



Benjamin Constant

LES DERNIERS REBELLES
(BENJAMIN CONSTANT)

THROUGH THE HEART OF THE MOORISH EMPIRE

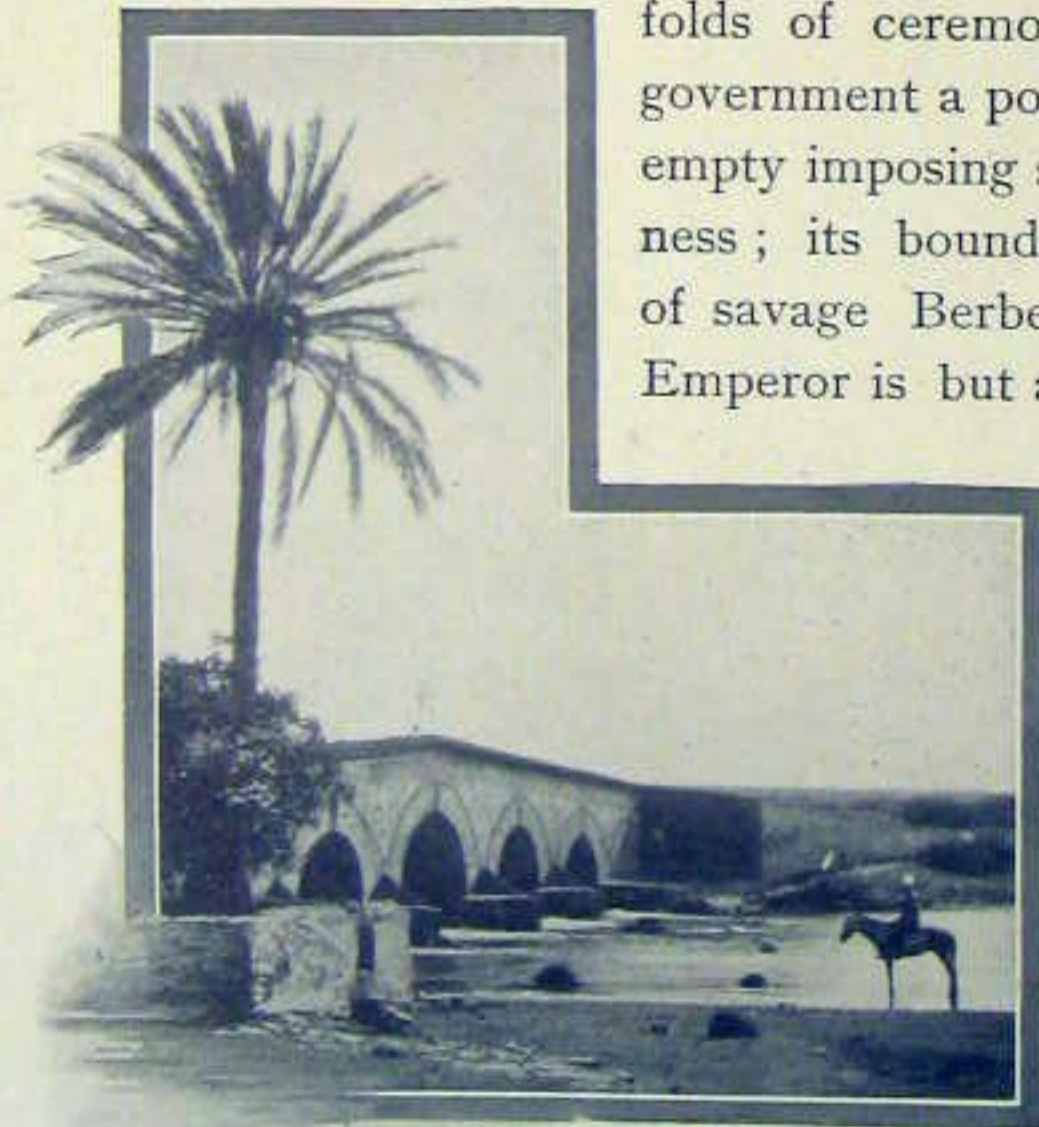
existence and the hackneyed paths of travel, to plunge into a past so picturesque, to see a civilization so refined and yet so utterly unlike our own? No reader of Washington Irving but has longed to people with white-clad cavaliers the courts on the Alhambra Hill, to hear the Arab accents in the streets of old Granada, or the murmuring of the Moslem prayers in the old mosques. But why persist in holding Spain to be the sole stage on which the Moors appropriately can play their parts?

Morocco was their home ere Spain was conquered for them. When Andalusia ungratefully cast out the race that brought it light and knowledge at a time when Europe groped in the blackness of deep ignorance, back to Morocco went the Empire of the Moors. Empires rise and fall. The Moorish Empire rose but did not fall; it was shaken but not shattered; it is still erect. It stands a living skeleton wrapt in the shroud of Islam, its hollowness concealed by the vague

folds of ceremonial observances; its government a pompous sham; its cities empty imposing shells of former greatness; its boundless plains the haunts of savage Berber tribes to whom the Emperor is but a name, the Empire a

free space in which to ride broad-chested chargers and do battle with hereditary enemies.

In two preceding lectures I have told the story of a journey into Morocco, and of a sojourn in

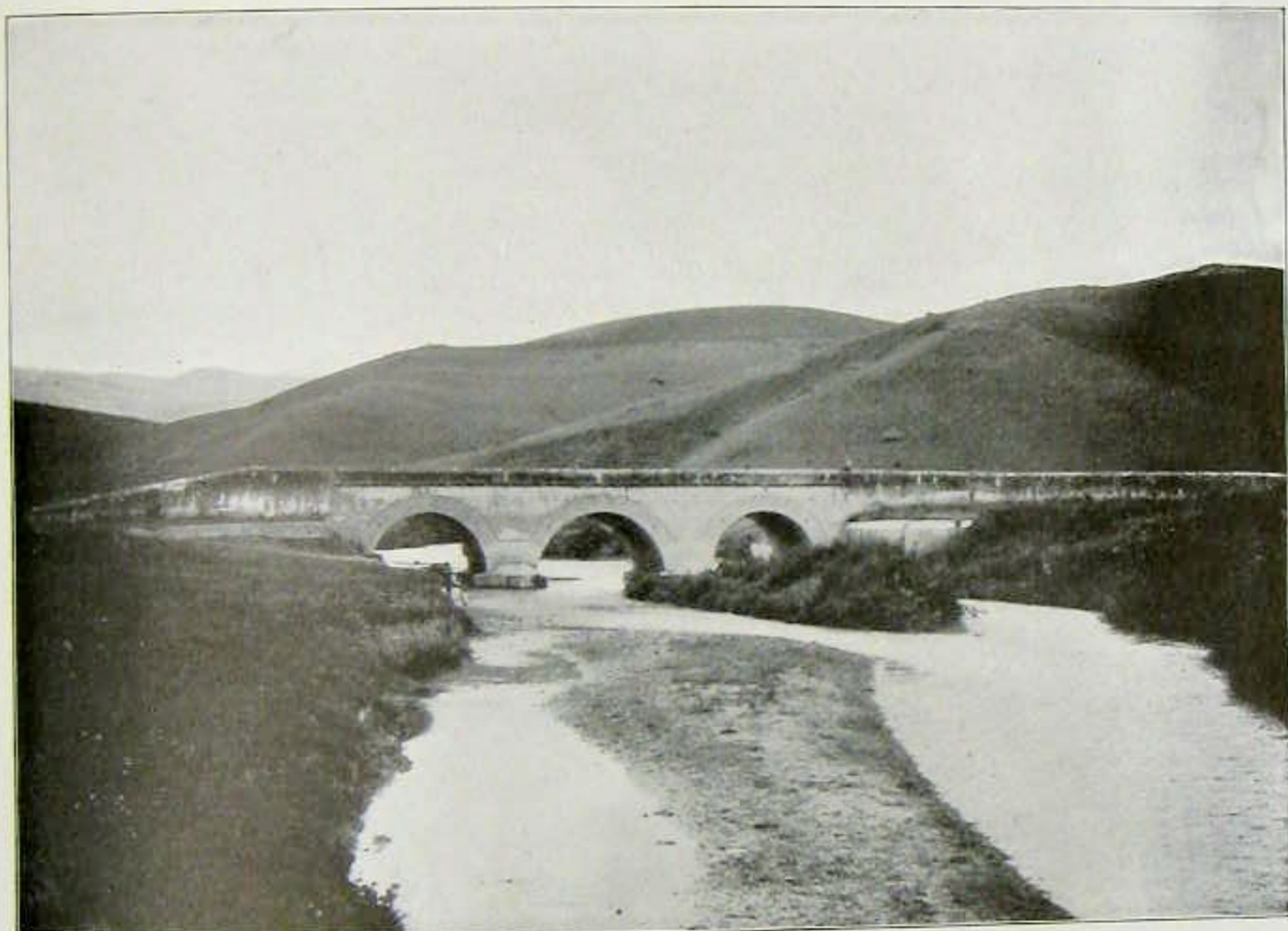


ON THE ROAD TO MEQUINEZ Fez, the metropolis

DIGNITARIES EN VOYAGE



of the Moors. There yet remains to tell a third, concluding chapter of the tale—the narrative of the return from Fez to the sea, from a remote yesterday back to the world of to-day. “Out of Morocco” would serve as an appropriate heading for this chapter,—a chapter rich in adventure and in picturesque experiences. For ten days we have dwelt in



BRIDGES COMPETE UNSUCCESSFULLY WITH FORDS

medieval Moslem Fez—unwelcome visitors, objects of suspicion to the jealous Moors.

Two routes are open to us—the direct road to Tangier and the less-frequented road to Rabat on the Atlantic Coast. Despite the protest of the authorities, who warn us of many dangers, we chose the road that leads westward to Mequinez, the Beni-Hasan Plain, and the Atlantic. But the word “road” must be regarded only in its Moroccan sense. As

has been said already, there are no roads in this wild land ; the slow caravans and the swift troops of Moorish horsemen have followed the hoofmarks left by the caravans or troops



MIDWAY BETWEEN FEZ AND MEQUINEZ

which have preceded them, until a system of narrow trails meandering in uncertain parallels has been created between the inland cities and the sea.

These Moorish highways were never surveyed and never tended ; like Topsy — who, also, by the way, was an African product — they were never born, “ they just grewed ; ” and like Topsy they are wilfully unreasonable ; they exasperate us by their defiance of conventionality ; amuse us with their peculiar antics, and delight us with preposterous surprises.

As an example, take the highway that leads from Fez to the neighboring city of Mequinez. As we approach a river,

the wandering trails converge and form a beaten track that grows more and more like a real road as it winds down toward a substantial bridge. But just as we are about to compliment the road on its reform, it suddenly grows weary of good behavior, becomes rebellious, and, like a balky mule, refuses to cross the bridge. Incredible as it may seem to those who do not know this land of contradictions, Moorish roads will not cross Moorish rivers by means of Moorish bridges. The old way is preferred. Fording was good enough in the old days, and it is good enough to-day. The roads turn sharply from the bridge abutments, scramble down the muddy banks, and plunge into the yellow rivers to emerge slimy and dripping on the opposite shore. The bridges, ponderously useless, studiously neglected, are falling into decay, and have become almost impassable.

We pitch our camp not far from one of those disdained reminders of an attempt at progress. We are midway between Fez and Mequinez in a region notorious because of the thieving bands with which it is infested. It appears



MIDDAY REPOSE

wholly unpeopled ; yet we are not without misgivings, for, of our caravan, four mules and two men have gone astray. With us are Haj, the dragoman, Achmedo, the valet, and the muleteers, Abuktayer and Bokhurmur. The missing are Kaid Lharbi, the military escort, and the new packer who joined our force in Fez. We have our tent and Haj's kitchen ; the other tents and all the supplies and furniture are in the packs of the missing mules somewhere on this gloomy plain, possibly already become the loot of some lawless sheik, or, as we hope, merely delayed because of broken harness, or gone astray because of a mistaken trail. Our groundless fears are set at rest an hour later by the safe arrival of the precious convoy, and once more our palates are delighted by the delicious dinner cooked by Haj, our thirst quenched by cooled oranges, and our weary bodies laid to rest upon our comfortable camp-cots.



WIFE, CHILD, AND SLAVE.

After the confinement incident to our residence in city quarters, the free life of the plains is doubly exhilarating, and we find intense pleasure in the satisfaction of the simple, keen desires to eat, drink, and sleep. All food is good, all drink is better, sleep the sweetest gift of the gods.



"YO SOY CHINO, SEÑOR"

The morning finds us early in the saddle; four hours' westward progress brings us at noon to one of those rare oases of shadow in this bare land of sunshine. Here hunger, thirst, and weariness are again assuaged by food and drink and sleep. Sharp darts of brilliant, blinding sunshine burn through the leafy masses of the two fig-trees, and with almost malicious persistence pursue the would-be slumberer, who, to avoid this, must every now and then crawl after the receding shadows.

But we are not the only travelers who have sought mid-day shelter in this forest. On our approach we were greeted by a family group, — a man and woman with a little child, and a black slave. To our surprise the man addressed us in Spanish: —

"Buenos dias, Señor, habla usted Español?"

“*Si, Señor, un poco,*” we reply, and then begins an interesting conversation.

“Where are your animals?” we ask.

“Stolen with all my goods, last night,” he answers. “We must now go on foot to Fez to report our loss to the authorities.”

We learn that our unfortunate friend is a maker of sausage cases, that he lives in Mequinez, and that he is hospitably inclined; for in return for our sympathy, he begs us to make use of his house in Mequinez, where another of his wives will welcome us and give us food and lodging.

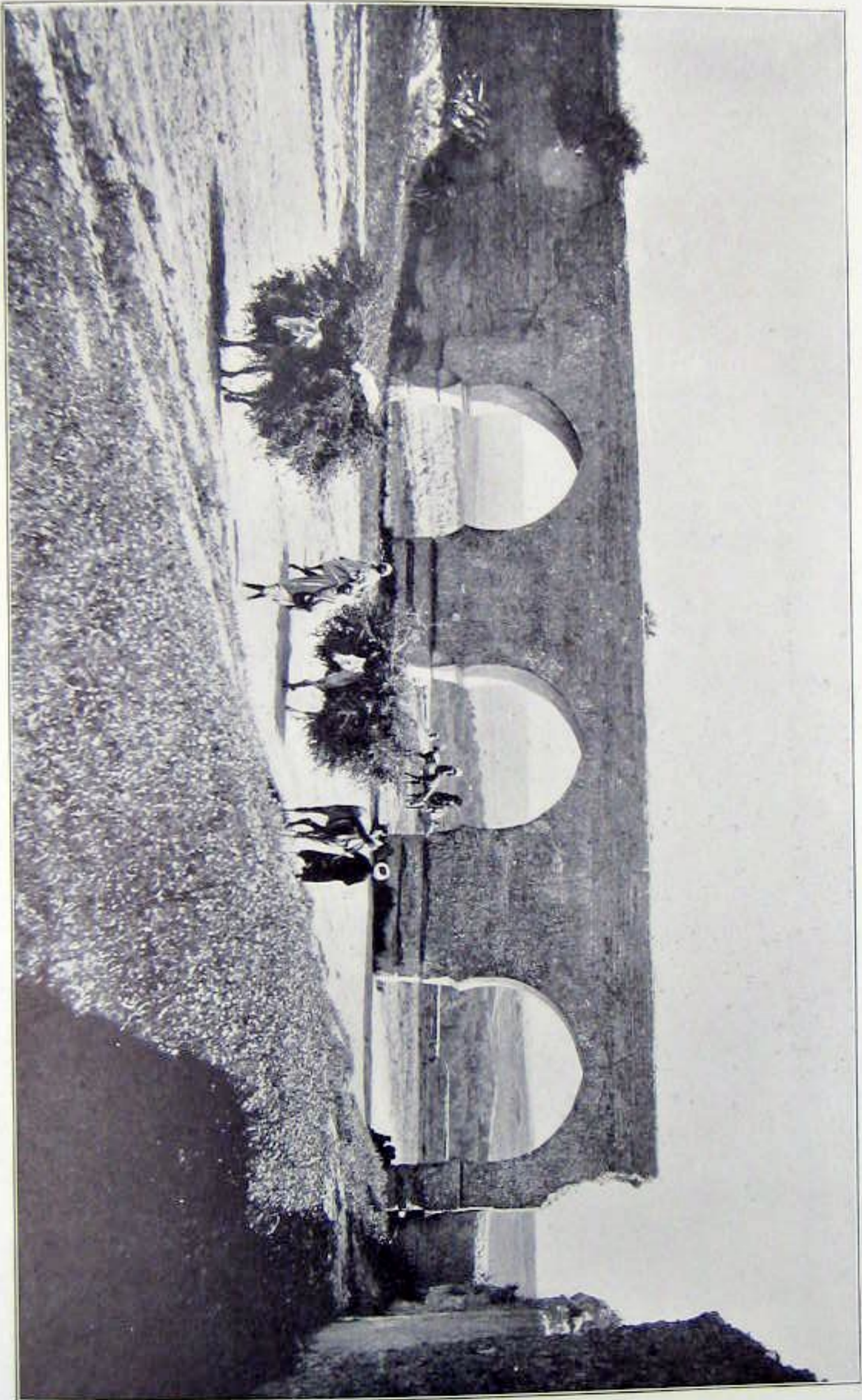


OUR DUSKY CHARGE

This strange offer of hospitality, coupled with a something in the man's expression leads me to say, “But, Señor, you are not like a Moor.”

“Why should I be?” he smilingly asks. “*Yo, yo soy Chino.*” “I, I am a Chinese.”

WALLS THAT DO NOT KEEP EVEN THE SUNSHINE OUT



He is the happy father of a dainty little girl, a type of Chinese beauty, and two lusty boys, who bear upon their faces maps of Peking and Canton. The negress, his slave, he is sending back to Mequinez with tidings of his loss. Haj,



MULAI ISMAIL'S WALL

with Occidental gallantry, offers the dusky damsel his place on a pack-mule, and after the exchange of many kindnesses our little company, made up of individuals so diverse in race, in language, and in thought, breaks up.

Our Chinese Moor with wife and child go trudging off toward Fez, while the American caravan with its Arab escort and African passenger moves toward the other great interior city, Mequinez. Long before we come in sight of Mequinez, we find our progress barred by a huge wall forty feet or more in height, stretching away in two directions as far as the eye



WANDERING WALLS

can reach. But there are ogive archways, through which our caravan passes as freely as the sunshine or the breeze. There are no gates, no guards, to hinder us. On we file across vacant fields until we reach a second wall as forbidding as the first and apparently as interminable.

“What are these walls?” we ask. “Why were they built? what purpose can they serve?”

And Haj tells us that they were reared to protect the city from the turbulent surrounding tribes, to cut off, if need be, the approach of hostile bands.

A third wall, wide and high, beginning at the city gate wanders away toward the south, its utility not easily divined. As we trace its curving course over a distant ridge, we think of the Roman aqueducts in the Campagna, and of the great wall of China, for this unknown Moorish work vies with those famous masses of masonry in impressiveness of aspect if not in hugeness and in length of years. It was the creation of the crazy Sultan, Mulai Ismail, a contemporary of Louis XIV, of France, a Moorish emperor who suffered from a mania for masonry, and made his people suffer that he might satisfy his madness for works of colossal inutility.

One of his wildest projects was the building of an elevated boulevard, two hundred miles in length, along which he could ride from Mequinez to Morocco City, safe from the attack of the rebellious tribesmen who hold the intervening provinces.

The huge north gate of this his favored city appears to us as we approach late in the afternoon like the entrance to some "mysterious nowhere." It seems to be a portal to the empty sky, a door through which the traveler might pass into the infinity of space. It is, in fact, the gate of an almost deserted metropolis, a city that was built for a population of one hundred thousand and contains to-day less than six thousand souls. Small wonder that we find it empty and forsaken in aspect as we pass from court to court and through gate after gate. There are in Mequinez more houses vacant than occupied, more roofs fallen than intact, more palaces in ruins than huts in good repair. The Sultan is forced to maintain a palace here, for Mequinez ranks with



LIKE THE PORTAL TO A "MYSTERIOUS NOWHERE"



THE SULTAN'S PALACE — MEQUINEZ

Fez and Morocco City as one of the three capitals of the Moorish Empire, each city jealous of its dignity as the abode of the Imperial master.

The Sultan always dwells amid the wreck of ages. The snow-white palace of the actual sovereign may be seen rising above the crumbling walls of the Imperial Garden. Around



"THROUGH GATE AFTER GATE"



Photograph by Nelson Ludington Barnes

"BORN OF AN IMPERIAL MANIA FOR MASONRY"

it are vague piles of age-worn masonry, the abandoned palaces of emperors who ruled here in the past. Custom demands that on the death of a Sultan his palace be abandoned and a new one built for his successor. It is regarded as a sacrilege for any one to occupy the abode of a departed emperor. Thus, during the centuries, these imperial inclos-

ures in all the Moorish cities have become encumbered with acres of decaying palaces in which bats and owls hold carnival.

In Mequinez everything speaks of Mulai Ismail, the tyrant Sultan of the seventeenth century, that imperial monster whose deeds surpass in horror those of Nero or Caligula, the ruins



AN ARTIFICIAL LAKE

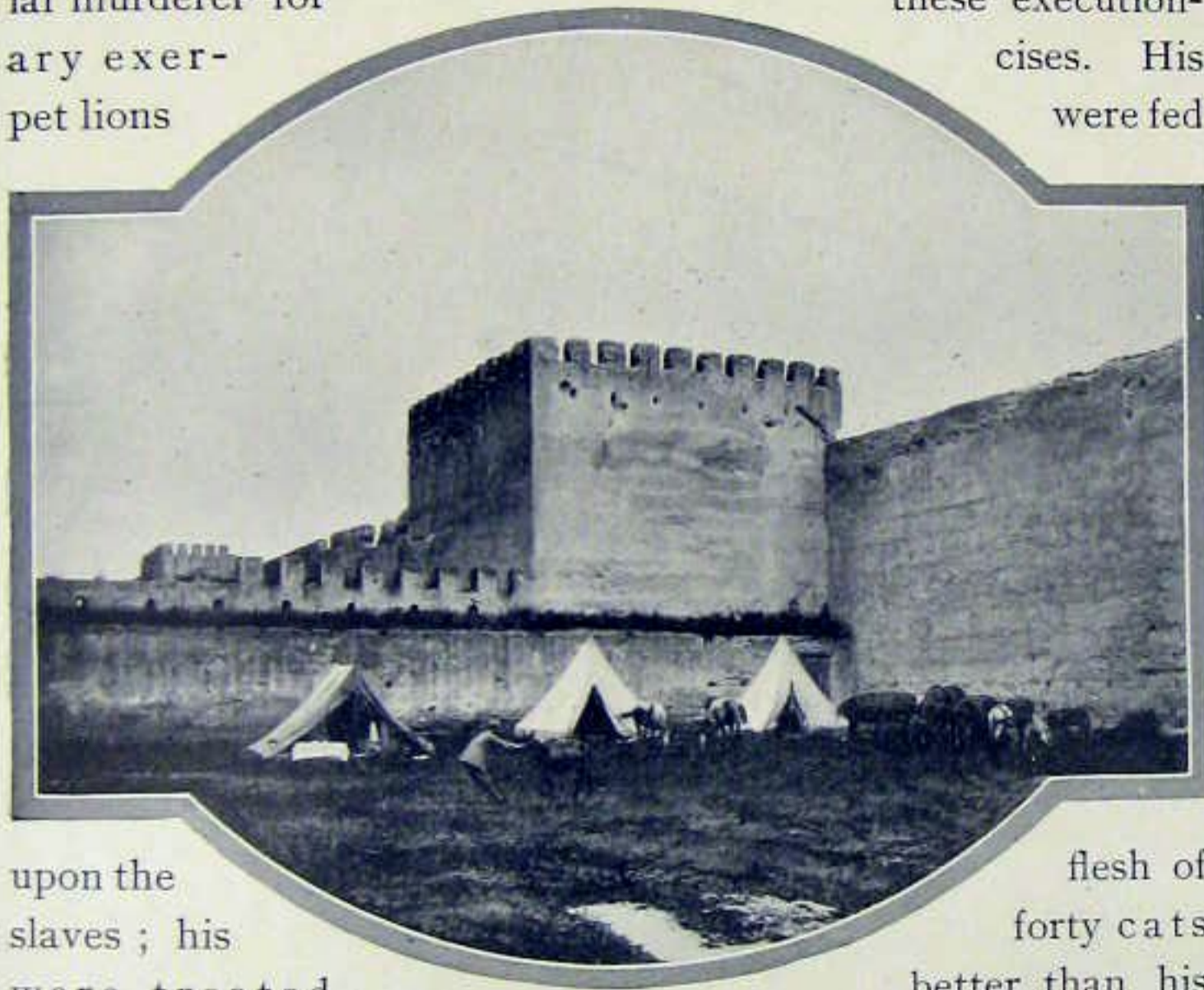
of whose palaces and public works rival in magnitude the Roman mountains of brick and stone upon the Palatine or in the broad Campagna.

Mulai Ismail built three miles of stables for his twelve thousand horses. We see, to-day, the endless aisles of arches where his chargers were lodged in splendor, every ten horses tended by a negro slave. As a horseman, he was superb. It is said that he was able, in one graceful movement, to



ENDLESS AISLES OF ARCHES

mount his steed, draw his sword, and neatly decapitate the slave who held his stirrup. He held that to die by his imperial hand insured immediate entry into paradise, and throughout the latter part of his life of eighty-one vigorous years he went about his land dispensing, with his scimitar, passports to a beatitudinous eternity. Twenty thousand of his subjects were thus favored, Friday being the day chosen by the imperial murderer for these execution-cises. His were fed



OUR CAMP IN THE KASBAH

upon the slaves ; his were treated children, though

cat was formally executed by his order. Workmen caught idling on the walls, at which his myriad slaves and prisoners were unceasingly engaged, were tumbled into the molds and rammed down into the concrete.

An incredibly atrocious deed crowned his career of crime. A wife suspected of infidelity was filled with powder and blown to pieces. The mere drowning of a wife in the small artificial lake was but a gentle pastime. He had two

flesh of forty cats better than his one disobedient

thousand wives. As to the number of his children we must accept the word of an ambassador of Louis XIV, who visited the court of Mulai Ismail in 1703. He asked the favorite son how many brothers and sisters he possessed. After two days spent in compiling a catalogue, the Prince submitted the names of five hundred and twenty-five brothers and three hundred and forty-two sisters. Later reports give the number of sons who lived to mount horse the astounding total of seven hundred. To create palaces and to people them was the life-work of Mulai Ismail.

One incident that makes this impossible man seem real to us is this : He actually sent ambassadors to France to demand of Louis XIV the hand of Mlle. de Blois, the natural daughter of the King and Louise de la Vallière ! The honor was declined in polite terms by the Grand Monarque.



THE GATE OF KASBAH — MEQUINEZ

In Mulai's day Europeans were not strangers to Morocco ; but they came — not as we come to-day, as travelers with tents and guides to camp freely for a few sunny days under the imperial walls — they came as slaves and captives taken from merchant-ships by pirates ; they came with chains and manacles, to toil for dark, hopeless years in building these same walls, in piling up these useless miles of mud, brick, and cement. The thought of the sufferings endured by them makes doubly strange our actual comfort ; the dangers of the living past throw into striking contrast the security of the dead present. We are not even annoyed by



STUDYING THE STRANGERS

crowds. Perhaps there are no crowds in Mequinez to-day. The only citizen who deigns to take an interest in us is an old man who rides up on a tiny donkey and sits studying the strangers with a plainly puzzled look upon his wrinkled face. That he may not depart without some mark of our appreciation of his call, we display our modern arsenal, a shotgun and a rifle, testing the latter by firing at an eagle that is soaring overhead. By chance the shot is a successful one. Down comes the big bird like a meteorite, grazing the donkey's ear, and falling with a thud at his astonished nose ; whereupon our visitor having seen enough rides off in silence to tell of our prowess in the half-deserted bazaars.

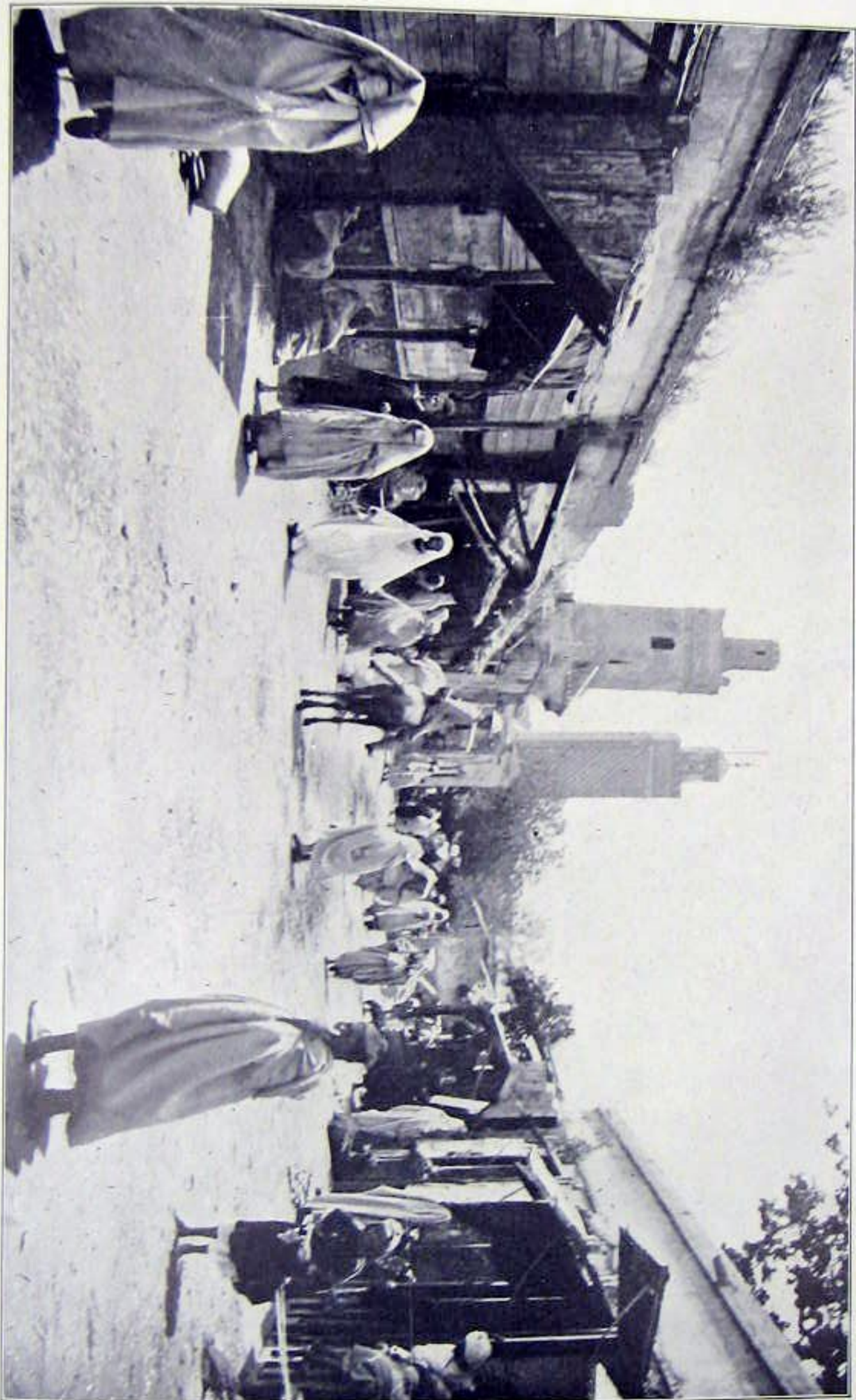
From Mequinez we carry away impressions as enduring as its walls and gates. We know that we shall never forget the sadness of this empty city, its silence, and its forlorn magnificence. In all Morocco there is no more artistic structure than the Kasbah Gate of Mequinez. It is as it was ; no

restoration has marred it. Time has but softened it, made it more beautiful. Corinthian pillars, brought from the ruins of the Roman city of Volubilis, add to its dignity and tell of a civilization that long antedates that of the Arab conquerors. It, too, like every gate and every palace in the city of Mulai Ismail recounts its tragedy. The man whose mind conceived



GOOD SHOOTING IN THE HEART OF THE CITY

its form, its intricate designs, its unsymmetrical perfections, fell victim to his artist-pride. For, when the Sultan complimented him on his achievements, he declared that he could build a gate more beautiful, more imposing, did the imperial master so desire ; and this boast cost the architect his eyes, for the Sultan was resolved that this, his favorite gate, should have no rival and no peer. Less beautiful, but more imposing is the great North Gate by which we enter and through which we ride out into the black, treacherous country. Our



A THOROUGHFARE IN MEQUINEZ

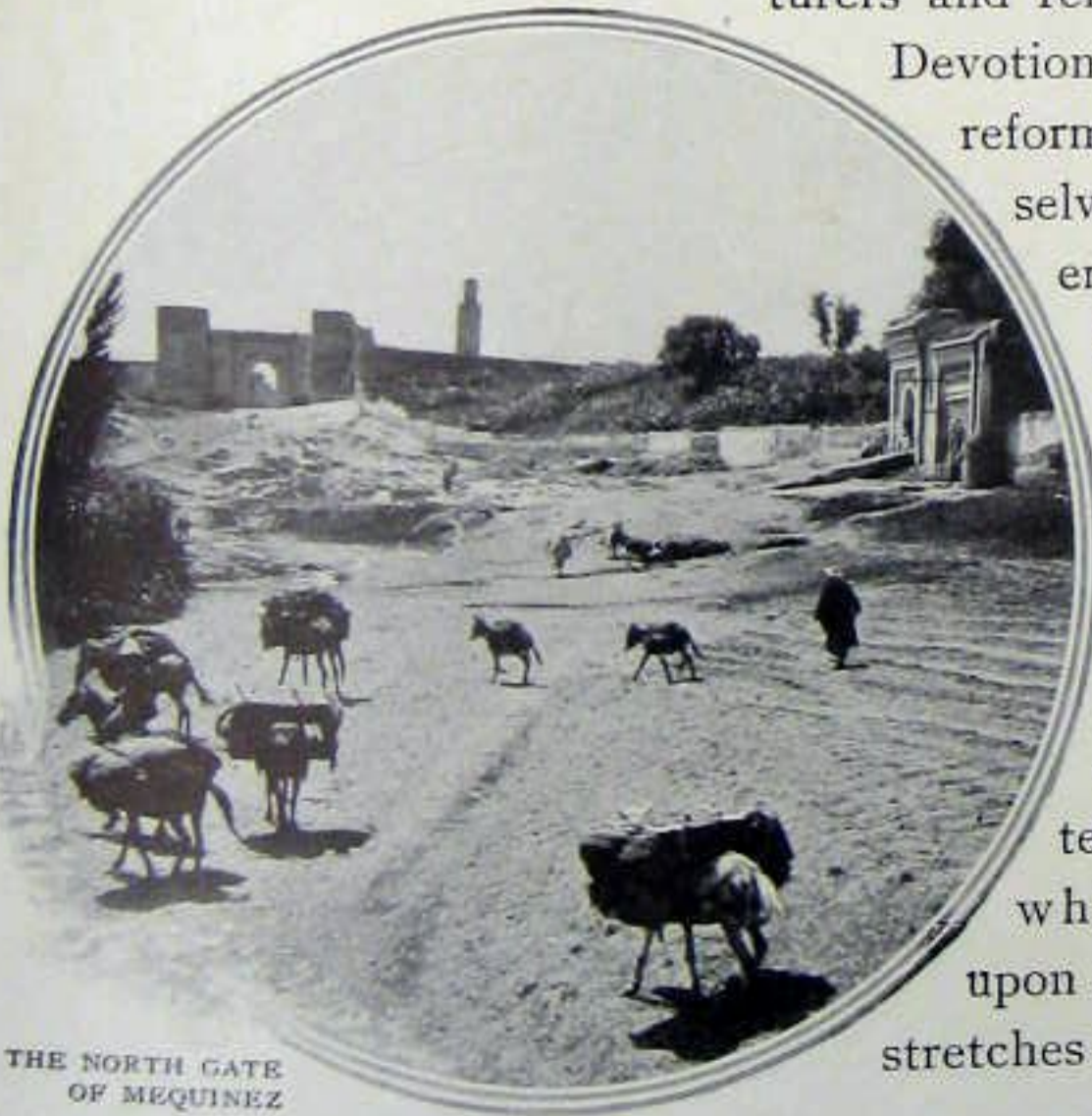




THE BENI-HASAN PLAIN

muleteers have halted at a fountain to drink and pray ; for the fountain marks the burial-place of a great Moslem saint, the founder of the fraternity of the Hamdouchi, a kindred society to that of the fanatical Aissaoua, a sect of self-torturers and religious maniacs.

Devotions ended, the caravan reforms, and we find ourselves trailing across an empty land, which we have been warned on no account to enter. Two days of uneventful travel over the hills of a rolling region brings us to the brink of the interior highland, from which we look down upon the level plain that stretches westward to the wide

THE NORTH GATE
OF MEQUINEZ



A SOKO IN THE WILDERNESS

Atlantic, many miles away. Below us lies the country of the famous Beni-Hasan tribe. The "Sons of Hasan" are famous as horsemen, warriors, and pirates of the plain. Our route lies westward across their territory to the seaport city called Rabat, where we hope to embark in due time on one of the infrequent coasting-steamers that ply up and down the western coast of Africa.

As we descend the steep trail winding down from the hill region, we look in vain for any sign of town or village. A few clumps of dark green trees and yellow streams are all that break the dull monotony of the wide vista,—all, save a patch of gray, which looks at first like a heap of rags spread out for an airing and a sunning. But as we draw nearer to it, we observe that the rag-pile is alive, that it swarms and moves in slow confusion. Each rag enwraps a human-being; there are at least a thousand of them come together

in this desert-place to buy and barter food and drink and raiment.

A curious feature of commerce in Morocco are these fairs held periodically in chosen localities, far from any settlement or village. A few days later this spot, now the scene of picturesque activity, will be brooded over by the silence and desolation of the surrounding plain. It will remain unvisited until, at the advent of another fair, the people of the broad region roundabout will come again to this townless marketplace, with cattle, fruits and vegetables, woolen goods and Manchester cotton, old flintlock muskets and inlaid Moorish daggers, to meet their fellow-merchants, to haggle with crafty customers, and to indulge that desire for social intercourse, innate even in the forgotten people of this empty, lonely land.

We spend an hour or two at this Soko in the wilderness, watching the ant-hill-like activity of the gray-clad sons of Hasan. The water-sellers do a thriving business, for the sun beats down relentlessly on this unsheltered mart. From tented restaurants are wafted odors which may be appetizing to the native epicure. The butchers are at their work out in



A TOWNLESS MARKET-

PLACE



WATER
BY
THE
CUPFUL

the full glare of the midday sun. There is but little delay between the abattoir and the pot or frying-pan. In fact, the fresh meat might almost be broiled without the aid of any fire whatever when the sun is high and hot.

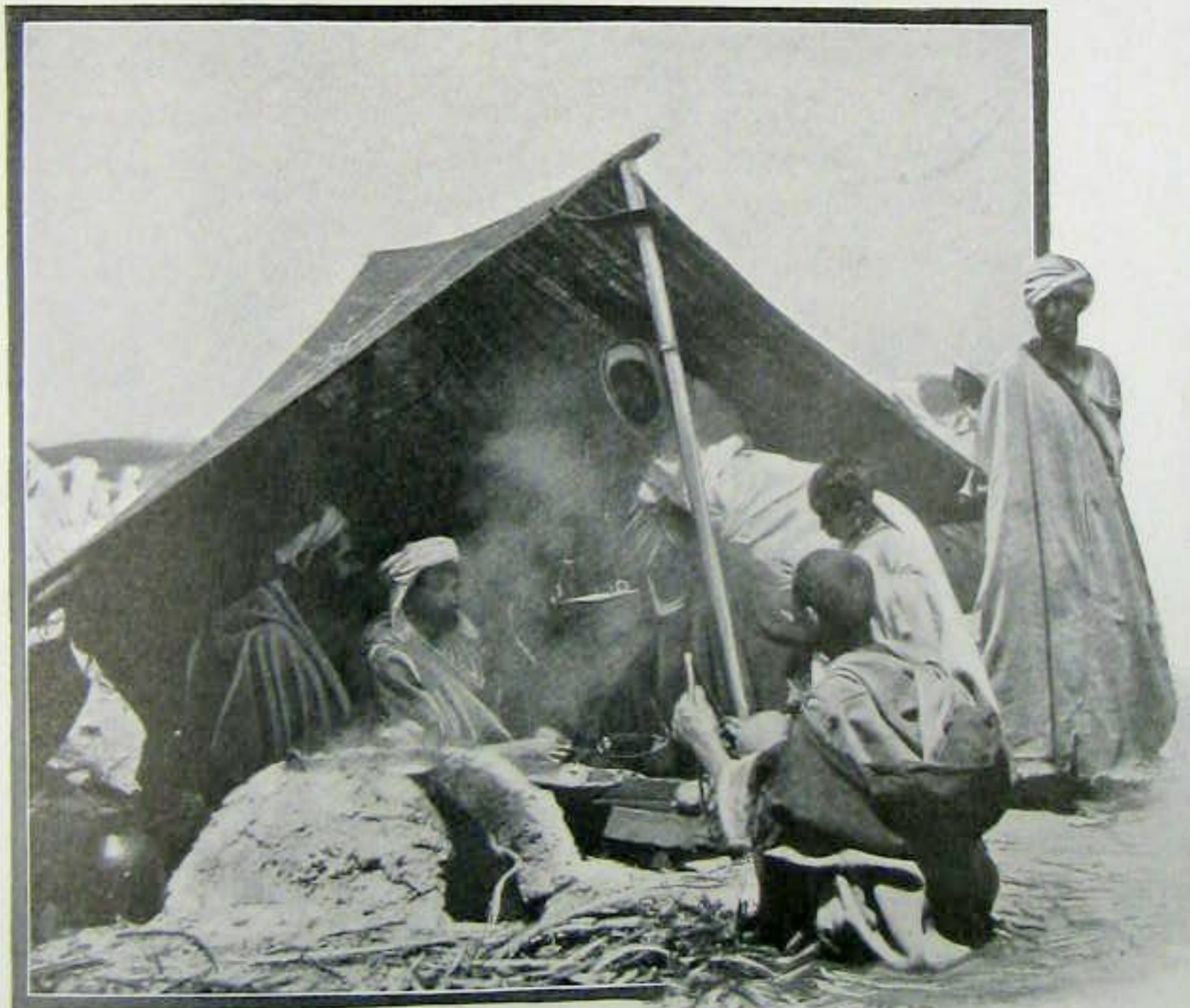
It is but natural that we should be objects of curiosity, but so reserved and proud are the Moslems that even in this remote place they refrain from paying us the compliment of popular attention. We are neither courted nor insulted. Indifferent glances are all that they vouchsafe us. Whatever of hostility they feel toward the "dog of a Christian" is vented upon our servants. A man attempted to steal a knife from Haj. Haj strikes at him, the crowd sides with the would-be thief, and begins to rain blows upon our guide and muleteers, but they defend themselves until lazy Kaid Lharbi can be induced to make haste slowly to the rescue. The appearance of our soldier quells the tumult. The dispute is referred to a young sheik of the tribe, who, as one in authority, listens to our story and to the clamor of the crowd, and like a righteous judge, orders Haj's assailant put in chains. Before leaving, in order to propitiate the crowd, we beg the sheik to release the culprit. This done, we depart amid approving murmurs.

Just before sunset we reach a narrow, turbid river. There is no bridge. Our pack-mules glissade down the slippery bank and trudge unhesitatingly across the shallow ford. Fortunately, we have crossed the many rivers without inconvenience; but had we entered Morocco a month earlier, while the rivers are swollen by the April rain, we should have

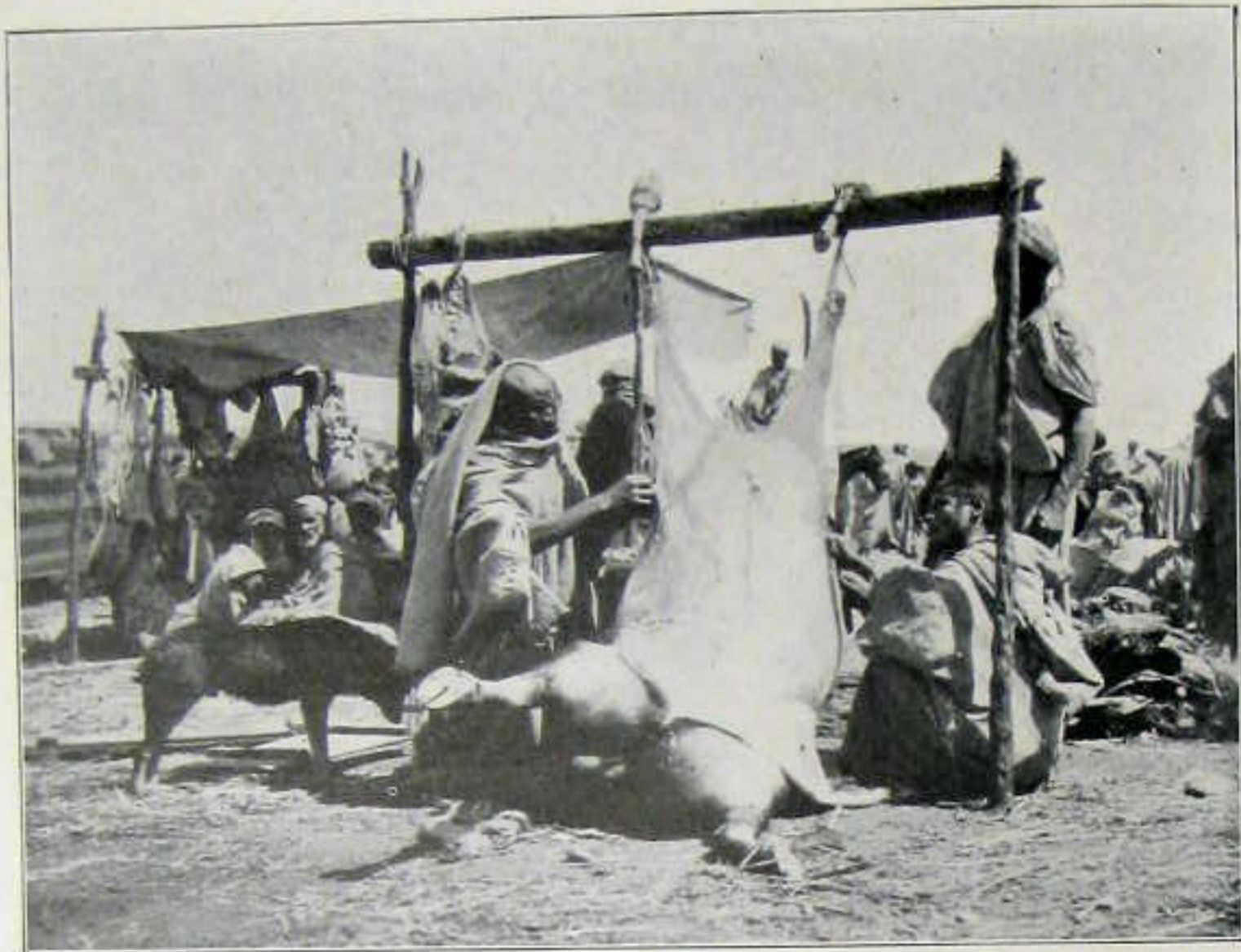


"AS ONE IN AUTHORITY"

suffered tedious and dangerous delays at every ford. The yellow flood respects not even the caravans of ambassadors and ministers. Official pack-mules have been swept away, official bedding soaked in Moorish rivers, and many a diplomat traveling in state to Fez on some important mission has been compelled to doff his uniform and dignity, and to breast the turgid waters of the River Sebu or the Wad Makhazan. Half regretting that we are deprived of similar experiences, we ride on till we reach a place called Boghari, where we apply for the protection of the Kaid of the village. The traveler should lose no time in taking advantage of the laws of hospitality. In them he finds his surest safeguard. The person and property of a guest are sacred. A robber Kaid becomes an ideal host, answering for your safety with his life,



APPETIZING ODORS



FRESH MEAT

guarding your property better than he guards his own. But the very man who shelters you one night may, on the morrow, after you have passed beyond the territory for the peace of which he is held responsible, swoop down upon your caravan with a cloud of gaily arrayed followers and seize such of your possessions as may have attracted his fancy while you were enjoying his protection. By so doing he also gets the neighboring chieftain into hot water, for failing to protect you. Our official letters from the Moorish authorities at Tangier command all Kuids and bashas to give us hospitality and protection and, when necessary, to provide an escort for our safe-conduct across their respective territories.

Kaid Absalam of Bogari is pleased to order our camp pitched in his front-yard. We should have preferred an isolated site beyond the village amid the freshness and the flowers of the plain, but we feel more secure under the eaves of the official residence, a mud-brick hut, with disheveled thatch.

Kaid Absalam grants us the use of his front-yard, including the dirt, dust, and flies, imposing only one condition upon us. He has been informed by men familiar with the ways of Christians that they invariably travel with "picture-making boxes," or "painting machines," with which they do sinfully and wilfully break the Mosaic commandment, "Thou shalt not make unto thyself the likeness of any living thing." The Kaid's will is that if we possess such inventions of the devil, we shall religiously refrain from using them in his domain.

In this emergency we turn to Haj Abd-er-Rahman Salama, for we know him to be the most artistic prevaricator in Morocco. He rises to the occasion. Never was a village more thoroughly photographed than Bogari, never was a Kaid and a community more blissfully unconscious that crime was rampant under their very noses. Haj presents us formally as two great American astronomers traveling in Morocco on a scientific mission. The Moors of old prided themselves upon their knowledge of the heavens. Astronomy is still in high esteem. The Kaid begs us to display our astronomical instruments. We promptly unpack and set up two photographic cameras, and arm ourselves with kodaks. One by one, or



NEARING THE LAND OF
THE BENI-HASAN

rather three by three, the dignified villagers put their heads beneath the focusing cloth, from the black folds of which come smothered exclamations of delight as they behold upon the glass inverted images of familiar forms and faces.

Meantime we are "taking the altitude of the sun" with kodaks. The result of our first attempt shows an African



IN THE SHEIK'S "FRONT YARD"

"son" black as an eclipse; there are wooly prominences on the disk, and several satellites are visible. A second experiment reveals a young Phœbus Apollo, dark as Pluto, and almost as naked as Eros. Later observations show the constellation of Venus shedding the light of smiles upon this land of darkness.

Meantime my friend wins popularity with the ladies of the galaxy by performing a series of simple tricks of sleight-



"A PLACE CALLED BOGHARI"

of-hand. He catches money in the air, or pretends to find it in their veils or sleeves.



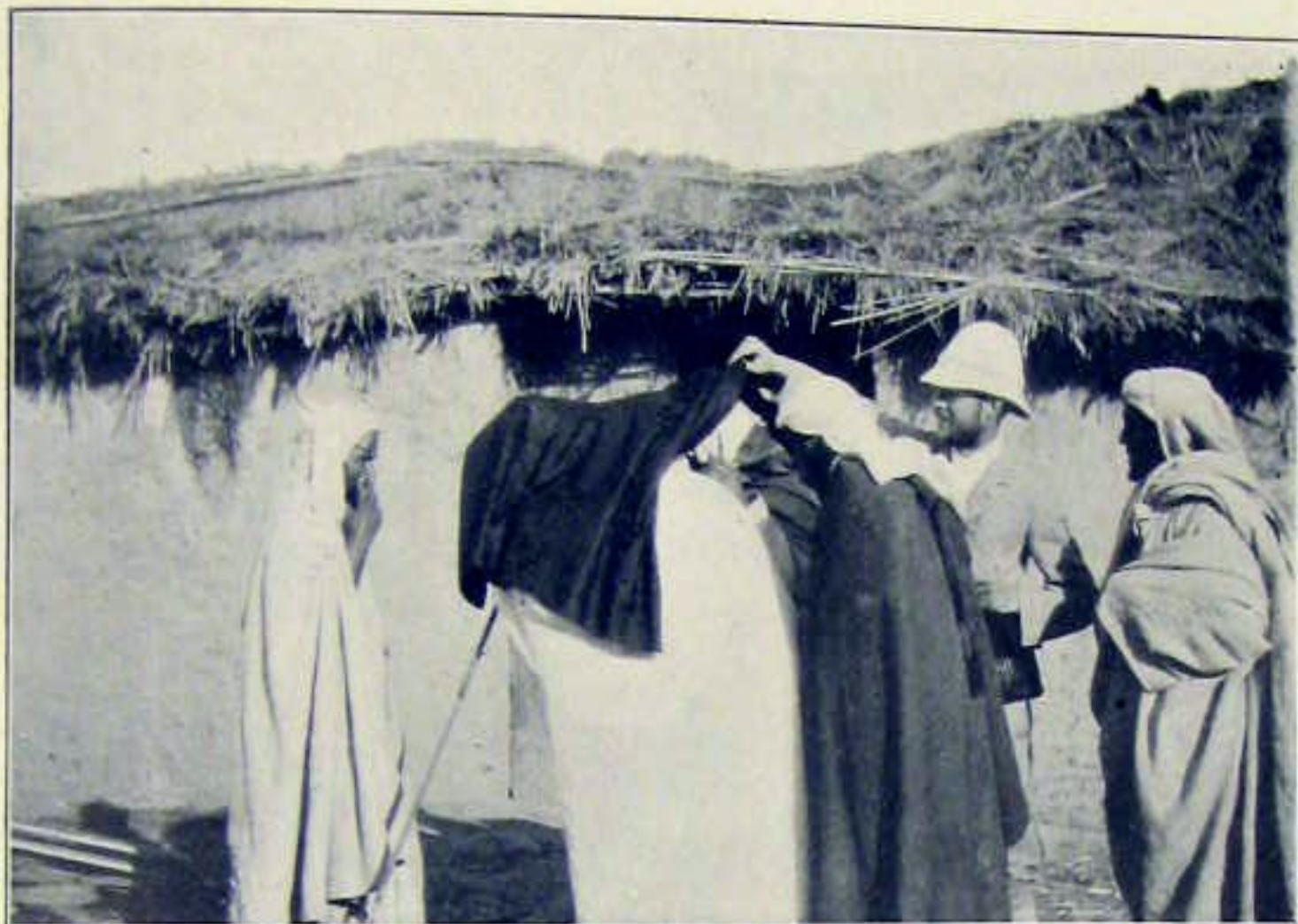
FORDING

Encouraged by his success, I bring into play the skill acquired in my schoolboy days, when Hermann, not Stoddard, was the man whose career appeared most tempting to me. I, too, win smiles of surprise and wonder-struck expressions from the simple folk of Bogari by swallowing coins and corks, performing card-tricks, or picking pennies from the folds of ragged garments. The last trick is the most popular, for the pennies are invariably claimed by those from whom they have been plucked into visibility. Fond mothers bring forward several lots of Berber babies, and present them, one by one, to the magician, that he may deftly extract the latent wealth from their scant clothing.



THE KAID AND THE CAMERA

But not only did we succeed in fooling the fledglings and the female birds, our magic powers won us the respect and reverence even of the grim, hawk-like cavaliers. We gave a *matinée* for the Kaid and his chief men. They were deeply impressed and murmured compliments with bated breath; for that which he cannot understand the Moor



INSPECTING "ASTRONOMICAL" INSTRUMENTS



ALMOST A "COON"

regards as supernatural. The man with occult powers is to be feared, respected, and propitiated. We had not counted upon this; but Haj, the clever rascal who was under contract to furnish all provisions for our larder, encouraged us thereafter to give daily performances, for every performance elicited substantial tokens of respect in the form of chickens, baskets of eggs, haunches of fine mutton, pails of goats' milk, and plates of honey. Our reputation as conjurors once established, Haj paid out

no more money to the villagers, exacting everywhere a willing tribute or "mouna" from the Sheiks or Kaid.

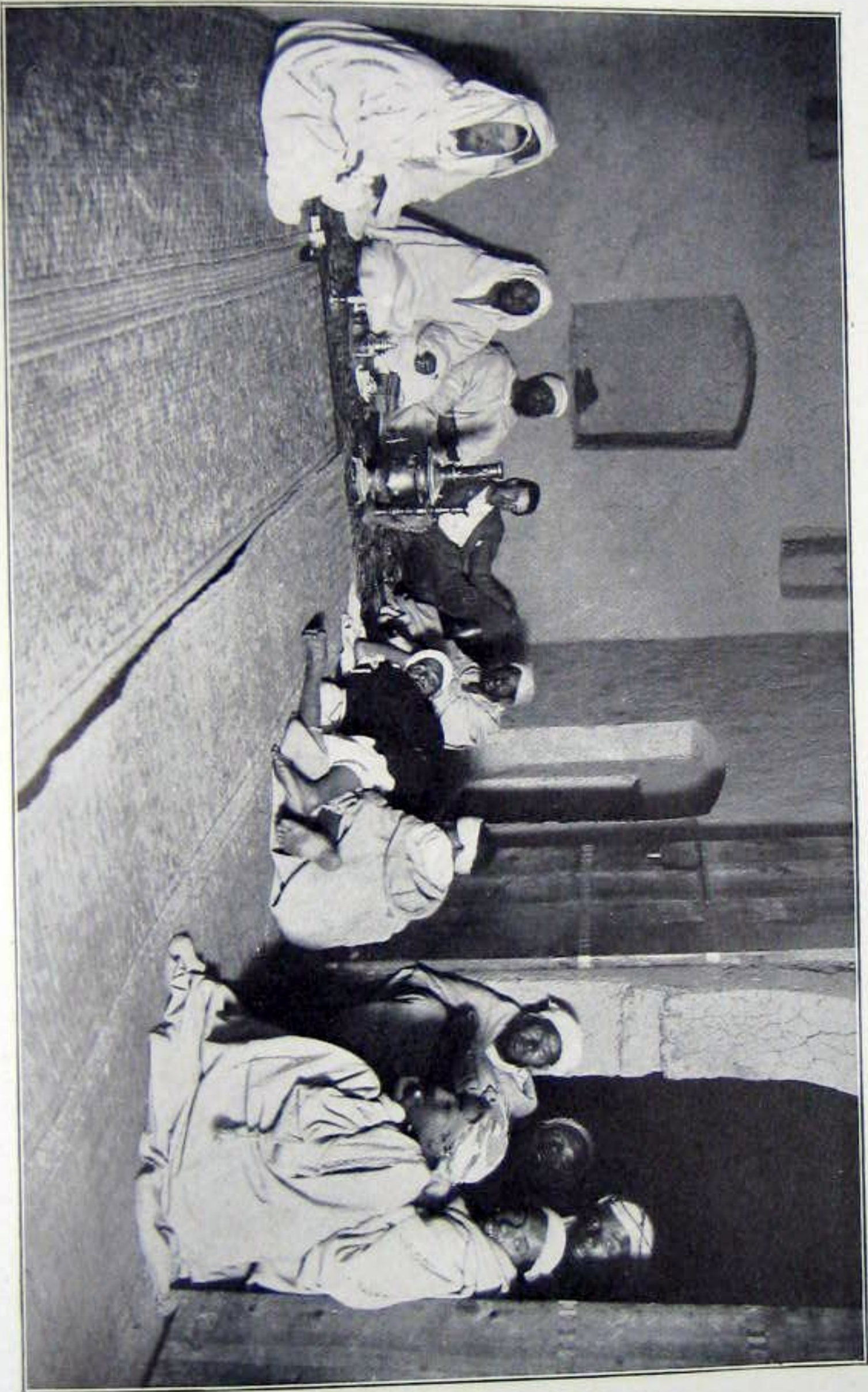
But one more achievement crowned our perfidy to the kind people of Bogari. The Kaid bade us take tea in his mud-house the night before our departure. We donned our Moorish jelabas, and at the appointed hour sat with the Hasan tribemen around the steaming samovar—for the Russian samovar is the "*grande luxe*" of even the pettiest of chieftains. The situation was rich in its appeal to our love of things remote and strange. Here were we, robed in white garments, made by the tailors of Fez, crouching on mats, sipping sweetened mint-tea in company with men of Berber blood, whose profession is plunder, whose relaxation is battle. The Kaid's brother lies prostrate, undergoing a rough massage treatment to allay the pain caused by bullet-wounds received in a recent foray. Grim visaged retainers peer in at the door, keen eyes flash in the outer darkness. The candle flickers, the samovar sings softly, now and then a word is spoken, and a few seconds later a guttural reply is heard, or a grunt of pain from the wounded warrior breaks the hush of the assembly.

Resolved that this scene must be pictured, I appeal to Haj to put his powers of prevarication once more to the test—to lie us into a favorable opportunity for discharging one of our flash-lights here and now.



A REAL AFRICAN

A FLASH OF "MIDNIGHT SUNSHINE"



He hesitates. Dare he attempt another fabrication? Success has made him bold. He speaks, "Oh, Kaid, my masters the astronomers, to whose skill your village can bear witness, ask of you one more favor. To-morrow they set out across our unknown country. To lay their course across this wide land without roads they must take observation of the sun by night as well as by day. At their command the



POPULAR WITH THE LADIES

sun will pierce the veil of night. Permit them once more to set up their instruments, and they will cause the brightness of the orb of day to flash for a brief instant even here between the four walls, beneath thy roof."

Allured by the promise of this miracle, the Kaid consents. The cameras are placed. The flash-powder is spread. Then with impressive gestures I invoke the god of day, and Haj ignites the fuse.

A great light fills the chamber, clouds form and roll out into the night, the sons of Hasan gasp and murmur prayers.



LOTS OF BERBER BABIES

The astronomers calmly sit down and figure out their reckoning, and lay the course for the caravan voyage for the morrow.

No suspicion rested on us. Kaid Absalam next day escorted us to the confines of his territory, and thanked us for having kept our pledge not to paint pictures of his people.



FOOLING THE FLEDGLINGS



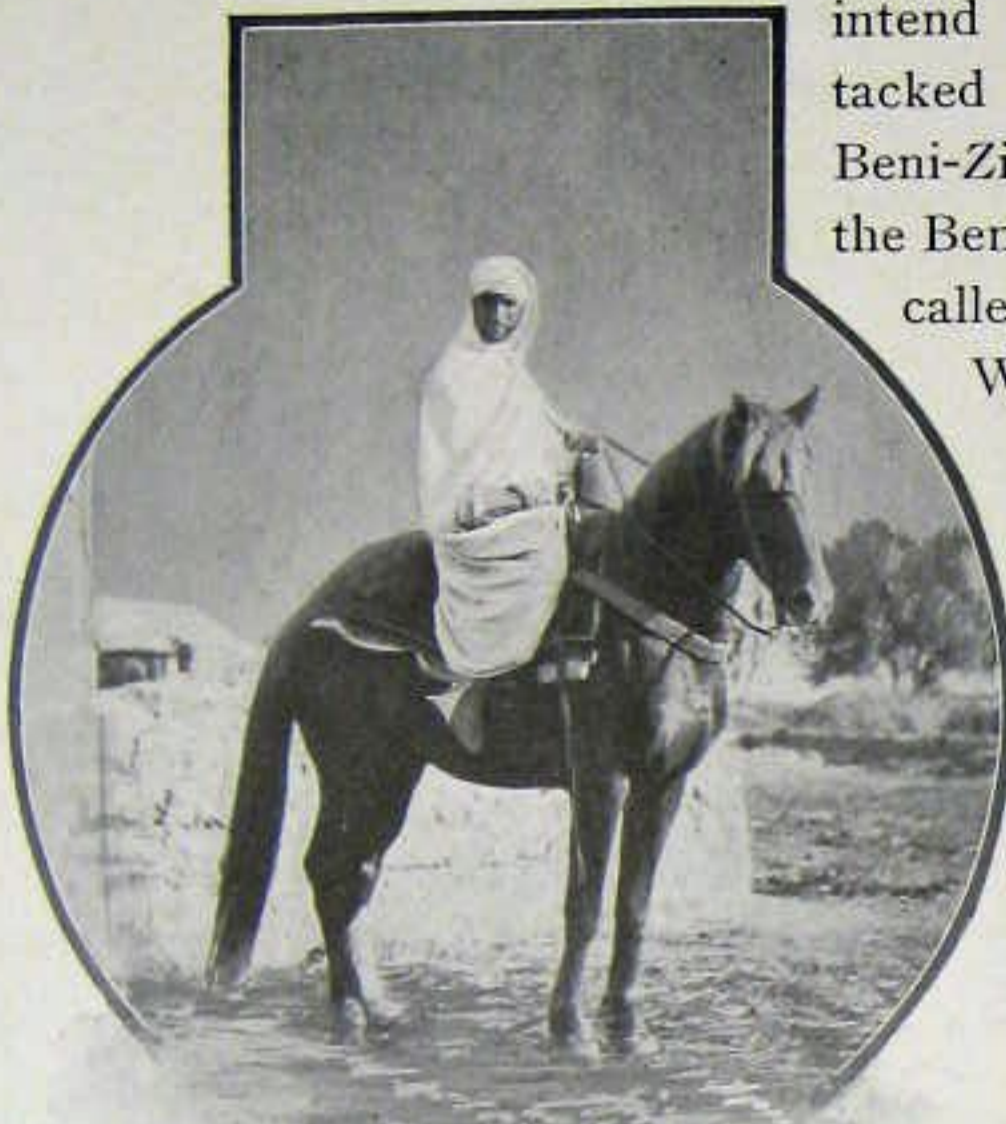
TIDINGS OF TROUBLE

silent progress. A solitary man appears on the horizon, his hooded head the only thing that rises above the level of the weeds and flowers. At last he comes within hailing distance, and we exchange greetings. He is a courier, bearing dispatches to Mequinez. He speaks excitedly to Haj, who listens to his words with visible anxiety, for he conveys tidings of trouble from the west. It is the old story of inter-tribal hostilities, of Beni-Zimour razzias in the Beni-Hasan plain, of Beni-Hasan retaliatory trips into the hill-country of the Beni-Zimour. The village of Twazit, where we

Our caravan files westward across the plain, which is as peaceful as a summer sea. We traverse patches of color, bigger than townships, where the earth is steeped in the crimson of anemones, or the yellow of buttercups. At midday, while the sun hangs almost in the zenith, and the mules trample on their own shadows at every step, an incident breaks the monotony of our ever



THE IMPERIAL POST



THE KAID FROM TWAZIT

intend to spend the night, was attacked early this very morning, the Beni-Zimour troupe was driven off, the Beni-Hasan horsemen have been called out to defend their frontier.

We press on rapidly until we meet a company of cavaliers led by the young Kaid of Twazit, who is scouring the country to assemble all the available fighting men. He halts our caravan and demands to know our destination and the purpose of our journey. He forbids our advance into the disturbed region, being responsible to the central government for our safety. But seeing picturesque possibilities in the adventure,

we insist upon our right to official protection, and Haj demands an escort for us. The Kaid cannot refuse. Eight men are detached from his troop and detailed for escort-duty. With eagerness we ride on toward the seat of war, if war be not too dignified a name for one of these periodic inter-tribal squabbles.

Peace is upon the plain, calm is in the air; yet danger and suspicion ride with us, and point across the flowery expanse toward the dark line far to the south,— a line that indicates the wooded country of the Zimour tribe, which holds the region between Mequinez and the southern capital city, Marrakesh (or, as it appears on many maps, Morocco City).



WESTWARD UNDER ESCORT

So successfully have the Beni-Zimour held the Sultan's troops at bay that it has never been possible for the Imperial master, even with the usual escort of thirty thousand men, to march by the direct route from city to city. He has always been forced to go around the very heart of his own empire, to cross this plain to Rabat, thence travel down the coast, and finally strike inland along the southern boundary of the



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT



"PEERING ACROSS THE PLAIN"

possessions of his rebellious subjects. Thus every state-progress from one of his capitals to the other becomes a public humiliation of Morocco's ruler, whose boast is that his throne is his horse's saddle, his canopy the sky, his palace the great tent in which he spends more than half of every year.

The Beni-Hasan, while none too loyal to the Sultan in the season when he sends to them his bashas to collect the taxes, are hereditary



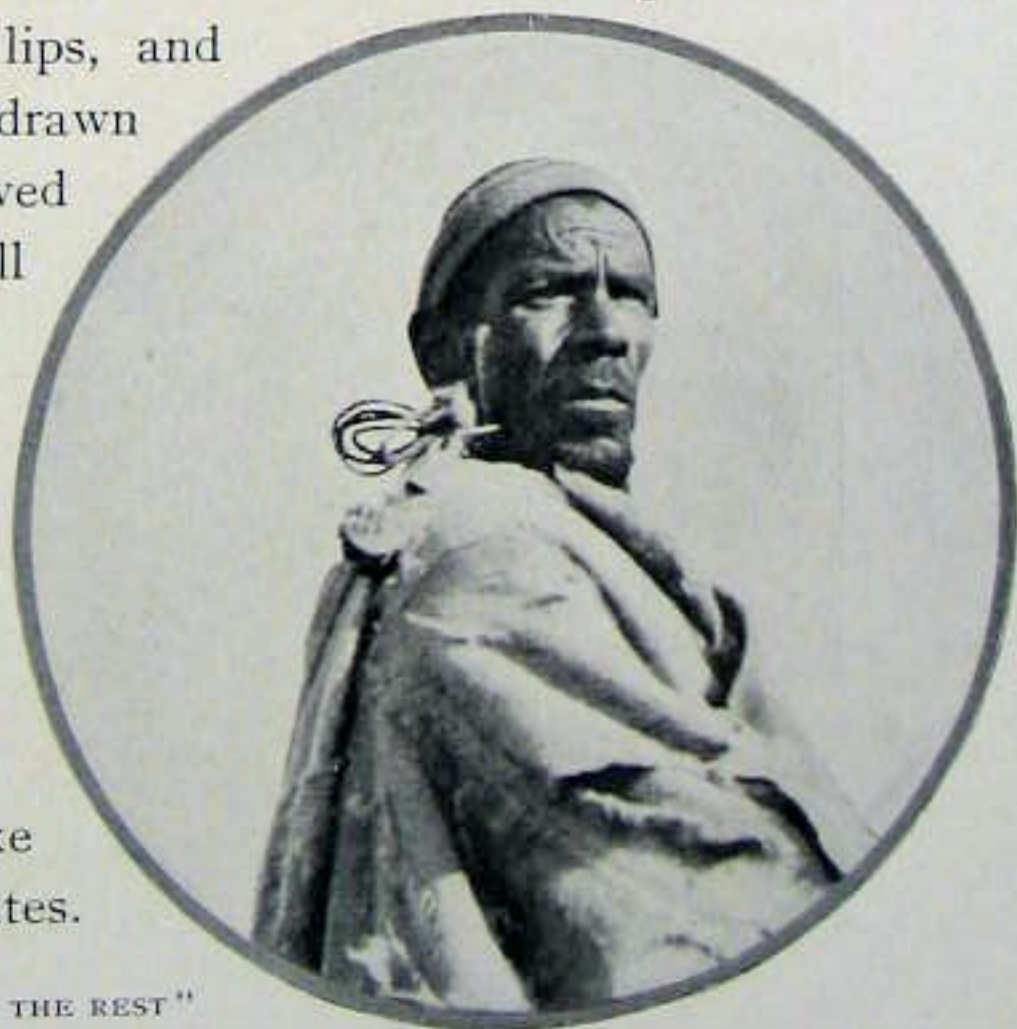
PICTURESQUE PROTECTORS



TOWARD THE SETTING SUN

enemies of their rebellious neighbors, and therefore nominally supporters of the Imperial cause.

Our picturesque protectors pause every now and then, peering anxiously toward the south, suspicious of every dot on the horizon, of every patch that seems to move in the distance upon that sea of heat-waves that rolls above the plain. Most of our guards are young men under twenty-five, one only is older. Even sterner than the rest in aspect, he has a cruel face, thick lips, and wears a gray skull-cap drawn tightly above his furrowed forehead. We might well have some misgivings for our safety were not our guards also our hosts, and answerable for us to their chief, who is answerable to the Sultan. Should we suffer harm, the central government must make amends to the United States.



"EVEN STERNER THAN THE REST"

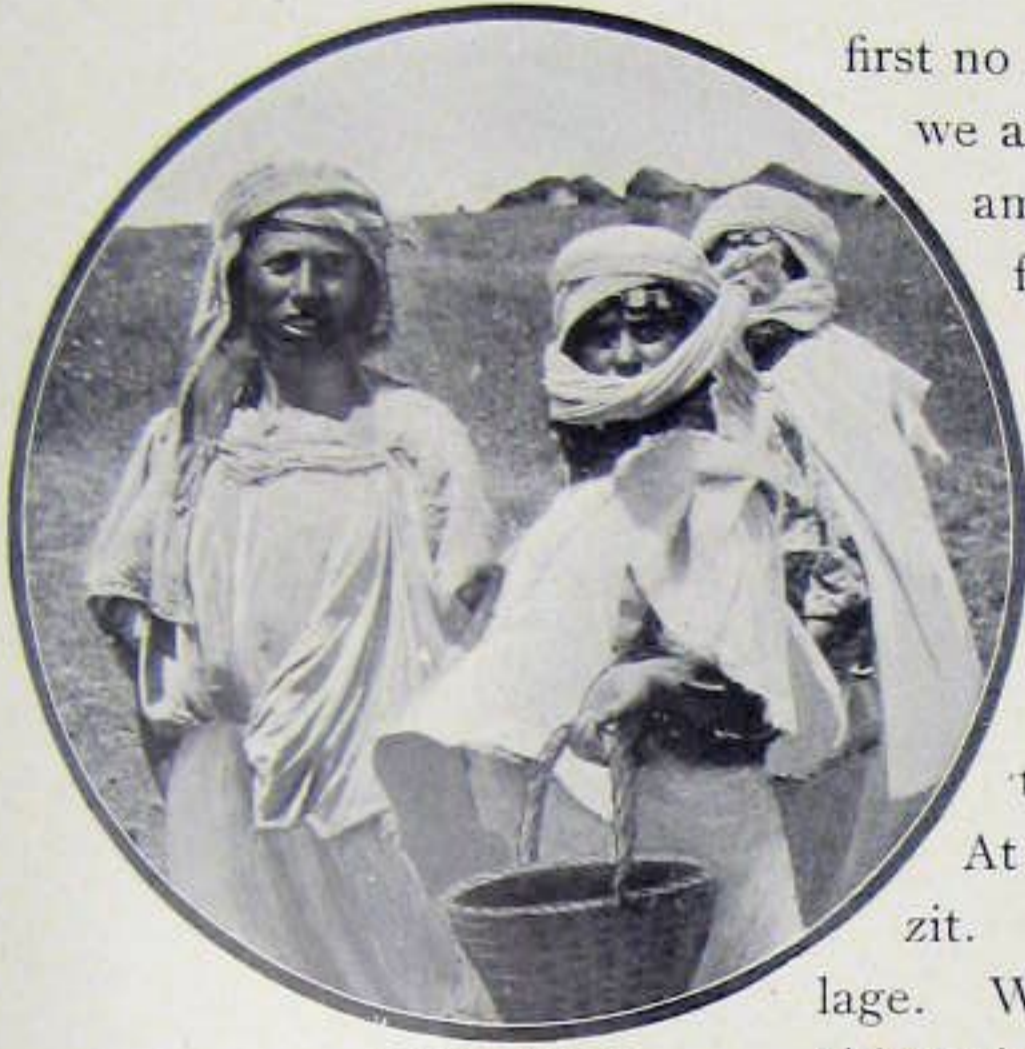


TENT OF THE WOUNDED TRIBESMAN

As if in preparation for the expected fray, the horsemen are continually rehearsing sham battles, half the troop dashing furiously ahead, then returning at full gallop to attack the caravan, which is stoutly defended by the other half. At



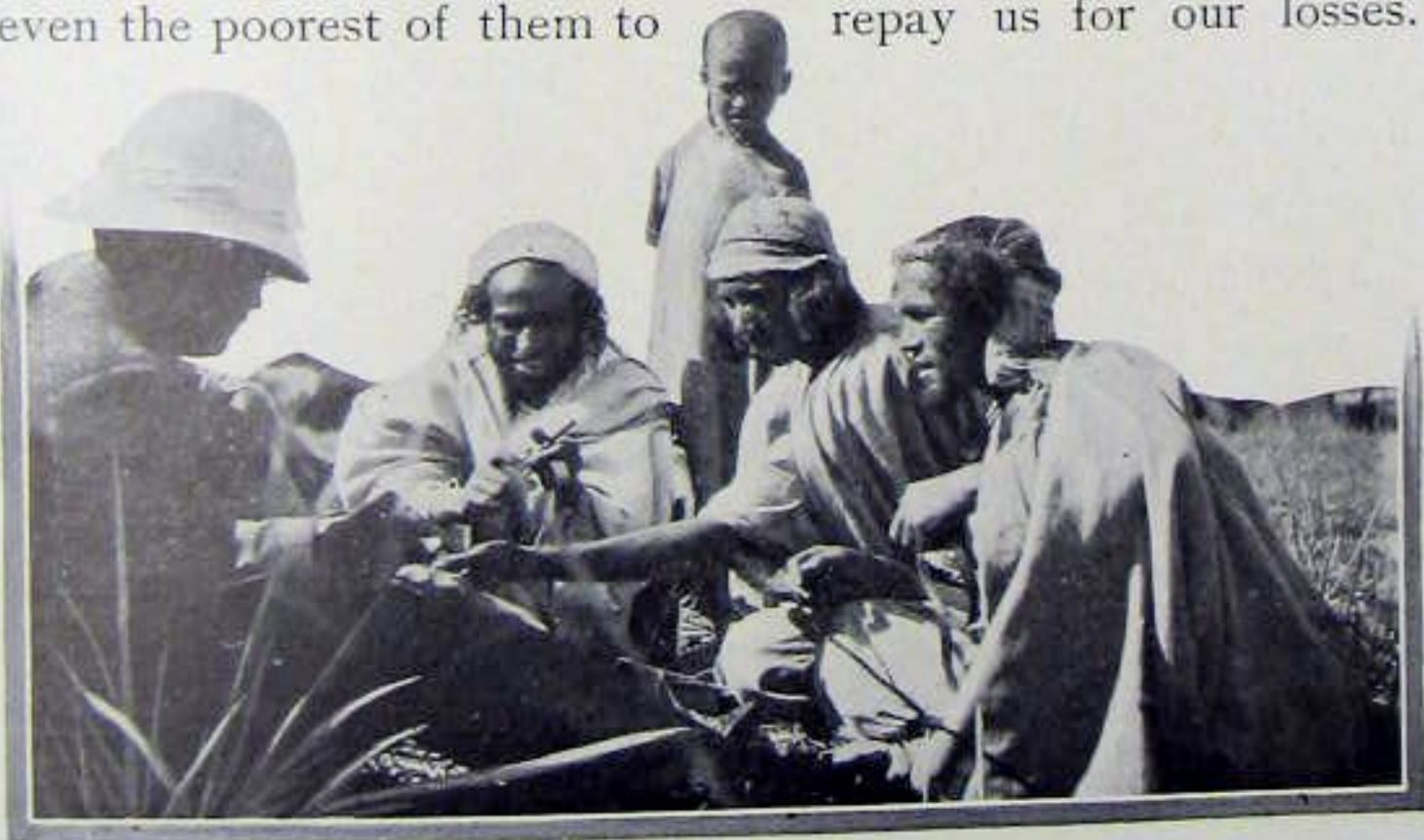
ATTENTIVE WATCHERS OF THE OPERATION



HERBER BELLES

first no shots are fired, but when we agree to pay for all the ammunition used by both friends and mimic enemies, blank charges are rammed into the elaborate old flintlocks, and the roar and smoke of harmless battle mark our advance into a hostile territory.

At sunset we arrive at Twazit. We expected to find a village. We find instead a circle of thirty-six Bedouin tents pitched in the open plain. The men of our escort are here at home, and are greeted by their wives who ask for news of the chief and the rest of the troop. The women wring their hands and weep on learning that we are to camp with them. The reason is that should we be robbed while under the protection of their chief, the Sultan's government would hold their husbands responsible for all damages, and bleed even the poorest of them to repay us for our losses.



SIMPLE AS CHILDREN

An atmosphere of anxiety pervades the village. One man was killed in the morning's battle; he has just been hastily buried. Another is lying wounded in his tent, and we are urged to go to his relief; for every foreigner is supposed to be skilled in surgery and medicine. We are conducted to a low tent in which the wounded man is lying. He is surrounded by a stupid crowd, which keeps away fresh air. We



"WE EVEN DO A LITTLE VETERINARY SURGERY"

strive to clear the tent, but curiosity is strong, and a score of villagers insist on witnessing the doctor's visit. The man lies on a rug groaning in fever, his garments stained with blood. His wound is red with clotted blood. No one has thought to wash him and give him water. My friend puts cooling bandages upon his head, and to the best of his ability dresses the wound. It is ugly, but not fatal; for the ball has glanced along the ribs and passed out on the side.

While I am striving to keep the crowd away, two women, smeared with slimy mud from head to foot, come running



SUSPICIOUS OF EVERY DOT ON THE HORIZON



THE OLD KAID PREPARES TO SALLY FORTH

from the river. They break into the tent, and throw themselves upon the prostrate form, uttering loud cries; and it is with the greatest difficulty that we prevent those miserable mud-daubed wives from overwhelming the sufferer with their conventional expressions of grief. They have put on mud and slime as substitutes for sackcloth and ashes.



BEYOND THE REACH OF DANGER

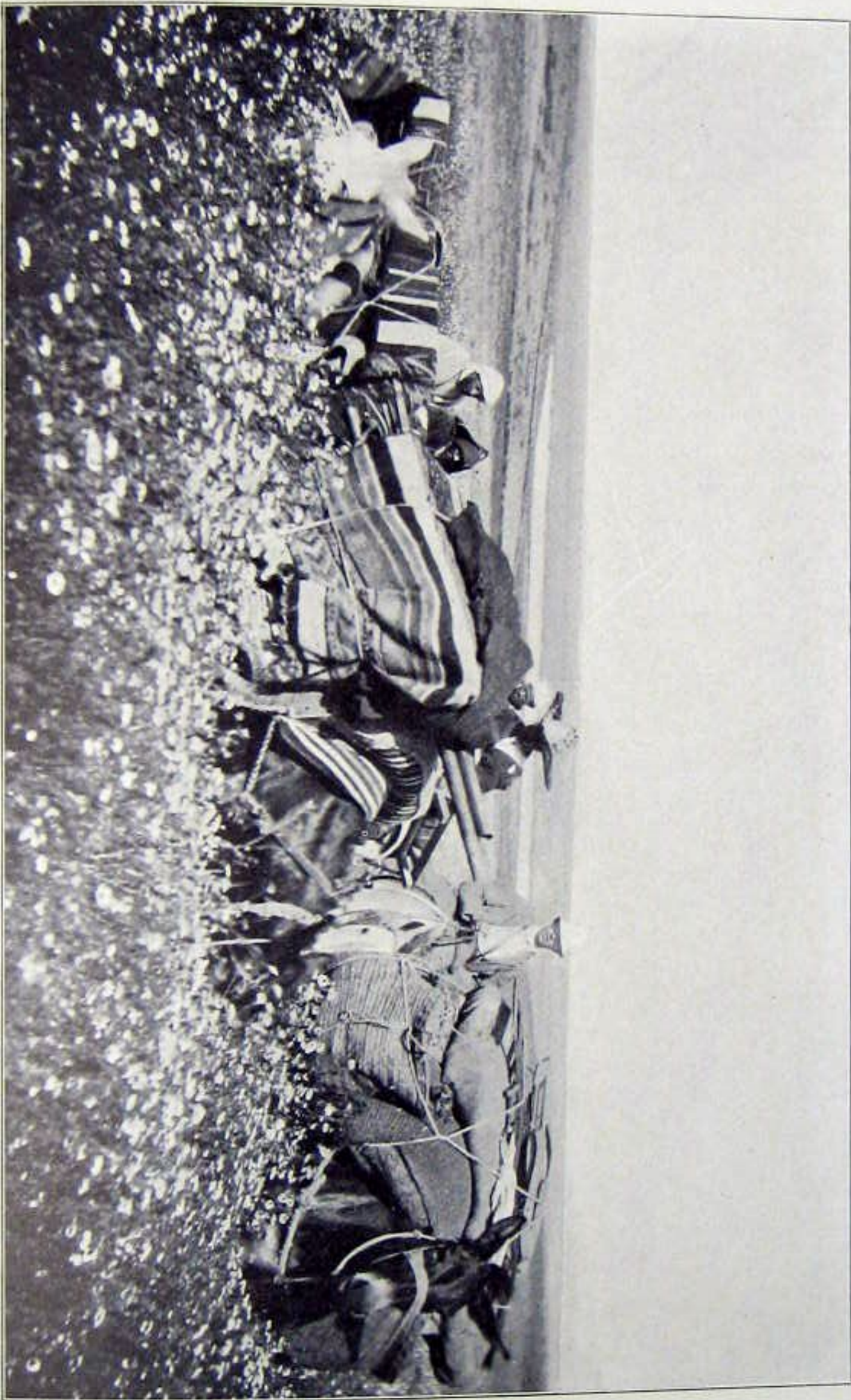
It is insisted that some medicine should be administered internally. "All doctors make sick people swallow medicine," they say; and to conform to custom, and yet do no harm, we give our patient a cup of water in which a little paregoric has been dropped. Then, with a "Trust in Allah!" the foreign doctors retire amid the blessings of the crowd.



A PORTUGUESE PORTAL

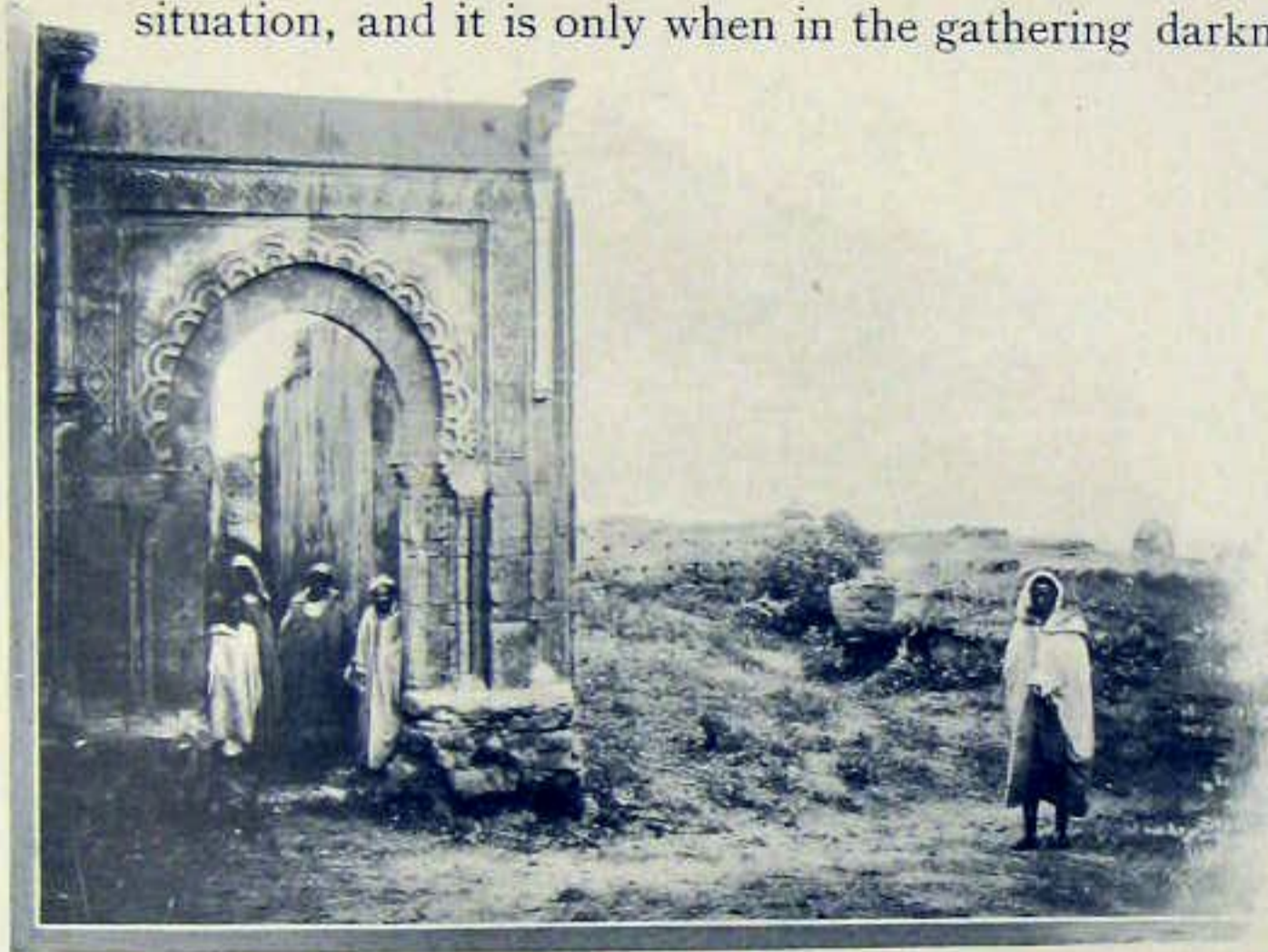
Could we have cured but one tenth of the maladies, or in any small way relieved the needless suffering which greets the traveler in Morocco, we should have been happy; but we were not prepared; we lacked both knowledge and medical supplies. It grieved us to play the impostor, yet it was kinder to the people, who in many things are simple as children. To refuse them advice and treatment would have been cruel, however worthless the advice and treatment. Our willingness to serve our doses of paregoric, our injunctions to

"UP TO THE EYES IN DAISIES"



trust in the one God, pleased and cheered them. That was all that we could hope to accomplish.

We even do a little veterinary surgery for a wounded horse, a fine gray steed, lamed by a bullet in the leg. The poor beast is held prostrate while the bullet is cut out with my pocket-knife, and the wound is cauterized with red-hot iron. The excitement keeps us from a realizing sense of our situation, and it is only when in the gathering darkness



AN EMPTY TOWN

we have returned to our tent that we begin clearly to recognize the fact that these little scenes of such a painful interest are not prepared merely to amuse the curious traveler. There is a stern reality in it all ; and the Beni-Zimour who, this very morning, attacked the village and laid low men and horses, are not many miles away.

The night is clear. The few men in camp are constantly on the alert. We see the chief mount and ride outside that circle of flimsy tents, our only fortification. He goes to see that the patrols are not neglecting duty, to scan with anxious eyes the southern distance.

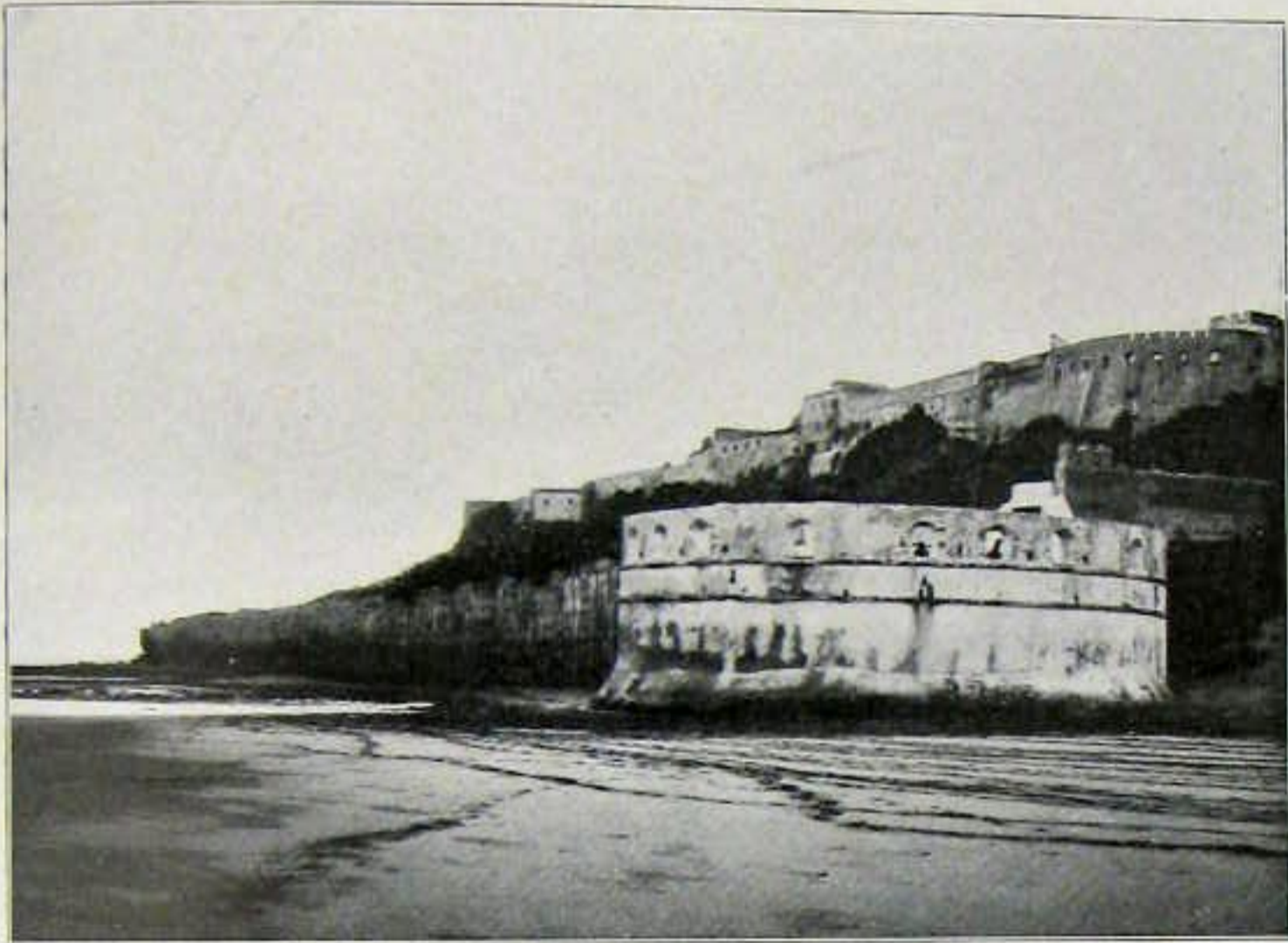
All is still till half-past nine. Then comes the most uncomfortable quarter of an hour that I have ever passed. A shrill, loud cry rings out ; we think it is the call to prayer. Not so ; it is the call to arms. "*Hayel!*" — "to horse," the sentinels have shouted ; and that cry of "*Hayel*" is answered by pandemonium in the village. The tribesmen



" WHERE THE SEBU MEETS THE SEA "

rush to loose their shackled steeds, a hundred cowardly dogs begin to bark, and from every tent women and children rush out terror-stricken and weeping.

Their cries, the tramp of hoofs, the guttural shouts of our wild-eyed protectors combine to wake us to a sense of personal danger. The sentinels have seen a moving mass upon the plain, supposedly a band of Zimour horsemen. They are in expectation of a prompt attack. Our troop hur-



SEAWARD FORTIFICATIONS — MEHEDIA

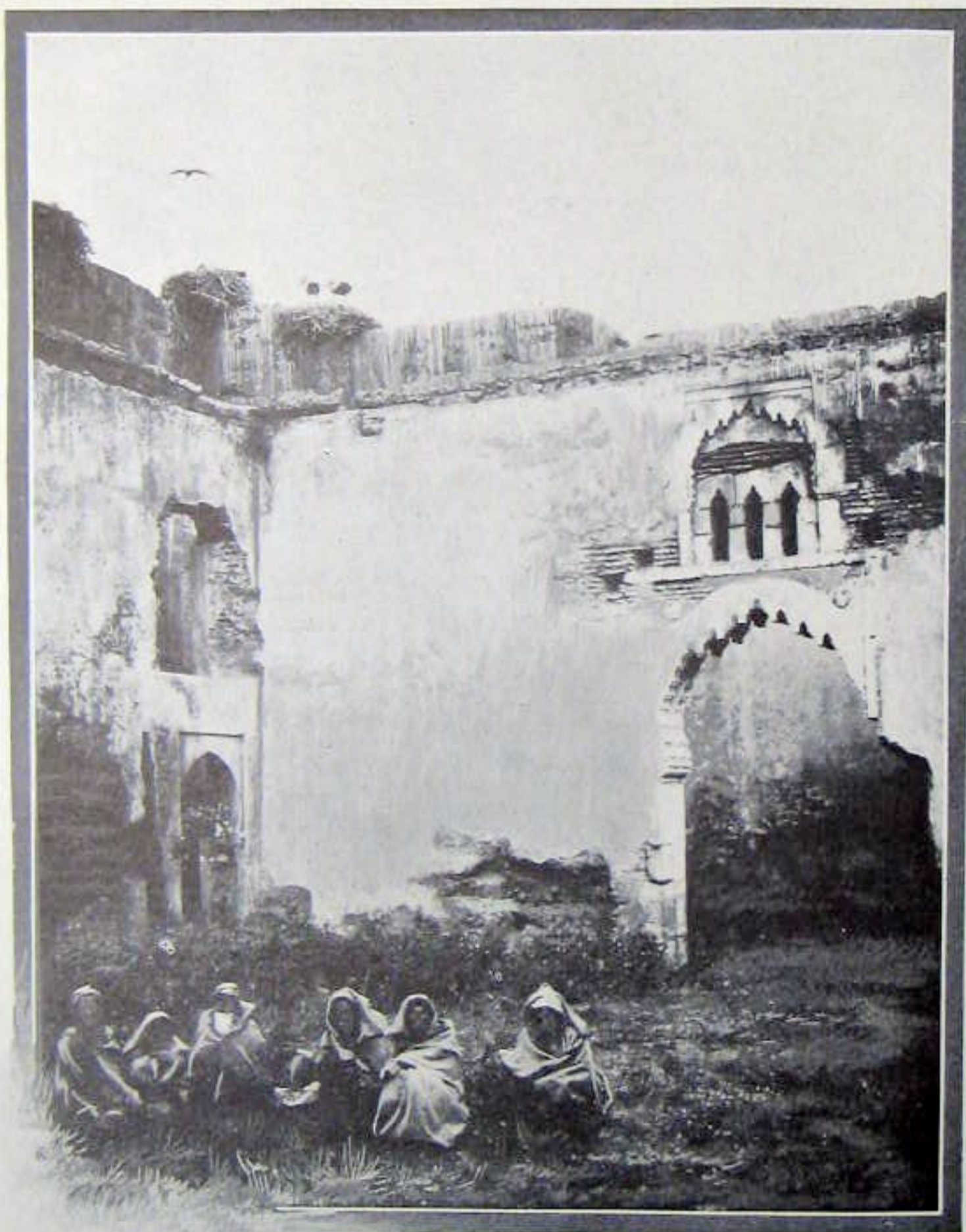
riedly assembled, sallies out to meet the coming foe. A troubled silence reigns.

We wait and wait. No sound ; no clash of arms ; no shots exchanged. Five, ten, twenty minutes pass, then comes tramp of hoofs, a dark mass sweeps into the vague circle of Bedouin tents, the dogs stop barking, and with relief we recognize our faithful cavaliers as they dismount, giving grunts of satisfaction.

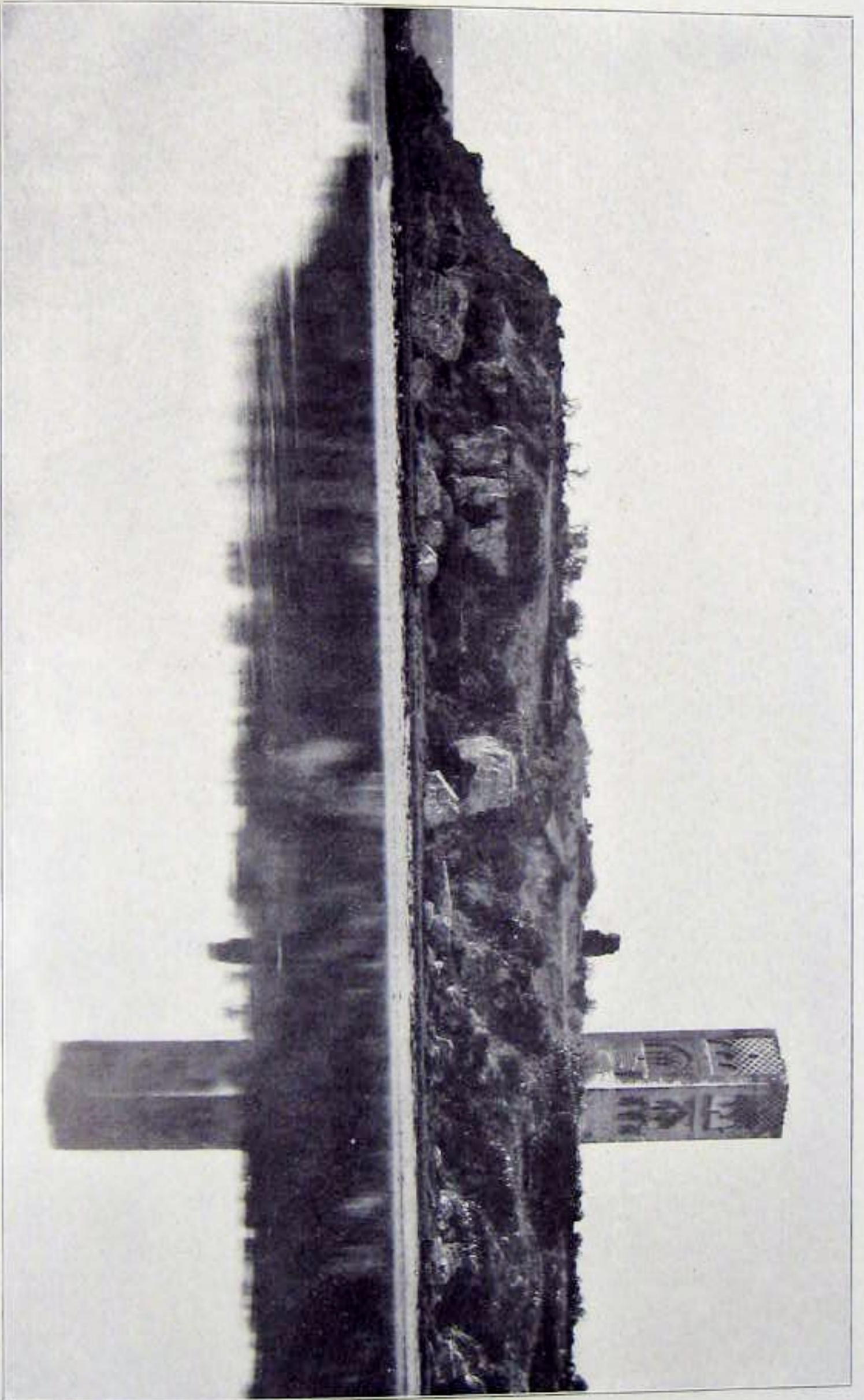
The approaching enemy had been frightened off by the unexpected appearance of our little army. Their force was small, they had believed the village unprotected, and they did not know that the bravest Beni-Hasan men had returned to guard their women and their homes. The sentinels are doubled, and after an hour more of watching, we fall asleep, weary with the day's excitement.

And as, next day, our journey is peacefully resumed with a smaller escort than before, we are inclined to laugh at the terrors of the night, and to chaff one another on our respec-

tive preparations for defense or flight. My warlike friend had spent that anxious hour cleaning his shotgun, removing bird-shot from his shells, and substituting crude lumps of lead obtained from Kaid Lharbi's store of ammunition. I had quietly packed my photographic films into the smallest possible bundle, and went to bed, ready at a moment's notice to seize the precious packet and escape—whither, I did not know.



ABANDONED PORTUGUESE PALACES



Photograph by Cavilla

THE RIVER BU RAGGREG NEAR RABAT

By midday on the morrow we are beyond the reach of harm. Making a small present to the Beni-Hasan guards, we watched them disappear in the direction of the seat of war, where they will continue their life of skirmish and pillage until laid low by bullets from their hated Zimour neighbors.

And as, some hours later, we approach the coast, our caravan plunges into a veritable ocean of freshness, where



THE WORTHLESS INHABITANTS

the wild daisies are so tall that our animals appear to be lying down, while in reality they are toiling on as best they may through a sea of flowers four feet deep. Our pet mule, the little white one, is almost up to his eyes in daisies, while the others revenge themselves for many days of dry, short, withered grass by feasting upon the rich fare so unexpectedly encountered. For several miles we slowly advance along this curious road (for we are still upon a road, though one little used) and at last, reaching a hilltop, we are greeted by

a glorious salt breeze, and looking westward we behold the dim blue stretches of the broad Atlantic.

An hour more and we arrive at Mehedia, formerly a city of the Portuguese, to-day a vast ruin in the midst of which a miserable Arab hamlet is concealed. We camp near the decaying walls, where storks and men, gifted with equal intelligence, observe us with a silent curiosity. This Mehedia was once a flourishing port, and the fortifications left by the Portuguese are very stately and must have been at one time thoroughly impregnable. To-day, however, everything is dilapidated and forsaken.

We descend to the beach and enjoy a dip in the salty waters where the River Sebu meets the sea. Above us loom the imposing walls and bastions of Mehedia, silent and abandoned, yet eloquent of the vanished glory of Portugal.

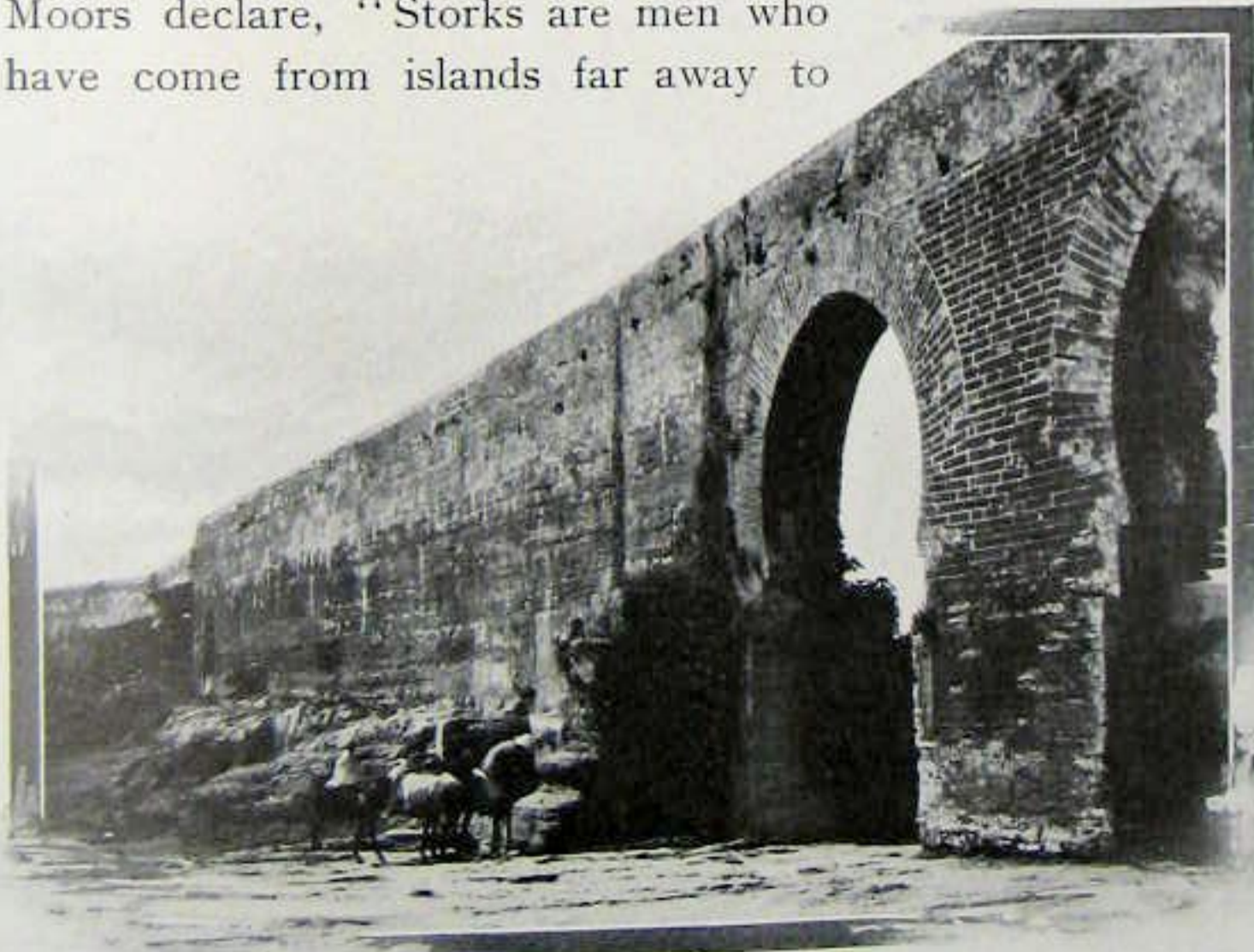


THE BASHA PROVES HIS PROWESS



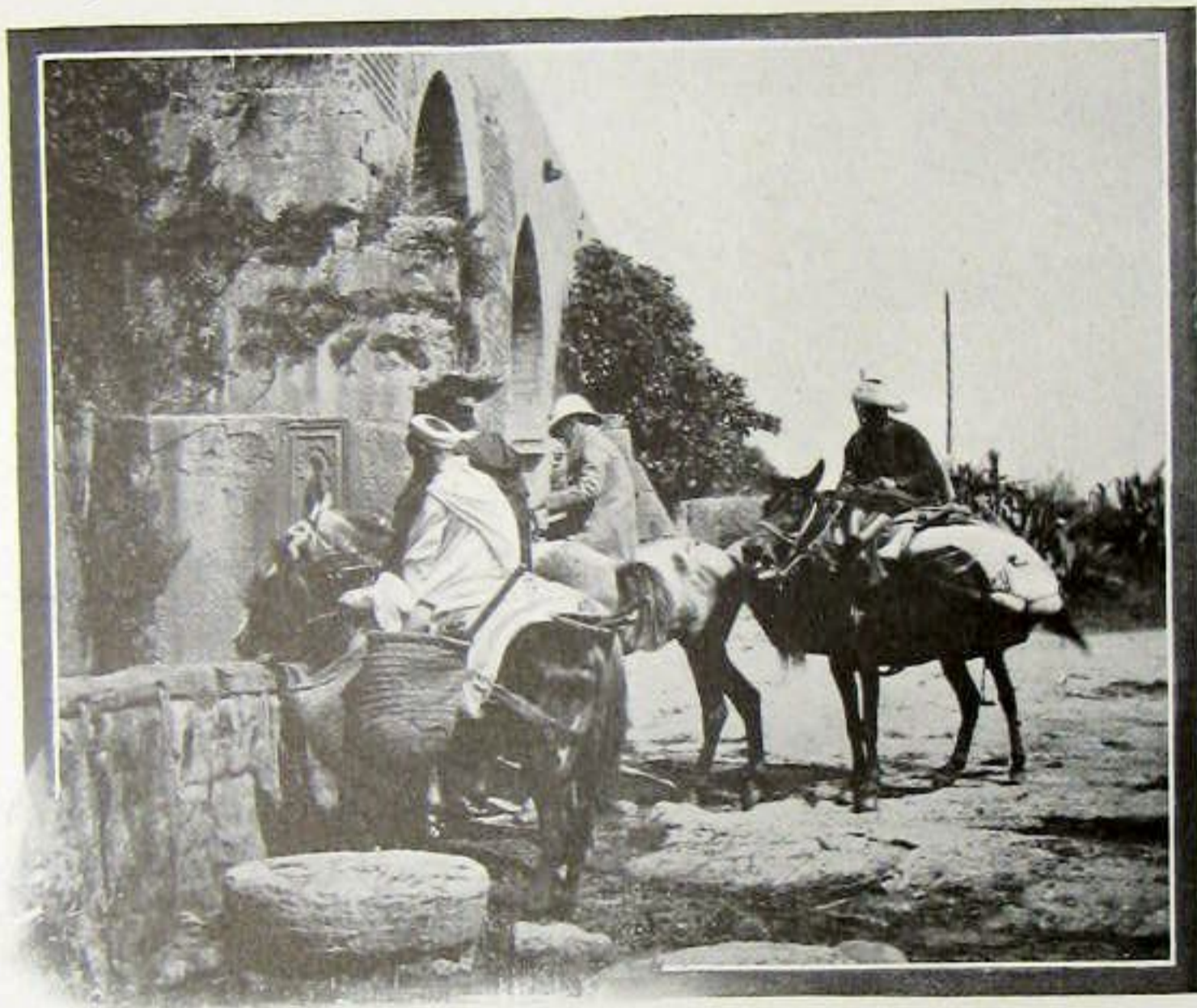
A PART OF THE IMPERIAL HAREM

In the thought of this empty fortress, so formidable in aspect, so monumentally defenseless in its desolation, there is something almost awe-inspiring. Its few miserable human denizens seem like dejected ghosts gliding through the crumbling portals, haunting the roofless palaces. The stork population on the wall-tops and the battlements seems more real. The Moors declare, "Storks are men who have come from islands far away to



THE GREAT WALL OF SALLI

the west upon the great ocean to see Morocco. Like all the world they know there is no other land to compare with it; they abandon their outward form of men, and come hither to behold it. Therefore we give them hospitality and do not harm them." Nay, the Moors do more



BEFORE ENTERING SALLI

than this for the long-legged dwellers on their house-tops — they maintain in Fez a hospital for invalid storks, founded, so runs the legend, in this wise: Several hundred years ago a stork came to the Kadi of Fez bringing a pearl necklace that it had stolen. As the owner could not be found, with the proceeds from the sale of the necklace, the Kadi bought a house that is still in existence, called the Stork House, an institution where storks are received and treated as human beings.*

* Budgett Meakin—"The Land of the Moors." Mr. Meakin's three volumes, "The Moorish Empire," "The Land of the Moors," and "The Moors" are recommended to readers who desire fuller information concerning Morocco and its people.



RABAT

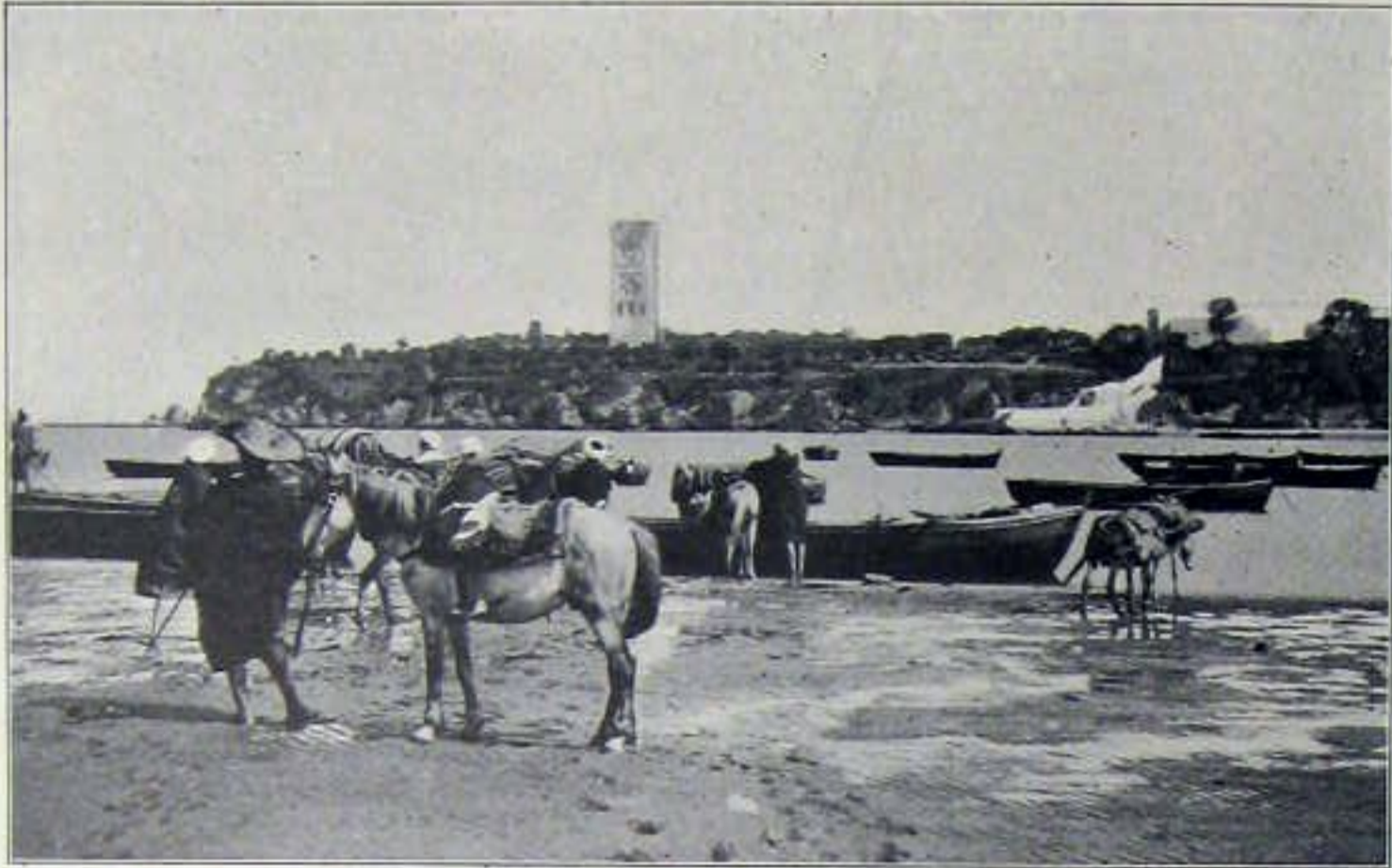
The Moorish lover looks upon the stork with a peculiar reverence and affection, for from its haunts on terrace or tower the bird looks down upon the habitations of the women, and daily beholds the beloved one. But storks of Mehedia take no more heed of us than do the gray-robed human inhabitants.

On the eve of our departure, the Kaid of the village cannot resist exhibiting his skill with a recently acquired Winchester rifle that, he tells us, has been taken from



ON THE BEACH AT SALLI

smugglers in the performance of his official duties. Learning that we are Americans and therefore compatriots of his new gun, he deigns to look with favor upon us and invites us to his dwelling. There he prepares to astonish us with his marksmanship. An egg is placed upon a wall fifty feet distant. The Kaid seats himself comfortably on a ledge, takes leisurely aim, amid the respectful silence of his followers, and then bangs away. The plaster on the wall was badly damaged, but after the smoke had cleared away, the egg, intact, looked down upon the humbled Moor, who proceeded to examine and criticise the sights of the Winchester.



THE RIVER BU RAGREG

My friend, when his turn came to try the gun, was not considerate enough to spare the egg. His pride in his marksmanship overcame his politeness, as a yellow blotch on that old wall may still attest.

From Mehedia it is one day's ride southward to the sister-cities of Salli and Rabat, sister-cities which have never been on the best of terms with one another. We follow a sandy trail along the coast—the monotony of the journey broken by but a single incident, an encounter with a gaily furnished caravan. Six Moorish women robed in white, with covered faces, attended by a dozen guards and servants, come slowly along the dusty track. At their approach Kaid Lharbi, evincing a sudden bashfulness, dashes off to the right, points his horse's head toward the sea, and sits there with his back turned to the veiled beauties until the gay parade has passed. The other men of our escort follow his example, galloping off to one side or the other, planting their steeds with tails toward the trail, not venturing to look around until the dust raised by the passing caravan has settled. We naturally seize our cameras to record this strange proceeding,

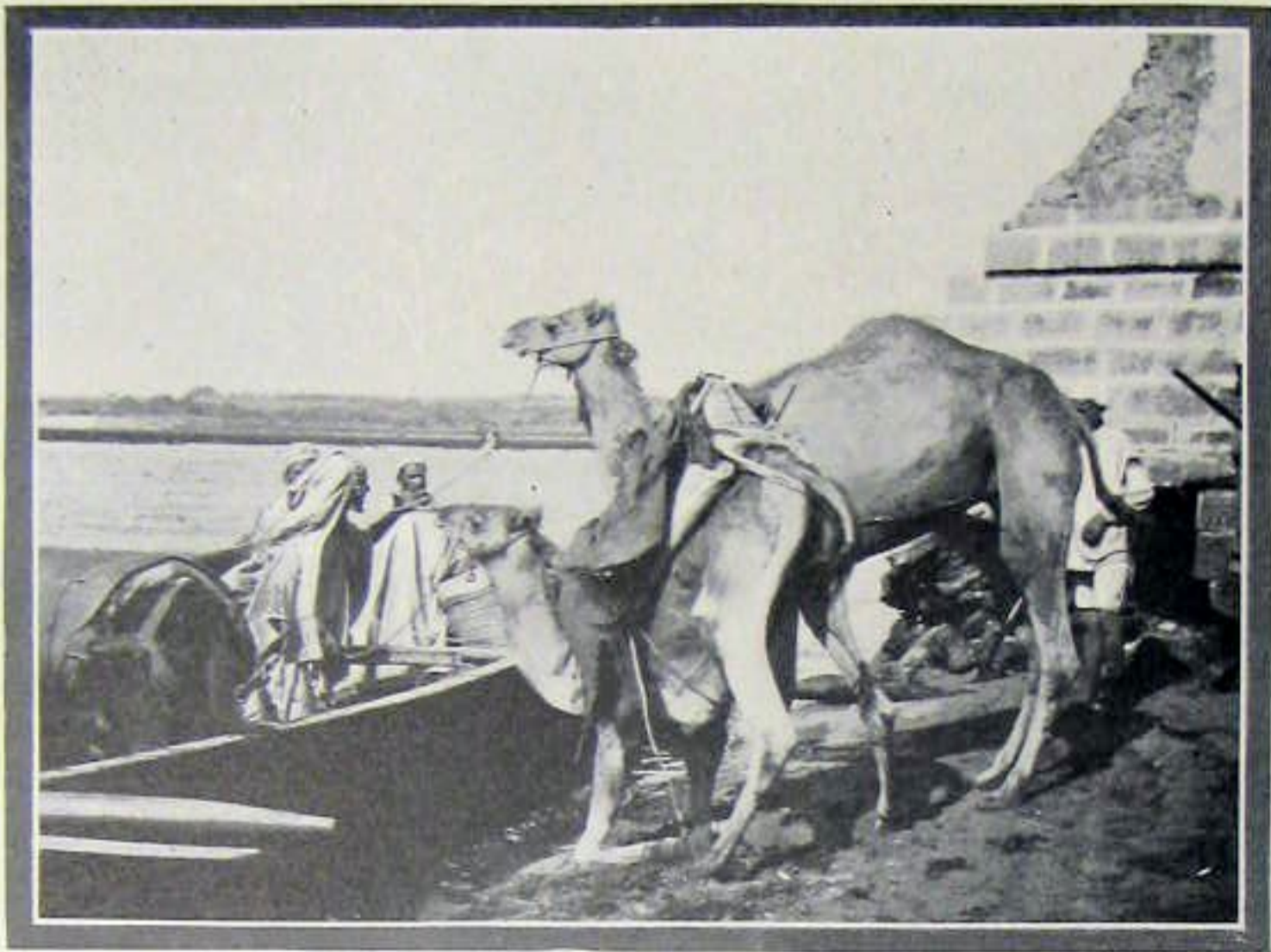
whereupon they shout imperatively, "Turn your backs quickly! These are the Sultan's wives. No man may look upon them!" Accordingly we, too, conform to a custom which seems to us rude rather than courteous and turn our backs upon the mysterious beauties, a contingent of Imperial wives whom Mulai El-Hasan is shipping in advance to await his arrival at Mehedia or Mequinez.

A few hours later we pass beneath the aqueduct of Salli, which serves also as an outer city-wall. Then, after watering our animals, we ride on across vast vacant spaces until the gates of Salli admit us to the famous city of the old-time "Salli Rovers."

So hostile is the populace that every attempt at picture-making brings a volley of stones from howling urchins and threatening murmurs from savage-looking citizens. All that we remember of our visit to Salli is a rapid dash through narrow thoroughfares amid a sprinkling of missiles and maledictions. It is with a sense of relief that we find ourselves on the broad sandy beach that stretches from the southern



SWITCHING THE "BAGGAGE-CAR"
AT THE FERRY



THE SALLI-RABAT FERRY

walls down to the River Bu Ragreg, on the opposite shore of which rises the city of Rabat, our destination. As we look back toward the white line traced by Salli's gleaming rooftops, our thoughts go back to the hero of our childhood, Robinson Crusoe who, taken by the Salli Rovers, was there held in slavery for many months, finally escaping in a small boat belonging to his Moorish master. Another famous character, Captain John Smith, came to Salli in 1604; but why he came and what he did there we do not definitely know. For years the Corsairs of this port were the scourge of Christian merchant-ships. Piracy was then a recognized profession, the title "pirate" an honorable one, in fact, the highest naval title of to-day is but a corruption of that assumed by the old pirate chiefs: "Lord of the Sea," "Ameer-el-Bahr,"—Admiral!

Salli and Rabat, although within gunshot of one another, differ widely in character. Salli is rabidly anti-foreign.

Rabat is commercial and comparatively cordial to Christians, sheltering a little colony of European merchants and vice-consuls.

Between the cities flows the Bu Ragreg, "Father of Glittering," across which we must be ferried in crude flat-bottomed barges. To switch our baggage-train on to the ferry-boat is a task that calls for much hard work and not a little Arabic profanity.

We must wait our turn; for there are other caravans, with camels, mules, and horses massed upon the sands. At last our animals are all embarked with the exception of Bokhur-mur's burro, who, accustomed only to fording, requires much persuasion before he will trust himself to this new-fangled contrivance. During the brief period of calm that intervenes between the embarkation and subsequent landing on the Rabat beach, we look in admiration at the scene about us. Above the palisade on the south bank rises a noble half-completed tower. We have long since heard reports of it.



HIS FIRST EMBARKATION



RABAT — THE CITY AND THE CITADEL

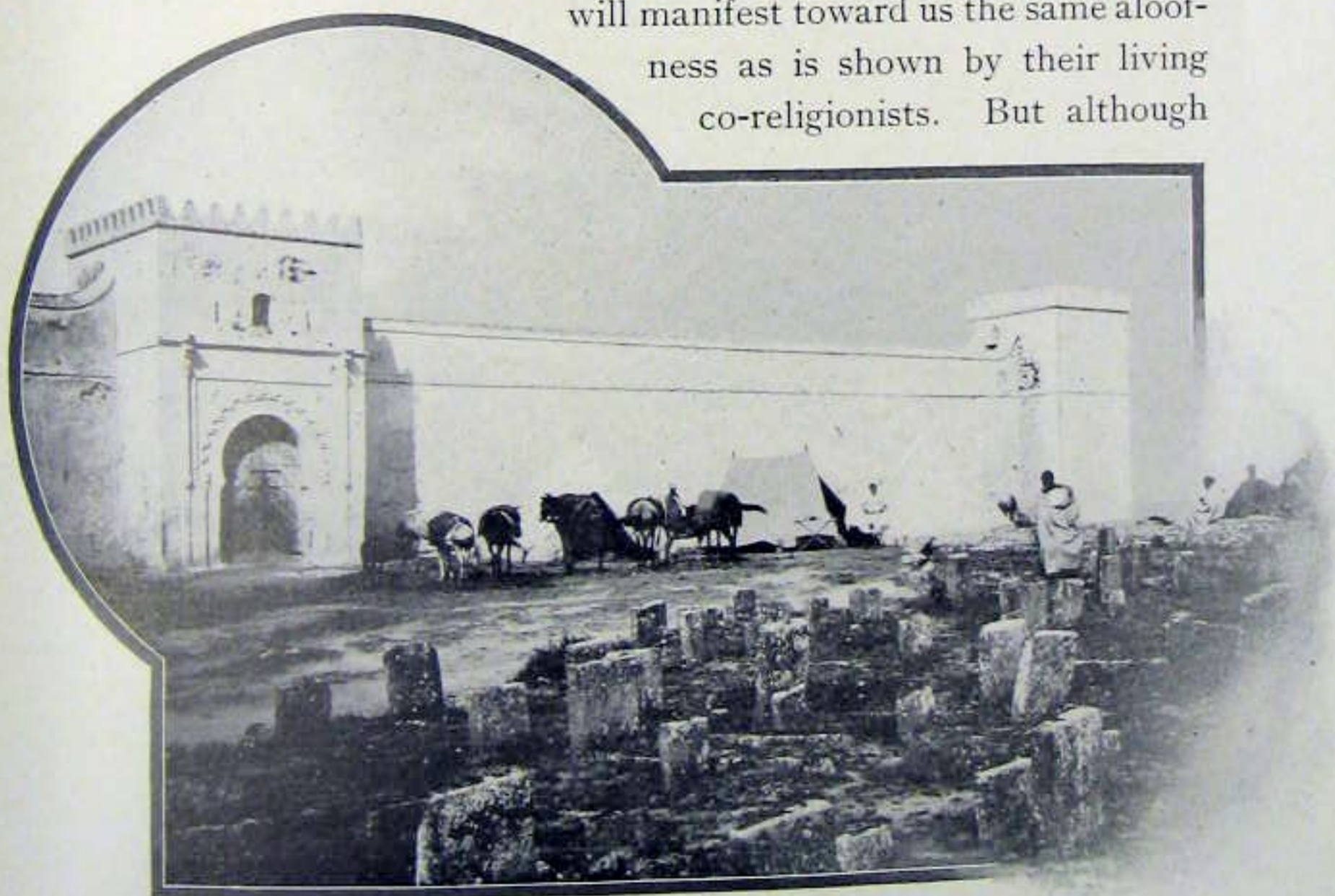
We know it as the Beni-Hasan tower, a sister to the famed Giralda of Seville and to the Kutubiya of Morocco City. The same Sultan, Yakub el Mansur, the great builder, reared this trinity of towers about eight hundred years ago. To-day they prove the vast extent of his dominion; to him owed allegiance all the lands which lie between Andalusia in the south of Spain, and Marrakesh, on the borders of the Great Sahara. But the Beni-Hasan pile was never finished. It stands to-day as the workmen left it in the year 1200.

Rabat owes its existence to the builder of the tower, who late in the twelfth century founded on this promontory his "Camp of Victory," "Rabat el Fatih." The frowning citadel sits darkly on the crest between the harbor and the sea, the smiling city lies gleaming just below. We follow the broad, animated beach, enter at the water-gate, present our credentials to the governor, and after some delay a camping-ground is assigned us on the crest within the shadow of the

citadel, under the very walls of the powder magazine. It is not until our outfit is here unpacked, that we remark the fact that we are pitching our tents in a graveyard. All round-about us are neglected graves, tombstones inclined at most distressing angles, with hollows where there should be mounds, and weeds and rubbish in place of greens and flowers.

Poor Abuktayer, sick from fatigue and bad water drunk on the journey, is excused from work, and sits amid the mossy mortuary tablets, a picture of weariness and woe, watching the other servants as they wedge tent-pegs into the cracks of tombstones.

Grewsome indeed our camping-ground, but good enough for Christian dogs, the amiable Basha thinks, and the Christian dogs have ceased to be fastidious. All that we ask is that the sleeping Moors, buried only two feet underground, will manifest toward us the same aloofness as is shown by their living co-religionists. But although



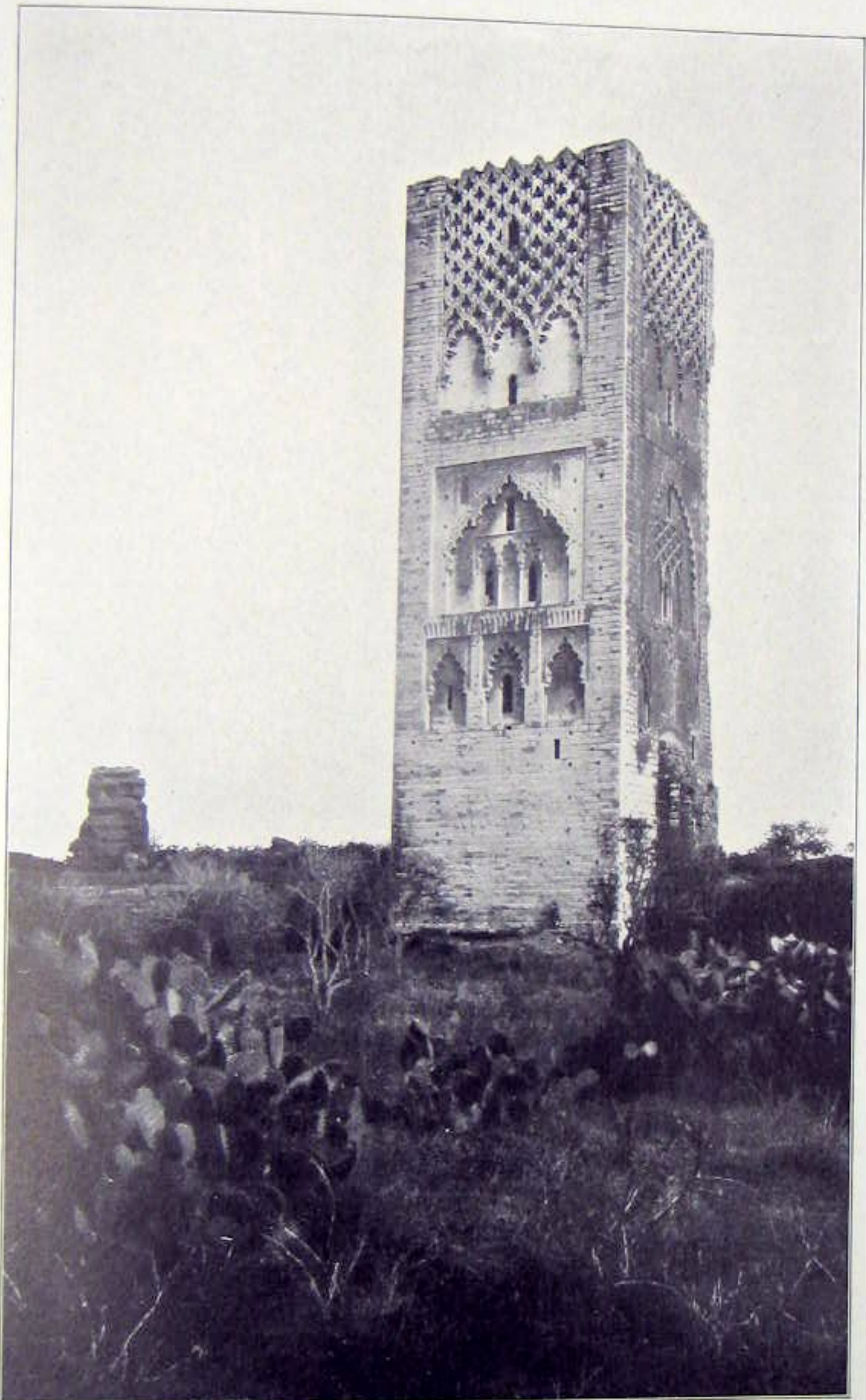
OUR CAMP AT THE RABAT POWDER HOUSE

our foreground is not cheerful to contemplate, the views in two directions are superb. Looking westward we see the snow-white city with its "saint-houses" and minarets, and in the distance the square, commanding tower, high above the winding river. The seaward vista is not less attractive. The wide ocean stretches peacefully westward to the new world; at our feet the warlike pomp of the old world is displayed in the six



ABUKTAYER

stately camps of Bashas from the interior provinces. These Bashas have come to Rabat to greet the Sultan who, with his mighty caravan, is expected within a fortnight. Four thousand horsemen are assembled at Rabat to escort the Imperial train from Rabat to Fez. Every evening, just before sunset, fine old gentlemen in spotless robes of white toil up to our hill-top, and, passing our camp without a side glance or a salutation, spread small red rugs upon the tombs, seat themselves thereon, and watch the slow sun sink into the progressive west. Then in the twilight they rise, fold up



Photograph by Cavilla

THE BENI-HASAN TOWER — RABAT

their rugs, and with a measured tread return to the white city whence they came. Seven times we saw the same old worthies come, watch, and depart, but never was there a glance of recognition, never a sign they are conscious of our presence amid the resting-places of their dead. Therefore we were surprised, one evening, when three dignified personages halted before our tents, spoke a few words to Haj, and



THE CAMPS OF THE GOVERNOR.

then sat down on tombstones and began a serenade with a violin, a tambourine, and a peculiar form of Oriental guitar. A glance at their dress tells us that these men are Jews; a word of explanation from Haj tells us that they are sent to play for us by the local Consular-Agent of the United States, a native Jew, upon whom we had called the day before.

Among the European residents of this remote port is an eccentric Englishman from Gibraltar who has built for himself in Rabat the tallest dwelling in Morocco, a house of four stories, its façade conspicuous because of its unusual height

and its coat of bright blue paint. On several occasions the owner of this unique Moorish skyscraper entertained us at dinner, and insisted that we should lodge under his aspiring roof on stormy nights, when our camp was drenched with rain. In view of this cordial treatment extended to entire strangers, we are surprised to learn that our host is



MINSTRELS OF ISRAEL

not on speaking terms with other members of the foreign colony. That he lives practically alone, attended by an old Spanish housekeeper. In every corner of the world the traveler is sure to find the solitary Englishman dwelling in Anglo-Saxon seclusion and independence amid strange peoples, sufficient unto himself, his house his castle, his excuse for self-banishment the remark, "Oh, I rather like the place, you know; good air, fine climate."

Rabat is primarily a place of business; the markets and bazaars are always thronged. Rug-making is the industry for which the port is noted, and every day we see itinerant auctioneers, weighted down with brilliant carpets trudging

through the streets, calling the latest bid, and offering the fabric for the examination of would-be purchasers. Unfortunately, modern Rabat carpets, like Navajo blankets, have suffered from the introduction of aniline dyes. The colors are crude, the designs less artistic than in earlier times. The local industry, once carried to perfection, is fast degenerating, and Rabat rugs are no longer things of worth and beauty.

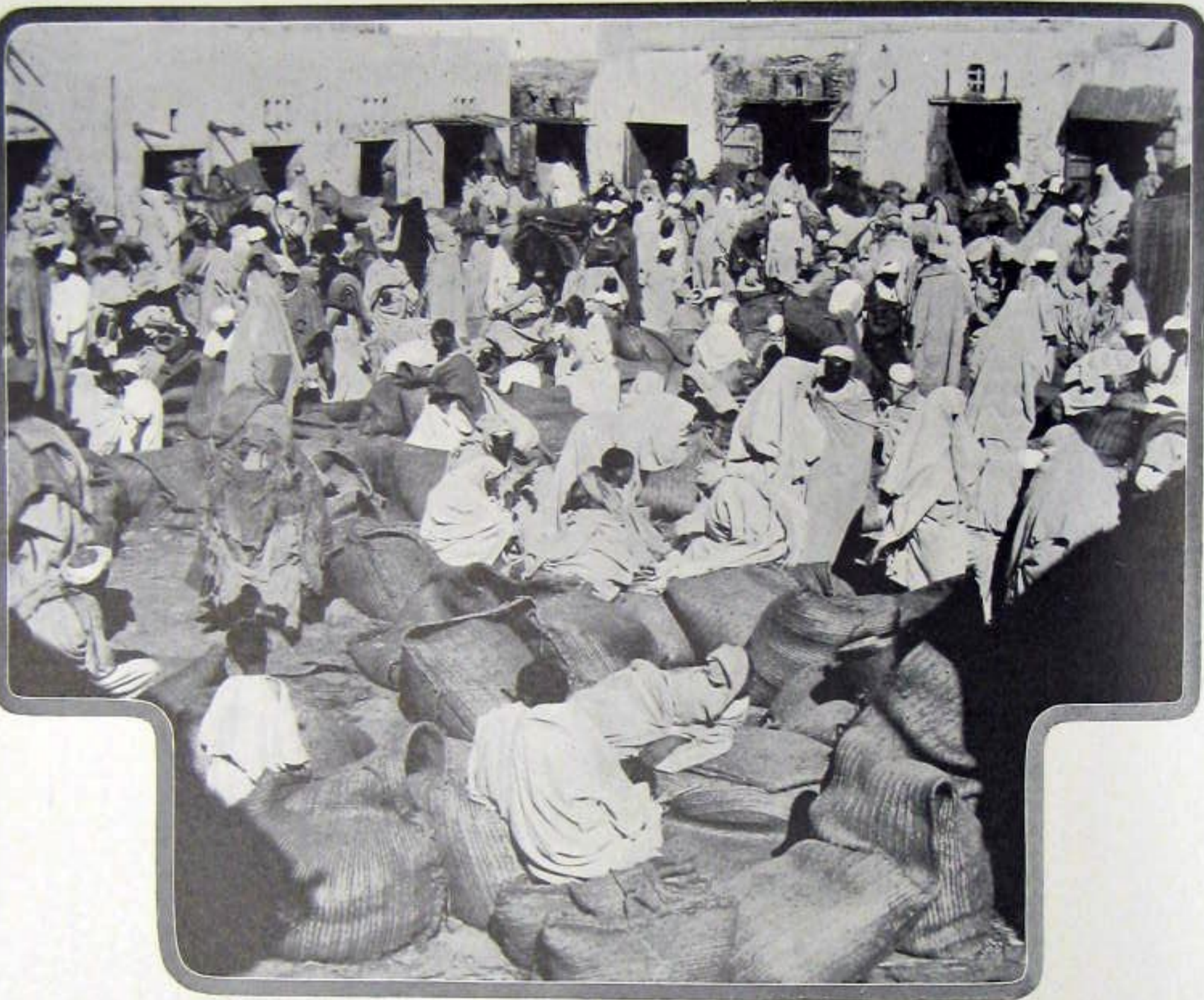
In all things the Moors have continually retrograded since the conquest of Granada. From one of the foremost, they

have become almost the last of nations; their arts, their sciences, their industries forgotten, nothing remains to them save their skill in horsemanship, their bravery in battle, and their fixed belief in the predestination of all things, good or evil.

A crazy saint replied when we reproached him for being drunk with rum, "It is no sin. It is written." Those fatalistic words, "It is written — God has willed it," have been the cause of Moorish retrogression. They have robbed the people of ambition and energy; the Moor, in time of disaster, shifts the responsibility upon Allah, and murmurs resignedly,



THE TALLEST HOUSE IN MOROCCO



BUSINESS IN RABAT

“It is written.” This philosophy helps him to bear the ills of life, great and small. For example, if a Moor chances to seat himself upon a tack, he does not curse nor swear nor rail at fate, nor does he wince as he withdraws the offending point. Far be it from him to protest. He simply murmurs, “It is written,” and carefully replaces the tack for some other Moor to sit upon.

On the fifth morning of our sojourn in Rabat, we note a mighty stir in all the military camps within and roundabout the city. Mysterious moving statues appear upon the house-

tops to watch the passing of armed men through the streets. Troops of gorgeously arrayed horsemen gallop across the town, filling the narrow lanes and covered bazaars with clatter and confusion. We ask the cause of all this sudden animation. The answer is, "The Prince arrives to-day. Our future Sultan, Abd-el-Aziz, is approaching from the south to herald the advance of his imperial father, Mulai El-Hasan III, who returns victorious from Taflet and Tadla where he has chastised the revolted tribes and 'eaten up' rebellious provinces." The Sultan had written to the waiting Bashas in words like these: "To you do I confide my best beloved son, my Mulai Abd-el-Aziz. Receive, protect, and honor him as if he were myself and something more." That "something more" bore a deep meaning, which was to be revealed within six days.

Rabat turns itself wrong-side-out to welcome the young prince. The Bashas and Kaidis, who, with their retinues, have been awaiting Imperial orders, now sally out from the south



ITINERANT AUCTIONEERS



RABAT RUGS

gates, followed by the entire population in festival attire. We mount our horses, and with Haj and Kaid Lharbi as escort join in this picturesque exodus. An hour later we find ourselves in the midst of an armed multitude, massed on the hillsides stretching southward from the city walls and overlooking the narrow plain along the sea-shore, which is to be the avenue of approach for the princely caravan. We are the only white men in that vast expectant throng, the only

“Christian dogs” who have ventured beyond the gates. Haj wears an anxious look; he knows that we are acting rashly in thus exposing ourselves unguarded to the whims of an army of fanatics. But the spectacle is worth the risk. Four thousand cavaliers are assembled along the crests of the hills



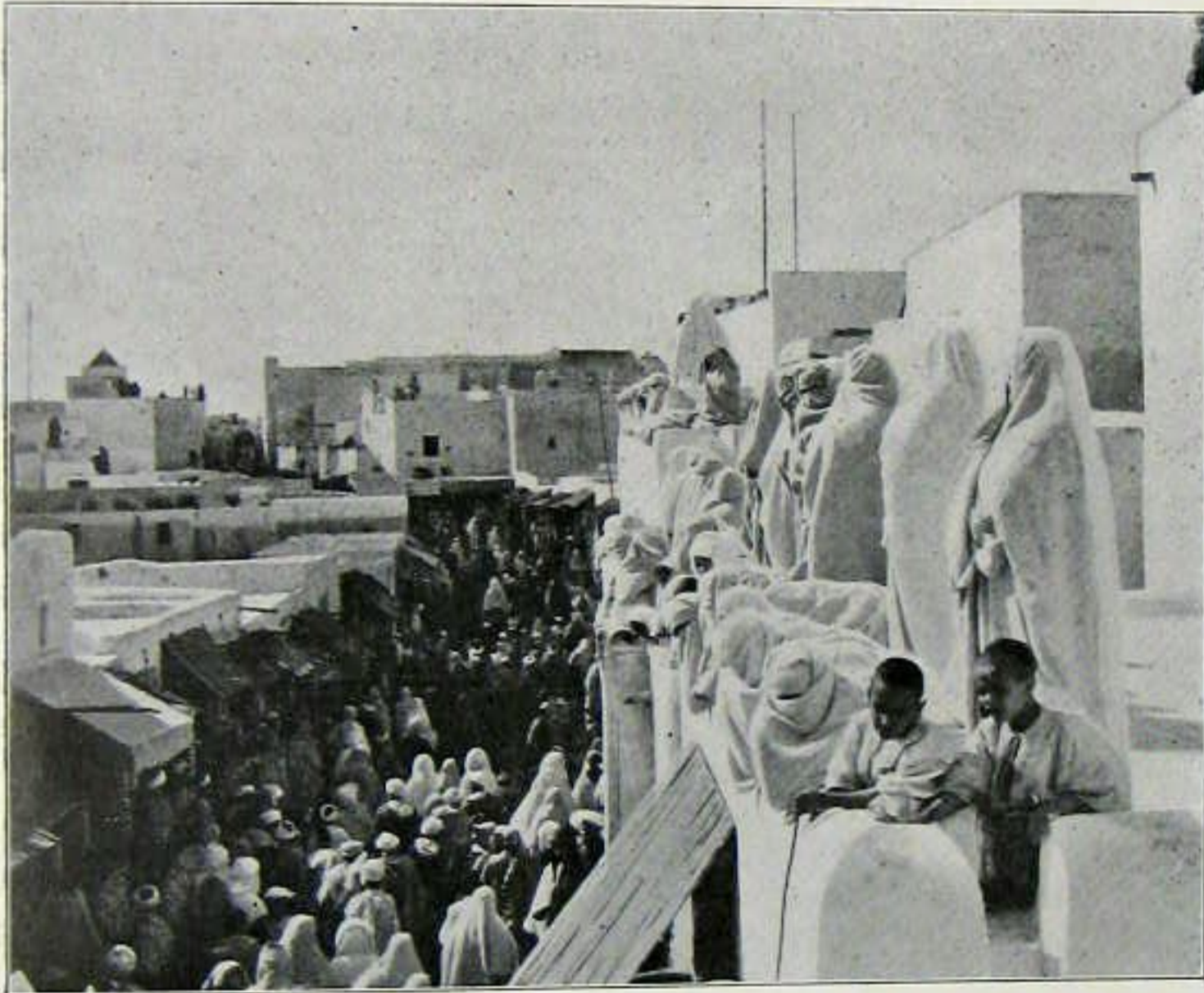
"IT IS WRITTEN"



Photograph by Cavilla

GATE OF SHELLA

or in the plain below, where battle seems to rage, for thence rises the smoke of oft-repeated volleys and the roar of musketry. Troop after troop is there performing the "powder play," Lab-el-Baroud, that very thrilling cavalry-manceuver peculiar to the "rough riders" of the Arab race.



MYSTERIOUS MOVING STATUES ON THE HOUSE-TOPS

A dozen cavaliers advance in a broad platoon, first at canter, then full gallop, then at a furious run, *ventre à terre*, the horses at their highest speed, the men erect in the stirrups, spinning and tossing their glittering flintlocks, until, at a word from the chief, triggers are drawn, and the troop vanishes into a cloud of smoke. When the smoke rolls away, there are the panting horses thrown back on their haunches, motionless as statues; and then, before we can give vent to our admiration, another troop comes thundering along, another volley racks the ears and clouds the air, another



ALL HORSEMEN SALLY SOUTHWARD

tableau forms, and dissolves in drifting smoke, until it seems as if all the hosts of the Prophet were joining in a universal fantasia in honor of the young prince who some day will be Commander of the Faithful, successor to the Shareefian throne founded by the grandson of Mohammed.



A BASHA AND HIS TROOP AT REST



POWDER PLAY — READY!

Then, when the troops are weary, two horsemen more energetic than the rest dash furiously at one another, and without colliding they exchange muskets; deftly, instantaneously, kiss each other on the cheek.



THE START



FIRE



HALT!



MULAI ABD-EL-AZIZ APPROACHING RABAT

Meantime a slow, silent, interminable caravan has been creeping along the shore. As far as the eye can reach in both directions, the shore is dotted with tiny moving spots, some red, some white, some brown, as if a tribe of giant ants were crawling northward toward Rabat. We see mules and camels laden to death, urged on by cruel drivers; we see the weary foot-soldiers dragging themselves along clad in a



THE ENDLESS LINE OF HORSEMEN

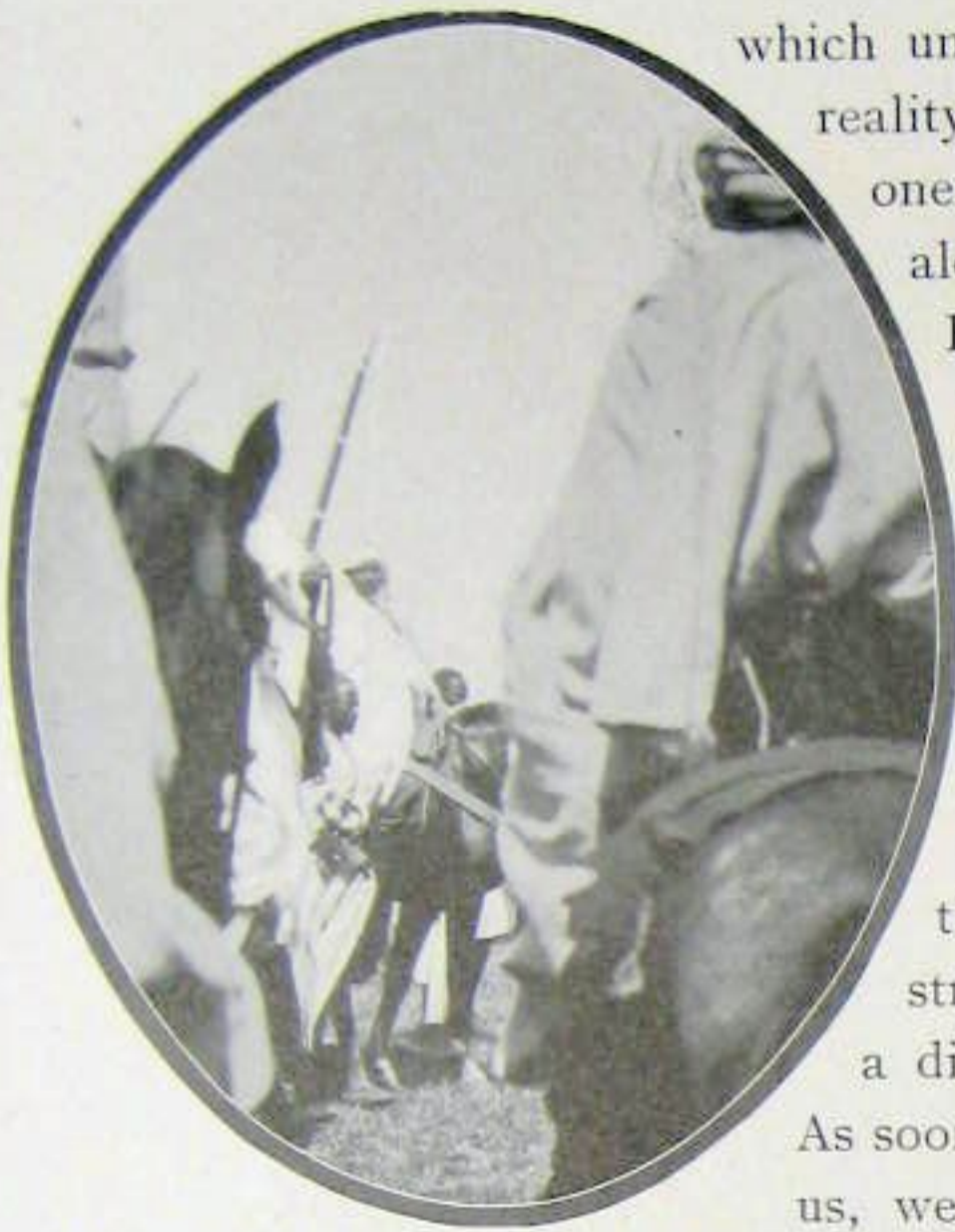
ragged suit of red and blue ; we see superb Moors in spotless white, dignitaries of the imperial household, attended by mounted guards and running servants.

Suddenly Haj exclaims, "There is the prince!" He points to a white-robed boy, superbly mounted, with an attendant walking at each stirrup. Behind him comes a litter borne by two mules in which young Abd-el-Aziz may



A FRAGMENT OF THE LIVING WALL OF MEN AND HORSES

repose when weary of the saddle. Then follows a broad platoon of the Imperial Guards, fierce negro cavaliers, the Bokharis, in whom alone, of all the army, the Sultan places perfect trust. Slowly the prince's train nears the waiting multitude. The four thousand horsemen on the hill-tops form in one grand line, and, as the future ruler of Morocco comes in view, that mighty rank of flesh and blood descends majestically to the plain like a foamy wave receding from a beach. No illustration can suggest the majesty of that spectacle. The endless line of white, so faint and dim,

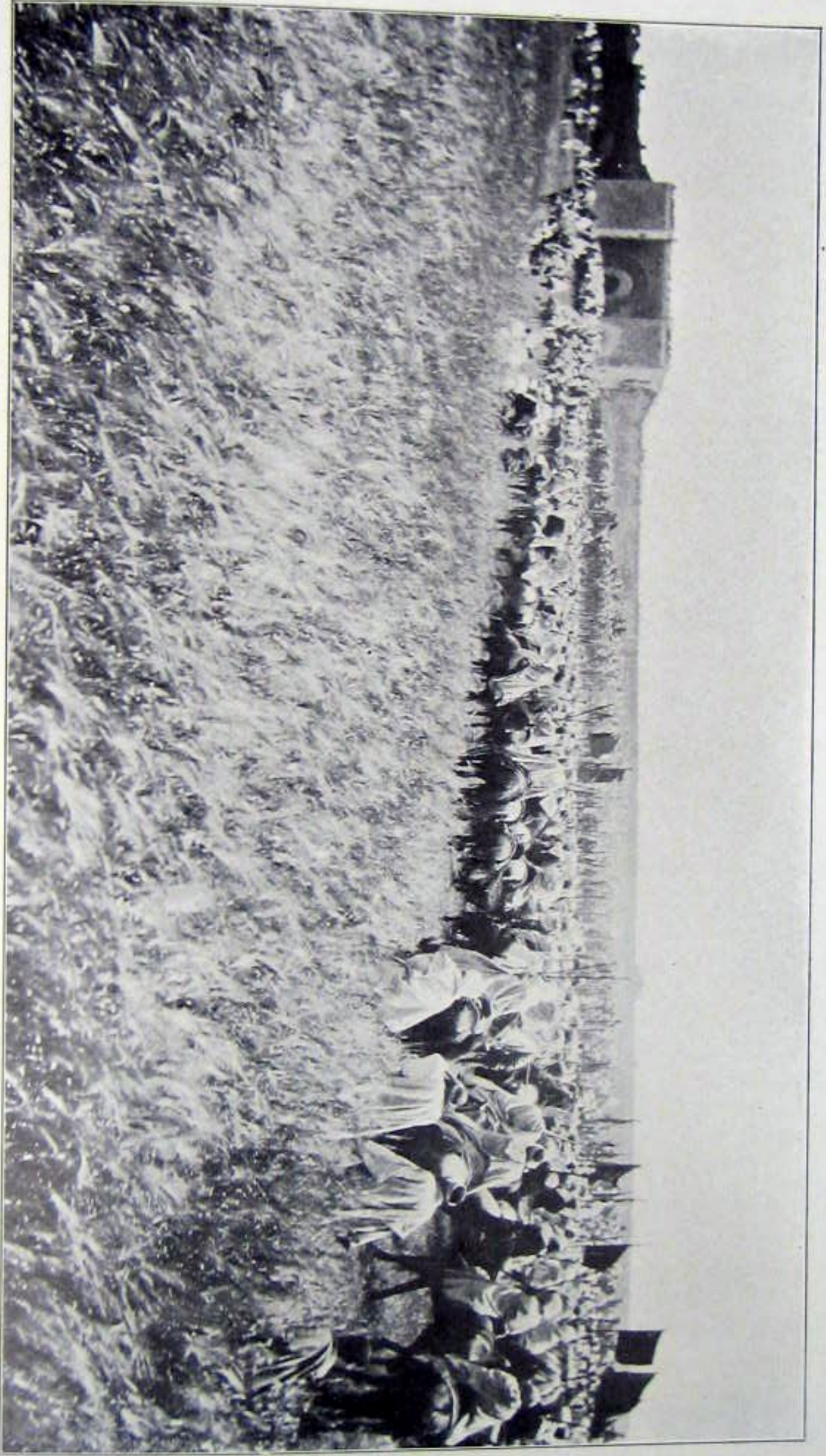


UNIQUE PORTRAIT OF MULAI ABD-EL-AZIZ,
EMPEROR OF MOROCCO

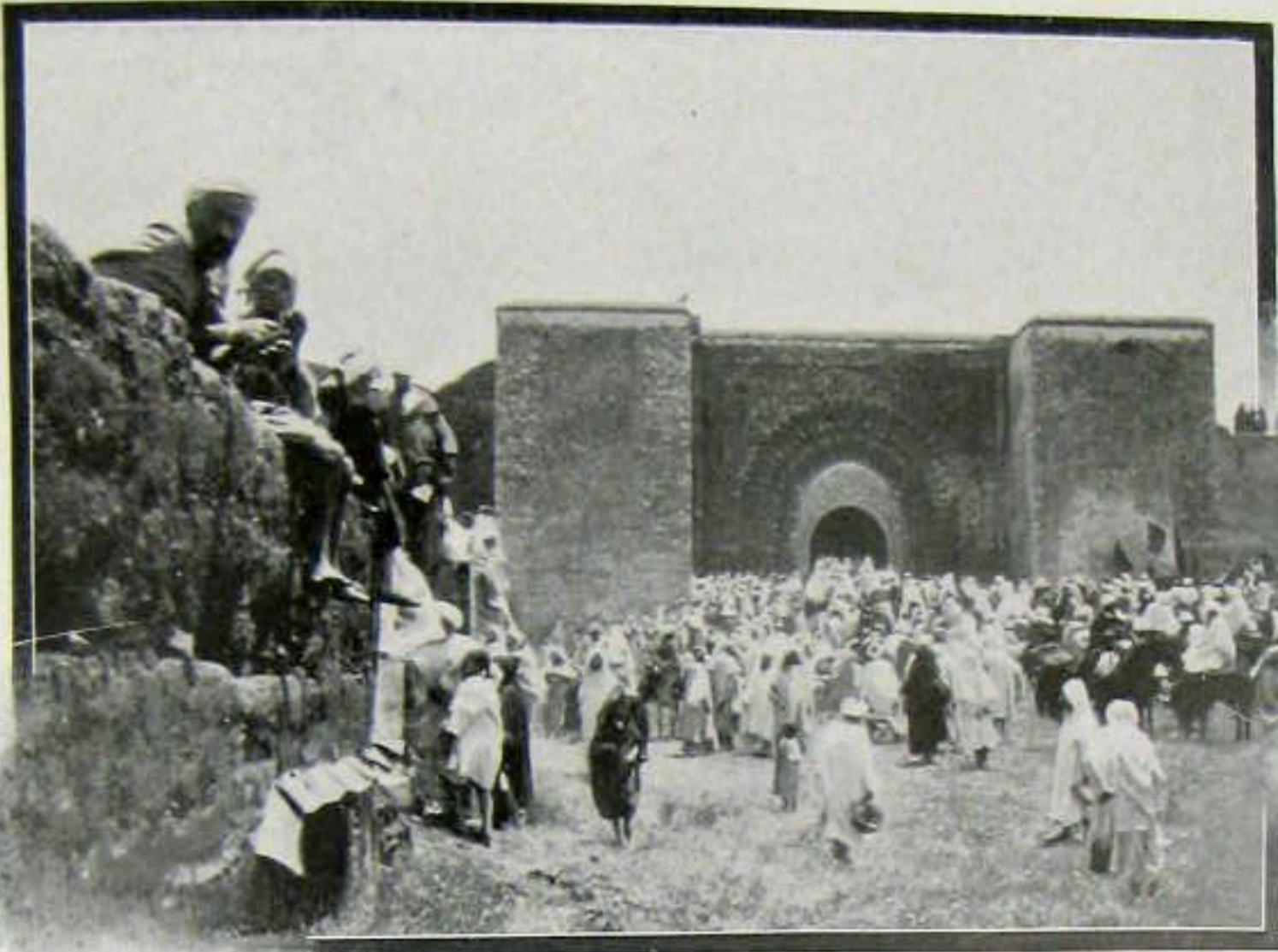
which undulates along the hillsides, is in reality the Moorish army drawn up in one unbroken rank, a living wall along which the son of Mulai El-Hasan is to pass, receiving homage from the troop of every Kaid and Basha. As far as we can see, the line, though curved and bent by the inequalities of the ground, is perfect, unbroken, the white, flowing garments of the horsemen looking like a mere thread lying along the slope and stretching away over the summit of a distant hill even to the city gates. As soon as the prince's train has passed us, we dash across its wake and ride along behind that wall of horsemen, peering through it at Abd-el-Aziz as he halts before each governor to receive the homage of the tribes. My one thought is to make a photograph of the prince during one of his brief pauses. Three times do I just miss my



THE BASHA WITH HIS BANNERS AND BRIGADE



AS IN THE DAYS OF THE CRUSADES



THE SPECTACLE IS NOT FOR UNBELIEVERS

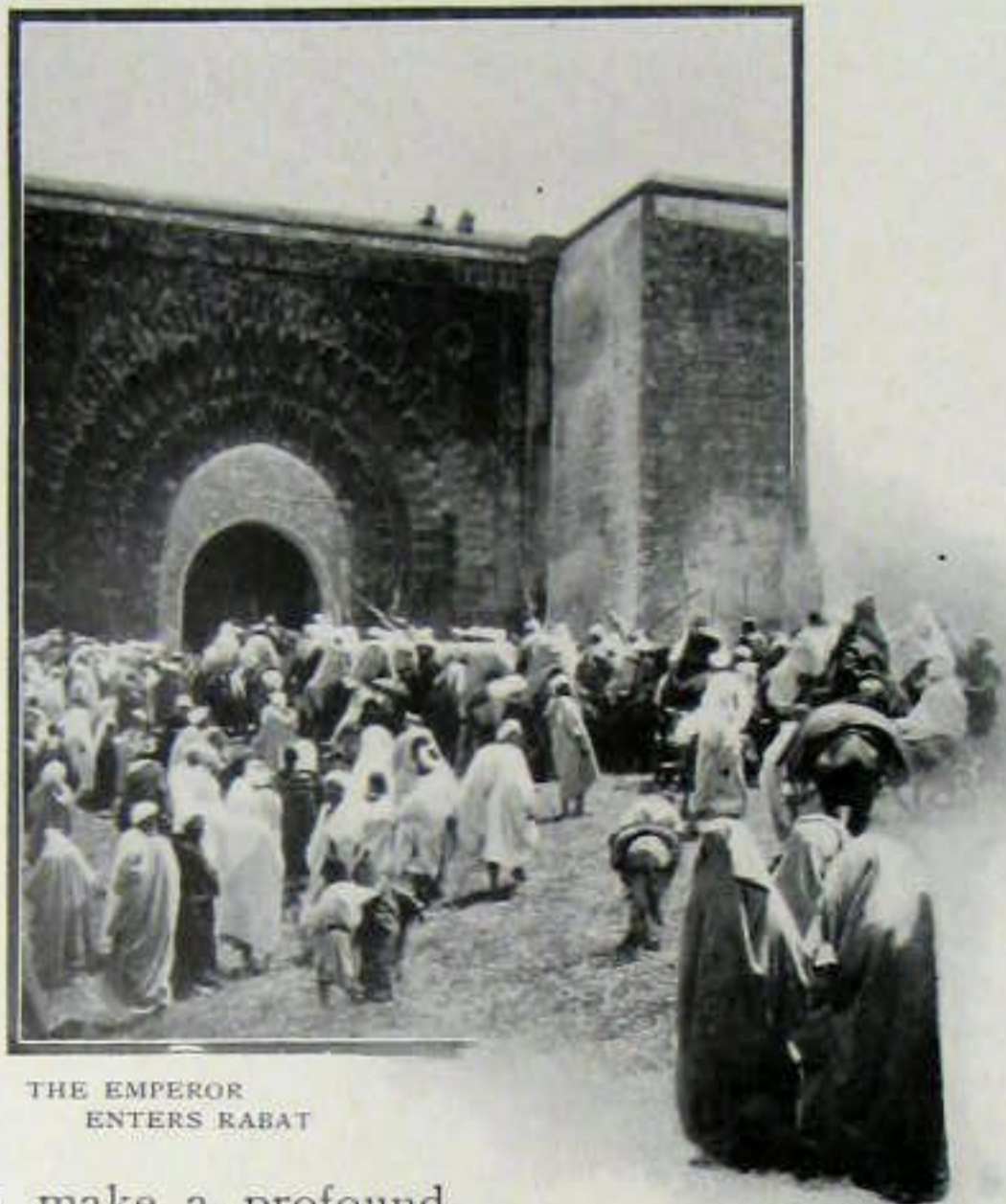
opportunity. But at last, riding on in advance, I take position directly behind two horsemen who appear like men of prominence, and there await the passing of the imperial youth. As Abd-el-Aziz approaches, I am trembling with excitement and anxiety; if I succeed, I shall have accom-



AWAITING THE IMPERIAL

ENTRY

plished what never before has been done ; if I am detected in the act of copying the features of the sacred youth, the consequences may be serious — men have been killed for lesser sacrilege. The prince draws nearer ; to my joy he halts directly before the men who shield me from his look. Just as he draws rein, the horses prance apart and leave an opening in the line. Through this gap the Prince looks



THE EMPEROR
ENTERS RABAT

wonderingly at me as I make a profound salute, and at the same time level my camera, and with a trembling finger press the button. The click of the shutter sends a cold chill through me. I raise my hat and bow a second time. Abd-el-Aziz looks squarely at me, his face impassive and expressionless. He slightly inclines his head. Meantime the horsemen, with heads bent low, utter in unison, with religious intonation, the words, "God bless the days of our lord!" "God send our lord victorious!"

These words should be spoken only to the Sultan ; but has not Mulai El-Hasan commanded the Faithful to receive his son, as if he were "myself and something more" ?

The Prince is in appearance older than his age, being in his fifteenth year. In his mien there is a dignity beyond his years. He looks the Sultan, and I recall the words of Haj : "He may succeed his father before many months are past, for rumor has it that El-Hasan III is hastening back to Fez to

die." Strange indeed that this thought should have come to me just then, for at the very moment that my eyes met those of Abd-el-Aziz, he was already Sultan—he was the Great Commander of the Faithful. The boy himself did not then know it; the army and the people were still ignorant of the event; but that very morning the old Emperor, Mulai El-Hasan III, had "received the visit of death," and had closed his long career of military journeyings. We therefore looked upon the face of one who almost within the hour had been called to rule the destinies of dark Moghreb, to sit on the Shareefian throne, to become the feared and hated ruler of a semi-barbarous land, to bear the Imperial burden of a direct descendant of Mohammed.

So absorbed are we in studying the face and manner of Abd-el-Aziz, that we forget our whereabouts, forget the



A WOULD-BE CUSTOMER OF "WINCHESTER BROS."



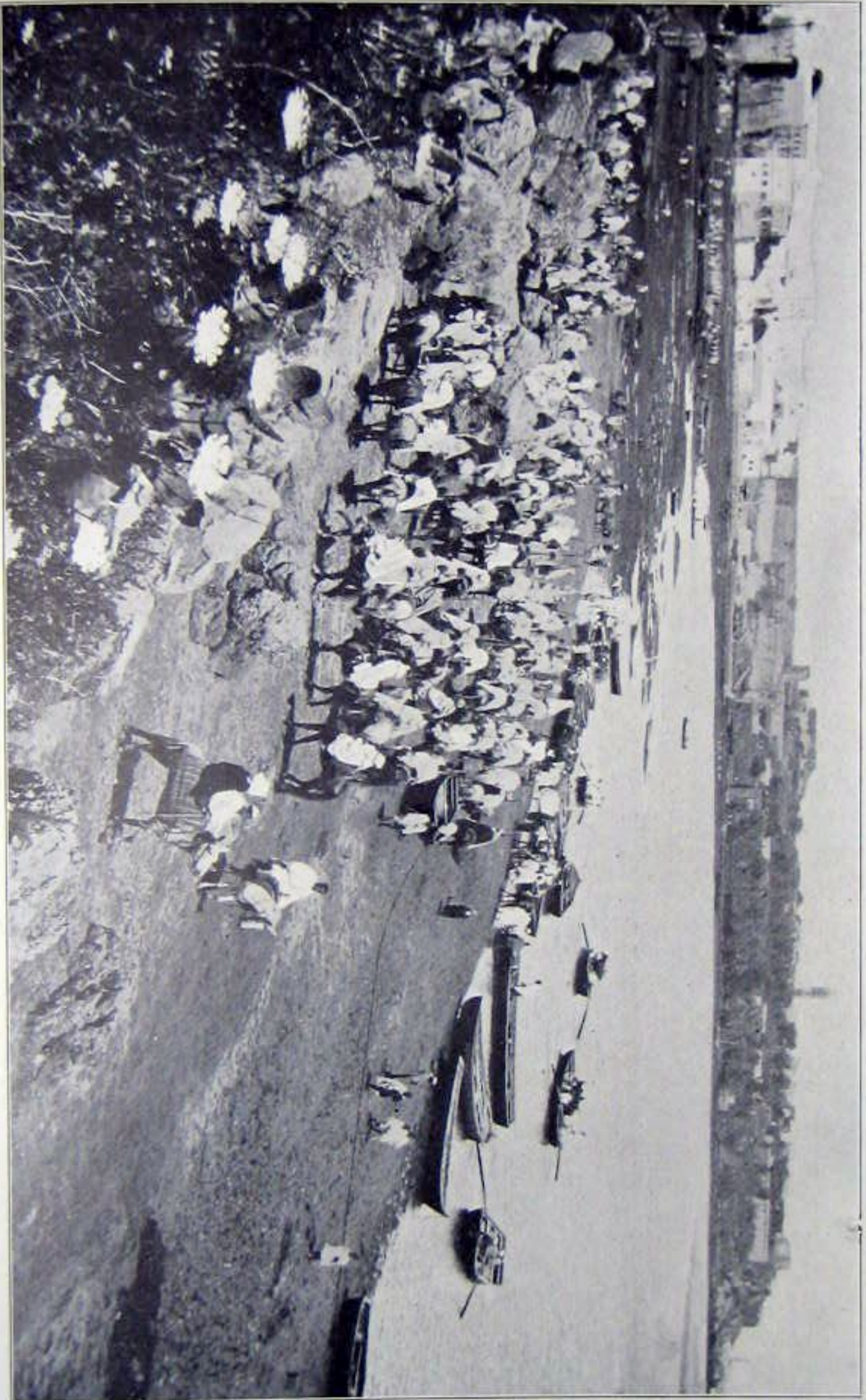
THE SULTAN'S BARGE AND THE ENTIRE MOORISH NAVY OF TO-DAY

thousands of horsemen who are chanting their welcome to the son of their Emperor. But when, a moment later, the Prince rides on, we are suddenly aroused to a sense of our perilous situation. The troops which formed the left wing of the host, and have already rendered their salute, have now broken rank and come dashing northward behind the line of cavaliers, that they may fall in at the upper end of the line



THE EMPEROR RETURNING FROM SALLI

and be at hand to take part in the final powder play as the Prince enters the city gate. A Basha, followed by his banner-bearers, advances toward us, his brigade forming a phalanx so broad that we cannot hope to avoid its onrush. To the right escape is barred by the long file of white-robed riders; to the left we dare not ride, for another troop is there racing past at full gallop. We are hemmed in. There is nothing for it but to join in the tumultuous rush of the wave of horses and men which is thundering toward us. We



A PRINCELY RETINUE ON THE BEACH

urge our horses to their utmost speed, and a moment later we find ourselves engaged in a race for safety, a roaring torrent of Moorish warriors surging roundabout us. Should our horses stumble, we are lost. No power on earth can stem that furious tide. Our only salvation is coolly to guide our running steeds, avoiding obstacles and collisions; but how easily an angered Moor, indignant at our having looked squarely into the sacred countenance of his prince, could



SHIP AHOY! BREAKING CAMP

ride us down, and attribute the accident to our rash attempt to emulate the rough-riders of the Moroccan plains!

Thus we are swept onward as by the surge of a white-crested wave, until the torrent breaks against the grim old walls of Rabat, and the flood of horsemen recoils, divides, and spreads itself on either side of the trail leading to a massive mediæval gate.

The scene recalls the days of the Crusades. An armed host are at the gate of a walled city, fantastic banners wave, the clash and roar of battle and the tramp of many hoofs is heard, and then a mighty shout rings from six thousand throats as the gate swings open to admit an Emperor's son.

The spectacle is not for unbelievers, but we have cautiously drawn near enough to witness the triumphal entry and to hear the shrill salutations of the thousand closely veiled Moorish women who are massed on either side of the imposing portal.



REGRETS!

Then follows a mad rush cityward of soldiers and civilians. The tortuous passages of the old gates are choked for hours with swirling currents of humanity. By the time we have reached our camp by a circuitous route, Abd-el-Aziz is safely housed in the Imperial Palace of Rabat. The dying wish of Mulai El-Hasan has been accomplished, his favorite son, and appointed successor, has reached in safety a fortified city, and has been joined by a large and loyal force under the command of trusted chiefs. This has been done before the elder son, or the ambitious uncle, has had time to learn of Mulai El-Hasan's death, and to raise the standard of revolt. Seldom it is that a Sultan mounts peacefully to his throne. There are always many claimants, each supported by a faction; and had Hasan's death been known in Fez while Abd-el-Aziz was on the road, he never would have had a chance at the succession despite the expression of his father's will.

On the day of his proclamation the young Sultan makes a triumphal progress through the streets. He rides a superb horse, with rich green trappings. His form is hid in folds of white. On either side walks the Mul-es-Shuash, a trusted retainer charged with the task of waving a cloth to flick imaginary flies from the Imperial Master. The Sultan lacks,

however, the most important insignia of Moorish Majesty, the scarlet umbrella, which is now being carried across the southern plains in the funeral cortege of his father. Companies of red-clothed infantry guard the prince; he is followed by a hundred dignified Moors magnificently mounted. His passing is greeted with enthusiastic shouts from the men in the streets, and shrill piercing cries, of "You, you, you!" from hundreds of veiled women on the house-tops.

We follow the procession to the beach, and watch the Emperor embark on the Imperial barge, which will bear him to Salli to pray in one of the historic mosques. A short distance up the river the entire Moorish Navy lies at anchor—a solitary little steam-yacht, dressed with many flags, but too poor even to fire a salute. An hour later his Majesty returns and, joined by the princely retinue in waiting on the Rabat side, re-enters the city to confer with the viziers of his late father and make plans for a triumphal progress inland to Fez, his capital.

With intense interest we have followed these events; we are conspicuously unwelcome to the Moors, being forced into prominence in our efforts to attain points of view for making photo-

effective graphic records of these historic incidents. We wonder why we are not molested — why we are



THE FINAL "PACK-UP"

able to escape the stonings to which many a rash Christian onlooker has been subjected. Haj, the invaluable, makes clear the reason of our immunity. Knowing that our actions would make us objects of hostility, the ingenious Haj spent several days, before the arrival of the Prince, in visiting the numerous military camps and spreading among the Bashas, Kaidis, and

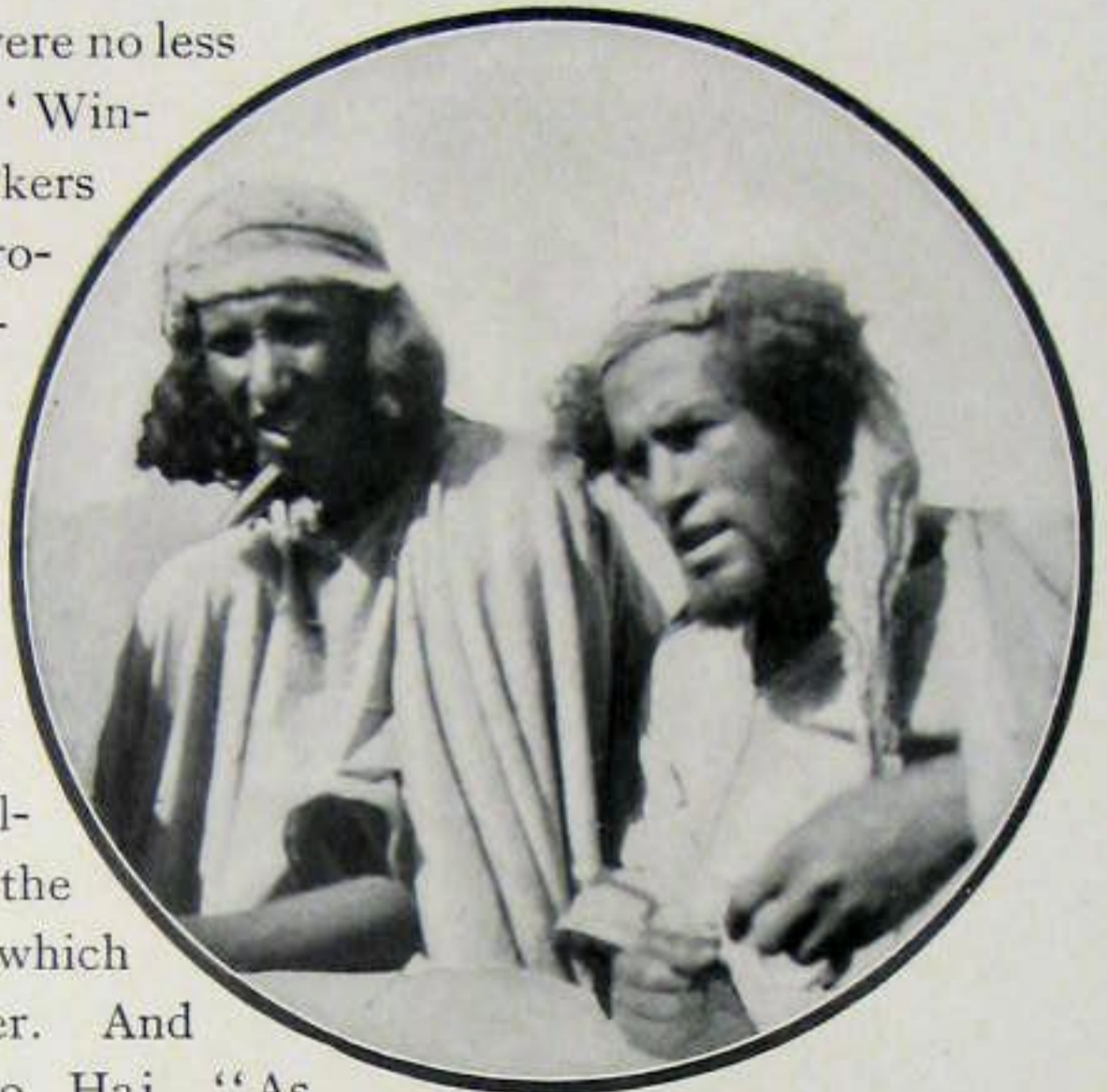


THE CARAVAN ARRIVES AT SUNSET

Sheiks, certain reports concerning us and the object of our presence, that would insure our safety and give us a high place in the estimation of every warlike Moor.

The Moors admire above all things a good gun. To them the repeating Winchester is the noblest work of man. The tribesman armed with one of those coveted American weapons is worth a dozen enemies armed with the native flintlock. Therefore did Haj conceive a fabrication that worthily crowned the forty days of persistent perjury to which we owed so many splendid opportunities. Discreetly, confidentially, he informed the men of every tribe that we,

his Christian masters, were no less personages than the "Winchester Brothers," makers of the famous rifles, proprietors of the vast factories in America. We are come, he added, to perfect plans for arming the tribes faithful to the Emperor, that they may quickly exterminate the rebellious Beni-Zimour and the other unsubdued clans which defy the Imperial power. And the chieftains said to Haj, "As God is great, we shall protect your



INTERESTED

noble masters! They may move as freely as they wish amidst our troops, who will treat them with due respect." During our last days in Rabat, obsequious warriors came to our camp bringing broken Winchesters, begging us to repair them. One morning a handsomely-mounted boy, the son of a powerful Kaid, rode up attended by a small escort. He asked for Mr. Winchester. My friend bowed low and blushed. The little fellow kissed his own hand, my friend did likewise. Then, through our interpreter, the boy placed an order for a boy's-size Winchester, instructing us to make the best rifle that money could buy, very light and small, but large enough to kill sixteen rebels without reloading. We entered the order on the seared and yellow pages of our Christian consciences. Our fame as fabricants of arms threatened to get us into trouble ; inquiries and demands for repairs increased each day. We were not sorry when, a few days later, our summons to depart was given by the whistle

of a coasting merchant-ship which loomed up off the bar, as the fog lifted shortly after sunrise.

The order to break camp is given ; our men work with a will, for should we fail to reach the ship in time, it will mean



READY FOR THE BATTLE WITH THE BREAKERS

a delay of at least two weeks or a long land-journey with the animals, along the sandy coast road to Tangier. We bid farewell to Achmedo, Kaid Lharbi, Abuktayer, and Bokhur-mur, to the horses, mules, and burros, which are to find their way slowly back to Tangier by land, while we, with Haj and remaining provisions, go cruising up the coast in comfort on an English ship.

Embarkation at Rabat is easier to plan than to accomplish. No ship can cross the bar ; if the wind blows from the west, the huge native lighters cannot climb over the inrolling breakers, and the ship, after a courteous delay, steams off, leaving the drenched, discomfited passengers to return shoreward and possess their souls in patience until there comes the happy conjunction of a passing steamer and a calmer day.

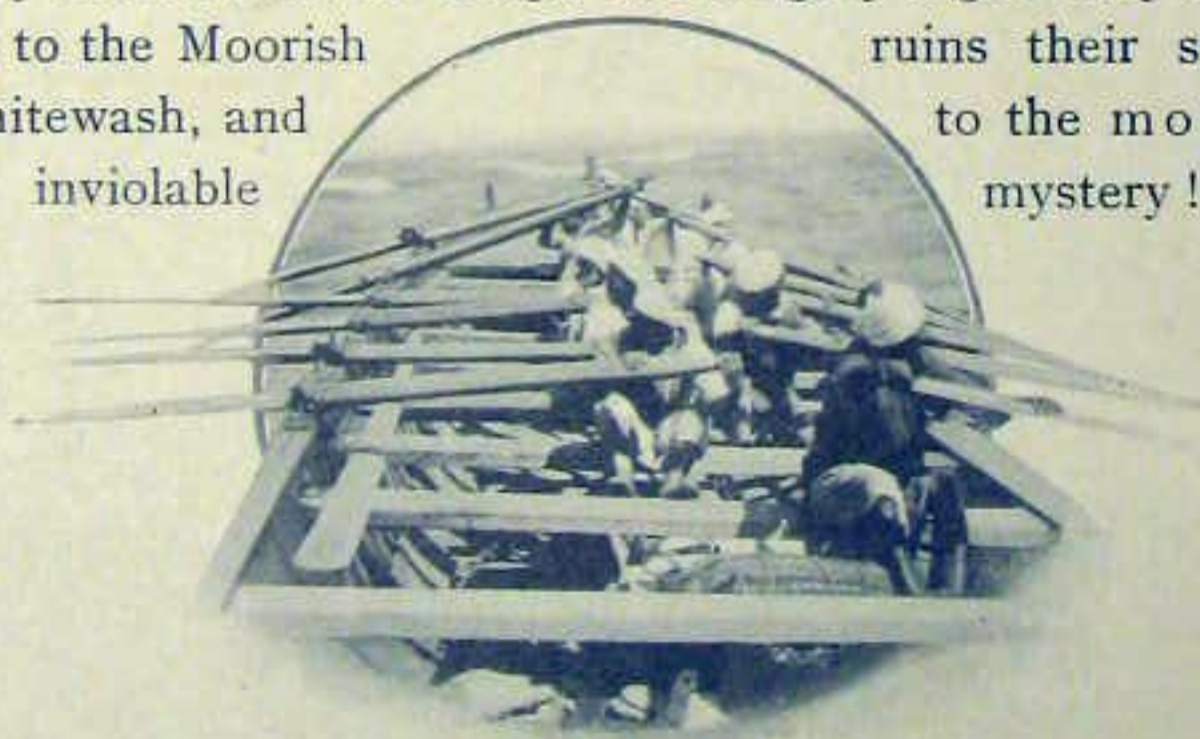
Fortune, however, favored us in this as it did in all other things during our wanderings in Morocco. True, the breakers are rolling mountain-high across the bar, the forty-foot lighter is tossed like an egg-shell on their crests, or dropped with awful suddenness into abysses formed between cliffs of green transparent water. But our sturdy crew of twenty Salli men, descendants of the famous Rovers, attack the billows with that dogged perseverance that made their fathers the masters of the sea and all that sailed upon it. Wave after wave sweeps past—green-robed, with draperies foaming



FAREWELL!

white, as if the cohorts of the sea were striving to surpass the Moorish squadrons in a glorious lab-el-baroud—a powder play where foam and spray and the roar of waters supplant the flowing burnouses, rolling smoke, and din of volley firing.

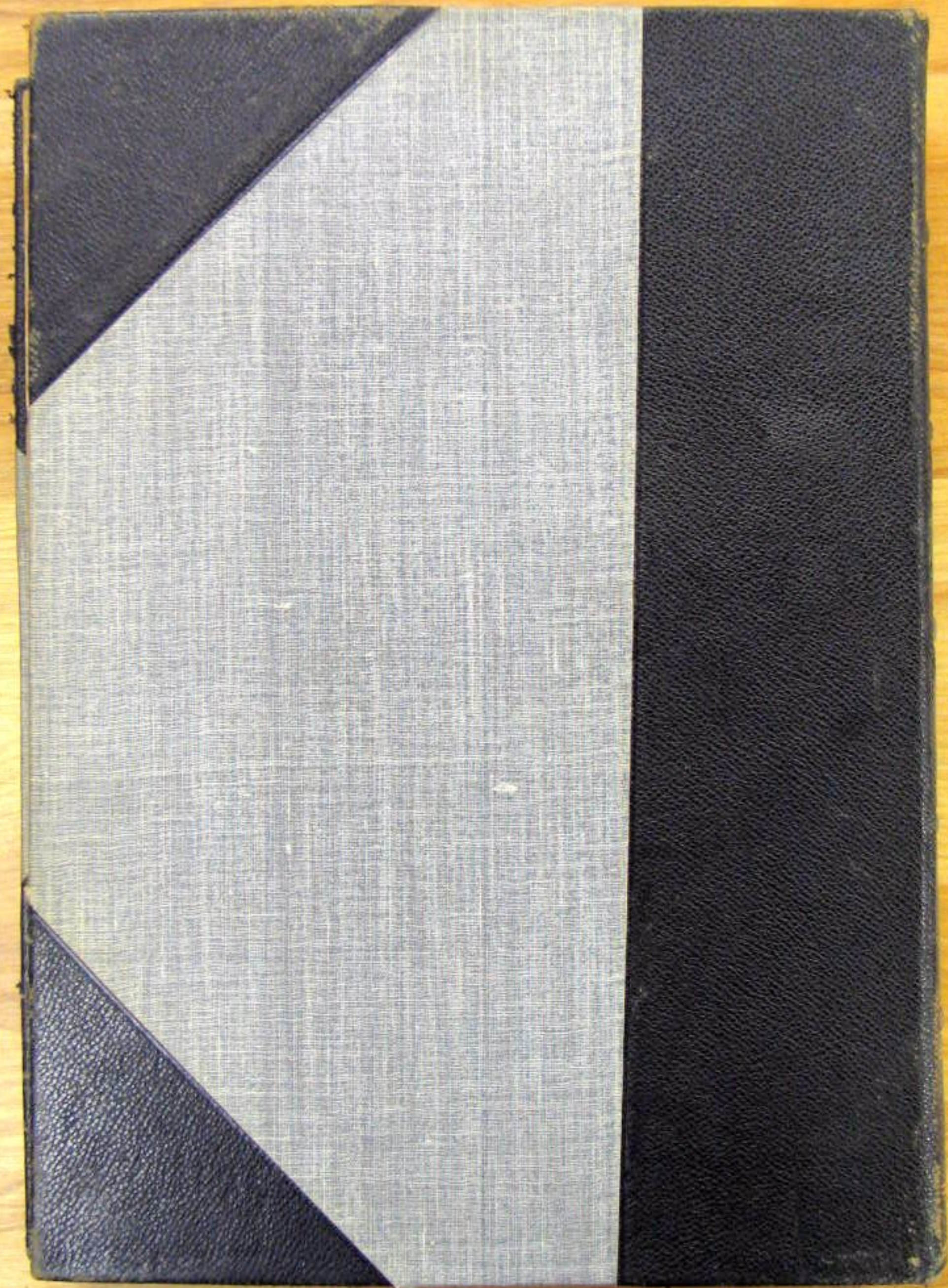
This is our last impression of Morocco, this overwhelming "fantasia" of the billows. And as we look back through clouds of flying spray at the grim Kasbah of Rabat, at the white city, and the smiling hillsides roundabout, we say with Pierre Loti, "Farewell, dark Moghreb, Empire of the Moors, mayst thou remain, many years yet, immured, impenetrable to the things that are new! Turn thy back upon Europe! Let thy sleep be the sleep of centuries, and so continue thine ancient dream. And may Allah preserve to the Sultan his unsubdued territories and his waste places carpeted with flowers, there to do battle as in old times the Paladins, and gather in his harvest of rebel heads! May Allah preserve to the Arab race its mystic dreams, its immutability scornful of all things, and its gray rags; may he preserve to the Moorish ruins their shrouds of whitewash, and to the mosques their inviolable mystery!"



BATTLING WITH THE BREAKERS









THE
BURTON HOLMES
LECTURES



INTO MOROCCO
FEZ
THE MOORISH
EMPIRE



THE
BURTON HOLMES
LECTURES



INTO MOROCCO
FEZ
THE MOORISH
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