach the little pier, and to land us without danger or discomfort save that occasioned by the pressing curiosity of the crowd assembled to watch the coming of the money-spending infidel.

The pier, by the way, represents the one harbor-improvement grudgingly executed by the Moors. The harbor of Tangier could be made most secure at small expense, but the Moors prefer not to tamper with it. "God made it so," they tell us; "we would not presume to altar the wise arrangements of the Almighty." They did not even attempt to repair the old breakwater built by the English years ago and blown up by them upon the close of the brief British occupation. The mention of a British occupation recalls a bit of history. Tangier was taken by the Portuguese in 1471. By them it was held until a Portuguese princess, Catarina of Braganza, went to England as the bride of Charles the Second. She brought to him a splendid dower, including two then



THE PIER



THE HARBOR OF TANGIER

unimportant pieces of real estate,—the island of Bombay in far-off India, and this city of Tangier at the Mediterranean's western gate. Strange indeed the fate of these two bits of real estate. Bombay, the hopeless, far-away possession, became in time the glorious Indian Empire. Tangier, with its unrivaled situation at one of the great doorways of the western world, was held for twenty years, and then, through sheer stupidity, abandoned to barbarism. It was returned by England to the Moors as a free gift; a transaction almost unique in Britain's history. But we must not forget that Gibraltar was not yet a cushion for the British lion's paw; had it been so, another paw would have rested firmly on this Moorish shore, insuring to England absolute control of the Gibraltar Strait.

But if the Anglo-Saxon armies long since relinquished this invaluable prize, the Anglo-Saxon tourist has made Tangier his own. Having passed the solemn Moors who sit at the water-gate at receipt of custom, we find ourselves in a trough-like passage above which rises that stronghold of the

globe-trotter, the Continental Hotel. It appears like a huge grin upon the frowning face of the walled city; and its hospitable and cheery aspect contradicts the hostile impression produced by the cannon on the ramparts and the scowling looks of some of the inhabitants.

Let not the tourist be disappointed because a modern structure first obtrudes itself. Tangier is not the real



THE CONTINENTAL HOTEL

Morocco; it is a Moslem seaport, defiled by contact with an infidel world.

The late Sultan of Morocco disowned the city. When last he came and beheld the changes wrought by foreigners, it is said that he exclaimed: "Allah confound these greedy Christians!—they have stolen from me my beautiful Tangier!"

The crowd we see near yonder doorway is gathered by a distribution of pennies to the poor, —



THE HILLS OF SPAIN ARE SEEN ACROSS THE STRAITS

an act of charity performed every week by the officials of the custom-house. How superbly important seems the white robed Moor charged with the graceful task of pressing into every outstretched dirty palm a shining Spanish copper worth about two cents, while his assistant keeps his eyes well open to detect repeaters. Every now and then there is a lively row, resulting from the detection of some clever unfortunate,



A CROWD OF MENDICANTS

who has changed rags with a fellow pauper, and has complacently applied for a second dose of governmental generosity. Utter poverty and black misery are depicted upon the rags and visages of the expectant throng—even the babies wear oldish, knowing expressions on their little faces. A strange feature is the curious little pigtail worn by the boys,—a pigtail growing all awry, sprouting, not from the crown, but from one side of the head. The pigtail is an agent of salvation; on it depends the

hope of heaven; for we are told that at the day of judgment Allah is to lift the righteous faithful by their pig tails into paradise. Apropos of this statement and other statements heard in the course of our journey, it



PENNIES FOR THE POOR

may be well to quote an Arab maxim: "Never believe all you hear; for he who believes all he hears often will believe that which is not." Another maxim from the same source contains excellent advice for the traveler, and much comfort for the lazy: "Do not do all that you can; for he who does all he can, often will do that which he should not." Another is a pearl of great price to the returned traveler especially: "Do not say all you know; for he who says all he knows often will say that which he knows not." There is yet a fourth gem of Arabian wisdom with a similar setting: "Do

not spend all you have; for he who spends all he hath, often will spend that which he hath not."

The arrival in Tangier is unlike that in any other city in the world. Every native face is a type, every group a picture. We begin to love the dirt, the smells



AFTER
TASTING
GOVERNMENTAL
GENEROSITY



COMRADES IN POVERTY

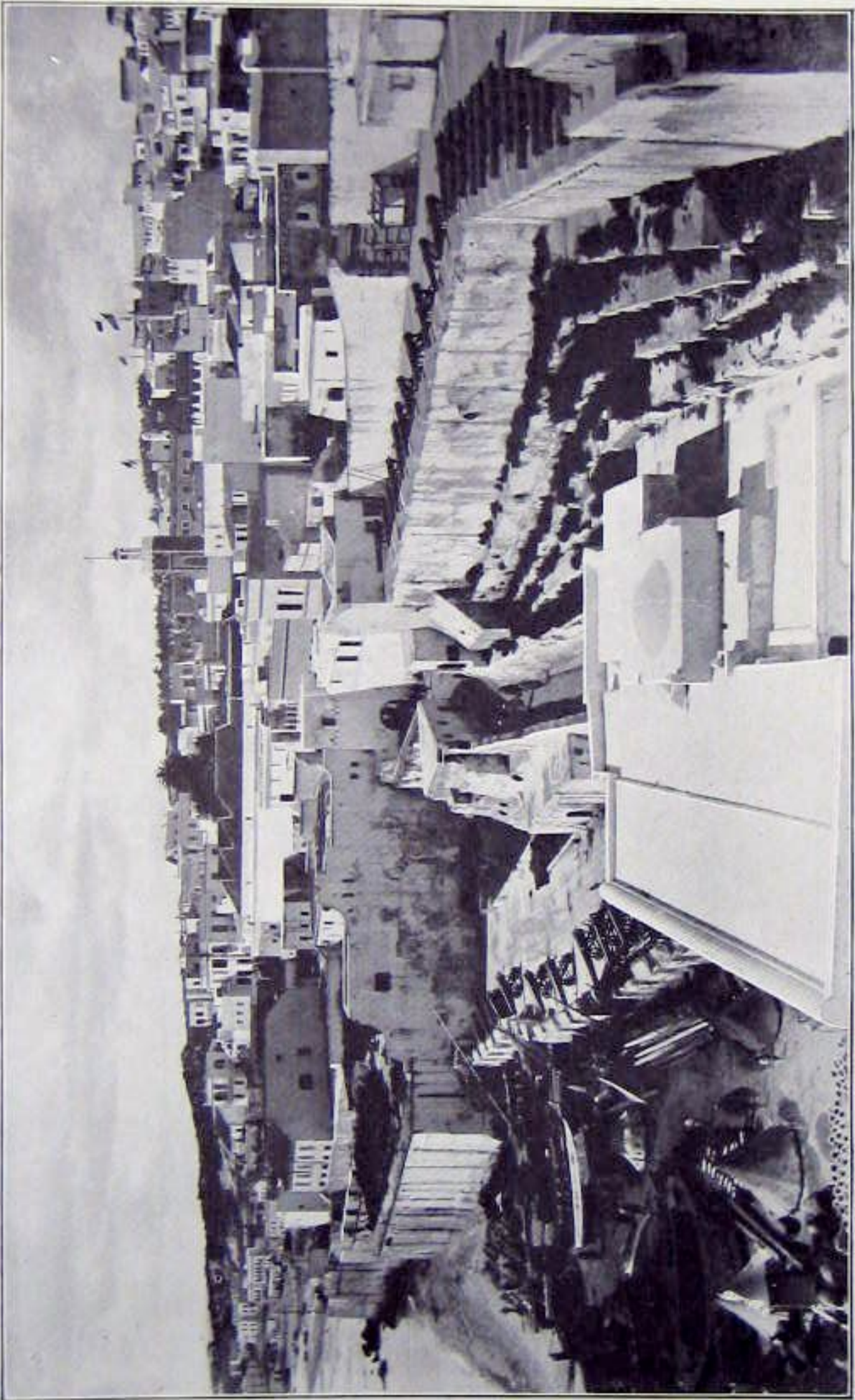
(not all bad ones, by any means, merely strange foreign smells suggestive of what is old and Oriental), and as we make our way into the perplexing maze of Tangier's weird little alleys, we seem to have taken a journey backward through the ages. Our sensations might be those of one suddenly transported from this familiar earth to a strange planet; and yet the hills of Spain are seen across the straits. A group of water-carriers earnestly discussing some important piece of news that probably will never be published to the Christian world, forms a picture almost Biblical in its antiquity. They are retailers of that precious beverage,—the beverage of all the worshipers of Allah,—the true gift of God, pure water. We can forgive the Moslem many things, because he never has been, and, so long as he clings to the religion of his fathers, never will be, a drunkard. The water-bags are goat-skins, the hind leg serving as a faucet; but although we are as thirsty as the African sun itself, we do not patronize these itinerant fountains; being newly come to Tangier, our squeamishness interferes with an indulgence in many little comforts; but what a surprising revolution will be worked by an expedition into Morocco! We shall return from the interior with adamantine sensibilities as regards such trifles. But to-day we are open to impressions of all kinds. So

dazed are we by the strangeness of our surroundings that we have left no words with which to express our delight when, stepping out at last upon the balcony of our hotel, we look down upon Tangier, the "White City of the Straits." Below us is the beach, dotted with the rude camps of pilgrims who are awaiting ships for Mecca; above it are tiers of batteries; beyond we see a mass of white cubes, the dwelling-houses of



WATER CARRIERS

the Moors. A dainty minaret, green-tiled and graceful, rises from this angular snow-bank; near it, the flags of foreign nations float above their respective consulates and legations. Strange indeed this mingling of the Occidental and the Oriental, beautiful indeed this city of Tangier, the sentinel city of Morocco, posted here at the corner of Africa to watch with jealous eyes for the coming of the inevitable conqueror who is to sally forth from the gates of Christendom, dimly discerned across the Gibraltar Channel. Of small account will be these batteries, furnished with anti-



TANGIER

quated cannon. These crippled dogs of war rend nothing more tangible than air, and damage nothing but ear-drums. And frequently is the air rent, and the ear assaulted, for the arrival of every man-of-war is greeted with a ferocious salvo of artillery, at sound of which the Moors gaze proudly seaward, expand their chests, recall the days when Moorish corsairs ruled the seas, and dream of future victories for the armies of the Prophet.

The sunshine in this land is wonderful; at seven in the morning it is so brilliant that we cannot bear the reflection from the chalky housetops, and recover the use of our eyesight only when in the dark and narrow corridors that serve the Tangerines in lieu of streets. The thoroughfare which every visitor must traverse when going from the hotel to the great or lesser market-places, is distinctly banal in aspect. It is the leading shopping street of the European resi-



THE WHITE CITY OF THE STRAITS



THE STREET OF EUROPEAN SHOPS

dents; its shops are stuffed with canned provisions, patent-medicines, and playing-cards, while a saloon or two make known their presence, even to the blind, by strong gin-like aromas wafted thence. When lost in the labyrinthine maze of Moorish Tangier, the foreigner has but to follow his nose to reach the place where rum and brandy

are on sale, and European civilization well in evidence. Then he may emerge into the lesser market-place, or "Soko," as it is called in local speech. Here he finds one tiny French café and the postal stations of England, Spain, and France; for as Morocco's postal-service is on a par with its other governmental enterprises, these nations each maintain post-offices in Tangier and an elaborate courier service in the interior. European mails now penetrate to Fez, even to Mequinez and Morocco City, with tolerable dispatch and certainty.

While we refresh ourselves at the café, we are amused by the ape-like antics of a negro from the far-away province of Suss. His wig of wool is hung with shells and teeth and nails, all of which clatter as he dances to the music of a pair of iron castanets.

But he cannot compare in picturesqueness with this other visitor—a superb representative of the saintly beggar class. So imposing a revelation of dignity in rags it is not possible to find among men of any other race or creed. We learn that this haughty mendicant is crazy; that in Morocco, insanity is the most valuable asset of those who desire to engage in what European residents irreverently term the “saint business.” The Moors are convinced that if the mind of a man inhabit not his body, it is because God, having discerned in that mind much beauty of holiness, retains it in paradise as a thing too precious to be sent with the man to earth. Therefore great consideration should be shown for the mortal coil pertaining to

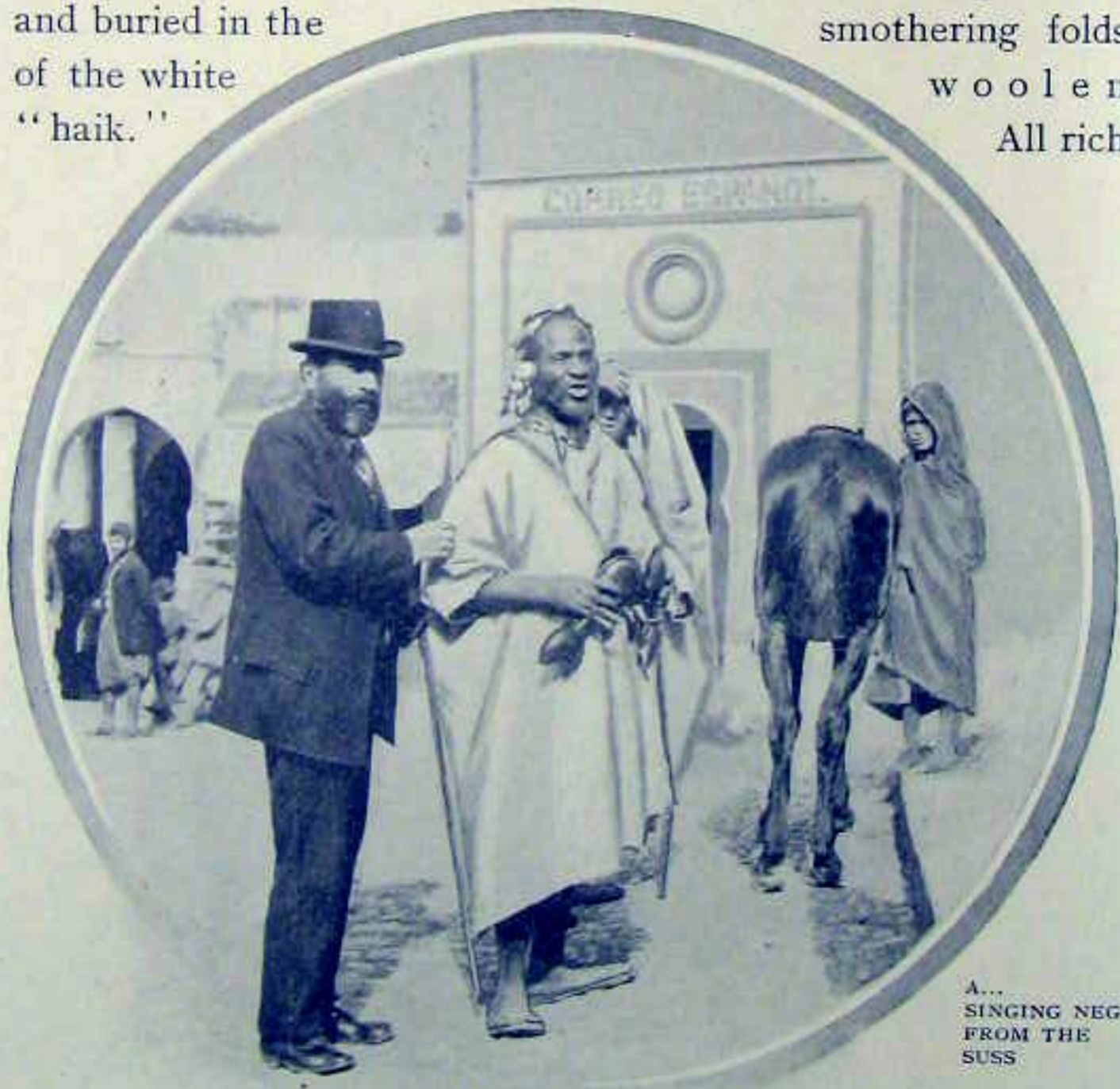


THE CAPE IN THE LITTLE SOKO

that mind. Thus "crazy" has become a synonym for "sanctified," and an insane man has but to mumble prayers, and watch his saner fellow-citizens vie with one another in propitiating him with gifts and offerings. But sometimes this insanity is only feigned, and some of these weird characters are in reality agents of the militant Moslem brotherhoods of Tripoli and Tunis, charged with the spreading of a Mohammedan propaganda and the keeping alive of bitter anti-Christian agitation.

If we follow this splendid *misérable*, we shall presently lose sight of him in the confusion of the be-draped, be-hooded crowd surging through the upper gate that opens toward the greater market-place, or "Soko," on the high ground behind the city. The women are closely veiled and buried in the smothering folds of the white woolen "haik."

All rich



A...
SINGING NEGRO
FROM THE
SUSS



DIGNITY IN RAGS

men wear the colored caftan, or the white burnoose,

and some are draped in muslin veils; the poor men wear the rough brown jelaba, a sack-like garment with a pointed hood. On feet that are not bare are yellow slippers; on the heads, a red fez, a white turban, or a monkish-looking hood.

The Soko on Thursday or on Sunday (local market-days) is a sight to be remembered. The market-place itself is, literally, out of sight; during the night and early morning, living things, from men to mules, from women to camels, and things inanimate, from eggs to beef and mutton, from oats to olive oil, have been gathered together, spread out, heaped up, forming a mass that moves and gives forth cries and odors. Twice every week the sun looks down upon a scene like this. Here in the Soko is the true frontier between the Christian and the Moslem worlds. Here is the borderland of the real Africa; here couriers from Fez and from the desert region farther south meet the postmen of the European

provinces ; here surges the murky tide of African humanity ; here breaks the last sun-crested wave of continental civilization ; here top-hats and turbans mingle ; here Europe ends and Africa begins.

From the windows of the legation of a European nation which open upon the Soko, there are wafted lively measures of piano melody ; and these are almost drowned by the prayers of beggars, the vociferations of the trading throng, and the incantations of half-crazy conjurers. Conquering our first emotion of aversion, almost of fear, we press through the ill-smelling, yelling crowd, and work our way to the front rank



A SPLENDID "MISÉRABLE"



THE BE-DRAPED, BE-HOODED CROWD



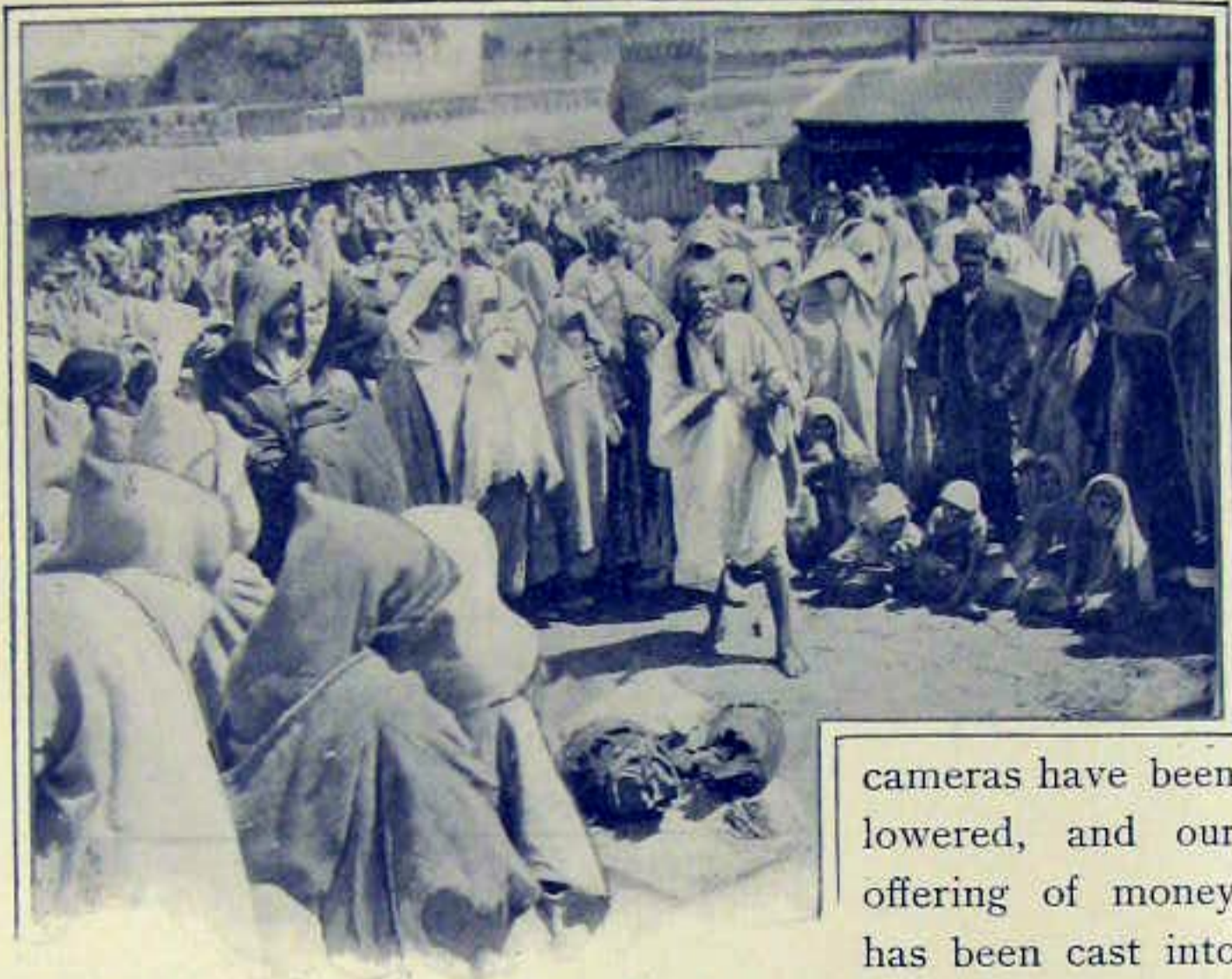
THE BORDERLAND OF THE REAL AFRICA

of a magician's audience. The conjuror welcomes us with curses, and refuses to continue his performance until our



Photograph by Nelson Ludington Barnes

THE SOKO ON SUNDAY



A CURSING CONJUROR

cameras have been lowered, and our offering of money has been cast into the ring of specta-

tors. Then, muttering strange prayers, he gathers from the ground a handful of straw, calls on his god, and on the generosity of the onlookers, and blowing upon the straw causes it miraculously to burst into flames, which instantly consume it. More offerings are then demanded, more prayers are said, and more unflattering remarks are made concerning us; for to curse and to insult a Christian is a pious deed. Another trick is performed: A youth is (supposedly) hypnotized, and while he seems unconscious, a long bodkin is thrust through the flesh of his throat and the ends left protruding, while the old fakir takes up the most successful collection of the afternoon. Because we do not give more silver coins instead of Moorish coppers, the holy wonder-worker exhausts his stock of anti-Christian expletives, much to the edification of his sympathetic congregation. So great is the hatred of Christians on the part of the lower classes that even the beggars return



"MAY ALLAH BURN YOUR GRANDMOTHER!"



HYPNOTIZED!

curses instead of thanks, atoning for the sin of receiving unclean Christian money by calling down the wrath of heaven, not only upon our heads, but also upon the heads of all who are dear to us, or related to us, even unto the fourth and fifth generation of those who have preceded us and are responsible for our existence. One simple and popular anathema is, "May Allah burn your grandmother!" Another expresses the wish that the wife of your great-grandfather may enjoy perpetual torridity in the nether world.

The blind mendicants beg in little companies of six or eight. One sightless horrible, standing, cries aloud for charity in the name of his companions. These are not

pleasant sights, but no true impression of Tangier can be imparted if we leave out of the picture the rags, the beggars, and the dirt. One more sad spectacle must suffice—that of an old beggar, shriveled by age, baked by the cruel sun, bent beneath the burden of many hopeless years, not even clad in rags, but merely covered with a mat of straw—a superlative expression of Moroccan misery.

Here we may recall the story of the English clergyman, who, touched at the sight of all this misery and ignorance, resolved to tell the gospel-story to the people of Tangier—to make a public exhortation in the market-place. With the greatest difficulty he secured a capable interpreter, for most of the hotel guides feared to assist him in his rash and dangerous crusade. When the pious preacher began his sermon in the market-place, he was not only surprised, but thoroughly delighted at the reverence with which his glowing words, translated by



A PETTY TRANSACTION

MOROCCAN
MISERY

his guide, were received by the attentive throng of Moslems. When he had finished, he was even urged to speak again. Undoubtedly the good man carried away a soul filled with joy because of the good seed he had planted here. One English newspaper chronicled the marked interest shown by the heathen in the words of Christian truth; but it is to be hoped that the good man will never learn that while

he stood in the center of this meeting place and spoke, his diplomatic interpreter and guide not only held the respectful ears of the crowd, but possibly saved the missionary's life by cleverly turning the orthodox sermon into one of the favorite romances from the "Arabian Nights."

No, it is virtually impossible to turn the Moslem from the faith of his fathers. His religion forms too intimate a part of



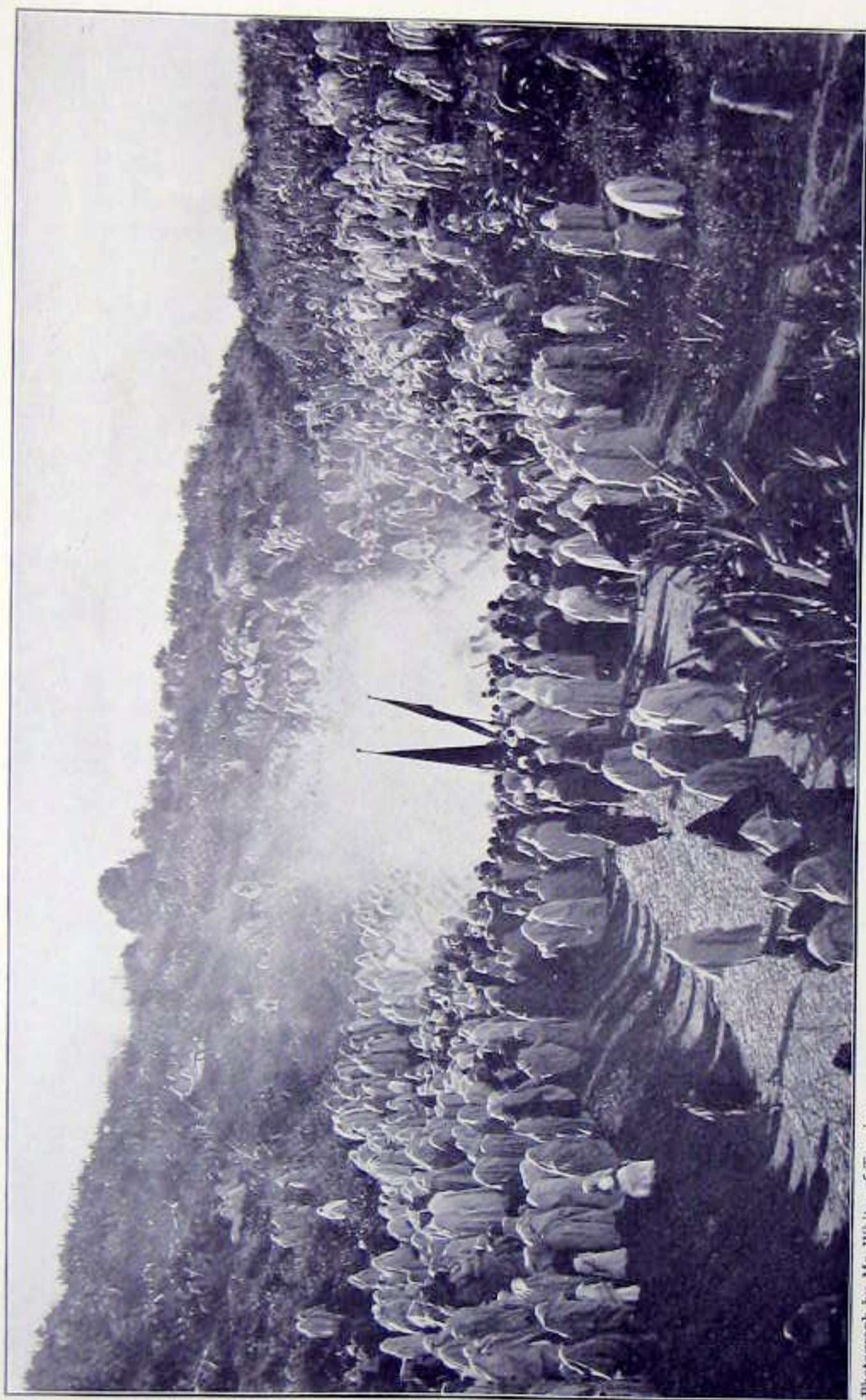
A SYNDICATE OF BLIND BEGGARS

his daily life; his religious fasts and festivals are observed with a strictness that is absolute. We chanced to witness the celebration of the great feast called Aid-el-Kebir. The early morning finds us on a hillside near the market, where there is gathered a multitude of spectral forms. Here the slanting rays of the newly risen sun draw out all shadows to a grotesque length, while from the midst of the assemblage



MOSLEM SALVATIONISTS

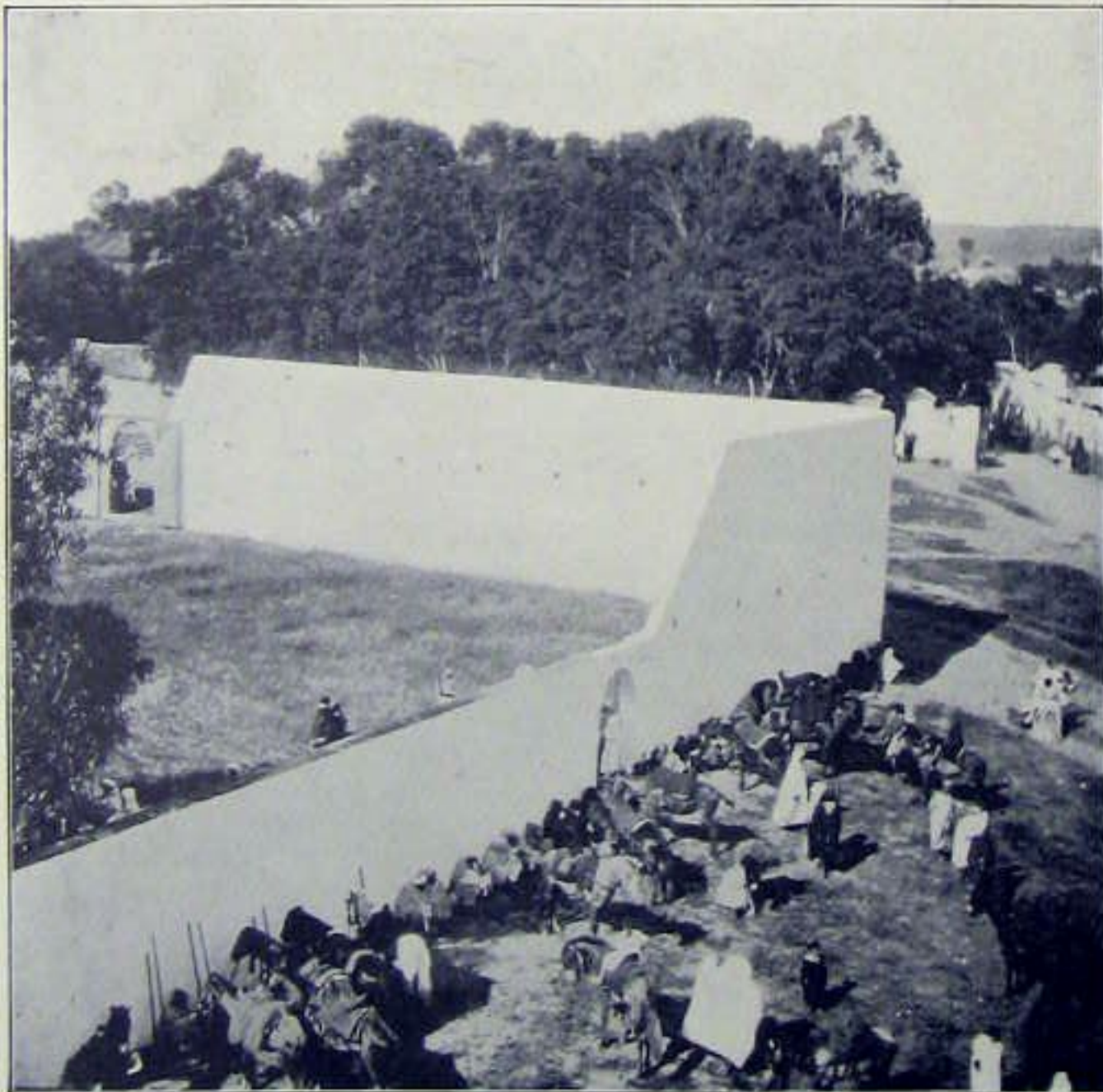
there bursts a cloud of smoke which like a veil conceals the wild tribesmen who are there performing a fantastic powder-play with old-fashioned noisy flintlocks. An hour later the populace repairs to the high-walled garden of a suburban mosque to witness the sacrifice of a magnificent ram. The ram, however, is not allowed to die in peace, for according to an ancient custom its bleeding body must be borne swiftly down through the city streets to the great



Photograph by Mr. White, of Tangier

GATHERING TO CELEBRATE THE "GREAT FEAST"

mosque in the lower town, where, if it arrives living, the omen for the year is pronounced good; if dead, the wise men shake their heads and prophesy disaster. Hence are the swiftest runners employed to dash with the dying burden across the Soko, into the city gates, down abrupt alleys to the other sanctuary. Like a host of madmen they rush past us, the sheep slung in a basket dragged by four men. Thrice do the bearers stumble, thrice is the bleeding mass rolled in the dust, thrice is the mad race resumed, the people urging on the panting runners with cries, and sticks, and stones. The sacrificial ram is dead upon arriving at the mosque, yet it is given out by the authorities that it was still alive. The



NEAR THE SUBURBAN MOSQUE



THE BASHA OF TANGIER

disorderly mob disappears through the arched portals of the town, and a dignified procession crosses the Soko. The Basha, or Governor, of the province of Tangier, with his mounted escort, is returning from the recent ceremony. Although his salary is only seventy-five dollars a month, this wise official, by strict economy, has grown very rich. He, like all the swells, rides a handsome mule; for in Morocco mules enjoy much favor and are preferred to horses for long journeys and for city promenades; in fact, for everything, save battle.

A feast is held in every house upon this sacred day, a sheep being sacrificed for each adult member of the family.

We see many a woolly burden carried through the streets upon the shoulders of the purchaser. Other means also are employed for the successful home-bringing of the fatted creatures. One man will attempt to drag the balky ram by the horns; another, more clever, will seize the hind feet and shove the sheep along as one would push a wheelbarrow, the result being a wildly zigzag progress down the steep, narrow streets. Throughout the entire Moslem world this day of Aid-el-Kebir is celebrated. At Mecca, the fountain-head of the Moslem faith, a hundred and twenty thousand sheep are put to the knife at each recurrence of the festival. Even in Tangier the feast may be likened to



THE SACRIFICIAL RAM

an ovine Saint Bartholomew Massacre, a day as fatal to these woolly victims as is Thanksgiving day to the devoted gobblers of New England. The city becomes a mammoth butcher-shop; the gutters in the narrow streets run red with blood. To escape these little tragedies, we make our way up to the higher regions of the town, where the Palace of the Governor, the Treasury Building, and the Prison are



AN OVINE SAINT BARTHOLOMEW

found in close proximity to one another. We find the palace inaccessible, the treasury empty, and the prison full.

The prison externally is a blank, white structure, high and in sad want of repair. We enter a small vestibule, where several lazy guards are stationed; they indicate an opening in the wall, a window, protected by heavy bars and closed by a thick

metal shutter. This, they say, is the unique means of ingress to the prison. No means of egress is required, for prisoners seldom come thence alive. A hasty glance through a round hole in the metal shutter reveals a filthy, spacious hall, crowded with animated mummies loosely wrapped in earth-colored tatters. We are told that no food is furnished to the prisoners save that which may be brought by pitying



THE ONLY DOORWAY TO THE PRISON

outsiders, friends of the unfortunates within. The government allows its victims the one privilege of reaching out through the little aperture for the bread of pity. Some of the prisoners make colored baskets, like those which hang upon the wall, and eke out an existence by the sale of these. The presence of a traveler becoming known in the den, baskets by the dozen come tumbling out to tempt him in charity to buy.

While it is difficult for a man to get out of the prison, it is absolutely impossible for a man to enter the harem of the



THE PRISON



THE BASHA'S PALACE AND THE TREASURY

neighboring palace of the Basha; but foreign women are sometimes presented to the Basha's wives. One feminine visitor reports that the mysterious beauties examined carefully the details of her dress. "Oh," said one to another, as she discovered that the white hands were gloved, "see! — the American lady has two skins upon her hands!" In reply to a question as to what little present might be welcome, one Oriental matron replied with much enthusiasm, "Ah, send us from your country some of those pretty little combs with the fine teeth — they are so much more useful than our coarse ones, and — we need them very much!"

Leaving the inhospitable palace, we descend to the one building of all Tangier, in which we are certain to receive a cordial welcome. The shield of the United States Consulate-General dispels the Moorish gloom of at least one dim thoroughfare. Here in this land of despotism and darkness it shines forth like a symbol of liberty and light. The Consul-General, Dr.



AT THE U. S. CONSULATE-GENERAL

J. J. Barclay, tells us with justifiable pride that his grandfather, the Hon. Thos. Barclay, negotiated the first treaty between the United States and the Empire of Morocco. He shows us two interesting documents; one, the Consular Commission signed by George Washington; the other, the Exequatur granted by the Sultan to the first Consul of the young American Republic. The following is a translation of the Exequatur, made by the official interpreter of the Consulate - General:

“In the name of God, the Clement and Merciful. There is no strength or force but in God, the High and Eternal. From Abdallah Mohammed, Ben Abdallah, in whom the Almighty deposited his confidence.”

IMPERIAL SEAL

“To the great President of the American States: I salute you with empresentation, and hope in God you are well. The Ambassador, Thomas Barclay, has come to us bearing a precious letter from the Spaniard Charles. We have read it, and

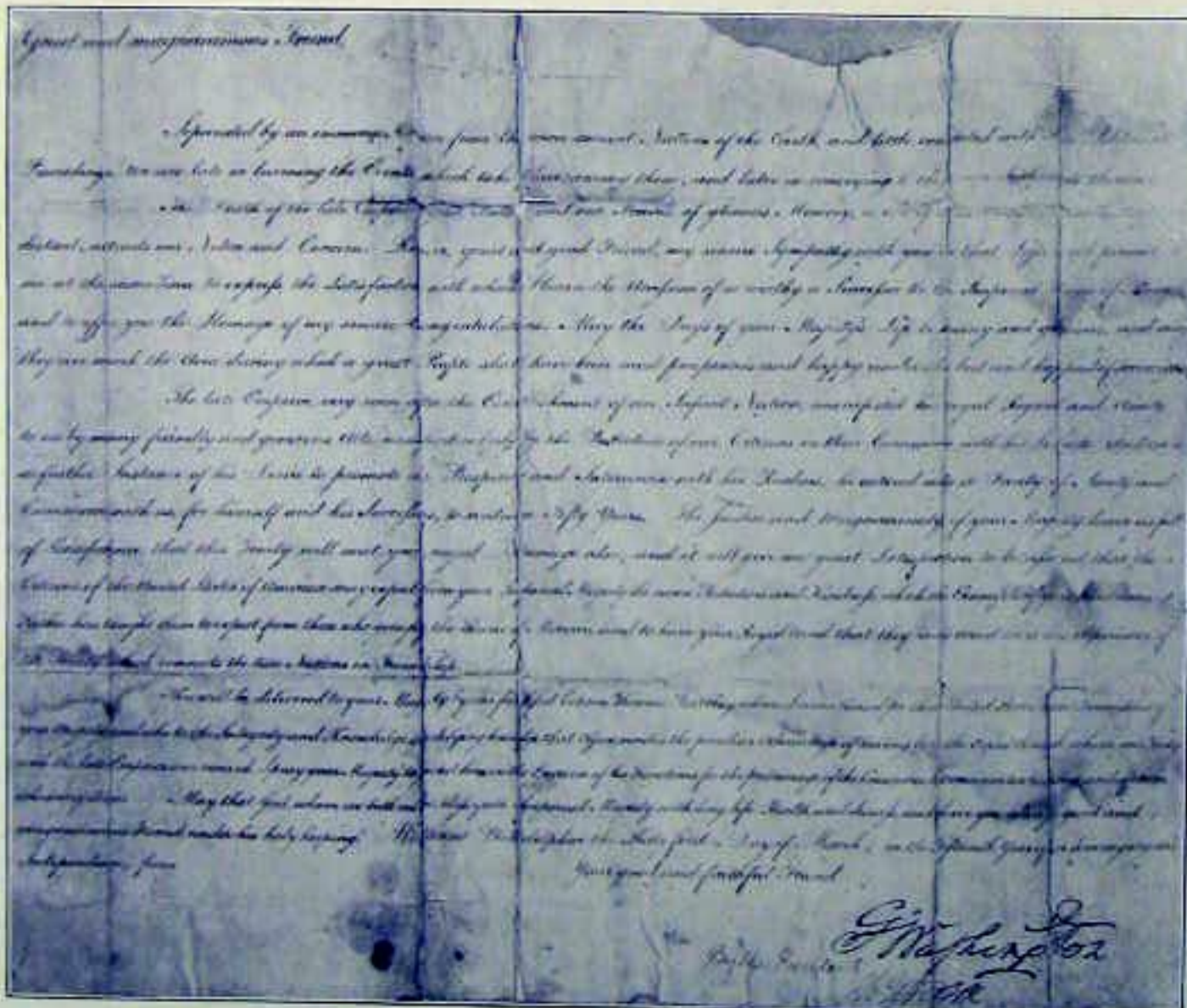
we understand all its contents in which you asked us peace with you like the other Christian nations with whom you have made peace. We accept your demand, and peace be between us on land and sea, and according to the Treaties you demanded from us. We have written this in our letter to you, to which I affixed my Sheriffian seal, and we have ordered all our employees in my seaports to do with your vessels and merchandise that go to my seaports, as they do with those of the Spaniards, and your vessels can enter, and anchor with safety in any of my seaports you choose, from Tetuan to Wadnoon; they can also buy and sell, and do business for themselves, and they can depart. We have answered just like this to the great Spaniard Charles, who wrote me a letter on your behalf. I join with you in perfect peace and friendship. In peace.

“This is written the first day of the blessed month of Ramadan 1200 (1785-1786).”



AN AMERICAN HOUSE IN TANGIER

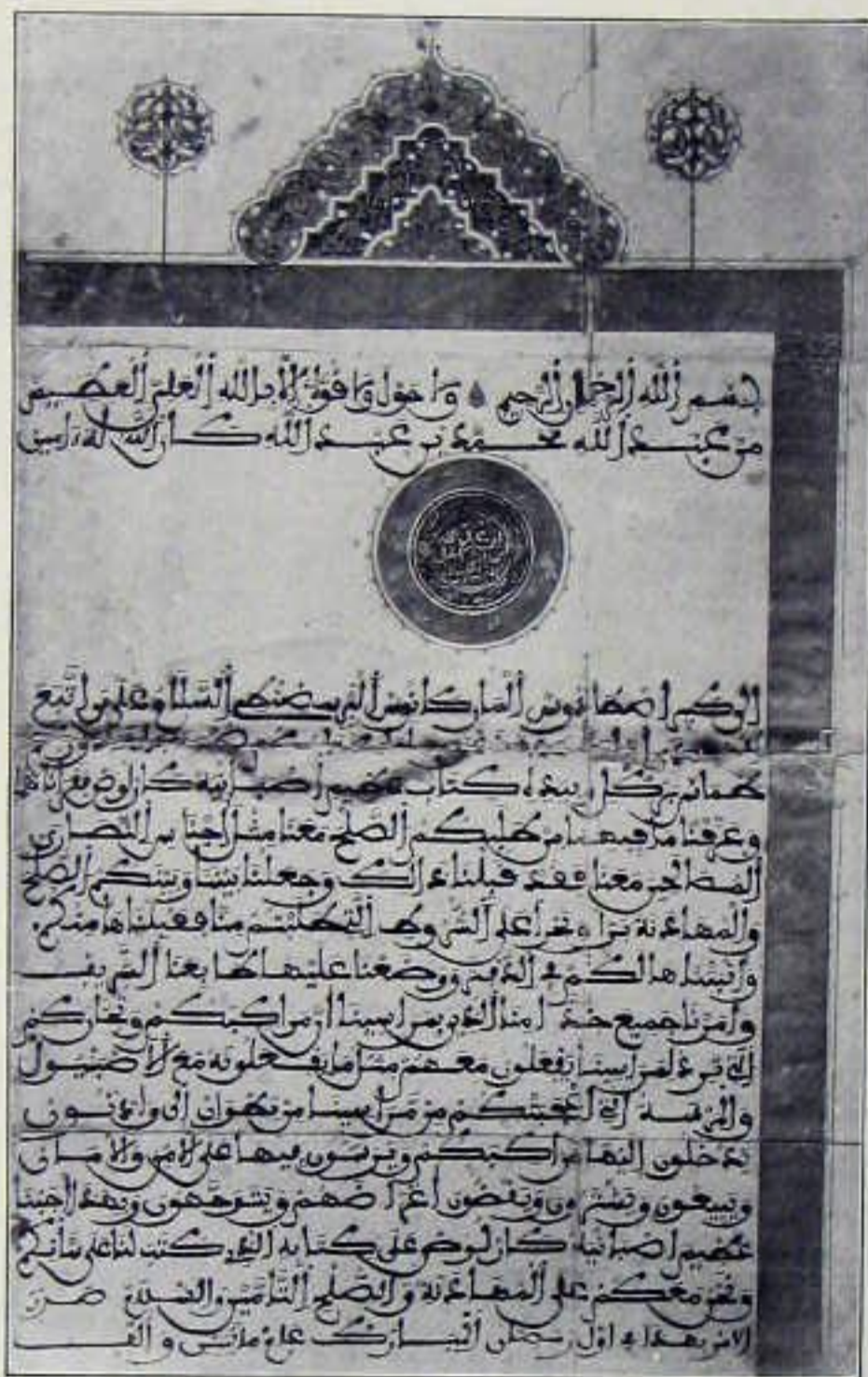
To Dr. Barclay we confided our cherished plans for a journey into Morocco, and asked him to advise, assist, and guide us. He became most zealous in our cause; made light of the difficulty and danger said to attend the journey, spoke in glowing terms of the pleasures and surprises in store for us. Within the week all the formalities incident to our departure are complied with. The Moorish Minister of Foreign Affairs has graciously granted us permission to traverse the Empire of his Master, the Sultan of Morocco, and he has provided us with letters to many provincial chiefs, and to the Governor of Fez, the capital. He has promised us a military escort equal to our needs, and has called down blessings upon us, and has accepted the usual little token of our high esteem in the form of a pile of Spanish dollars. All this we owed to the good offices of Dr. Barclay, to whom also we owed



COMMISSION OF CONSUL THOMAS BARCLAY SIGNED BY GEORGE WASHINGTON

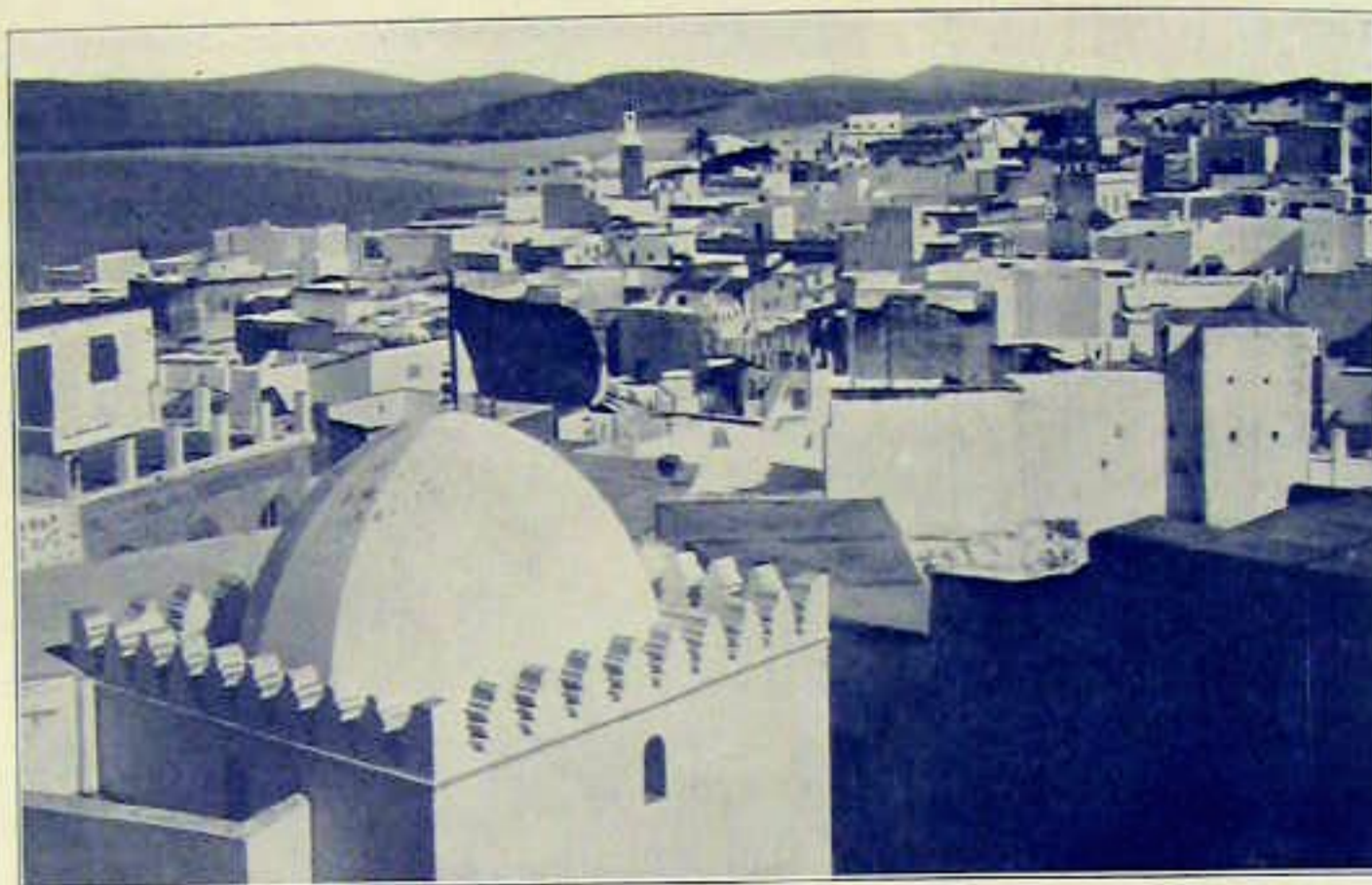
a delightful glimpse of the gay social life led by the foreign residents and diplomats in old Tangier.

The hillsides round about the city are dotted with luxurious, palatial villas, in the drawing-rooms of which cosmopolitan gatherings discuss the latest continental news in half a dozen languages. According to an English dictum, "Society in Tangier is split into



EXEQUATUR OF THE FIRST U. S. CONSUL TO TANGIER

three factions, — those who will know one another, those who won't know one another, and those who must know one another, but don't like to." There are artists, musicians, and diplomats, millionaires and globe-trotters, and ex-consuls and ex-ministers by the dozen; for they say that when one has lived in Tangier, it is not possible to be contented elsewhere. Therefore many men who come hither for a few years of diplomatic service, end by purchasing hillside villas and becoming permanent residents.



A LAST LOOK AT TANGIER

Tangerine hospitality is famous for its freedom, but we have little time for social dissipations. Every moment is occupied in preparations for departure. A few days more and we are to leave this most attractive corner of Cosmopolis, bid farewell to friends, to comfort, and to civilization. The hotel will give place to the tent, the daily pony-canter on the beach to the long weary marches of our caravan over hills and mountains, in the region where there are no roads, where to-day is the same as yesterday. We are to voyage forth upon a strange expanse, where the ship of Moorish civilization, stranded upon the shoals of the religion of immutability, has lain rotting since the conquest of Granada.

It is but right that you should know something about the men upon whom our future comfort, welfare, and safety entirely depend. Let me introduce, first of all, the most faithful of guides, the most honest of dragomans, the cheeriest of companions, the cleverest of pathfinders, the best of cooks, and — the most amusing prevaricator I have ever known. His name is like all Moorish names, a mouthful, "Haj Abd-er-Rahman Salama." We see him first at the door of his

dwelling, a bright young Salama at his side. We speak with him in French and Spanish, for his much-advertised command of English is monumentally inadequate. Moreover in French he speaks like a gentleman, in English like a blackguard; one language having been learned in Algiers and in Paris, the other picked up from profane sportsmen, while serving as dragoman for pig-sticking expeditions. As for his name, we forget it altogether, and address him simply as Haj, the word "Haj" being a sort of honorific prefix, meaning Pilgrim, in other words, a righteous Moslem who has made the Holy Pilgrimage to Mecca. When it was noised abroad that we were thinking of a trip to Fez, the professional guides of Tangier looked on us as lawful, tempting prey. One Jewish pathfinder proffered his services and outfit for seven English pounds a day. Then others came with other propositions, and there ensued a veritable rate-war in which tents figure in place of Pullman cars, and, in place of sixty-miles-an-hour locomotives, mules that travel only sixteen miles a day. And Haj triumphed over all competitors, not because he made the lowest bid, but because we saw in him a useful, clever man, full of resource, one of the few Moorish minds able to respond to Anglo-Saxon sympathies. He is one who has bridged the gulf between the Moslem and the Christian races, at the cost, possibly, of his orthodoxy and his hopes of heaven.

In violent contrast to him in these respects, is our military escort: our fighting-force, assigned us by the government and consisting of one personal



THE BEST OF GUIDES,
HAJ ABD-ER-RAHMAN SALAMA



KAID LHARBI, OUR MILITARY ESCORT

unit — with dignity and bigotry and decorative picturesqueness enough for half a regiment. Kaid Lharbi, for such are his title and name, belongs to the Mak-hazni, or corps of irregular cavalry, the most orna-

mental branch of the Moorish Sultan's army. No traveler is permitted to go into Morocco unless chaperoned by a Makhazni. Kaid Lharbi will be for us a sort of living passport, his presence at the head of our caravan assuring all persons that we are traveling under the protection of the Moorish government, and that offenses against us will be severely punished. Without this living token of governmental sanction for our expedition, it would be within the power of any local chief to arrest our progress, sending us back in ignominious captivity to Tangier; or, if he preferred, he could rob us with impunity. Kaid Lharbi is therefore a valuable acquisition from the standpoints both of safety and of picturesqueness. He is Moorish in the fullest sense; he thinks such thoughts and dreams such dreams as did his fathers half a thousand years ago. He carries a flintlock made in Tetuan, and is supplied with a lump of lead and a small bullet-mold, that in case of attack he may be able to cast the necessary bullets.

The sixth day of May is appointed for the departure of our caravan. It is a memorable day for us, because it marks

the close of a long period of doubt and uncertainty as to the possibility of undertaking the expedition, and because it marks the beginning of a new life—the entry into a new world, which is yet immeasurably old. The pack-mules in charge of the three servants have been sent on ahead to await us in the suburbs. Kaid Lharbi, muffled in his blue burnoose, has been stationed like an equestrian statue at the door of the hotel since early morning. Haj, the guide, is here, there, and everywhere, attending to the thousand and one little details and difficulties that always arise at the last moment.

We bid adieu to our acquaintances at the hotel door. At last the start is made, we file through narrow streets, cross the crowded market-place, and on its outskirts overtake the pack-mules and the muleteers. A few necessary articles, brought at the last moment by our thoughtful Haj, who would have felt himself disgraced had he forgotten anything, are added to the already heavy burdens of the mules.



THE DEPARTURE

Then at a signal, our men, the skeptic Haj, and all the rest reverently turn their faces toward the East, toward Holy Mecca, while Kaid Lharbi, his



ADDING THE LAST
ITEM TO THE PACKS

head bent low over his horse's neck, intones an impressive prayer for the successful and happy termination of our journey. This pious duty done, the order for a forward march is given, and in single file our little train of men, horses, mules, and donkeys winds its way out of Tangier, every hoof-beat of the animals taking us nearer to the Middle Ages. Gradually the suburban street becomes a lane, gradually the lane fades away, becoming a mere trail, and finally the trail itself, crossing a ruined bridge, loses itself in the roadless vastness of the Moorish Empire.

Never in all my travels have I more keenly felt that oppressive sense of separation from things known and familiar than at this moment. No previous departure by train or

steamer had ever seemed so definitely to break the link that binds us to our own age and our own civilization. Here, at the bridge that spans a dry and thirsty river-bed, all semblance of civilization abruptly terminates ; before us lies a land without railways, without roads, without fences, hedges, trees — without dividing lines of any kind, save long low ranges of barren hills and, in the eastern distance, the crests of savage mountains. Across this roadless empire we are now to travel for many days ; overhead there will hang at times a scorching sun, at times dark storm-clouds are to form our canopy ; around us is to stretch a savage, silent land. Before us lies a scarcely distinguishable track, worn by the hoofs of countless caravans in years that are un- counted. But

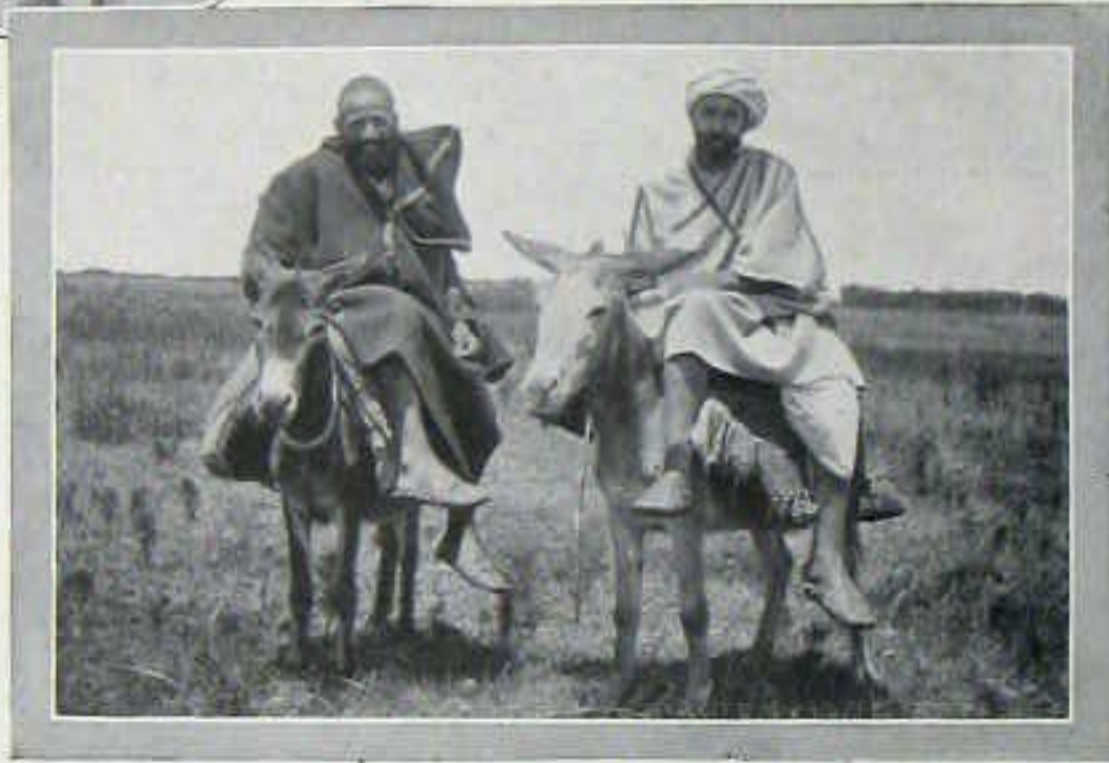


THE EDGE OF CIVILIZATION

for me, in the foreground of every Moorish landscape looms the figure of Kaid Lharbi. All day I looked over my horse's ears upon Kaid Lharbi's back, his horse's tail, and his cloak of blue, his broad-brimmed

ACROSS THE
ROADLESS PLAINS

hat, such as are made and worn by the women of Tetuan, its brim so broad that colored cords are required as guy ropes to sustain it. That famous hat served both as a parasol and umbrella; the image of its expansive brim, flapping gaily in the breeze, or drooping gloomily beneath an avalanche of water from the skies, will never be effaced from memory. All day I looked upon that hat; at



" TWO HARD-WORKING HUMBLE SOULS "

night I saw it in my dreams; and, at the journey's end, I acquired it by purchase, and it now hangs upon my wall,—a mute reminder of a memorable ride.

Less picturesquely mounted, less self-important than Kaid Lharbi but far more useful, diligent, and kindly were the two hard-working humble souls who rode on little burros in



" BOKHURMUR "



THE FIRST HALTING PLACE

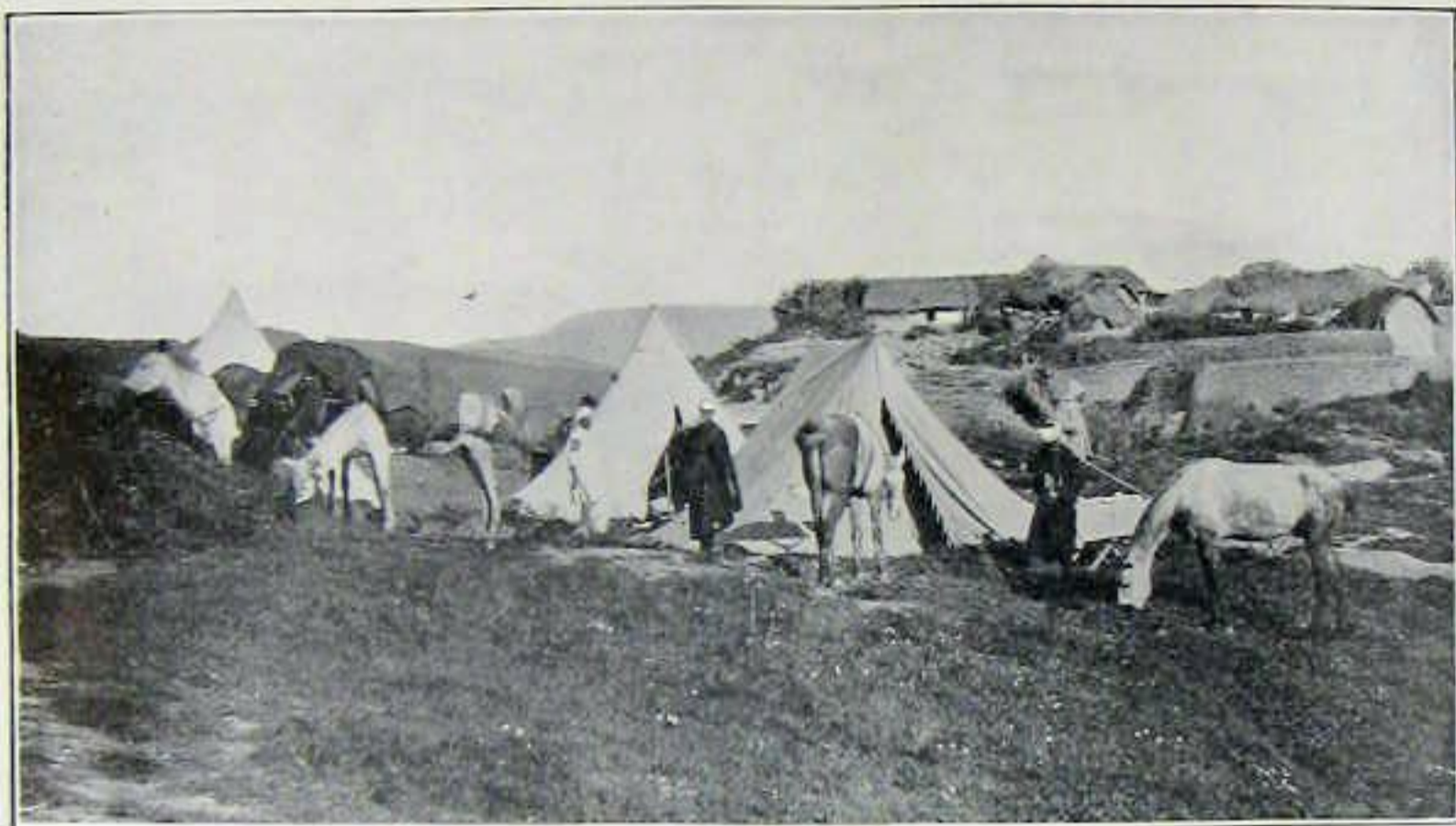
the rear of the procession. On them devolved the hardest labors of the journey—to load the mules; to drive or guide them all day long, frequently running along for miles on foot; to help or urge the struggling, overburdened animals through the muddy ditches; to unpack everything at night, set up the tents, build fires, tether and find forage for nine animals, including their own patient little donkeys—this formed their regular daily routine. Yet they are cheerful with it all, although sun and rain, health and sickness, must mean the same to them; they must not rest on pain of being left behind. Their names, as near as it was possible for us to grasp them, were respectively, Bokhurmur and Abuktayer, but which was “Abuktayer,” and which “Bokhurmur” is a point upon which my friend and I could never quite agree.



DEVELOPING OUR CANVAS VILLAGE

At a command from Haj, the caravan has halted. "We have arrived," adds Haj; "unload! pitch camp! We are where we should be at five o'clock."

Here, then, is to be our first camping-ground, here for the first time we are to see our outfit set up in its entirety; here we are, for the first time, to sleep in tents like the Bedouins;



THE FIRST CAMP

to begin the new life that promises to be so strange and fascinating. With keenest interest we watch our little canvas village develop. At first we attempt to aid the men, but Haj sternly prohibits all effort on our part. It is not consistent with our dignity as great American *seigneurs* to stoop to labor. A mattress is hastily unpacked and spread upon the ground, and on it we repose in lordly laziness. Had we driven a single tent-peg, we should have lost completely the respect of our Oriental hirelings.

Three tents compose the camp: one large green tent of English manufacture for the grand *seigneurs*, two Moorish tents, for the accommodation of the faithful suite. One by one the canvas houses rise. The animals are tethered close

at hand. From the neighboring village, ragged men bring fodder for the animals, eggs and chickens for the foreign lords. These things, of course, are paid for, because, our expedition not being of a diplomatic or official nature, we do not enjoy the right to be served with the traditional "Mouna," that is, we cannot levy contributions upon the tribes. Our letters of recommendation demand for us merely the protection of the village chiefs. When a great man, be he a native potentate or the ambassador of a foreign nation, passes through the land in state, all things are by the Sultan's command furnished him gratis by the people of each bashalik, or province. As the villagers gather in a silent, curious pyramid, to watch with deepest interest everything we do, to examine with uncomprehending eyes our mysterious camp-

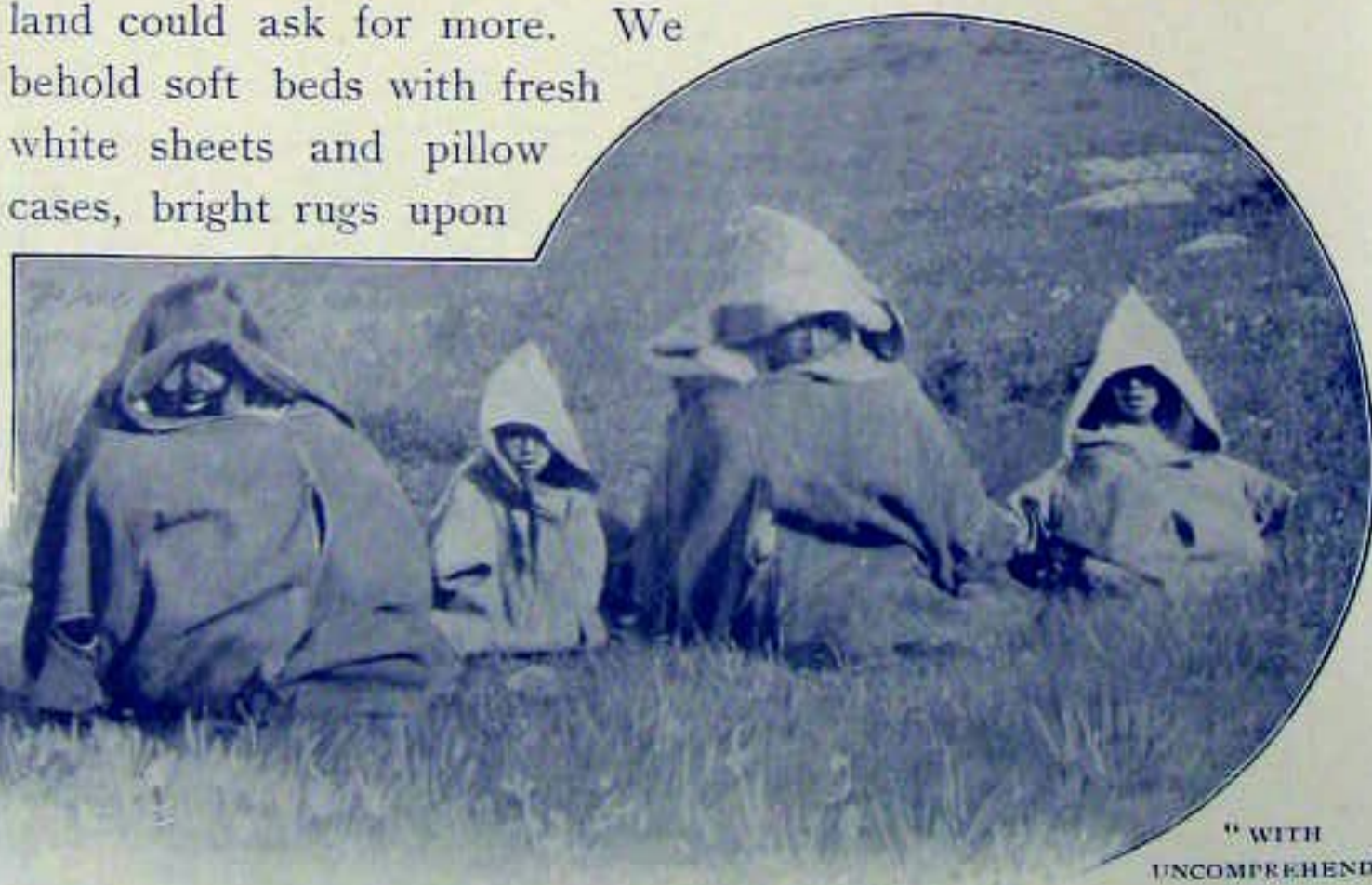


A SILENT, CURIOUS PYRAMID

beds, our folding chairs and tables, let me describe another custom that is observed during the progress of an official expedition.

When the people of a village have a boon to ask or a favor to entreat from the Sultan at Fez, such as the release from prison of some fellow tribesman, or the recall of some too cruel tax-extortioner, a deputation of villagers comes in procession to the tent of the great man, and before the entrance sacrifices a heifer or a sheep. If the chief or the ambassador is inclined to grant the petition, or to further the purposes of the suppliants, he accepts the gift of meat and it is eaten by his escort. If he denies their request, he averts his face; no man is permitted to touch the sacrifice, and it is left as food for birds of prey.

The camp arrangements being complete, and all things made ready for our reception, Haj proudly but anxiously invites our inspection of the interior arrangements of our canvas home. "Well done, Haj Abd-er-Rahman Salama!" we exclaim, as a vision of coziness and comfort is revealed to us. Well done, indeed! No wanderer in a barbarous land could ask for more. We behold soft beds with fresh white sheets and pillow cases, bright rugs upon



"WITH
UNCOMPREHENDING EYES"



CHEZ NOUS



"HAJ"
IN DOUBT



"HAJ" IN JOY

the turf, a table large enough for two, well spread with tempting food, and all this is wholly protected from the heat and cold and rain and wind by a fine triple tent, green without and pink-lined within, just like a luxurious boudoir. And now this is to be our home for forty long delightful days and as many nights. No matter where our camp may happen to lie, on the barren hillside, in the fertile plain, or on the outskirts of a dirty town, this cozy corner will be always the same. No matter how wild and hostile are the surrounding scenes, we have but to draw the tent-flaps close to find ourselves delightfully *chez*

nous. And furthermore, we are just as well served as in an excellent hotel, for although we lack the convenient electric-button, yet we have a perfect substitute in the person of Achmedo al Hishu, our valet, groom, and butler. Achmedo is not handsome, but he is indispensable; he is always at hand, answering a call before it is made, satisfying a want as soon as it is felt. He speaks a kind of Tangerine servant language; a mixture of Spanish, French, and English, startling at times, but always comprehensible. His one fault is a fondness for the pipe, in which he smokes—not comparatively innocent



"ACHMEDO"



A MISTY MORNING

tobacco—but the nerve-deadening weed called “keef.” Moreover, we observe him to be a great imbibor. As he rides across the plain, proudly seated on the summit of a baggage-pack (beneath which the poor mule is scarcely visible), Achmedo may be seen to lift a bottle reverently to his lips, three times to every mile. We marveled that he could preserve his equilibrium day after day, until we discovered the nature of the contents of that bottle—cold tea, flavored with mint and sugar.

A word more about our invaluable Haj Abd-er-Rahman Salama, whose dusky face reflects the anxiety that fills his soul as he awaits our verdict upon the first meal prepared by him. He claimed to be himself a skillful chef, and insisted that he be allowed to manage the commissary department without interference. We reluctantly intrusted our gastronomic welfare to this homely heathen, and throughout the day visions of hard-tack and rancid bacon haunted our hungry souls. We scarcely dared to hope for better fare, furnished, as it was to be, by this cunning caterer, who has us completely in his power. He is free to starve or stuff us; no power can touch him now. If he prove faithless, we must suffer; we are his slaves for forty days; he is our

master, we must go whither he leads, for we are in an unknown country; we must eat that which he provides, for we are in an empty land.

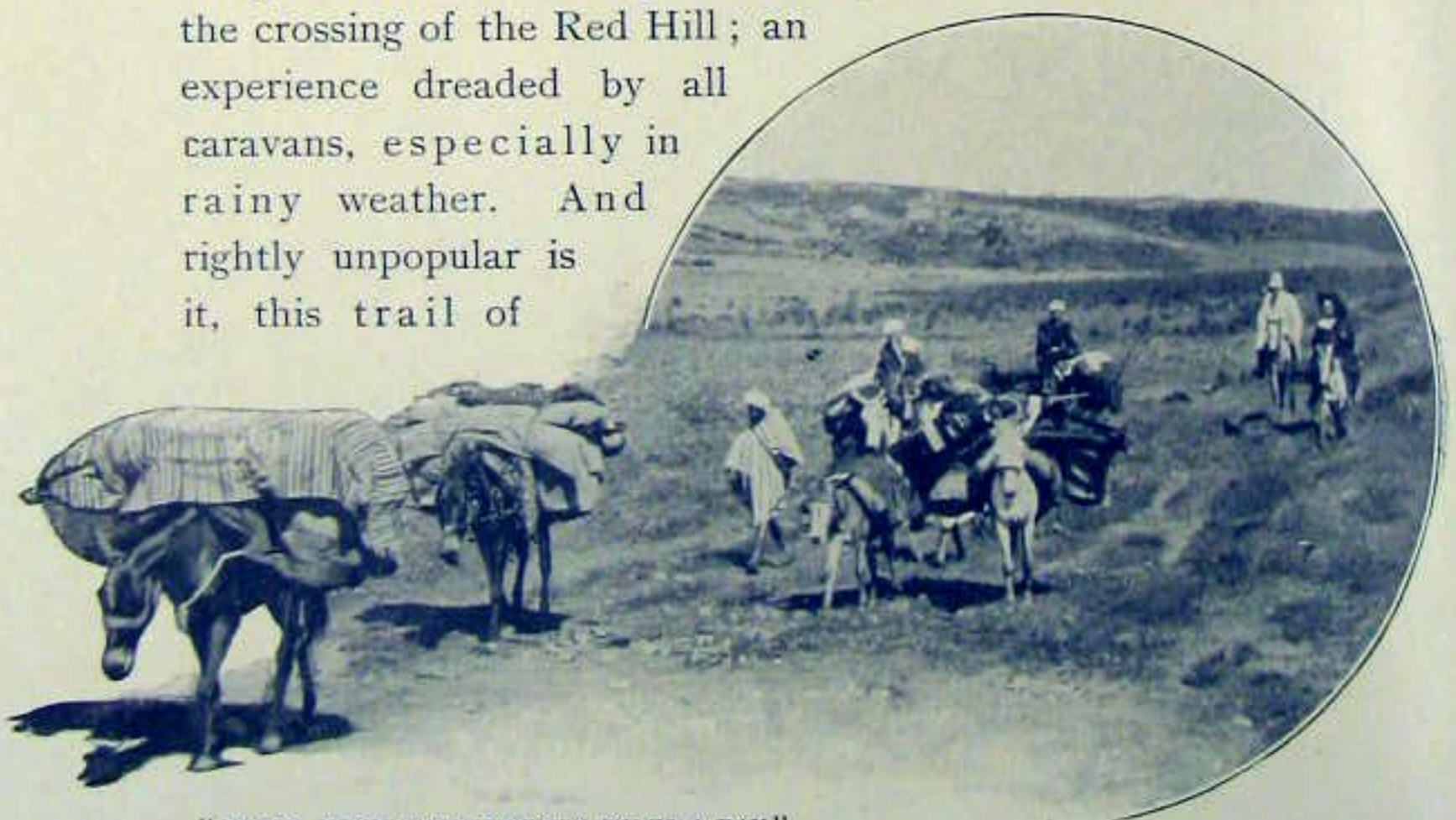
But when dinner is served, we enthusiastically declare that Haj is the best cook south of Paris; and at this his handsome features are convulsed into a smile of proud and happy satisfaction. The dinner served on that first evening in our camp was a culinary triumph; a perfect little table d'hote: consommé; fish, fresh from the basket of a Tangier fisherman; sweetbread croquettes; broiled chicken; salad; blancmange, cooled in a neighboring stream; a sip of Turkish coffee, a little glass of benedictine, and then a cigarette. All this prepared and served in a little tent pitched far from town or city in the midst of the somber Moorish plain. How it was possible for Haj to turn out from his tiny canvas kitchen, and with his crude utensils, dishes so varied and delicious, was an enduring mystery to us, but we fared sumptuously throughout the journey. We lived in greater comfort and were better served than in the French hotels of Algeria or the big hotels of Spain, and we dined as well as



OVER THE RED HILL

on the Paris boulevards; and for all this, we paid a price ridiculously low. Haj provided the entire outfit,—two horses, five mules, two donkeys, and three tents; paid wages to three servants, baksheesh to the military escort, furnished all provisions, cooked for us, schemed for us, guided us,—all for twelve dollars daily and a present at the journey's end. Beyond this small sum we spent not a penny, save for the purchase of some little souvenirs.

On the second morning, dark, lowering clouds obscure the heavens; yet, despite the threat of a stormy day we break camp, a task requiring about two hours of hard labor for our men. Our animals are loosed and roam at will, browsing upon the fresh sweet clover. The men of the neighboring village, who have been guarding the camp since evening, return to their huts at daybreak; all night they sat in groups around our tents, chanting or mumbling prayers to keep themselves awake. We reward them with a present of silver coins, which they accept with greedy eyes. At last, the countless things pertaining to the camp being all stowed securely in the broad packs, we bid farewell to our first Morocco halting-place and begin what, we have been told, will prove the most disagreeable stage of the entire journey—the crossing of the Red Hill; an experience dreaded by all caravans, especially in rainy weather. And rightly unpopular is it, this trail of



"NEVER MORE THAN TWENTY MILES A DAY"



THE CAMP OF THE GOVERNOR.

broken rock and slimy reddish clay, where at every step our horses stumble or slip, where every now and then a pack mule, fixing the forefeet firmly, goes glissading swiftly down the hill, until, over-balanced by its enormous burden, it literally capsizes, and lies helpless in the mire while the crew jettisons the cargo, rights the poor hulk, re-ballasts it, and steers it down the dangerous channel, using the tail as rudder and sharpened sticks as inspiration. Frequent heavy downpours of rain add to our discomfort, drenching us to the skin and threatening to shipwreck our hopes of reaching camp with tents and baggage dry. But suddenly, an hour after we reach the plain, the sky is cleared and swept completely clean, as if a great sponge had wiped away the rain clouds; and then a beaming sun quickly dries men and animals and burdens, causing us to give off clouds of vapor until we can scarcely distinguish one another. And thus we journey on, never faster than at a rapid walk, with frequent delays caused by the breaking of a strap, the balky temper of a mule, or by a deep ditch difficult to ford. We cover never more than twenty miles a day. At midday we come upon the camp of the Basha of Tangier, and near it we make a halt

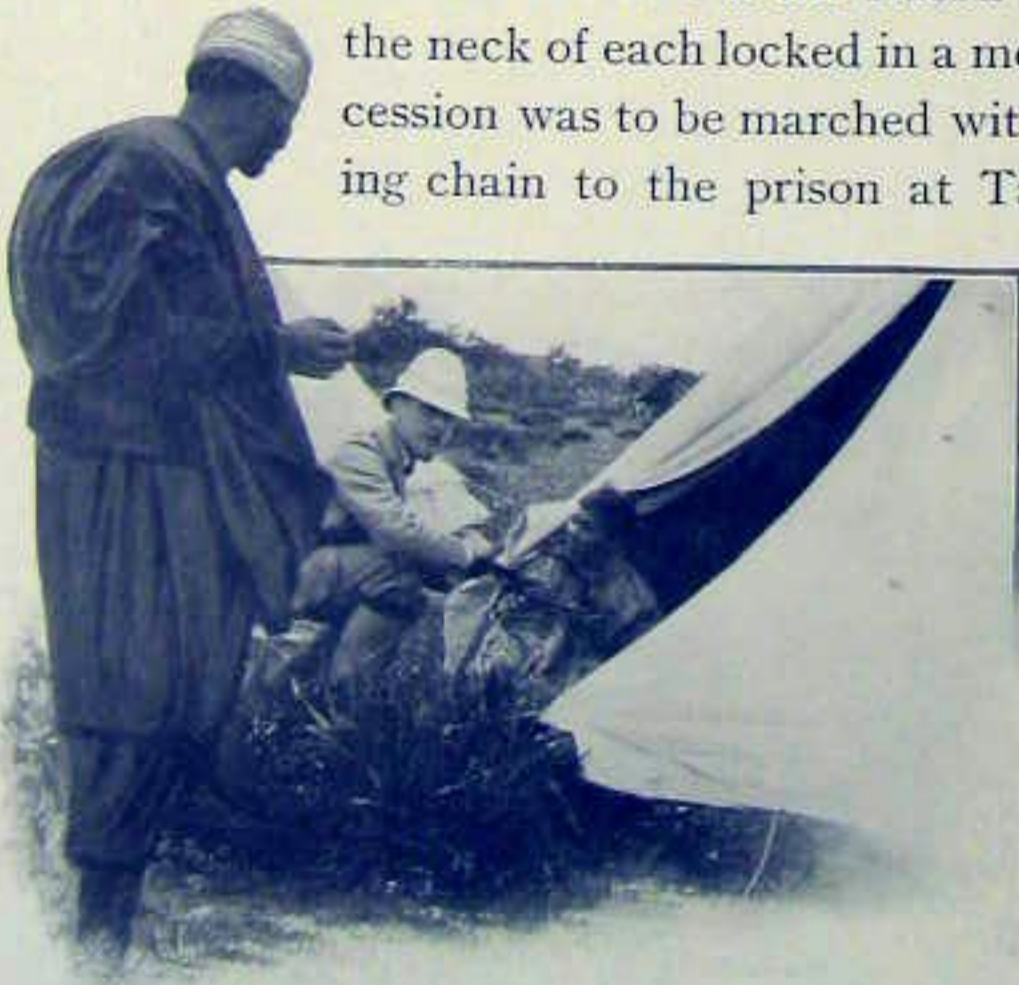
for luncheon. Haj informs us that the Governor has come up country to arrange a few official robberies, and to administer a little Moorish justice—a peculiar quality of justice.

The collection of taxes is, however, the Basha's most important business. The taxpayers are assembled around his tent, and pay in money, in



SUBJECTS OF THE SULTAN

produce, and in cattle. The assessment varies according to the visible possessions and apparent prosperity of the victim. No wise subject of the Moorish Sultan ever boasts of his possessions. All feign poverty; for every man is allowed to rob the man who is next in rank below him. The poor man who can find no poorer man to rob that he may pay his due, is the one who suffers most. We saw a dozen such in the tent at the Basha's camp, chained together, the neck of each locked in a metal collar; the whole procession was to be marched with the music of that clanking chain to the prison at Tangier, many miles away.



PRISONERS

There is no justice in Morocco. The headman of a village squeezes all he can out of the nothing that his people have; the chief man of the district levies on the village headman; the chief pays tribute to the

Governor; the Governor cannot expect to hold his office unless magnificent presents are annually sent to some grand vizier of the court at Fez; and every now and then we hear of the downfall of a grand vizier, who has waxed wealthy, boasted of his possessions, excited the cupidity of his sacred Sultan and paid the penalty, either by suffering the confiscation of his fortune and then exile, or perhaps by drinking, at the command of the all-holy Emperor, a little glass of poisoned tea.



ALCAZAR-EL-KEBIR

We one day tendered in payment for provisions a Spanish dollar somewhat dim and dark. It was refused. "Give me bright shining money," said the man who had supplied us with eggs and milk. "That dark coin looks as if it had been buried; if I attempt to pass it, the chief will send his men to dig around and underneath my house, to see if I have more concealed beneath the floors or in the ground outside."

Next day after our meeting with the Basha, we reach the first interior city of any considerable size, Alcazar-el-Kebir.

“Alcazar the Great,” its inhabitants proudly entitle it, and in its time it has been great. Here there were fitted out, in the eighth century, the expeditions that went forth to conquer Spain and Europe. Later it was taken and held by the Portuguese until that fatal day in 1578, when, on the battlefield not far from the city gates, the very flower of the chivalry of Portugal fell before the fearful onslaught of the Moorish foe. At Alcazar, Portugal received the death-blow of her greatness. Before the loss of Alcazar Portugal was one of the world's great powers. This terrible defeat was the beginning of the end.

The city is unlike all other cities of the interior, for it was built by the Portuguese. It is not white, as are the Moorish cities, but all in dull greys, browns, and soiled and dingy yellows. In the bazaar we purchase more Moorish clothing—long white garments, far cooler than our riding-suits, and upon returning in our new attire to the camp, we are greeted effusively by a dusky gentleman who introduces himself as the Consular Agent of the United States. Unfortunately his



A THOROUGHFARE



(Photographed by Molina)

THE SULTAN MULAI AL HASAN IN TANGIER

kindly words are all Arabic, of which we do not understand a word. Nevertheless Mr. Hamman Slawi convinces us of his good-will by presenting us with a pair of yellow slippers, and manifests his admiration by sitting in our tent and looking at us intently for just two hours and a half. Long calls



WE PURCHASE MORE MOORISH CLOTHING

are the custom in Morocco, and when Mr. Slawi finally departed, he left his son, a fat little chap, to continue

staring at us so that we might not feel neglected. And when the boy was finally induced to go, the father



sent the local symphony orchestra to serenade us in the gloaming, with two insistent drums and an exasperating flute.

We are compelled to give these

MR. HAMMAN SLAWI, U. S. CONSULAR AGENT

cacophonic tormentors a present to bring the concert to an end. A present, by the way, is an important element in every Moorish proposition. Presents are the lubricating medium used in the social and political machinery of this ancient empire. Acting upon the advice of former travelers, we have brought with us many gifts for the Kaid or sheik or bashas who show us kindness, or from whom we may



THE SERENADE

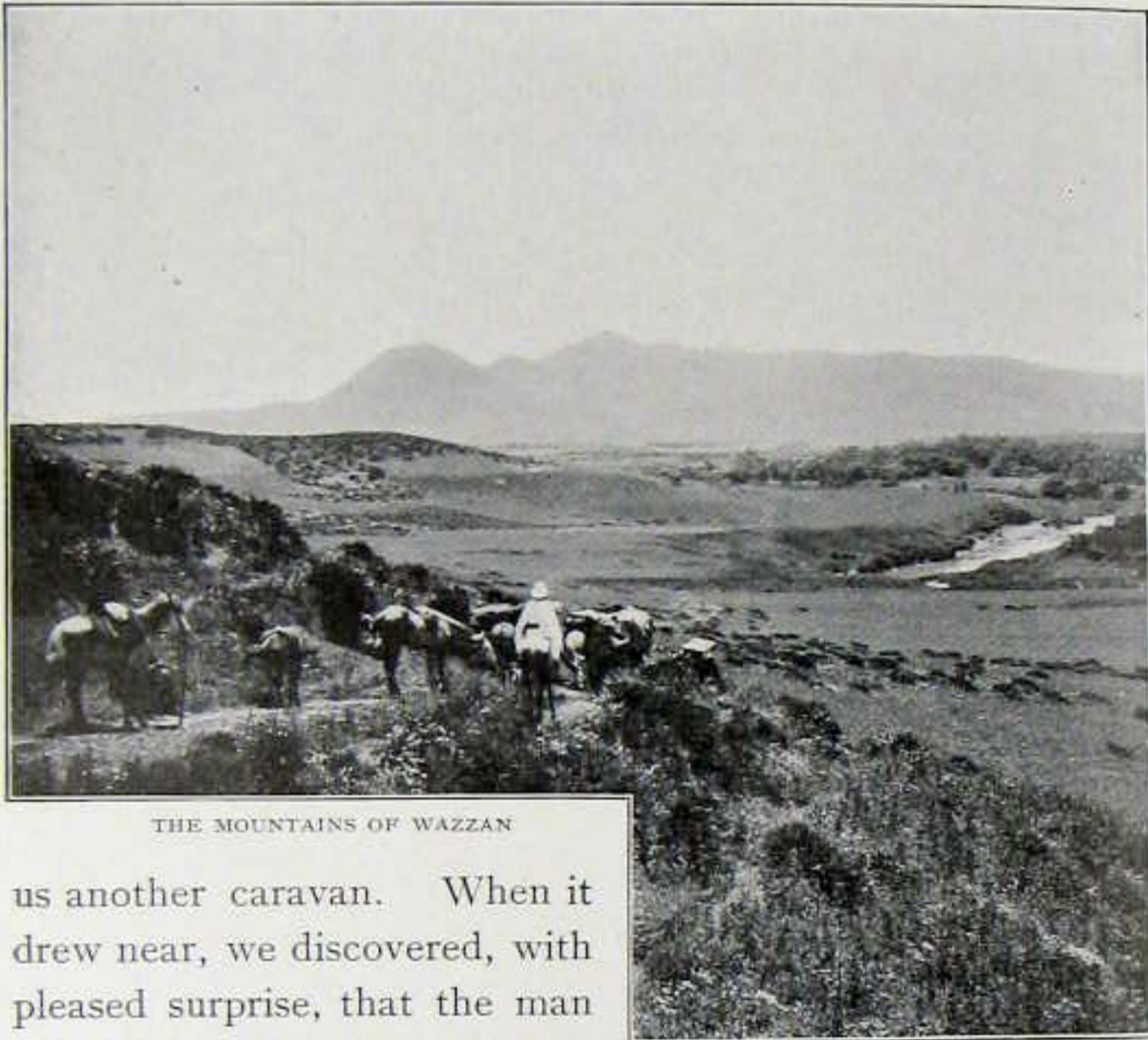
desire to obtain favors. A dozen Waterbury watches are reserved for the men who are very great; for lesser notabilities we carry other presents, among them, strange to say, all sorts of little toys, like jumping jacks, kaleidoscopes, and automatic animals. These are not intended for the children, but for full-grown men, hoary-headed chieftains who have a passion for such novelties. The Moors are at heart big children, with all the simplicity, deceitfulness, and passion of real children.

And, like unfeeling children, these people are often thoughtlessly cruel. They appear not to notice the wounds caused by the heavy, ill-adjusted harness of the pack mules, or the ugly cut made by the brutal bit in the mouth of Kaid Lharbi's faithful horse. When we remonstrated with our men about this useless cruelty, they answered that the animals are "used to it;" that it is the custom of the country for mules to have raw backs and horses bleeding jaws. The Moslem firmly believes that "whatever is, is right;" and we console ourselves with the assurance of the classic author who asserts that "the souls of usurers are metempsychosed, or translated, into the bodies of asses, and there remain certain years for poor men to take their pennyworth out of their bones."

Later in the day we met with a curious experience. As we began the descent into a broad valley, we saw approaching



TRAVELING THUS EIGHT HOURS EVERY DAY



THE MOUNTAINS OF WAZZAN

us another caravan. When it drew near, we discovered, with pleased surprise, that the man who rode in front was clothed in coat and trowsers, evidently a European, a man from our own world, perhaps the only other white-skinned traveler in the land. We shook off the lethargy that results from a long morning in the saddle, and prepared to greet the stranger with smiles and questions, eager to give news of the living world to one who must have been buried for at least many days in this roadless land, eager to send back by him messages to the consul in Tangier. Nearer he comes and nearer, but as yet he makes no sign. Imagine, then, our blank dismay when the caravans pass one another on this narrow trail amid the yellow grain, and the stranger—a German merchant, as we learned afterward—rides past with his Teutonic nose high in air, without a side glance or a nod, without the slightest sign of recognition in answer to

our smiles ; for so astonished were we that we could not speak. This exhibition of boorishness, I fear, gave our Moslem followers a sad notion of the love and good-fellowship existing between man and man in the world of unbelievers.

After receiving this cut-direct, we ride on across the grand free landscape, its lines unbroken by trees or houses, where grain grows wild and rots unharvested. In Roman times Morocco was the granary of Europe ; to-day the Moorish authorities prohibit the exportation of all grain. "It is not meet," they say, "that the unbeliever should be nourished by the labor of the faithful."

Thus our days pass until, on the fifth morning of the journey, we halt in a delightful garden on the outskirts of the city of Wazzan. The word "Wazzan" perhaps means nothing to a stranger, but to a Moorish Moslem it is second



"WHERE GRAIN GROWS WILD"

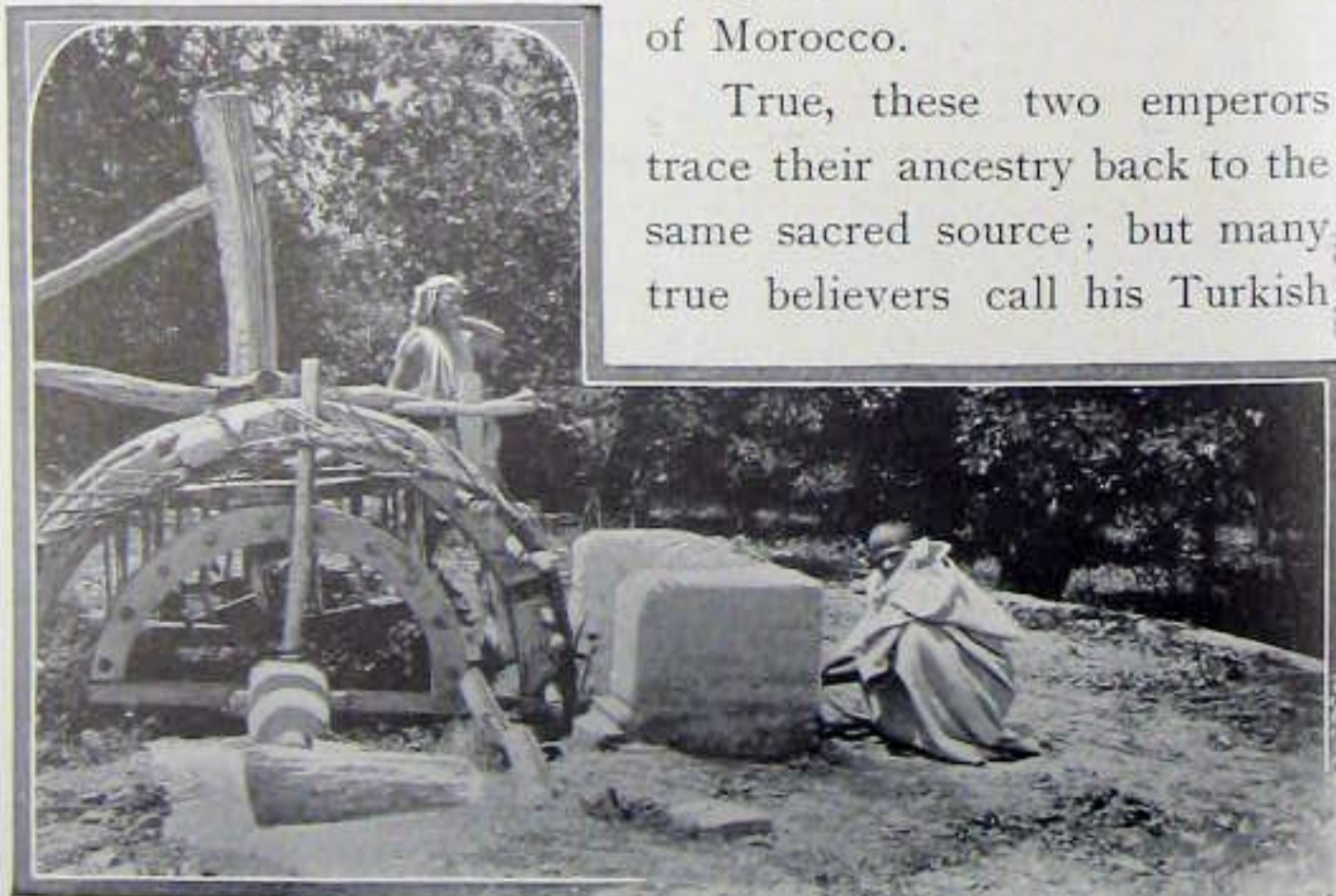
only to Mecca in sacred significance ; for as Mecca was the home of Mohammed, the great prophet, so Wazzan is the home of the grand Shareef, the most direct descendant of Mohammed, the most revered personage in all Morocco. A connection, however remote, with the prophet's line is a relationship that insures the respectful consideration of every Mohammedan. To be the most direct



DRUDGERY

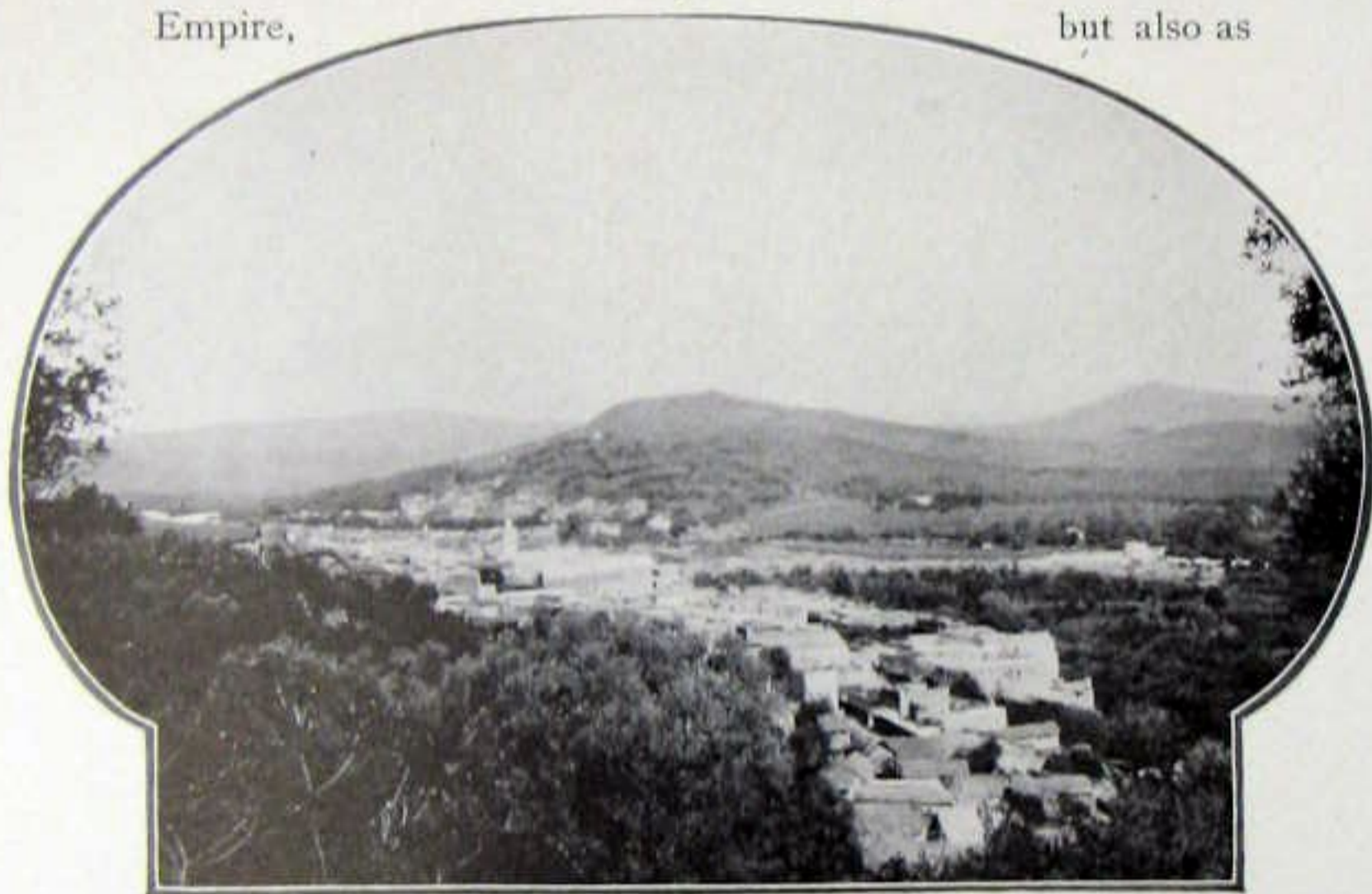
descendant, the grandson-many-times-removed of Fatima, the prophet's daughter and Ali, his favorite disciple, is to take precedence over Emperors and Sultans in the sight of every true believer. And thus the Shareef of Wazzan, upon whose holy city we now cast our profane glance, is a greater, holier man than either the Sultan of Turkey or the Sultan of Morocco.

True, these two emperors trace their ancestry back to the same sacred source ; but many true believers call his Turkish



A WELL
IN THE GARDEN NEAR WAZZAN

majesty a renegade and backslider, while the family-tree of the Moorish Sultan has been so bent and twisted, and its branches have been so rudely hacked and broken by revolutions, wars, and crimes that a majority of his subjects look askance upon his pretensions as Commander of the Faithful. Many of them secretly, some openly, acknowledge the Shareef of Wazzan not only as the spiritual head of the Empire, but also as



THE SACRED CITY OF WAZZAN

its rightful temporal lord. Fortunately for the internal peace of the land the Shareefs have been content to exercise imperial power by suggestion, to receive tithes in lieu of taxes, and to leave to the Sultan and his ministers at Fez the vexatious details of the government and the semblance of absolute authority. So sacred is this city of Wazzan, so fanatical are its inhabitants, that we dared not enter its gates until a military escort sent by the Shareef came to conduct us to the home assigned us as a residence by that sainted potentate.

It cost our servants several hours' labor to clean the mansion and make it habitable. In the meantime, with Haj as interpreter and Kaid Lharbi to lend dignity to our party, we were escorted by a half-dozen ragged soldiers to the Shareef's palace, which gleams white in the midst of green gardens. There we were received with high-bred dignity and more than ordinary cordiality by the man who, as has been said, is



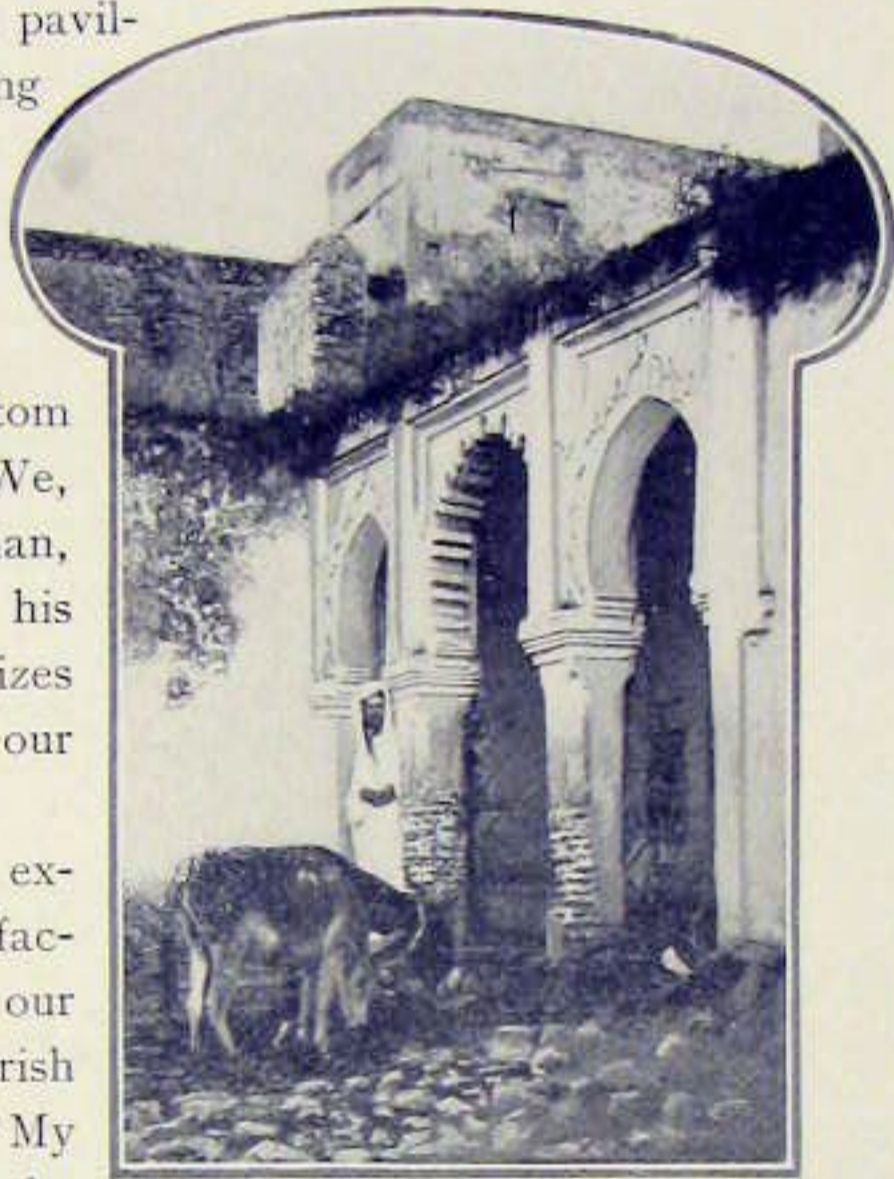
THE MARKET-PLACE

revered, from Morocco to Madras, as the holiest and greatest representative of Islamism.

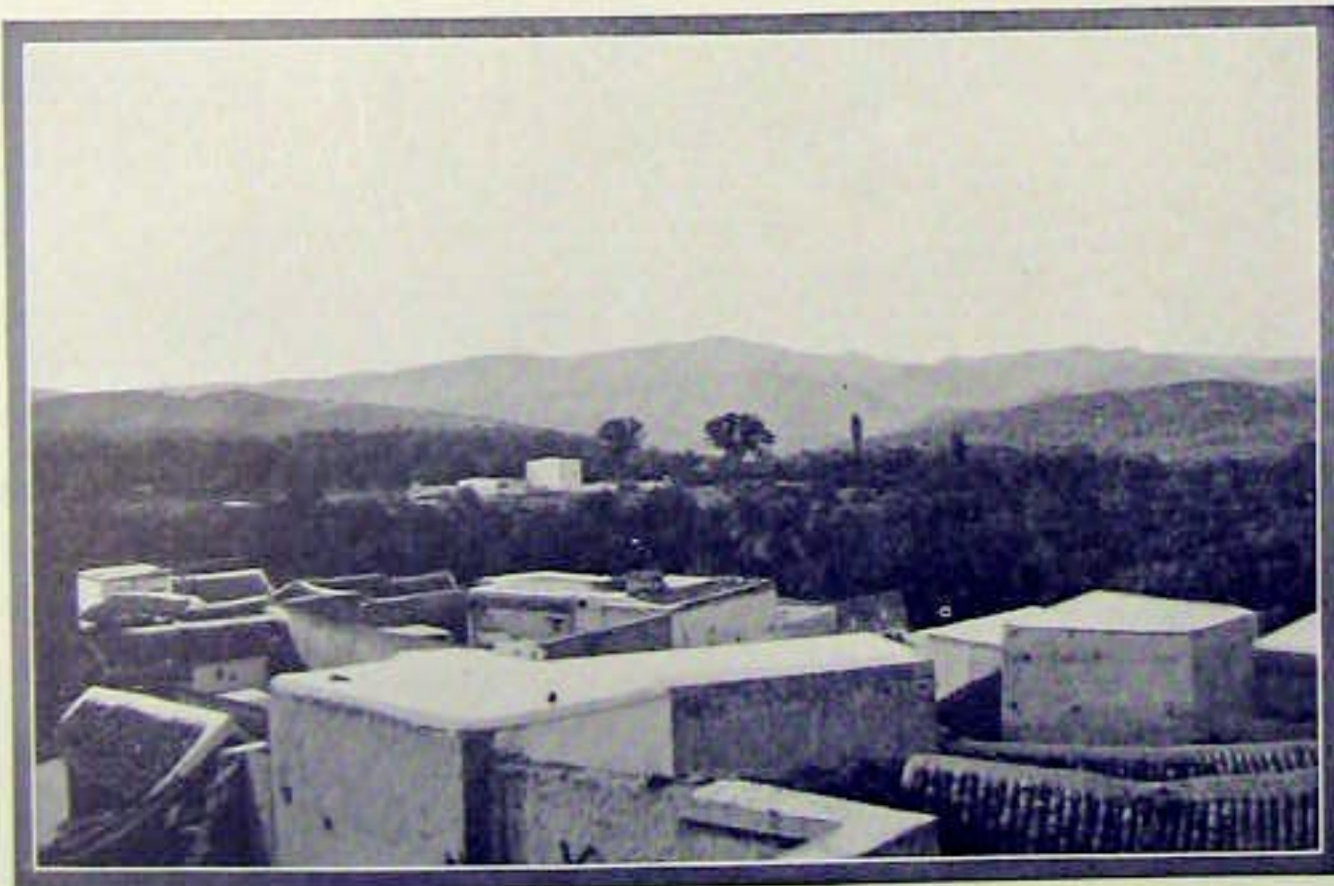
We found the Shareef seated on soft cushions beneath a white pavilion in the midst of a luxuriant garden. Around him courtiers were grouped; old men with long, white beards, young men with fierce, hard faces—chiefs of the neighboring tribes. The Shareef, a handsome man, black-bearded and completely robed in simple veils of white, bore his thirty-five years with dignity, despite a suggestion of indolence, almost of lethargy in his manner. Haj approached on hands and knees and kissed the Shareef's garments. We bowed and took the chairs which had been placed for our

comfort just outside the pavilion. The dialogue ensuing between our host and guide was deliberate, cordial, and much embroidered with compliments, as is the custom here in good society. We, through our spokesman, thanked his holiness for his hospitality. He apologizes for the condition of our house.

Haj is instructed to express our complete satisfaction. He translates our crude reply with Moorish tact and delicacy: "My masters, O Shareef," he says, "bid me declare that



OUR "PALACE" IN WAZZAN



"THE SHAREEF'S PALACE, WHITE IN THE MIDST OF GREEN GARDENS"



A HOME IN THE SHAREEF'S CITY

to see thy face is so great joy that they have no thought of minor things ; illuminated by the light of thy face, the house becomes a palace, grander than their own palaces in foreign lands." And this sort of thing is actually taken seriously in Morocco! Then, remembering that the presentation of gifts is now in order, Haj continues : " O Shareef, so grateful are my masters for thy kindness that they beg thee to accept a humble present. The youth who wears no beard gladly parts with his precious timepiece, the

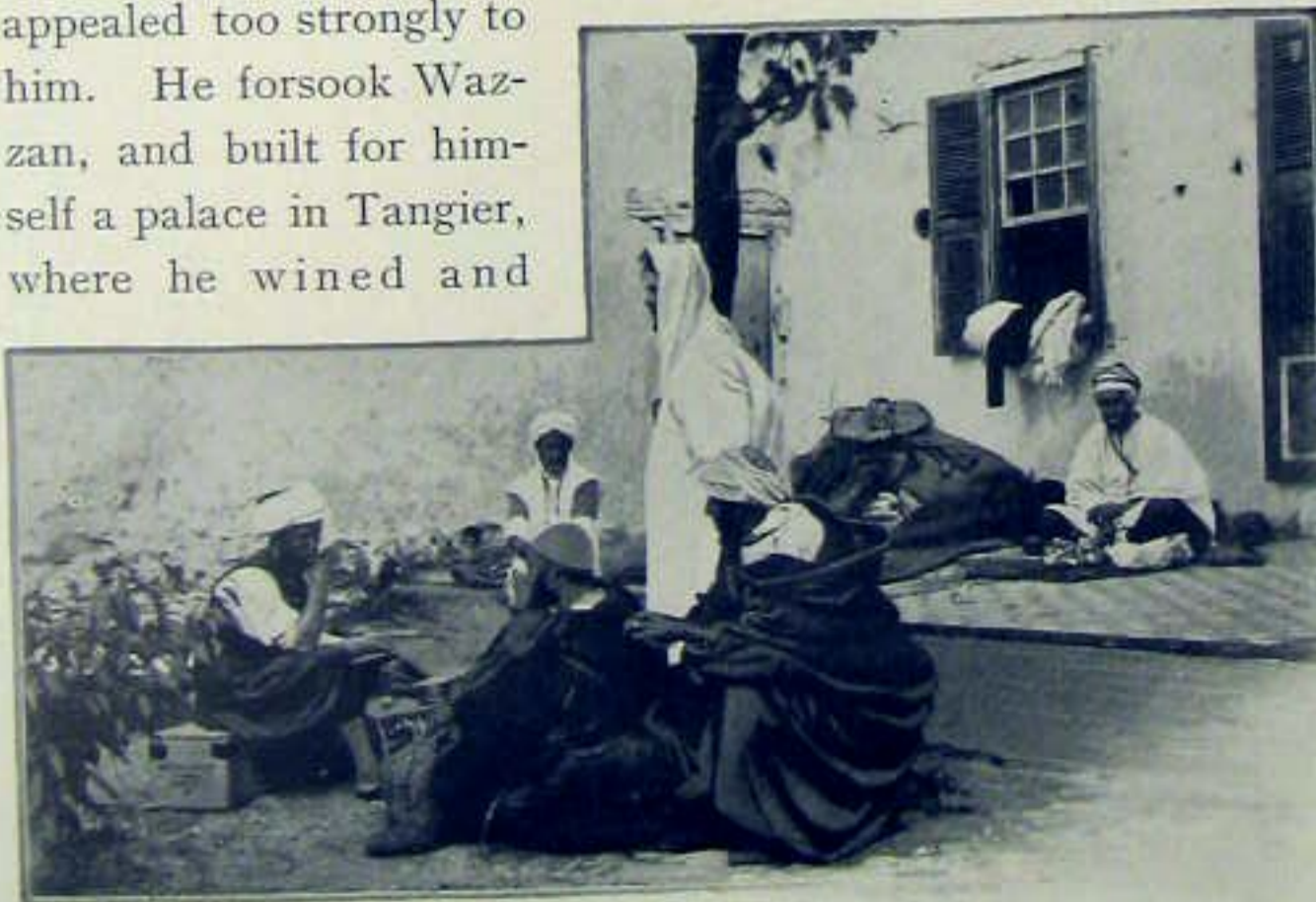
gift of his father, much prized by him, but still scarcely worthy thine acceptance." Whereupon my friend, with feigned reluctance, detaches from his watch-chain one of our stock of Waterburys, and, as if it had been a gold chronometer, an heirloom in the family, lays it at the feet of Holiness. Holiness graciously accepts the gift, and although he remarks upon the absence of a chain, is apparently well pleased. We are glad that he does not know that we have still nine " Waterbury heirlooms " left in stock.

The interview being over, we return to our residence to find our men indulging in their daily tipple—tea. Kaid Lharbi, sitting aloof as befits his higher rank, brews the tea,



A FORD

and serves it with much ceremony to the rest. Meantime Haj gives us some information regarding the Shareefs of Wazzan. The present saint is, he assures us, a very proper personage, but his late father who owed his title to a clever ruse, was a scandal to the holy name. When his immediate predecessor was upon his deathbed, his ministers implored him to designate which of his many children should succeed him. The old man answered: "In the garden you will find a child playing with my staff. Him shall ye consider the one chosen of God to become Shareef." At this, one of the negresses, a slave, slipped secretly from the room, and finding in the garden the favorite white child of the dying saint, snatched away from the little one the staff, and placed it in the hands of her own little boy, a jet-black imp, who also had the right to call the Shareef father. When the ministers appeared, they bowed low before the negro child, and upon him the mantel of impeccability descended; but whoever has gazed upon him as he appeared in later years will not wonder that the mantle of impeccability was not worn gracefully, and that it frequently slipped off. The charm of European life appealed too strongly to him. He forsook Wazzan, and built for himself a palace in Tangier, where he wined and



THEIR DAILY TIPPLE— "TEA"

dined the foreign diplomats, and ended by falling in love with an English governess. As to his liking for liquor, that sin was forgiven him, since wine cannot enter the mouth of a Shareef — it turns to water at the merest touch of saintly lips. As to his love-affair, that was more serious; for he married his English sweetheart, to the horror of his people and despite the protests of the woman's friends. The marriage was not performed, however, until he had been forced to sign a contract, abolishing his harem, and making her his wife in a Christian sense. Moreover, one clause provided that should he, "the party of the first part," in spite of all take to himself other wives in the future, a forfeit of



THE LATE LAMENTED
SHAREEF OF WAZZAN



IN CONVERSATION WITH KAID L'HARBI

twenty thousand dollars should be paid, per wife, to "the party of the second part." Alas, how many thousands of his great income went to balance this account, so rashly opened with his Christian spouse! After a brief spell of good behavior, the husband fell back into his old ways; marriages occurred with startling frequency, and, finally worn out by his excesses, the "holiest man in all Morocco," revered by Moslems from the east to

the west of Islam, died from the effects of too frequently performing his favorite miracle—that of changing champagne and brandy into water by pouring them between his sacred lips.

The English wife of the wicked old Shareef bore him two sons, now young men. They have been educated abroad, speak English well, and are distinctly up to date. Yet when they travel in Morocco they wear the native dress, and their journey is like a triumphal progress ;



people
them. I
large crowds
fighting only for
to kiss their gar-

"BIDS US BEGONE"

worship
have seen
in Tangier
the opportunity
ments as they

rode through the market-place. Neither, however, became grand Shareef on their father's death, for he appointed Sidi Mohammed, his son by a Moorish wife, the man to whom we gave the Waterbury watch. The English widow lives a very secluded life near Oran, in Algeria, but she is loved and revered by the Moors ; for while her influence endured, she went about doing good, relieving distress, bringing a little Anglo-Saxon light into the dark lives of her people.

And dark indeed must be the lives of the people in the villages near which we pitch our camp. Perhaps a woman would, with great vehemence, bid us begone, lamenting the desolation that will surely come to her village if the strangers camp under the protection of its chief. Her reason is that should we meet with loss from the attack of some wandering band of marauders, this village will be held responsible, and



"YET FLOWERS AND BABIES GROW IN THESE MOORISH VILLAGES"

punishment for offenses committed against us will be visited upon those who, by the sacred laws of hospitality, are bound to protect us.

But disregarding prayers and threats we make ourselves at home; and finally the women, reconciled, come with their babies to beg for aid and medical advice. Every white man is supposed to possess the power to cure disease, and many were the pitiful appeals made to us for relief and help. We

were asked to treat all kinds of maladies, but we discovered one unique and hitherto unknown ailment: "What is your trouble?" was asked of a man who came with sadness written on his face. "Oh!" he replied, "I cannot eat as much as I should like to." Poverty and ignorance are the common lot, yet flowers and babies grow in these Moorish villages.

We have now approached a portion of the Beni Hassan territory, a region inhabited by a tribe whose chief pursuit is robbery, whose supreme joy is murder; and the placing of a guard around the tent is no longer a mere formality. As yet, however, we have seen no roving bands; but next day as we file across the flower-spotted plain, we observe on the horizon a number of moving patches of bright color. With lightning-like rapidity, these flashes of color sweep toward us, each one resolving itself into a Moorish cavalier, well mounted, fully armed, and seemingly upon the lookout for adventure. These, then, are Beni Hassan men! What will they do to us and how shall we greet them? is our anxious thought, as they draw nearer, brandishing their rifles, shouting as they ride. The first brief moment of alarm is, however, quickly ended. The chief salutes us cordially; asks Haj whence we come, whither we are going; and then, desirous of showing honor to us (for foreign travelers are always looked upon as men of great distinction), he offers to perform for us a fantasia. The fantasia is an exhibition of Arabian horsemanship, a sort of glorified cavalry-charge, a spectacular manœuver, the favorite amusement of the Moorish cavalier, the exercise in which he takes most pleasure and most pride. It is called by him lab-al-baroud, "the powder



"ON THE LOOKOUT FOR ADVENTURE"



A SON OF HASSAN

play." A dozen cavaliers, each one a savage, long-haired son of Hassan, advance across the plain, their horses alined, breast with breast. They twirl aloft their richly inlaid guns; then, putting their chargers to their fullest speed, the riders rise in the stirrups, seize the reins between their teeth, and sweep toward us in swift majesty. On go the horses at

full gallop, still accurately in line. Faster and faster spin the guns above the riders' heads; now muskets are tossed high in air, and descending are caught by strong bronzed hands that never fail. On go the horses; then the men, still standing in the stirrups, their loose garments enveloping them like rapid-flying clouds, at a signal discharge a rousing volley, and under cover of the smoke check—almost instantaneously with the cruel bits—their panting horses, bloody-mouthed and deeply scarred and wounded by the spurs. This intensely thrilling and picturesque performance is rehearsed before us several times, the chief being proud of his little band of "rough riders."

The men disdainfully examine our English saddles, our horses with docked tails, and laugh at our tiny spurs, for their spurs are sharp spikes three or four inches long. They mockingly challenge us to join them in another fantasia, and to the amazement of the chief my friend accepts the challenge. The long muzzle-loading rifles are charged again, and the entire troop, with an American in its midst, slowly canters away. Facing about, the horsemen form in line and begin to twirl their guns on high. Having no rifle, the stranger draws and flourishes an American revolver. Then, suddenly, the horses

leap away, and like a whirlwind the fantasia is upon us. The muskets are discharged; the revolver pops away, and then a mad race begins. Strange to say, the Tangier horse outruns the chargers of the plains, and we see the white helmet of the American flash past, one length in advance of the line of frenzied horsemen!

Chagrined at this defeat, the chief attempts to unseat the victor, charging directly at my friend, who, by a skillful movement, avoids a dangerous collision. Then, spurring after that boasting Beni Hassan tribesman, the American overtakes him, and throws an arm around his neck; and, as they dash on, locked in this embrace, my friend, with a voice that was trained in the Athletic Field at New Haven, shouts a rousing "Rah, Rah, Rah! — Yale!" into the ear of the astonished savage, and thus ends our adventure with the wild Beni Hassan band.



A NOONDAY
RESTING-PLACE

Reassured by the amusing outcome of this first encounter, we ride on toward our noonday halting-place. Our marches are so timed that at midday we may find ourselves near some patch of shade. Shade in Morocco is rare indeed, but as every tree and bush between Tangier and Fez is marked on Haj's mental map, we are usually assured of leafy shelter during our noonday rest. Throughout the burning hours from



HAPPY MOMENTS FOR THE MULES

noon till three or four o'clock, we lie at full length amid the flowers, carefully following the shadows as they slowly creep around the trees. The animals, relieved of pack, though not of saddle, browse dreamily, or roll in ecstasy amid the fragrant grasses. Our men with Oriental resignation lunch frugally, sit and smoke in silence, or indulge in semi-slumber, with one eye open lest the mules escape. Then, after the sun's rays have lost a little of their torrid sting, we jog on once more in the comparative coolness of the afternoon across the Moorish prairies.



ROUGH RIDERS

Space in Morocco is still a stern reality. The city Fez, to reach which we must travel thus during eleven days, could be reached by rail (were there a railway leading thither) in a half-dozen hours! Apropos of this, let me repeat a scrap of wayside conversation.

"Morocco is indeed a spacious country," said I one day to dignified Kaid Lharbi.

"It is the biggest country in the world," gravely replied the Kaid. Then gently I endeavored to disabuse his mind of this impression by telling of the vastness of the territory of the United States.

"But how long does it take to cross your country?" he inquired.

"We travel five days in fast trains to go from San Francisco to New York," I answered.

"Bah! that is nothing," rejoined our military escort with a sneer of triumph. "To go from Tafilet in the south to Tangier in the north, the fastest caravan must travel *forty days*. You see Morocco is the biggest country in the world!"

Nor can we blame him for his opinion, for the land looks boundless. The grand, free lines of the Moorish landscape are unbroken; no trees, no houses, no hedges, and no highways are there to spoil the composition of the picture drawn and painted by the master artist, Nature. The country, although fertile, is uncultivated. The horizon seems wider than in other lands. Apparently there is no end, no limit to the landscape. We know that beyond each range of hills there will be revealed a replica of this primeval picture. One scene like this will suc-



"HAJ"



"SPACE, IN MOROCCO, IS STILL A STERN REALITY"

ceed another with scarce an interruption until the minarets of Fez shall cut their square majestic outlines against the southern sky.

Who can describe the floral beauty of these boundless prairies?— who except Pierre Loti? It was his dainty volume, "Au Maroc," that inspired me with a desire to follow him into Morocco. When I was reading his beautiful descriptions of the floral mosaic that covers both the plains and hillsides of the land, I could not easily accept as true the seemingly exaggerated assertions of the author; his glowing word-pictures of an "empire carpeted with flowers." Yet he spoke truly, and as I rode across these broad stretches of pure white, where marguerites in all their modest loveliness lie thick upon the greensward, I knew that I had seen it all before— seen it upon his printed page, as real, as beautifully vivid as it is to me to-day. To visit Morocco after reading

Pierre Loti is like returning to a land that is familiar, to a land already seen, to a land the charm of which has been revealed in the magic pages of his poetic prose.

For miles and miles this bundle of narrow intersecting trails, the only Imperial Highway of the Sultan of Morocco, leads us on through a veritable garden—between interminable flower-beds. Our foreground is at times pure white, at others purple with a sea of iris flowers, at others scarlet with the blood of anemones, at others yellow with the golden glory of the buttercups and daisies. The mountain slopes and hillsides meanwhile reflect the many colors of the spectrum. It is as if some gorgeous rainbow, shattered in the Moorish heaven, had fallen upon the deserted hills and valleys of this savage, silent land. It is as if the divine Artist had resolved to make this wilderness the palette from which to take the colors for all future landscapes. It is



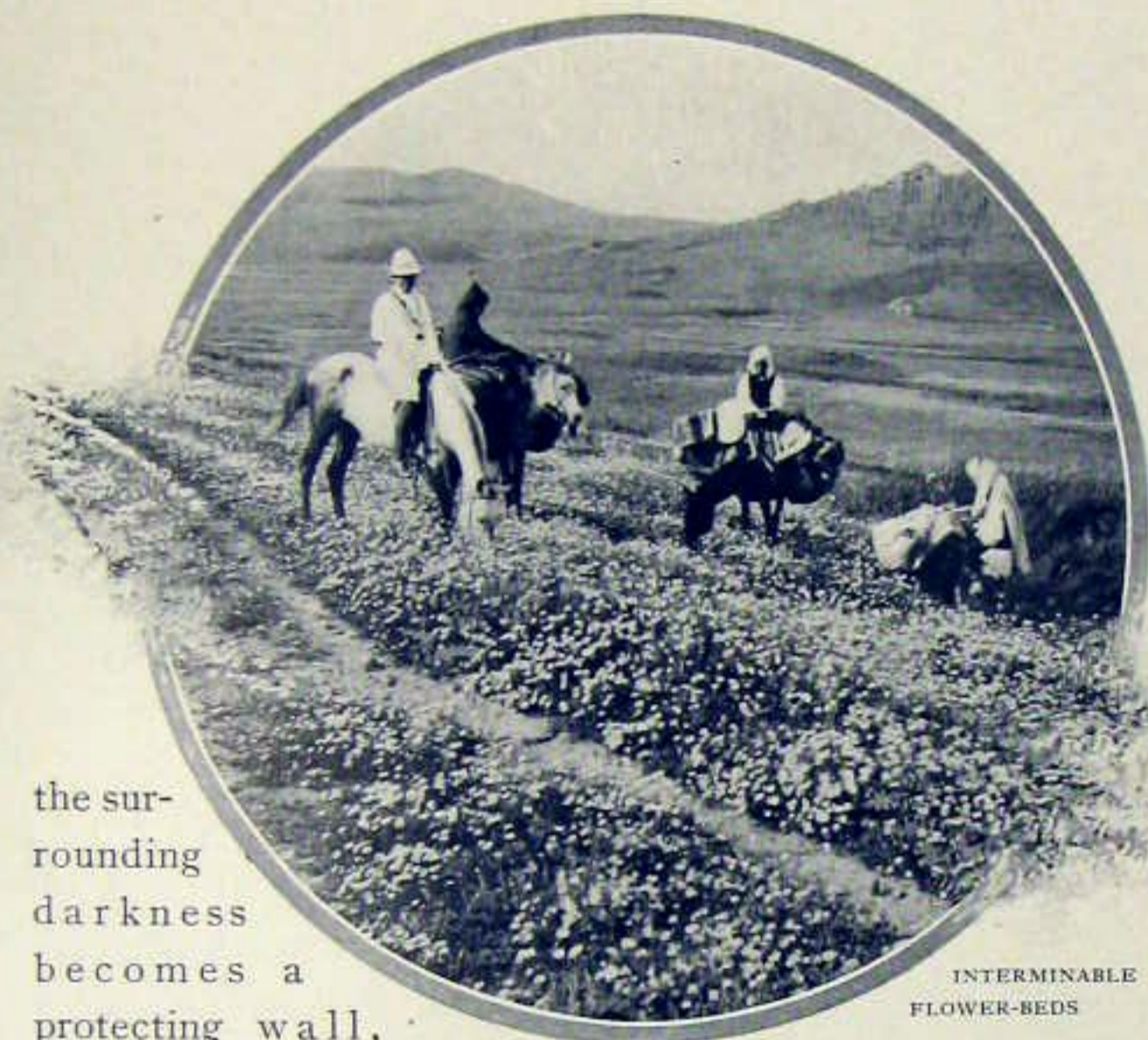
"THE BIGGEST COUNTRY IN THE WORLD"

as if the sunset of the day before was lingering here to meet the sunset of the morrow. It is as if Almighty Allah had selected the Empire of Mogreb for his sanctuary, and had spread out upon its sacred floor a prayer-rug of unutterable beauty, woven by the divine looms—a carpet of heavenly design to inspire man to fall upon his knees and pray.

This is our life during ten delightful, never-to-be-forgotten days. All day we journey southward, pausing at noon "midway twixt here and there;" at night we arrive, as my friend expressed it, at "nowhere in particular," and in the glow of the sunset we pitch our little camp. Then, when the evening fire is lighted, the encircling night grows blacker,



AN EMPIRE CARPETED WITH FLOWERS



the sur-
rounding
darkness
becomes a
protecting wall,

INTERMINABLE
FLOWER-BEDS

and we feel almost secure. Our animals are hobbled in a row before the tent, each with a heap of fresh green grass or clover. They eat all night; and when we wake, startled by the cry of a jackal, or by a shout from one of the men on guard, we are sure to hear that music of nine munching mouths. It is our lullaby, and we fall asleep again to dream of Fez, the mysterious city which we shall enter on the morrow.

On the eleventh morning of our journey this semblance of a highway comes straggling from the south to meet us. The countless caravans, crawling toward the holy city, have created this illusion of a road—a road that will lead us in a few short hours to the gates of a great city, the fascination of which, for him who has the slightest love of romance in his soul, is irresistible. Fez is no banal, modernized, or tourist-ridden city, nor is it a mere heap of ugliness and ruin of



"NOWHERE IN PARTICULAR"

which the only charm is a remoteness from the living world. Fez is a city that has been in its time one of the proudest and most splendid cities of the Moslem world. Its fall has been so gradual that there has been no change, nothing but a slow decay, so gentle that it has not scarred old Fez, but beautified it. Fez, like Venice, requires but a touch of the imagination, aided by the long shadows of the early morning, the mystery of twilight, or the silvery magic of the moonlight,



"A SEMBLANCE OF A HIGHWAY"

to restore it to us as it stood in all its somber beauty eight hundred years ago.

Therefore do we most eagerly await the moment that will reveal to us this crumbling stronghold of a dying race, this beautiful but fragile shell of Moorish civilization,—a civilization that long ago ceased to progress, and, ceasing to progress, has thereby ceased to live.



"MIDWAY TWIXT HERE AND THERE"

