



Patronato de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

La presente colección bibliográfica digital está sujeta a la legislación española sobre propiedad intelectual.

De acuerdo con lo establecido en la legislación vigente su utilización será exclusivamente con fines de estudio e investigación científica; en consecuencia, no podrán ser objeto de utilización colectiva ni lucrativa ni ser depositadas en centros públicos que las destinen a otros fines.

En las citas o referencias a los fondos incluidos en la investigación deberá mencionarse que los mismos proceden de la Biblioteca del Patronato de la Alhambra y Generalife y, además, hacer mención expresa del enlace permanente en Internet.

El investigador que utilice los citados fondos está obligado a hacer donación de un ejemplar a la Biblioteca del Patronato de la Alhambra y Generalife del estudio o trabajo de investigación realizado.

This bibliographic digital collection is subject to Spanish intellectual property Law. In accordance with current legislation, its use is solely for purposes of study and scientific research. Collective use, profit, and deposit of the materials in public centers intended for non-academic or study purposes is expressly prohibited.

Excerpts and references should be cited as being from the Library of the Patronato of the Alhambra and Generalife, and a stable URL should be included in the citation.

We kindly request that a copy of any publications resulting from said research be donated to the Library of the Patronato of the Alhambra and Generalife for the use of future students and researchers.

***Biblioteca del Patronato de la Alhambra y Generalife
C / Real de la Alhambra S/N . Edificio Nuevos Museos
18009 GRANADA (ESPAÑA)***

+ 34 958 02 79 45

biblioteca.pag@juntadeandalucia.es



JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

DURRERO

MORRICO

A-4
2
9
B.P.A.G.

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJO DE CULTURA

A CHAPTER

OF

MUSSULMAN CIVILISATION.

COMISSIÓ

UNTA DE ANDALUCIA

BIBLIOTECA DE
LA ALHAMBRA

Est.

A-4

Tabl.

2

N.º

9



JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

R193

THE PRESENT STATE OF MOROCCO:

A CHAPTER

OF

MUSSULMAN CIVILISATION.

Donativo de Sr. Conde de

Romános a la Biblioteca de la Alhambra y Generalife

CONSEJERIA DE CULTURA

de la Alhambra. 1939

JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

BY XAVIER DURRIEU.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS

1854.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

	Page
Population of Morocco.—White Slavery in Africa.	1

CHAPTER II.

Political and Municipal Government.—Military Organization.—Land and Sea Forces	27
--	----

CHAPTER III.

Productions of the Soil.—Present state of Agriculture, Industry, and Commerce.	49
--	----

CHAPTER IV.

Religious Creeds.—Manners and Customs.—Arts and Trades.—Public Instruction.	69
---	----

INTRODUCTION.

IN the following pages is presented a picture, if not complete, at least rigorously and conscientiously accurate, of the institutions, manners, and religious faith of a nation very little known in Europe, though its rich and vast territory lies at our very doors—between the two most frequented seas in the world—along the frontiers of French Algeria, and opposite to Spain and Gibraltar.

The hour is come, however, for Europe to open for itself an entrance to this African China; and assuredly it is not the least of the reproaches incurred by the three or four governments that have ruled France since 1830, that for as long as a quarter of a century the relations of this great nation with Morocco should be comprised in an idle bulletin of a battle, of which the most obvious benefit has been to confer a ducal title on Marshal Bugeaud; in two bombardments on the coasts of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic; and a few little

quarrels in the mountains of Riff, at a stone's throw from Oran, a celebrated port even in the middle ages, and which held a high place in the political consideration of Charles V.

England, although it possesses nothing more than a fortress in sight of the Moorish country, has been able to establish more solid and fruitful relations with it; yet it must be admitted that England has not hitherto done, with respect to Morocco, all that might have been expected from her indefatigable, industrial, and commercial genius: she has not profited sufficiently by the providential vicinity of Gibraltar.

The question, however, is not simply a commercial one; the object is not merely to open an immense market to European industry: we must look at the matter from a higher point of view. Does not the empire of Morocco—sinking as it is under the weakness, no less than under the violence of despotism—amidst the decay of religion, laws, morals, public and private, industry, agriculture, arts, sciences, of all that is vital to a nation—amidst the complete depravity of all society that has not fallen back into the entirely savage state—does it not call aloud for new principles, new ideas, new manners, which may regenerate the Moorish and Arab

racés, and lift them out of the degradation of ages? This can hardly be disputed; but it shall be our business to endeavour to dissipate whatever little doubt may remain concerning it. It is one of the greatest problems of the age in which we live; for it embraces not only the future destiny of Morocco, but that of all Mussulman communities, from the cataracts of the Nile to the shores of the Bosphorus, and the great tablelands of Asia, and of that China, where the Christian civilisation which we invoke now as the watchword of order, revolution, and war, must no longer delay to assume the position it claims from the superiority of its principles and its moral instruction.

The considerations and the facts which we here offer to the public, are almost exclusively the result of patient personal observations made during two journeys to Tangiers and Mogador, undertaken at sufficiently long intervals, and also during a residence of about three months at Ceuta.

At the entrance of Africa, the town of Ceuta presents at the same time an example of Christian civilisation, and of the somewhat unworthy attitude which it has for a long time maintained towards the Mussulman powers.

It is a delightful town, almost European in its aspect, and with its perfectly straight streets, paved as in real mosaic, and its white well-built houses, ranged in a graceful amphitheatre—it contrasts strikingly with the black mosques, narrow, inconvenient, dark streets, and houses of Tetuan, which the bright sunshine of the Mediterranean enables one to see clearly at a short distance on the coast. For three centuries Ceuta has possessed four admirable lines of fortification, opposite the Campo del Moro, or Moor's field. But in spite of its quadruple ranges of batteries, Ceuta permitted the Arabs, fifteen years ago, to take from it its very suburbs—a territory which the Spanish town held even before the time of King Ferdinand V., and which is as necessary to it as air is to the human lungs. Lying on a kind of peninsula, with its two fortresses, in which are flung together, pell-mell, political offenders and common criminals, with its bastions, its barracks, its magazines of gunpowder, and other warlike ammunition, Ceuta has nevertheless resigned itself to perfect impotence. It lies on the side of Mount Abyla, as Gibraltar does on that of Calpé; but whilst the European giant keeps the keys of the straits in its bristling redoubts, and commands the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, its African

brother barely extends his precarious authority to the distance of his own shadow. If, in fact, you descend to the base of the mountain, to the line of demarcation which separates the Spanish colony from the country of the Moors, you will find, in the very presence of Europe and Africa, the barbarism of one and the civilisation of the other, and the two as much strangers to one another as if there lay between them all the sands of the Sahara.

On the one side of the fosse you see, seated gravely, with his legs crossed under a wild palm-tree, one of the guards of the Sultan of Morocco. With his great arquebuss suspended to the tree, he smokes his pipe, and looks fixedly and gloomily at the soldier of the Provincial* of Valentia or Seville, who on his side, huddled into his sentry-box, and leaning on his carabine, throws a distrustful glance across the ditch at his neighbour.

At every fifty paces you meet thus Europe and Morocco face to face, silently gazing at each other, in the persons of their sentinels. And what ideas have they to communicate which are common to both? In

* The name given in Spain to the militia of the various parts of the kingdom.

what language can they speak which both should be capable of understanding? Of the Arab language, the Catholic peninsula has never known any thing more than the words left behind in its own by the conquerors who founded the Alhambra and the Albaycin; and as to Spanish, it is long since the Arab of Morocco, the degenerate son of those conquerors, has entirely forgotten it.

If the silence that reigns along the line is ever disturbed, it is by the report of a gun suddenly heard from the Moorish side. The Mussulman soldier, without troubling himself to get up, has shot a bull on the Spanish territory, which hunger had tempted to trespass within sight of the fat pastures usurped by the Moors fifteen years ago.

Whether the governor of Ceuta put up with the affront, or complain to the Pacha of Tetuan, makes very little difference. There is no instance on record of any amends being made for such an outrage.

Does not this remind one of Charles II. sending one of the grandees of Spain to Mequinez—to supplicate the Caliph, that emperor of robbers and corsairs, not to trouble his galleons returning from the new world, at their entrance into the waters of Gibraltar or Cadiz?

The subject we have undertaken to treat, does not impose on us the necessity of revealing to the reader the nature of the diplomatic relations of Morocco with the various states of Europe, or of stating by what civil convulsions the present reigning Sultan, Muley Abulfald Abd-en-Rahaman—better known as Abderrahman—attained to the empire. Let us address ourselves first to the questions which appear most serious and pressing, suggesting, however, that it is the struggle which Abderrahman has been carrying on with his numerous competitors, and especially with his cousin, Muley Isahid, that has precipitated the decline of the Moorish Empire. For ten years, namely, from 1815 to 1825, Abderrahman and Isahid rivalled each other in violence and atrocity, and at the same time in courage and audacity. Abderrahman triumphed, as he could not but do, if the empire was to fall to the lot of the most cruel, if not to the most valiant. And neither the strange history of Morocco, nor perhaps that of any other part of the Arab dominion, has ever exhibited more singular or poetical adventures than the later vicissitudes of the competitor finally overthrown. Tracked in his flight by enemies without number, defended with heroic devotion by a handful of faithful servants, who suffered themselves

quarrels in the mountains of Riff, at a stone's throw from Oran, a celebrated port even in the middle ages, and which held a high place in the political consideration of Charles V.

England, although it possesses nothing more than a fortress in sight of the Moorish country, has been able to establish more solid and fruitful relations with it; yet it must be admitted that England has not hitherto done, with respect to Morocco, all that might have been expected from her indefatigable, industrial, and commercial genius: she has not profited sufficiently by the providential vicinity of Gibraltar.

The question, however, is not simply a commercial one; the object is not merely to open an immense market to European industry: we must look at the matter from a higher point of view. Does not the empire of Morocco—sinking as it is under the weakness, no less than under the violence of despotism—amidst the decay of religion, laws, morals, public and private, industry, agriculture, arts, sciences, of all that is vital to a nation—amidst the complete depravity of all society that has not fallen back into the entirely savage state—does it not call aloud for new principles, new ideas, new manners, which may regenerate the Moorish and Arab

to be killed one by one in his cause, Muley Isahid, after alarms and perils from which it is scarcely possible to conceive his escape, at last took refuge with one of those saints whose abodes are regarded as an inviolable asylum. For a long time he lived thus in the midst of an exasperated population, of half savage soldiers raging for his destruction, of Cadis and Pachas who had mortal injuries to avenge.

The house of the Xheriff having ceased to be a secure retreat, the fugitive concealed himself for some days in a cavern, used as a sepulchre for the saints; but the implacable hatred, of which he was the object, would sooner or later have overpowered the superstitious faith which had hitherto protected him, if he had not succeeded in escaping in the disguise of a beggar, and, though exhausted by fasting and privation, in reaching the great desert, where his enemies lost his track.

The fate of Isahid appears to have some analogy with that of the violent and intrepid princes of feudal Europe, who sometimes suddenly disappeared in the midst of battle and political convulsions. Frederic of Swabia—Sebastian of Portugal—Charles of Burgundy—dreaded and cursed during their lives as famine and pestilence—were nevertheless, when time had effaced

racés, and lift them out of the degradation of ages? This can hardly be disputed; but it shall be our business to endeavour to dissipate whatever little doubt may remain concerning it. It is one of the greatest problems of the age in which we live; for it embraces not only the future destiny of Morocco, but that of all Mussulman communities, from the cataracts of the Nile to the shores of the Bosphorus, and the great tablelands of Asia, and of that China, where the Christian civilisation which we invoke now as the watchword of order, revolution, and war, must no longer delay to assume the position it claims from the superiority of its principles and its moral instruction.

The considerations and the facts which we here offer to the public, are almost exclusively the result of patient personal observations made during two journeys to Tangiers and Mogador, undertaken at sufficiently long intervals, and also during a residence of about three months at Ceuta.

At the entrance of Africa, the town of Ceuta presents at the same time an example of Christian civilisation, and of the somewhat unworthy attitude which it has for a long time maintained towards the Mussulman powers.

the remembrance of their crimes, invoked as avengers by the oppressed and credulous people; but there is no country in the world where a legend is so quickly formed, or gains such enthusiastic belief, as in this barbarous Africa.

At the present moment, the memory of the Sultan Muley Isahid is popular in Morocco, and for nearly thirty years the poor people have vainly questioned the mysterious desert concerning the fate of the Imperial fugitive. And if the desert has hitherto made no reply, is that a sufficient reason for believing that he has perished? For thirty years the people have suffered enough to make them hope that a providential hand might be stretched out to ameliorate their wretchedness; and though hitherto the silence of the desert has remained unbroken, who may venture to affirm that some day a voice may not be heard from its sand billows, announcing the triumphal return of the brilliant and unfortunate Sultan Isahid?

It is a delightful town, almost European in its aspect, and with its perfectly straight streets, paved as in real mosaic, and its white well-built houses, ranged in a graceful amphitheatre—it contrasts strikingly with the black mosques, narrow, inconvenient, dark streets, and houses of Tetuan, which the bright sunshine of the Mediterranean enables one to see clearly at a short distance on the coast. For three centuries Ceuta has possessed four admirable lines of fortification, opposite the Campo del Moro, or Moor's field. But in spite of its quadruple ranges of batteries, Ceuta permitted the Arabs, fifteen years ago, to take from it its very suburbs—a territory which the Spanish town held even before the time of King Ferdinand V., and which is as necessary to it as air is to the human lungs. Lying on a kind of peninsula, with its two fortresses, in which are flung together, pell-mell, political offenders and common criminals, with its bastions, its barracks, its magazines of gunpowder, and other warlike ammunition, Ceuta has nevertheless resigned itself to perfect impotence. It lies on the side of Mount Abyla, as Gibraltar does on that of Calpé; but whilst the European giant keeps the keys of the straits in its bristling redoubts, and commands the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, its African

brother barely extends his precarious authority to the distance of his own shadow. If, in fact, you descend to the base of the mountain, to the line of demarcation which separates the Spanish colony from the country of the Moors, you will find, in the very presence of Europe and Africa, the barbarism of one and the civilisation of the other, and the two as much strangers to one another as if there lay between them all the sands of the Sahara.

On the one side of the fosse you see, seated gravely, with his legs crossed under a wild palm-tree, one of the guards of the Sultan of Morocco. With his great arquebuss suspended to the tree, he smokes his pipe, and looks fixedly and gloomily at the soldier of the Provincial* of Valentia or Seville, who on his side, huddled into his sentry-box, and leaning on his carabine, throws a distrustful glance across the ditch at his neighbour.

At every fifty paces you meet thus Europe and Morocco face to face, silently gazing at each other, in the persons of their sentinels. And what ideas have they to communicate which are common to both? In

* The name given in Spain to the militia of the various parts of the kingdom.

what language can they speak which both should be capable of understanding? Of the Arab language, the Catholic peninsula has never known any thing more than the words left behind in its own by the conquerors who founded the Alhambra and the Albaycin; and as to Spanish, it is long since the Arab of Morocco, the degenerate son of those conquerors, has entirely forgotten it.

If the silence that reigns along the line is ever disturbed, it is by the report of a gun suddenly heard from the Moorish side. The Mussulman soldier, without troubling himself to get up, has shot a bull on the Spanish territory, which hunger had tempted to trespass within sight of the fat pastures usurped by the Moors fifteen years ago.

Whether the governor of Ceuta put up with the affront, or complain to the Pacha of Tetuan, makes very little difference. There is no instance on record of any amends being made for such an outrage.

Does not this remind one of Charles II. sending one of the grandees of Spain to Mequinez—to supplicate the Caliph, that emperor of robbers and corsairs, not to trouble his galleons returning from the new world, at their entrance into the waters of Gibraltar or Cadiz?

The subject we have undertaken to treat, does not impose on us the necessity of revealing to the reader the nature of the diplomatic relations of Morocco with the various states of Europe, or of stating by what civil convulsions the present reigning Sultan, Muley Abulfald Abd-en-Rahaman—better known as Abderrahman—attained to the empire. Let us address ourselves first to the questions which appear most serious and pressing, suggesting, however, that it is the struggle which Abderrahman has been carrying on with his numerous competitors, and especially with his cousin, Muley Isahid, that has precipitated the decline of the Moorish Empire. For ten years, namely, from 1815 to 1825, Abderrahman and Isahid rivalled each other in violence and atrocity, and at the same time in courage and audacity. Abderrahman triumphed, as he could not but do, if the empire was to fall to the lot of the most cruel, if not to the most valiant. And neither the strange history of Morocco, nor perhaps that of any other part of the Arab dominion, has ever exhibited more singular or poetical adventures than the later vicissitudes of the competitor finally overthrown. Tracked in his flight by enemies without number, defended with heroic devotion by a handful of faithful servants, who suffered themselves

to be killed one by one in his cause, Muley Isahid, after alarms and perils from which it is scarcely possible to conceive his escape, at last took refuge with one of those saints whose abodes are regarded as an inviolable asylum. For a long time he lived thus in the midst of an exasperated population, of half savage soldiers raging for his destruction, of Cadis and Pachas who had mortal injuries to avenge.

The house of the Xheriff having ceased to be a secure retreat, the fugitive concealed himself for some days in a cavern, used as a sepulchre for the saints; but the implacable hatred, of which he was the object, would sooner or later have overpowered the superstitious faith which had hitherto protected him, if he had not succeeded in escaping in the disguise of a beggar, and, though exhausted by fasting and privation, in reaching the great desert, where his enemies lost his track.

The fate of Isahid appears to have some analogy with that of the violent and intrepid princes of feudal Europe, who sometimes suddenly disappeared in the midst of battle and political convulsions. Frederic of Swabia—Sebastian of Portugal—Charles of Burgundy—dreaded and cursed during their lives as famine and pestilence—were nevertheless, when time had effaced

the remembrance of their crimes, invoked as avengers by the oppressed and credulous people; but there is no country in the world where a legend is so quickly formed, or gains such enthusiastic belief, as in this barbarous Africa.

At the present moment, the memory of the Sultan Muley Isahid is popular in Morocco, and for nearly thirty years the poor people have vainly questioned the mysterious desert concerning the fate of the Imperial fugitive. And if the desert has hitherto made no reply, is that a sufficient reason for believing that he has perished? For thirty years the people have suffered enough to make them hope that a providential hand might be stretched out to ameliorate their wretchedness; and though hitherto the silence of the desert has remained unbroken, who may venture to affirm that some day a voice may not be heard from its sand billows, announcing the triumphal return of the brilliant and unfortunate Sultan Isahid?

A CHAPTER
OF
MUSSULMAN CIVILISATION.

CHAPTER I.

POPULATION OF MOROCCO—WHITE SLAVERY IN AFRICA.

THE Empire of Morocco, which the Arabs immediately after their conquest named Mograbbin el-Aska, or the "Extreme West," is traversed from one end to the other by the immense Cordillera of the Atlas, from the confines of Algeria, where it mingles, south of the desert of Angad, with the mountains of Beni Amner, and then, throwing off spurs in various directions, divides itself into several inferior chains, till it reaches the promontories of Cape Ghir and Cape Noun, where its vast base is bathed by the ocean. Not far from these promontories this same chain rises again, from beneath the stormy waves of the Atlantic, to form the smiling and picturesque archipelago of the Canary Isles.

From Algeria to Cape Noun the Atlas has three principal branches; and on those running north and west lie the twenty provinces of the kingdoms of Fez and Morocco, properly so called, which are divided into thirty pachalicks. To the south extend provinces imperfectly known even to the officers and ministers of the Emperor, Tafieta, Segelmesa, Daráa-el-Harito, Adrar, Sus, and Terret, where the half-savage population scarcely recognises any other authority than that of the chiefs of their tribes. The whole Empire comprises a territory of about two hundred and twenty leagues in length, by a hundred and fifty in breadth; it has nine hundred miles of coast, six hundred on the ocean, and three hundred on the Mediterranean, and a superficial extent of about 219,420 square miles.

It is impossible, for want of positive statistical data, to make even an approximate estimate of the population of Morocco. M. Serafin Calderon gives it at twelve millions of inhabitants; but although Morocco is larger than Spain, and nearly twice as large as the French possessions in Africa, that is evidently an exaggerated estimate. We prefer, as more nearly approaching to accuracy, that of Spanish exiles, who in 1843, after having traversed the country throughout nearly its entire extent, declared it less thickly peopled than Andalusia, though more so than Algeria or Egypt—

containing, that is, rather more than about thirty-eight persons to the square mile.

Now, the extent of the Empire being what we have stated, the population by this reckoning would not be much more than eight millions three hundred thousand, unequally divided between four principal divisions of the country—namely, three million two hundred thousand in the kingdom of Morocco, and three million six hundred thousand in that of Fez, seven hundred thousand in the Taflet and Segelmesa, and a million in Sus and the other districts of the south.

This population is scattered through ten towns, and an uncalculable number of villages and nomadic douairs. Five of these towns, Mequinez, Morocco, Al Kassar, Kebir, and Fez, lie more or less inland, and they are the only ones that still retain some vestige of the Moorish civilisation. Three lie on the coasts of the Mediterranean; Tangiers, which has no port, and whose roadstead, bristling with rocks and full of sand-banks, compels vessels to cast anchor at a very considerable distance from the shore; at a little distance to the west, the port of Larache, and some leagues off the Spanish town of Ceuta, not far from the French territory; and the port of Tetuan. On the ocean there are also three—Salé, Robot, and Mogador.

Mogador is the channel of the greater part of the

maritime commerce of the capital, Morocco, which lies some leagues off, as well as of the other inland towns.

Since the sixteenth century, the population of Morocco has diminished by one-third, if not one-half. The climate, however, thanks to the rivers, the neighbourhood of the sea, and the winds that blow from the mountains, is one of the most salubrious on the earth; and there are whole districts, like Tetuan, and the country of which that town is the centre, in which the seasons vary very much, as they do in the southern provinces of France. But among these tribes of fatalists the plague has made terrible ravages. You still see in all directions in the towns, shops closed, houses uninhabited, and in ruins. The Arab race has long since forfeited its former renown for skill in the medical sciences. Maladies are now counteracted in Morocco, only by drugs, which are almost always injurious, or by mere sorcery;—wounds, and whatever belongs to the province of the surgeon, are left to nature. When a bullet has lodged in the flesh, they will sometimes endeavour to get it out by enlarging the wound, but that is the only treatment the patient ever receives. The Mussulman knows not how to defend himself against the plague and the leprosy, and he does not wish to know. By the letter of the Koran—or rather by the unintelligible interpretation of it which has been

given by the Moorish doctors—it is an offence against Heaven to seek to avert the misfortunes and scourges which it sends to the true believers.

To this complete indifference we must also add the causes of mortality that result from the hideous filthiness of the streets and public places, and of the interior of the houses, and the excesses of every kind which the Moors are in the habit of committing at all, even the least, of their festivals, and you will easily conceive that in a country so ill governed, the population may, from day to day, not only diminish, but in many places be absolutely annihilated. And this is not all. It is not merely plague and contagious maladies which in Morocco continually decimate the human race; we must not forget the existence of a custom which is, perhaps, still more fatal—namely, the obligation that every Mussulman is under to go at least once in his life to Mecca; a painful pilgrimage, rigorously prescribed by the Emperor, who every year charges one of his officers to assemble a great caravan, guide it across the sands to Egypt, and bring it back—if he can—to Morocco.

But as the journey is accomplished in great haste, precisely in the same manner as a military expedition, and without any of the precautions that would be dictated by the commonest foresight, the fatigue, privation, and

the suffocating heat, kill off the pilgrims by hundreds from the very commencement of the march, and at least one-half of them are usually left behind in the desert.

The people of Morocco, amongst whom we do not include those who only live there by toleration, and at the good pleasure of the tribes, are divided into two perfectly distinct races, the Arab and the Amazirga; and these are again subdivided, the latter into pure Amazirgas and Shilogs, the Arabs into pure Arabs, Bedouins and Hameritas, and named Arabs, Moors, and Lodajos, or Arabs of the Great Desert, better known under the name of Berbers.

The Amazirgas are descended from the first inhabitants of this part of central Africa, which extends from the borders of the Nile to the promontories of the Atlantic. By the side of the old denominations of Gætuli and Melano-qtuli, are found more or less disfigured, in the Greek and Latin histories, the more ancient appellations of Meryes, Marisgi, Macyes, Mazihih.

The Amazirgas of Morocco are the Kabyls of Algeria, the Zouaves of Tunis and the isles of Gelber, the Ademsos of Tripoli, the Tuaricks of the Great Desert.

The Amazirga Berbers inhabit the north-eastern part of the Atlas, in the province of Riff, which borders

on the French possessions, extending to the interior as far as the province of Tedla, where we find their brethren, the Amazirga-Shilogs.

From the environs of Mequinez to the shores of the ocean, along the vast plains of Ummerabick, and of Tensift, the Shilogs occupy the declivities and the spurs of the great chain.

On the opposite side, in Taflet and Segelmesa, some of their tribes, and among them that of the tribe of Filelies, to which belongs the reigning dynasty of the Muleys, have succeeded in establishing themselves in almost a settled manner. In short, Berbers or Shilogs, these Amazirgas possess the wooded mountains of Morocco and the fertile valleys, whose capricious undulations finally sink in the waters of the Mediterranean.

The general denomination of Berber is of foreign origin, the first letter of this word not existing in any of the dialects spoken by the tribes. In all these dialects the word Amazirgas signifies—noble, free, independent; it is the equivalent of the word Frank among the ancient Teutonic races, and it expresses the almost perfect independence of position of the tribes of Riff with respect to the Emperor. Their nomadic Douairs never leave the most lofty and rugged defiles; they scarcely acknowledge any authority but that of

their Omzarghis, or hereditary lords, and of their Arngaries, or ancients.

The mountaineers of the Riff are of middle size, but of athletic figure, and their usually open countenances contract, when they abandon themselves to passion, an expression of indescribable ferocity. From their fair skins and light hair, they might be taken, certainly not for Africans, but for inhabitants of Northern Europe. They are great hunters, and, as they disdain the labours of agriculture, most of them derive their principal subsistence from the flocks and herds which graze in the lower valleys of the Atlas.

The most curious of the Amazirga tribes are, however, the warlike Shilogs, a race still entirely unknown in Europe, and which, in these latter years, has taken a large share in all the political events. If we may believe letters from Morocco, we see in these Shilogs, though fallen back almost to the savage state, the remains of the Portuguese colony founded here by them many ages before they had doubled the Cape of Good Hope. It is even said that in the environs of Demnest, in the heart of the Shilog country, there exists still a ruined Christian church, covered with Latin inscriptions, and which the Mussulman hordes have refrained from destroying, out of fear of the evil spirits by which it is haunted. Others have given them for ancestors the

pure Arab race, who in Spain obtained the ascendancy over rival tribes. But these arbitrary conjectures cannot be maintained in opposition to the assertions of the Shilogs themselves, who recognise the Berbers as brethren, and take, like them, the general denomination of Amazirgas; their physical constitution, however, differs much from that of the mountaineers of the Riff.

The Shilogs are of tall figure, with complexions dark, as if tanned by the sun; and it is impossible to imagine any thing more expressive than their fixed glance. Their eyes really seem to kindle, and emit sparks. But one would seek in vain on their swarthy visages—which alternately fascinate and terrify—for the memory of the proud and melancholy physiognomies of those Saracen populations which have left behind them the traces of so great and brilliant a civilisation.

The Shilogs at present speak a half-savage jargon, with an insupportable accumulation of guttural consonants, and which has but very slight relation to the true Arab language. Their costume does not differ from that of the other mountaineers, except that they wear their beards longer, thicker, and more bristling; but we may learn, in these mountains of Morocco, to what simplicity both male and female attire may be reduced.

The Shilogs live almost wholly by pillage, and they are generally at war with the Emperor, fighting on foot

or on horseback, singly or in bands, and in all the methods of the ancient Parthians, Numidians, or Scythians. They are armed only with the poniard and the carbine, which they carry suspended across their shoulders by a bandolier made of twisted palm-leaves—and, into however fierce encounters they venture, they always present themselves to the enemy nearly naked.

In all their perilous expeditions they are accompanied by their wives, armed like themselves, and like them retaining nothing more of the national costume than the leathern sandals and the *pogne*; like them, they fight either on foot, or on a crupper behind their husbands or lovers, and show themselves perhaps even more fierce in carnage and depredation.

The Shilog women have no preference or favour but for ferocious and implacable bravery; and, in time of war, each woman provides herself with a sort of vase filled with red ochre, in order to stamp the sign of infamy on poltroons and runaways.

The Shilog in his stoical sobriety contrasts strikingly with the Moor of the towns, whose chief vice is boundless gluttony. He eats neither fish nor meat, supporting himself merely on poor roots and bitter herbs, fruit and cheese; or, on grand occasions, on a kind of indigestible bread made of maize. In many respects they are, however, as depraved as savages can be; but of the

vices of civilisation they have but one—namely, avarice—which they exhibit in a remarkable degree. Probably they may have learnt it from the miserly Jews of Salé or Tetuan. It is hardly credible what riches in coin are sometimes found buried in their wretched huts, whence nothing ever appears to come out, of the enormous sums which they are continually bringing in from their pillaging expeditions, or which by their threats they obtain from the Pachas or even the Sultan. If ever any European power should undertake a war against the Emperor, it might find most powerful auxiliaries in these Shilogs, by taking them on their weak side; namely, their inordinate love of gold. Amongst them the valiant tribes of Zenella and Sanhagia might, in case of need, form a kind of independent state, which in a very short time would cut off the Emperor from Tafilet and the other districts of the south.

The plains of Morocco belong to the Arabs and the Moors. In some provinces the two races are so mingled that it is not possible to distinguish one from the other; but in others quite close to them, they have developed themselves side by side, without apparently having ever contracted any alliance since the epoch when they crossed together the Straits of Gibraltar to undertake the conquest of Spain. Moors and Arabs are tall in

figure, robust and supple in constitution, and of an agility that bids defiance to fatigue. Their glance is animated, their gestures energetic; and in the cast of their features and the colour of their hair, they strongly resemble the Spaniards of the southern provinces. Like the Andalusians, they are boastful and presumptuous—very ready to make promises, and also, like the Andalusians, just as ready to forget them as soon as they are made. When a Moor or an Arab enters even into a written engagement, the first thing he does is to consider by what means he can falsify his word. But in spite of this barbarism, which has characterised them for ages, they are both gifted with remarkable talents for commerce, and they might be relied upon, if once habits of business had made them sufficiently aware of the important advantages of trustworthiness. As to other matters, both Moors and Arabs are greatly inclined to amorous indulgences, as well as to the pleasures of the table; and their prophet knew what he was about when he prohibited them from the use of wines and spirituous liquors, as well as from strong and fat meats.

Almost every where in this country, however, the prohibitions of the Koran have fallen into desuetude; and in the towns, out of every twenty Moors, there are certainly fifteen who get drunk twice a-week, if not oftener. The religious authorities are in general very

indulgent towards true believers who are given to drunkenness; but their indulgence cannot in all cases be relied on, for on some occasions they are seized with such vehement scruples, that they lay violent hands on whoever has transgressed the law in this respect, and have him whipped through the town till he recovers his senses.

In general, it is the Moors who inhabit the towns, and the Bedouins and pure Arabs who are scattered about the country, where, like the Berbers of the Riff, they are reduced to the nomadic state. Like the Berbers they all live under tents made of goats' hair, and also, as among the Berbers, all the most laborious tasks are imposed on the women. The Arabs, like the Amazirga clans, are seldom connected with the neighbouring tribes; but they encamp within a short distance of each other, on the borders of rivers or springs, and near the tombs of their saints; and as their tents are arranged in a circle, their camps are called by the name of douair, which signifies round.

The pure Arabs are not perfidious, or subject to fits of fury as the Moors are. Like the first patriarchs, they exercise the frankest and most cordial hospitality towards the stranger, and if they give him their word to protect him, he may rely upon it without any fear; yet, strange as it seems, these pure Arabs are perhaps the greatest and most determined thieves in the world.

Setting aside this little defect (which has certainly nothing in it of biblical simplicity), and also their Mahometan superstitions, one can really hardly see in what they differ from their ancestors, the Arabs, in the time of Job.

Along with the population of the conquering, or at least independent races of Morocco, there exist three classes of Pariahs: the negro and white slaves, the Jews, and the renegades. From one end to the other of the empire, are found negro slaves occupied with domestic cares and with the labours of agriculture; but their position is far from being as miserable as that of the serfs in Russia, or the negroes in the United States. In no case has the master the right to strike his slave, or impose on him a labour above his strength.

A special *alcalde* is appointed for him, a negro like himself, to whom he is allowed to carry his complaints, and who, in concert with the Pacha, takes measures to oblige the master to sell the maltreated slave. By the terms of the Koran, no Mussulman, were it a Pacha or a Cadi, or even the Sultan himself, can have any connection with a female slave of his wife, unless he can first obtain her emancipation; but should she previously become *enceinte*, she must renounce every hope of freedom, and her child belongs to the legitimate

wife. When the slave belongs to the husband himself, the Koran declares her free by the very fact of her pregnancy, and her son or daughter enters the family on a footing of perfect equality with the other children.

The enfranchisement of slaves is also very common in Morocco; there is scarcely any Moor, especially if he be of noble family, who does not, before his death, emancipate by will the greater number of his slaves. All the blacks of Morocco, however, do not belong either to the class of emancipated or slaves; for among the nobles and great dignitaries, even amongst the Pachas, are sometimes found true negroes, direct descendants of the hordes which, from the remote parts of Guinea, responded to the summons of the first conquerors.

The Moors reserve all their harshness for their *white* slaves—slaves of various European nations—Christian slaves, neither more nor less than at the epoch when the corsairs of Africa used to come cruising in sight of the French ports on the Mediterranean, and when the labourers in the fields of Andalusia used to rush precipitately into the towns, crying, "There are Moors upon the coast!" (*Los Moros su la costa.*)

This matter of the white slaves is a chapter of Moorish manners as yet unknown in Europe, and on which we shall have to dwell a little, in order to show that,

with respect to these barbaric powers, we are still not so very far from the middle ages as we might believe.

Since the civilisation of Christianity has prevailed over that of Islam, it is to the south of Morocco, in the districts bordering on the desert, that this white slavery subsists. We affirm even, that this slavery is recruited in the most regular manner to the south of Mogador, at a distance of five or six days' journey at most. The unfortunate men who undergo it, are for the most part shipwrecked sailors, or fishermen of the archipelago of the Canaries.

The number of these captives it is impossible to ascertain; the points nearest to Mogador, Wadnoor and Lons, for instance, being a completely sealed book for Europe. It is a religious duty, scrupulously observed by the inhabitants of those countries, not to allow the Christians to penetrate into them, although they themselves come from the frontiers of the Great Desert to trade, as far as Mogador. The little that is known concerning the Christians they have reduced to slavery, is from the small number of them who have succeeded in breaking their chains, or the avarice of whose masters has induced them to accept a ransom; and they can seldom tell much concerning their companions in misfortune, whom they have left among the barbarians. Some perish miserably on the coasts,

destroyed by hunger or the plague. Others are lost sight of by following their masters into the Great Desert, and from the Great Desert they never return.

Formerly, when European vessels used to venture into the channel of the Canary Islands, not far from the coast of Wadnoor, several were wrecked, and the crews had to choose between death or slavery. It is now, however, some time since they have become aware of the shoal, and other dangers that threatened them in this passage, and they pass now to the west of the Canaries, where there are fewer shipwrecks to deplore. But the poor fishermen of the Canaries are still compelled to seek in this channel their precarious subsistence; and wo to those who are overtaken by a calm, for they have nothing for it but to lie down on their nets, and await their death from hunger or exhaustion; but wo to them still more, if violent winds arise in these capricious seas, and throw them upon the coasts of Barbary. Death would be far preferable to the fate that awaits them.

When the Moors have once got possession of them, they first affect to compassionate their misery, in order to discover whether they are acquainted with any occupation from which their masters might be able to derive profit. If they can turn to account in this way the strength or skill of their captives, there is an end

of all hope of freedom for them for the remainder of their lives; they are driven immediately into the interior of Africa, perhaps beyond the desert. If they are not able to employ their hands in any craft, their captors sometimes resolve to sell them to Jews, if possible, still more greedy of gain than themselves, and who, for a heavy ransom, sometimes give them up to the agents of the vice-consuls at Mogador. But this is a case extremely rare. The Moors, notwithstanding their proverbial avarice, much more frequently allow themselves the horrible pleasure of shedding their blood.

To our own knowledge, when we were at Ceuta, in July 1847, the English vice-consul, Mr. Wiltshire, who was also vice-consul for Spain, was carrying on an active negotiation in favour of a poor Spanish fisherman, a prisoner at Wadnoor, for the space of ten years. Mr. Wiltshire's exertions were, however, vain; for the Moor to whom the fisherman belonged, would not consent to part with him for a less ransom than 200 duros (about £40 sterling), a sum which Mr. Wiltshire, himself poor, as vice-consuls mostly are, was unable to pay. It is really shameful to Spain that such negotiations should be necessary, and still more that they should be unsuccessful at a few days' journey from the Christian fortresses, which, on either side of

the Straits of Gibraltar, keep Mussulman barbarism perpetually in check with their cannon. Europe owes it to herself to reconquer such of her sons as are now held in slavery in the southern districts of Morocco. It is a work of humanity, whose accomplishment does not admit of a moment's delay. Alas! until Europe shall have succeeded in making intelligible to the Moors the simplest principles of the law of nations, we must submit to negotiate with their avarice. God only knows the number of the unfortunate men who might be snatched from the intolerable misery of such a fate, if there were established at Mogador a society in which all the Christian nations of Europe should be represented, and who should be determined to pay their ransom without any distinction of sect or country. Some years ago, a merchant of London who had escaped, as if by miracle, from the corsairs of Wadnoor, devoted in his will the half of his fortune to breaking the chains of the English slaves to the south of Mogador; but we are not aware that this charitable intention was ever executed. Surely the honour of England, and of the whole of Christendom, will not suffer such a legacy to be turned from its noble destination.

But let us leave the Pariahs of those distant countries, and return to those of whose miserable and abject condition our own eyes may inform us, if, by the way of

Tetuan or Tangiers, we penetrate unto the interior of Morocco. Of all these, the most to be pitied, without doubt, are the renegades. The majority of them are convicts, escaped from the Spanish Presidios of Ceuta, Melella, Alhu-Omas, or Penon de la Gouera; and as there exists between Morocco and the cabinet of Spain a special treaty, stipulating for the delivery of convicts and proscribed refugees among the Moors, the wretched men, in order not to be sent back to the Presidios, are obliged to forswear their country and their religion. This class of renegades is rather numerous at Morocco, and is continually increasing. In some years it has amounted to more than three hundred such fugitives; and of the entire population this class is the most humiliated, degraded, and oppressed. In cases of civil or foreign war, the Sultan has them enrolled by force under the Imperial banner; and this is how it happened that, in 1844, after a battle with the French, so many Spaniards were found serving in the Moorish artillery.

Not being able to hope for any favour if they should fall again into the hands of their co-religionists, the renegades have hitherto fought with the energy of despair. But at no time have the services been recognised which they might have been able to render; and the immense majority of them would have esteemed themselves happy to be able to return to the Presidios,

and resume their heaviest chains. One only renegade is remembered at Morocco who ever attained to any rank amongst the pachas. This was the famous Dutch adventurer of the name of Ripperda, who—after having been a deputy to the states-general, whose energy supported the stadtholder William against Louis XIV., became ambassador of King Philip V. to the court of Vienna, duke and grandee of Spain, first minister of the monarchy, and awoke from his dream of ambition in a dungeon of the tower of Segovia. Ripperda escaped from this tower in the most extraordinary and romantic manner, and traversing Portugal, where he was as much an outlaw as in Spain, took refuge at last in London. But even there he was pursued by the hatred of a monarch of whom he had been the especial favourite. London no longer affording him a safe asylum, Ripperda fled to Morocco, and embraced the religion of Islam—although he had not only been born a Catholic, but had even become a priest, in order to open for himself a shorter road to honour and fortune. In Catholic Spain it is needless to say he returned to his first religion. Ripperda is the Bonneval of Spain; but it must be confessed the French general did not fall from such a height, nor fall so low, as the Spanish minister. Bonneval died a pacha at Constantinople, disgraced by the Emperor, after an unfortunate

expedition which he had commanded against Ceuta, at the head of all the Morocco forces. Ripperda saw himself obliged to exercise the trade of a gardener at Tetuan, in order to gain a livelihood, and it is not known how or when he died.

The Jews of Morocco are the immediate descendants of Jews driven from Italy in 1342, from the Netherlands in 1350, from France and England in 1403, from Spain in 1492, and from Portugal in 1496. Exposed to the vilest ill-treatment, to the most shameful extortions, to the most revolting injuries, the Jews have nevertheless rendered themselves masters of the internal and external commerce of the country, by their persevering avarice, suppleness, and cupidity. The Mussulmans are aware of this strange domination, while they are indignant at it, and this redoubles their anger and contempt. But what can brutality do against hypocrisy and cunning, pride against self-interest, needy tyranny against opulent servitude?

Whether they will or not, the Mussulmans must bow beneath the yoke of the Jews; and in one case only do the followers of Islam relax something of their disdainful rigour towards the disciples of Moses.

When war or pestilence desolates the country, when

a great public calamity is dreaded, the Sultan orders that, to appease or turn away the anger of Heaven, prayers shall be put up in all the mosques. Despised and detested as the Jews are, they then become the objects of the most eager solicitation, and the most lively attachment on the part of the Pachas and Cadis; and they are now no longer commanded, but entreated to be good enough to pray God in their synagogues to show himself merciful to every human being living under the dominion of the Sultan.

Covered with ashes—their clothes torn, their persons extenuated by fasting and maceration—Israelites and Mussulmans traverse the country and the streets of the towns in procession. Others remain constantly in the mosques and synagogues, never leaving them but for what is indispensable to existence; they pass whole days in groaning and beating their foreheads, some on the tombs of their Xheriffs and Saints—others in the caverns where repose the remains of their wise men and their most illustrious doctors.

But when the public panic is once dissipated, the Jews take good care to keep themselves concealed for some weeks; for the arrogant Mussulmans, ashamed of having associated the degraded children of Moses in their grief and terror, should they meet them in the first moment of humiliation and anger, would make them

expiate severely the crime of having dared to implore for the privileged family of the prophet, the mercy of a God who has rejected them.

The Jews of Morocco are not all of European origin; a great number of them came from Asia, and these form the tribes isolated in the midst of the Amazirgas. They give themselves to the present day (to this I can bear personal witness) the name of Palestins. But at what epoch was this mysterious emigration accomplished? It is not known—and possibly never may be; but I should be, for my own part, by no means surprised to find, that their ancestors had been driven to this country at the time of the Assyrian persecution. However this may be, we may, without risk of sacrificing truth to hypothesis, see in them the descendants of the most ancient inhabitants of the country, no less than in the Amazirgas, whom they so much resemble in manners and customs—in fact, in every thing but religion and physical constitution. Is it not well known that before the Arab invasion, before the population of the Atlas had embraced Islamism, the highest valleys and the most rugged ravines were inhabited by tribes professing Judaism, but who had nothing in common with the Jews of Syria except their religious worship? Why, then, should not some of these people have preserved their religion unaltered, in a country

where the slightest family traditions do not for ages undergo the smallest alteration?

We have shown the state of isolation, or rather of permanent hostility, in which the different population of Morocco—the primitive races, the conquering races, the proscribed races—live with regard to one another. Is there, then, to be found in the laws and institutions of this country any one idea or principle, which, could it disengage itself from the excesses inseparable from Mussulman despotism, might one day draw these races nearer together, and produce that vigorous cohesion by which political society is produced or regenerated? No! Evidently there is not, since it is precisely these institutions, these laws, which (as will presently be seen) have determined the dissolution of Moorish society; and which are every day accelerating its decomposition, and rendering more difficult any curative methods that might be applied to it.

CHAPTER II.

POLITICAL AND MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.—MILITARY
ORGANISATION.—LAND AND SEA FORCES.

THE Emperor of Morocco bears two official titles which exactly define his authority. He is called the Amir el Mumenin, or Prince of the Faithful, or the Califa el Haligui, vicar of God upon the earth; his power is limited only by the Koran, or rather by the capricious and arbitrary interpretation which he chooses to put upon it. The Sultan of Morocco has not, like the grand signor at Constantinople, Muftis or Alcaldes assembling in council to give their opinion on all political and religious questions; it is by his absolute will that every thing is decided. The Empire was for a long time elective, but Abderrahman has introduced into his family the hereditary principle; and, in order to impress the better on the people the respect and fear of his authority—to render it always present to them—he exercises it ostensibly in person on all occasions. No ministers are interposed between him and his subjects; but he sometimes nevertheless chooses to

place near his person two or three of his innumerable relatives, or a few Cadis or officers of his guard, who, sitting round the sovereign, applaud without ceasing every word that falls from his lips. This kind of divan is called the Mezlés, or Sitting Council; and the courtiers of whom it is composed, the Mokaseni, or Sagebi-udina—that is, companions or friends of our lord. One of them fulfils the functions of vizier; but these functions, so important formerly at the court of the Caliphs, are reduced at present to those of Keleb el Amir, or secretary of the prince.

It is the Keleb el Amir, who, under the constant superintendence of the Sultan, discusses all important affairs with the consular agents, and with Christians in general. After him, in the Moorish hierarchy, comes the Mula el Tabaa, a sort of keeper of the seals, who, in presence of the Sultan, affixes the great imperial signet to all decrees and despatches. On this seal are engraved, not only the name and titles of the sovereign, but also sentences taken from the Koran. Under the orders of the Mula el Tabaa is a steward who bears the title of Mula el Tesserad, or privy purse—who regulates the expenses of the palace, and performs in fact the police duty. Neither this steward, nor the small number of domestics who form the household of the sovereign, receive any wages; they are paid entirely by the pre-

sents they can wring from every one, Moor or stranger, who solicits an interview of the Emperor. He gives audience on horseback, surrounded by his guards, under the shade of a parasol, which is the especial emblem of his sovereign power, and which is borne by one of the principal Cadis. It is on horseback that he receives ambassadors, consuls, travellers, and foreign merchants; but they are scarcely allowed time to tell him from what motive they have desired to be admitted to his presence; he points immediately to the person—almost always his secretary—with whom the business is to be settled. The native Moorish subjects have to go through precisely the same ceremonial as strangers, and even the highest functionaries can only approach the person of the sovereign, by offering him, and the courtiers who surround him, presents proportional to their fortune. Rich Pachas give magnificent horses, slaves, and diamonds; private persons bring carpets and pieces of stuff or goats' hair, and the very poorest take care not to present themselves with empty hands; but, however trifling may be the value of what they offer, an old horse or mule, or even a few eggs, they are sure of being admitted.

In all the provinces the Emperor is represented by a Pacha, who again has for his representative a Kalifa, who takes his place in his absence. On the Pacha and

the Kalifa depend the hereditary Cadis, who govern the tribes of the plains and mountains; but with respect to the Mussulman Cadis, who may be likened to the chiefs of the Celtic clans, the dependence is a purely nominal one. The Emperor obtains their obedience only by the intermediation of their saints or Xheriffs, whose almost omnipotent authority we will presently define. Criminal offences, and matters of civil dispute, are referred to the Cadi; but all others fall within the jurisdiction of the Pacha, who decides them in the most summary manner, according to his pleasure.

Neither the Pacha nor the Kalifa receive any kind of salary or allowance from government; but they both generally manage to enrich themselves before long, and, of all the causes referred to their decision, scarcely one ever fails to yield them a considerable profit.

It is the Pacha's business to levy the taxes, and collect them into the public treasury, as well as the fines, which, on some pretence or other, are continually being imposed on the towns, and on all the Emperor's subjects. In the exercise of these functions they are not subject to any control; and it may therefore easily be imagined that they find, without much difficulty, the means of increasing their possessions and accumulating a fortune. It must be added also, that it is almost an unheard of case for a Pacha or Kalifa to

enjoy in peace the fruits of his rapine and exaction. Sooner or later the moment is sure to come when the Emperor, without any form of trial, strips them of all their treasures, and they may then esteem themselves happy if he does not ask them for their heads into the bargain.

The Cadi, who is arbitrarily appointed by the Sultan, besides having to decide the civil and criminal causes above mentioned, has at the same time to serve the principal mosque. The great mosques have considerable property attached to them, which they owe to the liberality of the Emperor and the rich Moors, and which is administered by a priest, who also directs the ceremonial of religious worship.

The Cadi is supposed to administer justice gratuitously; but corruption is so contagious at Morocco, that, from the first day of his magistracy, the most virtuous Cadi becomes as venal and as greedy as the oldest sinner of them all. Under the immediate orders of the judge is an officer (Almotaçen or Mejacten), whose office it is to measure the grain, fruit, and all kinds of merchandise—corn and some European productions only excepted. This Mejacten also has no fixed emolument—but under all reigns a single year of abundance has generally sufficed to enrich him. About three centuries ago, the whole people had a voice in

the nomination of the Mejacten—a mode of procedure that was borrowed from the municipal institutions of the Goths, by the followers of Islam, and the office is still ostensibly elective, although in reality it is the Pacha who nominates to it.

When a Mejacten is to be appointed, the Pacha convokes the Alcaldes from the various quarters of the town, along with other notables, to the number of about five hundred, and, after he has asked their opinion for form's sake, the election proceeds; but the Pacha has taken care previously to proclaim the name of the individual who is to unite all suffrages, and this name never fails to command the most complete and steady unanimity. The interest the Pacha has in the election will be easily understood, when it is considered that, during the entire year, this officer divides his profits into three parts; the first for himself, the second for the Pacha, and the third for the Pacha's secretary—that is to say, also for the Pacha.

In every quarter of the principal towns, one of the richest and most influential of the Moorish inhabitants receives from the Emperor the charge of watching over the maintenance of order and the public peace. Every night this Moor is bound to patrol the streets of his district, in which office he is assisted by his neighbours, and by all whom he meets on the way. In

festivals and religious ceremonies, the magistrate bears the banner of his district, beneath which the crowd of subordinates range themselves—a custom which reminds one of the Gonfalonieri of Florence, and the Italian republics of the middle ages.

When the public treasury is exhausted, the Sultan often decrees extraordinary impositions, which strike all classes of the population indiscriminately; and, to facilitate the payment, the town is divided into five districts, in each of which some person of standing distributes the impost among heads of families, according to their means. Except in these cases the Alcaldes of the different quarters only exercise their jurisdiction over the subjects of white race—free or in slavery—the negroes having, as we have said, a special negro Alcalde, appointed by the Pacha, to see that they are not trampled on, and persecuted beyond measure.

When a negro slave has numerous grievances to complain of against his master, they are carried by the black Alcalde to the feet of the Pacha, who listens to the complaint, or rejects it, according to his pleasure. In almost all these cases, however, the master is obliged to sell the slave, if the latter can furnish any proof of having been really ill-treated.

The Mussulman law prohibits every political authority from laying impositions on the true believers;

though it is the duty of every follower of Islam to offer to the officers of the Emperor the tenth of his income, but for centuries past the contribution has been reduced to two and a half per cent. of the supposed income, the rent of houses being, however, formally excepted.

Mahomet also frees from any tax those whose incomes do not exceed the value of twenty ducats; and this is not all: the Alcalde of the quarter, who is ordered by the Emperor to arrange the amount of the tax, is not on that account required to fix the sum which each has to pay. The tax-payer himself has to declare, according to his conscience, how far it is possible for him to assist in supporting the burdens of the state; and, when the public exchequer is absolutely exhausted, the Sultan addresses himself directly to the people, and makes a pathetic appeal to their patriotism. In every province, in every important town, the Pacha convokes the richest and most powerful inhabitants—describes to them the miseries of the Sultan's position, and then pointing to five or six large vases, half-filled with water, invites every one to deposit in them the sum which he judges it suitable to offer to the Emperor.

The rich Moors then approach the vases, and plunging into them their closed hands, allow their self-imposed contributions to fall to the bottom, without its

being possible for any one to ascertain or guess its amount. At night the Pacha breaks the vases, and sends to the Emperor the gold and silver they may contain. Here is unquestionably a magnificent system of taxation, more liberal certainly, it will be agreed, than the greater number of the laws on this subject established among Christian nations, and for which the memory of the prophet would deserve to be for ever blessed, if in the very same chapter he had not also decreed, that the political authorities might, without even the form of a trial, confiscate the goods of criminals, and of all persons, even the true believers, who should not observe strictly the civil and religious laws which he had promulgated.

The Chronicles of Morocco declare, that the Sultans have very seldom solicited these voluntary contributions from their subjects, and we can easily believe it; for why should they ask for this insignificant portion of their fortune, when, by accusing them of some imaginary crime, it was easy to take away the whole? In all ordinary causes the Cadi is sole judge. From his sentences one may indeed appeal to the judgment of the Emperor; but the Emperor almost always contents himself by referring the matter to a second Cadi—or, if the affair is very important, to the investigation of other priestly magistrates, assembled in a regular court of

justice. The proceedings are almost always verbal; and, in matters of little moment, the Cadi pronounces his decision immediately after hearing the witnesses. If, however, the affair present any serious difficulty, the parties may require that an account of it shall be drawn up in writing; but they are obliged to confide the care of their interests to public officers, who resemble in all respects the escribanos of Spain—ignorant and greedy attorneys, whose like it would be impossible to find in any other country.

As the suit goes on, the plaintiff is obliged to communicate all his documents and all his resources to his adversary—and, when this has been done, the latter obtains a certain delay to prepare his defence, after which suitors and witnesses appear a second time before the Cadi, who without quitting his seat comes at once to a decision, and cuts the question short. The witnesses are never put upon oath; but, bad as is the general reputation of the Arabs, they very rarely attempt to deceive the Cadi.

In criminal cases, which may end in a capital sentence, it is indispensable that the culpability should be established by ten witnesses, who must be of, at least, ordinary good character. If, in the same cause, there should present themselves three of those eminent personages, calling themselves Sages of the Koran,

their deposition would be quite sufficient to determine the Cadi.

In affairs purely civil, justice is much more expeditious. When a Moor is ordered to pay a debt, he must settle it immediately if he do not desire to go to prison. Should he be inclined to submit to the loss of liberty, the creditor is obliged to maintain him, but only on bread and water. After three days of this rigorous captivity, it is very rare that the solvent debtor (and others are seldom pursued) does not of himself solicit an accommodation. When the affair has proceeded thus far, the Koran allows him thirty days to free himself entirely; and if the creditor has neither witnesses, nor written documents, to support his claim, the Cadi confines himself to proffering the oath to the defendant. This is a proof that every one dreads, even the most honourable and most respected of the Mussulmans;—it is by no means an unheard of case, that to avoid it they have admitted claims that were manifestly unjust. The terrible formality of the oath is accomplished in the principal mosque, in presence of all the people, and with the face of the witness turned towards Mecca. When the day comes in which the ceremony is to take place, the whole town is in motion; the most powerful and respected families offer their services in mediation, and they almost always succeed in reconciling the parties.

When any one is accused of a crime, the Moorish Cadis have various ways of going to work to discover the truth; and, according to the greater or less humanity of their character, these methods are more or less ferocious. By whipping, by loading the supposed criminal with heavy chains, by subjecting him to hunger and thirst, they endeavour to overcome obstinate denial. It is not uncommon to fasten the unfortunate creatures with iron cables to marble slabs while they are tortured; and, if the Sultan have resolved to lay hands on the treasures of a Pacha, these methods are employed against wives, children, slaves, and all who belong to him, without distinction of sex or age. They are beaten, impaled, sown up in sacks, and thrown into the sea.

When the sentence is pronounced, the application of the punishment is immediate. There are in Morocco punishments of only four degrees—namely, death, imprisonment, temporary or perpetual, mutilation, and fines or whipping; and, to say the truth, it is generally with a view to fines that sentences are pronounced, or that an Arab, when offended or injured, drags his adversary before the Cadis.

However odious may be the crime committed, the criminal is almost sure of impunity if he be rich, or, at all events, certain that the punishment will be commuted.

When the Cadi does determine on executing a sentence of death, the criminal is shot from behind. Those sentenced to be whipped, are flagellated through the streets of the town, with their hands tied behind them, and at every twenty paces they are obliged to stop, and proclaim in a loud voice the cause of their chastisement.

Often for the punishment of the whip is substituted that of beating with a stick on the soles of the feet; but this is a military punishment, intended to enforce discipline, and the Pacha inflicts it arbitrarily on whoever displeases him.

At bottom the penal law of Morocco, except in times of civil war or of reaction, has little other object than that of satisfying fiscal rapacity, by encouraging private vengeance. When a man is assassinated, his father, his son, or his nearest relations, have the right of putting to death the murderer, but not till after the sentence of the Cadi, and in public, and under the eyes of justice.

Can this be an Arabian law? or is it perhaps of Visigoth origin? It appeared not long since in Spain, on the execution of the assassins of General Estella, that the queen herself has no right to commute the punishment unless the relatives of the victim have previously given their consent.

In Morocco, however, it is extremely rare for the family of a murdered man to remain inflexible; at least eight times out of ten they are willing to accept a pecuniary compensation, of which three-fourths go to the Emperor. After the fine has been paid, the murderer has only to suffer a year's imprisonment.

Of all the crimes committed in the Barbary states, theft is the one that is pursued with most severity. A robber need never expect the smallest indulgence; he is never admitted to pecuniary reparation; and neither murder, sacrilege, nor conspiracy, are so hardly treated. Scarcely has he been convicted, or indeed often enough it may be said, scarcely has he been taken before the Cadi, before he is flagellated till his body becomes one hideous and bleeding wound. At his first relapse one hand is cut off; at his second, the remaining one; at the third, the right foot; at the fourth the left; at the fifth, if such an offence be possible, he is shot from behind. These are the means by which it is attempted to restrain the propensity to theft, which in the Moors of Africa is really an irresistible passion. Should a robbery have taken place on a public road, or in any other inhabited place, and the culprit cannot be found, the Emperor levies a heavy fine on the principal authorities of the town or village on whose territory it has been committed.

In promulgating this law, Mahomet had principally in view the security of merchants and travellers. But in a despotically governed country there is no single good intention which may not, in the long run, furnish the pretext for an intolerable abuse. When the Emperor orders, or more properly provokes, these investigations, he has at the present day no other object than that of tormenting and plundering the Pachas.

Great as is the ferocity of public manners of Morocco, it must not be imagined that violent quarrels are continually occurring. Every individual, young and old, rich and poor—Moor, Christian, Jew, or slave even—whether in the towns or in the interior, carries constantly a knife, a poniard, or a sword. No one ventures into the fields without providing himself with a carabine or a pair of pistols. It has been said, that nothing in the world is so dear to an Arab as his swift and vigorous horse; but this is a mistake, for, above every thing else, he is attached to his arms. To save the means of purchasing a sabre or a gun, an Arab will submit voluntarily to the most severe fasts; and it is this which, in a great measure, prevents the sanguinary quarrels that would otherwise take place, for, when every one is ready for defence, it is evident that each will be less prompt at aggression. We do not speak here of those terrible epochs in which wars of succession, and the absence of

any thing like a government, provoke all kinds of excesses and crimes. But, however great these excesses and crimes may be, they cannot present so frightful a spectacle as the violence of the competitor who finally triumphs when he is endeavouring to re-establish the appearance of order, and, to make his authority felt by those who have long despised it. The conquering Sultan has recourse to every kind of torture, and indulges in a luxury of cruelty, which alone would give Europe the right of proceeding to substitute her laws and manners for those of a power that can command or authorize such barbarity. It is then that the rivers and the sea engulf hundreds of unfortunate creatures, sown up in sacks. Then do others, impaled in the public squares, die slowly in inexpressible agonies—then, on the slightest pretext, or often without any, are feet, hands, breasts, ears, cut off. Other miserable beings are seen chained back to back, rubbed with honey and oil, and left exposed to the sting of venomous insects until they breathe their last. Sometimes, by way of shortening their sufferings, their mouths and nostrils are filled with gunpowder, which, being fired, blows the head into a thousand pieces. Some are roasted at a slow fire, or sawn in two, or cut into pieces, which palpitate beneath the steel; or they are buried alive all but the head, which is then left exposed to the inventive cruelty of the

most ingenious torturers in the world; namely, the black soldiers of the Emperor.

These detestable tortures are endured by all Moors, Arabs, Bedouins, and Berbers, with sombre resignation. It is nothing uncommon to see them in the squares and market-places, standing nailed by the hand or ear to the gallows, smoking their pipe as quietly as if they were witnessing a public festival; or, when they have been set free after mutilation, picking up with a careless air their ear, or their hand, and walking off with it at a composed and deliberate pace.

It has been remarked, however, that it is the victims of political oppression, and not ordinary criminals, who by their courage and firmness have shown their scorn and defiance of their tormentors.

As the Sultan of Morocco is out of the way of any foreign aggression, up to the period of his war with France, he had no other use for his army than to maintain public peace and levy the taxes. The Moorish army is divided into the Emperor's troops, which are called Almagazen, and troops of the Pacha, whose service is irregular. The first are paid directly by the Emperor, the second by the towns and their districts, which usually bestow land upon them, as Sylla did on his veterans.

The Almagazen, in 1789, amounted to thirty-two

thousand, but at present they are not more than sixteen thousand—eight thousand infantry, and eight thousand cavalry.

Every important town has, in addition to the soldiers of the Pacha, a sort of national guard, in which every one capable of bearing arms, except Jews and slaves, is enrolled. These guards are not obliged to do duty beyond the limits of their own district. The soldiers of the Almagazen receive every year two shirts, two turbans, two pairs of shoes, and a caftan of red cloth; and, besides being equipped and armed at the expense of the Sultan, they receive also pay of about a quarter of a duro (one shilling) a day. This is not all; for, as they form the chief strength of the Sultan, he enables them to make considerable profits by charging them to escort ambassadors, consuls, travellers, and rich merchants. When he is pleased with them also, he often sends presents to their wives, and, to render the attention more delicate, he chooses the days when their little boys are to be circumcised. The Emperor, therefore, can count on the gratitude of his Almagazen, and within the memory of man they have never been known to turn their arms against the Sultan.

When the Emperor goes on a campaign, he summons the Pacha's soldiers also, and every one, whatever the duration of the expedition, receives twenty duros

for himself, and three for his wife. Every Pacha organizes the national guard of his towns, and informs the Cadi of the tribes that they have to furnish their contingent—one man to ten tents, when the Sultan does not think proper to make a general levy. The moment the troops enter on a campaign, all without exception, regular or irregular, even to the Sultan's guard, live at the expense of the province which they occupy. Nothing is more simple than the military hierarchy. After the Pachas and the Kalifas come the Mocadems, who are real colonels; after the Mocadems the Alcaides, who have under their command as many as five hundred men; and then the inferior Alcaides, who have not more than twenty-five or thirty. The Sultan usually places himself at the head of his troops, and, if he ever sends a substitute, it is always one of his sons or other relations.

The Moorish soldier, being well fed, well paid, and well treated, is intrepid, docile, full of ardour and good-will. On foot as on horseback, he takes aim with his arquebuss, as did formerly the Numidian with his arrow, with almost incredible precision. You seem to see still the cavalry of Juba and Massinissa. The Shilogs especially excel in these military exercises.

At the commencement of a battle, the cavalry forms into two divisions, which extend in the form of a

crescent, leaving the infantry in the centre. Just before the attack, every man recites a verse of the Koran, and then, uttering in a terrible voice the war-cry of *La ilah ela ilah*, the entire army precipitates itself upon the enemy, who, if he can sustain the first attack, may be sure of the victory. Mocadems and Alcades endeavour in vain to rally their troops, and bring them back to the charge; nothing can restrain these fatalist soldiers; for in their slightest reverses they see a manifest sign that Allah has resolved not to favour their arms.

In their encounters with European troops, it is the defect of artillery that is chiefly fatal to them; but there are nevertheless in Morocco about two thousand artillerymen (almost all renegades), who are scattered through twenty-five fortresses, at Fez, Mequinez, the city of Morocco, at the entrance of the most dangerous defiles of Tangiers, Salé, and Laroche, and along the coasts of the Mediterranean and the ocean. Although by no means in a position to sustain a well-directed attack, the fortresses on the coast are the least dilapidated, and the best provided with cannon; the Moorish batteries, which are ill mounted and ill constructed, are composed of pieces of iron and bronze, of a calibre varying from eight to twenty-four. At Tangiers there are some mortars of unequal dimensions, but as to the use of the howitzer it is still unknown throughout.

Morocco; and, with the exception of the renegades, there is scarcely a man in the artillery capable of so much as using properly the drag or the sponge.

In the Almagazen the profession of a soldier is hereditary, and considered as that of a noble; it is a privilege, and when a family that has enjoyed it becomes extinct, the Emperor reserves to himself the privilege of conferring it on another.

All soldiers, whether belonging to the regular army or not, are bound to execute blindly the sentences pronounced by the Pachas and Cadis, with the exception of such as involve mutilation of members or loss of life. It is the Emperor himself who executes, by the hands of the negroes of his guard, all mutilations and sentences of death. At the first aspect, it certainly seems astonishing that noble soldiers should thus allow themselves to be converted into executioners; but we must remember that, throughout the East, this title of executioner awakens no sentiment of horror or reprobation.

Small in number, and ill disciplined as the regular Moorish army is, it may be regarded as admirably organized in comparison with that of the navy, of which the administration of Abderrahman has precipitated the downfall.

In 1793, when Muley Soliman ascended the throne,

his fleet was composed of ten frigates, four brigantines, fourteen galleys, and nineteen gun-boats, manned by six thousand experienced sailors.

That of Abderrahman does not now exceed three brigantines, which could scarcely carry forty guns, and of four large gun-boats, more or less fit for service, which lie at the mouths of the Buregreg, the Bucos, and the Marlil.

This last-mentioned river bathes the half-crumbling ramparts of Tetuan. Brigantines and boats are manned by, at most, fifteen hundred men, and in this number we must count not only the officers of the navy and their men, but the workmen of the ports. The latter are said to be tolerably skilful as carpenters; but as for the rest, both officers and men probably exceed in ignorance all other sailors in the world. There is not a fisherman on the coast of Audalusia who would not be capable of giving them a lesson in exact science and naval tactics.

There are neither dockyards nor arsenals except those of Salé, and even there the works have been nearly abandoned since Abderrahman conceived the unfortunate idea of building a great corvette, which when completely finished, and decorated with all its sails, could not be so much as launched on the sea.

CHAPTER III.

PRODUCTIONS OF THE SOIL.—PRESENT STATE OF INDUSTRY
AND COMMERCE.

ON this stupid and brutal government, which does not so much as know how to constitute itself, or organize its means of defence and self-preservation, Heaven has bestowed one of the most beautiful and fertile countries of the earth. With the exception of the lofty summits of the Atlas, its entire surface, hills, valleys, and plains, are covered with a rich productive vegetable soil, composed of ochre loam and gypsum, admirably combined with silex and the detritus of the forests. Nowhere are to be seen any traces of subterranean convulsion or volcanic eruptions. As in other parts of Africa, the mountains are now almost stripped of their forests; though broom, box, and mastic trees form thick copses, which must be rooted out before any plantations on a grand scale could be undertaken. At some distance from the towns, magnificent woods of oak, beech, juniper, and other trees of a hard and solid wood, are still found; but if this country is not soon snatched

from the barbarism which is desolating it, before the lapse of another half century these woods also will have disappeared. In them, during the frequent civil wars, the exiles from the vanquished parties take refuge, and, to drive them out, their enemies can devise no better method than fire and devastation.

For a space forming a circumference of several leagues, every considerable town is surrounded by huertas of meadows, fields, and gardens, separated from one another by superb hedges of mastic-trees. As far as the eye can reach, nothing meets it in the well-cultivated huertas but groves of orange-trees, citron, lemon, and mulberry; here and there intersected by trellises of vines, trained over maple-trees, as in the south of France, and by fruit-trees of every kind. You might imagine yourself in the south of Spain, but that the rivers of Morocco are more abundant, more limpid, more rich in fish—that the canals, with their banks thickly set with tall poplars and gigantic reeds, are in much better preservation than even in Murcia and Valencia—and that the vegetation generally is more vigorous and splendid, and the fruit larger, of a finer flavour, and more exquisite perfume. To say the truth, however, these canals, formed for the purposes of irrigation, are almost the only thing that is well kept in Morocco, perhaps because they have

been made the object of a special chapter of the Koran.

Many of the huertas are so badly attended to, that after a certain time the gardens convert themselves into prairies, the high grass stifles the orange-trees and pomegranates, the roses and other flowers which, in Morocco, are clothed in such gorgeous hues, disappear beneath red and white nettles, marsh-mallows, and other rough and vigorous daughters of Flora in her wild and rustic garb, and these in Africa develop themselves with a rapidity and energy unknown even to the south of Europe. The kitchen-gardens which surround the towns in Morocco, and in which all our vegetables would thrive extremely well, ought alone to be sufficient to enrich the country; but the present system of careless and unintelligent culture, has reduced them to be little better than thorny thickets and rugged grass plats, where multitudes of lizards and serpents crawl and wind, and wriggle and hiss, among the blue and white shades that glitter in the sun. Nature has done all for man in this country; nothing more is necessary than to loosen and open the ground to develop the utmost fertility; but man is so completely sunk in habits of sloth and abject poverty, that if any mode of improvement were suggested to him that would cost the slightest trouble, he would not adopt it. He sows a

little wheat, and maize, and barley, almost at random, and gathers it in also at random, and mixed with such a quantity of weeds, that one would sometimes think they were the principal object of culture.

No kind of manure is ever used—not the slightest attention is paid to avoid exhausting the ground, although close to the arable lands stretch out vast uncultivated plains, where half-wild cattle and untamed horses roam about among the brambles and brushwood.

The corn is cut with extremely small sickles, by which the task of gathering in the harvest is rendered so tedious that the Moors get tired of it before they have done. They cut it at only half the length of the stalk, or in fact very often cut nothing more than the ears, which stick up beyond the weeds; and as the work is never undertaken but at the last moment, when the ears, over-ripe and immoderately swelled, allow much of the grain to escape, even they are half empty when they are at length piled up on the carts which are to transport them to the village. In spite, however, of such stupid negligence, the cereals of Morocco are of superior quality; but the means of preserving them for exportation, or even for consumption on the spot, are so little understood that they are almost always half spoiled. It is only in the towns, or in the villages close to the towns, that

it is ever placed in well-closed chambers. Those who have most foresight bury it in the ground in straw or osier baskets, as the only means of withdrawing it from the cupidity of the Pachas, who, for the maintenance of the Sultan's household, for the troops, or on some other pretext, make every now and then general razzias among the villages, which ruin at a blow their entire population.

Of all the natural productions of Europe and Africa, there is not a single one which might not thrive in Morocco. Flax and hemp, as well as the vine, the olive, and tobacco, might become a source of inexhaustible wealth, if there did not seem to be absolutely pains taken to thwart the fair nature which, under this glorious climate, on the banks of these fine rivers, in these plains of perpetual verdure, seems to lavish for mere waste her most precious treasures.

The culture of tobacco is somewhat less neglected than that of the olive or the vine; but the Moorish tobacco is too strong, its odour is extremely disagreeable, and it would be very difficult to get it accepted, even by the most miserable presidarios of Alhucemas and Ceuta.

Here and there, in the plains, you meet with the remains of the vast plantations of olives mentioned by the ancient chroniclers; but this graceful shrub

is now only found in its wild state, and, dwarfed and knotty, it only produces insipid fruit, and the Moors are reduced to make their oil out of the bitter berries of the mastic-tree. It has a detestable flavour; but the poor people, as they have no other, make use of it to season their food. It answers well for burning, however, and gives a very bright light.

The vine has disappeared from the hills, and from the land which is most favourable to it; it is only found now in the low bottoms, at a small distance from the towns; and the tasteless grapes that it yields are never converted into wine, for the Morocco government, which permits the people to intoxicate themselves with the wines of Spain, opposes the manufacture of their own in every possible way. Rich proprietors do, nevertheless, in secret crush their grapes, and, before the mast has done fermenting, they drink the abominable liquor that flows from it, and fall almost immediately into a heavy and stupid intoxication, from which they only recover to feel sick and weak for a long time.

Some years ago the Jews had obtained from the Emperor permission to make a little wine, which they prepared according to the methods practised in the southern provinces of Spain; and this wine was, it is said, as good if not better than that of Alicante or

Malaga; but the Emperor having discovered that the Jews did not keep a single drop for themselves, but sold it all to the Moors, the permission was immediately withdrawn.

At present the Jews only make a kind of brandy (and that underhand, and in secret) from bunches of grapes, figs, pears, dates, and a quantity of other fruit, all jumbled together, which, after having fermented for a long time, yield a liquor excessively strong, but whose villanous flavour they vainly try to correct, by steeping aromatic herbs in it for a week.

Since the period when the French undertook to colonize Africa, the Moors have wished to naturalize the potatoe among them; but after the first attempt the most resolute became disgusted, and the experiment will certainly not be repeated for a long time. We may say the same of the cultivation of cotton, which, without having been abandoned, cannot nevertheless count among the resources of the country.

The only abundant harvest which is regularly reaped at Morocco, which scarcely ever fails, and which may therefore be regarded as one of the regular resources of the mountain population, is that of the *kermes*, an insect which the Amazirgas and the Shilogs bring to sell in the towns, as the Moorish dyers know how to extract from it a red colour, of a quality that bids defiance

to time. To this crop we must add that of honey and wax, for which no more labour is needed than to settle the bees, whose innumerable swarms the entire army of Morocco could not destroy. The case is much the same with the mulberry-trees as with the bees. In vain are they neglected, torn up by the roots, left to be choked by the tangled mass of vegetation springing up around them. All over the country this magnificent tree is seen, green and flourishing, and myriads of silkworms deposit upon it their rich cocoons. For a long time, nevertheless, there has been very little silk made in Morocco, though the little that has been gathered has been found far superior to that produced in the Spanish huertas. It might be made one of the most important branches of African commerce.

If agriculture languishes in Morocco, pastures abound, and the cattle which graze on them are among the finest and healthiest in the world.

The Moors might export immense cargoes of butter, cheese, and meat; and as it is, the garrison and civil population of Gibraltar depend on them for their supplies of food.

The bulls of Morocco have certainly not that stately appearance, and lively deportment, which makes the toreros of Cadiz and Seville say, that the bulls of Andalusia are true hidalgos; but if they were only

attended to with some little intelligent care, so as to improve the breed, the African cattle would be equal even to them in vigour and fire.

The Moorish mules are at present preferable to those of Spain—less capricious, wilful, and indocile, and more able to support the fatigues of a long journey; for power of enduring hunger and toil they may be compared indeed to the camel.

These mules are usually sold at a very low price; but there have been sometimes extraordinarily fine ones for which the dealers of Gibraltar have been willing to give as much as three hundred duros, about fifteen hundred francs. We are not ourselves surprised at this, as we have seen in the French Pyrenees mules that we should have preferred to the most tractable and spirited horse.

The Moorish horses, however, are quite worthy to maintain their place, by the fleetness of their pace—their marvellous agility—the strength of their muscles, the incomparable beauty of their limbs—and the elegant pride which is always found united with docility. One cannot avoid recognising in them the nobility and purity of blood that proclaims them chiefs of the chosen race from which the Andalusian horses have sprung. The horse and the mule—these are the true servants of the Moorish Arab, and not the camel, which is seldom

found in these northern provinces. He only breathes at his ease in the burning air of the desert; and abounds only in the remote districts of Morocco, which border on the vast sandy solitudes. To the mule and the horse we must add an excellent species of ass; lively, gentle, strong, and swift as a stag.

We will not dwell much longer on the riches lavished by nature on this country; but merely add, that from their Mediterranean shores, or even from Rabat, Salé, and other ports on the ocean, the Moors might carry on fishery on as large a scale as is done at Gibraltar and Ceuta, if, instead of the inconvenient harpoon, they knew how to employ an ingenious system of nets, like the European fishermen. But the Moors have so little idea of taking advantage of their position with respect to sea-fish, that they do not even salt the legions of sardines which both the Mediterranean and the Atlantic fling towards them, but leave them to become utterly spoiled. In the rivers of the interior, eels, tench, turtle, and in general all the best kinds of river fish, swarm; but if the Arabs of Morocco, descended in a direct line from the ancient inhabitants of India or Egypt, and regarded every fish as a divine being, and every river as a temple, they could not have more repugnance for river fishing. Were it not for the Christians and Jews, who take vast quantities of them, and indeed in some

of the provinces make them their principal food—the fish would die only of old age, and of their excessive multiplication, which, as it is, blocks up even the canals of irrigation. Moorish despotism unfortunately governs the climate and soil, as it governs the population. From one district to the other, from one town to the other, the communications often remain interrupted for whole years; and the government really seems to exert itself, not only to render private correspondence extremely difficult, but even to suppress it altogether. You can neither send nor receive the simplest message, without first giving full information of all particulars to the Emperor, or the Pachas, Kalifas, and Cadis who are the depositaries of his terrible power. If you wish not to fall into the hands of robbers, you cannot venture at all beyond the maritime towns but with a strong and expensive escort. Four lightly mounted men must go before to reconnoitre the valleys and plains;—and, when the country is at all open, they must lie concealed among the aloes and mastics at all the dangerous spots, until the rest of the party can come up with them. One must take good care to neglect none of these precautions until one has reached the end of the journey.

There are no roads in Morocco except terribly bad paths, which the weather is every day rendering more

impracticable. There are no bridges over large or small rivers; and when there comes a storm, a heavy rain, or an inundation, the communication between the two banks is suddenly interrupted, and there is no way of passing, unless one has a mind, at the risk of his life, to cross on inflated skins. There are of course no carriages of any kind, and where the beasts of burden can no longer make their way, men and even women have to carry the heaviest burdens. Even in the plains it is difficult enough, Heaven knows, to transport goods safely on the backs of camels, horses, mules, or asses. There is in fact no commerce—and, to justify an assertion that may appear too absolute, we have only to mention, that every branch of internal or external trade is a monopoly secured by the Emperor to the Jews, under the most onerous conditions. The contractors themselves would infallibly be ruined, if they did not in their turn ruin the population by buying their native produce almost for nothing, and selling their imported foreign commodities at an exorbitant price. And after all—with all their frauds, dishonest operations, and infamous manœuvres—they have no better prospect at last than poverty and ruin; for they are scarcely ever able to escape the exactions and confiscations of the rapacious government.

Whether imported or exported, all kinds of mer-

chandise pay enormous duties at the custom-houses of Tangiers, Tetuan, and the other towns on the coast.

These customs form indeed the principal resources of the Emperor—along with the Djadzia, or vassal's contribution, which the Jews have paid from the time of the Arab invasion—and the Narba, or direct contribution, which is a kind of exaction imposed on the nomadic tribes wherever the authority of the Sultan can reach them.

M. Seraphin Calderon estimates the mean annual revenue of the Emperor of Morocco at two millions of duros (the duro is about four shillings), and at nine hundred and ninety thousand, the total of the expenses for which he is obliged to provide. It is evident, therefore, what an enormous sum goes every year into the imperial treasury buried at Mesquinez.

This treasure is kept in a fortress, covered with iron, and with a line of triple fortifications. It is called Beital Mel, or Palace of Riches, and may be considered as the private property of the Emperor. A special guard of two thousand negroes is charged with the duty of watching over it. The interior of the fortress is divided into chambers filled with silver coins, and cells full of gold; and, before you can reach any one of them, you have to pass through five doors, loaded with iron, and fastened with enormous locks, of which the Sultan

keeps the keys. Nothing can be imagined more mysterious than the inside of this formidable building, and its secrets are by no means known even to viziers and favourites of the sovereign. Formerly it was the practice to send criminals condemned to death into it, to deposit, before the execution of their sentence, the treasures collected at Morocco, Tetuan, and the other principal points of the empire. Abderrahman is the first who has neglected this barbarous precaution.

When we come to examine the various tariffs on which the Sultan depends for the principal portion of his revenue, we cannot help feeling astonished that any commerce can possibly subsist beneath such an oppressive burden. There is scarcely a single article of which the value is not almost wholly absorbed by the import or export duties; and, as the government is nevertheless obliged to yield concessions to almost every one who claims them boldly, there exist almost as many tariffs as there are merchants. It is, besides, not merchandise only which has to pay these customs; there is a class of persons who, on entering or leaving the Turkish dominion, are subjected to the same kind of valuation as the tissues and oils—we allude to the Jews, who pay according to their age, their sex, and even their state of health. Old men and women, returning to Morocco, are but slightly taxed; but children, young men, young

women, as well as men in the prime of life, are taxed exorbitantly.

It will readily be supposed, that with such a system of commerce and social economy, smuggling goes on increasing at a gigantic rate; and since the commerce, such as it is, is regarded as the chief source of the Sultan's revenue, it may also be imagined that the measures adopted for its suppression are not wanting in severity. Besides the confiscation of the goods smuggled, the smuggler, if poor, is unmercifully beaten with sticks; if rich, he is imprisoned, loaded with chains, and ruinously fined. Yet, in spite of these pitiless laws, smuggling goes on at every possible point, and almost in open day, especially with respect to Spanish currency, the duro only excepted. To prevent the fraudulent circulation of the duro, the Sultan was obliged to decree that it should have throughout Morocco the same value as in Spain. Before that decree it was considered worth seven and a half pesetas, (about 5s. 10d.) instead of five (3s. 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ d.) As to other coins and foreign merchandise, Abderrahman has found a sure method of not losing too much by the undertakings of the defrauders of his revenue, which is simply that of going into partnership with them. Moorish smugglers are divided into two classes perfectly distinct. The one exposes itself to the shots of the soldiers and the bastinado of the Pacha on its own

exclusive account; and the other has the Sultan for a secret accomplice. Every maritime town has its customhouse directed by an Amir (administrator of rents), and at present it is usually the Pacha himself, who fills this office. Every day, in the towns situated on the coast on the Mediterranean, the Pacha is himself, from nine o'clock in the morning till three in the afternoon, busied at the customhouse, assisted by two secretaries, a Jangeur, and twenty soldiers.

The Jangeur is one of the principal inhabitants of the town, and, like the Pacha, he is supposed to exercise his functions gratuitously; but every one knows how well the Moorish official personages contrive to pay themselves for their services. The two secretaries receive the monthly payment of five duros* (about four shillings a week.)

* Since the conquest of Algeria, Abderrahman has been endeavouring to get his money into circulation beyond his own dominions, and it is therefore desirable to state its exact value. The bandqui of gold is worth two Spanish duros, or eight shillings. The silver bandqui thirteen reals, or about one and eightpence, and something less than a farthing. The copper fous, four maravedis, or two-thirds of a half-penny. Besides these, there exist in Morocco imaginary coins, such as the blanquio, worth twelve maravedis, and the half blanquio, worth six. This metal coinage is roughly minted, and nothing can be easier than to imitate it. The entire currency is worth much less than its nominal value. At Tetuan, Tangiers, and some other towns, the merchants themselves coin their copper money; but the Sultan reserves to himself the privilege of making that of gold and silver.

The customhouses of Morocco have little to distinguish them from the buildings around them. They are mostly in a most decayed and dilapidated condition, with only one room—narrow, dark, and inconvenient—for the Pacha, the Jangeur, and the soldiers. In some places it is nothing more than a court enclosed by four walls, and open to the sky, and here, gravely seated crosslegged, and smoking his pipe, the Pacha looks on while the Jangeur values at random the merchandise; the secretaries then enter his estimates in a slovenly account-book, and the soldiers levy the dues, of which Pacha, Jangeur, secretaries, and soldiers together, manage to appropriate at least half.

The maritime commerce of Morocco may be estimated at about two millions of pounds sterling; of this two-thirds are carried on by England through Gibraltar, and the remaining third is divided unequally among the other Christian powers, and the two regencies of Tunis and Tripoli. The trade of Morocco with the African continent is still carried on by caravans. Every year the Sahara is traversed by six considerable ones, which usually employ from two thousand five hundred to three thousand camels, which transport, from the coast to the most distant countries of the interior, the manufactures and products of Europe, and those of Africa again to the coast. The most

numerous caravan is that of Morocco, which, before the conquest of Algeria by the French, coasted from west to east the declivities of the Atlas and the frontiers of the desert—traversed Algeria by the gorge of Ouan-ascherichs and the valley of Setif, and the famous defile of the Iron Gates, to reach Constantine and Tunis; followed as far as Tripoli the shores of the Gulf of Cebes, and thence by the sands of Barca proceeded to the vast desert of Libya.

When arrived there, they used to find themselves joined by the other caravans, which, coming by various roads from all Mussulman countries, form a kind of tumultuous army of four or five thousand persons, of both sexes and every age. Since the conquest of Algiers, however, the caravans of Morocco have changed their route, and go by sea to the point of general rendezvous. Great caravans penetrate in another direction, as far into Soudan as Timbuctoo, Kanou, and Noufi, which are the three principal routes leading from the country of the blacks. They bring from the negroes, gold dust, gooroo nuts, buffalo skins, elephants' teeth, senna, alkali, rhinoceros' horns, indigo, diamonds, a favourite perfume called black-bhour, or gum of Soudan, and a kind of green stuff manufactured by the blacks.

M. Seraphin Calderon appears to think that the great:

caravans stop at the left bank of the Niger; but must we conclude from that, that they enter into no relation at all with the savage populations of the right? We are of a contrary opinion, and a curious fact related to us at Tangiers, offers us some confirmation.

When the Moors or Arabs have reached the left bank of the Niger, they deposit on a hill the merchandise which they desire to sell. They then retire, and the negroes advance and examine the goods. For three days buyers and sellers repeat this singular manœuvre, and after that it is very seldom that they fail to come to an understanding.

To see the Moor and Arab races thus venturing into the depths of the African continent for the sake of a simple barter trade, in spite of all the perils and fatigues by which they are decimated, enables one easily to imagine that there is no occasion to despair of their future prospects.

To what degree of prosperity might they not attain, if European civilisation could reach them so as to develop freely those energetic social instincts, of which ages of barbarism and a cruel and enervating despotism have not entirely deprived them? It is the spirit, or rather the instinctive desire for trade, and not now religious fanaticism, which impels them to undertake these long journeys away from their native country.

This religious fanaticism, which, though slumbering, yet from time to time manifests itself convulsively in paroxysms of superstition, such as at no epoch any other Mussulman society has exhibited, can now, as we are about to show, not even inspire them with the idea of great enterprises, far less with the power of successfully accomplishing them.



P. C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

CHAPTER IV.

RELIGIOUS FAITH.—MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.—ARTS AND EMPLOYMENTS.—PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.—CONCLUSION.

THE Mussulmans of Morocco pique themselves on being the most faithful disciples of the prophet; they belong to the sect of Sunnites, and are full of contempt and hatred for the disciples of Ali. But, although in their eyes Turks, Egyptians, and even the Arabs of French Africa, are complete heretics, there is little essential difference in their system of faith, and that of the other nations subjected to Islam. They are distinguished from those whom they despise, not by their dogmas, not by their moral instruction, but merely by a certain number of customs, and superstitious extravagances, which we are about to describe, in order to afford the means of appreciating Moorish fanaticism.

In every province of the Empire there exist two all-powerful families, who pretend to trace their descent in direct line, the one from Mahomet, the other from Ishmael. Both are the objects of a veneration equal to that enjoyed by the Sultan himself, and their houses

are places of sanctuary for all criminals, which even the officers of the sovereign would take very good care not to violate.

In the distant mountainous regions, these privileged families have the monopoly of all enchantments and sorceries; and within sixty miles of Ceuta, and at the very gates of Tetuan, and the most considerable towns of Morocco, some of them have fallen back completely to the savage state, without losing any thing of the prestige of their power.

It may be imagined to what excesses they are emboldened by the impunity secured to them by the invincible prejudices of the population. At present they form numerous hordes, living in the nomadic state, and often rushing with furious cries of "Alleh! Alleh!" through cities, villages, and douairs. The most dangerous, the most barbarous of these tribes, bears the name of Eisaqua; they seldom show themselves more than once a year in the town, on the day when the feast of the third moon (corresponding with Easter), but on that one day they commit more cruelty and violence than all the others together for two years.

It is a belief universally diffused throughout Morocco, that in order to dispose Heaven favourably towards you, it is absolutely necessary to offer a magnificent entertainment to the Eisaquas.

These banquets they commence by drinking an intoxicating philter composed of wild herbs, which soon deprives them of every remainder of human feeling. The repast finished, they rush into the streets and public squares, knocking down and killing on the spot, men women, children, animals—all who come in their way; and, as soon as they see the blood flowing, mimic the roaring of the lion, or the growl of the tiger, or the cry of the screech-owl, the eagle, or the jackal. On this particular day every Eisaqua takes the name of some wild beast, or bird of prey, whose cruel instincts he endeavours to imitate; and, however short a time the festival may last, they excite themselves to such a pitch of fury, that they mostly end by tearing and killing each other.

The ceremonies of Islam worship are not very complicated, although at different periods of the day the disciples of the Koran are obliged to interrupt their business and avocations, whatever they may be, to recite prayers, and perform certain religious duties; but this obligation is not quite so onerous as Europeans imagine, as it may be fulfilled in any place where they may happen to be—their own houses—the streets—the public places, and even the baths.

Every Mussulman is bound by the precepts of his religion to pray at sunrise—at noon—at three or four

o'clock—and at seven o'clock in the evening in winter, and nine in summer. At each of these hours a Moor—it is almost always an old man or a child—gives the signal by singing a hymn on the minaret of the principal mosque, on the top of which he hoists a white flag. A moment afterwards the signal is repeated on the towers of all the inferior mosques; and for about a minute you see, above the black houses of the towns on all sides, the figures of these old men and children waving their white banners while they chant.

Like Christianity and Judaism, Islam has its weekly festival; it is celebrated on the Friday, and on that day the prayers are redoubled. And between twelve and one o'clock in the day real homilies are pronounced, which it is the duty of every Mussulman to go, with his family or his tribe, and hear. Manual labour is never interdicted in Morocco, either on the Friday or on any of the festivals;—but though it is not obligatory, rich and poor devote the day to repose and recreation, from the first firing of a gun at sunrise, which announces the commencement of the festival, to the salvo of artillery, which gives warning of its close.

Every time that he proposes to enter a mosque, every time that he performs the most trifling action necessary for the preservation of his life, the Moorish Mussulman is obliged to purify himself by a longer or shorter

ablution; and if it cannot be done with water, or in case of an illness, in which it would be infallibly injurious to the health of the body—the law permits him to supply its place with sand or a stone, which the Cadi, in his quality of priest, has blessed.

Independently of the weekly festival, the Moors have in the year four solemnities more or less long—the Ramadan and three others. The Ramadan is a fast of thirty days, during which not even opium or tobacco may be enjoyed. At the first hour of the day a salvo of artillery warns the true believers that the fast is begun, and immediately twenty trumpets fill the air with their flourishes, and it is at this moment that the white banners rise from the summit of the mosques. At sunset, the same noise and the same ceremonies give the signal for taking some food.

Five days before the end of the Ramadan, there is celebrated during the night (in Morocco, not throughout Islam) a noisy kind of saturnalia. The population hurries into the mosques, which are suddenly illuminated in a dazzling manner—every body is in motion—embracing, shouting, singing, without any one understanding or concerning himself about the other. In all the houses, in all the streets and public places, on the very threshold of the temples, the people give themselves up to the most hideous excesses of intemperance.

Twenty-five days of a senseless fast, in weakening their bodies, have depraved their minds, and left them defenceless against the temptations of vice.

All night long you meet in the streets only bands of drunken men and prostitutes. Christians and Jews take care to shut themselves up in their houses, and even keep them carefully barricaded. Should they venture to make a single step beyond their shelter, they would expose themselves to a cruel death, or to treatment worse than death itself.

But by one of those caprices which are common enough among these half savage nations, this night, when the Mussulmans give full play to their passions, is the only one in which it is not considered a crime for a Christian or a Jew to repel force by force, if any attempt is made to break open their houses.

The festival following the Ramadan, and which commences the next day, is little else than a continuation of the saturnalia of the twenty-fifth, except that for eight days the amusement of horse-racing is added to the frightful debaucheries, that generally end in fevers, and various kinds of hideous maladies, which carry off by hundreds the dissolute followers of Mahomet.

Early in the morning the solemnity is begun by the Pacha and Cadi issuing from the principal gate of the town, preceded by trumpets braying forth their most

deafening sounds, and followed by the garrison, the whole body of priests and attendants of the mosques, and the inhabitants of the town, led by the Alcaldes of the various quarters, and bearing gigantic banners.

They repair altogether to an open field, surrounding a rough building of wood and masonry, whose two broad façades look toward the east and west. In the centre is formed a colossal wooden staircase, by which the inferior ministers of Islam ascend to chant hymns, or stimulate the devotion of the people by their continual reproaches.

To the right and left open two windows, at which the Pacha and the Cadi seat themselves, the Pacha to the north, and the Cadi to the south; and at a given signal there is silence, and the Cadi pronounces, or rather chants, in a nasal voice, a homily which lasts about an hour. The subject is almost always some commonplace morality, well stuffed with maxims and sentences, which for ages have been familiar to the memories of the whole auditory. As soon as he has descended from his station at the window, the Cadi receives for his trouble four duros, or sixteen shillings; and immediately afterwards the strange procession is again in motion on its return towards the town. When it reaches the principal square, the Pacha gets himself majestically saluted by four or five firings of cannon;

and at this signal priests, soldiers, merchants, men and women, disperse, and every one is free to go and celebrate the festival in whatever manner he pleases.

The *second* religious festival is fixed for the first day of the twelfth moon. (It is known that the calendar of Islam is divided, according to the course of the moon, into six months of thirty days, and six of twenty-nine.) This festival would not differ at all from the one already described, were it not for a custom still more whimsical than any of the others. A procession is formed like the above-mentioned one, but when it has arrived at the open fields, the Cadi, instead of beginning to drone over his eternal sermon, immediately seizes a sheep, strikes it at random with his dagger, throws it before him on his horse, and, making good use of his whip and stick, sets off at full gallop towards the town.

If, when he stops at his own door, the sheep be still alive, the following year will be a favourable one, and the harvest will be abundant. If it be dead, terrible disasters may be expected; and the true believers disperse, uttering the most lamentable cries, to which, nevertheless, there soon succeed the clamour and yells of pleasure and intoxication.

The *third* holiday is intended to celebrate the birth of the prophet, and is not altogether so noisy a one as the other, though there are banquets in the houses and

gardens, processions, sermons, prayers, and salvoes of artillery. It is singular that the eve of St. John's day should be celebrated in Morocco, as in the south of France, by bonfires and public rejoicings; but is also the only day of this third religious holiday on which excesses and extravagances are committed. On the banks of the rivers and brooks, on the sea-coast, the populace assembles in crowds in a tumultuous manner; the Moorish authorities do not pique themselves on exercising any watchful superintendence over their behaviour on that day, and indeed if they did, it would not be to much purpose. They could not prevent a number of families from having to go into mourning, as an ordinary consequence of this holiday rejoicing.

The law of Mahomet, which prescribes so rigorously the rite of circumcision, has not indicated the age at which the ceremony is to take place. In Morocco the boys do not undergo the operation till after seven years of age, and on the anniversary of the death of the prophet. The ceremony is performed in private, in the mosque; but a family festival is held on the occasion, and all the relations are assembled at the repast. Some years ago, the followers of Islam professed so much indifference with respect to this, the most positive, imperative precept of their religious law, that there are now numbers of uncircumcised Mussulmans to be met

with. But Africa is a land of violent passions and impetuous reaction; and only two years ago the fervour of Mahometanism was suddenly rekindled in such an energetic manner, that bands of pious personages rushed even into the houses of the most powerful families, and brutally seizing on the uncircumcised boys, dragged them to the mosques, and had them operated on by impromptu surgeons, who had undertaken to make them immediately submit to the conditions required by Mussulman orthodoxy.

We have related with scrupulous exactness many follies, many miseries, unknown to European nations, even to those who are the nearest neighbours of Morocco. It must not, however, be imagined that African Mahometanism has not relaxed any thing at all of its ancient intolerance; and it should not be forgotten that these Moorish Arabs are the direct descendants of those Spanish Moors who, by their skilful and humane policy, as much as by their courage, kept their place on the other side of the Straits for more than three hundred years. At Fez, at Mesquinez, throughout the Empire, in spite of their abject servility, the Jews are allowed the free exercise of their religion at all times except on the holiday occasions, when excess and debauchery have excited and infuriated a blind hatred towards foreigners. It is the same

with the Christians, if only they do not offend against the laws. Morocco is the only Mahometan country where, even during the last three centuries, Jews as well as Christians have the right to hold houses and land; the only one in which (the holidays always excepted) they may mingle freely with the rest of the population, without fear of being subjected to arbitrary fines and exactions.

Music plays a great part in the public demonstrations of the Moors. Their only instruments are still what they were at the time of their occupation of Cordova and Grenada—the narrow mandoline with its piercing sound, the two-stringed violin, the drum, and the flute; and, during the fêtes, the young people often sing in voices sweet, expressive, and of great compass, interminable songs of war and love. Nothing can be more plaintive than some of these Moorish songs, the rhythm of which is precisely the same as that of the jacaras or Andalusian romances.

The dances in which the men sometimes during the holidays deign to take a part, would closely resemble the fandango and cachucha, were it not for the contortions, convulsions, indecent gestures, frightful grimaces, and perilous leaps, putting the agility of our mountebanks to shame, which completely denaturalize those impassioned and graceful popular ballets.

of Valentia and Seville. During the rest of the year the Moorish women dance among themselves, alone or in couples; the negroes of Morocco, however, are as passionately fond of a ball as their American brethren can be; and, free or slaves, they assemble every Friday to dance in the presence of their Alcalde, who opens the ball. But, besides dancing, they employ some of the time which they do not devote to business or religion, in horsemanship and military manœuvres, which remind one of the celebrated jousts of the middle ages among the Arabs in Spain. Sometimes, also, they are seen playing at chess in the public coffee-houses, or sleeping beneath the shade of the trees in their huertas. We have spoken of business among the Moors, but it is only in the neighbourhood of the ports, or when they are preparing for a pilgrimage, that the Moors and Arabs really occupy themselves with matters of trade; at all other times they remain almost completely idle. Burdened as it is with oppressive monopolies, it may be supposed that the national industry is in a very backward state; in fact, it can hardly be said to exist, if we except the fabrication of articles of positive necessity, such as paper, crockery, the common kinds of silk, and especially that of the famous leather, which, after having been begun at Cordova under the Arabs of Spain, has taken its name from this country of

Morocco, which afforded them an asylum after their expulsion.

As for architecture, sculpture, painting, and all the arts, which in Spain once shed such a lustre on Mussulman civilisation, it would be of very little use to seek for their vestiges in Morocco.

The dark mosques with their massive towers, the three immense palaces of the Emperor, the houses of the Pachas and of some opulent Jews, and a few others, have no recommendation but that of solidity of construction. A few light columns around the court of the mosque, in the midst of which gushes up the abundant fountain that furnishes the water for ablutions—this is the only architectural decoration that marks the spot where the descendants of the builders of the Alhambra come to prepare themselves for prayer; and throughout the empire the poorer population who do not live in tents crouch beneath a thatched roof, which leans on a wall of at most three feet high. The family has to crawl on the ground to enter its miserable dwelling, through a narrow aperture (always turned towards the east), and there burrow half naked, men and women, old men and children, mingling promiscuously with the domestic animals.

Nothing proves the degradation of a people more than the degradation of costume. In the Alhambra of Grenada, in the only Arab painting that represents

human figures, the members of the Divan are seen arranging some expedition with their Emir; and you are struck not only by their haughty and resolute bearing, but also by the singular elegance of their attire, the closely fitting jacket, the caftan and giridle with golden tassels, the bernouse with its hood falling with graceful negligence over one shoulder, and the turban retained on the temples by fillets of muslin and crimson wool. This costume is now seen at Morocco only at the court;—in the principal towns, and in the greatest houses elsewhere, the sandal of shining leather has been replaced by the papoush, the turban by the round cap, and the bernouse by the *haik*, a large piece of woollen stuff like a blanket. In the high valleys of the Atlas, even the cap and the papoush are given up; the mountaineers have almost always their heads bare and shaved, or sometimes they cut their hair close with their daggers, leaving only one long lock towards the middle of the head, which attains its natural length. They only put on the *haik* on grand occasions, when they go to war, or when their business calls them into the towns, or down to the plain. In the villages, or rather in the douairs, the costume of the people is reduced to little more than a pair of drawers, or a piece of cloth round the middle. The children, when they are not more than a week old, are

exposed to the sun in straw or osier baskets, till their skins, tanned and hardened, are able to resist all the inclemency of the seasons, and dispense with the use of clothes.

The costume of the women has degenerated as much as that of the men; it has declined as their ardent or melancholy beauty declines—long before old age. The Moorish women have almost all brown complexions, black large expressive eyes, and black hair, with soft regular features, an open expression of countenance, delicate hands, and small feet, at least by nature; but, from the rough domestic labour they are subjected to in the interior of the houses, the lower classes soon get their feet flattened, wrinkled, and deformed. Their hair, also, the finest perhaps that has ever adorned the head of woman, retains but very few years its black lustrous wave. When they have reached a certain period of life, which is precisely that of their fullest development of youth and beauty, the women of Morocco dye their hair of various colours, with a dye formed of corrosive substances, which burn it, redden it, and at last destroy it altogether.

The brilliant costume of the Odalesques, the magnificence of which has been often exhibited in European theatres, is seldom worn by the rich Moorish women except at solemn ceremonies, and on those great days

when they rustle and glitter in diamonds and pearls, and all kinds of jewels, and load rather than adorn themselves with gold and silver cords, ear-rings, bracelets, rings, and necklaces. As soon as the last hour of the festival has struck, they bid farewell to jewels, elegant attire, and rich ornaments. High and low envelopé themselves, in public, in a large piece of woollen stuff, which leaves nothing visible but their eyes; and in the interior of their houses they wear a simple tunic of leather, or linen, which has little elegance, and indeed seldom even cleanliness, to recommend it. Women of the lower class, especially the peasantry, dress their heads in the open air in large straw hats, which give them a repulsive aspect. They not only stain their hair and nails with the juice of wild herbs, but trace a kind of tattooing on their hands, arms, and feet. Some of these juices are composed by mixing and pounding together the rind of green nuts, with part of the root of the nut-tree, a yellowish liquor, which gives to their teeth and lips the brilliant yellow colour of saffron. The highest degree of education found among the Moorish women of the upper class, is to know how to embroider in silk, or gold, certain emblems and devices which they bestow upon their husbands or their lovers. Most of them have no other occupation than spinning. Even far in the interior of

Africa, their woollen thread is highly esteemed for its fineness.

The poor women pass their lives in the field, in cultivating the ground, keeping flocks, gathering herbs and roots, and collecting dry wood, which they sell at the doors of the mosques. In no family, even the most powerful, is it considered necessary to teach women to read, write, or do any thing which might tend to form or elevate their minds; and quite enough is supposed to be done for their moral and religious education, if they are hindered, not by any considerations of virtue or honour, but by terror and ill-treatment, from failing in their conjugal duties. The condition of the women of Morocco is the most odious that can be imagined. Adultery, or even the least suspicion of it, is punished with death; and, by the letter of the law, the husband can divorce his wife by merely explaining his motives to the Cadi, or even without giving himself any such trouble. The Mahometans of Africa have conformed more scrupulously than those of Asia, it must be admitted, to the counsels of the prophet, who recommends true believers not to marry more than four wives at a time; for, with the exception of the Emperor, the Pachas, and great personages in general, few of the Moors practise polygamy; but every body takes concubines, who, for

some time, occupy nearly the same place in the family as the legitimate wife.

From the very commencement, however, of their precocious old age, these concubines are abandoned, as if no sentiment of tenderness had ever been felt for them; scarcely do even their own children retain towards them any feeling—we will not say of respect or affection, but of mere compassion.

It is a hideous spectacle, then, to see these poor creatures, repulsed and degraded as they are, giving themselves up recklessly to inebriety, gluttony, and indescribable licentiousness, and, exaggerating a common vice of the feminine nature, busying themselves in nothing so much as in slander, and in stirring up strife among their friends and relations. From these women, no longer young, and forsaken by their husbands or lovers, the ranks of prostitution in Morocco are recruited, for in this respect Morocco differs from most Mussulman countries. Prostitution is not merely tolerated, but authorized, and pays its regular contribution to the state. In order not to have to return to this painful topic, we may add here that the most abandoned Moorish women, who have reached the last extremity of corruption and vice, obstinately refuse to give themselves up to Christians, Jews, or any kind of foreigner. Sometimes, indeed, they will endeavour to

entice them into their dens, but it is only to betray them to miscreants, who are the very refuse even of Moorish society, and from amongst whom they seldom escape with their lives.

The education of the men is almost as much neglected as that of the women. There exists, it is true, in all the mosques, a kind of system of mutual instruction, presided over by the priest; but this priest considers that he has fulfilled his task when, by dint of shouts and blows, he has succeeded in fixing in the memory of the pupil a hundred verses from the Koran, which he himself would by no means be capable of explaining. Only those destined to the sacerdotal office, and to that of Cadi, or Cadi's secretary, are ever taught writing or arithmetic.

The Moorish government does not concern itself in any way with public education; and when, some years ago, a few European merchants founded a college at Tetuan, to which they admitted the children of Jews as well as Moors, it immediately took the alarm, and the college was suppressed. Official documents are drawn up in the Arabic language, or what is called the language of the Koran, although even the personages known by the name of Fétis, Talbas, or Sages of the Koran, are barely able to read and write it.

The language of the population in general, only

consists of a mixture of barbarous dialects, with their guttural sounds and harsh or squeaking syllables.

The art of printing has not yet penetrated into any part of the Moorish empire; every thing is written with the hand, though with admirable neatness, and on excellent paper; and if ever this country should be completely thrown open to Europe, medicine, philosophy, history, and many sciences, may make in it some valuable discoveries; for not only in all the mosques, but in the houses of almost all the Moorish families who inhabit the towns, there is preserved an immense number of manuscripts, which date from the most brilliant epochs of Mussulman civilisation. Down to the beginning of the seventeenth century, as is well known, the Arabs set a high value on their intellectual treasures; and enormous sums were offered, by the sultans of Fez and Morocco, to the kings of Spain, for the books which their ancestors had been forced to abandon in Grenada.

The present dynasty, proceeding from the distant sands of Tafilet, where Oriental civilisation has never yet penetrated, has given the last blow to Arab literature and science. Only a few years ago the mosque of Carabin contained a great library, in which were deposited some of its most precious treasures. Under Abderrahman, books of poetry, philosophy,

history, theology, medicine, were not destroyed, but dispersed throughout the country among the Talbas and Cadis. The now nomadic part of the population have preserved more than their sultans the recollections of ancient Arab glories; these are still retained in traditions, which as they grow fainter become converted into a kind of instinct. The Moor of the present day, who does not understand a single letter of these manuscripts, not only obstinately refuses to part with them, but will not allow a stranger so much as a glimpse of the ancient parchments with which they are covered.

The Arab civilisation has thus become extinct in the country, on which, after the conquest of Grenada, and at the time of the dispersion of the Moors of Spain, its light last shone, and there is no other Mussulman nation which has held itself so obstinately aloof from all European influence. Here has Islamism, abandoned completely to itself, become destroyed even by its own excesses—by the inherent viciousness of its principles. By producing an absolute confusion between religious and political order—proclaiming in the one the purest despotism, in the other the stifling dogmas of fatalism, it must in the end infallibly overthrow both; it must infallibly relax all ties of civil society, even to those of the family—it must deprave morals, enervate the will, enfeeble the intellect—create a separation

between the races which Mahomet and his lieutenants united under the same standard and the same symbol, and destroy the social unity which the genius of their prophet established with so much difficulty.

It is evident that a principle so far weakened and degraded, cannot of itself recover its elastic energy. It is in European civilisation alone we must seek the regeneration of these Moorish and Arab communities; European civilisation, which, attracting them to itself, or more properly advancing to meet them, and interpenetrating them more and more, may at last succeed in effecting their reorganization.

There is no people in the world that may be more readily civilized than the Arab and the Moor, as soon as his peculiar prejudices can be subdued, and he himself is willing to yield to the new influence. Towards the end of the last century, a Moor, named El-Ghazal, a native of Morocco, of that town where, more than in any other spot, the old Mahometan prejudices are strong and deeply rooted, went to spend four years in Madrid. At his arrival he was a genuine Mussulman of the most ignorant and barbarous period—as superstitious as a Talba—as fierce a fanatic as a soldier of the Almagazen.

On his departure, he could scarcely be distinguished in his manners and his knowledge of the world from the most refined gentlemen of the court of Madrid.

During his residence in the peninsula, he wrote a book on the manners of the Spaniards, and the opinions that prevailed among them, which was full of the most judicious satire.

An enthusiastic admirer of Montesquieu, El-Ghazal had adopted for his work the plan of the "Persian Letters;" it was written in Arabic and Spanish, and was called "Letters of a Moor"—but it has never yet found a publisher. The Spanish copy has been lost, but the Arab manuscript is in existence in the British Museum. It is our firm conviction that more than one high intellect and generous heart would be produced in Morocco, if the Moors of the principal families—the Pachas, Cadis, Viziers, and doctors of the law—could be, like El-Ghazal, initiated into the manners and the ideas of Europe; and it appears to us, that it is thus easy to see what means might be employed in order that these ideas may be disseminated and take root in the Moorish country.

In order to introduce them, it would not be necessary to have recourse to an armed occupation, which would alienate the population for centuries, and would provoke interminable dissensions amongst the European powers. It would be sufficient to enter into clear and precise treaties, which, while they benefited all other nations, would be to the especial advantage of Morocco, by

throwing open the empire to the commerce of the world, through her ports on the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, and the Algerian gorges of the Atlas.

The barriers must be thrown down which have been erected against Europe in the customhouses of the maritime towns, in those arbitrary tariffs which were established at the time when the African Mussulmans delighted in irritating and humiliating Christian princes.

They can now no longer be maintained, but must be replaced by moderate duties, which shall discourage fraud, and attract all the great nations of the earth; thus proving to the Emperor that his treasury would find its account better in the progress of European civilisation, than in the exactions and exhausting extortions of barbarism.

The system of monopoly under which the people are ruined by the Jews, the Jews by the Pachas, the Pachas by the Sultan, must be abolished; at each of the cities, Fez, Morocco, Mesquinez, must be established a focus of civilisation, which may peacefully radiate towards the highest valleys of the Shilogs and Amazirgas, and even the remote douairs of Sus and Wadnoon.

Commerce will introduce our manners; our manners, our ideas and principles; our ideas will, in their turn, reform the institutions of the Moors. Why may we not also hope, that the day will come when the various

racés, now divided by the antipathies of ages, shall approach each other, and come to a mutual understanding?

With Morocco once opened to European influence, what a magnificent horizon is expanded to our view! an horizon, too, perpetually enlarging itself!

From their remote Oriental solitudes, the Arabs were once invincibly attracted towards the fruitful Magreb-el-Atksa, as we ourselves, in our own day, have been from the regions of the north. In past times they made of it a bulwark for their conquests, and the headquarters whence they might rush forward to their future ones. It was the possession of such a point of support that gave them strength for the usurpation of the finest countries of Southern Europe, where they occasioned such vast devastations. Why should it not serve in turn as a point of support for European civilisation, in its efforts to penetrate into that mysterious East, where its elevating power is so much needed?

THE END.