

· THE ·
· TOURMALINE ·
· EXPEDITION ·
· BY MAJOR SPILSBURY ·





Ex libris

Charles

Atwood

Kosoid



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA

PRESENTED BY
PROF. CHARLES A. KOFOID AND
MRS. PRUDENCE W. KOFOID

THE TOURMALINE EXPEDITION.



S.Y. "Tourmaline" at Arrecife.

THE TOURMALINE EXPEDITION

BY MAJOR A. GIBBON SPILSBURY

WITH AN APPENDIX ON
SOUTH-WEST BARBARY
AS A FIELD FOR
COLONISATION

BY W. B. STEWART

LONDON: J. M. DENT & CO.
29 & 30, BEDFORD ST., W.C. MCMVI



THE "TOURMALINE" EXPEDITION.

IT was in the autumn of 1896 that my attention was first drawn to the opening of the Sus country. In my earlier travels I had visited Morocco, and had heard, as every other visitor to that country no doubt has heard in his time, wonderful accounts of the wealth of those regions to the south of the Atlas Mountains, which supply Morocco with its finest cattle and its most adventurous men. As acrobats the Susi have long enjoyed a reputation without rival throughout Europe and America; and in Morocco proper nearly all the schoolmasters hail from that land of mystery.

To me there was always a strange fascination in the fact that within five days' steam from England there was a land as little known and as completely fenced in from the outer world as Thibet. In these days of rapid and easy communication it seemed a complete anomaly that a land so near to our own shores should be shut out from all commercial or social communication with the civilised world, and that, not only by the natural difficulties of access, but by the will of its assumed suzerain, the Sultan of Morocco, and the supine toleration of the Powers.

That our own Government should recognise the right of the Sultan to prevent access to this jealously guarded portion of his dominions, if they recognised them as belonging to him, in spite of the protest of the inhabitants of the Sus, has always seemed to me a negation of the rights claimed under the treaties between Great Britain and Morocco, for I could never understand the logic of the Shereefian Government refusing to allow a foreigner access to the region south of Atlas, on the plea of their being unable to guarantee his security, and yet being held to be *de facto* rulers of the country. Surely if the treaties state that any Englishman may travel, trade and reside in any portion of the Sultan's dominions, this right applies to the Sus, if the Sus belongs to the Sultan. If, therefore, the Moorish Government refuses to foreigners the right to travel in the Sus, there is but one conclusion to be drawn, that the Sus is not subject to Moorish authority; on any other hypothesis our Government would be tolerating the right of the Sultan to limit the treaty rights of Great Britain to a portion only of his dominions, which would be a very dangerous theory for our Foreign Office to accept.

In that year I was asked to examine a concession brought to this country by one Kerim Bey, which purported to grant on behalf of the Ait Arbein, or forty-seven free and independent tribes of Sus the sole right to trade in their country. Kerim Bey introduced himself as a doctor, who had resided some years at the Court of the Sultan of Morocco, and subsequently visited Glimin, the chief town of the Sus, where his

medical proficiency had enabled him to secure a considerable influence over the wild tribes in the Berber country, and he stated that he had spent over two years at Glimin and knew the country thoroughly. He had arranged to sell his charter to a syndicate registered under the name of the Globe Venture Syndicate, Limited, and it was for them that I finally undertook the mission of visiting the Court of Morocco with a view to induce the Sultan to sanction the working of Kerim Bey's concession, and to ascertain how far the country could be profitably exploited.

Kerim Bey also produced a letter from the Shereef of Wazan, the chief religious leader of northern Morocco, granting him protection and assistance from all Mahomedans of the Moghreb, and this document was deemed to be of great use in obtaining the adhesion of the Sultan to the projects of the Syndicate, although the Shereef of Wazan was no longer living.

The religious influence of the Shereef of Wazan and his family is enormous amongst many of the tribes of North Morocco, greater even than that of the Mahksen, or Government, for amongst the fanatical followers of Mahomet the power of the priests has always been greater than that of the purely secular authorities; and as I subsequently proved, this passport of the highest religious representative was, as far south as Morocco city, a document of the greatest value. From thence southward his name was little known. The deceased Shereef, as is well known, married an Englishwoman, Miss Keane, and was for many years a strong supporter of British influence; but a quarrel with

Sir John Drummond Hay led him to throw himself into French hands, and his sons are now under French protection, one of them having served in the Chasseurs d'Afrique.

The Globe Venture Syndicate solicited through their chairman, Sir Edward Thornton, the support of the Foreign Office in their avowed project of opening trade with the Sus, and this was promised on condition that the Sultan gave his sanction to their proposals. It was with this view, and also to satisfy them as to the genuine nature of Kerim Bey's concession, that my services were engaged, and it was arranged that I should proceed to the Court of Morocco accompanied by Kerim Bey, and there ascertain how far the Moorish Government were prepared to recognise him and his charter and to sanction its provisions being carried out by the Syndicate.

All preparations being made, I started on my first expedition on behalf of the Globe Venture Syndicate at the end of February, 1897, travelling overland *viâ* Paris and Madrid to Gibraltar, where Kerim Bey, who accompanied the heavy baggage by sea, was to join me.

On my way through Madrid, I called on Sir H. Drummond Wolff, H.B.M. Minister, and explained to him the objects of my mission. I heard from him what I had already learned from other sources, that the Spanish Government viewed the proposed opening of the Sus to British trade with grave suspicion.

At Gibraltar I found Kerim Bey waiting for me, and we spent some days overhauling our voluminous baggage. Amongst other things, Kerim, who gave

himself out as a doctor, had three enormous medicine chests, with a pharmaceutical outfit sufficient to last some years and establish a reputation throughout Morocco for the learned Hakim, and he confided to me that he looked to this provision as being the most certain means of access to every part of the country, and an invincible safeguard amongst the wildest and most fanatical tribesmen.

It was the middle of April before everything was ready for us to cross the Straits of Gibraltar and set foot on the "Land of the Setting Sun." We travelled on the s.s. "Hercules," about the size of a Thames tug, and after the usual buffeting in the picturesque waters that unite the Mediterranean with the Atlantic arrived safely in the Bay of Tangier on a brilliant afternoon, with the westering sun showing up the white buildings and minarets of the old Moorish town, and the Levanter lifting white horses in the bay and tumbling the faluchas and smaller craft in confusion, as the surf swept in and broke over the ruins of the ancient English mole. The usual pandemonium of Arabic, Jewish and Spanish deafened our ears as we were assailed on every side by frantic appeals and scuffles for our patronage and luggage, till at last by dint of shouting, swearing and fighting, we and our belongings, after many narrow escapes from a watery grave, found ourselves landed at the Custom House, with nothing further to settle than the many and extraordinary claims of the countless bandits whose serried ranks we had fought a way through, but who all deemed that they had established a right to backsheesh. Dark-

ness was setting in as we made our way through the quaint old Water Port, into the town, and I was much struck by the incongruity of an electric lamp in the old-world gateway, which had re-placed the flickering old oil lamp I used to notice on a former visit.

Tangier is the entrance to a mediæval world, even to the traveller crossing over from Spain, where so many traces of the Middle Ages meet the eye. There is a strange fascination in this, the gateway to the Moghreb el Aksa, the Land of the West. You have left Europe, though the distance is so short: it was only four hours ago you were walking up Water Port Street, with the British soldier tramping briskly down to change guard, and Dewar's Whisky and Player's Navy Cut showing their well remembered names on every other window; and here you step off an everyday British steamer and find yourself in the dim, mysterious East with the shadow of the past at every turn, and that indefinable sensation of another world, a new existence as remote from the turmoil of a European capital as the still majestic heights of the Atlas are from the throng of Charing Cross. Grave Moors glide by enveloped in snow white *haïks*, almost glistening under the white glare of the electric light, or dusky black forms, half naked, with the dim lustre of bronze, surge up from dark recesses with goatskin water bags on their shoulders, as the water carriers trot up the narrow street shouting in guttural tones their warning to the throng to clear the way. Donkeys with their straddling loads push through the crowd; women wrapped up like bundles of clothes, with a veil close

drawn over the face, shuffle past in an undignified waddle ; the hubbub of strange voices and wild tongues fills the evening air with a half subdued and not unmusical monotone, and all these strange forms glide by, like phantasmagorical figures with hardly a sound of feet as their slippers shuffle over the uneven cobbles. The only sound, distinguishable from the dull, muffled, surf-like roar of the many voices of the crowd, is the occasional tinkle of a gimbri, or the loud bell of the water carrier. We push our way through the busy throng, and find ourselves at the hotel door on the little Sok, gladly looking forward to a hospitable welcome and a well earned dinner.

And yet, though Tangier strikes the newcomer as so essentially Eastern, so thoroughly Moorish, it is in reality but a hybrid. To the Moors it is a foreign land ; it belongs to the Sultan, but it is defiled by the foreigner ; they no longer look upon it as part of the Empire ; it is ruled by the Legations, peopled by Christians, infested by the outcasts of Spain and the Mediterranean. The hated telegraph unites it to Europe ; Western ways offend the Moor, Western hygiene is trying to upset his notions of liberty. The clang of the bells on the Franciscan church tower drown the voice of the muezzin on the Grand Mosque, and altogether the glory hath departed. Still there are compensations : the "serranee" brings trade, and many comforts, which the sons of the Prophet knew not in the old days, and as our Lord the Sultan tolerates them, there must be some good reason why they should be allowed to eat up Tangier !

It is the seat of the Legations. All the Powers are here represented, and here all their petty jealousies find a convenient field for thwarting each other in any attempt to do any good to the country.

It is often said that nothing but the jealousy of the Powers bolsters up this effete anomaly of an Oriental Government, so far from its Eastern birthplace. Certain it is that every proposed reform, whether in Tangier itself, or for the country at large, if proposed or attempted by the representative of one European Government, is instantly and fatally opposed by that of every other country, for fear of any one securing an advantage or prestige over the others; and thus the most effete and corrupt Government of the day is tolerated and supported in the 20th century.

The fact that the Foreign Ministers have been content to watch over the interests of their respective countries from Tangier, instead of residing in the capital, has had a great deal to do in lessening the influence which they would have had over the Court had they been in close and constant contact with the Moorish Government. No doubt a sense of insecurity has prevented them from venturing beyond that protection which could only be effectively exercised on the coast, nor are the attractions of Fez or Marrakesh such as to make them desirable places of residence for Europeans; still there is no doubt that if our representative had boldly insisted on residing with the Court, the risk incurred would not have been greater than in many other semi-civilised capitals, and the result would have been that our Ministers would have acquired a real

knowledge of the inner political situation of the Government to which they were accredited and the current of feeling at headquarters. They have no real contact with the Sultan or his surroundings, except on the rare occasion of a short visit to the capital, and consequently their personal influence is as limited as their personal acquaintance with the governing elements of the country. For many years the only agent of the British Government at Marrakesh was a native trader, and it is only within recent years that our authorities were prevailed upon to avail themselves of the unique opportunity offered by Kaid Maclean's position of confidence with Muley el Hassan, and to appoint him as agent at the Moorish capital.

We established ourselves at a very excellent Spanish hotel, the "Universal," on the beach, a short way out of the town, mainly for the reason that there was good stabling accommodation and plenty of storage for getting our caravan together.

My first care was to call on Sir Arthur Nicolson, H.M. Minister, to whom I had letters of introduction from his former senior, Sir Edward Monson, and to discuss with him the projects of the Globe Venture Syndicate and the objects of my mission. He received me with the well known courtesy of our diplomatic representatives, and explained to me all the difficulties which my proposals were likely to meet with. They may be summarised as follows :

- I. Hostility of the Moorish Government to any scheme for opening direct trade with the tribes of Sus

and Europe—trade, that is to say, which should not pass through Moorish ports north of the Atlas.

2. Opposition of the other European Powers to any arrangements whereby an English company should be authorised by the Sultan to trade in the Sus.

3. Invalidity of the concession which Kerim Bey stated that he had obtained from the Sus tribes.

Sir Arthur fully concurred in the advantages to be obtained from the opening of trade in the Sus, and stated that he was authorised by the Foreign Office to give me every assistance in furtherance of the views of the Globe Venture Syndicate, provided I could obtain the sanction of the Sultan. He frankly stated that in his opinion it would be impossible to obtain this sanction, because the Shereefian Government would be certain to make the best use of the French and Spanish opposition to cover their own reluctance to alter the *status quo* in the regions south of the Atlas.

He further warned me strongly against Kerim Bey, stating that he was an Austrian adventurer, whose real name was Gehling, who had been employed as a French spy, and that all his statements with regard to his connection with the Sus tribes and his services as doctor to the late Sultan were false. Finally, he stated that if I endeavoured to cross the Atlas into the Sus in defiance of the Sultan's wishes, I should most certainly run a great risk of being arrested, as all the passes were strongly guarded, and that unpleasant results would ensue. I therefore, at his request, pledged him my word that I would not attempt to enter

the Sus by crossing the Atlas, unless I obtained the Sultan's permission to do so.

Before parting he told me that he heartily sympathised with me in my endeavours to open the Sus country to legitimate trade, and that he would do all he could to further my attempt, but the difficulties in the way of success were enormous, and in the very probable event of failure I must be prepared to accept all the risk and all the blame.

Of his sincerity in these offers, I found tangible proof on my arrival at Marrakesh, as Kaid Maclean had instructions to give me every assistance at the Court.

On one point I found him singularly obdurate; in view of the length of my journey through the country it was absolutely necessary for protection that I should carry arms, and it was only natural that as a sportsman I should look forward to many a good shoot on the way. I was therefore greatly surprised when he absolutely refused to ask for a special permit for me to introduce a reasonable amount of arms and ammunition for my own use.

This refusal entailed my making other arrangements for their introduction. My goods, which had been shipped direct from London to Tangier by one of Messrs. Forwood's steamers, were lying in the Custom House for examination and appraising, and amongst the many cases of camp fittings, surveying and other scientific instruments, provisions, saddlery and gear of every description, was a goodly array of Marlin repeating

carbines, revolvers, sporting guns and rifles, and suitable ammunition, all of which had to be introduced in defiance of the general prohibition against firearms. The Customs' examination by the Ameen, the representatives of the Sultan's treasury, is conducted in public and in the open air. The Ameen sit on a raised daïs in a sort of alcove, before which the cases are deposited as they are brought out of the Custom House. They are opened and examined in the presence of a chattering excited crowd of Moors and Jews, merchants, sailors, clerks, porters and general riff-raff, while the Ameen decide what rate to charge and what valuation to put upon the various articles exposed.

Previous delicate negotiations, which had lasted many days, and cost many cigarettes and cups of Turkish coffee, supplied by a neighbouring "kawadgee" in bright little brass cups which burned your lips unless very carefully handled, had really fixed the number of dollars which all this heterogeneous collection of unknown instruments was to produce for the Sultan's coffers, and for the betterment of some of his more privileged subjects, and the presence of the forbidden arms was duly appraised; while the examination was so skilfully conducted, *coram publico*, that none of the offending articles were upheld to the public gaze, and only sextants, theodolites, and such other articles devoted to the particular cult of "Sheitan" were commented upon, and the bag of dollars previously agreed upon was duly handed over in exchange for a free pass for all the multitudinous cases and packages which were to furnish our caravan into the interior.

With many cries and shouts of triumph our porters picked up their loads, and a long string wound their way down on to the beach and finally deposited them in the capacious storehouse of the "Universal."

Three weeks' negotiations and about a hundred dollars represented the cost of introducing these arms, which a line from Sir Arthur Nicolson would have obtained for me forthwith. I pass no comment on his refusal, as he may have had adequate reasons; but I have it on unimpeachable authority that *bonâ fide* travellers are invariably entitled to such a concession from their respective diplomatic representatives, provided such arms are merely intended for their own use and not to be sold to natives. A proper guarantee that any firearms introduced under licence are subsequently taken out of the country should meet all the objections which can reasonably be raised against their introduction. Whether for purposes of sport or for personal protection, they are absolutely necessary to a traveller in the interior, and to prohibit them absolutely simply leads to their being introduced by surreptitious methods, and without the control which a recognised registration would provide.

The organised smuggling of arms into Morocco is well known to every resident in that country; it is carried out under the ægis of many of the Consuls, and connived at by the authorities of both native and foreign. While I was in Tangier the foreign commander of one of the Moorish gunboats was popularly credited with running a cargo of guns in Tangier Bay one dark

night when the moon was not likely to interfere, and I was shown a few days after several camel loads of Spanish rifles on their way to the tribes of Anghera, which had been landed, so my informant assured me, under the very noses of the coastguard by the boats of the gunboat.

Kerim Bey who, whatever his antecedents, was well acquainted with the ways of the country, assisted actively in the preparations for the journey. He recommended using native tents as being less likely to attract attention in the interior, and certainly, if more clumsy and difficult to carry, they were much more roomy and imposing than the usual English tents, and therefore infinitely more comfortable. So after many visits to the Great Sok, where every article of use in the interior, from a camel to a handful of native salt is obtainable, we purchased two comfortable marquees and four small tents; the large marquee had walls six feet high which could be opened on any side. It was plentifully covered with water jars in blue cloth sewn all over it, as a sign of the "plenty" to be found within its hospitable walls, and was large enough to entertain quite a respectable party, but it required three good mules to carry it. As, however, our journey was to be in the light of a mission, and many natives would have to be entertained, it was essential to sacrifice mobility to comfort with a certain degree of ostentation, and I did not consider that this "travelling saloon" could be dispensed with.

The next business was to obtain good horses, and it took us some days to get suited, and to get our mounts,

good looking barb stallions, broken into English bits and saddles.

Kerim Bey was very anxious that we should both adopt Moorish dress and ways, but this I would not agree to for many reasons, as far as I myself was concerned, although he did. To begin with, unless a European has a thorough knowledge of the language and an intimate experience with the habits and customs of the Moor, it is idle to suppose that he can ever, with the most complete make-up, pass himself off as a true Mahommedan, and detection in an attempted disguise is certain to lead to suspicion and dislike. Nor was I wrong in my surmises, for I soon saw that Kerim Bey, who endeavoured to pass himself off as a Turk and a true believer, was seen through by nearly all the Moors with whom he came in contact, and was treated with much less confidence and respect than I, who retained my European dress.

I have referred to certain letters which Kerim Bey claimed to have received from the late Shereef of Wazzan, recommending him to the protection and friendship of all true Mahommedans who recognise the Shereef as the spiritual chief of Morocco. As mention of these letters had been made in the prospectus of the Globe Venture Syndicate, the Shereefa of Wazzan, an English lady well known in Tangier circles, had written to the *Pall Mall Gazette* a disclaimer against her late husband's name being made use of by the Syndicate. I was, therefore, instructed to call upon her and ascertain how far these letters were genuine and likely to be recognised by the present heads of

the Wazzan family. It was in one of the streets of Tangier that I first met and was introduced to the Shereefa, a thoroughly English looking matron, dressed however, in Moorish garb, the hem of which was reverently kissed by most of the poor people who met her in her walks. for she is the organiser of every charity in the town and nobly carries out her position of "protectress of the poor." On the following day I called at her house on the Marshan, with Kerim Bey, and was introduced to her youngest son, a bright, intelligent young fellow of about twenty, who spoke English and French and seemed carefully educated. Kerim Bey produced his letters and read them through, and the Shereefa pronounced them genuine and duly signed by her late husband. She could not, however, say how far his eldest sons, by a Moorish wife, the true successors to the Shereefian authority, who resided at Wazzan, would be disposed to renew or confirm the tenour of their recommendations. She told me that her eldest son, a young man of twenty-two, whose portrait she showed me in the uniform of a Chasseur d'Afrique, was still serving in the French Army at Oran, though he was shortly expected home again.

The French Government had ever since the death of her husband sought to secure the allegiance of the Wazzan family, owing to the extraordinary religious influence which they held over the northern portion of Morocco, and to subvert the influence secured to England by his British widow, and finally persuaded the family to seek French protection against the growing jealousy of the Moorish Court, due to the powerful

sectarian control exercised by Wazzan to the detriment of the central power.

The union of Miss Keane with the spiritual head of Western Mahommedanism was certainly a most courageous venture, and it must have required all the tact of a singularly level headed Englishwoman to live through the intrigues and petty jealousies, social as well as political, which her anomalous position gave rise to. But the Shereefa has conquered for herself a position and a reputation which is unique; her charity and kindheartedness have made her beloved and revered by her husband's most fanatical co-religionists. She has been a link between Moors and Europeans in many intricate disputes, and she has succeeded in gaining universal respect in that most scandalous hotbed of intrigues—social, commercial and political—Tangier.

As we left her hospitable drawing-room, she hung back after Kerim Bey had passed through the door, and seizing hold of my arm, whispered with a significant gesture: "*Beware of that man!*"

Our next step was to engage a leader of the caravan, and we secured the services of "Mustapha," the Algerian, well known to many of the Legations. He was a handsome specimen of an Algerian, brought up in the French army, and had been an orderly, in Paris, of Marshal MacMahon. He told me subsequently that he had got into trouble in Algeria by resenting the overbearing conduct of a Jewish Commissaire, and knocking him down, for which offence he had to fly

the country, and he had in consequence settled down in Morocco. I found him a polished gentleman and as honest as the day, a little touchy as to his personal dignity, a strict and conscientious Mahommedan, and in every way reliable.

Another very important member of the expedition was Myer Sabbah, our Jewish interpreter, whom Kerim Bey had picked up at the docks in London. He was the son of a Syrian Jew, who had migrated to Mogador where he filled the very important position of Chief Rabbi; consequently Sabbah's acquaintance with the various dialects of southern Morocco and his knowledge of the locality was likely to be of great use to us.

Amongst the many Moors to whom I was introduced, a young fellow named Dris ben Abdelah, a cousin of the Wazzan family, took great interest in my preparations, and finally begged me to take him with me. I hesitated at first as he was only nineteen, but as his parents and other members of his family not only consented to his going with me, but pressed me to take him, I agreed, and he proved a most agreeable companion. He had been brought up in the family of a previous German Minister at Tangier, and spoke Spanish and German fluently, and his connection with the Shereef of Wazzan ensured him a good reception all over Morocco. The selection of a suitable cook I left to Kerim Bey, as I relied on his gastronomic taste; nor did he fail me. Hadj Mohamed, who informed me that he had cooked for every Embassy in Tangier and knew the cuisines of every European nation, proved, if not quite as versatile as he would have me to believe,

at any rate a very capable "chef," and he ministered to our wants throughout the journey in a manner which at times was really surprising. To this day I retain a pleasing souvenir of most excellent dinners served up in a style that would have done credit to a first class restaurant at home ; and he had a fine talent for stocking his larder with the best produce of each separate locality as we visited them in succession. Of course he had his faults, but as they were accentuated by his love of strong drink, and therefore most apparent when we stayed in any of the coast towns where the liquor of the "serrance" is obtainable, he was at his best when we were most dependent upon his ministrations. In the country and in the purely Mahomedan towns there is not much strong drink to be obtained, and even the most abandoned Moor hesitates to get drunk in the presence of his co-religionists, though he may drink like a fish with Christians or Jews. Hadj Abdallah, the groom, was a very different type ; tall, lanky, and wild looking, with an eagle nose, he was faithful to his creed, and strict in all his religious duties ; fanatical, too, I should judge, if once his passions were aroused.

The gardens round Tangier were looking their best during our stay there ; the weather was showery and the alternations of rain and warm sunshine brought everything forward in rich profusion. The gardens of the Swanee, a short walk from the town, gave one a good idea of the richness of the soil and the beauty of the climate ; every sub-tropical plant can be raised round Tangier, and as water is plentiful the market gardens are a sight worth seeing. It seemed quite

strange in so southern a latitude to meet with blackberry hedges and wild roses side by side with palms and aloes.

We had some delightful rides to the mountains and the famous lighthouse at Cape Spartel, and picnics in the curious caves hewn out of the rock on which stands that loneliest of beacons, the only one on the north-west corner of Africa. Looking out over the wild waste of waters, I could not but think of the awful fate of the Spanish cruiser, "Reina Regente," which only a few weeks before had disappeared in the night without leaving a single trace behind. How well one can realise the feeling of the early navigators as they stood on this same rock looking out over the ocean. This is the end of the world, "ultima Thule!"

The British officer runs over from Gibraltar for a change of air and scenery and the excellent sport still to be obtained in the neighbourhood of Tangier. There is capital snipe shooting within an hour's walk, and quail in the winter are plentiful; but as there are practically no game laws and every one who can afford a gun is a sportsman, every year the birds will get more scarce in the immediate neighbourhood, and the enthusiastic gunner will have to proceed further afield if he wants a good bag. Pig sticking is the speciality of Tangier, but the glories of it as carried out under the auspices of Drummond Hay have departed.

The Briton of to-day cannot but bewail the short sighted policy of his ancestors when they gave up Tangier. The Little Englander of that period lost us an opportunity we may never recover, but if we

of the present time, ever allow Tangier to drift into the hands of any other European Power we shall be guilty of a greater folly still. Tangier is our natural heritage if we are and mean to remain the greatest sea-power; without it—and by Tangier I mean a sufficient *hinterland* to maintain it and our fortress on the other side of the Strait—Gibraltar becomes a mere empty husk. Even in peace time the supply of Gibraltar is dependent upon Tangier. What would it be with a hostile Spain?

The mere neutralising of Tangier and a strip of the coast, in the event of the control of Morocco passing into French or other hands, would not be sufficient to secure our position; nothing short of the absolute possession of Tangier and the country down to the Sebu river, will enable us to retain a preponderant position on the Mediterranean. Bizerta should be a lesson to our diplomatists that in matters of vital interest no treaty which cannot be enforced by the guns of the fleet is likely to stand between our interests and those opposed to us. If the moment is at hand for the break up of the Moorish Empire, that moment should see Tangier restored to our possession, from which it ought never to have passed.

Our next step was to hire mules for the journey, and several visits to the Sok were necessary before our caravan was completed. Twenty-two mules and six horses was the smallest number required to carry us and our supplies, and these were finally hired or bought, and ordered to be ready at the Fonda Universal on April 10th.

I received an intimation from the Consulate that it was customary for all travellers into the interior to apply for a small escort of Moorish soldiers, without which they would not, in case of robbery or violence, be entitled to compensation from the Government. This system, which is highly supported by officialdom, presents very many drawbacks to the victim. First, he has to pay an exorbitant sum for the use of a cowardly rascal who affords no protection of any sort. Then, the principal efforts of this so-called guard, are to prevent the foreigner from having any more intercourse than is absolutely necessary with the tribes and villagers of the interior. Following up the fiction that every traveller is a guest of the Sultan, the chief duty of the escort is to exact from all the inhabitants the "mona" or prescribed gift which, with a numerous caravan, constitutes a cruelly heavy tax on the resources of the poor villagers whenever a camp is pitched in their neighbourhood. It may readily be understood that the advent of the foreigner under these harsh conditions is not looked forward to with pleasure; indeed, it looks very much as if the system had been adopted in order to prevent the Moor from wishing to see his country visited by strangers and so foster his natural exclusiveness. Why our Consuls should be so desirous of hampering the movements of their "nationaux" I never could comprehend, but it is a well known fact that even officers of the garrison from Gibraltar not only have no facilities given them for travelling in the interior of Morocco, but have every difficulty placed in their way by the Consulate at Tangier. I heard the

same complaint from Englishmen of all sorts and conditions. The sole idea of their Consular representatives seemed to be to hamper them at every turn, and never to support or assist them whether in business, trade, or sport.

So far as I was concerned, I had made up my mind to have no Sultan's soldiers to protect my caravan, and so I thanked the Consul for his offer, but declined to avail myself of it.

On the morning of April 10th the animals arrived early, and some hours were spent in allocating the loads, which had all been carefully packed and weighed, and by noon we were able to send off the mules, while we sat down to our last lunch at the hotel with a number of friends who had assembled to drink a stirrup cup and see us off. Just as we were ready to start, an orderly brought me a letter from the Basha, asking me how many "askari," or soldiers, I should require, and intimating that I was not to go without them. I wrote back that as I was an "askar" myself, I would do my own guarding, and would therefore dispense with any, while wishing many blessings on the head of the Sultan and his illustrious Basha! And then we rode off over the sand hills in the direction of Tetuan, which we had given out as our route. We picked up our mules a few miles out and turned off across country to the south, and I heard afterwards that an escort was sent off hurriedly by the Basha on receipt of my note, to accompany us whether we would or no. They rode all the way to the Fondak, the half-way house between Tangier and Tetuan, and finding no trace of

us sorrowfully returned to their lord and master to report that we had given them the slip. At any rate we were rid of them and started on our journey into the interior, free, and in the best of spirits.

The country was at its best ; the rains had virtually ceased, and the fields were one dazzling carpet of flowers of every colour and description. No more brilliant colouring can be imagined than these wild flowers, and it often struck me that here was the key to the vivid colouring of Moorish carpets and decorations. Everywhere the crops were coming on rapidly, for the vividness of the green and the blaze of flowers soon turned to yellow and brown under the now scorching sun as we proceeded further south, and very soon all traces of the rains were left behind, and gave way to parched and dried up tracts of country with nothing but burned up stubble to show the wealth of the crops. The transition from vernal spring to torrid summer, especially if you are travelling south, is surprisingly rapid ; you almost seem to see the fields turning from green to yellow in a night.

We left the Tetuan road, a mere mule track, as are all roads in Morocco, and turned off to the right up a grassy hill, then headed due south across country and arrived about four or five at our first camping ground six hundred feet above sea level, near a small douar or village. A large grass field, with a thick high fence of prickly pears round three sides of it, made an excellent site well sheltered from the wind, which at this height blew cold from the north-east. An excellent spring of pure water ran down one corner of the ground, and

a fine view to the west, with Jebel Zeena in the foreground, satisfied us that we had selected as good a place as could be desired for our first rest. The village sheik, with some of his headmen, called upon us and offered the usual "mona," but I explained to them, as I did at every village where we stopped, that we would claim no "mona," but pay for all the provisions or forage which we might require, and that our caravan men were to have nothing from the villagers except on the same terms.

This announcement was received with surprise and delight, as it was so contrary to the usual extortions practised on the wretched inhabitants in the Sultan's name, and immediately we were looked upon in a different light, and the true hospitality of the Moor showed itself. They volunteered supplies of every sort and pressed upon us certain gifts which we could not refuse without offending them; eggs, fowls, honey and milk were plentiful in nearly all the douars, and prices were low enough to satisfy the most *exigeante* housekeeper; a fat sheep in the interior could be bought from 1s. 6d. to 2s., and in many places a hundred eggs only cost a nominal 2½d., for the silver real or "greesh" at the rate of exchange, was only worth about 1¾d. It was amusing to see a well-to-do sheik insisting on our receiving two or three sugar loaves and so many pounds of tea, until we explained to him that we had an ample supply of that sort of provisions, and only required such articles as his own village supplied.

The consumption of green tea and loaf sugar is enormous, for no ceremonial visit nor any bargain or

discussion is complete without "cha." The commonest green China tea finds its way to Morocco; after the boiling water is poured over it, huge lumps are broken off a loaf of sugar, limited only as to size by the opening of the tea-pot or kettle, and dissolved in the brew, to which is added fresh mint, or leaves of the lemon scented verbena, "herba Luisa." It is poured out into gaily coloured glasses and handed round to the visitors, who drink it slowly as connoisseurs of old wine will sip a high class vintage, sucking it down with as much noise as they can make, as an outward and audible sign of the intense appreciation of the deliciousness of the potation. Three glasses to each guest is the regulation allowance, and these are solemnly ingurgitated with an intense expression of satisfaction; only a very special guest, whom it is intended to honour beyond the usual welcome, is invited to take a fourth glass. This ceremonial tea drinking is universal throughout the country, and one of its most honoured observances. Only on very State occasions and in the houses of the most wealthy is ambergris substituted for mint or verbena as the special flavouring.

We were late at starting next morning as a re-adjustment of loads was necessary, the first day out having shown the requirements and capabilities of our cavalcade, and at nine we started off in a south-westerly direction, over a fine rolling country intersected with streams. The absence of trees is a marked feature throughout Morocco; there are some forest districts still left, but they are getting more and more restricted; but in general, except for olive groves and

fig plantations along the river bottoms, or a clump of palms and other trees over the tomb of a saint, there is hardly a tree to be seen over the vast expanse of the land. With proverbial wastefulness, the Moor who wants a camp fire to cook a meal, cuts down the first tree he comes to, and of course no one ever thinks of planting another. No true Moor ever looks forward to the future, still less provides for it; that is Allah's business, and everything which does not tend to the immediate enjoyment of the moment is relegated to Allah; so, as in southern Spain, the whole face of the country is denuded of trees, and no doubt the climate has greatly deteriorated in consequence thereof.

Nothing strikes the traveller more than the inconsequence of the Moor; there are many traces in all the towns and villages of a certain amount of civilisation and creative power at a somewhat recent date, aqueducts, fountains, bridges, even in some places of recent construction, but all in a broken down and ruined condition, and not a sign of having been repaired or kept up within the last thirty or forty years. It looks as if a period of utter decadence and ineptitude had been inaugurated within the present generation, for many works of general utility and showing skill in their inception and execution seem to have been carried out in comparatively modern times, and yet to have merged into decay within the present generation.

Decadence is the prevailing note throughout the country; traces are evident on every side of a high condition of civilisation at an early period, as who can doubt who has studied in Spain the influence

of Moorish education upon the nation and the wonders still remaining from their period of domination ?

I lived in Spain many years and took the greatest interest in the history of that marvellous country, as read in its ruins and the traces of its past grandeur, but I confess that I never really understood the story of these ruins until I had been through Morocco, and seen there the origin, the inception, of every trace of the Moor in the Peninsular. And yet it is hard to believe that this race, only a little higher in the human scale to-day than the aboriginal savage of the African Continent, is the descendant of the conquerors of Spain and Portugal, the war-like, but highly educated race, who brought over the civilisation of the East, and a culture which far surpassed that of the Western nations. The works of the Saracen in Spain vie with those of old Rome in artistic conception and solidity of construction ; after hundreds of years their palaces and mosques remain as models of architecture, and triumphs of construction, and yet, thrust back from Europe, they have fallen into the lowest state of degradation, and lost every trace of that learning and creative power which at one time seemed to fit them for the highest place among the nations. Ichabod, the glory hath departed !

On the 11th we camped at a douar, rejoicing in the name of Aazib Hadj ben Absalam. Like many other villages it consisted of a circle of huts, rudely thatched, round an open space or "ensalah," on which we were supposed to pitch our camp, and in an evil moment I let my men do so ; but what with the

village dogs who howled and barked all the night, and the vermin from the many camps of itinerant natives who had preceded us with which the ground was infested, sleep was an impossibility, and I vowed that I would never patronise the regular "ensalah," or camping ground again.

As the local sheik is responsible for all the belongings of travellers passing the night in his village, he is anxious that they should camp within his lines, as there is then no fear of outside marauders sneaking a mule or any other belonging from the camp, the value of which he would have to make good.

Hence his very natural anxiety to see the traveller committed to his charge, safely encamped within the precincts of his, more or less, fortified village. If the camp is pitched outside, he has to provide armed guards to watch round it all night : but as a small payment satisfied these gentry, I made up my mind to in future select a ground sufficiently far from the village, to be independent of its live stock.

On this occasion, while my men were pitching the tents, I strolled off alone to have a look at the villagers' huts, and the country round. I was, all of a sudden, set on by a dozen or more huge dogs who, no doubt, recognised an infidel and a foreigner, and resented his intrusion : in vain I tried pelting them with stones, their numbers gave them boldness, as I had no weapon of defence, and the situation was getting serious, when a big villager with a huge stick came to the rescue ; the brutes, however, were not to be ordered off, but they fortunately made for him, and gave me an oppor-

tunity of executing a strategic movement in the direction of my men, without too apparent a loss of dignity, and obtaining reinforcements, and it was well that I did so, for my defender had the whole pack of savage mongrels at bay, and they got to such close quarters that they pulled his clothes off his back before we were able to beat them off. A few revolver shots finally sent them off howling. They are very useful as guardians in the night, as they give warning of an approaching footstep, miles away, but they are a savage, motley pack, living on offal, full of vermin, and almost as dangerous to their owners, at times, as to strangers. It is never safe for a foreigner to approach a native douar without a loaded revolver handy.

The following morning we crossed a small river, Wad M'Kasam, and regained the southern road from Tangier to Meknez; on the right, crowning a bluff, were the ruins of an old Roman town, or fortress, and from the high ground, before descending the valley, we could just descry the Atlantic and the far distant coast above Laraiche.

The fourth day brought us to the valley of the Wad Koos, on the banks of which was fought out the great battle which overthrew the Portuguese power in Morocco under the ill-fated Dom Sebastian. The battle field lies just to the north of the ancient town of El Ksar el Kebir. We camped in a private garden on the banks of the Wad Koos, half a mile to the south of the town, and even here the odours were wafted to us with a prodigality we could have dispensed with.

Like most Moorish towns, El Ksar is surrounded by high mud walls, flanked by towers at intervals, but higher than the walls outside rose huge dung heaps, which must have been commenced in the days of Dom Sebastian, and never been cleared away from his time ; piles of rotting manure, with dust and rubbish, decomposing carcasses of camels, donkeys and dogs : every conceivable refuse in huge heaps, higher than the walls of the city, and surrounding it in a savoury circle ! The black streams of fetid ooze formed pools across the road and under the walls ; while the goats and the fowls scratched and scraped on the heaps, and brought out the richest odours under the burning sun. Inside the walls, if anything, the odours and the filth were still more appalling ; at any rate in the Mellah, the Jewish quarter, the streets were fetlock deep in black mud, well churned up since the recent rains : it was inconceivable that human beings could live and thrive in such surroundings : certainly the Jews at El Ksar were an unhealthy looking crew, nor could it be wondered at.

My visit to the Mellah was in search of the post office, which was kept by an American missionary, recently arrived in the country ; he and his wife, a wretched couple of children — they neither of them seemed more than boy and girl—had been sent out by some society in Chicago, to proselytise the Moors ; they had not a notion of any other language than their own, and that was Chicagoese of a very pronounced type : possibly they might have been excellent Sunday school teachers amongst their own people,

but of their capacity to teach an alien religion to the Moors, even if they had had an inkling of their language, the less said the better. The scheme of getting at the souls of the El Ksarites was through their bodies, by supplying them with medical assistance, and certainly the mission was well fitted out with a plentiful equipment of drugs and medicines of every kind. But when the dispensing missionary confessed to me that his knowledge of medicaments was of the vaguest description, and that he depended on a manual of the art to prescribe for his many patients, I marvelled at his good luck in not having already reduced the population to an appreciable extent. Perhaps he had!

Notwithstanding its high sounding title, El Ksar el Kebir, the Great Castle, is not an imposing city, though some of its outer streets are quaint enough; it remains in my recollections as the dirtiest, most squalid town of its size throughout Morocco. Every evening our camp was serenaded by a party of minstrels, who played the weirdest airs on gimbris, violins and drums; wild songs which convulsed their audience with uncontrollable laughter, and which were not fit for translation, served to pass the evening merrily, and though the music was barbarous in the extreme, there was a quaint melody, which made it almost harmonious, heard under the star-lit canopy of those glorious nights of northern Africa, when one sits outside the tent after the heat and fatigue of the day, to enjoy the most perfect rest to all the senses. Even the harsh noises of the adjacent town, carried on the evening breeze, are toned down and softened, and

mingle, not unpleasantly, with the champing of the horses at their evening meal, the occasional squeal of an ill-tempered mule, the harsh cry of the night birds in the neighbouring grove, and the shrill croaking of myriads of frogs, whose chorus rises and falls in varying cadence. At last we hear the distant call of the muezzin from the high tower of the Mosque, just inside the town walls : the concert is over, the musicians depart with many blessings on our heads, and the camp lapses into sleep ; all but the eight guards provided by the Kaid, who chatter all night or recite verses of the Koran, to keep themselves awake or to scare away the devils of the darkness.

From El Ksar we left the main road to Fez, and branched off south-east towards Wazzan. This town is rarely visited by Europeans, as it enjoys an evil reputation for fanaticism, being one of the holy cities of Morocco ; it is the seat of the Shereefiat of Wazzan, and it was in order to visit the heads of that important family, that we ventured into this stronghold of the Mahommedan faith. On the way we met a party of Kaid's returning from the city, and it was here I had my first experience of a Moorish country greeting. As we drew near the approaching horsemen, they gradually formed up into line, then, brandishing their long matchlocks and uttering wild shouts, they trotted forward towards our party, and when within a few hundred yards, broke into a mad gallop, waving their guns in the air, and charged down upon us in a cloud of dust. As the foremost horseman, who was the chief, reached my horse, he pulled his up with a wrench, when the

wall of galloping horsemen behind him fired their long guns full in our faces, and pulled up as suddenly just behind him, throwing their panting horses on to their haunches, but not one of them overstepping the line. It takes all one's nerve to sit quietly and await this living avalanche, and only a Moorish horse, well used to the play, would stand the discharge of fifty or more guns, right under his nose, but it would show bad form to shrink from the ordeal of "powder play" or "fantasia," as this performance is called, and its practice on a traveller is considered a mark of breeding and a delicate attention, which must be accepted with courtesy, whatever the feelings of the recipient of the honour may inwardly be. Any way, it is a brilliant sight, though the sudden strain of the cruel Moorish bit must ruin many a young horse.

In no other country in the world does the horse play such an important part as in Morocco. He is prized above all other possessions, and as a rule well treated, although the bit in common use is cruel to a degree, especially when dragged on suddenly. It must be remembered, however, that no self-respecting Moor rides any but a stallion; mares are only adapted to rearing purposes, or ridden by very low class Jews or old men, and therefore a powerful bit is a necessity.

As a rule the Moorish barb is a powerful, active animal, full of spirit and an excellent roadster, trained to amble or gallop, but not to trot; he is splendidly caparisoned in coloured leather and velvet, with silver or gilt ornaments, and the heavy wooden saddle, with high peak fore and aft, is richly housed with velvet

and embroidery. But, oh, the horror to the uninitiated of a ride on a Moorish saddle. You sit perched up on a wooden frame, more or less disguised under some folded rugs ; the saddle is high above the horse's back, perched up on a mountain of thick felt "numnahs," as many as thirteen being the correct number. The stirrups, of the old box pattern, are hung on knotted silken cords in such a fashion that the knots rub into the calf of the leg, while the bow of the stirrup cuts into the instep, so much so that the horseman is always recognised by the scar across the top of his naked foot. Of the discomfort of the seat the less said the better, as it must be endured for four or five hours before its merits can really be appreciated. Kerim Bey and I had provided ourselves with good English saddles, and could therefore contemplate with comparative equanimity the endeavours of our Moorish companions to find a soft corner to sit on, after a day in the saddle. The Moor's ideal pace is the canter, in which he does not sit down in the saddle at all, but stands up in the stirrups.

Docking a horse's tail is quite unpractised in Morocco; a flowing mane and tail is *de rigueur*, and after the fourth year neither are ever cut. The mane is parted over either side of the neck, and often reaches half way to the ground, while the tail very often sweeps the ground, nor is it an unsightly or useless appendage, for the flies are enough to drive any horse mad were he deprived of his natural weapon for protecting himself from their attacks.

A covered stable is almost unknown, a walled in yard with nothing but the hard ground to lie on is the barb's stable, except in the colder regions of the Atlas, and this open air treatment makes him hardy and healthy. I rode one horse over a thousand miles and never found him a bit the worse. Strangely enough, though the shoeing is badly done and on a most faulty plan, for the shoe consists of a plate, with an oblong opening in the middle, forged thin and turned up at the heel, so that the frog is quite unable to expand, still the horse contrives to be wonderfully sure footed, and will negotiate the steepest, stoniest mountain path with remarkable safety. In the worst mountain tracks I never dismounted, but let my horse scramble up or down, at his own pace, and he never once fell, though many of the roads would try the powers of a goat.

We sighted Wazzan a long time before we reached it. It is particularly well placed, from a strategical point of view, on the top of a ridge, flanking three different ways, and so disposed that its many enemies have never been able in all the years they have made war on it, to surround it or even attack it on all sides. It sits astride on the parting of three watersheds, 1000 feet above sea level, and commands the surrounding plains.

The inhabitants collected in crowds to see us enter the town, as the advent of a Christian to such a holy city was of rare occurrence, and for some moments we were uncertain what sort of a reception we should meet with. But it soon became known that a member of the Wazzan family was in our party, and that we



Wazzan.



M'Touga.

were on a visit to the chieftain of the clan, so the crowd contented itself with some disparaging remarks and a general sullen demeanour, as we made our way through the steep narrow streets to the open Sok, or market place, where we proceeded to pitch our tents unmolested.

Presently a party of negroes, carrying food and presents from Mulai Alli, the great Shereef, set the townspeople's minds at rest as to our position as *personæ gratae*, and we settled down for a few days' rest.

The surrounding country is well watered, and there were more trees round Wazzan than we had seen all the way from Tangier. The gardens round the town were fairly well kept, and the markets well supplied with produce. But the same air of past activity and present neglect was apparent everywhere. Bridges with broken down arches, aqueducts leaking on every side, causeways with gaps washed out by the winter's rains; on every side traces of an intelligent and constructing rule, some sixty to a hundred years ago, followed by actual neglect, and the absence of any attempt at maintenance or repair. Ruined houses, burned roof trees, and bullet marks on the walls on the outskirts of the town, are a mute testimony to a constant state of inter-tribal warfare, continually occurring in these mountainous regions, and I heard that only a year previously Wazzan had suffered a siege and finally beaten off its aggressors, with heavy losses.

Young Dris called on his cousins and explained the objects of our visit, showing them the letters of recommendation which Kerim Bey had received from their father, the late Shereef of Wazzan, and after a couple of days' negotiation they agreed to ratify these letters, and called on us at our camp to mark their goodwill. We entertained them as became their rank, and gave them European presents, the most acceptable being a pair of Norwegian hunting knives, which met with enthusiastic approbation. The following day I returned their visit, and was received by the two brothers in the usual Moorish guest chamber, although this one had more furniture than is usual in a Moorish house. In addition to the divans ranged round the wall, on which the princes reclined, there was an arm-chair of French manufacture, two small tables and a chiffonnier of flamboyant pattern, and a handsome old Louis XV. clock on a bracket, which must have been a present from some early admirer of the Shereef. The whole style of the room was a compromise between the Moorish simplicity of adornment and French innovation.

Mulai Ali is a handsome, though somewhat sinister looking man, of about thirty. He spoke a few words of French, but our conversation was mainly carried on through his cousin Dris, who acted as interpreter. After the usual tea and cigarettes, we strolled down to his gardens below the town which, though neglected and forlorn, were shady and pleasant enough in the hot afternoon, and sherbet and fruit, with Moorish music and dancing girls, were provided as a suitable entertain-

ment for the foreigners. There was, however, an air of melancholy and restraint over the whole proceedings, which to my mind was depressing enough, and I could not bring myself to believe that the welcome they extended to us was genuine. They were grave and dignified in their reception, but there was no cordiality, and although they discussed our proposals to open up trade with the Sus, and approved of the idea, they gave me the impression of assenting, more with a view of asserting their own authority over the nation than from any sincere wish to further our views. However, we had secured the object of our visit to Wazzan, and wherever we went in Morocco we were armed with the protection and recommendation of the chief religious authority of, at any rate, the northern half of the empire—in many parts of that wild country, a better passport than the Sultan's.

We left Wazzan on April 18th, without much regret, for our camping ground on the great square was infested with vermin, as are all places where Moors do congregate, and our nights were much disturbed by dog fights; the further one's camp is from the abodes of the natives the better it is in every respect, and we should have been wiser if we had sacrificed our dignity and encamped in a garden outside the town. But, *noblesse oblige*, and, on this occasion, the great Sok, with its attendant drawbacks, was considered appropriate to our mission.

We had a lovely ride down the mountain side to the valley of Sidi Racho Racho, where we lunched on the banks of a small river under the shade of magni-

ficient olive trees, such as one never sees on the European side of the Mediterranean. In Italy and in Spain the olive is an artificial tree, stunted and sombre ; in Morocco it seems to grow wild and unfettered, and becomes a thing of beauty ; possibly the general scarcity of trees leads one to exaggerate its appearance, but certainly a grove of olives and figs, with the river meandering under their shade, and the white kubba of a departed saint gleaming through their dark foliage, is a sight worth all the weariness of the day's ride to behold. In front of us rose the noble proportions of Jebbel Siffat, and the whole country round was a rolling sequence of hill and valley, green and smiling with the first tinge of ripening crops gilding the higher ground, as a proof that the fierce heat of summer was now upon us, and the cool rains of spring had done their work, and were stored away for another year.

That evening we camped twenty-eight miles from Wazzan, to the south of Jebel Siffat, at some 600 feet less elevation than the holy city.

The 19th brought us to the banks of the Sebu river, on which is built Fez, the northern capital of the empire. At the point at which we struck it, just above its junction with the Wad Wuergah, the stream is about seventy yards wide, and shallow enough at ordinary times to be forded. Bridges are an unknown luxury, and I only met with half-a-dozen in the immediate vicinity of the towns ; most of these were ruinous, and no attempts were made to keep them in repair. The current was fairly strong, and the crossing over of the mules with their heavy loads not altogether unattended



View near River Sebu.



Part of Major Spilsbury's Caravan fording River Sebu.

with risk : as the caravan picks its way over the shallows, led by a Moor with a long stick, the whole party of muleteers break out into a chant, praying for a safe passage across the dangerous waters. Only one mule got out of his depth, and he was rescued with many objurgations, at the cost of a wet load.

It was in the camp, on the banks of the Sebu, that we made our first acquaintance with the locust scourge of Morocco. I had seen them often in southern Spain, and had indeed been delayed for some hours in the train, in Andalusia, from the engine wheels skidding over their greasy bodies, and being unable to haul the train up a slight gradient. But the scene of desolation in Morocco is altogether worse. At first a strange whirring sound attracts the attention, and a few of the advance guard are seen flitting about with their four straw-coloured wings. Then gradually a darkness comes over the land, the rays of the sun are obscured as if a storm cloud were blotting out the light ; the air is full of a far-off sound, which grows louder and louder as the main flight of the locusts approaches, till at last the whole place is alive with fluttering, swooping, rustling bodies, flying about in every direction, creeping and crawling over each other and everything else ; they hit you in the face, scramble over your clothes, everything is covered with them, the air is alive with them, like dirty yellow snow flakes in a heavy snow storm. And over all comes the sense of desolation and disgust, for well you know that however short the visitation of the hordes may be, it will be effectual ; not a green leaf will be left, not a blade of corn ; the

crops that looked so flourishing a few hours ago will have disappeared, with nothing but a few bare stalks of stubble to remind the wretched peasant that his work is frustrated.

Fortunately the Sebu was too wide a stream for the cloud which had descended on our camp to cross ; a puff of wind came up, and carried them as they were over the water, into which they fell in countless millions, so we had the satisfaction of seeing this particular flight come to the end of its predatory raid in the swift waters of the Sebu river ; but all the way through the country, south of this river, there were traces of locusts everywhere, now few and far between, now in dense clouds, sometimes lying like yellow snow on the ground, sometimes flying about as thick as a London fog, in the air. For the first time a systematic fight against this awful scourge was being organised by Government, and a reward was being offered to the peasantry for every bagful of locusts' eggs brought to the coast towns. At Dar el Baida, hundreds of loads were disposed of by the Sultan's representatives, by sending them out to sea in fishing boats, as being a more convenient method than burning them with petroleum. Of course the incoming tide brought them all back to the shore, where they lay in decomposing heaps, nearly causing an epidemic. Out of evil, however, good may sometimes be extracted ; the starving peasant who sees his fields devastated and his crops destroyed, avenges himself on the devouring beast, by eating him in his turn, and fried locust is becoming quite a usual addition to the Moorish menu. I have tried them and

found them not unlike chopped straw with a shrimpy flavour, slightly disappointing as a satisfying dish, but still not altogether uneatable. I should imagine that if they were carefully prepared in oil, they might be made into a very acceptable savoury.

Moorish cookery is peculiar, but not unpalatable ; the national dish, *kooskoosoo*, is a preparation of flour in small granules, like sago ; the housewife prepares it by wetting her hand, which she then dips into flour, and rubs on a board ; the paste, in the shape of bead-like grains is scraped off and collected and cooked in steam, it is heaped up on a dish, and on the top of the heap is placed a fowl, or cooked meat, the gravy of which is poured over and permeates the whole. The guests, lying on couches or divans round the central dish, scoop it up in their right hands, which each one dives down as far as possible towards the middle of the dish, so as to reach the gravy-bearing stratum : he conveys the handful most skilfully to his mouth, without spilling a grain of *kooskoosoo*, or a drop of gravy. Then the host takes the superincumbent fowl, or piece of kid, which crowns the edifice, and tearing it in pieces, presents each guest with a portion, which is eaten, of course, without the intervention of a fork, an article utterly unused, and hardly ever even with a knife, unless the meat is unusually tough, and resists the onslaught of teeth and fingers. Between each course a servant brings round a bowl and a kettle or jug of water, with which the officiating hand is carefully washed, before it attacks the next course.

A variety of stews, called "sajeen," very succulent, but rather highly flavoured with spices and herbs, follow in succession, fish, flesh and fowls being mixed up in indiscriminating sequence. "Pillafs" of rice are in great favour, and sometimes very good, but as a rule, to the European taste, the predominating flavour of strange herbs tends to spoil an otherwise promising mixture. Saffron is largely used and highly prized, and when used in moderation is a most excellent condiment, but the relish which the Moor loves most is "assafoetida," and I doubt if any European palate could ever accustom itself thereto. Cakes and sweets are in great request, but they are sweet and oily as a rule, honey entering largely into their composition; the Moor is very sweet-toothed and consumes a great amount of sugar. For drinks, sherbet is greatly favoured, but at meals, as a rule, water is the only refreshment provided, though I have more than once been regaled with Jewish made "burnt wine," from native grapes, and on the tables of the wealthier classes European wine and beer have been provided, probably in honour of the Christian guests. Still the well-to-do Mahommedan soon gets a liking for the forbidden juice of the grape, when he has been in contact with the foreigner, and often drinks it, "sub rosa," while inveighing against the wickedness thereof.

There is a vast amount of make believe amongst the most devout Mussulmen, and though, no doubt, there are many very staunch upholders of the tenets of their religion, I am bound to say I came away from Morocco with a very poor belief in the rigid obser-

vance of the law, as long as the breach of it could be effected in private. I know no country where Mrs. Grundy exercises a more potent sway; the more devout a Moor appears in public, the more, as a rule, he gives himself up to every petty vice in the privacy of his own household. With a few exceptions, conscientious well doing is unheard of; the guiding rule seems to be "What will the neighbours think and say?"

A real Moorish entertainment is tedious beyond belief; commencing, say, at sundown, it will last all through the night, dish after dish being brought in at intervals. When a guest feels sleepy, he lies full length on his couch and has a refreshing forty winks, then wakes up invigorated for a fresh carouse, and so keeps up the feast till the morning. Eructation is a sign of good breeding, and accepted by the host as an appreciation of the excellence and abundance of the repast. At intervals slaves come round and sprinkle the guests copiously with orange flower water, and other home made scents, and amber is burned on a silver brazier, or other sweet smelling gums and incense are used to diffuse scented smoke through the room.

The Moor is greatly addicted to essences and scents, and you cannot return his hospitality in a manner more appreciated than by presenting him with a little ambergris or a musk-rat tail: these are considered royal gifts.

Tobacco is indulged in throughout Morocco, but chiefly through the medium of the "narghileh," or hubble-bubble, long stemmed pipes; "chibouks" are also used, and the cigarette is making its way, especially

near the coast ; but the most pernicious habit, very general throughout the country, is " keef " or hempseed smoking. Opium is also indulged in, but to a less extent, owing to its costliness.

On April 21st we arrived at the Roman ruins of Volubilis or, as it is locally known, Ksar Faraoun, the Palace of Pharaoh. They cover an enormous extent of ground on a plain at the foot of a long range of hills. A few arches of the great temple are all that remain standing, and it is a marvel how even these hold together without cement of any sort, the stones merely fitted on to each other with matchless precision. The ground plan of the temple can easily be traced among the scrub and weeds and covers a space some 300 yards long by 100 wide, and many stones with memorial inscriptions lie about the main building showing that it must have been a favourite burial place in the reign of the Emperor Adrian. Most of the building stones have been carried away by successive generations of Moors for their own buildings in the surrounding towns and villages, and the holy city of Mulai Edrees, the most fanatical stronghold of Mahomedanism in the country, which stands out on the hillside overlooking the site of Volubilis, is entirely built out of the ruins of the earlier Roman city. Little is known of its past, but the miles of ground showing still the foundations of its walls and palaces, the size of the temple and the baths, which are still in a fair state of preservation, are proofs that on that desolate hillside where now the jackal makes his burrow, and the goat herd with his meagre flock is the solitary tenant, there once



Roman Ruins, Volubilis.

stood a mighty city, alive with its busy throng of workers, proud patricians and martial soldiers, merchants and slaves, Romans and barbarians, whose only trace is left inscribed in funeral inscriptions on the great stones which lie half buried in the weeds and scrub of an African waste.

The boom of the bittern, the hoot of the night owl and the clatter of the stork sitting astraddle on his nest over the arch of the temple are all the sounds that break the stillness as we ride over the field in the setting sun to our camp snugly pitched in a grove on the hillside. The wood pigeons are flying home to the trees over our tents, and the hawks are circling round after the homing birds; but of human life, except for the transient bustle of our own men tending the horses and making ready for the night, there is no sign. All the great plain below, with its ruins and its memories of a glorious past, is given over to silence and repose.

We spent the following day exploring these wonderful remains, and deciphering many of the memorial inscriptions which abound on the stones of the temple. M. de Lamartine, of the French Legation, had spent some months on the ground a short time previously, and the traces of his explorations were everywhere to be seen. His work, however, was naturally only superficial, and there must remain a splendid field for some enterprising archæologist of the future. Local opposition will have to be conciliated, as the Moor has a rooted objection to let any foreigner "dig for treasure," this, to his mind, being the only conceivable inducement for any sane

man to spend time and money in exploration works. It was with a strong feeling of regret that we finally turned our backs on Volubilis, and skirting the foothills below the holy city and sanctuary of Mulai Edrees, where no Christian may defile the odour of sanctity in which lie the bones of the saint, we rode on our way to Mequinez, or "Meknez," the third capital of the Empire. The road gradually ascends over the southern spur of Jebel Zerhon ; as we come over the ridge we see Meknez strongly ensconced on the slopes of the opposite side of the valley into which we descend by a steep, rocky road. On either side cairns mark the sites of bygone murders and deeds of bloodshed, and the bones of mules and camels, bleaching in the sun, bear witness to the hardships of the road. An ancient stone bridge spans the small river, draining a valley full of gardens and olive groves, and beyond, the road leads up to the great gate in the frowning battlements, skirting one of the extra-mural cemeteries and widening out as it approaches the city walls.

From a little distance these walls, flanked by great square towers at every 200 to 300 yards, look as if they were cut out of the solid brown rock on which they stand, but a nearer inspection shows them to be built of the usual "tapia" or puddled earth and stones, pounded between wooden frames, and sun-dried, which throughout Morocco is the usual method of building. Its weatherworn and generally crumbling condition gives a delapidated and broken down appearance to every monument in the country. The gates of Meknez are of stone and have much architectural pretension.

The Bab M'zooka, or "beautiful gate," inside which we pitched our camp, is very handsome. It is flanked by four monolith columns of marble, which I estimated to weigh from four to five tons each. They were brought from quarries in the neighbourhood of Marrakesh, a distance of over 200 miles of mountainous country cut up by deep gorges and ravines. Now as wheeled transport is unknown throughout Morocco, and there are indeed no roads, except in the plains, where it could be used, it is an interesting matter for speculation how these great blocks could have been brought from such a distance. What a different race of men the former generation must have been; when you look at the remains of their great works in Spain, at Seville, Cordova, Toledo and Granada, and then come down to the squalid mudwork of the present day the full extent of the deterioration of the race is borne in upon one! And yet Meknez, in its ruins and its filth, has an old world air of grandeur; its gates and palaces, its high walls and crenulated bastions carry one back to the days of its uncontested glories, when its rulers conquered fair Spain and Portugal, its merchants controlled the commerce of the west, and its mosques were the repositories of the science of the world. It is built on high ground, 1550 feet above sea level, and even towards the end of April we found the nights extremely cold; our camp was pitched on the cavalry ground between the outer and inner wall of the palace. That night we were assailed by a terrific storm of hail and snow from the north-west, and all our tents were blown down; however, no great damage was done beyond

a general drenching, though we were all half frozen until dawn brought the sun's powerful rays to dry our gear and warm us up.

It was some Jewish festival at the time of our stay, and nothing struck me more than the sight of good looking Jewish girls and women, dressed in brilliant colours, silks and velvets, with heavy gold embroidery, yet compelled to trudge with bare feet through the filthy mud of the Meknez streets. It is one of the fanatical strongholds of Mahommedanism, and no Jews are allowed outside the Mellah, into the Medina, or Moorish town, unless barefooted, nor are they allowed to walk on the raised side-walk wherever there may be one, but must keep to the kennel and reverently salute every high born Moor they meet with.

I went to see a great breach in the wall of the Mellah, which is on the north-west corner of the city, where a few weeks before one of the turbulent tribes of Zemmurs had burst in one night, setting fire to many houses, after looting them and harrying the Jewish quarters generally. Seven killed and many wounded were the casualties of the night, but the wretched Israelites had no redress and were being mulcted, when I was there, in fresh taxes, for the renovation of the wall, and the setting of more useless night guards, as a precaution against the recurrence of the raid. Outside all Moorish towns there is no security for life or property after dark; the town gates are closed at sunset, and woe be to the unfortunate traveller who has reached them just too late to be allowed in, unless his party is well enough armed, and strong enough

to resist attack. Even the very dogs that prowl round in packs are as savage and fierce as wolves, after dark, and will attack any unarmed party, in their half-starved condition.

Outside the Bab M'zooka, on a wide plain, a market is held every morning, and the wild peasantry flock in from the neighbouring hills with produce of every description. On a raised stone divan, under an archway, just outside the gate, sits the Cadi every morning to administer justice in a rough and ready manner. Suddenly a great shouting and tramping of feet announces the arrest of some delinquent and his haling before the throne of justice, a surging crowd vociferating, every man at the top of his voice, surrounds the culprit who struggles in the grip of the guard. He has been caught red handed in the act of stealing some dollars out of the wallet of Achmet, the melon merchant, and dozens of eye witnesses proclaim his guilt. Still he asseverates his innocence, and calls on Allah and his prophet to witness that he never saw the dollars, though they are found tied up in the corner of his "jellab." The Cadi gravely calls on him to confess, but he persists in his plea of innocence, so the Cadi makes a sign, and in a trice he is thrown on the ground, face downwards, his "jellab" torn off his back, and two sturdy soldiers proceed to thrash him with bamboos, stroke after stroke descending on his back and legs, as he writhes and twists in agony, and tries to bite the hands of the soldiers who hold him down.

As the strokes follow with rhythmic measure, his struggles grow less violent, his shrieks have given place

to moans, and finally he confesses that he stole the dollars. The Cadi gives another sign, and the flogging is stopped, the poor wretch is helped up, his "jellab" is thrown over his shoulders, and he shudders as the judge sentences him to have his hand cut off. The crowd press in a little closer as the executioner bustles out from the little guard-room hard by; a boy carries a black iron pot, and embers are produced from somewhere, for in a moment a fire is burning brightly and the pot is hung over it. The thief watches the proceedings without apparent interest, though he knows well enough what they all mean, and a tremor runs through his frame now and again. The executioner stirs the contents of his pot, and the pungent smoke of melted pitch rises from it; then he draws a long, keen butcher's knife, feels the edge with his thumb, and in a matter of fact way motions the soldiers holding the poor wretch that he is ready. They push him up and he starts struggling and fighting again, but what can he do against so many? His right hand is held out by the soldiers, the executioner seizes his hand, and forces his arm on to the wooden beam, which is fixed in the ground, a stroke of the knife and a deft twist of the arm, and the severed hand is thrown on the ground; the bleeding stump is pushed into the melted pitch, and justice is avenged.

The crowd melts away as quickly as it had collected, some children pick up the bloody hand and run off to play with it. The prisoner, now a free man, having expiated his unlawful craving for other people's dollars, staggers off with some friends. The executioner has

already gone back to his den with the black pot, and Achmet, the melon seller, is back at his stall making up for lost time and praising the justice of his lord the Cadi.

This is the rough and ready way in which the majesty of law is upheld in the dominions of the Sultan. The first conviction for stealing entails the loss of the right hand, the second that of the left hand. Should the mutilated remains of the thief still be unregenerate, and should he still be clever enough with the members remaining to him to manage another robbery, his eyes are put out and he is flung out on to the dung heap outside the walls as being unfit to live !

The open air administration of justice is of daily occurrence throughout the country, but its harshness depends very much on the particular nature of the Cadi, and in most instances on the means of the accused, for if he is well off and willing to weigh down the scales of Themis with sufficient dollars, the accusation frequently recoils on the accuser, who may easily get 500 strokes as the result of his temerity in accusing a wealthy man of misdoing. It is only the poor devil, as a rule, who gets "justice while you wait" served out to him, swift and barbarous, and without appeal. Even this, however, is better than being sent to prison, for a prison in Morocco has, as a rule, only one outlet, and that is death, death after the most lingering of all tortures.

On our way to Meknez we had had more than one question with our muleteers, the leader, Abderrahman, being a surly, ill conditioned scoundrel. It culminated in open mutiny when we suggested taking a bee-line

due south, through the dreaded mountains of the Zemmur tribes, and so reaching Marrakesh by a route never traversed by Europeans, and absolutely closed to the Sultan who, in travelling from one capital to the other has invariably to make a huge detour by the coast in order to escape the depredations of these fierce and war-like mountaineers. I was anxious to test the efficacy of the letters which we carried from the Shereef of Wazzan, and the fascinations of this unknown route appealed very strongly to me. But it was useless to contemplate such a venture ; the muleteers absolutely refused to risk it, nor could I find any others in Meknez willing to replace them ; so perforce we had to resign ourselves to travel due west to Rabat, thence down the coast to Azimur, and from there across Dukhala to Marrakesh, the southern capital.

As an inducement to the stubborn muleteers to proceed a little more rapidly, I promised an extra douceur to each man, over and above his contract price, provided he gave me entire satisfaction throughout the remainder of the journey, and reached our destination within a given number of days. We left Meknez on April 24th, returning by the road we had come by as far as the foot of Jebel Zerhoun, when we turned off north-west towards a steep ridge, which formed a dip in the line of mountains running south from Zerhoun. As we reached the pass we found it steep and rocky enough to climb, but the descent on the other side of the divide was infinitely worse ; the track led down the face of the rock, which dipped at a very steep angle, and our horses and mules had many a dangerous slide

over the slippery even face of the rock, without a foothold or any vegetation to stop a slipping animal should he once get any momentum in his descent.

From the divide to the bottom of the pass we dropped over 1200 feet. Our heavy baggage, owing to the steepness of the road, had gone round by a more circuitous route, and when, by nightfall, we reached Sidi Kacem, no tents had turned up, and we had the choice of sleeping out *al fresco*, or enjoying the hospitality of the Kaid, who placed a very doubtful looking hut at our disposal, and sent us an acceptable supper, ready cooked, to which we did justice. The night was cold, so we lit a fire in the despised hut and turned in, in our blankets, and it was not till long after midnight that we were awakened by the clatter of mules announcing the arrival of our camp equipment.

In the morning I paid a visit to the Kaid of Sidi Kacem, in his house, and was well entertained by him ; he had a good garden of which he was very proud, and altogether was superior to the average Moor. When we started in the morning he rode with us part of the way, and we parted the best of friends. That evening we encamped at Wad el Beit, and here again Kaid Hamed Ben Hamed, almost a negro, received us with great cordiality, and was extremely interested in the various instruments, arms, etc., which he saw in my tent. He was a very intelligent man, and I spent quite a pleasant evening talking to him. Finally we got out the magic lantern, stretched a sheet on two bamboo poles in front of the tent, and gave a variety entertainment to the whole population of the village, which

turned out *en masse* to see the Christians' magic. Presents of native produce were pressed upon us in such profusion that we could have lived for a week on these poor people's gifts, and they were quite surprised and almost hurt when I told them we could not think of accepting anything, but would pay for what provisions we required. I had with me a supply of spectacles, amongst other things, for presents, and I found them most highly appreciated by elderly Moors whose sight was beginning to fail.

The Kaid's secretary was suffering in this way, and when I found a pair of glasses that just suited his sight, I never saw a more grateful man.

Our next night was at Wad er Remel. We were now traversing a level plain watered by many small rivers, all tributaries of the Sebu.

At noon the following day we lunched by the tomb of Sidi Ayash. These tombs or "kubbas," are usually square, with a dome on the top, and sometimes flanked by small minarets. They are quite a feature in the landscape, showing up in dazzling white against the surrounding foliage, for there is one good point about the departed saint, that there is sure to be some verdure and shade provided round his tomb, for the delectation of the weary, sunburnt traveller, and after a long ride over the dusty, arid plains of Morocco, denuded of anything in the way of trees, the clump of graceful palms, or shady fig trees, grown in memory of the sleeping saint, is a very haven of rest and delight. That afternoon we crossed the Sebu by a very antiquated bridge, said to have been built by the Portuguese. It

was very narrow and irregular, and looked as if it ought to have been swept away years and years ago ; but the river was not in flood, so we trusted ourselves on it without a qualm, but as I looked over its dilapidated parapet on to the brown waters sweeping through its arches, it struck me that to cross it with the river in flood would be a doubtful pleasure. Our camp was pitched at M'Barek, whose Kaid, el Mali, made himself very agreeable, and offered to escort us through the forest of Mamora, which lay on our route and bears an evil reputation, from the many brigands who infest its secluded fastnesses. We declined his kind offer as we felt we were a strong enough party to resist any attacks.

Shortly after leaving M'Barek, the next morning, we met quite an army of the Sultan's mounted men and grooms leading his horses and mares to Fez. It was a brilliant sight in the morning sun to see all these horsemen in white *haïks*, or bright coloured "jellabs," with their flashing weapons, long tapering lances, bright flintlocks studded with brass or even silver, curved swords in red Morocco scabbards, galloping negroes shouting vociferously, askari in their ragged tunics, red, blue and yellow, and groups of handsome barb stallions, mares and foals, trotting over the plain with flowing manes and tails, with their armed escort trailing out behind for more than a mile. Often on these journeys from one capital to another, the dreaded Zemmuri, who are no respecters of our lord the Sultan, tempted by the rich prizes being led by their very doors, rush out from their wild haunts, and raid the sacred property of their master ; and many a fine horse

or camel load of rich booty goes back to the wild gorges of the mountains, instead of to the palace at Fez; and so the Sultan, instead of collecting tributes from these unruly tribes, is often an unwilling contributor to their revenues.

The forest of Mamora is full of most picturesque bits of woodland scenery, and some of the trees are very ancient, but it is rapidly disappearing, owing to the depredations of wayfarers and tramps, and the wholesale destruction of the charcoal burners. Game is still to be found in the recesses of the wood, wild boar being very plentiful and giving excellent sport. Notwithstanding its evil reputation we passed through unmolested, and thoroughly enjoyed the deep shade of the trees and the cool depths of the dells and ravines, such a contrast to the burning plains which we had been crossing ever since we left the uplands of Meknez. Soon after getting out into the open we caught sight, on the distant skyline, of one of the most prominent landmarks in the whole country, the tower of Hassan, and soon the whole coast line, with the estuary of the Bou Regreg river, opened up on our right. On either side of the mouth of the river, on high ground overlooking the sea, an imposing town with battlemented walls flanked by numerous towers stands out boldly to guard this entrance into Morocco. Sla, the old stronghold of the Salee rovers, who drove their piratical trade right up to British waters in the bad old days, crowns the northern point, and is still so hostile to modern ideas that it is unsafe for a Christian to venture within its walls without a strong escort; and Rabat, more Europeanised, and



Sla from Rabat.



Rabat from above Sea.

one of the principal trading ports of the Empire, spreads over the southern heights within a vast circuit of walls and gates, enclosing not only the town, but sufficient market gardens and cultivated fields to provide for its inhabitants in case of siege; for the dreaded Zemmuri are not far off, and frequently harry the district when the Sultan's troops are busy in some other part of his dominions.

But for the dangerous bar which almost closes the entrance to the river when the winds are westerly, Rabat would be the finest harbour on the Moorish coast of the Atlantic, for there is deep water and perfect anchorage and shelter inside the river. It would not entail a very heavy expenditure to control the current of the stream and utilise it so as to produce sufficient scour to clear away the shifting sands which form the bar, and thus maintain a deep and lasting channel without any artificial dredging. As it is, no ocean going steamers can cross the bar; they have to anchor in the open roadstead in a very exposed situation and tranship cargo into broad, flat bottomed lighters, and even these run great risks in crossing the sand flats, and are frequently capsized and lost.

We rode through the town of Sla, which had nothing attractive beyond the recollections of its past records. The only point of interest was the strength of its walls, which were undergoing considerable repairs and renovation, the only instance throughout my visit to Morocco of any works of importance coming under my observation. Passing out of the lower gates, near the river's edge, we came to a pleasant grove with an old stone

fountain, where we enjoyed our lunch while boats were being obtained to ferry our party across the wide stretch of water, about half a mile at this spot, which lay between us and Rabat. The crossing was effected in safety, and we climbed up the steep road to the town, rode through it and finally camped in the cemetery, on the far side, looking out over the ocean. It was a somewhat gruesome idea, pitching one's tents among the abodes of the past generations of Rabat, especially as the burial ground being on a slope, the heavy rains had scored it with gullies, laying open many of the tombs, and leaving exposed to view all that remained of the occupant. But no one seemed to mind these grizzly relics of humanity and the ground they lay in did duty as a market place, a drill ground, a racecourse, a camping ground, and in fact, a general meeting place of the living. It was a weird sight on Fridays, however, to see the women, muffled up like animated bundles of clothes, visiting the tombs of their departed friends and relations, and wailing over them with all the Oriental marks of anguish and regret, rending their garments and throwing dust on their heads, while hard by, five ragged recruits were practising the goosestep under the supervision of a French colonel, two officers, a sergeant-major, all in full French uniforms; the army of five recruits being dressed in ragged cotton frocks, with bare legs and worn out yellow "babooches," rusty flintlocks and bayonets, without scabbards, stuck into a grimy belt. A little further off a group of wild looking tribesmen, all carrying the curved daggers and long flintlock guns which constitute their

most cherished possessions, are extolling to depreciatory purchasers the incomparable merits of some mules, the results, no doubt, of a recent successful raid ; and still through all the chaffering of the horse dealers, the hoarse words of command of the drill party, and the rattle of the drums as they practise a monotonous step, the shrill ululations of the wailing mourners bursts out now and again in incongruous contrast, as a protest against the desecration of the field of repose.

I visited the British Vice-Consul, Mr. Frost, and was kindly entertained by him and by the French Vice-Consul. A few Europeans of different nationalities reside in Rabat, mostly engaged in trade, but the French have a military commission engaged in training a very limited portion of the Moorish army, and a German engineer has been for some years engaged in building a modern fort and arming it with heavy Krupp guns. A little tramway had to be constructed from the landing place to the fort in order to transport the artillery and machinery, and this may be noted as the first railway in Morocco. Rabat is celebrated for its carpets, which are still made in the same rude hand looms, as in the Middle Ages, and what is much more important to the purchaser, the brilliant colouring which has made their well deserved reputation is still obtained from vegetable juices, by secrets handed jealously down from father to son, and not from those modern abominations prepared from aniline, which our German friends have tried so fervently to introduce, and with which they have succeeded in destroying the carpet trade of Saffi and Casablanca. These original

Moorish dyes delight the eye with their marvellous brilliancy and variety, and are everlasting; even the burning rays of the African sun cannot make them fade, but merely mellow them after years of exposure. Surely the early designers of Rabat must have sought their inspiration in the flower-carpeted fields of Morocco in early spring, for from no other source could they have obtained such daring effects of blending and contrasting the most vivid of hues, and yet produce such complete harmony of tone and colouring.

The carpet market takes place every afternoon in the main street of the town, and is conducted most openly in the midst of all the other usual traffic. Suddenly you see a powerful Moor carrying a rolled up rug emerge from a doorway, and assail you volubly with the unusual and exalted value of his particular carpet. If you look like a possible buyer, he immediately proceeds to unroll it and spread it out on the roadway, regardless of the fact that a string of camels and mules are pushing their way through the dense crowd of buyers, sellers and lookers on. Now his efforts are frantically divided between extolling the merits of his wares, passionately urging you to make him a bid, and keeping the oncoming camels and mules from walking over his outspread carpet. You ask him its value, and he calls on the Prophet to witness that he will give it away to you for the utterly ridiculous consideration of eighty dollars. You smile on him and suggest ten, whereupon he rolls it up in a desperate hurry and with a withering look of contempt, shoulders it and rushes up the street, shouting in guttural tones

the offer you have made him and the price he asks. Someone at the far end of the dense throng bids him eleven dollars, and soon you see him, rushing back, pushing his way deftly through the crowd till he catches your eye, when he volubly assails you with the new offer. You spring to twelve dollars, and away he goes far up the street for another bid, and so on tearing backwards and forwards with his heavy load, fighting his way through a mixed mass of men, mules, camels and horses, his shouts getting more hoarse and passionate as the bidding rises, till at last, getting no advance on your last offer of twenty-seven dollars, he returns and throws the bundle down at your feet, and you flatter yourself that you are the proud possessor of the coveted prize for twenty-seven dollars. But you are not. Your man was only the broker, and he has no power to fix the price; the real owner, probably a much be-veiled old woman, is bundled out of the adjoining "fondak," where she is awaiting the report of her broker, and she protests that under no consideration will she part with this particular treasure for twenty-seven dollars; forty-five is the very lowest figure which will tempt her. Then the onlookers intervene and take sides, some remonstrate with the old lady on the absurdity of her pretensions, others implore you for the sake of the Prophet to stretch a point and meet her very legitimate demands. Much chaffering ensues, and you begin to think a settlement out of all question, when you suddenly find that twenty-nine dollars, which some member of the crowd had put into your mouth, or persuaded you to offer, has broken

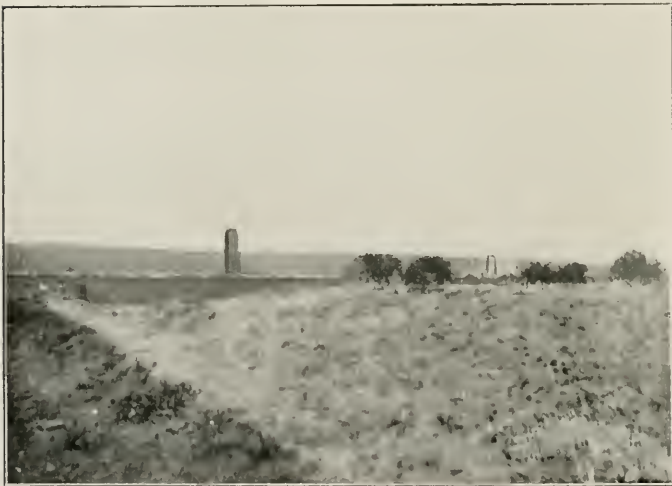
down the old lady's powers of resistance, and she holds out a bird-like claw for the dollars to be counted out. This operation also takes time, but a mutual understanding is finally reached, and this time the carpet is really yours, for better, for worse. The auction has lasted over an hour, and you retire, proud to think that your persistency and determination have obtained for you for twenty-nine dollars what was offered at eighty.

Later on your complacency is somewhat dashed when you meet a dealer who tells you that there was no trade buying to-day as it was well known that an amateur was in the field, and consequently prices ruled 25 per cent. higher. In my case, I put this down to nasty jealousy and hugged myself in the belief that I had got my purchases for the very lowest price commensurate with honesty, and I quite refused to be put out of conceit by the remarks of the German buyer, who tried to make me believe I might have done much better had I bought them through him. Altogether it was an amusing and exciting scene, and one that added not a little to the value of the purchase.

No visit to Rabat is complete without an inspection of the tower of Hassan, which stands out as a landmark on the high ground to the south of the Bou-Regreg. It is a massive square tower, 150 feet high, built by the same architect, Yacoob el Mansur, who raised the Kutubia at Marrakesh, and the well known Torre de la Giralda, at Seville, somewhere about 1200 of our era. The tower of Hassan was never completed, it has no minaret or lantern to take off the heaviness of its four handsomely carved and fretted sides. Inside its walls



Rock near River Sebu.



Tower of Hassan, Chellah.

a broad inclined road gives access to the unfinished top, from which a magnificent view of the country and coast line is obtained. The ruins of a mosque, with tanks and aqueducts, and many colonnades surround the foot of the tower, which alone is of so massive a construction that it has withstood the ravages of time and weather. Near by are the picturesque ruins of Chella, half hidden in thick vegetation, which now form a favourite picnic ground for the European population of Rabat. On returning to the town I noticed on the outer wall, at a height of six feet from the ground, a projecting ridge of tin, made out of petroleum tins, the sheets of which were nailed against the wall, forming a long penthouse about 12 inches deep, and many miles long. On inquiry I ascertained that this was a precaution against the locusts to keep them from climbing over the wall, and ravaging the market gardens inside, and it seems to have been a very successful method of stopping several invasions of these pests.

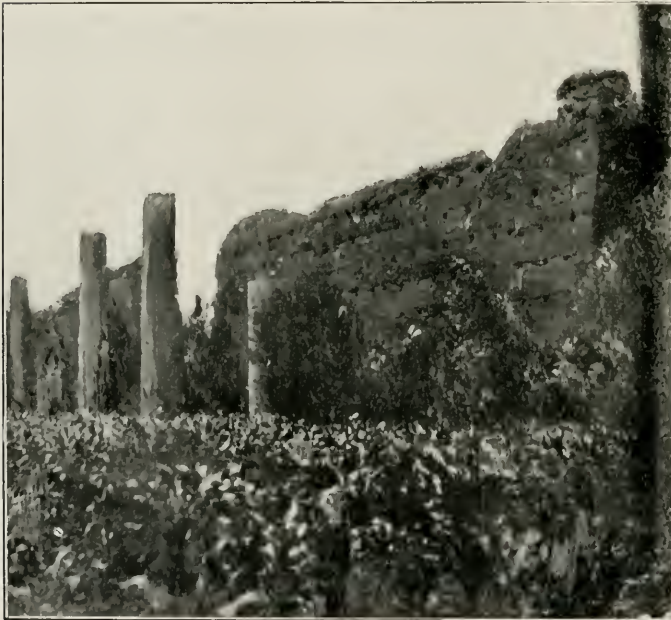
We replenished our stores at Rabat and started south along the line of the coast at 7 on the morning of April 30th, reaching Kasbah Mansouria after eleven hours in the saddle. We camped outside the gates on a breezy moor overlooking the sea. These Kasbahs vary in size, from a mere house with its dependencies to a village or small town ; a high wall surrounds them, flanked with watch towers, and access and egress are confined to one principal gateway, strongly protected and rigorously closed at night.

The next morning we passed near Fedalla, a somewhat larger village on rocky ground, overlooking the

sea, and reached Casablanca, or Dar el Baida, as the Moors call it, in time for lunch. For the first time since leaving Tangier, we slept in a house, putting up at a small, but fairly comfortable hotel. Here I met Mr. Allen Maclean, our Consul, a brother of Kaid Maclean, Inspector of the Sultan's army. Mr. Fernau is also a noted resident, and the oldest member of the British colony. His hospitality is so well known that I was hardly surprised when I found myself entertained by him as if I had been an old friend, instead of a passing stranger. In the morning, May 2nd, when we started on our journey, he rode out some miles with me, and gave me his views on the way in which British interests were neglected by our Consular representatives, which were hardly complimentary to that service. Nor was he exceptional in his complaints. From every Englishman I met in Morocco, there was but one opinion on this subject, and that was that every other nationality was better looked after than our own by their respective Consular authorities. That the British merchant was looked upon by some of those who were sent out to represent British interests, as a nuisance and a constant trouble to their lordly dignity, and therefore to be snubbed and thwarted at every turn, and many instances were cited in which a Briton could only prosecute his claims against local extortion or injustice by the good natured intervention of a foreigner. So general were these complaints all along the coast, that it was impossible to look upon them as mere individual prejudice. As we rode along by the side of the main aqueduct, which supplies



Aqueduct at Casablanca.



Ruined Mosque, Chella.

water to the town, I noticed here and there holes broken through in the roof of the conduit, and industrious Moors washing their dirty clothes in the drinking supply of the town, with that supreme indifference to consequences which is characteristic of the Oriental.

That night we reached the Kasbah of Ouled el Hadj Cassim, in ruins, destroyed by the late Sultan's orders. The old Kaid, its former owner, was accused of having amassed much treasure by the extortions practised in his district, and not paying a due share to his lord and master. Summoned to Marrakesh, he was ordered to disgorge and thrown into prison, and on his still refusing to part with his hoard, or confess where it was buried, he was subjected to the ordeal of the salt. This horrible barbarity is practised as follows: The executioner cuts three or four gashes in the palm of the victim's right hand, then closes the hand over a lump of salt, or quicklime, and binds up the whole with strips of raw green hide. These strips as they dry in the air, contract till the fingers are forced through the palm, the salt or quicklime adding to the agony of the torture. Sometimes mortification sets in and releases the wretched sufferer in a few days, but in most cases he survives for a time, the hand withering up completely. Hadj Cassim was cast in a stubborn mould, and refused even under this terrible ordeal to divulge the hiding place of his accumulated hoard, and after many beatings and nameless tortures preferred to die of starvation rather than gratify his enemies by purchasing an existence rendered henceforth insupportable, at the price of his treasure. So

troops were sent down to his Kasbah to search every inch of the ground, and break down every wall, wherein the gold might have been bricked up ; and they carried out their work of destruction most comprehensively, for in their zeal they even pulled down the private mosque, which Cassim had erected in his grounds, to the no small scandal of devout Mahommedans. But they found nothing, or at any rate they brought back nothing to their disappointed sovereign, and the ruins, given over to the owls and hyænas, remain as a mournful monument to the baffled cupidity of Muley Hassan and the obstinate tenacity of their unfortunate owner.

The afternoon of the 3rd brought us to the banks of the Oum er Rebia river, which flows into the sea at Azamur. It is a wide and placid stream at this place, but like most rivers on this coast its entrance is blocked by sand banks and quite unnavigable. The town, with its high walls and white minarets, occupied a commanding position on the opposite side, and from a distance looked more imposing than it proved to be on a closer inspection. As we waited for the flat bottomed lighters, which were to ferry our caravan to the other side, we watched a party of fishermen with a long drag net fishing for shebbel, a very fine species of shad. The river seemed to be literally teeming with these fish, and the hauls we saw made were so successful that the boats were nearly swamped. The shad were mostly from 12 to 25 lb. in weight, very much like salmon in appearance, but of a lighter coloured flesh, and more delicate in flavour ; in fact, I never tasted a more exquisite fish. I purchased two fine specimens, as

much as a strong man could carry, for eightpence, and was told by a Jew that I had spoiled the market by my extravagance.

While waiting to get our caravan across, it was most amusing to watch the struggles of a party of camels, which were also being coaxed or coerced into lighters for ferrying across ; they had a most invincible objection to trusting their awkward limbs in a boat, and even when by the united efforts of their guides they were forced in and made to lie down in the bottom of the boat, if not constantly watched and checked, would make frantic efforts to jump up and throw themselves overboard. Our mules and horses gave no trouble and acted like old stagers, and we got over without any casualties.

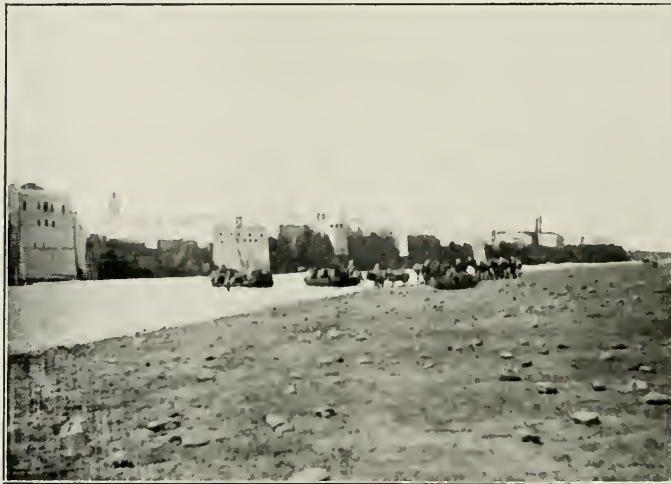
We now diverged from the coast line, and turned in a south-easterly direction across the level plains of Doukhala, heading for Marrakesh. This is a rich corn growing district, but though it was still early in May the crops were all gathered, and the stubble fields looked dried and dusty. Water is scarce at this time of the year, as the rains are long past in this southern region, and wells have to be sunk to a great depth, from 100 to 300 feet, before water is reached, and then it is more or less impregnated with magnesia and other salts, and not always safe to drink. The method of drawing water from these deep wells is primitive and ingenious. The bucket used is a bullock skin, slung like a bag at the end of the rope, which is made of twisted strips of hide ; this is passed over a horizontal roller, made of a straight piece of a tree trunk, supported on two

forked trunks driven into the ground. The other end of the rope is made fast to a camel, who has a certain walk marked off for him; as he walks away he hauls up the bucket of water, and a white stone marks the end of his walk, where he stops of his own accord, this being the distance at which the rope is all out of the well, and the bullock skin at the top, when its contents are run out into a trough hollowed out of a stone or a tree trunk. It is simple and effective.

Our next camp, on the 4th, was at Kasbah Cadi, and the following morning we lunched at one of the many markets which form so curious a feature throughout the country, and bear the name of the day on which they are held. This particular one was Sok el Arba, or the Tuesday market (Tuesday being "arba," the fourth day of the week). The place selected is usually at the intersection of three or four roads from adjoining villages, and contains a number of stalls made with rudely built stone walls, or in some instances, regular roofed huts of dried mud. At early morning the peasants and farmers flock in from every side; sheep, goats, cattle, long strings of mules, donkeys and camels are seen wending their way towards the Sok, and provisions and produce of every kind are brought in for sale or barter. It is a most animated scene, tents of every sort and description dot the ground, fires are lit, cattle slaughtered, and a motley crowd of many hundreds, in some cases of thousands, spend the day in exchanging their wares, listening to the latest gossip and carrying on every kind of trade and business till about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, by which time the



Street and Mosque in Azimur.



Major Gybbon Spilsbury's Caravan crossing the Oumerebia River at Azimur.

place is again abandoned to the vultures and foxes, jackals and hyænas, who flock in when the last huckster has packed up his wares and departed, and fight over the remains of the butcher's stall, and all the other stray scraps left behind. These Soks are a great institution in a country where the interchange of produce and ideas can only be carried on under difficulties, and for the foreigner there is no better opportunity of studying the infinite variety of costumes, manners and types than at these countryside meetings. He must take care, however, not to run counter to any of their religious or popular prejudices, or he may run a risk of being roughly handled. Leaving the Sok after lunch we came to the Saint House of Hadj Ali lidl Ali, embowered in trees, and by nightfall reached Ouled Bou Serrera, where we camped, after twenty-eight miles ride from our last resting place.

On the 6th we passed two more markets, Sok Tleta, or Monday market, at Si Ben Nour; and Sok Djemmah, or Friday market, at Sidi Rachad, where we halted in a pleasant grove for lunch. Here the plain ended and the road began to rise, and we reached a height of 1250 feet at Bou Shen Salem el Arab, where we camped. The tribe inhabiting this village wore the old Berber dress, and no doubt had migrated here in former times from the south. They were nomadic and dwelt in tents, not huts, but they told us that they had been settled in their present location for at least a generation.

On May 7th we had our longest and most trying march of the whole expedition, forty-two miles from

Bou Shen el Arab, over stony, waterless ground to Souinia, 2000 feet above sea level, the entrance to the pass which gives access to the fertile plain of Marrakesh. Towards noon we sighted a solitary tree in the distance, the only one in view, and hurried towards it as we saw a caravan from the opposite direction also making for this solitary bit of shade. It became a race, but we won by a short length, though it proved a very *ho low* victory, for the tree was but a sparsely leaved mimosa, the only bit of shade being that which was produced by a big crow's nest on one of its branches!

All that afternoon we suffered from the burning rays of the sun, refracted on the sand and stones. There was no water for man or beast, and two of our mules succumbed beneath their loads, and were left, as I learned later on, to perish by the way; one of them struggled on to camp in the night, but was in such a pitiable condition that I shot him in the morning to put the poor beast out of his misery. It was a treat to find a plentiful spring of water, clear and crystal-like, after the day's privation, and better still, an excellent pool for a swim. Next morning we started on our last stage to Marrakesh, through a rough mountain gorge, the pass of Souinia, which leads down through rocks and torrent beds from the high plateau which we had been crossing, from 2125 feet, to the level of Marrakesh, 1700 feet. As we were setting off a troop of the Sultan's guards, leading some very valuable horses and mules, a present for Queen Victoria, passed us at the ford, and to our surprise, in the middle of the pass we met a caravan of Christians, two Americans

escorting Mrs. Maclean and her daughter on their way to the coast. The ladies were dressed in Moorish costume, and rode their horses astride, after the custom of the country. Miss Maclean is a splendid rider, and handled her thoroughbred barb with consummate skill.

As we emerged from the gorge, the splendid valley of the Tensift burst upon our view; for miles in either direction a dense forest of palms, olives and fig trees, with the silver ribbon of the winding Tensift flashing here and there through the mass of verdure, delighted our eyes after the barren deserts of the Rahanna, and through the thick green sea of trees rose the beautiful tower of the Kutubia, reflecting in its glistening tiles the rays of the sun and marking the centre of the great city which still lay hidden from our view by the encircling setting of trees and gardens. We unsaddled for lunch by a stone well, in a grove of palms, and indulged in anticipations of luxury. As I was mounting my horse, a splendid specimen of iguana, green backed with crimson chest, ran out of the high grass, making for a clump of palms. We all chased it, and a very active Jew boy just caught it by the tail as it reached a hole. Alas! the tail came off, and so we lost the finest specimen I saw in Morocco. The tail alone was seventeen inches long.

Our road led down into the plain, and crossed and re-crossed the winding river, till we came to the outer walls of the town. From here we still had an hour's ride, through interminable gardens, enclosed within high walls, before we came to the gate of the city. We had sent on a messenger in the morning to Si Boubki,

who had been for many years the agent of the British Embassy, and who possessed the only houses available for foreigners, to find out if he had one unoccupied, but our messenger met us outside the town with the unwelcome news that Boubki either could not or would not provide us with house accommodation, so we decided to pitch our camp in the wide, open space surrounding the Mosque of the Kutubia. Just inside the gate of the city, a wild looking fakir, with long hair hanging over his shoulders, and no other covering of any description, made a rush at my horse, and for a moment we expected a scene, as fanaticism is easily aroused in a Morocco city; but Mustapha soothed him down and gave him a present, and he slunk off sullenly to his praying ground under the wall.

It seemed an interminable ride through endless, narrow streets, many of them sheltered from the rays of the sun by matting, or by a roof of reeds laid on cross rafters, under which the sun-light, filtering through the chinks, lit up the gloom with fantastic patches of brilliancy. Rows of small shops line the streets, and are opened in the morning and evening by pulling down the shutter, like the lid of a box, which serves as a counter for the display of wares. The shopman, who sits inside each hutch, can reach almost any of his goods, hung up all round him, without moving from his seat. The town is divided into many wards, all cut off from each other by massive wooden doors, which are closed at sunset, and well guarded.

At last we emerged from the streets on to a wide open ground, under the shadow of the imposing tower

of the Kutubia, with its half ruinous mosque buildings at its foot, and here we pitched our tents until the question of obtaining a house was settled.

With this object in view I went and called on Kaid Maclean, who occupies the finest house in the city, on the Sok, and found him at home. I need not say that he received me with his usual cordial Scottish hospitality ; it is proverbial with him, and no Englishman has ever visited Marrakesh without experiencing it. He told me that he had received notice of my visit from the British Legation in Tangier, and that he would see Bou Hamed, the Grand Vizier, that afternoon, and request him to allot me a house. Shortly after my return to camp I received a message from him informing me that the Vizier had given orders to Ben Daoud, the Governor, to provide me with a dwelling, and that on the following day this would be arranged. Sure enough, the next morning a soldier came round from Ben Daoud, to escort us to a house, and Mustapha went off with him to view it, but returned shortly after in a state of high indignation, to report that the suggested house was mean and dirty, and quite unsuitable to such illustrious visitors. Two or three others were subsequently viewed and rejected before the haughty Mustapha pronounced himself satisfied, and then I went to inspect the place before finally accepting it. It turned out to be a very good and roomy house, built in the usual Moorish fashion round an open " patio," or courtyard, round which a gallery or balcony gave access to the different apartments. It belonged to a holy man who, as descendant from the

Prophet, wore a green "jellab" and was known as "el Mehdani." On my approving the selection, the soldier called down Si Mehdani, and gave him one hour to clear out his family and belongings. As the old gentleman looked rather blank, I interfered and told him to take his time about removing to the next door, which I ascertained was also his property, and made some polite reference to my regret at being the cause of any inconvenience to him. Si Mehdani, with the true politeness of the Moor, assured me that nothing afforded him greater pleasure than the fact that I was honouring his house by taking it from him, and that in a few hours he would get his wives and other chattels into the other house, and hand over the key to my people.

I arranged for a summary washing and white-washing of my new premises, and we took possession of them the following evening. As I arrived at the entrance, old Mehdani was there awaiting me with a fine sheep, whose throat he proceeded to cut on the doorstep, as a token of welcome, and, shortly after, his servants brought in a ready cooked Moorish dinner of many courses, with baskets full of fruit and vegetables, as if I were his guest, instead of the innocent instrument for marking the displeasure of the Court, and inflicting a petty annoyance on an unpopular subject by selecting him for this particular type of extra taxation. The old man subsequently confided to me that he was not on friendly terms with the powers that be. I could not help contrasting his conduct with that of an Englishman, could such an instance be

possible, who should, at the order of the Lord Mayor, have to turn out of his house, bag and baggage, and hand it over without any compensation to an unknown foreigner. Would he have piled coals of fire on that foreigner's head by killing for him the fatted calf and sending him from Gunter's a well cooked dinner to make him feel at home on the night of his taking possession ?

This method of housing the stranger who comes to visit your city is peculiar, and only workable under a paternal Government like that of the Sultan, who is the owner of all property in his Empire, except the few sites specially sold to foreigners or foreign protected Moors. By a common fiction every foreigner visiting Morocco is the guest of the Sultan.

I had now reached the capital, where the main objects of my visit to Morocco were to be decided. These were the validity of Kerim Bey's concession from the tribes of the Sus, and his ability to obtain the Sultan's consent to its being executed.

Naturally, throughout the long journey from Tangier this had been the theme of constant discussion between Kerim Bey and myself, and I had not hesitated to acquaint him with the warnings I had received in Tangier with respect to his claims and antecedents, nor the grave doubts which were thrown on the authenticity of the document, under which he laid claim to exclusive rights of trading in the Sus. He assured me over and over again that he had lived two years at Glimmin, engaged in trading and fishing operations at the mouth of the river Assaka, and sketched a plan of the entrance

from the sea and of the harbour. He further told me that he had for more than two years been in attendance as doctor on the late Sultan, Muley el Hassan, and that he had exposed all his projects regarding the opening of the Sus country to trade to that potentate, who had promised him his royal sanction to these projects. He further stated, what was in fact common knowledge, that the present Sultan, Mulai Abd-el-Asiz, had publicly sworn on the Koran to carry out all promises of his late father, and that he had only to prove these facts to the present ruler in order to secure the ratification of his projects.

All these asseverations were now to be put to the test, and though they were circumstantial enough, my doubts as to their truth were strongly aroused. Kaid Maclean had met Kerim Bey before, and was strenuous in his denunciations of the man and all his pretensions. He assured me that Kerim had never been attached to the late Sultan's household, had never even spoken to him, that he had never been into the Sus, and that his pretended charter was a sham or a forgery, and promised that, before I left Marrakesh, I should have full evidence to prove it.

I had already satisfied myself that Kerim's claim to being a Mussulman was by no means accepted by the majority of Mahommedans with whom we had come in contact, nor were his pretensions as a doctor sufficient to impose on any one but the ordinary Moor, who thinks every traveller an adept in that science. The well stocked medicine chests which he carried about and dispensed with liberality won him, no doubt, a

considerable influence among the people, and his talent for intrigue stood him in good stead. Still I cannot conceive how he could delude himself into the belief that, herè in Marrakesh, where his statements must infallibly be proved correct or exposed in all their falseness, he was going to carry the farce through. He had resided in Marrakesh for nearly a year, about two years earlier, and had a few friends in the town, but mostly in the Mellah, and his reputation was not of the highest. However, as I told him frankly, I was there to sift the correctness of his statements, and was prepared to give him every opportunity of showing that they were what he claimed.

We had arrived in the capital on the eve of the great yearly festival of the sheep, the Moorish Christmas, when all the Kuids and Sheiks throughout the Empire are expected to assemble with splendidly mounted retinues to pay homage to their sovereign, and hand over to his treasury such a proportion of the revenue as they have extorted in the past year from their wretched subjects, or as their conscience or fears of denunciation prompt them to disgorge. On the great day, every household in the country must kill a sheep and eat it, with certain ceremonial observances, which remind one somewhat of the Jewish Passover. In the early morning the Sultan rides out to the mosque of Sidi bel Abbas, three miles beyond the city walls, and performs his religious practices by early dawn; then, outside the mosque a sheep is brought to him for sacrifice. He cuts its throat, and the bleeding animal is carried by quick re-lays of mounted men, on the fleetest mules,

to the palace, and if the victim, when he reaches the inner precincts of the palace, has still a spark of life left in his quivering body, then good fortune will be ensured to the royal throat cutter and his realm for the ensuing year.

The procession of the Sultan from the mosque to the town, surrounded by his Court, and followed by splendidly mounted Kaid's with their retinues, to the number of 50,000, all dressed in the graceful white *haïks* and turbans, the horses gaily caparisoned in velvet of every colour embroidered with gold, is one of the most brilliant and imposing sights that one can imagine. Soldiers line the route on either side, but their motley coloured tunics, mere loose shirts of scarlet, blue or yellow, with dirty cotton drawers, bare legs and yellow slippers, red fezzes and rusty rifles held at every imaginable angle, look picturesque enough, but hardly add to the dignity of the otherwise magnificent gathering. Nor does it seem in accordance with the solemnity that the ramshackle collection of guns on every variety of carriage should gallop wildly ahead of the royal group, then come to a sudden stop and fire a salvo right at their august lord. However, these little peculiarities seem to impress the crowd even more than the splendid assemblage of mounted chiefs.

The regular army suffers chiefly from want of a proper budget, and secondly from the maladministration of that which is forthcoming; speculation is rife in every rank, and the officers have a simple but infallible method of adding to their exiguous and not too regular pay, by allowing their men to retire into civil life and

earn their living in the town, whilst they appropriate to their own use the pay and food which they draw on their behalf. This method of keeping up a phantom army is so well known and recognised that Mulai Hassan used every year to review and count for himself his assumed 30,000 men. He would sit in his coach on the great drill ground outside the town, with his secretary by his side, and make the whole force march past in single file, while his secretary counted them, and took down the roll. But his officers were not to be caught that way. The long file marched past His Majesty, back into the city by one gate, then doubled through the streets to another gate, and marched on to the parade, defiling once more past the royal carriage, like an army on the stage, and so making up the tale to the required figure.

Kaid Maclean told me that his greatest difficulty consisted in ascertaining the roll every day on parade, and the only way in which he could circumvent his officers was to post them each time to a different company, call the rolls, and receive their reports, and then go himself and check the rolls at random, when, if he found the officer had cheated, he had him flogged, from fifty to 500 strokes, before his men. This salutary treatment produced the desired effect, and when he was present the men were there too; but no sooner did he go on leave of absence than the old bad ways came into practice again and the force melted away day by day.

As to the efficiency of the Moorish army in the field, there is very little to be said in its favour. Drill

is well taught in the infantry, but musketry instruction is almost nil; there are practically no arrangements for transport and supplies in the field, and the troops have to fall back on requisitions for food wherever they may be sent, in other words, on extortion and loot. Pay is generally in arrears, and circulates with difficulty through the superior ranks to the private, and desertions in the field are constant and wholesale.

While I was in Morocco one of the many expeditions for collecting taxes was despatched over the Atlas to the Sus country, where the Sultan's authority is not recognised by the tribes, except in the immediate neighbourhood of Tarudant, and where tax collecting is only a polite term for wholesale rapine and slaughter. The Kaid in command, with a compact little force of 2500 men started from Marrakesh towards the passes of the Atlas; but before he reached their snowy summits, 2000 of his force had melted away, deterred by the risks of an adventure amongst the wild Berbers of the south. The Kaid, being a wise man, considered that he had as much chance of success with 500 men as 2500, and that the difficulties of finding supplies for the smaller force would be greatly reduced, so he prudently kept his own counsel and decided not to report to the Mahksen the defection of his warriors, but to draw their pay instead, and proceed with his enterprise as if nothing had happened. He descended into the plains, and while encamped in the woods near Tarudant was set upon by the Susi and very severely handled: indeed, but for the timely succour of the Kaid of Tarudant his small army would have been cut to pieces. As it was,

his losses were very heavy; but far from being dismayed, he sent off messengers to the Court announcing a great victory, and accompanied this news with solid testimony of its veracity in the shape of many camel loads of heads . . . not taken from the enemy, but from the bodies of his own men who had perished in the fight!

The scheme was ingenious and deserved success, but unfortunately when the heads had been duly pickled by the Jews and hung up on the walls of the palace, they were recognised by their women friends, whose wailing and tears so upset the authorities that an inquiry had to be made and the whole facts became known. The unfortunate commander was brought back to Morocco in chains, and when I was in the capital was languishing in captivity, and considerable personal pressure was being put upon him in order to make him disgorge his ill-gotten plunder.

As soon as the festivities of the season were over, I entered into negotiations with the Government with regard to my proposed visit to the Sus, and had several interviews, thanks to Kaid Maclean's assistance, with Bou Ahmed ben Musa, the Vizier and actual ruler of Morocco, and several of the other Ministers.

Bou Ahmed had practically usurped the sole authority, for the Sultan, a mere lad, not yet twenty years old, was kept in isolation in the palace, and not allowed to speak to any one except the Vizier's confidential subordinates, with whom the young sovereign was surrounded. Maclean told me that though he was in attendance on the Sultan every day, he never exchanged a word with him except in public.

At the first interview I had with Bou Ahmed, he declared that Kerim Bey's concession from the tribes of Sus was a forgery, that Kerim was an impostor and had never been in the Sus, that to his certain knowledge—for he had been attached all his life to the Court of the late Sultan—Kerim had never attended the Sultan as doctor, nor had any promises from him with regard to the trade of Sus, and that the Moorish Government would not allow any foreigner to have access to that part of the country or open up trade directly with the tribes. I explained to him that the objects of the Syndicate I represented were to open up trade, which would greatly benefit the Imperial exchequer, that ample guarantees would be given to secure the interests of the Government if they were really in a position to authorise the opening up of the Sus. I pointed out that at present the rights of the Mahksen over the tribes were of a very shadowy nature and were not recognised by the tribes, that the opening up of trade with the recognition of the Sultan would greatly increase his prestige and his revenues, that in these days of progress and inter-communication no country could remain permanently shut off from the rest of the world: that the French were encroaching from the east on this very territory, and would infallibly press more and more upon its undefined boundaries as their railway, which had just reached Ain Sefra, progressed, and that the fact that a sea trade had been opened up and vested interests created throughout the country would be a powerful factor in resisting the claims of any particular power to absorb it.

Bou Ahmed was somewhat struck by this argument, and asked me to give him my proposals in writing. At the same time he told me that the opposition of the French and Spanish Ministers to any concessions being made to British trade were so uncompromising that he did not think he was strong enough to disregard them. I then made him a further suggestion, viz., that he should authorise me to travel through the Sus and investigate thoroughly the condition of the country and its adaptability to the proposed opening of trade; that I would undertake to make no treaties with the tribes nor enter into any engagements with them: that I would lay the result of this investigation in the form of a report before the Moorish Government, and take no action on it except with their consent and approval. I promised to submit a formal proposal embodying these suggestions and he promised to study them and let me know his views. I could see, notwithstanding the courteous reception which he accorded me, that he was very opposed to any dealings between foreigners and the tribes of Sus. This feeling was no doubt due to the very precarious hold over that part of the country; if, as in the rest of Africa, sovereignty is only recognised where there is efficient occupation of a district, then the Sultan's rights are confined to Tarudant and its district, for beyond occasional raids made by the Moorish troops, with more or less success, generally less, for the purpose of trying conclusions with one of the tribes, his authority is absolutely nil, and this explains why it is that the Government will not allow any foreigner into the territory, although the

treaty with England stipulates that its subjects shall be allowed to travel, trade and reside in any part of the Sultan's dominions, subject only to such police provisions as shall be in force against all other Europeans.

I duly submitted my proposals to the Government, but at a subsequent interview the Vizier informed me that they could not be entertained, and that he would not give me permission even to visit the Sus, apart from the question of allowing trade. I then pointed out to him that under the treaty, if the Sultan claimed to exercise sovereignty over the Sus, I already had the right to visit the country, and meant to avail myself of that right. He told me that orders were given to prevent my passing the Atlas, and that if I attempted to I should be killed. I replied that I was willing to take that risk, but that if it occurred it would probably prove a costly amusement to the Sultan, as my company was an influential one and had an exaggerated opinion of the value of my head. And so we parted, with courteous expressions of mutual esteem. but with decidedly opposed ideas and intentions.

Even from Kaid Maclean, whose acquaintance with the rest of Morocco is proverbial, I could obtain no real information as to the Sus. His opinion was that it was a poor country, not worth troubling about, but this was mostly based upon the information given to him by those who had accompanied the late Sultan on his disastrous invasion of the Sus, when the inhabitants burned all the crops which they could not carry off, and denuded the districts through which the Sultan

had to pass in order to starve his army. What with privations, continual harassings and defeats their recollections of the wealth of the Sus were naturally meagre enough, and therefore I could not but discount the Kaid's depreciations of the value of the country. All that is known of it north of the Atlas is that the finest cattle and horses, the richest grain, olives and produce of all sorts come from the Sus, and the universal opinion of the merchants I had consulted was that it was an extremely valuable country. It was with the greatest delight, therefore, that I at last came in contact with the only European I ever met who, at that time, had penetrated into the Sus. It was at Kaid Maclean's house that I was introduced to Miss Herdman, the missionary, one of the most remarkable women I have had the privilege of knowing. Though over seventy years of age she was much more active than most of the young men attached to her mission, and would ride all over the country with a single Moorish attendant and undergo privations and fatigue calculated to test the endurance of the strongest. She took the greatest interest in my projected journey to the Sus, and in the firm belief that the opening up of trade and civilisation would bring untold benefits to the benighted inhabitants of that little known land, urged me to leave no stone unturned in the prosecution of my plans.

She described the country she had visited, and assured me that the tribes were as anxious to get into touch with British traders as I was to open relations with them, but she strongly advised me to place no

reliance on Kerim Bey's statements, which she averred were utterly unreliable, but to penetrate boldly by myself into the forbidden ground and enter into negotiations with Sidi Hussein ben Hashem, the paramount chief, and come to terms with him. Curiously enough, her faithful attendant was a cousin of the Sheik M'Barouk, whose signature was supposed to attest the document produced by Kerim Bey as his title to a treaty with the tribes; and when I produced the document for his inspection he unhesitatingly declared it to be a forgery, and pointed out, by the language and the paper it was written on, that it had never emanated from the Sus, but had been manufactured in one of the towns of the coast in Morocco. Moreover, I gave him an opportunity of seeing Kerim, and he declared that he was not one of the very few Christians who had in recent years visited that country; they were all well known to him and to his people. Miss Herdman who, as a woman, could penetrate unmolested the wildest parts of Morocco, where no European man would be in safety, had visited in this man's company the principal city in the south, Glinmin or Aguelmin, as it is sometimes called, and her description of the people, the country and its resources were of the greatest use to me.

She also informed me that the tribes were perfectly aware of the reasons of my visit to Morocco, and were following all my movements and endeavours with intense interest: that one of their leading men, Sheik M'Barouk ou Hamed Subbaya, was even then in Marrakesh, staying at the house of Hadj Ali bou Ameran, watching

my negotiations, and would gladly get into contact with me, but that he was himself surrounded by spies and afraid to communicate with me. Her very earnest desire that I should disregard all warnings and threats from the Moorish Government and get into touch with the tribes had no little influence in making up my mind to do all in my power to ascertain for myself how far the rumoured desires of the tribes to open trade arrangements with Great Britain were correct; and the result of my conversations with Miss Herdman was to fire me with the firm determination to visit the land beyond the Atlas, and find out for myself the truth as to the many and conflicting statements which confronted me from all sides.

One thing was very certain; the original claims which had led to the formation of the Globe Venture Syndicate and which I had come out to investigate, were frauds, and if anything were to be done to carry out the purposes of the Syndicate it had to be started over again.

So far as my mission to the Court of Morocco was concerned it was an absolute failure. The treaty with the tribes was a myth, and therefore could not serve as a basis of arrangement with the Moorish Government, who could not recognise what they knew to be non-existent, and were not disposed to facilitate the obtaining of a substitute. The Government were absolutely hostile to any movement for the opening up of the Sus; they would not even permit me to visit the country. And as I had given my word to our Minister in Tangier, that without the Sultan's per-

mission I would not cross over the Atlas into the Sus. I was debarred from even attempting what I knew would be a foolhardy and useless adventure, to elude the vigilance of the Moorish soldiers and gain access by one of the passes of the Atlas, to the forbidden ground beyond.

Of course I acquainted Kerim Bey with the conclusions I had arrived at and the evidence on which they were based, and a very stormy interview ensued : especially when after confronting him with one of the Ministers who, he always assured me, was secretly obtaining for him the sanction of the Sultan, he was told to his face, in my presence and that of Kaid Maclean, that he was a liar and an impostor.

It rendered our subsequent intercourse very disagreeable, the more so that I could not get rid of his company until I reached the coast, and the daily presence of a man who, with all his faults, had been a very pleasant travelling companion, but was now a convicted impostor, rendered the last few days of my stay in Marrakesh anything but agreeable.

The European residents in Marrakesh were very few when I was there ; beyond the members of the Medical Mission installed in one of Si Boubki's houses and Kaid Maclean, there were no Englishmen. I met an old Carlist doctor, a friend of Kerim's, who had been living in the Mellah for many years. One or two Germans and Frenchmen made up the list of residents. Two adventurous bicyclists, Mr. Budgett Meakin, the well known writer on Morocco, and Dr. Ruddock, arrived, during my stay, on a bicycle tour from Maza-

gan, though as the doctor remarked to me he should prefer to call it a walking tour pushing a bicycle ; indeed the last part of the journey was performed, I understand, on foot with a couple of donkeys to carry the machines. Still, it was a unique and adventurous undertaking, and if the tracks across Rahamna proved a bit too rough for the wheels, they only served to test the pluck of the wheelmen. I was interested to hear later on that the result of the journey proved so far satisfactory to one of the heroes that he met his fate amongst the very restricted community, and married a very charming lady from the Mission.

My house near the Bab Dukhala, proved a very comfortable abode, and I greatly enjoyed my stay in the capital. Marrakesh covers an enormous area for the size of its population, and distances being great and the roads in shocking condition, riding was the usual mode of locomotion. Shortly after the festivities were over a great horse fair was held, at which many of the Kuids, who had pranced in so gaily at the head of an imposing retinue, were now constrained to part with their mounts to finance themselves after the squeezing process, which a visit to their suzerain concludes with. So I had an excellent opportunity of adding to my stud at a very moderate cost. My fancy was captivated by a splendid grey barb stallion standing about fifteen and a half hands, six years old, in first rate condition. After prolonged bargaining, to my intense astonishment Mustapha informed me that he had bid a trifle over £5 and secured the coveted prize ; a couple more were picked up for thirty shillings

apiece! Scarcity of forage—for the year's crops in the southern provinces had been a failure—had no doubt a great deal to do in depreciating the prices of horse flesh; but making all due allowances even for a famine, such prices for good sound animals seem almost incredible.

My horse turned out an absolute prize; his action was perfect, his mouth so soft that I rode him on a snaffle, and he was so sure footed that I rode up and down the roughest and steepest slopes of the Atlas and never had a fall. Our afternoon rides through the gardens that frame Marrakesh on every side were most enjoyable. The country round is very flat, the nearest elevations, the hills at Gilis, being curious flat topped excrescences due to the erosion of the soft ground under the hard layer which forms the top. The whole soil of the plains to a great depth is of this peculiar formation, soft and friable, and yet firm enough to stand by itself; it is perforated, all under the city and surrounding gardens, by underground canals which bring down to the different levels the waters of the Tensift and distribute them over the plain. Wells are sunk on to these underground streams, through the compact soil, and though no masonry or timbering is ever used to protect the sides, they last as if they were bored through solid stone. Dozens of these wells may be seen opened in the middle of any of the main roads, leading from the city gates to the country; no cover or fence protects them, and a ride in the dark would assuredly lead the unprepared traveller into a hole, 50 to 100 feet deep, with a running river at the

bottom. However, there is no encouragement for midnight rides or walks in the neighbourhood of the city, for the gates are rigidly closed from sunset to sunrise, and none but marauders are about in the hours of darkness.

The gardens surrounding Marrakesh are very lovely, thanks to the boundless supply of water from the snow-clad range of the Atlas, and the rich deposit of alluvial plains on which the city stands; every variety of sub-tropical plant flourishes in this lovely climate. The oranges are finer than any I have seen even in Spain, and so plentiful that 2½d. a hundred is the ruling price, green figs are luscious as honey, dates are a staple article of food. The dense shade of the groves of palms and fig trees is most grateful in the afternoon. The doves are so tame that they hardly make way for your horse to pass; wild birds of every sort fill the gardens with their melody, and groups of Moors pass the afternoon under the trees, with sherbet and cigarettes, gimbris and guitars to accompany their songs, or listen eagerly to the interminable stories of professional reciters, who can keep their audience spellbound for hours at a time.

The well-to-do Moor will often spend the morning riding and at his devotion; about four he sallies forth to the bazaar, carrying under his arm a huge key, the proof that he has safely locked up the ladies of his harem in their part of the house, so that he can give himself unconcernedly to the delights of converse with his fellow-man. He will visit the slave market and appraise the merits of a dusky maiden from the Sahara,

or a Circassian beauty brought many thousand miles for the delight of the wealthy purchaser, or discuss the limbs of a young negro from Timbuctoo; or he will bid for Rabat carpets, or Persian silks, jewelled daggers of local make, or gold ornaments from the desert.

But by sunset the day's work is over, and not only are the outer gates shut, but also those between each ward of the city, so that every man seeks his own abode, or only visits those who live in his own quarter. On the occasions when I dined with Kaid Maclean, I had to give notice to ten different gates that I should be passing through on my return, so as to ensure the guard being there to open them, and as backsheesh was naturally expected at each one, dining out was an expensive indulgence.

The Jewry of Marrakesh is very large and important, as of course the chief trade is in the hands of the Jews. It is dirty enough, but less repulsive than any other Mellah I had visited; indeed, the houses were in many instances exceedingly handsome and comfortable. As I had letters of credit from my bankers in Tangier on some of the wealthiest men in the Mellah, I had a good opportunity of seeing their houses and ascertaining their mode of living, and on the whole they have not much to complain of as to their treatment in the capital. One of their servitudes is decidedly unpleasant, viz., that of having to pickle the heads of the dead rebels which are brought in to adorn the city gates, and point a moral to all subjects of the Sultan who fail to obey his orders or are dilatory in

paying up their taxes. When these same heads have been brought on camel-back half across the country—I have seen them tipped out on the market place like a load of turnips—they are not nice to handle. But the richer class of Jew delegates this unpleasant duty to his poorer brethren, as well as the cleansing of cess-pools throughout the town, another of their privileges, and pays them a small compensation for their disagreeable duties.

I don't think the poorer inhabitants of Marrakesh dislike bad smells, whether they be Jews or Moors. I remember noticing three Moors one day laying out their lunch on the edge of a black turbid sewer which drained one of the poorer quarters of the town, while a few yards off to windward was a fine pile of garbage surmounted by the swollen carcase of a defunct camel festering in the burning rays of the mid-day sun. They seemed as festive and comfortable as a luncheon party at the "Carlton"!

On two occasions during my stay at Marrakesh, I witnessed the departure of a convoy of prisoners to the convict prison on the island opposite Mogador, where all the political and a good many of the criminal offenders are confined. Each convoy was from 1200 to 1400 in number, men of all ages, from boys upwards, and from all parts of the Empire. They were chained by the neck in rows of fifty, the iron collar round the neck being riveted on so that no man could be released until his arrival at the prison. If a man died on the road, and on these two occasions some 300 to 400 died between Marrakesh and Mogador, the head was cut

off and had to be carried by the remainder of the gang, as the guards were responsible for handing over the due number of prisoners or heads.

In the event of a prisoner succeeding in making his escape, any wretched worker in the fields would be seized by the guards and chained to the gang in order that the tally should be complete on delivery at their destination !

The riveting on of chains is performed in the open by the prison blacksmith, who has to be propitiated by a present of some sort, otherwise the convict may get a broken bone from a slip of the hammer as the price of his contumacy or his poverty. Barely enough food is provided for these unfortunates, and but for the charity of the villagers as they pass through, many of them would die of starvation ; as it is, the mortality, even on the comparatively short distance between Marrakesh and the coast, is appalling. In the prison itself it is still worse : starvation, fever, and nameless horrors kill off the greater number of the victims, and the proportion of survivors is small indeed.

When I had settled with my mule drivers on my arrival in Marrakesh, I refused to give Abderrahman, owing to his constant bad behaviour, the gratuity which I gave to the other men over and above their wages, so he refused to accept his wages and mule hire unless I gave him, too, a gratuity. I absolutely refused to do this as his conduct had been particularly outrageous on many occasions, so after repeated efforts to persuade me to change my mind he procured the services of a holy man to pray on my doorstep, with

a view, no doubt, of softening my stony heart. This lasted for three days, but produced no effect, so Abderrahman went to the bashaw, Ben Daoud, and complained that I had not carried out my contract. Ben Daoud sent him on with a soldier to Kaid Maclean, asking him to see me and inquire into the matter ; so I explained the circumstances to him, and my friend Abderrahman was conveyed back to Ben Daoud with Kaid Maclean's report and the amount of his wages which he would not accept. These were retained by Ben Daoud for the trouble he had taken in the matter, and the bastinado was awarded with prodigality to Abderrahman as a punishment for his insolence. He was deemed to have got off on easy terms.

All the time I stayed in Marrakesh, Maclean was waiting day by day for permission to go to the coast on his way to England on leave of absence. His leave had been granted the day I arrived ; but as in addition a handsome sum for his expenses was to be provided out of the Treasury, he could not start until this was forthcoming, and it was put off day after day for more than a month, till he almost gave up hopes of getting away. At last, however, the welcome visit of the Treasurer set him free and he started on June 8th. I bade him good-bye and felt I had lost quite an old friend, for his kindness to me throughout my visit had been extreme. He had told me the story of his life, his troubles and his aspirations, and I had formed a high opinion of him and felt really as if I had known him for years. Before parting he gave me a letter of introduction to Sr. Ratto at Mogador, who,

he said, would be better in the way of advising me as to the possibility of visiting the Sus than any man in Morocco.

I also met at his house, just before he started, Signor Gentile, Secretary of the Italian Legation at Tangier, who was on a visit to the Court. He was a very intelligent diplomat and a great authority on Moorish affairs. He escorted me for some miles out of the town when I left on the following day, and was much amused at my escort of children who accompanied us in crowds for a couple of miles. I had made friends with them by a judicious mixture of sweets, presents and entertainments, and they had become fast friends with all of our party.

Talking of entertainments, the one which proved most attractive was the magic lantern; it never failed to interest every class of Moor, and I would strongly advise any one visiting the country to arm himself with a good one and an interesting supply of slides. Of an evening outside the tent, a white sheet stretched between two bamboo uprights made a capital screen on which to project the views, and a whole village would be in raptures with the performance. As a means of conveying to their untutored minds a comprehensible notion of what goes on in more progressive countries, a magic lantern, or still better, a cinematograph, is invaluable.

My visit to Marrakesh, so far as the objects of my mission were concerned, was a failure. I did not succeed in getting from the Court any sanction to the proposed operations of the Syndicate in the Sus, nor was the

result of my investigations and inquiries as to the value of Kerim Bey's concession of a satisfactory nature ; indeed, I was fully convinced in my own mind that the document was not what it professed to be, and I had the evidence from the lips of the Vizier himself, that the promised assent of the Sultan was a fiction ; it had never been promised and never would be granted. This was the conclusion I had arrived at, and it was decidedly mortifying ; the more so that the general opinion of merchants I had consulted on the coast, led me to believe that the project was a good one ; that the Susi were anxious enough, according to common belief, to engage in trade directly with the outer world, if only communication could be opened up with them, and that such a trade had great probabilities of rapid and profitable development.

I could not look forward with any complacency to the task of acquainting the Syndicate with my views as to the value of the rights they were supposed to have acquired, unless I could temper the unpleasant information with some indication as to the means of obtaining what they were seeking when they treated with Kerim Bey. I would gladly have taken Kerim Bey into my confidence in this crisis, if I had been able to, in order to concert some scheme for getting into touch with the tribes of Sus, and ascertaining how far they were willing and anxious to open up trade relations with England.

But all that had occurred in Marrakesh had shattered my faith in his statements. He had given me a very circumstantial account of how he had for some two

years been attached to the household of Sultan Muley Hassan, and occupied a small apartment in the palace of Fez, where he fitted up a dispensary, and where his principal companion, with whom he whiled away the long hours of waiting, was an educated Moor, whose name I have since forgotten, who had studied engineering in Germany, and who for some offence against the Sultan, was condemned to death, but subsequently respited and made to look after the Imperial collection of machinery in chains, dragging a heavy weight after him. I had alluded to this statement in discussing with Kaid Maclean and the Grand Vizier, Kerim Bey's assertion that he had attended the late Sultan, as it seemed so natural. Not only was it contradicted by Bou Hamed, who declared that Kerim Bey had never been near his late master; but a few days after I met at Kaid Maclean's house the very Moor who was claimed by Kerim as his companion at Fez for two years, and who declared, after telling me that the late Sultan's death had terminated his sentence of imprisonment in the palace at Fez, that he did not know and never had known or heard of Kerim Bey all the time of his servitude. Before leaving the capital, I informed Kerim of the conclusions at which I had very reluctantly arrived and which I should lay before my directors, so that he might have every opportunity of refuting them.

So that it was without any feelings of elation that I rode out of Marrakesh southward, on June 9th, although the magnificent snow capped range of the Atlas, towards which we were heading, behind which lay the mysterious

and impenetrable land of the Sus, was enough to fill any man's heart with an overwhelming desire to explore the promised land. I was debarred from crossing over the frowning barrier into the country beyond; first, because I had promised Sir Arthur Nicolson not to cross over the Atlas into the Sus, without previously obtaining the sanction of the Moorish Government; secondly, because I knew it would be impossible to do so in view of the stringent orders which would be sent out to the warders of the passes, when I told the Vizier that with or without his consent, I had made up my mind to go into the Sus. Nor was I wrong in my surmise, for it was only a few months later that Mr. Cunninghame-Graham, anxious to test the question for himself, essayed to cross over the Atlas in disguise, but was recognised as a Christian, detained in custody, and sent back to Marrakesh.

Our first day's march was a short one, as we had decided to fix our first camp at Tameslocht, about twelve miles from Marrakesh. This is the seat of one of the most influential men in southern Morocco, Muley el Hadj, who inhabits a fine old castle and disposes of considerable wealth. Probably he owes his life and immunity from the too pressing attentions of the Government, to the fact that he has been admitted to British protection; and his devotion to everything English and his open hearted hospitality to all travellers, but especially to Britons, was so well known, that I regret to say that some of our countrymen had taken advantage of it, and not content with making as much use of his castle as if it were a caravanserai, had exploited

the old gentleman to the tune of some thousands of pounds. The British authorities had consequently advised him that in future he must not extend his hospitable attention to any one who did not produce letters of introduction from the Legation, and knowing this, although I had met him at Kaid Maclean's house, I decided not to call on him, but to camp in the outskirts of Tameslocht. Just, however, as we were pitching the tents in an olive grove below the hill, where stood the castle, we saw the owner riding down in great haste with many frantic gestures and shouts to stop the men, and as soon as he reached us and could get his breath, he insisted on the whole caravan moving on into his Kasbah to be suitably entertained.

There was no resisting such a hearty invitation, so the tents were re-packed and the whole party were soon inside the castle, which could have accommodated fifty times as many with perfect ease. After killing a couple of sheep for the men and providing enough barley for the horses and mules as would last them all the way to Mogador, we were led up a quaint staircase to the main terrace, on which was the guest chamber, a great domed hall decorated with the usual Arabesque designs, in which we were to pass the night. After ablutions and a general clean up, we were led up a narrow staircase in the thickness of the wall, to the reception-rooms on the upper floor, from the windows of which there was a most glorious view over the tops of the cypress trees in the garden below, of the whole range of the Atlas, the snow covered peaks of which were glistening

roseate in the rays of the setting sun, while myriads of hawks and falcons wheeled and circled round before seeking rest in their eyries, in the battlements of the ancient castle. A more entrancing scene it was impossible to conceive; the hillside sloping down from the Kasbah was clothed with dense groves of olive and fig trees, lower down the plain, palms, and beyond stretched the brown fields which had already been harvested; and further to the north above the dense level of the palm groves over the winding Tensift, whose silver gleams flashed through the sombre verdure, rose the tall tower of the Kutubia, reflecting the rays of the westering sun on its golden ball, and to the south the massive barrier of the Atlas seem to shut out behind its rugged buttresses, its snowy peaks and its deep ravines, the whole barbarous unknown outer world of the Morocco hinterland.

Muley el Hadj, but for a suspicion of negro blood, which is very prevalent throughout Morocco, might have passed as a good type of a Yorkshire squire. Dressed in the green garment of a descendant of the Prophet, it is easy to see at a glance that he is a man of power and influence; indeed, had he been willing to come forward on the death of Muley el Hassan, there was a strong party in the country anxious to put him forward as a candidate for the throne. This, however, he would not consent to, but he is looked upon as a possible dangerous rival to the powers that be, and as he told me himself with a very significant drawing of his hand across his throat, nothing but the protection of the British Government saved him from the policy

of the extermination of all possible rivals, which is an accepted principle in Mahomedan countries. Not only is he a great landowner, but he has numerous mills for grinding corn and pressing oil ; 500 camels bring their loads into his castle and take as many out every day, so he told me, and the oil he produces would, in his own words, run a river down to Mogador.

The reception-room, like most Moorish rooms, is long and narrow, but lofty, with a carved ceiling of sweet smelling arar, and the walls hung with a dado of richly embroidered coloured silks, carrying out a design of Moorish horseshoe arches. The only furniture consists of rows of divans and cushions down each side of the floor, the windows open out on to balconies or loggias, from which the entrancing view over the surrounding country can be enjoyed with comfort. As soon as we were ensconced on the divans and compliments had been exchanged, a group of dancing girls gorgeously dressed and covered with massive jewellery were introduced, and then a typical Moorish banquet commenced. Dish after dish was brought in and placed on little tables about six inches high and, to my surprise, a huge soup tureen of wine, grown and made on the estate, was brought in and partaken of by all present, although our host was of course a devout Mahomedan. I ventured on this to suggest a couple of bottles of very sweet champagne, which still remained amongst our stores, and not only was no objection raised, but the old gentleman proved extremely fond of this particular temptation, and enjoyed it not wisely but too well. These Moorish entertainments generally

last the best part of the night, one course following another, with interludes of music, dancing, smoking and chatting ; if a guest gets sleepy he simply stretches himself out on his divan and takes a nap, then rises up refreshed to begin again on the next course, and so the feast goes on, often well into the following day.

However, as we contemplated an early start on the morrow, we were fain to turn in at 10 o'clock, and tear ourselves away from the fascinations of the feast. When we returned to the terrace below, now bathed in the light of the moon, I thought the outlook more lovely even than in the evening, so lovely that we were loath to turn in and leave it. At break of day, when we rose, our venerable host was already up looking as fresh as paint, and insisted on pouring out the water for my ablutions and waiting on me hand and foot. He was most pressing in begging me to prolong my visit, or at any rate to promise another visit shortly, and finally, as we prepared for leaving, he came down and held my stirrup while I mounted, the greatest mark of consideration and attention which a Moorish gentleman can offer to his guest ; but what touched me more than all was the last incident after we had wished him good-bye. The evening before, while going upstairs to the upper floor, I had stopped to notice some quaint little pottery lamps, in niches in the wall, which served to dimly light the dark staircase, and no doubt Muley el Hadj had seen me point them out to one of my companions. So at the last moment as we were about to ride off, he suddenly produced from under his green gown a couple of these lamps,

and handed them to me as a farewell souvenir, and to this day I prize them and couple them with the overwhelming courtesy and innate kindness of my hospitable host, Muley el Hadj, a true specimen of a Moorish gentleman.

Tameslocht is some 300 feet above Marrakesh, and the country gradually rises as we approach the great mountains, so that by the time we reached Amsmiz, towards evening, we had risen to a height of 3275 feet. We camped under some walnut trees outside the city walls, which were soon lined with spectators watching all our movements. There is a large Jewish population in this town, and a deputation came out in the evening to implore my intercession on their behalf, as the exactions of the local Kaid were more than they could bear. He seemed to be unpopular amongst all classes in the town, and as he lived in his own fortified Kasbah, a little way out, it looked as if there was reason for his unpopularity. We were now in the Berber country, and the difference was very marked both in the appearance and the manners of the people. The Berber women do not hesitate to show themselves, even to Christians, and the men have the free action and manners of the true mountaineer, they are rougher and less civilised than the genuine Moor, arrant robbers and freebooters.

In the morning we broke camp and sent off the mules by the plain, while we turned up towards the mountains to explore some of the Atlas scenery. As we reached the higher valleys the country reminded me strongly of many parts of Wales, though the careful

method of husbandry, the utilisation of every possible little patch of soil which could be held up on the steep mountain side by a parapet of stones, the training of every stream and torrent so that its waters may do their full duty in irrigating these patches, before being allowed to find their way into the valley, was perhaps more suggestive of the slopes of the Sierra Nevada in Spain. Though the power of the sun is as intense as ever, the air is more rarified in these higher levels, and the tropical aspect of the plains, and arid dried up appearance of the fields is here changed for rich pastures, lush fields of grass, patches of oats and maize still ripening, and trees everywhere; chestnuts, oaks and walnuts have re-placed the ubiquitous palm, and streams of crystal water course down the mountain at every turn, under the thick shade of ferns and bracken, brambles and brushwood, as green as a Scotch glen. It was towards midday that we reached the village of Imentellit, on the slope of the hill, overlooking a broad valley; the quaint Berber houses with their heavy overhanging roofs, under the projecting eaves of which an open gallery forms a sort of barbaric loggia, give a Swiss aspect to the surroundings and reminds one of the difference of climate in these elevated regions, where snow and fog, raging winds and wild storms prevail half through the year. The villagers stared at us as we rode past, and gathered in little knots, watching us with scowling looks. The road beyond the village skirted the steep hillside, with a bank on one side and a drop of some ten or twelve feet into a field on the

other. We were riding as usual in single file, and I was leading on the grey horse.

I must here state that a bitter feud had arisen between the grey horse and the black, which was being ridden by Dris, since a certain night in Marrakesh, when the black had got loose in the stable yard, and taken a mean advantage of his liberty by attacking the grey : my horse, otherwise as quiet and well behaved as a lady's hack, had never forgiven the aggression, and never lost an opportunity of retaliating whenever he could reach his enemy with his teeth or his heels. As I have said, the path was narrow, skirting a heavy drop on one side and a large tree overhung it so closely on the other side that I had to bend down low over the saddle to clear the branches. As I emerged from the tangle of the boughs a group of excited villagers sprang down from the higher ground and barred the passage ; the foremost of them catching hold of my bridle, shouted out that unless we had a "brah," or letter from the Sultan, we could not pass on further, as they were guardians of the pass. With my hunting crop I struck the ruffian on the arm making him drop my bridle, and told him I had a "brah" if any one liked to read it, thereupon I pulled my revolver from the holster and held it at the head of my aggressor who, not liking the aspect of affairs, dropped back. Dris came up behind to translate, and in the commotion we forgot the equine feud, but my horse did not forget, and was biding his opportunity. As soon as Dris and his black mount were within reach he gave one squeal and let drive with his heels a mighty kick, which

caught the black in full flank, lifted him fairly off the ground and sent him with his rider clean down into the field below, some twelve feet lower than the path. I was too late to prevent the mischief, but I clapped spurs into him and he sprang forward, knocking over the now threatening villagers like nine-pins, and so we cleared the way. Meanwhile, poor Dris, who had given vent to a yell like a Red Indian when he found himself and his mount flying over the bank, shrieked for help, and was nearly split in two with the shock, for a hard wooden Moorish saddle is no easy thing to bump on to; fortunately the ground was soft and the horse fell on his feet, so beyond a bad shake he was none the worse and was able to re-join the path a little further on.

The discomfited villagers gave up any further idea of stopping us and we were soon beyond their ken. The whole incident only lasted a few minutes, and no one but Dris was a bit the worse for it, but it added a momentary excitement to the trip, and this was the only instance throughout the whole of my journey through Morocco that I experienced the least opposition or hostility on the part of the inhabitants. The track led across the valley up the mountain to a lovely gorge, Ain Imentellit, where a fine natural spring wells out under the base of the rocky cliff, rising 3000 feet above it, and forms a deep pool in the hollow rock of icy cold water. Up the gorge, the bottom of which is 4875 feet above sea level, a rugged track leads up to the pass of Imentellit, and the dark ruins of an old Roman castle crown the heights, and show that in the days long past this was a well known road over the Atlas, and was in

all probability more used and better known than now.

We clambered up the rocky track till we reached the summit at a height of 10,860 feet, and could see the country beyond; ranges of hills and broken ground, gradually levelling down to what looked like plains in the far distance, the land of mystery, the unknown, untravelled Sus. I would have given a good deal to push on and penetrate into its hidden depths. But it could not be, so very reluctantly we had to turn back down the steep track, as the shades of night were now falling, and it was too cold and exposed a place to spend the night in. We had already selected a quiet spot for our camp near a few houses, whose inhabitants were most friendly disposed, and though without our tents and baggage we made ourselves very comfortable. The following day, as we had to pass through the village of Imentellit again on our return to the lower ground, we looked out for squalls, expecting another brush with the villagers. As we approached we saw the men all congregated on the hillside watching our little party as we rode in single file, and as they were mostly armed with their long matchlocks, we got our rifles ready. But no attack was made, and as we reached the middle of the village the women surrounded us with cries of welcome, brought us milk, honey and bread, acclaimed us as the victors and jeered their lords and masters for not having been able to stop us the day before. It was a most comical ending to the incident, and as we compared the scowls of the sulky gangs of men with the smiles and tokens of welcome of their womenfolk, whom we delighted with presents of coloured kerchiefs

and small coins, we felt we had spoiled the harmony of this quiet out of the world retreat for many a long day, and visions of domestic strife and distracted households haunted us as we looked back on what we had found the day before, a quiet, peaceful mountain village. At any rate it showed that the women in these Berber tribes occupy a much more independent position than in Northern and Central Morocco, where they are confined to the seclusion of the harem and the status of pampered slaves.

We now rode westerly, skirting the line of the great range, now crossing the lower spurs which project out towards the plains, now crossing the many rivers and streams which bring down the melted snows to irrigate the fertile lands of the lower Atlas, and night again came on without our seeing any signs of our baggage and tents which had been sent on from Amsmiz.

We bivouacked again under some trees at Berara, 3065 feet above sea level, and were glad to make a big fire at night. The next day we rode on, and soon learned that our camp was pitched some miles ahead just under the castle of M'Souda. A village we crossed through this morning rejoiced in the name of Dar Sabou, the "house of soap," the reason being that its inhabitants thrive on the manufacture of soap out of the potash with which the ground is impregnated. We reached the camp at noon, situated on a level plateau some 3000 feet above the plain, just under the walls of the Kasbah of M'Souda, an almost impregnable stronghold of one of the mountain chiefs. The Kaid was still in Marra-

kesh, where he had recently made his peace with the present Sultan, after a long period of revolt against Muley el Hassan, who had burned and destroyed the Kaid's Kasbah and gardens in the plains, some three miles away from the hill fort into which he had retreated.

It was only after the accession of the present ruler that the Kaid of M'Souda had made his peace, and had obtained permission to re-build his other residence in the valley. As soon as we arrived in camp, the Kaid's son rode out of the castle at the head of some fifty or sixty armed retainers to offer me the traditional hospitality in the name of his father. I returned his visit, and he invited me to join in hawking the following day, falconry being one of the chief pastimes of the Berber chiefs. He was greatly interested in all our instruments, and when I fixed up my telescope and showed him his other house, now re-building, his excitement was intense, as he recognised first one and then another of the men in charge, he shouted out: "Achmed, you scoundrel, I see you sitting under a tree, instead of looking after the builders; Mahommed is smoking his 'keef' all the morning: the rogues shall have a taste of the bastinado this afternoon!" We then had a discussion as to how far off the house lay; so I offered to give him the exact distance by the omni-telemeter. I made it out 5000 and odd metres, which he carefully noted down himself, and made his secretary note down in a book, and then I measured out for him a metre, and we marked it with a file on his matchlock barrel so that he should have a permanent record. The secretary, I noticed, had much difficulty in seeing, he was an old man; so

I hunted up my stock of glasses and found one which just suited the old man's failing eyesight, and his delight was unbounded.

Next morning a gallant party of horsemen, with falcons, emerged from the castle gate and rode up to our tents ; the young Kaid rode a fine black stallion, of which he was very proud, but when he saw my grey he fell in love with it and proposed an exchange ; but I did not quite see this and put him off. We all started off, as I expected, down the little path in the mountain side by which we had arrived the day before ; but to my horror my host turned straight over the brow of the steep descent which went sheer down 3000 ft. to the valley below, and was steeper than I should have liked to scramble down on foot. It would not do to show I did not like it, so over I went too, thinking that my horse could do whatever theirs did, and with my heart in my mouth I abandoned myself to my careful steed and to a kind Providence. The side of the hill was almost like that of a house. We all slid and skated down, my horse tucking himself on his haunches like a cat, stones rattled down like hail from those who followed behind; down we slithered and slipped and struggled, and finally, to my intense relief, found ourselves on fairly level ground at the bottom. None but a Moorish horse could possibly negotiate such a descent, it would have tried an average goat, but here we were, the whole party of some sixty or seventy horsemen, and not one had come to grief.

We had some excellent sport with the falcons : a couple of bustard, a gazelle, and three or four hares

made up the day's bag, but some of the flights were long and gave a quick run, and altogether I thoroughly realised that our ancestors, who paid so much attention to falconry, must have had a rare amount of enjoyment from it. We wound up with a visit to the Kaid's new house, where he rated his men, and utterly confounded them by telling them what he had seen through the telescope the day before, and was so pleased with himself generally and the effect that his announcement produced, that he let the culprits off the threatened flogging, and only warned them that in future he should always be watching their every movement wherever they might be.

We returned to camp the same way we had come, like flies crawling up the side of a house, but as I had already had experience of what a Moorish horse can climb up, this did not surprise me or upset my nerves; but I still shudder when I think of the going down.

The next day's march brought us to Kasbah Tekera, a fine house, well situated, but the Kaid was away fighting, and the district generally was in a disturbed condition. From Kasbah Tekera we turned north-west towards the Saint House of Sidi Moulmein, and by noon engaged in a long and stony ravine with high limestone cliffs on either side. The upper part of these cliffs, emerging from the broken ground at the base and rising perpendicular like a wall, was pierced by countless caves, partly natural, partly excavated, which in pre-historic times, or at any rate, at some early period of the history of Morocco were inhabited by tribes

of troglodytes, who no doubt adopted this style of habitation on account of the security it afforded them against their depredating neighbours. As the entrances were all at a height of twenty to forty feet above the lower ridge, the owner of the cave was tolerably secure against a surprise, and a few loose stones would keep quite a strong party at bay in the event of an attack. We reached the end of the pass by night, at Zerhoun, a most beautifully situated village at the foot of the pass on the banks of a small river. We camped in a lovely grove by the water's edge, and found the place so attractive and the people so friendly that we made up our minds to spend a whole day at Zerhoun, the more so that I was determined to visit some of the caves if it could possibly be managed.

Hitherto, the few travellers who had explored the slopes of the Atlas had always been prevented from examining these caves, chiefly owing no doubt to the superstition of the inhabitants or their inveterate dislike to allow the foreigner to explore anything under the ground. I found some of the men of Zerhoun had been drilled with English words of command under Maclean, and were most anxious to display for the admiration of their fellow villagers the distinction which this military training gave them. So I put them through the manual exercise in the presence of their friends and so secured their undying gratitude. I then broached the subject of the caves tentatively, and to my gratification ascertained not only that they would not oppose my exploring them, but would themselves escort me and assist the visit. It was well they did so, for by myself I

never could have reached the interior of any of them.

We sallied forth next morning up the ravine, and soon came to them. Mustapha considered that at his time of life as he was putting on flesh, climbing up cliffs to explore caves was a poor, unattractive form of amusement, more fitted for goats than dignified travellers ; so he decided to sit on the edge of a quaint, natural "ain," and watch us break our necks. It was a stiff climb up a goat track to the top of the ridge, where the rock emerges like a white stone wall from the earthen slope leading up to it, and in this white flat wall we could see the opening of the caves about twenty feet above the ridge. But how were we to get in without ladders? I could see no means of ascent and we had brought no ropes or appliances of any sort. Meanwhile, our guides had selected a cave which seemed to suit them, and one of the party proceeded by poking his fingers and toes into the cracks and crannies of the rock to climb up laboriously, spreading himself for all the world like a huge bat flattened out against the surface. He hoisted himself up to the cave entrance, another climbed up to a little below him, another still lower, and so on till the men formed a sort of human ladder from the path to the level of the cave ; then the lower one caught me by one arm and lifted me up till the next one reached hold of me, while the first one caught me by the leg and pushed, and so in a few seconds I was passed up from one to the other, each man having only one free hand and I weighing very little under twelve stone, till I found myself on the level of the

floor of the cave and was able to climb in. I am bound to confess, as I looked over the edge of the entrance and saw Mustapha sitting on the well some 2000 feet below, and looking about the size of a house fly, and as it came into my mind that I still had to get down again, it struck me rather forcibly that he had chosen the better part, and I was not sure, now that I was in one of these mysterious rock dwellings, that it quite seemed worth the trouble and the risk I incurred.

Still, there I was, and certainly the cave was curious enough : it consisted in an outer chamber, circular and dome shaped, evidently cut out by hand as the marks of the tool, no doubt a flint, were plainly evident. An opening on the opposite side to the entrance led into another inner chamber rather larger than the first, about twelve feet in diameter, also circular and dome shaped, the centre of the roof being about nine feet high. It would have been interesting had I had any tool, to dig up the dry soil which formed the floor, and I did as much as I could with my knife, but was only rewarded by finding a small piece of copper melted like an ingot about an inch and a half long, sufficient at any rate to attest a human agency in its production. There were also smoke marks on the wall, besides, as I stated before, the marks of the excavation.

I draw a veil over the next scene, the descent ; it was distinctly more harrowing than the upward climb, as one could see what lay below and realise what would happen if one of the human bats lost his hold of me or his adhesion to the rock. Again I thought Mustapha

a man full of wisdom, but the feeling was only momentary. I was soon passed down from one bat to another and found myself once more on the ledge at the foot of the rock wall. By this time I was reckless, and when my guide suggested another exploration I scorned Mustapha's pusillanimous safety, and once more handed myself over to the muscles and tendons of my human staircase. The next cave was a repetition of the first, with the exception of having two inner rooms instead of one, and I found no trace of the inhabitants, though I dug up as much of the floor as I could with a small knife.

Once more on terra firma, I concluded that henceforth I was an authority on troglodyte cave dwellings, and did not particularly care to increase my stock of knowledge on the subject by further investigations, and we wended our way back to the ravine and the well, where sat the patient and prudent Mustapha, more satisfied than ever after watching our acrobatic performances that cliff climbing and cave hunting offer few attractions to a portly middle-aged Moor. My own admiration for the agile mountaineers, who could not only hang on to the face of a cliff by their fingers and toes, but hoist up a dead weight of twelve stone, without dropping it, was unbounded, and the rewards which I considered they were entitled to met with sincere and hearty appreciation. A magic lantern entertainment increased the good feeling these worthy villagers already entertained towards us, and when we parted from them the following morning we had the heartiest send off from the united population ; indeed, several of

the men, our cave guides amongst the party, escorted us half a day's journey on our way and left us with all the blessings of Allah on our heads.

As we reached the plain, after leaving the rocky heights we had been crossing, I again caught sight of two travellers who had crossed our path or hovered near us on several occasions since we had left Marrakesh. I was sure that they had an interest in following us, the more so that we had come by a very devious and unfrequented route, and I put them down as spies employed by the Court authorities to watch us and report on all our doings.

We were now approaching the great Argan forest which extends for many miles through Shadma and Haha. The argan is a species of wild olive which does not appear to grow anywhere else than in this strip of the African coast. It grows into a magnificent tree. Many monarchs of the forest are said to provide shade for 500 horsemen under their wide spreading boughs. The foliage is dark glossy green, and when seen in the summer months covered with a golden fruit something like an egg plum in shape and size, it is truly a magnificent sight. The fruit is greedily eaten by cattle and goats, and the kernel of the nut inside is full of oil, quite equal to olive oil, and esteemed by the Berbers for cooking purposes. There is another tree indigenous to this country, and only found on the slopes of the Atlas, the Arar cedar. It is now getting scarce owing to the large demand for its fragrant and wonderfully durable wood which is highly prized for the interior adornment of the best class of Moorish

palaces and houses. The doors and woodwork of the Alhambra at Granada were made of Arar cedar, and are in a high state of preservation to this day.

Our last camp at Sidi Mahomed Ouasmi, was beautifully situated in the forest, and from the high ground to the right a grand view was to be obtained of the Atlantic and the whole line of the coast. As we headed westward through the forest, the action of the sea winds began to be apparent ; the great argan trees gave way to pines and cedars, and these again to scrub and brushwood, until we suddenly emerged on the brow of the hill and saw a long stretch of sandy beach and the white walls of Mogador away in the distance, where the golden sands merged into the deep blue of the ocean. A steep rocky descent brought us down to the sand dunes, ever shifting under the varying winds, and by noon on June 15th we rode through the northern gate of Mogador.

This is the quaintest town on the coast, it is quite unlike any other Moorish town ; indeed, its aspect pronounces it at once as Portuguese. Broad streets, with colonnades on either side, crossing at right angles, show that it was laid out and built to a design. Compared to any other towns I had visited, Mogador is a paradise of cleanliness. We found accommodation in a small Jewish hotel, the only one then open in the place, and found general excitement prevailing all over the town for the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee. Most of the Jewish population, which is very numerous in Mogador, consists of British protected merchants, and they were determined to show their loyalty to Her

Majesty. So the glaring whitewash of the houses and walls, generally so dazzling in the African sun, was agreeably toned down by avenues of fir trees, dug up from the adjacent forest, and planted temporarily down the streets, and flags of every colour and nationality made the place quite festive and brilliant.

It was pleasant to sit down once more to a table d'hôte, and I soon got into conversation with my next neighbour, a French naturalist, who had just arrived with his wife and family from the Canary Islands, where he had been for the last two years studying the fauna on behalf of the French Government. I soon delighted him with a present of a couple of Goliath beetles which I had secured near Tekera, and which he declared to be the finest specimens ever found. While the meal was proceeding, piercing screams from an upper floor suddenly disturbed the serenity of the guests, and my neighbour's wife suggested to him that something was wrong with their progeny, and he had better attend to it. He soon returned, and remarked with a shrug of the shoulders that it was only the "snakes escaped from their box, which had scared the nurse," and proceeded with his dessert.

After lunch he asked me up to his room, and then I understood the cause of the commotion. The hotel being small and very full, there was only one room available for Monsieur, Madame, Bébé, and the nurse! In every available corner, to the legs of the beds, chairs and tables, were tethered lizards and iguanas of every sort and description; half-a-dozen Huntley and Palmer's large tins, with a few holes punched in the

lid, were filled with snakes. It was one of these whose captives had succeeded in pushing open the lid and swarming out into the room, which had so acted on the nerves of the unfortunate "bonne," that she had shrieked for assistance during our lunch. As soon as we had settled down, I called on Mr. Ratto, the genial and well known agent of Messrs. Forwood's line of steamers, and handed him the letter which Kaid Maclean had given me before leaving Marrakesh. I explained to him how anxious I was to get into touch with the tribes of Sus. and ascertain how far the general belief that they were anxious and willing to open up trade directly with England was to be relied upon.

Mr. Ratto received me with great cordiality and kindness, and confirmed all that I had heard about the tribes, but he warned me that a visit to the Sus was a very dangerous enterprise, that he would not care to join me in such an undertaking, and that even to get into communication with Sidi Hosein ben Hashem, the paramount chief of the forty-eight tribes would take a long time, although, if I was determined to communicate with him he, Mr. Ratto, would be able to effect such communication. Altogether, the result of this first interview was not encouraging, but I was satisfied that I had come into contact with the man who was best able, from his connection with the Sus tribes, to advise me as to the next step to be taken.

My next visit was to Mr. Johnston, the British Vice-Consul, to whom I reported the result of my visit to Marrakesh, and my failure to obtain the co-operation of the Moorish Government. He was most hospitable

in his reception, and asked me to join in the impending celebration of Her Majesty's Jubilee, for which he and his family, and the few other English residents, were making most elaborate preparations. He confided to me that his one regret was that he had no large portrait of Her Majesty the Queen wherewith to adorn the Consulate. Fortunately, amongst the slides of the magic lantern I had a fine coloured portrait of Her Majesty in full State robes, as she appeared at her former Jubilee, and so we arranged to display this from a house on the other side of the street, over the Consulate door.

The following day a most curious incident occurred. I had a very urgent message from Mr. Ratto to come at once to see him, telling me that what had seemed the day before a very difficult matter to carry out, had suddenly, and in the most unforeseen manner, been solved. It appeared that two men from the Sus, Sidi Mahomed u Mhamd Tazeroually and Sheik Embark Ben Hamed Yago Asbaeyo, had been sent to Morocco by Sidi Hosein Ben Hashem and the tribes of the Sus to endeavour to get into communication with me, and induce me to carry out the very project for which I had visited Morocco. They had been in Marrakesh all the time that I was in the capital, they had followed all my negotiations with the Government, and were acquainted with my failure to induce the authorities to give me their official sanction. They were themselves being watched by the Moorish authorities, and did not dare to get into open communication with me, but had followed me from Marrakesh in hopes of finding some means of getting into contact with me, and knowing

Mr. Ratto, who was known to, and well liked by many of the Susi, they had called on him to ask for his assistance in the matter. It was these two horsemen whose suspicious movements I had noted on the journey, and looked upon merely as Government spies.

Could anything turn out more extraordinarily? While I was seeking a channel of communication with the Sus, and cudgelling my brains as to how I should break down the wall of mystery and ignorance as to the country, which seemed likely to baffle every attempt to get through, here were the agents of these very tribes hunting for me, following me through the country and risking their lives in an attempt to make known their wants to a stranger and a Christian! It certainly seemed more like a story out of the Arabian Nights than the usual prosaic events of the present day.

I was speedily introduced to the two envoys, and we had a long and eager discussion as to my projects and their views thereon. They expressed their entire agreement with my proposals, but when I presented to them the following day the draft of what I considered a reasonable charter, they found that certain clauses went beyond their powers to accept, and so it was arranged that they should send a copy of the draft proposals to their master, Sidi Hosein, and await his answer, before committing themselves.

This was no easy matter to carry out, for all the passes were well guarded by the Moors, and any messenger, if suspected, was sure to be searched, and very likely killed. However, a trusty agent was found amongst the cameldrivers who trade between Aghadir

and Mogador, and his instructions, with the document, being given to him he was despatched to Ilirgh, the residence of Sidi Hosein, and we had nothing further to do than to wait the messenger's return, an estimated period of at least fifteen days. Meanwhile, as the envoys were not to be seen in company of foreigners, it was arranged that no meetings should be held until the arrival of Sidi Hosein's reply.

Meanwhile the great day of the Jubilee arrived, and never was such a celebration in the history of Mogador. As the French Consul remarked, "The town seems to be taken possession of by the British," and from the profusion of Union Jacks from every vantage point, it was hardly an exaggerated view to take, and so wrathful was he that for the whole week that the fêtes lasted, he refused to go outside his house. Every visitor to Mogador has made a trip to the Palm Tree Hotel, the property of Mr. Ratto, built in the woods about three miles out of the town. It is quite unique as being the only hotel in country surroundings in the whole of Morocco, and is a standing proof of the popularity of its owner, for in no other part of Morocco would the abode of a Christian away from the protection of the city walls be deemed secure. The great event of the day, therefore, was to be a large picnic at the Palm Tree House to which were invited all the British protected Jews and the Moorish officials of the town, besides a number of the country people from the neighbourhood, who traded with the British merchants. A great camp had been pitched in the scrub round the hotel, and I was asked to add my tents to the canvas

town, which was to be the scene of the festivities. From early morning the procession from the city commenced, and the long file of horsemen and people on foot, on mules and on donkeys, in every variety of European and Moorish dress, wending their way over the sandhills and through the dense scrub to the rendezvous, was a brilliant and most interesting sight.

I am sure that in no place in the whole world was Her Majesty's Jubilee celebrated with greater enthusiasm, or her health drunk with more hearty good feeling than by this heterogeneous collection of many nationalities, most of whom only knew our British Sovereign as an abstract power. A brilliant display of "powder play," or Moorish fantasia, by the wild horsemen of Haha, gave a local colour and a finish to a most enjoyable meeting. The Jewish colony grew so enthusiastic that they invited all the British residents to a return picnic to be held that day week at the same place. As a crowning feature, every poor person in the town, whatever his creed, and every prisoner in the town, and at the convict establishment on the island in Mogador Bay, was provided with a hearty feast in honour of the "Great Sultana," and I have no doubt that her fame and her memory will never be forgotten by the generation who took part in her Jubilee. Fireworks and illuminations, always an immense attraction to the Oriental races, finished up a most enjoyable day, and when, as soon as the sun went down, the magic lantern reflected over the Consulate door a fine portrait of Her Majesty, in her Jubilee robes, the astonishment of the crowds knew no bounds, and the crush in the streets round the



Las Palmas—H.M.S. "Barracouta" in the Bay.



Palm Tree Hotel, Mogador.

Consulate was so intense that great precautions had to be taken to prevent accidents.

However, everything passed off well, and with the exception of the chagrin that this great demonstration of British prestige and popularity caused in the mind of the French Consul, every one in Mogador seemed to enjoy the day most heartily.

The only drawback to the position of Mogador is the wide expanse of sand dunes, some three miles, which separates it from the surrounding country. The climate is simply perfect, the air is pure and dry, the temperature hardly varies 10 degrees all the year round. It is the headquarters of the trans-Atlas trade, as all the produce of the Sus is brought there for disposal, and it lies as near to the southern capital as any of the coast trading ports. It is a pity that the port is not a little more protected from the weather. Lying as it does in the bight of a hollow in the coast, it is exposed to the full force of the south-west winds, and a heavy swell from the Atlantic frequently breaks all along the coast with a force which suffices to tear a ship from her anchorage. A royal palace built on the shore, two miles out of the town, is now covered up with the shifting sands, which are blown into varying shapes and contours with each change of the wind.

It would entail a heavy outlay to make a safe harbour at Mogador, but still it could be done, and no doubt with a more settled form of Government, Mogador is destined to an influential future in the regeneration of Morocco. As a sanatorium, no more healthful spot in the whole world could be selected ; water is plentiful

in the immediate neighbourhood, and the dryness of the air is invaluable as a cure for consumption.

[] I was very anxious now to get rid of Kerim Bey, for I feared that if he came to know that I was in communication with the two Sus in hiding, he would from motives of jealousy, denounce them to the officials of the Government, and I was heartily glad when a steamer put in, homeward bound, and gave me an opportunity of sending him back to London. He was not popular in Mogador, as he had had a fracas with the Consular authorities in that town some two years previously, when he had presented himself as an envoy of Aurélie II., the "King of Patagonia," and had endeavoured to hoist the flag of that pseudo-potentate over the little hotel where we were now staying. As he was then a French subject this fact had brought him into conflict with the French Consul, and he had been deported.

My interpreter, Sabbah, was thoroughly at home in the place, his father, though a Syrian from Jericho, being chief Rabbi of the Jewish Synagogue. In no other city in Morocco are the Jews so well treated; they are even allowed to live and own property in any part of the town, not being confined to the Mellah, and are subject to no disabilities of any kind or sort, and many of them have very fine houses and seem prosperous and even wealthy. While I was there, I was invited to a very grand Jewish wedding, and as most of the women wore the traditional costume of heavy brocade and gold and silver embroidery, it was a very fine sight. The bridegroom entertained everybody of note,

and the feasting lasted without a break for a whole week.

I was first taken to the house of the bride, who sat on a sort of throne on a raised *daïs*, in her bridal attire, and with her eyes shut, for the whole day, while her friends came and congratulated her. Towards evening a procession was formed, and we all proceeded to the house of the bridegroom, which was only across the street. Here another *daïs* was prepared, with a throne on which she was seated, with her sponsors on either side. Two Rabbis officiated, Sabbah père being one, and presently a great dispute arose between them, I presume, as to who should take the leading part; they nearly came to blows, but the bridegroom interfered and peace was restored, my Rabbi securing the leading part.

The ceremony, after reading the Book of the Law, consisted in the bridegroom tasting a glass of wine, which he then broke into a bowl, and afterwards in giving a gold coin to the bride, who thus became his property, and then, after congratulations, we all sat down to the bridal repast; every room in the house, which was very large, was devoted to feasting, and I was told that 600 people were present. Shortly afterwards we were invited to see the bridal pair led into the vestal chamber. This was a large room with a costly canopied bed at each end, most gorgeously draped with crimson velvet and brocade, surmounted with large gilt crowns and pendant curtains of silk and velvet; in the middle of the room were two armchairs to which the pair were led. They were no sooner seated than each one snatched

off a slipper and threw it at the other ; the one who hits the other hardest is supposed to have the upper hand in their subsequent ménage. After that each one is led to one of the beds, and inducted into it, all dressed. I was told that in former times they were undressed in the presence of the company. There they sat up in bed, and held a levée of all their friends, who smoked and sat and drank and chatted all the night long, so at least I was informed, as I myself soon had enough of it, and retired about nine.

But I learned that this performance was kept up, without intermission, for a whole week, before the unfortunate couple were left to peace and quietness and their own society ! Certainly, whenever I passed the house for the ensuing week, the sounds of music and merriment proceeded from every open window, and crowds loitered round the door.

The days passed very pleasantly at Mogador, for every one in the place seemed determined to show me hospitality and kindness ; still I was in a fever of excitement to get an answer to my proposals from Sidi Hosein ben Hashem. I knew that communications with that chief were exceedingly difficult, and that the risks to the messenger, if he were detected, would be of a very serious nature, as the Moorish authorities had received strict orders to prevent me from crossing over into Sus, and were therefore on the look out to stop any communications I might endeavour to open up with the tribes. News filtered in daily as to the rigorous examination of camel men and traders passing over the border, and I began to fear that the emissaries sent by

my friends would not be able to pass through the cordon. However, on July 1st the welcome news was communicated to me by Mr. Ratto that the messenger had returned with letters from the paramount chief, Sidi Hosein ben Hashem, amply ratifying all the conditions of the treaty, and sending full powers to Sidi Mohamed u Mhamd and Sheik Embark Ben Hamed, to sign a formal document in the presence of the British Vice-Consul, embodying all the conditions agreed upon for conferring on me the exclusive right to open up trade in the Sus. This document was signed on July 2nd, and duly attested by Mr. R. L. N. Johnston, H.M. Vice-Consul for Mogador, who satisfied himself that the credentials of the representatives of Sidi Hosein ben Hashem were in order.

TRANSLATION.

PRAISE to the ONE GOD, may God bless our Lord Mahomet, his brethren and his friends.

WE the undersigned on this contract Sidi Mohamed u Mhamd Tazeroually Tam-anary, living at Taleawaen at the mouth of the Assaka, and Sheik Embark Ben Hamed Yago Asbaeyo, who have signed their names under date and with power and permission of the chiefs of the tribes, and with the power we have of ourselves, which is in our hands and attached to this contract, we have agreed with Major A. Gybbon Spilsbury, the Englishman belonging to London, to trade with us in our country and jurisdiction with the conditions which we are going to state further.

1. We accept the said Major Spilsbury to trade, buy and sell in our country at the ports of Erksees and Assaka or any other port opened by him in our country.

2. We engage ourselves to allow Major Spilsbury to build the port stores and houses where there is going to be the trading station, and we engage ourselves to give to him the quantity of ground he requires for building.

3. Major Spilsbury engages himself not to charge us or the tribes any outlay he may make for the said buildings under clause 2.

4. All goods arriving from the Christian country or any other country and also all goods leaving our country to other countries by sea must pay ten per cent. and the said Major Spilsbury has to pay it and deliver it to the signatories of this contract Sidi Mohamed u Mhamd Tazeroually, who lives at Taleawaen at the mouth of the Assaka and Sheik Embark Ben Hamed Yago Asbaeyo, so that they may divide it among the tribes as God may point out to them.

5. Major Spilsbury can work the mines and ship minerals, but will have to pay fifteen per cent. duty and deliver it to the said parties, under clause 4.

6. Sidi Mohamed u Mhamd and Sheik Embark Ben Hamed Asbaeyo engage themselves and in the name of the tribes not to allow any stranger or other com-

pany to work with us without the consent of Major Spilsbury, and Major Spilsbury engages, so as to avoid disputes with us, to give his consent only in writing.

7. In case of a dispute in trading, buying or selling between the tribes and the said Major Spilsbury, the tribes shall appoint two persons and Major Spilsbury another two to decide, and in case of non-agreement the tribes shall appoint a third person and Major Spilsbury a third person and the decision of these last two shall be final.

8. All questions between Christians shall be submitted to Major Spilsbury's jurisdiction.

9. All disputes amongst the tribes shall be submitted to the jurisdiction of the Ait Arbeen.

10. As steamers coming to the ports will require coals, the tribes give power to Major Spilsbury to build a place to store them.

11. The landing and shipping of goods shall be carried out by lighters furnished by and belonging to Major Spilsbury and not to the tribes.

12. As we engage not to receive anyone without Major Spilsbury's consent, he binds himself to bring from Europe all our requirements without exception and the tribes will deal with him as may be arranged by both parties.

13. All goods, money or other things which Major Spilsbury may give on credit without the consent of the signatories, Sidi Mohamed u Mhamd and Sheik Embark Ben Hamed, and which may be lost shall be to his own loss, *and the guarantors shall not be held liable for such loss.*

14. Sidi Mohamed u Mhamd and Sheik Embark Ben Hamed, with the authority of the tribes, engage themselves on behalf of the tribes and Ait Arbeen, to protect and guard Major Spilsbury and all who may be with him and those that may come to him from the land of the Christians, as also the goods that he may have, and Major Spilsbury engages himself to give assistance to the tribes in case of their having disputes with other tribes and to protect them strongly.

15. Should either party to this agreement break any one of the conditions above stated he shall pay a fine of 500,000 dollars.

16. This document is made by the said three persons, one copy to be retained by Sidi Mohamed Bel Hosein Ben Hashem, one by Sidi Mohamed u Mhamd and Sheik Embark Ben Hamed, and the third by Major Spilsbury this 26th day of Moharram al Haram year 1315, corresponding to June 28th, 1897.

I HEREBY CERTIFY that the foregoing is a true translation of the original document exhibited before me this day.

Mogador, July 2nd, 1897.

(Signed) R. L. N. JOHNSTON,

British Vice-Consul.

Armed with this authority from the most powerful chief in the country I now felt that nothing should keep me from following it up, and visiting the unknown land of Sus, and only the fact that I had promised Sir Arthur Nicolson not to cross the Atlas into the

country beyond without the Sultan's consent, prevented me from an attempt to frustrate the vigilance of the frontier guards, and penetrate at once into the territories of the Susi. However, in view of my promise, this course was not to be thought of, so I made preparations to leave Morocco and arrange my visit to Sus from some other point. Three routes were open to me: one through Algeria, which would necessitate a long, though easy journey right up to the eastern frontier; the second, from the South, landing in Spanish protected territory, at Rio de Oro, and journeying across the Sakiet el Hamra district; this route offered some advantages, as I had letters to a very powerful chief, Mar el Aingi, whose authority in that district is paramount; and thirdly, by sea from the Canaries. This latter route was shorter and less expensive than either of the other two, and these reasons led me to prefer it. But the actual necessity of adopting it was suddenly forced upon me by the fear of a catastrophe. My Susi friends suddenly informed me that the fact of their presence in Mogador and their negotiations with me had become known to the authorities, and that they were being actively sought for all over the town, that their escape was impossible, as even if they could get outside the town gates they could never pass through the guards of the passes, and that if they did fall into the hands of the Moorish Government, after the treaty they had signed with me, their lives would not be safe; indeed, a price had already been put upon their heads.

As I found that their fears were only too well founded, there was nothing left for me but to get out

of Morocco as soon as possible and take them with me, for I promised that I would get them back safely to their own country, in spite of the dangers to which they were exposed. And the poor fellows placed the most implicit confidence in my promise. There were still some days to wait for the steamer for the Canaries, and until that arrived nothing could be done to extricate them from the very precarious position they were in. They were securely hidden in the town, and the danger would not really arise until the actual departure. I foresaw great trouble in getting them on board the steamer, as no Moorish subject is allowed to leave the country without the Sultan's permission, and every precaution is taken by the authorities to see that this regulation is not evaded.

Before leaving Mogador, I invited all my friends to a farewell dinner, in a private garden which I was able to hire, and we had a very pleasant cosmopolitan gathering. The Spanish Consul, not to be outdone, invited us all to a picnic on the following Sunday, and a very merry party, some forty strong, mounted on every variety of four legged beast, sallied forth from the southern gate at an early hour. The spot selected was in a little wooded valley, ten miles away, amongst the hills, where tents were pitched under the greenwood trees, and we all did justice to the ample fare provided by our courteous Castilian host. So great were the attractions, and so soothing the shade of the wood that we were loath to leave, and put off our departure rather too late ; a sea fog came on and enveloped us in its dense clouds, delaying us and making it very hard

to find the track across the sandhills, so that by the time we reached the town the gates were shut. It was not a pleasant position to be in with so many ladies; the cold, wet mist had already soaked their thin summer attire, the darkness was appalling, groups of wild dogs were threatening our flanks, and these animals at night are often dangerous; and the dwellers, "extra-muros," have a very bad reputation once the gates of the town are shut.

After some parleying, however, Sabbah, who was inside, went off to the Governor, and protested against such an honourable company, including a Consul, being left to shift for the night in the dens and shanties of the outskirts, and finally special permission was given to open the gates, and we were admitted, just as we were considering the advisability of scaling the wall into Mr. Ratto's house, which formed one side of the gate.

Mogador is a good place for picking up curios, as it is the half-way house between the Sus and the Saharan trade, and the rest of Morocco. It is not sufficiently visited by trippers to have been ransacked, or to provide spurious productions, as in Tangier, for the benefit of the globe trotter. One of my principal purveyors was the Commander-in-Chief of the Mogador garrison. On ordinary days this official appeared in the common garb of the country, and was a keen trader; but on Friday, when the Governor attended to his religious performances at the principal mosque, he appeared in a scarlet tunic, with a scimitar dangling at his side, in command of a ragged guard. It was amusing to see him, while waiting for the Bashaw's arrival, produce a

curio from under his uniform and endeavour to drive a hard bargain, then suddenly make a rush at an unfortunate "askar," half out of the ranks, kick and cuff him back into position, and skip back to complete his trade negotiations. I had for some weeks past commissioned him to get me a quaint shaped earthenware lamp, one of which I had seen, and he had promised to obtain one.

The last Friday I was in Mogador I passed through the square on my way to lunch at the hotel and saw my friend in all the panoply of war, waiting with his troops for the Governor to come out of the Mosque. Catching sight of me, as his men were at ease, with piled arms, he ran up and, from under his belt, produced the lamp which I coveted. Of course he started by asking an absurd price, and I walked on to the hotel with him following after me, haggling in the usual Moorish fashion, where every purchase takes a long time to complete, sometimes many days. In the heat of his argument he followed me right up into the hotel forgetting all about his onerous duties towards his chief, when all of a sudden the bugle rang out the fall-in, and he left the lamp and ran for his life, too late, alas, to save his skin; the Great Man came out of the Mosque and missed the Commander-in-Chief, and the proper salute, and swift punishment was meted out to him, twenty strokes of the bamboo in the presence of his men, and the crowd of spectators, who always assemble to see the Friday parade. He came back to the hotel, very stiff and sore, to complete his deal, and as I had not the heart to beat him down to what I knew to be the

real value of the lamp, he went off quite consoled for his sore back and his outraged grandeur, proud in the consciousness that he had got four dollars for what he would have gladly sold for one. Who will say that the Moor is not a keen trader ?

Another respectable old Moor kept a "hanut," or shop in the bazaar, and I patronised him considerably as he had a wonderful assortment of curios ; indeed, before leaving I had run up quite a bill at his shop, where I had spent many a pleasant half hour, looking over his treasures and chatting over a cigarette and a cup of Moorish coffee. As soon as I heard the steamer was arriving I went round to settle my bill, but first, to tease him, informed him only that I was going away and that some day I would send him what I owed him. "Mashallah, you may take the whole contents of my 'hanut.'" was his reply, "the word of an Englishman is quite enough for me." Nor was this the only testimony I received to the reputation our countrymen enjoy throughout Morocco for straight dealing. A great deal of silverwork and jewellery is made in Mogador, chiefly by the Jews, and a visit to some of the workshops in the silver bazaar is very interesting. Occasionally some fine specimens of gold work are brought in from the Sahara by caravans from Timbuctoo and Lake Chad.

Sabbah, my interpreter, had a good time in Mogador ; he seemed to be related to many of the leading Jewish families, and as I allowed him to make use of the magic lantern he was in great request at all the festivities with which the Jubilee was being celebrated. One Sunday night, as he had no special engagement, he

asked leave to exhibit it on the whitewashed wall of the house opposite our hotel, and soon an immense crowd was assembled to view the spectacle. After the ordinary views he turned on one of the revolving kaleidoscopic slides, which according as they are revolved, right or left, show the colours advancing towards the spectators or receding from them. The owner of the house, with his wife, was amongst the crowd, enjoying the performance, when this slide was turned on; the illusion was so complete that he thought the wall of his house was being cut into, and with a wild yell he and his wife rushed into his house and up the stairs to see what amount of damage was done to his wall. His look of relief and blank amazement, when he realised that the wall was unscathed, was extremely funny!

At last we had the welcome news that the s.s. "Oratava," of Forwood's line, on her maiden passage out, was signalled and would leave on the morrow, Saturday, at 6 p.m., for the Canaries, and hurried preparations were made for leaving in her. I had sold off all the horses, with the exception of my faithful grey. Had I been returning direct to England I should have made an effort to get a permit to allow him out of the country, but, under the circumstances, I presented him to Mr. Johnston, our genial and hospitable Vice-Consul, as a slight recognition of his kindness to me and sympathy with my difficult undertaking. I had already got rid of Kerim Bey, and I arranged for Dris ben Abdelah, my young Moorish friend and companion, to return by steamer to Tangier, with the men whom I had engaged there, taking with me on my further expedition, Mustapha

and Sabbah only ; the camping gear and general outfit was to go with us, in case of need.

It is almost as hard to get out of a Moorish Custom House as into it, and an export duty of 10 per cent. is charged on everything which is taken away from Morocco. I scored off the authorities, however, by demanding and obtaining a receipt for the arms and ammunition which I had brought in through the Tangier Custom House, entitling me to re-import them through any other port, if I wished to. But the great and serious difficulty was how to get my two Susi chiefs on board, without the knowledge of the town authorities. The port of Mogador is only workable from half tide upwards ; at low water a long reef extending into the bay is uncovered, no boats can enter, and the gates of the water-port are closed. This reef abounds in shell fish, so I arranged that my two chiefs, disguised as fishermen, should wander out to the end of the reef, as if searching for fish, at low water on Saturday morning, when the port gate was closed, and that a boat from the steamer should row by, pick them up, and carry them on board, and I could only hope that luck would favour the enterprise and that no one would notice it, or at any rate report it to the Governor. I had further arranged that a particular signal should fly from the steamer as soon as they were safely on board.

About noon I saw the signal hoisted, and heaved a sigh of relief as I thought that all difficulty was over, and went thankfully to my last lunch in Mogador. I was to go on board at 3 o'clock, and all my kind friends were to see me off ; moreover, as the "Oratava" was

the last new addition to Forwood's excellent line of steamers, and this was her maiden trip, every one connected with shipping was anxious to visit and inspect her, so there was quite a commotion at the water-port that afternoon.

On my arrival at the quay, Mr. Ratto, the agent of the line, met me with a troubled look, and informed me that for some inexplicable reason the Governor had intimated to him that he would pay a visit to the "Oratava," and inspect her. As it was quite unusual for a Moorish Kaid to go on board an English vessel, this proposed visit presaged no good, and I viewed it with consternation, for if the presence of the Susi chiefs on board was known to the authorities, they would claim them, and as they were not protected by our or any other government, they would be entitled to have them handed over; this meant death to the men I had treated with, and ruin to my plans.

I first of all ascertained from Mr. Johnston that the Governor could give no orders to the Captain of a British ship, except through the Consul, and, of course, there was no fear of any attempt to take the men by force, as such a course would have been too serious to be contemplated for a moment. I was convinced that the suspicions of the Moors were aroused, but that they would have to act very discreetly in order to circumvent my arrangements. As soon as I got on board the "Oratava" I explained all my fears to the Captain, who entered heart and soul into the difficulties of the situation, and commenced by locking up the two Susis in a spare cabin, and putting the key of the door in his

pocket. I then arranged with the Consul that as soon as the Governor had come on board, while we were entertaining him in the saloon, he, the Consul, was to slip away, row ashore, and receive no messages from any one, no matter how urgent, till 6 p.m., when the steamer was timed to sail.

The programme was carried out to the letter ; shortly after 4, a state barge, crowded with soldiers, carrying in her stern the Governor and a brilliant retinue, shot out from the landing stage, and rowed out to the "Orotava," which had been quickly made ready, with much show of bunting for the state visit. The Governor was received by the Captain, Mr. Johnston, the Consul, and Mr. Ratto, the Company's agent, and after a brief exchange of salutations was escorted down to the saloon, where refreshments were laid out, to welcome the illustrious visitor.

I hurriedly wished Mr. Johnston good-bye, and thanked him once more for his genuine kindness, and it was with a feeling of regret that I watched his vigorous boat's crew bend to their oars and bear him rapidly out of sight. I then went down to the saloon and joined the guests. The Governor expressed his great delight at the reception accorded to him, and his desire to see all over the ship, as it was the first time he had ever been on board a British vessel. He went all over it from stem to stern : he and his men hunted every hole and corner, cabins, saloons, engine-room, fore-castle, without a look of surprise or disappointment on their faces, and finally returned to the saloon for a farewell drink and a speech. The whole party, after

many salaams and thanks for their reception, and many congratulations on the fine appearance of the "Orotava," bid us good-bye, and filed down the gangway into the state barge. We gave them a hearty cheer, and sent up some rockets as a send off, but no one's cheers were more hearty or heartfelt than those of the Captain, Mr. Ratto and myself.

Six o'clock had arrived, and the welcome clank of the anchor chain, as it ran in over the winch, told us that the danger was past. One more glass to our good fortune, a hearty shake of the hand from Mr. Ratto, beaming now at the success of our little scheme, and he stepped into his boat and rowed ashore, while the screw slowly revolved and we turned our bow towards the setting sun, and slowly steamed out to sea between the island and the shore. Left to ourselves the Captain gave the key of the cabin to the chief steward, with instructions to let the men out. He came running back directly afterwards, saying that when he opened the door they shouted something he could not understand, and made for him with their knives; he had barely time to slam the door to, and lock it.

This time we sent Sabbah to them, to explain matters, and it seems they knew of this visit of the Governor, and had been momentarily expecting a denouncement, waiting with drawn daggers, to sell their lives dearly, if they were discovered. They were as thankful as were we at the peaceful ending of an exciting incident. After a pleasant trip, which seemed all too short, in view of the kind attentions showered

on me by the Captain, his charming wife, and his officers, we arrived at the port of La Luz, the new harbour of Las Palmas, and were soon safely housed in that most comfortable of hotels, the Santa Catalina. I found suitable quarters in the town for my two chiefs, under the care of Mustapha, and they made quite a furore as they promenaded in their stately garb, the fashionable walks and streets of Las Palmas.

My first business was to secure the means of visiting the opposite shores of the mainland, and this I found to be a very much more difficult undertaking than I could have conceived. The Spaniards of the Canary Islands entertain a very exaggerated opinion of the dangers of the African coast, and no intercourse, except with the Spanish possession of Rio de Oro, exists between the islands and the mainland. At one time the North-West African Trading Company, who owned a trading factory at Cape Juby, established their headquarters in the Canary Isles, and kept up communications with Africa; but ever since the troubles which led to the sale of their factory, and the reef on which it stood, to the Government of the Sultan, for £50,000, all intercourse had ceased, and I could not find any one in Grand Canary sufficiently venturesome to undertake the transport of my small party to the coast of Sus.

After very protracted negotiations, I at last succeeded in chartering a small forty-ton fishing schooner, the "Carmita," of Arecife, in the island of Lanzarote, for the exorbitant price of £90 for a month, but on the express understanding that none of her crew were to be bound to land on the coast against their will. As

I could do no better, I had to accept these conditions, and it was with feelings of deep satisfaction that I saw the smart little craft sail into the harbour of La Luz, to embark us. Closer inspection of her accommodation rather detracted from the pleasing impression due to her smart handling as she swept round the breakwater in a stiff breeze and came to her berth in the port. Her deck, what there was, for the main hatch took up most of it, was lumbered up with a huge long boat, and any amount of fishing gear, also the sea chests of the whole of the crew, nineteen in number, for the cock-pit of a cabin, six feet square, had to be cleared out for my accommodation. The captain and crew squeezed into a diminutive forecastle forward, and I arranged for my Moorish passengers to camp on the sand ballast in the hold, leaving the hatches open as long as the weather would allow. The only patch of clear deck was a small space, some four feet wide, abaft the companion, reserved for the sweep of the tiller. The skipper, Antonio, showed me with pride a binnacle which he had purchased from the wreck of a British ship; the compass had got jammed, and only swung half round, but that was a mere detail, as the captain explained that he never used it. His navigation consisted in a thorough knowledge of the islands, and this was the first occasion on which he was to venture out of sight of those well known and trusted landmarks.

But on my undertaking to navigate the ship he expressed himself quite willing to take me anywhere on the coast, as long as he had not to land. He men-

tioned some of his comrades who, in past years, had either visited the coast for purposes of their own, or been wrecked upon its dangerous reefs, and had suffered many years of captivity and hardship before escaping—so perhaps it is hardly to be wondered at that the Canariote, though the nearest neighbour to the wild tribes of the Sus, scarcely looks upon them in the light of friends, and will not willingly risk himself in their power.

A serious difficulty now arose from the unwillingness of the authorities to sanction our return from the coast, where we could obtain no clean bill of health, without the risk of having to undergo a fortnight's quarantine at Port Mahon, and the negotiations on this important question had to be ballasted with many boxes of excellent Havana cigars, and not a few "duros," before a *modus vivendi* was arranged. The general terms of the convention consisted in the omission from the schooner's papers of all mention of her passengers, whether out or home, and the embarking or landing of them, in unostentatious fashion, at the earliest hour of dawn. The particular eye of the coastguard watch, on each occasion, which should have taken the "Carmita" into its field of vision, was to be obscured by the interposition of a ten dollar note! All preparations were now made, when I received a visit from H.M. Vice-Consul, who showed me a telegram from Lord Salisbury, warning me against proceeding to the Sus, which I could only do at my own risk. I replied that I was prepared to take the risk, as, if the country in question was really part of the Sultan's

dominions, it was lawful for me to visit them : and if it was not part of his dominions, and he could not be responsible for my safety, I would accept the risk myself.

The last night of my stay on the island I was the guest of the popular Managing Director of the Grand Canary Coal Company, who not only ordered their tug to tow my little craft out to sea, but refused to allow me to pay for her services : one more contrast between the conflicting views of my expedition taken by the official and the unofficial mind.

I was subsequently accused of having disobeyed an order of the Government in persisting in visiting the Sus, whereas I only disregarded a warning as to the risks I might run. Had the Government really meant to stop my going it was easy to say so in plain terms, and still easier to cancel the official leave which I had obtained as an officer from the War Office, to visit "Morocco and the country to the south of the Atlas." We were all on board early on the morning of July 10th, and Mr. Benson, my agent, who had been indefatigable in assisting me in all the preliminary arrangements, came to see us off, and even went on board the tug to give us a clear start. It was blowing a gale as we went out of the harbour, and the tug had quite a lively time; so did we, but the "Carmita" was a splendid sea boat and her crew knew how to handle her. The Lanzarote builders have a reputation for turning out the fastest and handsomest schooners afloat, and the "Carmita" did not belie her reputation. But the dirt and discomfort aboard were beyond description. Poor Sabbah, who was a bad sailor at the best of times,

broke down at once, and lay groaning and moaning piteously in one of the wooden bunks which lined our little cabin.

Before we parted from the tug, a heavy sea struck the schooner's stern, and poured down the companion, swamping Sabbah, and all our provisions, which occupied the other bunks : so we made a bad start. However, the wind soon went down, and by the time we reached the channel between Lanzarote and Fuerte Ventura, we were becalmed for some hours.

As we were now getting beyond the scope of our worthy captain's attainments, I laid a course for the spot I had selected on the chart, as Arksis, and provided him with a more reliable compass than the relic which he cherished, and so we bid adieu to the beautiful islands, and set our faces towards the mysterious coast of the forbidden land.

I will not expatiate on the delights of the voyage ; my bunk, the least grimy of the lot, was athwart ships, and was neither wide enough nor high enough to allow of my changing ends whenever the schooner went about. So all through the night I was constantly woke up with my feet high up and my head low down, and had to scramble out of the bunk, an upper one (as the wretched Sabbah, who was calling on death to relieve him of his miseries occupied the lower one), and then after shifting my pillow, scramble back again. As to Sabbah, he gave up the attempt to suit his position to that of the ship, and lay alternately head up or head down, groaning with equal anguish either way. All our bread and biscuit had been drenched with sea water. The cooking

arrangements on the "Carmita," where fish fried in rancid oil seemed to exhaust the capabilities of the chef, were even beyond my powers of endurance, although a long experience of Spanish peculiarities in the culinary art in many a wild uncivilised corner of the Peninsular had inured me, as I thought, to its lowest depravities.

But the mixture of decayed fish, rancid oil and general dirt on the "Carmita" actually beat me, and I had to keep myself on a few tins of tongue and Bovril and condensed milk which had resisted the incursion of the waves. The sufferings of my unfortunate Moors were still greater; unused to the sea they were prostrated on the layer of ballast down in the hold. They, too, had been drenched by the seas we shipped before the hatches could be secured, and poor old Sheik Embark was so ill that I feared he would not survive the journey.

We reached the coast on the 12th, and I made out a peak which was shown on the chart, but no signs of a harbour could be seen anywhere, and no break in the long line of white surf which beat upon the bottom of a wall of cliffs, extending unbroken for miles in either direction, black, forbidding, a seemingly impenetrable barrier, without a trace of a possible landing place through the surf. As we got nearer we eagerly scanned the black wall of rocks to try and find some opening, but in vain. As far as the eye could range, there was no hollow or dip in the high, continuous cliff, to denote the existence of a river or an inlet of some sort. Not a sign of habitation was to be seen, no traces of cultivation, no traces of man, nothing but the wild rocks with the

surf beating on their base, and green or brown downs on the top with high hills in the background.

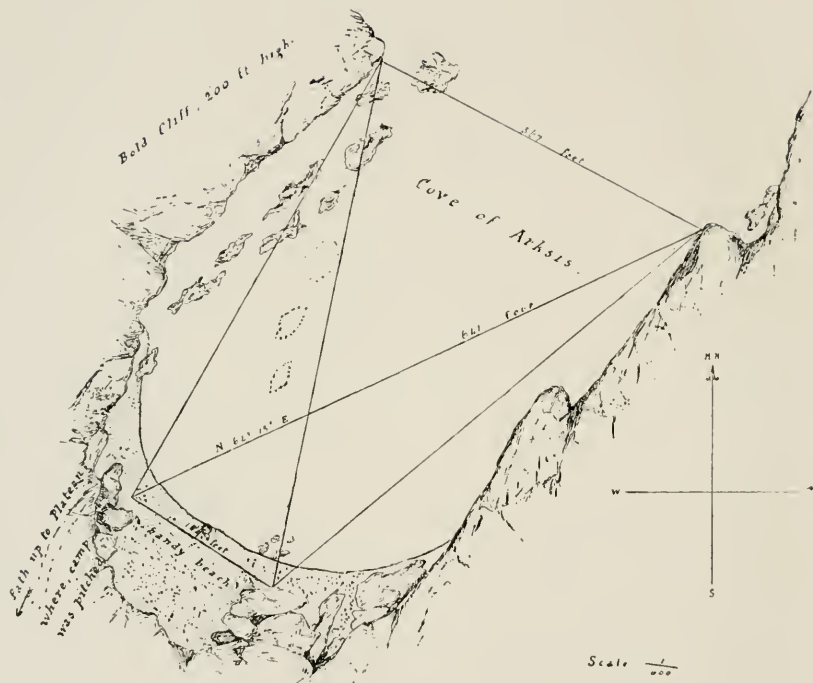
As the sea was now calm, but for the long ground swell which made the "Carmita" roll lazily from side to side, till she nearly dipped her long spars into the clear water, I made Sidi Mohamed pull himself together, and come on deck to explain where Arksis was to be found, while we slowly ran down the coast: but though he had lived all his life within a few miles of where we were, he had never been out to sea and could recognise nothing of the land, so different is the appearance of the coast seen from the sea from what a man may see day after day from the land. He declared that place after place was Arksis, only to be disappointed on approaching it, and it was not till the following day that a saint house, standing out white and clear on a high, rocky promontory, enabled him to get his bearings. He then excitedly pointed out a rock higher than the general run of the bluffs, and declared it to be Arksis, our long looked for haven.

He turned out to be right, though I could hardly credit it, but on looking closely I could see a strip of green water break the line of white surf to the north of the bluff which he pointed out, and he explained that a narrow entrance on the side of the bluff opened into a cove at the back of it, which was perfectly sheltered and had a beach where boats could land.

We therefore lowered the long boat and manned it, and putting all our guests' belongings into it carefully lowered the old Sheik, who revived a little at the prospect

of landing once more on his native shores, which he had despaired of ever seeing again, and all rowed off for the dark unpromising line of rocks, which as yet showed no signs of the hidden cove.

As we got nearer in shore, we could see the huge breakers dashing over the outlying, hungry rocks, and beating against the perpendicular face of the bluff towards which we were steering with a sound like thunder, but just round the northern face of the cliff a narrow break in the white surf line seemed to corroborate Mohamed's assurance that we should find an opening. Not a sign of life was to be seen on this forbidding coast, nothing but the sea birds eddying and screaming as they flew round in circles, disturbed by the beat of our oars as we approached the great cliff, which now rose towering above us, and half way up its threatening sides the spray dashed up in white foaming streams, as the heavy Atlantic swell broke up with thundering crash on the iron bound barrier which arrested its course. On the top of a huge green mountain of water we could see over the jagged teeth of the rocks which, to our left, caught the great rollers and broke them up into foam and the swirl of the breakers, but round the foot of the cliff a passage forty or fifty feet wide opened a way for our boat, and as we gradually passed the frowning wall, rising over a hundred feet above our heads, we opened out a little bay, hollowed out of the solid mass of cliff on our starboard bow, which led us into a cove, and at the end of it was a sandy beach on which we ran our boat, calm and smooth, a marvellous contrast to the turmoil and scurry of waters outside.



We landed our two Moors and their belongings, Sheik Embark having to be carried on shore, but he soon revived, and after a pull at my flask declared himself ready to go anywhere. A steep path led up from the beach to the top of the cliff, and we bade them God-speed and saw them depart. They warned us that no one must land until they had had time to explain to the local tribes the arrangements which they had entered into on behalf of Sidi Hosein ben Hashem and his friends, and that in the course of one or two days they would return to the coast and hoist a white *haiik* as a signal that we could come ashore without fear, but that till then we were on no account to land, as the coast tribes were very hostile to strangers, and that until they had made matters clear to them a Christian would not be safe in their midst. As I knew that until my visit no Christian had ever in recent years visited the country, except in disguise, I readily admitted the soundness of their warning, and so after watching them climb the cliff path and disappear we rowed back to the "Carmita," which was anchored in eight fathoms some three miles from the shore.

Next morning a strange sight met our gaze as we scanned the coast with our glasses; crowds of Arabs were seen lining the top of the cliff, which yesterday was so deserted and peaceful, wild looking men in the picturesque garb of the desert, all armed with their long guns, mostly on foot, but some on horseback. some on mules, or camels, were to be seen wending their way from the mountains in the background to the cliff of Arksis, the top of which was one seething mass of men,

with here and there a rough tent or a shelter of branches and straw, which had sprung up in the night, and showed that the news of our advent had spread far and wide along the desolate shore, and brought all the neighbouring tribes from their mountain fastnesses, either to welcome our arrival or to oppose our landing. The strange contrast between the solemn loneliness of yesterday and the excited crowds of strangely clad tribesmen this morning seemed to fill my Spanish crew with dismay, though I explained to them that this was the natural result of the landing of my two emissaries, and that we should soon see the signal which had been agreed upon, to prove that these wild Berbers were our friends and eager to extend us a rude but hearty welcome.

All day I looked eagerly for the promised *haik*, but evening came on and the sun went down without any sign of it, nor was the next day more successful. We whiled away the time catching fish, every man of the crew devoting himself arduously to the task of hauling as many on board as possible, splitting them open and hanging them in the rigging to dry in the sun. So as to ingratiate myself with the crew, I had given permission to them to catch all the fish they could, in these favoured and untouched waters, and sell their catch for their own benefit on their return to Las Palmas, and the result was surprising. I can't say much for the quality of the fish, for the greater number were dog fish and horse mackerel, with now and then a fine snapper; but the quantity exceeded anything I have ever seen, for the dog fish especially were so anxious to be caught,

that without waiting to swallow the hook with the bait they would get entangled in the line or caught by their fins or sides on the hooks, and I often saw a dozen hauled in at a time on one line !

The deck of the " Carmita " at this time was slippery with scales and debris of fish, and the smell from the many hundreds hung up to dry all over the rigging was simply appalling. But I put up with it all in the vain hope of gaining the affections of my crew.

The third day of waiting brought at last the long looked for signal, and to my intense delight I saw the white *haiik* flying in the breeze. I ordered out the boat, strapped on my revolver and made ready to go ashore. As we rowed in, the crowd of natives lined the top of the cliff, a swarthy, many coloured horde, with their matchlocks and daggers flashing in the rays of the morning sun. We approached within gunshot of the rocks and could hear their shouts and cries when my crew ceased rowing and informed me that they would go no nearer, that no Christian's life was safe amongst such a lot of heathen, and that they at any rate were not going to run the risk of trying. In vain I ordered them, I begged them to go on ; I cajoled them, I bribed them, I threatened them, it was all of no avail, they sullenly turned the boat's head round to sea and rowed her back to the ship. Once there I tried many arguments and got another crew together, and again we made for the shore ; but as soon as we got near the cliff the same panic took my brave Spaniards, and again, to my rage and dis-

gust they turned tail and sought safety on the "Carmita."

Three times that day the same farce was enacted, and three times all my hopes were dashed, and still I found myself within measurable distance of the long sought for goal, and yet the success which I had so long striven for was snatched from my very grasp by the poltroonery of my crew. I turned in that night in a fever of suppressed rage, evolving wild schemes of swimming through the intervening strip of waters which my men would not pass. I vowed inwardly that at any and every cost I would land and then I suddenly remembered that I had the means. Amongst my camp gear, down in the hold, was a small folding Berthon canvas boat, which I had brought for crossing any unfordable rivers, and I then and there decided that the morrow would see me in the desired haven. I called the skipper, Antonio, in the morning, and told him my decision, vainly hoping that it might shame my boat's crew into venturing in spite of their fears. To Sabbah, the night before, I had unfolded my plans, and though only a Jew boy, and no sailor, his courage and pluck proved a welcome contrast to the cowardice of these Canariotes.

"You die, master, in that small boat!" "Nonsense," I said, "that boat is as safe as the long boat." "Well," he replied, "if you go, I go to, as you are no use without an interpreter."

So he volunteered, and he never flinched. Antonio was horrified at my proposal, and declared we should

be drowned. "Very likely," I replied, "and then our ghosts will haunt you all for the rest of your days."

I finally harangued the men in one last endeavour to put a little courage into them, but it was no use, and I wound up by telling them that as I had promised each man a present on our return to Las Palmas, it would take the form of a "falda," or petticoat, for they were not men. But I might as well have talked to the dried devil fish hanging in the rigging.

We rigged up the little Berthon, and towed her astern of the long boat, till we got within gunshot of the cliff; then Sabbah and I got into her and cast off, while Antonio and some of the men burst into tears and implored us to come back.

There was no rudder, so Sabbah sculled sitting with his back to the bow, while I pushed on the same sculls so as to steer, as I knew the entrance. Slowly we made our way nearer to the breakers, and cries and shouts from the crowd on the cliff, as they waved their long matchlocks, greeted our approach. It was an exciting moment, as a swerve into the broken waters on either side of our narrow channel would have swamped us irretrievably. We were close in to the great rocks, when I saw Sabbah's face, just opposite mine, transfigured with affright; he turned green, his jaw dropped, and he let go the sculls as he gasped out: "We dead, master."

I looked over my shoulder and saw astern of us a great wall of green water, which looked mountains high, and seemed about to swallow up our little cockle-

shell. Of course, to any one conversant with the sea, there is no danger in green rollers ; it is only when they break into white foam that the danger exists. So I comforted him, and we rounded the base of the great cliff, and turning to starboard paddled into the smooth water of the cove, and ran our frail boat on to the sandy beach.

We no sooner stepped on shore than we both fell down, either from weakness or the tossing we had had on the water, and it was only after some minutes resting on a rock that we were able to stand up. Meanwhile the Susi came bounding down the cliff path, and surrounded us, but I soon caught sight of my two friends, Mohamed, who looked as fresh as paint, and old Embark, who advanced more feebly, supported by two of his sons. They welcomed me most cordially, and introduced me to the principal men of the tribe, amongst others to a Sheik, Hadj Abdullah, who had recently been engaged in a fight with some of the Sultan's troops, and had two gunshot wounds, one in his leg and another in the left arm ; the latter wound was in a very inflamed condition, the bullet being embedded in the muscles of the forearm, and he was greatly afraid of losing the use of his hand. Of course he expected me to cure him, as every Christian is looked upon as a doctor, and I felt I ought to do something for him, but I had no appliances on shore, so I proposed taking him off to the ship to dress his wound. To my surprise he evinced no fear of venturing on board, so Sabbah and I, with our invalid in the boat, pushed off once more and rowed off to where the long boat was waiting

for us, just outside the line of the surf, and getting into her we all returned to the "Carmita."

The Hadj had never been on the sea before, and long before we reached the ship was prostrated with seasickness and thought he was going to die; in the weak, feverish state he was in from his wound, I began to be afraid for him, and selfishly thought, with dismay, that if he died in my hands there was an end to any chance of securing the confidence of my wild Susi. So to encourage him I promised him a repeating rifle, the most valuable gift you can bring to a Berber, and assured him I would cure his arm effectually. We lifted him on deck and laid him on the top of the companion, while I got up my travelling medicine chest. I washed the wound with antiseptic, and then having located the bullet, which could be felt between the muscles and the bone, I made a slit through everything, with the best blade of my penknife, trusting to luck not to sever an artery, got the point of the knife under the bullet, and prized it out; then I did another wash, bound it up securely to stop the bleeding, and felt I had made quite a smart job of it.

My man never flinched or resisted, he only moaned, more from the sea sickness than the wound, which he said he did not feel; for the new and strange effect of the sea quite deadened any other sensation. I gave him his rifle and some rounds of ammunition, and he was carried back to the boat, as it was a cruelty to keep him afloat a moment longer than was necessary.

My Spaniards now informed me that as I had been ashore without any mischance befalling me, and as

Hadj Abdullah had shown his confidence by coming aboard, their fears were assuaged and they would row us ashore. I think they were rather ashamed of themselves, but I rejoiced in their recovered courage, and so we set off with our sick warrior laid in the bottom of the boat. As we came up under the cliff Antonio had a sudden fear that the crowd on the top might think our invalid was dead, and open fire on us. Sabbah explained this to him, and though still suffering the untold tortures of the ocean, he asked for his rifle, and waving it with his sound arm gave an answering cheer to the cries that greeted our return.

We swung round into the cove, and his friends crowded round him as soon as we got on shore, to listen to his adventures. The repeating rifle gained him universal respect, and was greatly admired and, no doubt, coveted by all who were allowed to examine it.

By this time all the leading chiefs of the neighbourhood had assembled, and Sidi Mohamed read out to them the contract which we had signed at Mogador. It was generally approved by all present, and a list was made out of the several articles of trade which they were most anxious to purchase, foremost of all being repeating rifles and ammunition, the demand for which was overwhelming, since the position of each tribe is settled by their power of offence and defence. They pressed me to go back to England and return again as soon as possible with a steamer laden with all the various goods in which they were prepared to trade, and promised on their side to collect all they had for export so as to have it in readiness for my return.

This being satisfactory, I felt that my visit to the *Sus* was so far successful that I had arranged all that could be done without the wherewithal to commence operations, and so I took leave of my friends, new and old, and we went back to the "*Carmita*." We made a slow journey back, owing to head winds, which freshened to a gale towards the evening of the third day as we made the lights of *La Luz*. Just as we were rounding the end of the breakwater a squall struck us, carrying away our foresail; she fell off and all but struck on the pier, but Antonio was at the tiller, and he brought her round with consummate skill, almost grazing the end of the wall. Ten minutes later our anchor was down, and we were lying just opposite the landing stage.

I longed for the luxurious delights of the *Santa Catalina Hotel*, and to exchange forthwith the Spartan fare of the "*Carmita*" for the more delicate fare of the hotel larder; but a little more patience was needed. Until the hour of dawn we were not to set foot on the landing stage, and then our return was not to be celebrated with ringing of bells or beating of drums, but we were to slip on shore as quietly as possible, and the stern guardians of the port were to close the eye which was nearest to the approaching boat and look into vacancy with the other optic.

We performed our part of the bargain in all good faith, and at 5 o'clock in the morning of July 30th we looked back from the quay to the little schooner and realised that the cruise of the "*Carmita*" was over. I had been to the *Sus* and returned alive! Oh the delights

of that early morning bath at the Santa Catalina, and the joy with which I listened to the peals of the breakfast bell ; for nineteen days I had not had a square meal, and I weighed a stone less than when I had set forth on my trip.

By great good luck I learned that the s.s. " Raglan Castle," which ought to have arrived on her homeward journey, would not be in till that evening, and so I was able to book a passage in her for myself and Sabbah, and get away for home without a day's delay. I made arrangements for Mustapha to get back to Tangier by the next mail for the Morocco coast, and had all my camp gear stored by Mr. Benson for my next visit to the Sus.

The journey home on the " Raglan Castle " was uneventful, but thoroughly delightful, and we reached London safe and sound on August 5th.

As soon as I arrived in England with the treaty which I had had so much trouble in securing for the Globe Venture Syndicate, I lost no time in pointing out to the Directors that the principal clause was the one in which I had undertaken to supply all the articles of trade which the tribes might require ; and that their most pressing want, for the moment, was arms and ammunition. The Board lost no time in submitting a copy of the treaty to the Foreign Office, and a lengthy correspondence ensued on the subject.

I have always upheld the view that the tribes of Sus do not recognise the authority of the Sultan, and are *de facto* independent, since in the first place the Moorish Government does not include the Sus in

that portion of its dominions which is affected by the treaty with Great Britain, for they will not allow any foreigner, if they can help it, to travel, trade and reside in that district ; they have no effective means of governing or collecting taxes, except by occasional armed incursions into the country, which have rarely met with anything but temporary success, and they have established a line of Custom Houses between the Sus and Morocco, on the passes of the Atlas mountains.

Up till the events at Cape Juby, which culminated in the purchase of that factory and the reef on which it stood, by the Sultan, for £50,000, the claims of Morocco to the Sus coast did not extend south of Wad Hun, and moreover, in the Treaty of Tetuan, 1866, whatever claim the Sultan had over a portion of the coast known as Santa Cruz de Mar Pequeña, was made over to Spain. Various points on the coast between Agadir and Cape Juby have at different times been located as the site of the mediæval settlement of Santa Cruz, and Spain has reserved her right to locate her possessions at her convenience ; but Ifni and its surrounding district are referred to in the best known geographical and general authorities, such as the "Victoria Regina Atlas" (W. and A. Johnston, Ltd.), "Whitaker's Almanack," and other works. It is significant that when I wrote to Lord Salisbury and asked whether the Sus was an integral portion of the Sultan's dominions, he could only reply that the "tribes are under the protection of the Sultan," showing that even at the Foreign Office it was not known how far the authority of the Sultan was recognised or what were his supposed rights

beyond a mere protectorate with undefined limits.

It was not until after the "Tourmaline" case that a Foreign Office circular announced to the world that "the coast as far as Cape Bojador, on the 26th parallel of north latitude, has been recognised by H.B.M. Government as forming part of the dominions of H.M. the Sultan of Morocco, and that no trading or other operations can be undertaken in that territory without the consent of the Sultan of Morocco having been previously obtained." On reading this remarkable proclamation two points strike one as requiring further explanation. Under the General Treaty of 1856, Art. IV., H.M. the Sultan engages that the subjects of Her Majesty "shall have a free and undoubted right to travel and to reside in the territories and dominions of H.M. subject to the same precautions of police which are practised towards the subjects or citizens of the most favoured nation."

And under the Convention of Commerce and Navigation of same date, it is provided under Art. I., "that the subjects of Her Majesty may buy from and sell to whom they like all articles (except certain prohibited articles), either by wholesale or retail, at all places in the Moorish dominions . . . and they shall, moreover, enjoy all other rights and privileges which hereafter may be granted to any other foreigners, subjects or citizens of the most favoured nation." How, therefore, can the restrictions imposed on British subjects under the above proclamation, square with the rights supposed to accrue to them under the treaty? No other foreign nation has imposed similar limitations

upon its subjects. Why, therefore, do British subjects accept a position of inferiority and restriction with regard to their trading rights conferred on them by treaty? Again, how can H.M. Government recognise the whole coast from Cape Spartel to Cape Bojador as belonging to Morocco, when under the treaty of Tetuan, the Sultan explicitly recognised the right of Spain to a portion of that coast, viz., the site of Santa Cruz de Mar Pequeña? All these apparent contradictions led the Directors of the Globe Venture Syndicate to believe that the remonstrances of the Foreign Office were not intended to do more than cover their responsibility in case of difficulties arising in the future, and those members who were in personal touch with that department were of opinion that success in our endeavours to open up trade with the tribes would condone any irregularities in the methods by which it was attained.

It was therefore decided to carry out the terms of the charter which I had brought over, although the chairman, who was in the service of the Foreign Office, expressed himself averse to the literal execution of the clause which bound us to supply all the goods the tribes might require, in so far as these requirements were expressed to be "arms and ammunition." Advantage was taken by his co-directors of his enforced absence at some German baths, to carry out the necessary arrangements for the purchase of 5000 rifles, and as it was thought inadvisable to employ the funds of the Syndicate directly in this respect, the Syndicate leased the right to provide these arms to certain persons willing

to provide the necessary capital in consideration of receiving one-half interest in the resulting profits.

I was instructed by the Board to make all the necessary arrangements to carry out the terms of the charter, and to proceed with a first instalment of goods in order to commence trading operations at as early a date as possible. The principal difficulty to overcome was the absence of all communication with the coast, the means for which must be provided as a preliminary to any organised trade, and the choice lay between purchasing or chartering a steamer for the purpose. As the Syndicate's capital was insufficient for the execution of its objects, I agreed to buy a steam yacht at my own expense and let the Syndicate have the use of it at an agreed rate, and I proceeded to look about for a suitable vessel. After various inquiries I settled upon the s.y. "Tourmaline," a splendid little 150 ton yacht, strongly built and well engined, lying at Cowes.

Though small, I considered she would suffice for the first consignment of cargo, and after that she would fulfil the purpose of despatch boat between the Canary Isles and the mainland, for it was decided to establish an agency on one of these islands, from which communication with England was easy and frequent. The selection of a suitable rifle was the next consideration, as the Susi were anxious to obtain a modern repeating rifle of good quality, and not the usual antiquated firearm which is usually palmed off by the trader. After many inquiries, I succeeded in obtaining on the Continent a batch of new Männlicher magazine rifles,

manufactured at the Royal factory of Steyr for the Austrian army, with suitable ammunition.

For the protection of the yacht a quick firing Maxim-Nordenfeldt 2 in. gun on naval mounting was next procured, and the "Tourmaline" was thoroughly overhauled and made ready for a lengthened cruise, and the services of an experienced captain, George Graham, an ex-officer in the P. and O. Service, were secured to command her. I was invited to meet the shareholders of the Syndicate at a lunch at the Holborn Restaurant, to explain to them the position of affairs as I understood them from my experiences in Morocco, and what, in my opinion, would have to be done in order to give effect to the treaty, which I had been fortunate enough to obtain for them in substitution of the document which they had acquired from Kerim Bey, and the result of the meeting was a considerable addition to the funds of the Syndicate, and an expression of determination on the part of all who were present to spare no efforts to open trade with the Susi on the lines of the charter.

Other goods were to be included in this first consignment, and I was requested to go to Manchester and discuss with Mr. C. E. Sassoon, one of the Directors of the Syndicate, the arrangements made for fitting out the "Tourmaline" and the goods to be supplied by his firm. So anxious was he to inaugurate the trade that he proposed to accompany me on the first trip, but he was subsequently dissuaded from running this risk; however, he took more personal interest in the details of the expedition, the purchase of the arms and

ammunition, and all the questions connected with the proposed work of development on the coast than any other Director, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Livingstone, who was very anxious that the rifles should be supplied by his firm.

As, however, he had nothing that could compare with the Männlichers, I was compelled to insist on these being selected. The yacht being now ready, she was brought round from Cowes to London to be fitted with her Maxim, and a farewell lunch was given to the Directors and their friends on board of her as she lay in the London Docks. A suitable crew was obtained and final preparations made for her departure in November, 1897.

It was arranged that one of the Directors, Mr. Watling, accompanied by an employé of the Syndicate, Mr. Beyerlé, should come out in charge of the cargo on behalf of the owners, and a Mr. Grey, one of the group who provided the funds for purchasing the rifles, was to join the party in an unofficial capacity. These, with Sabbah, the interpreter, made up the members of the expedition. To avoid the expense and delay of bringing the arms over to the Thames, it was decided to take the yacht over to Antwerp and embark them, and the balance of the cargo at that port.

We sailed for Antwerp on December 5th. On arrival I found all the arms and ammunition in cases, piled on up the wharf, and a glance was sufficient to show that the yacht could not accommodate the large packing cases in which the rifles were fitted. I immediately engaged an experienced stevedore, and by pack-

ing the rifles singly in the saloons we managed to stow 4300 of them, and the rest I sent back to Liège for a future trip. Of the ammunition we were able to stow 3,000,000 rounds on board. It was only after all this had been securely stowed down below that the bales of Manchester goods arrived, and the captain's face was a sight to see. They could not be got below by any possible arrangement, even if we had cut a hatch in the deck big enough to let them through, as we had no derrick which would lift such unwieldy weights; so there was nothing left but to stow them aft on the deck, wedge them in as securely as possible and cover them up with tarpaulin.

A good deal of the ammunition had to be carried in the same way, and when all was on board, it amounted to some eighty-five tons, rather a big order for a 150 ton yacht, which was never built to carry cargo. Her ports were all below water, and if anything went wrong with any one of them we should be in a sorry plight, as the rifles packed and wedged in from floor to ceiling effectually barred access to any of the midship ports. A gangway, 3 ft. high, left an adit into the small forward cabin, which was allotted to Mr. Watling, and he had to crawl into it on hands and knees, as it was right in the bow, just over the chain locker, so each time the anchor ran out, the vibration shook the berth as if the last day had arrived, and each time it was weighed the floor of the cabin had to be taken up to allow the men to stow down the chain. Truly there are discomforts even in a well appointed yacht!

The main saloons being made over to the cargo, the deckhouse had to do duty for meals, and provide sleeping accommodation for Grey and Beyerlé; even my cabin found room for some twenty ammunition boxes. There had been no difficulty in getting an insurance policy over the cargo, but when I tried to insure the yacht I found it quite another matter, and although I made every effort, both in English and foreign offices, not one would take the risk at any price. Seeing that the cargo was covered this seems extraordinary, for whatever risks the ship was likely to run were surely at least as bad for the cargo. What annoyed me most in the matter was that the yacht was mine and the cargo was not, and consequently the whole risk of loss fell on me.

Of course the fact that I was shipping these arms was well known to the home authorities, and I afterwards learned that they gave notice of it to the Moorish Government, and forwarded a proclamation to Tangier and Marrakesh that they disclaimed any responsibility for my actions, and that the Moors might take what steps they chose in consequence of them. The Spanish authorities were also on the *qui-vive*, for, by a singular coincidence, my yacht bore the same name as one which, in the Carlist war of 1870, landed a cargo of arms subscribed for by the Catholic party in England, on the north coast of Spain, and the Spanish Government suspected that the Moorish business was a mere blind, and that the real object of the "Tourmaline" was to land arms in the Canaries and foment there a rising against the Home Government, and this unfortunate

belief was the origin of much opposition from the Spanish authorities on the Islands, and very arbitrary treatment on the ostensible excuse of quarantine, but in reality due to political fears.

It was not till the evening of December 14th that we had so far completed our preparations as to be able to leave Antwerp, but even then it took many hours, as we steamed down the Scheldt to get the decks into anything like order for putting out to sea, and as we lay at Flushing in a blinding snowstorm, with a strong north-easterly gale springing up, Captain Graham, who had never handled so small a craft, was in anything but a pleasant frame of mind. But I was anxious to make a start, so we put out to sea on as dirty a night as could well have befallen us. The gale lasted all the way through the Channel, and it was not till we were well in the Bay of Biscay that it abated; the further we got south the more the weather improved, till by the time we reached Arrecife, in the Island of Lanzarote, where I had arranged for coals to be sent to meet me, it was more like a summer jaunt than a mid-winter cruise. Arrecife, on the east coast of the Island, takes its name from the reef of coral which forms a natural breakwater to the little bay on which it is built.

The whole Island looks bare and volcanic, and there is hardly any fresh water on it, especially near the coast; but in the valleys up amongst the hills the soil is very rich, and enormous crops of onions, tomatoes and potatoes furnish a considerable export traffic during many months of the year. Camels are the chief beasts

of burden, and give a semi-Oriental appearance to the place. We arrived on Christmas Day, a day rich in memories of dazzling white houses embowered in gardens of blue sky and blue sea, fringed with a snowy surf line ; of warm sun bathing sea, town and country in its summer-like rays ; of crowds of islanders, half Spanish, half Oriental, in many hued costumes lining the quay to see the arrival of a strange yacht in these rarely visited waters.

Pratique was soon given, and we were glad enough to stretch our legs on shore and enjoy the delights of this primitive, semi-tropical little town where we were hospitably received and made welcome. The coals had not yet arrived, but were announced by the next steamer, and we had no objection to bask in the southern sun after our buffeting in more northern seas. The only Englishman in the place had but recently arrived from Las Palmas, and gave himself out as a commercial traveller. I noticed that he was very anxious to make himself agreeable to the crew, and I heard that his inquiries as to our doings and intentions were many. I was much amused on opening a telegram with an illegible address in Spanish, which was handed to me, to find that it was really intended for the nondescript Englishman, and emanated from the Vice-Consul at Las Palmas, who was acting as my banker and agent, but was at the same time collecting information from the spy, who had been doubtless sent to ferret out all he could from the crew. I promptly wired the Vice-Consul that I had opened his telegram by error, and that if he wanted information about me of a

reliable nature, he had far better address me directly and get it first hand !

The local steamer arrived the next day, bringing our coals, and we lost no time in getting them on board and sailed away for the coast on the 28th, reaching it the following day. It was not, however, till the 30th that we located the cove of Arksis, and when we did the sea was running too high to allow a landing. My first visit to the coast had been in midsummer, my second one was in midwinter, and yet there was no appreciable difference in the temperature between the two seasons in this highly favoured district. The extreme range of variation of temperature is barely ten degrees throughout the year, and very often in the summer, when the trades are blowing, it is cooler than in the winter when the prevailing winds are south-westerly. As we lay at anchor, rolling in the long swell of the Atlantic, we could see the long, iron bound coast, with the white crest of the surf dashing against it, and hear the thunderous roar of waters breaking on the rocks ; but the place looked as deserted and forsaken as when first I saw it, not a sign of life or habitation anywhere, and towering up in the background was the sugar-loaf peak which I had learned to look for as the steering beacon of Arksis.

A little white saint house, with domed roof and minarets at the four corners, could just be seen on a bluff to the north, and further served to identify that part of the coast. Just beyond it lay Ifni, but round the corner and hidden from our view. Our presence on the coast, however, very soon brought about a

change, for doubtless our arrival had been anxiously awaited, and it was soon made known to the inhabitants, for we saw them arriving in groups and bands from every direction, and gathering into a crowd on the high ground surrounding Arksis cove. But as we had no surf boats, only the ordinary boats of a yacht, and a small, but very excellent steam launch, we had perforce to wait till the sea moderated before attempting a landing, and this did not happen till the 4th. We were received with shouts of welcome and joy, and foremost amongst the crowd were my two old friends, Si Mohamed and Sheik Embark, the latter quite recovered from his dreadful experience on board the "Carmita."

Perhaps what afforded me the greatest gratification was the arrival of my quondam patient with the wounded arm, for I had been haunted with a horrid fear that my amateur operations on his arm might have had terrible consequences! But, to my delight, there he was, hale and sound, his wound was perfectly healed and he had recovered the full use of his hand.

We spent the 5th in landing stores and camp gear, for it was my intention if Sidi Hosein ben Hashem could not come down to the coast to meet me, to take a trip up to his abode at Ilirgh. I also surveyed the cove, which turned out to be unsuitable even for a small vessel to enter without a considerable expenditure in blasting away rocks and improving the entrance. The following day we had a meeting of the representatives of twenty-five tribes; they produced letters from fifteen other tribes, so that forty out of the forty-eight tribes of Sus gave their adhesion to the arrangements

entered into with me under the treaty signed at Mogador. This was read out to the assembled sheiks, the different clauses were explained and discussed and unanimously agreed to.

The tribes were most anxious to have the rifles landed and distributed, but they had not brought the money for them, and I explained that without payment I could not give them up. As, however, they represented that if I decided to go up to the capital, an escort would be required, and it was only reasonable that I should provide the arms and ammunition for it, I agreed to land fifty rifles without payment, and it was arranged that a messenger should leave at once for Ilirgh with a report of the meeting, and a request for Sidi Hosein to come down to the coast or send down the money, or let me know whether he would prefer me to visit him at his own castle. It was expected that we could receive his answer in three or four days. By this time the camp was pitched on the downs overlooking the cove, and a bullock was brought to us as an offering ; every one was in high spirits and on the best of terms.

We had landed our sporting guns, and arrangements were made for some shooting in the neighbouring hills. Towards evening Captain Graham reported to me that the sea was getting up, and that it was unsafe to leave the steam launch any longer exposed to the freshening breeze. I had intended to sleep in camp, but at the last moment I decided to go back to the yacht with Graham and Watling, while Messrs. Grey and Beyerlé preferred staying on shore, and persuaded Sabbah to stay with them and interpret. I had cut

my hand rather severely with a refractory hunting knife and medical stores had not yet been landed.

So we pushed off, and it was well we did, for the sea had risen in the last hour to such an extent that when we reached the "Tourmaline" it was with great difficulty that we were able to get on board her, and it was quite impossible to hoist up the steam launch. Although we were anchored some three miles away from the shore the rollers were breaking within less than a cable from the yacht, and the captain made up his mind that we must put out to sea at once, but before steam was sufficiently up, the starboard anchor cable parted and it was evident we were going to have a bad time. It was useless to attempt to save the steam launch, her anchor was down, and all we could do was to leave her to ride out the approaching gale by herself, if she could; we had enough to do to look after the yacht. Fortunately there was by this time a sufficient head of steam, so we were able to put her head out and steam slowly out to sea. It was blowing now from the west a strong gale, and the sea rose mountains high. As I stood on the bridge that night and watched the little "Tourmaline" laboriously climbing up the immense rollers, and then rushing down the abyss on the other side, she seemed like a beetle crawling up the roof of a house and down again on the far side.

Being low in the water and stiff from the weight of her cargo, she shipped tons of water as she buried her nose in the green wall, and the quantity of deck cargo aft blocked her scuppers and gave her much trouble in getting rid of the weight of water that washed

her decks. I could see the captain was getting more and more anxious, and finally he informed me that some of the deck litter must be hove overboard, or he could not answer for the consequences.

It seemed hard to have to part with good ammunition in this way, but as the cargo was insured, while the yacht was at my own risk, I did not hesitate, and soon some dozens of cases were turned over to Davy Jones's locker, and provided the fishes with indigestible fare. After this she rode easier, and with her engines slowed down we kept her head to sea and rode out the gale all night. Towards morning the weather improved a little, but all the following day the sea was tremendous, and it was not till the 13th that the wind abated and allowed us to return to our former anchorage. I was exceedingly anxious by this time as to the little party we had left in the camp. I had no fears as to their being well treated by the natives, but I knew that their stores were limited, and full provision of all that was required in so wild a country had not been made during our short intercourse with the shore. Besides, a week had elapsed, and knowing what a storm had assailed us they might fear that the yacht had gone down and that they were left without any means of communication with home.

At daylight on the 13th we eagerly scanned the coast and saw with pleasure that our tents were standing, and soon made out our party as they came out to see the "Tourmaline" take up her old quarters. The captain took one of the boats and tried to get into the cove, but had to return, as the surf was still too

high ; he hoped, however, that by noon when the tide turned an entrance could be effected. Meanwhile, no traces of the steam launch could be seen anywhere, and we afterwards learned that she was dragged from her moorings on the night of the 6th and wrecked on the rocks. We were all looking forward to landing again towards noon, when the smoke of a steamer was reported to the north-west, and soon with our glasses we could make out a large steamer approaching down the coast.

I had received warning that the Sultan's man-of-war, the "Hassanie," was ordered out to look for the "Tourmaline," and I guessed that this must be the ship ; and my surmise was soon shown to be correct, when we could make out the red flag of Morocco. Her presence boded no good to our enterprise, so I determined to await her arrival outside the three mile limit, so that whatever came of the meeting it should take place on the high seas and not in any territorial waters. We therefore steamed out another mile beyond our anchorage, and there awaited the oncome of the Moorish vessel. As she approached she hoisted the signal, "I wish to communicate." We both lay to about two cables from each other, her port side being towards us, and she proceeded to lower a boat on that quarter. As I saw that rifles were being handed down to the men in the boat, I gave out rifles to such of our small crew (we were now thirteen on board, all told) and prepared for any emergency. Orders were given to allow the boat to approach near enough for conversation, but as she held some twenty men, all armed, not to allow them aboard.

As the boat pushed off we suddenly saw a much larger surf boat full of armed men, which had been lowered at the same time on the "Hassanie's" starboard quarter, and which owing to the steamer's height out of the water we had not noticed. This boat, with sixty to eighty men and sixteen oars dashed out from behind the "Hassanie's" bow, and the two boats pulled towards us as hard as they could row, the men shouting and yelling and getting their arms ready to board the yacht. They were evidently not aware of the gun she carried. I had had a few rounds of shell brought on deck, and I took up my position at the gun, and saw that all was ready in case of need. As the boats drew nearer we steamed slowly away and led them after us for a good distance, then putting on steam we suddenly came round and ran in between the ship and the boats, cutting them off from the "Hassanie," and as we came under her stern we hailed her and asked the meaning of this unwarranted attack. No reply was vouchsafed, and I saw her captain who was on the poop watching us and his boats, retire below as we hailed.

Coming up round her stern on her starboard side, we again slewed round, and I fired a shot across her bows, to let her know that I was armed and not going to stand any nonsense, and it was amusing to see the commotion on board which that shot produced. She carried some 500 men besides her crew. I afterwards heard she recruited them mainly from Mogador prison, and the crowds on her main deck who had been watching every movement of the "Tourmaline" suddenly dived

away out of sight. Her boats, which had been recalled, hurried back and were hoisted up, and the "Hassanie" stood in for the shore and finally anchored close in to the entrance to the cove, and then lowered several more boats which patrolled between the ship and the shore.

It was evident that she meant to prevent us from communicating with the shore, and as she had six large boats, manned and armed, the smallest of which carried twenty men, and we had nothing but three small yacht boats and no crews for them, all chance of our landing at the cove without a regular fight between the two ships, was out of the question. The "Hassanie" carried two old muzzle loading, sixteen pounder brass carronades, and could only steam six knots at her best, so that she was no match for the "Tourmaline," which steamed twelve knots, and could put three or four steel shells a minute into any part of her ungainly hull. But it was not my purpose to sink her, unless she attacked the yacht, the more so that we could not have saved anything like the whole of her enormous crew, even if we were prepared to run the risk of taking an overwhelming number of ruffians on board, and the loss of such an appalling number was not to be thought of unless in self-defence, or under very special circumstances. I therefore decided to endeavour to get back my men who had been left on shore, and as soon as I had recovered them, run down the coast till the "Hassanie" was tired of blocking this particular spot, and wait till a favourable opportunity came to land the arms, as soon as

the money to pay for them was produced, either at Arksis or further down at Assaka.

But I could not, under any circumstances, go away without my men, and the first consideration was to communicate with them, and that thanks to the tactics of the "Hassanie," could not be done through the cove. So we steamed slowly up and down the coast by day, and at night put to sea for fear of a night surprise from the "Hassanie's" boat. The second day of the blockade one of the boats endeavoured to enter the cove, and the tribes opened fire on them; there was soon a brisk fusillade between the boats and the shore, but the superior range of the Männlichers over the Martinis and Sniders of the boats' crews soon told upon them, and they retired out of range, nor did they attempt a landing again.

We exercised our ingenuity in making small boats out of packing cases, and having rigged them and fastened in a bottle containing written instructions to our men, we launched them and saw them sail into the surf, trusting that they would be thrown up on the shore, and that the lynx eyed Susi would see them and carry them to our camp. Nor were we deceived in our calculations, for out of the many signals so launched we afterwards learned that three or four reached their destination.

My instructions to them were to proceed down the coast to the mouth of the Assaka river, some twelve miles off, and signal to me their intention of so doing, so that I might pick them up without the "Hassanie" having time to prevent me. But Grey and Beyerlé

did not rise to the situation ; they were unnerved by the difficulties of their position, and the tribes seeing that the "Tourmaline" did not openly engage and drive off the "Hassanie," began to lose confidence in our actions, and no doubt held our men, to a certain extent, as hostages, in case we should go away without completing our arrangements with them.

Still this attitude on the part of the tribes was not openly defiant, it was rather one of latent suspicion ; and if the Englishmen had shown a determined action in any direction, they would easily have broken down any half formed resolution on the part of the Susi to oppose their departure and detain them. And this was proved by Sabbah, who determined to come on board the yacht, whether the others would risk the enterprise or not, and who succeeded. On the 15th we were cruising up the coast when we made out a boat pushing off through the surf ; we steamed up towards it and found it was a terribly rotten old surf boat, belonging to some fisherman at Ifni, and that it contained some of our Susi friends, who brought us news of the camp.

By this channel I sent back letters to our party with instructions to come off the following day to the same spot, and I sent presents to the chiefs with the assurance that, even if I found it advisable to retire from the coast for the moment, I should return as soon as the "Hassanie" left. The messengers left us and we watched them return to the coast. The "Hassanie" also caught sight of them, and we soon saw one of her boats give chase ; but the native boat had a fair

start and disappeared into the surf before the Moorish boat could reach her. We afterwards learned that she was beached on a bad part of the coast, and so much damaged that she could not put to sea again without repairs.

The following day we again moved up the coast to the same spot, and with our glasses saw Sabbah come down to the shore and examine the boat which had been hauled up on the beach. Then he and the Susi with him lit a fire and evidently set to work to repair the damage and make her seaworthy, and all that day they were hard at work. It was not till evening that they were able to launch her, and at last she came off to us, bringing Sabbah and five boatmen.

As Sabbah brought us news that the other two members of the expedition would be brought down to Assaka next day at sunrise, and as we had no boat big enough to row through the surf, we decided to hoist up their surf boat on to the derricks of the lost steam launch. She had no rings for boat falls, so we had to put slings round her, and so rotten was her planking that the slings cut right into her framing, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we hauled her out of the water.

Then we put out to sea for the night to reach the coast at sunrise the next day twelve miles south of Arksis, at the mouth of the Assaka river. At daybreak on the 19th we were at the rendezvous, trusting to get our men off before the "Hassanie" should have time to see what we were doing and interfere with us.

We lowered the surf boat, manned her with part of her native crew, but retained as hostages Mohamed el Tazeroually, who had come off in her, and three other Susi, one being a chief of some standing. I called for a couple of volunteers to take charge of her, and Mr. Last, the second mate, offered himself with a sailor named De Rea. Having given them each a rifle and cartridges, I gave them strict orders not to beach the boat and not to go on shore, but to land the Susi and lie off till they saw our men brought off. As long as the boat was afloat I felt confident in being able to protect her from any attack of the "Hassanie"; it was only on land that I was powerless through having no boats that could live in the surf. We took the yacht in shore as near as was prudent and watched the surf boat as she made for the shore. Meanwhile, the "Hassanie" had caught sight of us and evidently guessed what we were up to, so she got up her anchor and steamed down to prevent us from carrying out our intentions, and as she approached we saw her lower two boats full of armed men, which started off in rapid pursuit of our surf boat, by this time just disappearing into the line of white surf. I therefore cleared the gun for action, and signalled to the "Hassanie": "I shall fire on your boats if you persist in going alongside." She acknowledged the signal and called them off.

We were anxiously watching every movement of our shore party, who had been hidden by the surf for a short while, but now re-appeared on the beach. To our intense surprise and annoyance, although their orders were positive not to leave the boat, and to return

to the yacht unless they saw Grey and Beyerlé on shore, we saw the whole party land and proceed across the beach up the cliff towards a party of Moors who carried a green flag, and came down from the direction of our camp to meet them. We saw the advancing party fire three shots, the signal agreed upon, and our boat party meet them; then two or three men returned to the boat, dragged her up on to the beach out of reach of the sea, emptied her of all her gear and retired carrying her oars and mast; finally the whole party, Europeans and Moors, disappeared up a ravine leading to the higher ground and we lost all further sight of them. Evidently some treachery was at work, but what it was or what it meant we were at a loss to understand. Not only had we not recovered our two prisoners, for it was evident that they had fallen into hostile hands, but we had also lost three more, Sabbah, Last and De Rea, and with them the surf boat, the only means of communicating with the shore, for not one of the yacht's boats could live in that heavy surf.

It would be difficult to describe our feelings of amazement and dismay at the trap into which our last party had evidently fallen, nor could I conceive how Last, who was a thoroughly reliable and careful man, could have been persuaded or coerced into leaving the boat in direct opposition to the instructions I had given him, for I had fully explained to him the reason, viz., that I could only protect him as long as he was afloat. However, there was the evidence of our eyes. There lay the boat high and dry on the beach and not a sign of life anywhere in view. For three hours we

waited and watched, hoping in vain for some trace of the missing men, for some indication from the shore of what was going on. It was not till nearly noon that the man at the look-out sang out that some extraordinary commotion was taking place at the site of our old camp.

We had previously noticed that early that morning the tents had disappeared, but at the time this fact did not seem at all extraordinary, as if Grey and Beyerlé were being brought down to Assaka, the tribes had no longer any motive for remaining at Arksis, and would take our camp gear with them if they abandoned the place. There was no accounting, therefore, for the unusual crowd which we could see assembling on the site of the camp, so we turned the yacht round and steamed up the coast to see what this new event meant. As there were crowds of horsemen wheeling about, I hoped at first it might be the arrival of Sidi Hosein ben Hashem and his men from Ilirgh, whose arrival we had been expecting for some time past, but when we saw rows of white bell tents being raised on the ground where our own tents had so recently been pitched, the conviction grew in my mind that these were no wild tribesmen, who never use bell tents, but more or less trained soldiers, for the camp was assuming a regular and military aspect. The Susi hostages who were crouching in the bows, staring at the unusual sight, were also uncertain as to its meaning, for we were still too far off for them to make out any details, till I bethought myself of lending my field glasses to Mohamed, who, after a few abortive attempts to focus

them, finally succeeded, and with drawn face ejaculated, "Askari," soldiers of the Sultan !

The whole mystery was unfolded. Whatever the intentions of the tribes as to bringing our men down to Assaka, as intimated the day before, they had been frustrated by the sudden arrival on the scene of an army of the Sultan, some 5000 men, under Kaid Giluli, who had made a sudden raid down the coast, and as we afterwards learned, had fallen on the tribes in the night and defeated them, or rather driven them into their mountain fastnesses, for being caught unprepared they did not await the attack, but bolted off carrying our men and camp gear with them. Who the party was which came down to the beach at Assaka, carrying a green flag and firing the agreed signal, I never could quite ascertain, as Grey and Beyerlé were hurried away in the middle of the night to the hills. No doubt, some of the tribes, in order to make their peace with Giluli, enacted this special bit of treachery to secure our other three men, and obtain a reward or a pardon in exchange for their prisoners, for they were marched off and given up forthwith to Giluli, whereas Grey and Beyerlé were only given up some days later in exchange for some of the Susi leaders who had fallen into the hands of the Sultan's army.

Of course we only learned all these details at a later period ; for the moment all we knew for certain was that five of our men were detained on shore, that we had no means of communicating with them, much less of recovering them, and that the tribes with whom

we had been treating were driven away by a strong force of Moorish soldiers, who were actually in possession of our camp. There was nothing further that we could do on the coast for the present; anyway, we had to return to the Canaries for coals and water, both of which were nearly exhausted, and it was very important to cable home at once and announce without a moment's delay the occurrences of the last few days, and the fact which seemed evident, that our men were prisoners in the hands of Kaid Giluli and his men, and therefore comparatively safe unless anything should have happened to them in the raid upon the Susi, which we felt convinced had taken them by surprise the previous night; for Sabbah and the men now on board the "Tourmaline" had only left the camp the day before, and had had no warning at that time of the near proximity of Giluli's army.

As we left Assaka to go up the coast to Arksis, we saw the "Hassanie's" boats again approach the shore and pour volley after volley of rifle shots into the old surf-boat, which lay half up the beach; whether they riddled her or not we could not see at that distance, but we had no further use for the rotten old hull. We still had the four Susi on board, and no means of setting them ashore, so we were fain to carry them off with us to the Canaries, where Mohamed had already been. I intended as soon as I had coaled and communicated with the Syndicate to return to the coast and land them. So we steamed away from the African coast and reached Arrecife on January 20th, where I immediately gave notice to the Consul at Las Palmas of

the loss of my five men and of what had taken place on the coast.

I then cabled to England and sent a full report of the recent occurrences to headquarters, so that steps might be taken for the liberation of my men, and I wrote on their behalf to Mr. Johnston, the Vice-Consul at Mogador, sending him funds to provide for their requirements, as under the treaty, they should have been given up forthwith at the nearest British Consulate, which was Mogador. I took in coals and water so as to be ready for a fresh trip to the coast and awaited instructions from England.

Knowing the susceptibilities of the Spanish port authorities, I had appointed one of my party health officer of the port of Arksis while there, and a certificate duly signed and sealed by him in imposing form was expected to pass muster with the authorities of so primitive a port as Arrecife ; but the Spanish Government had become suspicious about the cargo of the "Tourmaline" and saw dark designs of Carlist intrigues and plots for a rising in the Canaries, and had sent the strictest orders not to admit us to pratique, so our fond hopes of stretching our legs on shore and enjoying a short stay on land were rudely frustrated, and we remained in strict seclusion, after taking in coals and water, until we could receive an answer to our cabled messages home. Rumours reached us that a British cruiser was to be sent after the "Tourmaline," and the account of the fracas speedily reached the papers in England. Curiously enough, photographs taken on the spot by Mr. Watling, reached home as soon as the

news, and were reproduced in the *Daily Graphic*, with the first announcement of what had taken place.

On January 22nd, I set out for Mogador, so as to give all the information I could to Mr. Johnston, and learn from him if any news had arrived about the prisoners. Our four Susi were in a fine state of alarm when they learned our destination, but we arranged to lock them up in the fore peak while in Moorish waters. We reached Mogador the following day and anchored boldly in the middle of the bay, but for prudence sake between the fort and the French mail boat, so that should the Moors attempt to try their antiquated guns on the "Tourmaline" they would be sure to hit the "Meurthe," just beyond us.

Directly the watch made us out there was a considerable commotion on shore, and troops manned the town walls and the old fort which commands the harbour; we could see them training the old Portuguese cast iron guns on their worm eaten carriages, as if they meant to blow us out of the water; but I knew them from previous inspection, and felt quite confident that they would do much more harm to the firing party than to the "Tourmaline." Soon the port boat came off with Messrs. Johnston and Ratto, and an English artist staying at Mogador. Amongst the Moors on board were two or three who understood English thoroughly, sent by the Governor to report all our conversation. On coming into harbour we had been met by my old friend Ali, the pilot, half an Englishman and half a Susi, and from him I had had all the gossip of the place, and had learned the commotion which

our arrival had caused, for the "Hassanie," returning to port some days before we arrived, had explained her failure to capture the "Tourmaline" by reporting that she was not a yacht, but a modern torpedo destroyer with quick firing guns.

Mr. Johnston, from the boat which lay off, confirmed all that Ali had told me, and brought me the unwelcome information that as a Frenchman was at the head of the port health office, we were not to have *pratique*; in fact, so strict were the instructions given that Ali, the pilot, was not to be allowed back to Mogador, but was to go ashore on the Quarantine Island, and do seven days' rigorous incommunication, and then be fumigated before being allowed to return, and this, be it remembered, when we came from a clean port, Arrecife, after communicating only with the harbour of Arksis, from which place the "Hassanie" had returned a few days previously, being admitted at once to free *pratique*! Moreover, all these decisions were taken by the French Consul, acting as Health Officer, without coming off to examine our papers or ascertaining anything at all about us!

However, we enjoyed the society of our visitors, within easy talking distance for some hours, and recounted all our adventures, and I learned to my great relief that our men were in the hands of Kaid Giluli, and that Mr. Johnston had already taken steps to provide them with money and clothes, and had claimed their release. I gave him a sufficient sum for all their requirements, and knew that he would do everything in his power to assist them.

Their account of the preparations on board the "Hassanie" before starting down the coast to capture the "Tourmaline," were highly amusing. The German captain bragged loudly of his intention of returning in a few days with the "Tourmaline" in tow, and my humble self chained to one of his guns, to which he ostentatiously had a set of fetters riveted. He took on board, in addition to his crew, 500 Moors, most of them from Mogador prison, and so confident was he of an easy success for his mission that he took his young wife with him, as she was in a delicate state of health; this act was disastrous, for the alarm caused by the "Tourmaline's" shot was so prejudicial to the poor lady that it brought on premature confinement. Of course, on his return to port empty handed he had to run the gauntlet of a good deal of British chaff, and then it was that he made out that the "Tourmaline" was nothing less than a modern destroyer, with up-to-date equipment, little dreaming that she would dare to visit Mogador and allow his critics an opportunity of judging her for themselves.

The Moorish authorities had such an exaggerated idea of the power of her gun from his report, that they made every preparation to protect the town from our expected attack, hence the commotion we had seen on the main battery. Orders were given to shut the gates, and with the exception of the Vice-Consul and his party, no Europeans were allowed to enter or leave the town as long as the terrible "Tourmaline" remained in the harbour. The walls were manned with all the available troops; and all night long armed patrols occu-

pied the beach and the approaches to the harbour to prevent a landing ! I solemnly advised Mr. Johnston to hoist the British flag on his own Consulate, and all other British houses in Mogador, so that when I started to bombard the town, as I certainly should if they attempted to molest me, I should avoid the buildings so protected. All of which was gravely taken in by the Moorish spies on the boat and duly reported to the Governor.

Meanwhile, the four Susi locked up in the fore-peak, were shivering with fear lest they should be handed over to the Moors. The last piece of information I received from the Vice-Consul was that the Sultan had offered 1500 dollars for my head ! While lying at anchor in the harbour, the sea being perfectly calm and no wind blowing, a huge swell came in suddenly from the north-west, sweeping right over the tops of the smaller islands which protect the harbour. The yacht was nearly dragged from her anchor, and as we rose on the crest of the huge mountain of water we could see right over the town walls, into the streets below. It was a curious phenomenon and one which renders Mogador harbour extremely insecure ; so for the night we steamed outside to the northern anchorage, and I spent the evening in pleasant society on board one of Messrs. Forwood's steamers also lying in the roads.

Next morning we started down the coast again to the scene of the recent events in order to land our four Moors somewhere on the coast, whence they could return to their homes. They distinctly objected to

Arksis cove, as they feared hostility either from the tribe which had suffered at Kaid Giluli's hands, if his force had retired, or from his men if he should still be hovering in the neighbourhood. We learned subsequently that he had retired as rapidly as he had come, but of course the district was in an unsettled condition for some time after, and our friends were anxious to get round by a circuitous route to Ilirgh, to explain matters to Sidi Hosein ben Hashem. I therefore arranged to land them at a place called Bouzafen, some twenty miles south of Arksis, from whence they could find their way across the mountains to the interior without fear of molestation. Sidi Mohamed promised to return to the coast on the tenth day after landing with communications from Sidi Hosein as to our future actions.

As we steamed past Arksis we scanned the coast for signs of the recent occurrences, but not a trace was to be seen, everything was as still and deserted as the first day I set eyes on its melancholy cliffs. At the mouth of the Assaka, by the side of a long array of scarlet flamingoes, drawn up like soldiers on parade, we saw the remains of the rotten old surf boat, which the "Hassanie" had riddled with her shot, but not a soul in sight, and the long, sandy beach at Bouzafen, on which the white surf broke monotonously, was just as deserted.

We landed our four passengers with great difficulty, or rather turned them out into the surf to scramble ashore as best they could, for if our small boat had once touched the beach, we should never have got her

back again. The Susi were provided with money, provisions and arms, so after drying their clothes in the sun and saying their prayers, for no doubt they were truly thankful to find themselves once more on dry land in their own country and with their heads still safe upon their shoulders, they waved us adieu with their rifles and set off over the hills, and we steamed away to Las Palmas, to await the ten days and return again to the tryst.

We arrived in the port of La Luz without further adventures, and anchoring in the middle of the harbour, asked for pratique ; but it was of no avail, we were told to keep up the yellow flag, and a guard boat was put to row round us, and see that we had no communication with the shore.

The Vice-Consul brought us our letters and the latest news, and informed us that H.M.S. "St. George," the flagship on the South African station, on her return home, was detained at La Luz on our account, and that we might look out for action on her part at any moment. but though she lay alongside of us all the time we were in harbour, nothing happened, and I decided that as soon as I had again visited the Sus coast, I would go to Gibraltar, so as to place the yacht in British waters and see whether the authorities were prepared, as rumour had it, to take any action against her. After waiting the agreed time, I gave notice to the port authorities that I was about to leave, and thereupon an unpleasant incident occurred.

We had, of course, observed the rules of quarantine with scrupulous exactitude, but the last day the man

on the guard boat thinking, no doubt, we were about to leave, brought his boat alongside, jumped on the deck of the "Tourmaline" and demanded £10 for his guard fees. I ordered him off promptly and reported him to the Consulate and to the port authorities for having broken the quarantine and refused to pay the claim on this ground. The port authorities refused to return the ship's papers without this payment, and I, after duly protesting, steamed off without them, after sending to the local paper a statement which was published reflecting strongly on the system which inflicted so much inconvenience on the ship, and yet was broken when it served the purpose of the sanitary authorities.

We steamed down to Cape Juby, so as to run up the coast towards Bouzafen on the appointed day, but we had not counted on the weather. A tremendous gale sprang up from the south-west, and for three days we were buffeted about, unable to do anything more than just keep the yacht's head to the sea, and take our punishment as well as we could. At the south of the Canaries there seemed to be three seas meeting each other, and a worse turmoil of waters it would be difficult to conceive; it was only by dint of keeping oil dripping over her bows that we kept down the main force of the tremendous waves which hit her on every side.

Many curious birds took refuge in the rigging during this gale, but the most interesting was a small fly catching canary, no bigger than a humming bird, who made himself quite at home in the saloon, alighting

on our hands or heads, and snapping up the flies with unerring aim and with a voracity which seemed unaccountable in so diminutive a devourer. Alas, his career was short on the yacht, for the third day his tiny bedraggled form was fished out of the Captain's bath, and we all mourned him woefully, especially as the flies increased and multiplied as we neared the coast.

The delay caused by the gale made us three days late when we arrived at Bouzafen, and whether that was the reason, or whether our friends did not return in time, I have never been able to ascertain, but the fact remains that though we hung about the coast for some days longer in the vain hope of seeing some trace of them, or of getting some message, nothing arrived, and I very reluctantly decided to return home and give up all further hopes of carrying out our enterprise on these inhospitable shores.

However, before finally leaving I thought it advisable to run up to Arksis, the only place where we could effect a landing, and see if there were any means of getting into communication with our friends through that channel, or of ascertaining what had taken place since the recent events in that neighbourhood. As we neared the cliffs we saw a few men, seemingly shepherds or herdsmen watching our movements, and so I gave orders to anchor and lower a boat. The sea was not as smooth as it might have been, and I had not sufficient men to pull the cutter, so I selected the dinghy and a couple of stout hearted volunteers to row me ashore.

I filled my pocket with Spanish silver and cartridges, loaded my revolver and a couple of repeating carbines

which I jammed under the thwarts in case of a spill, and away we went on a three mile row to visit once more the eventful cove of Arksis. We saw a good number of men run towards the cliff and that they all carried matchlocks. As we neared the entrance we found the sea was getting up, and a nasty swell was running right into the cove, the waters of which were covered with spume and foam and swirling about ominously among the jagged rocks on either side. The sun was so far down behind the cliff that its rays were shut out of the deep cove, which was full of damp mist and vapour, and gloomy enough to strike terror into the stoutest heart. I confess I felt an unaccountable sensation of depression as of some impending peril as we rounded the base of the cliff, but the turmoil of the water in the cove, quite different from any phase I had seen before, claimed all my attention at the tiller, to keep the boat off the projecting points of many rocks through which I had to steer.

I thought I knew every rock under the water; it was impossible to see them through the boiling surge of foam and water; but I evidently did not, for we suddenly ran on a sunken reef close up to the shore, and in a minute we were all in the water and tossed up again by the inrolling surf on to the shingly beach. Beyond a wetting no harm was done, for we scrambled out, righted the dinghy, and pulled her up as far as we could full of water. Meanwhile, some thirty or forty wild Susi came running down the cliff path, surrounded us and the boat, and before I could secure the two carbines, which had not slipped from their

place under the thwarts, two ruffians had pounced upon them and started to make off with them.

This was disconcerting, to say the least, for the only remaining weapon was the revolver in my belt. So I essayed a parley. I first told them to return me my rifles, as they were my private property, and if they wanted rifles I had plenty of them on the ship for distribution. This, of course, was a poor argument, but only intended to gain time, while the two sailors were emptying out the boat. Then, as one of the two Susi put the rifle to his shoulder as if to test it, I told him not to fire it off, with the magazine full of water, or it would burst, but to try some of the cartridges I had in my pocket (they were just as wet, but that was a detail), and I offered him a handful. Greed was his ruin, he came near enough to take the cartridges out of my left hand ; I grabbed at the rifle with the other and snatched it away from him, then covering the other man with it, I told him if he did not instantly return the other rifle I would kill him. Very sulkily he brought it back, and once I had the two rifles again in my possession I breathed more freely. Then I again palavered with the Susi, as they had clustered together menacingly, and told them that I was on the coast with my ship to trade with them, that I had rifles enough for all the tribes, and asked them what had become of the men with whom I had been treating previously. They informed me that the Sultan's troops had come down and beaten them, that the tribe had taken to the hills, and that they themselves were Ifni men who had been promised a big reward if they

captured me and handed me over to Giluli and his men.

This was beginning to be exciting, so I cajoled them with offers of rifles on the ship, and seeing that my men had got the boat ready for launching, suggested going back to the ship, and handed out Spanish pesetas to all the men who would assist in running out the boat, for the rollers were coming in so fast with the flowing tide that my two men could not launch her by themselves. Some of the Susi took the money and bolted, but a few of them helped with the boat, and at last, with super-human efforts, we got her afloat, though half full of water, and my two sailors pulled for all they were worth while I steered and bailed out the water with my helmet.

Every moment I expected a shot from the bamboozled crowd of Susi, but I fancy they were too flabbergasted to know what to do, for they ran backwards and forwards, shouting out threats and imprecations and waving their long guns ; but they did not proceed to extremities, which was lucky, for we had enough to do to pilot our frail craft through the troubled waters and hidden rocks, without exchanging shots with our unwilling hosts.

As we turned out and faced the open sea, the prospect was more threatening still ; with the incoming tide the great rollers were sweeping on to the rocks with a noise like thunder, and at first nothing was to be seen but the foaming rush of the breakers curling in huge snowy wreaths on to the jagged reefs ; only the smallest channel of green water was left, through

which our boat might hope to find an exit, and this was crested with spray. But my sailors were true dogged Englishmen, and put their backs into their work with the quiet resolution of their race, and bit by bit we pulled gradually out of the swirl of the surf into the broader rollers, which meant safety. We were all three thankful to reach the yacht again, and I felt that I had indeed visited Arksis cove for the last time. I had seen it in many phases and with varying emotions, but I realised this time that I never wished to see it again!

And so we turned our faces homeward, and bid adieu to the forbidding coast of Sus.

Before returning to British waters there was still a task to be performed, and in view of the obstinate refusal of the Spanish authorities to grant us *pratique* in any of their ports, a very difficult one. This was to get rid of our heavy deck load of Manchester goods without throwing them overboard, for they represented a value of some £700, and I did not relish taking a smart yacht into a British port laden up with a deck cargo like a Grimsby billyboy. So I made up my mind that by fair or foul means I was going to dump my Manchester bales on to one of the islands, honestly paying the full dues of the Spanish Government if they would allow me to, or smuggled in nefariously if they refused me *pratique*. So I selected Buenaventura as a likely place where I was not known, and headed straight for the one port of that island. I had an agent there who would, I was sure, come out in the port officer's boat, and if they refused me *pratique* I

was certain that I could arrange through him to land my cargo on some quiet spot on the coast where there were no vigilant Custom House officers to oppose the venture.

It turned out just as I had foreseen. As soon as we dropped anchor a boat came off with a number of officials, who told me they had strict orders not to allow me pratique, and absolutely refused to let me land the goods in question, though I suggested they should be landed in quarantine. In prevision of this obstinacy, I had prepared written instructions to my agent, who was sitting in the boat, and telling him I wanted some fresh provisions to be brought off, handed him the letter. He glanced at it, signed to me that he understood, and promised to bring off the stores in an hour or two ; and sure enough he shortly after returned by himself and told me he would arrange for me to land the goods some miles up the coast in a secluded cove, under cover of the night.

We weighed anchor towards evening and stood up along the coast to the north, till we reached the appointed spot, when a boat came out and signalled with a light as agreed, and we followed her in and came to an anchor close under the shadow of the cliffs, in a small cove. It was rather nervous work for the skipper on an uncharted shore with outlying rocks and reefs all round ; but our pilot knew his ground, evidently, and we came safely to an anchorage.

Then a fresh difficulty arose. The unwieldy bales, pressed into shape by hydraulic power, were too

heavy to lift with any appliances on board ' the yacht, nor could the small boats available have carried them to the shore, so the only thing to be done was to cut the steel bands which held them and deal with the contents piecemeal. In a few minutes the decks of the "Tourmaline" presented the appearance of Whiteley's stores on a sale day, for she was covered fore and aft with packages of cotton goods which we rowed to the shore all night long. There they had to be carried a long way up the rocks to a regular smuggler's cave, which had no doubt done duty in similar undertakings hundreds of times before this. We toiled all night, all hands working hard and thoroughly enjoying the enterprise, till the warning light of dawn showed in the east and we deemed it prudent to knock off, as the cargo was but half unloaded, and put out to sea for the day.

The following night we steamed in again and resumed our task, which was successfully carried out before the second morning came round. We cleared out without any unforeseen incidents, and without interruption from any Spanish gunboat or revenue ship disturbing us, and all agreed that there was a strange fascination in running a cargo under the beard of the King of Spain. We afterwards heard that very high officials took part in this successful smuggling venture, that Buenaventura had never had such a plentiful and cheap supply of cotton goods before, and what was more to the purpose the whole value of the cargo was religiously collected and remitted to me in London after I returned home.

We steamed off for Gibraltar, and having got rid of all incumbrances on deck, scrubbed and painted and polished till the "Tourmaline" presented as trim and smart an appearance as when she left the Solent. As we ran through the Straits and the glorious Rock of Gibraltar loomed into view on our port bow, I wondered what sort of a reception we should meet with, and as we had come away from Las Palmas without any papers, whether we should still be refused communication with the shore. The anchor had hardly run out and we were still swinging to it as the port officer's boat came alongside, and after a brief explanation he told us to haul down the obnoxious yellow bunting, and that we were "free of the Rock."

This was March 1st, and it was many weeks since we had set foot on shore, so we received this verdict with hearty appreciation, and a feeling that it was good to be once more within British waters. My first duty on landing was to report myself at the military headquarters, as my leave of absence was nearly up, and to apply for an extension to enable me to see to the yacht's requirements and take her home without overstaying my pass. The next was to call on Mr. Fox, the Attorney-General, and report my arrival, and place the yacht and myself at the orders of the Government in case, as rumour had it, they proposed to arrest her. He told me that no decision had been arrived at, although the matter was under consideration. So I informed him that I should keep the yacht for a week in Gibraltar Bay, to give them time to come to a decision, and if by that time no steps were taken, I

should take her round to Antwerp in order to return the rifles into store.

Mr. Carrara, a banker and magistrate of Gibraltar, was my agent, and showed us every possible kindness. He procured for us all the latest news as to the notoriety the "Tourmaline" had acquired and the rumoured action of the Government in regard to her adventures.

On the following Saturday an amusing incident occurred. We were none of us aware, nor was our kind friend, Mr. Carrara, that an Ordinance of Gibraltar made it an offence for any vessel to come into the harbour with arms and ammunition without declaring them, under a penalty of £200 fine, half of which might be paid to a common informer, and the confiscation of such arms. It seems that the ship chandler who supplied provisions had been told by the crew what was on board the yacht, and being primed with strong drink had shouted out in a café the previous night to all whom it might interest that he had seen thousands of rifles and tons of cartridges on board. Mr. Carrara only heard of this dangerous indiscretion on Saturday afternoon. I had been lunching on shore with him and arranging for the yacht to be coaled on the following Monday at one of his hulks.

We held a hurried consultation with Captain Graham, and it was arranged that we should go alongside the coaling hulk at once, and take in coals in the night and then slip quietly over to Algeciras, in Spanish waters, early on Sunday morning; for though I had no objection to the "Tourmaline" being arrested for the events on the Sus coast, I certainly did not relish

the idea of a petty prosecution for contravening the local regulations, and we were at the mercy of any common informer who, having heard the drunken asseverations of the ship chandler, might choose to earn £100.

Thanks to Mr. Carrara and his staff this plan was carried out, and to the astonishment of the look-out man, who had strict orders to keep a sharp watch on the "Tourmaline," Sunday morning found us anchored off the Spanish coast at the pretty little town of Algeciras. As I could get no reply from England to my application for extension of leave from the War Office, I gave instructions to Captain Graham to take the yacht round to Antwerp, and I returned to London overland.

The yacht had a very stormy crossing of the Bay, but she reached Antwerp in due course and landed the arms and ammunition. A sad accident ensued during her stay in that port; one of the crew coming on board late at night in the dark slipped off the narrow plank which gave access from the quayside, and was drowned. It seemed doubly hard that after escaping all the dangers of what was for many reasons a risky cruise, a fine young fellow should lose his life in harbour. But the Antwerp docks are proverbially dangerous at night. When we were previously there taking in the cargo, a poor old woman who came to bid adieu to her son on board a big sailing ship alongside of which we were wharfed, lost her footing in broad daylight on a similar gangway, and dropping between the ship's side and the quay wall was drowned, although plenty of willing

hands dragged her out of the water before she had time to sink.

The "Tourmaline" then came round to the Thames and lay in front of the New Thames Yacht Club, whose pennant she flew, until I decided what to do with her ; but even here she had not ended all her troubles, for a schooner, the "Dolly Varden," broke away from the tug which was taking her up river and ran across the bows of the "Tourmaline," carrying away her bowsprit and foregear, so she had to go into dock for repairs.

I arrived in London in March, 1898, to face the music, and I found there many difficulties to cope with. First and foremost I found the War Office, on the complaint of the Foreign Office, charged me with illegally landing arms in Morocco, and ordered me to be suspended from duty pending the decision of the Commander-in-Chief. I denied the charge, and asked to be tried by court martial. This was not allowed, and I was gazetted out of the service without trial in April. In the meanwhile news arrived from Morocco that the five prisoners taken by Kaid Giluli, after being promenaded through the country for four months in defiance of the treaty under which they should have been given up to the nearest British Consulate forthwith, were finally handed over to our Consular authorities at Tangier on the condition that they should be tried for illegally landing arms.

The three Englishmen, Grey, Last and de Rea, and the interpreter, Sabbah, were consequently charged with smuggling arms, before the Consular Court of

Tangier; the fifth prisoner, Beyerlé, being a German subject, was handed over to the German Consul, who would not sanction his being tried on any charge and ordered his release. The Globe Venture Syndicate instructed Mr. Ellis Griffith, M.P., to proceed to Tangier to defend their four employees, but in spite of all his efforts they were convicted and severally sentenced, Grey and Sabbah to four months, and Last and de Rea to three weeks imprisonment each, as first class misdemeanants.

The Consular Court at which they were tried was held by the Chief Justice of Gibraltar, without jury or assessors, and the result of such a trial on such a political question was, of course, a foregone conclusion. Nevertheless, the finding of the Court was received with unequivocal marks of amazement and disgust by the British residents who were present at the trial.

This easy victory of the authorities over the unfortunate sailors of the expedition inspired them to take action against the leader, and the directors of the Syndicate, who had fitted out and ordered the expedition, began to view their position with misgivings amounting almost to dismay. Sir Edward Thornton, late Ambassador at St. Petersburg and Constantinople, the chairman, being closely connected with the Foreign Office had, I believe, been kept in ignorance by his colleagues of the fact that arms and ammunition were being sent out in the yacht, or at any rate, his formal sanction was not asked for, as he was absent at some German baths at the time the expedition was being fitted out;

but the other Directors discussed and arranged with me all the details of the fitting out of the "Tourmaline," and gave me the necessary instructions for carrying out the expedition.

As the Syndicate's funds were insufficient to provide all the outlay proposed, a separate Syndicate, called the Mauritania, was formed to provide the cost of the arms, which they were allowed to send out under the charter of the Globe Venture, and it was provided that, in consideration of this licence, the nett profits on the sale of the arms were to be divided equally between the two Syndicates. I myself had purchased the yacht and chartered it to the Globe Venture Syndicate for the round trip. In the face of all these facts, the whole of the Directors, thoroughly alarmed at the attitude taken up by the Government, repudiated their share in the undertaking, and some of them even had the astounding audacity to deny all "knowledge of the arms." I must, however, except dear old George Sheffield, the soul of honour, who died while I was away. Had he been alive he would have stood to his guns in spite of any troubles, and I felt his loss keenly. The other Directors were so anxious to disclaim responsibility that although on the first receipt of the news they had cabled to me to Arrecife a credit of £1000, they now sought to repudiate their engagements with regard to the yacht, and refused to repay me the cost of the expedition.

I heard that the authorities were contemplating taking action against me, and in July I was arrested under a warrant of the Consular Court at Tangier on

a charge of "riotously and routously assaulting the soldiers of the Sultan of Morocco." This warrant was one of the first issued under the Fugitive Offenders Act, practically the Extradition Treaty, between Great Britain and her Colonies.

I was charged at Bow Street Police Court and remanded for a week on bail. On August 1st I was again brought up and committed for trial. As the presiding magistrate held that he had no power under the new Act to grant bail I was taken to Holloway and duly locked up. Mr. Hawksley, of the firm of Hollam, Son, Coward and Hawksley, acted as my solicitor, and he immediately applied to the Court of Queen's Bench for bail, and to have the trial removed from the Consular Court of Tangier, where there was no provision for a jury, to the High Court of Gibraltar, where a jury could be obtained. After repeated adjournments I was finally successful in getting the place of trial altered from Tangier to Gibraltar, the Lord Chief Justice stating in his judgment that although he had no jurisdiction over the High Court of Gibraltar to make any order, he held that I ought to be tried by a jury, and that he altered the place of trial from Tangier where there were no means of providing a jury, to Gibraltar, where such means did exist. The warrant was therefore made out to the "High Court of Gibraltar" and I was taken out in the custody of Mr. R. Hare, Chief Inspector of Scotland Yard, on board the P. and O. s.s. "Egypt," at the end of August.

So far my case had been very satisfactory. All that I stipulated for was a fair trial, and I did not con-

sider that a trial in a Consular Court, presided over by a colonial judge, without a jury, especially one who had shown an excess of zeal in favour of the prosecution at the trial of my men, was likely to ensure for me a feeling of security which only a strong judge can impart, where the whole might and organisation of the Government is arrayed against a single individual.

Let me here render tribute to the fearless and impartial rectitude of our Courts in England. At the Court of Queen's Bench the Attorney-General opposed with all his might the application for removal of the case to Gibraltar, and invoked the might of the Government, and the political necessities of their action. The judges calmly considered the mere question of justice between the State and the individual, absolutely unswayed by any questions of politics or convenience, and gave judgment accordingly. In what other country in the world are the rights of the citizen so absolutely safeguarded? Unfortunately, the same high standard is not obtainable in all of our Colonial Courts, no doubt due to the fact that the attractions offered are not sufficient to secure the best class of men on the Bench.

On my arrival in Gibraltar, I was taken to the Court house, where an interesting trial was proceeding, and the trial was interrupted to allow my case to be gone into. The Chief Justice took time to consider how to deal with it and granted bail in £5000. Three days later he gave his ruling as to how the case should be dealt with, which was to the effect that as the warrant for my arrest had been originally granted under the Morocco Order in Council, and as the judge held concurrent juris-

diction in Gibraltar and Morocco, he decided to try me as if the case were being tried in Tangier, viz., with or without assessors and without a jury. This, in defiance of the openly expressed opinion of the Court of Queen's Bench, and the fact that the warrant was now made out to the High Court of Gibraltar, a Court that must try by a jury, was a little too marked a proof of the determination of the authorities to deprive me of the ordinary rights of a British subject, and I gave immediate notice of appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

The judge held that I could not appeal until after my trial by him ; I maintained that I could appeal against any "question of law" and that his ruling was on a point of law. And Mr. Fox, the Attorney-General, on being appealed to by the judge, upheld my claim, so the trial had to be adjourned till April 10th, to allow me to apply for leave to appeal, and bail was granted on my undertaking to remain within the jurisdiction of the Court, until such leave to appeal was granted or rejected.

This extraordinary endeavour, in defiance of law and common sense, to try me without a jury, struck me as very significant, and the matter now resolved itself into a struggle between the authorities and myself whether I should be tried by a judge, who had shown himself singularly bent on securing undivided authority in dealing with my case, or whether I should succeed in obtaining that safeguard against the arbitrary pretensions of the State provided for us by Magna Charta. Steps were immediately taken to obtain

leave to appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and my solicitors secured the services of Mr. Arthur Cohen, Q.C., to argue the case, with the result that in November the requisite leave was granted so that I was free, subject to my bail, to return to England and arrange for the appeal to be heard as soon as a day should be fixed.

This could not be done till the last day of the sittings, at the end of March, 1899, when I found my way to the unpretentious little Court in Downing Street, where many of the most important matters affecting the legal rights of the Colonies are settled.

Mr. Cohen's presenting of the case was unanswerable, and though the Attorney-General bounced and blustered on the part of the Crown, the judgment of the Court was unanimous in Mr. Cohen's favour. The Lord Chancellor explained that owing to Her Majesty's absence at Cannes, the reasons of their judgment could not be promulgated until a later date, but in view of the approaching trial, fixed for April 10th, it would be sufficient for the purpose for the Court to give an order that under no circumstances should the appellant be tried by any other means than with a jury. The deposit of £500 was ordered to be returned and costs awarded against the Crown.

This was my second victory, and far more important than the one obtained in the Court of Queen's Bench, for not only did it secure me from any hole in the corner trial without a jury, but it exposed the illegality of the endeavours of the prosecution to secure their ends by depriving me of a jury, and greatly discredited the

judge who had lent himself to these manœuvres. Thus, I returned to Gibraltar with renewed confidence, and public opinion both at home and at Gibraltar was strongly exercised in my favour.

The trial commenced on April 10th, and here again the prosecution over-reached themselves, for when the names of the jury were called from the panel, they challenged one of them, a clerk in the house of Messrs. Carrara and Company, my bankers, who had arranged my bail, whereas I refused to challenge any one on the panel, though two of the jurymen were Government contractors, for, as I said, I considered any Gibraltarian would make an impartial jurymen.

Mr. Ellis Griffith, M.P., was my counsel, and Mr. Fox, Attorney-General, appeared for the Crown. The witnesses for the prosecution were the officers of the Sultan's s.s. "Hassanie," the only one for the defence being Captain Graham, of the s.y. "Tourmaline." Fortunately for the defendant, the new Act, permitting a prisoner to go into the witness box, had been adopted in Gibraltar a few weeks before the trial.

The charge against me was based upon the statement that I was engaged in an illegal act, viz., importing arms into Morocco; and as the report of all the occurrences on the coast made by me to my Directors had been communicated to the Foreign Office, I of course admitted all the facts alleged against me. My only defence was that the district where these events had taken place was not a portion of the Sultan's dominions, and that consequently I was not engaged in an illegal act. The Judge ruled that this defence was not admis-

sible because he produced a certificate from H.M. Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, under the Great Seal, that the whole coast line, down to Cape Juby, was a portion of the dominions of the Sultan, and that if my counsel demurred to this ruling it would be tantamount to raising the question of the jurisdiction of the Court, and he would then adjourn the trial and refer the whole question home for further decision.

For financial reasons, easy to comprehend, I could not agree to this step, so Mr. Ellis Griffith had to contend that, at any rate, I was entitled to put before the jury what were my convictions on this matter, and my reasons for believing that the territory in question did not belong to the Sultan.

The examination of the "Hassanie's" witnesses was intensely amusing, for as Mr. Ellis Griffith had already examined them at Tangier, on the occasion of the trial by the same judge of the prisoners of Kaid Giluli, and had kept notes of their answers, he had many opportunities of pointing out the contradictions now imported into their evidence. At that time, as no question as to the position of the ships when the "Tourmaline" fired at the "Hassanie" was then raised, they had agreed that the shot was fired beyond the three-mile limit from the shore; now, when first the captain, then the mate, followed by the chief engineer, and finally the Moorish pilot, all swore one after another that the ships were just 1850 metres from the shore, the hilarity of the audience and the incredulity of the jury were more and more evident as each fresh witness estimated the exact distance with such

remarkable unanimity. But when the examining counsel, after commenting on the unusual similarity of each man's estimate of distance, suddenly asked the Moorish pilot who told him to say 1850 metres, and the poor man blandly answered, "the gentleman at the English Consulate," and when being further pressed he pointed to Mr. Maclean Madden, the British Vice-Consul at Tangier, the audience were simply convulsed with laughter, and Mr. Griffith scored heavily when he remarked to the jury: "the evidence appears to have been hatched at the Consulate of Tangier; this looks very like a conspiracy against the defendant!"

In the box I had an opportunity of explaining my views of the case, and I asserted that Lord Salisbury had no more power by his simple certificate, to give a territory to the Sultan of Morocco, which did not belong to him, than to ascribe it to the Emperor of China. I showed that, even if the Sultan laid claim to this coast, he had, under the treaty of Tetuan, ceded a portion of it to the King of Spain, and that Ifni, the district in which lay the cove of Arksis was shown in the modern text books, such as "Whitaker's Almanack," "Johnston's Atlas," etc., as being Spanish possessions, and that whoever could claim sovereignty on that part of the coast it would not be the Sultan of Morocco; but that in point of fact the tribes were independent, and recognised no authority but their own, and I had gone there by virtue of the treaty which I had made with them and which was read out in Court. Therefore, argued my counsel, the "Hassanie" in attacking me was acting piratically as she had no right to be there.

The Chief Justice summed up very strongly in favour of the prosecution, so much so indeed, that when he finished, Mr. Griffith called his attention to the fact that, although he had for more than an hour descanted on the prosecution, he had not said one word as to the defence! His efforts, however, were fruitless, for after retiring for a quarter of an hour the jury returned a verdict of acquittal, amidst such a burst of applause from the crowded Court that judge and ushers were powerless to stop it.

I left the Court amidst the acclamations and congratulations of the population, and the whole way from the Court house to the Royal Hotel, I received an ovation which did honour to the hearts of the Gibraltarians.

It was a proud and happy moment, which amply recompensed me for all the wearing anxiety of the past six months, and the cheers and hearty hand grips of my fellow subjects made up for the painful and anxious ordeal that I had just undergone.

No doubt it was a bitter pill for the prosecution; they had absolutely relied on obtaining a conviction, and my cell in the Moorish Castle had been whitewashed and fitted with electric light in anticipation of the verdict. I could have passed over the bitterness of the prosecution but for their subsequent conduct, which went beyond all the bounds of decency and fairness, and was only foiled by Mr. Fox, the Attorney-General, being too honest and straightforward to countenance such a move. He privately warned Mr. Ellis Griffith

that I had better leave the jurisdiction of Gibraltar at once as the authorities, exasperated at their failure, had applied for another warrant to be issued from the Consular Court at Tangier, which could, as long as I remained within its limits arrest me and try me on a charge of landing arms, without a jury, in the same manner as my men had been tried.

I am sorry now that I did not remain to let them try their worst. I doubt if the inferior Court at Tangier could have tried me even on a differently worded charge in view of the Gibraltar trial. But I had already spent so much time and money over this long struggle that I allowed myself to be persuaded by my friends ; and so when next morning the torpedo boat which had been hastily despatched the day before to Tangier, steamed at full speed into the Bay with the necessary document for a fresh attack on my liberty, I was calmly watching it from the friendly shore of Algeciras, and as this warrant was of no avail beyond the jurisdiction of Gibraltar or Tangier, the malevolence of its authors was foiled.

There remained one shaft in their quiver ; it was a very little one and rather unworthy. Having brought me to Gibraltar at the expense of the nation to be tried, they refused my application for my expenses back to London !

As soon as I was back again in England I applied to the War Office for the re-consideration of the decision of the Commander-in-Chief with regard to my commission. I pointed out that the charges on which it had been based were proved to be false, but here

I could make no headway. I had no Court to appeal to ; the decision of the Commander-in-Chief is final, and although proved in the highest court of law to which the Crown could submit it, to be based upon a false charge, I have never succeeded in getting it reversed, which goes to prove that if our judges are monuments of rectitude and impartiality, the same cannot be said of irresponsible officials.

It is worth while to consider what is likely to be the future of that very interesting country lying between the range of the Atlas and the great desert of the Sahara. Morocco's claims upon it are shadowy and unsupported by effective occupation, and even if the fullest recognition be given to the claims of the Foreign Office, in accordance with the proclamation issued in 1899 that the whole coast line down to Cape Bojador is subject to Moorish sovereignty, the question of how far these rights extend inland is still left unsolved. But even, so far as the coast line is concerned, the proclamation above alluded to does not appear to be conclusive. In the first place the Foreign Office has omitted to take into account the cession to Spain of the site of Santa Cruz de Mar Pequeña, and although this has never been definitely located it certainly lies somewhere between Mogador and Cape Juby, and consequently upsets the contention that "the whole of the coastline" belongs to Morocco ; and secondly, there is a decided contradiction between the terms of the proclamation and the wording of the only legal document promulgated in reference to this claim, viz., the certificate of H.M. Principal Secretary of State for

Foreign Affairs, issued under the Great Seal, which was produced by the prosecution at my trial at Gibraltar, and which limited the claim to sovereignty by Morocco down to Cape Juby, no reference being made to the further strip of coast between Capes Juby and Bojador.

In view of the late project of M. Lebaudy to establish an empire in this district and to found a city on the coast at Troja, between these two Capes, a good deal of interest has been lately taken in these claims to ownership ; it would certainly be most unfortunate if our Government were to adhere obstinately to a policy, which would have the effect of shutting out from this district all efforts on the part of British subjects to participate in the opening up of trade, and the general development of a new country, while the subjects of other countries, whose Governments took a broader view of the situation, were allowed a free hand.

Morocco has never asserted a claim beyond Cape Juby, nor did she acquire by the purchase of that settlement from the North-West African Trading Company any rights to the mainland, since that Company never owned or claimed any rights beyond the reef on which their trading settlement was built. To this day the few Moorish irregulars which garrison the fort at Juby dare not stray on to the mainland, and the effective occupation of the Sultan does not extend beyond gunshot distance from the walls of the fort. No regular Moorish force, with the exception of the Cape Juby Guard, has ever penetrated south of the Wad Dra ; in fact, in

recent years the only expedition which got as far south as Glimmin, on the Wad Nun, was led by the late Sultan, Muley Hassan, and suffered such losses that it had to retire precipitately beyond the Atlas.

It would be a comprehensible policy on the part of our Foreign Office to support the claims of Morocco to as great an extent of territory as possible, provided such territory were thrown open to trade; but to support her pretensions to a vast country which she can neither conquer nor govern, and which she therefore excepts from the scope of her treaty with England, would seem to be the negation of ordinary statesmanship, the more so that other foreign Governments do not recognise these claims, and do not therefore forbid their subjects to treat independently with the resident tribes. The result will be, unless this policy be revised, that any adventurous explorers under an alien flag can establish themselves in the territory without any fear of molestation from the Moors, who have no means of interfering with their projects, while Englishmen alone are prevented by their own Government from taking any part in such an expedition or profiting in any way from the trade so developed, unless they previously obtain permission from the Sultan while their Government takes no steps to obtain such permission for them, or to require the Sultan to throw open to their enterprise a land which promises unlimited prizes to those who open it up.

APPENDIX.

SOUTH-WEST BARBARY AS A FIELD FOR
COLONISATION.

BY

W. R. STEWART

(Editor of "The Colonizer;" Author West African Section "The Native Problem," etc.)

CHAPTER I.	.	.	.	POLITICAL.
CHAPTER II.	.	.	.	HISTORICAL.
CHAPTER III.	.	.	.	GEOGRAPHICAL.
CHAPTER IV.	.	.	.	COMMERCIAL.
CHAPTER V.	.	.	.	RACIAL.

APPENDIX.

CHAPTER I

POLITICAL

THE unoccupied spaces of the earth are now so few that it comes as somewhat of a shock to be reminded that within a few days' steam of a British home port there still remains a vast and habitable country suitable for colonisation, whose coast line is yet unofficially charted and whose interior is almost a *terra incognita* to the modern world, a country whose coast line extends for some 1000 miles from north to south, the nearest point within a few hours' sail of a well known winter resort and port of call for our ocean steamers. When it is added that the country in question possesses a superb climate, at least one first class, though unutilised, land locked harbour some twenty-five miles in length, several other landing places of a fair kind, suitable for ports of entry, and an almost limitless hinterland, the surprise becomes more pronounced. The country in question, the last great unoccupied area of Africa, awaiting the advent of civilisation, is that immense stretch of territory in the north-west of the continent, which, known under the general name of Barbary, extends from the southern

boundary of Morocco proper in the north, to the French colony of Senegal in the south. Of the southern 200 miles of this area, attached as it now is by treaty to the colony of French Senegal, it is not proposed to speak as being outside the sphere of influence of which this work treats. Of the remaining 800 miles, however, from the Sus river (the southern boundary of Morocco) down to Cape Blanco, the boundary between the Spanish and French spheres, with an inland extension of habitable country extending from 200 to 500 miles until the western boundary of the Sahara proper is reached, a few particulars may be of interest in view of the present political situation in this part of the world.

Included in the area of these South Barbary Territories are broadly four principal divisions as follows, *i.e.*, (1) the Sus country in the north (one of the wealthiest countries of Africa) with a coast line of 200 miles from the southern boundary of Morocco proper (the Sus river) down to the big river known as the Wady Draa, having an inland depth of some 250 miles; this portion formed the scene of Major Spilsbury's expedition, dealt with in the preceding portion of this work. (2) The territory known generally as Tekna, extending from the Wady Draa to Cape Juby, and reaching back nearly 300 miles to the western boundary of the Sahara proper. This division, owing to the action of our Foreign Office a few years ago, is in a somewhat anomalous condition of political existence, though in actual practice it is unoccupied and

independent, but owing a loose allegiance to the Emirs of Tekna or Adrar, when there happens to be one sufficiently strong to enforce his rights. This stretch of coast has a length of some 150 miles, whilst below it extends a further 150 miles to Cape Bojador, which, though also included in the proclamation of the British Foreign Office referred to above seems to own allegiance to no chief of any importance, though from the Sakhiet-el-Amrah, fifty miles south of Cape Juby, and 100 miles north of Cape Bojador, it may be considered as within the Spanish "sphere." (3) From Cape Bojador down to Cape Blanco, the commencement of the French sphere, is the strip of coast which International treaty has placed directly under the flag of Spain, though at present except for a corporal's guard midway at the magnificent harbour of the Rio de Oro, no attempt at effective occupation has been made by that Power. Inland, from the Spanish sphere, about 200 miles from the coast, is the fourth and most important division of South Barbary, consisting of the extensive and independent Empire of Adrar, covering an area of about 150,000 square miles and rich in both natural and mineral resources. The Emir of this country, in addition, exercises a loose suzerainty over the whole of those Territories outside the Sus country.

With regard to the 300 miles of coast spoken of under the name of Tekna between the Wady Draa and Cape Bojador, a rather peculiar status has, as already stated, been given to these territories by the extraordinary action of the British Foreign Office which a few years ago, on the dissolution of the

North-West Africa Company (a British semi-chartered and trading company operating from a fortified station at Cape Juby over this part of the country) not only presented the 150 miles of coast line down to the Company's station at Cape Juby to the Sultan of Morocco out of presumably pure kindness of heart, but also added to it the 150 miles down to Cape Bojador, which latter gift appears to have been as unexpected by the Sultan as it was superfluous. It is true that no other European Power has ever recognised either of these gifts, which were embodied in a Foreign Office proclamation; that Morocco, except for purchasing the Company's castle and keeping a so-called "consul" there with a few wretched soldiers, generally in a state of semi-starvation, has never in any way attempted to take possession of it; and that the native tribes are in happy and complete ignorance of the gift to this day. Such little drawbacks as these, however, do not in any way damp the enthusiasm of the British Foreign Office when engaging in its unfortunate partiality for giving away property which does not belong to it to people who do not know what to do with it (as witness past "graceful concessions" in West Africa), but this action has none the less resulted in the closing to British enterprise of the whole region. However, the Foreign Office appears to have since seen the error of its ways in this particular instance, and it is not anticipated that any future occurrences in this part of the world will be likely to result in the dis-

interment of what all parties now hope is a decently buried political eccentricity. The further aspects of the political question will be found dealt with in the historical chapter which follows.

CHAPTER II

HISTORICAL

THE internal history of these Territories since the fall of the great Soudan empire of Songhay at the end of the 16th century is not of sufficient interest to be detailed here, but so much of its past history as has relation to its previous connection with Europe is of importance, and for a proper understanding of present and future conditions must be briefly referred to in the present chapter.

The first important record of European intercourse with this part of the world is in relation to the colonisation of the Canary Islands in the year 1402, when a Norman baron, from Dieppe, settled himself on the Island of Lanzarote (at a later period one of Major Spilsbury's bases, as also of that of the North-West Africa Company). His work of attempted colonisation of that Island lasted some three years, and subsequently, after his departure, the Island passed to the Crown of Spain. The Island of Madeira, farther north, had already been discovered and, for a time, colonised by an Englishman, but its whereabouts were then "lost" again until 1420, when it and the adjacent isles forming the Madeira group were re-discovered by the bold sea captains, who sailed exploring down the western coasts of Africa under the auspices of the famous

Portuguese Sovereign, Prince Henry, the navigator. At this last named period, Cape Nun, in the Sus country, formed the then southern limit of European knowledge of this side of Africa, and it was not till the year 1434 that Cape Bojador (now marking the northern limit of the Spanish "sphere") was doubled, and in 1441 the first landing on these shores was made by Europeans.

Two years later an important historical epoch was reached as it marked the inception of the first "slave dealing" carried out by Europeans on the shores of the western side of Africa; by this time it may be remarked both Spanish and Portuguese ships had visited and practically explored the coast line some 300 miles further south down to Cape Blanco, the now southern boundary of the Spanish coast line, as fixed by the latest Franco-Spanish treaty dealing with these regions (1903).

From this time onwards various spasmodic attempts were made by Spanish adventurers operating from the Canary Islands to annex and exploit the coast line of South Barbary. These efforts, however, being merely the efforts of private speculators and unsupported by the Administration, were at best but tentative and temporary in their results, though the ruins of several castles and remains of old trading factories at various points show that a certain amount of trade of an important character must have been done from time to time. Since then Spain has, under the advice of some more far-seeing statesman, clung on to the shadowy sovereignty of that part of the coast line in which is

situated the fine harbour of Rio de Oro, which was first occupied officially by her at the end of the 17th century. The length of the coast which is admitted to be within her sphere, as stated above, is from Cape Bojador to Cape Blanco, a distance of some 300 miles, but it is worthy of note, in view of future eventualities, that Spain has an old and historic claim which she has never relinquished to the whole of the 800 miles of the coast line of South Barbary up to the Sus river.

Be this as it may, no further permanent event of any importance in the development of the country, with the exception of the establishment of a temporary Spanish trading station at Port Cansado and that of the attempted operations of a Cadiz trading company at Rio de Oro, took place until the advent of a British undertaking, the North-West Africa Company, at Cape Juby in the year 1876.

In the preceding year, Mr. Donald Mackenzie, an English merchant who had devoted considerable study to this part of the world, conceived the idea that the great markets of the Western Soudan, with its teeming population of many millions, could be more easily and quickly tapped from a point adjacent to the Canary Islands—the more particularly as these regions enjoying a splendidly healthy climate, similar in most respects to that of the Canaries themselves, would be better adapted for trading stations than the unhealthy settlements over a thousand miles to the south known under the general title of West Africa.

An application to the Sultan of Morocco for protection and permission to trade was met by the official

reply from the Moroccan Government that the territories in question were entirely outside their dominions or sphere of influence, and as a result the company which Mr. Mackenzie had brought into existence decided to proceed with their intended operations at their own risk. The Island of Lanzarote, the most northerly of the Canaries, was selected as the base of operations, and eventually after treaties had been concluded with the local chiefs of the opposite coast (but a few hours' sail away), a trading station was established at Tarfayah, near Cape Juby, where buildings were erected and a trade established and carried on without hindrance until 1882. However, the Company's success had begun to seriously alarm Morocco, who feared, and with good reason, that the valuable caravan traffic to Morocco from the Soudan was being gradually diverted to the British trading factory. As a result the Moroccan Government began to intrigue against them, and by means of religious and other influences succeeded in causing a good deal of trouble and friction locally between the Company's agents and some of the native sheiks, resulting finally in the murder of the Company's manager.

The British Government then took the matter up and forced the Sultan of Morocco to pay the sum of £50,000 as compensation, and after a time trade was re-opened.

The next step in the progress of events was the despatch of a force of Moroccan soldiers, by orders of the Sultan, with orders to punish and intimidate those tribes in the locality which were friendly to the

British and assisted or traded with them. As a matter of fact the local Berbers were only too glad to have in their midst an English trading station to whose chiefs they could look for advice and assistance against the marauding Arab nomads whose particular object it is to plunder the pastoral and farming Berber settlers throughout these regions. The Company's agents felt it their duty to stand by those who had assisted them in establishing themselves in their midst, and very rightly afforded their help and advice to the threatened inhabitants with the result that the invading force was routed.

The North-West Africa Company, after this warning, constructed a small walled town for the better protection of the natives in the vicinity, and the castle occupied by the Company (re-built after the murder of their manager) on an isolated reef off the shore (which reef formed a natural breakwater for the shelter of vessels of small burthen) was strengthened and fortified against any future attack. The Company also organised a small armed force for defensive purposes, and in consequence were not again molested, whilst the claim mentioned for £50,000 made against Morocco for her actions was eventually paid through the energetic intervention and action of Lord Salisbury.

In the year 1895, Mr. Donald Mackenzie left England for East Africa, and during his absence the directors of the Company sold out their castle and such rights as they had for a further sum of £50,000 to the Sultan of Morocco, not feeling themselves strong enough to continue to carry on their work indefinitely in view

of the great administrative expenses which were being incurred in defending the local tribes against the indirect machinations of the jealous Government of Morocco. Had the Company been of greater strength and larger capital and organised as a chartered company with administrative rights recognised by International law (such as were possessed by the Royal Niger Company, established in Nigeria by Sir George Goldie under somewhat similar circumstances, and for somewhat similar objects), no doubt a different determination would have been arrived at, but as it was they probably had no other alternative, and they had at least proved by their plucky experiment how eager and willing the Berber inhabitants were to receive permanent European traders, if men of integrity, whilst their attempt had also still more strongly shown the trading potentialities of these regions.

It must be borne in mind, when considering this purchase by the Sultan of the Company's castle and especially in view of the extraordinary action of the British Foreign Office in this connection, referred to in the preceding chapter, that the Company had no actual administrative or other rights over any of the coast line or surrounding country and only possessed as actual property the castle and the reef about half a mile long on which it stood. Therefore, the action of the British Government in issuing a proclamation "giving" the 300 miles of coast line to the Sultan of Morocco (a right which he has never dared or been able even to attempt to exercise, and which is unrecognised either by the European Powers or by the native

tribes—if, indeed, they know of it) had no basis of legality either in fact or in theory.

Since these events took place, have occurred the attempt of Major Spilsbury to open up the Sus country and the flying visit of Jacques Lebaudy, resulting in the evolution of a paper, "Empire of the Sahara," for a few brief weeks, whose extreme limits of influence under "Jacques I." (whom the writer on behalf of the *African Review* had the unique journalistic honour of "interviewing" when over here) appear to have been bounded by the confines of the Savoy Hotel.

CHAPTER III

GEOGRAPHICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE

TURNING to the natural features and characteristics of the interior, 800 miles of coast line of the South Barbary Territories, it is necessary to premise that our knowledge of the whole of these regions is but slight. The principal recent authority to whom we are indebted for information of the district within a hundred miles of the coast, was the enterprising French traveller, M. Douls, who travelled with native caravans from the neighbourhood of the Rio de Oro up to and through the Sus country. About this latter, as it is dealt with in the first section by Major Spilsbury, nothing need be said here except that it is perhaps the very richest both in commercial and mineral resources of the whole of North-West Africa, and occupies an area about equal to England and Wales, the whole country being very mountainous but abounding in rich and fertile valleys, and having the advantage of being extremely well watered. The capital of the country is Glimin, in the south-west, whence a branch caravan route connects with the oasis of Tendouf, to the east, on the main line of route between the Soudan and South Morocco.

Entering Tekna from Sus by crossing the Wady Draa, a different kind of country is at once encountered. For a distance of some twenty to twenty-five miles

from the coast the country, which is bare and open, rises gradually to an undulating plateau, with depressions in which the waters collect in the rainy season, the monotony of the landscape being, however, relieved by low hills. The Sahara Desert proper begins in this part of the territories, about 300 miles from the coast, and is marked off from Tekna itself by a line of "wadies" (small lakes or watercourses), lying between the sand-hills and affording excellent pasturage in the winter both to sheep and cattle and the wild denizens of the country, including large numbers of ostriches, antelopes, etc. West of this line of "wadies" for a considerable distance in the direction of the coast, extends a country of an outwardly sterile appearance, but given proper attention and irrigation it could again be made into what it formerly was over large areas, a fine agricultural and pastoral land, though in certain seasons of the year it is even now largely used for the latter purpose by the natives of the fertile "islands" or oases. These latter are distinguished by extreme fertility, especially, when as is the case in approaching nearer to the coast, the wells are found in more abundance and there is little doubt but that a responsible Administration, capable of undertaking systematic well sinking and preserving those already existing, combined with extensive tree planting in their neighbourhood, would soon work a complete transformation over the whole country which appears capable of equal development. In fact, for stock raising purposes, as has been found in actual practice in the adjacent Sahara regions recently annexed to French Senegal, there is no limit to

the capacities of these immense and neglected countries. Barley is one of the principal products raised in the fertile "islands," and the cultivation of this alone could be very greatly increased if once the Berbers could be satisfied that they would not have the fruits of their toil carried off from them by the Bedouin nomads who wander and raid over these regions.

In the far east of the Tekna Territories is the important town and oasis of Tendouf, not only a very rich region in itself, but of importance as the meeting place of several long caravan routes. Tekna proper begins some distance to the west of Tendouf, at the foot of the large plateau of El Hamada, after crossing an intervening strip of desert (Tendouf being situated within the confines of the Sahara proper). "The country of Tekna is characterised by a succession of plains with depressions favourable to cultivation and in general fertile," to quote M. Douls. The Wady Draa, which forms its northern boundary separating it from the Sus country, is the most important river of these regions (that is, south of the Sus), as it is the only watercourse running all the year round, the stream flowing in a number of channels over a wide bed, the banks and islands and river valleys being formed of rich alluvial soil. (See further reference at end of chapter.)

On the south, Tekna may be said to merge into the Empire of Adrar and the territory over which the ruling chief of that country exercises suzerainty. In Adrar proper, covering an area of about 150,000 square miles roughly, or considerably larger than the

British Isles, a much more fertile region is entered. The country itself is best reached from the Spanish harbour of the Rio de Oro (though at present all trade filters down by the long, circuitous route, *viâ* the Senegal) from which its western boundary is situated at about 200 miles distance: its capital, Shingiti, the other side of the great range of mountains, is some 300 to 350 miles from the coast. The climate like that of Tekna is good, though lacking of course the benefits of the health giving "north-east trades." The scanty descriptions of these countries at present available state that a large part of it is a mountainous region intersected by beautiful valleys of excellent soil, and might be justly called the Switzerland of North-West Africa, whilst numerous woods of oak, citron, palms, gum, mulberry and pine trees are to be found at different altitudes throughout the country. The climate, as stated above, is very healthy with rain falling periodically. The temperature sometimes falls below the freezing point, but in the height of summer never exceeds 104 degrees Fah. Agriculture is practised to a large extent (including the cultivation of wheat, barley, aloes, maize, tobacco, etc.) and stock raising is an important feature of portions of the country. The principal towns are Shingiti, Atar, Walata, Wadan, etc. Wadan, the former capital, has now fallen into decay to some extent, but is the official residence of the head of the principal Mahomedan sect in Adrar—the Djilani. Atar, situated in a beautiful valley, has since the transferring of the Sultan's residence to Shingiti, also been allowed to

decay, assisted as its decline has been by internal warfare between the nomads and the settled Berber population. Shingiti (or Xingiti) is by caravan about a month's journey from Senegal and about six weeks from Timbuctu. From the Rio de Oro it is about a fortnight—Rio de Oro itself being a day or two by steamer from Las Palmas, Grand Canary. Large forests, rich in rubber, gum and other products, cover the south of Adrar.

Turning to the ports of the 600 miles of coast line between the Wady Draa in the north and Cape Blanco (Arguin Bay) in the south, the principal and at present the only port suitable for ocean steamers is the fine sheet of land-locked water known as the Rio de Oro, in the centre of the strip of 300 miles of Spanish coast. The large harbour is protected from the sea by a sandy peninsular, some twenty-three miles long by one and a quarter to two miles in breadth, the average height above sea level being about twenty feet. The length of the bay is twenty-two miles long by five miles broad, and is navigable over two-thirds of its area with a good anchorage in most of the channel. The lowest depth of water on the bar is twenty feet, though in rough weather it is somewhat difficult to pass. The Island of Herre lies in the northern part of the bay off the peninsular. The climate of Rio d'Oro is generally temperate and not unhealthy. The vegetation is but scanty round the shores of the bay, esparto grass and "manzanilla" being the principal growths calling for notice, the few inhabitants, Arabs, Berbers, and negroes, devoting themselves to the raising of

sheep, cattle and camels. The fauna of the district is very considerable, including hares, wolves, foxes, hyenas, gazelles, lizards, pelicans and cranes.

The remaining two principal landing places available for the establishment of trading stations are the mouth of the Wady Draa, in the north, and the mouth of the Sakhiet-el-Amrah, about fifty miles south of Cape Juby. This latter was the site of the "Emperor of the Sahara's" mythical Troja. Mention may also be made of Tarfaya, at Cape Juby, the North-West Africa Company's old station. The harbour here is formed by a reef of rocks half a mile long running into and parallel with the sea, forming a natural breakwater and making a harbour inside 100 to 400 yards wide and with seven feet of water at low tide. With regard to the Wady Draa it may be added that the banks of this river have an elevation of 160 feet, the channel is 600 to 700 feet wide, but the stream itself is much narrower. The water is salt for about twenty miles from the sea. The mouth is filled with sand dunes between which the water finds its way to the sea. At the left bank, close to the river mouth, is a stream of fresh water. From Wady Draa down to the Sakhiet-el-Amrah, 200 miles, the coast is difficult of access, except at Cape Juby, though Boca Grande (mouth of the Chihita river), fifty miles south of the Draa, and Port Cansado, sixty miles south of the Port Cansado, might be made available for small coasting craft. The latter, formerly the site of a Spanish trading post, has of recent years become silted up, but is of importance as being adjacent to large deposits of salt. Cape Juby

is some forty miles south of Port Cansado and the Sakhiet-el-Amrah, another fifty miles south of Cape Juby. From this latter to Cape Bogador, 100 miles, right on to the Rio de Oro, a further 150, making 250 in all, there is not any landing place of any practical service as at present known. Two possible ports exist in the 150 miles from Rio to Cape Blanco, the boundary of the French sphere, and this latter point itself forms part of the Bay of Arguin, where owing to one of the richest fishing grounds in the world lying off this part of the coast, a port of some kind will no doubt one day arise.

In concluding these notes on the geography and topography of South Barbary, by which terms, as already explained, is not meant the region generally understood as the Sahara, a short reference may be made to that very misunderstood region itself, as the Sahara forming an almost limitless hinterland to these regions (though placed nominally within the French "sphere") is equally available for commercial exploitation from the western seaboard.

"The fantastic descriptions of the old writers," the late Mr. Keith Johnstone states in his "Standard Geographical Compendium on Africa," "of the Sahara as uniformly a vast ocean of bare sand, without variation or water, have long been known to be inaccurate, and expeditions and journeys have now given us a tolerably clear nature of its clear character. The Sahara presents now a stretch of sand, then mountains and ravines, marshes and dunes; here it has villages and populous centres, there it is inhabited by nomads.

From the chains of mountains descend to it during the rainy season numberless torrents, the channels of which quickly dried up by the sun's heat form a network of ravines. The centres of population are sometimes separated by perfectly barren and waste lands of some days march across, but in many directions lines of wells at intervals serve as camping stations and mark out lines of traffic. The Sahara, in fact, contains within its boundaries large mountainous areas supporting important populations; big and small oases, some as big as a European country; extensive plains, sandy and bare during a part of the year, but which, when moistened after the spring rains, are covered with verdure; and hither the nomad tribes encamped at the oases, come to pasture their flocks; marshes, salt lakes and dunes, and finally the "falat," sterile and naked country, the sea of sand, but which is easily traversed along the old time well defined caravan routes."*

* It has been frequently asserted by explorers and others personally acquainted with the Sahara that it is one of the richest mineralised areas in the world, but the writer is not competent to express an opinion on that point himself.

CHAPTER IV

COMMERCIAL

TURNING to the commercial resources of South Barbary, these have been to some extent alluded to under the heading of "Geographical and Descriptive." Dealing first with the Rio de Oro district, there is evidence that at the period of the palmy days of the West African gold industry (from the 15th to the 17th centuries), great quantities of alluvial gold came from this part of Africa, probably, as on the Gold Coast, washed down in the rainy season from the ranges of hills in the far interior (on the Gold Coast the principal auriferous range, that of Ashanti, is situated about 200 miles from the coast). The name Rio de Oro, or, as the Portuguese had it originally, Rio de Ouro, would in itself seem to indicate that the country was gold bearing, and in a letter before the writer from an old merchant captain, well acquainted with this coast, he indicates several places from which to his knowledge at the present day the natives still obtain gold on this part of the coast. No practical mining engineer has, unfortunately, visited either this country or the known gold bearing country in the interior, so that no really reliable information is available for quotation. It is worthy of remark, however, that from the Empire of Adrar a considerable amount of gold dust comes down to Senegal every year by the medium of the native traders (and used, at one time, to reach

Southern Morocco), and from these and various other accounts it appears that Adrar, or some parts of it, is certainly rich in the precious metal.

It is known that an extensive series of coal bearing rocks exists throughout the Western Sahara, though at present unworked, and it is not unlikely that the district between the Adrar and the Rio de Oro may be the first scene of coal mining between Cardiff and Cape Colony. Reports of Senegalese traders speak of coal outcrops being a conspicuous feature in the west of Adrar.

Other minerals found include manganese, marble, iron, copper, lead, granite, gypsum, slate, mica, nitrates and in particular, salt—the currency of the desert. In the south-west of the Rio de Oro province guano is believed to exist and as far as the Western Sahara itself and adjacent districts are concerned, nitrates and antimony (which latter is generally regarded by prospectors as a sign of the presence of gold) are very abundantly distributed.

Over the general area of the open country water is attainable by boring in almost every part; roads and railways could be made with little trouble, as the valleys and plains extend between the hills from the coast to the interior. There are in parts of Adrar immense forests of gums, palms, candleberry, butter and rubber. Indian corn, barley, and wheat are cultivated with very little attention in great abundance, as well as esparto and rhea grass. With regard to the gum trade it is interesting to note that £140,000 worth of this article is exported annually at present by the expensive

and circuitous route, *viâ* the Senegal. Rubber which has now, though of quite recent knowledge in West Africa, become the most important article of export (with a value running into several million pounds sterling per annum) in the whole of the 3000 miles of coast between the rivers Senegal and Congo, is from all reports brought down by native traders, very abundant, and once an easy means of communication be opened with the coast should prove one of the richest of the country's assets.

To sum up, potential exports may be stated as gold dust, gum, rubber, ostrich feathers, ivory, antimony, camel hair, wool, leather, hides, skins, live stock, various kinds of fibres and grasses, etc., and in minerals, gold, silver, phosphates, nitrates, precious stones and other articles of commercial value. The writer may remark here that the abundance of nitrates and phosphates in the Western Sahara and adjacent regions was the principal fact which attracted towards it the attention of Jacques I. (?) and those who have travelled in these regions have some marvellous tales to tell on this head. Various kinds of fruit, dates in particular, salt, esparto and rhea grass, native tobacco, barley, maize, etc., must also be mentioned amongst the native products of these countries. To these, if European colonisation were in operation, stock raising would certainly have to be added as one of the principal industries of the territory, especially in Tekna, with its splendid climate and sparse population, a country eminently adapted for European settlement on a large scale.

Imports in exchange for these commodities would consist of cloths, calicoes, hardware, porcelain, articles of adornment, tea, sugar, silk, tools, provisions, etc., and the other usual articles of African barter. This is, of course, as far as the native inhabitants are concerned ; it must be remembered, however, in considering the possible future commerce of these regions, that any system of European development applied to these countries (if such should ever come to pass) must necessarily include colonisation by white settlers sooner or later, as lying within such a short distance of English shores (a week by steamer, roughly) and boasting such a superb climate these vast, unoccupied lands offer perhaps more than any country in Africa a splendid opportunity for the overflowing population of Europe. Such settlers would, of course, bring their own wants and establish in consequence new oversea markets for the manufactures of Europe, quite apart from that resulting from the commercial intercourse with the existing inhabitants.

Finally, as showing what can and has been done in adjacent countries of a similar character to these territories, the very flourishing colony of French Senegal, forming the southern boundary of these countries, may be taken as an example. Twenty years ago this colony was a costly and neglected derelict of French colonial enterprise, then but in its initial stage. To-day, thanks to the splendid type of colonial officials France has evolved in the course of her African pioneering work, the colony has an export and import trade of £3,000,000 per year ; a thousand vessels of

1,200,000 tons burthen entering her ports annually; big fortified seaports and two lengthy railways of the highest importance. Well kept roads open up communication with the rich hinterlands of the interior, steamers run on the rivers, a railway connects the head of navigation on the Senegal with the head of navigation on the Niger (now nearly completed over its entire length) and uninterrupted communication exists to Timbuctu, the gateway of the Sahara from the Soudan. Wells have been sunk everywhere, the area of cultivation has been enormously extended, and in addition to the ordinary articles of trade a new and lucrative one has through the Government been introduced into the country, and now forms one of its most important features, *i.e.*, the cultivation of ground nuts along the line of the Dakar-St. Louis railway, exported to the total of 150,000 tons annually for the making of fine oils. This latter is entirely carried out by the natives.

CHAPTER V

RACIAL

THE inhabitants of South Barbary, whilst in many respects similar to those of Morocco, are far more fully representative of the pure Berber race over the greater part of its area. The Berbers, it is hardly necessary to remind the reader, are of practically the same stock as Europeans, and may where not intermixed with other races, be considered as a white race. That section of the Berber people inhabiting these territories and the great Sahara generally represent the descendants of those driven south as a result of the different invasions to which Northern Africa has been subjected from time to time and more particularly by that of the Arabs. It is true that throughout the country some half a dozen different peoples are to be found, but of these it is estimated that the Berbers form not less than two-thirds of the whole. In the north the Arab and Berber races contaminated by negro blood have largely intermixed, producing the so-called "Moor," whose vices are at first sight and in many respects considerably more conspicuous than his virtues. Farther south, however, the Berber population is found to predominate largely over the mixed races of the north, and (where allowed to by the Bedouins and other nomadic races of Arab origin) a predisposition in favour

of agricultural and pastoral settled life is a distinguishing feature. the so-called "Bedouins" differing very materially from those of the Egyptian deserts. The latter are nomad Arabs whilst the former are a mixed race of Arabs and Berbers, the former strain predominating. These last are in many respects the scourge of the country, as acknowledging no law but that of the strong hand, and owing no allegiance to any supreme chief, they neither engage in settled pursuits themselves nor allow the Berbers to do so, except in cases where they are content to receive tribute to refrain from plundering. No doubt these lawless nomads would require severely dealing with before any settled government could get to work in the country with any hope of permanent success, though once they have been curbed it is very probable that a large proportion could be induced to settle down to pastoral and agricultural pursuits as have the Berbers. A third important section of the population which must be mentioned and which is strongest in the south-west, are the races of mixed Berber and negro blood. In Adrar, Berbers form the principal part of the population.

It is not the place here to give a dissertation on the differences between the Arab and Berber races (very similar in appearance, but very different in habits and customs). As a general rule, however, the Berbers may be taken as representing the settled population of the country and the Arabs as the nomadic element. With all their faults the nomadic tribes are on a far higher level in many respects than the Moors, and intellectually they are even superior to the Berbers.

M. Douls, the French explorer already quoted, states that they speak a singularly pure dialect due to their constant study of the Koran and the Arab commentators. Theological discussions have a great fascination for them, and it is no uncommon sight to see children seated under the tents with their elders and taking part in the discussion of the gravest subjects. Certain sections of tribes devote themselves to the education of children, and in the neighbourhood of Cape Bojador there are permanent instructors whose tents form a sort of desert University. This is something like the arrangements of the Kabyles in Algeria, except that there the educational establishments are of permanent material. The social status of the women amongst the nomads is, as has been observed all over North Africa, far superior to that existing amongst the town Moors, but not to that amongst the Berbers, where the women are practically equal in every way to the men. Like the Berbers, the Arabianised nomad indulges in but one wife, and the girls share the education of their brothers.

“The Berber language,” states Keith Johnston, “though differing in dialect, is more or less understood amongst the various tribes, but their physical appearance differs but little from that of the Arabs. The same physical build, slim, sinewy and muscular bodies, brown, sunburnt complexions, Caucasian features, strongly curved nose, black fiery eyes, black lank hair, pointed chin, somewhat prominent cheek bones, thin beard, all these traits are common to both. It is remarkable, however, that as a rule too, the Arab women

are smaller than the Berber, though otherwise scarcely to be distinguished externally from them. Of both it may be said that they are developed at a very early period, have full handsome forms in youth and regular features, but as a rule deteriorate rapidly in appearance as they grow older. Amongst the Berbers the women take a much higher social position than with the Arabs. An interesting rule is that amongst the Berbers the rule of only having one wife is universal. The Berber women going unveiled, love matches are in consequence much more frequent than amongst the Arab race."

Religion, as in all Mahommedan countries, occupies an important part in the life of the inhabitants, but amongst the Berbers the religion of the Prophet is more nominal than real, the cross still remaining the national emblem of most of the Berber tribes, as it does of the Touaregs (the one exception of a purely nomadic Berber race). Owing, however, to the number of sects into which the Mahommedans of Barbary and the Western Sahara are divided, most of them mutually antagonistic, it is extremely doubtful whether the bond of a common religion exercises any greater binding force or is any more to be feared than in the late Fulani empire of Northern Nigeria (Hausaland), where the overthrow by Sir Frederick Lugard of the powerful temporal and spiritual overlord of the Western Soudan, the Emire of Sokoto, not only met with no sympathetic outburst of Mahommedan fanaticism, but was accomplished by Mahommedan troops under British officers.

In concluding these notes on the territories of South Barbary, the writer cannot help expressing his curiosity as to what the future of the interesting races inhabiting them may ultimately be ; will they retain their independence for all time, as they have done in the past ; will they disappear off the face of the earth with the ultimate advent of the white men, as have too many other uncivilised races, or will they become absorbed in the races of Europe as have the native races of the South American continent ? Hardly the first ; civilisation is already beginning to press on and to threaten them from more than one side, and however much it may be regretted from some aspects, no isolated, uncivilised race has ever been able to stay the march of advancing civilisation once its face comes in the fulness of time to be set in its direction. The second, with such a virile and adaptable a race as the Berbers have proved themselves to be, is improbable. As regards the nomad Bedouins, so-called, the case is different, and these unless they prove amenable to the changed order of things which must shortly arise, will have to disappear or be driven back into the recesses of the Sahara, as were formerly the ancestors of the irreconcilable section of the North African white races, now known as the Touaregs. With regard to the third alternative, however, it seems possible, looking a long distance ahead, that if European colonisation comes, as come it must sooner or later to these vast unoccupied lands with their healthy climate, there may possibly arise a powerful race of European and Berber origin, producing an analogy to the great Republics of South America, now at last

coming to their own after many years of internecine war and turmoil. It may yet be that Northern Africa will again, as more than once in the far off past, become a deciding factor in the politics of Europe so close at hand, a people who, "the heirs of all the ages" of progress will one day perhaps set the lead and show the way in the more advanced paths which Europe, still half enmeshed in the coils of slowly dying feudalism, yet hesitates to enter.

THE END.

Fille N° 4

N°	R°	P°	T°
		ESPAGNE	



100

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
BERKELEY

Return to desk from which borrowed.
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

4 Jan '50 J P

7 Sep '57 H P

REC'D LD

SEP 7 1957

5 Apr '58 R K

REC'D LD

APR 1 1958

INTERLIBRARY LOAN

AUG 8 1983

UNIV. OF CALIF. BERK.
LD 21-100m-9,48(B899s16)476.

YD 11832

M31.0221

