

we determined to go by land to Tarifa, and from thence cross in a small boat to Tangiers, the distance between these two cities not being more than ten to twelve miles. This is altogether the surest and most agreeable mode of performing the journey.

At Algeciras we hired horses, and had an exceedingly charming and romantic ride along the coast. Our route lay partly over mountains and partly through a wild forest, intersected by a full and gushing stream. The road was bad, but the variety and splendour of the scenery amply compensated for every disadvantage. Our spirits were buoyant, and we looked forward with a feeling of deep but delightful anxiety to the new scenery which the coming few days were destined to unfold. Pascual was as merry as a cricket or a morning lark.

We reached the ancient town of Tarifa, which being supplied with but one *posada*, and that of the most wretched description, our worthy guide, who was, moreover, the owner of the horses on which we had ridden, undertook to secure accommodations for us of a decent nature, in a private house with which he was familiar. We allowed him to take his own course; he accordingly con-

ducted us to a small but respectable house, which seemed to have for its only occupants an old woman and a sweet looking girl of about fifteen, who gave us to understand during the course of the evening, that she was to be married in a few weeks.

The town of Tarifa is probably more Moorish, both in its appearance and the customs of its people, than any other in Spain. It is a crooked and labyrinthine place, but scrupulously clean and well paved. Its women, to this day, continue in the manner of the Arabs, to envelope their heads and faces so completely with their mantillas, that nothing but one of their sparkling eyes can be discerned. This, however, is oftentimes sufficient to inflict a wound which all the doctors of Christendom combined would be unable to cure! Dangerous are the glances of the one-eyed maids of Tarifa! Seriously do we warn the fond reader to beware.

The only edifice particularly deserving of mention is the Alcazar, which, though a stately structure, owes its interest principally to the historical associations which cling around its massive walls. From one of its lofty windows, Guzman, afterwards surnamed El Bueno, threw forth his dagger

to the Moors who were besieging the town, and who had threatened to destroy his son, whom they happened to have in their possession as the page of the Infante Juan, by whom they were assisted. As he hurled to his enemies his flashing dagger, the heroic father uttered this memorable sentence: "I prefer honour without a son, to a son with dishonour!"

In the morning we chartered a small boat with a single mast and lateen sails, to transport us to the opposite side of the Straits. The wind blew so strongly as to agitate considerably the surface of the water, and thus render our passage, though a quick one, exceedingly precarious and uncomfortable. Pascual was dreadfully alarmed, and as for ourselves, we could scarcely have told, with any degree of certainty, whether we were the most of the time on our head, our feet, or our backs. Only a few days previous, a craft similar to the one we were in, had been lost in crossing from Tarifa to Tangiers, which circumstance, as may be conjectured, tended but little to mitigate our gathering apprehensions. Finding we could not preserve our equilibrium on deck without serious danger of falling into the sea, we descended into the cabin, or more pro-

perly speaking, the inside of the boat. Here we were unable either to sit or to stand, as the height was not above three feet at the most, and not more than half this on either side, owing to the circular form of the deck. We were, therefore, obliged to stretch ourselves at full length upon the bottom, in which position we were kept constantly rolling by the motion of the vessel, insomuch that our stomachs became so sadly "out of repair," that we in consequence were thrown into misanthropy and gloom, and spoke not a word of comfort to each other. This is the natural effect of sea-sickness; one feels no inclination to speak to any one else, and is ready to send the first person to the regions below who has the temerity to address him. As we approached the Moorish shore, however, the wind died away gradually into a gentle breeze, and with this happy change of weather, our spirits began simultaneously to rise. "Oh, God!" murmured Pascual, who lay foaming and twisting himself into a variety of contortions upon the floor; "how ill I feel! it seems as if I had been turning round like a wheel for more than a week—my head swims, and I can scarcely see."

Going above, we were astonished to find ourselves so close upon the land. We were, in fact, just entering the beautiful Bay of Tangiers, whose mountains, covered with verdure to their very tops, and rising in graceful slopes one behind the other until dim and misty in the distance, presented a grand and pleasing picture to the eye. The climate was delicious and mild, and the sky as clear and cloudless as if its azure serenity had never been ruffled by a storm. Before us, and upon the side of a hill, stood the Moorish city, which, with its low, white buildings, its numerous towers, turrets, and intermingling gardens, constituted a scene of striking novelty and beauty.

Owing to the neglect of the boatmen to procure a bill of health, we had considerable difficulty in getting ashore ; and notwithstanding all the efforts of our most worthy Consul, we were obliged to perform a quarantine of three hours, during which time we continued tossing about at our anchorage in the Bay, calumniating the poor fellows whose inexcusable negligence had put us to this inconvenience, and watching the motions of the strange and uncouth-looking beings upon the shore. As a boat passed near

us laden with oranges from some neighbouring garden, we hailed the turbaned gentry by whom it was manned, and succeeded, by means of Pascual's straggling words of Arabic, accompanied with illustrative pantomime, which not even a brute could have misunderstood, in carrying out a negotiation for a small quantity of fruit, which, though inferior in size, we found to be as richly flavoured and refreshing as any we had ever tasted, either in Spain or elsewhere. Oranges are produced in abundance at Tangiers, and like everything else of a staple nature in Morocco, are sold for a mere trifle in comparison with European prices. It is the cheapest country in the world for a man to live in. Consuls on limited salaries live here as luxuriously as princes in other lands. Fish, flesh, and fowl are of the most excellent description, while fruit and vegetables are procured as easily and are as inexhaustible as the pure atmosphere that is breathed.

Permission at length being granted us to disembark, several swarthy and half-naked Arabs waded out into the water up to their waists, and having seized upon us as they would upon a bale of merchandise, carried us upon their shoulders in triumph to the shore. We were now sur-

rounded by a group of greedy Jews and wild barbarians, each of whom volunteered to conduct us wheresoever we wished to go, expecting of course to bleed our pockets to the utmost extent of their ability. But as Pascual was well acquainted with the geography of the town, he pompously told the crowd to be off, and forthwith escorted us without any further interruption, to the admirable mansion kept by Miss Duncan, where we were made far more comfortable than we had anticipated.

The keeper of a good inn justly deserves to be ranked among the benefactors of the human race; *ergo*, Miss Duncan, of Tangiers, is worthy of being classed in that illustrious category. Exiling herself from her own Scottish home, she has taken up her abode in the midst of a rude and uncivilized people, where by her kind manners and unwearied attentions to her guests, she has won for herself a reputation which every traveller delights to honour, and which even the untutored Moors themselves respect. Her house is not large, but it is as clean and comfortable as one could wish. Plain and unassuming in its furniture, yet everything is cosy and snug, and the meals as liberal in

quantity and excellent in quality, as the best appetites could ask or the most fastidious taste desire. The nephew of Miss D, who lives with her, and acts during the day as secretary to the English consul, is an exceedingly intelligent and amiable young man, who being perfectly conversant with the Arabic language, as well as with the French and Spanish, renders himself of considerable use as dragoman to his aunt's establishment, and is also an excellent companion for strangers wishing to engage in a hunt or to make a limited excursion for pleasure into the adjacent country. There was likewise a Moor connected with the house, bearing the name of Hamet, whose services are in great request, whenever an inland tour of any extent is contemplated. He was a noble fellow, well acquainted with Morocco, as well as with everything relating to its customs and people that was either instructive or entertaining. Pascual and he became immense cronies; and it was amusing enough to hear the strange dialogues that ensued between these two eccentric creatures—part English, part Spanish, and part Arabic, which never failed to set us in a roar of irresistible laughter.

CHAPTER XVII.

A BRIEF EPITOME OF SCENES AND INCIDENTS AMONG THE
MOORS.

It was some days before we could reconcile ourselves to the odd appearance of the town, so entirely different was it in every respect from all others we had heretofore seen. The generality of the houses are but one story in height, and have flat roofs covered with a species of plaster or cement, which keeps their interior perfectly dry in spite of the heaviest rains. The square court within each of these Moorish buildings has usually a fig tree in the centre, the spreading branches of which secure, even at mid-day, an agreeable shade. Beneath this is often seated an interesting group of living beings, recalling

with their snowy turbans and flowing costumes, the delicious and dreamy tales of the Arabian story-tellers. The dwellings are wholly unprovided with glass windows, but have, as a substitute, a small door, surmounted, in most cases, with a fluted horse-shoe arch, which they leave open during the day, but close securely at the setting of the sun. Through this aperture one often catches glimpses of a venerable figure seated cross-legged upon a mat, and inhaling the intoxicating fumes of his pipe, or perchance dreaming of the charms of one of those fair daughters whose radiant beauty not even the exquisite girls of Cadiz can surpass. Let but your glance be suspected, and the magic door instantly closes, not to be opened again for hours. The Moors detest scrutiny of any kind, and will never forgive one who arouses their jealous fears by intruding upon the sacred privacy of their dwellings. A single peep into their doorways may bring down upon you their bitterest enmity, while any attempt to communicate, either by words or signs, with their women would tend to excite against you the darkest feelings of revenge.

On the day after our arrival, we took a walk

of exploration through the city and environs. So primitive and strange did everything appear to us, that we could almost believe we had been suddenly translated into another sphere. Nothing reminded us of Spain or of any other European country we had ever visited. The houses, the people, costume, and language were all entirely different, and we could scarcely realize that the short journey we had made across the Straits could have presented to us so great a change. We wandered through the narrow and winding lanes like creatures in a dream. The white and windowless hovels had the appearances of sepulchres, and the shrouded beings who hovered noiselessly through the streets, wore the aspect of perturbed ghosts! Thoughts of distant times came over us instinctively as we gazed upon these wild and novel scenes, so strangely passing like fleeting visions before our eyes. The reflection that we were actually among the Moors of Africa was one of mingled pleasure and surprise. As we moved on, the inhabitants of the town looked at us eagerly, and evidently with as much astonishment as that with which we regarded them.

Passing the principal mosque, we stopped

for a moment to glance at the interior. An Arab with a stern countenance then approached us, when, by dint of violent gesticulation on his part, and the occasional comprehension of a single word by Pascual, he gave us to understand that it was not allowed for Christians to enter the mosque, and we must, therefore, leave the premises immediately. As we were about doing so, a venerable individual, with a capacious turban and long silvery beard, came towards us, and after pushing the impertinent fellow aside who had first addressed us, and seeming to rebuke him for his infringement of the laws of hospitality, politely informed us that we were perfectly at liberty to look at the mosque, though none but true Moslems were permitted to enter within its gates. We thanked the aged dervish, and very coolly and dispassionately proceeded to examine the edifice. Pascual, however, who had not yet recovered from the affront that had been offered us, delicately insinuated that, had we given him permission, he would have knocked the vile heathen who had first accosted us into the middle of the next century.

The interior of the mosque was perfectly simple, consisting merely of an open court, with

an exquisitely beautiful pavement of small porcelain tiles, arranged in neat patterns, and surrounded by columns and arches and massive walls. In the centre was a marble fountain, at which several disciples of Mahomet were engaged in performing their sacred ablutions, forming a picturesque and interesting group. We observed that the Moors on entering removed their slippers, leaving them in niches along the corridor, until they were ready for their departure. This is done out of respect for the holiness of the place. As for the Jews, who are treated in the most brutal manner in Morocco, whenever they pass one of the Moorish mosques, they are obliged to uncover their feet, under penalty of the severest punishment.

The mosque of which we have been speaking, is the largest in Tangiers, and has a tall square tower, elegantly carved in arabesque, which bears a striking resemblance to the Giralda of Seville. The form and decorations are the same, and show conclusively that the Moor of the present day, though encrusted with ignorance and barbarism, inherits in his nature germs of those original powers which were manifested by his ancestors, and which only require the genial

influences of liberty and education to develop in his own bosom.

The Moors are remarkably strict in their religious devotions. Several times during the day the voice of the *muezzin* may be heard from the top of the tower calling the Moslems to prayer. Wherever they may be, as soon as this welcome sound reaches their ears, they fall upon their knees, and with fervid earnestness worship from their hearts the great and invisible Spirit who fills immensity with his mysterious presence, and controls with his mighty influence the secret movements of the universe. It is a solemn spectacle to behold a Mahometan at his prayers. Nothing is done for the sake of form. There is no hypocrisy or vain mockery of the Creator, but every word gushes forth like a natural and exhaustless stream, whose sources lie within the unexplored recesses of the soul! Prayer is the grateful tribute which the innocent and unsophisticated heart yields involuntarily towards that incomprehensible Being from whom all benefits and blessings flow.

As we were quietly loitering through the tortuous streets, we arrived at a certain Moorish coffee-house, into which Pascual conducted us

with as much *sang froid* as if he were the actual proprietor of the establishment. The apartment into which we were thus ushered was about forty feet in length by ten or more in width. Upon the floor were seated at their ease, and with their legs crossed and gathered up in the Oriental style, from fifteen to twenty of the natives, with rude turbans and flowing haïks of the coarsest material. All of them evidently belonged to the lowest order. In the midst of this grotesque collection of human beings was a small furnace and earthen vessel, from which arose like incense the delicious fumes of fragrant Mocha. The Moors seemed pleased at our visit, and invited us by "signs and wonders" to sit down and make ourselves comfortable. This we did without further intreaty, crossing our legs like the others, in order to economise space. We were then presented with pipes and tobacco, and were soon smoking away at a rate that would have astonished even a locomotive, and which effectually concealed us in a clouds of light and curling vapour. The Moors were surprised at the tranquillity of our behaviour, but liked us all the better for our cordiality, as the confidence we thus manifested among perfect strangers was, in

reality, a compliment to their character. Throw yourself upon the hospitality of this strange people, and you need have no suspicions in regard to your safety. Not a hair of your head will suffer harm. Even their bitterest enemy under similar circumstances would be as secure as if in his own dwelling. They would even defend him with their own lives. Whatever may be their vices and faults, yet their virtues are unquestionable, and the chief of these is hospitality. Seek the shelter of his cottage, and you make the Moor, for the time being, your faithful slave.

The natives of Tangiers, besides tobacco, make use very generally of another species of plant far more powerful in its narcotic effects, which is known among them by the name of *Hashish*. This is consumed in a short pipe, the bowl of which is not larger in size than an ordinary English thimble. It is moreover taken internally, mingled with a variety of ingredients, in which state it is said to be singularly beneficial in certain diseases. In either manner it is highly intoxicating in its influence, rousing the subject for a brief period into boisterous laughter and ecstatic demonstrations of delight,

and then sinking him in a dreamy trance, resembling catalepsy, which usually continues or a number of hours. In this state, it is said that gorgeous visions pass before the mind, and that one's whole past life presents itself in review before the inward eye, while the future is clothed in purple and gold, rivalling with its hues the splendour of an Eastern horizon, just before the rising of the sun. Though this weed is so universally used by the great mass of the people, who fly to it as a refuge from the cares and troubles of life, yet among the higher and wealthier classes it is discarded altogether. The Moorish gentleman is a model of sobriety and honour. He is strictly temperate in his habits, and an earnest advocate of truth. He is never intoxicated, seldom provoked, scrupulous in the cleanliness of his body and apparel, and rarely guilty of a disgraceful action. He neither smokes, drinks, nor chews, and is most charitable towards the poor. Many a gentleman in our own land might reap great profit from imitating the example of the noble Moor.

Proceeding on our walk, we finally passed through one of the gates of the city, when we

found ourselves in the midst of a strange and bewildering scene. More than a thousand Moors, Jews, and wild Arabs were assembled together in this immense and densely thronged market-place, busily occupied in buying and selling every kind of fruit, vegetable, and meat. Among them were horses, mules, and camels, some standing tranquilly, while others were reclining at their ease among the wild and motley crowd. Here were collected every grade and class of the populace, from the rich and aristocratic merchant of the city, to the wild and savage Moor of the mountains, and the wandering Bedouin of the plains. An overwhelming hubbub of human voices filled the air, while the fierce gesticulation of innumerable arms gave an impressive animation to the curious spectacle. Without encountering any disturbance we walked through the assemblage, concluding our interesting inspection with the purchase of a few delectable oranges. We then continued our course to the Moorish cemetery, which was near at hand.

Here we found no imposing tombs or august monuments, to mark the resting-place of departed merit. The stones were generally flat, and

entirely devoid of superfluous ornament. Upon several of them the exquisitely draped forms of mourning females were kneeling in silent adoration and prayer. We watched these white figures for some time, expecting to see them rise and depart, and perhaps catch a glimpse of their countenances. But our waiting was in vain :— the solemn mourners remained as firm and motionless at the hallowed graves of their kindred, as if, instead of being gifted with the breath of life, they had been suddenly changed into statues of still and enduring marble. The profound reverence for the dead which prevails among the Moors, is a feature in their character worthy of the utmost praise. This may arise in a considerable measure from popular superstition, but it is not on that account the less to be commended : despicable indeed is that malicious feeling, which considers even that which is good as the offspring of some evil and selfish motive. So great is the veneration of the Moors for that which is esteemed sacred, that when a criminal seeks refuge in the tomb of a saint, his person is inviolable from official arrest. He may laugh at his foes, for he is safe from the contamination of their touch. These peculiar

tombs are isolated and alone, and are occasionally encountered in the most desolate and retired places. They have the appearance of a miniature mosque, with an open entrance in front, surmounted with the peculiar Moorish arch. They are built of stone, and, like the dwellings of the living, are perfectly white.

We now pursued our way to the Alcazar, or royal residence of the *Pacha* or governor. As this distinguished personage was absent with his entire household, we obtained access without difficulty, and spent an hour or more in wandering through the different halls and apartments of this extraordinary edifice. It would be useless to give the reader any minute description of it, as we have already said sufficient with regard to Moorish architecture, to give him a general idea concerning it. The courts were paved with tiles and the gardens decorated with extreme beauty, while columns, arches, and fountains gave a charming and illusive character to the scene. The art of gardening is carried to a high degree of perfection in Morocco, the introduction of this art into Spain having been the work of the Moors. These Hesperian retreats are but little embellished by works of art, but are pecu-

liarily noted for their depth of shade and abundance of water. The visitor comes forth from the shelter of their delicious bowers, cool, contented, and refreshed. His eyes have beheld an assemblage of rare plants and beautiful flowers—his ears have been regaled with the sweet warbling of birds—his nostrils have been greeted with the most delightful fragrance, and his soul has been enlarged and rejoiced with the peaceful contemplation of nature and her varied works.

The Tangier gardens abound in orange, lemon, pomegranate, fig, and almond trees, which each bear fruit in this mild climate in the greatest luxuriance. The different kinds are severally grouped together, and never mingled, as is the prevailing custom in European countries. The avenues are wide, and are oftentimes arboured with a bamboo network, covered with jessamine and creeping vines, the flowers of which depend in clusters from the leafy arch. Along these shady walks, on either side, are running streams, which impart life and fertility to the soil, and whose gentle murmurings serve to restore quiet and tranquillity to the agitated mind.

Returning to the city, we dined sumptuously

with the consul. Among those present at the repast, was the famous Roman chieftain Gari-
baldi, who had been passing several months in this interesting country. His personal appearance was the very *beau ideal* of a bold and chivalrous brigand. His beard was of great length, while the long and dark hair of his head drooped in clustering masses over his shoulders. His countenance was pleasingly mild, but the sharp glances of his eyes told of the energy and determination that were lodged within his brain. In conversation we found him exceedingly agreeable. Though but slightly conversant with the English language, he speaks the Spanish and French, with the same fluency as his native tongue. With regard to his usual occupations, he informed us that he spent the principal portion of his time in rambling with his gun over the neighbouring plains, sporting being an amusement of which he was particularly fond. He sometimes devoted entire days to these excursions, and though perfectly alone, never experienced any molestation whatever from the Moors whom he encountered, but on the contrary, was always treated by them with the utmost kindness and hospitality. True courage is a quality

which never fails to excite the admiration of these wild sons of Barbary, and the possessor of this rare qualification is secure of their protection and respect. To their credit be it said, they never withhold honour from him to whom honour is due.

In accordance with the advice we had received from several quarters, we resolved to make an excursion on horseback to the city of Tetuan, the distance thither being only about forty miles. It was past noontide on a bland and sunny day, that we set forth on this delightful trip. One of the Pacha's soldiers accompanied us as a guard, this being a precaution which is not only desirable, but is insisted upon by the Moorish government, in order to prevent the possible contingency of insult or robbery, and the consequent difficulties which might arise with foreign powers. Besides this military guard, (who, by-the-way, is responsible with his life for the safety of those confided to his charge) we had two other Moors in our suite, one of whom was the owner of our horses, and the other a fine-looking fellow, somewhat acquainted with the Spanish, and whom we had therefore chosen as a medium of oral communication with the other members of our legation. A strange

appearance indeed did our cavalcade present, as we issued in Indian file from one of the gates of the city. Our soldier took the lead, mounted upon a snow-white charger, and seated majestically upon a high Moorish saddle, provided with triangular boxes of iron for stirrups, while upon his heels were fastened sharp spikes from four to five inches in length, which were used as spurs to lacerate the sides of the animal. His countenance was noble in its expression, and his features might have been termed handsome. His chin was decorated with a superb beard, while his head was encircled by a turban of pure white, bound around his brows with inimitable taste and skill. His garments consisted of a vesture of scarlet and blue, over which a light and graceful haïk fell down in loose and flowing folds.

A curious gun of immense length, a curved sword, and a pair of formidable pistols, completed the uniform of our belligerent guide. Next in train followed our comical valet, now appearing infinitely more droll than ever, being astride a malicious mule, who, at every touch of the spur, kicked up her legs so violently into the air, as to threaten seriously the eventual overthrow

of her rider. But Pascual was not so easily to be ousted from his position, maintaining his seat firmly, in spite of the furious efforts of the unruly beast. It is not to be doubted, however, but that he would have liked very much to change seats with any other one of the party, though knowing that neither of us could be prevailed upon to make so dangerous an exchange, he assumed an aspect of terrible bravery, and vowed emphatically that he was considered one of the best riders in Seville, and that no animal in the shape of a horse ever yet existed, which he did not deem himself amply competent to manage and subdue. This boast might have passed very well with persons as credulous as himself for hearers, but we knew him too well to place any remarkable degree of credit in the grossly exaggerated statements with which he was continually assailing our ears.

While thus pompously eulogizing his own equestrian merits, he rashly dashed his sharp spur into the side of his savage mule, when, with a single tremendous bound, she freed herself from her tormentor, who, after performing a complete summerset, alighted upon his back, on the side of a soft and grassy slope. To our great astonish-