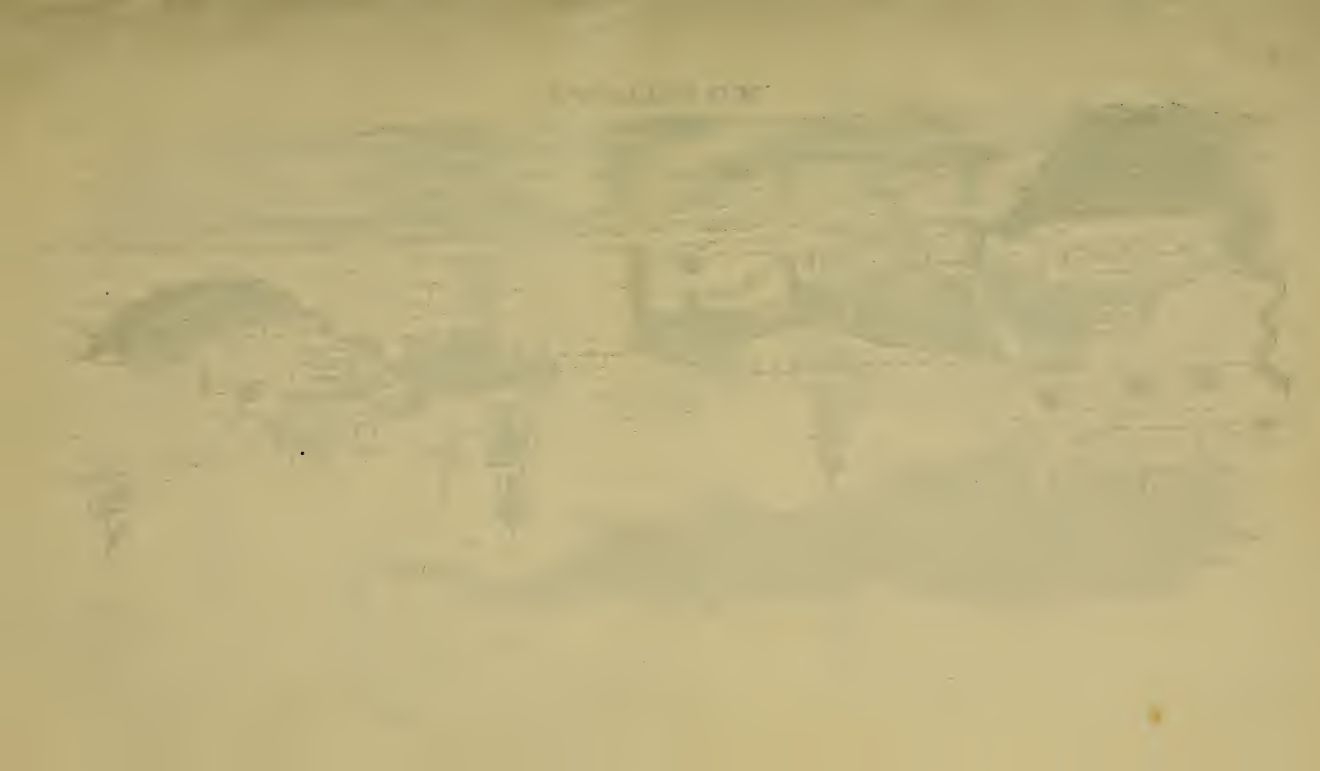
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TANGIER.

COOS-COO-SOO:

OR

Letters from Tangier,

IN AFRICA.

BY G. FORT.



PHILADELPHIA:
J. S. M'CALLA, PRINTER,
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INTRODUCTIVE NOTE TO THE READER.

It was once my lot to reside, during seven years, in Tangier, on the coast of Africa. Ever since my return home numerous friends have been urgently requesting me to give them, in print, a series of letters, written whilst living there. These oft-repeated wishes have at last been reluctantly granted, and the letters are before you on the following pages. Coos-coo-soo is the name of the favorite, national dish of the Tangierines, and is composed of several different articles. As these letters are descriptive of the various different races who compose the population of Tangier, the name has been deemed very appropriate for the title of this book by

THE AUTHOR.

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LETTER I.

ACROSS THE OCEAN.

Bay of Gibraltar, Dec. 23d, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

According to the promise, made at the time of my departure from America, I now write to you, on my arrival in Europe, without waiting, until my journey is ended, by my landing, at Tangier in Africa.

Our passage across the Atlantic, was stormy —but why need any one attempt to describe, what you and everybody else know all by heart —a trip across the ocean is now so common, that all readers know, it is made up of alternate sunshine and tempest. That it is diversified, on one day, by the view of mountainous waves, capped with hoary foam, and on another, by seeing the surrounding waters calmly gleaming, under the bright rays of an unclouded sun.

Thus is the voyage, most frequently, a perfect type of our journey through life; in which we are called to pass through scenes of varying

sunshine and darkness—the light of prosperity and the shadow of adversity—now a few days of peace, quietness and bodily good health—then through long nights of sorrow, harassing cares, or of suffering sickness.

That thus it is, we believe to be, as beneficial, as it is wise. Too much trouble, would wear us out. Too much rest and peace, we all know, harden the heart. Of the two evils—a broken and a hardened heart, our heavenly Father, in mercy, love and goodness to our souls, sends us the broken one, the most frequently. It would be needless, to take up your time, with a long and tedious description of our voyage. But there was connected with it one little circumstance, which will never be forgotten—we had a skilful musician on board; he was a common sailor, what his name was, or of what place he was a native, I know not, even the likeness of his face and form was unheeded, all things concerning him, were unnoticed by me, except the sweet melody of his flute, that is even yet, through memory, freshly sounding as it did, when he was sitting among the bowsprit-rigging, and sent to us on the quarter deck, those never-to-be-forgotten strains of harmony!

Oh, how delightfully its low and soothing

tones, floated upon our ears, and seemed to waft our enraptured senses into a calm haven of perfect bliss! No, his music will never be forgotten!

Even so it is with the mental productions of some writers; they may be unknown, or if ever known, they may be entirely forgotten, but if they have poured forth from their gifted minds, some beautiful and impressive sentiment—it lives forever, and becomes dear to the hearts of posterity.

Let us then thank Heaven, for the durability of all that is beautiful and worth preserving, in the writings of old and long since deceased authors. Let us also thank the same Heaven for the gift of the art of printing, by means of which, that durability is preserved and promulgated. And let us be thankful that in our favored land, the press is free, unfettered, and untaxed.

We arrived at Gibraltar this evening after dark, and were obliged to cast anchor at some distance from the town, and there await the visit of the health officer. Very much we fear we may be condemned to a place in quarantine; as the health regulations of this port are very rigid.

The great rock of Gibraltar is said to be seven

miles in circumference, and about two and a half long, it looks now, as we see it in the darkness of a moonless night, like some huge animal, crouched in repose but having its side full of open and glaring red eye-balls. The apparent eye-balls, are the town lamps and lights from windows. At nine o'clock a gun was fired, from the top of the rock, and its roar came booming around us in the bay, like a clap of thunder. It reminded us that we were in a warlike, and military region where we would have to be careful of our actions, or we might find ourselves shot into, instead of being as we were then, only shot over.

We will sleep but little this night—anxiety about the decision of the health officers, will prevent our resting well. We have been six weeks and some days in our prison of a ship, and we are naturally very desirous to leave it, as soon as we possibly can. Good night! My first night in Europe.

Yours affectionately,

&c., &c.

LETTER II.

QUARANTINE.

Gibraltar Bay, Dec. 24th, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

This morning we arose very early. At about 8 o'clock a boat from the quarantine guard-ship came alongside of ours, and an officer in it received our American bill of health, with a pair of long iron tongs and dipped it in vinegar. Then, after asking our captain a long list of questions, the officer ordered his men to return to the guard-ship, where he had to exhibit our bill of health.

In the course of a few hours the same boat returned, and told us that we would have to move into the quarantine ground, and there remain—he could not yet tell how many days. They said that our paper would have to be examined more fully before it could be decided how much longer we would have to remain prison-bound.

The hateful, yellow flag then was hoisted to the head of our mizen-mast, and we were towed, by our own boats I believe, into the quarantine ground.

And why was this done?

Our bill of health was clean—the port from which we sailed was perfectly healthy—but there was at that time an epidemic disease, said by the English newspapers, to be prevailing in one of the cities of the United States, which city was more than a thousand miles distant from the port we had left more than six weeks ago, and at a town not more than two days' sail from Gibraltar, the very same disease is now raging, with more virulence, than it has ever done anywhere in North America.

All this is positively true; but we are treated with severe rigor, because our port is known to be careless and very remiss in its quarantine regulations. It was very trying, but, like all other evils, it had to be borne. The (to us) interesting question is now, the one so oft repeated —How long?

All day long we have waited in vain for an answer to this important question. In the afternoon several boats, containing the friends of the captain and some of our passengers, paid us kind, considerate, but very *distant* visits.

They were obliged to keep a wide space of water between them and our ship, and even that privilege was granted them only by especial favor from the officers of the guard-ship.

A few minutes before sun-set a health-boat came alongside, and put on our deck a guard to watch our actions. He was armed, and had authority to enforce his commands over us. He seemed to be a very good humored, and well-disposed person, yet his presence was unpleasant, because it was forced and unwelcome. We could not resist feeling that he was a spy on our movements.

How we treated him must be deferred for the present. Adieu until my next letter.

Yours, affectionately,

&c., &c.

LETTER III.

A CHRISTMAS DAY ON THE BAY.

Bay of Gibraltar, Dec. 25th, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

This morning the health officer came alongside and informed us of our doom. Then there was grumbling enough on all sides of us.

The guard grumbled because the bed the captain had allotted him was too short, and too narrow—it did not suit him "at all, at all."

The men of the crew were grumbling, because they had to work on Christmas—the mate was grumbling at them, for presuming to grumble, instead of working with a good will—the steward grumbled that he was sick—the captain grumbled that his breakfast was not ready in proper time—the passengers grumbled that everything was untidy and out of order—then guard, men, mate, steward, captain and passengers all grumbled because we were condemned to a quarantine of fourteen days.

That was any kind, more than it was a merry or a happy Christmas morning on shipboard.

We all forgot to look beyond the present to the stable in Bethlehem, and to give thanks for the blessing which was there so freely given to our sinful and ungrateful race.

Alas, are there not even too many like us; frowning upon their petty affairs, while they are forgetful of the stupendous events of the great past, and of the still greater future?

At 8 o'clock we heard the shrill music of fifes and drums on board the guard-ship, and also the distant harmony of a full band, playing martial tunes on shore. Then the ringing of bells on the vessels around us, sounded very pleasantly; and gradually, amid the tingling of bells and

melodies of a variety of music, our ill humor vanished, so that we began to make merry over our prolonged confinement within the "wooden walls" of our "floating prison."

If it is true that "misery loves company," we ought to be in a very loving mood, for we have plenty of company. We find there are near us at least forty square-rigged vessels, and about double the number of lateen-sailed ones.

The weather is fine—the sky is clear, and cheerfulness has taken us under its pleasant influence, after awhile we walked the deck, and greatly enjoyed the novelties of our gay and bright surroundings.

Meanwhile the guard and the captain entered into conversation, and seemed to have come to the wise and commendable conclusion to become better acquainted. The guard soon took particular pains to make himself agreeable, and for that purpose repeated to the captain the current news of the quarantine ground, and rehearsed several anecdotes, of which I remember only one. It ran in the following manner:

There is a vessel here which arrived a short time ago from Ireland, after a boisterous voyage of fifty-nine days. This vessel encountered terrible storms in the Bay of Biscay. There were

on board of her three female passengers. One day, during one of the storms, the captain of the said vessel was at the helm, and at a short distance from him there stood one of the female passengers.

A tremendous wave broke suddenly over the quarter-deck, and swept both the woman and the captain overboard. A sailor immediately flung one end of a coil of rope towards them, the woman grasped it, but the captain sank, apparently without making a single struggle or effort towards saving his important and valuable life. The woman continued her hold on the rope, amid the furious raging of the howling tempest, and the surging violence of the mountain-like waves, during the terrible space of three-quarters of an hour, before she was hauled safely on deck.

"There now," said the guard, in conclusion, "would you believe that of a woman? Was she not, think you, a stronger vessel than the captain?"

At about noon the port-physician came alongside, and inquired of the guard if we were "all hands all right." Before the guard had time to answer him, he in a pompous and haughty manner, ordered the captain to bring all hands on board to the side of the ship, that they might be viewed by him.

Some of the passengers were below at the time, and they, in obedience to the captain's message, happened to come on deck just as the robust, healthy black steward was in the act of stretching out his great red tongue, for the doctor's examination. Fortunately for their risibilities, they were not obliged to follow the steward's example.

That trouble (and it must have been a good deal,) was imposed on him in consequence of the guard having reported to the M. D. his complaining of not being well. The doctor then asked the captain a vast multitude of unimportant and troublesome questions, and then waved us a gracious good morning.

These investigation visits, he makes regularly every day, to all the vessels in quarantine.

A provision-boat comes alongside every morning, with fresh meat, vegetables, bread, fowls, eggs and milk, so that there is no impediment to our living on the fat of the land, provided we have money to pay for it. The price is high, but our captain is liberal, and buys like a prince. His money has to be thrown into vinegar before it can be touched by the boat people. This afternoon another boat came near, and threw on board our ship a basket full of dainties for one

of the passengers, from his kind friends on shore. At about two o'clock, P. M. the captain ordered his gig to be manned, and, after having given us a hint to prepare for a treat, he told us to take a seat in it with him. As we did so we noticed that he was dressed in his best land-suit, and looked exceedingly well. How we wondered what he could be intending to do with us!

When we arrived within speaking distance of the guard-ship, he asked for leave to row around the quarantine ground, stating for his reason, that one of his lady passengers wished to see some person on another part of it. A lady's wish is, sometimes, as good as law, to even the rigidity of a quarantine officer, and he, this time, condescended to grant the captain's desired permission, which he did, he said, "for the sake of gratifying the lady."

The captain used his privilege to the utmost, and kept us in motion until sun-set. The water was very clear and beautifully smooth; the smallest pebble at the bottom of the Bay was distinctly visible. This remarkable clearness of the water is said, by the weather-wise, to be a sign of an east wind, which here, brings dry and oppressive weather: it is so injurious to some persons on the Rock, that they are obliged to

keep within doors as long as it lasts. It sometimes continues during five or six weeks.

The view of the town of St. Roque, in Spain, with its large church and monastery crowning the centre of a high hill, is very beautiful from this place. The bells of the church were ringing a merry peal for Christmas, and several bands of music were playing animating and gleesome tunes on shore.

Our row, along the Spanish shore of the Bay, was exceedingly pleasant. We saw the *paisanos*, or country people, walking about in small groups on the beach, while on the sides of the hills beyond it, were many of the inhabitants of St. Roque, in happy, loving pairs, or in merrily laughing parties, strolling about, enjoying this, their greatest annual festival. Though, for that matter, almost every other day is a festival with them: they seem to know very little about daily toil. One can almost fancy that their working days are "few and far between."

After spending some time in rowing along the Spanish shore, we went in and out between the rows of the many small vessels that contained a large proportion of our companions in quarantine. The greatest number of these were laying under the gay and flashy flags of Sardinia and

Portugal. We passed as closely to them as we could, to see their mode of living and view their domestic arrangements. Their comforts were not numerous, neither did they occupy much space. A box or basket of charcoal, a small clay furnace, a frying pan, a pair of rusty old tongs, a few tin cups and plates, a large brown earthen dish, a bottle of olive oil, another of cheap sour wine, a bag or box of hard bread, were all the articles they required to make them superlatively happy. Their favorite dish was composed of fresh sardines, fried in oil, and freely sprinkled with red pepper.

Some of the boats were so rich as to own a guitar, and on board of them there was no lack of music and dancing.

But there now, as usual, my pen has danced itself down to the end of my paper, and I dare not begin another sheet to-night, for fear, if I do, day-dawn will find me still at my desk.

Sincerely wishing that you may enjoy many happy returns of this blessed holiday,

I remain, yours truly,

&c., &c.

LETTER IV.

STILL ON BOARD.

Bay of Gibraltar, Dec. 16th, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

This Bay is said to be in some places 125 fathoms deep. While we were yesterday going on our pleasant row, around the quarantine ground, we saw several persons on board of a Portuguese mistico of war, who were said to be prisoners, for having been caught at night while swimming about the quarantine ground; which breach of law subjects them to the penalty of their lives. Their statement is, that they were engaged in a squabble with some comrades on the shore of the neutral ground, and that unintentionally they had killed one of them, and were trying to escape from the dead man's relations, who were pursuing them when they were caught swimming. They are now waiting for the expiration of their quarantine, to be taken ashore, and there stand their trial before a legal tribunal. Poor fellows, they looked the picture of woe and distress. This is to them a very dull Christmas season! And most emphatically they are proving that,

"The way of the transgressor *is* hard."

As the sun was sinking in unclouded beauty, below the Western horizon, we reached the side of our own ship. That little excursion did us good! After seeing those miserable fishermen, and pent up coast-traders in their diminutive little boats, our clean and roomy ship seemed to be a palace instead of a prison.

Then to think of our national and religious difference! Truly when we thought thereupon, we were compelled by the contrast, to take courage and give thanks to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, whose mercy alone had made our lot in life so much better than theirs!

The evening was fine, clear, and mild, as any evening in May at home.

After tea, we took a walk on deck, and listened to the vesper bells at the Church of St. Roque, in Spain, and of the Spanish church in Gibraltar.

Then our ears were again delighted, by the martial music of several bands playing on the Rock, and on board of some of the large vessels near us.

Really, our first day in quarantine after all, turned out to be a very happy and pleasant one.

At nine o'clock P. M. we saw a short, bright

flash of light beam from the highest pinnacle of the Rock, then we heard the booming report of the evening gun, in a few minutes afterwards, the silence of the "stilly-night" air, was softly, stealthily broken, by the slowly measured plashing of light oars, in the water near us, presently we discovered gliding softly past us, the dark-colored boat of the quarantine-police, as it went on its vigilant and wearisome round, through the quarantine water to see if all was well. If they should find any vessel without a light at the mast-head, over or near the yellow flag, the Captain of that vessel would be unmercifully fined.

Our walk on deck closed about ten o'clock, and we then retired to the cabin, where we spent an hour or two, in reading, writing, or in silent meditation. We are hoping that our next letter will be dated, and written within the strong walls of Gibraltar. How glad we will be to make a change!

Yours affectionately,

&c., &c.

LETTER V.

ON SHORE.

Gibraltar, Jan. 6th, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

Day before yesterday, at about noon, we were told, that the pratique officer, was coming alongside to set us free. What joyful news that was! Although we were spending our time very pleasantly, while the weather was clear and fine, we knew that it could not be expected to remain in its present agreeable state much longer. We were well aware, that to be where we were in a gale of Easterly wind, or in a thunder storm, with a Western hurricane, would prove, not only disagreeable, but might be dangerous to our lives, we were therefore, exceedingly anxious to proceed on our journey, as soon as we could.

Upon our hurrying up to the deck, we were delighted to find that the pratique officer was actually at our side, and politely telling our captain, that Mr. H. S. our worthy and gentlemanly Consul, had interceded for us to the Board of Health, with so much earnestness,

that they had called a meeting to consider our case, and that the result of their meeting was a resolution to set us free without delay.

The hateful little yellow flag was immediately torn down, and trampled under foot by one of the sailors, and the beloved "Star Spangled Banner" was soon floating aloft in its place. That blessed banner! How delighted we were to see it once more, gaily streaming over our heads in beauty and joyous welcome. At half past one o'clock we weighed anchor, and were towed into the admittance ground.

We again came to anchor at three o'clock. Then the captain and one of the passengers went on shore, with our American passports, to obtain passes for liberty to enter the gates of Gibraltar.

They remained on shore until near sun-set; and then returned on board without them, but we were promised that they should be sent to us on the following morning. We were expecting to make our home at the house of an American friend, until we could meet with an opportunity of going over to Tangier.

The captain congratulated us on the good fortune of having a friend to stay with, and said something which prejudiced our feelings against

the Gibraltar hotels, and added that if we had not, he would be glad to have us remain on board his ship, until our departure for Tangier. We landed to day between three and four o'clock, and went to the residence of our American friend. We found his family all in sad confusion, and overwhelmed with grief. He had just been suddenly seized with a severe illness, and was scarcely expected to live. It was impossible to intrude upon them at such a time.

Then we did not know what to do, or where to go. We felt very unwilling to go to a hotel, and at the same time, we did not want to return to the ship—we were so tired of it. Thus we lingered and loitered in the street, in a state of indecision, until we perceived that the evening shadows were beginning to lengthen, and with them the conviction darkened our minds, that we must determine to return to the ship very soon, or the sun would set—the gun fire—and then the gates would close upon us, and we would be obliged to take shelter for the night, in a hotel. As soon as we had made up our minds to return to our old quarters, we started on our road towards the gates; we had not proceeded more than a few yards, when a pleasant looking, and well dressed little boy, came run-

ning after us, and he told us, that his mamma wished us to return with him to her, and to do her the pleasure of giving her our company to dinner which was then nearly ready.

His mamma was an old friend, but one upon whom we had not felt at liberty to call without an invitation. She was very kind, and procured for us lodgings in the house of a private family, where we have two very comfortably furnished rooms, in one of which is burning a bright fire of English coals, in a grate; this fire affords a very home-like aspect to our temporary residence. For the rent of these rooms, the fire and the attendance of a servant, we pay three dollars per week. Twice a day the servant is to bring to us, a kettle of boiling water, and a small tea service. We are to find, and scald our own tea, also the sugar and cakes, or crackers to eat with it. We are to procure our dinners from a mess-house. These dinners, we are told by our kind friend, will consist of the best and finest edibles in the world, and will be given us in an abundance that will be extravagantly bountiful. Thus we will live, at half the amount we would have to pay at a hotel, besides the gain of living in private, and feeling perfectly *at home*.

This *we* could never do at any hotel.

Do you wish to know what a mess-house is? It is a long low building, in which the officers of the garrison take their meals, we believe at the expense of the British government. Truly they are well fed. We understand that they have their choice, to take their meals at the mess-house, or to receive larger pay and find their own provisions. The majority of the unmarried and some of the married ones prefer eating at the mess-house.

We shall probably remain here a week or two —we will have to wait until the wind comes from the East, before we can depart for our future home on the shore of Western Barbary in Africa.

Yours truly,

&c., &c.

LETTER VI.

A FIRST WALK IN EUROPE.

Gibraltar, Jan. 8th, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

Yesterday we took a walk out on the surface of this most wonderful place. When we started out on this our first walk in Europe, we resolved to keep our eyes wide open, to see as much as we could, and to make a note of it all, for your especial benefit. Well do you deserve this attention, in return for the real treat which we this morning received from you in the form of a four paged letter, all filled with interesting news about the dear ones at home. As we read it, we fully realized the force and beauty of the following

STANZAS,

On the pleasure of receiving letters from home, when in a foreign Country.

"'Tis sweet, unutterably sweet,
Upon a far and foreign shore,
The pen-recorded thoughts to greet
Of those whom 'twas once bliss to meet,
But now are severed by the roar
Of mighty ocean, and the green
Of hill and plain, outstretched between.

"Then like a lava-tide the past
Comes o'er the spirit, bye-past things,
And half-forgotten thoughts, which cast
Gleams, far too beautiful to last,
Of heavenly radiance from their wings
And lo! in hues more bright than truth
Start visioned forth the scenes of youth!

Yes! like a picture there they smile,
The sunbright years of early life,
'Ere stooped the heart to worldly guile,
And earth an eden looked the while,
Replete with bliss, and free from strife;
Days far too heavenly to remain!
Days which will ne'er return again!

And thus 'tis welcome, thus 'tis sweet,
When journeying on a foreign strand,
The letter of a friend to greet—
And dream that we once more may meet
Within our own our native land;
It is the hope whose glorious dye
Alone makes bright futurity!"

Alas, many a weary year will pass before we meet; but meanwhile, we pray you may fail not to let us hear from you very frequently. We will do our part faithfully of writing to you, of all we see and learn, of the rare places in which we are to pass so much of our precious time.

This Rock of Gibraltar was called (they say) Cape Calpe, by the ancients; it is now reported to be seven miles in circumference, two miles

and a half long, in height it measures fourteen hundred feet. The meaning of its present name which is composed of two Arabic words, Gibeltrek, is literally translated into English, Mountain-road. It is doubtlessly the strongest fortification in the world. The garrison within its walls at this time, is supposed to consist of several thousand armed men. Their number varies at different times, as the regiments of the British army are constantly changing about from one place to another, and are always coming and going, according to the will and commands of the Commander-in-chief.

The Rock was taken from the Spaniards by the English, under Sir George Rook, in the year 1704.

Since that period they have made several attempts to re-take possession of the important citadel. In the year 1782 they made their last attack on it, but suffered so severely, and lost so heavily, that since then they have given up their efforts to recover it.

The place at present is provided with dry meat, butter in firkins, and breadstuffs from England, Ireland and the United States; with fresh beef, poultry, eggs, and oranges from Barbary. Wines and liquors are imported from

France and Spain. Fruits and vegetables are brought in abundantly from Spain; figs, raisons and honey are supplied by Smyrna and other places in the Mediterranean. The Bay of Gibraltar yields an abundant supply, and a great variety of excellent fish. The oysters are not fit to eat; they have a strong copperish taste, which renders them unpalatable. But where there is such an abundance of so many other good things, those selfish and hard-hearted creatures may be easily dispensed with. A walk through the business part of Gibraltar is very amusing; there are to be seen in it people from every part of the globe. Their different modes of costume, and the variety of languages which they speak, make up a continual confusion of sights and sounds which are seldom seen or heard in any other place. While viewing them one might easily fancy that here is the centre of the different veins of the world, and that Gibraltar is the heart of that world—for is it not as stony, flinty and impregnable, as is this structure of nature's firmest handiwork.

The town is built on the North-Western portion of the Rock, it begins at the water of the Bay, and extends nearly half way up the side of the Rock, and is about one mile in length. It is surrounded by a strong thick double wall,

which near the water is faced by batteries. These batteries are strongly armed with cannons of the largest calibre on carriages, and heaped up with immense piles of balls and bomb-shells. To be ready to kill and destroy their fellow men, appears to be the ruling object of the rulers of the place.

Not only the town but the entire Rock is constantly, day and night, (Sundays *not* excepted,) under the strictest and most rigid martial law. Sentinels are stationed here, there, and everywhere all over the place, just as they would be if the town was besieged by a numerous array of fighting enemies. Our eyes are constantly being dazzled with the sight of their brilliant red coats, and the bright gleaming of their highly polished arms.

After a certain hour at night—the hour is changed according to the will and pleasure of the Governor—no person is allowed to walk the street without being able to give the watch-word, (which is frequently changed,) unless they have in their possession an especial permit. If any one would attempt to pass a sentinel after that certain hour, without answering his roughly toned question,

"Who goes there?" by repeating the watch-

word, or showing a permit, to be out late at night, he would be taken prisoner and detained under arrest until next morning.

The Governor of Gibraltar is the civil and military head of all authority, and is in his way, almost royalized. He reigns like a monarch over his little territory, and is treated with unbounded respect and honor. He mixes very little in general society, and appears to be almost alone in his official grandeur.

Society here is divided in the higher circles into two different classes, and I suppose may be considered as a true copy, in epitome, of society in England. The two classes are the military and the civilian; the civilians are the rich merchants, and the military class is composed of officers of the Army and Navy, and the various Consuls, if they are salaried officials.

If they are not salaried by their own nations, but are merely commercial agents, engaged in business for their own private benefit, they are considered as belonging to the civilian rank.

To these rules there are of course some exceptions; but they *are* the exceptions and not the rules.

The civilians call the military, "The liveried servants of H. Majesty," and the military con-

temptuously style the civilians, "The stupid, plodding trades-people."

Generally the merchants are the richest, and they live in splendid houses which are handsomely furnished.

In point of intellect and respecting other moral and religious qualities, they are about equally divided: there are good and bad in both classes.

Under the houses are dug in the solid rock large tanks, into which the rain is conducted from the roofs over them, and on these tanks the residents of the houses mainly depend for their supplies of water.

The ground floors are used for storage, the rooms of the second stories are used for counting houses and business offices, and in those of the third stories are the dwelling places — the parlors, kitchens and bed-chambers, all on one floor, for the use of the families. They are large and well ventilated rooms. The houses very seldom have a fourth story.

The retail stores are generally on the ground floors; and are very well supplied with an abundance of goods and attentive clerks.

But I must hasten to conclude this letter, as the vessel which I hope may carry it in safety

to your loving hands, is expected to take her departure to-night, for which reason I must send it off before sunset, or you will have to wait for it a month longer.

Yours affectionately,
&c., &c.

LETTER VII.

A WALK ON THE ROCK.

Gibraltar, Jan. 16th, 18—.

My Very Dear Friend:

About half way up the rock, there are the ruins of an old Moorish castle. I presume, you know that this town was formerly owned and inhabited by that once powerful, but now fastly diminishing nation—though diminishing, they are to me, a very interesting—yea, the most interesting of all the nations of the eastern hemisphere—because they are to be my future neighbors.

When we went out of the southern gate of the town, we came to a very beautiful small graveyard; it is finely shaded by large trees, and rich-

ly ornamented with handsome and costly tombstones. This grave-yard is very small, so small that I do not think it is more than a hundred feet long.

This is only guess work, you know, for I have no means of measuring it, and I cannot be forever asking questions about height, and depth, length and breadth.

In fact, I have already found that there is very little use in ever asking questions, upon such descriptive subjects, for the answer to them most frequently is, that disagreeable and unsatisfactory one, "*I don't know.*"

I would, I believe, rather trust to guess-work than to it.

But I must try to remember in these letters, to tell you when I *guess* and when I *know.*

Well, to return to this enchanting little grave-yard. I was told—so I presume to be able to say I know—it is used only by a favored few of the most distinguished officers of the British government. To have a friend or relative buried on the rock, is considered a great honor. The usual place of interment is on the Neutral Ground, where it is said that at the depth of three feet, the coffins float in water. To be buried on the Neutral Ground, is viewed with

great dread and aversion by those who are not natives of this place.

Such persons, if they can afford it, generally have their deceased friend's mortal remains conveyed to their native country.

The natives of the rock are accustomed to the shallowness of the neutral ground graves, and do not seem to care much about it.

There is a Jewish burying ground, high up on the south of the Rock, which is said to be filled up with graves, and, on that account, the Jews of this place, (who are numerous,) are also obliged to bury on the Neutral Ground.

After going past the beautiful little grave-yard, near the town-gate, we entered the Alameda.

This is an elegant and much frequented public promenade ground. There is in one part of it a large, well gravelled space, nearly square, which is used very often as the drilling place of the privates. To witness the operation is very painful, and well calculated to make one pity the poor soldiers. But it makes them perfect in their profession, and is profitable to their nation —even thus may we view the discipline of the spiritual children of Israel, it is painful and wearisome to their natural feelings, but it works out for them the peaceable fruits of Christ's

righteousness, and will lead them, if they are faithful unto death, into his glorious kingdom of everlasting rest.

Rest, rest, rest, oh, how comfortable is the reflection that there remaineth a rest for the people of God!

On this space also, we were told, that the public services of the Established Church of England are held on Sunday mornings, for the benefit of the soldiers.

On such occasions a large bass drum is used for a reading-desk, which is covered by a British flag.

This square, or space of ground, is entirely surrounded by high and luxurious hedges of the scarlet blossomed geraniums, they are very beautiful, with their dark green leaves, and their bright, gay flowers. They grow in the open air all the year. Snow and frost never show their destructive operations on this highly favored little spot.

The other parts of the Alameda consist of walks, hedges, flower beds, fruit trees and sweetly-scented shrubbery. There are also present, some very fine orange and lemon trees. In one spot there is a beautiful little rustic bridge, which is tastefully constructed over a deep, though

narrow chasm or cleft in the rock. The railing on the sides of the bridge, appears to be made of the tangled roots of a tree; they look as if they had been cut out and put up as they once grew, beneath the surface of the ground.

In another place there is a handsome vine-covered summer-house, which is called the pavilion, on account of its beautiful shape.

It is very delightful to sit on one of the many seats, or to walk about over the flower-decked paths of this lovely Alameda, and listen to the martial music which is almost incessantly greeting our ears.

Almost constantly we are within hearing of melodious sounds of some kind of musical instruments. Sometimes a whole band of skilful performers will be filling the air with enchanting harmony. At others, a group of well-trained bugle players will be exercising their melodious faculties, while they sit, perched high up, almost out of sight, and hidden by the expanded leaves of wild palmetto bushes, upon a neighboring pinnacle of the stony rock, and their long peals of entrancing melody, will resound from point to point, and from the roaring depths of the excavations beneath the surface of the rock, thence bounding, they sweep from wave to wave of the

surrounding sea, and then, gradually and very softly die away, in oft repeated and long continued echoes, among the distant hill-tops of sunny old Spain.

Farther south—beyond the precincts of the Alameda, there are several little cottages, which are used as summer residences. They are very pretty, and very small—perfect little fairy palaces.

From this Alameda, there are several narrow roads, cut out of the solid rock, and they lead the way, by zigzag turns, to the top of the rock.

The ground in which the plants and trees grow, we were informed, was carried there at the expense of the British government.

Where it was carried from, was a question which we forgot to ask. Perhaps it was brought from Spain. The Neutral Ground is covered with barren sand.

Half way up the side of the rock, and on a line with the town, in an eastern direction, there are a few remains of an old castle, which was built by the Moors, in their by-gone days of national prosperity. There are not about them much of the appearance of a castle. They look more like a heap of useless old stones.

On one part of the highest ridge of the rock,

there is an ancient tower, which is also said to be of Moorish construction. It was formerly their watch-tower, and appeared to be on the highest spot of the whole rock. The English, with their superior and scientific knowledge of altitude, discovered a pinnacle which is considerably higher than the site of the old Moorish watch-tower, and on it they have erected their flag-staff. On the same spot they have built a battery of several large cannons.

It is from this highly elevated battery, that the morning and sun-set guns are fired, which are the signals for opening and closing the town gates. There is also fired from the same battery a gun at 9 o'clock, P. M. The sun-rising and sun-setting guns are fired off at the moments in which the sun makes its first appearance above, and when it takes its departure for the night beneath the horizon.

There is something very sublime in this public announcement of the beginning and ending of one more day of our mortal career upon earth.

It is a subject of thought which should be rich in gratitude and thankfulness to that great Benefactor by whose power "we live, move and have our being." We vividly rejoiced in the announcement, but, could we have a vote upon

the subject of the mode in which it is made, we would, if possible, have it done in some way that would be less warlike than the discharge of a cannon.

The fact is that your present correspondent is no friend to gunpowder, in any way or for any purpose, except on one day of the year, and that day is the fourth of July. On that happy and joyous day, my patriotism vanquishes my native-born quakerism, and I enjoy the flashing of the fiery material, as much as any urchin who delights to keep the day in a roar with its expenditure.

On the centre of the side of the rock, there is the entrance to a large cave, called St. Michael's, the end of which has never yet been discovered.

Several persons have been known to lose their lives by endeavoring to find it. Some people believe that it ends in Africa. But such a belief is founded only on conjecture; there is no solid fact to sustain it.

The excavations which are large and strongly mounted passages, cut out of the solid rock, many, many feet beneath its surface, are very curious and well worth a visit.

We enjoyed our walk very much; if you will be half as much pleased with my feeble discrip-

tion of it, you will thereby be made happy enough for one day. And now I must bid you good-night, for my rocky rambles over, under, in, out and about this wonderful place, have made me quite ready for the rest of my pillow. Adieu, may you, my dear friend, enjoy a good night's rest; and may your dreams therein be *not* of the rock—rocky. Mine, I am sure, will be very rocky—but in my case, they will be brightly illumined by radiant and roseate recollections of a lovely day's roving.

Again adieu.

Yours, affectionately,
&c., &c.

LETTER VIII.

DEPARTURE FROM THE ROCK.

Tangier, Jan. 18—.

My Dear Friend.

My letter at last *is* dated at Tangier, and my journey is ended.

We had begun to imagine that we would never reach our destination, at which you will not wonder, if you will have patience to bear

me company while I recount to your listening ears the long chapter of "haps and mishaps" which met and followed us on our attempt to cross the straits—truly the attempt was full of various straits, and of as many crosses too, but among all the crosses there seemed to be no getting across for us.

When we began looking about for a passage to this place from Gibraltar, we were told by a friend, that there would be a good sized and safe vessel, ready to sail in a few days.

Depending upon his superior knowledge and experience of the subject, we took his advice and waited until it would be ready. After waiting five whole days we embarked on board of a coast-trader of lateen sail, and the Sardinian flag. It generally made the trip to and from Tangier, once in two weeks. It was employed to carry living beef from Tangier to Gibraltar, and was highly recommended to us as being the largest and safest vessel, in which we could expect to obtain a passage to Tangier in the space of a long time. Verily, upon reaching it, we fancied neither its size nor safety; but we wanted sadly to be at our journey's end, and would have been willing to have started for that even in a tub, if nothing better

was come-at-able. Several times while we had walked the streets of Gibraltar, we had seen Moorish men with their white turbans and flowing mantles, but we had never met them as closely as we now saw them on board that coast-trader.

There were on board about thirty Moors, all going to their homes in Tangier. Some of them were hadgi, who were on their return from a pilgrimage to Mecca. Others had been to Gibraltar on a trading expedition. They sat upon the deck-floor of the little craft, and filled its narrow limits so completely, that there was not a foot of space left there for the use of our little party of new comers.

The captain of the felucca, or the patrone as they all called him, told us that we were to have the exclusive use of the cabin. This we fancied, included a hint that we had no claim upon any part of the deck.

But such a cabin!

A log cabin on a wild Western prairie was a palace compared to it! There was not in it one single article of furniture of any kind, except a few narrow, thin mattresses, which were spread out on the floor, without sheets, pillows or blankets.

All such cumbersome luxuries were expected to be provided by the passengers, for their own use, or to be—done without.

Our supper—the only meal which we expected to need on board—was packed up in our own basket.

I seated myself on an end of one of the mattresses, as near to the door as I could, not only for the sake of getting as much fresh air as was possible—a very much needed article everywhere—but also for the purpose of watching the actions and manners of my future neighbors.

They kept me busily employed! They and their movements were to me highly interesting and important. I was not among them a traveller who was to abide with them, merely a few days, or weeks, or months.

But my future residence among them was destined to be permanent for years—perhaps for life!

Alas! how dark and sorrowful was to me the gloomy anticipation!

There they all sat with their unstockinged and unshod feet coiled up under them out of sight. They were talking slowly and soberly in deep, low, gutteral sounds. Sometimes—though rarely—they would laugh, with

a sober, grave looking, stealthy sort of laugh, which seemed to act on their mouths only, and not to have any heart-feeling in it.

They did not by any means appear to be a happy or merry people.

The hadgi were dressed in better style than the others, their long flowing, fine woollen haiks were of snowy whiteness, and were wound most gracefully around their brilliantly attired bodies and over their shoulders.

We started from the anchorage in the Bay of Gibraltar with a fair wind; but it was very light, almost too light to carry us against the tide, or current, which is always rushing to the Mediterranean Sea through the Straits of Gibraltar.

We sailed slowly past the town, the Alameda, and that part of the Rock which is called "the South."

The Alameda, with its fresh green hedges, and its darker hued orange and lemon trees, made a very beautiful view, in strong contrast with the frowning black batteries, so thickly mounted with their gloomy looking and life-destructive cannons. Thus we again realized that the Rock was a miniature of the world. It was so full of beautiful green spots, profusely interspersed with dark and sombre ones.

The patrone seemed then to be very uneasy about the wind ; his eyes were often cast towards the top of the Rock, and as the departing rays of the setting sun brightly illumined the highest pinnacle, he seemed to despair of there being an increase of the Eastern breeze. The Moors all turned their faces towards the East, bowed their heads very lowly, pressed their hands reverently over their hearts, and prayed aloud for an increase of the wind. Then they held a whispered and very earnest consultation among themselves, and upon it they resolved to offer a vow to the Deity for the blessing of a stronger wind. They vowed to pray a certain number of prayers in the great Mosque at Tangier, if they should be permitted to cast anchor in Tangier Bay, before the dawn of another day.

Then to propitiate his favor, they procured a small cloth bag, and collected in it every piece of money that was on board, belonging to any one of the Mohammedan faith. Then they hung the bag up on the head of the mast, and with their eyes all fixed steadily on it, they chanted in concert a low-voiced and plaintive prayer. Thus they continued to do until it was quite dark. But the wind did not increase. Nine o'clock gun was discharged, and we were

still beating back and forth against the current of the Straits. Fortunately for our comfort the water was comparatively smooth, the motion of the vessel was not unpleasant, and seemed in its gentle action and its lowly murmured sounds to invite us to calm repose upon the sheetless mattresses. The patrone then asked some of the stronger passengers, if they would be willing to assist at rowing the small boats, in order to tow us over the most rapid part of the opposing current. To this they most readily consented; then speedily the boats, two or three in number, were filled with the crew and passengers, and by dint of their united labors at the oars, we made some headway towards the haven where we all so anxiously longed to arrive.

The patrone's spirits were now raised to hopefulness, and he told us in broken English, that we would soon hear the bark of the Moorish watch-dogs on the Barbary coast.

The now mid-night barking of those dogs, warns me that I must defer for the present the continuation of our journey, to within the sound of their unmusical voices.

Yours affectionately,

&c., &c.

LETTER IX.

A SURPRISE.

Tangier, Feb. 1st, 18—.

My Very Dear Friend:

With a confiding feeling of security in the promises of our Patrone, we took possession of his hard, nocturnal accommodations, and with carpet bags for pillows, cloaks, shawls and overcoats for sheets and bed clothes, we were soon in a sound sleep, which lasted until day-dawn.

We were aroused from our morning slumbers by hearing the rolling bomb of a cannon's loud and near report, we opened our eyes in astonishment and exclaimed aloud, "What is that? Do the Moors too fire a morning gun?"

We felt that we were at anchor, and gladly supposed ourselves to be safely moored within the waters of Morocco.

Upon hastily going on deck, and looking around us, we found that we were at anchor in the identical spot which we had left the day before.

We stared at the Patrone for an explanation,

he pointed to the top of the rock, shrugged his shoulders, and said,

"Paciencia, falta viento."

His English was all lost in his Spanish *paciencia.*

Well, in one hour after that we were comfortably eating our breakfast in our former lodging house, beside the brightly burning fire of English coals.

Over and over again we asked ourselves the question, "Will we ever see Tangier?"

That afternoon we met with an English lady and gentleman, who told us that they were going to start next day for Tangier, on board the Spanish courier boat, in company with the Spanish Vice Consul of Tangier, and they advised us to go with them.

The run from Gibraltar to Tangier is generally made in five hours. This little courier boat was in the habit of making the trip between the two places once a week, and is so small that it can easily run in the eye of the wind, and dodge about between its blasts, or be easily forced ahead by rowing, and was altogether more easily managed than the large mistico or felucca, in which we had made our first attempt to cross the Straits.

Thus zealously argued our newly made British friends, and we, in our anxiety to arrive at Tangier, believed every word they uttered.

The next morning we embarked, and again started from the Bay of Gibraltar. This time we had a head wind, and plenty of it. The waves of the sea were high and roughly cast us hither and thither, as if we were only a cork cast upon them for a thing of sport and pastime.

In a short time we were all suffering from seasickness of the most violent kind. The motion of the miserable little craft into which we had been allured, was so short, quick and abrupt, that it seemed to tear us asunder, and to threaten our lives. All our former experience of the "*healthy ailment*," seemed as blissful when compared to this unprecedented and merciless attack. Here on board of this little Spanish boat there was no cabin at all, we all lay helpless and hopeless upon a pile of sails, spread out for us by the kind hearted sailors, on the planks of the deck. A more pitiable looking set of passengers could not very easily be imagined, by even the most fanciful brain.

Nearly all day we battled with the wind and the waves. The Spanish Vice Consul was as sick as any of us. When we were more than

half way over, the wind increased in violence, and the waves, of course, kept it company, by piling still higher and higher their surging foam. Oh, it was a miserable time we had. At last the Spanish Vice Consul thought it was imprudent to undertake to spend the night out in that increasing wind, especially as the clouds were beginning to threaten rain, and it was finally quite apparent to him and the Patrone, that we could not reach Tangier before the close of the day.

At sun-set the town gates would be shut, and we would not be able to go on shore.

Oh, those town gates, those town gates, what a nuisance they are!

The Vice Consul's will was law to the Patrone, and therefore we were compelled once more to return to the Rock.

We sailed along quite speedily before the wind, until we came to the distance of about five miles of the Bay of Gibraltar. Here the wind suddenly ceased and we were left at the mercy of the current. We were then in great danger of being carried behind the Rock, where being wrecked on the rocky shore, would have been almost certain, in case of a sudden squall of wind overtaking us. We still had some distance to go.

At sun-set the gates would be closed, and we would be shut out for the night. Oh, how anxious we were to get on shore! Then there arose a fair wind which carried us safely into the harbor, but it was too late—before we had anchored the sun-set gun fired, and we were shut out for the night.

Then suddenly the twilight of evening was obscured by a pitch-like heavy cloud, which "hung like a pall" over the whole sky, and a terrible blast of wind swept over us, which seemed as if it would tear us from our anchor. A frightful peal of thunder rolled its thousand echoes over the hills on shore, and resounded through the long and deep excavations of the Rock.

Flash after flash of vivid lightning dazzled our eyes. One of the sailors covered us up closely with a painted awning, just in time to prevent our being deluged in a heavy shower of rain, which then poured down in torrents. To have to spend the whole night in that condition, seemed very awful, besides being very dangerous.

There was great risk of our cable parting, in which case, we must inevitably be wrecked and drowned.

The English gentleman and the Spanish Vice Consul prevailed on the patrone to venture to send a boat to an English brig of war, which was lying near us, to tell the captain on board of it of our exposed and endangered condition. He at once, very politely, sent us a boat rowed by a powerful band of sturdy English sailors, with an invitation to take shelter for the night in his cabin.

The getting out of one boat into the other, the row from the Spanish courier to the English brig, and the clambering up the wet and heaving side of the man-of-war, the pouring rain, the wind, the boisterous waves, the roaring thunder and the dazzling lightning, as we then and there fled for refuge beneath the deck of the English brig, formed a variety and a sublimity of the awful, which we hope we may never see again.

When at last we were safely sheltered in the comfortable and spacious cabin of the English brig, we felt as if we had been suddenly transported to another world. We were soon seated at the captain's hospitable supper-table, and amid the luxuries and the warm and dry surroundings of his comfortable quarters, we were, ere long, forgetful of the storm which was still raging in unabated violence over us. The clean and cozy

beds, with the repose-inviting pillows, sheets and blankets, lulled us to a sound sleep, which we greatly needed after our day's toilsome tumbling about over the rough waves of the Straits. We seemed to have passed by one step from all the hideousness of semi-barbarism, to the comforts and comforting luxuries of a refined and highly cultivated civilization.

Why do they not have a steamer in which to cross the Straits? was the question which we asked ourselves over and over again. The only answer we could find to it was the supposition that it would not pay. For we could plainly see that the "mighty dollar" was as potent in its operations upon the inhabitants of Europe, as it is upon any thrifty son or daughter of Adam in the dollar-loving land of yankeedom.

Still we cannot help believing that if some enterprising and energetic American, with sufficient capital to start it well and comfortably, so as to give it a fair trial, would undertake to ply a *daily* steamer packet between Gibraltar and the neighboring ports of the Barbary shore, he would make it a paying speculation, and would take a long and powerful step towards the civilization of Africa. The English people love comfort and are able to pay for it. The present abominable

system of an overstrained and unreasonable strictness of the quarantine laws, forms the greatest obstacle which we can see to the success of the plan; but a daily and regular intercourse by steamer with the shores of Barbary, would tend to break down and weaken all that is overstrained and unreasonable in that system. An occasional trip somewhere away from the Rock would be a desirable treat to its pent up inhabitants, if they could obtain it in comfort and at a moderate expense.

After a good night's rest and a hearty breakfast with our kind English friends, we returned once more to our pleasant lodging house, with the determination not to leave it again for the port of Tangier, until we saw a cloud-cap upon the top of the Rock of Gibraltar, which is here an indication of a steady and continued east wind.

We had seen as much of the Rock as we wished to see. We had ridden into Spain as far as to St. Roque and to Algecirus, we had visited and sat in the "Queen's Arm Chair," and did not wish to extend our travels farther into that kingdom, for fear of missing the east wind, which might any day incline to favor our wishes. Our few visits to our few friends in Gibraltar were soon

paid. Besides all that, the rain continued to pour down in torrents, and out-of-door exercise was very unpleasant. Then *what* were we to do with our time, until there should occur a change of wind.

Books—had we no books?

Yes any amount of them within our reach, and in them we read, rambled and roved in uninterrupted mental enjoyment, until we were indifferent to all winds and all weathers.

A blessing we fervently invoked upon all writers, printers and binders of books.

What would the world be without books?

A dry, sordid, sandy and steril soil, void of pleasure and of delight. Thank heaven that we live in an age which is abundantly supplied with books. Again and again we exclaimed in the quiet retreat of our private lodgings, a blessing upon all writers and printers of books.

The many hours of enjoyment which they have bestowed upon us are the happiest of our lives.

The "Queen's Arm Chair" is a very ancient tower, built upon the top of one of the Spanish hills opposite to Gibraltar.

Tradition says that the Queen of Spain once took up her residence in that tower, and dwelt

there during the siege of the Spaniards against the Rock, to recover it from the English, and that she sat day after day on the top of that tower, watching to see the flag of Spain hoisted in triumph and victory over the walls of Gibraltar. It further states that at last the Queen vowed that she would not change her clothes until she saw this desire of her heart accomplished.

She wore the same garments during forty days, and then the English general, pitying her forlorn condition for the want of a change of raiment, gallantly hoisted the Spanish flag with his own hands, and kept it afloat long enough to give her Majesty time to renew her toilet, and to be freed from her rash and inconvenient vow.

But I beg you to excuse me for intruding so long at once upon the use of your precious and so fully occupied time. How my pen will keep running away with me and all my conscious ideas of the flight of minutes and of hours.

How can any living mortal find time to be in its passage over us, slow or heavy?

Mine ever flies so rapidly that it is truly like the weaver's shuttle, flying hither and away, so swiftly that it defies the power of the keenest vision to discern its shape or form. May it, as

it flies, form a web, which will stand the test of that great trying time when every one's work will be made manifest, whether for good or for evil.

Adieu, dearest friend,

&c., &c.

LETTER X.

ARRIVAL AT TANGIER. OUTER AND INNER VIEW OF THE TOWN.

Tangier, Feb. 15th, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

Again buoyed up with fresh courage, and with renewed hopes we once more embarked for Tangier.

On the day which witnessed this our third departure from the Bay of Gibraltar, the steadfast old Rock had his night-cap (as the natives term it) hanging in floating mist upon his sturdy old brow.

That cap of misty clouds was said to be, by the weather-wise of the place, an infallible prognostic of a steady and long continued East wind. It commenced blowing one day about half an

hour before sun-set, and the next morning at about nine o'clock we made our third embarkation from the good old town of Gibraltar.

We were favored with a delightful trip across the Straits, and were most agreeably disappointed to find that when we arrived within sight of the town of Tangier, it presented, contrary to all our anticipations, of what a town in Africa must look like—a cheerful and bright looking prospect. The houses of the natives are dazzling white. The Consular houses, about ten or twelve in number, are painted in different colors according to the fancy of their respective occupants.

Adjoining almost every well sized native house, there is a large and overshadowing fig-tree, or grape-vine arbor.

As these two plants are here almost ever-green and never lose their leaves, and as the houses are by frequent white-washings kept perpetually white, the two most beautiful colors in landscape are constantly and beautifully blended together in undiminished lustre, and have an excellent effect upon the feelings of the beholder who approaches the town; especially if he has, or expects to have a home, or some home-endeared little spot as his own future resting place, near

some of those shady trees, or brightly green arbors.

Tangier is said to have been built by the Ancient Romans, and called by them Tingis. It is, according to Malham's Gazetteer, in North latitude, thirty-five degrees and forty-nine minutes, and in West longitude from Greenwich, five degrees and fifty minutes.

This town was colonized by the Romans, and at different times it has belonged to Goths, Arabs and Portuguese. On the marriage of Charles II., King of England, with Catharine the Infanta of Portugal, in was given him as a part of her marriage dower, on January thirtieth, in the year one thousand six hundred and sixty-two. It was by the English, made a free port and considered a great acquisition to the nation. During the space of twenty-two years it was to them a heavy expense and trouble, on account of frequent and harassing attacks being made on it by the surrounding inhabitants, to whom it was finally abandoned in the year one thousand six hundred and eighty-four. Before the English left it they destroyed the fortifications, and the mole which had cost them immense sums of money and amount of labor.

Since then it has remained in the possession of the Moors, who are as I understand their history, the race of Mohammedans who formerly inhabited Spain, but being expelled from that kingdom they returned to Barbary, where they were resisted and opposed by the Breber race, who were once their own people, and they all sprang from Syrian forefathers, so that they are not aborigines of Africa, and are not negroes but a white race. The Moors and Brebers are still two distinct races, although they have the same religion, the Mohammedan, and have been for many years living under the same government. The Moors occupy the walled towns and are the most civilized of the two races. The Brebers occupy the villages and remote mountainous districts; they are divided into different tribes.

Besides the Moors and Brebers there are a large proportion of Arabs, who move about from place to place in this country and live in tents, having no continuing abiding place anywhere.

About one-fourth of the population of the walled towns is made up of the descendants of Israel, and of course are distinct from all the other surrounding people.

There is a fine old castle which surmounts the high hill at the Western side of the town,

of which I mean to trouble you with a description some of these days, after having paid it a visit. It is a noble looking old structure with its ivy-twined towers, and grey-stone turrets.

But ah, here come other ideas to crowd out from my mind's eye, the beauties of the scene around me; they form the recollection of my mode of landing on this continent.

The two living actors in that scene seized me, sat me by force upon a chair which they brought with them, and as quick as thought they hoisted me to the top of their broad and brawny shoulders, and carried me from the vessel to the sea-shore sand of Africa.

They were two public porters of Tangier, and were Jews. There are here no wharves, or any other convenience for the landing of passengers, they have to be carried on shore by porters who wade through the mid-thigh deep water. Our bearers landed us on the beach in front of a long, low, white structure without windows. This we were told was the custom house. As there is very little commerce carried on by the natives, they do not need very extensive custom-house buildings. Walking forward we came to a large double gate, near which there is constantly sitting an old gate-keeper. During business hours he is

surrounded by the captain of the port, and other custom-house officers, one or two talbs, who are their learned men, and several other dignitaries who there daily congregate, and as they sit on mats or sheep skins, they discuss the news of the times, and take a view of any strangers who may arrive or depart from the place. After we entered the outer gate, we ascended a steep alley or passage between two high walls, which led the way to the inner gate. Here we beheld a venerable old figure, which I am sure if once seen can never be forgotten; he was clothed in robes of purest white, his beard was long and as white as his raiment. It extended nearly to his girdle; in one hand he held a long wooden staff, on which he partly leaned, in his other hand he held a long black rosary. The beads of the rosary we were told were made of palm wood, they were black and polished very brightly; between every 28 beads of wood there was a longer one of ivory.

On one end of the rosary there was suspended a small white ivory comb, which was used only for combing the beard.

The beard is held by the Moors in almost sacred veneration. There cannot be offered to them a greater or more despised insult than to

pull or assault the beard. This venerable old man was devoutly counting his beads. In the course of his long life, he must have uttered a million prayers, for he was always praying.

This old man had somehow learned to say in very plain English,

"How do you do?"

Whenever any one of the English or United States nation passed him, he was in the habit of repeating the question in a loud clear voice. Whenever such passer-by happened to be the captain of a vessel, he would add the word Rice to his friendly salutation, as rice in his native language means captain.

One day it happened that a heavy gale blowing from the East forced an American ship of the merchant service from the East Indies, bound to Gibraltar, to take shelter in the Bay of Tangier, there to remain until it should abate. As he was nearly out of water or provisions he came on shore to make the necessary arrangements for obtaining a fresh supply. As he entered the inner gate he was much surprised to hear the old gate-keeper exclaim,

"How do you do Rice?"

"Well," said the captain to his companions, "I knew I was pretty well known in many

parts of the world, but I did not think I was known here in Tangier !"

His name was Captain Rice.

After passing the inner gate, we came to a paved street on which stand the houses of the British, Portuguese and Spanish Consuls. It is kept cleanly swept by the servants of the Consuls, and is decidedly the only decent street in the whole town. The other streets are never swept, except by the winds and waters of the winters' tempests. But I must defer the remainder of our walk until my next letter.

Yours sincerely,

&c., &c.

LETTER XI.

A FIRST WALK IN AFRICA.

Tangier, Feb. 20th, 18—.

My Dearest Friend:

The streets of Tangier are all very narrow, and very crooked, except two. One of these excepted ones is the street on which stand the three above named consular houses, and the

other is the main street, which is about twenty feet wide. On it there are two or three large dwelling houses, and a great many of the Tangier shops or stores of merchandise.

These shops are so small that they look like little closets. The shop-keeper can, and generally does, sit in the middle, upon a mat, or tanned sheep or goat skin, on the brick or mortared floor, and then, without much effort, he can reach his goods with his hands from his shelves to his customers, who always while examining or purchasing his goods, stand outside.

There is not as much time spent in idle shopping in this town as there is in some places that we know of.

Many of the streets are so narrow that a man can stand in the middle and touch the house walls with his hands on both sides.

Here, with difficulty, two loaded donkeys can be made to pass each other. Many are the disputes and squabbles which take place between their drivers, as they squeeze along past each other. Two loaded camels cannot; one or the other has to back out. The altercations frequently carried on between the drivers of the beasts of burden in Tangier are sometimes very amusing to the beholders. They create a multi-

tude of loud and angry words, and an infinity of violent gesticulations and threatened blows, but they generally end in words. The Tangierines seldom come to blows. If they cannot settle their disputes with words, they generally appeal to the law, and arrange them before the Judge, or the Governor of the town.

Our walk from the town gates to the Consul's residence, where our future home was to be made, put to flight all the flattering ideas which we had conceived in favor of the beauty of the town when we were viewing it from a distance, as we sailed into the Bay of Tangier. The majority of the streets through which we passed on this, our first walk in Africa, were so crooked that they seemed to be playing bo-peep with us, and to be ever and anon going entirely out of our sight by coming to an end against a high wall.

When arrived at the wall, we would find there a short, narrow turn of the road, which would wind around the corner of the same high wall. In a short space we would meet with other similar turns. We thought we were being conducted home by the *back way*, on account of our travelling gear and gait; for a trip across the straits does not put a body in a very pre-

sentable guise. The back way! We soon found that there were not any front ways belonging to the town of Tangier.

When we arrived within a few yards of the door of Mr. M.'s house we suddenly heard behind us one of the most hideous and unearthly sounds which we ever heard in our lives. It was uttered in a loud, shrill, piercing and powerful tone, which seemed to be partly a shriek of pain and partly a yell of menace. On looking behind us, we saw approaching, by long hasty strides of at least three feet in length, a tall, gaunt figure of a man. He was apparently six feet six inches high; his skin was dark and tawny, it was drawn tightly over his large bones, in a way to make him look as if he was only half fed. It was evidently as water-needy as his bones were unclothed by flesh. That he did not patronize the bath-tub or wash-basin could be plainly seen. A more foul looking man until then we had never seen. His head was entirely uncovered, and closely shaved all over except in one spot, from which was growing a long, plaited lock of tangled and soiled hair. His feet were bare, excepting their coat of dirt, and that was very thick, and of various colors. His body was entirely unclothed, with the exception of a

long woollen haik wound round and round it, after a fashion of his own fancy.

The same said haik looked as if it had been dragged through a mud pond and hung to dry upon his back—a dirtier place certainly could not be found. He strided on past us without raising his eyes from the ground, on which they were intently fixed, and still as he passed along up the street he ceased not his dreadful cries, nor his immensely hurried strides.

"What is that?" said I in great terror.

I was answered, "It is only Seedy Sharkey, he is deranged, but he will not do any harm, he is perfectly innocent."

Seedy Sharkey! Sharkey enough he looked to be seedy of any or every thing that was frightful and disgusting. He looked quite too sharkey for me to feel much confidence in his innocence, and every time his fiendish yell was repeated I felt my heart quake until it beat against my throat, until I too was tempted to scream with terror, as fiercely as he was doing for his own amusement. Imagine *if* you *can* my dismay, when I found that his home was almost adjoining Mr. M.'s, in which I was now going to reside, and that he—the awful Seedy Sharkey,

was hereafter to be one of my nearest neighbors.

I have since discovered to my astonishment, that this same Seedy Sharkey is the most highly revered and honored mortal man who lives in Tangier and its vicinity. And that we are considered to be highly favored by Providence, in being privileged to reside so near to his dwelling.

It is one of the Moorish fancies, ("and their name is legion,") that deranged people and idiots are the especial favorites of heaven, and that they are holy, above the commonality of mankind.

The veneration in which they are held is not far from their being idolized. But idolatry is not one of the sins of the Koran, or of the followers of Mohammed. The false prophet forbids idolatry as strongly as the law of Moses does, and the followers of the former adhere to the letter of their law more strongly than we do. They will not have in their houses, either public or private, any kind of picture, or image of any kind of created nature.

They honor and revere Mohammed, because they believe that he was the chosen prophet of God, to make known to mankind his law, but

they do not worship him. When they pray it is true that they bow their faces towards the east—this they do, not in adoration of their prophet, but in conformity to a custom which was observed by their ancestors, even long before the days of Mohammed. He did not approve of it, but allowed it to be continued in pity of their love of an old habit, and in imitation of the Jews, who also bow their heads towards the east when they pray, yet they are not idolaters.

Yours, affectionately,

&c., &c.

LETTER XII.

AN AFRICAN FOUNTAIN AND GRAVE YARD.

Tangier, Feb. 24th, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

After we had rested and dined, we all went to walk to the Consul's garden, which is about a quarter of a mile beyond the town walls. After winding through several narrow and crooked streets, we came to the main one. Here we passed one of the public fountains. What a

scene of human misery and of human comicalities we there beheld!

In our country if a m n wants to know the character and habits of any town in which he may happen to "tarry for awhile,"—he reads their newspaper, and by it he forms his opinion of them—if they have no newspaper, why of course he has to conclude that they are not worth the trouble of forming an opinion about. But, dear J., if you ever travel in this part of Africa, and if you want to know the habits and manners of your surrounders—do as I did to-day—take a stand near the public fountain, and watch the inhabitants obtain their supply of water, and you will at once be made acquainted with them.

Alas! alas! most truly did I find that even here, in Africa, the "mighty dollar" was the one reigning monarch of all hearts. The poor and shabbily dressed Tangierines were rudely pushed aside by the stronger—stronger, because better fed part of the crowd of water-carriers. The way that some of the black-skinned, half naked, pure African-blooded little slaves dodged the sticks of the stronger and better-kept, full-grown, fat servants of the richer people, was convincing proof that young negroes will be young

negroes to perfection in Northern Africa as well as in the South of the United States.

There were manifested among them the same rolling up of the whites of the full round eyes, the same mischief-loving leer and monkey-like capers, which are so characteristic of the darker skinned young negroes on our Southern plantations.

Then, in that motley group, we saw one poor, half-starved and half-clothed Arab woman, with her babe tied in a dirty cloth on the bare back of one shoulder, while from the other she lowered an old black goat skin, which she brought to the fountain to be filled with water. It was very painful to see how she had to wait and stand apart from the rest, until the strong and the well fed were first supplied, and there she had to wait and wait, until perchance she and her child were both suffering from the pangs of prolonged thirst. Verily I saw there bravely imitated the sturdy oppression of the strong over the weak, which is too often a blot upon our own more civilized and highly favored fellow pilgrims in their graspings after the good things of this life.

But alas, we saw a still more piteous and lamentable looking object approach with timid

and stealthy steps. He appeared to be afraid of every thing and every person he saw. In his abject humility he seemed a more melancholy and pitiable creature than was even that half-starved and half-clothed Arab woman. Here now we saw that she could have her revenge on a fellow mortal, and could triumphantly trample upon him, jostle him aside, and make him wait *her* pleasure to approach between her and the eagerly waited for water. We beheld how her sunken eye flashed upon him with scorn and hatred, by which she proved that *her* heart was not softened by her suffering. Who was it over whom even she, degraded, despised and starved as she was, could so domineer with disdain and trample upon as her inferior? Who is he, do you ask? He cannot be very poor, for he is well clothed, his garments are clean, neatly made, of fine materials, and are as good as new, his feet are well shod, with shining black slippers, his head is nicely sheltered beneath a fine woollen cap, with a long silk tassel dangling from the centre of its top. He shows too that he is well kept, for his face is full and ruddy, and he does not bear a soiled looking old skin, in which to carry the water, but gracefully poised upon his shoulder there is a large, red, clean looking

earthen pitcher; yes, all this was true, and moreover he was some rich man's favorite servant; yet, with all his favored circumstances, he must succumb and yield to the tyranny of the meanest, poorest, youngest and weakest Mohammedan of all that mean, poor and dirty fountain-side rabble of Tangierines—because he is a Jew.

Remember, if your travels ever carry you to Barbary, and while there you want water brought to you in a hurry, not to send a Jew to the fountain to procure it, unless you can be content to wait a long time for it, or send him at some unseasonable hour, while the faithful followers of Mohammed are asleep, or eating, or praying.

Sleeping, eating and praying are the three elements in which they exist.

Near this fountain, in an Eastern direction, is the caravansary, where the camels and their drivers from the interior, on their trading expeditions to Tangier, are accustomed to lodge.

It is simply a square, large space, surrounded by a high wall; around the walls are rows of covered stalls, in which the drivers spread their beds and sleep, while their faithful and patient four-footed companions chew the cud, and rest their gauntly, awkward limbs around the stalls, on the bare ground, unlittered and unroofed.

The drivers and traders from the interior bring their beds and cooking utensils with them.

I remember when a child, while reading of Christ telling the man whom he had healed, to take up his bed and walk, my ignorant faith in the truth of the Bible was sorely tried. I asked myself the question, "How could a sick man, just cured, carry his bed?" I now see that his bed was not heavy, as it was probably like these camel drivers', merely a mat or a skin. Thus too it will be in our future life, we will find many things, now "hard to be understood," which will then be as plainly explained to our understanding. Oh, that we may have confidence und resignation given us, to wait in love, patience and faith until the full explaining time will be open to our view.

After passing the caravansary, we walked through the southern gates of the town, and found ourselves in a large open space, in which we were told, the semi-weekly markets of food were held. As this was not a market day, we must defer our observations on that important subject until some other time. They hold their market days on Thursdays and Sundays.

Think of that, will you? A Sunday market-day!

Alas, for my lost Sabbath day quietness and sweet repose. If quantity would make amends for quality, we would have no reason to complain, for we have here three holy days of rest in succession.

Friday is the resting day of the Mohammedans, Saturday of the Jews, and Sunday of the few nominal Christians who reside here.

As we passed through the market place we were amazed to see the great numbers of half-naked beggars, who were sitting and lounging idly about it on the bare ground, and huddled together in groups along the base of the town walls. Of regular clothing they were entirely destitute; a few tattered, soiled and muddy-looking, old woollen rags were all the covering they possessed. They belonged almost exclusively to the Breber race, who apparently are distinct from the Moors who live in Tangier and other walled towns of Morocco. Their appearance is entirely different, and so are many of their customs; although they are followers of the same religious belief in the Koran, and live under the same government, and are all of them the loyal subjects of his imperial majesty, Muley Abdrahaman. His sway over them is absolutely despotic. He is the owner of their persons and

their property, if he chooses to carry out the powers with which he is invested. But his reign, when compared to that of some of his ancestors, is mild and free from cruel tyranny. He appears to be well loved and respected by his subjects, as far as we can judge, upon our short acquaintance with them.

While passing through the market place, we saw on one side of it a high stone wall, which we were told was the wall of the Swedish Consul's garden. On the left hand side of the market we saw a small square building, which is a saint-house, or sanctuary, and also a place "where prayer is wont to be made" by the devoutly inclined Tangierines.

From the market place we entered a public road, which was surrounded on both sides by the public Moorish cemetery of Tangier.

It is of immense size, and probably has been in use many centuries. It is entirely uninclosed. In some places the road is much lower than the surface of the grave-yard. In those places may sometimes be seen the bones of the dead of other ages, peeping out from the dry, sandy soil which surrounds them. The lines of bones are lying tier over tier.

The remains of deceased humanity are held in

sacred veneration by the Moors, and whenever one of them discovers a projecting bone exposed to view, he will immediately push it in and cover it up with earth as well as he can with his hands. He will be very much displeased if a Christian will touch, or even look at them. Yet such is the inconsistency and want of enterprise among these strange people, that, though they will not go to the trouble of properly securing the bones of their ancestors from exposure, they will be offended if a stranger will presume to look at them or acknowledge that he sees them.

A Jew is not allowed to walk along this road or on any other holy ground, with his shoes on his feet, but must carry them either in his hands or pockets.

But my paper is filled and I must now put away my pen until to-morrow. Wishing you may be favored with pleasant dreams, not of grave-yards and bare bones, I must bid you good-night, for the muedden is warning me by his cries from the nearest mosque tower, that *my* hour for rest has arrived. Until the dawn of another day, adieu.

Yours sincerely,

&c., &c.

LETTER XIII.

A WALK TO AN AFRICAN GARDEN.

Tangier, Feb. 26th, 18—

My Dear Friend:

We continued our walk over the road, which runs through the public cemetery, and as we did so, we met several groups of Moors; as we passed them they placed their hand upon their hearts and said to us,

"Aleikum Salaam."

Our little party answered them by saying—

"Salaam Aleikum." These words mean,

"Peace be with you."

Sometimes we met small parties of Moorish women, who were fully enveloped in their large white woollen haiks, from under which nothing but their large black eyes could be seen.

The only notice they bestowed upon us was to draw their haiks still more tightly over their faces. Then again we sometimes met a few Jews. Stockings are never worn in this country by either Jews or Moors. The Jewish men wear black morocco shoes or slippers, the male Moors wear yellow, and the females of both races wear red ones. The Jew-

esses are very fond of having theirs embroidered with silk or gilt, and silvered thread, sometimes they wear them made of rich crimson or purple silk-velvet. They dearly love to have a handsome and expensive pair of slippers.

A male Moor when fully equipped for riding on horseback, wears a pair of long yellow morocco boots which reach to his knees, but when he walks he wears only the yellow slippers. They all remove their slippers from their feet when they enter a house. To enter a room with their feet covered, would be among themselves a rude breach of etiquette.

When we arrived within a short distance of Mr. M.'s garden to which we were going, we saw walking before us three persons attired in European style, who were followed by a finely dressed Moorish soldier as their guard.

One of the three Europeans we were informed is a young French nobleman, who for some political offence against his own government, has been exiled from his own home, where his large property was taken from him by confiscation. He has been living for the last six or eight months in Tangier, where he is supporting himself by teaching. At his side walked a beautifully formed young lady, who is the only daugh-

ter of a family from the North of Europe. This Miss A. O., we are told, is extremely handsome, and greatly beloved by all who know her. She has two brothers, one of whom was then walking with her. She is the idol of them and of their fond parents, who have hired this young Frenchman to give her the finishing touches of her knowledge of the French language, and for the purpose of allowing him more fully an opportunity of doing so, they permit her to walk out with him and to receive his visits at home; in short he almost lives under the same roof that covers her own residence.

Her figure was so interesting and her movements were so graceful as she glided on slowly before us, that I felt a strong desire to overtake her, that I might enjoy the pleasure of seeing her fair face, and of being introduced to her. For which purpose I tried to hurry forward and to overtake her. But Mr. M. would not second my motion, on the contrary he actually slackened his, and I was obliged to yield to necessity and give up my chase after beauty.

Before we came within a few yards of them they suddenly all disappeared!

"Oh," I exclaimed, "where have they gone?"

"Into the Danish Consul's garden" answered

Mr. M., "which is near mine and here we are at our own garden gate."

Mr. M. then knocked with his walking cane a few hard raps on the gate, and it was opened by his gardener. Upon entering we found ourselves in a very pleasant place, which covered about two acres of well cultivated ground, that was also well watered and shaded. We saw it fenced on two sides and a half, by high and thick hedges of native canes, their long, narrow, floating leaves rustled merrily in the wind, and gleamed brightly and gaily in the beams of the declining sun. They are very beautiful, these gay cane hedges, they wear their pale living verdure all the year, and grow very fast. The other side and a half were hedged with the African aloes, or as some call them the century-plant; these formed a strong contrast with the cane hedges, with their long, stiff, thorn-tipped and spiry leaves.

Mr. M. pointed out to our notice some of the aloes, which he said would bloom next summer. If I live to see their blossoms I will drop you a note about them, and then may you be so much pleased with it, as to think I merit a good long letter in answer. I am already anxiously desiring to hear from you again. Oh, how wearisome

are the heart-yearnings, which I feel ever tossing up their surging billows of love towards my far distant native home; would that we could all feel the same degree of intense affection towards that happy place which is eternal in the heavens!

There are three springs in Mr. M.'s garden, but he says that their waters are not fit to drink. The trees which shade these three springs with their waving leaves, are the orange, olive, pear, lemon and pomegranate. There are also in this garden a few peach trees, which Mr. M. has imported from America, but they do not thrive. At one time he was so anxious to possess at least one peach tree in full bearing, that he went to the trouble of bringing a portion of peach orchard soil all the way from America, by way of experiment, but it did not prove successful, the tree still droops. I stood upon that same little spot of American ground, here on the African continent, which in my weary feeling of home sickness was a little satisfaction. But I must bid you adieu for the present, and again defer the continuation of our walk in, and from the garden.

Yours, affectionately,

&c., &c.

LETTER XIV.

FRUIT TREES.—AN AFRICAN WAY TO "MILK THE COW."

Tangier, Feb. 28th, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

As you are an admirer of flowers, you will read with patience all that I will find time to write about them. The prickly-pear, Indian fig, or *cactus opuntia*, here grows to the height of five or six feet, and bears a delicious fruit.

Hedges are sometimes formed of it. Some of the leaves are eighteen inches long and an inch and a half thick. If the fruit is eaten early in the morning, before the rays of the sun shine on it, it is very cool and refreshing; after the thorny rind is peeled off, the fruit is of a dark orange color, the rind is similar to the leaves, and is equally as full of those annoying bunches of little thorns which give the plant the name of the prickly-pear.

It requires some skilful practice to succeed in removing the rind of the fruit, without getting one's fingers filled with the thorns. When they are so filled, the only means by which they can

be removed is to rub the hands all over with dry sand or finely pulverized earth.

When the leaves of the plant are dead, the pulp all dries away from between the firmer woody fibres of which they are composed, and these form a very beautiful piece of lace or net work, which can be split open a great many times, and when so split, they form a tasty material for making fancy boxes and baskets.

The Consul's daughters sometimes amuse themselves by making such articles from it for keepsakes. But they are too brittle to be of much real service.

The aloe leaves are far more useful; the fibres of the dried aloe leaves make a very strong, smooth and white thread, which is here used by the natives for sewing. In Spain it is manufactured into a handsome and delicate looking texture for ladies' dresses, and although it is very thin and light, it is so strong that it will wear as long as some silk goods. It is capable of receiving the most beautiful and delicate tints by dyeing. It seems strange that it is not more extensively made and worn in all places where the aloe can be easily grown.

The orange trees in this country are very fine, large and abundantly fruitful. By proper man-

agement of grafts they are made to produce two crops a year. It is no very rare sight to see trees with the one half of their wide spreading limbs covered with ripe fruit, and the other half fully enveloped in a richly perfumed white cloud of freshly opened blossoms.

And such fruit as some of it is, out-rivals everything that you ever tasted from Havana or Florida. Oranges cannot be exported and eaten in the perfection of their true and native deliciousness. I wish you were here to enjoy with us some of the exquisitely flavored ones which are so luxuriously growing around us—yea, that are even lying in their abundance, decaying uncared for on the ground beneath our feet.

The pomegranates are very beautiful trees, and so are their rosy-tinted fruit and crimson flowers, but like a great many very handsome people, their beauty is all external, and forms too often their only recommendation. Still they *are* beautiful, and will ever be both admired and very much loved.

We walked and sauntered about the garden until nearly sunset, and then we were very much amused by viewing the gardener milk the cow. As cow's milk, unmixed with that of other domestic animals, cannot always be pro-

cured in the Tangier markets, Mr. M. keeps his own cow, and has for her use a small patch of pasture in one corner of his garden.

It is a part of the gardener's business to milk the cow, and carry her milk every evening to Mr. M.'s house. One of the many droll ideas of these very droll people, is, that a cow cannot be milked unless her calf is at the same time feasting at one portion of her milk-givers, while another one is yielding its contents to the manipulations of her keeper. The milk is received into a narrow-mouthed earthen jar, which the man must hold quite close to the cow's side, or the stream of milk cannot reach it; thus he must hold the jar with one hand while he milks with the other, and also while the calf is running a race with him in the operation with all its might. The man meanwhile does his part, as if he felt that he is committing an act of highway robbery, and is fully under the impression that he will infallibly be kicked flat on the ground by the cow's heels, or be sent floating high up in the air over it by a well directed aim of her horns, to punish him for his flagrant and unpardonable dishonesty.

They never kill a lamb, a kid or a calf, and these privileged youngsters are allowed to reap

their infantile treasures by taking all the milk they can get, until the fountain which supplies it is exhausted. The natural consequence is, that milk is very scarce.

Camel's milk is considered to be a great delicacy, but the young camel also is never weaned, except by nature.

By the time the man was through with his (to us) amusing operation of half milking the cow, the sun was upon the brink of the western horizon, and Mr. M. said that we must go towards home or we would be shut out of the town gates. Oh, these worrisome town gates, will I ever be used to their annoying and tyrannical infliction! I would so much have loved to have roved and rambled among the orange and pomegranate groves of that lovely garden until the moon would arise, and illumine with her silvery rays their rustling leaves, but—the town gates —oh, the hateful town gates must enclose us within their prison-like locks, and we must leave the moon-lighted leaves, to the (by us) unshared enjoyment of the old cow and her young calf, the half of whose supper had been robbed from it to form a part of our own evening meal.

As we passed the gate of the Danish Consul's garden, on our homeward walk, I could not help

wishing that we might have the pleasure of seeing Miss A. O. come out of it, but in vain, she did not make her appearance. Under the disappointment I was consoled with the hope that very soon I would meet and become acquainted with her. I naturally considered that where there were so few nominal Christians living together in a place like this, so completely shut out from the rest of the civilized world, they would often meet in friendly intercourse. The manner in which this hope also failed me, must form the subject of a future letter from

Yours affectionately,

&c., &c.

LETTER XV.

SEEDY SHARKEY.

Tangier, Feb. 29th, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

About an hour after our return home from Mr. M.'s garden, the full moon was fairly risen over the hills of Cape Malabat, which form the eastern boundary of the Tangier Bay.

We stood at the window and watched the playing of her beams upon the waves of the ever-

moving sea, and in admiration of their beautiful light I proposed to walk on the terrace or flat over the top of the house, that we might enjoy a wider view of the quiet and splendid scenery. But Mr. M. put a peremptory veto upon any such indulgence of my wishes. He said that the dew of the night was particularly injurious to new-comers, and that we must not, on any account, expose ourselves to its evil effects. I remained at the window, gazing in admiring rapture at the moon and brightly illumined waves, and listening to their gentle murmurings as they broke over the sand and stones of the shore. Their sound was the only one which then broke the solemn—stilly silence of the cool and pleasant night air.

I was beginning to feel rebellious against the restraints laid upon me, and I felt as if I would soon resolve to break through them all, and take the liberty of walking out somewhere to enjoy more extensively the novelty of my rare surroundings.

Just then, my rebellious thoughts were, with my ardent wishes after more widely extended freedom of action, all suddenly put to flight, by hearing the awful sound of Seedy Sharkey's voice, as he came striding and yelling up our street.

Liberty! Freedom of action!—I then felt as if I would be willing to creep into any place—I would not care how narrow or how dark it might be, to get away from that terrible sound.

The next morning, while we were eating breakfast, we were informed that Seedy Sharkey had at dawn of day departed on one of his long journeys, and that probably he might not return home for weeks or months, as he generally spent the greater part of his time away from home; he was kindly treated wherever he went. His chief pleasure seemed to be taken in yelling aloud and in sitting and walking about the different cemeteries in different parts of the land. In his habits they say that he is very abstemious, although he could live on the fat of the land, if he would accept the one-half of the good things of this life which the people are always willing to bestow upon him.

What a happy relief it is to think that we are for a time at least, released from the direful noise of his terrifying voice.

Yours affectionately,

&c., &c.

LETTER XVI.

CONSULAR ETIQUETTE.

Tangier, March 2d, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

A few days after our arrival, Mr. M. received a note of invitation to spend the evening at the house of the parents of Miss A. O.

He declined going and gave as his reason for doing so that he was engaged with company at home. I felt very sorry that we were not included in the invitation, as I was so exceedingly anxious to see Miss A. O.

Mr. M. then explained to me that all the intercourse between the Consuls and their families was carried on with more regard to ceremony and etiquette than to pleasure, and the enjoyment of each other's society. Also that I need not expect any invitation until after I had been visited formally, and until all received calls should be as ceremoniously returned, and that I need not expect to receive any calls for several weeks after my arrival.

How tantalizing all this was to my feelings, and to reflect that I must not expect to see Miss

A. O. until her parents saw proper to pay us an unmeaning and ceremonious call, while I am so very anxious to become acquainted with her!

I am told that she speaks the English language quite fluently, that she is highly accomplished, and possesses a finely cultivated mind, &c., &c., &c. In short I am constantly being told so many fine things about her, that I feel as if I love her as much as I could do, if I had seen and known her all the days of her life. And yet to think that my meeting with her must be postponed for weeks, and perhaps for months on account of an idle and unmeaning ceremony! And that too, here in Africa! In this darkened corner of the earth where European society is scarcer than grains of gold. Truly when I think thereupon, I am out of all patience, then while thus feeling out of patience I want to run out and take a refreshing walk on yonder broad beach, or to saunter out to the garden hoping that I might again see her and her teacher taking their daily walk.

But although my morning duties are all discharged, and though there is yet a full hour between now and dinner time, I want so much to spend that hour somewhere upon the green earth, I am coolly told that I cannot go out to walk be-

cause the guard is not ready to attend me, and that he will not be until after dinner!

Oh, how weariedly oppressed we are by ceremony, etiquette, guards and town-gates! But after awhile we settled down to be satisfied with our quiet ante-dinner promenade upon the house-top, and we there one day resolved that before we were a year older, we would have a little garden of our own growing up there on that same old house-top. If we were not allowed to find friends to love, nor liberty to take "our walks abroad," just when we felt the need of them, we must have some flowers to cheer us with their silent but beautiful companionship, in the absence of all other social joys and pleasures; them we hope to be able to love and admire without being obliged to stop and consult the convenience of town-gates, lazy guards, unseasonable dinner hours and all the cold and nipping laws of ceremony and etiquette!

Yours, affectionately,

&c., &c.

LETTER XVII.

AN AFRICAN RAIN. A FAMINE AND ITS VICTIMS.

Tangier, March 18th, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

I wish some of our Philadelphia rainy-day grumblers were here to be cured of their discontent with having to live through a rain of some two or three days.

It has been raining incessantly night and day, during the last two weeks. And they tell me it very often continues to rain in the same style throughout the space of four and six weeks. The other night the rain entered my room in such torrents through the ceiling that I was obliged to rest in another apartment. What are we to do for want of exercise and fresh air? I feel tempted to do as the natives do when they cannot help it—go through it.

Yet incredible as it seems, the people of this land never use umbrellas. The Emperor is the only native in the whole nation who is ever sheltered from the rain by an umbrella, and he never appears in public, in sunshine or rain, without having one held over him by an officer, who is

especially appointed for that purpose; the umbrella is the main mark or sign of royalty.

When the Emperor can claim to be in a direct line, a descendant of the prophet, he is privileged to be sheltered by a green one, when he cannot, a red one is used.

When we are walking out, it frequently occurs that some simple son or daughter of the country will watch for an opportunity, and ask leave to stand a moment under our sun-umbrellas, and when the easily granted favor is given to him or her, the gift of a bag of gold would not, I verily believe, be received with greater pleasure.

But to return to the watery subject, with which I began this letter; it has now rained night and day for the last two weeks. During all that time we have walked nowhere out of doors, not even on the dear old house top, which we have already learned to love, as a pleasant retreat from the fatigue and labor of our in-door engagements. We now begin to feel as if we cannot much longer endure this irksome confinement to the under-roof circle.

We have umbrellas and are permitted to carry them as much as we please. But of what use are they? The wind blows so strongly that the labor of holding on to the umbrella is more

fatiguing, and worse than being exposed to the falling rain.

We gain but little dryness by remaining within the house, as the rain by spells, pours from the ceiling all around us, and we are obliged to be surrounded with tubs, pans and deep dishes to catch the water, and prevent our floors from being flooded. The roofs of the Tangier houses are constantly being washed out of repair. Our walking clothes by reason of the long rest they are having, and of the dampness which surrounds them, are actually mouldy.

Some of the Consuls and their families go out in the rain, and others do not.

The rainy season commences in October and lasts till April, so that the year is divided into the dry and rainy seasons. There is never any frost here, yet the weather on account of its extreme dampness, is very chilly. Chills and fever sometimes prevail, but they are not as common as they are in the United States.

We had a call this morning from one of the Consuls from the North of Europe. Mr. A. E. is a very gentlemanly official, and exceedingly polite in his manners. When he first came in he was so much excited that he could scarcely wish us good morning, or inquire after our wel-

fare, before he commenced to explain to us the reason of the violent excitement from which he was suffering. He had, on his way from his garden to the town, seen a terrible sight—it was one child eating the flesh of another, and the wounded one was so benumbed with cold and hunger, as to be insensible to the gnawing of the flesh from its bones. A little girl belonging to the crowd of starving beggars outside of the town walls, about ten years of age, was carrying a younger child upon her back, after their fashion, and the carried child was so overcome with hunger, that he saw it actually eating the flesh of its bearer.

The sufferings of these poor creatures are awful.

It appears that in their roving life, wandering as they do from place to place, they never lay up any provision for future use over what is necessary to supply their wants from one harvest to another, so that when there is a failure of their crops, they are in a state of famine. Last year the season was so dry, and there fell so little rain during the winter, that the planted grain did not grow, and they, for that year, had no harvest, and are now suffering all the unimaginable horrors of famine. They have, in their

present distress, flocked in large numbers to the sea-port towns, and are now in starving beggary, crouching around the walls of the towns.

As the crops last year failed all over the empire, and as the little wheat which was in store here, and the flour that has been brought from Gibraltar, are both sold at very high prices, there is not much chance of the starving strangers from the interior of the country, obtaining enough to relieve their hopeless condition. As they are too poor to purchase the food they need, they depend entirely upon begging for a living. Being as they unfortunately are, so very numerous, the supplies given them by charity, are of course very scanty in proportion to the number of the receivers. At present it is quite a common thing to see them dying with hunger, and too far gone towards their last moment to have strength to eat when food is given them; thus they frequently die on the street.

One day a man was found dead lying near our door, with a whole loaf of bread under his head for a pillow—it had been given too late to save his life, but no doubt he died more easily with it under his head. The terrible sight of their skeleton-looking faces, is the only thing which

reconciles me to the imprisonment that this long continued rain has imposed upon us.

We see enough of them here, under our windows, where they come very frequently, but they do not look so dreadfully heart-rending when they present themselves to our view in pairs or small groups, as they do when they are seen by the scores and hundreds outside of the town walls, where they sit on the mud with the rain pouring down on their more than half-naked bodies.

Do you ask me,

"Why do not the authorities provide them with "places of shelter?"

The authorities argue that if they would do so, they would pour into the towns from the interior in such multitudes, that they would soon outnumber the regular inhabitants; and that as soon as they would find themselves the stronger of the two people, they would massacre all the Moorish citizens and take possession of the towns.

The Moors will not allow them to spend even one night within the town gates, and if they at any time find they are becoming unsafely numerous in the neighborhood, the Governor issues a proclamation, that they must immediately depart

from the town altogether. Thus the poor wretches are driven about from town to town, and will so continue until the end of the present rainy season.

Some time ago, one of the English Consul's daughters undertook to give them all a loaf of bread a-piece every morning, at her own expense and with her own hands, from her father's window.

After she had done so several days, the Governor sent her word that she must stop doing so, or she would cause an insurrection in the town, and that if she did not at once cease giving bread to the beggars, she and her father would have to leave the place immediately. Not wishing to be the means of producing a public breach of the peace in any way, the fair lady was obliged to discontinue her kind and charitable donations.

Oh, how sad it is to see the poor creatures dying for the want of food! The agonizing expression of their countenances is terrible and harrowing beyond description. Being too weak to walk far at a time, they crawl about from spot to spot in a slow, snail-like pace, and then sink down in the street mud under our windows and moan out in a whining and melancholy tone of voice, these words,

"Ahil alghasnah aah lamumeeneen ghetsuna haley arrabu!"

"*Oh, ye of humanity, oh, ye faithful, give us alms for the sake of the Lord!*"

My heart is kept constantly on the rack in compassion for their forlorn condition. Oh, that I had the power to transport them all to our warm almshouses on the other side of the Atlantic! And how ardently I wish that these people could be taught to receive the love and faith of the blessed Messiah into their hearts, which would move them to feel for the necessities of their fellow creatures, and to devise some plan by which their awful miseries might be decreased.

But alas, while they shut their hearts and eyes against his love and law, they will be as tightly shut against all the miseries of their brethren!

But the koran is their bane.

The koran with its usurped imitation of the true word of God; with its professed declaration of being God's revealed will to man; with its (in part,) moral code of wholesome and beneficial laws, is blindly fortifying them against the admission into their hearts of every ray of light, which but for it, might be allowed to beam upon

them from the sublime heights of Mount Calvary.

Alas for them!

They will not be preached to "of the truth as it is in Jesus."

Their time for that has not come yet. But it cannot now be very far distant.

When Mr. A. E. was here this morning, he also brought us other bad news. He informed us that Miss A. O. is very sick, and has been so for several weeks. As no one of her family has yet called on us, ceremony forbids our going to see her, however much we may wish to do so.

How pleasant it would be to spend a few hours each day by endeavoring to cheer her in her sickness. We have heard so little of the English language spoken since we have been here, that it would be a great treat to converse with her in that familiar, dear old tongue.

I now feel more anxious than ever to hear from her, and I long to go and inquire how she is, but—ceremony forbids it—oh, how much suffering has ceremony to answer for!

Yours truly,

&c., &c.

LETTER XVIII.

THE FLOWERS. BEGGARS' BREAD. GRAVE ROBBER.

Tangier, April 8th, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

The rains are now becoming "few and far between," and we occasionally have a few hours of clear sunshine. How delightful it is to see once more the clear blue sky!

April in Africa (at least in this part,) is very much like April in Pennsylvania—made up of showers and sunshine, only that the showers are heavier, and the sunshine is warmer and brighter here than there. And the flowers—you never saw such a profusion of flowers as now cover the fields and roads of this fertile country! They form a carpet of the richest and most varied tints, in such immense quantities that their blossoms almost cover up the grass and leaves that grow between them. The roving beggars by whom we are still surrounded, have found a substitute for bread. The plants commonly called Indian turnips, are now growing in great abundance all over the country; they dig up their roots, cut them into small pieces about the size of coffee berries, spread them out

in the sun to dry, then grind them in their hand-mills. They scald the ground roots, then mix them with water into small cakes and bake them. The fields in the neighborhood of the town, look as if a large drove of swine had been rooting up the ground. Poor souls, how much like brutes they do live! They are now less numerous than they were a month ago, which is a great relief to our ears, eyes, feelings and —our purses.

A few days after the date of my last letter, while the poor creatures were still at the height of their multiplied miseries, there was in the Tangier cemetery the funeral of a rich Moor. As the corpse was buried in a goodly amount of fine muslin wrappings, a few hours after the funeral, one of the starving beggars who was a largely built young man, robbed the newly filled grave of the said rich Moor. He was detected in the act of concealing the muslin on his person, intending to sell it to procure some food with the money he should receive for it. He was immediately hailed by the witnesses to meet them before the Judge, who without any delay condemned him to death by stoning, and he was at once delivered over to the will of the infuriated rabble of the town.

The operation of stoning him instantly commenced—he ran as long as he was able trying to escape from his pursuers, which was only a short time, and when he could no longer run, or even walk, they dragged him to that part of the town wall which is built on the brink of the sea, at the base of which there are many large, rough stones, there they threw him over; as he fell his brains were scattered upon them, and very soon his poor broken body was washed out to sea.

This they say, is the first public execution of a criminal that has occurred here for more than ten years. We may well rejoice at the departure of the poor creatures from our midst.

This afternoon while returning from our walk to the garden, we met a procession of men who were carrying an article that proved to be a plain, unpainted and unvarnished wooden bier, on its way to the cemetery. On the bier was lying an uncoffined corpse. The men were walking very fast and this is in fact the only occasion on which they are ever in a hurry—when they bury their dead. They never allow two suns to shine upon a corpse.

If a person dies before sunset on one day, they think he or she must be buried before the rising of the next morning's sun.

As they walked along they sang,

"La Elaahlah Mohammed arrazul Elaahlah."

"*There is but one God and Mohammed is the Prophet of God.*"

These words they chanted over and over again, in a low and monotonous tone, all the way from the door of the dwelling place of the deceased, until they arrived at the side of the grave.

The Moors do not generally use any regularly made coffin, but lower the corpse into the grave on a board, place two other boards at its sides and then cover them with another.

The Arabs substitute aloe leaves for boards during these hard times. They place a layer of the aloe leaves in the grave, lower the dead on them and then spread over it another layer of the same leaves, then fill the grave with earth. It is probable that the Arabs, and the other country people around us, use boards whenever they are able to buy them.

On account of the scarcity of lumber, boards are very dear. The consuls when building their houses, are obliged to bring the required lumber from the North of Europe. I believe there are not ten acres of wood-land within ten or twelve miles of Tangier. The surrounding hills and fields are entirely bare of trees, except here and

there a few fig, orange, olive and other fruit trees growing in the gardens, but wild forest trees are things that I have not yet met with. Their absence gives the country a tame and lack-lustre aspect, nothing can supply their place in the beauty and adornment of a landscape.

To-day we have been credibly informed of the cause of Miss A. O.'s sickness. A few days after we saw her walking out to the Danish Consul's garden with her brother and French teacher, the latter gentleman had the presumption to ask her parents to permit him to marry their daughter.

The inexperienced youth forgot the change which existed in his circumstances, and that he was not now upon a social footing of equality with the young lady whose hand he sought. He thought only of her exqusite beauty, and of the ardent love which it had produced in his affectionate young heart. He forgot that the property—the broad acres and the bright palaces which once were his, were now owned by others, and that he was so poor as to be dependent upon his own exertions for a living—in short he forgot—everything except his ardent and sincere youthful love. Who could blame him, seeing and conversing with her day after day as he did? But unfortunately for him

and his fair young captivator, her parents forgot the only thing which he remembered—love to her, and they remembered that which he utterly forgot—his poverty. They well knew that in real rank he was their superior, and that in talents, education and moral rectitude of character he was fully her equal. But all these things they also forgot and remembered only that he was poor.

The answer which he received from them was his passport, (sealed and signed) to Gibraltar, which he was requested to put into immediate use, and received with it from his employer the command to depart at once and forever from Tangier.

As he was here under the protection of Mr. O., and disowned as a fellow citizen by the Consul of his own government, and knowing it would be in vain to appeal for protection to any other Consul, or to claim it from the Moors, he was obliged to obey the tyrannical mandate and to depart from the town in a boat which was just ready to sail for Gibraltar.

It is now striking the hour of midnight, and is therefore better to defer the conclusion of this matter until to-morrow evening.

Hastily and lovingly yours,

&c., &c.

LETTER XIX.

TANGIER MUEDDEN. WALK ON THE HOUSE-TOP.

Tangier, April 15th, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

The unfortunate young Frenchman embarked for Gibraltar, where we do not know what ever became of him. We only know that he was forced to leave here without a farewell interview with Miss A. O., and that on that same day, she was taken sick with a violent fever. She went to bed, and never again raised herself from it.

About three days ago she died, and to-day she was buried. Her coffin was enveloped in the flag of her nation. Her brothers attended her funeral, but her parents did not leave their own private apartment and were invisible to all callers. Four of the Consuls walked beside her coffin as pall-bearers. She was borne to the grave by four Europeans, who were followed by the male members of the different consular families. There were no females present either at the house, funeral or grave-yard. She was buried in the consular cemetery, a small lot which

adjoins the Swedish Consul's garden on the west side, and is a pretty little spot, surrounded by a thick hedge of native canes.

This then is the end of the first European in whom I felt interested after landing on the coast of Africa.

Her early death is deeply deplored by all the inhabitants of the place who knew her, and especially the Consuls' families feel her loss very deeply.

Her father has been ill in bed ever since her decease, and her mother, in all probability, will never again visit any person.

After the sad and solemn funeral was over, we walked to the Jew's river, which at this time of year, is about twenty-five feet wide. It runs into the sea at about two miles distance from Tangier. In it we saw some of the laundry-women of Tangier washing their clothes. They rubbed them well with soap, then put them on a large stone or rock beneath the surface of the water, and while they held them fast with their feet, they pounded them vigorously with thick wooden clubs, then they rinsed them thoroughly in the deeper water.

They then tied them up in large bundles and carried them, dripping wet as they were, into

the town upon their backs. As the greater part of the washed garments were of woollen texture, you may imagine how dripping wet they were.

How true it is, that in Africa a woman too often is made to do the duties of a beast of burden.

When the laundresses arrive at home, they hang the colored and white cotton things upon a line to dry, the woollen goods are reserved to go through another process before being dried. They have a large cane basket, with only a few narrow slats in the bottom, and without a handle, this they turn upside down, and over it they spread in layers all the white woollen garments of the wash, and cover them up closely with a thick, dry cloth; this they call the bleaching. They then put some burning charcoal in an earthen pan, sprinkle over it broken sulphur, and then put the earthen pan under the basket. The fumes of the sulphur whiten the woollen goods; they are left in this state about twenty-four hours, during which from time to time, fresh coals and sulphur are put under them.

They are then taken up and hung on lines to dry and air. Smoothing irons are never used by the natives of this country. Lavender flowers or pulverized frankincense are then

burned under the clean clothes by those who can afford the expense, to give them an agreeable odor. These two articles are very much used by all the Tangierines to scent their dwellings and wearing apparel.

After returning from our walk to Jew's river, as it was not yet tea time, we took another promenade upon the terrace on our house-top, and there we saw for the first time in many long, wearisome weeks, the clear and cloudless setting of the sun.

How beautifully its rosy-tinted hues enlivened and enriched the surrounding scenery of land and water. Not a breeze fanned the air around us, not a ripple waved the smooth and glassy, the gaily gilded surface of the Bay. Oh, it was delightful to enjoy such a calm, after the tempests of rain and wind which have been so uninterruptedly prevailing around and over us during the last many weeks. Everything around us now looks very peaceful and quietly happy. Oh, that the appearance was real, and that this people were as happy as the surrounding scenery is now brightly beautiful. But alas, that they can never be, while they despise and disdain the name and honor of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. In his faith and only in his name can

true happines ever be found in this life of mortality.

The gentle murmurs of the calm sea, as it broke slowly, tide-washed, over the sands of the shore, were the only sounds which broke the silence of the sun-set hour. The braying of the neighboring donkeys was hushed, for they were quietly resting after the labors of the past day. The barking of the ever vigilant watch-dogs had not yet begun for the night. The swallows had not yet paid us their annual visits. The storks were beginning to return to their ivy-built nests on the town walls, but at the moment of which I am writing, they too were still, and a more peaceful or calmer period I never beheld. Oh, how my heart roved away from its quietness and followed in their western course, the rays of the declining sun, as they rolled far away over the waves of the broad Atlantic, and yet for five hours longer would shower down in brightness, their light upon the heads of beloved ones at home. Oh, how I longed to go with them there, even though I should have to leave all the calm beauty of the scene around me. How true it is that "there is no place like home."

I think you will rejoice with me when I tell you that Seedy Sharkey has not stunned my

ears by the hideous sound of his voice since the first day of my arrival here. Sometimes I think that perhaps it will be all the harder to endure hearing when he returns home, after his long absence. But at all events, I am heartily glad that he is away.

The setting sun reminds me of what I was told to-day about some of the Moors' fancies. They profess to believe that the world is supported upon the horn of an immense ox, and that when he is tired of holding it on that horn, he changes it to the other, and the motion of changing it is what causes earthquakes.

They also relate that when the sun sets, it falls into the sea, and is swallowed by a large fish that carries it by night to the east side of the earth, and there throws him again upon dry land, and that his return causes the new day.

This evening, while I was on our house-top, I distinctly heard the sun-set gun of Gibraltar. We may therefore expect to have an easterly wind to-morrow, especially as there are misty clouds gathering over the top of the Rock. At the same moment in which we heard the sound of the Gibraltar sun-set gun, we saw a small white flag sent waving upon the calm evening air from the top of the minaret of the mosque.

Then we heard the song of the Talb, or the Muedden, who called the faithful to prayer. Five times daily this same sound breaks out upon the usual quietness of the Tangier air, and when so heard, all devout Mohammedans immediately begin to pray. The rich ones go to the mosque with their rosaries in their hands. Those of the poorer classes, who cannot afford to spend that much time from their labors, prostrate themselves in prayer wherever they may happen to be when the appointed hour arrives, so that they are often seen praying upon the house-tops, and in the busy market places, or at the corners of the streets. A man here is not despised for his devotion, and therefore does not attempt to conceal it. But many of them never feel it, and then of course, they have none either to show or conceal. At each time of prayer the Muedden, or *prayer-crier* in the minaret of every mosque, sings out in a loud voice the following words:

"Allah kabeer la el lah la la ela Allah, la el la Allah, la ela ela Allah, ashhedu Mohammed razul Allah."

"*God is great, there is no God but one God, there is no God but one God, and proclaim ye that Mohammed is the Prophet of God.*"

But hark, the tea-bell rings, and I must descend from my flight among house-tops and minaret songs, to the duties of tea-spoons and butter-knives. Adieu.

Yours, affectionately,

&c., &c.

LETTER XX.

A MOORISH BETROTHAL. COOS-COO-SOO, AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

Tangier, April 24th, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

This morning at an early hour our street resounded with the noises of a Moorish merry-making, which is always announced by female voices uttering loud and incessant war-wallows in concert with loud clappings of the hands. These sounds are heard at weddings, births and at the beginning of any one of their National festivals and at the first appearance of the new moon. At first we did not know on what occasion they were now proclaimed. But we were not kept long in suspense upon the subject, for very soon we saw a band of Moorish musicians come up the street and place themselves around the street-door or gate of our nearest neighbor.

This act on their part informed us that either a betrothal, or a wedding was then and there to commence.

The neighbor has three daughters all under fourteen years of age. They are in good circumstances and therefore the festivities will be conducted with corresponding "pomp and circumstance."

Soon after the band arrived in front of the youthful bride's door, they began to play on their *not well*-toned instruments, and at the same time the clapping of hands and the warwallows of the women within the court of the house continued without interruption, and gave abundant proof that the fair daughters of Morocco were not deficient in strength of lungs and of hands, at least not while they were enjoying the exciting merriment of a wedding's preparation, whatever else they might happen to lack on other occasions.

When the music had been playing about a half an hour, the first betrothal or marriage gift arrived from the future husband to his still unseen wife.

The amount, value and kind of these presents are all a part and parcel of the marriage agreement made and settled by the friends of the

young couple, with all the coolness and deliberation which could be experienced by them, while conversing upon any other business transaction. They are commented upon and talked over by neighbors and others as freely as the state of the weather, or the prospects of the crops by farmers.

The quality and quantity of the present depend upon the fortune of the bride-groom.

When the father of the bride is in good circumstances, he is expected to throw open his house to his friends and give a feast, which generally lasts several days and evenings, during which time he is to have music playing, dancing, warlwallows, hand-clappings, and plenty of good eating and drinking. The men and women guests on these occasions never meet. They go to the house at different hours, and occupy different rooms, when the dwelling is large enough to afford two suits of apartments.

War wallows are loud and joyful cries made with the voice, while the hand is lightly and quickly patted over the lips, so that the same woman cannot produce a perfect warlwallow, and at the same time clap her hands; but one half of the assembled party of rejoicers, will perform one part of the noisy demonstration, and the

other will perform the other part. In this way the merry and deafening peals will be continued for many hours without any interruption.

The gifts on the present occasion consisted of several mules' burdens of wheat neatly stowed in new panniers made of palm-leaf straw, the mules' bridles were tastefully decorated, and each mule was led by a man or boy, who was handsomely clothed in clean and brightly tinted garments; also of jars filled with honey, butter and coos-coo-soo, which were jauntily tied up in silk handkerchiefs of brilliant colors and this country's manufacture. These bundles of luxuries were gracefully borne upon the heads of twelve very black female slaves, real pure Africans they seemed to be.

Some of these slaves were gaily dressed in wide sleeved kaftans of red and white striped French chintz, others had on the same shaped kaftans made of the same kind of material, but the stripes were blue and white; they had sashes of wide red silk scarfs around their waists, and bright silk handkerchiefs tied around their woolly heads, broad silver bands on their wrists and ankles, and silver rings in their ears.

Coos-coo-soo is the name of the main material of which is composed their favorite Na-

tional dish, and is highly esteeemed by all the natives of Morocco.

It is made of the finest part of the wheat, or the heart of the grain called *semula*, and is separated by numerous siftings with hand-sieves made for the purpose, from other parts of the ground grain.

It is then mixed with water into very small balls not much larger than mustard seed, which are also sifted through sieves which are purposely prepared for this use. The process of preparing this coos-coo-soo is very tedious, and occupies the greatest part of the time of the Moorish housekeeper or her servants. When it is all sifted to the proper size, it is spread upon cloths in the sun and thoroughly dried, then put away in jars and is ready for use.

When they want to prepare it for the table, they have ready some kind of meat. Fowl is the favorite and most used, after fowl mutton is next preferred, when mutton or fowl is not convenient they use beef or goat's meat. Pork you know is never eaten by Mohammedans, they never raise and will not touch it if they can help it. The meat is put into a stew-pan over a slow fire, where it is stewed until it can be easily pulled apart. As the Moors never use

knives and forks their meat carving is done with their fingers, by holding on to the ends of the bones and pulling it apart from them.

While the fowl or meat is stewing in the pan, the coos-coo-soo is steamed over it in an earthen vessel which is full of holes, and similar to a cullender. Meanwhile in a smaller sauce-pan are stewed a number of sliced onions, corresponding in quantity to the size of the fowl, fowls or meat which is being cooked. These onions are generally boiled in two or three different waters, which are poured off to extract from them their strong taste, and then stewed in a small quantity of water with pepper, salt and saffron. When these things are nearly done, the cook will boil four or more eggs until they are very hard, they are then shelled.

When the meat is well done it is put in a deep dish, the gravy is thickened with flour and colored with saffron and ground cinnamon. While the gravy is thickening the coos-coo-soo is still kept over it. When the gravy is done the coos-coo-soo is poured into the same dish with and over the meat; the onions are put on the centre of the coos-coo-soo, the eggs either whole or in halves are placed around the onions, ground cinnamon is spread over them, and the gravy is

poured over the whole dish, and it is ready for the table.

This is the summit of a Moorish gourmand's ambition—to be seated beside a full dish of smoking hot coos-coo-soo. It is considered by all ranks and races of the land, to be the most delicious preparation that was ever tasted. It must be confessed even by us strangers, that it is really very nice—very palatable, and very nourishing food.

Every body who eats it pronounces it very good, and we are always willing to have it on the table—no matter how often. The Moors never have a feast of hot food, without a dish of coos-coo-soo being placed on the table of the first course of dishes. They on common occasions in their own family sit around the dish, and every member dips in his hand and helps himself to the different parts. The meat is generally brought to the surface by the aid of a long wooden spoon and is pulled to pieces by the fingers of one or two persons and is eaten with the coos-coo-soo.

Before they sit down to eat they always wash their hands. In this laudable custom they are invariably as well drilled as were the Jews of old. They consider it a great abomination to eat with unwashed hands.

On more ceremonious occasions plates are used and handed round to the guests. At these times a servant goes round the room just before the company begin to eat, he holds a wash-basin in one hand, a large pitcher of fresh water in the other, and has a long clean linen towel hanging over his shoulder; he stops beside each one of the assembly, who washes his or her hands as he pours water over them into the basin, and wipes them on the towel.

Now to return from this ramble over coos-coo-soo, let us go back to our starting point from the betrothal festival.

The twelve black honey, butter and coos-coo-soo bearers, walked up the street with the solemnity and slowly measured paces of a funeral-like procession.

They were followed by the mules with the wheat and their leaders, who were also very silent and very sober-looking in their demeanor. As they approached the house and while they were depositing their precious burdens within it, the band played a solemn monotonously sounding tune upon their inharmonious instruments.

Whatever else the Moors can be praised for they surely will never be applauded for their musical proficiency.

Sadness seems to be their most frequently used tone.

The bearers of the present to and from the house, made quite a fine looking display. After they had taken their departure, the female friends of the bride and her mother paid their calls of congratulation, and there was a running in and out of the house all day.

Six months after this betrothal ceremony the marriage festival will be celebrated.

Before that time arrives, most probably we will have an opportunity of witnessing the nuptial ceremonies of some other fair Moorish lassie, which if possible shall be committed to "black and white," for your especial benefit.

I believe I have not yet written to you about our beautiful promenade on the Tangier beach. Oh, it is a lovely place! When the tide is out it is I think over a hundred feet wide, and is at least two miles long. It is a smooth hard sand, stretching in a gentle curve around a part of the Bay to a small river or armlet of the sea, near which we never go because the guard (who always attends us,) says, there are dangerous quicksands near the river.

This lovely beach is often covered with an abundance of very beautiful sea-shells, and

marine weeds, and innumerable little salt water insects and sea-worms.

We sometimes find very large sea-stars, and very frequently immense numbers of sea-eggs.

During the prevalence of a Western wind, there cannot be enjoyed in this country a more delightful and refreshing exercise than is found in a horseback ride, or a walk upon this beautiful broad level beach.

It is sheltered on the South by a large number of very high sand-hills, and on the West by the town and castle of Tangier.

When the wind blows heavily from the East, we take our afternoon exercise in some other direction, but nowhere can we meet with as much beauty and loveliness of created nature, as we meet with here on this our favorite promenade ground, which is laved by the ever surging, never-resting waves of the Bay.

We frequently find some small but very pretty specimens of red and white coral. A large box filled to overflowing with shells and other curiosities gathered on this beach, which we intend to send you one of these days, will prove to you that you are not forgotten by

Yours affectionately,

&c., &c.

LETTER XXI.

A MOORISH WEDDING AND THE BRIDE.

Tangier, May 5th, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

A few days ago we saw a decently dressed Moor stalking down the main street of the town, with an air and a gait which plainly indicated that he had some kind of important business to perform. An air and a gait which are rarely seen in the use of our turbaned neighbors. To be eager in the pursuit of business is evidently not their forte; but to take the world easy and to let it go as it may please Providence to direct, is the darling trait of their national characteristics.

To walk for pleasure and exercise is completely beyond their comprehension. They think that when the Consuls walk (as they do almost daily,) to their gardens, that they go there to superintend the cultivation of some favorite fruit or vegetable. The Moors' only pleasures consist mainly in eating and sleeping. As they never walk for pleasure, as soon as we saw the above alluded to individual, we saw also that he must

be intrusted with some urgent piece of important business. Then we heard him exclaim in a loud voice a few words, which were presently explained to our wondering ears. He was a herald, and he was proclaiming to the worthy inhabitants of Tangier, that Seedy Such-a-one was to be married, that his wedding ceremonies would commence on that evening, and that all his male friends and acquaintances were then and there by him, invited to visit his house, and to eat to his future happiness.

In a few hours after that proclamation was issued, any respectable male person who wished to, could go to the bridegroom's house and partake of this commencement of the marriage festivity. Dried fruit, nuts and sweet cakes on all similar occasions are liberally and in great abundance handed round among the assembled multitude.

Some music is played in the court of the house.

On the tops of the surrounding houses will often be seen, well dressed Moorish women, who thence with their faces closely covered, look down upon the guests.

The next day at an early hour, the bridegroom sent from his house to the dwelling of his be-

trothed, a present of cloths, linens, muslins, silks and gauzes in the piece, and several articles of made-up wearing apparel. This present was borne from one house to the other, very much in the same style that was displayed on the occasion of the betrothal at our nearest neighbor's house, of which I sent you an account in my last letter.

On this latter occasion the procession which was formed by the bearers of the present, was followed by a band of music, which played a more lively air than was indulged in at that time. When this latter present arrived, it found the fair young bride sitting on a bed, clad in a clean under-garment, with the wrappings of a bed-sheet over her face and shoulders.

In this manner she sat several days, during which time she was visited by her female relatives and friends. And there were at intervals, dancing, instrumental music and singing performed before her.

On the second or third day the bridegroom sent an ox, and had it killed in front of the bride's house. This was a part of the bridal present.

While the ox was being killed, the band played a slow and melancholy tune.

On the last day of the bridal visitings from her female friends, young girls only visited her, and they spent the entire day with her, while she still sat undressed on the bed. They amused her and themselves by telling stories and by singing love songs. In the yard of the house, in which was growing a very large and over-shadowing fig tree, there were straw mattings spread out in the shade of the tree, and in the centre of the mattings was placed a handsome Moorish carpet, on which sat a dozen female musicians, who played upon their musical instruments.

At intervals they would jump up and dance, one at a time. When the dancer stopped she was paid some money by every person present, this money was generally given in copper, and did not amount in value to much of a sum.

But if any of the female European inhabitants of Tangier are present on such occasions, they are expected to give the dancer gold and silver.

The Moors pretend to believe that money is ever ready at the command of Nazarenes, through their intercourse with Satan, with whom they believe them to be in league.

The next day the bride was invisible, except to her own intimate friends and very near female relatives. That night she was dressed in

great splendor, and carried from her room in a box, or closely covered seat, which was with her in it, fastened to the back of a mule. This box is made of strong heavy wood, shaped at the top like a canopy. Thus seated she rode to the mosque, into which she was carried, and whatever ceremonies were therein performed, we were not permitted to see, as in this empire, a Jew or a Nazarine is not allowed even to stop before and look into a mosque.

While passing it the Jews are obliged to carry their shoes in their hands and walk barefooted, unless through the influence of some one of the Consul's intercession to the "powers that be," some favorite of the Jewish people is allowed to wear the European costume, which permission includes the liberty of wearing shoes while passing over holy ground.

From the mosque the bride was borne to her new residence, still seated in her prison-like box. When she left the door of her parents' house, the bridegroom rode before her on a white horse.

He was handsomely attired, but his face and figure were completely covered from sight by the ample folds of a very large, white haik, and he remained during several days with his face

covered. As this was his first marriage, he carried a drawn sword in front of him.

If he had been before married, the same drawn sword would have been borne on his back. The procession which followed him from the bride's house to his own, consisted, first, of the band of music, playing a loud and wild air; after the music walked men and boys, bearing burning wax candles, flaming torches and lighted lanterns. Others bore in their hands long, native-made muskets, which they heavily loaded with powder and fired off at the length of every few steps, others discharged fire-crakers and other small fire-works.

Other men and boys hallooed, shouted, sang and clapped their hands, with a vociferation which was enough to stun one's ears for a week to come. Whenever the man's marriage is a first one, these noises are raised to their highest possible pitch. How the poor girls *can* make up their minds to become wives in this country, is beyond all reasonable comprehension.

But the poor souls! I forgot—their minds and wills are not consulted on the subject at all, for they are the slaves of their parents or of some other male relative who occupies the place of a father.

The next morning before daylight, or about the time of the first call to prayer from the top of the mosque's minaret, the bridegroom fired off a loaded musket, and then commenced anew the warwallows of the women and the clapping of their hands.

The marriage festivities then continued several days, more or less, according to the means and wishes of the bridegroom and his parents. The music, dancing and feasting are gone on with till their sounds are wearisome. At 9 o'clock, A. M. on the morning after the bride was carried to her new home, she was splendidly dressed in costly robes, her face was highly painted in red, white, blue and black, and she was richly decorated with all sorts of jewels. She was then visited by every person who wished to do so.

Each one who paid her a visit was expected to put a present for her in the hands of her mother or her appointed representative.

She wore bands of precious stones, one over the other on her head, until they formed a space a foot in width, which was covered with all manner of all colored precious stones. These bands they call sfifas, and under them were pinned a great many rich and highly colored silk handkerchiefs of native silk, some of them were inter-

woven with gold and silver threads. A bride generally wears as many of these sfifas and heavy silk handkerchiefs on her head as she can obtain when she is dressed to go to her future home, and when she is exhibited to her friends the next day. Suspended from one of these sfifas are large clusters of similar precious stones, which are hooked fast to the ear-rings for the purpose of supporting them, as on account of their immense weight and size they could not be worn without this plan of supporting them.

The part of the ring which enters the ear is as thick as a finger. The process by which the bored ears become trained to wearing this weight must be very painful. The ear is first bored with a common needle as is done in other places. When the hole is healed from the boring, they insert in it a piece of wax. This piece of wax is gradually increased in size until the opening in the ear is worn large enough to admit a large date seed, then it will be large enough to force the ear-ring into it.

Those women who cannot conveniently wear their ear-rings every day or all day, always wear a date seed or a roll of wax in the holes in their ears, to make them retain their proper size.

The hands of the bride were covered with

finger-rings, and her nails were tinged with henna. The wrists and ankles were adorned with heavy "tinkling ornaments."

The eye-brows and eye-lashes were painted black. The whole face and neck were first painted white, the cheeks were then painted a thick dark red, and over the red cheeks were drawn blue and white lines. Down the centre of her chin and the front part of her neck there were painted lines of deep blue spots.

Her teeth, gums and lips were also tinged with a substance which gave them a brownish red color, and also imparted a fragrant and agreeable odor to her breath.

She was altogether a blaze of jewelry, of gold, silver and paint, which was well calculated to make the wondering beholder forever sick of the sight of jewelry, gold, silver and paint.

Thus bedecked and painted, with a thin white gauze veil thrown over her face, she sat as motionless as a statue, and with closed eyes, all the remaining days of the feast.

She did not once open her eyes, speak a word, or in any way move her feet, hands or head; all she did was to sit and to breathe all the time there were any visitors present with her—it seemed to me they were with her all the time.

But my paper is full, and I fear your patience is wearied with this long description of this motionless African bride.

Yours truly,
&c., &c.

LETTER XXII.

MOORISH MASONRY. RANKS OF SOCIETY.

Tangier, May 10th, 18—.

My Very Dear Friend:

On the first day of this month we had, for about an hour, a heavy shower of rain accompanied by thunder and lightning. This was a very rare circumstance. The rains generally cease in April, and after that dry weather continues until September or October. Many of the natives look upon this unexpected shower as a prognostic of evil, and are in quite low spirits about it.

How would you like to accompany me on a visit to a Moorish lady, and have the pleasure of seeing the interior of one of these queer looking, white houses, by which we are surrounded?

As your answer to this question is not being

conveyed to me by lightning speed, I will take the liberty of thinking that your silence is equivalent to a consent, and I will take you with me on our proposed visit as soon as we can make the necessary arrangements for starting.

But before we go, perhaps you would like to have me tell you what sort of a house it is to which I am going to conduct you, and that you may wish me to explain more fully what is meant by calling the houses queer.

In the first place they are entirely windowless. Window-glass is never used by the Moorish house-builders.

Their houses are built of native clay, bricks and stone. Sometimes they are both mixed and used together in the construction of their houses.

There are generally parapets surrounding the tops of the first-class houses, which are three or four feet high.

After the walls are erected, the roof of boards is fastened on them. Then they are plastered all over inside and out, and well whitewashed with thick lime.

The roof is finished by putting on the boards, a layer of moist clay, about a foot thick.

It is well beaten down by two, four or more

men, who are masons by trade. In this pounding they use heavy wooden clubs or beaters.

These clubs are similar in shape and appearance to those used by our street-pounders, when they newly pave a street in Philadelphia.

Over the layer of clay they put a coat of lime, then they put upon that lime another layer of wet clay, then over that clay they spread a thicker one of lime, and then the whole roof is well and long beaten. They generally spend a day in pounding the very smallest sized roof. While they are pounding they sing in concert with the poundings of their heavy wooden instruments, the following song to a dull tune, which though so dull, has a quiet and soothing influence upon one's feelings.

"Shena alla allahu kes-deen wawlaila zalhen ya arrabu bla amen. Arahamna alwala damen."

After this pounding is completed, the roof is thickly whitewashed several times—and then it is pronounced—finished.

And so it is—finished for about three months, when it will begin to crack open in irregular seams, generally in two or three places at once.

If these seams are not immediately repaired by a plaster of wet clay and lime, they widen

very fast, and then the roof will leak under the first rain that falls on it.

So that masonry is a never-failing trade in Tangier. Before a mason or any other man ascends to the top of a house, he has to put his head only out of the door or opening which leads to it, and "cry aloud," at the top of his voice several times in succession, these words:

"Hamil atrack ya ahgereen!"

They mean "Clear the road, oh neighbors!"

If he should presume, either by design or forgetfulness to omit to do this, the first Moor who chooses to do so, is at liberty to shoot him.

This is one of the peculiar laws of the land.

When he does give notice for the neighbors to clear the way, the women who dwell within view of the house on which the mason is working, have to conceal themselves in their houses or else attire themselves in their walking gear—the haik, so as to cover their faces from the mason's view.

Now I will endeavor to give you a description of the Tangier houses, and for the sake of the better enabling you to understand it, I will divide the houses into several classes, according to the means and rank of their occupants.

There are not any regular or fixed rules of rank in this country, except that the military are

considered the highest and most respected. The black slave of to-day, who was perhaps only a few years ago brought here from his native land of Guinea, may be in a few years at the highest pinnacle of power and rank, if he is a Mohammedan.

This elevation to high rank is obtained by favoritism, and is open to every native-born or adopted faithful Mohammedan.

A renegade from either Christianity or Judaism, is never permanently received into favor. It sometimes happens that a renegade may be, either by his money or his knowledge, useful to the Sultan or his officers, in which case his money or his knowledge will secure to him an apparent and present favorable position of power, but as soon as his immediate services are at an end, he is forced to a low grade, and there he is left, to drag out a miserable and forlornly hopeless life. There is for him no chance of a restoration to his lost estate.

Color of the skin is no barrier to rank or favoritism. The highest offices are sometimes bestowed upon men who are but a few removes from the full bred negro.

Slaves from Guinea are common, though not very numerous, they are speedily lost sight of

by amalgamation. They are kindly treated while slaves, and very often liberated by intermarrying with the natives of Morocco.

The offspring of the female slave, if the father is a freeman, is also free, and upon an equal footing in every respect, with his other children.

But I must, I find, close for the present, and remain as ever,

Yours, affectionately,

&c., &c.

LETTER XXIII.

MOORISH HOUSES.

Tangier, May 20th, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

The first class house in this venerable old place contains two low stories, and is built around the four sides of an open court.

Sometimes these houses are double and will possess two courts. The entrance from the street to the court is generally low and narrow. The court is paved with square marble slabs of alternate white and black colors. Between the

slabs are rows of highly glazed tiles of various colors.

On the four sides of the court are large folding doors almost as high as the ceilings of the rooms into which they open. These doors are generally kept wide open during the day for the purpose of admitting light as there are no windows. In one side of the folding doors there is a small wicket door just large enough to admit one person with very hard effort.

The doors and the ceilings of the best rooms are painted in mosaic imitation. This painting is incredibly minute. The wood is first rudely and roughly carved in star and sexagon-shaped spots; some of the sexagon spaces are hollowed or grooved out, others are left full; the stars are all full but they are of two different shapes and sizes, neither of which is much over half an inch in diameter.

Then intertwining around and between the stars and sexagons, are plaited and twisted into fanciful looking forms very narrow bands of the surface of the wood. These bands form all over the whole surface of the wood-work, large stars of different shapes and sizes, the stars and sexagons are painted in every possible hue and shade with oil paint, the centre spot is no larger than

a small seed then another of another circle of color succeeds, until the star or sexagon is full, then around it on the edge of the outer color, there is painted a row of white dots no larger than the head of a very small pin. The surrounding bands are painted a bright yellow, on which gold dust was freely scattered while it was wet. The edges of these bands are white and then through the centre of the yellow paint there are drawn lines of dark red paint, interspersed with others of dark green, red and blue between them and the white edges. These lines are so thin that they can be covered by a very fine thread.

The whole effect of this carving, painting and gilding is very beautiful. But on account of its vast expense it is very rare.

The largest rooms are never more than about ten or twelve feet wide and from fifteen to twenty long.

There is almost invariably a bed or a wide high cushioned seat at each end of the room. The floors are paved with glazed tiles of different sizes patterns and colors; these tiles are very beautiful and are manufactured at Tetuan, a town about a day and a half's journey from here; they are there made in immense

numbers. Many of them are not larger than a quarter of an inch square, others are from that size to an inch or inch and a half in diameter. They are brightly glazed and are of all colors and shapes.

These floors look beautifully clean, bright and cheerful.

Sometimes the rooms are paved with marble slabs of different colors mixed with the tiles. These floors, pretty as they are, will frequently be covered with fine matting and very thick woollen carpets of Moorish manufacture. These carpets are more than an inch thick and are very durable.

But as usual my pen has carried me to the end of my paper, and now that it is on the *carpet* I will take a hasty leave of you and bid you good night.

Yours affectionately,

&c., &c.

LETTER XXIV.

MOORISH PARLORS AND KITCHENS.

Tangier, May 25th, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

On the carpet around the rooms are spread beautifully embroidered silk-velvet or morocco cushions. These cushions are embroidered by hand, with the needle, in threads of gold and silver. They are very beautiful, and eagerly bought by all the English and American travellers who by chance happen to pay a visit to Tangier.

In the first-class house they are placed round the rooms for seats. Chairs and tables are never seen.

The sides of the room are either painted in mosaic imitation, or covered with fine porcelain tiles in various patterns; they are thinner and larger than those with which the floors are paved, and appear to be of French or Chinese manufacture.

The ceilings are painted like the large folding doors. The sides of the room are hung full of

handsome mirrors, and over them are suspended in festoons, richly embroidered silk scarfs.

Over the beds and doors there are sometimes hung handsome white lace or thin muslin curtains. On the second story there is a verandah or gallery running round the rooms, supported by pillars or arches.

Sometimes the court-yards are ornamented with a few flowers, and almost invariably there will be growing in them either grape vines or fig trees. The upper rooms are furnished, (if furnished they can be considered,) in pretty much the same manner as the lower ones. Wearing apparel and clothes are hung in recesses or stowed away in large chests. The chests are sometimes handsomely painted.

The trade of cabinet-making is unknown in these regions. The house carpenter makes the few articles of wood which are used in housekeeping.

Some of the richer Moors will occasionally import a few bedsteads or chairs, but such instances are very rare.

The kitchen in a first-class Moorish house is very clean and very simple in its arrangements. At one end of it there is built a large furnace, which contains several places for burning char-

coal. This furnace is built of bricks, clay and mortar, then nicely whitewashed. It is kept very clean. There are no cushions in the kitchen, but there will be found here and there about it a few tanned sheep or goat skins or small mats, for the use of the cook and other servants. The preparations of the food for cooking are made by the cook, (while in a sitting posture on the floor,) upon a low stool which is not more than ten or twelve inches high. I have seen a Moorish cook steady the meat she was cutting by holding her foot on it. A dish-rack or two or three shelves for holding the cooking utensils, and the few dishes they use complete the furnishing of the culinary establishment.

The mill for grinding the wheat, (for here every house-keeper is her own miller,) is kept in a closet or some other small apartment near the kitchen. The numerous sieves used in bolting the flour, the large wooden or earthen pans, and the baskets which are used for holding the flour and for making coos-coo-soo, are generally kept hanging on the kitchen walls, though by the more careless domestic managers, they will be stowed away in the mill apartment, where of course they must be more or less injured by the dampness of the small and unventilated room.

There are sometimes high, narrow loop-holes in the walls of the house for the admission of light.

The kitchen floor is paved with red and green tiles. The ceiling and walls are plastered and are kept very white by frequent whitewashings.

Beneath some part of the court or dwelling there is generally a large tank or cistern, in which rain-water is collected. This water is used only for washing aud cleaning. The supply of water for drinking and cooking is brought by the servants from the public fountains, of which there are several in Tangier. This fountain water is brought to the town by an aqueduct, which it appears is very old.

Those persons who live near the fountains carry the water to their homes in large earthenware pitchers, which hold several gallons. They are carried on the shoulder by all the bearers, except those who are negro slaves.

They carry them on their heads.

There is a remarkable propensity among the negro population of all lands, to carry their burdens upon the tops of their heads. Do they do so on account of the thickness of their sculls, or are their sculls made thick by the weight of their burdens?

Those persons who live at a distance from the fountains have the water carried home in small wooden barrels on the backs of donkeys or mules. The barrels are borne on wooden frames fastened to the saddles, or in palmetto straw panniers.

When the water reaches the house it is poured into immense stone-ware or earthen jars.

There are no fire places or chimneys in a Moorish house anywhere except in the kitchen. During winter or the rainy season, if the family wish to have a fire to warm themselves, they have brought into the room in which they are sitting a small clay portable furnace, very much like those used at home in summer for burning charcoal. They are careful to have the injurious gas burned out from the charcoal before the furnace is brought in. These fires are generally sufficient to make their small and well-carpeted rooms quite comfortable in the coldest weather which ever visits this place.

In all probability it was precisely such a "fire of coals" at which St. Peter stopped to warm himself when he was by Satan tempted to deny all knowledge of the blessed Saviour, who was about to shed his blood, to redeem his soul from the everlasting dominion of that arch-adversary.

Thus it often happens that the temporal blessings of this world will tempt and prevail on poor erring humanity to despise and disregard the more important ones of a future existence. I never see one of these small clay furnaces with a "fire of coals" in it, that I do not think of St. Peter, and imagine I can see him, with his benumbed fingers stretched out over it, in the act of warming his hands, while from his inconsistent lips are falling the words,

"I know not this man."

He had better have done as St. John did—followed the Saviour more closely—and have braved the cold. So now in our day of greater light—our country of greater cold—more freezing winters and of more comfortable means of procuring artificial heat, there are many weak disciples who are tempted to loiter far behind their Redeemer, to warm themselves with the cherished comforts of this mortal life, and while doing so, are beguiled into a forgetfulness or denial of their God and Saviour. They had better resist the allureing inducements, brave the dismal cold of stern poverty for a little season here below, and endeavor to obtain an abundant entrance hereafter into the presence of that Saviour, in the glory of

his heavenly kingdom, from which they shall never—no *never* be thrust out.

In a second-class house the court is paved with red and green tiles, the rooms have large folding doors down stairs, up stairs they are not surrounded by a gallery but are entered by small door-ways. These door-ways will sometimes have doors hung on them and sometimes only a muslin curtain drawn over them. The larger rooms are paved with the glazed tiles of various shapes and colors. The walls and ceilings are plainly plastered and kept neatly whitewashed, and are decorated with as many looking-glasses and embroidered silk scarfs as their inhabitants can afford to procure. The floors will be covered with matting and carpets of this country's manufacture, but the carpets will generally be of a cheaper quality than are those which are used in a first-class house. The kitchen, mill-room and water-tank are all very much like those of a first-class house.

The rooms and courts of the houses which belong to the third-class dwelling places, are paved with red and green bricks. The ceilings and walls are plain white and unadorned. Cloth cushions, sheep and goat skins are used for seats. These houses generally consist of one story.

In the fourth-class houses the courts are unpaved, the walls are white, and the floors are prepared with clay and mortar, in the same way that the house-tops are done by the masons. These houses are always kept white and clean by frequent applications of fresh lime. Their floors have scattered over them here and there a few sheep skins or small mats as seats and beds. These houses contain one, two, three or four rooms. They have no regular kitchen, but the family cooking is done on portable clay furnaces, either in one of the rooms or in the yard, according to the state of the weather.

We frequently see from our house-top the women who occupy houses of this class, engaged at their domestic employments, and truly, while viewing them and their style of toilet, we have applauded the law of the land, which demands that when a man goes on a house-top, he must cry aloud

"Clear the road, oh neighbors!"

Neighbors! how dearly I love that sweet old word!

Will you and I, dear J., ever again be neighbors? And will these tedious long letters ever cease from

Yours very lovingly, &c., &c.

LETTER XXV.

VISIT TO A MOORISH LADY.

Tangier, June 1st, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

The fourth class houses are in summer tolerably comfortable places, and are sometimes like the larger ones cheered by the shade of a grape-vine or fig-tree. This interspersing of white and green all over the town, gives it much the appearance of a cemetery filled with green graves and white tomb-stones when we look down on it from some higher place—from our house top or from the Castle Hill.

As our house is on the highest part of the town, and as its stories are more elevated than they are of the surrounding houses, we have from the top of it a fine view of the whole place.

The roofs or tops of the fourth class houses do not generally have parapets built around them, though they will sometimes be thus protected on one side only.

The fifth class houses are simply one small room often without any court or yard of any kind. They are entered from the street either

immediately into the room, or through a low narrow passage.

They are crowded in here, there, and everywhere all over the town. Not a foot of ground is lost or wasted.

The sixth class houses are those of the villages, and sometimes one or two will be erected in the gardens near the walled towns for the accommodation of the gardeners. They are constructed of stones piled loosely into walls without the use of mortar, sometimes they are mixed with mud or clay and sometimes without it. They are roofed with thick layers of cane stalks and leaves, tied on with palmetto-rope over a roof-tree of aloe stalks.

In these houses the floors are the bare earth, and the walls are never white-washed, in fact they are so void of every comfort that in our country they would not be considered good enough for stables, yet here thousands of people live out their whole lives with no better homes. These houses are sometimes covered with layers of aloe leaves.

We will now escort you on our promised visiting excursion. We will call on the wife of a Moor who a few years ago paid a visit to Great Britain.

He has but one wife, and seems to be an affectionate and kindly attentive husband. He has learned some good lessons from his intercourse with the English people.

This worthy couple have two children of their own, and two others who are adopted. These adopted children were originally given to them for safe keeping by their father who was a foreigner, during a visit to his native country; while there he suddenly died, and thus his orphans were left in a country where their guardian had the power to retain them as slaves, or sell them into perpetual bondage to the highest bidder; but instead of doing either he adopted them, and now treats them upon an equality in every respect with his own children.

They occupy a first class house. We will now take our cards of admission and have them carried by a female Jewish servant, who will act as our interpreter. We should be guilty of a breach of etiquette if we should go without our cards. They consist of a canister of fine green tea and a bundle of the best loaf sugar, broken into small lumps ready for use. These things are tied up in a new silk handkerchief.

Now we enter the Moorish lady's drawing room, as we do so the Jewess hands our gift to

the servant who has admitted us, and she puts it away. There is no allusion made to it by us to our friend, who will receive it after our departure. We find her sitting on the bed at one end of the room. The bed is made of a thick woollen mattress and covered with sheets and a handsome red silk counterpane, she is surrounded by silk-covered pillows and cushions. There are fine, thin muslin curtains hanging over the bed from the ceiling to the floor, open in the middle and looped to the sides of the room by being tied to large brass knobs with red ribbon. She does not arise to receive us, but continues to sit with her feet curled up under her in real Moorish style.

She receives us with a very pleasant smile, says we are welcome, shakes hands with us very warmly, and when she takes her hand from ours she presses it to her lips with a very fervent kiss. The warmth or coldness with which the kiss to her own hand is given, is significantly expressive of the state of her feelings towards us. The act of kissing her hand after touching ours, is in itself a mere form with which every friendly visitor is received, but when it is done with as much fervor and apparent good will as

it is in this instance, we may flatter ourselves that we are especial favorites.

Chairs are offered to us by the attendant servant, which are of course an innovation on the habits of the land, and a cushion is placed near the side of the lady, on which our Jewess is requested to seat herself. The Moorish women never speak any language but their own native one, which is an impure Arabic. The Jewish women of Morocco always speak Spanish, Arabic and Hebrew.

Soon after we are seated the four children are brought in and introduced; they all have very fair clear complexions, and are a very pretty and happy looking little group. As soon as the ceremony of the introduction is over, the children all sit down on the carpet with their white little feet coiled up under them. The lady's dress was made of fine figured, thin white muslin, it had very wide sleeves which were tucked up above the elbows with loops of long thick cord of blue silk worn over the shoulders for that purpose. Beneath the muslin robe there was another of fine scarlet cloth richly embroidered with gold and silver thread, and with small pieces of silk velvet worked in with gold and silver. The cloth robe is open in front all the

way down to the lower edge, and is embroidered very richly on the part that covers the breast, and on the lower corners. Its sides lapped over in such a way as to conceal its being made open; the muslin robe was open only as far down as to the waist. The upper part of the cloth robe had the edges decorated with close rows of very small bell-shaped silver buttons. These buttons are sometimes made of gold, are very handsome and are the workmanship of native jewellers. The bust of our friend's muslin robe was richly embroidered with white silk, also around the neck there was a handsome edge of rich embroidery, this embroidery was mixed with small round pieces of scarlet satin. From the throat to the waist the edges of the muslin robe were decked with small silk buttons, which were so close together as to touch each other. These silk buttons are manufactured by native women and girls, with no other instrument than a small round iron rod about five inches long, and about as thick as a four-penny nail; it is pointed at one end, and has a round head or knob at the other. The buttons are very pretty and durable.

The lady's hair was parted in the middle and plaited in long braids which hung down behind her ears, and were tied together at the ends

with silk cords and tassels which hung down her back. Over her hair she wore first a black silk scarf, the ends of which had a deep border of heavy gold-threaded cloth, these ends hung down her back while the middle of the scarf was bound tightly around her head very near her eye-brows. Over the scarf she wore two or three highly colored silk handkerchiefs, one over the other in such a way as to leave about an inch in width of each one to appear peeping out from under its upper successor; they were pinned tightly around her head and their ends were hanging down behind it. She wore golden ear-rings, the ring part which entered her ear was as thick as one of my fingers, they were ornamented with large drops of cut red coral. She did not wear any sfifa or tiara of jewels on her forehead which showed that she was not in full dress, and she received our visit more as a call of friendship than of ceremony. The ear-rings she wore were not of the full-dress heavy kind which need supporters.

But our dinner hour has arrived, and I must conclude this letter in the midst of our visit, as I wish to forward it to Gibraltar by the courier boat which is to sail in an hour.

Yours affectionately, &c., &c.

LETTER XXVI.

A MOORISH TEA-DRINKING. TANGIER WATER SELLER. THE BREACH IN THE WALL.

Tangier, June 8th, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

The Moorish lady whom we were visiting at the conclusion of my last letter, wore around her waist a long silk scarf, about twenty inches wide, and three yards long. It was of native manufacture, and was heavily interwoven with gold and silver thread. This scarf was folded lengthwise till it was about four inches wide, then bound tightly around the waist.

On the walls of the room in which she received us there were hanging seven large looking-glasses, several gold and silves watches, five or six swords and cimeters, some of which were of English and others of Moorish make, and five or six handsome silk scarfs. Also, there were hanging among these things, two handsomely painted wooden tablets, on which were written in Arabic characters of all colors, a few extracts from the koran. Between these tablets and the wall were

suspended pieces of very rich silk embroidery, as if they were too sacred to be allowed to come in contact with the cold and stony walls of the house, on a par with its other treasured ornaments.

Soon after we were seated, a servant brought in a broad low stool, handsomely decorated with painting in arabesque patterns, which she placed in front of her mistress, and spread over it a fine white linen cloth, then another servant entered with a tray in her hands which she put on the low table or stool. On the tray there was a tea set of handsomely gilt French china. The tea was sweetened in the pot with so much sugar that it was almost a syrup. The mistress poured the tea into cups without milk or cream, and the servant handed them around to us. Then there were trays of various kinds of very small sweet cakes handed around by other servants. They were very nice, and entirely new to us. They formed a very palatable and delicious novelty.

They and the tea were also offered to our Jewess, but she declined partaking, as to have done so would have been contrary to the laws by which she and her nation are governed, they never eat with any but their own people. When we took our leave of the fair Lady Fatima, she

invited us very kindly to repeat our visit as often as we pleased.

All the time we were sitting and enjoying her delicate dainties, our guard or Moorish soldier was waiting for us outside of the street door. To be thus diligently watched over and attended in all our movements, is more irksome and unpleasant than can be imagined by any person who has never experienced it. We cannot help feeling that it is a restraint upon our liberty or freedom of action.

When we left the Moorish lady's house, we walked through several narrow winding streets, in which we met a few people, one of them was a water-seller. He carried the water in a goat skin on his back. The skin was sewed up with the hair inside, for the purpose of being more durable. It was like the water-bottles of old, which are so frequently alluded to in the holy Scriptures. This water-bearer was carrying his refreshing burden about the town for the purpose of selling it to the thirsty wayfarers. He sold it at a very low price, as he gave a goodly sized cup of it for a small copper coin of little value.

Continuing our walk we went past the British Consulate, where we saw the inmates starting on their afternoon's horse-back ride. Then we

walked in front of the great mosque, into which we wished to enter, but dared not even peep.

We were soon after directed by our guard to notice the breach in the town wall, over which that unfortunate grave-robber was thrown last winter by the excited Tangier rabble, of whose public execution by stoning at their hands, I wrote you an account soon after it occurred.

That part of the wall has been broken down by the relentless tooth of time, until it is not more than three feet high from the street which passes it on the inside; but on the outside, the depth of the wall is, I think, about thirty feet. The surface of the sea-beach at the base of this wall, is covered with pieces of broken wall and large stones when the tide is out. When it is full the beach, stones, and the base of the wall are several feet under water. In many places the stones of the base of this wall have been worn away by the action of the waves against them, until they look as if they had been scooped out by art, but the cement which joined them together centuries ago, is still as perfect and entire as it was the day it was put there by hands which have crumbled to their native dust, long, long ago. How wonderful and how durable are the works of human skill!

We stood and gazed for some time over the breach in the wall, where that suffering criminal ended his mortal career, and as we reflected on his unfortunate misery, and compared his fate with that of hundreds of other men, who in our own land rob the graves, not only of grave-clothes, but of their dead occupants for money's sake, and yet go unpunished, under the plea that dead bodies must be furnished to the unfeeling demands of science and medical wisdom. We felt that the civilization of the one land in this respect, was not more tolerable than the veneration for the grave, which was on this spot so bitterly proved by the inhabitants of the other.

But the gaping old breach in the sea-washed wall has brought me to the end of the last page of this letter, and the continuation of our afternoon's walk past it, must be deferred until some future occasion. Until then adieu.

Yours, affectionately,

&c., &c.

LETTER XXVII.

JEWISH CEMETERY. A VIEW OF THE TOWN FROM THE HOUSE-TOP.

Tangier, June 15th, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

After leaving the breach in the Tangier wall, we walked past the Tangier tannery, where we saw some men working at their useful but unpleasant trade. The vats were numerous, probably about six or eight. They appeared to be about four feet wide and about eight long, and constructed of brick or stone masonry.

The matters of length and breadth, height and depth, have all to be calculated by guess-work in this country. If we should be seen going about the town with a measuring line in our use, we would very probably be banished from the land by the authorities which rule over it. As guess-work is so much easier than taking measures would be, we rather rejoice than lament over this jealous watchfulness of "the powers that be," in this one respect, although on other accounts we cannot help grieving over the silly fears of the Moors, who seem to dread allowing

any stranger to enter or walk over their crumbling old towns. The fact is that the poor souls feel their decrepitude as a people and fully realize that sooner or later, they must fall under and yield themselves conquered captives, to some other more powerful and vigorous nation. They seem to feel that this is their unavoidable, ultimate destiny, but naturally desiring to defer the period of their future downfall as long as possible. They are meanwhile zealously guarding their peculiar nationalities from the scrutiny of strangers' eyes as carefully as they can.

The art of tanning and preparing leather, we have been told, they have known in its highest perfection, from very early dates, and that they keep it a secret from all outside intruders.

We passed by the tannery, walked a short distance on the beach, then ascended a very narrow and steep path, which brought us to the Jewish cemetery.

It is sheltered on the west side by the wall of Tangier, and on the others by hedges of aloes and prickly pears, and growing near it are several large fig trees, which cast over it a cool and pleasant shade in summer, and shelter it from the winds of winter.

The Moors very seldom intrude within its bor-

ders, as it is considered by them an unholy and unclean place. The graves are very close together, facing the east. They are covered with flat grave stones, almost on a level with the surrounding earth.

The stones are generally of a very dark blue color, and are engraved with long inscriptions in Hebrew characters. We then came to a part of the town wall, which is protected by what has once been a very deep moat, about forty feet wide. It is now nearly filled up with rubbish of various kinds, and seems to be the favorite reservoir of old shoes, worn out straw from mattresses, and whatever else people may want to be rid of.

We passed a beautiful, narrow, descending road, nicely shaded between two high hedges of cane. At the end of this road there is a well of water, at which we often see the poorer women of Tangier filling their heavy earthen pitchers, which having filled they slowly bear away upon their shoulders.

We then went through the market place, past the fondak or caravansary, then past the public fountain, where we stood a few moments to be amused and amazed by the thronging wranglers

who there "do congregate," to procure the refreshing element which we all love so well.

We then wound in and out, and around the corners of a few winding, narrow streets, till we reached our home, where we wound up the day by taking our accustomed sun-set promenade on the house-top.

We are now very much interested in watching the motions and actions of immense numbers of storks making their semi-annual abodes upon the ivy-bound walls of this crumbling old town.

The loud flapping of their broad wings as they dive down to their nests, and the clatter of their long, hard bills, form quite an enlivening and agreeable break on the silence of this solemnly still place.

An almost constant deadness of all sound within this town, is its most prevailing and peculiar characteristic.

It is always incredibly quiet, except upon the following occasions:

1st. When the Muedden calls the faithful to prayers.

2d. On a market day, when the hub-bub of the buyers and sellers of something to eat will come like a murmur upon our ears from the

market place, beyond the town walls. This hub-bub lasts only a few hours.

3d. When there is a death, a funeral, a birth, a wedding, or some other public rejoicing somewhere in the neighborhood.

4th. In the morning very early, and very late in the afternoon, we sometimes hear the braying of a donkey, and now and then—very rarely, there will be a camel somewhere within hearing, that is kneeling in front of its driver, and begins to feel that it is receiving more weight on its back than it is willing to carry, which it betrays by a low moaning—menacing use of its unmusical voice.

It will neither cease to make this unpleasant noise or arise on its feet, until its burden is lightened.

In this respect the camel is the master over its owner or driver. It will carry as much as *it* pleases and not one straw more.

5th. When a house-top is being made or repaired, we hear the soothing sounds of mason's songs and the heavy beatings of their pounders.

6th. The flappings of the storks and the clatter of their bills.

7th. When a juggler or a beggar passes by, we hear their doleful ditties, both vocal and in-

strumental, either of which is not much of an improvement on a dead silence.

8th. Very frequently we hear the low, rumbling noise of the domestic mills of our near neighbors, and the pounding of some one of them with a short, thick stick on the outside of her outer door or gate, while she stands within it, out of sight. This is her signal for the baker's boy to come for her bread, which she takes this way of informing him is ready for the oven.

9th. At night we are incessantly surrounded by a loud barking of watch-dogs. Occasionally we hear the hootings of owls, and at regular intervals we hear the night-guard calling out to each other to ascertain whether "all's well."

With the exception of these sounds, when the elements are at rest, and the storms of wind and rain and thunder have all passed away, the place is as deadly still as a quiet country graveyard, unless there should happen to be a quarrel taking place about the right of way, or something of that sort, when the vocal din will be loud but not long, it is soon hushed, and the silence again reigns abroad. This stillness is very remarkable, and on me it has a depressing and doleful influence. I feel many times as if almost any place out of this would be a paradise.

This silence is partly caused by the absence of all bells, which are said to be forbidden by the koran, and by the entire want of wheels. I do not believe there is a wheeled vehicle in the whole empire.

I have never seen any, except two very odd looking ones in one or two of the Consul's gardens.

It appears to me that this dead stillness is a symptom of the dying out of the Morocco nation.

'Tis sad to see anything die—because death is the offspring of sin—yes, 'tis very sad to view death in any form—be it on a tree, a flower, a leaf—yea, even a single blade of grass, when it fades, withers, totters, falls and dies—when it changes the freshness, the bloom, the fragrance of its natural life, and sinks into decay—to death, is deeply calculated to fill the mind of the reflecting beholder with feelings of grief and regret.

To see a bird, a fish, a fowl or quadruped—more particularly that noblest of all domestic animals—a horse, to see these yield their faculties, their life, their breath, to the irresistible power of the destructive tyrant, who finally claims them all as his victims, is still more painful.

Then to see a beloved, a majestic, a soul-gifted human being, a fellow mortal, of immortal mould, sigh out in lessening gasps, the flowing life of his present existence, and to be conquered by the "rider on the pale horse," is most excruciatingly sorrowful.

But alas, what are all these compared to the feelings of a person, who, while standing here on this high house-top, and viewing below and around, on all sides, the infallible symptoms of a whole nation gradually but surely sinking into death.

Oh, the view is indeed very, very sad!

The sadness of this view is greatly increased by the inevitability of the approaching doom, which is hurrying them forward to meet their destiny. Mr. M. thinks that even since he has resided here, he can perceive a slow, gradual, but still a perceptible decrease in the population of the country.

A census is never taken; it would not be allowed by the authorities, but as far as guess-work and comparison will enable him to judge, he believes that the number of the inhabitants becomes smaller and smaller every year. The climate on this coast is quite healthy, the breezes from the sea are always delightfully refreshing,

the soil is rich and yields abundantly, except occasionally, when there is an insufficiency of rain; but this does not often occur, with a proper management of the fruitful years, the evil of a few dry ones would not be noticed. And yet these people cannot prosper, notwithstanding all the natural advantages which they so richly possess. Poor souls, they seem to feel a presentiment of their future downfall, yet they have not the ability to prevent it.

One of their santos, or holy men, a long time ago prophesied that the day would come, in which, while the people were at prayer in the mosques on a Friday, their towns would be entered and taken possession of by their enemies. Ever since, from that day to this, the town-gates are closed, locked and barred during the hours of the extra Friday exercises in the mosques, and while they are being performed there is no going out or coming in through the town gates. This is often very annoying, and the more so, when we reflect that it is caused by the declaration of some such character as our neighbor Seedy Sharkey. But as his santoship is a seedy subject, we must defer the consideration thereof, to the next letter from

Yours very affectionately, &c., &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

SEEDY SHARKEY'S LIFE AND WIFE. THE SANDHILLS.

Tangier, June 20th, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

I verily believe I have forgotten to tell you that Seedy Sharkey has long ago returned from his protracted visit to some other regions, where he has been blessing the inhabitants with his honorable and beneficial presence.

About six times a day ever since his return home, he has strided up and down our street, past our house, and every time his voice has failed not to utter those unearthly sounds which so thoroughly terrified me on my first arrival in this—not city of the dead, but—this cemetery of the living, rather of the existing—for I feel that to be here is merely existing, not living. Will you believe me, when I tell you that I am positively beginning to like to hear the sound of his exciting cries? There is life in them—that is some comfort—where there is so much deadness of all sounds, a living yell is acceptable and far preferable to the wearisomeness of no sound at all.

"A living dog is better than a dead lion."

I think I told you in a former letter that Seedy Sharkey's home is near our own. He lives in a fourth-class house, immediately adjoining the town wall.

He has a wife, but no children. I am very glad there are no little Sharkeys to inherit his blessedness. It is a comfort to think it will all die with him.

When he does die—if he ever can. To see him, one can almost fancy that he might outstride even death, but this would be only fancy. He must and will die, and after his death there will in all probability be built over his grave a monument and a house of prayer and refuge, which will be much larger than the dwelling place now occupied by him and his wife. His living where he does, is of course his own choice. He could live in any house in the land which he would take a fancy to call his own. It is a great comfort to reflect that ours is contaminated by our infidelity to Mohammed and by our eating swine's flesh; so that we at least are secure from all danger of having him take possession of our house.

He and his wife dress and look very poor, but in reality, although poor, they can, if they choose,

live like princes in the eating line, as he is at liberty to walk through the markets and past the shops, and help himself to whatever he may want "without money and without price." Yet they live like very poor people. This simplicity of their way of living is viewed by their neighbors as a voucher of their superior sanctity.

The wife is a contented looking, middle aged woman, about ten years his junior. She is visited by the Moorish ladies of the highest rank, while her husband is absent from home, and no doubt she leads a happy and comfortable life upon the strength of her husband's insanity. He never condescends to look at any one of our family, and he invariably passes along as if he was totally ignorant of our existence. She seems disposed to be on friendly terms with us, and when we meet her she always greets us with a pleasant smile and a kindly spoken "Keef koontsy."

Did I not tell you last winter that I would have a garden of flowers here on the house-top?

Well, so I have. But how did I get it?

Thinking that my first attempts towards obtaining it will amuse you, they shall now be offered to your acceptance in black and white. The first beginning was caused by the politeness

of the French Consul. He is old and feeble, too much of an invalid to visit and too polite to treat a stranger or new-comer with entire neglect, and therefore, instead of paying me a friendly call, he sent me his card, accompanied by a very small package of flower seeds, and a very long message about his regrets at not being able to come in person, and begging me to accept his gift of rare flower seeds.

I felt really grateful for his polite attention, and still more so for his precious little present. It was precisely what I was ardently wishing for—the beginning of my flower garden. Having procured a small box of garden earth, and having it safely placed on the house-top, the seeds were sown without delay.

They were carefully watered every morning and evening for at least four weeks, but all in vain, they did not grow. After the fourth week was over there peeped out from the ground a tiny little germ—only one—it grew very fast—for several days I was in ecstacies with my beautiful French flower, which was to be so elegant and so rare. At the end of about two weeks I was unwillingly forced to the conviction that the plant I had nursed with so much ten-

derness, was a common road-side weed. A rough, coarse and disagreeable weed.

How great was my disappointment can be realized only by ardent flower-lovers.

Meanwhile Mr. M., with his usual kindness, had, without my knowledge, sent to Gibraltar an order for a dozen beautiful flower-pots, which on their arrival, he presented to me as my own.

They were beautiful large porcelain ones, made at Malaga, handsomely ornamented with green handles and wreaths of grape-vine leaves.

Here then I had a splendid collection ready for my house-top garden. To have them filled with fresh garden soil and carried up to the top of the house, were easy matters, but to fill them with rare and beautiful flowers, was a more difficult undertaking. Flowers of every kind were so abundant—the fields were covered with hyacinths, lillies and almost every kind of bulb-rooted treasures. Roses were so plenty everywhere they were not worth looking at, geraniums were growing and blooming in everybody's kitchen gardens, so that filling my twelve elegant flower-pots with plants rare and handsome enough to correspond with them in worth and beauty, was a very slow process. One or two heliotropes—my favorites—from the Swedish garden, three

or four large carnations from the Dutch Consul's garden, a jessamine from the French garden, and then my supply was at a could-go-no-farther boundary.

One day as I was taking my ante-dinner promenade on the house-top, I made a splendid discovery, as brilliant as it was splendid. I saw growing upon the top of the town wall, which in that part is about five or six feet wide, and maybe twelve or fifteen feet high—a beautiful bright red flower. I saw it as the sun was shining brightly from between two heavy clouds. It was the first peep we had enjoyed from old sol during several weeks, for it was in the midst of the rainy season. How brightly they gleamed, both the sun and the flower. I was puzzled to decide which of the two was the most cheering.

I immediately ran down stairs to the guard, and after describing to him the flower, and the spot on which it was growing, I requested him, if possible, to obtain it for me. In about a quarter of an hour he returned to me with the gay blossom, and behold, it was nothing more than a common scarlet poppy, the ditto of the one that had grown where I had so carefully sown the French Consul's rare flower seeds. The poppies grow here in every variety of size and color, in

such an abundance, that they are tiresome weeds. Thus I was again disappointed, and still had several flower-pots that were unoccupied, except by their waiting contents of fresh garden soil.

One afternoon for the sake of a change, we went to walk on the high sand-hills, which lie on the south of Tangier Bay, and are in themselves a very great curiosity. They are said to have been formed within the memory of some few old men who are still living in Tangier. Our guard told us that his father could remember when the ground under them was richly cultivated, and filled with gardens, in which were growing a great many grape vines, and large, full sized fig trees. But they are now all out of sight and completely covered up with this sand. It appears to be washed upon the beach by the waves of the sea, and then blown by the wind to these hills. It is said that there are similar sand-hills on other parts of the Morocco coast. It seems very wonderful and mysterious. Where can all this sand come from, and what is its future destiny?

On these sand-hills we, one afternoon walked, and by the time we reached the top of one, we were glad to sit down to rest. While resting, we were interested in listening to the soft mur-

muring of the waves of the Bay, as they broke near us on the beach, and in watching the actions of a few long-billed and longer-limbed wild fowls that were fishing for the supper of themselves and their little ones at home.

While thus pleasantly engaged "a la Moresque," I discovered growing near our sitting place a beautiful and very delecate white, star-shaped lilly, streaked here and there with a few thin lines of a very pale pea-green, it was entirely leafless, and about one inch and a half in diameter, and though so delicate, it was growing on a thick and rugged looking stem.

I asked the guard what he called the flower.

He said he did not know, for he had never seen one like it. Here then was something rare, and as it was really very beautiful, I gave it the name of the sand-star, and at once resolved to transplant it into one of my still unoccupied flower-pots. Full of this determination, I began digging round the stem with a stick, and as I thus made very slow progress, the guard drew his cimeter from his side, and with it undertook to dig up the flower root.

When he had dug to the depth of a foot, and there being still no sign of the root visible, and as the sand at every succeeding inch's depth

was found to be harder and harder, he proposed to postpone the operation of digging up the plant until the next day, when he would bring a hoe to aid him. The next day our worthy and obliging guard went alone after the newly discovered sand-star, and was gone so long that I concluded he had fallen in with some agreeable companions on his way to the sand-hills, and had forgotten all about his errand.

After he had been gone nearly three hours, he returned with it in his hand. His face was as red as if he had been half baked; the unusual exertion he had been making, for he was not accustomed to manual labor, had put him into a glow of bodily heat, which was no doubt increased by feelings of resentment toward me for having wished to possess the rare plant.

The stem of the flower was full five feet long. It was attached to a bulbous root as large as a full sized dinner plate. Of course the guard's labor was all in vain—it was impossible to plant such a botanical monster upon the house-top or anywhere else. Thus I was made to experience another disappointment. We afterwards saw several flowers of the same kind on those sand-hills, but never in any other place. We have

not met with any person who can tell us anything about them.

To-day is the twentieth of June, and since the first day of May we have not had one drop of rain, neither did we expect to see any until next September or October, but to-day, at about eleven o'clock, we were all astonished to see the sky suddenly overcast with dark clouds, and during about twenty minutes, a light shower of rain descended from them.

Soon afterwards the sun again came out and the rest of the day continued clear and fine.

The natives are prophesying that all kinds of evils must follow in the train of these two unexpected showers. What a pity it is that they will pervert the blessings of refreshing showers into causes of discontent and evil forebodings. Let us be wiser than they, and be sure ever to be thankful to our Heavenly Father for all his good and perfect gifts, even if he does sometimes, in his unerring wisdom, see fit to pour them on us in showers of rain and from a temporarily clouded sky.

Yours, affectionately,

&c., &c.

LETTER XXIX.

MOORISH SADDLES, BRIDLES AND HORSEBACK RIDING.

Tangier, June 29th, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

Do you remember that I wrote to you about the first European lady that I saw here on the day of our arrival, and who died soon afterwards? Her parents have both remained within their own house ever since, without either paying or receiving any visits. The health of the father has been declining ever since.

No doubt he would be better if he would enjoy the benefit of fresh air and exercise.

They have two sons; upon the youngest they seem now to bestow all the love which they used to lavish so fondly upon their daughter.

He is a pretty and very gentle looking lad, is handsomely dressed, and wears long curls of golden-hued hair down his back. It is said by Madame Rumor, that his mamma cannot sleep day or night unless he is within the reach of her hand, so that the poor boy has to sleep in his mother's room. He sometimes, but very seldom, is allowed the liberty of riding out on the back

of a favorite, highly fed and very large donkey attended by two servants, one on foot at the side of the young gentleman, and the other a Moorish soldier as guard, is mounted on a handsome horse.

The other son is as wild as the mountain air, he is naturally of a very sociable and amiable disposition, he is about two years older than his sister was. He is fond of riding on horseback and almost lives in his saddle. As he was born here he can speak the Arabic like a native; and often rides out of town alone, though at other times he will be attended by a guard for the sake of appearance. He associates with the Moors as one of themselves, and is allowed by his grief-striken parents to choose his own companions. An unfortunate liberty for a young man to possess in this land of peculiar tastes and habits. He has no cares—no duties to perform, and is living according to the unrestrained dictates of his own uncurbed will.

Cut off as he is by ceremony and silly etiquette, from associating or meeting with the other Consuls because his parents will not visit them and their families, and disliking the dulness of his own melancholy home, he runs at random into the semi-civilized company of the

natives, with whom the other Europeans of the place do not associate.

What a pity it is that parents will sometimes neglect living children in their blind and useless grief, over those who are dead and buried!

Young Mr. O.'s chief amusement and occupation consist in riding on horseback, which he does in Moorish style; he owns for his own and his servants' use at least six or seven fine large horses. As his saddle and bridle are of native Moorish manufacture, and as they are precisely like those which are used by the Moors, I will describe them for you that you may form an idea of their appearance, when adorning the backs and heads of their fleet-footed horses.

Before putting the bridle on, the horse's head is decorated with an ornamental head-gear made of red silk, and red and yellow morocco, to which is suspended a long fringe made of red silk cord and tassels. This rich looking fringe hangs over the front of the head till it almost touches the eyes, on each side is a silk velvet pad hanging down gracefully under the ear. These pads are also decorated with red silk fringe and tassels. There are sometimes attached to this head-gear many little bags tastefully made of red velvet or morocco, in which

are strongly sewed extracts from the koran. These written sentences are generally bestowed upon their owners by jugglers, as preventives or charms against the injurious influences of evil spirits.

The straps of the bridle are tastefully made of red and yellow morocco, often stitched and elaborately worked with flause silk of all colors. The bit is of iron and is very powerful, the horse's mouth is often made to bleed by its use; it will hold in and have full command over any horse or mule, that is not incurably vicious.

The saddle is fastened to the back with one broad strong girth, and by another around the breast, the saddle trees are very high and the saddle very much resembles a chair. It is covered with a large saddle cloth made of fine cloth or velvet, and richly decorated according to the fancy, taste and ability of its owner.

The stirrups are made of wrought iron very long and broad, they are as long as a man's foot, and nearly as broad as they are long. They are drawn up very high towards the saddle, so that when a man is riding on horseback his knees are almost on a level with his elbows, and his feet rest firmly against the sides of the horse.

Besides these broad and heavy stirrups, the

rider wears long iron spurs as thick as one's finger, and quite as long; they are pointed at the end.

The stirrups and spurs are handsomely plated, sometimes gilt and ornamented with devices in arabesque, they are attached to the saddle by means of handsomely braided red and yellow morocco straps. They possess altogether a very gay and gaudy appearance, and add much to the adornment of the country, when we meet them during our long quiet rides through it.

We encounter them most frequently on the beach, or between it and some favorite garden in the neighborhood. The Moors are extremely fond of the exercise of horsemanship, it appears to be the only pleasure in which they heartily rejoice, besides eating and sleeping. For eating and sleeping are both to them matters of pleasure more than of necessity.

They have an amusement which they call "lab al barode" or "*running powder*." In this sport they freely indulge during the weeks of their three great National festivals, and on any other occasion of public rejoicing. This exercise of running powder has the appearance at first sight of being a sham battle, but is merely an exhibition of the Moors' horsemsnship, and their dexterity in handling their immensely long

heavy muskets, and managing their highly spirited steeds. Their muskets are weighty and unwieldy affairs, made by native gunsmiths, they are almost invariably decorated with small plates of silver, sometimes of gold, these plates are covered with arabesque figures, and quotations from the koran.

It is a gay and lively scene, when the beautiful beach is covered by large parties of these handsomely mounted and richly dressed Moorish horsemen.

The viewing of these sports of horsemanship by their lords and masters, is also much enjoyed by the Tangier Moorish ladies, who go in large numbers for that purpose to the sides of the sand-hills, which conmand a full view of the beach. On these occasions the ladies are dressed in their best and whitest haiks, and their faces are tastefully painted, although one eye is the only feature which they allow to be uncovered. They applaud and enliven the event by frequent and prolonged warwallows. The men are so much engaged with their guns and horses, that they never even look towards the place where the women stand, and act as if they were unconscious of their presence.

A Moor never looks at a woman in public, to

do so would be considered a breach of good manners.

The men run powder by starting in rows of ten, twelve or more horses abreast, galloping very swiftly to a certain distance down the beach, they then discharge their muskets, turn short around and gallop back to the starting point. While advancing and returning they all shout out in a loud voice in a way that is truly indescribable.

They then stop to re-load their bulky fire-arms, with as much powder as they will safely bear.

While they are doing so, another party of like numbers will start off abreast to the same distance, shouting in the same way, then discharge their pieces, and return also to the starting point.

This running forwards and back again, is kept up the whole afternoon and until sun-set.

The poor horses are kept in a foam, and their blood often runs in streams down their sides, and from the corners of their mouths.

The Moors are passionately fond of their pet horses, and in general treat them with much care and kindness, but when they are excited by the enjoyment of their "lab al barode" they seem to forget that their faithful bearers are made of flesh and blood, and are capable of any feeling.

The women poor souls never mount a horse or camel, except when travelling a long journey, on removing from one place to another. When they are thus mounted they do not guide the reins, but sit passively in a kind of chair or frame of wood made for the purpose, and in such a way that the occupant is rendered almost helpless. The rich women and their favorite female servants sometimes ride for pleasure, to visit a garden near the town, but these rides are taken on donkeys, and they are driven by men or boys. The holding the haiks over their faces while out of doors, is as much as the Moorish women can do at once, as both hands are required to keep it in its proper place over their heads and faces. The only frequent pleasures of which the Moorish women partake are to attend weddings and other joyful celebrations, and to walk out on Fridays in small parties, and spend a few hours sitting among the palmetto bushes, and graves of the public cemetery.

Yours truly,

&c., &c.

LETTER XXX.

THE RENEGADES. THE HAIKS. THE PASSPORTS.

Tangier, July 1st, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

The air to-day is so beautifully clear, that the white houses in Tarifa, on the Spanish coast, are plainly visible through a common spy-glass, and so is the flag-staff at Gibraltar. We frequently see that same flag-staff from here, but never the flag.

The other day there arrived in this port a small fishing boat from the coast of Spain. There were on board of it seven or eight Spaniards not fishermen, but refugees who had made their escape from Cadiz. They at once landed without waiting to ask permission from either the Spanish Consul, or the Moorish authorities. As soon as their feet touched the soil of Africa they declared to the officers of the port who met them on the beach, their intention of becoming true and faithful followers of the Prophet Mohammed. This declaration instantly released them from all allegiance to their own country, and enabled them to bid defiance to the Spanish Consul, and his demands for their passports.

This acknowledgment was sufficient passport to the protection and guardianship of the authorities of Morocco.

They were immediately conducted in triumph to a barber-shop, and had their heads relieved of the weight of their jet black Spanish locks. Their scalps were very soon as smooth, and as free from hair as the palms of their hands. They were then taken to a public bath where they were made to wash away the uncleanness of their false Christianity. Before they left the bathing establishment, they were fully clothed in suits of Moorish costumes, all except the haik. The haik requires long practice to render wearing it successfully possible, and I do not believe the attempt is ever made by a renegade.

These men were taken from the bath-house to the mosque, where they were very speedily turned into followers of Mohammed. Then no matter what crimes they may be guilty of, they cannot be given up by this country to the one on the opposite side of the straits.

Soon after the ceremony of their instalation into their new creed was over, a Spanish brig of war came into the Bay, hastily cast anchor, and landed some of her officers; they came in pursuit of the refugees.

But they were too late, they were now beyond the reach of all Spanish authority.

Poor creatures, what a life of misery is before them! As they have money with them—while it lasts—they are being famously lionized. As soon as their funds are exhausted this lionizing will be turned to donkeyizing, and they will be lowered to a level with beasts of burden, unless they are skilful at some art, trade or profession, by which they can and will be useful to their new masters—can and will are two widely different words you know—here in Africa, as well as in other more favored parts of this lower world—they will soon be forced to earn their daily bread by the lowest and most laborious kinds of toil.

We saw four of them on the street the other day, they were easily distinguished from the mob of middle classed rabble, surrounding them by the newness and unfaded brightness of their freshly bought attire. In every other respect they already appeared to be quite accustomed to carry the turban, to wear the wide uncouth Moorish trousers, and to waddle along quite successfully in the broad, heavy, yellow slippers of their adopted country.

It was some relief to find that their round, fat

faces, dull stupid eyes, and unintelligent features seemed to indicate that they were incapable of feeling the miseries of their hopeless condition.

Perhaps after all they have not lost much of present benefit, by the exchange of their nominal belief in one religion for another, which is none at all. It may be that they were before the exchange as wicked and unhappy as they could be.

The Governor of Tangier intends to send them up to the Sultan of Morocco, where their skill and usefulness will be tested and their future position in the social scale of the land, decided by the pleasure and interest of his imperial majesty.

The haik is a long white garment without seam, similar in shape to a very large long shawl. It is worn by the men and women, but in different ways; the men wear it wrapped around the body, with the ends hanging gracefully over the shoulder. The women wear it in such a manner that the face and head are completely covered by it, with the ends tucked away out of sight under the arms.

On the latter it is an unbecoming and ghostly-looking affair.

One night a small bay-boat arrived from Gibraltar, which had on board a Spanish subject, who had been turned out of Gibraltar for some

trifling breach of martial law; he was sent adrift without any passport, and the consequence is, that he is not allowed to land in any of the neighboring ports. The Spanish Consul here is now diligently employed to prevent his landing at Tangier.

The British Consul with characteristic hospitality, sends him the food which keeps him from utter starvation. We do not yet know what his fate will be.

The patrone of the boat that brought him here, cannot wait with him much longer. The man's only alternative is to obtain the privilege of landing here by turning Mohammedan, or to submit to the authority of Spain by accepting a lodging place in one of its prisons, or to make his escape from the boat he is now in, when it returns to Gibraltar Bay, by taking refuge as a common sailor on board of some English or American merchant vessel; on all sides nothing but hardships await him—for the want of a passport. What must we think of the governments who are afraid to admit into their lands one single man without a passport?

Yours, affectionately,

&c., &c.

LETTER XXXI.

A JEWISH WEDDING.

Tangier, July 10th, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

We were lately invited by a young Jew to attend his sister's wedding. He is one of the Tangier dry-goods merchants who are in the habit of calling at our house to sell their pretty, and temptingly cheap goods. As his dress is a good sample of what is worn by the better classed Jews of this country, I will describe it for you. His trousers are made of fine white muslin, they are wide but not flowing like the Moors. His shirt is handsomely embroidered with white silk on the bosom and around the neck, the front is finished with two very close rows of small white silk buttons.

Over the shirt he wears a blue cloth or a white cotton vest or sack without sleeves and over it a fine blue cloth coat or outer garment, very much like a sack coat, it is open in front and is fastened around the waist by a broad silk scarf folded to the width of about four inches. His head is covered by a small black woollen

cap, ornamented on the top with a long blue and white silk tassel, that hangs down on one side of his head.

The sleeves of his coat are wide, and reach about half way between his wrist and elbow. The sides and front of his coat are sometimes faced with red silk, and braided with silk cord of various colors.

He wears black morocco slippers. The Jews in this country never wear turbans.

This young Jew's name is Sr. B., and he is very much respected by all who know him. We attended his sister's wedding as much to gratify his feelings as our own curiosity. She was, we found, a lovely girl about fifteen years of age, the sight of her beautiful face we concluded was well worth the trouble of walking to her residence. Her complexion was of clearest white and brightest red, her hair, eye-lashes and eye-brows were of jetty blackness, her lips were red and full as two beautifully ripe cherries, her eyes were of a bright and flashing hazel, her teeth were like two rows of pearls set in coral, and she was altogether as beautiful a specimen of humanity as one could desire to behold. We found her sitting on the bed in the best room of her mother's house. It is a second class house,

and is very neatly furnished in the Barbary-Jewish style, which differs very little if any from the Moorish.

As with the Moors, so with the Jews in Tangier, a wedding is a festival of much ceremony, and lasts several days—more or less according to the wealth of the bride's family; a crowded house is expected and fully enjoyed. On the first and second days the bride sat on the bed, simply attired in her under garments and wrapped in a sheet, her hair was without ornament, and hung down over her shoulders in natural ringlets. She was surrounded by her maiden friends, who were dressed in their holiday costumes, and they almost all seemed to be nearly as beautiful as the bride; their eyes were generally fine, large, black and very expressive.

The Tangier Jewesses certainly do not encourage one's belief in the truth of physiognomy—for where in the wide, wide world can there be found more intelligent looking faces, and yet where can there be met with more barren and empty minds than those possessed by these same fair descendants of Sarah and Rebecca.

The bride's young friends spent the greater part of two days with her, while there they were feasted with dried fruits, sweet cakes, con-

fectionery and a kind of weak liquor distilled in a domestic still from raisons or figs and anise seed. They drank it largely diluted with water, yet even in that weak state, it was sparingly used. They were certainly good examples of temperance in drinking.

Such a thing as an intemperate Jew or Jewess, I have not yet seen in this place.

These Barbarians appear willing to leave the vice of inebriation to the unshared possession of their more enlightened neighbors, "over the water."

The bride's youthful and fair companions amused themselves and her, by telling stories, dancing, singing and with instrumental music. Their music is not very melodious.

On the afternoon of the second day of the wedding, the bride's young friends took their leave of her, and she was then visited by her married friends, who dressed and conducted her to their public bath, where they spent about an hour. This bath is very large, deep and cold. The poor brides generally dread the plunges which are there given them, more than any other part of the wearisome wedding ceremonies. She was then conducted back to her mother's residence, where the married friends remained

with her, and commenced the operation of attiring her in her wedding garments, and of painting and adorning her face and head.

Her dress consisted of scarlet broad-cloth and crimson silk velvet, richly decked with gold lace, gold threaded embroidery, braiding, buttons and a perfect blaze of jewelry; on her head she wore five or six sfifas, or tiaras of fine stones, and over them a crown made of scarlet velvet cloth, and covered with gems and precious stones. Over all these treasures of finery she wore a thin white silk vail.

Her eye-lashes and eye-brows were painted black to make them look heavier and longer. Her cheeks and skin were not painted except by nature, and by that most superior of all artists she was beautifully finished in pearly white and rosy red.

These Jews crown every bride among them, because they hope that she may become the mother of their long expected Saviour, who is to be their regal deliverer from their long captivity, in all the lands of the whole earth, and who is to restore them to their lost royal estate in the Holy City of Jerusalem!

If the Bible had no other witness under the sun to prove the heavenly authenticity of its

records, the faith alone of these Jews would prove it beyond all possibility of a doubt. They are a living, standing, undeniable, indestructible miracle, certifying, age after age, and century after century, the truth of God's Holy Word!

At about half past eight o'clock in the evening, the bride was ready for her ceremonious removal to her new home.

The assembled guests were crowding every room in the house, except the one in which the dressing was performed.

When it was completed the doors were thrown wide open, and the costumers made the air ring with their warwallows and hand-clappings.

At the same time a band of Jewish musicians, who were sitting in the court-yard, commenced playing their discordant strains, then every person who wished to was allowed to go in and look at the beautiful bride. She sat on an elevated seat in the middle of the room, her eyes were closed and her arms were folded across her breast.

Dried fruit, cakes and confectionery were then handed around to the numerous guests and spectators. Meanwhile the music, warwallows

and hand-clappings continued without abatement. At about nine o'clock they began to prepare for her removal to her new home. But how she reached there must be the commencement of a new letter, or you will feel that my lengthy epistle is intruding too much at once upon your precious and fully occupied time. Till my next adieu.

Yours affectionately,
&c., &c.

LETTER XXXII.

THE JEWISH WEDDING CONTINUED. A RURAL MORNING RAMBLE.

Tangier, July 18th, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

I will continue in as few words as possible the description of my young neighbor Estara's marriage festivities. When she had sat upon the elevated seat, or (as they called it) the throne, in her mother's house about half an hour, and was gazed at by the "mixed multitude" who surrounded her, she was approached by two Rabbis and four men and an innumerable crowd of little

boys. The Rabbis placed themselves one on each side of her, the four men held in their hands four immensely large, burning wax candles, tastefully painted in red and green. The boys sung or chanted in Hebrew, and with a vociferating voice, over and over again the words:

"Here she is the bride, oh, the bride, the bride. We have come to take the bride, to take the bride. Oh, here she is, here she is, we have come to take the bride."

They were now all ready to start. But at this interesting point there was some delay occasioned by the bride's brother causing to be borne to her side a sedan chair, which he had borrowed from one of the Consuls, and he insisted that his sister should not walk but be carried in the chair.

The bride's father was dead, and whenever that is the case, the brother or next nearest male relative, becomes the "master of the feast."

Finally they succeeded in seating her in the sedan chair to her brother's entire satisfaction, but in opposition to the will and wishes of the Rabbis and the spectators. The former no doubt felt themselves cheated by this arrangement out of the pleasure of leading her through the streets to her new home, and the latter out of the grati-

fication of feasting their eyes upon her beauty and splendid attire. To all it was an innovation, and as such it was most cordially frowned upon by them, except the enthusiastic and affectionate young brother. The bride of course was not expected to exercise any desire on that or any other subject. She was being married, and was passive in the hands of her masters—tormentors I felt they must be to her, if she had any feeling.

At last the procession was formed and in motion. First, the four bridal-candle bearers, then the two Rabbis and the bride, borne by four porters; around and after them crowded the shouting, chanting, singing, yelling little urchins, who it is said, are in the habit of sticking needles and pins into the flesh of the bride to test her fortitude and resignation.

It was probably a desire to save her this torture which led the young merchant to devise for his sister the protection of the borrowed sedan chair.

Then followed the bride's relatives and the invited guests, and after them the public who saw fit to give their presence and add to the length of the parade. The number of this parading public depends upon the popularity and standing

of the bride's family, and was on this occasion very flattering in the size as well as in the respectability of the concourse.

When the procession had passed over about a fourth part of the distance towards her new home, her future father-in-law met it and insisted upon forcing her to descend from the sedan chair, and to be led forward between the two Rabbis in the customary mode. The bridegroom met her at the right hand side of his front door, and on the middle of the entrance his mother received her. In her hands she held a plate, on which were a glass tumbler filled with water and some sugar. She presented the water and sugar to the bride's mouth, then threw and broke the glass at her feet as she entered the house, in token that thereafter she was to be the sole mistress of her husband's good will and pleasure.

The Rabbis then placed the bride upon an elevated seat or throne in the centre of the best room in the house, where she remained a few minutes, after which she was led by married females to a curtained recess at one end of the room.

There they re-adjusted her heavy head dress and weighty ornaments, which had become disarranged by her removal from one house to the

other. She was then returned to her seat of honor, on which she remained until one or two o'clock, A. M. All this time the music, feasting and dancing continued, but she saw nothing of them, as her eyes were closed all the time, and her hands remained unmovingly in the same position.

The next morning at about seven o'clock, we found her sitting in the same spot, and in the same position, with her hands still crossed and eyes closed.

The guests and spectators at that hour thronged around her to witness the bestowal of the wedding ring. The bridegroom and a Rabbi then entered the room side by side. The bridegroom placed himself near her on her right hand side, and the Rabbi stood before her, while he repeated a long prayer in Hebrew.

He then read aloud in Hebrew the marriage contract which he held in his hand; it was written on a scroll of parchment. Having read it through, he rolled it up and handed it to the bridegroom, who gave it to the bride, she received it with her left hand, and retained it during the remainder of the ceremony. The bridegroom then took hold of her right hand and placed on its fourth finger a heavy gold ring, and said in Hebrew:

"I take this maiden, Estara B., to be my wedded wife, according to the law of Israel, Moses and Nathan, as they received it from God, whereof this ring is the token."

Prayer was then again offered by the Rabbi, and he closed it by pronouncing the benediction.

The bridegroom's father then handed the Rabbi a large glass tumbler full of wine. He held it solemnly in one hand, elevated the other over it and invoked a blessing upon it, he then drank some and handed it to the bridegroom, who drank a small portion, then held the tumbler to the lips of the bride who tasted it. The bridegroom then returned the wine to his father, who drank of it; then with the tumbler in one hand and a large glass bottle in the other, he handed it around the room to the guests, until they were all served. It was not offered to the Moors and Europeans, who were there as spectators, but to the Jews only.

The young couple were then married man and wife. She remained in the same seat, in the same dress and position, during all that and several other days, and all that time, the music, feasting and dancing ceased not, except during a few hours at night.

After having witnessed the ceremony of giv-

ing the ring and drinking the wedding wine, we resolved to seek relief from the heat of the crowded "house of feasting," by taking a morning walk out of town. As we passed the inner market place or the main street, we saw a row of day laborers, with their hoes in their hands, on which they were indolently leaning. They were standing there "waiting to be hired." As this is one of the many old scriptural customs of the land, they reminded us very forcibly that we were in the old world of the Eastern Hemisphere, and far, far away from our home in the Western.

Having passed through the town gates, and the larger market place, we ascended the hill beyond it and stood there a few moments to view the scene around us. The Bay was as smooth as glass, and shining brightly beneath the rays of the unclouded sun. The sea breeze had not yet reached the shore, but we could see it coming on apace over the face of the distant waters, which were moved by it into gently rising waves. The whole aspect of nature around us seemed very soothing and very lovely.

Near us stood a large drove of donkeys, and mixed with them a few mules, waiting to be driven to pasture. The donkeys and mules of the town people, when not hired out or needed for

the day in the labor of their owners, are taken by them to this hill beyond the market place, and committed to the care of a herdsman, who, at a certain hour, drives them all out to a grazing field.

He is usually accompanied by one or two boys and several dogs. At about four o'clock in the afternoon they return to this hill, where the owners meet and pay the herdsman a few coppers for his trouble and drive their animals home. So that if you want to hire a donkey or mule in these regions, you must secure him early in the morning or wait until late in the afternoon.

The donkeys are very fond of a coarse, low weed, which is here very abundant, its leaf is mixed white and green. I have seen some of the same kind growing in the flower gardens of Pennsylvania, as an exotic, under the common name of Virgin Mary's nettle, or milk-weed.

When we passed the drove of donkeys, we saw a numerous train of camels beginning their wearisome journey to the Interior.

They moved along slowly beneath their highly piled burdens, as if they were very unwilling to leave the place where they had enjoyed a long rest and the luxury of drinking as much water as they could.

They were all the one humped camels. I have never seen any other kind here. They are gaunt and uncouth looking creatures, awkward and ungraceful in their movements, yet withal, they are so gentle, so kind and so patient in their disposition, that one cannot help loving them.

A useful lesson is the one they would teach us human beings, if we would but attend to and learn it.

Then we passed the sanctuary of Seedy Mekhfee, who is said to be the patron-saint of the market place. His memory is held very sacred.

Probably during his lifetime he was very much such a looking person as now is our neighbor Seedy Sharkey.

We then walked about a mile and a half and saw the Village Swanny, which contains about a hundred huts, surrounded by hedges of prickly pears or *cactus opuntia,* the fruit of which is now ripe and very delicious. We then returned home, past the American, Danish and Swedish Consuls' gardens.

We were so much refreshed by our rural ramble, that we were able to begin with renewed interest, the labors and studies of the day.

Adieu, Yours truly,

&c., &c.

LETTER XXXIII.

A MOOR'S CHANGE OF RANK. CATTLE PRISON. THE CULTIVATED FIELDS. THE CASTLE.

Tangier, July 29th, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

To-day as we were returning from our walk we passed by the pretty little garden of Alkaid Asoosey. Alkaid means a military commander, it may be over a hundred, or more or less.

This same Alkaid Asoosey has been for many years the favorite extra guard of the Consuls upon their excursions into the country, or occasional visits to some of the towns in the Interior, or on the coast of this empire; during which time he was in the highest favor of the Emperor, and of the Governor of Tangier.

The horse he rode was the best and fleetest of all the good and fleet horses of the land. His wardrobe was in beauty and quality equal to any worn by men in the highest rank. His turban was invariably the highest and whitest that could be seen in all this town of turbans, and—in short he was as perfect a *petit maitre* in

his manners and attire, as ever the shores of Barbary produced.

Many times when riding or walking past his garden,we would see him in it amusing himself by weeding it during the cool hours of the early evening, but even then, and there, his garments and head gear were patterns of perfect neatness and good style.

During a month or two past we saw nothing of him, but did not pay that subject any attention, as we supposed he had been sent away on some mission of honor or of trust by the Governor. How great then was our surprise this afternoon to see as we passed his garden gate walk out from it a little dark figure, meanly attired in a soiled and faded old gelab, (gelab is the outer garment worn by poor and laboring men,) without any turban or any other covering on his bald head, and to hear the same unrecognizable figure say in the voice of our much esteemed and admired Alkaid Asoosey, first my own Christian name, and then the friendly words of salutation, "keef koontsy ?"

The voice was the familiar one of our dear old, favorite guard, Alkaid Asoosey, but poor fellow—the figure, face, and garments, were those of a man who by some act of caprice, avarice or

injustice of those in authority over him had been disgraced by falling into disfavor.

His fine horses and houses have been taken from him by his Government, and this little garden is all that is left to aid him in earning a support for himself and family.

We then entered the gate which leads to the enclosure surrounding the castle. Here we saw a man in the garb of a poor villager, led forcibly along by two soldiers; they held him by the neck of his gelab, and if he offered to make any resistance, or effort to escape from them, they twisted it tightly around his throat in a manner which at once brought him to a state of perfect passiveness.

They had arrested him for having allowed his horses to eat some of his neighbor's wheat.

The fields of this land are all unprotected by any kind of fence, or hedge, so that domestic animals have to be closely watched by their owners, or persons employed by them for that purpose, to prevent their straying into other people's cultivated fields.

It is a common practice here on these occasions to seize the trespassing animals when their owners, or employed watchers are not conveniently found, and then the animals are taken

to " the pound," as it is called in England, where they are detained until their owners call for them, and pay for the damage they have done. When they call to get their property they are punished by paying a fine, or by being imprisoned, or bastinadoed.

Should the owners not come forward in a reasonable space of time, the animals are sold or turned over to the possession of the government.

These laws make owners of cattle and horses very careful in general to have them well watched.

The bastinado is I believe a very painful operation, not ever having witnessed its infliction, I must be satisfied to give you a second-hand description of it.

They say the person who is condemned to this punishment, is made to lie flat on the ground with his arms and lower limbs fastened to stakes, and then the bastinado is given by striking very heavily on the soles of his feet with a bunch of leather straps.

A few dollars will generally suffice to buy off the culprit from enduring it, but if he or his friends are too poor to pay the fine, then his feet have to suffer for the lankness of his purse.

We sometimes see mules, horses, donkeys and

horned cattle in the Tangier pound, (which is a small enclosure adjoining the wall of the castle,) all huddled most uncomfortably together in the small place, poor beasts suffering from hunger, thirst and imprisonment, because their owners are too improvident to make fences around their fields!

Gardens and vineyards are always enclosed by durable and strong hedges, but the no less valuable fields of wheat and other farm produce are left open, and unprotected by any sort of fence or hedge.

It is a very pretty sight to see the hill-sides and plains covered with a diversity of the rich gifts of the liberal soil, and to view the edge of a crop of wheat, meet lovingly the leaves of a bean field, or the long graceful leaves of dra boughing affectionately over a cluster of neighboring barley-heads; but around and above all this beautiful union there ever will creep into my mind the cooling reflection, that there is a want of thrift in the owners of them all, or they would be better and more safely protected from the feet of intruding animals.

If we would talk of field fences to a Moor, he would scorn the idea, and say that the labor of making them would be unendurable, that his

father lived without field-fences, and what was good enough for the sire, must of necessity be good enough for the son.

The Tangier Castle is now unoccupied, as the present Governor prefers residing in his own private house, the Emperor allowing him to do so. It is divided from the town by a lofty wall on the brow of a high and steep hill. This wall bears evidence of having been in former times heavily mounted with cannons, which have long since been removed to other places. This castle is the union of several buildings erected at various times, different ages and in as many styles of architecture; they are now a cluster of walls and masonry in several states of preservation; there are two high towers overlooking them all, one of which is the minaret of a mosque. Some of these walls and gateways are ornamented with arabesque designs, which no doubt were handsome decorations when fresh from the hands of the artists who put them there, but now they are sadly marred and tarnished by the lapse of time. The continuation of the castle's sketch must be postponed for the present.

Yours, affectionately,

&c., &c.

LETTER XXXIV.

TANGIER CASTLE. CONTINUED.

Tangier, July 31st, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

Tangier Castle is a vast pile of ancient buildings containing over two hundred different apartments and about fifty stair-cases. Many of the rooms are as dark as dungeons, and not more than three feet wide and four or five feet long; from this size they vary to that of twelve wide and about twenty or twenty-five feet in length. The ceilings generally are very high, and in some of the larger rooms they are handsomely decorated with arabesque designs, cupolas and arches. In one part there is a large, open, square court; it is surrounded on each of its four sides by three handsome large rooms; we presume it is in these rooms that the Emperor makes his temporary abode when he visits Tangier. They are handsomely finished, but entirely unfurnished except by numerous lamps which are suspended on hooks in the ceilings; some of these lamps are half filled with olive oil and seem to be ready for lighting. This court

is paved with marble, and has in the centre a large marble fountain similar to the ones usually found in mosques. Around the court are several white marble pillars with caps of the Corinthian order; they support arches and roofs which form a piazza around the court, and over the entrances of the surrounding twelve rooms.

Over the walls of this piazza, there are rows of arabesque designs about twelve inches wide worked in on glazed china tiles, and apparently these rows of tiles have been as broad as three feet, but they have fallen down, and to ruin, by the insatiable destructiveness of time. From one of these rooms we found a stair-case leading to upper rooms; it was about eight feet wide, and was paved in brightly glazed tiles of various colors and sizes.

From a corner of one of these rooms we passed through a door that led into a passage about four feet wide, which ended in a kitchen that had in one end of it the usual cooking furnace for the use of charcoal; from this furnace proceeded a curiously formed, wide chimney to the top of the building; it looked as if it was strong enough to last another century. There were two other smaller kitchens connected with these twelve rooms. The upper parts of the

walls of some of these rooms were curiously worked in plaster with ornamental cornices, which looked like lace and were very beautiful.

The floors were principally paved with slabs of black and white marble; some few were paved with Tetuan tiles.

After winding through long narrow passages, and several suites of middle sized rooms, which were paved with common red and green tiles, we suddenly and unexpectedly found ourselves at the entrance of a handsome, large garden. In it were growing many very superior fruit-trees and grape-vines; over one of the room doors which opened into it, we saw a natural curiosity in the form of a fig tree about six feet high, and in "full bearing." This tree grew from the side of the wall, about midway between the top of the door, and the flat roof of the building. On it were growing some ripe figs, one of which we ate. The fruit trees in this garden were larger and finer than any we have seen in the neighborhood. The vines were trellised luxuriantly over neatly made arches and bowers of native cane. Roses were very abundant, and blooming in almost endless variety. They were there of all colors, sizes and qualities. Into this garden there opened several windows of the apartments

above it; they were glazed and evidently have been made comparatively quite recently in imitation of the Consular dwellings. The rooms to which these windows belonged, we were told, had been used as the harem of the former Bashaw of Tangier, who at one time occupied the castle with his families of four wives. The larger rooms of this part of the castle were painted in modern European style, and from the centre of the ceiling of one of them, was hanging a very handsome, large chandelier, which no doubt had been presented to the Bashaw by one of the present Consuls. It was a costly and beautiful affair, but in a sad state of neglect, as it was covered with dust and cobwebs. The room of the large chandelier opened into a balcony, apparently suspended in the air overlooking a steep precipice which seemed to be at least two hundred feet deep, at the base of which were dashed, in foamy waves, the waters of the Atlantic, as they were entering the boundaries of the Straits of Gibraltar. From this airy perch we enjoyed an extensive view of this, the opposite shore of the Straits, and the ocean. From these beautiful and neatly finished apartments we proceeded for some distance along narrow, dark, winding passages, up and down

various narrow stair-cases. At one time we would enter a large room which we supposed would open into a suite of handsome apartments, but would find it to be only a solitary one. At another the room would open into a long, narrow, winding passage, which would either end in a little closet, a stair-case, an open-aired terrace, or a large room.

Sometimes these long, narrow passages would lead to bath-rooms in which were large tanks of water.

These baths were lighted from small apertures in the lofty ceilings above them and covered with thick glass.

In one place we saw a very long passage, (about forty feet long,) it was so low that we had to walk through it bare headed, and in a stooping posture.

We walked along its narrow limits very hopefully, expecting it would conduct us to something very odd, but were disappointed at finding it end in a plain, simple, small recess. There were in many of the walls marks of places where doors had been built up and enclosed. Where or to what they may have led, will be a secret as long as the castle remains in the hands of its present owners.

In some places we were obliged to jump over yawning crevices in the floors, at others to climb up stairs where two or three steps in one place were crumbled to ruins, and the green grass on the ground far below them would be visible.

Then again we would clamber over a heap of an old wall, fallen into a chaos of broken stones, mortar and lime. Often a flock of wild pigeons would start from their nests almost beneath our very feet. The wild pigeons and storks are without number in and about the old Castle. We did not see any owls, and wondered why, as the town is full of them.

At one time we clambered up a wall, which probably had once been a side of a stair-case; it was very tottering and seemed ready to crumble beneath our feet. From it we entered a long, broad room lighted only by a few apertures in the walls; the floor was a common brick pavement, and the walls were of plain mortar. This plain, large room was surrounded by vaults or arches similar to those made to keep wine in. Over the door of one room we saw some handsome ornamental work in plaster, and beyond it there were several small panes of glass of various colors. This was a beautiful work of art, and

had a fine effect, surrounded as it was by so much ruin and rubbish. We saw also another garden, at one end of which were several raised terraces that were surrounded by seats. This was a quiet, cool and pleasant retreat; no doubt there have been many hours of social and domestic happiness enjoyed within its narrow limits, by those who have been many years within the still narrower homes, which are waiting for us all, and alas we know not how short that waiting may be for some of us, who are now dreaming of living for many future years, in peace and prosperity!

But time has flown very swiftly while I and my pen have been travelling with you through the old castle, and the midnight hour reminds me that it is wiser to sleep, than to write away the whole night.

Yours, affectionately,

&c., &c.

LETTER XXXV.

TANGIER CASTLE CONTINUED.

Tangier, August 1st, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

We were conducted by our guide from the interior parts of the castle to an outer apartment, which proved to be the ante-room to the prison, and in it I was astonished to see an Alkaid, who a few months ago was in high favor with the Emperor, and appeared to be a man of wealth and distinction. But he has fallen—and is now—without being guilty of any crime, the inmate of a prison and in heavy irons.

Seeing that I was greatly shocked at finding him in such a miserable condition, he told me to say "Inshaa Allah," which I did say most heartily. Then to console him I said, that he was not as badly off as were the hundreds who were enclosed in the dungeons. He answered,

"Oh, I go there too, and have only been brought out here for an hour to get a little fresh air; but oh, I wish you would write to the Governor, and beg him to order that I may not

have the chain put around my neck at night; it is so very painful."

As the manacles were much larger than his thin, bony hands, for he is an old man, I asked him why he did not slip his hands out of them. To my question he answered,

"God will take them off when he sees proper!"

We then proceeded to the part which was allotted to the use of the Governor's or Emperor's horses. There were not more than six or eight horses in the stables at the time; they were fat and in good order

The entrance to this part of the castle was guarded by a ragged sentinel, who sat cross-legged on a goat skin. The stable is a large open space, surrounded by arches on all sides, which are supported by handsome white marble pillars. The horses were all fettered with palmetto straw rope. Around the open space and beneath the arches were small apartments which were the stalls.

In them the horses were sheltered during the rainy season. They were fed on grain, dra or barley, which they ate from nose-bags. The Moorish horses are never fed from a manger or rack or littered.

In one corner stood the favorite horse of the

imprisoned Alkaid, feeding on dry straw. It was very affecting to see the poor animal sharing the fate of his master. In the centre of the open space there were two walls surrounding a very large cistern, which is of vast dimensions, and consists of several apartments. The water of this cistern is good and cold. On the right hand side of the open space was a very large and heavy door; we walked through it into a large room which may be considered the Emperor's armory. In one part of it we saw piled up in one great heap, the many gun-carriages, which were presented to a former Emperor of Morocco by Mr. Simpson, our first Consul to this country. They were in a state of great neglect—the wooden parts were rotten and worm-eaten—the iron covered with rust. About the room were scattered many pieces of ancient Saracen armor, similar to that which was worn by the Saracens in the times of the crusades. This armor is very curious and enough to make the eyes of any antiquary twinkle with delight. In many parts rust and old father time had made sad havoc of the sturdy, hard iron, for there were many holes in them that were not put there in battle, but by the slow, sure decay of many by-gone years. In this room were the instruments which have

been used in manufacturing his majesty's gunpowder. The mortars used for grinding the charcoal were handsome, large, marble Corinthian caps of pillars, the shafts of which are lying scattered about in another part of the castle. These pillars are said to have been a present from the government of Spain to this country.

This room also had in it four very thick, heavy wooden boxes; they were iron-bound and about four feet high. In the open space near the heavy door there was a steep, narrow stair-case, which opened into an old unmounted fort, from which we had an excellent view of the new Tangier battery, on which we saw seventeen guns and three mortars. From this fort we clambered up an old wall about six feet high and found ourselves in a long gallery, the end of which turned into another. At one end of this second gallery there was a small room, and at the other a long, very long narrow stair-case. We ran down the steep, narrow steps in great glee, hoping it would lead us to some subterranean apartments, where we should meet with unheard of wonders of curiosity or of wealth, but on a sudden turn at the foot of the stairs, we found ourselves in the presence of the nose-bagged horses, and the ragged guard of the stable sitting on his old goat skin !

We then took our departure from the Imperial stables, and observed as we passed from them that their heavy doors were fastened open by a rusty swivel on one side and a bombshell on the other. Most heartily do we wish that all the swivels and bombshells in the whole world might never be used in any other manner than to set an open door before us in as quiet and inoffensive a way as these were doing.

While we were in the castle we asked the soldier who accompanied us if he knew who built it.

He said it was built by Seedy Ally, two hundred years ago. At another time another Moor told me that it was built by a great Bashaw, named Seedy Hamet, that he was a relative of the prophet Mohammed, and had five thousand horsemen in Tangier, and that his body-guard consisted of a thousand soldiers. He was immensely rich, and took the customs or duties on the merchandise of Tangier as his own, and never paid a copper to the Emperor. That the Sultan at last became jealous of his power and declared war against him; he was killed in battle and buried with his ancestors at Mistercoch, one hundred and fifty years ago. This castle is, of course, said to be inhabited by evil spirits and

to contain many millions of hidden treasures. In many places are to be seen in the walls and on the ground, the marks of persons who have searched for hidden money.

At one time, as we jumped from one terrace to another, we heard beneath our feet a loud crashing sound; it was caused by the inside ceiling having fallen down. The castle is generally supposed to be partly built by the ancient Romans.

There were in many places this word in Arabic characters, "Allah"—but I could not see anything that looked like the word Mohammed.

We spent about six hours exploring the castle.

Yours affectionately,

&c., &c.

LETTER XXXVI.

JEWISH TOLL. MOORISH FESTIVAL.

Tangier, August 8th, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

Hoping that by this time you have recovered from the fatigue of our long ramble through the venerable old castle of Tangier, I

again venture to address you with my wearisome coos-coo-soo dottings.

This afternoon we went to enjoy the pleasure of a horseback ride on the beach. While we were there we saw eight Jews and four Moors starting on a journey to Tetuan. The Jews never travel anywhere in the empire of Morocco except under the escort of Moors.

When they depart from one town for another they are obliged to pay toll to the gate-keeper of the town they are leaving. They never live in the country or villages, but always in the larger, walled towns, where they earn their living by speculation, commerce, or as artisans and mechanics. They never become tillers of the soil, because they feel and realize that it is not their own.

But I must return from this Jewish digression and inform you what we saw happen to one of the unfortunate Jews who were beginning their journey to Tetuan. This party of travellers, Moors and Jews, although so diverse in their races, habits and attire, were still more so in the ways and means by which they were to perform their wearisome journey. Two of the Moors were stout and able-bodied soldiers, they were mounted on handsome horses, the other Moors

were seated on strong, well-kept mules, and were furnished with palmetto straw panniers, probably destined to bring from Tetuan the beautiful tiles which are made there. Four of the Jews were riding miserable looking little donkeys, and the other four were aided only by long wooden staves, and were even without shoes on their feet.

When they had proceeded a few rods down the beach towards the Tetuan road, which turns from it to the south-east, they were pursued and overtaken by an athletic and strongly-built Moor, who was one of the Tangier gate-keepers. He was in a towering passion and fiercely excited, saliva poured from around his chattering teeth, was spattered here and there upon his trembling beard, "his eyes wildly with phrenzy rolled," words of hatred and abuse flew in a vociferous torrent from between his ire-bequivered lips.

As soon as he reached the Jews, he ran to a slightly-built and feeble looking youth, and with a long staff he carried he gave the trembling stripling an unmerciful *drubbing* for having dared to pass the gate without paying the customary toll.

Poor fellow, he suffered severely for the few coppers he saved. The toll was one blankeel, in

value not quite two cents. A blankeel is exactly the sixth part of a dime. When the Moor had beaten the unresisting Jew to his heart's content, he turned and hurried back to his post, as if he had performed an act that was soothingly satisfactory.

The poor Jew rubbed his limbs, back and head, and in his agony groaned aloud; but still, in spite of his pain, he took an opportunity while his Moorish companions were looking in another direction, to wink to his fellow Jews, and to make gestures to them expressive of the joy he felt at having cheated a Moor out of a blankeel, and better yet—had the superb satisfaction of knowing he had given him a great deal of trouble.

Nothing can trouble a Moor so much as to be forced into a hurry. Should a Jew, under any circumstances, raise his hand to strike a Moor, or to offer him any resistance, the immediate loss of his hand would be the consequence. Thus ever live the Moors and the Jews, in the same country, under the same government, yet in constant and never ceasing antagonism. The iron and the clay of their two distinct natures will never mix in concord or peace.

When we had ridden as far as to the river,

we enjoyed a fine and exhilerating gallop on our homeward bound course.

On approaching the town we discovered there was something more than common going to be the order of the day for some time to come—we were to have a public festival in the town; there would be feasting, dancing, singing, music and warwallows beyond all computation.

Do you wish to know how we were enabled to dive into futurity and foresee all these fine things, and what were the signs by which they were revealed to our knowledge? There were crowds of women and children standing on the highest part of the hill behind the town. They were all dressed as for an event of especial public interest, and they were all intently gazing upon the western sky, in which were lingering the fading rays of the already set sun.

They were anxiously watching for the appearance of the new moon. The Moors reckon their time by moons, and not having any almanacs in common use, they never consider a month begun until the new moon is visible in the sky. Therefore, when the time of its appearance draws near, women dressed in their best attire, repair to the hill behind the town walls, where they can enjoy an unintercepted view of the western

sky. As soon as one of the women sees it, she utters a loud warwallow, in which she is joined by the others around her, then it is repeated by those who are standing on the house-tops in the town until the sound reaches the guards in the batteries on the front part of the town facing the Bay. As soon as they hear it, they fire off a salute of several cannons.

Thus the event of the festival moon being visible, is loudly announced by the roar of cannons to the distant inhabitants of the surrounding villages.

Then begin the feasting and making merry. Heaps of hot coos-coo-soo are devoured until the partakers, wearied with their prowess in this particular pleasure, are forced to seek repose in sleep.

This public announcement of the appearance of the new moon being made by women, is proof positive that the Moors believe in the immortality of their souls.

If they were soulless, certainly they could not be allowed to take such an active part in the religious festivals of their nation.

The present moon is the mouloud, and the one in which is celebrated the anniversary of the birth of Mohammed. The Moors have three

great national festivals, the birth of Mohammed, the week after the end of the fast rammadan, and the sheep holiday. A few days previous to each one of these festivals, their houses are thoroughly cleansed and whitewashed, inside and out, in imitation of the Jews' preparation for the celebration of the passover.

The houses being thus frequently well cleaned are always in a neat condition.

As they never wear their shoes in the house, and *never spit* anywhere, their floors are patterns of tidiness which might well cast in the shade the much vaunted cleanly habits of our own country—which, alas, cannot be clean or decent, while its inhabitants are the slaves of tobacco and its many polluting consequences—but a truce to this juicy subject—I dare not trust myself to dwell upon it so near the lower edge of the last page of this letter, or I shall be compelled to prolong its lines into the midst of another sheet of paper, which, in mercy to your eyes and patience, I will not presume to do at present.

Yours affectionately,

&c., &c.

LETTER XXXVII.

FESTIVAL OF THE MOULOUD. A FLIGHT OF STORKS.

Tangier, September 6th, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

This being the twelfth day of the moon mouloud the birth day festival of Mohammed began this morning; it is to last eight days. Last night the devout followers of the prophet spent the night in prayer, either at their own houses, or at the mosque, according to the dictates of their own wishes.

At about half past three or four o'clock this morning a salute was fired from the battery. I counted ten discharges of cannon, I may have missed hearing some, as not being one of the faithful followers of his prophetship, I was not very wide awake at the time, and there is no use in asking questions of those who were, for they will not satisfy infidel curiosity upon such subjects, and therefore I am unable to say with certainty how many were fired.

From the moment the first report of the cannon on the battery broke the solemn silence of the early hour, a general firing of muskets by

men, and of warwallows by women commenced in every part of the town, and this deafening clamor and uproar was continued without ceasing for two hours. At about sunrise Moorish musicians began to play on their instruments in different parts of the town. This is the festival during which boys from the age of one year to that of five or six, are made to undergo the ceremony of circumcision; it is celebrated with great pomp and magnificence by those Moors who can afford to indulge in displays of gay and gaudy grandeur.

The child to be circumcised is dressed in great splendor, and carried either on horseback, or in the arms of his father to the great saint Seedy Mohammed el Hadg; the child is followed on his way to the saint house by a band of musicians who play a lively and joyous air; the musicians are sometimes accompanied by handsomely dressed boys from eight to twelve years of age, who wave on high, gay silk flags of brilliant colors; then the relatives and friends of the child's parents follow in an irregular procession from the dwelling to the saint house, and then they return to the child's home, where there is held a feast that is enlivened during the

whole day with music, dancing, warwallows and hand-clappings.

We at one time saw a child borne along the streets in the arms of his father, who was seated on a handsome horse. The child was dressed in very rich embroidered crimson satin, and the blood was falling in large drops over his feet.

The operation is performed by a Moorish barber, with the common scissors and an application of balsam is used.

In Tangier the dwelling places of the Moors, Jews and foreigners are all mixed together; the town is not divided into different quarters. To day one of our Jewish neighbors had an eight days old heir, who according to the law of Moses was set apart in the rite of circumcision. It seemed odd enough that he a Jew, should be thus set apart at the same time in which the mocking ceremony is performed by the imitative Mohammedans around him.

At seven o'clock, A. M., the beginning of the Jewish ceremony was announced by the loud warwallows of several Jewish women. The Moorish and Jewish warwallows, although performed in the same manner, and by the same means are as easily distinguished by their different sounds, as are any other traits of charac-

ter, possessed by either one of the two so curiously mixed up, and yet so distinctly kept apart people.

Thus it happened that although the Moorish warwallows were resounding from every part of the town, the moment the daughters of scattered Israel sent out upon the morning air the sound of their voices in prolonged warwallows of their own, we knew that there was to be a Jewish merry-making somewhere in the neighborhood, to add its jarring noises to the already clamorous hilarity by which we were surrounded.

Presently we heard the long drawn and nasal chanting of a psalm in Hebrew, by which we were at once reminded that we had in our vicinity a newly arrived son of Judaism.

The singing was performed by Rabbis, or Jewish Priests, and joined by the voices of all the male adult members of the family, and a few invited male guests. The male and female guests at a feast of circumcision, meet in different apartments until the ceremony is performed; on all other occasions they mix promiscuously together.

The child was carried on a silk cushion from its mother's side in the arms of its god-mother to the door of the apartment, in which were as-

sembled the Rabbis and male visitors, where it was received by the god-father, and by him given to the operating Rabbi; he performed the rite with a knife, and then returned the child still lying on the silk cushion to the god-father, who bore it to the room door, and to its god-mother. Then the music, feasting, dancing and singing continued all day and until a late hour in the night.

In the room in which the male guests were at first asembled, there was hanging on the wall in a conspicuous place opposite to the entrance, a gaily decorated large wooden tablet, on which were painted in Hebrew the words of the ten commandments. Around this tablet were burning several large wax candles, and over it was hanging in graceful folds a very richly embroidered silk scarf. The ten commandments written, or painted on tablets, or parchment, are held in very high estimation by these Jews; but their spirit and obedience are little regarded in the actions of their hearts and lives.

The ground of the surrounding country is now very dry and parched for want of rain; field vegetation is entirely dried away to stubble by the heat of the unclouded sun. The orianders which grow to a great size, very abundantly

along the beds of the water-courses and streams, are in bloom, and their beautiful red flowers are the only vestige of existence that is left to the forlorn looking landscape. In many places the earth is cracked open in fissures several feet deep, and three or four inches wide on the surface.

About two weeks ago we walked one afternoon by the broad, sandy road to the garden. By going on this road our walk was more than doubled in distance; we entered the Western gate of our garden at about sunset, and as our shoes were full of sand, we sat on the well-wall to rid them of their uncomfortable burdens of African sand. While we were thus engaged we heard over our heads a sound that seemed like the roaring of a stormy sea; on looking up we espied an immense flock of storks; they were so far from us that they did not look larger than crows, and yet the sounds of their wings were so loud! They were flying very rapidly towards the South-west; on a sudden they stopped flying and soared slowly round and round in the air, then there appeared in sight another still larger flock, flying from an opposite direction, the first flock then flew towards them; then again s-ared

and appeared to be waiting the approach of the latter.

When the two flocks met they mixed together, then for a few moments soared in circuit still higher and higher, and then all flew away in a South-west direction. They are taking refuge from the long rains, which will soon visit us. We will miss them sadly from the walls of Tangier.

Yours truly,
&c., &c.

LETTER XXXVIII.

A DAY AT THE LAKES.

Tangier, September 12th, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

The other day some English gentlemen came from Gibraltar to visit for a few days at Tangier. As their company was a rare treat to us exiles from all civilized society, far, far away from dear ones at home, their arrival was hailed by us with real good will, and to celebrate the joyful event, Mr. H., the British Consul, resolved

to make up a pic-nic party to go to a place about twelve miles distant, that is known by the name of the Lakes.

The visitors, some of the inmates of the British Consulate, all the gentlemen and all the male servants of our house, went there in the afternoon, with the tents and baggage to be used on the occasion, to spend the night in a wild boar hunt, and to have our breakfast ready for us on our arrival the next morning, which we expected would take place at about eight o'clock. I was therefore left entirely alone at home with the female servants, and as they were Jewesses, they of course were to spend the night as usual at their own homes. I did not feel at all afraid as I had two sagacious watch-dogs in the house, but the kind Mr. H. made such an ado about my being alone, that to appease him I was obliged to agree to have a guard sent for.

Unfortunately for me, I was more afraid of the guard than I was of being alone, but—*my* fears were not consulted and my word was given that a guard should be placed in the house before bed time. We had an old Moorish soldier, named Gayaty, an Eisawy, who was in the habit of being hired about the house on extra occasions, engaged to saddle my horse the next morning,

and to attend me to the Lakes. To save the trouble of sending to the Governor for another extra guard, and also to keep my promise to Mr. H., Gayaty was sent for to come and guard the house during the night. Mr. H. was not aware that I had employed an Eisawy for this purpose or he would have been, as I was, rather suspicious about the propriety of doing so.

However, I was accustomed to his character, (which morally was very good, notwithstanding his sect,) and could understand his language, in short, I was acquainted with him and felt that since I must have a guard, I would rather have him, though an Eisawy, than a stranger from the Governor. As he was used to the ways of the house, as soon as he came the Jewesses departed, then Gayaty the Eisawy and the two dogs were the sole inhabitants of the house for the night.

What the Eisawys are I will inform you hereafter, and will now proceed with the account of our excursion to the Lakes.

I remained sitting in the parlor engaged in writing until a late hour, then started to go to rest; when I came within sight of my room door I was startled to find the old Eisawy stretched at full length on the bare floor across the threshold fast asleep. But though sleeping,

he heard sharply, for he instantly jumped to his feet, drew his long, bright cimeter from his side and exclaimed "skoon?" in a deep, low, guttural tone that echoed and re-echoed through the lonely house with fearfully sounding earnestness. I said to him,

"Gayaty, why don't you go and sleep in Hamet's bed, and not lie here in the passage, on the cold floor?"

He answered, "I came here to guard *you*, I will sleep at your door and no where else!"

I saw that commands and arguments would be in vain, so I passed him and allowed him to have his hard choice of a sleeping place.

He was a fearful looking old object, when as he then was without a turban, and in his savage looking night gear, fearful looking enough I thought, to scare even the dogs, but they seemed to treat him with kind regard, in spite of his bald head, shaggy, long beard, and ferocious, nightly aspect; still as he was an Eisawy, which they could not know, I knew there was no telling what he might take it into his head to do, if he should be visited by one of his fanatical phrensies. Still I believed his natural disposition to be very humane, and trusting that I was protected by an all-wise Heavenly Father, even

from the power of the Eisawy's fancies, I was soon in a sound and refreshing sleep.

At half-past three o'clock the next morning, Seedy Gayaty knocked at my door and told me the hour. As it had been arranged that we were to start at four o'clock, my preparations for the early morning's ride were soon begun.

While they were progressing I heard the savage looking Eisawy talking very vehemently in another part of the house. I called to him and asked to whom he was talking, but he continued his harsh, guttural strains, without deigning to answer my question; at last he said, with a queer kind of a chuckle or smothered laugh,

"Fire, yes, fire, fire, that will do!"

I then concluded that the old creature was getting one of his spells on him, and as it was still almost as dark as night, I felt uneasy, and resolved not to unlock my own door while he was in the house, and if he should attempt to break it open, I would jump out of the window, which fortunately, was not very high from the open street.

I then requested him to go and prepare our horses for our departure. By the time he had them ready at the door, the family of the Brit-

ish Consul called to meet me, and we started off on our ride to the Lakes.

Amid the charms of the pure, bracing, morning air, the faint streak of light which so delicately tinted the sky above the eastern horizon, and the still bright morning-star, my mind was speedily restored to its accustomed calm. All these objects were so lovely, cheering and delightful, that they soon made me forget my fears of Eisawyism and every thing else in this world that was disagreeable or painful. Love to and adoration of the beneficent Creator of all these beauties, swallowed up every earthly sensation.

The ride to the Lakes was very fine and we enjoyed it exceedingly; arrived there, we found the over-night party had things very comfortably arranged for our breakfast.

There were two tents on the border of the Lakes. On the ground beneath one of them was spread out a new and very thick Moorish carpet; on the carpet was extended a fine, linen table-cloth; spread around the table-cloth were twenty-four plates, beside each of which were a spoon, knife, fork and napkin; at one end were three sets of cups and saucers, for tea, coffee and chocolate.

The breakfast was very nicely served, and

consisted of many delicacies, which had been brought from Tangier, and of some wild game, that had been procured in the chase by the hunters, and cooked according to their epicurean directions.

But good as the whole affair was, we concluded that the very best part of it was the keen appetite we had obtained by our long ride.

Our dinner was still more luxurious than our breakfast. The following is a sketch of what was spread before us in the tent for our second meal at the Lakes:

FIRST COURSE.

Potatoes and Parsnips.

Boiled Beef. Boiled Ham.

Two Boiled Fowls. Two Boiled Fish.

Two Boiled Tongues.

Tomatoes, Peas & Beans.

SECOND COURSE.

Roast Beef. Chicken Pie.

Fried Brains and Tripe.

Two Roasted Fowls.

THIRD COURSE.

Plum Pudding. Rice Pudding. Custards. Pancakes.

FOURTH COURSE.

Raisins. Almonds. Walnuts. Pears. Figs. Oranges.

FIFTH COURSE.

Coffee, Cordials and Tea.
Cakes and Jellies.

During the interval between the two meals, we sat under the shade of the cork trees, and

had a very pleasant chat with some three or four gentlemen of the party; the others all left us, the tents, and the lakes, as soon as they were done eating their breakfast. They went on another hunt; they had been disappointed the night before, by not having seen any wild boar, and they seemed quite unwilling to give up their search after that fierce and savage animal.

At about half-past two o'clock one of the roving hunters came to our sitting party with the report that a vessel had run ashore at Cape Spartel, and was firing guns of distress. Then, on listening, we distinctly heard the guns, but the greater part of us could not believe that a vessel would, or even could if she tried, run ashore in such good weather, and with the wind blowing off the land.

Presently the other gentlemen of the party, who had been away with their guns and their dogs made their appearance. They were covered with a thick coat of mud, where or how they could have managed to procure so much wet mud at this dry season and in this parched land, was as great a mystery as always are some other things about other people's habits, which we could never comprehend.

Then there was among them a good deal of

commotion about how they should manage to put themselves in presentable condition in preparation for taking their seats at the table-cloth, for which they inwardly were quite ready.

Some of them had had forethought enough to have brought with them changes of raiment, and as the majority of these prudent ones did not need them, they loaned them to the ones who did. Two of the mud-be-covered hunters were so hardly driven by force of circumstances, that they were under the necessity of borrowing gelabs from two of our Moorish attendants. We did not envy them their obligation to put on such garments, but the laughter and merriment it produced were worth being envied by any dyspeptic who has not an appetite for his dinner. But ah—the bell rings for ours, and I must therefore conclude in haste.

Yours, affectionately,

&c., &c.

LETTER XXXIX.

A DAY AT THE LAKES CONTINUED.

Tangier, September 14th, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

As soon as we arose from our dinner in the tent on the border of the lakes, one of the Consuls said that he felt troubled in his mind about those guns which we had heard firing.

They had ceased for some time, but he still felt anxious to know why they had been fired.

He also said he had a great mind to take our head guard with him and ride over to Cape Spartel to see if there was a vessel there in distress.

We were all in an agony of fear at the mere idea of being left there, in the wild African woods, without the protection of the head guard, upon whom rested all the responsibility of our safety from the half-savage robbers, who were said to inhabit the neighborhood, and we tried very hard to persuade him not to leave us, or if he did so, not to deprive us of the head guard.

But the more we persuaded, the fuller and

more earnestly he became impressed with the idea that there were perhaps some of his fellow countrymen at Cape Spartel who needed the protection of himself and our head guard, to save them from being drowned or from the worse fate of being taken into captivity by some wandering tribe of Arabian robbers, who would take them into the Interior, where they would be sold into life-long slavery. He declared that his feelings for their condition were so strongly apprehensive, that he was imperatively called by duty to go forward and prevent by his presence and good management, a vast amount of suffering. At last he started off, and left with us only the subordinate men of the guard, that had been provided for our safety by the Governor of Tangier.

Like a great many other conscientious people, the good Consul ran away from his real duties, in the pursuit of others which were imaginary, and existed only in his vivid and over-active fancy, or else he wished to have the pleasure of a solitary ride, free from the restraint of any company, except that of a safe and reliable guard.

When the gentlemen of our party found that he and the main guard were really gone, they

concluded to give up any more hunting for the present, and while the servants were striking the tents and packing up the innumerable amount of baggage, they all joined us under the shade of the cork trees. While we were sitting there, talking very quietly, and feeling rather unpleasantly unprotected, for although there were many of us in number, we knew that we lacked official authority, which would be requisite to our safety in case of an attack from robbers or other enemies of the Governor.

As we were sitting there and looking upon the smooth water of the lake before us, we saw the reeds which bordered it on the farthest side from us moving to and fro, as if something that was both broad and long, was swimming or wading among them. We began to fear that an enterprising and travelled crocodile had some how found his way here from the rivers of South Africa, and we began to question whether or not the law of the land, in which we were dwelling, would allow us to fight it in self-defence, which it certainly would not permit us to do with some of its favorite animals. But while these thoughts and questions were passing through our minds, the something, whatever it was, kept moving on through the water towards us, and after a little

while it came out from the shelter of the reeds, and then proceeded rapidly through the smooth water towards the spot on which we were sitting. It was about seven feet long, and about two feet and a half wide, of a light, pale green color. There was something at one end of it that looked like a great bulky head, and on the other end there was another article about ten feet long that looked as if it might be a tail to wind around its victims and draw them into the water. We had never seen anything of the kind before, and did not know what to make of it, but as it came on apace, nearer and nearer, we soon saw that it resembled a huge cradle more than it did a crocodile. But there—my sheet of letter paper is full, and I will not write another word to-night more than

Yours, affectionately,
&c., &c.

LETTER XL.

A SNAIL VENDER.

Tangier, September 28th, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

While we were sitting on the border of the lake watching the something—we could not tell what, we felt greatly relieved when we found that it was not a crocodile, but so much like a a cradle that our fears of it were all lost in wondering what it could be.

When it came quite near the shore of the lake, the long article at one end which looked like a tail was drawn up out of the water, and we saw that the end of it was forked and pronged like a rake, then we saw emerging—slowly and lazily from the middle of the huge cradle, the form of a savage looking man, a wild man of the water he looked like with his bare bald head and couple of tattered rags, which were pinned together over his shoulders with aloe thorns, and bound around his waist with a cord of palmetto straw.

He carried something in his hand which proved to be a small satchel-basket, very rudely

made of palmetto straw. In the basket were a great many snail and muscle shells, with the snails and muscles all alive and moving in them. The poor man had spent the whole day in gathering them, and he wanted us to buy them for our supper, that he might be able to procure some bread for him and his little ones, in his rough home in a hovel somewhere in the neighborhood.

But unfortunately for him our fancy did not coincide with his, and we did not wish to purchase the fruits of his day's labor. However to make amends for his disappointment one of the gentlemen gave him some money, which sent him on his way rejoicing, and perhaps he felt rich enough to eat his snails and muscles with his brown bread for his own supper.

These small, very small snails live upon some of the plants of this country in immense numbers.

They are eaten by the Moors and considered very nice. I have never had curiosity enough to taste either them or their muscles; their coos-coo-soo is good enough for me, their snails and muscles and some other things they eat are beyond my ambition.

We examined the snail-vender's boat and found it to be very ingeniously made of palmetto

straw and water reeds, pitched with something that looked like tar, or pitch and mud combined.

By the time we were through with our examination of this rare and curious boat, our servants had our baggage and saddles in travelling order, and we took our departure in safety from the Cork Wood Lakes. When we had gone half way home, we met the Consul who had gone to Cape Spartel to find that there was no ship there in distress, and that the guns we had heard were fired by some villagers in honor of the mouloud.

When we arrived at Tangier it was ten o'clock at night, and the town gates were shut, barred, bolted and locked, and we had to wait outside of them upon the weary backs of our weary horses, the wearisome and worrisome space of a whole hour, before they were opened by the wrathful and indignant gate-keepers, who devoutly wished our race might be scattered.

This is the last day of the mouloud festival, and it is being celebrated with much enthusiasm.

The streets have been crowded all day with showy and noisy processions going to and from the saint house, outside of the town walls.

To-morrow the town will fall back into its dead silence, and we will return to our "still

life," that makes us so much like the inhabitants of a city of the dead, so dull and quiet will all things be until the next Jewish or Moorish festival will awaken the numerous sounds of hilarity and shrillness, which always accompany their feasts and celebrations.

This death-like silence perhaps may be broken when we least expect it, by the startling and frightful wail of the friends of some poor mortal Jew or Moor, who will have ceased to breathe the air of this transitory world.

Yours affectionately,

&c., &c.

LETTER XLI.

THE EISAWYS.

Tangier, September 30th, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

The Eisawy sect, or order, or society, are a set of fanatics who meet together and have secret proceedings among themselves, which they will not reveal to any person who does not join them, on which account they are sometimes called by our family the "Barbary free-masons."

They have other peculiarities which they take care to make publicly known, to the dread and dismay of their neighbors, particularly to the poor Jews, who run away and hide from them as they would from savage beasts of prey.

After holding one of their meetings, they will sometimes parade through the streets, either in parties, pairs or singly, and will be seen to be in a high state of wild and ungovernable frenzy. This frenzy always takes the voracious form, and they will sometimes kill and devour on the spot whatever they can lay hold of. They are peculiarly fond of drinking blood and eating raw flesh. It is related that one day a party of them who were passing through the market place, seized a living donkey, tore him into pieces with their hands and ate him all up, skin and every other part included. This is probably an exaggeration, but I do know upon very respectable and reliable authority, that one of them once entered the shop of a Jew who dealt in edibles, and ate up the contents, which were worth about sixty dollars. Soaps and candles, a few of which were among the articles, did not escape him, but were as greedily devoured as were the dates, butter, honey, figs, cakes and other good things of the small stock. He did not stop eat-

ing until the shelves, boxes and drawers of the whole shop were entirely empty. The owner meanwhile had escaped to his distant dwelling, and hidden himself, greatly fearing that he might share the fate of his merchandise.

The next day the Jew made complaint to the Governor of Tangier, and wanted to be paid for his loss. As there were many eye-witnesses, Jews and Moors, to prove the truth of the poor man's story, the trespassing Eisawy was brought into the Governor's presence.

His Excellency decided that if he had done the feat in malice or ill will to the Jew, he should be made to pay him for the loss of his goods. But if he did it under the influence of a spirit, who had bestowed on him the power of eating by the ton, he was unaccountable for his actions, and must not be subject to any punishment for them, no matter what they might be. The Governor, moreover said, that he would prove the man's state by giving him a tub full of coos-coo-soo and a whole sheep, which he ordered to be prepared and brought before him as quickly as possible. In due course of time the savory dish in its gigantic dimensions was, in the presence of the assembled spectators, placed before the voracious eater, and in an incredibly short space of

time, all swallowed. Instead of seeming to be satisfied with his bountiful meal, he turned from the empty tub, and began to eat the grass that was growing in the corners of the *Court of Justice.*

The Eisawy was then pronounced by the Governor to be supernaturally governed by a spirit, over which he had no control, and was left to depart in peace.

The Jew had to submit to the loss; for him there was no appeal from the Governor's decision.

It was therefore no wonder that the Eisawys were feared and much dreaded. But faithful old Gayaty never did us any harm. He was afterwards hired by the month in our house, and a better or more useful servant we never had; thus he proved that even among the Eisawys there may be good and honest men.

Another remarkable peculiarity of these people among whom my lot is cast, is that they never build either barns or stables. For the latter when required, some room which was originally built for the use of the human family is appropriated to that of the domestic animals. Barns for the storing of grain they never erect. They never make hay but feed their cattle on pasture until it is all parched up by the dry

Summer, but even then, when it is parched up, they still daily send their animals out to the fields, and in the evening they give them a mess of some kind of grain in a nose-bag. The dra is the grain most commonly used for cattle when pasture fails.

Yours affectionately,
&c., &c.

LETTER XLII.

MOORISH GRANARIES. MULEY ABDRAHAMAN.

Tangier, October 4th, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

Dra is a very cheap grain, and is not much esteemed as bread stuff; the very poor people grind and make bread of it, which is for sale in the market; it is very dark and looks like bran bread. The dra when growing looks more like our broom corn than anything else I can think of comparing it to, but it is lower than the broom corn, and the grain or seeds grow in shorter and thicker clusters. Instead of building barns for the storage of their grain, the

Moors dig in the ground and form pits or excavations, which they call *matamores*.

There are about a dozen of these grain-pits outside of the Tangier walls, and I have often noticed that the Jews and Moors carefully avoid walking over the mounds of earth which mark their entrance.

The pits are thickly lined with straw and matting before the grain is poured into them, and after it is in it is covered with thick layers of straw, over which is tightly placed a thin stone slab, large enough to cover the whole aperture of the pit. Over this stone the earth is piled in a mound to prevent the rain from washing its way into the pit.

These subterranean granaries are always on a place where the ground is sloping, for the purpose of being better protected from dampness. All kinds of grain it is said will be well preserved in these pits several years, free from injury by mould or dampness.

It is also stated that some of these pits in other parts of the Empire are large enough to hold a hundred bushels.

Wheat or any kind of bread-stuff is held in high estimation by both Moors and Jews in this land. Bread is never thrown away. If by ac-

cident a piece should fall upon the ground or in any way become "unclean," it is picked up, reverently kissed, and put on the fire in a solemn and devout manner; while doing so the person if of a devotional disposition, will pray that he or she may never know the want of bread.

The present Emperor of Morocco is called Muley Abdrahaman Ben Hishcom; Muley means Prince, Royal Prince or Sovereign. He ascended the throne in the year 1822; his reign has been unusually long. During the greater part of it, he has been busily employed by keeping in subjection the inhabitants of some of his provinces, but upon the whole his government has been comparatively quiet. He has several times had difficulties with divers European powers, but eventually, by good management, has made out to live until the present year 1856, without having come to actual rupture with any one of them. He is in great awe of the English and the French, and it is to be feared that sooner or later his people will fall into the hands of one or the other of these two nations.

He is an absolute despot. All the land and houses of the whole Empire are his, and he can demand possession of them for his own use whenever he sees fit to do so.

The dog is in great demand by all classes of the community as a safe-guard, but he is seldom if ever petted and loved as the horse is ; the horse and camel are the pet animals of the land. There are some few domestic cats, but their number compared to that of the dogs is very small.

In the villages the dogs are reared in incredibly large numbers, and besides them they are thickly filled with flocks of chickens and storks.

The dogs, chickens and horses in bad weather share the shelter of the one room of the hut in common with its master and his family. During the dry seasons the storks peacefully lodge in their nests on the tops of the low huts, only a few feet in elevation above the level of the numerous dogs and children, yet they are unmolested and undisturbed by either dog or child. Often while riding along past these villages and seeing these immense hordes of bipeds and quadrupeds, all so lovingly and so thickly herding together in such large numbers, we have wondered in amazement where their simple and ignorant owners could procure for them the food they must get some how, or they would not be there to prove it.

Yours affectionately,

&c., &c.

LETTER XLIII.

MOORISH SNUFF TAKING.

Tangier, October 8th, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

The storks are highly venerated by the Moors, and are never allowed to be incommoded in any way, because they destroy many reptiles and insects, which but for them would increase to a troublesome extent, and then the Moors would have to go to work and devise some plan by which to be rid of them, so that the Moors may be said to love the storks because they are labor-saving machines—they heartily detest any kind of labor. Fowls are abundant and very cheap. They are generally hatched as in Egypt, by artificial heat; eggs are also very plentifully supplied at low prices, so that if you wish to live cheap on luxuries, you must come to Tangier.

One commendable habit the Moors have in which they show better taste than the inhabitants of other lands do—they never smoke or chew tobacco!

Some few of them, so few that they must be considered the exceptions, chew the leaves of a native plant called keef, it very much resembles hemp. It grows wild here and I believe is never cultivated by the Moors. The leaves of this plant are sometimes dried and pulverized, then taken in doses of two or three spoonsful in sweetened water. In this form it is called hassesha, and is very injurious to the human system; its effects are similar to intoxication from strong drink.

Its use is disreputable among the better class of the inhabitants, and its victims are much despised. But the Moors make very free use of tobacco in the form of snuff, and in this way consume immense quantities. There is a large snuff mill at Tetuan, and from there it is carried to Tangier and the other towns of the Empire.

The taking of a heap of snuff, is by them made quite an affair of time and ceremony—a pinch it cannot be called, and therefore being at a loss for a proper term, it must be named a heap —they do not snuff, snuff, snuff all the time as the snuffers with us do, but when they conclude to indulge their nasal organs with this treat of a heap, they go regularly to work about it, with

almost as much pomp and parade as they would to eat a meal!

They first sit down, then roll up their sleeves, adjust their turbans, gird up their flowing mantles more closely beneath their waist-bands, and put them into unfall-off-able order, then they take their snuff boxes from their pockets, and slowly pour from them as much snuff as they can heap up on the back part of the hand which is between the joint of the wrist and the inner joint of the thumb.

Then with much effort they draw it up, and pack it away, in first one nostril, then in the other, until the whole heap is conveyed from the hand to the nose, and as they wind up the whole ceremony by bringing it to a conclusion, they very reverently say,

"Besm Allah wu Mohammed razul Allah."

"In the name of God, and of Mohammed the Prophet of God."

This is unquestionably a broad and flagrant violation of the third commandment, yet many of them do it with the most scrupulous and conscientious feelings of devotion to their Maker as far as their knowledge of him will allow them to possess!

This morning we were treated with a refresh-

ing novelty in the shape of a heavy rain, which is the first we have had for several long months.

How reanimating it was! The very sight of a cloud seemed to be a blessing! At noon the wind changed, the sky cleared and the sun resumed for a few days more his reign over us. After dinner we walked to the garden; how revived all nature seemed.

Beneath the shelter of the orange trees, were still lingering in dew-like moisture the remains of the morning shower. The soil of the roads was beaten down to a smooth level, and the dust was nicely settled; our walk was the most pleasant one we have had for some time.

In several gardens which we passed on our way out, we saw many busy groups of Jewish men and boys, engaged in cutting down cane stalks. When we were on our way home, we saw the marks on the sand of the road which were left by bundles of fresh cane stalks, having been drawn over it towards the town. When we afterwards went to our house-top, to enjoy for a few moments a twilight promenade, we saw in all directions around us thick, high bunches of green cane-leaves peeping gracefully over the walls of the Jews' houses.

To-morrow will be Friday, and at sunset will

commence their feast of Tabernacles, and they will live in those cane built arbors for eight days in commemoration of their having spent forty years in the wilderness.

Yours, affectionately,

&c., &c.

LETTER XLIV.

JEWISH FESTIVAL. LADY JOHN FRANKLIN. A MOORISH CHILD'S FUNERAL.

Tangier, October 9th, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

Last Saturday the Jews fasted all day and went barefoot. Not a Jew in the whole town that we saw had a shoe on his or her foot, except one who is rich and wears the European costume; he wore a pair of thin cloth slippers. We saw some rich, delicate and superbly dressed Jewesses going about the streets with their bare feet.

That fast was the most solemn one of their year, and was kept in commemoration of the destruction of the temple at Jerusalem.

To-night at sun-set every Jewish household

killed a chicken. In those families who could afford it, there was a chicken killed for each male member. At about seven o'clock we called on one of our Jewish neighbors to take a near view of his booth of canes. We found the whole family standing around their supper table, which was placed in the centre of the booth. It was covered with a white table cloth, in the middle stood a deep, large dish of fricassee chickens, around it were scattered some round, hard biscuits.

The male members were chanting a psalm and waving their bodies to and fro, from side to side, as some children *will do* when they are learning their lessons. The females did not join in the chanting, although they did in the waving of their bodies, in a manner which proved their hearts to be in union if their tongues were not with the passing ceremony. When they were through with the psalm, the father of the family poured out a large glass tumbler full of wine, and placed it before him on the table, then raising his hands he chanted a long benediction. The chanting was all in the Hebrew language. After the benediction he drank a little of the wine and handed it to his wife, she partook of it and passed it to the oldest child, after which it was handed round the table, until all the

family had partaken of it. They then remained standing and ate the chickens and biscuits.

During the eight days of the feast of tabernacles the Jews will not work any more than is positively necessary. These Jewish festivals, occurring as they do so frequently, are very inconvenient to the Europeans who reside at Tangier, as, with few exceptions, their house servants are Jews and Jewesses.

During their festivals they indulge very freely in feasting on dainties, for which it would puzzle our most experienced confectioners to find names, but their flavor and taste prevent the existence of any difficulty in the way of finding ready consumers for them. On these joyous occasions the Jews are exceedingly liberal in their habit of sending portions and donations of these delicacies to each other, and sometimes this liberality will be extended to their European friends and neighbors.

Sometime ago, while a long, westerly wind was prevailing, and our two small courier boats, which attempt and sometimes succeed in making weekly trips between this port and Gibraltar, were prevented coming across on account of the head wind, we were one morning very much surprised to see a wee little thing of a boat that

was even smaller than the smallest sized fishing boat, row into our Bay. Seeing the boat itself was not so very strange, but by examining it with our spy-glass, we were exceedingly surprised to find sitting in her, two gentlemen and two ladies, whom we knew at first sight, were either English or American. After they landed we found they were Dr. and Mrs. C., of Boston, who were recently married, and were travelling about among different nations on their bridal tour. If their honeymoon was as long as their journey, they must be as they appeared to us—a very happy couple. The other lady was Lady John Franklin, and the gentleman was a relative, whose name I have forgotten. We had a very pleasant walk to our garden in their company, after which Lady Franklin accompanied us home to see our collection of Moorish curiosities, in which she manifested a very pleased interest. We met her again in the evening at the British Consulate, where we all spent the evening. She is a very interesting and amiable lady, of very gentle and prepossessing manners. Her complexion is fair and countenance pleasant; she seemed to be very warmly kind and social in her feelings.

Travelling to her was apparently as easy, if not more so, than staying at home is to some

ladies that we know of. On the next day she started for Tetuan by land, and was, I presume, the first English lady who ever ventured to go through the dangers and fatigues of the inconvenient trip. She intended to travel along the African shore of the Mediterranean sea.

This afternoon as we were walking along the road that runs through the Moorish cemetery, we met two Moors walking very fast; of course their unusual speed excited our curiosity, and we, looking at them inquiringly, found that one of them was carrying on his arms a large white bundle, which seemed as if it might contain a goat or sheep. Wondering what it could be, we stopped and asked them what they were carrying with so much haste. They answered,

"A dead child which we are going to bury."

We then examined the bundle more closely, and found that the flesh of the child was still quite warm and so limber that it bent down between the man's arms, just as a living one would do. It was carefully and neatly wrapped in new white muslin, with a handsome new silk handkerchief, of bright red and white stripes, tied on its head, then a white haik, enveloped in massy folds, the whole body, face and head. It was buried without a coffin, except a loose board

under and another above it. The grave was very shallow, and soon filled by the two men, without any ceremony and without the presence of any other person. It was apparently about five or six years old. If you want a Moor to hurry send him to bury the dead, it is the only occupation at which he *will hurry*.

We continued our walk and returned to the town through the castle-gate; when we passed the court in which the Governor daily sits to administer justice, we saw lying on the ground seven panniers ready for a journey. In each pannier were two large boxes filled with money, ready to be sent to the Emperor. They were guarded by six Moorish soldiers sitting near them, and ten others were lolling on mats within sight. Near by stood several fine looking horses, already saddled and bridled; the largest, a beautiful grey, was pointed out to us as the one that belonged to "the man who makes the Sultan's bed." This honored official had been sent to convey in safety the boxes of money to his master; but did he hasten to begin his journey? No, not even seven mules' burden of gold and silver treasure would induce him to hurry; nothing but death could have that effect on a Moor.

Yours affectionately, &c., &c.

LETTER XLV.

CANES AND PALMETTOS. THE DATE SELLER. PLOUGHING. PRAYING FOR RAIN.

Tangier, October 28th, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

Canes and palmetto bushes! what would the people of this land do without them? I verily believe I could spend a week writing of the different uses that are made of these two beautiful plants. Of the canes they build arbors, make hedges, snuff boxes, pens, (the only kind they use for writing,) pen cases, broom handles, basket frames, musical instruments, walking staves and many, many other useful things. Of the palmetto bushes they make cords, ropes, all kinds and sizes of bags, baskets and satchels, belts, girdles, mule and donkey bridles, panniers, mats for beds, seats and floor covers, brooms for sweeping, scrubbing and *whitewashing*—they never use any other for any purpose, and many other things. They would miss either one of these useful plants, as much as the Laplander would his reindeer, the Arab his camel, or the Yankee his newspaper or printing

press. The cane grows about twelve or fifteen feet high, and when once planted it spreads very fast. To walk between two of these hedges with their long graceful leaves rustling and meeting in a green arch over one's head is very pleasant and beautiful.

To-day we had within our house a genuine Arab from the Interior. It is seldom that one of his race will enter a Consular house. The love of gain induced him to enter our contaminating infidel presence; he came to sell dates. He brought his weights ands cales with him; the pans of his scales were two flat baskets made of palmetto straw; the strings on which they hung were made of the same material, and the beam was a stick of olive wood; his weights were common rough stones.

The fields in this country are never manured, and when prepared for cultivation are simply scraped over on the surface by a limb of a tree, with a point of iron fixed at one end, and this rude instrument they call a plough! It is pushed by a man, and drawn by almost any kind of domestic animal which its owner may happen to be master of. The ground is cultivated in very small patches, and when by over usage they begin to yield scantily, they are

abandoned for a few years, while others are used, and this no doubt is the reason why they are not fenced.

During the last two weeks the weather has been beautifully fine and clear; the showers which fell early in the month have "replenished the earth" most wonderfully, and it has yielded forth a burst of fresh, new, delightful vegetation, that makes it look as if it has come fresh from the hand of the Creater! I do not wonder at the Moor's ardor and devotion in his love and praise of the God that made him. With such a flower-besprinkled earth, such a food-teeming soil beneath his feet, such a pure, invigorating air around, and such a bright sky above him, how can he, in spite of his national and intellectual debasement, be any other than a sincere and devout worshipper of the one true God. O that his mind could be illuminated by reading the Scriptures!

But this weather, though so beautiful, does not satisfy the people here; the burden of their wishes is continually more rain, more rain! This voracious thirsting after more rain, will be in vogue until next Spring. This afternoon, while walking on the house-top, we saw a flock of Moorish little boys beyond the town walls, capering

and jumping up, and throwing their arms over their heads, while their faces were turned upwards, in a way which made them look as if they had suddenly become a set of juvenile Eisawys, and still as they capered and danced, and jumped with their faces upward, they sang, shouted and screamed at the top of their voices, in a most wonderful manner a chorus of unearthly sounds; the only word of which we could understand was rain!

We could not imagine what they were at, for we plainly saw they were too much in earnest to be playing, but then our dinner bell rang, and amid the more interesting duties of the table, we soon forgot their strange behaviour. Dinner being over we started on our ride, and it happened that we were attended by old Gayaty, who is more communicable about his people's customs than the other soldiers are. When we approached the town-gates we again heard the childrens' voices ring out on the air their strange chorus, but as soon as we went out beyond the walls they ceased, then again when sheltered from their sight by the walls of the Swedish garden, they began to repeat their song; we asked our guard what they were doing; he said, "They are praying for rain, and they will do so

every afternoon until it rains; they are hired by the inhabitants, who believe that the prayers of innocent children will be more effectual than their own. They always stop if a Jew or Christian appears in sight."

Yours sincerely,
&c., &c.

LETTER XLVI.

CONSULAR CEMETERY.

Tangier, November 24th, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

In spite of the daily prayers of the "innocent children," who "cry aloud and spare not" their besieging clamor, the clouds are heedless of their petitions, and the sun is left to beam his unveiled beauties over us as if he were shining in May instead of November.

Our rides and walks are very delightful, and surrounded by an air so completely filled with the perfume of flowers, and the earth is so richly carpeted with their variegated hues, that we almost feel as if we must be living in a modern paradise, instead of on the northern shore of Africa—that land so dreaded by those who know it not—so little known and so much mis-

represented. This morning we took a walk to the Swedish Consul's garden; it is a beautiful spot and cultivated with the most elaborate and expensive care by its owner, who superintends it with his own personal attention. It costs him as much as his family does.

The arbors and grape vine frames, which are very numerous, are made of green iron rods, and are brought from Sweden. The ornaments and plan of the whole affair, are in a similarly expensive and costly style.

Adjoining one side of this beautiful garden is the Consular burying ground. It is in very neat and good order, which is, I believe, owing to the care and attention bestowed on it mainly by the Swedish Consul. Some of the graves are mounded up very high with earth, and then firmly covered with strong, durable and very pretty sea shells. We saw the grave of Miss A. O.; there is erected over it a handsome marble monument, very white and very neat, on which are inscribed the following words:

A. O.

Elle etait de ce monde
Où toutes les belles choses
Ont le pire destin,
Et, Rose elle a vecu ce que vivent
Les Roses, l'espace d'un matin.

Alas for poor humanity! How often do we see dearly loved ones, crushed in their hopes, driven, broken-hearted, to the silent guardianship of the grave; and then, over their insensible remains are placed the beauty of sentiment, which had it been shown them while living, those graves might be still undug.

Yours truly,
&c., &c.

LETTER XLVII.

A CHRISTMAS IN AFRICA.

Tangier, December 28th, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

From the first day of December until three days ago, the rain poured down in torrents, but Christmas morning was ushered in with a cloudless sky and we have had good weather ever since, which we cannot expect to last very long.

We took a walk to the garden on Christmas day and picked some ripe blackberries we found growing in the hedge on the road-side. The geranium hedges inside of the garden were in

full bloom; the bright colors of their gay flowers contrasted beautifully with the green of their leaves; the jessamine and orange blossoms scented the air with their lovely fragrance; the ever busy, ever buzzing wings of the honey bees murmured a soft and gentle melody that was decidedly in union with the feelings of our grateful hearts as we looked upon the rich beauties of nature, so abundantly flourishing around us. These happy sentiments were increased a hundred fold when we remembered that this harmony of fair sights and pleasant sounds was only a faint reflection of the mercy and goodness of the great I AM, who so loved the world as to bestow on it, not only these fair blessings of the material creation, but hesitated not to crown the towering heights of his love to us by giving us the incomprehensibly valuable gift of his well beloved Son.

On Christmas-eve we were invited to a soirée at the house of one of the Consuls from the south of Europe; as his wife is a Spanish lady, the entertainment was conducted *á la Española*. These consular soirées are in general very dull, so dull that fortunately they are not oft repeated; but at this one there were several visitors from Europe who made it lively enough. It did not

vary much from other Christmas-eve parties, except that being composed as it was of persons from so many different nations, it formed a kind of a museum of human curiosities. There were the members of the English Consul's family of whom we feel we dare not write, because we love them all too dearly. There was a Danish gentleman who was as fair as a lilly and almost as beautiful in his quiet and gentle manners. There was a Swedish gentleman who was so ardent in character and feeling that I could never see him without thinking of an enraged turkey; his hair turned gray before he was twenty-two. Let this be a caution to others to keep calm, unless they admire gray hair and furrowed brows. There was a Mr. F., a Frenchman, who was eighty-six years of age; he was very deaf, but he was as gay as the youngest person present. There was a Sr. P., from Naples, who was as dignified as an iceberg; if he and the Swede had changed natures or nations, I would not have wondered at them as I did. There was a Sardinian who was sprightly, gay and witty. There was a Spaniard who was grave and sedate, but very attentive to the ladies. There was a Swiss lady who was surprised to find that Americans *could* have white skins. She said, as she laughed gaily

at her ignorance and the confession she made of it, that she always thought the Americans had red skins.

There were two French ladies who were a contrast to each other. One was as lively as a flash of lightning, and the other as dignified as a fair Bostonian. There was a pretty little Spanish brunette, who seemed only to know how to laugh and sing. There was a fair East Indian Creole, who looked as much like an angel as human nature would let her; she was married to an Irish gentleman, who was as far from the angelic as she was near it. There were two fat Spanish friars, with their cowls, crucifixes and rosaries, who enjoyed the festivities as much as any one. And so on to the end of my paper, which being full I must stop.

Yours truly,
&c., &c.

LETTER XLVIII.

NEW YEAR'S DAY. DEPARTURE FROM TANGIER.

Tangier, January 8th, 18—.

My Dear Friend:

Soon after breakfast on New Year's day we heard the strangest kind of music and singing. It was neither wedding, festival nor funeral noise, which then assailed our ears; it was something entirely new, and therefore a treat because new. The instrumental part was Moorish, but the vocal was Spanish. We hurried to the front windows to see what it could be, and found on the street before the house about twenty stout Jewish Porters dancing in a circle, loudly singing as they danced to the sound of several Moorish instruments of music:

"Buenos años nuevos, años mejorados al señor Consul Americano años mejorados."

This jargon was, in plain English,

"Good new years and better years to the American Consul."

They danced with an activity that must have tired them more than a day's hard work could do.

When completely out of breath from their extraordinary exertions, and we were nearly deafened by their noise, they stopped to rest, the Consul threw to them a handful of small silver coins, which probably amounted in value to the sum of two or three dollars. They gathered the money up, then went shouting down the street, their loud wishes for good years to the American Consul. If the amount of the sum given had not satisfied them, they would at once have turned their good wishes to very frightfully bad ones; as they will do if they are not well paid for their laborious congratulations.

They were not gone long before another set came, and then another, so that the novelty of the affair was worn to weariness, but at last they all came and went, and we were left in peace—many dollars poorer than we were when we arose.

Then the cards of the different Consuls, with the compliments of the season began to be handed in. The receiving and sending out these civil little messengers, occupied all the morning very pleasantly.

The evening we spent at the British Consulate, where we were entertained with some very good music on the piano, violin and guitar, be-

sides some very pleasant conversation with our friendly neighbors, and a few visitors from Europe.

The next morning we went to the beach to witness the embarkation of some of our friends for Gibraltar. The act of departing from this African port is about as curious as many other things that are to be wondered at in it. The lady passengers generally sit on chairs, and are carried on board between two porters; the gentlemen generally ride on the shoulders of one without the chair. These porters are a noisy and avaricious set of men. They go in bands of about twenty men in each band, one of whom is the leader and director of their movements. But on the occasion of carrying passengers on board, every man is at liberty to make all the noise he can, and to enforce his offered services as loudly as he pleases.

The stranger who does not understand their language, looks on the hub-bub in amazement, and wonders the while what it can be about.

In addition to the porters who are striving to secure the job of carrying him, there will be, very likely, a dozen more who claim having rendered him some service, if not on that day, on some

other one, all about which he has long since forgotten, and they will be as clamorously demanding rewards for those forgotten services, as will be their fellows in their offers to render him fresh ones.

Added to the porters there will probably be a flock of Moorish boys crowding around him on all sides anxious to have a near view of the foreign infidel, to have the pleasure of counting his buttons—and coppers too, if he will have the goodness to cast some into their ever ready hands, to receive a parting gift. Then when he is almost in despair, and begins to think that between the hordes of overgrown Jews, and undergrown Moors, he will surely be trampled or smothered to death; the upper gate-keeper, the captain of the port, or some one of the Custom house officers will take compassion on him, and with his long wooden staff with many wild looking gestures, and as many frantic-like grimaces, in loud angry tones he will vociferate a volley of commands to the boys, while he attacks them savagely with blows from his staff until they scamper in all directions. At last somehow—the frightened stranger cannot tell how—the noise, uproar and confusion prevent his

knowinghow—but somehow he is raised to the top of a great tall Jew's shoulders, and borne through the water, mid-thigh deep, and the next moment he feels himself pitched into the boat, with about as much ceremony as if he might be a bale of cotton, or a box of nails, and then, in the twinkling of an eye, some three or four Jews, all dressed and looking exactly alike, will be peering over the side of the boat—all vociferously demanding to be paid for having carried him, so nicely and so drily, to his new quarters—he looks at them all, but cannot tell which one did carry him, and to be rid of them he pays them all, and they go away rejoicing in having cheated a Christian. He sees them depart with a thankful feeling, for having escaped from them with his life, and resolves never again to visit Tangier, if he can help it. But he is not yet done with these fierce looking barbarians; they mean to give him one more fright before they will allow him to depart in peace. He and the patrone of the vessel in which his journey up the Straits is to be made, are no sooner on board than he sees two small boats row out from the shore towards him. They are filled with many ferocious looking Moors, who are noisily haranguing each other with loud words, and a multi-

tude of violent gestures. The stranger becomes fearfully alarmed, and thinks there must be something terrible going to occur; but after awhile he sees that the angry looking men raise the anchors, and deposit them on board the sailing vessel, then their labor being done, they quietly return to the shore.

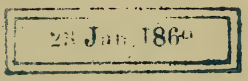
As soon as our friends were afloat, the flags of several Consuls were raised in compliment to them, and to cheer them on their way homeward bound. Ordinarily when the Consular flags are raised on similar occasions, they are kept flying until sunset. But this afternoon at about four o'clock they were all lowered to half-mast, on account of the death of Mr. O., who has never been well since the loss of his daughter. A skilful physician from England, who is here on a visit, attended him, and has said he died from ossification of the heart.

Is not his case a sad warning to us all, not to grieve unreasonably over the sorrows which may be thrown in our way, as we pass along through our mortal life to the higher one which is eternal, and which we all hope will be passed in heaven? Ah, if one half the time, thought and attention were spent in *striving* to reach heaven, which are fruitlessly squandered upon

the petty griefs of earth, and their corroding, often fatally destructive cares, few of us would be disappointed, in our hopes of reaching that blessed haven of never ending rest and happiness.

Yours, truly,
&c., &c.

THE END.



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