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FEZ, THE MECCA OF THE MOORS.

WE were encamped in a garden by the mosque of Mulai Abdallah Sherif, the most holy sanctuary of Wazan, the most holy city of all the many sacred shrines and holy cities in Morocco, high up on an outlying spur of the Northern Atlas. The government whose protection we enjoyed was a perfect theocracy. Our fellow-citizens were exclusively saints, but after a stay of three days in the midst of them, we discovered that in the goodly fellowship of the saints there were many sneak-thieves, and were forced to the conclusion that unless we broke camp and immediately continued our journey we should leave Wazan barebacked and without supplies. One morning a bridle was missing, the next day a saddle, and then the hind quarters of the sheep upon which we had based dreams of gormandise possible only to beef-eaters who have been on a vegetarian and fruit diet for many days. This resolution to depart caused us many a pang, and doubtless lost us the acquaintance of many an interesting saint. While preparing to leave we picketed our camp with sentinels, and instituted a policy of non-intercourse. Wazan is even outside of the Koranic law, which is more or less observed in the rest of Morocco. Here the grand sherif is king and pope in one. His word is the only law recognized. The mosque of Mulai Abdallah Sherif is an inviolable sanctuary, much frequented by brigands and other refugees from justice from all over the empire. The grand sherifs are the most merciful of men; indeed,

they strain the quality of mercy to an almost unheard of extent. There is no crime, however revolting, over which they will not throw the mantle of charity, especially if the refugee supports his prayer for protection with the gift of a few *meskals* of copper, the coin of the country.

Passing all our days in delightful idleness in a garden bright with the flaming-red blossom of the pomegranate and musical with the sweet song of the bulbuls, watching the many-colored fish disport themselves in the pellucid waters of the many fountains, listening to the strange and unfamiliar cries of the uncouth sectaries who thronged the holy places, it was difficult to believe that we had not been translated to another planet, that we were only two weeks out from New York; and it was quite impossible to credit the testimony of my diary when, on turning back the pages, I saw that six days before we had attended a mass-meeting of indignant British taxpayers on the rock of Gibraltar. On reaching Wazan we had accomplished one half of our pilgrimage to Fez, the Mecca of the Moors.

They were indeed a picturesque and motley crew, the saints and pilgrims we saw in Wazan. The Riaffa were the most strikingly original in their dress and traditions. They come from the Riff highlands, which stretch along the Mediterranean from Tetuan to near the Algerian frontier. It is a land to which the Christian has never penetrated. Their heads

are close shaven, with a long scalp-lock hanging far down the back. The utility of this pig-tail is apparent only after the death of the wearer. The Riaffa, among the many quaint ideas which they have, believe that when the gates of heaven shall be opened for the reception of the faithful, there will take place a scramble among those clamoring for admission, and that in the struggle not a few will be pushed aside or trodden underfoot, and so lose all chance of enjoying the pleasures of paradise. Their peculiar head-gear has been devised in the hopeful spirit of giving their particular patron saint at the golden gate a stout braid inviting to the grasp, by means of which they may be hoisted into heaven if it be his will and the will of Allah.

We were only awaiting cooler weather to make a start, when one evening a very hungry and ferocious-looking band of devotees from the Touat arrived, and pitched their weather-beaten tents in unpleasant proximity to our encampment. They seemed to have brought with them to the shrine nothing but humble, contrite hearts, and a few dried figs and dates as a present for the sheriff. They were traveling very light, and were open-mouthed in admiration of our outfit. Having now nothing to gain and much to lose by further sojourn among the saints, we folded our tents some hours before daylight the next morning, and were many miles on our way to Fez, the Mecca of the Moors, before our absence could have been observed.

In the sleepy town of the Wazan saints we had learned that "hurry is the devil," as the sluggish Marabouts say. The thermometer, which ranged from 106° to 108°, impressed this great truth not only upon our minds, but upon our bodies, so we arranged the last stages of our inland journey on most luxurious lines: we would take five or six days to cover the hundred miles that lay between us and Fez. We wished to travel like the sultan, we said,—that is, from daybreak until eight o'clock in the morning,—and then pitch camp for the day. In this fashion we could hope to reach Fez with sleek cattle and a contented caravan and in about a week's time. But our march, which at the outset was so dignified and slow, soon became a thoughtless, reckless scamper. Unfortunately, we made our reckoning without consulting our cook or our mule-drivers, which was unwise. We had not counted upon the irresistible attraction of the holy places that we were now approaching. When we called a halt for tea and sardines, our cook would respond with citations from Ibn Mahomet Ibn Khaldun, the great chronicler of the Mograb. "O Fez, city of cities," he would cry in impatience at our delay, "every beauty of the world is found within thy walls! Fez, city of

flowers and of fountains, are thy flowers of gold tinsel, and is it white honey or molten silver that flows from thy fountains?" To escape the contagion of this enthusiasm, we would gallop ahead for a mile or two, and then dismount to snatch forty winks under the groups of ilex-trees which here and there brightened our journey. But soon we would be awakened by the lusty cries of the approaching mule-drivers: "Thrice holy Mulai Edriss, favored indeed are they who dwell in thy shadow! O Fez, peerless city, source of virtue, home of science and of the arts, when, oh when, will our weary eyes be gladdened by the sight of thy tall towers?" Again we mounted and went bravely on for an hour or two, only again to fall by the wayside victims of the heat. Then came El-Howsi, the clown of the caravan—El-Howsi, who smoked away his brains and his memory with the insidious hemp-seed, and who was as happy the livelong day as the butterflies, and the birds who sing at liberty. He rolled from side to side in his broad *burda*, or saddle, and twanged his *gimreh*, or two-stringed lute, in ecstatic rapture. "Perish all other pleasures! Give me the dancing-girl of Basra with white and rosy face! Let her gaze intoxicate! Let sweetly blushing flowers ever bloom afresh in her cheeks, and pearls beyond price glisten between her ruby lips!"

Howsi, as will be gathered, was of the earth, earthy; but such songs as these banished sleep and swung us into the saddle. The monotonous landscape, the treeless mountains, the wretched *douars*, or mud villages, failed alike to detain us, and so it happened that on the evening of the second day out from Wazan we pitched our tents at a government halting-place, with Fez only fifteen miles away. Here we joined the main caravan trail to the east and to the south, and before evening closed in at least five hundred camels were hobbled inside the cactus hedge that surrounded the halting-place, and row after row of camel's-hair tents rose mysteriously out of the ground on each side of our new encampment.

We were permitted to join the camp-fire of the *krebir* (the leader of the larger caravan), which was composed of merchants from Figuig and the Tidikelt. The *krebir* has nothing to do with the commercial venture of the caravan. He is merely the pathfinder, the pilot who is paid to lead the merchants safely through the bewildering oceans of sand. This *krebir* was a very old, dried-up little man, with parchment cheeks that seemed to crackle as he energetically attacked his evening meal of *kouscous-o*. After supper he rolled himself up in his *jelab*, and apparently went to sleep on his prayer-rug.



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY.

A MOOR FROM THE RIFF MOUNTAINS.

ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

But at regular intervals of about half an hour he would raise his head and shout:

"Guards, are you sleeping?"

"We are watching," invariably came the reply from the guards in a hoarse, singing voice, like the cry of the lookout on shipboard.

The talk around the camp-fire was all about commerce and trade; the dangers of a caravan journey through the Bled-el-Khouf (the Land of Thirst), and the robbers of the Bled-el-Rhela (the Land of Emptiness); disputes about the price of ostrich feathers, gold dust, skins, and antimony. The fever of money-getting and the race for wealth seemed as sharp in the hearts of these venerable-looking merchants, as they crouched about the fire on their prayer-rugs, as it has ever appeared to me from the conversations of our own oil magnates and commercial kings in their palatial clubs.

"The Soudan is the remedy against poverty, as tar-water is the cure for camel's mange," stoutly asserted one successful merchant, who had crossed the Atlas and was bringing back with him innumerable goatskins, and an exceedingly heavy pannier, on which he rested his head while sleeping, and which we supposed contained gold dust. His eyes gleamed as he talked of his profits and conjured up visions of the pleasures which a year's successful travel in the Soudan had brought within his reach.

In the midst of all the talk of profit and loss, a poor cripple whom I had not noticed before drew near the charcoal fire. He was a saint, I learned, who had joined the caravan far in the East, and was journeying to Fez to say a prayer at the tomb of the apostle, and to witness the great fête that was soon to take place.

"O my brothers," he said, as the merchants

licked their chops, and talked of their great profits and the pleasures that were awaiting them in the walls of Fez, "the freeman is but a slave if he be avaricious! The slave is a freeman if he be contented with little. Whether ye dwell in camel's-hair tents or in a palace, the earth will be your last resting-place. Nourish the body with the fruits of the earth; drink only of the cool running water of the streams, and so ye shall dwell in and leave this world in peace." But the Marabout was as little heeded as a street missionary preaching in Wall street. The talk of gold dust and ostrich feathers and skins went on, and he finally stalked away from the fire with the pride of a man who has borne witness to the truth that is in him, even in the market-places of the children of Mammon.

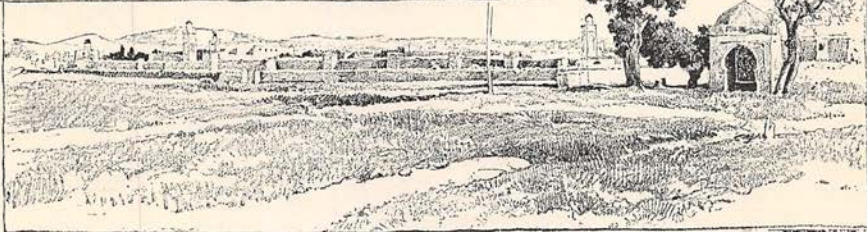
Within five miles of Fez the country became more rolling and less severe. Our soldier, Caid Sudek, in pious impatience for the first view of the green roof and *koubba* of Mulai Edriss, sent his spurs deep into the flanks of his magnificent iron-gray barb of the Ducala strain, and rushed up the hills like the wind, hoping each time to be blessed with a glimpse of the resting-place of the Moorish apostle. He had sent his gallant charger up four or five hills in vain—still no sign of Mulai Edriss or the saintly city. Suddenly, however, three well-mounted Berbers, with their flowing robes and many-colored caftans, galloped into view. The Caid, who, unfortunately, was far ahead of us, brought his galloping horse down to a snail's pace with a sharp pressure on the bit. We expected to see some "gun-play," as we knew that the Caid was on the worst possible terms with several of the Berber tribes. Several years before, at the sultan's command, he had killed one of their chiefs. The Caid's friends had advised him to retire to the sea-coast, as the Berbers are very vindictive and never give up a vendetta. He had taken service with the Bashaw of Tangier, and this was his first return to the scenes of his warlike exploits. The Berbers also checked their horses, and then began a very amusing scene, which, though terminating peaceably in a hand-shake, might at any moment have developed into a skirmish, had not all the requirements of courtesy been complied with by both sides. The moment the desert nomads caught sight of Sudek's *chechia* (the high-peaked fez which is worn only by the imperial soldiers), they instantly unfastened the flap of their gun-covers, and advanced with finger on the trigger. The Caid did the same. Slowly the champions approached each other until they were about ten yards apart. There was a pause of a moment, a painful silence, and then the Caid spoke in a voice as soft and insinuating as the hushed love-song of the dove

in the ilex wood. He invoked blessings upon the heads of the Berbers, upon the graves of their ancestors, and upon the heads of their unborn children. The Berbers now relaxed their haughty bearing, and answered with kindly words. Then they brought their prancing horses together, and, still clutching their rifles in their left, in readiness for any change of mood, with the right they shook hands with great apparent heartiness. The Berbers then gave their horses the steel, and dashed away across the uneven country at breakneck speed, with their white *haiks* and scarlet caftans flying like streamers in the wind behind them; and the Caid's face, which had been of a strange color for the last ten minutes, resumed its ordinary copper-colored hue.

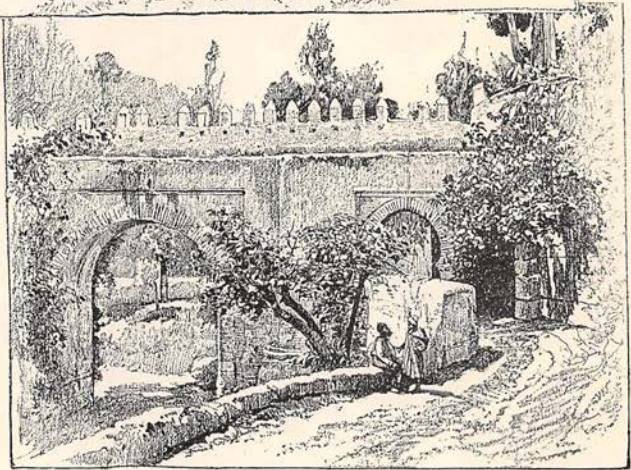
A few minutes later our attention was attracted by the approach of a stately cavalcade coming over the brow of the hill, and we had our first view of high life at the sherifian court. First came three magnificently mounted *em-hazneca* of the Abou Kari, or black body-guard of the sultan. They carried long Sus guns, the stocks beautifully inlaid with ivory, and the barrels hooked with silver and bright with filigree-work. They rode swiftly past us, paying no more attention to our humble caravan than to the dust under their feet. Then, perched on a high-peaked saddle tipped with green velvet tufted and covered with red fez cloth, came a very stately-looking personage indeed—a retired vizir, as we afterward learned. He rode a mule of great size. Immediately behind him, riding abreast, and apparently in perfect harmony, came three ladies of his harem. They seemed young and pretty, though, unfortunately, the heavy folds of the traveling jelabs which they wore compelled us to depend almost entirely upon our imaginations for a fitting presentment of their charms and graces. Still, the odds and ends of their attire that we were enabled to see convinced us that we were in the presence of three members of the smart set at court. The *yashmaks*, or kerchiefs, with which their faces were concealed were of lace, and the green leather boots that peeped out from under their riding-cloaks were heavily incrustated with the golden embroidery for which Fez is famous. Behind one of the harem beauties trotted a greyhound that had been amusingly decked out for the journey by his mistress. The nails of his feet were red with henna, and his eyes were encircled about with kohl, as though he too were a member of the seraglio. We afterward learned that the great man who had passed us so haughtily was on his way to the sulphur-baths of Mulai Yokoub for a week's repose. The cavalcade closed with another squadron of the black guardsmen, and soon the dainty ladies,



Ruined Fort Commanding Old Fez, from the South.



SULTAN'S PALACE, FEZ.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

RUINED MOORISH AQUEDUCT AND SMALL GATE, FEZ.

the retired vizir, and the haughty blacks, all disappeared from our view in a cloud of dust.

We now ascended gently rising hills. The mule-drivers pressed on eagerly. Suddenly, as one man, they cried out, "Mulai Edriss!" and across the plain there opened before us a truly disappointing panorama. As Caid Sudek prostrated himself in pious ecstasy over his saddle, we caught sight of a high mud wall. Across the sunburnt plain bounding our horizon all that we could see of the holy city was a few white walls glistening in the sunlight, and, beyond, the dull-green roof and the square minaret of the sacred mosque. We now emerged from the shadow of the hills, and descended into the sun-baked plains. Cloaked in the folds of our turbans to protect ourselves as much as possible from the scorching heat, and with eyes cast down in disappointment, we pounded along for twenty minutes across the plain. Suddenly there was a halt, and as I raised my eyes from the ground I found that we had arrived at the western gate of the city. Impatient travelers who had preceded us would seem to have hammered and battered the bronzed surface of the gates out of all recognizable shape, but our Caid showed no sign of impatience. He

gazed up at the *douab*, or turnkey, who, like a man of iron, gazed down upon our little caravan from the lofty wall. Not a word was spoken, but there seemed to be the most thorough understanding between the two. Suddenly I comprehended. It was Friday (Jama, the Moslem Sabbath), and it was the hour of the midday prayer; the faithful throughout the empire, in the towns with their tall mud walls, in the douars with their hedges of prickly cactus, in mosques built by the great Geber from whom our architects have learned so much, or in the camel's-hair tents where the humble Kabyles worship, all were lost to this world



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

A BRIDE OF THE DESERT.

in adoration, and with their faces and their thoughts turned toward Mecca, were praying to the Lord of all creatures, the King of the day of judgment. As we waited outside the gates I recalled a story, read somewhere in the Moorish chronicle, of how in the tenth century the godless Berbers had chosen this hour of prayer, when the faithful were gathered in the mosques, to enter the city and capture their arms and loot their dwellings. Since that event, ten centuries ago, the gates of every town in the Moorish empire have been closed at prayer-time, and at this hour a king himself could not obtain admission.

In half an hour the gates were opened to us, and in single file we entered the city, or rather I should say a new and surprising world. So fast, and in such quick succession, did our impressions follow one another, that upon my mind they have left very hazy memories. We passed a mosque. Hundreds upon hundreds of worshippers were streaming out of the gates. Rows upon rows of *baboushas*, or slippers, covered the courtyard as with a yellow carpet. They all seemed equally yellow, equally worn, and equally dirty, but without a moment's hesitation or delay each man picked out his slippers from the many aligned before him. This struck me as one of the most remarkable sights I had ever seen.

We were weary and listless, completely fagged out with the heat and our hurried journey, and at first I noticed very little of what was going on around us. But soon the novelty of the scene, and the surprising sights through which we passed, enlivened and awakened our drooping spirits. We soon noticed that wherever we appeared we produced a sensation. As we suddenly turned into a new street or market-place, all animation was immediately arrested. Men and women, who a moment before were hurrying hither and thither engaged in their everyday pursuit, seemed as though by some electric shock to be turned into stone. We noted their expression of defiance and hatred. And as we passed into another dark and crooked byway their contemptuous words of "Sirrane! Kafr!" came echoing behind us.

Another turn of the road around another corner, and we found ourselves in still another and different world. We were surrounded by men whose faces were strangely familiar. They wore long black gabardines, beneath which appeared lean yellow shanks. They embraced our knees, kissed our hands, and patted our horses affectionately, and wherever we appeared children and women left their work and joined in a low sepulchral cheer. We had entered the *mellah*, or quarter set apart for the Jews. With many expressions of devotion they followed us to the door of Moses-ben-

Amoor-ben-Azulli, whom we hoped to make our banker. The crowd followed us with truly touching desires to do our bidding, and some intrusted us with petitions to be presented on our return to the President of the United States. Five minutes later we found ourselves seated at the table of Moses-ben-Amoor, which was covered with all manner of disgusting sweets—orange blossoms cooked with sugar, cakes covered with sugar, and fig-brandy distilled in sugar. Then followed a number of courses of *halooah*, each dish more revoltingly sweet than its predecessor, till at last, when we were sick at heart, and elsewhere, and when all thought of ever eating again for weeks and weeks to come had passed out of our minds, a delicious baked chicken was produced. It was exasperating, and we sat there silent while Moses-ben-Amoor made a speech in a jargon of Hebrew, Spanish, and Moorish, of which we could understand every now and then only "Shuf, Sidi Blaine" ("Now listen, Mr. Blaine"). Several hours later we rode out of the mellah. We had cashed a draft on Tangier for one hundred dollars, and it took two extra mules to carry our spoil away to the garden where we decided to camp during our stay in Fez.

Geographers, from the days of Leo the African down to Rohlf's, have waged learned war, and one which promises to be everlasting, over the disputed question of the situation, the early history, the origin of Fez, and the story of its name. Is it really the site of the Roman Volubilis? Does it lie on Giebel Salah or on Mount Zalag, and is it merely called Fez because its inhabitants neither make nor wear the head-dress known to us by that name? I began my researches into all these weighty matters with but little zeal, and was satisfied and even pleased when to one and all of my questions Salem, the Sheshouan boy, replied, "O son of America, God alone knows the truth concerning these things."

But the story of Fez as a Moslem city is known clearly for at least ten centuries, and you can read of all its greatness and its glory in the Mograbin chronicles, in comparison with which the records of the Venerable Bede, Guy of Malmesbury, and Froissart are modern literature. Confirmation of these stories is seen in the remains of mosques and palaces and bastions which lie far outside the present circumference of the dying city; for Fez is dying by inches, from inanition, and to-day is not half so large as it must have been in the comparatively modern time when Mulai Ismael and Mulai Soliman sat in the shade of the sherifian umbrella. Then it was that these magnificent palaces, Alhambra-like in their splendor, rose as if by magic on the banks of the Sebu to delight the eyes of the

victorious generals returning from their campaigns in the countries beyond the Atlas, where with the sword they had taught the word of the Prophet to the fetish-worshippers of the Soudan and the idolaters of the Niger basin. In these the golden days of modern Morocco the genii of the Arabian Nights were leagued with the adventurous merchants who carried salt to Lake Tchad, and brought back with them great treasures of ivory, gold dust, and slaves to do their bidding. Now, however, only about one hundred thousand people are living in the shadow of Mulai Edriss. But at seasons the floating population of merchants and pilgrims to the western Mecca brings the population up to a much higher figure, and even in these days of its decadence and decay Fez is far larger than Mecca and Medina and the other holy cities of Arabia taken together.

Old Fez, Fez Bali, Fez "the worn out," as the Moors who recall the splendor of the days that are gone sadly call it, though a dying city, is to my mind dying a beautiful death amid the fragrance of flowers on the hills of Salah and Zalag, crowned with wild olive. It is dying true to the faith of Edriss. No Christian can boast of having defiled by his presence its sacred shrines, and nowhere in the city can be found an object smuggled in from the outside world, or any evidence of the century in which we live—a century which Fez ignores. Old Fez, which interests us most, lies on the low swamp-land by the river, on the site where Mulai Edriss founded the western Mecca in the ninth century. It is low, swampy, and unhealthy. Its inhabitants are scrawny, wretched-looking people, all suffering more or less from rickets and rheumatism, and with frames racked by fever. In our own wide-awake Western world the city would have "busted up or moved on" centuries ago; but the apostle had chosen this site for reasons best known to himself, and the children of Mograb have bowed down before this decree of his inscrutable wisdom. It is divided into two distinct sections, one called the *adowa* Kairouan from the fact that its earliest settlers came from Kairouan in Tunis, the other *adowa* Andaluz, because it was first peopled by Andalusian Moors expelled from the Caliphate of Cordova in the days when the Saracen ruled on the bank of the Guadalquivir. The Tunisian and the Andalusian settlers were continually at war with one another until finally in the twelfth century Sultan Youssef built Fez *djedeed*, or new Fez, across the river, and on higher land. Here the sultan placed his cannon and located his army, and whenever municipal war broke out between the jealous townsmen, he was prepared to take a high hand in the game and reduce them to submission. But new Fez in the course of time

grew and prospered, and like old Fez became proud, haughty, and intractable, so that the latest sultans of the Fileli, or reigning dynasty, have been compelled to build strong forts still higher up on the slopes of Giebel Salah, to keep new Fez in subjection, as the Imam Youssef built new Fez to intimidate the old city. The recent sultans have, as a rule, been proclaimed in the south, where the Edrissian legend has a less powerful hold on the imagination of the people, and every one of them has had to fight his way into Fez.

There are few remaining relics of the past splendors of the imperial palaces visible at the present day to the outside observer. The walls that surround the palaces must inclose at least several square miles of park dotted with palaces. They are long, low buildings, never over two stories high, built uniformly of *tapia*, a composition of clay, lime, and sun-baked mud. One explanation given me for the absence of architectural beauty in the imperial palaces is that they are occupied only during the life of one sultan. However beautiful the palace may be, and however much care and money may have been expended on it, the moment the sultan dies and his successor is chosen, the palace is either dismantled or converted into offices, and new palaces are immediately constructed for the sultan, who cannot be expected to enter a building that has been defiled by the presence of the angel of death.

"I am the caliph of the Lord; I am the captain and commander of the Faithful, the chosen one of the Prophet; I am the King of kings; I am a Prince in paradise: then obey me without a murmur, as my camels do."

This is the magnificent pretension of the Sultan of Morocco, and it is generally allowed. It is refreshing to find a country where not only has the divine right never been contested, but where as yet it has not even been questioned. Now and again a pretender to the throne has turned up, and the annals of Morocco are red with stories of civil wars. But the pretender has never been a revolutionist; he has always based his contention upon having a *more* divine right, and the alleged possession of a more generous and direct flow of the blood of the Prophet in his veins.

The loyalty of the people toward the monarch partakes of the nature of adoration. When the battle is fought and won, and the soldiers who have fallen sorely wounded are brought off the field and placed in a circle around the white pavilion in which the mysterious monarch lives, as unapproachable and invisible in his camp as in his court, then, it is said, the dread sultan walks up and down among them, smiling with silent pity upon their agony; and

they, the poor ignorant Kabyles of the valleys, and the nomad horsemen from the desert, cry out until their cries give place to the rattle of death, "Allah ibark amer Seedna" ("God prolong the days of our Lord"). And this too is the cry of the malefactor as he goes toward death or mutilation, and these are the words of the disgraced vizir who, when for purposes of political necessity he must disappear or be effaced, takes the cup of poisoned tea from the hand of his gracious sultan. The mantle of the Prophet of Medina that he wears must indeed be broad and ample, for it is called upon to cover a multitude of sins,—that is, viewed from our standpoint,—but the Moors believe that, try as he may, the sultan can do no wrong. He is like the saint I saw in Tangier who spends his entire time in drinking gin and whisky. One might think that this saint was drinking an undue quantity of strong waters, but such is not the case; at least it has never appeared to the Moors in this light, for he is such a holy man, they say, that the moment the strong waters come in contact with his person, they lose all their fiery qualities, and become innocent mare's milk.

The sultan's life is a very busy one. Six months of the year, in spring and fall, he spends under canvas, engaged with his army in "eating up" the country or province of some of the various tribes who are constantly in rebellion. There seems to be very little real fighting in these rebellions; sometimes the outposts stumble upon one another, and a man or two is shot. The large and powerful tribes, like the Benim'ghil, the Zimmoor, and the Zair, the sultan is careful enough to leave severely alone; but when smaller and less powerful tribes refuse to pay taxes, he leads his army into the country, and does not leave it while a blade of grass remains in the fields. The Moors have a story which accounts for the presence of the thick and luxuriant forest behind Rabat. They say that here the Sultan Ismael pitched his tents and "ate up the country" so thoroughly that when he had done the work and concluded to move away, he found that his tent-pegs had taken root and grown up into young saplings.

The few spare moments that he has from his affairs,—for almost every transaction of state is passed directly through his hands, from the negotiation of a treaty with a foreign power to the hiring of a mule,—the sultan spends in the shady groves of Lallah Amina, a palace he owns just outside of Fez, on the banks of the River of Pearls. From here, it is said, a subterranean passage leads to a fort which commands the city, and which is always placed by the sultan under the command of his most trusty officer. Here he spends his time in idleness.

He has in his harem some eighteen hundred wives, or "gazelles." I quote the very lowest figure I ever heard as to his matrimonial delinquencies. It is generally stated that his wives number fifty thousand. It is said that he finds relaxation in picking out a dozen of his prettiest wives and making them race on the bicycles recently presented to him by the French government. The sultan is so often rude and unmannerly to strangers that I take pleasure in recording here the kindly way in which he received the request of a German prince who some years ago came to Tangier for his health. He was suffering with rheumatism, and brought with him his equipages. The first day he attempted to drive up and down the Malabar beach he was stopped by the soldiers, and forbidden to drive any further again in the city. He immediately appealed to the sultan, who wrote back the following answer, and had it despatched from Fez to Tangier by a particularly swift courier: Yes; he would be delighted to have this stranger prince drive about his city of Tangier; and he gave him permission so to do, but with one condition: every time he drove abroad he would please take the wheels off his carriage, otherwise he might run over and seriously hurt some of the little children in the streets.

As a mere republican intruder at courtly revels and functions in many countries, it has often occurred to me that those who hang about the throne have a much better time of it than the occupants themselves; but after a short survey of life at the holy court of Morocco I find that, at least as far as this country is concerned, my opinion has to be revised. To hang about the saintly throne of the right sherifs is a very dangerous occupation, and leads to the joys of paradise by way of martyrdom. The moment a Moorish sultan comes to the throne, he sets himself industriously to the task of killing his relatives, and putting his brilliant generals and high dignitaries in irons or to the sword. To prevent the rebel tribesmen from transferring their allegiance to some other member of the saintly and royal family, and installing him under the sherifian umbrella, the new sultan finds himself confronted with the duty of putting all his male relatives to death. Some sultans have simply done their duty in the most brutal manner, by sending around their devoted slaves and having their relatives killed wherever found. Mulai el-Hassan, the present sultan, however, has the reputation in Morocco of being an eminently humane man—humane, indeed, almost to the verge of weakness; and, as was to be expected from a man of his delicate nature, he hit upon more refined methods of doing away with possible rivals. When he came to the

throne he had many vigorous uncles and any number of promising cousins, all young men with the blood of the Prophet coursing at a lively rate through their veins, and all desirous of ruling in some capacity. Mulai el-Hassan first bethought him of sending his cousin Mulai Edriss, a most popular and soldierly young man, to suppress a rebellion in the Sus country. He conferred upon him supreme command of the army, and also charged him with the administration of this rich province. He called his young kinsman to court, and conferred with him over many cups of tea, and told him what his wishes were in regard to the government of the province; and then as a sign of the high favor and esteem in which he held him, and the prominence to which he destined him, he presented young Mulai Edriss with an imperial sherifian tent. Now a sherifian tent is not after the fashion of an English tent—at least you cannot roll it up and put it in the pocket of your shooting-coat; it requires thirty mules to carry the double thickness of its canvas, and a dozen mules or more to drag the huge center-pole surmounted with the brass ball which in Morocco takes the place of the imperial eagle. For the erection and management of so large and intricate a tent a special corps of tent-raisers is required, and these, too, the generous sultan supplied to his gallant and promising young cousin by men picked and chosen from his own body-guard. The young Mulai Edriss started out in high feather to reconquer the Sus, with hopes of winning higher renown and amassing much treasure; but unfortunately, on the third day out from Fez, as he lolled on his divan, the magnificent tent-pole fell, and the huge brass ball that surmounted the pole of sweet-smelling Atlas cedar came in contact with the skull of poor Mulai Edriss. For a time his death was accepted as accidental. However, it has since been noted that whenever the sultan presents his own sherifian tent to a promising young general, the same mishap seems to occur, despite the fact that the kind sultan never fails to accompany the gift of his tent with the loan of a score of his own men who are experienced in raising it. So often has this occurred that now the imperial tent-pole is regarded as an administrative way of getting rid of obnoxious people, and victorious generals show a decided preference for the humble lean-to made of coarse camel's hair.

Then an uncle, one Mulai Ali, offended the sultan. He was a cheerful individual, and popular with the soldiers, and there was a rumor about that he was very fond of fig-brandy. The sultan called him to him and reproached him bitterly with the disrepute into which he had brought the saintly family in be-

coming a slave to drink; then, feigning to pardon him, he sent him to one of his palaces outside the walls, and had him served with a few gallons of fig-brandy every day, but not an ounce of food. In a month Mulai Ali died. Then there was left only Mulai Ismael, who was rather weak-minded, and the sultan consequently appointed him chief *cadi*, or supreme judge, of the empire.

It was on the morning of July 5—the Moorish New-Year's day, or *fête* of the Ait el-Kebir—that we succeeded in attaining our first glimpse of the secluded monarch. From time immemorial on this day the sultan has always received his people in a monster audience. The scene of the ceremony is the place of sacrifice outside the western gate of the city, and on this morning certainly sixty thousand people were gathered on the hilltop to enjoy the pageant, and wish Sultan Mulai el-Hassan many happy returns of the day. As punctuality is not one of the forms of politeness practised by the Moorish princes, we were forced to wait more than an hour after the appointed time before there was any sign of the approach of the dread Seedna; and it was an unpleasant wait, too, in the broiling sun, with any number of long-haired saints prowling about, their fierce animal eyes fixed upon us with never-changing expressions of undying hatred. But even the Sultan of Morocco comes to those who wait. At last the gates of the palace at the foot of the hill upon which we stood were thrown open, and the sultan appeared at the head of a stately cortège. He rode slowly up the hillside to where thousands of his loyal subjects were awaiting him in a silence inspired by the fear of his awful presence. As he drew nearer it was seen that he bestrode a white horse, and as though some heavy weight was lifted from every mind, the multitude breathed more freely. The benign color of the horse he rode indicated, it seemed, that the sultan was in a gentle and even genial mood, and that no blood would be spilled that day on the place of sacrifice save the blood of the sacrificial lamb. But had he ridden a black horse, his favorite mount when the fierce tyrannical mood is upon him, the day would have ended less innocently. He came proudly up the hill, clothed in garments of dazzling whiteness. We had kept on the outskirts of the crowd in deference to the loudly expressed wishes of the long-haired saints, who never let us escape from their sight. Still, over the heads of the multitude, that were bowed low to the ground as the sultan made his way through the midst of them, we caught the outline of his noble features, and the commanding lines of his countenance, and so in a measure could understand the fascination and charm of his personality,



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

A BEAUTY FROM THE SUS.

which even those who have least reason to like him — the European envoys to Morocco — are compelled to admit.

The sultan was preceded by some ten or twelve Soudanese carrying long steel-tipped spears, which they thrust and brandished fiercely about them in the quite unnecessary exertion of clearing a way where no one obstructed. Then followed a body-guard of fly-flickers, whose duty it was to see that neither the caliph nor the noble charger he rode was molested in any way by the buzz or the bite of the many-winged insects that now and then enveloped us like a cloud of locusts. The sultan rode under the scarlet and purple umbrella, the emblem of sherifian sovereignty. He was surrounded by dense body-guards of courtiers, dignitaries, and officers on foot, who kept circling around their master like so many frisking puppies. There was the Caid el-Meschwa, "the introducer of ambassadors," a man selected for this post because of his gigantic stature, and whose proud boast it is that there has never come an ambassador to the Moorish court who could not walk under his arm stretched out straight from the shoulder; then came Sid Mahomed ben-Moussa, or the "Eyebrow," as he is quaintly called. Sid Mahomed fulfils an office which is never vacant at any court, yet nowhere are the functions which he performs so frankly acknowledged as at the sherifian court. He takes his orders from his master's eyebrow; by years of obsequious servitude he has learned to interpret the rise, the fall, and the various twitchings of the monarch's eyebrows. When in the dreadful presence of his majesty, his eyes are ever fixed upon these indicators of imperial will and pleasure. Following the court strode an elephant presented some years ago by her gracious majesty the Empress of India to her good brother the Sultan of Morocco. The forehead of the great beast, which is held by the Moors in the highest veneration, wore a coat of green and purple paint in honor of the festal day. The elephant, too, was surrounded by many fly-flickers and other personal attendants charged with the task of looking after its comfort. Then came the nondescript rabble and disorderly mob which the sultan is pleased to call his army. At least the artillery collection was interesting. There were guns dragged heavily over the ground on dilapidated carriages that were taken from the Portuguese about three hundred years ago, in the wars for the possession of the coast towns of Morocco; and immediately after them were light mountain batteries turned out by the best foundries in France and Germany only a twelvemonth before. The procession was concluded by large delegations of Berbers. Finally the sultan

reached the top of the hill. His followers and courtiers fell back, leaving a large open space about him. He turned his horse's head toward the east and recited a short prayer. As he ended, and once again faced the multitude, a great cry went up, in which fifty thousand voices mingled, of "God prolong the days of our Lord Mulai el-Hassan." Then the reception began. The mighty men of Morocco, the ministers of his divan, the chiefs of his household, the *aghas*, or army colonels, and the nomad sheiks from the desert, all passed before him in single file, and with low obeisance saluted their lord and wished him many happy returns of the day.

As we rode back into the town, the streets literally ran blood. There was no family in Fez so poor as not to kill a sheep and let him bleed to death on their door-step in honor of the day. Our mule-drivers were very discontented; they had no sheep, and we showed no disposition to advance them money. Finally, Salem and the Caid called upon me, and by their conversation betrayed the following amusing conceit, which, as it has been revealed to many other travelers in Morocco, I think may be safely considered a national one. Salem began by saying that he, the Caid, and the muleteers had been praying for some days to Allah for a sheep, but without success, and that he and the Caid had now come to me to beg me to join in their prayer. When I told them that I thought my prayer would hardly be more successful, Salem let the cat out of the bag by giving me the following amusing explanation of the greater material prosperity of the Christians, which he had doubtless picked up in one of the mosques:

"No," said Salem; "so sweet and grateful to the ears of Allah are the prayers of the true believers that he rarely grants our requests: he loves to listen to the words of the prayers that fall in such sweet and pleasant cadences upon his ears. But the prayer of the Christian is harsh and unpleasing to Allah, and yet the Christians are so persistent in prayer that finally, losing all patience, Allah turns to his angels and says, 'Grant the prayer of this Christian: give him anything and everything he wants; only see to it that he stops praying.'"

Not wishing to put my faith to the ordeal of competitive prayer, I did not comply with Salem's request, but they got their sheep,—their story was worth that,—and that night our garden was the scene of a grand carouse over kouscous-o and fig-brandy.

In the bazaars the stifling heat of the last month had brought all trade to a standstill; but a weather-prophet wandering through them had these words of hope, of comfort, and of warning:



DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE.

ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

AN ITINERANT MINSTREL FROM THE SOUDAN PLAYING ON THE REBEC.

The *gerba* [the cool west wind from the Atlantic] is coming up the valley of the Sebu. It will soon reach Fez. Then have a care to change your smart summer caftans of silk and satin for caftans of fine-spun wool.

For several hours gusts of wind came eddying back upon the city, now with gusty boisterousness, now with a soft, sighing sound, all of which lent color to the report that the west wind from the Atlantic and the sirocco from the Sahara were having a battle royal for the right of way somewhere down the valley of the Sebu. We awaited developments with breathless interest. Toward midday, alas! the prophet disappeared from the tea-houses, and the terrible sirocco triumphed all along the line. Even the sun was obscured by the clouds of sand that it brought from the desert. The wind

blew fiercely and with a breath of flame, and in despair we pictured to ourselves the genial *gerba* driven back to the Atlantic coast, where during these weeks of the hot "blizzard" we had so often wished to be.

We sought distraction in a tour through the Kessaria, or bazaar quarter of the town. Speaking generally, this quarter extends from the mosque of Kairouan to Mulai Edriss, something over three quarters of a mile. Along what in default of a better term I must call the main thoroughfare, which after many and devious windings leads from one mosque to the other, are situated the more important stores, narrow little cubbyholes, in which the shopkeepers of Fez squat cross-legged the livelong day, and sell their wares or sell them not, "as it is written." Out of this main street, which is often so



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

RUINED TOMBS OF SAINTS OUTSIDE FEZ.

ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

narrow that two mules with their broad, outspreading *burdas* cannot pass, run any number of still more narrow alleys, which soon, however, broaden out into large courtyards and market-places. The shopkeepers and the artisans at Fez are divided into guilds of great antiquity. The domain of each guild or tradesunion is clearly marked off, so that in each of the little market-places the wares displayed are all of one kind — brasswork, slippers, caftans, or lamps. The whole business quarter presents a perplexing labyrinth without a clue. After a month in Fez I was as helpless to find my way about the bazaars as on the first day I entered it. It was my pleasure to wander alone through its mazes day after day, but these expeditions almost always ended in my becoming hopelessly lost, and having to sit down and await the arrival of the faithful Sheshouan boy, who would leave the horses and scour the bazaars in search of his bewildered master.

We now rode down into the city and dismounted at the *fondak*, or inn, on the border of the bazaar quarter. It was a remarkable cara-

vansary of great antiquity, decidedly the best in Fez. Here lodged the wealthy caravan merchants with their wives and slaves. The guest-room, adorned with Salee matting, opened out into a quaint octagonal courtyard, the cedarwood cornice that supported a balcony running around the second story of the building, and though black with smoke, still displaying magnificent wood carvings, an art in which up to very recent years the natives of Fez excelled. Here, reclining upon Benim'ghil rugs remarkable for their perfect blending of colors, merchants would pass the day talking trade and drinking their nauseating mint-tea. Sometimes, though very rarely, I have surprised them in the act of making a sale, the record of which they would enter in their ledgers, antique parchment books quaintly bound in the red goat-leather of Morocco. About six o'clock they would close up shop for the day and waddle off to the mosque for evening prayer. On their return they would lounge about for the rest of the evening, reclining on their rugs and cushions, listening to the itinerant story-tellers who wander

about the country, delighting camel-drivers, vizirs, and children alike, with their stories of genii, of which the Moors never seem to grow weary.

It was the hour of Asra, or afternoon prayer. As we walked through the narrow byways, strangely deserted and still, we were suddenly confronted by one of the lofty gates that open into one of the spacious courtyards of the sacred mosque of Kairouan. Never having been so fortunate as to obtain an unobstructed view of the sacred mosque, I cannot give a clear idea of its proportions or size. I saw it many times, but always from a new standpoint, and my latest view and impression would always change and dispel previous ideas and impressions rather than round them out into a complete whole. We would suddenly emerge from the darkness of a narrow street or byway, and, dazzled and startled by the flood of light that came in upon us so unexpectedly, we would see before us one of these strange gateways, surmounted with a Moorish arch, and adorned with patterns of bronze work and wood-carving. As our blinking eyes became more and

success. The Kairouan is rather a collection of mosques, *mederças*, *zouïas*, or holy schools, than a single edifice, and after many attempts I found it quite impossible to distinguish with precision the precincts of the mosques from the many sacred buildings and colleges that surround and immediately adjoin it. In the main mosque there is room for at least thirty thousand people to go through, at the same time, the many evolutions that the Moslem prayer demands. It is impossible to get an idea of the *ensemble* of the mosque at close range, owing to the surrounding buildings, and from a distant hill outside of the city walls—the only hill that commands a view of the sacred quarter—I could make out only the square minarets and the koubba-shaped roofs of the many mosques within the walls of Kairouan.

As we peeped discreetly in through the open door, the courtyard became populous with worshipers from the sanctuaries and saints' tombs within. The prayers had been said, and the worshipers hurried out into the streets on their way back to their homes and their occupations. We withdrew from our position



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

THE CEMETERY IN FEZ ON THE MOHAMMEDAN SABBATH.

more accustomed to the dazzling light, we would see stretching out before us the vast and spacious courtyards, with their many strange effects of light and shadow, and hear the rhythmic murmur of the town, and the low hum of the prayers, which in this holy place are never hushed. I spent many long and tedious hours endeavoring to walk around the sacred edifice, and to obtain at least the meager satisfaction of knowing approximately the area which it occupied; but my efforts were never crowned with

of prominence into the shadow of a side street, for by innumerable unpleasant alterations we had learned the danger of being discovered casting our "evil eyes" upon the holy places. The true believers passed in review before us: first, the fat merchants of Fez with their fair complexion and surprisingly blue eyes and not infrequent blond or red beards. This sight never failed to produce a sensation of surprise, which a constant repetition of the sight rather enhanced. To see that

a Moor is not a blackamoor upsets all preconceived ideas, and prepares one's mind for almost anything in the way of startling surprises. The native Fez merchants, as they swept past us with the pride of the Pharisees in their port and bearing, seemed to be a very weak and weedy race. They were either fat and helpless or thin and decrepit, and appeared to be anemic and of little bodily vigor. Indeed, it is said that the old families of Fez manage to survive only through constant intermarriage with the blacks of the south, or with

Government from generation to generation. They are the chosen soldiers of the sultan, and the backbone of the fighting force of the empire, and their breeding is the special care of the Government. Following the soldiers, came worshipers representing every half-tint in the range of human complexion: coal-black water-carriers and mule-drivers from the Soudan; the men of the Sus, with their strange muddy, chocolate-colored faces; and then complexions showing every shading of the negroid type. Then came a strange apparition—a Toureg from the desert: in striking contrast to the dazzling whiteness of the costumes of those about him, he wore a jet-black burnoose, and his face, from the eyes down, was covered with a yashmak cloth, as though he were a woman.

The courtyard was again quiet and deserted, and the clattering sound of the many baboushas was dying away in the distance when the last figure of this strange, motley congregation came in sight. This was a "saint" with wild, animal eyes, who now came sliding out of the doorway of the mosque into the sunlight of the courtyard, shoving himself along with his arms, for his legs were shriveled and paralyzed with disease. In the abandon of the religious ecstasy which was his normal state, he gave voice to strange, wild cries as he dragged himself to the fountain. He could not stand upright, so he drank of the overflow water from the fountain where innumerable Moors had been going through their ablutions. Dragging himself along like a spider, he reached the great doorway, and looked anxiously up and down the street. Our mule-drivers told us strange stories of this saint. He was a member of the Senussiyah, and an emissary of the Senussi Mahdi, who far away in his desert home in southern Tripoli is plotting the expulsion of the Christians from Africa, and planning a brotherhood of all the Moslem races to encircle the globe. We heard that this saint had been preaching in his sanctuary, denouncing the sultan as a faithless caliph, as a kafir, or Christian, in disguise. Under the protection of the Edrissian saints he could say with impunity what he pleased in regard to the sultan, but only here within the sanctuary, which the sultan himself dare not violate. Knowing this, the saint of the Senussiyah dragged his shriveled limbs back across the tilings of the courtyard and crawled into a corner to sleep. Here he passed his days and his nights, and for food and drink he had the water that flowed from the sacred fountain, and an occasional crust of bread thrown to him in charity.

The streets were again quite deserted. We stole softly back to the gate, and again profaned with our curiosity the courtyard that led to the holy of holies. I conjure up in my mind

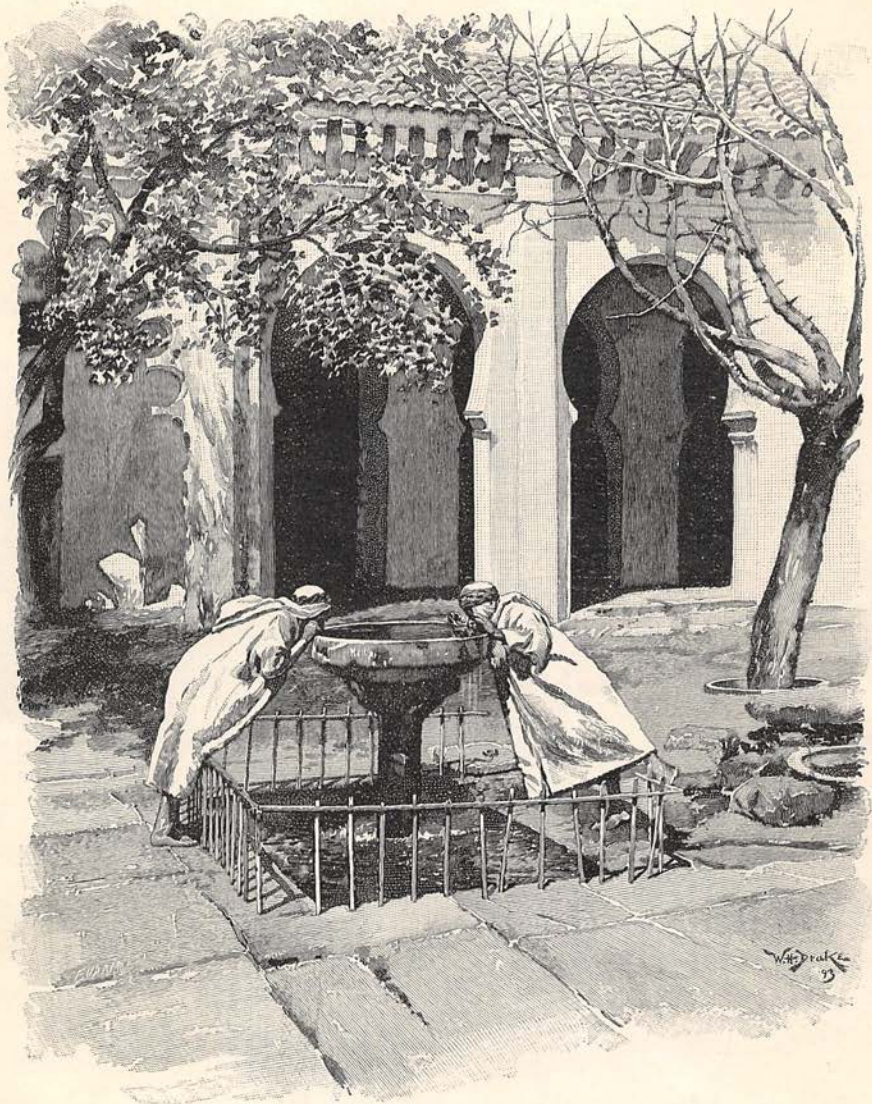


DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE.

ENGRAVED BY GEORGE P. BARTLE.

A JEWISH TYPE.

women of the pure Arab tribes of the northern and western provinces. After the dignified procession of merchants, and paying them but scant respect, came a crowd of soldiers of the Government, great burly blacks, skylarking like boys on their way home from school. The tribes or families of these men have been "adopted" from time to time by the sultan of the day, and are passed over to the



DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE.

FOUNTAIN IN THE COURTYARD OF THE KAIROUAN.

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS

the scene of which some day, sooner or later, this courtyard and these narrow streets that lead from the holy places will be the theater—the scene that will take place on the day when, touched to the quick of their indomitable pride, and angered beyond all self-restraint at the never-ending encroachments and exactions of the powers, the sultan and the sherifian saint will raise the green banners of the Prophet, so jealously watched over in the mosques, and proclaim the holy war, which will unite the men of the Mahkzen, the Berbers of the desert, the Touregs of the plain, and all the strange, uncouth sectaries of Africa who are now allied in the brotherhood of the Senussi Mahdi. The

merchants of Manchester and Marseilles, of Madrid and Milan, who are clamoring for what they call, in their cant phrase, “The opening of the last market of the world,” will, when this day dawns, be confronted with an army of fanatics, with a paladin at their head who will wield the golden sword that rests to-day on the tomb of Mulai Edriss, awaiting the coming of that strong arm, and these fanatics will take a lot of beating—more, I think, in view of the expense, than the merchants of the world will feel inclined to give them.

We now entered the carpet-bazaar. Here, side by side, were the ragged rugs of the last century, dirty and full of holes, but still wonder-

fully beautiful in the soft, harmonious blending of colors, and the new carpets, which set one's teeth on edge with their crude and crying colors. For here, indeed, a breach has been made in the Moorish barrier of conservatism: the carpet-weavers of to-day have forsaken the models of their fathers and taken their patterns from Cheapside and Birmingham. An interesting sight is the sword and dagger bazaar, filled with many strange weapons, from the curving Turk-

and blunted, and the sharp edges were notched. I found it in a pile of worthless swords, for a Moor would never lower himself by displaying his wares; but the owner knew its value well, and asked me three times as much for it as it would have brought at Christie's in the palmy days of high prices. I spent many a happy hour in this bazaar, fingering the old, worn blade, and imagining its adventures, picturing to myself the battle-scene where the blade had



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

A BAZAAR.

ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

ish simitars to the straight swords of Persia. The sun is kept out of this market-place by a luxuriant grape-vine trained to run over the trestlework. Here I had spent more than an hour a day for several weeks in rummaging through the heaps of swords, and had been rewarded by a "find" that always brought me back again to the spot. It was an undoubted Andrea Ferrara blade. The temper and inimicable finish of the workmanship made the confirmation of his signature quite unnecessary. But there it was, the name of the magical worker in steel, "Andrea Ferrara," and on the other side, "Toledo," where he lived and forged for many years. The blade was worn

fallen from the hand of a Catholic Spaniard and was snatched up by the shریف Moor. And who, I mused in my anger, was the impious Numidian (may the sod or the sand lie heavy on him!) who cast away the original hilt I dreamed of as befitting such a blade and such a *preux chevalier* as must have been the knight that wore it,—a Christian hilt it must have been, in the shape of the cross, with all the dainty bravery of silver and gold and of inlaid ivory,—and replaced it by a cumbersome, shapeless hilt of rhinoceros horn? I had gradually fallen into that sentimental state of mind where money is no object,—especially to the poor,—and on this day I had started for the bazaar prepared to buy

the sword, cost what it might. My heart beat high as I approached the shop. The thought of the extravagance I was about to commit made me positively happy. "But what if the blade is gone?" I thought, with a shudder. The Moor smiled as he caught my eye searching the booth for the blade that was nowhere to be seen. "It is sold," he said quite simply. "And to whom—to whom?" "Who he was God alone knows," and the shopkeeper placidly folded his arms, crossed his legs, and resumed his disturbed slumber.

Very much crestfallen, we entered the bazaar of the baboushas, or slippers. We hailed with delight the sound of an approaching funeral, for a funeral in Fez is the one bright public spectacle, an unmixed pleasure in which all can participate. As with one voice those who participate and those who merely look on lift up their hearts in songs descriptive of the pleasures of paradise. Weeping relatives are nowhere to be seen. The widows do not stir from their houses until the subsequent Sabbath, when they go out to the cemetery, and are permitted to relieve their feelings in strange, unearthly howling over the grave. But at such a soul-inspiring scene as a cheerful funeral women are not allowed by their presence to strike an inharmonious note, for the learned sherifs of Mulai Edriss hold that women have no souls. As the funeral procession drew nearer we saw that it was a very fashionable one. The music, if not good, was loud, and the performers were numerous. Salem learned that the deceased was a wealthy merchant of Fez and a *hadji*; that is, he had made the *hadj*, or pilgrimage, to the holy places of Arabia. The body was borne toward us through the narrow streets on a litter carried by four blacks, and covered with a large white shroud, which the *hadji* had purchased during his sojourn in Mecca. The shroud was supposed to have been washed in the sacred waters of Zem-Zem, and was a luxury that only wealthy pilgrims could afford. The advantages of being buried in a shroud that has been washed in the sacred waters, even though, as was evidently the case in this instance, the washing of the shroud had taken place many years ago, are not by any means exclusively ornamental or sumptuary; for once in this holy envelop the dead man is supposed to pass through the immense spaces of purgatory and over the barriers of critical and detaining angels like a flash of lightning. He, happy man, is admitted immediately into the inner gardens of paradise, where there are many pleasant brooks and shade-trees, and the birds have bright green plumage. Such being the attributes of this shroud, we no longer wondered that as the cortège passed the poor people who have not the money to go to Mecca, and could not afford a shroud even if they got there (un-

deterred by the fact that the *hadji* had died of smallpox), knelt and reverently kissed the ends of the sacred vestment. Immediately behind the bier marched two stalwart negroes, carrying high above their heads sticks to which they pointed as they recognized friends in the crowd of genial roisterers who participated in the general gaiety of the happy occasion. Attached to the sticks which they carried were pieces of parchment on which the pious *hadji* had written their letters of manumission. This humane act of liberating several slaves when the rich owner is lying on his death-bed is highly commended by the Koran, and is frequently practised in Fez.

The sun was sinking, and one by one the sleeping shopkeepers seemed to awaken to the fact that another day of toil was gone. For a moment they hustled about, covering their wares with cloths, and then proceeded to shut up shop. They took hold of a rope suspended from the roof and gently let themselves down, feeling cautiously for a foothold. The average distance from the floor of a booth in the bazaars to the ground is about two feet; but they are very brittle, these merchants of Fez, and they let themselves down very gently, as though fearful that the slightest jar or jolt would break their bones. Some of the merchants even keep in their little six-by-four booths a private step-ladder, by means of which they effect their exits and their entrances. When the booth is securely closed and carefully locked, the merchant scribbles all over the door with red chalk very mysterious and cabalistic characters, which do not mean "Will be back in an hour," or "Slipped out across the street for five minutes," but are rather in the nature of threats to evildoers and *jinn* of what misfortunes will overtake them should they dare to break open the doors during his absence.

And now our shopkeeper shook himself thoroughly, as though his limbs were still benumbed with sleep; he arranged his haik jauntily about his shoulders, and then cheerfully trotted off up the narrow street. Sometimes I have seen them, in the glad anticipation of a filling dinner, purse up their lips, as though they too felt the absolute necessity of whistling like all other well-conducted shopkeepers the world over when they turn the key on their shops for the day; but it is not advisable to whistle in Fez. The practice has fallen into disrepute, owing to the general belief among the Moors that people who whistle are calling up sprites and evil spirits from the invisible world; and so it happens that people who whistle are very apt to have curved knives stuck into them as they walk in the darkness of the narrow streets.

Reveling in the strange scenes and in the exotic color of our surroundings, we now di-

rected our steps toward Mulai Edriss. Here we saw a touching spectacle, the realization of a pious and humane thought that was inspired in the heart of a Fez merchant as he lay on his death-bed, centuries upon centuries ago. Dying, this merchant bequeathed his vineyard and his gardens to the warden of Mulai Edriss. With the income the warden was enjoined to pay stalwart men of good will to go forth into the streets of Fez every afternoon, and to bring to the holy mosque the blind who could not find the way, and the cripple who could not walk. As we waited and watched, we saw approaching a line of men some ten or twelve in number, all clothed in rags, many of them loathsome with disease, toiling slowly up the hillside. At the head of the column marched a black from the Sudan, holding the staff of the blind man next to him, and half guiding, half pulling him up the hill; the first blind man gave the guidance and support of his staff to the second blind man, and so on to the end of the column. After many halts, and many a gasp and moan, the tottering column reached the level of the mosque, and were led into the doorway and drawn up in line. As the watchful *emin* on the minaret saw the sun sink below the horizon, and sent out with a loud, ringing voice his call to prayer, the blind beggars fell to the ground, first on their knees, then prostrate, with their foreheads in the dust, and with their thoughts directed toward Mecca they breathed the *Fatha*, or prayer, and made their peace with the Lord of all creatures, the King of the day of judgment. None of my acquaintance in Fez could tell me the name and earthly titles of the maker of this beautiful bequest; but I feel assured that, like the name of Abou Ben Adhem, it is not lost altogether—that it will be found some day inscribed in golden letters in the book of those “who loved their fellow-men.”

My horse having succumbed to rough riding in the uneven ditches of Fez (I can hardly dignify them with the name of streets), I decided to buy another animal for the return journey to the sea. For three days I attended the horse-market without succeeding in making a purchase. The horse-market was on a high plateau outside the gates of the city. The sun beat down pitilessly upon it, and the heat seemed as though it was stored up in the sandstone only to be reflected back with increased vigor; nor was there a tree or a shrub or a particle of shade on the plateau for shelter. Here, grimly perspiring and growing more and more exasperated, I spent the better part of the week in attempting to buy a horse, which was all the more remarkable as my pretensions were not very exalted and, having very good reasons

for wishing to reach the coast at the earliest possible date, I was not inclined to be exacting in regard to the price. Here the horse-dealers assembled every day, and here the Berbers and other breeders came with their colts to sell (I say colts, because in Morocco fillies and mares are never ridden). I found them a disappointing lot, and was soon forced to the conclusion that in Morocco as well as elsewhere the good horses are rarely placed on sale. Like nearly all the barbs I have seen, those offered for sale, almost without exception, had “legs”; but it must be admitted that they were generally sound in wind. When my eyes fell upon a colt that seemed at least worth trying, Salem would accost his rider, and induce him to gallop the animal about to show off his paces; this they always did with a great show of alacrity, rushing off in a mad gallop, and disappearing over the steep sides of the plateau, never to reappear. It was very annoying and perplexing, and the only explanation that Salem could offer—something to the effect that the colts having galloped so sweetly at the last moment, their owners did not have the heart to sell them—struck me as hardly satisfactory. On the afternoon of the third day I concluded to buy a stout-looking colt with strong shoulders and a back without a scar—a phenomenon I could account for only by supposing that he had been saddled and ridden that day for the first time. I went up to the young Berber who rode him, and, after compliments, offered him fifty Spanish dollars for his mount, or ten dollars more than the market value. The Berber was evidently surprised; he looked at me for a moment in haughty silence, then suddenly giving the colt an inch or two of the long, cruel steel spurs he wore, sent him off in a wild gallop across the uneven surface of the plateau. After careering about in circles for several minutes, he came back to me, going at a tremendous pace, and then, within a yard or two of where, with some trepidation, I was awaiting the result, by a sharp pull at the murderous bit he threw the colt on his haunches.

“How much will you give me for my pony now?” he said with some gruffness.

“Sixty dollars, God bless it!” I replied. When you speak to a Moor of any of his possessions it is advisable to go on record as blessing it, otherwise he may come to the conclusion that you are cursing it under your breath, and hold you directly responsible for any mishap that may subsequently befall it.

My Berber threw himself back in his saddle, and laughed a loud, unpleasant laugh; again he gave the high-spirited steed the steel, and again he sent him across the rocky plateau in a mad gallop. The colt was now frantic with

excitement and the cruel treatment it had received, and sprang from rock to rock like a chamois; while on the full gallop his rider would now and then stand in his saddle, toss his long-barreled musket high in the air, and go through all the mad equestrian feats of the Berber. Finally he drew up, and came riding proudly toward me, his haik, loosened by the unwonted exercise, streaming in the wind behind him. He drew rein about ten yards away from where I was standing, and then shouting so that all the Berbers, horse-dealers, beggars, and idlers about could hear him, he said: "Know, Christian, I would not sell a colt of my father's breeding to an unbeliever for all the gold in Fez. I would rather cut his throat." A moment later, under my very eyes, he sold for forty dollars the colt for which I had of-

fered sixty! This time the offer came from a soldier of the Prophet.

This was naturally my last visit to the horse-market, and it was only at the Kasr-el-Kebir, half-way to the sea, that I succeeded in getting another horse. But when the first flush of my anger at the brutal frankness with which he had treated me was over, I learned to like this Berber boy, with his vice of indomitable pride, better than all my friends and acquaintances in Fez,—better even than the mild-eyed Fuky, who under cover of darkness was accustomed to slip into our garden and teach me the Fatha, and who, as we stole out of Fez on our homeward journey, whispered in my ear, "May thy end be happy!"—a pious wish which meant that he trusted I should be converted to the true faith before my death.

Stephen Bonsal.

PHILLIPS BROOKS'S LETTERS TO CHILDREN.¹

WITH NOTES ON HIS HOME LIFE.



THE following letters were written by the late Bishop Brooks to the children of his eldest brother during his various journeys, beginning with one made in 1882-83, which extended over a year and included the journey to India. Sailing from New York in the *Servia* about the middle of June, 1882, he was joined by the Rev. Dr. McVickar of Philadelphia, and the Rev. Mr. Franks of Salem, who remained with him for two months, traveling in England, France, and Italy. Later Mr. H. H. Richardson, the architect, with a young friend joined the party in France, and they all continued together for several weeks. When they separated, Dr. Brooks went to Germany, where he visited several of the university towns, making Berlin his headquarters, and remaining there long enough to look into its university life, and to learn something of its great men and its theology.

Late in November he was joined at Venice by Mr. Evert J. Wendell of New York, for the journey into India. This journey most successfully accomplished, Mr. Wendell left him at Cairo, and Dr. Brooks, after a little tour into Spain, returned to England, where he spent a delightful two months, seeing much of its great people. Here he was joined in July by Mr. Robert Treat Paine of Boston, and after another fortnight on the Continent he took the steamship *Cephalonia* at Liverpool on September 12, reaching Boston on September 22.

This was an eventful day to many households throughout the city. Members of his family, who were scattered, gathered to meet him and to celebrate his return with festivities; and it was pleasant to see how naturally and happily he fell into the old ways after a year of delightful recreation.

One likes to recur to the family festivals, which, through his busy life, he never failed to observe with scrupulous care. Upon the removal of his father and mother to North Andover, he arranged that the rectory in Boston should be the family gathering-place on Thanksgiving Day. Unhappily, only a little group were within reach, and to them this was a great occasion. For several weeks beforehand the young people were interested in arranging for a "surprise" in the way of some simple entertainment, which followed the dinner and occupied the evening; and it was considered a great privilege to be allowed to "dress up" in the silks and stuffs and trinkets that had been brought from India by their uncle, who would guide them in the arrangement of their costumes, and afterward make one of the audience and greet them with hearty applause. Several dolls were kept in a closet of the rectory for the entertainment of his nieces when they should chance to drop in.

He took especial pains on these occasions to make his table attractive to the children. Every appointment was marked by his most refined taste, which never seemed to err even in the

¹ The following letters are selected from a volume of "Letters of Travel," to be issued by Bishop Brooks's publishers, E. P. Dutton & Co. At the request of the editor of *THE CENTURY*, a member of the family, who furnishes the notes, has grouped a number of the

bishop's letters to his nieces, the children of his brothers, William G. and the Rev. John C. Brooks, with the purpose of presenting a little-known and most interesting side of the life and character of the great preacher.