

JAMES RICHARDSON

MY TRAVELS IN MOROCCO



James Richardson

My Travels in Morocco

Published by

MUSAICUM

Books

- Advanced Digital Solutions & High-Quality eBook
Formatting -

musaicumbooks@okpublishing.info

2020 OK Publishing

EAN 4064066309800

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INTRODUCTION.

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Having made a limited tour in the Empire of Morocco a few years since, I am enabled to appreciate the information imparted to us by the lamented Richardson, and am desirous of adding a few observations of my own upon the present state of affairs in that part of the African Continent.

The following work of the indefatigable traveller demands, at the present moment, a more than ordinary share of public attention, in consequence of the momentous events now passing in the Straits of Gibraltar, where the presence of powerful armaments entails on the Governor of our great rock-fortress, a duty of some delicacy, situated as he now is in close proximity to three belligerent powers, all of whom are at peace with Great Britain. But distinguished alike for common sense and professional ability, Sir William Codrington, it is to be hoped, will steer clear of the follies committed by Sir Robert Wilson in 1844, and will command respect for the British name, without provoking bitter feelings between ourselves, and our French and Spanish neighbours.

It is scarcely possible that either France or Spain can contemplate the conquest of the entire Empire of Morocco, as the result of the present impending crisis, the superficial extent of the territory being 219,420 square miles, and the

population nearly 8,000,000, [1] of which a large proportion live in a state of perpetual warfare, occupying inaccessible mountain fastnesses, from whence they only descend to the plains for the sake of plunder. The inhabitants may be classified as follows: 4,000,000 Moors and Arabs; 2,000,000 Berbers; 500,000 Jews, and the remainder are of the Negro race. The regular Army consists of less than thirty thousand men, but every Arab is an expert irregular horseman, and the Berbers make good foot-soldiers.

These indeed are, in ordinary times, rarely to be depended on by the Emperor, but so powerful an incentive is religious fanaticism that, were he to raise the standard of the Holy War, a large Army would quickly rally around him, deficient perhaps in discipline, yet living by plunder, and marching without the encumbrance of baggage, it would prove a formidable opponent.

Let us, however, suppose, that the present action of France and Spain should result in the subversion of the atrocious system of Government practised in Morocco: a guarantee from the conquerors that our existing commercial privileges should be respected, would alone be required to ensure the protection of our interests, and what an extended field would the facilities for penetrating into the interior open to us! We must also remember that Napoleon III. in heart, is a free-trader; and, should Destiny ever appoint him the arbiter of Morocco, the protectionist pressure of a certain deluded class in France would be impotent against his policy in Western Barbary, a country perhaps more hostile to the European than China. Sailors and others, who have had the misfortune to be cast on the

inhospitable shore of Northern Africa, have been sent far inland into slavery to drag out a miserable existence; and, at this moment, there are many white Christian slaves in the southern and eastern provinces of the Empire.

Should the war not result in conquest, the least we have a right to expect, is that toleration should be forced upon the Moors, and that European capital and labour should be allowed a free development throughout their Empire. A flourishing trade would soon spring up, nature having blessed Barbary with an excellent soil and climate, besides vast mineral wealth in its mountains; lead, copper, and antimony are found in them. The plains produce corn, rice, and indigo; the forests of cedar, ilex, cork, and olive-trees are scattered over a vast extent, and contain antelopes, wild bears, and other species of game; Barbary also possesses an excellent breed of horses. The principal manufactures are leather, shawls and carpets.

England has, but a short time since, succeeded in emancipating her Jewish brethren from their few remaining disabilities; an opportunity may now be at hand, of ameliorating the condition of those in the Empire of Morocco, who are forced to submit to a grinding persecution, and are merely tolerated because they are useful. They supply many wants of the Moorish population; are the best, and in many handicrafts, the only artificers, and are much employed by the government in financial occupations. They are compelled to occupy a distinct quarter of the town they inhabit; are permitted only to wear black garments, are forbidden to ride, the horse being considered too noble an animal to carry a Jew, and are

forced to take off their shoes on passing a mosque. Even the little Moorish boys strike and ill-treat them in various ways, and the slightest attempt at retaliation was formerly punished with death, and would now be visited with the bastinado. They are more heavily taxed than any other class, and special contributions are often levied on them.

Alas! why should we respect the national existence of any community of Mahometans? Have we effaced from our memory their treachery and inhuman cruelty in India; their utter worthlessness in Turkey; their neglect in taking advantage of the richness with which nature has blest the countries in their possession; and their conquest from Christendom of one of the fairest portions of Europe.

Civilization cries aloud for retribution on a race whose religion teaches them to regard us as "dogs." Surely, far from protecting and cherishing, we should hunt them out of the fair lands they occupy, and force them back on the deserts which vomited them forth on our ancestors ten centuries ago. Brief periods of glory at Bagdad, Cairo, and Granada, should not protect those who are now slaves to the lowest vices that degrade human nature. No administrative reforms are at all practicable; their moral maladies have attacked the vital element; the sole cure is conquest, and the substitution of Christian Governments in Northern Africa, and Turkey in Europe and Asia. Russia, France, Austria, Greece, and Spain are weary of the excesses of their savage neighbours; none can be honestly inclined to stay their avenging swords.

I have, in these prefatory remarks, extracted a few particulars from the short chapter on Morocco, contained in

my work on the "French in Africa," and in advocating a crusade against the Mahometan races, I believe I am recording the sentiments of millions of Europeans.

It now only remains for me to give expression to that universal feeling of regret which prevails among my countrymen at the untimely fate of poor Richardson, and to offer my congratulations that he has bequeathed to us so pleasing an addition to his former works as the following narrative of his "Travels in Morocco."

L. TRENT CAVE, F.R.G.S.

Author of "The French in Africa."

Army and Navy Club,
November, 1859.

PREFACE.

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The present unsettled state of affairs in Morocco, in consequence of the War in which she is now engaged with her more powerful and ancient enemy—Spain, must, I conceive, render any information regarding a region so little known peculiarly acceptable at the present moment.

In Morocco, my late husband laboured to advance the same objects which had previously taken him to Central Africa, viz., the amelioration of the condition of the strange and remarkable races of men who inhabit that part of the world. He aimed at the introduction of a legitimate commerce with a view, in the first instance, to destroy the horrible and revolting trade in slaves, and thus pave the way for the diffusion of Christianity among a benighted people. While travelling, with these high purposes in contemplation, he neglected no opportunity of studying the geography of the country, and of obtaining an insight into the manners, customs, prejudices, and sentiments of its inhabitants, as well as any other useful information in relation to it.

I accompanied him on his travels in Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, in which last city he left me, it not being considered advisable that I should proceed with him into the interior of the country. We were not destined to meet again in this

world. My beloved husband died at Bornou, in Central Africa, whither he was sent by Her Majesty's Government to enter into treaties with the chiefs of the surrounding districts.

Of the many difficulties and dangers which the traveller is likely to encounter in penetrating into the interior of so inhospitable a region, the reader may form some idea by a perusal of the the following extracts from my husband's writings.

"I am very much of opinion that in African travel we should take especial care not to attempt too much at once; that we should proceed very slowly, feeling our way, securing ourselves against surprise, and reducing and confining our explorations to the record of matters of fact as far as possible, or consistently with a due illustration of the narrative. But, whether we attempt great tours, or short journeyings, we shall soon find, by our own sad experience, that African travel can only be successfully prosecuted piecemeal, bit by bit, here a little and there a little, now an island, now a line of coast, now an inland province, now a patch of desert, and slow and painful in all their results, whilst few explorers will ever be able to undertake more than two, at most three, inland journeys.

"Failures, disasters, and misadventure may attend our efforts of discovery; the intrepid explorers may perish, as they have so frequently done, or be scalped by the Indian savage in the American wilderness, or stabbed by the treacherous Bedouin of Asiatic deserts, or be stretched stiff in the icy dreary Polar circles, or, succumbing to the burning clime of Africa, leave their bones to bleach upon its arid sandy wastes; yet these victims of enterprise will add more

to a nation's glory than its hoarded heaps of gold, or the great gains of its commerce, or even the valour of its arms.

"Nevertheless, geographical discovery is not barren ardour, or wasted enthusiasm; it produces substantial fruits. The fair port of London, with its two parallel forests of masts, bears witness to the rich and untold treasures which result from the traffic of our merchant-fleets with the isles and continents discovered by the genius and enterprise of the maritime or inland explorer. And, finally, we have always in view the complete regeneration of the world, by our laws, our learning, and our religion. If every valley is to be raised, and every mountain laid low, by the spade and axe of industry, guided by science, the valley or the mountain must first be discovered.

"If men are to be civilized, they must first be found; and if other, or the remaining tribes of the inhabitable earth are to acknowledge the true God, and accept His favour as known to us, they also, with ourselves, must have an opportunity of hearing His name pronounced, and His will declared."

My husband would, indeed, have rejoiced had he lived to witness the active steps now taken by Oxford and Cambridge for sending out Missionaries to Central Africa, to spread the light of the Gospel.

Among his unpublished letters, I find one addressed to the Christian Churches, entitled "Project for the establishment of a Christian Mission at Bornou," dated October, 1849. He writes: "The Christian Churches have left Central Africa now these twelve centuries in the hands of the Mohammedans, who, in different countries, have successfully propagated the false doctrines of the impostor

of Mecca. If the Christian Churches wish to vindicate the honour of their religion—to diffuse its beneficent and heavenly doctrines—and to remove from themselves the severe censure of having abandoned Central Africa to the false prophet, I believe there is now an opening, *viâ* Bornou, to attempt the establishment of their faith in the heart of Africa."

He ends his paper by quoting the words of Ignatius Pallme, a Bohemian, the writer of travels in Kordofan, who says "It is high time for the Missionary Societies in Europe to direct their attention to this part of Africa (that is, Kordofan). If they delay much longer, it will be too late; for, when the negroes have once adopted the Koran, no power on earth can induce them to change their opinions. I have heard, through several authentic sources, that there are few provinces in the interior of Africa where Mohammedanism has not already begun to gain a footing."

It would be a great solace to me should this work be received favourably, and be deemed to reflect honour on the memory of my lamented husband; and, in the hope that such may be the case, I venture to commit it into the hands of an indulgent public.

J.E. RICHARDSON.

London,

November 15, 1859.

CHAPTER I.

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Policy of the Court of Morocco.—Its strength.—Diplomatic Intercourse with England.—Distrust of Europeans.—Commercial Relations.

Morocco is the China of North Africa. The grand political maxim of the Shereefian Court is, the exclusion of strangers; to look upon all strangers with distrust and suspicion; and should they, at any time, attempt to explore the interior of Morocco, or any of the adjacent counties, to thwart and circumvent their enterprise, is a veritable feat of statesmanship in the opinion of the Shereefian Court. The assassination of Mr. Davidson, some years since, is an odious and enduring stigma on the Moorish Court, notwithstanding the various efforts which have been made to deny the personal responsibility of the Emperor in that transaction.

The Prince de Joinville was once going to open Morocco, as we opened China; but bullets and shot which his Royal Highness showered upon Tangier and Mogador, only closed faster the approaches and routes of this well-guarded empire—only more hermetically sealed the capitals of Fez and Morocco against the prying or morbid curiosity of the tourist, or the mappings and measurings of the political spy.

The striking anecdote, illustrating the exclusive policy of the Maroquine Court, is familiar to all who have read the history of the Moorish Sultans of the Mugreb. Years ago, a European squadron threatened to bombard Tangier, unless their demands were instantly satisfied; and the then reigning Sultan sent down from Fez this imperial message:

"How much will the enemy give me if I myself burn to ashes my well-beloved city of Tangier? Tell the enemy, O governor of the mighty city of Tangier, that I can reduce this self-same city to a heap of smoking ruins, at a much cheaper rate than he can, with all his ships, his warlike machines, and his fighting men."

The strength of Morocco lies in her internal cities, her inland population, and the natural difficulties of her territory; about her coast she cares little; but the French did not find this out till after their bombardments. The unwonted discovery led them afterwards to boast that they had at length opened Morocco by the other and opposite system of a pacific mission. The parties forming the mission, pretended to have obtained from the Emperor permission for Europeans "to travel in Morocco without let or hindrance whithersoever they will." But the opposition press justly ridiculed the pretensions of the alleged concession, as the precarious and barren result of a mission costing several million of francs. Even an Englishman, but much more a Frenchman—and the latter is especially hated and dreaded in all the Maroquine provinces, would have considerably hesitated in placing confidence in the safe conduct of this jealous Court.

The spirit of the Christian West, which has invaded the most secret councils of the Eastern world, Persia, Turkey, and all the countries subjected to Ottoman rule, is still excluded by the haughty Shereefs of the Mahometan West. There is scarcely any communication between the port and the court of the Shereefs, and the two grand masters of orthodox Islamism, this of the West, and that of the East, are nearly strangers to each other.

All that Muley Errahman has to do with the East, appears to be to procure eunuchs and Abyssinian concubines for his harem from Egypt, and send forward his most faithful, or most rebellious subjects [2] on their pilgrimage to Mecca.

Englishmen are surprised, that the frequent visits and uninterrupted communications between Morocco and Gibraltar, during so long a period, should have produced scarcely a perceptible change in the minds of the Moors, and that Western Barbary should be a century behind Tunis. This circumstance certainly does not arise from any inherent inaptitude in the Moorish character to entertain friendly relations with Europeans, and can only have resulted from that crouching and subservient policy which the Gibraltar authorities have always judged it expedient to show towards the Maroquines.

Our diplomatic intercourse began with Morocco in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and though on friendly terms more or less ever since, Englishmen have not yet obtained a recognised permission to travel in the interior of the country, without first specially applying to its Government. Our own countrymen know little of Morocco, or of its inhabitants, customs, laws, and government; and, though

only five or six days sail from England, it must be regarded as an unknown and unexplored region to the mass of the English nation.

Nevertheless, in spite of the Maroquine Empire being the most conservative and unchangeable of all North African Mussulman states, and whilst, happily for itself, it has been allowed to pursue its course obscurely and noiselessly, without exciting particular attention in Europe, or being involved in the wars and commotions of European nations, Morocco is not, therefore, beyond the reach of changes and the ravages of time, nor exempt from that mutability which is impressed upon all sublunary states. The bombardments of Tangier and Mogador have left behind them traces not easily to be effaced. It was no ordinary event for Morocco to carry on hostilities with an European power.

The battle of Isly has deeply wounded the Shereefians, and incited the Mussulman heart to sullen and unquenchable revenge. A change has come over the Maroquine mind, which, as to its immediate effects, is evidently for the worst towards us Christians. The distrust of all Europeans, which existed before the French hostilities, is now enlarged to hatred, a feeling from which even the English are hardly excepted. Up to the last moment, the government and people of Morocco believed that England would never abandon them to their unscrupulous and ambitious neighbours.

The citizens and merchants of Mogador could not be brought to believe, or even to entertain the idea that the British ships of war would quietly look on, whilst the French—the great rivals and enemies of the English—destroyed

their towns and batteries. Most manifest facts and stern realities dissipated, in an hour when they little thought of it, such a fond delusion. From that moment, the moral influence of England, once our boast, and not perhaps unreasonably so, was no longer felt in Morocco; and now we have lost almost all hold on the good wishes and faith of the Mussulman tribes of that immense country.

As to exploring the empire of Morocco, or making it the way of communication with Soudan or Central Negroland, this is now altogether impracticable. The difficulties of Europeans travelling the Maroquine States, always great and perilous, are now become nearly insuperable. This suspicious distrust, or ill-feeling has communicated itself contagiously to the tribes of the South as far as the Desert, and has infected other parts of Barbary. The Engleez, once the cherished friends of the Moors, are looked upon more or less as the abettors of French aggressions in North Africa, if not as the sharers with them of the spoil. In the language of the more plain-spoken Moors, "We always thought all Christians alike, though we often excepted the English from the number of our enemies, now we are certain we were wrong; the English are become as much our enemies as the French and the Spaniards." The future alone can disclose what will be the particular result of this unfavourable feeling; both with respect to France and England, and to other European nations. However, we may look forward without misgiving. Islamism will wear itself out—the Crescent must wane.

In these preliminary observations, the commercial system of the Maroquine Court deserves especial mention.

The great object of Muley Abd Errahman [3] is—nay, the pursuit of his whole life has been—to get the whole of the trade of the empire into his own hands. In fact, he has by this time virtually succeeded, though the thing is less ostentatiously done than by the Egyptian viceroy, that equally celebrated prince-merchant. In order to effect this, his Shereefian Majesty seeks to involve in debt all the merchants, natives, or foreigners, tempting them by the offer of profuse credit. As many of them as are needy and speculative, this imperial boon is without scruple greedily accepted. The Emperor likewise provides them with commodious houses and stores; gives them at once ten or twenty thousand dollars worth of credit, and is content to receive in return monthly instalments. These instalments never are, never can be regularly paid up. The debt progressively and indefinitely increases; and whilst they live like so many merchant-princes, carrying on an immense trade, they are in reality beggars and slaves of the Emperor. They are, however, styled *imperial* merchants, and wear their golden chains with ostentatious pride.

This credit costs his Shereetian Highness nothing; he gives no goods, advances no moneys, whilst he most effectually impoverishes and reduces to servitude the foreign merchant resident in his empire, never allowing him to visit his native country without the guarantee of leaving his wife and family behind as hostages for his return. The native merchant is, in all cases, absolutely at the mercy of his imperial lord. On the bombardment of Mogador, all the native and resident traders, not excepting the English merchants, were found overwhelmed with debt, and,

therefore, were not allowed to leave the country; and they were only saved from the pillage and massacre of the ferocious Berber tribes by a miracle of good luck.

Since the bombardment of Mogador, the Emperor has more strongly than ever set his face against the establishment of strangers in his dominions. Now his Imperial Highness is anxious that all commerce should be transacted by his own subjects. The Emperor's Jews are, in future, to be the principal medium of commerce between Morocco and Europe, which, indeed, is facilitated by many of the native Jews having direct relations with European Jews, those of London and Marseilles. In this way, the Maroquines will be relieved from the embarrassments occasioned by the presence of Europeans, Jews, or Christians, under the protection of foreign consuls. The Emperor, also, has a fair share of trade, and gets a good return on what he exports; the balance of commercial transactions is always in his favour.

I must add a word on the way of treating politically with the Court of Morocco. The modes and maxims of this Court, not unlike those of the Chinese, are procrastination, plausible delays, and voluminous despatches and communications, which are carried on through the hands of intermediaries and subordinate agents of every rank and degree. You can never communicate directly with the Emperor, as with other Barbary princes and pashas. This system has admirably and invariably succeeded for the last two or three centuries; that is to say, the empire of Morocco has remained intact by foreign influences, while its system of commerce has been an exclusive native monopoly. The

Americans, however, have endeavoured to adopt a more expeditious mode of treating with the Maroquine Court. They have something, in the style and spirit of Lynch law, usually made their own demands and their own terms, by threatening the immediate withdrawal of their consul, or the bombardment of ports.

The Shereefs, thus intimidated, have yielded, though with a very bad grace. Nevertheless, the Americans have received no favours, nor have they obtained a nearer approach to the awful Shereefian presence than other people; and it is not likely they ever will succeed beyond their neighbours. The French and English have always negotiated and corresponded, corresponded and negotiated, and been worsted once and worsted again. Somehow or other, the Emperor has, in most cases, had his own way. Neither the American nor our own European system is the right or dignified course. And I am still of opinion, that the Maroquine Court is so far enlightened respecting the actual state of the barbarians or Christian infidels, out of its Shereefian land of Marabouts, out of its central orthodox Mussulman land of the Mugreb, as to be accessible to ordinary notions of things, and that it would always concede a just demand if it were rightly and vigorously pressed, and if the religious fanaticism of its people were not involved in the transaction. Thus far we may do justice to the government of these Moorish princes.

This opinion, however, does not altogether coincide with that of the late Mr. Hay. According to the report of Mr. Borrow, as found in his work, "The Bible of Spain," the Moorish government, according to Mr. Hay, was "one of the

vilest description, with which it was next to impossible to hold amicable relations, as it invariably acted with bad faith, and set at nought the most solemn treaties." But, if the Maroquine Court had acted in this most extraordinary manner, surely there would now be no Moorish empire of Western Barbary.

CHAPTER II.

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Arrival at Tangier.—Moorish Pilgrims in Cordova.—Address of the Anti-Slavery Society.—Mr. D. Hay, British Consul.—Institut d'Afrique.—Conveyance of Eunuchs in vessels under the French Flag.—Franco-Moorish Politics.—Corn Monopolies in Morocco.—Love and veneration for the English name.—Celebration of the Ayd-Kebir, great festival. Value of Money in Morocco.—Juvenile Strolling Singer.—General account of the city of Tangier.—Intercourse between the Moorish Emperor and the Foreign Consuls.—Cockney sportsmen—The degrading of high Moorish Functionaries.—How we smuggle Cattle from Tangier to Gibraltar.—The Blood-letting of plethoric Placemen.

The communication between Gibraltar and Tangier is by no means easy and regular, though the places are only a few hours' distance from the other. I had waited many days at Gib. (as our captain called the former place), before the wind enabled us to leave, and then, our boat being a small transport for cattle, and the Government contractors wanting beef for the garrison—for an Englishman or an English soldier cannot live in any part of the world without beef—we were compelled to leave with the wind in our teeth, and to make a night's voyage of this four or five

hours' traverse. It might be worth while, one would think, to try a small steam-tug for the conveyance of cattle from Tangier to our garrison, which, besides, would be a great convenience for passengers.

On coming on deck in the morning, Tangier, "the city protected of the Lord," appeared in all its North African lineaments, white and bright, shining, square masses of masonry, domes of fair and modest santos, and the heaven-pointing minarets; here and there a graceful palm, a dark olive, or the black bushy kharoub, and all denned sharply and clearly in the goodly prospect. But these Barbary towns had lost much of their freshness or novelty to me, and novelty is the greatest ingredient of our pleasure in foreign travel. I had also just travelled through Spain, and the south of this country is still, as to its aspect, part and parcel of Morocco, though it is severed by the Straits. In the ancient Moorish city of Cordova, I had even saluted the turban. I met two Moors strolling along, with halting steps and triste mien, through the streets, whom I instinctively addressed.

"*Wein mashe. Ash tomel.* Where are you going? What are you doing?"

The Moors (greatly pleased to hear the sound of their own mother-tongue in the land of their pilgrimage).—"Net *jerrej.* We are enjoying ourselves."

Traveller.—"What do you think of the country (Cordova)?"

The Moors.—"This is the land of our fathers."

Traveller.—"Well, what then? Are you going to possess it again?"

The Moors.—"Of what country are you?"

Traveller.—"Engleez."

The Moors (brightening up).—"That is good. Yes, we are very glad. We thought you might be a Spaniard, or a Frenchman. Now we'll tell you all; we don't fear. God will give us this country again, when Seedna Aïsa [4] comes to deliver us from these curse-smitten dogs of Spaniards." [5]

Traveller.—"Well, never mind the Spaniards. Have you seen anything you like here?"

The Moors.—"Look at this knife; it is rusty; it should not be so."

Traveller.—"How!"

The Moors.—"We read in our books and commentators that in Andalous (Spain) there is no rust, and that nothing rusts here." [6]

Traveller.—"Nonsense; have you seen the hundred pillars of your mosque?" (Now converted into a cathedral.)

The Moors.—"Ah, we have seen them," with a deep sigh; "and the pillars will stand till to-morrow." (End of the world.)

I was obliged to say farewell to these poor pilgrims, wandering in the land of their fathers, and worshipping at the threshold of the noble remains of Moresco-Spanish antiquity, for the *diligencia* was starting off to Seville.

To return from my digression. I soon found myself at home in Tangier amongst my old friends, the Moors, and coming from Spain, could easily recognise many things connecting the one country with the other.

The success attending the various measures of the Bey of Tunis for the abolition of slavery in North Africa, and the favourable manner in which this prince had received me, when I had charge of a memorial from the inhabitants of Malta, to congratulate his Highness on his great work on

philanthropy, induced the Committee of the Anti-Slavery Society to confide to me an address to the Emperor of Morocco, praying him to enfranchise the negro race of his imperial dominions.

We were fully prepared to encounter the strongest opposition from the Shereefian Court; but, at the same time, we thought there could be no insuperable obstacle in our way.

The Maroquines had the same religion and form of government as the Tuniseens, and by perseverance in this, as well as any other enterprise, something might at last be effected. Even the agitation of the question in the empire of Morocco, amongst its various tribes, was a thing not to be neglected; for the agitation of public opinion in a despotic country like Morocco, as well as in a constitutional state like England, admirably prepares the way for great measures of reform and philanthropy; and, besides the business of an abolitionist is agitation; agitation unceasing; agitation in season and out of season.

On my arrival at Tangier, I called upon Mr. Drummond Hay, the British Consul-General, stating to him my object, and asking his assistance. The English Government had instructed the Consul to address the Emperor on this interesting subject, not long before I arrived, but it was with the greatest difficulty that any sort of answer could be obtained to the communication.

Mr. Hay, therefore, gave me but small encouragement, and was not a little surprised when I told him I expected a letter of introduction from Her Majesty's Government. He could not understand this reiterated assault on the Shereefs

for the abolition of slavery, not comprehending the absolute necessity of continued agitation on such a difficult matter, as exciting from a despotic and semi-barbarous prince, fortified by the prejudices of ages and generally sanctioned in his conduct by his religion, the emancipation of a degraded and enslaved portion of the human race. [7] However, Mr. Hay was polite, and set about arranging matters for proceeding with a confessedly disagreeable subject for any consul to handle under like circumstances. He made a copy of the address of the Anti-Slavery Society, and sent it to the English Government, requesting instructions. I expected an address from the Institut d'Afrique of Paris; but, after waiting some time, the Secretary, Mr. Hippolyte de St. Anthoine, wrote me a letter, in which he stated that, on account of the ill-will manifested by the Emperor to the establishment of the French in Algeria, the Institut had come to the painful conclusion of not addressing him for the abolition of the slave-trade in his imperial states.

Soon after my arrival at Tangier, the English letter-boat, Carreo Ingles, master, Matteo Attalya, brought twelve eunuch slaves, African youths, from Gibraltar. They are a present from the Viceroy of Egypt to the Emperor of Morocco. The Correo is the weekly bearer of letters and despatches to and from Morocco. The slaves were not entered upon the bill of health, thus infringing upon the maritime laws of Gibraltar and Tangier. The other captains of the little boats could not help remarking, "You English make so much fuss about putting down the slave-trade, and allow it to be carried on under your own flag." Even the foreign

consuls here reprobated the inconsistency of the British Government, in aiding the slave-trade of the Mediterranean by their own flag. However, Government ordered a strict inquiry into this case, and took means for preventing the occurrence of a like abuse. Nevertheless, since then the Emperor has actually applied to the British Consul to allow eunuchs to be brought down the Mediterranean in English steamers, in the same way as these were brought from Malta to Gibraltar in the *Prometheus*—as, forsooth, servants and passengers. And on the refusal of our consul to sanction this illicit conveyance of slaves by British vessels, the Emperor applied to the French consul, who condescended to hoist the tri-coloured flag for the transport of slave-eunuchs! This is one way of mitigating the prejudices of the Shereefian Court against the French occupation of Algeria. Many slaves are carried up and down the Mediterranean in French vessels.

The keeper of an hotel related to me with great bitterness, that the French officer who came with me from Gibraltar had left Tetuan for Algeria. The officer had ordered a great many things of this man, promising to pay on his return to Tangier. He deposited an old hatbox as a security, which, on being opened by the hotel keeper, was found to be full of greasy paper. At Tetuan, the officer gave himself out as a special envoy of the Emperor of the French.

My good friends, the Moors, continue to speculate upon the progress of the French army in Algeria. I asked a Moorish officer what he thought of the rumoured French invasion of Morocco. He put the backs of his hands together, and locking together his fingers to represent the back of a

hedgehog, he observed emphatically; "Impossible! No Christians can invade us. Our country is like a hedgehog, no one can touch us." Tangier Christians will never permit the French to invade Morocco, whatever may be the pretext. This is even the opinion of the foreign consuls.

As a specimen of the commercial system of this country, I may mention that the monopoly of exporting leeches was sold this week to a Jew, at the rate of 25,000 dollars. Now the Jew refuses to buy leeches except at his own price, whilst every unfortunate trader is obliged to sell to him and to him only. In fact, the monopolist fixes the price, and everybody who brings leeches to Tangier must accept it. This case of leeches may be applied to nearly all the monopolies of the country. Can anything be more ruinous to commerce?

All the Moors of Tangier, immediately on entering into conversation with me, inquire if I am Engleez? Even Moorish children ask this question: it appears to be a charm to them. The Ayd Kebir (great feast) was celebrated to-day, being the first of the new year. It was ushered in yesterday by prayer in the mosques. About 9 A.m. the governor, the commandant of the troops, and other Tangier authorities, proceeded to the open space of the market, attended with flags and music, and some hundred individuals all dressed in their holiday clothes. The white flag, typical of the sanctity of religion, floated over others of scarlet and green; the music was of squeaking bagpipes, and rude tumtums, struck like minute drums. The greater part were on horseback, the governor being most conspicuous. This troop

of individuals ascended a small hill of the market-place, where they remained half an hour in solemn prayer.

No Jew or Christian was allowed to approach the magic or sacred circle which enclosed them. This being concluded, down ran a butcher with a sheep on his back; just slaughtered, and bleeding profusely. A troop of boys followed quickly at his heels pelting him with stones. The butcher ran through the town to the seashore, and thence to the house of the Kady—the boys still in hot and breathless pursuit, hard after him, pelting him and the bleeding sheep. The Moors believe, if the man can arrive at the house of the judge before the sheep dies, that the people of Tangier will have good luck; but, if the sheep should be quite dead, and not moving a muscle, then it will bring them bad luck, and the Christians are likely to come and take away their country from them. The drollest part of the ceremony is, that the boys should scamper after the butcher, pelting the sheep, and trying to kill it outright, thus endeavouring to bring ill-luck upon their city and themselves. But how many of us really and knowingly seek our misfortunes? On the occasion of this annual feast, every Moor, or head of a family, kills a sheep. The rich give to the poor, but the poor usually save up their earnings to be able to purchase a sheep to kill on this day. The streets are in different parts covered with blood, making them look like so many slaughter grounds. When the bashaw of the province is in Tangier, thousands of the neighbouring Arabs come to pay him their respects. With the Moors, the festivals of religion are bonâ fide festivals. It may also be added, as characteristic of these North African barbarians, that, whilst