

gives the defenders of bullfights their strongest practical point. They go to the disgusting exhibitions, and often develop a mania which leads them to boast "that they went every Sunday while they were in Spain." We saw members of Christian churches who expressed great disappointment at the postponement of a bullfight which they had expected to attend; and a young lady gave us an account of the conduct of her minister, from Scotland, who went to a bullfight on Sunday, "*just to see what the customs of the country were.*"

The attitude of Roman Catholicism is theoretically one of condemnation, but practically bullfights are encouraged by the Church, which in many places has a strong, though indirect, interest in the profits.

At the bull ring at Madrid a chapel is attached to the ring in which the bullfighters, before entering the arena, meet and have a short religious service, a priest being in readiness. In ancient times those killed on the spot were denied burial rites on the ground that they died without confessing; but a priest is "now in attendance with *Su Magestad* (the sacred Host), ready to give always spiritual assistance to a dying combatant."

Queen Isabella was opposed to the fights, though they were far less cruel then than now, and had a direct influence upon the breed of horses and the development among gentlemen of courage and dexterity with the lance. The pope issued edicts against them, yet they persisted, and under the despotism of fashion the bullfight was "stripped of its chivalrous character and degenerated into the vulgar butchery of low mercenary bullfighters, just as did our rings and tournaments of chivalry into those of ruffian pugilists."

In 1868 a bill was brought into the Cortes to abolish bullfights, but the sympathies of almost the entire people being with the spectacle, the bill was rejected.

CHAPTER X.

To "Afric's Sunny Fountains."

Voyage to Tangier—Views along the Route—Arrival—Street Scenes—A Moorish School.

ON the afternoon of Christmas we sailed through the Bay of Malaga into the Mediterranean. Our vessel had a truly African name, the *Mogador*, named after a part of the city of Morocco. No quieter sea ever reflected a more golden sunset than did the Mediterranean that evening. But the promise to the eye, like many to the ear, was broken to the heart, for when the day was done the winds began their revels, which soon plunged men, women, and children into one common gulf of nausea and despondency. Through the short, choppy waves the *Mogador* swiftly pushed, and wretched as we were, it was a pleasure to pass everything that rode the waves that night. A little after ten o'clock the storm subsided, the clouds disappeared, and the rugged mountains of the African coast stood forth in the starlight like stupendous battlements as we anchored in the harbor of Ceuta. This is the "Botany Bay" of Spain.

The town, like ancient Rome, stands on seven hills, and its name is said to be a corruption of *septem*. The ancients called it Abyla, and one of its mountains formed one of the Pillars of Hercules. The numerous fortifications on adjacent hills, and the towering masses of mountains, were startling exhibitions of power.

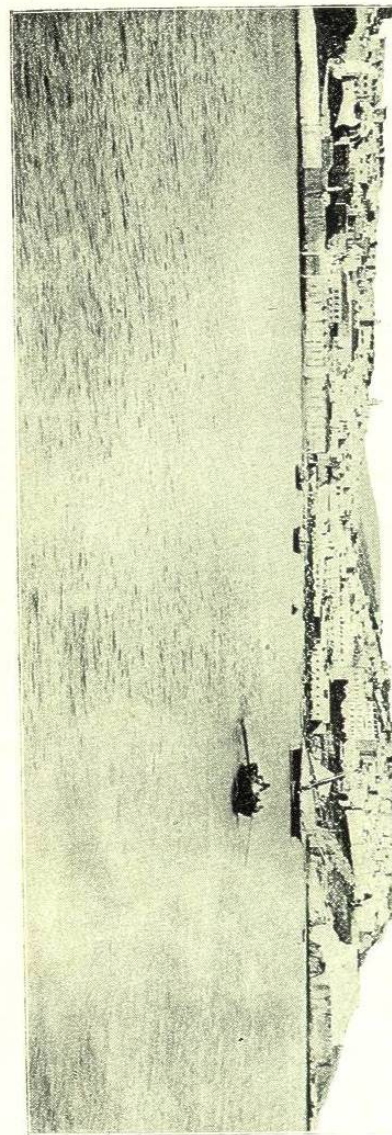
The next day we sailed over the same route which the Moors took when they set forth to conquer Spain, and anchored in the harbor of Algeciras, the point at which they landed. It was in this harbor that we obtained our first view of the Rock of Gibraltar. After a brief stay at this place, of no importance now, though once the Moor's key to Spain, and the scene of the greatest crusade of the fourteenth century, we resumed our course through the Straits of Gibraltar. Gibraltar, with its forts, its town, and the harbor filled with ship-

ping, was in full view; across was the entire line of the northwest coast of Africa, its hills and mountains covered with vegetation.

Sailing close to Spain, we soon sighted Cape Trafalgar's low, sandy shore, scene of one of the greatest of naval encounters. After we had buffeted the waves in a violent storm for a long time, the Bay of Tangier came into view, forming an amphitheater about three miles wide, to which the shores correspond, the city rising on the slopes of hills. From the deck northward we saw the citadel, and southward the white houses of the town. Formerly there was no pier, and it was impossible for vessels to land passengers; but such was the bigotry of the people that the Mohammedans would not carry a Christian, and passengers were taken to the shore on the backs of Jews. We had heard of the pier, and supposed that we should land as at a European port, but it had been broken by the preceding storms, and we were compelled to take the boats. Many more Moors clambered up the ship's side than there were passengers, and wrangling about the prices was fierce. Ingratiating ourselves with the health officer, who spoke English, we ascertained the fixed rate, and sharing his boat, had no trouble in the settlement.

The harbor, notwithstanding the fast increasing darkness, was beautiful, and the domes and minarets of the mosques on the hillsides, so unlike the towers and steeples of Christian churches, would have been sufficient, had we drifted instead of steered into the harbor, to show that we were landing upon an unknown shore. Once upon *terra firma*, we were led through a long, dark, narrow alley, as weird an entrance as stranger ever had. At a turn two solemn-looking, turbaned Moors in white, wearing long beards, and having the aspect of authority, attracted our attention. Passport in hand, we were ready to surrender the baggage, when the health officer, knowing that we were Americans, informed them that we had nothing dutiable, whereupon they gravely bowed and we passed on. The alley led to a street not much wider, but lighter, and in five minutes we entered the hotel.

Tangier, the capital of a province, and the residence of foreign ministers and consuls to the Court of Morocco, and frequently visited by English, French, and Spanish merchants



Tangier.

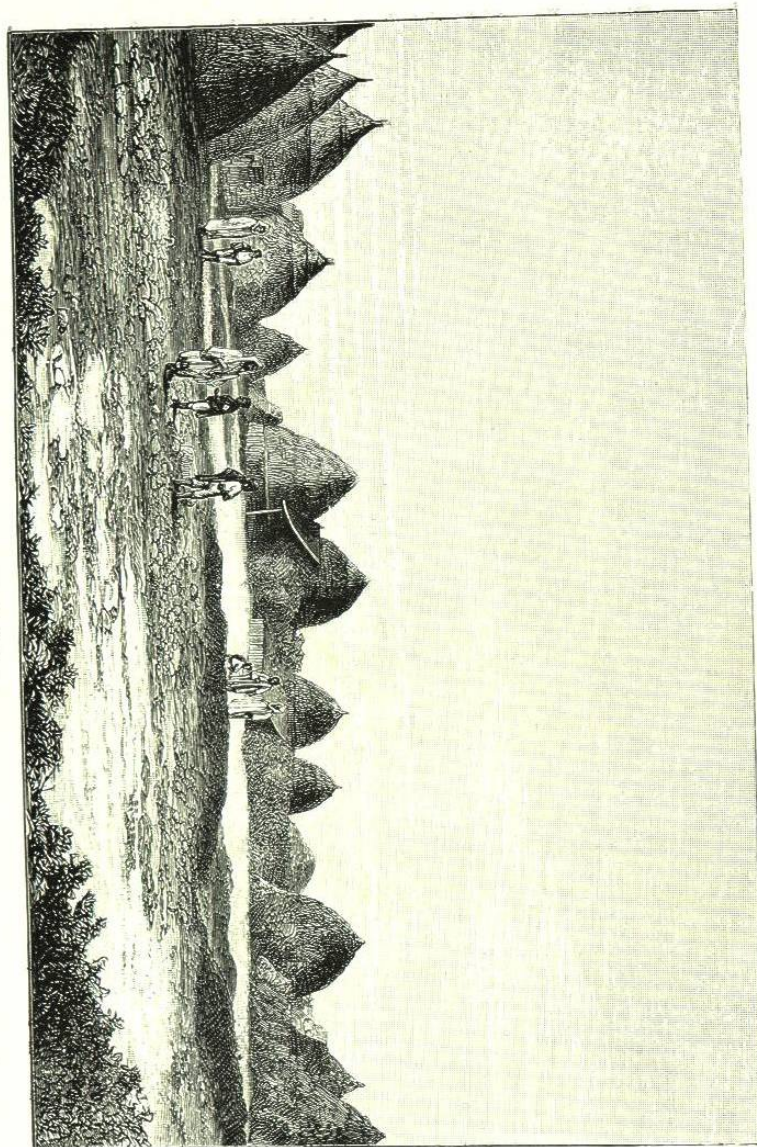
upon business, and by travelers, is provided with two or three excellent hotels, the Continental, where we stayed, surpassing any in Spain. In front of it were scores of Moors, and in the hall perhaps a dozen. Male Moors waited efficiently upon the tables, and were picturesque in their fantastic *jellabiyah* (dressing gowns), turbans, and sandals; attentive, polite, surprisingly noiseless, and rapid. We were hardly in our rooms when a man, who might have posed as the sultan, or as the Caliph Haroun al Raschid, so far as dress and dignified condescension were concerned, appeared. There was an excess of complacency in his smile, and something of flippancy in his dainty manners as he entered, and when he said, with a smile that exhibited the whitest of teeth, and was suggestive of great expectations, "I am ze commissionaire of ze hotel," we saw that this august being was willing for the sum of two dollars per day to conduct us through such portions of the empire of Morocco as we might elect. We did not employ him, as his time and ours could not be made to agree. But guides were numerous, and in due time we sallied forth into the streets, through which no carriage can pass, so narrow are they, and so crowded. Jews, Negroes, Moors, women with their faces covered, country people with peculiar dresses, donkeys, mules, and water carriers, swarming together, gave the appearance of a dense crowd, and one paused at almost every step to consider whether he could make his way.

A traveler says of the crowd: "They were all oppressed by an immense sadness or a mortal weariness, none smiling, but moving one behind the other with slow and silent steps, like a procession of specters in a cemetery." This is a misrepresentation. The street crowds in Tangier are grave, but many smile and gesticulate like Italians or Frenchmen; and as for their moving with slow and silent steps, they are among the most rapid walkers in the world. As they transact business in the street, they crouch against the walls in front of the shops, and the poorer classes crowd against the sides of the narrow lanes; being dressed in white, the color of the walls, they pass almost unobserved, and have a spectral look.

The streets are not only narrow, but crooked and dirty, all the ordinary rubbish being left there. The houses have no

windows. Most of the shops are mere holes in the wall, receiving all light and air through the front door, which is entirely open. The interior of the lawyers' offices can be seen plainly from the street, and we beheld ancient men poring over documents, and others writing as slowly as children with their first copies. Of the larger shops one can have no idea from the entrance. We were conducted to one of the best for the purchase of antiquities. Entering by a small door we passed through a room not much larger than a closet, then through another, and after climbing a narrow stairway, found that the display rooms were three or four in number, and contained thousands of curious objects. The Moors are sharp and shrewd at a bargain. They consider the European, and especially the traveler, a legitimate object of prey. One who continued to show his goods long after we had told him that we did not desire to buy, said in broken English: "We want to taste your money to see if it is sweet." When we persisted in refusing he lost his temper, and told us to "keep our money in our own bowels." In general, as they hope for another visit, they are polite to the last.

In a Moorish school the children sit on the floor, the teacher, generally an old man of venerable aspect, sitting in the midst of them, crosslegged. The Prophet thought that a knowledge of the Koran was knowledge enough for a believer, and this the children have to commit to memory. I visited such a school in Tangier. The old teacher, with a long stick, was compelling the children to repeat aloud passages from the Koran. If they did not do it correctly, he rebuked; if they were inattentive, he beat them. Whatever may be said of corporal punishment in its moral aspects, that it compels attention there is no doubt; for when that stick descended the laugh of the young Mussulman was changed into a wail, and with tremendous energy he began to repeat the sacred words. As the whole school talks aloud, continually swaying backward and forward—a thing believed by them to be beneficial to the memory—the hubbub was prodigious; but what was unintelligible to us was not so to the teacher, and from the amount which the children recited the plan seemed successful.



Moorish Village.

CHAPTER XI.

The Eye of Africa.

The Great Market—Caravan—Distinctions Indicated by Dress—Slavery, Past and Present—The Prison—Coffee House—Suburbs.

THE great market at Tangier on Sunday or Thursday is indescribable, but explains itself to the eye. All around the square are shops. In the center, covering several acres, thousands of persons buying and selling; donkeys and camels laden with country produce and manufactured articles are continually arriving and departing; enveloped in their peculiar cloaks or hoods, in groups of five, eight, or ten, hundreds of women are squatting upon the ground; stalwart Negroes, tall Mussulmans, and Berbers mingling with hundreds of Moors; and here and there a snake charmer, conjuror, and story-teller, each with his audience as in the time of the Thousand-and-one Nights' Entertainment.

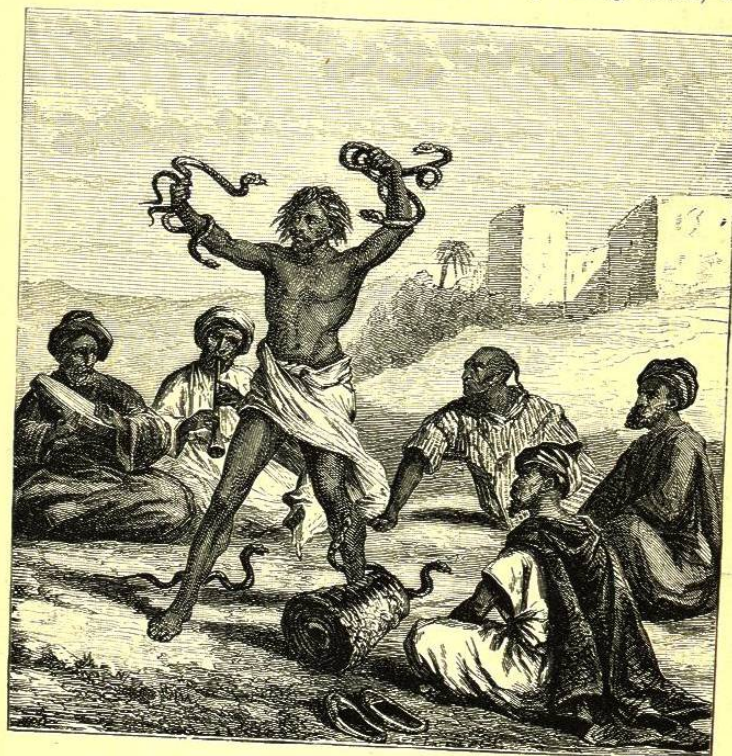
Tents are being erected, coffee is being pounded (they do not grind it in Morocco), and everything which the earth produces or the people manufacture is exposed for sale. Heavy rains had covered the ground with a layer of mud and water, but neither men nor women appeared to care, walking through it barefoot, sitting down in it. The gravity of the Moors when not in action gives place when they engage in bargaining, or meet their friends in the markets, to animated conversation, with graceful and sometimes violent gesticulation.

The beautiful bronze handwork, for which the Moors are famous, we saw in process of manufacture in the shops; also looked into some of the factories where is made Morocco leather, the only real native industry.

A huge caravan expected was delayed by the storm. These are movable markets, carrying into the interior of Africa many merchantable articles, taking up, as they cross the desert, loads of salt, which, with the other commodities, they exchange in

the Soudan for gold dust, ostrich feathers, and, even to this day, slaves for Morocco.

Distinctions existing among the Moors are indicated by the dress. It is quite an art, in which we took the first lessons here, to comprehend them. Beggars were not as numerous as in Spain, but there were enough, many being blind, to



Snake Charmer.

throw a gloomy aspect over the streets. One traveler says that he had not seen among the Arabs a hunchback, or a lame man, or a man with the rickets, but many without a nose and without an eye, one or both. We saw all of these, but the number of them was small in comparison with the blind.

Many of the common people went about barefooted and

barelegged. Some wore sandals, which slipped up and down at the heel. The feet of many of both sexes were covered with corns and bunions. The absence of women of the better classes was noticeable; the few who did appear were covered to the eyes, according to the Mohammedan custom. Only the very poor or the abandoned appear in public with faces uncovered. Some ladies staying at the hotel found no difficulty in visiting the harem of the sultan, and gave us interesting descriptions of what they saw. Of course where the face of no male Moslem other than the owner could be seen, "a Christian dog" could not be allowed.

Till within a few years there was a slave market in Tangier; through the influence of foreign governments this has been abolished. We visited the site, but had little to say considering how short a time it was since similar auction blocks for the sale of human beings existed in our own land. We were told that slaves are still sold in the interior, and that they are dealt in privately even in Tangier. Indeed, one of the residents pointed out a Jew riding on a donkey followed by a Negro, and said that the Negro was the Jew's slave. Another denied this, affirming that a Jew was not allowed to hold a Mohammedan in slavery, and that Negroes were all of that faith. I conclude that slaves are still held by the Moors of that city, but only as domestics. Nearly one third of the population of Tangier consists of Jews. They wear a peculiar dress and are despised, but have their revenge by making money constantly out of their persecutors. The Jewish women are so handsome that now, as in the time of Esther, they are sometimes the means of protecting the men from their oppressors.

Nothing more horrible than the prison at Tangier can be conceived. It is divided into two parts, one for the criminal inhabitants of the city, and the other for those of the province of which Tangier is the capital. Prisoners are not allowed beds, are placed in one large hall, the more desperate being heavily ironed. A huge wooden door, having an aperture nine inches in diameter, is the means of entrance and exit, and before it sit two aged men. Around stand numbers of Moorish soldiers acting as guards. We looked through the aperture

and saw hundreds of forms in every stage of filth, some looking desperate and defiant, old men striding across the floor with heavy irons attached to their feet, no conversation, not a smile. Some had the stony stare of despair, others the expressionless eye of idiocy. The stench was intolerable.

While we were gazing a man rushed to the hole and thrust his head up. I saw in an instant that he was a maniac. He declaimed to us for the space of five minutes, and one of the guards said: "He is mad. He is telling you that his father died, and he and his brothers disputed about the property, and they tried to rob him of his share, and when he resisted they put him in here, and he has been here two months, and he wants you to see that his cause is looked into."

While he was raving, faces behind his were grinning hideously at his demonstrations. Let the artist who wishes to paint a picture of hell go to Tangier and look through those openings. The women's department contained only two persons, who were in charge of an enormous Negress, weighing not less than three hundred pounds. As we were leaving a curious scene happened. A horse was fastened in the center of the square. One of our animals kicked it as he was being led past, and in an instant a hundred Moors appeared, who ran to and fro vociferating and gesticulating. Great was the excitement. A gigantic fellow felt it his duty to chastise our horse, but when he saw us smiling at his vehemence, he smiled also and retreated. This trivial scene showed the Arabs in a light very different from any aspect of their character previously exhibited.

One evening we visited a coffee house to hear the music. Ten or fifteen Moors, picturesquely dressed, squatting on the floor, played upon tambourines, rude dulcimers, and other stringed instruments, and sang monotonous airs. No charge was made for admission, but visitors were expected to buy coffee. The Arabs make their coffee without straining, and boil the sugar with it. It is thick and of a sickish taste, but old residents say that after one has learned to like it, no other preparation will please him. Late in the evening we took a long walk through the narrow streets in an unearthly darkness and silence; Arabs were standing asleep; in the niches

of the walls; others were rolled up in round balls; now and then a figure passed out of an alley and into a door; occasionally a sound of music floated upon the air, apparently afar off, but really close at hand within gloomy and narrow corridors; once in a great while we passed a single shop open, with one person seated within, but saw no light in any dwelling house. But for these exceptions, one might have believed himself wandering in an utterly deserted town.

The suburbs of Tangier are charming, sea and land views rivaling each other in beauty and variety. Mounted upon steady going mules, we rode eight miles upon the road to Fez, the capital, visiting the villages and orange groves. During our ride hundreds of men and women, returning from the great market to their villages, passed us, all walking at the rate of about four miles an hour. Even the aged walked rapidly. They stared at us without hostility, but without any sign of recognition, and were always willing to give information as to the route. In the city the women and children sometimes mutter and otherwise express their contempt and hatred for Christians. In that climate, the most delightful in the world, the temperature being in winter from fifty to sixty-four, and rarely rising above eighty-two in summer, they need no fire, and live most of the time in the open air. Their houses, made of mud stiffened with straw, though without windows, are comfortable enough. Lovely were the orange groves, interlined with roses in full bloom; exquisite the fruit, the sweetest and juiciest imaginable.

No drunkenness was visible in Tangier. The religion of the people forbids it. They are addicted to smoking *Cannabis Indica*, or Indian hemp, the powerful drug from which hasheesh is obtained, and tobacco. Though the sultan has forbidden the use of both, they are used secretly.