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THE PILLARS OF HERCULES.

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THE

PILLARS OF HERCULES;

OR,

A NARRATIVE OF TRAVELS

IN

SPAIN AND MOROCCO

IN 1848.

BY DAVID URQUHART, ESQ., M.P.

AUTHOR OF "TURKEY AND ITS RESOURCES," "THE SPIRIT OF THE EAST," ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE
THE STRAITS OF GIBRALTAR 13

CHAPTER II.

THE CURRENTS OF THE STRAITS 26

CHAPTER III.

GIBRALTAR OF THE MOORS 32

CHAPTER IV.

EXCURSION ROUND THE STRAITS 43

CHAPTER V.

ALGECIRAS—TARIFA 48

CHAPTER VI.

CEUTA 63

CHAPTER VII.

CEUTA—BOMBARDMENT OF TANGIER 80

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER VIII.

PAGE
CADIZ 88

CHAPTER IX.

EXCURSION ROUND THE STRAITS 99

CHAPTER X.

EXCURSION IN THE STRAITS—CADIZ POLITENESS 115

CHAPTER XI.

CARTEIA—TYRE AND HER WARES—GLASS 124

CHAPTER XII.

THE STONE OF HERCULES 134

BOOK II.

THE COUNTRY OF THE ROVERS.

CHAPTER I.

OFF SALEE 163

CHAPTER II.

RABAT 177

CHAPTER III.

THE JEWS AND JEWRY IN RABAT 190

CHAPTER IV.

THE BAIRAM 201

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER V.

PAGE
THE SULTAN: HIS COMMERCIAL SYSTEM 210

CHAPTER VI.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE IN RABAT . . . 214

CHAPTER VII.

CONNECTION BETWEEN MAURITANIA AND AMERICA 223

CHAPTER VIII.

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE OF THE MOORS 230

BOOK III.

THE ARAB TENT.

CHAPTER I.

HUNTING EXPEDITION TO SHAVOYA 238

CHAPTER II.

KUSCOUSSOO 250

CHAPTER III.

THE HAIK 261

CHAPTER IV.

A BOAR-HUNT 275

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INTRODUCTION.

I DID not visit Morocco or Spain on any settled plan. I was on my way to Italy by sea, and passing through the Straits of Gibraltar, was so fascinated by the beauty and mysteries of the adjoining lands, that I relinquished my proposed excursion for the explorations which are here recorded.

Barbary, to the attraction of the unknown and the original, which it shares in common with China and Japan, adds that of association with the country which, of all others, has a claim on our affections—*Canaan*. With Barbary also is interwoven the history of various races, great, ancient, and mysterious: the *Canaanite*, the *Hebrew*, the Highland *Celt*, and the *Saracen*. It has become the last refuge of the Philistine. The Jews, in other countries, by adopting the habits of strangers, have lost their type, which is to be seen alone in Barbary, where Judæa, effaced in Asia, doubly survives. Here must we seek the living interpretation of the Scriptures; here may we find insight into early things.

The connection of the Scotch clans with Barbary depends on no ethnographic affinity, but their passage through, and sojourn in, this land, reveal the history of their wanderings, and explain the peculiarities of their race. Here are to be found to-day the people who made Spain a garden, taught it at once the arts of war and peace; and thence spread that knowledge to the rest of Europe. That stream which then overflowed, has retired to its fountain, where it lies deep, but not changed.

Spain and Morocco present treasures unknown, in those regions which have been subject to repeoplings and fundamental changes. "The life of nations," says Erchhoff, "manifests itself in their language, which is the faithful representative of their vicissitudes. Where chronology stops, and the thread of tradition is broken, the antique genealogy of words that have sur-

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vived the ruin of empires comes in to shed light on the very cradle of humanity, and to consecrate the memory of generations long since engulfed in the quicksands of time." The unchanged tongue here gives additional force to that genealogy—here history is nearly mute. The same monumental character, however, belongs to manners, costume, and tradition. I have not, therefore, hesitated to devote considerable space to these inquiries, as, indeed, they constituted the chief attraction of the excursions, which seemed to be less through new countries than remote ages.

I have to bespeak the reader's indulgence for inviting him often to accompany me with his attention through homely paths. I have brought him in presence of the most trivial practices. I have not described, as a stranger would, a different manner of life; but endeavored, as a native, to explain matters from which we might derive benefits in health, comfort, happiness, or taste, from their old experience. Wherever I have drawn comparisons, it has been for our advantage, not for theirs. It has, therefore, been their merits, not ours, that I have placed in evidence.

I have no expectation that my suggestions will modify the lappet of a coat, or the leavening of a loaf; but there is one subject in which I am not without hope of having placed a profitable habit more within the chance of adoption than it has hitherto been—I mean the bath.

Cleanliness, like inebriety or intemperance, may be at once a fashion and a passion. Appearing among us under both shapes, it has also assumed that of charity. As soon as it was felt that it was shameful to be dirty, it became a work of charity to wash the filthy, no less than to feed the hungry. These dispositions offer an opportunity of reviving the bath in all its classic grace, and investing it with all its Eastern attractions; but the occasion may be lost—that is, we may rest satisfied with what we have done, and the new wash-houses may pass current as achievements of economy and models of cleanliness. The occasion can be put to profit only by the knowledge of the bath in its bearings on the individual and on society; and I have made the attempt to describe it, so that it shall be understood in its uses, enjoyments, and construction.

We have recently been imitating barbarous times in church architecture. These times offer to our admiration usages as well as forms. Shall we have eyes for a Gothic spire, and none for a Roman bath? Nations may have refinement, and yet be destitute of common sense; they may be possessed of sense, and yet

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be without refinement. A people without the bath can lay claim to neither.

Morocco calls attention to the past; Spain directs it to the future. We pass from dreams to delusions, from poetry to politics. Belgium has been termed the battle-field of Europe—Spain is its bone of contention. The Italian Peninsula is the field of the rivalries of France and Austria, which England balances and adjusts. In the East, England and France are united by the advance of Russia; in the Spanish Peninsula they are alone in presence of each other: the aim of each is to gain ascendency, and thence a constant source of irritation.

The political experiment which is at present being made in Spain, consists in applying European terms to a country where there are no European ideas, and European institutions to a state of things wholly unlike Europe. The following fragment of a conversation with a leading statesman conveys that contrast in the fewest words.

Spaniard.—I am sorry that you see Spain in such a distracted condition.

Author.—I am rejoiced to find her in one so flourishing.

Sp.—I wish it were so. Surely you are not in earnest?

A.—I wish my country were in the same condition as yours.

Sp.—But your country is rich, powerful, united. We are poor, weak, and distracted.

A.—I am thinking of the contrast between your people and ours.

Sp.—In what does that contrast consist?

A.—In a larger share of comforts, and fewer political evils.

Sp.—As to the former, I think you are right. I do not think that the people of France have so much of the enjoyments of life as ours; but as for our being freer from political evils than England, I cannot agree with you.

A.—If you will permit me to take them separately, I think we shall find no difficulty in agreeing.

Sp.—Certainly.

A.—The chief source of our animosities springs from differences in religion.

Sp.—We are not troubled with these in Spain.

A.—The next is difference of race.

Sp.—We are free from this too.

A.—Have you two great organized interests, commercial and agricultural?

Sp.—From these too we are free.

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A.—Have you two powerful opinions, monarchical and republican, as those which divide France?

Sp.—We have not.

A.—Have you been brought to within an hour of revolution and bankruptcy by an "ideal standard?"

Sp.—Spain has no financial difficulties of an abstract kind.

A.—Do you suffer from the despotic power of a sovereign?

Sp.—No.

A.—Have you to fear the turbulence of a mob?

Sp.—No; the people of Spain are docile, *when left alone.*

A.—Are there oppressive privileges belonging to the aristocracy?

Sp.—No.

A.—Is the power of the Church excessive, and misapplied, or its wealth inordinate?

Sp.—No, we have none of these evils in Spain.

A.—Have you pauperism?

Sp.—No;—nevertheless we are distracted.

A.—It is, therefore, my turn now to ask, why?

Sp.—I should like to hear your reasons.

A.—They are contained in the fact, that it is I who ask these questions, and you who reply.

Sp.—Our distractions would not subside, if I thought as well of Spain as you do.

A.—My meaning is, that the imitation of Europe is the source of the troubles of Spain.

Since this conversation occurred, Spain has justified these conclusions, by remaining unmoved amid the storm of opinion which has swept over Europe.

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THE PILLARS OF HERCULES.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

THE STRAITS OF GIBRALTAR.

"Nullus amor populi nec fœdera sunto:
Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor,
Qui face Dardanios ferroque sequare colonos;
Nunc, olim, quocunque dabunt se tempore vires.
Littora littoribus contraria, fluctibus undas
Imprecor, arma armis, pugnent, ipsique nepotes."

To thread one's way through a narrow gap from the outer Ocean into a basin spread between Asia, Africa, and Europe, is an occasion which even books of geography cannot render wholly uninteresting and commonplace.

This sea has, at each extremity, a narrow entrance; through both the water rushes in: each forms the point of junction of two quarters of the globe,—Europe there meeting Asia—here, Africa. The first is acknowledged to be the most important position of the globe. The land and sea there reciprocally command each other. A capital, an emporium, and a fortress, combined in one, are placed at the meeting of two continents and two seas, "like a diamond," to use the words of a Turkish annalist, "between two emeralds and two sapphires, the master-stone in the ring of empire."

Had the western entrance received the slightest pressure at its formation, had one of the hills since slipped down into its channel, the Gut of Gibraltar would not be the Ring on the finger, but the rod of Empire in the hand of whoever possessed it. Happily, however, no guns can cross, and no batteries com-

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mand, the passage through which flows the commerce of the world, and, at times, the food of nations.

Both banks of the Bosphorus are under the same dominion, and inhabited by the same people. The channel bisects an Empire and traverses a Capital. Two people, so dissimilar, occupy here the opposite shores, that they might belong to different planets. No fishing-boat ventures across, and if so driven, they take care if they can to anchor beyond musket-shot. As to neighborhood, the whole Atlantic might as well roll between them. As to intercourse, they might as well belong to distinct orders of creation. They hold each other like to those unsightly and malignant monsters to which ancient mythology consigned the western portions of the world. If intercourse is rendered necessary, there is a preliminary parley and a flag of truce, and even the ceremonial of a friendly meeting records the accomplishment of Dido's prophecy and curse.

Yet this is no forbidding land. There are neither sands nor precipices. There are neither rudeness and asperity, nor barrenness and waste. There are lowly vales and verdant plains, as well as gigantic mountains. This great, this beautiful country —this corner of a mighty continent—almost touches Europe. One-half of our whole trade passes along it; yet it is sealed against us more effectually than China or Japan.

European enterprise, by lust of conquest, love of gain, or spirit of proselytism, has made the wide world its vineyard; and, combining its various engines, has, far and near, shattered thrones, and subjugated or extinguished races. How is it that Morocco stands unmoved and unassailed?

All the nations which formed part of the Roman Empire, and have become Mussulmans, have fallen under the sway of Constantinople, Morocco alone excepted. All the barbarous States, which have attracted the cupidity of Europeans, have fallen under their sway, Morocco alone excepted. But the breakers of her shores, the sands of her deserts, the valor of her sons, the wildness of her tribes, have not alone done this. Threatened now by a new enemy and a new danger, the past is worth sifting, in order to anticipate whether or not she will hold her own; or if she fall, whether she will rot away, or sink brightly and bravely, preserving

Genio y figura
Hasta la sepultura.

It is an old story, and we have forgotten it, that on Morocco our first and greatest essays of conquest were made. England

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expended upon the fortification of Tangier more than all she ever advanced for the conquest of India. Portugal and Spain, who had found it necessary to separate, by half the globe, their other enterprises, here combined, and expended more lives, ships, and treasure in their fruitless attempts than in the subjugation of the East Indies and the West. Neighborhood, political hatred, religious animosity, combined with the prospects of dominion, and the hope of obtaining supplies of the precious metals, to urge them to make and continue these attempts. Elsewhere, by their wonderful successes, unknown adventurers—a Cortez, a Pizzaro, and an Albukerque—were converted into heroes. Here Princes of the State and Church, Kings and Emperors, were the leaders—to experience only failure and disgrace. Elsewhere handfuls of men conquered myriads. Here mighty armaments have been annihilated by despised foes. Elsewhere a native power had to do with but one European assailant. Morocco numbered among her assailants every European power. She holds the bones of English peers, of Turkish beys, of Portuguese princes, Andalusian kings. She has foiled an Emperor of Austria, and discomfited in succession the warlike operations, or the political plans, of Cardinal Ximenes, of Philip II., Don Sebastian, and Barbarossa. Spain has some fortified points upon the coast, but they are *blockaded;* and this smothered warfare is a living record of our aggressions, and her delivery.

That event is one of the most remarkable of revolutions.* The Spaniards were in possession of all the north country. The Portuguese had extended themselves along the whole of the seaboard of the west, down as far as Suz. The native troops in their pay at one time exceeded 100,000. The four kingdoms of which Morocco is now constituted, were then distinct, and the

* Ferdinand of Castile, after the death of Isabella, and the conclusion of the Neapolitan war, joined the Portuguese in the conquest of Morocco, on which they were then engaged, and settled the distribution of future conquests. The Spaniards were to have all eastward of Tetuan, the Portuguese all westward of Ceuta. Ferdinand himself led a great expedition of a hundred thousand men; and a second, equally powerful, sailed under Cardinal Ximenes. Millella, Penon de Velez, Oran, Tremcen, Fidelitz, Mostagan, Algiers, Bugia, Tunis, and finally Tripoli, were captured, or occupied on the flight of the inhabitants; so that the Kings of Spain were in possession of the whole coast of Africa, from Egypt to the Straits of Gibraltar; while the distracted Moorish State was vigorously attacked by the Portuguese on the other side, where they had obtained either permanent or temporary possession of Ceuta, Tangier, Arzilla, Larache, Salee, Azymore, Mogadore; and their conquests extended beyond the Ha Ha spur of the Atlas into Suz.

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various courts rivaled each other in pusillanimity and corruption, exhibiting every symptom of dissolution, from the disorders within and the power that threatened from abroad. It was then that a family of mendicants and fanatics issued like lions from the desert, upset the ruling dynasties, rekindled the flame of patriotism, rallied the sinking people, drove forth the invaders, constructed a common Empire out of these divided States, and placed their Dynasty upon the throne, which it occupies to this day.

From that time only have Europe and Africa become strangers to each other; and so Morocco has maintained the independence so strangely won.

What renders this non-intercourse surprising is neighborhood; yet that is its explanation. Here Europeans could not be taken for Children of the Sun, nor supposed to be quiet traders seeking only commerce: the watchfulness of this people was not, as in India, overreached, nor their affections, as in America, surprised.

The men who, in times of difficulty, have made themselves immortal names, have done nothing more than endeavor to arouse their countrymen from false security, or to guard them against mistaken confidence. The Moor is deficient in polite literature and is ignorant of Greek; but he already was in himself what the wisest words of Demosthenes might have taught him to be, and was prepared to do what the loftiest strains of Tyrtæus might have inspired. From the beginning the African has been preyed upon by the other quarters of the globe. His wrongs have been stored up in his retentive breast.* Thence that hate which is his life; by it he has anticipated the

* "EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRENCE IN AFRICA.—A letter from Gerli (Gerba), regency of Tunis, recounts a strange scene of recent occurrence. There exists at Gerli a sort of pyramid, constructed of the heads of decapitated Christians, principally Maltese, Sicilians, and Spaniards, who fell or were taken prisoners at the battle of the 29th of July, 1560. At the request of Sir T. Reade, the British Consul, and the Vicar Apostolic of Terrara, the Bey sent orders to the governor for the demolition of this lugubrious monument. Saturday, the 7th of August, was the day fixed for the ceremony. All the authorities were assembled. No sooner, however, had the masons commenced operations, than some Zouavian soldiers and other armed individuals rushed into the arena, and with yells of rage shouted that the time was come for substituting the skulls of the Christians present on the spot for those of which the pyramid was constructed. The governor attempted in vain to appease these fanatics. He was so ill treated as to be compelled to retire. It is hoped that Sir T. Reade will be called upon to obtain satisfaction for this outrage."—*Paris paper.*

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lessons of wisdom, and by it he is a match for science and power.*

Morocco has consequently been in this, distinguished from the other countries that surround the Mediterranean—she has not till now furnished to France and England fuel or field for rivalry and contention. Now she is brought again within the vortex of European politics, and identified in interest with Spain by having the same neighbor, and that neighbor the rival of England. We may again see rehearsed on the same arena, the drama of Rome and Carthage.

As I floated down this river, of which the Atlantic is the fountain, and the Mediterranean the sea, remembering the Dardanelles, I felt with Cicero, that he indeed was happy who could visit, on the one hand, the Straits of Pontus, and on the other, those

"Europam Lybiamque rapax ubi dividit unda."

And that Atlas, sustaining the heavens on his shoulders,† no less than Prometheus fixed upon the Caucasus, might convey in fables early and divine truths.

This is a spot which has influenced the destinies and formed the character, not of one but of many people: it is the home of the fleeing Canaanite, the borne of the wandering Arab; it was the limit of the ancient world. That world of mystery and of poetry, was not like ours. It was not crammed into a Gazetteer, nor were its laws a school-boy lesson learned by rote. These Straits,‡ then the peculiar domain of mythology, were approached with natural wonder and religious awe. The doubtful inquirer came hither to see if the sky met and rested upon the earth—if Atlas did indeed bear a starry burden—to discover what the world was—whether an interminable plain, or a

* "Africa, in its interior, is the least known quarter of the globe, and perhaps fortunately for its inhabitants will long remain so."—HEEREN, *Carthag.* c. iv.

† Ἐπεί με χ' αἱ κασιγνήτου τόχοι
Τείρουσ' Ἄτλαντος, ὃς πρὸς ἑσπέρους τόπους
ἑστηκε, κίον' οὐρανοῦ τε καὶ χθονὸς
ὤμοιν ἐρείδων, ἔχθος οὐκ εὐάγκαλον. ESCH. *Prom.*

‡ The Straits were the pivot of Cicero's cosmography. In the Tusculan Disputations, commemorating the wonders of nature, he speaks of "*the globe of the Earth standing forth out of the Sea*, fixed in the middle space of the universal World, habitable and cultivated in two distant regions; that which we inhabit being placed under the axis towards the seven stars; the other region, the Australian, unknown to us; the remainder uncultivated, stiffened with cold, or burnt up with heat."

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ball lanched in space or floating on the water—whether the ocean was a portion of it or supported it—whether beyond the "Pillars"* was the origin of present things, or the receptacle of departed ones—whether the road lay to Chaos or to Hades.

And something, too, of these feelings crept over me, even although I came hither merely to ruminate on the past deeds of men, the shadows of which I looked for on the face of that watery mirror, which was the centre of their solid globe—the resolver, the adjuster of all their contests. The Mediterranean has made the world such as it is. Ancient history has been balanced on its bosom; and without the passage connecting it with the ocean, none of the events of recent history could have happened.

To the dwellers on the skirt of Palestine she was a handmaid for a thousand years, affording a liquid way for the wares which they scattered over half the globe: From her bosom rose on all sides those sea-kings of the south, the Pelasgi. She bore the Etruscans to their Ausonian homes. She furnished to the African daughter of Tyre, the elements of the power by which she was enabled to compete for the dominion of the world. Transferred by the struggle of a few hours, and by the sinking of a few craft—she carried with her that dominion to Rome, and fixed it there for centuries.

When the course of that Empire was run, and barbarism had spread over the land, she fitted up new and beautiful things upon her shores; nurtured Amalphi and Venice and Pisa, and built up Genoa and Barcelona. Then opened a new order. Seamanship, by magnetic touch endowed with wings, dared to lose sight of earth: issuing from these portals, it gave to the princes of the Peninsula the knowledge of a new world, and the title of lords of the eastern and western hemispheres.

Maritime power, now no longer pent up within the land, was successively competed for and attained by Holland and by England: it conferred upon the one independence at home—upon the other, dominion in the remotest regions of the earth. Here are connected the first enterprises of man and his last struggles. Hence was the path sought to Britain. Here now floats Brit-

* Ὑμεῖς δ', ὦ μοῦσαι, σκολίας ἐνέποιτε κελεύθους
Ἀρξάμεναι στοιχηδὸν ἀφ' ἑσπέρου Ὠκεανοῖο.
Ἐνθά τε καὶ στῆλαι περὶ τέρμασιν Ἡρακλῆος
Ἑστᾶσιν, μέγα θαῦμα παρ' ἐσχατόεντα Γάδειρα,
Μακρὸν ὑπὸ πρηῶνα πολυσπέρεων Ἀτλάντων,
Ἠχί τε καὶ χάλκειος ἐς οὐρανὸν ἔδραμε κίων
Ἠλίβατος, πυκινοῖσι καλυπτόμενος νεφέεσσι.

DIONYSIUS AFRICANUS.

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ain's standard. The ruins of the Temple of Hercules saw Trafalgar's fight. Here the hero of the Phœnix, prince, navigator, trader, conqueror of monsters, fertilizer of lands, found again the tides of his early home in the Indian ocean,* and set up his Pillars. His mighty shade has its resting-place on the spot which is honored with his name.

The next stage of discovery brings us to Columbus and Gama: this was the goal of the enterprise of the Phœnician—it was the starting-post of the Ligurian. In the unexplored waste a second Thule succeeded, and a new Peru supplied the exhausted one of old. "The stone of Hercules" and the "cup of Apollo"† showed the way to the regions toward which the one had traveled, and where the other set. But the modern adventurers had the problem solved for them, not in the reasonings only, but in the poetry of the ancients.‡ They had divided the earth, by degrees—fixed their number and measure—they knew the length of the day—they knew how many hours the sun spent over the regions they were acquainted with. Fifteen twenty-fourths of his time they could account for. Nine hours remained unexplored to complete the circle.§

* Philostratus, in the life of Apollonius, mentions that he himself had seen the ebb and flow, which he ascribes to the true cause. "All the phases of the moon during the increase, fulness, and wane, are to be observed in the sea. Hence it comes to pass that the ocean follows the changes of the moon by increasing and decreasing with it."

† By the rediscovery of the mariner's compass, the voyage along the western coast of Africa became practicable, and to this is owing the passage by the cape to India, as well as the discovery of America. Without Columbus that discovery would have been made. The Portuguese, in their second expedition to India, fell on the Brazils just as the Chinese junk on its way to England was forced to America.

‡ Ὠκεανός τε πέριξ ἐν ὕδασι γαῖαν
Εἱλίσσων.

Ὃς περικυμαίνει γαίης περιτέρμονα κύκλον.

Song of Orpheus.

§ Eratosthenes of Cyrene measured the terrestrial meridian by the problem worked out from the well of Syene. To predict eclipses the mechanism of the heavens must be known. They were predicted by the ancients, *e.g.* Thales in the seventh century before Christ, Eparcus of Mycea, in the second; Hellico of Cyzycus, and Eudemus. Anaxagoras of Clasomene narrowly escaped death for explaining their cause. Among the Romans, Sulpicius Gallus predicted an eclipse during the war against Perseus; and Drusus, by doing so, quelled an insurrection (Tacit. Annals. I. 28). Pythagoras taught publicly that the earth was a sphere, and the centre of the universe; but he communicated to the initiated its double motion round its axis and the sun. Cicero was the friend of the man who calculated the exact distance of the moon, and approached to that of the sun.

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But while Don Henry was daily gazing over the unmeasured expanse to the west, the use of the globes and the rationale of geography were being taught in Italy in verse. The sun must be expected, Pulci sings, there whither he hastens; where he sets, it cannot be night: space is not useless, because to us unknown, nor that ocean without shores beyond which washes ours. Then there are continents bordering the deep, and islands studding its bosom; nor are these barren of herbs, nor are herbs and fruits given in vain: there, too, there must be men, who have gods like us, the work of their hands, and sorrows the fruit of their will. Read his vaticination.

"Passato il fiume Bagrade ch'io dico,
Presso a lo stretto son di Gibilterra,
Dove pose i suoi segni il Greco antico
Abila e Calpe, a dimostrar ch'egli erra
Non per iscogli o per vento nimico,
Ma perchè il globo *cala de la terra*
Chi va più oltre, e non trova poi fondo,
Tanto che cade giu nel basso mondo.

"Rinaldo allor riconosciuto il loco,
Perche altra volta l'aveva veduto,
Dicea con Astarotte: dimmi un poco.
A quel che questo segno ha proveduto?
Disse Astarotte: un error lungo e fioco
Per molti secol non ben conosciuto,
Fa che si dice d'Ercol le colonne,
E che più là molti periti sonne.

"Sappi che questa opinione è vana;
Perchè più oltre navicar si puote
Però che *l'acqua in ogni parte è piana,*
Benchè la terra abbi forma di ruote:
Era più grossa allor la gente umana:
Tal che potrebbe arrossirne le gote
Ercole ancor d'aver posti que segni,
Perchè più oltre passerano i legni.

"E puossi andar que *ne l'altro emisperio,*
Però che *al centro ogni cosa reprime;*
Si che la terra per divin misterio
Sospesa sta fra le stelle sublime,
E là giù son città, castella e imperio,
Ma nol cognobbon quelle genti prime:
Vedi che il sol di camminar s'affretta,
Dove io ti dico che là giù s'aspetta.

"E come un segno surge in oriente,
Un altro cade con mirabil' arte,
Come si vede qua ne l'occidente,
Però che il ciel giustamente comparte;

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Antipodi appellata è quella gente;
Adora il sole e Juppitèrra e Marte
E piante e animal come voi hanno,
E spesso insieme gran battaglie fanno."*

This remarkable passage has been esteemed a prognostication of the discovery of America; it should rather be called directions to find it out.†

But what were the Pillars of Hercules, and where are we to look for them? Are they really the rocks which frown or smile across the Straits, such as it has pleased the imagination of poets to picture them? If so, then might the fable be deemed an extravagance. As Jacob set up his stone at Bethel, and called it the house of God;‡ as Joshua set up in Jordan pillars for the tribes of Israel, so did Hercules set up his altars, when he had reached the ocean. Over them in subsequent times the temple which bore his name was raised, but there was no image;§ none of the child-sacrifices of Baal; none of the lasciviousness‖ of Bætica, and of the worship of Astaroth. They worshiped, indeed, deities unknown, or consecrated thoughts, and services contemned elsewhere. Three altars were there, to Art, Old Age, and Poverty. From a Greek tourist, who, thaumaturgist as he was, comprehended very little of what he saw, I quote the following:—

"In this temple, two Herculeses are worshiped without having statues erected to them. The Egyptian Hercules has two brazen altars without inscriptions, the Theban but one. Here we saw engraved in stone the Hydra, and Diomedes' mares, and the twelve labors of Hercules, together with the golden olive of Pygmalion, wrought with exquisite skill, and placed here no less on account of the beauty of its branches, than on that of its fruit, of emeralds, which appeared as if real. Besides the above, the golden belt of the Telamonian Teucer was shown to us . . . The pillars in the temple were composed of gold and silver; and so nicely blended were the metals as to form but one color. They were more than a cubit high, of a quadrangular form, like anvils, whose capitals were inscribed with characters *neither*

* "Morgante Maggiore," Canto xxv. stanza 205–9.

† The proposition of Columbus was, "Buscar el levante por el ponente." To find the east by the west. This was precisely the mistake made by the Greeks, who had gained the idea of the spherical form of the east without the knowledge of its dimensions. It was, in fact, the repetition of the words of Aristotle—Συνάπτειν τὰν, περὶ τὰς Ἡρακλείους στήλας, τόπον περὶ τῶ τὴν Ἰνδικήν.

‡ In the Highlands the church is still called *clachan*, or the stones.

§ "Sed nulla effigies simulacrave nota deorum."—Sil. Ital.

‖ "Castumque cubile."—*Id.*

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Egyptian, nor Indian, nor such as could be deciphered. These pillars are the chains which bind together the earth and sea. The inscriptions on them were executed by Hercules in the house of the Parcæ, to prevent discord arising among the elements, and that friendship being interrupted which they have for each other."*

There was no Hercules, but the Tyrian worshiped here. The temple was Tyrian, the rites were Tyrian, and the Tyrians did not borrow from the Greeks. What I say is but the repetition of what Appian, Arrian† and others have said. In fact, there was but one Hercules. The writing could only be Phœnician. By the testimony of Greek travelers, the pillars were *square stones;* and the tradition of their being the links which bind together the earth and the sea, again connects these with the occasion upon which they were erected: they were both in Europe.‡

To call Calpe and Abyla "The Pillars of Hercules" was a license, and might be a poetic one; but to assume these mountains to be so geographically, was to withdraw the license by destroying the poetry. This solecism modern philosophy has adopted!§

Out of this error arose the dull plagiarism of the Bœotian Charles, who gave to the presumptuous arms, in which those of the Peninsula were quartered with those of the Empire, two Pillars as supporters, which are to stand for the traditional altars and the figurative hills. The motto was "plus ultra," taken from "ne plus ultra," both equally meaningless after the discovery of America. The dropping of the particle *ne* announced the unlimited ambition of his nature, and the narrow limits of his mind and scholarship.‖

* Phil. in Apoll. v. 5.

† Καὶ τῷ Φοινίκων νόμῳ ὅτι νεὼς πεποίηται τῷ Ἡρακλεῖ τῷ ἔκει καὶ θυσίαι θύοντο.—L. 2.

‡ Ἀπὸ Ἡρακλείων στηλῶν τῶν ἐν τῇ Εὐρώπῃ ἐμπόρια πολλὰ, κ.τ.λ.—Scylax.

Cadiz has still retained them as her arms:—

"The Tyrian islanders,
On whose proud ensigns floating to the wind,
Alcides' Pillars towered."—*The Lusiad*, b. iv.

§ There is a dispute between Mannert and Gosselin about Hanno's measurements, because they will not take his point of departure, viz., "the pillars of Hercules," but will take Mounts Abyla and Calpe. Heeren, as usual, interferes, and settles the matter thus: "The pillars of Hercules did not so much mean Abyla and Calpe as the *whole Straits!*"

‖ Bacon has adorned his first edition of his "Novum Organum" with

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The Two Columns are still often heard of throughout the Mediterranean, and sometimes seen in the shape of the dollar of Charles V., which is superior in value to those of his successors, and is known by the name of *Colonato*. Strange vicissitude! The Phœnician Melcarth's votive offering become a money-changer's tale! The story is now ended, and the circle complete. Bright-eyed poetry—strong-handed enterprise, have descended to ambition and solecism, vulgarity and gain, and having begun with virtue idolized, we end with gold become the idol.

I have been speculating on the influence exercised by this passage on human events: the physical condition of the globe offers a parallel field.

Let us suppose, that the gap had been just wide enough to supply the water lost by evaporation, for which the thousandth part of the present passage would suffice:—the Mediterranean would have been a salt-pan.

The yearly deposit would have been an inch, the yearly produce 80 millions of cart-loads, or 50,000 times the quantity of earth displaced in constructing the London and Birmingham Railway. Supposing then this evaporation to have gone on since the deluge, the result would be, a field of 750,000 square miles of salt, fifty fathoms thick—that is, the Mediterranean would be a tank of brine, and perhaps we should have a fresh-water ocean outside in lieu of a salt one.* This has been prevented by the straits being wide and deep enough to allow an admixture of the waters.

In all other geological facts, there are presented subordinate effects only. You may reason from the completeness of the whole, and the adaptation of the parts to a supreme creating Will. But this adjustment of the forms of nature to the use of man, appears less a geological incident than a specimen of animal organization.

Going a step further, let us suppose the ocean shut out altogether.† What sights should we then have seen? Since the

a frontispiece, where a vessel is seen sailing forth between the two columns.

* I am here venturing to anticipate a future conclusion of science, viz. that the sea is salt only to a certain depth.

† "How different would have been the present state of temperature, of vegetation, of agriculture, and even of human society, if the major axes of the old and new continents had been given the same direction; if the chain of the Andes, instead of following a meridian, had been directed from east to west; if no heat-radiating mass of tropical land extended to the south of Europe; or if the Mediterranean, which was

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Deluge the evaporation, at the present rate, would have reduced by this time the level 8000 or 10,000 feet; but in proportion as it sunk, and the shallow borders became dry land, the temperature would rise, and the moisture of the atmosphere diminish. The evaporation would be more and more rapid, and the surface of the Mediterranean might have sunk as far beneath its present level as Mont Blanc soars above it.*

It is singular that the Tartarus of Virgil and Dante is cast in this very region; but it would then have been no fabled terrors: natural objects would have outstripped their fancies. The breath of this furnace would not have been pent up in its caverns, but have spread its blight over the finest regions of Africa, Europe, and Asia, blasting in their bud the glories of the Capitol, the eloquence of the Bema, the sculptures of the Parthenon, the trophies of the Memnonium, the enterprise of Tyre, and the wealth of Carthage; and these fair and fertile shores would have been a wilderness, overhanging an abyss of death. The Chinese, the Hindoo, or, perchance, the Seminole philosopher, would have been journeying here to visit the bowels of the earth laid open to the sun.

What observations and experiments to make on the converse phenomena to ours—on the increase of intensity of heat and pressure on the powers of men or animals! What speculations on the old orders of the animal and vegetable kingdoms under new conditions! What new ones called into existence! What magnetic and electric phenomena to reward the Empedocles who ventured into this crater of 4000 miles' circumference! Imagine Lebanon or Etna rising 30,000 or 60,000 feet, and Cyprus, a plateau, suspended a mile and a half above the plain of burning salt or boiling brine! What treasures for the historian—the exuviæ of animals and men—the refuse of centuries washed down by the streams—the dead of extinguished races buoyed up and floating through each other in the brine, or caught and cured in the salt as the mammoth in the ice! The geologist would then have enjoyed the sight of strata unmodified by a retiring deluge, and feasted his eyes on the reality of chaos, and an earth fitted for salamanders, megalosauri, chei-

once in connection both with the Caspian and Red Seas, and which has so powerfully favored the social establishment of nations, were not in existence; that is to say, if its bed had been raised to the level of the plains of Lombardy and of the ancient Cyrene."—*Cosmos*, vol. i. p. 205.

* "The levels of the sea of Tiberias and the Dead Sea are respectively 666 and 1311 English feet below the level of the Mediterranean."—*Cosmos*, vol. i. p. 288.

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rotheria, and mastodons. The Simoom would have extended its empire from the Sahara to the plains of Languedoc, and, cherished by his breath, the locust would have asserted her sway up to the English sea. Such, horrid and inane, must have been the "sweet south," had not this channel been dug, and this purple sea poured in—reflecting the heavens above,—dispensing around moisture to the fields, health to the people,—yielding its body to their keels, its breezes to their sails. For this were these portals opened, which man so long has deemed a mystery denying his scrutiny, and a barrier defying his adventure.

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CHAPTER II.

THE CURRENTS OF THE STRAITS.

THE Mediterranean is like a bag with two necks filling at both ends. The current through the Dardanelles presents exciting varieties, but no perplexing mysteries. It is the discharge of the surplus of the Black Sea, and the current is subject to the influences of the northerly and southerly winds; being reversed when the latter long prevails. At Gibraltar all is disorder—the stream incessant—the level on both sides the same. The tide rises and falls, yet the current always runs out of the ocean and into the Mediterranean. So determined is this rush, that the gales of the Equinox neither quicken nor ratard it, and the phases of the moon have no power over it. It bursts through all obstacles and transgresses all laws, and seems to move by a will of its own—too strong to be disturbed, too deep to be discovered. During my excursions I was engaged in examining these phenomena, and I will commence with stating the results of several months' cogitation and inquiries.

I first applied myself to test the old explanation of an undercurrent, by endeavoring to float substances at various levels, and after great trouble in procuring lines, and having machines of various kinds made, I found that without a frigate's tackle and crew no results could be obtained. I was thus reduced to mere scrutiny of the alleged facts, and of the alleged theory. The facts amount to this: a vessel, in 1754,* was fired into from the battery, it sank in face of the rock, and was afterwards cast up in the bay of Tangier.

A vessel, when it sinks, goes to the bottom, and if fragments of it are detached and are cast ashore, it is only because they float, that is, they rise to the surface. This story will not, therefore, serve the theory, even if authentic. There is nothing to prevent a ship or timber from floating out; for close in shore, on both sides, the tides of the ocean rise within the Straits to the height of four feet: of these, boats take advantage to get

* See James's History of Gibraltar.

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through against both wind and current. Sometimes, indeed, though it very rarely happens, the whole current is reversed; and vessels working during the night, and reckoned on being carried fifty miles to the eastward, have found themselves in the morning ninety miles to the westward of the point where they expected to be—that is to say, carried forty miles over the ground to the westward during the night.*

Having thus disposed of the only, but incessantly quoted fact, I proceed to the theory. Reasoning, however, there is none, for it amounts to nothing more than this: "What becomes of all this water? It cannot go to the Black Sea, from which the Mediterranean receives water; it cannot escape by a subterranean passage into the Red Sea, for the level of the Red Sea is higher by thirty feet. Then there is an undercurrent discharging the water back again into the ocean."

Water moves by its weight. Unless there is difference of level, there is no motion. The resistance is from the bottom according to its roughness, and the *vis inertiæ* is felt at the top—thus the greatest speed is at about two thirds of the depth; here there is no difference of level, nor is the water acted on superficially by any propelling power. There is no prevalence of winds to account for a current at the surface. So great is the momentum of the stream, that, unlike the currents of the Dardanelles, it is neither accelerated by favorable winds, nor even retarded by adverse storms. The idea of an overcurrent running against an undercurrent is so opposed to all experience, that to be admissible, proofs would be required, and it could never be received as an hypothesis to account for an unexplained phenomenon.

Thus, the theoretical explanations utterly fail; yet there is action without agent, momentum without motor, currents without winds or declivity, and a vessel constantly filling without escape or overflow. A mighty river rushes over its bed; but this river is not moved by its weight; it runs on a dead level† to the sea it reaches from the fountain whence it springs.—That fountain is the ocean itself! No wonder that this should be the first of ancient mysteries, and the last to be explained.

Before I had discarded the idea of an undercurrent, or had

* This happened to the *Phantome*.

† The excellent geodesic operations of Corabœuf and Deleros have shown, that at the two extremities of the Pyrenæan chain, as well as at Marseilles and the northern coast of Holland, there is no sensible difference between the level of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean.—*Cosmos*, vol. i. p. 297.

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discovered the insufficiency of the evaporation to account for the indraught, I was sitting on Partridge Island (a small rock within the Straits), and gazing with astonishment at the enormous mass of water running by me, when the question occurred to me, *what becomes of the salt?* If the water evaporate, the salt remains; here then is the sluice of a mighty salt-pan—where is the produce? This has been going on for thousands of years; is there a deposit of salt at the bottom? If so, why have the abysses of the Mediterranean not been filled up? But salt is not deposited; how then is the Mediterranean not become brine? Then I saw that the evaporation would not account for the indraught, and before I descended from that rock, I had solved the problem. That solution is—an undercurrent produced by a difference of specific gravity between the water of the Mediterranean and the ocean.

If you take two vessels, and fill one with fresh water, and the other with salt, or the one with sea-water at its ordinary charge of 1030, and the other with sea-water of higher specific gravity, such as would result from evaporating a portion of it, say 1100, and color differently the water in the two vessels, and then raise a sluice between them, you will instantly have two currents established in *opposite directions*. In fact, you produce currents of water, like currents of wind, by the converse of rarefaction.

"Recent discoveries," says Humboldt, "have shown that the ocean has its currents exactly as the air. Living, as we do, upon the surface, they have been beyond our reach; but now, having obtained soundings to the depth of four miles, we have ascertained that there is a rush of icy water from the Pole to the Equator, just as there is a draft of air close to the earth in the centre of Africa. The Mediterranean offers an apparent anomaly of a higher temperature at great depths. This Arago explains by the fact, 'That the surface of the water flows in as a westerly current, while a counter-current prevails beneath, and prevents the influx from the ocean of the cold current from the Pole.'"* If there was nothing to determine the currents at the entrance of the Mediterranean, save the relative degrees of cold at great depths between it and the ocean, the cold water would run in at the lowest depths, and the warm water would run out on the surface, which is precisely the reverse of what it does.

Here is a body of water 740,000 square miles in extent, subject hourly to the increase of its specific gravity. Upon the surface, a crust of salt is left in the course of every year, sufficient to give a double charge to the depth of six fathoms. To adjust

* *Cosmos*, vol. i. p. 296.

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the difference thus created with the ocean, there is but a narrow inlet,—a mere crack upon the side of the vessel, an interval of six miles left in a circumference of four thousand. By this, in its deepest part, the heavier water will have to find its way out, and thus occasion an indraught of water above, besides the demand created by evaporation. It remains to be ascertained by experiment, that the specific gravity of the water in the Straits varies at different levels, and at what level it commences to move outward. These experiments will present great practical difficulties from the tides at the sides, which will mingle the streams; and, from the shallowness toward the ocean, they must be made in the middle and at the Mediterranean side. The evaporation, and the differences of specific gravity, will give the means of calculating the amount of water passing through in both directions, and the depth and velocity of the two currents. But it may be inferred that the currents will have the greatest speed at the top and the bottom,—that their velocity will diminish toward the centre, and that a neutral space of dead water will remain, not only in consequence of the counter-impetus of the currents, but because of the nearer approach of specific gravity, and the mingling of the two waters, which would destroy the moving power.

With this solution we can at once understand the powerlessness of tides and storms, currents without difference of level, or prevalence of winds: the volume of the stream is accounted for, the mass of salt disposed of, and the apparent rebellion against the laws of Nature put down.

By tables kept for several years at Malta, it appears that the Mediterranean, at that point, varies in level between winter and summer no less than three feet. In winter, when there is no evaporation, and when the quantity of water falling in the immediate vicinity of the Mediterranean is greatest, the level is lowest. The cause, I should take to be the pressure of wintry wind. In like manner, those erratic movements in the Straits may result from difference of atmospheric pressure without and within.

These currents, by the testimony of the ancients, have not held from the beginning—they have been the results of successive modifications of the channel. This is singularly borne out by the traditions of the neighboring people and the geological features of the coast.

Eldressi narrates, as an old and popular story of his day, that "the Sea of Cham (Mediterranean) was in ancient times a lake surrounded on all sides, like the Sea of Tabaristan (Caspian),

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the waters of which have no communication with any other seas. So that the inhabitants of the extreme west invaded the people of Andalusia, doing them much injury, which they, in like manner, did to the others, living always in war, until the time of Alexander,* who consulted his wise men and artificers about cutting that arid isthmus and opening a canal. Thereupon they measured the earth, and the depth of the two seas, and saw that the Sea of Cham was not much lower than the Sea Muhit (Ocean); so they raised the towns that were on the coast of the Sea of Cham, changing them to the high ground. Then he ordered the earth to be dug out; and they dug it away to the bottom of the mountains on both sides; and he built there two terraces with stones and lime the whole length between the two seas, which was twelve miles; one on the side of Tankhe (Tangier), and one on the side of Andeluz. When this was done, he caused the mound to be broken, and the water rushed in from the great sea with violence, raising the waters of the Sea of Cham, so that many cities perished, and their inhabitants were drowned, and the waters rose above the dikes, and carried them away, and did not rest until they had reached the mountains on both sides."

The Moors have also a Myth. "The sea," they say, "was created fresh, but exalting itself against its Maker, gnats were sent to drink it up. It then humbled itself in the stomach of the gnats, and prayed to be relieved, so the gnats were ordered to vomit it forth again, but the salt remained from the stomach of the gnats an eternal sign of its disobedience."

Before suggesting the interpretation of these myths, I will

* In Eastern tradition there are two Alexanders: the first is Dualkernein, whom the Bretons claim as their leader from the Holy Land, and the opponent of Joshua. According to the authorities cited in Price's Arabia (p. 54), the first Alexander was also a Macedonian, and built a city in Egypt, on the site of the city afterwards raised by the Macedonian. The ramparts of brass at the Caspian gate were attributed to both Alexanders—they are by the Koran given to the first. (Sale's Koran, ch. xvii. p. 120; Merkhond's Early Kings of Persia, p. 368.) Al Makkari says, the same Alexander built towns of brass in the Canary Islands. Macarius, patriarch of Antioch, speaks of the Dardanelles being opened by Alexander, and that he placed his own statue on the top of one of the hills (Travels, vol. i. p. 33–40). Thus confounding together the deluge of Ogyges—the cutting the canal of Athos—the opening the Straits of Gibraltar. Alexander seems to have adopted the title of the two former to favor the analogy (see Merkhond, 334; Price, 49; Temple of Jerusalem, p. 119). Alexander Dualkernein is still a hero of the Spanish nurseries.

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point out the change which the coasts and channel have undergone.

The description of the Straits by Greek and Roman writers is so unlike their present appearance, that, but for the impossibility of doubting the identity of the objects, we must have supposed their words to apply to some undiscovered region. Who could recognize the deep sea and the iron-bound coasts of these narrows, in a plain of sand furrowed by rivers running in from the ocean, which it was difficult to reach, not from the strength of the stream, but the intricacies of the passage—who would imagine the necessity of constructing flat-bottomed boats to get across from Gibraltar to Ceuta, where now there is above one thousand fathoms, or of transferring the ferry to the Atlantic side of the Straits, where at present the depth is not one sixth of what it is in the other, in order to get more water? Yet there is no doubt that these details apply to these spots, nor can we question the known accuracy of the writers, or escape from the concurrence of their testimony. We are reduced, then, to the necessity of admitting some great revolution in the features of the country, and a total change in the nature of the current.

The explanation is easy: the bank of sand, left by the retiring waters of the Deluge, which covers the western border of Africa, reached to the coast of Andalusia, and the remnants of it still lie on the eastern side of Gibraltar, and fill the caverns exposed to that side; on the depression of the Mediterranean by evaporation, the water of the ocean would filter in, the sand would be gradually removed. The amount of sand on the Mediterranean side of the "Rock," shows that a plain nearly one thousand feet above the level of the sea once stretched across to Africa, where now the channel is one thousand fathoms deep. This has been worked out by the overfall, while on the Atlantic side the water shoals to one hundred and eighty fathoms, presenting the character of an estuary with a bar from the rush outward of the under-waters, since the Gut was sufficiently deepened to admit of the currents in opposite directions. The center part of the channel is worn down to the rock or to gravel, every particle of sand has been removed from the bottom. Two inferences may be drawn: 1st. That the process of removal was likely to be accompanied by sudden inbursts, which would submerge the borders. 2d. That the Mediterranean, in early ages, was fresh, and afterwards became, as it evaporated, very salt, until the channel was deepened to allow of its mixing with the ocean. What else is implied by the myth of the midges and the fable of Alexander?

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CHAPTER III.

GIBRALTAR OF THE MOORS.

THERE is no place of which it is more difficult to form an idea without seeing it, than Gibraltar. One naturally expects to find a fortress closing the Mediterranean with its celebrated galleries and enormous guns facing the Straits. It is nothing of the kind.

The Straits are, at the narrowest part, seven miles and a quarter wide; but that part is fifteen miles from Gibraltar. It is only after you have passed the Narrows that you see the "Rock" away to the left. Ceuta, in like manner, recedes to the right; the width being here twelve miles. The current runs in the center, sweeping vessels along, and instead of being exposed to inconvenience from either fortress, they would generally find it difficult to get under their guns. The batteries and galleries face Spain, and look landward, not seaward. Whatever its value in other respects, it is quite a mistake to suppose that it commands the Straits, or has ever had a gun mounted for that purpose.

Gibraltar is a tongue three miles long and one broad, running out into the sea, pointing to Africa, and joined to Spain at the northern extremity by a low isthmus of sand: it presents an almost perpendicular face to the Spanish coast. Seen from the "Queen of Spain's Chair," it resembles a lion couching on the point, its head toward Spain, its tail toward Africa, as if it had cleared the Straits at a spring. Geologically speaking, it belongs to the African hills, which are limestone, and not to those of the opposite Spanish coast, which are crystaline. Mount Abyla is called by the Moors after Muza, who planned the expedition, and Calpe is now named after Tarif, the leader who conducted it. Seen from the mountains above Algesiras, the rock resembles a man lying on his back with his head on one side. The resemblance of Mount Athos to a man I have made out in a similar manner.

The side toward the Mediterranean is now made inaccessible

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by scarping, but it was nearly so before. Toward the point at the south, the rock lowers and breaks down till, on the Bay side, it shelves into the sea; thence along the Bay, which in its natural state was an open beach of sand, gently sloping up until shouldered by the steep sides or precipices of the Rock. This level ground affords the site for the present town. The southern and larger portion has been converted into the beautiful pleasure-ground called the Almeida, or is occupied by barracks and private residences. Half of this bristling tongue was formed unapproachable,—man has fenced in the other. This sea-wall from end to end is the work of the Moors. Antiquarians have endeavored to find here Roman and Phœnician remains. I should just as soon expect to find a Roman fortress at John O'Groat's, or a Phœnician emporium on Salisbury Plain. It was reserved for a shrewder people than Carthaginians, Romans, Greeks, or Goths, to discover Gibraltar's worth.

There are three elevations on the ridge, one in the center, and one at each extremity. That in the center is the highest; and here is the signal station, from which works are carried straight down to the beach at the ragged staff. The upper part of the Rock is like a roof, and down it, like forked lightning, runs a zigzag wall. Below this stony thatching there is a story or two of precipices; the line of defense drops over them and on the works, which shut in the town on the south, and which consist of a curtain-bastion and ditch. In the rear of this wall (the zigzag) there are the remains of a still more ancient one. A great amount of labor has been expended upon this almost inaccessible height. These zigzag, or flanking lines, are naturally assumed to be modern, and the wall goes by the name of Charles V., who restored the fortification below; but the loop-holes are for cross-bows. The diagonal steps at the landing-places, the materials and the coating, as well as the whole aspect, show them to be Moorish. Heterodox as this opinion was held when I first broached it, it was not impugned after two inspections by the officers best qualified to pronounce on such a matter.

On the north, too, all our defenses are restorations of the Moorish works: even in the galleries they have been our forerunners. Their open works were in advance of ours, and a staircase is cut out through the Rock down to the beach. In fact, save in what is requisite for the application of gunpowder, or what is superfluous for defense, the Moors had rendered Gibraltar what it is to-day. They have even left us structures of the greatest service, as resisting the effects of gunpowder, and

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such as we are able neither to rival nor to imitate. On the great lines, in consequence of the many changes which have taken place, the original work has been displaced or covered up, and especially so along the sea-wall; but, ascend to the signal-post,—crawl out on the face of the Rock to the north,—examine even yet Europa Point—Rozier Bay, and everywhere you find the Moor.

It is impossible to move about at Gibraltar, without having the old tower in sight, and it is difficult to take one's eyes off it when it is so. No aspiring lines, no graceful sweeps, no columned terraces exert their fascination, nor is it ruin and dilapidation that speak to the heart. The building is plain in its aspect, mathematical in its forms, clean in its outlines, with a sturdy and stubborn middle-aged air, without a shade of fancy or of wildness. Nevertheless, the eye is drawn to it, and then your thoughts are fixed on it—and they are so, precisely because you cannot tell why.

It constitutes the apex of a triangular fort, and, massy and lofty itself, it thus assumes a station of dignity and command. The annals of time are traced on it—here by the arrow-head still sticking,* there by the hollow of the shot and shell. It has borne the brunt of a score of sieges, and stands to-day without a single repair. On its summit, seventy feet from the ground, guns are planted. The terrace on the roof is cracked, but the surface is otherwise as smooth as if just finished. The pottery-pipes fitted in to carry away the water, are precisely such as might have been shipped from London. A semicircular arch supports a gallery on the inner side. A window opening in this gallery, now blocked up, is like a church window with the Gothic arch chamfered. The exterior was plastered in fine lime, and there are traces of its having been divided off into figures. It has now, by the barbarians in possession, been rubbed over with dirty brown to make it look *ancient*. The turrets on the walls below have been furbished up to look like cruet-stands, and the staring face of a clock† is stuck in a Saracen tower.

The upper story only is explored and open; the flooring is perfectly smooth, and the roof stuccoed. There is a bath-room and a mosk; the former has a figured aperture slanting through ten or twelve feet of wall, to admit the light, as in the domes of Eastern baths. The other parts of the building are as much unknown as those of the unopened Pyramids. If these

* The last one disappeared while I was at Gibraltar.

† This Vandalism was gazetted, and the turret termed "Stanley Tower."

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ruins had been in the hands of the tribe that live on the rock above, there would have been exhibited at least as much taste, and certainly more curiosity.

The standing walls adjoining the towers exhibit faces of arches that covered in halls and surrounded courts. The second portion of the fort is at present used as a prison. The lower inclosure is of greater extent, and in the line of the wall is a remarkable Egyptian-looking building, square with buttresses at the angles and a pyramidal roof—roof and walls one mass of Moorish concrete (Tapia). It is as perfect as it was a thousand years ago, and may be equally so a thousand years hence. It is at present used as a powder-magazine, and is divided into two stories. The flooring of the upper hall is supported in the middle by a block of masonry some fifty feet square. This apartment is curiously ventilated.

This Moorish fort is, as a whole, a building of great interest. An architect of the last century speaks of it as one of the most remarkable on the soil of Europe. It was no embellishment of, or defense for, a capital; it was raised in time of trouble on a remote promontory as a protection for insurgents. It was antecedent to art in Europe,—the people who raised it did not imitate Rome; they must have brought this art with them. It stands a match for man and time, defying at once the inventions of the one and the ravages of the other.

Here is an original in design and substance, a work surpassing those of the Romans in strength, and equaling those of the Egyptians in durability.

As the zigzag lines have been attributed to the Spaniards, so on high authority is a much more recent date* than that which I here assign to them given to the Moorish fort and tower; but supposing them to be of no earlier date than the fourteenth century, they would still illustrate a style of architecture which the Moors introduced, and which, like language, is lost in the mists of antiquity.

They are now busy in demolishing the works that connected

* Afterward, at Madrid, Don P. Gayangos referred me to Ibn Batuta as fixing the date in the fourteenth century. On consulting that traveler, I find that he spoke of repairs under Abn El Haran, who ascended the throne of Fez in 1330. An inscription which existed in the last century, and of which a facsimile is given in Col. James's History of Gibraltar, seems to fix the date at A.D. 750. The following is the passage from Ibn Batuta:—"A despicable foe had had possession of it for twenty years, until our lord the Sultan Abn El Haran reduced him; he then rebuilt and strengthened its fortifications and walls, and stored it with cavalry, treasure, and warlike machines."

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the Moorish fort with the harbor. While tracing the old wall from the former to the latter, I came upon a large arch, and satisfied myself that this had been an entrance to an inner harbor. On subsequent reference to James's History of Gibraltar, I find that this was well known in his time.

During these researches, in which I spent a month, I had not the aid that is generally obtained from the observations of others. I often attempted to look into books, but was always constrained to throw them aside, and return to the writings on the wall. What manner of men were these Moors?—the ruins suggested the question, and books furnished no answer.

On the sea-side, Gibraltar is open to the fire of vessels, and would have been captured on one occasion, but for the dissensions between the combined forces. We have retained it only by a new invention, *red-hot shot.*

The land-entrance is defended as follows: first, the isthmus round the north face of the Rock is dug out and filled with water, and between this basin, called the Inundation, and the Bay, a causeway only is left, which can be swept away at once, by the enormous guns from the overhanging caverns. Behind the Inundation, is the glacis, elaborately mined; and behind the ditch there is a curtain, mounting eighteen or twenty guns, which fills up the gap between the Rock and the works on the port. As you advance along the narrow causeway between the Inundation and the Bay, you have this curtain in front. To the right stretches out into the water, a long low mole called the "Devil's Tongue," and between it and the curtain, there is tier upon tier of embrasures over the Port and the Port entrance. To the left of the curtain, the sharp engineering lines scale the rocks, and link the chain of defense to the Moorish Tower. Thence the cliffs sweep away round to the left, parallel to the causeway, along which you are advancing. The Rock is shaved into lines for musketry, or pierced with port-holes, which stretch away in rows far and high. On the crest of the first precipice, batteries and guns are scattered. You see them again on the loftiest summit of the Rock, so that as you approach, you pass over ground swept with metal, and through successive centres of converging fire. This is by the Spaniards called "Bocca del Fuego." At each step, from all around, above, below, from Merlon, rock, and cavern, mouths of iron—some of them caverns themselves—open upon you.

This is the only portion of the contour of the place that an assailant could approach or batter. With a sufficient garrison, and superiority at sea, so as to throw in provisions, the

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place is clearly impregnable. The breaching batteries would have to be advanced beyond the guns on the northern portion of the rock, and the advanced works would be looked into, and down upon. In no sieges had either breach been attempted, or third parallel drawn. The batteries on the crest of the Rock, termed Willis's, were the effectual defense, by their plunging fire into the Spanish works. The siege, properly speaking, was an attempt to starve, by cutting off supplies at sea, and to break down by sheer superiority of fire and shelling. The operations from the sea would have been successful but for the red-hot shot. The vaunted galleries have been constructed since the siege, and are mere matters of ostentation.

Gibraltar has neither dock nor harbor. The Bay and anchorage are commanded by the Spanish forts, St. Barbara and St. Philip. These are leveled at present; but they will arise on the only occasion that we can require protection—that is to say, a war with Spain. They, therefore, must be restored in the mind's eye, if you would form any estimate of the value of this fortress in case of war. They were dismantled during the late war by the Spanish government, lest the French *should occupy them*, and destroy the English shipping. The Spanish government, however, formally reserved its right to rebuild them. The question has been lately raised by our sinking one of their men-of-war in their own waters, while pursuing a smuggler.

The guns of St. Barbara command the anchorage and batter the harbor; the shells from it and St. Philip pass clean over the Rock, lengthways, and can be dropped into every creek where a shoulder of rock might shelter a vessel from the direct fire. During the siege by France and Spain the post was of no use. Unless when superior at sea, we had to sink our vessels to save them.

In Gibraltar, there is little trade except contraband; the natural commerce having been systematically discouraged, that the martial departments might not be troubled, and with the view of reducing it to a mere military establishment. The fiscal regulations of Spain, which sustain this traffic, would long since have fallen but for its retention by England. We, therefore, lose the legitimate trade of all Spain for the smuggling profits (which go to the Spaniards) at this port.

Gibraltar does not command the Straits. It does not present means of repairs for the navy. It does not afford shelter for shipping in case of war. It does not advantage, but seriously incommodes our trade. It does not afford the means of invading or of overawing, or even in any way annoying Spain,

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however much it may irritate her; for no fertile country, populous region, or wealthy city is exposed to it, and there is no highway by land or sea which it can command.

William III., when he conspired for the partition of the Spanish monarchy, on the demise of Charles the Second, stipulated for Gibraltar, the ports of Mahon, and Oran, and a portion of Spain's transatlantic dominions. On the death of the last of the line of Philip Le Bel, Louis XIV. was bought off by the offer of the crown for his grandson. The English and the Dutch then set up Charles the Third, and sent a squadron in his name to summon Gibraltar to surrender. The garrison consisted only of one hundred and ninety men; but it held out. The Dutch and English battered, and took it. The flag of Charles the Third was hoisted, but suddenly hauled down and replaced by the English, to the surprise and indignation of our Dutch allies. Thus was revealed the secret condition of the compact.

Gibraltar was all that England did get out of that war, and as this robbery went a great way to insure her discomfiture, and to establish Philip the Fifth upon the throne, we may consider Gibraltar as the cause of the first of those ruinous wars which, made without due authority, and carried on by anticipations of Revenue, have introduced among us those social diseases which have counterbalanced and perverted the mechanical advancement of modern times.

Gibraltar was confirmed to us at the treaty of Utrecht, but without any jurisdiction attached to it, and upon the condition that no smuggling should be carried on thence into Spain. These conditions we daily violate. We exercise jurisdiction by cannon shot in the Spanish waters (for the Bay is all Spanish). Under our batteries, the smuggler runs for protection; he ships his bales at our quays; he is either the agent of our merchants, or is insured by them; and the flag-post at the top of the Rock is used to signal to him the movements of the Spanish cruisers.*

We take it for granted that Gibraltar has been honorably, some will even say chivalrously, won in fair fight; that it has been secured by treaty and is retained on duly observed conditions; or, perhaps, we never trouble ourselves about such matters, and imagine, therefore, that other nations are equally indifferent; but if any one of us would take the trouble to imagine the fortress of Dover in the possession of France, or Austria, or Russia, he would then comprehend why Napoleon said that

* When this was told to M. Thiers, he would not believe it, till he went out and watched the balls and flags, and had the use explained to him by a boatman of the port.

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"Gibraltar was a pledge which England had given to France by securing to herself the undying hatred of Spain."*

Now let us see the cost. The first item in the account is the Spanish War of Succession. From the consequences of that war and the retention of Gibraltar, the family compact of the Bourbons arose. The subsequent European wars are thus partly the cost-price of Gibraltar.

This combined power weighed constantly against England and her fortune. If these effects were to be calculated in money, it would be by hundreds of millions. The actual outlay, however, is enormous. Gibraltar must have cost at least, 50,000,000*l.*† If any one were to do us the favor of taking it off our hands, we should save 30,000,000*l.* more, for the interest of that sum is absorbed by its yearly outlay.

I cannot speak of this place in any sense as English. I must recollect only and describe it as Moorish. To the Moors it owes its reputation and its strength; and it had for them value. It was acquired by them in a fair, open, stand-up fight. It was selected with judgment, fortified with skill, and defended with valor. The reason why the place was of importance to the Moors was, that they were *invading Spain from Africa*, and that, without the *superiority at sea.*

We have had experience of Gibraltar for a century and a half: we have carried on great wars during that time, maritime and territorial combined. The Mediterranean, as much as the ocean, has been the field of our operations. Spain has been the arena of contest. In the history of time, there has been no series of events so calculated to bring out the value of this fortress, if it had any (except as above stated), yet what have we to show?—Merely a position which we have defended. We never acted from it; we have never invaded Spain by it; we have never

* Napoleon, in captivity, being asked if he really had the intention of attacking Gibraltar, or the hope of getting possession of it, answered, "It was not my business to relieve England from such a possession. It shuts nothing, it opens nothing, it leads to nothing,—it is a pledge given by England to France, because it insures to England the undying hatred of Spain."

† The following is only suggested as a rough guess:—

Ordinary expenditure during ninety years of peace, .	£18,000,000
Extraordinary expenditure during fifty-five years of war,	22,000,000
Sieges, including expenses of fleets for its defense, vessels for its supply, loss of ships to the enemy, &c., . .	10,000,000
Fortifications, ...	5,000,000
	£55,000,000

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supported Spain through it; we have never refitted at it. It has figured in war solely in consequence of operations against it, or by the necessity of accumulating and locking up there our resources for its protection.

The question of its value for England can only arise in the case of Spain being against us. Spain being with England, Gibraltar would be at our disposal as Ceuta was during the last war. In the hands of Spain no sane man would ever think of attacking it. When William III. fixed upon it, it was because he was seeking for something to cover his real purpose, which was to involve the nation in foreign wars.

Gibraltar is the very point where it would be desirable for Spain that an invader should land. It is the apex of a rocky province, well defended and destitute of towns and subsistences. Without the command of the sea, you cannot attack Spain from the sea; and having that command it is the plains of the Guadalquiver you would seek, the open entrances into Grenada and Valencia. It would be the towns of Malaga, Cadiz, and Barcelona—there the vital parts are exposed.

The Carthaginians attacked Spain from Africa. The Romans, like the English, supported Spain; at least, they began by doing so. Yet neither Carthaginian nor Roman fixed upon Gibraltar. Scipio has told the whole story, and Livy has preserved his words, yet no one seems to have read them. They are of special value; for the contest for Spain, and through Spain, for the world, was not so much between Rome and Carthage, as between two families, the Scipios and the Barcas. The passage I refer to, is in Scipio's speech to the soldiers before the walls of Carthagena, the spot where Spain was most vulnerable from Africa, and where Africa might be most heavily struck from Spain.*

Had the Moors been able to do what the Carthaginians did, they would not have fixed on this rock. Having been defeated at sea before the first invasion, they had to steal over by the nearest point. Gibraltar was their *tête de pont* across the Straits. Ceuta, their place of arms, was immediately opposite, yet, with all these propitious circumstances, Gibraltar came to be of importance only *as commanding the bay of Algesiras*,

* "Potiemur præterea cum pulcherima opulentissima que urbe tum opportunissima, portu egregio unde terra marique quæ belli usus poscunt suppeditentur. * * Hæc illis arx, hoc horreum, ærarium, armamentarium, hoc omnium rerum receptaculum est. Huc rectus ex Africa cursus est. Hæc una inter Pyrenæum et Gades statio. Hinc omnis Hispania imminet Africæ."—Livy.

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which they had made strong, though not naturally so, by sheer building and fortification.

Gibraltar now lives on its former credit. There are no Scipios or Hannibals now-a-days, nor even Napoleons or Walpoles.* We are now men learned in facts. Gibraltar being a place of great strength, it is assumed to be a place of great value, and we are perfectly content with having for the sake of it disturbed Europe, endured the abomination and the load of public debt, sullied our name, and squandered our treasure. And yet this cost would not be wholly vain, if the word "Gibraltar," could but bring some of that blood to the cheek of the Englishman, which it causes to rush to the heart of the Spaniard. No doubt there is for the Spaniard a conflict of disgusts, and he has severally been under obligations to England and France, when spoiled by the other; but that has been, as regards him only, a temporary relaxation of wickedness and perfidy, and in aiding him, each has only been opposing its own antagonist.

The Spaniard alone in Europe has retained the faculty of looking at a nation's acts as those of a man, and appreciating it thereby. He does not ask what it says or intends, or what food it eats, or how many servants it has. He looks at its *dealings* with himself. The Spaniard knows that his two neighbors, for one hundred and forty years, have been seeking to rob and overreach him; plotting one day the partition of his property, the next, the supplanting of his heir; constantly engaged in intrigues among his servants, and the one or the other insisting on ruining his steward. He sees that, during all that time, they have gained nothing; but while injuring him, have themselves squandered incalculable fortunes and innumerable lives,—what can he feel toward them but hatred and disgust? Fortunate is it for them, he does so; for this prevents either of them getting a footing in Spain: if the one could, the other would and could also; and the scenes of the Inquisition would then be repeated. But in the struggle of Rome and Carthage, the world remained the prize of the victor; the struggle between England and France will be certainly at the cost of both, and assuredly will terminate in the supremacy of neither, and out of Spain that contest may yet come, unless there be sense enough in one country or the other to know what its agents are about, and to stop them.

* He did his best to restore it to its rightful owner.

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GIBRALTAR AS EXHIBITED IN MURRAY'S HAND-BOOK.

"It was captured during the War of the Succession by Sir George Rooke, July 24th, 1704, who attacked it suddenly, and found it garrisoned by only one hundred and fifty men, who immediately had recourse to relics and saints. It was taken by us in the name of the Archduke Charles; this was the first stone which fell from the vast but ruinous edifice of the Spanish monarchy, and George I. would have given it up at the peace of Utrecht, so little did he estimate its worth, and the nation thought it 'a barren rock, an insignificant fort, and a useless charge.' What its real value is as regards Spain, will be understood by supposing Portland Island to be in the hands of the French. It is a bridle in the mouth of Spain and Barbary. It speaks a language of power which alone is understood and obeyed by those cognate nations. The Spaniards never knew the value of this barren rock until its loss, which now so wounds their national pride. Yet Gibraltar in the hands of England is a safeguard that Spain never can become a French province, or the Mediterranean a French lake. Hence the Bourbons north of the Pyrenees have urged their poor kinsmen-tools to make gigantic efforts to pluck out this thorn in their path. The siege by France and Spain lasted four years. Then the very ingenious M. d'Arcon's *invincible* floating batteries, that could neither be burnt, sunk, nor taken—were burnt, sunk, and taken, by plain Englishmen, who stood to their guns on the 13th of September, 1783."—(p. 341.)

"Gibraltar, from having been made the hotbed of revolutionists of all kinds, from Torrijos downward, has rendered every Spanish garrison near it singularly sensitive; thus the Phœnicians welcomed every stranger who pryed about the Straits, by throwing him into the sea."—(p. 226.)

"There is very little intercommunication between Algeciras and Gibraltar: the former is the naval and military position from whence the latter is watched, and the *foreigner's* possession of Gibraltar rankles deeply, as well it may. Here are the headquarters of Spanish preventive cutters, which prowl about the bay, and often cut out those smugglers who have *not* bribed them, even from under the guns of our batteries: some are now and then just sunk for the intrusion, but all this breeds bad blood, and mars, on the Spaniards' part, the *entente cordiale*." —(p. 227.)

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CHAPTER IV.

EXCURSION ROUND THE STRAITS.

Tetuan, June 15th.

I HAVE been a week in Barbary. I landed at Tangier, and crossed the country to this place, but I have been too busy taking in and digesting, to put pen to paper. If I could abstract my eastern self, the task of description would be comparatively easy. Yet Morocco is as different from the East, as the East is from Europe; nor has it only the interest of diversity. This land seems the common parent of both: things come suddenly upon you, which carry you back to the earliest times, or afford the key to the commonest present customs. The idle curiosity first awakened, is soon changed to a sense of the importance of every trifle.

I will begin with the last thing I have seen. I have just returned from the gardens called Kitan, about three miles from this place: they are in a wooded valley at the beginning of the fore-foot of the lesser Atlas, which towers above. We passed through lanes of tall reeds, partitioning off other gardens, and entered by a gate a lofty apartment, composed of split reeds woven together in various trellis patterns: over the higher parts, the vine was trained; the sides, windows, and doors were festooned with jasmine. Here our horses were left; but the gardens in Morocco are adjusted for equitation, and the covered alleys are high enough to be ridden through. The ornamental buildings were ruined, and the garden is let out as an orchard for its fruit. A broad terrace supported a reservoir on a level with the tops of the trees, and on it stood a pavilion. The whole exhibited a stamp and character of its own, and one could quite imagine it to belong to the people who had introduced gardening into Spain; or rather, who had converted Spain into a garden. I was no less surprised to find realized an early association of my own, of Morocco and gardens. No doubt the materials are here ready formed,—luxuriant vegetation, infinite variety of plants, charming sites; and these alone are

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enchanting to us of more northern climes; but none of these are wanting in Spain—at least the difference is slight, and in degree only; but here there is a type and style.

There were the same hedges of reeds; lanes of cactus, trellises of cane. Before Mirza crossed the Straits, or the Saracens issued from the desert, the Arabs came not to teach, but to learn the culture of flowers, and the irrigation of fields; they came to pluck the fruit, not to plant the seed of the golden tree. So, in like manner came the Greeks. I want no books to tell me where were the Hesperides. I tried to forget the taste, figure, and perfumes of the orange and lemon, and the trees that bear them, that I might, with the Greeks who first saw these bowers, enjoy the surprise of their dark perpetual green, of the white untiring flowers, of the freshness, ever ready for the thirsty, stinted by no season, and throughout the year lavishing on all the bounty and the fragrance of their golden fruit.

I have never seen men so wild and savage; yet they are of a noble nature. The costume of the East is grand, rich, picturesque: but here is the antique. Elsewhere men are dressed, here they are draped. The figures around are statues, not men.

This is the most interesting country I have ever been in. I have trodden a new quarter of the globe,—I have beheld a new form of room, a new costume, a new kind of garden, novel and yet most ancient.

At a glance you perceive that here you have got to the fountain which falls back to whence it rises. If you had broken through to a people dwelling beneath the Pyramids, you could not have firmer assurance of rest and immutability; yet they are alive and on the surface of the earth, and in sight of that giant of velocity, Europe, which has been bounding from precipice to precipice of years, spanning gulfs of centuries, and counting thousands of revolutions of the sun to arrive only at forgetfulness. These know nothing of Old Time. He cannot, indeed, be denied in private intercourse; but as regards the state and society, his glass has no sand, his sythe no edge, his arm no swing.

At last I have met a janizary! Here only that proscribed race could find a resting-place for their foot. The persecuted, the tracked and hunted of all times, creeds, and systems, have found here their last home. The ocean here stopped the wanderer and the fugitive; the desert afforded them cover. His delight was unbounded: he has been following me about all day. The old janizary was of the Oda "Fish." He showed me the fatal mark upon his arm. He took me to visit some

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Algerines who were employed in spinning silk, and in embroidery. They unbosomed themselves, and I discovered, although I might have known it before, that the Moors and the Algerines are two. One of these men had property in, I think, Tlemsin, which the French had offered to restore to him; but he preferred staying where he was, because not afflicted by the *sight* of the French. Our dress, and especially our uniform, produces a painful impression upon the eye of the eastern, and I could refer in illustration to Napoleon's remarks on military costume when in Egypt, as given in the great work of the "*Victoires et Conquêtes des Français.*"

At Tangier I had to take up my quarters in a Jew's house, and I went there late—merely to sleep; but that was out of the question, for the Jews collected in the *patio*, or center court, made too much clatter. One night I was invited to tea by a party of Moors, from Fez, who were occupying an apartment in the same house. This happened to be my first meeting with the gentlemen of the country—and I shall not forget it. They wore large white turbans; were very portly, with sallow countenances, broad faces and foreheads. The haïk or white gauze web, in which they are wrapped in the streets, was laid aside, and they were seated cross-legged in a small circle with the tea-tray in the middle. Tea, and a large quantity of sugar, and sweet herbs, are put into the pot together. It was the first time I had heard the name of Abd-el-Kadir pronounced. I introduced it by asking them what news of the "*Emir?*" A sudden movement of surprise followed: they turned glances of astonishment the one to the other. One of them inquired what was thought of the Emir in Europe? I answered, it was known that he was fighting in defense of his native land. There the conversation dropped. I, at the time, imagined this reserve to be prudential; but they hate him as an Algerine, and fear him as a disturber. They urged upon me that France was repeating in Algiers her former game in Egypt; and England doing the reverse of what she had done; and that France, stretching to Tunis on the one side, and to Morocco on the other, would involve Europe in war. I was often stopped in the streets with questions about the fortifications of Gibraltar.

"May I see," said one, "a war 'between England' and France, and I shall die content." "All the Mussulmans," said another, "look to you. We have God in Heaven, and only England on earth." An old Algerine captain told me that, at the time of the Spanish War, the Spanish consul had explained to him as follows, why England had succored Spain. "The founder of

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their race had left to them a paper on which was written, 'I leave you ships and men, and this commandment—when a robber appears on the earth, strike him; but touch not the booty;' therefore the English drove the great Napoleon first out of Egypt, and then out of Spain, and took neither for herself."

A Moor at Tangier, who speaks a little English, said to me, pointing to shot-marks, "French got guns *so* big—Moors *so* big (making a circle with both arms, and then a small hole with his forefinger and thumb), and then fire away. Shame! shame!"

The word Moor is a very awkward one. I do not like to use it, and know not what to substitute for it. There is no race so named. Barbary is inhabited by Arabs and Brebers. The western part is again subdivided between the town and the country, the inhabitants of which are essentially distinct. Then the so-called kingdom of Morocco is composed of four distinct kingdoms, namely, *Fas*, which we call Fez, to the north; *Marueccos*, which we call Morocco, in the middle; *Tafilelt* to the east; *Suz* to the south. The term Moor, cannot be derived from Morocco, as is generally supposed, for if it were so derived, it would be confined to Morocco.

The metropolis has been sometimes at Morocco, sometimes at Fez. These kingdoms have been separated. Then the Mussulman dominion in Spain has been subdivided; then the African power predominating in Spain, and then the Spanish in Africa. Then there have been different dynasties and systems. A tribe has established its supremacy over the rest. A religious sect has done the same, whence the term Benimarines al Mahadehs and al Moravides. In the impossibility of fixing any term which should apply to the whole system, its races, faiths, and circumstances, the Spaniards adopted that which belonged to ancient Mauritania, and which, no doubt, was the name by which strangers knew the original race.

The difficulty which has presented itself to strangers has been no less a puzzle to themselves, and they have been wholly unable to confer a name either upon themselves or upon their country. They style themselves Mussulmans, and nothing more, and they use that term in every way. They would say "France has attacked the Mussulmans;" and, again, "There are many Mussulmans in the market," meaning, in the one case, the *Moorish State*, and in the other a mere *crowd*. Their own history is told in the name which they give to the country, the "West;" and the proper title of the Emperor of Morocco is the "Sultan of the West." This was imitated by the monarchs of Portugal when they took the title of Prince of the *Algarves*.

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The matter at present of most immediate interest in this quarter, is the imposition of heavy duties on British Trade, of which I heard a good deal at Gibraltar. I objected to a merchant who was complaining of it, that the Sultan of Morocco was only conforming to European science and practice. Yielding to this argument, he declared it to be *ungrateful*, as we had stood their friends against the French—so ignorant were they at Gibraltar of what people thought and said at Tangier. I observed, that if the French did as he said, it was very ungrateful in *them*, yet only a consequence of our own acts. He said, "Oh we have treaties with Morocco, and our government will take care to have them enforced." I asked him what confidence he could have in treaties with any power, since at Algiers, where we had a right to trade on paying five per cent., we have submitted to the French tariff. "Oh," said he, "the Moors are not sharp enough to see, or strong enough to take advantage of that."

There is nothing more amusing than to hear a merchant of Gibraltar speaking about "right" and "treaties." It is the only place where you hear such words. Yet their commerce is smuggling, which is here alone on earth interdicted by treaty.

I have several times seen Dr. Hughes, the Roman Catholic Bishop, a venerable and worthy man, whose name is well known in England from the persecutions he has undergone in his endeavors—and I am glad to say successful endeavors—to put down at Gibraltar that system of Church government, or rather priestly usurpation, which prevails in Ireland, and which makes Ireland England's chief difficulty—namely, paying priests by fees. He was very much puzzled to comprehend that I intended to go to Rome, and that I should be acquainted with leading persons of his church, and interested in it, without being about to join it: our conversation was constantly interrupted by his returning, with a view to proselytism, to dogmatic points. It occurred to me to repeat to him what the captain of a Tunisian man-of-war, lying in the Bay, had said to me just before. "What the Muscovites have long been in the East, the French are now becoming in the West: the world is changed; *all* (meaning Christians) have become robbers." The subject of proselytism was then dropped. Yet the Turk had put the case very mildly. Sir Charles Napier wrote after the battle of Meeanee, "I rode over the horrid field, and questioned my conscience. *The blood be on the head of the Ameers!*" Alas! is this the way in which a Christian questions his conscience?

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CHAPTER V.

ALGECIRAS—TARIFA.

TOWARD the end of August I determined to profit by the last of the fine weather, and to take a cruise in and about the Straits, shaping my course by the will of the winds. Police and quarantine regulations are in this neighborhood perplexing; so I first sailed to Algeciras to get letters of introduction, and such papers as would admit me at Ceuta, and the other Spanish Presidios on the African coast.

The governor anticipated my request; the letters were folded, and the address put, in the Turkish fashion, *across*. The Spaniards use this form for official letters only; it is of course a remnant of the Moors.

I observed also at Algeciras, that a black cord tied to a walking-stick, is the mark of judicial authority, whether civil or military, and is said to be a practice of the Goths.

As we were landing, the cargo of a smuggler, just brought in, was being conveyed on men's shoulders to the royal stores. In coming across, we were enlivened with the chase of a little punt, by two scampanas. The *Terrible*, celebrated as a smuggler, and subsequently as a catcher of smugglers, lay at anchor beside us. Other vessels have been constructed on her lines, but none have equaled her speed. The rig of the smuggling boats is one large lateen-sail, the mast stayed forward, a long bowsprit, carrying a jib of like proportions, and a lateen jigger. Three sails thus compose the suit: they have nearly an upright stem, a round stern, and spread well out upon the water. The *Terrible*, as a smuggler, could have 'run' in one night goods to the value of £20,000.

We walked in very pretty gardens of a social kind—at once public and private; they are laid out in stars, the paths diverging from centers. The gardens are separated from the path by a small ditch and a low hedge, enough to keep out an intruder, but not to intercept the view: so that each person has the profit of his own grounds, and the sight of all the others.

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After our walk, I was conducted to his house by the Fiscal, and we discussed ancient usages. He almost repeated Sir Francis Palgrave's words in speaking of liberty, that the purpose of government is only to obtain adjudication. He laughed at the use of Greek words in politics, &c. I happened to refer to the address to Charles V. of the Cortes of Arragon, when they said, "How shall the king have strength to carry on war, unless the nation has examined into its causes, and found it to be expedient and just?" He expressed his astonishment at hearing such a maxim quoted by an Englishman. "For two hundred years," said he, "Spain has injured no one, and has been unceasingly injured by England and France, without benefit to themselves." On parting, he made me a present of Cornejo's "Law Dictionary," a rare work.

The following morning, accompanied by Mr. D. and Mr. B., I paid a visit to the general, who bore the old Iberian name of Lara; when a very interesting conversation took place. He was much excited by a reference to some discussions with the Governor of Gibraltar, about rebuilding the forts of St. Barbara and St. Philip, and took occasion to expatiate on the mistake of the English on the subject of Gibraltar. "By it," he said, "you may irritate Spain, but you cannot injure her or benefit yourselves. You mistake these Straits for the Dardanelles: there is no padlock on the Mediterranean. Tarifa would command the Straits if they could be commanded: you blow up and abandon Tangier, which, being to windward, might have served you, and hold Gibraltar, which can never serve you in any way, unless indeed your object be to convulse Spain, and fill her with hatred of the English name." The gentlemen present dwelt much on the dishonorable nature of the capture of the place, and on the injury they suffered by our retention of it, and the use we made of it. One of them said it would be worth their while to give Cuba in exchange. They were surprised and delighted at hearing my opinion; but the note was changed when I referred to Ceuta.

Though I had been at Algeciras on several occasions, I now, for the first time, visited the walls. I commenced on the southern side, and I could trace them around the crest of a low flat hill. The towers are close to each other, and about twenty feet square, of solid Moorish *tapia*. To the north they are more remarkable. A large tower projects into the sea, and is still forty feet in height. I had to scramble over solid pieces of masonry, lying about like fragments of dislocated strata! It is not the carefully-chiseled and mathematically-adjusted blocks of

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the Egyptian, Persian, Greek, or Roman architecture. The materials of these walls, not their building, is the marvel. One mass, twelve feet thick, twenty-five feet high, and thirty long, has fallen fifty feet, without breaking. While examining these masses, I observed in the water large globes, and thought at first they were urns, but on closer inspection they proved to be *shot*, and I found one twenty inches in diameter, and weighing about seven hundred pounds. The governor was kind enough to permit me to have it carried away—indeed, he offered me one still larger from the store in the artillery-ground. These, it is true, might have been intended for the catapulta; but gunpowder was unquestionably known at the time to the Mussulmans.

Algeciras was razed immediately on its capture, and has never been restored. That event preceded, by two years, the battle of Cressy, which England gained partly by her first use of gunpowder. Was this art, then, learned at Algeciras? There were English auxiliaries in the ranks of the besiegers.

Looking on these remains, I tried to put myself in the place of our forefathers beleaguering this fortress, when, for the first time, they saw, heard, and felt this terrestrial lightning. It was not Neptune with his trident upturning the walls, but Jupiter with his bolts defending them. Algeciras, Troy-like, is memorable by its destruction. The princes of Christendom and of Islam assembled from far and near to its siege. During this operation, the Spaniards so suffered from Gibraltar, then in the hands of the Moors, that Alonzo the Great, during whose minority it had been lost, vowed that he would retake it. After great and vain efforts, he ended his days in the camp before it. To raise money for the siege, excises were first invented. The French word *Gabelle*, and *Gabella* the Italian, come from the Spanish *Al Cabala*, which is from the Arabic.* This Bay is thus remarkable as the birthplace of two inventions, which have changed in modern times the features of war and the characters of peace. The other to which I refer is at Cressy, two centuries before that.†

* From *Kabyle* (tribe) came cabala, which signified both corporation and market-place. This tax was levied in the market-place, and was a repetition of the tenth, which by the Mussulman law was levied on the spot of production.

† "The battle of Cressy furnished the earliest instance on record of the use of artillery by the European Christians. The history of the Spanish Arabs carries it to a much earlier period. It was employed by the Moorish king of Granada, at the siege of Baza, in 1312. It is distinctly noticed in an Arabian treatise as ancient as 1249, and Casiri

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The Chinese, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, used not merely gunpowder, but bombs, against the Moguls. Nothing can be more clear than the description of the latter in the Turkish writers quoted by D'Ohsson in his history of the Mogul conquests. From China and the Tartars, the discovery might have passed, as paper did, to the Arabs. The link was established between Pekin and the Amoor, the Amoor and the Oxus, the Oxus and Bagdad, Bagdad and Cordova. But indisputably the Saracens were working their way toward the discovery —the granulation of that composition, which was all that Friar Bacon, the pupil of the Moors, wanted to convert his crackers and squibs into cartridges.*

It is but natural that they should have possessed gunpowder before we did, for they anticipated us in guns. Artillery, at its very origin, attained in their hands perfection. Discoveries and practice only conduct us back to the kinds of ordnance at which they arrived *per saltum* and at once. Murat II., at the siege of Leodra, cast guns which carried ball of fourteen hundred weight. Such Titanic engines may still be seen at the Dardanelles, and Baron de Tott consulted respecting their use. At the battle of Cheesme, in 1790, the Russian admiral fell aboard the Turkish admiral and drove in his guns. While the vessels were thus foul and grappling, the Turk discharged *one shot* from inboard; it broke through the Russian on the opposite side. She immediately filled and sank, but locked in her deadly grasp, her antagonist sank with her. They now lie side by side "full fathom five." At that time, the armament of our heaviest vessels con-

quotes a passage from a Spanish author at the close of the eleventh century, which describes the use of artillery in a naval engagement of that period between the Moors of Tunis and Seville."—PRESCOTT.

* See "The Merchant and Friar." It has been imagined that explosive powder was known to the ancients. It is singular that the priests of Delphi could always protect their Temple against barbarians (who were uninitiated) by thunder and lightning; but never against Greeks (who were initiated.)

Pliny speaks of the art of bringing down lightning being made common after the siege of Troy.—Lib. ii. ch. 53. Philostratus, Lib. ii. *Life of Apoll.* l. iii. ch. 3, says that Hercules was repelled by the Indians, who lanched lightnings. The Gentoo code forbids the use of fire-arms. Coming down to modern times, Langlès supposes it to have been used by the Saracens against St. Louis. In the work of Marcus Græcus, "Liber ignium ad Comb. hostes," it is said to be referred to, and exactly described in, Julius Africanus, ch. 44; and about the time that Roger Bacon was amusing himself with crackers, an Arab poet was describing the granulation of gunpowder in verse, Langlès "Apud Salverte," t. ii. c. 8. If the Arabs had had it from us, they would have taken our word, or given to it a constructive name. Their term is original—*Barut.*

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aisted of twenty-four pounders, and of course a "First Lord" would have scoffed at the idea of a sixty-eight or eighty-four pounder afloat.

I am afraid I should never get on if I entered on the subject of fortification; but I may say in two words, that the structures of the Moors, so long in advance of artillery, have borne unscathed its brunt. At the Gibelfar of Malaga, Tarifa, Alcala, &c., are to be found rudiments of advanced works, of glacis and counterscarp, with a regular system of flanking walls. At Estepona, I observed angular fortification, the link between the old system and the new. There are walls for the purpose of resisting artillery, twenty-five feet high and as many thick, on which the guns must have been mounted *en barbette*. Their Spanish pupils anticipated Vauban.*

This region has been fertile in destructive inventions. Gunpowder was first used for mining by the Spaniards at Baza, about 1480, superseding the old practice detailed in Timour's Memoirs, which was, to set fire to the beams which supported the roof of the mine after it had been carried under the walls.†

It was in the Straits of Gibraltar, before Ceuta, that artillery was first introduced afloat, in 1518, by Don Gonzalo Zarto, in the service of Don John of Portugal.

It was at the last siege of Gibraltar that shells were thrown horizontally, and that red-hot shot were first used. But antiquity also furnishes her share of discoveries. It is not traveling too far to set down as belonging to the same list, the sling of the Balearic Islands, and the leaden bullets which, as Ælian tells us, the Romans obtained from Morocco. The battering-ram was first used at Cadiz, during the short struggle between the Phœnician colonists and their unnatural brothers of Carthage.‡ The Iberian sword borrowed by Rome, may also be recorded in presence of the first Roman colony—Carteia.

* Bastions à Orëillons were constructed by a canon of Barcelona, 1514. Vauban was born one hundred and twenty years later.—See LABORDE, vol. i. p. 58. The bastion is accidentally noticed, and not as then a new construction.

† This practice was also known in Spain. "In 1445 a report was spread that the Jews had undermined the streets of Toledo—through which, on the festival of Corpus Christi, the procession of the Host was to pass—with the intention of *setting fire to it at the time*. The mob would have fallen on them had not the authorities proved the report to be false, and prevented the massacre."—LINDO's *Jews of Spain*, p. 226.

‡ The bas-reliefs from the Palace of Ninus, lately brought home, exhibit battering-rams in full play, and archers:—so there is nothing new under the sun.

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We were under weigh at daylight with a light wind; but were baffled all day by the currents. There was no room to complain of detention with such a panorama—so many monuments of man to recall, and such a phenomenon of Nature as the currents to pry into. Close on the right were the brows and bays of Andalusia bearing strange-looking towers. On the left the bold and beautiful mountains of Abyla. Behind, the rock of Gibraltar presents itself as a point isolated from the land, and in the middle of the Mediterranean. Before us opened the ocean, from which rushed in the never-tiring stream. In the bay which we had quitted stood Carteia, founded and peopled by the inhabitants of the coast of Palestine. On the African shore, opposite its rival in antiquity, if not in splendor, Ceuta. On the western coast of the African strait, the Bay of Tingis, the country of Danaus and Antæus, and round the European shore, opposed to it, Gadera, and the enchanted island of Circe. On the one side the gardens of Hesperus, on the other the fields of Hades, and between, the road to the Cassiterides. I saw before me the worshiper landing to visit the sacred groves of Calpe, and then threading his way through the then narrow passages of the channel. I could read in his thoughts and catch from his tongue the names of Atlas and of Hercules, as he saluted the one and invoked the other. Not Greece alone, nor Phœnicia, nor Egypt; not the known only, or the imagined, but all these together, seemed to converge to this passage and to settle on this spot. The great shades of the past wandered among the clouds, and the memory of every people floated upon the bosom of the stream. Had that forehead of Africa been adorned with its ancient clusters of the vine; had it borne hamlets, villages, and towns; had the ploughman and the herdsman been there, I might have admired the richness of the landscape, but should not have known its power.

I landed on Pigeon's Island to fish, but was soon lost in the problem, what becomes of the water which pours in? But I have already bestowed upon the reader my thoughts on this subject. Suddenly the wind veered round to the north-east, so we were immediately on board, and dashing away for Ceuta; but the wind dropping as suddenly, we again made for the European coast, and, aided by the tide, about midnight reached the rocky island of Tarifa, which projects into the Straits at nearly the narrowest part, and is joined by a causeway to the land. Scarcely had we come to an anchor under the rock, when it began to blow heavily from the east, the current running strongly from the west. We were entirely sheltered from

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both, but not from the roll of the sea; yet in the midst of this raging storm and boiling sea, stunned by the one, and tossed by the other—we felt not a breath of wind.

As morning broke, a dismal prospect presented itself—the water white with foam, and the heavens black. We were close under the rock, with a sort of cave or cavern abreast of us: boats were lying within, for their masts appeared over a break-water of loose rocks. We durst not attempt to weather the point, and every moment were exposed to the utmost peril by the slightest shift of wind or current. The long and varied sweep of the Moorish battlements became visible through the sleet, lighting up gradually, and changing as if presented on a stage: suddenly a long-boat, well manned, emerged as if from under water, and casting us a line, towed us into the entrance, which looked landward, and had hitherto been concealed from us. We struck once or twice on a bar, and the very moment that we cleared the jetty, a sudden gust from the north laid us on our beam-ends, and swinging inside instead of out, we were not dashed to pieces.

During three months, I had seen nothing but clear skies and smooth seas. I could now feelingly revert to the words of a Spaniard, who, when Philip V. asked which were the principal harbors of Spain, answered, "June, July, and Cadiz."*

We had to stand nearly two hours, dripping and shivering, till the necessary sanatary formalities were gone through, and the permission of the governor to enter the town, received. Of this we availed ourselves with more alacrity than speed, in drenched clothes and water-logged boots, over soft wet sand. We entered this strange town through the gate of Gusman the Good.

I found myself at the posada for the first time, under a gipsy roof. The author of "The Gipsys in Spain" has selected this house as the scene of the most salient incident of his work. In it he exhibits the gipsy race with diabolical features, and under circumstances scarcely credible. Nevertheless, the story tended rather to diminish my distrust than to augment it, for here it was no midnight adventure; no meeting with an unarmed person in a nameless street—the names are all given. Little did I expect, at the time of reading the story, to have the opportunity of verifying it.

Mr. Borrow says that the innkeeper's sister and cousin (as he

* It is singular how sentences like this descend and adapt themselves to the times. A Carthaginian being asked the same question above two thousand years ago, answered, "June, July, and Mago."—Port Mahon was named after its founder.

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severally makes her) had had a Spanish child to nurse, and in sheer spite had injured it, with the purpose and effect of depriving it of reason. The idiot is then brought in as a young "caballero," to play a part in a very dramatic cozening scene, where a countryman and woman are cheated out of an ass; all this is narrated circumstantially, explained sensibly—there is no hearsay, no metaphor. Of this idiot "caballero" I could obtain no trace; he was neither known nor had been heard of at Tarifa in the memory of man, yet I made diligent inquiry for him, and sent out Mr. Stark, who, from long residence at Gibraltar, was familiar with the place and people, to see if he could hear of him; but all in vain. The alcalde, to whom I told the story, contented himself with repeating the writer's name, and laughing long and quietly. As a last resource, I applied to the people themselves. The innkeeper had no "sister" and no "cousin;" there was, however, a sister-in-law, so I questioned her about "the child she had nursed." She declared that she never had had a child of her own, and when I asked if her sister had nursed any child? she answered, that her sister's youngest son was eight years old when they came to Tarifa. Her testimony was confirmed by the neighbors, and the fact was notorious. Mr. Borrow puts them in possession from father to son. They imagined him to be a gipsy, he says, by his talking their language. I, consequently, inquired about him as the English Gipsy. They did not comprehend me; but recollected a tall man who was always writing: holding up their hands, they exclaimed, "We thought he was writing some learned things, and not lies about poor people like us." The story fills fourteen pages. Mr. Borrow sends a Jew before him to the posada; he returns and reports that they were Jews, and then he addresses this Jew in "*Moorish*," and tells him they are gipsys. As if a Jew could have been mistaken about Jews; and, as if a person who could speak Arabic, would call it "Moorish." A few pages before he has told his readers in the most off-hand manner, that the Basques are Tartars, and that the Basque tongue comes between the Mongolian and the Manchou! all which is equally authentic and profound—to "his chum" Mr. Ford.

It is the misfortune of Spain to be misrepresented. She has been the subject of two standard and classical works—Don Quixote and Gil Blas. The former, by its sterling worth, has made its way into the literature of other countries. Being a satire upon a particular temper and habit of mind, the scene and personages of which are Spanish, it is accepted as a description of Spain. As well might England be studied in "Dr.

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Syntax." Those peculiarities which it is intended to ridicule, and those extravagances which are exaggerated in order that they may be exposed, are to the stranger the instructive portion of the work.

"Gil Blas" is a romance by a Paris bookmaker. It owes its celebrity to an admirable sketch of a great minister, another of his successor, and an episode portraying Spanish manners. The Barber, Olivarez, the Count-Duke, the Barber, and the story of the adventurer himself, in his retirement, are all taken from the Spanish, and give to the work its value. It is then dressed up with Spanish peculiarities, and Madrid or Paris morals, and passes from hand to hand as a mirror of the Spanish mind.

In reviewing the catalogue of recent works, I can point, as really influencing opinion or as referred to by travelers, only to Blanco White's letters, and the work out of which these remarks originated.

Blanco White* is a man who, writing upon any foreign country, could not fail to perplex the judgment. How much more in respect to his own, when describing it to another, where he had made himself at home? In some parts, by keeping distinct the Englishman and the Spaniard, he has been able to translate the one to the other. Those parts are the domestic only. In all the rest he has jumbled the two characters, and has made the prejudices of the one override the simplicity of the other; falsifying the commonest facts, distorting the plainest conclusions. The effect is to puff up the Englishman and to degrade the Spaniard.

To Mr. Ford's book, however disagreeable the task, I had intended to devote a special chapter; but understanding that the two volumes are, in the second edition, reduced to one, I must infer that the author has anticipated my conclusion—that the work might be made valuable by cutting out the slang, ribaldry, opinions, and false quotations.

The Governor of Tarifa had somewhat the air of an English country gentleman. He afforded me all the facilities I could desire for landing and embarking, and sent his aid-de-camp with me to inspect the fortifications. On presenting to the alcalde a letter from his brother at Algeciras, he declined to open it, saying, "You are expected." He conducted me from his office to his house to see his family. Scarcely were we seated when he remarked that the arrival of a stranger was an extraordinary event at Tarifa, and still more so, of one interested

* I have only seen this book while revising these sheets for the press.

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in their country, and who busied himself in studying the laws and manners of different people. He then asked me whether I had thought of any thing for their benefit? I said I had, and that it was, "Bury your new laws and return to your old customs." Having explained that my meaning was to get rid of a general Cortes, not to substitute a despotism, but to revive the local constitutions—that is, the *law*, leaving to each the burden of its own management and the conduct of its own business; he said, that indeed would be putting an end to *theories* of "liberty" or "despotism," and that the plan would be most popular if any leading man brought it forward. He then asked me how I came to devise such a scheme? I told him it was as old as the hills—that it was, in fact, the law of the Peninsula, encroached upon, but not destroyed by Austrian or Bourbon—that these ancient customs were looked to with veneration by the profoundest men of those countries, which the Spaniards fancied they were imitating while they were destroying them.

Notwithstanding the war which the Spanish government has for centuries waged against every vestige of the race who made Spain the strongest, most learned, chivalrous, and polished country in Europe, the women of Tarifa appear in the streets muffled up as Mussulman women, and expose but one eye.

I was invited in the evening to what I was told was a club. The place was an apothecary's shop. I was introduced into a sort of vault, and I found myself in a gambling establishment. Their cards were like those used by the Greeks; the club being represented, not by the French trefoil, but by a club; the spade by a sword; the heart by a cup; and the diamond by a gold coin. The names being *Bastones*, *Espadas*, *Copas*, *Oros*. The conversation having turned upon cards, I mentioned its supposed astronomical origin: the four seasons represented by the four suits; the fifty-two weeks by the number of the cards; and the thirteen lunar months by the thirteen tricks, proving whist to be the original game. I was here stopped. They had only twelve tricks and forty-eight cards; and "Of course," said a Spanish major (a Mr. Kennedy), "our game is more scientific, because adapted to the Julian Calendar!"

Conversation having been thus substituted for gambling, I asked what they thought of the abolition of the Tithes and confiscation of Church property? They all shrugged their shoulders. I repeated my question, saying that as a stranger I wanted to know if the nation had been benefited by the measures which its wisdom had devised for its own relief. This elicited a

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loud and general "No." I then asked what had been the result of the experiment? The answer was, "The poor man pays more, and the rich less." This, I said, was satisfactory, it having been laid down as the great object for Spain "to put her institutions in harmony with the spirit that rules those nations more advanced than herself."* They at first thought I was in jest, but I explained to them something about the legislation of these advanced nations. The increased burden on the poor was then explained—thus: the tithes are remitted, but a tax for *public worship* has been imposed; it is less in amount than the tithe, but a new set of fiscal officers has been introduced to collect it: the other taxes since the abolition of tithes have been increased. Pasturage and cattle, which bore under the tithe system equal charges with the cultivated land, have been spared in the new burdens: the rich are thus doubly benefited, possessing the pasturage and not suffering in the same proportion as the poor from tax-gatherers.

These grave politicians could not recover from their astonishment at perceiving that there existed a human being who could question the wisdom, far less the sanity, of their imitating England and France. I was called upon to declare my sentiments on the great question which I was told constituted the essential difference between England and France, viz., the principle of direct or indirect *election;* nor could they believe me in earnest when I assured them that I had never so much as heard the names of these "principles" in the countries referred to. "England and France," said they, "are great and powerful; must we not imitate them and become so too?" I submitted, that imitation is not an easy matter; that it is more difficult than invention; that it requires a perfect knowledge of the thing imitated, in which case there could be no reason to copy; besides, it was impossible to copy institutions. "In what particular," I asked, "would you copy us? Two things only have we to offer you as sanctioned by English consent—the Guelph Family and Johnson's Dictionary. Will you have them in lieu of the Bourbons and the Castilian?"

As they would hear of neither, I then ventured to offer a Coburg for their Queen, on which there was an outburst of what, in the French Chambers, is called "Denegation." I said that we were very well satisfied with a similar arrangement. "The very reason," exclaimed one of the party, "why it will not suit us;" an avowal which I did not fail to turn to account. I was then questioned as to Parliamentary proceedings, currency

* Miraflores.

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laws, and so on, and I endeavored to make them apprehend that in regard to the real business of government, the liberties of England depended upon the judges, with whom rested the interpretation of the law and who alone had the power of action; and to whom were rendered amenable the executive and its functions, and the House of Commons, if ever it took upon itself by an act *of its own* to infringe the liberty of the subject. That these were the two elements at war in England—the unwritten and the written law: the last was the disease, and that alone they saw or dreamed of copying. "Then," said they, "let us have your courts and judges." I told them they could not have the Bench without the Bar, and that neither could be transplanted like lettuces, or grafted like slips of orange-trees.

They were endeavoring to begin where we had left off. That which was abuse to us, and therefore, capable of remedy, came to be to them principle. "After all," said one of them, "look at the cloth you wear," putting his hand on my sleeve; "we make none such. Probably you have a penknife in your pocket;—at all events, you have shaved with a razor this morning: it is far beyond any thing that we can make. We owe you a great deal of money, which you have lent us out of your superfluity." I replied that there was no connection between individual dexterity and collective wisdom. They made the mistake of attributing our prosperity—the result of private industry—to our political institutions: and we, in like manner, attributed their disorders—the results of the political theories which they had copied from us—to their individual character.

The general Cortes of Spain has been constructed theoretically, without the consent or the presence of the separate kingdoms. They are thus figuratively merged, not in one of the kingdoms more powerful than the rest, but in an abstraction which they call "constitution." Lamentable would be the fate of humanity if follies such as these could profit or endure.

But the cards out of which this conversation arose, are worth returning to. I was surprised to see the figures such as those used by the Greeks; to hear the suits designated as by them, and not according to the names used in Europe: but this is not all. The Spaniards are not content with the name which all other countries know them by: card, *carte, carta, spielkarten*, will not do for them—they call them *naipes*. A learned French abbé (Boullet) in his "*Recherches sur l'Origine des Cartes à jouer*," makes them a French invention posterior to the use of paper, as proved by their being called *cartes!* introduced into Spain through the Basque provinces, where they took the name

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of *naipes*, from the Basque word *napa*, which signifies smooth! May not this, like so many other European inventions, turn out to be a mere copy, and Spain the transmitter to Europe rather than the debtor of Europe? If we go back to the once-famed game of Ombre, we shall find the terms of the game all Spanish, such as spadillo, matador, &c. If we go to Hindostan, we find the manner of playing to correspond with the game of ombre. Here is the link established between the Hindoos and Modern Europe through the Spaniards—that is, the Arabs. This latter point the name naipe confirms—Naib or Nawab, whence Nabob, being the equivalent to king. "The Four Kings" was the original name of cards in Europe. An old writer quoted in Bursi's "*Istoria della città di Viterbo*," has these words, "Cards were introduced into Viterbo in 1379, from the country of the Saracens, where they are called *Naib*. In Italy, they were formerly known by the name Naibi. The two old Spanish lexicographers, Tamarid and Broceuse, derive the word from the Arabs. Alderete gives the fantastic origin of the initials N. and P. of the supposed inventor, Nicholas Pepin, which the moderns have followed. Islamism has driven cards out of use among the Arabs, and has thus left us to dispute about the origin of the name.

Cards and chess seem to have been combined and originally played by four persons, there being four suits of chessmen as well as of cards. The history of them would be a great book, if it could be written.

Next morning I came down to embark at the island; but a violent storm coming on, I took refuge in the house of the keeper of the lighthouse, on the point of the rock. The channel was covered with vessels: they had been all the morning sweeping away to the westward, with studding-sails on both sides, low and aloft; now they were fast measuring back their distance, and dashing past us under close-reefed top-sails. We scrambled over the sharp points of the ledges of rock to watch the current where it is most straitened and convulsive. The dark deep current close in-shore was running out; a hundred yards or so from the rock it was running in; farther out again, there appeared another stream from the eastward. This must have been the spot where the action took place between Didius and the Carthaginian galleys, "when those were seen pursuing and these flying, who hoped not for victory and dreamed not of flight."

About one o'clock, it suddenly cleared up, and the sun burst forth in brightness over the cooled and watered earth. The

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shroud of the heavens broke up into heaps of white clouds, "showing the dark blue," as the Highlanders say, "through the windows of the heavens." The bosom of the Straits and the brows and heads of the hills were mottled by their shadow, as they drifted along, chasing each other: at equal pace poured the current, and in the same direction. Soon reissuing from cove and rock, flocks of white sails were crowding on their way back over the course which they had already twice measured. Invited by the breeze, and shamed by the example, we lingered for a while to enjoy the pleasant mood of this fitful torrent, and then hurried on board, and were soon sweeping down before the batteries. We took good care to clear our colors and to make them blow out well, to save them the trouble of hulling us, as they did an American in the morning, because his stripes and stars had not been flashing to windward of the spanker, with as much coolness as if they had been firing at a partridge. That sort of thing is all very well at Gibraltar, with a thousand guns in battery, and four thousand men behind them; but four artillery-men with three mounted field-pieces, to be buzy with rammer, sponge, cartridge, and ball, ready to blaze away at all the nations of the world, should any luckluss wight forget to exhibit a bit of bunting by day, or a lantern by night, is about the most absurd prank one ever heard of. They will fire as glibly on a three-decker as on a cock-boat, if the ensign happens to draw to leeward, as was the case recently with the *Phantom*, at Ceuta; and yet they make no profit of the statistical information they seek with so much ardor. They have no toll to receive, as at the Sound; no sovereignty to assert, as at the Dardanelles; no neighbor to browbeat, and no smuggling to protect, as at Gibraltar:—besides, we sink their vessels.

To provide against being carried down to the Mediterranean, had it fallen calm, which might have entailed a week's cruise, we stretched at once to the African shore. Despite the fears of my Scorpion* pilot, and cook, we skimmed along the edge of the stream, and shaved every headland, until we reached the last point of the Straits, to which we had to give a wide berth, on account of the "race." Inquiring the name, the answer was, "Punta Leone." The man may paint the lion as he likes, but he has but one name to call him by.

But why call the point that looks toward Europe, Lion? A few centuries ago, and the question would not have been to be asked. Then from this spot the spectator who observed the

* The name given to those born on the Rock.

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hordes ferried in an uninterrupted stream of galleys across, and beheld the rock of Calpe, which from here, as from the north, is the very likeness of a lion crouching on the point, would have seen in the figure the emblem of the event, and turning to the hill above to look whence the beast of the desert had taken his spring, instinctively must so have named it.

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CHAPTER VI.

CEUTA.

Oct. 10th.

I CONSIDERED it quite a feat to get at this Spanish key to the Straits, having been foiled in two attempts, the one by land, the other by sea: once the Spaniards stopped me, once the Moors. Like its *vis-à-vis*, to which it stands at right angles, it is a rocky tongue, joined to the mainland by a low and narrow neck, and pointing down the Mediterranean. It is all rounded and smooth: in its figure it presents nothing salient, and in its defenses displays nothing formidable. The place derives its character not from the fortifications, but from the gardens, and each serves the purpose of the other. The public works are all laid out as pleasure-grounds, and the cactus orchards are disposed in alleys on every rising ground, so as to form stockades.

The tongue is formed of a chain of six dunes, or hillocks, with a seventh considerably larger at the eastern point, on which is seated a small fortress. These are the *seven* brothers, whence the name is supposed to be derived.* The fortifications, like those of Gibraltar, are directed, not to command the sea, but to defend it against the land. It has no level ground in front, swept by its galleries and batteries; but, instead, a hill approaches nearly to the glacis, and looks into the works. The landscape beyond stretches away, wooded and picturesque, to the foot of the chain or block of mountains which fill up this angle of Africa, overshadowing Tetuan on the one side, Tangier on the other, and ranging along the Straits. The only sign of human habitation is a small inclosure of white walls, with a tower perched on the green mountain side, like a city on old tapestry in some Arcadian scene. All was silent in that landscape, and it might have been taken for a panorama, but for the Roman *vexillum*† fluttering from the tower, which showed that a Saracen eye watched the keep of the Goth.

* Septem.

† This flag is small and square, and hangs from a rod which is hoisted

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Two thousand years before Gibraltar was heard of, Ceuta was an important place. It is enumerated as one of the three earliest of cities. Since the discovery of Gibraltar their fortunes have been strangely similar. Each has been wrested from the land to which it belonged. Each is held by a foreign power to which it is useless. Neither has been won in honorable war: the one usurped, the other pilfered—the wrongful possession of each is the tenure by which the other is held. Spain retained Ceuta when she abandoned Oran, as a set-off to Gibraltar, and England, who abandoned Tangier, must have lost Gibraltar but for the help of the Moors, which was rendered because Spain occupied Ceuta; so that, if Ceuta were not Spanish, Gibraltar would not be English; and if Gibraltar were not English, Ceuta would not be Spanish. The Spaniards lose their own doorpost of the Straits, and seize the post of their neighbors; the English abandon Tangier (alone of the Portuguese possessions diverted from Spain), and seize that of the Spaniards. In the history of sieges, they both present the most remarkable incidents, from the unparalleled amount of power directed against the one, and the length of time expended in attempts to reduce the other. Both have at various times exhausted the countries to which they belonged, and the nations by which they have been held. Ceuta brought on the fall of Gothic Spain. Gibraltar was the immediate cause of the war of the Spanish Succession; and finally the smuggling trade of Gibraltar furnishes the school for the proficients for whom Ceuta is the prison.

During the war the Spanish government placed Ceuta, to defend it from France, in the possession of England. Several English establishments were formed, and considerable sums expended, in the belief that England would never give it up; but the immorality of the government had not then overtaken the baseness of the people. The Moorish government, however, thought this an opportunity of recovering its own, and having furnished supplies to Gibraltar, and to our fleet, and corn for our army in Spain, conceiving itself entitled to some favor, claimed the restitution of the place. The appeal proved ineffectual, although it was backed by the offer of a million of dollars. The English government could not, as may be supposed, well urge on the Spanish government the claims of its Moorish

to an iron crane, to give it play and spread it out in calm weather, like the *vexillum*. I do not suppose it to be a relic of the Romans, but rather, that when the Romans landed, it had already fluttered for a thousand years on the leafy sides of Atlas. It is called *Alem*, and is hoisted at the hours of prayer. On Friday it is white, on other days blue.

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ally. Muley Suleyman expressed the anguish of his spirit in a distich which might have suggested Moore's celebrated lines on Poland:—

"There is no faith in our foe,
There is no comfort in our friend."

We landed within a mole or jetty which corresponds with the Ragged Staff at Gibraltar, thence ascended by a stair to the gate, crossed a bridge, and found ourselves on a lively esplanade. An alley of trees opened upward through the straggling town, and a terrace along the sea-wall stretched eastward to the extremity of the promontory. The buildings were in the Moresco style with the columned court. The arms of Spain are to be seen at Gibraltar beside those of England—here the arms of Portugal are beside those of Spain. To the whitewash of the Spaniards and the Moors, was here added the yellow of the Portuguese, running two or three feet as a skirting round the courtyards, and along the streets: every thing was dazzlingly bright, exquisitely clean, and elaborately ornamented.*

The streets are one continuation of tesselated pavement, green, white, and red. The white is marble, the black a very dark serpentine, and the red ancient tiles, which are used as outlines for the figures: the gutter is in the center, the pattern running on each side with a border joining in the middle. The running pattern is a device, such as a sprig in a Tuscan border; but here and there you find more ambitious conceptions—a snake, a stag, a ship, a coat-of-arms, a dog attacking a bull, and, in one place, the figure of a man. I have seen something of the kind in the garden of the fortress at Lisbon. There were also the hollow bricks along the tops of walls for flowers, and the demi-flower pots, which they nail against the walls and houses, converting them into perpendicular parterres. They have also adopted the Moorish tesselated pavements for the garden walks, and yet they have neglected to copy that garden architecture which I observed at Kitan—halls and alleys constructed of a lacework of reeds, than which there is nothing more beautiful; and as to its uses, what can be so well adapted to the training of foliage and flowers, so fitted to insure the luxuries of the clime—that is, shade and air—and to afford protection against its inclemency—the sun with his heat and light?

But the Spaniards here are as little in Africa, as if they were in garrison at St. Juan d'Ulloa. There is not a man who knows

* I am told that where there are in Barbary Christian houses, they are colored yellow by means of copperas water over the lime.

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the language of the country. They live like cattle in a pen, and spend their lives here without ever having been without the walls. They are under strict blockade—a vidette on the hill, a picket at the gate. Should a Moor bring in eggs, he has to steal out of sight of his own sentries; and to furnish an ox, is to commit a capital offense. When the Christians venture within reach of the Moors, they are shot like dogs: they meet only after dispatching a flag of truce. What a ludicrous disproportion between this array of towers, battlements, materials, troops, and discipline, and the half-dozen wild mountaineers in a reed hut on the other side. It was said of the Arabs by a French general, "Among them, peace cannot be purchased by victory." Defeat does not bring submission, nor hopelessness despair, because the brain has not robbed the heart, nor the tongue the brain. They cannot comprehend the wisdom, that a fact which is wrong should be submitted to because it is accomplished, and called a fact.

As I was, some time before, sailing by Ceuta in a bullock-boat, from Tetuan, a Spanish sailor called the attention of a young and delicate-looking Moor, who had embarked with us on his way to Mecca, to the Spanish flag flying on the fortress. The young man, who had scarcely spoken before, seemed absorbed in grief; started to his feet, his eyes glowing and his fists clenched, and roared out: "That no Christian, that Moor land."

The government of Algiers recently projected sending steamers to touch regularly at the Spanish Presidios to *gain intelligence of what was going on in the interior.* They were then to present themselves in the Bay of Tangier, communicate with the French consul, visit Gibraltar, and return to Algiers—a nicely-devised scheme to convince the Moor that a conspiracy against them was on foot, common to France, England, and Spain. But the French government, not having altogether resigned itself into the hands of its "Algerines," thought proper to appoint a superior officer of another service to go this round and report upon it. The first place he called at was Melilla: he inquired, "What news from Morocco?" The governor told him that he would be able to satisfy his curiosity on the day following, as they expected the *Madrid papers.* The French admiral dined with the governor, took a siesta, Spanish fashion, and had, on awaking, an opportunity of judging of the intercourse with the interior. Two or three Moors got into an outpost unobserved, and had escaped in like manner, leaving behind the bodies of six Spaniards, but carrying off the heads.

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The next morning I started early to visit the works on the lines, accompanied by a merchant of the place whom the governor sent to me, as the person best qualified to act as cicerone. Issuing from the first gate, we came on a drawbridge: below ran the sea over yellow sand, there being a clear passage by the ditch from one side to the other. Fishing-boats were splashing round the sharp angles. The old lofty Portuguese battlements rose above us; these masses of building are enormous, though the space of ground covered is small. The body of the place from which we had emerged, consists of a curtain and two bastions, three hundred yards in length, ninety feet in height; the bastion to the south carrying a second, is twenty feet higher. As we proceeded, ditch succeeded to ditch, and battery to battery. There are three lines and three ditches, with corresponding demi-lunes; in all six tiers of guns. The basis from sea to sea does not exceed four hundred yards, and the radius may be equal: I give the dimensions from memory. There are few guns mounted; I counted about one hundred and fifty embrasures for guns, and twenty beds for mortars. The inner curtain is completely pitted with shot and grape. The upper works and merlons are refaced.

Emerging from the fortification, we began to ascend the hill: the face of it was cut into by level spaces, the earth banked up by stone walls, lining which, infantry could level their pieces up the hill. The whole ground is mined and traversed by passages, the roofs of which project above the soil with loop-holes. The vidette on the hill pointed out to us on a brow opposite, at a short distance—but divided by a chasm—the Moorish post, a low shed of reeds: we saw no one. Some fig-trees in the gulley between, we were forbidden to pass; and he warned us to keep always in his sight. I came suddenly on a mass of ruins, clustering round eminences, or running in long straight lines, castellated and turreted: the angles were fresh and sharp. The holes left in the walls by the fastenings of the planks, into which the compost is beaten, gave them the appearance of enormous pigeon-houses. There were no Roman blocks; yet the style was Roman. There was none of the massiveness of the Moorish, but their materials. There was more of the palm-like lightness of Fars than of the troglodyte of ancient or modern Africa. I hoped that these might belong to some remnants of the earlier and untraced races; but a nearer inspection soon decided that question. A gate on the western face is still almost perfect, and is Moorish; yet who can find the date of

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that style which may have belonged to the days of Juba, as well as to those of Almanzor and Abderahman.

My companion was excessively alarmed when I proposed to visit the ruins, as they are beyond the neutral ground. I endeavored to relieve him, by making a forward cast through the brushwood. He followed, detailing how those savages would lie for hours in wait for a shot, and how a few days before a man had been wounded at the same place. Presently he exclaimed, "A Moor! a Moor!" I had, however, for some time seen the figure in a clear space on the opposite brow, wrapped in its haik, and motionless.

How pleasing would it not be to find the original of some dubiously-figured chimera! What then to discover a living representative of a race that has left behind it an undying name and immortal ruins? Such was to me that solitary figure. The Assyrian bowed his back to the burden and his neck to the yoke, and the first of conquerors became the meanest of slaves. The Mede served in his turn, and so the Persian. The Egyptian, the first and greatest, became the outcast of nations. The Macedonian and Attic conquerors of the East were bondsmen at Rome. The Roman was a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, at the door of the Gothic hut and the Vandal tent. In all times, in all climes, the conquered have dwelt as Helot bondsman or slave with the conqueror. This wild man, this Moor, alone has followed no conqueror's car, and served no master's bidding. Vanquished, he has departed—disappearing from the land which ceased to own him lord. He has not by familiarity worn out the terrors of his name, nor the indignation of his heart; and there he stands to-day, not yielding to facts his reason, nor to fortune his fate.

But to compare the old Moor of Spain with the African Moor of to-day, might appear like comparing the British of to-day with their (assumed) naked ancestors. It, however, seems to me doubtful whether the old light be all extinct. Look at the Moor! Is there not dignity in his deportment—grandeur in his costume? The produce of the looms of Morocco to-day equals in beauty and taste, if it does not surpass, that of any other country. At Tetuan the Mosaics are now made which adorn the Alhambra. Science has departed, but is that an essential of greatness? When a nation sinks to the barbarism that follows light, it is indifferent to honor; it hates itself more than its foe or conqueror. The Moor is not such.

The Moors at home are more wedded than any Mussulman people to their usages; more fanatic, more abhorrent of all in-

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tercourse with strangers. When they come to Europe they make themselves at home. They are seen at Gibraltar, in the streets, on the battlements, sauntering in the public walks, as if they entirely belonged to us. The civil magistrate represents them as orderly and peaceable: the police-court may be said to ignore their existence: legal practitioners declare that the cases of litigation chiefly arise from their being overreached. They are an example of sobriety, industry, and integrity. Their community at Gibraltar is neither small nor select, nor composed solely of those in easy circumstances: they come and go, and many are flying destitute from war and persecution. No one has heard of a Moor being a drunkard, or a swindler: no one doubts a Moor's word: no one fears either his vengeance or his ferocity.

But may it not be that these men are here influenced by European manners? May they not, like the civilized and instructed classes of the Spaniards, be assimilated to Europe? *There* precisely is the difference. A Moor, after spending twenty years in Europe, goes back and demeans himself as if he had never left home. They carry their habits with them, and at Gibraltar live much in the same way as to the south of the Straits. As a people, they avoid us more than any other, excepting, perhaps, the Japanese: yet, individually they have greater intercourse with us, and in a more familiar manner; because from the distance and the difficulties of the land journey, the pilgrims almost always go and return from Egypt in European vessels.

As we returned into town, a stone nearly the size of a man's head was shown to us, by which the skull of the Portuguese commander who first entered the place was, like that of Pyrrhus, broken by a woman from a tower. A Moorish sovereign, who was so wounded, dispatched himself like Abimelech, with his own sword, to cover the disgrace.

The Romans at one time substituted this place for Tangier, as a provincial capital; yet it has neither a harbor nor road, being at the extreme point of the land, and shut out by a range of mountains from a fertile and peopled country, while Tangier is at the bottom of a bay, surrounded with rich lands, and is on the highway from Spain to Mauritania, from the ocean to the interior.

To us a capital is different from what it was to the Romans: we have a mass of organization and administration, which requires that it should be placed at the head in respect to the members. We expect to find all this in vigor under so rigorous

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a government as that of Rome. But Rome gave herself no such trouble; introduced neither principles, nor laws, nor language, nor costume. These spread, because not forced. The field of administration, down to her latter days, was kept sufficiently clear for each individual to embrace the whole: the subdivisions of modern statesmanship and government were unknown.*

Her judicatories were solely appellant: the people were everywhere free to follow their own customs, execute their own laws, select their own magistrates, impose their own taxes. In fact, the Romans were kings: they reigned, they did not administer; nor did they scatter their strength in exciting irritation on every point; but remained with a force collected to smite resistance whenever it appeared, and which they were careful never to provoke by systematic interference.

Ceuta might thus, cut off from traffic and population, be a good provincial capital for those masters in the art of governing men—that art which, like health in the body and judgment in the mind, depends not on science and labor, but abstinence and simplicity.

The idea of the Romans in garrison at Ceuta was incessantly returning on me, and prompting pictures of the consequences. The Romans to-day at Ceuta would be masters of Africa, from the Atlantic to the Red Sea, as rapidly as the Saracens were of Spain, after showing themselves at Gibraltar. When the French first attacked Algiers, the Moors, having heard that Europe was governed by justice (the justice that every one understands), were ready to invite them; but the French were soon found not to be Romans: they had not the bath, not the toga, not the salutation of the Roman or Eastern; they could in their persons command no respect. In ablutions, tone of voice, gesture, manner of eating, disregard of religious observances,† they could only excite the disgust of a Mussulman. Very subordinate matters are principles of administration and forms of govern-

* "Aristote en donnant des éloges à ce gouvernement lui fait des reproches qui paraissent mal fondés. Le premier porte sur la cumulation des emplois. Il est certain qui cette coutume forma de grands hommes dans la Grèce, à Carthage, et à Rome, en obligeant les citoyens à étudier également l'art de la guerre, la science de l'administration et celle des lois, parties differentes mais qui se touchent plus qu'on ne pense. Leur séparation dans les temps modernes a fait naitre de dangereux esprits de corps et de funestes rivalités."—Segur, *Hist. Univ. Carthage*, p. 83.

† Marshal Bugeaud published an order on attendance at worship—alledging as a reason that it was requisite to secure the respect of the Arabs.

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ment, compared to the cleanliness of the bath, dignity of deportment, ceremony, and etiquette. But to the elegance of costume the Roman did, however, add forms of administration equally adapted, as his warlike discipline and personal habits, to enable him to gain and secure ground as a conqueror,—he would have left the Moor or the Algerine to the jurisdiction of his own code—he would have left in their hands the administration of their own laws: he would have given to *their* senate the power of impeaching a Bugeaud or a Vallée before the Senate of Rome.

When the Romans possessed that country, it was four or five times as populous and not less warlike or stubborn in spirit. For four hundred years their dominion endured with almost unbroken tranquillity. During that period it was the granary of the world. It replenished, not exhausted, the Roman treasures —it supplied and did not drain her armies. During all that time there was neither parliamentary law, nor royal ordinances for its good government; there were no scientific commissions to inquire into its state; there were no quartos of statistical information published for the enlightenment of its rulers; there was no system of colonization, no project of enlightenment, Christianity, or civilization; there was no *flamen* of Chalons,* sacrificing to Mars and Bellona for successful raids and butcheries. Rome held Africa with two legions; France began† with a half more than that number; she has now ten times as many: it costs her as much in outlay as the imperial expenses of the whole *empire under Augustus;* and notwithstanding all the unfortunate French can do, the people will not be civilized‡—

* See circular of the Bishop of Chalons, in 1843, for prayers of thanksgiving.

† "A great fact is written at full length at p. 9 of the report:—'In 1831, the effective of the French troops amounted to 18,000 men of all arms; in 1834, to 30,000; in 1838, to 48,000; in 1841, to 70,000; in 1843, to 76,000; in 1845, to 83,000; in 1846, to 101,000.' Is it not the contrary which would appear simple? We could understand having commenced with 101,000 men in Africa, and now having only 18,000; but that we should have commenced with 18,000 men, to arrive after fifteen years, at 101,000—is not this the most severe condemnation that could be pronounced against the absurd and false system which has been followed?"—*La Presse.*

‡ "De tous les fléaux que la France doit combattre en Algérie, l'ignorance est sans contredit le plus terrible. Vis-à-vis d'un peuple éclairé, un raisonnement juste et droit produit toujours un résultat avantageux, mais vis-à-vis d'une nation barbare, les paroles sont vaines et les leçons stériles. Nous sommes obligés de recourir sans cesse à la force pour contraindre les indigènes à suivre nos avis et se pénetrer du bien que

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and run away.* In fourteen years a European government has reduced the population to one half. With ten thousand men the Turks managed to hold Algiers, and to govern it in tranquillity. Instead of the public debt of a "civilized" government, they left behind a large treasure;† yet their troops would have raised the contempt of any European *officer*, and their government that of every European *politician*.

I have met some Frenchmen who believed that the French went to put down piracy: I know no Englishman who doubts it. England attacked Algiers with the view of putting an end to Christian slavery, and relieving the smaller powers from the disturbance of their Mediterranean trade, she having no quarrel of her own with that State. She succeeded,‡ retired—kept and claimed nothing.

The first quarrel between France and Algiers was about a debt to a Jew merchant of Algiers, which France refused to pay. This was an outstanding balance of eighteen millions of francs, on the accounts for the supply of France with grain for her necessities. By enormous bribing of the Chamber of Deputies, the money was repaid: *it went into French pockets.* In the list of recipients are names which may not astonish a future age, but which would astonish this.

The last quarrel was about the same Jew and the coral fisheries. The French consul, having, according to instructions, made a quarrel,§ and excited the anger of the pacha, he flung toward him his fan. The consul was not touched. France got the pretext she wanted for not paying the money, and pillaged the treasury of Algiers of £5,000,000. England and Holland, who, at their own cost twenty years before, had put an end to roving and to Christian slavery, nevertheless believe that France went to Algiers to put down piracy and to spread

nous voulons leur faire."—*Les Khouan Ordres Religieux chez les Musulmans de l'Algérie*, p. 109.

* "This great movement of emigration, 5000 cavalry, 30,000 foot, and more than 30,000 tents, changes the character of the struggle. Abd-el-Kadir carries off the population that we have been unable to organize, administer, or govern."—*L'Algérie.*

† Taking the average according to the population for England to be financially in as flourishing a condition as Algiers at the time of its capture, the Treasury (*not* the Bank) should contain £50,000,000.

‡ "L'Angleterre n'avait elle pas *échoué* devant Alger peu d'années, avant notre *succès*."—*La France en Afrique*—Published under the auspices of M. Guizot.

§ Avowed by the Duc de Rovigo, at once Minister of War and Commander of the expedition, in the letter he published after the fall of Charles X.

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civilization: an instance of the value of the press in enlightened times.

Rome conquered the warlike west, and the rich east, and possessed the countries she conquered. The great people, lying in the heart of Europe, possessed of unparalleled power, in as far as warlike means go, and unequaled unity, subjugates a little state of pirates—or at least so called pirates—without numbers, wealth, service, or literature, and immediately France is subjugated by Algiers. I have heard Hassam Pacha, the ex-Dey of Algiers, say, "the barricades of July have avenged me." Abd-el-Kadir in like manner sees himself avenged by the barricades of February. Each African treachery is followed by a Parisian revolution. Had it been Rome, Abd-el-Kadir might have become pro-consul, or like Severus,* emperor: pro-consul or emperor, he could have become Roman. But it is a modern government: it is France which conquers Algiers; then the Frenchman becomes an Algerine, and order has to be restored in a constitutional state, by Algerine practices.

France, in putting down the Algiers of Africa, was preparing herself to become the Algiers of Europe.

With the same certainty that Pyrrhus foretold the destruction of Carthage or Rome, by the bone of contention which Sicily afforded, may the destruction of England or France, or both, be prognosticated from the French occupation of Africa. France by her mismanagement has only retarded the explosion, and she has not the courage to withdraw. Her invasion of Africa was as little her own purpose or will, as the invasion of Spain in 1823. A foreign hand planned and prompted it in mystery at Versailles, and publicly hailed and encouraged it from beyond the English Channel,† whence alone was to be apprehended censure or dissatisfaction.

* His sister could not speak Latin, and he was ashamed of her *Breber* tongue.

† "Some of our cotemporaries have described in vivid language, the danger to the balance of power, of the French possessions extended along the northern coast of Africa in such a manner as to give France the command of that important part of the shores of the Mediterranean; but we hope that the alarm which exists on this subject will not cause the advantages which the civilized world might reap from the Algerine expedition to be altogether abandoned. It will be a common disgrace to Christendom, if the splendid expedition which has now sailed for Africa is obliged, after giving a temporary check to the insolence of the pirates, to leave that quarter of the world to barbarism, because the powers of Europe are all envious of the prosperity of one another. * * * If the French expedition succeeds, the formation of establishments on the coast of Africa, under the guaranty of the great Powers, to which

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Ceuta is the great Botany Bay of the Spaniards. There were here recently three thousand five hundred convicts; but two thousand have been sent off to Castile to work on some canal there; those left are the worst class, transported for not less than ten years and "retention," which means that they may be kept as much longer as the governor thinks fit. After five years' residence, they are hired out. The landlord of the *café* where I stayed gave them, as a class, an excellent character. Inquiring the kind of crimes some of them had committed, he said, "The two young men who attend you are here for murder." There is here a greater accumulation of malefactors than on any other spot of the earth, yet you might lay down gold in the streets with impunity. There are abundant facilities for escape; the sea is open, the town accessible at every point; there are boats all round, and the convicts outnumber the other population. They are not, as in Gibraltar, driven in gangs, ironed, and with "*Convict*" stamped on every article of their dress. Here they go about free; the watchmen in the street at night are themselves convicts. This humanity in the treatment of convicts extends equally to slaves: the Spaniards extend to them the protection of the laws, giving up to them the feast days; allow them progressively to repurchase their liberty, and when they have done so, admit them to perfect equality of consideration with the white men.

The governor was no less interesting than the *presidio*. He seemed like an exile of ancient times, and with a melancholy dignity dwelt on the thought of his country. He had been several years an emigrant in Europe, without knowing or choosing to know any language save his own. He labored to assure me that many things that were done were not according to the heart of the nation, and repeated several times, "If I could go with you into the peasants' huts, and make them speak what is in their minds, you would have reason to respect Spain." He

all Europeans should have a right to resort, but with such privileges secured to France as would repay her the expense of the conquest, might not be impossible. At any rate, we are convinced that the present French government, whatever its defects may be, is not grasping or dishonest, and that a just arrangement for securing to Europe collectively the benefit of the civilization of the north of Africa, if not rendered impracticable by the jealousies of other governments, will not be obstructed by the ambition of France.

"We confess that, considering the length of time, &c., we had rather see such a colony established in Africa, without any precaution on the part of the other European powers, than to see Algiers, if once conquered, again abandoned to its barbarous rulers."—*Globe*, May 20th, 1830.

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had been forty-four years in the service, and had never known his country, except suffering from injuries inflicted on her by foreign powers, while Spain had done nothing against any one. But that was not all. "It is impossible for a Spaniard not to feel that his country is the object of—" and here he paused as if to muster courage to utter the word "*desprecio*." He was pleased when I said that the real Spaniards were dumb, and the bastards loquacious, and the stranger who wished not to mistake Spain must close his ears. He asked the proportions of the two:—my answer was, as one and a half to ninety-eight and a half.

"Whoever says that Spain is poor or weak, lies. Where do you see a people that work so little, and possess so much? Where in Europe is there a government so extravagant, or such a horde of public functionaries? The 'administrators' in Spain would supply France, Germany, and England put together; and what is all the political agitation, except a scramble for these posts? We want no new laws or constitutions; but only to administer those that our fathers have left us. One man, without genius or originality, but with courage and honesty, might make Spain the happiest country in Europe. As to resources, I say they are enormous. If you were to put in one heap the money that goes into the public treasury, and in the other, that which is kept back by the public functionaries, the latter would be the higher of the two. All we want is order. Look at our army. What can Europe show superior in vigor, endurance, discipline, intelligence, or docility? Look, too, at its numbers: two hundred thousand!"

I ventured to dissent on this last point, and showed that Spain entered on her war with France without any army, as on her war with England at the beginning of the previous century. On both occasions she had no fleet. Armies were requisite to attack, but incapacitated for defense: heroic defenses were always made by a people, as shown in the contrast of Algeria with Poland; as shown in the contrast of Spain with Germany and Italy, which had all bowed before Napoleon: Spain's strength appeared after army, king, government, had been swept away; she was the only country in Europe whose people did not want soldiers to protect them, &c.

I observed that Spain stood in an anomalous position. Unlike a secondary state, she had nothing to apprehend on the score of her independence; unlike a first-rate one, she was engaged in no schemes against the independence of other people: that an army in Spain was consequently as needless as it was noxious.

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He replied, that what I said did not apply specially to Spain, and might be predicated of the whole of Europe; to which I readily assented. His Spanish self-love, for a moment alarmed, was soothed when I showed him that I was as adverse to standing armies for the internal interests of the great and preponderating states, as he could be, because of the facilities which it gave them of interfering with and oppressing the others. I pointed to this, as the master-disease of our times, and as signalized as such even in the last century, by some of the greatest men; that it feeds, as Montesquieu says, upon itself, growing by competition; and that, independently of their misuse, standing armies by their pressure must ultimately bring every one of the existing European states to the ground.

Spain, separated by the Pyrenees from the rest of Europe, as she is distinct from them in ideas, could easily relieve herself; she had fewer obstacles to contend with than any other state, except England. Our whole parliamentary history had been a struggle of patriotic men against standing armies and funded debt. He himself had admitted, that one honest man might restore Spain; and how so, unless there were great abuses in practice which had not degenerated into principle? He had particularized the armies of functionaries; let him add to these this horde of two hundred thousand regulars.

"Where is the man," he said, "to do it?" I observed, that it could only be by seeing and showing what was wrong, that the man could ever be made or found to put it right.

This conversation was strikingly recalled to me by a book, entitled "Political Testament of Cardinal Alberoni," which, on my return, I found at a stall. I turned over the pages with extreme curiosity, to see if it presented any stamp of authenticity. One of the first sentences I fell upon was the following:

"It is an error of this and the preceding century, to think that the strength of a nation consists in the large number of regular forces kept on foot. To be convinced of the falsity of this notion, we have only to cast an eye on the wars of Europe within these four or five hundred years. As soon as an army is beaten on the frontier, the prince, whose troops are vanquished, has no other resource left but to clap up a peace: his country lies open to the enemy, and he has only cowardly burghers and disheartened peasants to oppose to veteran soldiers. He loses a whole province as soon as the capital of it surrenders. He is reduced to bury himself under the ruins of his throne, or to comply with the conditions prescribed by the conqueror.

"But when princes undertook only to lead their people in de-

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fending their country, they reckoned as many soldiers as subjects: the whole state was a frontier against the enemy, who were sure to meet with opposition so long as they fought to conquer. Every inch of ground was disputed. When a city or town surrendered, after repeated assaults, it did not capitulate for the other towns within its jurisdiction. Every borough, every village cost a siege. So long as a prince kept but a corner of his country, he might hope to drive the enemy from what they possessed, and to recover all he had lost. The most powerful prince in Europe was dreaded only as his ambition might give disturbance and uneasiness to his neighbors. They were sure that time would impair his strength, like a body worn out by too frequent attrition.

"The difference between the reigns of Charles VI. and Louis XIV., in France, shows this contrast in its full light. The king of England was then master of the finest provinces in France, quiet possessor of its principal cities, and crowned at Paris; while his adversary, though reduced to the single lordship of Bourges, was able to hold out against him. Louis XIV. sees a frontier province invaded by two of the enemy's generals; he offers, at St. Gertrudenberg, the fruit of twenty victories, to persuade them to retire. His kingdom is still untouched: millions of his subjects have not so much as heard the sound of the enemy's cannon, and yet he does not think himself able to make a stand against seventy or eighty thousand men. He has not as yet lost one battle on his ancient territories; nevertheless, he thinks that nothing more remains for him than to die gloriously, pushed on by temerity and despair. The enemy is still two days' journey from the frontier, which this kingdom had at the time when Philip Augustus withstood and triumphed over the joint efforts of all Europe; and Louis the Great believes it impossible to hinder the enemy from making a conquest of his kingdom. Though he has a country two hundred leagues in extent behind him, above a hundred on each side of him, yet he does not think this sufficient to secure him an honorable retreat. Jandrecy and Quenoy determine the fate of France. Valenciennes and Dunquerque, Arras, Amiens, Cambrai, Maubeuge and so many other strongholds, which his predecessors either never possessed, or, if they did, afterward resigned, without imagining they weakened thereby their throne; all these places, I say, to him appear as of no sort of use, because he has no regular troops to defend them.

"If the land forces of Spain had been upon this footing in the beginning of the present century, the nation would have beheld

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with as much security as contempt, the combination of the courts of Vienna and London to impose a master upon her, and to divide her possessions. With the advantages in regard to war, which this kingdom has even from nature, it might have bidden defiance to France herself conspiring with the other powers, to oblige her to submit to the treaty of partition."

It was quite intelligible to me now, that three great rival nations should concert to banish Alberoni from the counsels of the grandson of Louis XIV. He had penetrated to the Gothic foundations of the society of the peninsula, and had ascended to those Gothic pinnacles, from which he could survey the littleness of his cotemporaries. He foresaw in the event of a general military despotism, the possibility of Europe's being recovered by the latent energy of the Spanish people, and the ultimate range of his prevision and prophecy was Southern and Western Europe quelled, and its rivalries composed by the intrusion of the two northern powers, Prussia and Russia.

He was above the arts of government, and knew where the greatness of his adopted country resided. He scouted acquisitions as a source of splendor to the state, or patronage as a means of strength to the government.

The great men of the period attained by peculiar powers the management of men; but there is not one whose words time has undertaken to confirm. Where is Richelieu's management; Colbert's finance; where are Fleury's devices; or Louis le Grand's victories? They have vanished with the fortunes they created, and have left us such instruction only as we may derive from the cell of a culprit, or the fragments of a column.

Those who have prognosticated one among a thousand events, have been held wise in their generation. Alberoni has traced out before the event the salient features of the European system, as if he were describing it now. He foresaw the failure of all the endeavors of the Bourbon courts to restore the Pretender. He warned them that their fleets would fail against England, told them that* "cruisers" were the only effectual arm with which to assail her commercial greatness, laughed at their projects of a hundred thousand men in arms in the Highlands, or in Ireland, and recommended as a surer recipe for ruining England, the securing "*Ten members of the House of Commons, with a few Peers of note.*" He pointed to the sagacity of William III., who had established his throne by the then bold but

* This idea has presented itself within the last few years, and prompted our present precautionary measures.

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well-considered measure of plunging the country in war, and loading it with debt.

He furnishes a parallel to Talleyrand, both driven from office by a combination of foreign powers; * but all Europe feared the Cardinal of Parma, Russia alone feared the ex-bishop of Autun.

Spain, in the selection of public servants, to a certain degree imitated Rome, and resembled Russia. She did not think, that, to insure fidelity and authority, it was necessary that they should be her own nobles and chief men, as in the case of all modern European governments. Spain owed perhaps to the caprice of her monarchs, a facility which Rome possessed by the comprehensive nature of her institutions. Rome, however, so digested the nations only that she had already incorporated; Russia, the subjects of the state she purposes to acquire.

* The Allies remitted to France 100,000,000 as the price of the removal of Talleyrand from the Foreign Office, he having been the originator of the Quadruple Treaty, secret but defensive, of England, France, Austria, and Sweden, against the two aggressive and military governments of the North. Napoleon, on his return from Elba, found the treaty and sent it to St. Petersburg. Genz subsequently published it. It is the epitome of Europe in the 19th century.

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CHAPTER VII.

CEUTA.—BOMBARDMENT OF TANGIER.

TURNING the corner of a street, I saw a Moor walking familiarly along, as if he were quite at home. I was just as much surprised as if I had seen a wolf santering in the midst of a sheep-fold, or a sheep in the midst of a flock of wolves. I saluted him, and he replied in pure Castilian. I found it was the imaum of a community of—I suppose I must call them—Saracens, who having been settled at Oran when it was under the Spanish government had, on the abandonment of that place, fifty-two years ago, been transferred to Ceuta. He proposed to me to come in the evening and take tea with his wife and daughters. He conducted me into a *meson corral*, that is, a court or inclosure, which may be described either as the center of one house or as a court common to several. This was the quarter of the Moors, who amounted to five families. They have all a small pension from the government, and the men are in the military service. He led me into his own house, which was a strange mixture of Africa and Europe, but orderly and clean to fastidiousness. The women were in Spanish dresses, with head and neck bare.

This was the first time I had seen a Mussulman community resident for a period of time in the midst of a Christian people; so that, of course, I was soon engaged in a minute investigation of their social, religious, and domestic habits. Under this scrutiny the imaum soon began to wince, and the women affected—but very awkwardly—to laugh. The glibness with which they had commenced the conversation had vanished before I suspected the cause,—they took me for a Mussulman in disguise, who had come to pry into the nakedness of the land. They do practice the Abdest. They profess to keep the Ramazan (it is at this moment Ramazan). They have no bath and no mosk; but maintained that the mosk at the Moorish headquarters, to which they sometimes go, is within the prescribed distance.

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One native practice they had preserved in its pristine vigor, and that was *kouskouson*, with which they presented me, and to which we all did justice. When I had succeeded in convincing them that I was no Mussulman, their hilarity returned, and they were much amused at the description of my surprise at finding in Europe, Christian women muffled up, and meeting in Africa, Mussulman women with naked shoulders.

The imaum then gave me the detail of a dispute about the neutral ground, which raged at the very moment of the French bombardment of Tangier, and which had been adjusted through the intervention of England—by leaving things exactly where they were! An act of greater insanity there could not be than our interference in any such matter. It is impossible to preserve Gibraltar without the good-will either of Spain or of Morocco, because our subsistence must be drawn either from the one or the other country. When we are with Spain the Moors are against us; but then we do not need them: when we are against Spain, then we are sure to have the Moors with us.

This is the meaning of Lord Nelson's words,—"Should Great Britain be at war with any European maritime state, Morocco must be friendly to us, or else we must obtain possession of Tangier." Lord Nelson did not, however, see that the measure he proposed for obtaining that aid, would have had the opposite effect. If you seized Tangier you would place yourselves in the same position in respect to Morocco that Spain is at Ceuta, and be under a total inability of gaining the means of subsistence either from Morocco or Spain, for Tangier or Gibraltar. This judgment of Lord Nelson, thus reduced to its true application, is of the greatest importance.

The old man was loud in praise of Mr. Hay's proficiency in Arabic, and he smiled and winked when I said that I could wish nothing better for England than that its servants should be dumb. The Algerine government lately assigned this very reason—proficiency in the Arabic—for appointing one of their creatures as consul at Tangier: a member of the home government answered that that was the very reason why he was the person least qualified. But Algiers has triumphed over Paris.

The wind seemed settled from the westward, so I determined to return to Gibraltar to catch the steamer from England, and on the following morning bade adieu to this fancy warehouse of guns and convicts—this military toy-shop and Utopian penal settlement.

Just as we were getting into the current, we sprung our gaff, and were fortunately yet near enough to the African shore to

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regain it. We anchored and repaired the damage out of musket-shot. Had this accident happened an hour afterwards, we should probably not have seen Gibraltar for a week.

As soon as we got put to rights and had the Rock "on again," three points under our lee-bow, I asked one of the idlers to read something out of Mr. Hay's "Barbary," and he commenced with this passage: "And that famous Rock has always been a hot-bed for engendering mischievous reports, which, if connected in any way with Morocco, are sure to find their way over the Straits and thence to the court at Morocco in an exaggerated and distorted form."*

There is no escape from this Rock, which, like that of the Arabian Nights, is ever attracting and wrecking you. The first thing I heard of at the beginning of this excursion, was the exasperation produced in Spain by the sinking of their cruiser, and the subsequent discussion respecting the rebuilding of the forts of St. Philip and St. Barbara. I had learned these circumstances through official persons, I was now come to the other side of the water. Here again from an official person, and this time in a published book, breaks out the disgust and irritation engendered in Morocco.

Common fame represents the governor of Gibraltar as having been engaged, without measure or disguise, in embroiling the French and the Moors. He and the ambassador from Madrid took the extraordinary step of landing in Morocco at the moment when the appearance of any intermeddling on their part was exactly the thing to drive matters to extremity: they publicly held out encouragement to the Moors. The government at home has declared itself most formally in an opposite sense, and the foreign minister is a man whose word no one ever doubted. The only conclusion, therefore, is that the cabinet is not in the confidence of its agents. It stands to reason that in affairs carried on in secret, the acting hand will be the one which is not seen.

Former governors of this place have managed their own garrison and fort without distracting Spain or Morocco; this governor, then, must have been selected for the work he has performed. The qualifications and antecedents required are those of a soldier. Out of all the army, one only could be selected on whom had been inflicted the penalty of professional disgrace for heading a mob against his sovereign's troops:—that one was selected. The selection was the subject of astonishment, and it was felt by the service to be an insult. It was indeed inconceiv-

* "Western Barbary," p. 165.

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able that a man who had been in his own person guilty of the greatest outrage upon discipline, should have been chosen for the command of the most military garrison in Europe, so as to exhibit to every youth who commences his military career in the garrison,—and every regiment takes its turn,—that mutiny is compatible with the highest honors, and is even the road to preferment. This outrage upon discipline was perpetrated by the head of the British army, and the strictest of disciplinarians.

In 1817 there was a pamphlet published which, with equal ability and foresight, exposed the great error which had been committed at the congress of Vienna, in looking to France as the power from which future danger would emanate. In that pamphlet it was shown that by an undue depression of France the future peace of Europe was placed in jeopardy: its text and conclusion was, "*Alexander has inherited Europe from Napoleon.*"

The author of this pamphlet had henceforth to be classed among the men peculiarly deserving the attention of the Russian cabinet. He is that governor, selected, in defiance of all decency, to send to Gibraltar, and there overstepping the limits of his functions, he nearly embroils England and France.

A Russian steam-vessel of war was admitted to the quay of her Majesty's vessels to get coal, which was furnished her from the royal stores, while French men-of-war were allowed no such indulgence; on departing she *was saluted by the fortress, with twenty-one guns!** This I witnessed with my own eyes and heard with my own ears. The assembled crowd said, "Es loco,"—"He is mad." A foreign consul, the next day, used these words, "Now this appointment is explained."†

I may here set down some matters connected with the recent land and sea raid of the French in Morocco; but, like the father of history, I will give what I have heard without vouching for it.

* In answer to the comments to which the circumstance gave rise, it was stated, "from the Convent," that the reason why the Russian was saluted first, was that as it was near sunset, the fort would not have had time to return the salute, if it had waited till she had saluted first.

† Since the above was written, Sir R. Wilson has disappeared from this scene. I do not on that account suppress what I have written, as I have not brought any charge against him; and his acts here commented upon, are viewed merely as illustrative of the system of government by secrecy and intrigue.

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BOMBARDMENT OF TANGIER.

On the 2d of August, 1844, Mr. Hay received the submission of the sultan to the demands of France. On the 5th, the intelligence arrived at Tangier. A telegraphic dispatch dated that day, reached Paris on the 11th, and the peace with Morocco was officially announced. But five days before—that is, on the 6th—Tangier had been bombarded!

So far the dates. The change of dispositions between the 5th and 6th, was brought about by the arrival of letters from Paris after the intelligence from Tangier had been dispatched. The commanders of the squadron, to their great disappointment, were informed on the 5th, that they would presently receive orders to make sail for Toulon, and had repaired on board their respective ships, when the smoke of a steamer was perceived coming through the Straits. It was successively made out that she was standing in for Tangier, that she was French, a man-of-war, and the bearer of dispatches. The negotiations with Morocco had been in the hands of M. de Nion, who had acted in concert with Mr. Hay. It was in consequence of an agreement entered into, reduced to writing and signed between them, that Mr. Hay proceeded to Fez, and had there settled the matter between France and Morocco.* The Prince de Joinville, irritated by the interference of the English authorities (the ambassador from Madrid, and the governor from Gibraltar), was prevented from breaking up the settlement only by want of powers, M. de Nion being charged with the diplomatic post. The steamer brought three dispatches, one from the King, one from the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and one from the Minister of Marine. The first had no reference to the business in hand; the second left it just where it was; the third was upon a simple matter of administration (*Anglicè*, detail of service); but there was a postscript in these terms:—

"I suppose, if *you* have not been satisfied with the answer, *you will have bombarded.*"

The prince declared the question to be now in his hands. This letter was addressed to *him*, not to M. de Nion. *He* had to be satisfied, and if not, might bombard—he was not satisfied, and would bombard. M. de Nion objected the engagement with Mr. Hay, the peace made, &c. The prince replied that the

* The days of Mr. Hay are said to have been shortened by the vexation to which these transactions exposed him.

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Caid of Tangier had not answered his letter! In a word, the affair was fixed to come off next morning.

The prince selected the *Jemappe* as the most powerful vessel to place before the batteries, expecting that it would have to bear the whole fire of the place, while the other vessels were taking up their stations. Not a shot, however, was fired by the Moors until the French were in order and had opened their fire. It was just as at Navarino.

At Tangier, of course, on the night of the 5th, all anxiety had ceased; peace was considered concluded, and three boat-loads of fresh provisions had been sent off to the squadron by the caid.*

THE BATTLE OF ISLY.

The son of the emperor had exchanged letters with Marshal Bugeaud during the first days of August: both spoke of peace, and only of peace. Letters from the emperor of a prior date to the 2d—afterward taken—breathe nothing but peace: they announce that peace is about to be made, and he enjoins his son not to leave till all is finally settled, and to do every thing that could be agreeable to the French. On the 11th, the intelligence arrived that peace had been concluded: then arrived an aid-de-camp of Marshal Soult at the French camp with letters from the government in Paris, enjoining the marshal to abstain from all offensive measures, and inclosing a letter from Lord Aberdeen to M. Guizot, which stated that in that event he could not answer for the consequences. The marshal threw the letter upon the ground and stamped upon it, and taking the aid-de-camp by the arm, said "M. de V. vous en serez."

On the 14th the son of the sultan is awakened by an alarm, "*The French army is in sight.*" He tells his people the marshal is coming to pay him a visit before his departure, and after giving orders for a tent to be pitched, and coffee—which he knew the French liked—to be sought for and prepared, he again assumed, to use the phraseology of Antar, "the attitude of repose." He is again awakened—"*The French are on us,*"—and the French *were* on them—found *the coffee ready*, and instead of drinking, spilt it. The loss of the Moors was eight hundred men by *suffocation.*

While the emperor had every wish to make peace, and every dread of war, the troops had no disposition to fight. The

* I afterward ascertained at Paris that the prince had paid the Jew interpreter for these provisions!

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Ai Tata (fifteen thousand) and several other tribes, their best cavalry, had drawn apart, having come to observe, not to act. They had formally announced to the sultan, that if he prosecuted his present system of intercourse with Europeans, and of commercial monopoly, they would reserve their strength to defend their own mountains.

The French government, in like manner, had every disposition to make peace, and every reason to avoid war. Its dread was not Morocco, but Algiers: its interests were bound up with Morocco against the military colonial usurpation that defied the power of the cabinet, and threatened the institutions of the country. Consequently, after intelligence received of the victory of Isly, of the bombardment of Tangier,* and with the certainty that Mogadore was at the time also bombarded, the instructions were dispatched for the treaty signed at Tangier on the 10th

* These events are recorded in a composition which itself is worthy of a place in history.

"The Governor of all the French lands in the Pacific Sea, grand Speaker of the King of the French near the King-Lady of the Isles of the Society.

"To all the chiefs and all the men of all the lands of the Society.

"FRIENDS,

"Health to you all! Here is the word which I say to all. Two grand battles were gained by the arms of the King Louis Philippe, the protector of you all and the sovereign of us; the one on land and the other below on sea. In the battle on land forty thousand soldiers of the kingdom of Morocco were beaten by ten thousand French soldiers; the son of the king of this land of Morocco was the grand chief of all his soldiers.

"At the other battle two cities were ravaged by the cannonade of the French vessels of war commanded by the son of the King Louis Philippe, Prince Henry de Joinville, French Admiral. And in the great consternation of the enemy, peace was asked for by him. Eight hundred men of Morocco were killed, and two thousand and above that, wounded, and the enemy lost all their land-guns (cannons) which were taken. And a glorious treaty for the French was concluded immediately after on this land.

"Here is another word.

"The King Lady of Britain came to France some moons ago.

"And after that our King, the Protector of you all, went into Britain to visit Victoria.

"There were great honors done to those Kings in France and in Britain; and the two governments breathe well—the one for the other.

"That is the true word which I make known to you all, that you may not be deceived by lying words.

"BRUAT.

"Papaeta, 11th March, 1845."

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September, by which nothing was demanded more than had been settled before.*

* A very singular *dénouement* well nigh occurred;—that of referring the whole matter to the Emperor of Russia: this was prevented by an accident. When I asked who had suggested this idea, I was answered, "*It came from Gibraltar.*"

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CHAPTER VIII.

CADIZ.

Oct. 22d.

A MOORISH house is a square, with blind walls outside, and a court within. A corridor, sustained by pillars, runs round, and affords an opening and light to the rooms: the court is paved with marble, or is in mosaics, the place of meeting of the family. From this type the domestic architecture of Cadiz is derived. The soil upon which the city stands is occupied with those square blocks fitted one against the other, leaving no patch vacant. There is nothing that is not house or street. The houses, however, have windows on that side which faces the street. The roofs are flat, terraced, parapeted, and surmounted by square towers, sometimes three stories high. These roofs are the *basse cour*. There the poultry is kept, the washing, and all dirty work done, and the linen hung out to dry.* Here the inmates ascend, in the summer evenings, to enjoy the breeze, and in the winter days to bask in the sun. Above the sounds and bustle of the city, amid airy terraces, which, but for the want of water, might rival the hanging gardens of Babylon, looking out on the bright sea, and down and around on the shining city, the Gaditanas walk, converse, and observe their neighbors similarly employed on the neighboring battlements. As the houses adjoin, they are cut off from each other by parapets. Otherwise, the means of communication above would be nearly as complete as in the deep cuts of the streets that divide the masses. But to see Cadiz, you must ascend one of her towers,† in the still night, and under the moon.

* It is hung up wet for two reasons;—not to strain it by wringing, and to bleach it better.

† Such were the outlooks, or distegia, which were placed on the terraces of the Greeks; from such a one (*μελάθρων ἐς διῆρες ἔσχατον*) Antigone, in that beautiful episode which has been imitated in "Ivanhoe," viewed the Pelasgian host, drawn up near the fountain of Dirce. These were, and are, distinguished from the terraces roofed with tiles. The *Tuilleries* of Athens were not for the common roofs, but for the distegia, or

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The aspect from below is scarcely less striking. The streets are very narrow: to exclude the sun, the houses are constructed to keep out the heat. From every window projects an iron cage (rejà) or balcony—many of these glazed round, and resembling an oriel window. These verandas are filled with flowers, or shrouded in a mantle of ivy. The building is relieved by the gayest colors—bright sea-green, red, and yellow. The iron-work is green. The houses are separated, as also the floors, by lines of red: a narrow border of yellow runs round the base of each balcony, and of the houses. There is no more charming, urban sight, than that presented in looking down the narrow streets. The verandas approach from the opposite sides, with their lively colors, their shrubs, and flowers. Every thing is fresh, and clean, and bright, as if just from the workman's hands. Within, white reigns alone, above, and around. As you pass by, you have a succession of glimpses into the columned *patios*, neat, bright, and shiny, embellished with plants, flowers, and fountains.*

The doorways are grand and beautiful, and resemble the portals of cathedrals, rather than the entrances to dwelling-houses. In the larger houses the doors are made of slabs of shining mahogany, studded with knobs of brass. The lintels and architraves are ornamented and carved with an elaboration and a variety that afford constant occupation to the stranger in his walks. The Gate belongs, of course, to the land of the Caravan. It is the place of welcome, and its grandeur is the sign of hospitality. The threshold passed, you are in the midst of the dwelling; for the patio is the hall—the hall, as of ancient days—not the mere passage to the dining-room, and the receptacle of hats and walking-canes. We cannot imagine comfort in a court open to the heavens, or elegance in a room with no windows in the walls. New experience awaits us here: when marble is exchanged for brick, and the sun takes the place of fog, shade is comfort, and damp luxury.

The Spanish portal acquired a dignity rather Chinese than Moorish, from the escutcheon. At Valez Malaga I was shown the built-up door in the mansion of a noble, who, being ordered

double roofs, and for the temples. In Morocco also the mosks are tiled, and with gable roofs, while the houses are flat.

* Prescott, speaking of Cordova, says—"The streets are represented to have been narrow; many of the houses lofty, with turrets of curiously-wrought larch or marble, and with cornices of shining metal that glittered like stars through the dark foliage of the orange groves, and the whole is compared to an enameled vase sparkling with hyacinths and emeralds."



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to take down his arms from his door, built up the entrance, leaving the arms, and struck out a hole in the wall beside it.

The cathedral is a graceful and original modern building. There is a great falling off in the parts recently completed. From its top there is a splendid view of the sea-girt city, the bay, and the surrounding lands. It is all marble, and the roof shelves off from the cupola to the edge without parapet, so that you look out on the sea. In winter the spray passes over the building, so that it well merits its arms,—a cross standing on the water.

In the sacristy there were five large marble reservoirs, with the syphon of a fountain over them, for the priests to wash at. My gratification in recognizing this relic, will be intelligible only to those among Eastern travelers, who have conformed to the manners of the country, and known the secret of washing with running water; and the disgust and aversion that are inspired by our dabbling in a basin full of dirty water. Yet the practice can only have disappeared within two generations.* The Russians still wash in this way. This usage, however interesting as a relic, is not fruitful as a practice. The Spaniards are not a cleanly people: in their struggle of seven centuries with their washing and bathing foes, they placed their patriotism on the side of filth.

From the top of the cathedral I had observed some old ruins, and a circular tower, that looked Roman. It was the Moorish castle, and afforded me the opportunity of verifying a point which previously had been to me doubtful. These ruins are so built on, and so covered up, that it is difficult to trace them; but I made out Moorish walls, with square stones joined with lime. It has been a small castle standing by itself, opposite the water-gate of the town, and not part of a circuit of walls. One round tower still stands, about forty feet high. There is a portion of wall exposed, of between thirty and forty feet in thickness, in stone and lime. The chamber in the principal tower is, like all those in Moorish towers, neatly arched and ornamented. The staircase is in the substance of the wall, not in the center of the tower.

At Porta St. Maria, opposite Cadiz, I found a similar Moorish ruin. This is the point of embarkation of Xeres, or the Port of Sherry. It is the place for tasting wines,—the Pacharete, Montillado, and most noble Mansanilla. The cellars are worth seeing—if spacious and lofty edifices can be so called.

* In a picture by Holbein, a girl is represented washing her hands; an attendant pours the water as in the East.

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The people of Cadiz neither put their bodies in graves nor their wines in cellars: the dead are built up in walls, resembling bins of a wine-cellar; their wines are deposited in structures like cathedrals. The niches are like the dwellings of the living, some forever and a day, others for a term of years; after which the fragments of the former tenant are ejected, and the place swept clean for another.

I observed, on a placard, the two following signs of progress and civilization, in titles of new works: "The defender of the fair sex," and "The Ass, a beastly periodical." The words were "Il Burro, periodico bestial."

You may see a long row of boys, very small at one end and full grown at the other, dressed out in the sprucest and gayest uniforms—blue coat, single-breasted, with standing collar and large flaps; gold buttons and lace; white trowsers most mathematically cut, and strapped down on very camp-like boots; and, on inquiring what military institution this belongs to, you are answered, "It is a boarding-school!"

They have, in connection with schools, a practice which might suit "Modern Athens"—I mean the hyperborean one. A person from each school goes the round of the town, calling for the boys in the morning, and dropping them in the evening; just as sheep, goats, or cows are collected by a common herd.

The "Hospicio" is at once a poorhouse, a house of industry, a school, a foundling hospital, a hospital, and a madhouse;—that is, it supplies the places of all these institutions. It is imposing in its form, embellished in its interior, and as unlike, in all its attributes and effects, as any thing can be, to the edifices consecrated to the remedying of human misery, by our own charity and wisdom.

The church of St. Philippo Negri deserves a visit. It is a lofty oval hall. The altar is in a deep recess, and two narrow galleries run round it at a considerable height. In this church, in a back street of an outpost almost cut off from Spain, some unknown and self-designated politicians wove, in 1812, out of the threads of the philosophy of France, a tissue which was to clothe the nakedness of Spain, and to regenerate her. At that moment she was engaged in a desperate war with France. By those very doctrines her despot trampled on the liberties of France, and then converted her into the slavish instrument of his evil passions and lawless purposes against Spain. Up to the time when this constitution was proclaimed, faction, which had divided and distracted, for a century and a half, the other countries of Europe, had still in Spain been unknown.

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St. Philippo is thus a spot associated with greatness—but greatness of an easy kind. It is easier to kill a camel than —sometimes—to catch a flea.

Cadiz, Oct. 26th.

I made an excursion yesterday, in a calasa, to the mainland, or rather, to the Isla St. Leon, which adjoins it. After traveling about four miles along the narrow ridge of sand that joins Cadiz to the main, you turn to the left, round the bottom of the bay, and enter on the salt-pans, which extend throughout the Isla. There were ditches, tanks, and reservoirs, cut out in all shapes and dimensions. Heaps of salt were scattered about like pyramids; some, twenty feet high. I expected to obtain data respecting the evaporation of the Mediterranean, but was disappointed: neither is the water allowed to deposit in one place, nor are there successive fillings of water into the same basin before the salt is made. In either case, the rate of evaporation would have been furnished exactly; but the water passes through successive pans, becoming more and more charged as it advances to the inner tanks, where the crystalization is ultimately effected—a process even then attended with difficulty.* There are, in the Isla, twelve government and seventy-two private works; the produce of the first is 12,000, of the other, 40,000 lasts. The cost is six quarts the Fanega; it is sold at fifty-two reals. The salt made at the private works is for exportation, and is taken off by the English, Americans, and French.

These and the other salt-works of Galicia, the Asturias, &c., are farmed for 12,000,000 reals, by a singular adventurer of the court and the exchange,—M. Salamanca.

The observatory at St. Fernando is, of course, like all observatories; and, being built to look at the heavens, affords a good view of the earth. From the top of it I inspected this labyrinth. There was, in front, Cadiz, hanging by its narrow isthmus. The Isla de Leon is a low marsh, which forms the bottom of the bay. In the island is St. Fernando, situated on broken ground. I could trace the salt river from its source, or mouth, in the sea, to its other source, or mouth, in the bay. At the sea-entrance, I could distinguish the small island or knoll of St. Petri. Here stood the Altars of Hercules. It was to visit this spot that I had started from Cadiz; and finding it impracticable, from the time of day and the roughness of the weather, I had, with great reluctance, given up the project. It was some compensation to see, at least, the spot. An antique bridge joins the Isla

* In England a bit of butter is used.

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to the mainland: it stands about half-way between the bay and the sea. It was rather a causeway, with arches, than a bridge, and was said to be Phœnician.

At Cadiz, one is in the midst of a town, and the very type and essence of towns. The eye has no scope, and the mind no sight, for any thing but itself. It is impossible to think of it as Gades, or to recall Circe's smile, or Cerberus' growl; but here I recovered myself, and yielded to the intoxication which, on certain spots, the mists of past things produce. Cadiz did again become Gades. Behind appeared, on the side of a hill, or rather, close to its summit, Medina Sidonia, recalling, in one name, the Phœnician and the Moor. The salt marshes could be transmuted to the ancient groves and gardens, by the aid of some palm-trees scattered over the broken ground.

But that islet, now shrouded by the spray from an easterly storm, with its temple, where Hannibal offered sacrifice before departing to live on Italy for fourteen years—where Cæsar was fired with the love of the purple, by the sight of the statue of the victor of Darius—was the magnet of the scene. Who built this temple? What was it? The temple of Phœnicians,—of idolaters? yet idols were excluded. There was a sacrifice, but not to idols; there was an altar, but no groves or high places. Wines were forbidden, which were not forbidden in Phœnicia or Egypt. Women were excluded from the sacrifices; the sacred flame was kept burning; the priests served barefoot. When they entered, their faces were veiled, and their heads covered with white linen. This, then, was a temple of the Hebrews, and not of idolaters.* Among the dwellers in Canaan, there were those who had preserved primeval light, and are called in scripture "worshipers of the true God." Balaam was a prophet, and the book of the Arab Job is one of the books of Scripture.

From St. Fernando I could command the field where Tarik triumphed, and where Roderick fell. The sudden extinction of the Gothic empire has led to the inference that it was rotten: the valor with which that field was contested forbids that conclusion. The factions, and the contests for the crown among the Goths, differed little from those among the Saracens; the *people* were not divided, and had lost nothing of their valor and their warlike spirit.† The Arabs triumphed in Spain in like

* Herodotus (ii. 46, 145) mentions one tribe of the Pelasgi who had no images, and worshiped one supreme God, whose name they never pronounced.

† Muza, when questioned by the calif as to the character of the differ-

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manner as Islamism did in Africa. The Goths were not the only inhabitants; the original population was still in existence, and identified with that of Hispania Transfretana. To these the Saracens were deliverers, not invaders. They were invited over by the Jews, a numerous, and then a warlike people, preserving many ties with the Arab population of both countries, and forming the link between them and the old Iberians. It is not extraordinary that there should have been native Spaniards in the armies of the Goths, without the fact being recorded. So uncertain are all our data, that it is disputed whether Count Julian was a Mussulman or a Christian; whether Tarik was a Breber, a Persian, or an Arab. In periods nearer to our own, when European literature flourished, omissions and mistakes of a similar kind are not uncommon. For instance, at the battle of Angora the contest, as it is supposed, was between the Turks and the Tartars; but the body of the troops of Bajazet were neither Turks nor Mussulmans, but Servians.

The association of the people of Spain with those of Mauritania, while both were Christians, is further established by the use of Arabic in the old Spanish church. It is recorded with wonder that their works on theology were in that tongue, and that a large proportion of its priesthood knew no other. This Arabic literature dates from a time *anterior to the Arab conquest.* It was from Africa that Spain received Christianity. But modern Spanish writers would be careful to conceal or disguise the early association of Spain with the people and system against which raged their fanaticism. It is the suppression of all this that has made the conquest of the Arabs appear like a fable.

Cardonne estimates, at the battle of the Guadalete, the Goths at 100,000, and the Arabs at 12,000. Gibbon makes the Arabs less. Another writer says:—"It was no longer the terrible Goths, whose valor had overthrown the Roman empire, that had penetrated from the shores of the Euxine to those of the Atlantic. The youth, enervated with peace and luxury, had abandoned the exercise of arms. The chiefs, impelled by jealousy, revenge, or ambition, betrayed their monarch to those who sought his ruin." And presently we have,—"The two armies fought long and with equal ardor. The uncertain victory was decided in favor of the Mussulmans by a horrible treason. Opas, Archbishop of Seville, collecting his vassals, joined the ranks of the

ent people of the West, says of the Goths, "They are champions who do not turn the back on the foe."

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Mussulmans and attacked the Christians. The Spaniards were immediately broken," &c.

How could there be a struggle in an open country by 12,000 against 100,000, where arms and courage were equal—where both were warlike? The Goths were engaged in continual warfare between themselves; they were making incursions into France; they were at the very time masters, by recent triumphs, of the sea, and possessors until that very year, of strong places in Africa, whence they were carrying on aggressive war against the Moors! We have therefore to look for some other cause than the effeminacy of the one, and the valor of the other. Count Julian could put the Moors in possession of Ceuta, and in joining them draw all his adherents with him,—the Archbishop of Seville could quit the camp with all his followers, a fact which has no parallel, and join the invading Mussulman:—there existed, then, links between the two people not to be found in the romances of the Spanish writers, or in the phrases of Gibbon. Thus, the enterprise ceases to be a fable, and regains its just station as one of the most hardy and successful of human achievements.

In speaking of the burning, by Cortes, of his vessels on the coast of Mexico, Robertson remarks:—"Thus, by an act of magnanimity to which history offers nothing to be compared, did 500 men consent to shut themselves up in a hostile land, covered with nations numerous and unknown, and after destroying their means of retreat, remained with no other resource than their valor and their perseverance." He forgot horses, gunpowder, and artillery. But the Spaniards in the New World only repeated the lesson they had learned from the Moors in the Old, and the Moors only repeated what the Sicilian Agathocles had already performed in his wonderful home-thrust against Carthage. The Moorish chief, at the head of 7000, or—as Gibbon makes them—5000 men, sent, Scipio-like, to invade the powerful and warlike peninsula (that was itself invading Africa), adopted the same expedient, and induced his more numerous followers, in face of a far greater danger, to submit to the same alternative. They burned their vessels in the port of Gibraltar. They thus cut off their retreat, in case of a repulse, as effectually as if the whole Atlantic spread between them and their native land. The address of Tarik to his followers was,—"The enemy is before you, the sea is behind,—follow me."

After the victory, the Moors, instead of advancing, as in a hostile country, dispersed, as after the defeat of a usurper, to take possession. One body marched upon Ecija, a strongly-

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fortified place; the whole population perished in the defense, or after the capture: another upon Corduba; it was surrendered by the inhabitants; the governor of the garrison, however, preferred death to submission. Another body took possession of Granada; Tarik himself marched on the capital, Toledo. All these places made separate capitulations, and preserved the exercise of their religion: they were to pay only such taxes as were paid to their kings; they were to preserve their laws, and their magistrates. The churches were generally divided between the Mussulman and the Christian. The same conditions, excepting double tribute, were granted to the cities that made the most desperate resistance. It was on a system that they acted, and not upon emergency—by a rule, and not according to circumstances or expediency.*

The valor of the Goths was desperate and self-devoted. The division of the churches between the two religions shows the rapidity with which conversion accompanied, or rather had prepared, their triumph. The Goths were originally but an army that entered Spain, to protect its inhabitants. When Spain afterward recovered herself from the Saracens, she was altogether Gothic, with no trace of the old population, except in the Basque provinces, where neither the Goths had penetrated before, nor did the Saracens after. The remainder of the original —that is, the Iberian—population had, therefore, become Mussulmans.

Here was exposed the imbecility of the supposition that Islamism was propagated by the sword. It was Islamism that aided the conquests of the Saracens. Its force lay in applying the dictates of religion directly as a restraint upon the conduct of government, rendering the king, as well as his humblest vassal, equally subjects of the law.

Within a few months from the battle of Guadalete, the Moorish troops had passed beyond the Pyrenees, and were encamped at Carcassone. There the tide of victory was arrested, not by the hammer of Martel, but by orders from Damascus. It was

* "Thing incomprehensible! History shows us the Arabs as the least exacting, the least cruel of all conquerors. They have shown the example of those peaceful conquests which we recommend to the governments of the nineteenth century. By the capitulations which the earliest Arab chiefs granted to the Christians of Spain, these last retained the free exercise of their religion. This toleration, scrupulously respected, facilitated and rendered more prompt the reconciliation of the two people. Ocba, Gehrarben-Muhamad, Youzef, have left, in the Spanish chronicles, written even by the Christians, the most touching instances of tolerance, justice, and magnanimity."—*La France en Afrique*, p. 17.

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the project of the Saracen chief to conquer France, and thence to march to the attack of the Greek empire in the rear. When the Saracens did invade France, it was after the generation of conquerors had passed away—when France was recovering from the lethargy of her Merovingian race, and when a schism had been established between Spain and the Califate.

The empire established by this victory is the most remarkable instance of prosperity that the world has ever seen. The town of Corduba contained 200,000 houses; in its public library there were 600,000 volumes. It had 900 public baths. On the banks of the Guadalquivir there were 12,000 villages; and such were the fruits they drew from the soil, such the profits of their industry, which furnished to the East luxuries and arms, that the public revenue of Spain in the tenth century was equal to the collective revenues of all the other kings of Europe. Twelve millions of dinars—a sum of gold which, calculating the dinar at 10*s*., and multiplying by ten, to give the difference of the value of gold, is equal to £60,000,000 of our present money.

Five centuries and a half later, this plain was again the theater of great events: the Christian principalities had again regained strength, the Mussulmans expending themselves in internal wars in Spain, and between the Peninsula and Morocco. The battle of Las Navas de Tolosa had taken place. St. Ferdinand had entered their capital and taken Seville, when the elevation of his son Alfonso the Sage—but in his early years designated *the Brave*—to the crown of Castile, gave promise of a speedy emancipation of the Peninsula, aided as he was by the valiant James of Aragon, who had successfully contested against them no less than thirty fields.

Alfonso retook from the Mussulmans, Xeres and all the surrounding towns; but, very soon absorbed in the vain expectation of becoming Emperor of Germany, and less successful than his successor, Charles V., or England's candidate for the Spanish crown, Charles VI., he squandered the means of his subjects in a project that was hateful to them; lost the time and the occasion of following up his successes, and brought upon Spain new dangers from Africa. This was the first time that Spain appeared influencing the relations of Europe, and mingling in its councils. Squandering her treasures to sway the elections of Frankfort, and moving Africa by his intrigues in Germany, the successful competitor was Rudolph, the founder of the imperial house of Austria.

Xeres was soon retaken by the Moors; and on that occasion, a Spanish commander distinguished himself by a trait of hero-

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ism not less signal than that, the memory of which is preserved at Tarifa. The soldiers on the wall having all fallen, the governor, Don Garcia di Gomez, maintained the place alone, and refused to surrender, though himself covered with wounds: the Moors, struck with admiration, determined to preserve his life in spite of himself; lifted him off the wall with hooks, and then cured him of his wounds.

I found the astronomer at the observatory, M. de Sercera, a person no less interesting in his general conversation than distinguished for his scientific acquirements; and I received from him and from others some most unexpected information respecting a recent event which has had most important consequences for Europe. I refer to the revolt of the Isla de Leon, and the proclamation there of the constitution of 1812, on the 1st January, 1820. It appears that the plot was undisguisedly conducted by Russia; that the Bailiff de Tatischeff,*—then the representative of Russia at Madrid,—came down himself to watch over the conspiracy, and openly used his predominating influence at court to sacrifice those superior officers who endeavored to enlighten the government regarding what was there in progress. It was this revolution which matured and brought forth those dissensions which have since distracted the Peninsula, and afforded the occasion which was taken by Russia at the Congress of Verona, to constrain, or rather cheat, France into the invasion of 1823, the parent of subsequent reactions and endless troubles.

* This diplomatist was subsequently removed, on the application of Ferdinand to the Emperor Alexander, through Capo D'Istrias. The king wrote these words: "I, who appear to be King of Spain, am only the servant (*criado*) of the Bailé de Tatischeff." Capo D'Istrias, to whom the scrap of paper was brought, and who was then passing through Italy, promised that, fifteen days after his arrival at St. Petersburg, the obnoxious ambassador should be removed. He kept his word. Russia lost nothing. The work had been accomplished, and Ugarte was left behind. The Bailé having proved himself so successful with a king, was sent to try his hand on an emperor.

This fact I have had from the agent employed by Ferdinand. It is curious that Spain should have got rid of a Russian ambassador, and kicked out an English one. It is curious that it should have been for the same cause. In the first case, however, the evil was already done. What service might not Spain render to Europe, if, moved by the tortures she has undergone, and by the happy consequences which she has experienced from having one intriguer the less at Madrid, she should withdraw her own from foreign courts, and thus be herself relieved from the others!

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CHAPTER IX.

EXCURSION ROUND THE STRAITS.

Cadiz, Oct. 24th.

In the land of the Hindoos, far away from the ocean, there is a building called the *Pearl* Mosk. The Spaniards call their Cadiz, the City of Silver. But Cadiz is the daughter, not of the land but, of the sea, and is the pearl of cities.

The impression of brightness I have received in Cadiz does not, however, arise from the luster of these silvery turrets, but from a swarm of women covering the floor of the cathedral with a mass of silk blonde tresses, and eyes, shining, fluttering, gleaming—and all is black. I had passed from the Ommiades to the Abassides. In that monumental uniformity there are a fascination and a grandeur, which scatter to the wind our freaks of fashion. How contemptible the devices of our continual change, when contrasted with the things discovered, used, and preserved by a whole people!

If I venture on this track so often beaten, and reattempt the description of things so often described, yet never conveyed, my excuse is, that I have adjusted my eye and observation to a more distant point, and have looked to making what I saw, intelligible to a future time. To this I have been led by the fact that changes are in progress. The day may come when, having exhausted variety without finding contentment, this people may try to go back, and endeavor with pain to regain what now, in heedlessness, they are casting away: then will it be interesting to know what, while Spain still retained manners of her own, struck the passing stranger.

The milliners of Paris, it is a common saying, have accomplished* what the arms of Napoleon were unable to achieve,—

* A lady, writing from the north of Scotland, thus speaks of the double invasion there of bonnets and poor:—"Bonnets have been the destruction of the Caithness servants: what they spend on these, and flowers and ribbons (instead of the linsey-woolsey petticoat, linen jacket, and snood), would keep their parents in meals for months; but, of course,

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as if female vanity had broken down national character and taste, which masculine sense struggled to uphold. Alas! for the dignity of manhood;—it is the tailors, not the milliners of Paris, who have triumphed where German insolence, Bourbon fraud, and imperial victories alike had failed.

Spain lives only in the peasantry, and in that sex which an Eastern sage has said is "the first to hope and the last to despair." The men we see walking about the streets are the ordinary persons inhabiting European towns. You are reminded that you are in a country which is itself only when you see the women.

The crown of this costume is the *mantilla*. It belongs to the class of vestures intended to screen, not to parade: it nevertheless enhances and sets off beyond every device and contrivance of mere display. The ancient form, the *manta*, was within the century known in sequestered places. It is in common use in the transatlantic possessions or offshoots of Spain: it lingers still on the verge of the Peninsula at Tarifa, where I have mentioned it.

The manta* is a stripe of black taffeta or serge, two yards long by one broad. Three cords are run through it lengthways at one edge; by these it is bound and puckered round the waist: it is then turned up like a petticoat over the head and shoulders, and is gathered in the hand upon the breast. In front there is a lappet of about six inches' width, lined with crimson silk, which comes round the face. Encasing the person from the waist upward, it is an admirable protection against wind, rain, and sun. One eye only—generally the left one—is exposed. Thus Solomon sings:

"With thy one eye thou hast bewitched me."

Backed by such authority, I may venture to say that it is not without its ostensible beauties as well as its revelations of grace and attractions of concealment. The Turkish *yashmac* conceals the face; the *farigee* shrouds the person: the manta serves at once for both purposes. The *faldett* of the women of Malta is of the same description. The petticoat being also black, the

now that there is a 'legal assessment,' what need they care or 'scrimp' themselves, only to spare the parish."—"She (an old woman of ninety-two) told me, that formerly there was more love among neighbors, than now among brothers."

* The name of the cloak worn by the gentlemen, and of the plaid used by the peasants.

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dress appears all of one piece, as originally it was. The name of the costume is *saya-manta.*

The *mantilla* is the manta narrowed, loosened from the waist and fastened on the head. There are two kinds.* The *mantilla de tiro* is that worn by the peasantry: it is of black serge trimmed with velvet. It is worn high on the head, and round upon the face. The second, the costume of the city, is the *mantilla de blonda:* it is of silk, rich and stiff, plain or flowered, and differs from the other by having blonde to the depth of twelve inches all round. The blonde is deeper in front, so as to serve as a veil. The edge of the silk is fastened to the comb at the crown of the head; the silk falls behind, the lace before, unless gathered up. It is secured in windy weather against the cheek by the tip of the fan. The mantilla, when dropped on the shoulders, degenerates into a veil joined to an unmeaning scarf or a tippet; yet this is now become the fashion. The whole is sometimes of lace—when it is only a bagged hood.

The mantilla is not spoken of as a piece of dress that fits well or ill. Such a lady, they say, wears her mantilla well, just as if they were speaking of a ship carrying her colors. The port of a Spanish lady is, indeed, like the bearing of a ship. The mantillas, reversing the effect of our costume—which is to impress the wearer with the feelings of a block—gives at once freedom and dexterity. The mantilla, fan, castanet, guitar and dance—which last is not here the business of the legs alone—keep the arms always busy. The head is disencumbered of bonnet, cap, ribbons and curls; hence that grace of the Spanish women, which all recognize and none can describe, for mere form or feature does not explain it.

I need not say that beneath a mantilla there are no curls; nor need I add, that where neither bonnets nor caps are worn, and the head is always exposed, the hair is well kept. A Spanish lady remarked to me, that what struck her principally when she traveled in other countries, was the want of cleanliness in the women's hair. It is always exposed, as hair was intended to be, to the air and wind, and it is every day in water, for they wet it before using the comb.

The hair is dressed in two styles. One is called *sarrano.* The only explanation I could get for this name was, that *sierra* means mountain, and that the mountaineers dress in this way. But neither does it seem to be the style of the Sierra, nor does

* I have heard of another mantilla—*de Cacherula*—longer than the others, and like a scarf.

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the word sarrano mean mountain: there is, indeed, no such word in Spanish.*

Sar and *sarrano* were Phœnician forms of Tyre † and Tyrian. The Tyrian, not the Greek or Roman, pronunciation would prevail in Spain and Africa. Columella, a Spaniard, says, "*Sarranam violam*;" Silvius Italicus has "*Sarranum muricem*;" Ennius, "*Sarranum ostrum*;" consequently, "Sarrano head-dress" means neither more nor less than "Tyrian head-dress."‡ Such an etymology is in no way far-fetched. It is quite natural to look for a Tyrian mode of dressing the hair, under a covering of the head, described by Solomon, in a city built by the Tyrians, and from which you can perceive another city, which to this day bears the name of Sidon.

Saint Augustine quotes it as an instance of the retentive memory of the people of his age, that the rustics in the neighborhood of Carthage, when asked who and what they were, answered, "We are from Canaan;" whence they had come one thousand and ninety years before, and after the name of Canaan had long been obliterated. Here is a head-dress with the name of Tyre,§ more than double that interval of years.

In the "Tyrian" (Sarrano) style, the hair is divided over the forehead, turned back with an ample fold, the ends fastened behind: the back hair is divided and plaited, and hangs down the back; and no doubt formerly, as in the East and in Barbary, silk of the color of the hair was plaited in and hung down to the heels in tassels. There appears to be a reason why this style was called "Tyrian." The Jewesses wear their hair bound upon the head in a very elaborate manner, with feathers, a cushion, and handkerchief, the Tyrian being all open and exposed. I find that I am concurrently using the past and present tenses, referring at one moment to the spot where I am; at the next to the times of Hiram and Solomon; but, in fact, they are so intermingled that it is impossible to dissever the scriptural descriptions and the things themselves.

The other style is *moño*;—and has also a foreign association, not, however, with Jerusalem, but with Paris, for it has

* The word *Sarra* is given in Aldevete: he renders it *princess*; also *Sarria*, Valencian for *net*. He derives both from the Hebrew.

† "Quod nunc Tyrus dicitur olim Sarra vocabatur."—*Scholiast on Virgil.*

"Pœnos Sarra oriundos."—ENNIUS.

‡ "Mantilla de *Tiro*" may be from the same word.

§ The dance *Sarrabanda*, the saraband of our old writers, is, of course, nothing else but "Tyrian bounding."

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been recently imitated there. The front hair, parted, is plaited on each side into one plait, then rolled as a wheel upon the temple, and fastened by a hair-pin. The back hair is gathered light, and secured behind by a ribbon. It is then divided into two parts and plaited; these are turned up like a bow, and secured by the same ribbon. The bow (I mean of the hair) is then twisted, so as to spread on both sides, resting on the nape of the neck. It derives its name from *moño*, which is a large rose of variously-colored ribbon, which is sometimes used to set it off. It is placed on the crown of the head: from it hang two tassels of gold or silver, lace or embroidery.

There is no gown of a piece; the costume is in separate parts: the sleeves and body may be of any color. They are, out of doors, covered by the mantilla; like it, the petticoat is black: formerly it was not above two yards in width, and fell to the *mi-jambe* with weights round to keep it down. In a discussion on these subjects with Spanish ladies, an English gentleman maintained, on the authority of Murray's new "Guide-Book," which had just come out, and which had been looked forward to with as much expectation as it produced disappointment, that only recently the ladies of Cadiz had taken to show their feet: that, "formerly, they wore their petticoats so long that you could not tell if they had any feet at all." This produced an exclamation of astonishment and anger. A Gaditana mentioned that, having returned in 1823 from Paris to Madrid in the wake of the French army, bringing her mantilla with her, she sent for a milliner to order the other parts of the Spanish dress. The milliner told her that her Paris dresses would do, for that nothing else was worn; on which she apostrophized the *artiste* thus:—"Go out into the streets with mantilla and long petticoats!" Her astonishment equaled her indignation at seeing this hideous petticoat imposed on Spaniards, who, as she said, did not require it, not having "feet an ell long."

The petticoat of the peasants in Andalusia is yellow, of a homely but excellent woolen stuff, and bordered with red, the two colors which the Spanish women most affect—the colors of their gorgeous standard, those of gold and blood.

A Spanish woman is no less attentive to her foot and shoe*

* "In-doors they wear *mules*, or shoes very low, the rest of the leg being naked; out of doors, and especially in Andalusia, they wear drawers, long and very neatly folded, to exhibit a fine leg, for their garments only come down to half the leg. They are very particular about their feet, and they have shoes of thin Morocco, very soft, embroidered in silk of different colors. They have for bracelets large manacles of gold

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than to her hair: from below the saga comes forth the plump leg in its creaseless stocking. The impression that remained on me of Spain, having been there as a child, was a black lace-bedizened female figure, with a bunch of flowers on the head and on the foot, and a white satin shoe, cheapening cod in the fish-market at six in the morning. If the wise man was bewitched by the sight of the "one eye," so was the paynim Holofernes "ravished" by the sight of Judith's sandal. But the sandal must not be taken for that thing which Abigails call by that name: it was not the service of ribbon that held the sole on, but the sole itself. Spain is still the country of the sandal: you may see it every day, and there is nothing that more recalls antiquity than the bands (stone-blue) by which it is secured round the ankle and foot.*

The old Spanish shoe is very low, and scarcely held at all at the heel: like the slipper of the Easterns, it required the action of the toes to hold it on. The calf of the leg accordingly was full, because its muscles were called into play. So important is this to the grace and ease of the figure, that at Rome the models, male and female, lose their pension if they wear a shoe with a thick sole.

There still wants something to complete the Spanish costume, or, perhaps, I might say the Spanish woman—and that is THE FAN. Yet, how supply this want? at least, without herself—how convey her and it on paper? You might as well attempt to teach on paper how to roll a turban, make coffee, or hit the bull's-eye.

The petticoat has two names, *basqueña* and *saga*. The latter recalls the sagum of the Greeks and Romans, which is derived from *sagi* or *sogi* of the Tuaregs: sagum designated a web or mantle. How it has come to be a petticoat I shall presently explain.

The sleeves, *mangas*, are tight to the arm, and buttoned up the fore-arm, not by button-holes in the stuff, but in the Eastern manner, with loops. The buttons are gold filigree, which we call Maltese: they are used in large numbers for ornamenting the *maja* dress. The body is low round the shoulders, as the present evening-dress of Europe; but they do not sin against

and silver, so weighty that those of gold are worth a hundred ducats. They have similar ones above the ankle, which are round, and thicker than the wrist."—MARMOL's *Africa*, vol. ii. p. 192.

* The *alpargata* is not strictly the sandal, for the sole is of untanned leather, or a thick texture of hemp. The sandal proper has been seen on Jews from the Atlas: it is still in use in Arabia and Ethiopia.

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mechanics and modesty by bringing the edge of the dress to the angle of the shoulder. A scarf is fastened above the dress, which comes up behind, is secured upon the shoulders by clasps, and then brought down in front. There is something approaching to this worn by the women in Morocco. The buckles and clasps on the shoulders are frequently mentioned in the Old Testament.

The parts of the dress in which color is allowed are the body and the sleeves, which, when out of doors, are shrouded by the mantilla. The dress for the streets is black, and invariably black; while the men display the most gaudy and variegated colors.

The *avanico* is used ceremoniously and socially:—in the first place, it is stiffly and demurely restricted to its legitimate end. When it enters common life, held firmly, yet freely between the fingers and the ball of the hand, it serves as an extension of it, feathered to flout the air. The ordinary fan practice is to throw the hand outward while letting go one side of the fan; then turning the hand inward to recover it by a jerk. If we had no fans in Europe, there would be less difficulty in describing, because our imagination would be free and at work. Having fans, and using them to disturb the air, we have settled notions of them; and when we hear what a Spanish fan can accomplish, we conclude that there is a code of signals—some sort of constructive slang imparted to the initiated. The Spanish fan is no more the arm of a telegraph than the leaf of a winnowing machine. A fan is to a Spanish woman what feathers are to a bird. Is she content and happy?—there is its gentle fluttering—in its vivacious and rapid catch—in its long-drawn motion—in its short pulse. There is all that is conveyed to us by the brow when it lowers the eye; when it flushes the cheek—when it glows. She wants not the frown to dismiss, nor the smile to invite: it is an additional and mute voice:—I might compare it to the rod of a magician, or to the passes of a mesmerist. Once seen, you feel that it is what was required to complete—woman. The ideal was always in the mind, guessed only before, but recognized the moment it is seen.*

* An *artiste* thus advertises in the *Times*:—"THE FAN.—The most graceful mode of using this elegant companion, so indispensable to the distinguished, will be imparted by a lady who is well skilled in an exercise so charming and fascinating in the brilliant society of the continent, particularly of the Court of Spain. A fortnight's practice would remove that impression of inaptitude and want of grace, hitherto so apparent in its use in the most fashionable circles in this country. The lady will be at home from 12 till 4 on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of each week, commencing the 10th of January. *The lessons are for the select*

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An English lady plays on the harp or the pianoforte. A French lady touches the one and pinches the other. The guitar belongs to the Spaniard—as constant as her mantilla; as familiar as her fan—it is ready to please a guest; to solace a leisure hour. It is no matter of ostentation; it is no performance. Her proficiency is not the result of study; there are no hours,—no years consumed in practicing; it is an unceasing amusement, an inseparable companion.

That which would strike the stranger as most extraordinary, is our having one costume in the morning and one in the evening; one dress which lives only in daylight, another which never sees the sun. This is a peculiarity for which no age and no race afford a parallel. Take Cherokee or ancient Egyptian, Hindoo, Athenian, Hottentot, or Kamtschatkale, you will not find one who has dressed his body according to the motions of the sun and earth; or held a checked waistcoat, or a close-bodied gown as appropriate at one hour and inappropriate at another. When dress was associated with respect, change either by the hour or month was impossible: the man was then more than the food and the body—than the raiment;—change could only become habitual where such feelings were dead; and then dress, escaping from the guidance of taste, became the trappings of vanity. This evening-dress of Europe is the common in-door dress, slightly disfigured, of the Spanish lady.

The veil and fan, the chief adornment of the female costume, are from Spain; so also is that richest and most distinguishing of its materials, *lace*.

Barbara of Brabant has received the credit of the discovery; but her share can extend no further than to the mode of working in flax. The texture in silk and cotton must have been carried thither by the Spaniards. In the beginning of the fifteenth century, the word *blonda* is found in a Castilian law,* it is referred to as a manufacture in general use, and consequently long established. It was not known in Europe for at least a century later.†

few, at five guineas the course. For cards of address apply to Mde. Ramazzoti, French Room, Soho Bazaar."

* Furthermore, I ordain and command that no Jewesses of our kingdoms shall wear mantillas with lace or trimmings."—*Ord. John II.*, Cifuentes, July, 1412.

† The *Magasin des Demoiselles*, (October, 1847), which ought on such a subject to be a good authority, says that coarse lace was first used by the priests and women in the time of Francis I., soon after two varieties appeared called *Visette*, and *Gueuse:* next appeared, from the manufacturers of Brussels, &c., *Mignonette*, *La Compour*, and lastly *La Guypure*,

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Lace is to be seen in every hut, on every domestic article:—pillow-case, napkins, sheets—it is a national type, and must be of ancient date; in all likelihood, from that common source of Spanish things, Judæa. In this conclusion, I was confirmed by finding in Barbary the term *Guipoör*. It is used by the Jews for the festival of atonement, when they wear white mantles in the synagogue, with the fringes in open embroidery. The name of the country was given to the texture. The texture, then, comes from the Jews.*

The word *dentelle*† is explained as meaning the teethlike points of the serrated border lace, as distinguished from the Guipoör, Mechlin, Brussels, and English point, &c. But there was an ancient festival in Spain on the occasion of the child cutting its teeth, which was known to the Christians under the name of Dentilia.‡ Such would be fitting time for the display of this finery. Whoever has seen the festival of *Corpus Christi* in Spain, or Portugal, will understand how natural it was to give the name; for on it all the procession, or at least all the public functionaries to this day, wear scarfs of lace over their uniforms.

The blonde is made on the frame. The common lace, which is used as seams and edging, is made with the *crochet*, which is as familiar in the hands of every Moor, as formerly the *cronag*

sometimes embellished with gold and silver thread. The original patterns of the guypure resemble those of the lace which at present is known by that name. These, strongly meshed, run and entwine, capriciously imitating the forms of the architecture of the "*rénaissance*," which evidently suggested it. The guypures in narrow strips are called "*tête de more*."

* At Jerusalem the fringes *Tzetzes* were sometimes so long that carpets were carried about to bear them on.

† Nicod, Monnet, Henri, Etienne, dictionaries of the eighteenth century, do not contain the word Dentelle. In the Encyclopédie Méthodique is mentioned a work published in 1587, being a translation and a third edition of Frederick de Vinciolo Venilæri, of which the title is "Le Réseau premier et la point coupé et locis de plusieurs beaux et differens pour traicts de reseaux de point de côté avec le nombre de mailles, chose non encore vue ni inventée." The engravings seem to represent two kinds of lace, figures forming a *toilé* without field, *i. e* guypure; the other figures on a square thick-set ground or net-work, as in Valenciennes appliquées.

Of the same period, a set of engravings representing the avocations of men (by Dubruyn and A. V. Londerseel) shows a girl at work on lace with the cushion now in common use on her knee. Colbert protected it in 1629.

‡ "They (the Moors) have Festival days instituted of old by the Christians, whereupon they use certain ceremonies which themselves understand not. . . . When their children's teeth begin to grow, they make another feast called, according to the Latins, *Dentilia*."—Leo Africanus, Book iii. *Description of Fez.*

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in those of the Highland shepherd. The Barbary caps were originally so made, and indeed are so still. In the same way, may yet be seen Highland hose, and formerly the *trews*. The Shetland shawl still bears testimony to the recorded beauty of the manufactures of the Hebrides, in early times; and in Barbary—although I know not that the art is still preserved—magnificent pieces of Guypoör come from time to time to light. One was brought me at Tetuan three yards and a half in length, and above a yard in width.

The supposed invention, therefore, of lace-making in the Low Countries, must be understood merely as that of a new process, viz., the bobbins, pins, and cushion, by which a new variety was obtained, and which has its beauty and its facility; but which can stand no comparison with the original, which it has caused to fall into disuse; and now that the taste for it is revived, the art is lost.

While the Spanish female costume is unquestionably the most beautiful in Europe, it would thus appear to be at the same time a valuable historical monument. Nor is its antiquarian interest limited to the Peninsula: it carries us back to the land and the people, which, of all others, possess claims on the affections, and merit the study of Christendom.

It is curious that there should be but two countries in the world that have adopted and restricted themselves to a single color,—that these countries should lie opposite each other—that in the one it should be black, and in the other white; that the one should be the derivative of which the other is the original; that the wearers of black should be the offspring of the people of white, and that the white country should have the title of Mauritania!

It is not to be supposed that the black was assumed after the expulsion of the Moors. General usages are not of these days. We have besides proof that black was the color of Spain twelve hundred years before the invasion of the Saracens: they wear "black sayas," says the Greek geographer. But the people of Mauritania were not called black, because of their complexion, —they were a fair people: Scylax applies to them the epithet of ξάνθοι.* They were μαυροφόροι, or clad in black, and hence,

* The Tuaregs are divided into two bodies, the black and the white. These denominations do not correspond, as might be supposed, with a difference of color, but only of costume. The white are clothed like the Arabs, the black have a costume of their own. A large blouse falls to the feet: the sleeves are not less than two *metres* in with. It is called *Tob* or *Sayi*, and is in cotton from the country of the blacks. When they travel, a piece of cloth, deep blue, fifteen centimetres wide, called *tynala*,

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no doubt, their name. The two Mauritanias equally wore black, and no doubt the adoption of white by the Mussulmans of the West was the result of the establishment there of the dynasty of the Ommiades.

But beyond the zone of white, there is another zone of black, or of mixed black and white. A portion of the Tuarisks, who occupy the vast tract of Africa between the equator and the habitable portions upon the coast, wear the black sulam with black cowl,* a black turban rolled round, not the head only, but the face, the neck, and body, so as to leave exposed alone their black, small, sparkling eyes.

The mantilla is generally considered a relic of Mussulman usages, but the women in Morocco do not now wear the veil. There, men and women have one and the same dress: they wear it in the same manner over the head, the only difference being, that the women kept it closer drawn. The first clothing must have been the single garment, such as we see it in Africa still. Noble as it is simple, it conforms itself to every use in the adaptation, and displays every grace in the adjustment of its folds. It was subsequently divided and cut up into distinct parts or coverings; and dress became a set of integuments for casing the limbs, rather than for clothing the body. The veil can not, therefore, be known where the original vesture remains in use.

The haïk, as worn by the Jewesses, is the saya manta. It is of enormous dimensions; from one and a half to two yards wide, and from six to eight long.† It comes four times round the body, one of the turns being measured by the outstretched arms to form the hood. The Jewesses double two yards and a half, one part longer than the other, so as to serve, when wrapped round the waist, for a petticoat; folds to give play to the limbs are added at one side, and secured by a large pin; a turn

is wrapped round the whole body, from the middle upward, enveloping the neck, mouth, and nose, and covering the head; and through the small interval that is left between the folds of this mask, they can see by throwing back their head."—*Exploration de l'Algérie*, vol. ii. p. 164.

* May not this be the mantle introduced by Caracalla into Rome, and from which he derived the soubriquet by which posterity has known him, Cara Cowl, or black hood?

† As known to the Greeks, it was of the same dimensions. The exquisite beauty of that of Alcisthenis the Sybarite has preserved its description. It was fifteen cubits long, and was sold for one hundred and twenty talents, or nearly £30,000. The dye is Tyrian, the border of animals; the gods are in the center, and Alcisthenis himself is at each end, and all this wrought in the loom.—*Arist. de Mirab.* xvi. 199; *Athen.* xii. 58.

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is then taken with the whole haïk round the waist, and the remainder is brought from behind over the head and shoulders. They of course wore it so in Spain.*

For the source of peculiarities in Spain it is natural that we should look to Morocco; not so for the origin of a costume apparently as different in form as remote in situation—the Highland garb; yet that it does come from the same stock is indubitable. It is no accidental coincidence here and there; the whole build and purpose are identical—every variation can be traced and accounted for. There is nothing that militates against this conclusion, which there is so much directly and collaterally to establish.

If the costume were an original one in its present form, we should have primitive names for kilt and plaid, its distinguishing features. *Kilt* is not a Gaelic word: there is *no word in Gaelic* for kilt. It is called "The short plaits" (fillibeg), as distinguished from the "long plaits" (fillimore),† now fallen into disuse. *Plaid* is not a Gaelic word, and for plaid there is in Gaelic no other name than brechan, or "colors." Plaid and kilt are equally of the brechan, and it is admitted by the best authorities that formerly they were one: the belted plaid still shows it. With "long plaits" the plaid would reach to the dimensions of the present Moorish haïk. In putting on the plaid you bring the corner over the breast, take one turn round the body, and throw the end over the left shoulder: it is precisely the way a Moor accustomed to the haïk would put it on. The kilt and plaid alone are in tartan, being alike composed of the "flag mantle:"‡ the jacket, like the tunic of the Moor, or the body and sleeves of the Spanish lady, was of any color. To the saya manta and the haïk the peculiarity of color is in like manner reserved: *brechan feil* is the name of the Highland garb, and identical with saya manta. Thus, in the haïk still lives the common parent of the costume of the Highland clansmen and the Spanish lady: in the one case the name has descended on

* "That all Jewesses and Moriscos of our kingdoms and dominions, shall, within ten days of this date, wear long mantles reaching to their feet, and cover their heads with the same. Those who act contrary, for so doing are to forfeit all the clothes they have on, to their under-garment."—Don John II. Valladolid, January, 1412.

† One of the oldest Celtic figures in stone, is at Carn *Serai* in Argyleshire; it exhibits the fillimore, as the Jewish women wear the haïk; one selvage is a few inches lower than the other, as the haïk is not folded exactly in the middle. The name of the place is curious.

‡ This monstrous solecism of the jacket, in tartan, may be observed in Wilkie's picture of George IV., at Holyrood House.

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the covering of the shoulders (*brechan*,* Gaelic), in the other (saya) in that of the legs. It is curious that the old name is given in Spain to the petticoat of the women; in England to the breeches of the men.

In the mountains between Baeza and Guadix, which were the last refuge of the Moors, I have seen the manta worn by the men, corresponding in texture exactly with the haik worn by the Arab women in the tents, which are sometimes striped in colors: the colors in like manner being pure, and of course rich and brilliant, are dyed at home. Sometimes the stripes are crossed, which is not the practice in Barbary. The first I saw was so like a Scotch plaid, that, until I examined it, I took it for a piece of English manufacture.

The manta or plaid of the shepherd is doubled, and stitched at one end to serve as a hood, just as our Highlanders do, to put the feet in at night, or to use as a hood or as a bag. In this part of Spain the men wear large white drawers, which leave the knee bare, and appear like a white kilt. The *medias*, like the Scotch hose, are bound below the knee, and are sometimes of leather like those the Moors use for riding. To the plaid and tartan, to the *facsimile* of the kilt and hose, they add the strathspey tune, and the reel step, and "set," to each other. Seeing them footing it toe and heel, smacking fingers, clapping hands, shouting and wheeling, I was carried at once to the glens and straths of the North. While this merriment was in progress, several carts stopped. These carts had two wheels and two horses, the pole resting on their necks. It was the ancient chariot. In the dialect of the country they are called *Elheudi*, pure Arabic for *the Jewish*.

Festivals or solemnities, meetings beyond the commonplaces of ordinary intercourse, are required from time to time to quicken the spirit of a people, and to refresh and preserve its costume. When, in the Highlands, you inquire the date of the disuse of tartan kilt and arms, they will reckon back to the time when they were last worn, "at church." Yet our clergy have never

* Tartan is the English for Brechan. It is generally supposed to be Gaelic; but it is not so: it seems originally to have signified *shot colors*, which always appear in the tartan from the crossings of the colors. It has by some been derived from *Tyre tint*. The Brechan or Tartan is the set of each clan. The English confound Tartan and plaid, and speak barbarously of a "plaid waistcoat," when they mean a tartan waistcoat. The plaid is in Gaelic a shepherd's mantle, but is never used for the Brechan mantle, or "battle colors." It may be derived from διπλοίδιον (Pollux vii. 49), a name given by Greeks to a mantle which was supposed to be worn double.

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cultured the Celtic spirit, and have held the trappings of our race but as pagan emblems, disloyal badges, or mundane toys.

Among European countries, Spain is distinguished for the splendor of her church, and alone retains the Roman festivities of the bull-fight; and no doubt, she is partly indebted to these for what she has retained of her ancient character. The men, when they enter the circus, the women when they pass the porch, drop the millinery and tailoring of Paris. What the bull-ring is for the one, the church is for the other; from the one, is inseparable the majo dress, from the other, the saya manta.

The wearing the mantilla at church, I have heard attributed to the despotic power of the priests over the women:—the chulos of the bull-ring, there exercise equal despotism over the men. Blanco White narrates that during the plague at Seville, and when religious fervor was, in consequence, at its height, a priest at Alcala "claimed and exercised a right to exclude from church such females as by a showy dress were apt to disturb the abstracted yet susceptible minds of the clergy. It should be observed, by the way, that as the walking-dress of the Spanish females absolutely precludes immodesty, the conduct of this religious madman admits of no excuse or palliation. Yet this is so far from being a singular instance, that what sumptuary laws would never be able to accomplish, the rude and insolent zeal of a few priests has fully obtained in every part of Spain. Our females, especially those of the better classes, never venture to church in any dress but such as habit has made familiar to the eyes of the zealots."

I was present at the festival of the patron saints of the place, and, throughout the whole population, saw not one colored dress or one bonnet. The mantilla was worn in deference to the priests, who are to-day as powerful as they ever have been, and as despotic as they could ever wish to be.

A more perfect contrast there cannot be than between the cathedral and a fashionable tertulia. In the former nothing is to be seen but the black and glittering silk and the rich blonde: at the other no trace of Spain—not even in the music or the dances—no mantilla, no bolero, no fandango, no guitar, no castanet—nothing but the unmeaning quadrille, the shuffling heedless step, the Paris millinery, the false tints and kaleidoscope patterns:—every thing commonplace and vulgar, or rather the bad imitation of vulgarity and commonplace. The conversation wanted even the compensation you meet with in Europe—stored memories, clever flippancy, and gladiatorial faculties.

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Thus a people who, had they remained themselves,* would have been, in their forms as in their character, an object of study and of admiration, are converted (the higher orders, I mean) into something which must inflict disappointment, if not inspire contempt.

What would a nation be without a flag? What is a nation without a costume? A flag is an emblem, a costume is a property. A flag designates and defies, a costume ennobles and preserves. A flag has come by accident, costume is the produce of a people's taste. The Medes had a dress; the Persians, the Romans, the Egyptians had each a dress. To say, then, a dress, is to say a people. A costume is to a people like its mountains, its floods, and its lakes. The costume of its land and its fathers has been to every noble people like their tongue, their fame, their precepts, and their laws; in independence, giving dignity; in chains, none. The tyrant and the patriot alike know its worth. The wandering Israelite for two thousand years, has worn, concealed on his person, the proscribed garb of Judæa—a mystic shred, the emblem and promise of restoration. So late as the middle of the last century, the Parliament of England did not conceive its dominion secure until it had put down the Highland dress.

The last in Europe to retain one, the Spaniard has yet a costume. He is in the act of surrendering it, yet no foreign hordes cover the Peninsula and hunt down its inhabitants. Itself, with unnatural hands, tears it off and casts it away, and adopts in lieu of it a foreign garb—which, indeed, is no garb—for it belongs to no people, furnished forth not by a combination of the tastes of all the people of Europe, but by a concentration of their vulgarism. Have they changed with a purpose? Ask them: they can give you no reason for what it means. "*It is the fashion.*"

I have a curious illustration before me, where I am correcting these pages. On the side of Benledi there is a vale, now, with the exception of a few fields, uncultivated below, and bare of trees above. In the wilderness, a burial-ground may be traced, the record of an *extinct clan*, the last having left the country forty years ago. Immediately above, a hollow in the rock is called, "The Deer's Repose." The antlered tribe has also disappeared—forests, deer, culture, and men are all gone. There

* Addison, commenting in his time on the vulgarizing influence of the capital, says, "If you want to know a man who has seen the world, you will know him by his deficiency in those characters which seem to belong to good society."

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are six families: the patriarch (still living) in his youthful days remembered twelve. None of the younger generation are married—at least, in their native valley.

While seeking into the causes of this decay, I found that they were *changing their diet**—the last thing a nation changes. They had loaf-bread from Callender. I asked, "Do you like it better?" "No." "Is it cheaper?" "No." "Is it more healthy? Have you no time to knead your cakes? Do you not know how to spend your money?" "No! no!" At last out came—"*It is the fashion.*"

If the Stuarts of Glenfinlass had said, "It is the custom," instead of "It is the fashion," the families would not have fallen from twelve to six within one generation; the sheep would not have eaten up the deer and the forest.

A people with a phrase, "It is the custom," can never be destroyed. A people with the phrase, "It is the fashion," can not be said to exist, for it has nothing of all it possesses that it can call its own. A people that can articulate such a phrase on the lips, has encouraged a power which, tyrannizing over heart and brain, rots the one and steals away the other.

But has a people with the antiquity and the history of the Celts, and among the Celts of the Highlanders, no equivalent for Adet-dur? Yes, they have or had. "It was nature," or "It was natural," or "It was family," the word signifying all these. With that word they would have kept their numbers, their customs, their kilts, and their swords. They would have still their songs and songsters. There was in that sentence a knot of life—a knot that no hands but their own could untie.

The Spaniards, too, have a sentence of their own, *Cosas de España.*

* They were resigning their diet of milk and honey, and taking to sloe-leaves and toast. The reason brought back on me Spain, Greece, and all the changelings. Ask a Turk why he does any thing? he answers *Adet-dur*—"It is the custom."

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CHAPTER X.

EXCURSION IN THE STRAITS.—CADIZ POLITENESS.

THE demeanor of men toward women could not fail to engage attention in the birthplace of chivalry, as among the orientals men and women salute in the same manner. It was some time before I could have said, "The women in Spain do not courtesy;" yet I should have been shocked to see a Spanish lady do so. I have been looking over a book entitled, "Travels in the land of Monkeys," meaning England and France. It is uncertain whether the work is originally Spanish or Italian. I am satisfied that it is not Spanish, for it does not notice what a Spaniard could not have failed to set down in those lands—a different salutation for males and females. Can one imagine a Roman matron courtesying? A bobbing up and down of the body, a salutation with the legs, and no inclination of the head? Surely it was invented for quadrupeds. It has only a foreign name in English, and that too absurd to have been applied to the antic in its native tongue. A courtesy, (courtoisie) is a thing courteous; and a curtsey was a step in a French dance. The ladies of Spain can dance, but can not courtesy.* To salute —to reverence, requires that the noble parts of the body should be called into play. There is nothing so good that it may not be perverted, and the best then becomes the worst. Courtesying is now respectable because men have taken to nodding, and poking their hat with the forefinger. How great would their surprise be, if they heard that the dominion of the world may hinge on a form of salutation. "Language," said Ali, "is the mirror of the understanding; manners, of the man." Bacon tells us that "Reason may affect the judgment, interest the conduct, but manners alone touch the heart." It is by manners that the teaching of the child begins before he has learned his

* A lady at a masquerade dressed in maga, and astonishing some Spaniards with her avonica and mialilto, courtesied; they immediately detected the false sister.

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letters. Manners are the curb on the passions. They are the guide of life from the cradle to the tomb, and by them you judge of the nation as well as of the man. A people's history is written in a salutation. Alwakide, in the early days of Islam, records as an event, that a man receiving sentence of death, had not saluted the judge.

In the secluded places of Spain, even yet, on the bell tolling at "oration," whoever is walking, stops; whoever is seated, rises; the prayer concluded, each turns round and salutes those around him. What can be more impressive than this sudden and simultaneous act of adoration of a whole people, followed by a mutual expression of good-will from man to man. This could not survive. From the forms of salutation meaning is not yet expelled. No one sends as a message, "Give my compliments." It would be asked, "What compliments?" The Spaniard, like the Eastern, says, "I kiss such a one's hand, or I lay myself at such a lady's feet." Our word compliment is equal to their word ceremony; and our compliments they render *espressiones*. These matters are, however, abridged. The *espressiones* are run up in an unintelligible articulation when spoken, and when written are reduced to a cipher. You may receive a letter ending S. S. S. Q. S. M. B.,* and take it, as I once did, for a charade instead of a compliment.

Unlike the Eastern, the Spaniard has the word "thanks;" but it is not his sole resource in the embarrassment occasioned among some nations by every act or speech of civility. When one Spaniard says to another, "Do you please to eat with me?" the other does not say, "No, I thank you;" but, "May it do you good." When he says, "This house is at your disposal," the answer is not, "I thank you," or "I am much obliged to you," but, "You know me to serve you."

Civility and ceremony do not belong to particular classes. There is not a refined and a vulgar class. The humblest address each other with the forms of the highest. Two human beings do not require an introduction to know each other; they never pass without salutation. No one breaks bread in the presence of another, whatever the difference of rank, without an invitation to partake. The title of the pastry-cook on his sign-board is no other than that of the king. The master is as courtier-like to his servant as to his equal. The beggar is not turned away, even from the door of a tavern, and when he is refused by a prince, it is with the words, "Pardon me, brother."

"To the honor of Spain," says even Borrow, "be it spoken, it

* Su Seguro Servidor que su Mano besa.

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is one of the few countries in Europe where poverty is never insulted, nor looked on with contempt. In their social intercourse no people exhibit a juster feeling of what is due to the dignity of human nature. I have said that it is one of the few countries in Europe where poverty is not treated with contempt: I may add, where the wealthy are not blindly idolized."

Riches and poverty are deprived of their peculiar qualities; the first losing the value which they owe to exclusiveness, the other, sufferings contingent on privation. By the facile interchange which these habits have established, their circumstances are influenced no less than their minds, and the extremes of fortune are modified and equalized.

The earth may not be scientifically compressed into the rendering of its fatness. Man's muscle may not be condensed into minted gain; but what is gathered from nature's bounty is not refused to man's wants. If Spain produces less from her soil than any other country of Europe, the Spaniard enjoys a larger share, and more equable distribution of the produce than any other people.

It may not be uninteresting to place beside this a passage descriptive of the Moors: it speaks of the law, but the remark is prompted by the practice.

"The acts of common charity or casual alms are almost of injurious obligation on a Mussulman; he dares not sit down to dinner without inviting those who are near him to partake of it, of whatever condition or religion they may be, and he cannot refuse assistance to any poor person who may apply to him, if he have the means. Hospitality is to be exercised toward every one who claims it,* without regard to religion."—Ali Bey's Travels, i. 95.

It would require no further evidence than this, that in Spain is to be found domestic affection, attachment of servants and master, charitable dispositions, tenderness for the afflicted, and aid for the necessitous. A man here truly woos, not his wife only, but her relatives, if they are less fortunate than himself; and, when families fall into distress, they are supported with a generosity that is only outdone by the delicacy with which it is applied:—those who sink in the world, instead of losing caste, are the more tenderly considered.

* "I quitted this mosk after having left a considerable sum to the beggars who besiege the door. These people are not, indeed, very troublesome, for they are all registered, and their chief is the only person who asks for and receives the gifts of the faithful, which he divides among the others."—Ali Bey, ii. 337.

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The mere habit of politeness is a possession greater than all a people has besides, and for the want of which there is no compensation; and that tone of voice, and those forms of address which in individuals are the sign of proper bringing up, are to a nation the source and stay of their good order and well-being. In Spain the term "politico" is still synonymous with polite. They have dignity, which we take for pride, and none of our so-called ease, which to them is vulgarity. Therefore did they beat France when all Europe was at her feet, and therefore will Spain live on when we shall have passed away—unless, indeed, we live long enough to teach them *our* civility.

Chateaubriand in 1805 anticipated the events of 1808. He said: "Spain, separated from other nations, presents yet to history an original character: the stagnation of manners may yet save her; and when the people of Europe are exhausted by corruption, she alone may reappear with splendor on the scene of the world, because the foundation of manners is still undisturbed."

Spain has been called a "fragment of Africa;" the Spaniards have been called the "Arabs of Europe." They have proved alike inscrutable and indomitable to all who have attempted to study or subdue them; and so completely has that peninsula swayed in the events of our world, that you may calculate the ascent or the decline of great enterprises according to the estimation of her by its conductors. Marius, Pompey, Napoleon, failed through their misjudgment of Spain: by apprehending her, Cæsar won the diadem, Scipio saved his country, and Wellesley Europe.

Whenever Europeans have judged of Spain, they have been at fault; whenever they have acted upon her, they have failed; whenever they have administered nostrums to her, she has suffered. *Madrid* presents the features of European governments: *Spain* preserves the character of the Moorish people—the character that enabled them to expel the Moors, in after times the English, and more recently the French; and the capital is actually in arms against the spirit of the age. The familiar forms we see at Madrid, the glibness with which the diplomatist speaks of this thing and that, this party and that, paves the way to plans and schemes;—then intervenes the unknown element, the spirit of the Spanish people, and capsizes all the plots.

If Europe is the source of the evils of Spain, so is Spain the source of the dangers of Europe. As she cannot leave our follies alone until she be wise, so can we not leave her affairs alone till we be honest.

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It requires little to secure the good-will of a Spaniard: in fact, it is secured when he is not offended. A question addressed with deference will always meet a courteous answer, and a ready offer of service and assistance. If you ask a Spaniard your way, he will not be content with pointing it out to you: he will generally accompany you. If you exceed the strict bounds of civility, you lay him under an obligation; if you do less, you have done him a wrong, which as surely he will remember. A little kindness goes a great way; and the worst of injuries is mistrust.

An English merchant in this neighborhood, having no money in his pocket, gave a handful of cigars to a beggar: the poorest Spaniard will be more gratified with a cigar than with money, as it is a compliment. Three years afterward, this merchant was seized near his country-house by a band of robbers. While they were settling his ransom, they were joined by an absent comrade, who instantly dismounted and, approaching the Englishman, saluted him, and asked if he did not remember having given at such a place and time a handful of cigars to a beggar; then turning to his comrades he said, "This is my benefactor—whoever lays a hand on him lays it on me."

On turning over the pages of a writer on Spain, I am reminded that the offer of the house is nothing more than an evidence of Spanish hollowness and insincerity. The offer of the house is a sign of civility, just as much as the words, "Your obedient humble servant," and these words are just as much an evidence of our insincerity as the "offer of the house."

It is the same thing with the offer of pot-luck. When first made, it is declined. But when the answer is, "No se meta usted in eso," "Do not trouble yourself in that matter," by which is implied that no engagement stands in the way, the offer is then again repeated and accepted. That there should be three questions put and answered, in reference to an invitation to dinner, will be construed into an evidence of a want of hospitality. Are *we* a people to judge of hospitality? A very hospitable person (in our way) I had once the misfortune to arouse to fierce indignation by selecting this term to show the perversion, in modern idioms, of classical terms, we applying the Latin word to a repast from which are excluded those to whom the Roman hospitality was offered—the poor and hungry.

Those who have traveled in the East will surely not say that the people of the East are inhospitable; yet the people of the East never invite you to dinner. In fact, hospitality is incompatible with invitations to dinner. Where every one is welcome,

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it is impossible that you should invite. You may invite a person for the sake of his company, and coming to you at the time of meals, he may eat with you; but he is not invited for the purpose of eating. The meal offered is, in fact, an obligation conferred, and must be felt as such by a person of delicacy, and will be accepted with the same measure as any other favor. Is not this the interpretation of the contempt of the Romans for the Parasites or the Dinner-hunters? In one of the Dialogues of Xenophon the difference is illustrated. Socrates being invited to supper, at first refuses, and only accepts after a due reluctance on his part, and as due a persistence on the part of Amphytria, —Xenophon taking care to point out that he had acted in this respect properly.

It is acknowledged, that the facility of intercourse in France, as contrasted with England, and the ease with which people may congregate and visit each other at the time of day when such meetings are most appropriate—the evening—arises from the absence of formal invitation; in other words, restriction on intercourse is the result of our fashion of hospitality.

A word is even misused with impunity, and here the mistake of a Latin term covers the perversion of a Christian maxim. The hospitality of the Romans was that of Judæa. The manners of Judæa are the matrix of Christianity. When Christ sent forth the seventy, he told them to carry no scrip, and to make no provision. Wherever *they first entered* (were received) there should they abide. They were to eat *what was set before them* (given them). Hospitality was the condition of the reception of the Gospel: shall it be needless for, or incompatible with, its maintenance? Those who, in Jewish Canaan or Judæa, had no place where to lay their head, shook off the dust from their feet, in testimony against those who received them not. In Christian England, the Apostles of the Savior would be sent to the workhouse or put upon the treadmill.

I was here interrupted by a visit from a French merchant. The conversation turned upon the Spanish mercantile character. He said, there is no public credit in our sense, but there is real credit, for man trusts man. A great traffic had been carried on through the Basque provinces, during the Continental blockade: no books were kept; the recovery of debts by legal process was impossible; yet was it distinguished by the most perfect confidence, and entire absence of failures or embezzlement.

The statement was subsequently confirmed by Mr. George Jones, of Manchester, who managed the largest English concern in the Basque provinces during the war. He had no clerks.

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The goods were disembarked and put in warehouses. He could keep no regular accounts. The muleteers came themselves to get the bales, and all he could do was, to tell them what the bales contained, and to receive their own note of what they had taken in an amount of £300,000, and there was but one parcel missing. Several years afterward, a priest brought him fifty dollars, which was the value of the missing bale of goods, saying, "Take that and ask no questions."

My visitor related to me the following anecdote:—A French merchant from Bordeaux, who had a house at Barcelona, where he resided, received, in the course of business, a large sum of money from a Spaniard at a time when he was much embarrassed in his affairs; he was therefore unwilling to receive the money, and yet fearful to refuse it, lest his credit should be shaken. Shortly afterward, he failed and absconded. His creditor traced him to Gibraltar and thence to Cadiz. There he found him lying sick, without attendants, in a garret. On entering the room, the Spaniard sternly demanded his debtor's books. Receiving them, he sat himself down and spent several hours examining them, referring to the Frenchman merely upon points where he wanted information. When he had completed his investigation he returned the books without comment, and departed. Shortly afterward he returned, accompanied by a physician, and had his debtor removed to a comfortable apartment, and then addressed him thus: "I am satisfied that you have not been guilty of fraud; but you have done me a great wrong: had you been frank, I should have enabled you to hold your ground. Now that we are in the same boat, let me know how much will enable you to recommence business." The sum being specified, he said, "Well, you shall have it upon the condition that you pledge me your word of honor that you will not leave Spain without my permission." The debtor was about to pour forth expressions of gratitude, when his creditor stopped him: "It is you," said he, "who have rendered me a service;" and, unbuttoning his coat, showed him a brace of pistols, adding, "One of these was for myself." My informant concluded: "I am the man, and it happened under this roof."

Those who come to Spain to see something that belongs to her, would not wish her peculiarities to be diminished; those who wish to find in Spain what they can have in Paris or in London, had better stay away. In travel, profit and enjoyment always coincide, for none can profitably travel who do not go to seek out for things different from what they are accustomed to, and none can agreeably travel but those for whom it is an en-

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joyment to be and to feel like the people of the country in which they are. For my part, I should be as careful to possess completely the thought or the habit of a people as to master a problem of Euclid; and as careful to keep distinct in my mind the thoughts and customs of one people from those of another, as if they were medicines or chemical substances ranged upon a shelf. There is no difficulty in learning half-a-dozen different languages; but you could not learn one if you jumbled in every sentence the words of your own tongue, or converted the foreign one into your own syntax. If you did so, the knowledge of words would extinguish the faculty of speech, and this is what we do when we reason, in our own country's fashion, on the thoughts of another;—keep these distinct, and you can multiply existence as you can multiply languages. Then you can put yourself in the place of a Frenchman or Italian, and will know what, under any given circumstances, he will think or do; this you do not reason upon, and therefore are sure of.

This character of interest scarcely, indeed, presents itself among the people of Europe, on the one hand from their close resemblance, and on the other from the extinction of habits and traditional thoughts; but when you get into Spain, there it does present itself to whoever will discriminate it; the word of every peasant is not a reverberation of a proposition, but a record of centuries. To one who feels this, Spain will present the most interesting field of travel in Europe; to one who does not, the most gratifying. An English resident at Gibraltar told me that, by following a certain rule, he found traveling in Spain very agreeable, and recommended it to my adoption. He said, "I always address a Spanish peasant as if he were my equal." "I do not require," I replied, "your rule, for I feel myself honored whenever a Spanish peasant condescends to speak to me."

There is, however, a rule not only by which to make traveling pleasant, but to make life itself so; and that is, to seek for and see in others only what is good and profitable, in order to correct, or, at least, comprehend, that in ourselves which is useless or faulty; but this is not a rule.

Another weakness is the idea of being able to rate enjoyments or estimate hardships. It is not merely that the hardships and enjoyments are not equal in degree when similar in character, but very often they are reversed. A German coming to England will complain of the misery of hard beds. The English, but twenty years ago, would have made the same complaint:

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their habit is changed, their enjoyments are changed with them, or their fancied enjoyments are changed.

The climax in the picture which a writer draws of the sufferings of the Spanish nuns, is their having to go about barefoot. Tell this in Scotland. To myself there can not be a greater source of annoyance and vexation—there is nothing in which I have a greater sense of astonishment and surprise—than at nations wearing shoes and boots. The whole economy of the feet in Europe is something as disgusting as it is marvelous. We see the poorer orders clogging themselves with heavy shoes out of doors,* and the wealthier classes confining their feet and soiling their apartments in-doors. Those who have lived in Scotland will understand the first; those who have lived in the East will apprehend the second.

In regard to cookery, costume, and forms of society, we have habits formed; and, surely, he is an unreasoning being who proceeds by means of those habits to estimate the habits of other nations: the consequence of attempting to do so is a vague uncertainty of spirit, which concentrates itself in his eye wherein he looks.

The useful traveler and the profitable observer will commence by a process the very opposite. He will set aside all attempts at comparison; he will eschew every thought and judgment; he will know he has to begin by lifting himself out of his own habits and modes of thought, in order to place himself in those of the country which he visits. He will do so by endeavoring to feel like them, which he never can do, if he presume for a moment to reason about them.

Imlac's description of a poet had not proceeded to its close when the captive Prince of Abyssinia told him he had already said enough to convince him that no man on earth could be a poet; but Imlac's catalogue of the qualifications of a poet extended no further than to acquirements and talents. The qualifications of a traveler are far more extensive; for while it is necessary for him to possess all the materials of which a poet ought to be possessor, while he ought to be gifted with the imaginative qualities in which lives the poet's very essence, he should also have the scrutinizing eye of a philosopher, the analytical spirit of a metaphysician, and all these put together can only be of use when lifting him out of his times:—they restore to him the use of his own eyes and ears.

* A peasant in the New Forest once said to me, "Shoe-leather drives us to the workhouse: it costs more than all our clothes."

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CHAPTER XI.

CARTEIA.—TYRE AND HER WARES.—GLASS.

EVERY time I left the "Rock," or returned to it, I had to pass round or through the ruins of Carteia, always deferring an examination of them to a special day. At last that day was fixed, and I went with three friends, who more or less indulged in Phœnician predilections—the French consul, M. Bero, Mr. Cornwell, and Dr. Dunbreck. We talked over its old fortunes and great names, until it seemed that we were paying a visit to Balbus, and had made an excursion of some thousand years. We wandered over the red earth, which is a mass of pounded brick, interspersed with broken marble of all colors, and fragments of mortar, which here and there showed surfaces smooth and painted like those of the walls of Pompeii. We gathered tiles of sundry dimensions, some grooved so as to fit together like those which have been recently discovered in Arabia; some two feet square, with borders raised like trays. They are quarrying still here, to build little boxes like those on Hampstead Heath. In one place they had opened rows of amphoræ standing on end. The only building which can be made out is Roman,—the amphitheater,—it is on the side of the hill, overlooking the bay: the part resting against the hill still stands, even to the upper stories, to commemorate the importance of this first colony, and of the Romans, the settlement of the Hybrides, the Creoles of antiquity; a race produced from Roman fathers and Iberian mothers,—as before them the Bastuli were from Carthaginian fathers and Iberian mothers. It is curious to see the instinct with which a Spaniard,—I mean, of course, the educated class,—will catch at any allusion to those races: they do not relish it, and do, therefore, understand the intellectual bastardy of their own nature. It is, however, strange, that they should be ashamed of association with a cross which produced Hannibal and Asdrubal. I should like to see how *they* would have taken

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the assimilation with the dry and rootless stumps of men* to whom Spain is now given over.

After we had completed our researches and concluded our homilies, we repaired to a ruined convent to get figs. The inmates deal in relics, and the stock was principally composed of flattened drops of blue glass, in shape and size resembling peppermint lozenges. They must have been in enormous quantities, for they are even yet picked up along the beach at Cadiz and other places. Some suppose that the Phœnicians circulated them as money—they made money out of them by disposing of them. The ancients did not cut stones in facets; their cups, arms,† horse-trappings, even their ships,‡ were studded with gems: these drops were adapted to this purpose. These were gems (glass in the East still goes by that name):§ so that in these drops we had the staple of Tyre, hinted at by Ezekiel, when he spoke of "her riches in the sand."

In like manner, on the Guinea coast, they still find drops of Phœnician glass, which they sell for their weight in gold. We have in vain attempted to imitate them. They retain this value although Africa is deluged with glass from every work-shop in Europe. The fact is of importance, as bearing on traffic, which Herodotus makes the Carthaginians carry on, and which moderns dispute. What must glass have been when the knowledge of its manufacture was a secret; when the people who possessed it worked with system, and neither glutted the market, nor undersold one another.

Observing at the bottom of a large chest, in which their curiosities were kept, a quantity of rubbish, I had it turned out. There were all sorts of strange things, from glass luster drops to blacking labels. I selected some fragments of what seemed then earthen jars: when wetted they proved to be glass of brillant and variegated colors; some opaque, some translucent. On one there was a flower with yellow leaves and a red center; the ground was green and translucent; the leaves were opaque, the leaves twisted in passing through, so that the yellow appeared through the green as if shaded with a brush. On the other side

* A late Queen of Spain, speaking of colonization, said, "Spaniards now-a-days have no roots."

† Stellatus cuspide fulva ensis erat. *Æn.*

‡ The antique Turkish galleys, some of which still continued to navigate the Black Sea fifteen years ago, had their stems and sterns largely ornamented in Venetian glass.

§ In Turkish, *jam* is applied generally to glass: the Arabs restrict it to the bowl when empty.

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it came out a comet with a red head and a yellow tail. From the tombs of Egypt and Etruria have been obtained specimens of the same manufacture; but I have seen none equal to this.

These broken fragments seemed to change in my hands into a magic mirror, in which were reflected the workshops of Sidon and Aradus, smelting to order the gems of Golconda. What is the Philosopher's Stone to their daily craft!

But it will be objected that the Egyptians were acquainted with it—that it is found as far back as the tombs of the fourth dynasty, and in the old Pyramids of Memphis; and that glass-blowing is recorded on the walls of Beni Hassan, in a tomb of the eleventh or twelfth dynasty.* Nevertheless, I think I shall very easily show that this art, so far as the Egyptians are concerned, was the peculiar property of the Phœnicians.

The inventions is by all antiquity attributed to the Tyrians. When Pliny wrote there were still histories of Tyre extant; still traditions as well as interpretations of the hieroglyphics. It is difficult to imagine that if it had been Egyptian, it should have been given to any other people; and, if not Tyrian, claimed by and surrendered to them. Even if communicated to the Egyptians at the period when it figures on their walls, it may have been for many previous centuries the exclusive possession of Tyre, for the Phœnicians were of equal date with the Egyptians.† The monuments of Egypt were not pictures of common things, but records of extraordinary ones. They were designed to illustrate the lives of kings and heroes; representing their triumphal entries; their trophies; the tribute offered; the captives brought home; the arts they introduced; the inventions and incidents of their time. We have in them a few repetitions: elephants are there: they are seen but once; a cart but once; brick-making once; glass-blowing once, and that is in the reign of Sesu Sesen, consequently I will not say that this record proves, but that it at least suggests, that up to that time the manufacture was unknown in Egypt. The representation is not, however, of glass-making; it is of blowing only: nowhere is glass-making seen. If the Egyptians had the art of

* The Egyptians "were not only acquainted with glass, but excelled in staining it of diverse hues, and their ingenuity had pointed out to them the method of carrying devices of various colors directly through the fused substance."—WILKINSON. Abulfaragus says, it was known to the Egyptians soon after the flood; and Diodorus says the Ethiopians used it.

† Josephus, scouting the arrogance of the Greeks, who might be said "to be of yesterday," in presuming to speak of Jewish history, refers them to the "Phœnicians and Egyptians."

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blowing glass only, they must have imported the raw material.

The monument of Carnac enumerates among the tribute paid to Tathmes III., "ingots of enamel;" and this tribute was paid four hundred years after the glass-blowing figures on the walls. The material for glass abounded in Egypt. They were dexterous in preparing mineral compounds for coloring: had they understood the manufacture they would not have imported it; and had the manufacture been known, we should have seen it figured with the blowing. But the Egyptians, having learned the art of blowing, would desire to have the unmanufactured material in order to adapt it to their own fashions. This is entirely confirmed by the description given by the Egyptian priests to Herodotus; for it must be after them that he designates the ornaments of the sacred crocodiles (which we know to be glass), *λίθανα χύτα, fused stones.*

This tribute came from "Maharama," or Mesopotamia, in the first cities of which the Phœnicians had establishments.

Having set aside the claims put in for Egypt, no other people making any, I have, I think, restored the invention to the Phœnicians.

A new claim has now been set up for the Assyrians, according to Mr. Layard. "They had acquired the art of making glass. Several small bottles or vases of elegant shape in this material were found at Nimroud and Konyunjik."* But, strange to say, in the very spot where he came upon the first glass vase he found pottery, with letters which he supposed to be Phœnician.

The Greeks knew nothing of the art, though they possessed the substance. Prometheus, in Eschylus, claims the honor of almost every invention—glass is not enumerated among his titles to the hatred of Jupiter. Socrates, in "The Clouds," tricks a bum-bailiff out of his wit by means of a burning-glass.† From the Scholiast we learn, that these were sold at the apothecaries.

This burner may now seem of another substance, of which the Phœnicians had possession—amber. I have seen it so used on the coast of the Baltic, being formed in the most primitive manner by rubbing between the palms of the hands. Amber

* Ninevah, vol. ii. p. 421.

† Servius in commenting on Æneid, xii. 200, says, "The first inhabitants of the earth never carried fire to their altars, but by their prayers brought it down from heaven." The Parsees of India, when by any accident their fire is extinguished, *use burning-glasses.*

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was supposed to attract the sun's rays, as it did various substances, whence its name, ἥλεκτρον. The word was also applied to glass,* from its possessing a similar quality. There may be more in the association than we have yet discovered. Pliny mentions the magnet as used in the preparation of glass. The Tyrians employed glass as artillery; they discharged what was called "melted sand" at Alexander's troops in storms which inflicted torture, and carried dismay and agonies against which no defensive armor could avail. The Venetians, following in their steps, likewise made glass their artillery. The first shells, and perhaps the most effectual, were of glass; they are still to be seen used as ink-bottles.

But the art seems to have extended from burning-glasses to microscopes and telescopes, or they must have had eyes differently constituted from ours; for without such aid we could not make out valleys and mountains in the Moon; the milky-way† to be composed of stars; or count, as there is reason to believe they had done, the satellites of Jupiter and Saturn: and, supposing reflectors, and not lenses, were employed to survey the heavens, we can hardly escape from acknowledging their claim to microscopes and magic lanterns.‡ Their gems could not have been engraved without such aid; indeed, we require glass to make out the figures of some of them.§ Eye-glasses we know they had, from Nero, who, being short-sighted, used one in the amphitheater: it is called an emerald. One of the personages on the Greek stage had eyes of different colors, which was represented in his mask, and of course by colored glasses. All these were the "wares of Tyre."

In after times the manufacture of glass was transferred to Rome; but in the early period the Phœnicians must have

* See Scholiast to the Clouds of Aristophanes.

† Salanti, vol. i. p. 285. Aboulala (4th century) says, "The stars which form the milky-way." Aristotle speaks of the mirrors for surveying the heavens. Those of Memphis and Pharos are often mentioned. Strabo speaks of tubes for magnifying objects; such tubes are mentioned in old Arabic writers.

‡ Damascius (apud Photium. Biblioth, cap. 242) describes the figure of a head thrown upon the wall of the temple in this manner, which could only be done by a magic lantern.

§ Theodorus, who constructed the labyrinth of Samos, placed a chariot and four horses on the finger of a statue of himself; the chariot, horses, and charioteer could all be covered by the wings of a fly, which he also devised. The same is related of Myrmecedes. Callicrates cut insects, the limbs of which could not be discovered by the naked eye. See Pliny, Nat. Hist., b. xxxiv. c. 5; b. xxxvi. c. 5.

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supplied glass to Greece and Italy, as they did to Egypt, Assyria, Spain, and Africa.

In the chapter of Ezekiel in which Tyre is described, a very different country is represented as sending to Tyre their produce for "her wares;" but what the "ten thousand"* wares of Tyre were nowhere appears, unless in the "treasures hid in the sand." We know of no wares that she had except dyes and glass;—dyes implies the dyeing of stuffs; but in Phœnicia there were no manufactories; and she is herself represented as importing manufactured stuffs. A few glass-houses, according to our notion, would not suffice to compel an exchange of the metal of Ogg, and the beasts of Deden, and the pearls of Chittim, and the gold of Tarshish. The wares consisted in the dye itself, which she extracted from the shells of her own coast, and from that portion of the coast of Africa, where they were in like manner found, and the drops of glass equivalent to gems, to prepare which a few hands sufficed, and on which the profits must have exceeded all calculation.†

The great nations of antiquity eschewed commerce and navigation: they lived at home. It is the property of a primitive people so to live; and that concentration of life upon the spot must be the character of all institutions which are calculated to last long. To the Egyptian the sea was unclean: the Hindoo, the Persian, the Chinese, all avoided the sea-trade. Of the tribes nearly allied to the Phœnicians, one only, the Arabs, were a transporting people;‡ the two monopolized the trade of early times, the Arab carrying on the traffic of the desert by his camels, the Phœnician that of the sea by his ships.

The great nations I have referred to were not anti-commercial: they received the stranger who came among them as a friend; he was more—he was a guest—the rites of hospitality extended to whole tribes who came to settle wherever there was room for them. How much then must have been the favor which attended the arrival and settlement of trading strangers? There could have been in Tyre no competitions, no under-sellings, no combinations. From the beginning to the end of their exchanges there must have been an adaptation of the profits of the com-

* Μύρ ἄγοντες ἀθύφματα νητ μελαίνῃ.

† Ἀγοράζοντες τὸν ἄργυρον μικρὸς τινὸς ἀντιδότες ἄλλων φορτίων.—STRABO.

‡ "We neither inhabit a maritime country," says Josephus, "nor do we delight in merchandise, nor in the mixture with other men that arises from it. Our cities are remote from the sea, and having a fruitful country, we take care in cultivating that only."

In the expeditions under Solomon it is expressly stated that the men of Tyre went to navigate their ships.

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munity and of the individual—a union of traffic and government.* This endured for not less than one thousand, and may have extended to nearly two thousand, years.

The Phœnicians, in the structure of the old world, may be compared to the lime cementing the blocks, or to the veins and arteries spreading life through the body. Phœnicia was the smallest of states: arms had no part in her growth, conquest no share in her greatness. She gathered and spread around the produce of the earth and of the toil of man: its business was on homely and vulgar things. More than the mystery which shrouds the antiquity of the most visionary, is spread over the origin of this most practical of people; our profoundest writers are at variance as to whether she gave to, or borrowed from, Greece her gods; as to the form of government which prevailed in her cities; as to the taxes imposed on her merchandise. The avowed introducers of letters into the Western world alone remain without the record of a written page, or of a chiseled stone.

We see in this society dominion without conquest; greatness without ambition; permanency without numbers; freedom without turbulence; commerce without legislation;† and riches without pauperism. Neither arrogant in their strength, nor servile in their weakness, they could abstain from encroachments on the Lybian or Iberian populations, who afforded them a settlement, and maintain their peculiar character in Memphis, Babylon, and Persepolis. Their commerce paid to, while it received tribute from, every shore it visited; and was enriched in the aggregate wealth of all the wealth it bestowed. Thus did it take tithe of the spices of Malabar and the Philippines; of the frankincense of Abyssinia and Arabia; of the fine linen of Egypt; of the herds and camels of Deden; of the corn and oil of Judæa; of the ivory and ebony of Lybia and Hindostan; of the gold of Spain; of the tin of the Cassiterides; of the amber of the Baltic. It had its colonies and its stores at Taprobane, as it had them at Cadiz and in Britain.

A few days after my visit to Carteia, I was looking over some

* I have described a similar state of things as existing in our own times at Ambelakia in Thessaly, and the Mademo Choria in Macedonia. See "The Spirit of the East."

† "Nothing was known of the balance of trade, and consequently all the violent measures resulting from it were unknown to the Greeks . . as every thing was decided by examinations and not by theories, there may have been exceptions, where the state for a time usurped a monopoly. But how far was this from the mercantile and restrictive system of the moderns."—Heeren, *Pol. Hist. Ancient Greece*, c. x. 163.

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coins which a gentleman at Gibraltar had collected, and was astounded to come upon one which is not copied, but which is represented in the accompanying wood-cut.* This told the whole story of the glass-houses and the tin. I wonder if the coin was censured as indiscreet at Tyre. How is it that by putting the hand in this fashion to the nose the fancy should be tickled? Whence did the custom come? how did it travel to Britain? One is not prepared to have to search for such a gesture in the Hebrew Talmudists, or the Greek scholiasts: but here it is raised to numismatic dignity, and is worthy of the philosopher.



There is a ludicrously supercilious animal, very strong and very stupid, with a horn on his nose, belonging to Africa, the Holy Land, Mesopotamia—in fact, all the Phœnician countries. He was the Behemoth, for of no other animal could Job be thinking when he said, "With his nose he pierceth through snares"—the horn, emblem of victorious strength, denoting by its exaltation its own achievements, and the proud bearing of the brow on which it is planted. Each year gives to it increase, and each increase is marked by a wrinkle which comes to signify acquirement. There are false acquirements as there are true; and the horn of the nose is the burlesque of the horn of the forehead. The motion that is given to the hand shows that it is the spiral wreathings of a horn that are imitated: the rhinoceros represents the one, the unicorn the other.

Of the two images, the African has preserved the grave one, we the grotesque. The Abyssinian warrior, when he has gained a victory, adorns his forehead with a horn. The London coal-heaver, when he has made a hit, puts his thumb to his nose.

This gesture in its grotesque form was known not long ago in Spain, although at present it appears to have died out. Cervantes unmistakably describes it, and in the person of Sancho Panza; the English have, therefore, the sole honor and distinction of preserving this peculiarity of the Phœnicians and Etruscans.†

I might be inclined to place beside this, the groups of lions and unicorns at Persepolis, which so closely resemble the supporters of the English arms, as scarcely to be referable to coincidence. They are, indeed, of recent adoption as the arms of England, but of ancient date in those of Scotland. The emble-

* The coin is in one of the addenda to Flores;—it is not in the copy at the British Museum. The coin is, however, known in the medal room.

† It is figured on a vase in the Museo Borbonico.

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matic plants of England were, however, those of Phœnicia—the oak and the ivy; and the rose of England is still the flower of Spain. The blood-red hand of Ulster is in Morocco stuck above every door. It wants not so much to raise the thought, or justify the association. Instinctively one seeks for some sympathetic deed, which shall link us to the Phœnicians; and Spain lies between, and is bound therewith: she too at length prides herself on her Moorish blood, and exalts herself (or at least did so till we robbed her fortress) on her British friendship recorded in the proverb:—

Guerra con toda la tierra,
Pero par con Ynglaterra.

The extinction of written records has given importance in these countries to every trifling usage or tradition, as will be best felt by reviewing the catalogue of mischances which have befallen the literature of Africa, and of the great people, who in the West have given to it its celebrity.

Alexander destroyed the libraries of Tyre: those of Sidon perished in the flames with their wealth and themselves. The whole mass of the literature of Carthage was destroyed by the Romans, except a small portion given to Massinissa.

The Alexandrian library was burned by the troops of Julius Cæsar. The various collections made at Rome by Asinius Pollio, Augustus, and Tiberius, were lost in the fires under Nero and Titus. Domitian endeavored to repair the disaster by getting the manuscripts of private collections copied, and ransacking Africa for the lost works: these were deposited in the Temple of Peace, and destroyed by fire under Commodus.

Finally, the gleanings of Rome were carried off by Genseric and *lost at sea*. The persecution of the Donatists led to the burning, all over Africa, of books and manuscripts. The Mussulman conquests led to fresh burnings, and the great African collections of Alexandria again perished under Omar.

The 600,000 volumes of Cordova, and the enormous collections of the learned cities of the Moors, perished by Christian and Gothic hands. The library of Tunis was destroyed by Charles V.; Muley Hassan lamented it more than his city. After the ravages of war had ceased, Cardinal Ximenes, the munificent patron of literature, consigned to the flames 88,000 African manuscripts. Lastly came the capture of the library of the King of Morocco, a portion of which constitutes the collection of the Escurial, and this again has suffered by fire.

Thus have been swept away the literary records of this quar-

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ter of the globe, as completely as devouring sands and the human ravages of more recent times have effaced all local signs. The curiosity of the traveler is arrested on its inhospitable shores; the research of the antiquarian baffled by the scantiness or uncertainty of data. Her history remains what her interior still is: we can wander, guided only by the stars—little points of light that shine only because of the surrounding darkness.

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CHAPTER XII.

THE STONE OF HERCULES.

"Behold thou art wiser than Daniel; there is no secret that they can hide from thee."

"The wise men that were in thee, O Tyrus, were they pilots?"

THE magnetic needle has become so essential in the economy of the world, that we can hardly imagine the consequences which would ensue, were it suddenly to lose its power. It is not, however, difficult to picture the sudden and gigantic growth of any one commercial state, which, in such a contingency, should discover the means of restoring its efficacy, and preserve the secret.

To what pitch of greatness must not any state have ascended, which, from the beginning, had been favored and distinguished by such a possession? It would take tithes from the harvests of every land; the produce of every zone would furnish its marts, the toil of every race fill its coffers; and if by weakness, wisdom, or integrity, it did abstain from plotting and scheming, and contented itself with driving its trade, and meriting by using its fortune, the other states of the world, instead of hating it and combining to destroy it, would favor and cherish it as a common benefactor.

There is an ancient people whose history I have in the above supposition described, whose growth and duration are in no way to be accounted for, as in the case of any other state; who had neither number nor territory, yet who ascended to the loftiest pinnacle of dominion, competed with Egypt in antiquity, and endured, more than twice told, the career of Rome. We are constrained to give credence to the facts; but the cause escapes us—to admit is one thing—to comprehend another. To comprehend the growth of Phœnicia, we must embody at least every known element of prosperity, and, among these, at least *so much* of the aids of navigation as the polarity of the needle affords.

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The proposition naturally arouses a host of contradictory suggestions. "If the ancients had it," it will be said, "we could not have failed to have known it; we are acquainted with every thing connected with their seamanship, their voyages,* &c. It never could have been lost. If any one people had it, it must have become known to the rest. Our pre-eminence in navigation, discoveries, and commerce, is essentially associated with the compass. Why did they not reach America?† How did it remain for us to make the discovery?"

These are all the objections I have been able to discover: they are all preliminary, and are adjusted to a mark which I do not present, viz., the word "ancients." Substitute the word "Phœnicians," and they fall to the ground.

The "ancients," are to us Greeks and Romans. Very different men were those traders, whose acute and vivid genius, flexible to all things, could cover up, and conceal, what the brain had devised, or the hand acquired. Those traders had no Penny Magazine, and published no Price Current. Undenying at home, they were selfish abroad; they kept to themselves what they knew, and did not overreach one another for the profit or pleasure of strangers. Even in our own times, secrets are kept by large bodies of men, about nothing, and for no end. The needle would have been a talisman to the state exclusively possessing it; to a few intrusted, not as an instrument, but as an oracle or a god.‡

Of all factitious props, secretive habits are the most powerful. The art of the Thaumaturgist, calculated in all other countries merely to strike the vulgar with awe, became to them an element of political greatness and commercial profit. They were ready to shed blood for indiscretion or mischance. Patriotism, the mysteries, and natural science formed, by their interlacing fibers, that strong yet flexible tissue which enveloped and concealed the Phœnician polity, and remained unchanged from the time when it served as swaddling-bands to an infant community, to the hour when it wrapped as cerecloth the clay from which fate, and not malady, had driven life. Reveal the polarity of the needle! Tyrians suffer the secret of the compass to be ex-

* "Numberless passages of Greek and Latin authors prove that *the ancients*, when they lost sight of land, had no other guide than the stars." —Pugens, *Trésor des Origines*, p. 190.

† "Had the Saracens known the compass, it was for them to have discovered America."—Voltaire, *Ep. sur les Mœurs*, c. cxlix.

‡ The Phœnician name for the compass was interpreted by the Greeks "unknown gods."

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torted! He who could conceive such a thing, may be learned in books, or perhaps learned in history, but not in men. Yet this is the sole *argument* of the skeptics. "It could not have been concealed:" Who was to find it out? Was curiosity of Greek or Roman to beat Punic astuteness? Were stripes, or chains, or death, to conquer Punic endurance? and who had the thought of exerting the one, or employing the other?

The skeptics are no less ignorant of seamanship: nothing was more easy than concealment. We must not start by picturing a binnacle, exposed by day, and lighted by night—a quarter-master conning by it, and a steersman looking at it, second by second, in presence of ship's company, passengers, and strangers. We must bring before us habits of navigation formed without this aid; mariners guiding themselves by night by the stars, and lying to, when these could not be seen; or perhaps with the instinct of the islanders of the Pacific, finding their path through darkness, by watching the angle of incidence of waves and wind, rating the effect of one on the direction of the other, and thus by approximation holding on till the lights reappeared. The heaven or the ocean was the binnacle. They would seek from the needle what we seek from the sextant,—conference and counsel. The instrument so used by master or mate, is to our sailors as unknown as the astrolabe or divining-rod. The navigator works out his place upon the surface of the globe, and lays down the course; but the formulæ are to him as much a secret as the instrument is a mystery to the crew. The Phœnician skipper might refer to his magic *Cup* in secret: an approximation was all that, without the sextant and dead reckoning, could be desired, and that only in case of doubt or difficulty arising from bad weather.

Modern writers make a sad jumble whenever they touch ancient navigation. They transfer—but not as a sailor would do—the ideas derived from our practice, which in most things is changed, in some reversed. Men-of-war now exceed merchantmen in dimensions, as much as the merchantmen formerly exceeded the men-of-war. A Phœnician vessel was able to stow 500 emigrants, with provisions for a long voyage, and required for masts the cedars of Lebanon. They carried, in the earliest period, heavy substances from the farthest points; the timber of India is found among the tombs of Egypt. To apply to *their* navigation, the passages descriptive of the row-boats of the Greeks and Romans, is a solecism and an anachronism:* they

* This was written before the appearance of Mr. Smith's interesting work on the "Voyage and Shipwreck of St. Paul." He has vindicated

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neither made their way by the speed of oars, nor sheltered themselves by hauling up their vessels upon the beach; their craft stood in the same relation to the μάκρη ναυς, the *longa navis*, as the trading vessels of Spezzia and Hydra during the Greek war to the pirate *Mysticoes:* one of these darting from under a low reef, would scatter a convoy of the largest vessels, like a wolf among a flock of sheep. How could commerce have been carried on in vessels that required oars to pull them, at the rate of ten men to a ton, the crews of which had to land for their meals?

It is only by collecting the local traditions of distant regions, by comparing the records of various nations, the writings of different times, by analizing the names of places,* and reasoning upon all these various data at an interval of twenty centuries, that we are discovering the extent of the settlements of the Phœnicians. They had hidden their footsteps and concealed their ways from the wise† alike and from the simple: who can tell how many secrets lie buried in their tomb?

If I have shown that the ignorance of "classical writers" is neither an argument nor an objection, the other objection that, "if known, it could not have been lost," falls to the ground, for if concealed, it must have perished with the possessors. It is strange that, having regained it, we do not detect its ancient vestiges, and are unable to interpret the words, names, and phrases which, to the initiated, unmistakably reveal it. After Galileo, we detected in antiquity, by a passage of Pythagoras, the knowledge of the science of music. From similar indications, we found out, after we possessed the knowledge ourselves, that the whole scheme of the heavens was understood by them.‡

ancient seamanship as to dimensions of vessels, length of voyage, working, &c. One deficiency in that work has been supplied by Humboldt in "Cosmos," in reference to calculation of distances, or the "Log."

* The original names of Greece and the Islands, of Asia Minor, the Black Sea, Spain, France, Italy, and England, are indelible monuments of the presence and wisdom of the Phœnicians. Plato refers reverentially to the men who gave the first names. Bochart, in the preface to "Pheleg," enumerates about 400 names; for instance, Parnassus, Ithaca, Malaga, Samos, Marathon, which are without meaning in Greek. It is descriptive in Hebrew and Arabic,—that is, in Phœnician.

† Τὸ πόρσω
Δ' ἔσι σοφοῖς ἄβατον
Κἀσόφοις, οὐ μὴν διώξω κενὸς εἶην.
PIND. *Olymp.* 3.

He is speaking of the region beyond the Pillars.

‡ In the twelfth century, A.C., Thschen-li records a measurement of the

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After Franklin had drawn down lightning, we apprehended, for the first time,* what chance had befallen Salmoneus, Servius Tullius,† and Sylvius Alladus.‡ Yet, if any discovery might be supposed to be notorious and incapable of concealment, and therefore not liable to perish, it would be the calling down of thunder and lightning, signalized, too, by the catastrophes of a prince of Greece, a lucumon of Alba, a king of Rome, and an eastern legislator.§

Although the great ancient states did not pursue the sea-trade, the Phœnicians were not without competitors. The Pelasgi, the Etruscans, the Greeks were their equals in *seamanship*. The two latter were far more powerful. They reserved the long voyage by no navigation laws, and must have been in possession of some exclusive knowledge. The compass, however it might aid, is not absolutely required in many long voyages. The Pacific was peopled without it. Within the Mediterranean the land served to guide, weather shores to protect. These, and the tides, aided the navigator all round Europe. The monsoons wafted him along on the Indian Ocean. But

solstitial shadow, which La Place found accordant with the theory of the alteration of the obliquity of the Ecliptic.—*Cosmos.*

The Babylonian astronomical observations sent by Callisthenes to Greece, have been calculated by Simplicius to extend back 1903 years before Alexander the Great.

Mr. Colebrooke has settled the date of one of the Vedas to be the fourteenth century, B.C., by the place given to the solstitial points in a calendar appended to it.

"That the planets and their courses, the comets and theirs, that gravitation and repulsion were perfectly familiar to the priests of Memphis, though unknown to, or rather repudiated by, the most learned and philosophical of the Greeks, can not to-day be questioned. They knew the milky-way to be composed of fixed stars, and the sun to be a fixed star."—DRUMMOND'S *Origines*, b. iv. c. 6; b. vii. c. 8.

"Toward the end of the seventeenth century, the French astronomers found with surprise that there existed in Siam a mode of calculating eclipses by successive operations worked with numbers apparently arbitrary. The key of this method has been long lost."—*Occult Sciences*, vol. i. p. 191.

* Unless the words of Rabelais are to stand for the precocious discrimination of his age:—"Qu'est devenu l'art d'evoquer des cieux la foudre et le feu céleste, jadis enseigné par le sage Prométhée?"

† "Guided by Numa's books, Tullius used the same ceremonies, but through inaccuracy (*parum ritè*) he perished, struck by the lightning."—LUCIUS PISO apud PLINY, *Hist. Nat.* l. xxviii. cap. 11. Livy uses the expression *pravâ religione.*

‡ "Fulmineo periit imitator fulminis ictu."—OVID. *Metam.* l. xiv. v 617.

§ Suidas, verbo "Zoroaster." See also Müller.

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there was one voyage, which, with none of these aids, the Phœnicians, and they alone of all antiquity performed,—that of Western Africa. It was upon that coast, and in sight of its insurmountable natural difficulties, that the idea here developed first occurred to me. I then returned to the records of antiquity, and to those first and best pages of history, the myths, and found confirmation, and what rocks and reefs, blasts and currents had taught me.

Seated at the water-shed of the East and of the West—at the fountain of the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf—the Phœnicians passed down both, and issuing into the Indian and Atlantic oceans, visited the furthest regions of the earth. It was their province to gather the produce of every land; so must it have been their aim to collect the inventions of every people. If anywhere the magnetic needle had been discovered, they would have been sure to find it; and if applied only to the land, most certainly would they adapt it to their own element.

This discovery required no high standard of science. It could not have been reasoned to *à priori;* by accident alone could it have been found out. There is in it, therefore, nothing to flatter the self-love of any, or to militate against referring it to the very earliest ages of the rudest people.

The discovery is claimed by modern civilization, and is one of those upon which it most prides itself. The place, the inventor, the precise date are all known; and though by one section of literary men the honor is referred to China, and by another, indications of some sort of compass are admitted elsewhere, and at anterior dates, still the compass in its present shape, and in its practical use, is next to universally attributed to Flavio de Gioja, of Amalphi, in the year 1302.

The perusal of the catalogue of the Escurial suggested to M. Villemain the remark, that most of the modern discoveries of which the date and the name of the inventor are set down as certain, were no more than inventions of the Arabs, which he had appropriated. Such in this case was the fact. Amalphi, the earliest of European commercial states, arose under the Greeks and the Saracens. To the latter people it owed the lead it took in instruction and navigation. Centuries and generations before Flavio de Gioja, the needle was known at Amalphi.

The *magnet,** in its attracting power, was well known to the

* This word is found in the *pharanks* or dictionaries of the Persians, and is described as the iron-attracting stone. It is mentioned in the Talmud. It was known to the Hindoos, as it was to the Greeks and Romans.

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Arabs, from the Greeks, Persians and Jews. But they gave a new name, which shows that they had become acquainted with its polarity, which indicated the use to which, by them, it was applied, *Kiblah Nameh.* Finding the direction toward the *Kiblah*, of course it would serve to direct the caravan through the desert, and the caravel at sea. If additional proof be wanting, the name supplies it.

"Mariner's compass," "magnetic needle," are paraphrases; but in the countries surrounding the Mediterranean, it has a name—*Boussole*, for which no European etymology can be found.* The Arabic afforded none, for by no process could Kiblah Nameh be emended into the root of Boussole. There is, however, an Arabic word, which has escaped our lexicographers. The figure,† which designates the north is MOUASSOLA.‡ When Europeans first saw the instrument, this point, the leading one, was doubtless pointed to and named. From Mouassola to Boussola the transition is easy; M. and B. being labials and cognate letters, and in some dialects of the Arabic constantly transposed. The Greeks, the intermediaries between the Arabs and Europe, still possessed Amalfi, which became a maritime state; Arabic and Greek, not Latin and Italian, were spoken there; and in modern Greek the word for compass is written *Μπουσσολα.*

The Arabic affords another etymology, and while either may have served, both may have concurred to give us our word. The abstract which has been preserved of El Edressi's "Geography of Spain,"§ has this sentence, "The outer ocean," that in which

* Those assumed are "Buxus, Buxolus, Buxola, Bussola, Boussole."—MENAGE. "Buso, *Ital.* eye of a needle."—COVARRUVIAS. "Boxel, *English.*"—POUGENS. "Bruxa, *Spanish*, sorcerer." "Boursole, *French*, little purse."—P. LABBE.

† This figure being now a *Fleur de Lis*, the French claim the invention. The profound Germans surrender it to them as a national property. Voltaire, however, remarks that the Fleur de Lis was the cognizance of Naples at the time of Flavio de Gioja.

‡ The term "Mouassola" is preserved to this day among the Mussulmans in connection with their religious edifices. It signifies the square open space corresponding with the Fane of the Etruscans, in which the two festivals of the Bairam are held, and where consequently the Mussulman *sacrifice* is performed. The connection is evident, but how it is to be established I am not at present prepared to say. Cf. Hariri. Chresth. Arabe, i. 191; iii. 167.

§ I picked up this little work at a book-stall of Cadiz. A Spanish translation is printed, page for page with the Arabic, and thus it was that I fell upon the word. It so happened that I chanced on it midway between the two seas. Consult Khabil Dhaheri. Apud Ch. Arabe, ii. 13 *et seq.*

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the compass was necessary, "is termed *El Bahar el Bossul* (the violent), as distinguished from the interior, or *El Bahar el Muit.*"

European writers derive the compass from the Arabs.* The Arabic geographers absolutely decline this honor.† They refer the invention to the Chinese. They quote a Chinese name, *Kya-poun*, meaning, as they assert, a board marked with lines. The Chinese claim the discovery, and have and use the instrument. It is of their own make and fashion, divided according to a rule of their own, and connected with various astronomical and geographic points which we are unacquainted with.

The Jesuits, who have been such judicious observers and accurate describers of China, unanimously support the same conclusion.‡ Klaproth, in a letter to M. Humboldt "Sur l'Invention de Boussole," argues in the same sense.

Humboldt, in his recent work, "Cosmos," answers as follows the letter addressed to him by Klaproth.

"Although a knowledge of the attracting power of the loadstone, or of naturally magnetic iron, appears to have existed from time immemorial among the nations of the West, yet it is a well-established and very remarkable historical fact, that the knowledge of the directive power of a magnetic needle, resulting from its relation to the magnetism of the earth, was possessed exclusively by a people occupying the eastern extremity of Asia. The Chinese for *more than a thousand years before our era*, at the obscurely known epoch of Codrus and the return of the Heraclidæ to the Peloponnesus, already employed magnetic cars, on which the figure of a man, whose movable outstretched

* Tiraboschi, iv. l. xi. § 35; Andrea, *Orig. D'Ogni Letter.*; Gueguenné, *Hist. de la lit. Italienne*, iv.

† Consult El Edrisi on the "Straits of Babel-Mandel," the "Arabian Book of Stones," as quoted by Bailak Kibdjak, the "Treasury of Wonders," as quoted by El Edrisi; Ptolom. i. vi. 2; Palladius, de Gentibus Indiæ; S. Ambrosius, de Moribus Brachmanorum; Anonymus, de Bragmanibus: ed. Bisseus, Lond: 1665.

‡ P. Martini (Hist. p. 106), P. Amiot (Abrégé chronologique de l'histoire de la Chine, contained in the collection of the Mémoires sur les Chinois, tom. xiii.), Mailla (Hist. Gener. de la Chine, Paris, 1777, tom. i. p. 317), P. Gaubil (Astronomie Chinoise), Sir G. Staunton (Embassy to China), M. Roding (Dict. Polyglotte de Marine), W. Josh. Hager (Dissert. sur la Boussole), contend that from time immemorial the Chinese were in possession of the magnet. That the compass came from the Chinese to the Europeans, through the Arabs, is maintained by Bergeron (Hist. des Sarrazins, p. 119), Riccioli (Geogr. et Hydrogr. Ven. 1672). Mention is made of the compass *afloat* in the third and in the fifth centuries of our era. "There were then (Tsin dynasty) ships directed to the south by the needle."—*Poi-wen-jeu-fou*, or Great Encyclopedia.

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arm pointed always to the south, guided them on their way across the vast grassy plains of Tartary. In the third century of our era, at least 700 years before the introduction of the compass in the European seas, Chinese vessels navigated the Indian* Ocean with needles pointing to the south. I have shown in another work† what great advantages in respect to topographical knowledge the magnetic needle gave to the Chinese geographers over their *Greek* and *Roman* cotemporaries, to whom for example, the true direction of the mountain chains of the Apennines and the Pyrenees always remained unknown."‡

These writers conceive that they have settled the question by tracing the invention from the Chinese to the Arabs. This at least is established, that the Chinese had the compass at the period of the greatness of the Phœnicians, and if they did not use it on the ocean, traversing Tartary with it, brought it within reach of the Phœnicians, who, as I shall show, knew the stations through Tartary to China.

Now, our instrument offered intrinsic evidence of a parentage wholly distinct from the Chinese.

The *north* is the leading point. The axis of the globe cut at right angles by the equator, gives the four points which we term *cardinal*, which are then subdivided into eight, sixteen, and thirty-two (the latter appears to be comparatively modern). These constitute the points which serve the mariner, and are employed in directing the course of the vessel and steering it. The circle is then divided, according to the astronomic measurement of the globe, into 360 degrees.

These *Points* and *Degrees* are figured on a card affixed to the needle, and revolving with it on a pivot, so that the helmsman has the circle of the earth before him, and has to bring the vessel's head (marked by a line in the cup in which the card and needle float) to that point of the circle toward which he is directed to steer.

In every respect, save the polarity of the needle, the Chinese compass differs. The south, taking the negative for the positive polarity, is made the leading point: it is not marked by any mouassola or figure, but painted *red*. There is no cross, and consequently no *center*. The needle bisects merely the instru-

* Arago, in the Annales de Chimie, t. xxxii. p. 214; Brewster, Treatise on Magnetism, 1837, p. 111; Baumgarten, in the Zeitschrift für Phys. und Mathem. bd. ii. s. 419.

† Humboldt, Examen critique de l'Histoire de la Géographie, t. iii. p. 36.

‡ Cosmos, vol. i. p. 169.

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ment. There are no *cardinal* points.* The first subdivision is into eight, the second into twenty-four; avoiding *sixteen*—that essential number of augury and of the Hindoos,† &c. This is the nautical part of the instrument, and occupies four of the concentric circles that are traced on the broad plate which surrounds the instrument; then succeed ten other circles, through which the radii of the first four are not continued, and where figure a variety of words and divisions, which no one has explained, and which the highest authorities confess their inability to comprehend. The astronomic degrees on the outer circle are not equal to one another, and amount to about three hundred and eighty. Although the needle revolves, it is not on a pivot, but on a point which, like the letter T, descends into the wood of the box, and there turns in a *socket*. No card is affixed on it: it traverses as an index, pointing to the scale of the circle traced on the box. That the Chinese knew the variation of the needle, and had accurately fixed that of Canton, expressing it by the converse signs, has been established by M. Klaproth, and might have led him to doubt the theory he has so boldly asserted, of ours being derived from theirs. Thus, the Chinese compass differs from ours *toto cœlo*, there not being a single point in which, even by accident, we have hit upon the same method. A junk and a Phœnician galley, or an English collier, are not more dissimilar: both sail the seas, and both direct the ship—there all resemblance begins and ends.

The Chinese instrument had been used on land for many centuries before the Christian era. It had been adopted in navigation at least in the third century of our era. It existed, therefore, in the form in which we now see it, long antecedent to its use in the West. It is as serviceable as ours for every purpose of navigation. Why should we have reversed the whole order? How could we have done so with that uniformity which prevails in all the countries of the West?

But there is still, if possible, a stronger argument. The needle, when first used by the Arabs, received only a *temporary polarity;* the Chinese give to theirs a *permanent polarity*

* Klaproth speaks of the "cardinal" points, not apprehending the value of the term. In Meredith the "four points" are given in Chinese, so also *Cut-Leet* (Cutlet).

† "Those who have not been in India can not know how all-important the division of every thing into sixteen parts is, or some multiple or sub-multiple of that number; not only is the money of the country so divided, and all the weights and measures, but all property is divided into annas (sixteenths): in conversation it is the usual expletive of quantity."—FERGUSON'S *Hindostan*, Intro. p. 12.

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The former process was, therefore, a step in the discovery: had it been borrowed they would have at once used the perfect method. The process is thus described in 1242 by *Boulak Kibdjaki*:—

"They take a cup of water, which they shelter from the wind; they then take a needle, which they fix in a peg of wood (reed), or a straw, so as to form a cross. They then take the *magnes* and turn round for some time above the cup, moving from the left to right, the needle following. They then withdraw the *magnes*, after which the needle stands still and points north and south."*

This description, confirmed by the authorities cited below, can leave no doubt that we have arrived at the same end as the Chinese by a different road. The invention of Flavio di Gioja may have consisted in giving to the needle permanent polarity: the next step would be of course to fix it on a pivot, which again differs from the Chinese.

I beg particular attention to this manner of using the instrument by the Arabs, as by it we shall be subsequently enabled to interpret the Greek myths. Here we have the compass consisting of a *needle*, a *cup*, and a *stone*, carried separately, and brought together when consulted. The Arabs shut themselves out as the inventors—we have shut out the Chinese. The distribution of the circle must have come to the Arabs, together with the magnet and needle: it could only come from ancient augury. The officer and priest, whose title has been given to the science, marked out all bounds for consecration, building, or other purposes, and commenced by drawing, on the spot where he stood, the line of the axis of the globe, the *cardo* crossing it by the synatorial or decumonus. In the augurial operations the terres-

* The passage of Brunetto Latini (*Lib. du Tresor*, MSS. du Roi, No. 7609), is too well known to quote; but I subjoin a curious fragment of a letter, attributed to him, which was published in the "Monthly Review" of June, 1802. It appears to me to be of indubitable authenticity. He is describing the wonders shown him by Roger Bacon, who was a disciple of the Arabs, and had studied at Cordova, like Gerbert, Abelard, and all the distinguished men of the period:—"La magnete pierre laide et noire, ob el fer volontiers se joint, lon touche ob une aiguillet et en festue lon fischie (fix it on a piece of reed); puis lon mette en laigue (float it on the water) et se tient dessus, et la pointe se torne contre l'estoille: quand la nuit fut tenebrous, et lon ne voie estoille ni lune, poet li mariner tenir droite voie."

"Acus ferrea, postquam admantem contigerit, ad stellam septentrionalem, quæ, velut axis firmamenti, aliis vergentibus, non movetur, semper convertitur, unde valde necessarius est navigantibus in mari."—JAC. DE VIT. *Histor. Hyerosolymit.* c. 89. A.D. 1215.

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trial and celestial globes were made the counterparts of each other, and the heavens were distributed into *sixteen parts.**

Divination was rather *ars Etrusca*, and we are in the habit of referring its source to that people; but the Etruscans had no compass. Divination was no more original in Etruria than in Rome. It was, indeed, the key-stone of their state, the link of science and government, of astronomy and priesthood; but they came to Italy a perfect state, and Tarchon's genius, symbolized by the head of a man and the body of a child, replaced the matured science of Canaan on the young soil of Ausonia.

As in the West, those ceremonies in which religion was united with science, and which therefore marked, not as they would with us, ignorance and superstition, but learning and enlightenment, are traced home to one particular people, and received their name, so also was it in the East. Though dim the echoes (*σκοτειναὶ ἀκοαὶ*) that have been handed down to us, we still recognize the voice and name of the masters of whom Abraham was the disciple. In Europe, letters were Phœnician; in the East, the learned were Sabeans. Rome got her ceremonies from Cere. The Cerethims were Sabeans. From the Sabeans the Mussulman had his Rekaat; the Polytheist his Incense; the Jew his Teraphim. Therefore the Ars Etrusca was derived from the early seats of the Phœnicians.

After fruitless attempts to discover the etymology of *cardo*,† it occurred to me that as the other names of winds, and, consequently, of the points of the compass, had been derived from those of the countries across which they blew,‡ so might this be a geographic term, and might be found to the north of Sabea or Chaldæa. The mountain on which the human race took refuge from the deluge is so placed, and bore this very name.§ Cardo was then the primitive geographic point for the countries which were the cradle of the human race and the nurseries of science, and the term could only be derivative in Italy. The north star was the Kiblah of the Sabeans.‖

* Univ. Hist. vol. xviii. p. 213. Müller's Etrüsker, "On the Temple," vol. iii. Niebuhr's Rome, app. to vol. ii. p. 624.

† The name *Cardaces* among the Persians is said to be derived from "courage," "virtue." Such words are generally derived from the names of tribes whose qualities are thus conveyed.

‡ Thus, on the north coast of Africa, the south wind is called *Giblu*, the north wind *Baharu*, because the one blows from the mountains, the other from the sea.

§ The Tasguments, Jonathan and Onkelos, say that the ark rested, the former on *Kardon*, the latter on *Kardu*.—DRUMMOND's *Origines*, vol. i. p. 69.

‖ Four thousand years ago the polar star was *a* Draconis. See Herschell on the Entrance to the Pyramid of Gizeh, *apud* Vyse.

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Two people severally discovered the various branches of naval architecture and navigation. The ends were attained by both; the means they used were wholly different, both belonging to the earliest constituted societies, both from periods antecedent to history, navigating the Indian Ocean. They alone constructing vessels of large burden, alone possessing that navigation.

The word "Phœnician," is a great stumbling-block in these inquiries. There was no people so called. It is a word of Greek invention* and construction. As there were Carthaginians or inhabitants of Carthage, so were there inhabitants of Tyre, and inhabitants of Sidon. The Cerathians, who occupied the adjoining territory, were simply "citizens," as distinguished from the "Nomades," or "Skenites," and Perizzites, the inhabitants of "unwalled villages."† The word Phœnix, or red, is identical with Adam, Edom, or Erythria. The Greeks so called them as coming from the Red Sea. In the time of Alexander, the Greeks found that they were also settled on the Persian Gulf, and that there was the metropolis, of which the Sidon and the Tyre of Syria were the daughters, as of these in subsequent times another progeny was to be found in Leptis, Utica; Carthage, Carthagena; Troy on the Scamander, and Tor in Devonshire.

For the word Phœnician we must then substitute, or by it we must understand, "Sea-faring Arab." The tribe which took to these enterprises, had of course its early establishments on the Red Sea, the southern shores of Arabia, the Persian Gulf, that is, on Arabian soil, then it would reach to the Persian and Abyssinian coasts. The next stage would be the shores of the Mediterranean. They would construct on that sea such vessels as those with which they navigated the Indian Ocean, and are thus celebrated by the Greeks as the inventors of ships.

There is therefore no difficulty in placing the Phœnicians, in so far as antiquity is concerned, on a level with the Chinese, and in so far as geography is in question, on the same field of navigation and commerce. Yet the two systems are as opposite as it is possible for the imagination of man to conceive.

Before the arrival of the Chinese junk, had any one said that he had deciphered from the Eugubean tables that the discovery

* *P'hn* does occur in the hieroglyphics as the name of a people, but who they are is not known. *Sharu* is the general name given to the Phœnicians or "Celequins," as the Turks say to-day *Shaerli*, otherwise the name of the town is used. As Homer has it: "Speak of the fortress in the waters, Taru of the Sea is its name. Water is carried to it in boats. It has fishes for bread." British Museum Papyrus, Pl. Lv.

† From פרזות *perazoth*, dwellers in unwalled villages.

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of America had been made by a large vessel, which had neither stem nor stern, kelson nor transom-beam, neither iron for its anchors, hemp for its cables, canvas for its sails, pitch, oakum, standing-rigging, rudder pintles, or pumps;—that with a taffrail standing forty feet above the water, it was not calked,—whoever believed the story would have been set down as foolishly credulous and stupidly ignorant.

Men, after the original conception, are but blind practicers of what they have been taught, and see only what they already know: with all our travelers and sailors in China and in India, no one in Europe could have imagined, that the Chinese had an original scheme of naval architecture the very converse of ours, attaining the end in no instance by the means which we employ, and standing in relation to ours as a cetaceous animal to one of the mammiferæ—as a turtle to a man.

The Chinese might have seen Phœnician vessels for 3,000 years before ours came round the Cape. They have imitated them as little as they have since copied ours. Vasco di Gama found the compass in these seas, not in junks but in vessels constructed like ours: ours are the continuation of those of the Phœnicians.* They left, doubtless, a progeny in the Indian Ocean as well as the Mediterranean. As in naval architecture neither of the styles could have been copied, and each must have been original,—so is it with their compasses; neither could have been copied from the other, and the invention must have been in each case separately made.

A secret such as this could be preserved and transmitted only by constant use. How then could it have come from Phœnicia to us? Augury had been swept away from the face of the earth. A thousand years had run their course between the fall of Tyre and the maritime enterprises of the Saracens. Thirty generations had gone to the tomb.

The difficulty I fully admit and feel. I oppose to it the intrinsic evidence offered by the instrument, and the impossibility of referring it to any other race, Chinese, Mussulman, Arabs, Hindoos, or to the systems of modern Europe. That it must have passed, I contend; how it passed is another matter. The knowledge of the road is no point of my argument:—nevertheless, I think I have found the clew.

From the close of the reign of the Ptolemies, to the Portuguese discoveries in India, we have but a single record of east-

* Our best vessels are on the lines of the old French, which, in the time of Louis XIV. were copied from the Turks, who had them from the Byzantine Greeks, who originally derived them from the Phœnicians.

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ern commerce, given by a trader named Sopater, to Cosmas, and inserted in his Typographia Christiana. Every country, from China to Ethiopia, is mentioned, and the produce or merchandise which each sent or received, enumerated. The center of this traffic was Ceylon, by whose merchants and shipping it was carried on. That island thus possessed commercial prosperity of the first order, while the great empires were sinking into that decrepitude which invited the northern invasion, and facilitated the outbursts of Saracenic enthusiasm.

This commerce was not carried on by the Cingalese, but by *strangers*, settled in the country, who had kings; occupied the maritime places; were of a different religion, and had temples. —Who could those strangers be?

Ceylon was never invaded by a foreign state, or overrun by a foreign race. The struggle of Buddhism and Brahminism had not extended to that island (at the time in question, Buddhism had been expelled from the continent). These strangers could not have been from India—they were not Greeks or Romans. Had they been Chinese, they would have been mentioned as such, and have been, like the Cingalese, Buddhists. They were not accidental rovers.

Sopater mentions various peculiarities—one, a hyacinth in one of the temples, which, when illumined by the rays of the sun, radiated with light. Does not this recall the emerald emitting light in the Temple of Hercules at Tyre?* Another coincidence may be found in the name of the cocoa-nut, as given by Cosmas (Argillia), with that of the cocoa-nut tree (Argel), still used by the Arabs.

"There was," he says, "a church of Christians." These had therefore temples and churches; their presbyter was ordained in Persia, whence they had their deacons and ecclesiastical chiefs. In the mountains above Mesopotamia, to this day there are Jews and Christians intermingled, the Christians avowing themselves converted Jews, the Jews declaring themselves apostate Hebrews. This recalls the old Jewish and Phœnician association of the time of Solomon, and their common expedition to Darohish.

The Phœnician settlements in Ceylon corresponded with those in Spain. They had, moreover, been already established there for fifteen hundred years. On all the western coasts of the Indian Ocean, dwelt cognate tribes, with which they trafficked, and from whom they could be sustained or recruited. They were in that Indian island exposed to none of the conquests, in-

* Herodotus, l. ii. c. 44. President Goguet, Origines des Lois, vol. ii. p. 114. Drummond's Origines, vol. iii. p. 94.

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vasions, or convulsions which have so often changed the face of the West. If the story of Sopater had never been told, and the work of Cosmas had, like so many others, perished, we might have assumed that Phrygians continued to dwell and traffic in that central yet secluded station of the Indian Ocean. Neither Hindoos nor Persians had taken to the sea; China had not engaged in conquest; no Carthage had interfered with them, and no Rome swallowed them up.

Isolated not from Europe only, but from Asia also and Africa; surviving the fall of Tyre and Carthage, and, without passing through Christianity, they thus, down to Mussulman times, preserved the augury of Paganism with the enterprise of Phœnicia.

Sopater did not describe them as Phœnicians, because, when he wrote, Tyre was deserted; Carthage was a Vandal town, Cadiz and Carthagena were Gothic cities. The Phœnicians had disappeared, and the name was forgotten, and this people, who had never so called themselves even in the West,* could not have told him in the East that such was the name which European writers had given them.

If these conclusions are correct, we may expect to find remnants of them still. In India proper, the Mussulman dominion, the invasion of Tatar and Patan, and the settlement of Arab tribes would have effaced the trace of such a colony: but Ceylon having remained free from such disturbance, we may not unreasonably look for this further confirmation—and we find it. There *does* exist such an Arab population† of 70,000 souls, where no Arabs ever entered as invaders or mercenaries. The Arabs of the continent are military bodies—these are given to commerce; their own traditions carry them back nearly to the period of Sopater. They report their forefathers to have come by sea, flying from the persecutions of Andalmaleh.

No tribes were driven forth by these persecutions: compromised individuals only escaped.‡ The times and events prior to their conversion are held by the Mussulmans as those of ignominy; and, consequently, this population, having been by

* The word *P'hen* occurs, though I believe only once, in our Egyptian monuments, as the name of a people: who the people were is uncertain.

† These statements rest on the authority of Sir Alexander Johnson. An account of these people is given in Pridhane's Ceylon, p. 470–480. The Cingalese call them *Marakkalaya*, which means boatmen; they are *Sheas*, while the Mussulmans of the continent are *Souni*.

‡ Toward the end of his reign an insurrection took place, of which the field lay principally at Bussorah; but in this case we know that the defeated insurgents retreated northward to seek the protection of the Turks. —See Ockley, vol. ii. p. 372.

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those refugees converted, dated from that period and forgot all that preceded it: they were grafted and took no account of the original stock. The same thing precisely has happened in Morocco.

On their conversion the secret, which neither Alexander could extort from Tyre, nor Rome from Carthage, would be surrendered, like the architecture of Mauritania, to Islam; and thus it was that Vasco di Gama, when he reached the Indian Ocean, found the compass in common use. It provokes no remark: it was not then the Chinese compass, but the same as that which, in the Mediterranean, had been derived from the Saracens.*

The only objection which I have not disposed of, is that of Voltaire,—that the Saracens, if they had had the compass, would not have left to us the discovery of America. I will here remark, that it does not apply, because they did not navigate the Atlantic. It is good against the Phœnicians. But who can assert that they did not discover America?—the tradition of the *Atlantic Island* cannot be explained away:—knowing the dimensions of the earth, they would not, like Columbus, mistake America for India.† Beyond the Atlantic are to be found traces of their worship, of their manufacture,‡ of their symbols,§ and even of the instrument by which the way was found. The temples are placed according to the cardinal points.

Having now set aside every objection that has been raised, I proceed to the indications or proofs contained in classical writing. Homer speaks of vessels finding their way without pilots, gliding through the waters as if endowed with natural organs.‖ The passage, it is true, has been accepted as a poetic image:¶ in

* At the beginning of the eleventh century the western Arabs were not in possession of the compass, for the astronomer Ebu Youni constructed a table by which to find the Kibleh.

† Columbus, on reaching dry land westward, wrote, "The world is not so large *as is supposed*."

‡ Glass, for instance, not as a native product, but as an exotic.

§ Such as "the Seal of Solomon."

‖ "Homer, in the Odyssey, says that the Greeks used the needle in the time of the siege of Troy: thus it is certain that the polarity of the magnet and the mariner's compass were discoveries which date back 3000 years."—BUFFON, t. xii. p. 386. This passage is often quoted to throw ridicule on the supposition. The only mistake of Buffon was in reading as general the description which in Homer was particular and restricted.

¶ Οὐ γὰρ Φαιήκεσσι κυβερνητῆρες ἔασιν,
Θόδέ τι πεδάλι' ἐστὶ, τά τ' ἄλλαι νῆες ἔχουσιν,
Αλλ' αὐταὶ ἴσασι νοήματα καὶ φρένας ἀνδρῶν.
Od. θ'. 557.

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Virgil's hands it is no more. He speaks of "*keels* feeling their way." Homer was describing *particular ships*, and those Phœnician—the name is indeed Phæacean: a Hebrew lexicon will show that these two names apply to one people. The Phæacians were remarkable for industry, wealth, and refinement; they were distinguished by their "baths, beds, and changes of raiment." They were εὐδαίμονας καὶ ἰσοθέους, "happy and equal to the gods," neither molesting nor being molested.* The daughter of their prince, Nausicaa, has been chosen as the type of industry and purity; they were, therefore, pre-eminently *noble* and surprisingly *tranquil;* such is the interpretation in Hebrew of the names by which they and their island were known —*Phaik*† and *Carcar;*‡ Phæacia,§ and Corcyra. As if to prevent any doubt, Homer gives to the island another name, or epithet, Σχερίη, the Hebrew for "*Mart.*"‖ The three words, *Phaik*, *Corkura*, and *Scheria*, are meaningless in Greek, but descriptive in the Phæacian; and Homer's lines, shadowing forth the mariner's compass,¶ apply to their vessels.

By his golden arrow, Abaris "traversed the winds," by it he "steered." Pythagoras forced him to reveal his secret.** There was then a secret in reference to steering, not as to dexterity in *conning* a vessel, but in finding the point to which her course lay.

Hercules,†† the symbol of Phœnician enterprise, departs on

* Οὐ γὰρ Φαιήκεσσι μέλει βιὸς, οὐδὲ φαρέτρην.
Ἀλλ' ἱστοὶ καὶ ἐρετμὰ νεῶν, καὶ νῆες ἐΐσαι,
Ἠΐσιν ἀγεινόμενοι, πυλιτὴν περόωσι θαλάσσην.
Od. γ'. 370.

† פאיך *faïak.*

‡ "Carcar, inde קרקר, carcar, quiescere et in tuto esse significat. An inde dicta est Corcyra, in qua Phæaces per multa sæcula tuto et pacate vixisse constat."—Chonaan l. i. cxxiii. Whence also Carcer. The name is preserved in Barbary and Spain in Carcer.

§ The name of the Slaavs and that of the Shelloks (Amazirgeh) are derived in the same manner, also the Etruscan states Ardea (noble); for from it was taken by Rome the institution which made Rome noble and great—the fecial vows and college, *i. e.* heraldry, or the laws of war.—See Servius on Æn. vii. v. 412.

‖ שרא, Shara. Isaiah (xxiii. 3) applies the same epithet to Sidon, *Shar-goim*, "mart of nations." This is the *Sharu* of the hieroglyphics.

¶ "We can discern why their good fortune ceased after this separation, under the reign of Alcinous, if the Phocians (Phæacians) renounced navigation. Was it not that the instruments (mariner's compass) obtained from their masters were lost, and they knew not how to construct others?" —Salverte, *Occult Sciences*, f. ii. p. 251. See also Cook's "Inquiry into the Patriarchal and Druidical Religion," p. 22.

** See Jamblicus, Vit. Pythagor. c. xxviii.; Diod. Sic. l. iii. c. xi.; Herodot. l. iv. c. 36; Suidas *Verbo* Abaris.

†† One of the recent flippant writers on ancient things says, "The most

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his expedition for opening navigation to the westward, with a cup. This cup he gets from Apollo, and it was destined of course to aid him on his way; here is the cup of water in which the needle was floated.*

The name of Hercules is given to a *stone*—that stone so called *is* the magnet. Why should the magnet have been called the stone of Hercules? The explanations offered are,—that it is emblematic of strength in its attraction; or that it was found at Heraclea.† Here is the magnet to polarize, floated in the cup.

Fuller alone has attributed to the Phœnicians this invention,‡ and he does so solely on account of the Heraclean stone. "It could have had no other meaning," says he, "than the compass; possessing it, the Tyrians must have carefully concealed it, consequently there is nothing surprising in its having been lost; many arts have been lost—among others, the purple dye for which Tyre was celebrated."§ He supposes it to have been first communicated by Solomon to the Jews. Bochart,‖ in confuting him, uses the argument which I have already disposed of—the impossibility of the Phœnician steersman concealing what he was about, from the crew and the passengers, often Greeks or Romans—the impossibility, that once discovered, it should be lost. Those arts alone, he owns, had perished which belonged

famous bowl of antiquity was that of Hercules, which served its illustrious owner in the double capacity of drinking-cup and canoe; for, when he had quenched his thirst, he could set it afloat, and, leaping into it, steer to any part of the world he pleased. Some, indeed, speak of it as a borrowed article, belonging originally to the sun, and in which the god used nightly to traverse the ocean from west to east."—St. John's *Ancient Greece*, vol. ii. p. 114.

> "Sol's golden bowl he entered to pass o'er
> The hoary *ocean's* stream, and reached the shore,
> The sacred depths of venerable night."—Stesichorus.

* The statue of Hercules at Tarentum, enumerated by Pliny in his list of Colossi, had a *key* in one hand and a *cup* in the other. On the coins of Crotona, Hercules bore a cup in his hand.

† Ἡράκλεια δὲ ἢ διὰ τὸν ἰσχυρὸν καὶ κρατερὸν τῆς ὁλκῆς, ἢ μᾶλλον δίοτι περὶ, Ἡράκλειαν τὸν πρᾶτον ἐφάνη.—Hesychius.

‡ Incidental suppositions are scattered through various works. See Lavinius Lemnius, De Occult. Nat. Mir. l. i. c. iii.; Buffon; J. de Pineda, De Rege Salomone; Fortuesto, William Cook, Stukely, &c. I do not include Sir William Bethune; the grounds of his supposition are so preposterous. It is from the supposed resemblance of a vessel to the compass actually in use, that Sir W. Bethune starts. See the practical exposure as given in Dennis's Etruria, vol. ii. p. 105.

§ Miscell. Sacra, l. iv. c. 19.

‖ Canaan, l. i. c. 98. See also H. Kepping, Antiq. Rom. l. iii. c. 6.

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to luxury, not those which were of universal use; and he concludes, that this invention is to be considered a benefit of God reserved for the old age of the human race, in order that the Gospel might be promulgated throughout the world. He adopts as the explanation of the name Herculean, its being found near the town of Heraclea, noticing but not meeting the objection, that in that case it would have been called Heraclean. Lastly, he asks, why should the name be referred to a Phœnician and not to a Greek Hercules? These are the objections of the most learned of modern antiquaries, and urged by the most devoted partisan of the Phœnicians.

So far Greek mythology and poetry; and taken in conjunction with the explanation I have given of the cup, the stone, I think they are conclusive: for there can be but one explanation for vessels endowed with instinct *to find their way*, for an arrow *to steer by*, for a stone called by the name of the Columbus of antiquity, from the association of a *stone* and a *cup* with navigation, and of the sun with Hercules. But Hellas does not bound our sight: there are beyond higher springs and more sacred fountains, and to these I pass on. The Greek tongue has preserved, though it may have disfigured, the oracular accents of Palestine.

In the abstract of the Cosmogony of Sanchoniathon, translated into Greek by Philo Byblius, and preserved by Eusebius, these words appear:—*Ἐπενόησε Θεὸς Οὐρανὸς, Βαιτύλια, λίθους ἐμψύχους μηχανησάμενος.* "Ouranos contrived Batylia, stones with life."

This has been taken to be a metaphorical representation of creative power; but the *thing* made or contained is mentioned, a thing well known by its name; and being so named, it is then *described* as being stones with life. Besides the words of Homer, describing the Phæacian ships, I know of no other passage in writings of antiquity, in which inanimate bodies are so spoken of. The *λίθους ἐμψύχους* of Sanchoniathon, and the *νοήματα καὶ φρένας ἀνδρῶν* of Homer, apply to the same thing, the one being descriptive of the instrument, the other of its effects. These Batylia are often mentioned, not on board ship, but in temples; they are described by travelers down as late as the fourth century of our era. They were many in number in the same temple. They were not in all temples; I find no mention of them in any Greek temple, or consequently in Greece or Asia Minor; the stones endowed with life, might be supposed to mean statues, but these were not images nor things that could be classed in any known category of objects of worship or orna-

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ment. The Greek writers do not know what to make of them: they looked upon them not as a mystery, but as a piece of necromancy: a thousand wonderful things were narrated of them, among which were the upturning of walls, and the capturing of cities; they were said to move in the air, and to have little demons inside.* We are not, however, destitute of description of their figure. They were in size and shape like cricket balls, of a dark indistinct color, *πόρφυροτίδης*, or black; of the substance nothing is said.

The name Batylia is spoken of as Greek, and is given as the translation of another term used by the Phœnicians. The Greeks, however, could find no more a meaning for the word than for the thing; but as Greeks always have recourse to a fable when they are in want of an etymology, they gave us the following. When Rhea gave a stone instead of Jupiter to Saturn, to cover the deceit she wrapped it in a skin; the skin was *Βαίτη*, hence Batylia, but unluckily, *the very* stone swallowed for Jupiter, and which, at his son's request, Saturn afterward vomited, was itself preserved at the temple of Delphi.† This is all that Greek ingenuity can effect in the way of explanation. In this shape this "indigesta moles" descends to the learned hands of modern critics.

What do the critics do with it? They look at it, handle it, turn it over and over, taste it, chew it, kick it, and do every thing with it but explain it; exerting all the while the extremest ingenuity to avoid the simple explanation before their eyes. Some make them to be pillars set up like those of Hercules,‡ some "votive offerings," some "rocking stones,"§ some "amulets."

* Εἶδον τὸν Βαίτυλον διὰ τοῦ ἀέρος κινούμενον.—DAMASCIUS. Εἶναί τινα Δαίμονα τὸν κινοῦντα αὐτόν.—ISIDORUS.

† Τὸν μὲν Ζεὺς στήριξε κατὰ χθονὸς εὐρυοδείης
Πυθοῖ ἐν ἠγαθέῃ, γυάλοις ὑπὸ Παρνήσσοιο,
Σῆμ' ἔμεν ἐξοπίσω θαῦμα θνητοῖσι βροτοῖσι.
HESIOD. *Theo.* 498.

‡ Drummond, after laughing at Bochart, says, "But, after all that has been said, the *etymology* of the word appears to me to be very plain," and then proceeds to show that "Baitulos" was no more than Jacob's "Beth-el," forgetting that the word was Greek and not Hebrew, or, if not forgetting, disposing of the objection as follows: "Those *who would rather* derive it from the Greek, may consult," &c.—*Origines*, vol. iii. p. 215–435.

§ The ancients have described rocking-stones, but never called them "Baitula."—See Apoll. Rhod. Argon. l. i.; Pliny, Nat. Hist. vol ii. c. 28. For some amusing learning on the subject, see Moore's Hist. of Ireland, vol. i. p. 39–59. See also Dissert. sur les Bœtyles, Mém. de l'Académie, vol. vi.; Rem. de l'Abbé Bautier, vol. vii. p. 241.

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Of course there is not a shadow of ground for any one of these interpretations, and they are each directly at variance with the description which the ancients have left us of the thing; their explanation, in every case, consisting in making out the thing to be different from that which it is described. Some indeed go further, and scoff and jeer; set Sanchoniathon right, and undertake the revision of all the writers, and of all the copyists who have ever described Batylia, or transcribed the description.

We learn by a line in Priscian, the name or *a* name, by which the Phœnicians knew them. He says, "they call *Abadir*, the stone given by Rhea to Saturn;" elsewhere the word Abadir occurs, as said to be applied by the Phœnicians to "unknown gods." Abadir is not Hebrew, and an emendation has been suggested by Bochard, *aban-dir*, which means *round stone.*

These round stones* supply the last link in the chain. The magnet must have been consulted with ceremonies, and considered as an oracle or a god. When the vessels returned into harbor it would be carried to the Temple, and exposed, like the other mysteries, to the gaze of the vulgar and uninitiated. Here, laid up in the temples, are the compasses of the Phœnician argosies, preserved as sacred to the latter days of Paganism, although the secret would have died out centuries before.

The Batylia would be placed only on board the vessels destined for Lybia, Southern Africa, Spain, or Britain; and they would not be shipped like a bale of goods, or invoiced like a case of instruments. But whatever ceremonies were employed in Tyre, the Straits themselves must have been the scene of the initiation connected with their use. We may assume, with perfect confidence, that, in passing the Straits every means were taken that craft could devise or superstition enforce, to preserve secret *all the means* through which this exterior commerce was carried on; whether the knowledge of the currents, the winds, the tides, the seas, the shores, the people, or the harbors. The traffic of the Phœnicians and Carthaginians was a mystery, and that mystery lay beyond the Straits. The Phœnician vessel running herself on the rocks that the Roman might not find the passage, tells the whole story; and this secrecy was enforced by the most sanguinary code: death was the penalty of indiscretion. We

* During the Catalonian insurrection of 1834, the name *Patulea* was given to the insurgents. Whence it has been derived, I have been unable to discover. In Portugal it has recently been adopted. The insurgents were called Patulea, the chiefs *Conocedos*, or "the known." This return to the "unknown gods," of the Greeks, if a mere coincidence, is a curious one.

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know from the Greek writers that particular ceremonies were performed in passing the Straits. They approached the Groves of Hercules with votive offerings, and departed in haste, oppressed by the sanctity of the spot. *Hercules* is the name associated with these mysteries, which seem to possess all the character of initiation, although there is no Dimeter, Dionysius, or Astarte.

Sailors are a primitive people: like children, they retain usages and traditions long forgotten by the other classes of a community. This spot is, above all others on earth, fitted to imbibe such a superstition, and to retain such a ceremony. The races have remained undisturbed: I therefore hoped to find, even still, some remnants, and diligently made inquiries among Spaniards and Moors, but was not rewarded by any discovery.*

But in one of the accounts of the Missionary expeditions to Morocco, for the redemption of slaves, I fell upon a description of the ceremony, as practiced here down to the close of the seventeenth century. The vessel was proceeding from Ceuta to Cadiz: the ceremony was not performed on crossing between Europe and Africa, but on passing through the Straits and passing *outward*.† It is a pantomime, of which that performed

* In the course of them I came upon a singular instance of popular memory. I was sitting with a Breber baker of Tangier, on the promontory looking towards Spain, and asking him the names of places, to see if I could identify in their recollections some of the old Iberian names; he directed my attention to a white streak on the coast opposite, and then said, "There is Belon." The place has disappeared for 1500 years, and no Spaniard knows the name.

† Le lendemain matin on fit la cérémonie ordinaire quand on passe le Detroit. Un homme de l'équipage tenant un livre à la main, la commença par faire un serment sur ce livre pour tous ceux du vaisseau. *Par ce serment il voulut distinguer ceux qui avoient déjà passé le Detroit d'avec ceux qui ne l'avoient pas encore passé*, et en même temps il faisoit promettre a tous ceux de l'équipage de faire la même cérémonie toutes les fois qu'ils le passeroient. Après il parut sur le pont une compagnie de jeunes matelots avec un tambour, chacun ayant une moustache. Cette compagnie avoit pour armes tous les instrumens de la cuisine. Ceux qui n'avoient pas encore passe le Detroit, payerent pour n'etre point baptisé une seconde fois. Personne n'est exempt—capitaine, officiers, matelots, passageurs, et *la vaisseau même* doivent si c'est la première fois qu'on a passé le Detroit; un matelot, n'ayant jamais, voulut rien donner, fut mis le cul dans un baquet, et on l'injetta sur le corps une quinzaine de séaux d'eau de mer. Assurément il a du se souvenir de ce second baptême (permettez moi cette comparaison) plus que du premier. Pour mieux prouver qu'on a déjà passé le Detroit, il faut dire, le mois et l'année qu'on l'a passé, le nom du capitaine et du vaisseau sur lequel on étoit."—*Trois Voyages au Maroc*, p. 179.

This is not the only nautical ceremony with a classical origin. A former traveler in Greece thus describes a lanch,—"A crown of flowers is

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by our sailors in crossing the line might be given as a description: it is in fact the copy, the old Phœnician initiation, preserved down to the time when navigation took her new spring; and at the very spot, and among the mariners who first reached and passed the Equator, was by them transferred to the ideal line of the Equator, mingling in strange and inexplicable incongruity ancient mythology with modern science; and then changing Hercules, who had nothing to do with the sea, for Neptune. The duckings with water mean the ablution; the shaving and fining recall the oaths and penalty; the white wig, the vail of the priests of Hercules: and the cooking utensils are paraded in memory of the victim* and altar.

I now come to the last point which I shall notice: it is the one which first suggested to me the thought; and in it are involved debated questions of history, and undescribed and unnoted geographical features.

When Don Henry established himself upon the western limit of the world, to plan adventures over the then unexplored waste of waters, it was the shade of Necho that beckoned him down the African coast; led him on from cape to cape, and invited him from cluster to cluster of its islands. At length Africa was turned; there was the Indian as well as the Pacific Ocean opened, and that wonderful discovery and dominion—the colonization and commerce of the Portuguese established, which dotted with their settlements the line of coast from the Pillars of Hercules to China.

In Herodotus he found the voyage round the cape ordered by the Egyptian king, and the return likewise ordered *by the Pillars* of Hercules: these orders were obeyed. The father of history, it is told, was treated as a dreamer by his Roman and Alexandrian successors; but the recent extension of knowledge has in every point confirmed his statements, and shown that, five centuries B.C., more was known of geography than in the golden

placed on the bow, then *καραβοκῆρι*, or master, raises a jar of wine to his lips, and then pours it on the deck. Nothing can be more beautifully classical. It were to be wished that we could trace the ceremony which takes place among us to this source, and not consider it an imitation of one of the most sacred rites of our religion."—DOUGLAS, p. 65.

* No ancient or modern European language affords an etymology for the nautical designation of a fire-place—*Caboose*. It is Arabic, and means "a thing consecrated to a mosk." In pagan times it would be the temple or the sacrifice. The Phœnician vessels had their altars and their gods, *Patacoi*. Nautical terms, of which the etymology is unknown, are generally traceable to the Phœnicians—for instance, *Davit* in Arabic, a bent piece of wood. Caboose and Davit have disappeared from the Mediterranean, and must have been left among us by the Phœnicians.

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age of Augustus.* Whether it be in fixing the points of the Lybian deserts, or in tracing the outlines of the Caspian Sea,† it is the old Greek who appears the accurate modern; and the geographer of the time of the Cæsars, who is the reporter of fables and of tales.‡ Thus do we find in antiquity, a counterpart to our modern disputes, and Pliny, Mela, and Strabo, are the prototypes of Rennell, Gosselin, and Mannert.

The events which throw light on the circumnavigation of Africa are,—1. The expedition of Necho, as hearsay. 2. The Periplus of Hanno, in a fragment copied by an unknown hand, from a Carthaginian monument. The voyage does not so appear to have extended beyond the western coast; but Pliny, who had other data, carries it round to the Erythræan Sea. 3. The traffic of the Carthaginians on the Gold Coast.

The expedition of Necho§ is flatly contradicted by Strabo, after an examination of all the evidence. The same opinion was pronounced by the school of Alexandria, Pomponius Mela, and Pliny, who, contending for at least the possibility of the voyage, do not so much as mention the narrative of Herodotus, considering it doubtless a fable, because of the asserted change of shadow, which to us is evidence of its reality. Gosselin, after writing a learned work to prove that the statement of Herodotus was correct, wrote a still more learned work to prove the reverse. The new idea which had turned the current of his conclusions was, *the impossibility of such a voyage without the compass.* Major Rennell presses him with objections, asserting the consistency of the narrative, and authority of the evidence, and, argu-

* See the chapter on the land trade of the Carthaginians in Heeren's Researches, the most valuable portion of his comprehensive work.

† Strabo makes the Caspian Sea a gulf of the Northern Ocean.

‡ "Geographical knowledge had existed and ceased before the classic age of Greece arose."—GROVER'S *Voice from Stonehenge.*

§ "That Africa is clearly surrounded by the sea, except where it borders on Asia, Necho, King of the Egyptians, was the first, *we know,* to demonstrate. That prince, *having finished his excavations for the canal leading out of the Nile into the Arabian gulf,* dispatched certain natives of Phœnicia on shipboard, *with orders to sail back* through the Pillars of Hercules into the north (Mediterranean) Sea, and so to return into Egypt. The Phœnicians consequently, having departed out of the Erythræan Sea, proceeded on their voyage in the Southern Sea: when it was autumn, they would push ashore, and, sowing the land, whatever might be the part of Lybia they had reached, await there till the harvest came: having reaped their corn, they continued their voyage. Thus, after the lapse of two years, and passing through the Pillars of Hercules in the third, they came back into Egypt, and stated what is not credible to me, but may be so, perhaps, to others,—namely, that in their circumnagivation of Lybia, *they had the sun upon the right hand.*"—HEEREN, ii. c. 44.

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ing against the objection, says, that "the barks of the ancients were adapted for coasting navigation, could keep close in shore, and might be hauled up on the beach. This voyage, immense as it was, did not therefore necessitate any venturesome entrance into the open sea—they needed not to have lost sight of the land even for a day."

Heeren seats himself on the bench, and sums up, and without combating M. Gosselin, decides against him. "This gentleman's arguments," he says, "amount to nothing; for *are we* in a situation to judge of the perfection of Phœnician navigation? Nations accustomed to coasting navigation are generally much better acquainted with its difficulties than *great* sea-faring nations. It has been recently ascertained that the difficulties in reaching the Cape from the Red Sea, are not so great as from the Mediterranean. All here combined to facilitate the progress of the expedition." Yet these favorable circumstances, however, served only until the coast of Guinea was reached, and thence "to the Straits of Gibraltar, was *the most difficult part of the voyage.*"

Why does Heeren slur over the difficulty of which he is evidently aware? Was it that, placed in a dilemma between the desire of deciding a controversy, and the fear of risking his character for "critical discrimination," he had recourse to a little mystification?†

For those who have the compass, it is true that the difficulties are less in coming from the Red Sea, but exactly the reverse for those who have it not:—a vessel sailing from the Guinea coast, to the Straits of Gibraltar must keep far out to sea.†

* The following passage from Heeren well illustrates, in the incoherence of each sentence, the consciousness that the people he described was too large for his grasp. "But *leaving* these distinct voyages of *discovery* out of the question, the extent to which this enterprising people carried their *regular* navigation is truly wonderful. *Though* voyages across the open seas have been the *consequence* of our *acquaintance with the new world* beyond the Atlantic; *yet* their hardy and adventurous spirit led them to find *a substitute* for *it*, in stretching *from coast to coast* into the *most distant regions*. *The long series of centuries* during which they were exclusively masters of the sea, gave them *sufficient time* to make this gradual progress, which perhaps was the more *regular* and *certain* in proportion *to the time* it occupied. The Phœnicians carried the nautical art to the highest point of perfection at *that time* required, or of which it was *then* capable."

† A vessel proceeding from the Bight of Benin to any point of the coast, northward, has first to make and pass the Equator, steering south and west till she has done so. She then hauls up to the west and north, and runs eastward only after she is to the northward of her port.

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Gosselin was perfectly right in his second work, when he said that the circumnavigation of Africa was impossible without the compass, as he was right in his first, when he asserted that it had been circumnavigated. There is no contradiction between the two propositions.

Such difficulties surround, and such dangers attend that navigation, that I do not understand how we to-day could navigate that coast, were the magnetic needle to lose its virtue. Impelled by the eddy from America, the Atlantic draws down the African shore. There is below Mogadore a night breeze from the sea; the land is low, and stretches in a line of sand-banks or breakers. There are no inlets and no shelter, and certain destruction awaits the mariner, on a lee-shore, on which a current sits. Their vessels did not lie closer to the wind than seven points, and could never get off. Is this a navigation to be performed by creeping along the shores and dragging up vessels on the beach at night? and for five hundred miles of the northern coast, there is a continuous range of breakers without shelter of any kind, and no port which can be entered except over a bar, and in fine weather, so that there is a wholly inaccessible coast, equal in length to the Mediterranean Sea.

Major Rennell, in his work on the "currents of the Atlantic," estimates the daily easting of a vessel at *seventeen miles*, so that between the Straits of Gibraltar, and the Madeira Islands, a vessel is carried out of the dead reckoning to the eastward, according to the length of the voyage, *from eighty to two hundred miles*. It is thus, that so frequently vessels, with chronometer, quadrant, charts, and log, besides compass, have been wrecked on the African coast, when believing themselves to be in the longitude of Teneriffe, or even further to the westward. One of the sufferers, Ryley, master of an American vessel, has given us a lively description of such a scene, and of the shore on which it occurred;* and has assigned as the cause of his misfortune, the indraught both of current and wind, and the impossibility of getting off the coast when once thus got upon it. Even after his vessel had struck, he could see no land.

And what is the fate of the survivors? Death by thirst or slavery. The nature of the inhabitants has no more changed than that of the shore:—what the one spares, the other will devour.

* In the north the coast is sufficiently dangerous. In my cruise along it in 1845, I had in company, or saw only four vessels: two of these went ashore, the other two were wrecked, the one an English brigantine, the other a French steamer of war. Eighty souls perished.

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The land of Europe is high: its coasts are provided with harbors, tides run along it, and vessels can tide their way; but the African coast is unseen till you are upon it; there is no escape when within reach of it. It lies all along the course of the voyage; it presents certain destruction to the vessel, and if evitable death, inevitable slavery to the crew. The coasters of the Mediterranean, the circumnavigators of Europe, the monsoon traders of India, were not matched with the difficulties of such a sea; they were unacquainted with the terrors of such a land.*

After the Phœnician time every endeavor to navigate this coast failed, and among the adventurers, one Eudoxus seems to have been a man of extraordinary resources, energy, and perseverance. For nearly two thousand years, the coast south of the Straits of Gibraltar remained unvisited by the traders of the seas, who were constantly entering in at, and issuing from, these straits, and thence pursuing voyages for thousands of miles within and without. The passage—if I may so call it—along the coast, was reopened only after the compass had been rediscovered, and then only after long and persevering efforts; but as soon as the westernmost cape was doubled, all the world lay open, and there was no further difficulty in reaching India on the east, and the new continent on the west, the discovery of which was in reality effected as a consequence.

The opinion which I had formed on the spot respecting the navigation of the coast, is entirely confirmed by all naval authorities. I never met an officer, knowing the coast, who, on the question being put to him, did not answer of Africa, "with-

* The supposed anterior discovery of the Canaries by a Norman rover would be no argument, for these islands may be reached without encountering the principal difficulties of the enterprise. And further, at the time of the alledged discovery, the compass may have been in use in the north of Europe. The coins of the Baltic show the intimacy there of the Saracens from the first century of the Hejira, and African settlers in England are entered in the Doomsday Book. The use of it in the north, long before its employment by the Portuguese, has been asserted by various writers, not only as derived from the Arabs, but also as original, or derived from the Chinese.

"Il' est certain que les marins des côtes de Normandie et de Bretagne employaient dès le xiii siècle l'aiguille aimanée sous le nom de *marinette*."—*Esmenard.*

"Raymondus Lullus in 1272 describes a compass used by the Basques and Catalonians."—*Cosmos*, vol. ii. p. 474.

"The Fins have a compass which possesses the peculiarity of indicating the rising and setting of the sun—which must be in the figures around it, as in the Chinese compass—in summer and winter, in a manner that can only agree with the latitude 49° 20'."—SALVERTE, *Occult Sciences*, tom. ii. p. 252.

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out the compass it is impossible to navigate the coast." The statements of Herodotus, the Periplus of Hanno, the sea traffic of the Carthaginians on the Gold Coast, present no difficulty, if you admit the stone of Hercules, the cup of Apollo, the arrow of Abaris, and the Batylia to have any meaning; and you must reject several of the most authoritative statements of history if you will not.

I must apologize for the space I have devoted to this antiquarian subject. The matter is so incidental to the spot, and interwoven with the patron of these volumes, that, however at variance my conclusions may be with the host of the Olympus of history, I could not omit them.

Whatever be the verdict of the reader on other parts of the case, it can only be favorable as to the objections which our highest authorities have raised. I have proved its case to be compatible with secrecy;—and if it was secret it could be lost. I have shown in the method first practiced by the Arabs, the instrument to which the otherwise meaningless myths of Greece refer. I have identified the stone of Hercules, the cup of Apollo, the arrow of Abaris, the Batylia of Sanchoniathon, the Abadir of the Temple of Hierapolis. That the "Stone of Hercules" was the magnet no one contests. I have shown from extrinsic evidence, that our instrument is not Chinese, and that it was associated with ancient augury; and I have found a people stretching through that chasm of years,—from pagan Rome to Christian science,—a people of Phœnicians, who, away from Europe, preserved the faith and industry of their sunk metropolis, and could transmit the magnet from Hercules to Flavio de Gioja.

The polarity of the needle, the art of manufacturing gems, which did not die with them,—were of the secrets not hidden from Tyre. Her story, by their aid, ceases to be a vision, and becomes a state;—her greatness descends from its cloud, and walks the earth.

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BOOK II.

THE COUNTRY OF THE ROVERS.

CHAPTER I.

OFF SALEE.

November 30th.

A HEAVEN of pale blue is reflected in the Atlantic; there is not a speck above nor a breath below; there is nothing that tells of Atlas or of Africa—no cloud-capped and snow-clad peaks overshadowing the ocean, or pillaring the sky. The land is low and tame; but on nearing it along the water's edge, a fast-set fence of breakers appears, which would crush in an instant the *Baron Renfrew*, or *Ptolemy Philopator's* fifty-decker: in memory of such incidents, no doubt, Antæus honored Neptune with a temple of human heads. These horrid fangs, now covered with foam and now left bare, might well suggest the idea of a dragon-guarded land. Calm as it is, at a distance of three or four miles from the shore we hear the surf like distant thunder: the spray, on the rolling in of every wave, shoots up as if a succession of mines were fired by a train. In this merciless fence the gaps are few and far between, hard to find, and, when found, harder still to enter by. Along the distance we have run, there are but three openings where small craft might find refuge, but then only when such refuge is not wanted; that is to say, with calm weather, a leading wind, a tranquil sea, and a full tide. A vessel caught in a westerly gale would have a lee-shore (and what a lee-shore!) stretching in a right line for five or six hundred miles, without a promontory behind which to shelter, or a port for which to make, and (toward the south) with a current incessantly setting upon the breakers.

It would seem strange that there should be this surf, not only with a perfect calm, but with a glass-like sea. There was, however, where we lay, a slight heaving of the water; and these

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heaves, as they bore landward, became, within a mile of the coast, billows, and then dashed upon it with the extremest fury, as if the Atlantic, in contact with Africa, required not the aid of wind, but shook it with the spontaneous heaves of its majestic breast. We lay for hours with the same marks on—as if we had been a rock. The tide rises and falls upon the shore, but does not run along the land. The Atlantic merely heaves up and down, but shifts not its place. It is met in front by a straight line: and the tidal currents of the coast of Europe are stopped at the great indraught of the Straits of Gibraltar; so that to the southward there extends a region of some hundred miles of dead water. Hence the violence of the action of the waves upon the shore. With our indented and slanting coasts, there is always a current running in front of the land, which serves as a breakwater against the effects of the rise and fall of the tide: here there is no such protection. In like manner may be explained the incessant disturbance of the Bay of Biscay: the horns break the tides along the shore, and the Atlantic surges in upon the congested waters. Below Rabat a current begins to be sensible; it runs south. At Mogadore it reaches the speed of three knots an hour. There are combined to produce it, the sweep of the back eddy of the Atlantic, and the nightly gales which blow from the sea into the interior of Africa to supply the rarification of the Great Desert. This nightly indraught begins only at the province of Sus: to the north the ordinary land and sea winds prevail. In these latitudes it is calm at sunrise and sunset. The breeze freshens by night from the land, by day from the sea—the former breathing a gentle gale, the second reaching to a top-gallant breeze.

The sand is not blown up from the sea, as some have supposed, nor down from the Desert. In traveling over it, you would suppose that you were crossing a rocky country.

On the coast its structure is exposed, and there it appears to be a bank of sand, with a coast of stone. Worn by the waves, the unsupported rock comes tumbling down, and the fragments often sticking on the edge form the breakwater. The "conformably overlying" rock, is an induration of the sand by oxide of iron; sand, newly exposed, immediately begins to crust.

This bank must have been left by the waters of the deluge, escaping westward, charged with the sand of the interior. This idea was first suggested to me by the deposits on both sides of the rock of Gibraltar. The sand blocks up to its very roofs a cavern which opens to the eastward.

Thus have been estranged the land and the water, and the

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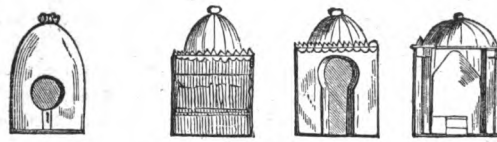
approach to each is closed from the other. Such is the defense of Morocco on the ocean side: its iron-bound coast on the Mediterranean is scarcely a less formidable bulwark. To the east, and to the south, it is encircled by deserts and wildernesses. I had subsequently the satisfaction to find that this fence of rocks had not failed to fix the attention of the ancients. An old author, quoted by Suidas, says, that "rocks, to which the name *Harmata*,* was given, were strewed along the shore by Hercules to defend it from the approach of wild beasts." The beasts are ships, to which the names of animals were given—from the figure-heads this fertile source of mythological personation has given us Pegasus, the Ram of Phryxus, the Bull of Europa.

December 1st. We are still off our port ranging up and down, and unable to enter, although we have the most beautiful weather and the calmest sea! We can not enter without a leading wind, that is, from the west, and if it blows from the west, we must run one hundred and fifty miles for shelter. A Portuguese on board, familiar with the coast, calls the ports of Barbary "excommunicated." Last year a schooner was detained seven months before it could get away, and then had to sail with only half its cargo.

We had viewed at our leisure the city of Salee and Rabat, and their environs. It is a strange place and country. The land is a series of long, gentle, bare, sweeping drives, at the edge cut out into cliffs and cones as if with a pastry cutter. About three miles north of Salee we descried, through the mists of spray, a magnificent palace. It changed to a gaunt ruin. A little further on there is a *kubbe*, or saint's tomb, sur-



mounted by a dome, like the tombs of Judæa and India. Next comes the point of Salee, and over it flutters the red flag of the "Rovers." Gardens surround the town, and a few palm-trees are seen among them. Between Salee and Rabat the river enters the sea over the bar. Rabat is imposing with its for-

* From ערם haram, to heap up; the term was applied to the banks of tombs and the dams of rivers. Avienus considers these Harmata to be relics of the causeway which Hercules constructed to bring over the oxen of Geryon.

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tresses. The great tower stands on elevated ground at the bottom of the harbor. Rabat was built at the close of the twelfth century to facilitate—though the Moors were in possession of Ceuta and all the northern coast—the best expedition then directed against Spain. Across this bar was lanched a large part of those hordes which followed Jacob Almanzor, and of that expedition under his successor, of half a million of men, which have immortalized the Navas de Tolosa.

The Moorish empire then extended in Africa above a thousand miles from east to west; and five hundred and fifty, in its broadest part, from north to south. It included also one half of Spain, and menaced the remainder. It embellished Africa as well as Seville and Cordova, with some of the noblest structures that any age has produced. It caused arts and science to flourish amid the ravages of war. Rabat outshone the "court" of Morocco,—merchants gathered to share in its commerce, and professors to teach in its schools.

A Roman-like aqueduct still strides along the plain, and from the tower, raised to supply the want of mountains, the fleets of foes, or the convoys of friends, could be descried for twenty leagues at sea. This meteor capital of the "west" was seen, and then vanished. It was laid low in the wars of the Almohadis and the Benemerines.

Further to the south, there are long lines of low white walls connected with a small building, where the sultan was residing. In the rear there was a large encampment of cavalry in a square, as if it had been a Roman legion. We calculated their force at ten thousand.

The last intelligence we had received before sailing from Gibraltar, was that an insurrection had broken out at Morocco, and another on the borders of Algiers, in favor of Abd-el-Kadir. The French steamer, that was recently here, came to press an answer from the unfortunate monarch to an *ultimatum* from the French government, giving him the option of war with France or Abd-el-Kadir.

It was painful to reflect how much the fortunes of Europe, and the internal condition and ultimate government of France, were dependent upon the weakness or caprice of the descendants of the "*Rovers of Salee.*" For a step involving the entrance of French troops into Morocco, by changing the position of Algeria into a basis of operation against Africa, would have similarly changed France in respect to Europe. It would have subjugated the policy of the metropolis to the conduct of the colony. It was no object of the cabinet of the Tuilleries to drive the sul-

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tan into a false and untenable position at home, or to compromise him with France. The government of Algiers had got the management of the negotiation, and had this purpose. My trip had reference to this matter, and was not uninvited by the Moorish government, otherwise I should not have risked presenting myself at so unfrequented an entrance to this inhospitable land. Adverse winds, however, detained me in the Gut, while steam carried the French—that is, the Algerine—emissary to his destination. Nothing could be more tantalizing than thus to hover above the country, and in sight of its assembled multitudes, in utter ignorance of what was passing, and with the contingency before my eyes of being even yet unable to set foot on it.

In pursuance of the importance of the resolves of the council chamber of this African state, I reverted to the circumstances of the last war, and the great struggle of England and France, of which another African state, at the other extremity of the Mediterranean, had been the first cause and the original field; and the question naturally arose, "Was it possible that Napoleon,—who, after an attempt on, and a failure in Egypt, planned the conquest of Spain,—should have neglected a country identified with the language, manners, and institutions of the one, and available for the injury or the protection of the other? The opinion of Lord Nelson as to the importance to England of the friendship of the Moor, proves that Morocco was a piece in the great European game, and one which even his antagonists understood. But Napoleon's moves were beyond their reach. His game was lost by his own faults; their merit (I speak not of mere battles, or even of campaigns) consisted only in turning to account the incidents of his fortunes.

The siege of Gibraltar was promised by him to the Spaniards, when the French troops crossed the Pyrenees; and such a measure would have powerfully contributed to the success of his project. Gibraltar, in that case, would have been the point of the operations of the war. But this course could scarcely be taken without some chance of success, and that depended entirely on the disposition of Morocco. Napoleon having foregone all the political advantages to be secured by this siege, it may not be too much to assume, that he made the mistake in respect to Morocco which he did in respect to Spain, and perceived that the Moors were beyond his power to secure, or his reach to coerce. At St. Helena he recognized the identity of the position, and the similarity of character of the two people.

I now recalled the incidents which, in early life, fixed my at-

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tention first upon such subjects. Sir Sydney Smith had taken the trouble to detail to me his plan for counteracting Napoleon's invasion of Egypt. It was to occupy Morocco. He described it as a country of inexhaustible resources, once the granary of the world; it had lost nothing of its fertility, and contained vast accumulated treasures. The people had been long oppressed, and would gladly hail an invader. England with ten thousand men, might make herself mistress of it, and gain in it more than India, and save India by frustrating Napoleon in the rear. We had begun a great mistake, by driving the French out of Egypt. By Morocco we should have restored the balance in Europe, prevented a great war, and have joined France in introducing civilization and Christianity into Africa. Well do I recollect the perplexity into which I was thrown by these ideas; fortunately, it was not to a European that I had recourse to discriminate between right and wrong, but to an African—Hassam d' Ghieo. He told me to make the case my own, and see what I should think of France invading England, because Russia had invaded Turkey.

He showed me, that if England had so involved herself, it would have been left open for France to establish herself in Egypt, and thence act against India: that England had triumphed in that war, because France had unjustly attacked other states, and England had espoused the just side.

Rabat, Dec. 2d.—This morning the bar was comparatively quiet, and seemed passable; there was also a light wind from the westward. The day was lovely, the ledges of the rock and fortresses were crowded with Moors in their haïks squatting down, and they looked like rows of large gulls. A little after one P.M., it being high tide, a large row-boat appeared behind the bar; presently it came dancing over the surf. We had in company an English and a Portuguese schooner. The English took the lead; we followed. It was like going into action, and in presence of an audience: every horizontal piece of rock, wall, and ground, was covered with the strange squatting figures assembled to witness our prowess, or mischance. There was great outcry and confusion, and we might have thought there was more noise than danger, had our two companions fared as well as ourselves. They both got on shore inside, but the wind falling, and the tide ebbing, they were cleared of their cargoes, and got off at full tide during the night.

The English consular agent came off to give us *pratique*. It was the first time he had performed his functions as quarantine master. His commission was not from the Moorish government,

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but from the consular body at Tangier. After receiving in his hand the health patent, he hastily transferred it to a pair of kitchen tongs, prepared for its unexpected office by having the knobs painted red. On the shore we saw a new building, with arches, in process of erection: it was a *custom-house.*

Before the custom-house we found the governor of the town seated, and received from him a most courteous welcome. The consular agent kindly offered the shelter of his roof, the only one we could have got at Rabat; and a messenger from the minister soon after came to invite me to the royal abode.

This is the first Mussulman country in which I have had my baggage opened at a custom-house. I was too indignant to be present. I was told that the officer took care to show that it should be only a ceremony, for he sat at a distance, and was earnestly engaged in conversation when the packages were unloosed. I found, however, that designs had been formed upon my wardrobe. The sultan had sent an emissary, Mustafa Ducaly, to France and England. On his return, among other surprising things, he had to tell that on landing in England, at the port of Southampton, duty had been charged on the clothes he wore. The minister, Ben Edris, intimated to him that he might now make reprisals. The traveled Moor proceeded, by way of *revanche*, to be far too accurate and amusing on the subjects of English hotel hospitality, strict morality, workhouse benevolence, and waiter manners, than I liked at such a moment to commend, or had disposition to listen to.

Dec. 3d.—I spent the morning on the top of the consul's house, from which there is a good view of the town, and the ruins of the Alcazaba on the one side, and the great town on the other: the river ran in front—beyond it, the long white lines of the walls of the terrible Salee, between which and the river, the governor of El Garb had his encampment in the form of the letter Q.

I received a visit on the roof from the father of Mustafa Ducaly, who was a striking likeness of Sir Francis Palgrave, and as active and merry. Every Arab is a living record.

A guard having been procured, we walked through the town, which was thronged. We met, however, with no incivility. Our guards were careful in keeping us out of the way of the troops encamped in the neighborhood. I returned from the excursion filled with two objects; the gate of the Alcazaba, and the caïd, or governor of the town.

This gate, or rather Barbican, is a massive structure of sandstone. The outer front (at right angles to the inner) is built

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against: the inner stands in its beauty, neither disfigured nor concealed: it is covered with the richest of those figures with which we are familiar, under the name of Moresque, or Arabesque; not molded in stucco, but carved in stone. All is in ruins, or utterly effaced and leveled, that this circuit of walls was raised to protect. From the platform commanding the entrance of the river, we obtained a perfect idea of the place; and after enjoying for a while the view landward, and the lashing of the sea upon the bar, we proceeded toward the encampments, which lay to the south, to visit the walls of the city. They might seem the ruins of some unheard-of Carthage, rather than of an upstart village on the extreme border of the world. Running in all directions, it is puzzling to make out what they exclude or what they inclose—they are now close—now far off—here intersecting a field—there skirting the horizon. They are of Tapia; some parts are forty feet in height, apparently of excessive thickness, and with square solid towers. At one place they resembled the land wall of Constantinople. The space between the first and second wall is filled with orange-groves or gardens; the produce of some of them is 3,000 dollars (600*l.*), which would be doubled if the bar were passable. On our way back we were stopped in one of the streets by some horsemen, galloping and discharging their muskets. A little farther on I came suddenly upon Sir F. Palgrave's likeness, leading a laden ass: a servant was walking behind him doing nothing. The wealthiest disdain not to perform, like the patriarchs, the humblest offices; and I was told that the late governor might have been seen leading his own mules to water.

As we were passing through a narrow lane, the guard stopped and muttered, "*El Caïd!*" I looked, expecting to see the great man's *cortège*, and it was some time before I distinguished the personage pacing along alone, wrapped in his haïk. The soldiers inclined, and saluted in a manner new to me. He stopped for a moment, uttered a few words, and passed on. It seemed as if I had met the proconsul of Mauritania Tangitana. The fasces only were wanting to the Roman toga and the Roman port. On returning home I made inquiry concerning him. The answer was, "He is a just man." I asked, how then he came to be governor? the answer was, "He was appointed by the Town." Supposing that my ears had deceived me, I repeated the question, and was answered a second time, "He was appointed by the Town." The story is as follows:—

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A REVOLUTION IN BARBARY.

The Caïd of Rabat, who had enjoyed his office for twelve years, was one day surprised by the entrance of a "deputation," to tell him that the Town had dispatched a messenger to the sultan to solicit his (the caïd's) removal; and that until they received an answer, their civility could extend to no act of obedience. The caïd retreated up stairs, put his head out of a little top window, and seeing "who and how many" there were, bowed to "public opinion." The caïd was deposed, and fined 40,000 dollars. It so happened that the new caïd sent them, having been before at Salee, was better known than trusted; he, therefore, on his arrival, was informed by the people of Rabat, that they had already dispatched to the sultan an envoy and this message:—"We do not want a stranger to govern us, and particularly not this stranger; we have plenty of our own people who can govern better both for the sultan and for us." The complaisant sultan on this revoked his second appointment, and authorized them to choose a caïd for themselves. Their first choice fell on a rich merchant named Mike Brittel, who had taken the lead in the revolt: he declined, and recommended the present caïd, who was thereupon chosen. This had happened within the last few weeks; and the election had been confirmed by the sultan only since his arrival.

Inquiring as to the security of life and property, I was informed that at Rabat confiscation was not a penalty for treason. Here no real property can be held by the sultan. At Tangier there is confiscation: the lands there are held of the sultan, as he came into possession by the evacuation of the English. At Arzela and Mazagan, the sultan is feudal superior, because these are conquered demesnes. This is our ancient law of treason, based on fealty and homage—as depending upon fief and benefice.

The following conversation occurred with my host:—

Q. Has there been any execution in Salee or Rabat since you have been here?

A. No.

Q. Have there been any assassinations?

A. Four years ago there was a man killed at Rabat.

Q. Why was the murderer not executed?

A. Because the emperor's answer was, that he had done well: he killed a man in his harem.

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Q. Have there been, during these four years, any grave crimes, such as breaking into houses, robbery, &c.?

A. No; not that I have heard of.

Q. What then are the crimes which are committed?

A. Vegetables and such things are often stolen in the market. Jews are beaten going to Salee: they are required to give money; but then that is when the wandering tribes are encamped here.

Q. Then you enjoy security and tranquillity?

A. Yes.

Q. Are the rich persecuted by the Government because of their wealth?

A. Yes; but only when they are in the Government service.

Q. During these four years, how often have irregular contributions been raised in the town by the Government?

A. The only taxes are upon laden camels and merchandise.

Q. What are the exactions to which public servants are exposed?

A. They take every thing from them.

Q. Does that often happen?

A. No, not very often.

Q. How many incidents of the kind do you recollect?

A. The late caïd had been in office twelve years, and his father twelve before him. The emperor then fixed his demand at 40,000 dollars. The caïd said he had not the money to pay. The present caïd has shown that he had as much in houses and gardens in Rabat alone.

Q. Since he could neither impose contributions on the town, nor extort money from individuals, how did he accumulate wealth?

A. He was a very venal man, and you could do any thing with him for four dollars.

Q. His profits then consisted in the corrupt administration of justice?

A. Yes.

Q. A caïd in Rabat may then be guilty of corruption, but not of violence?

A. Of corruption and violence too.

He then related to me the following story:—

"Four months ago, the boy now cooking in the *patio* rushed in dressed as a Moor, and throwing his cap on the ground called out, 'I am a Jew. I claim the protection of France and England.' Soldiers followed him, but I would not let them take

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him from under my roof. His father was a renegade. His property (3000 dollars) was placed, on his death, in the hands of an executor, who—the children under nine years of age being held to be of their father's faith—forced him from his mother. Refusing to profess Islamism, the mother and the boy were confined apart, and she was beaten to induce her to influence her son. The boy at last did pronounce the words 'La Illah,' &c.; his head was shaved; the Mussulman dress put on him, and he was about, as is the custom, to be paraded on horseback through the town, but he recanted. This is death by the Mussulman law. Those who were present describe the child's acts and words as wonderful. He said to the caïd, 'Mahomet has not had power to convert me, and your acts make me hate his faith.' After this, he made his escape to the consulate, and the door has been besieged by persons seeking either to force, or to seduce him away. Frequently the governor sent me messages about him. On one of these occasions, the soldiers while sitting in the court, kept constantly calling to him by the name of 'Abdallah,' which they had given him. For some time he took no notice, and returned no answer. At last he said, 'Why do you call Abdallah? The boy with that name is dead. There is only here Meshod.' "

At my request the boy was sent for: he seemed dogged and stupid, and made very light of his trials. It was with difficulty that I extracted from him a bare corroboration of the story. On being repeatedly urged by questions, he said he had answered the caïd, "I won't be a Mussulman; for your religion has no strength. I forgive you my money that I may be a Jew." I said to him he ought to be very grateful to the consul for having befriended him: his answer was, "I am thankful to God."

This was one of the occasions on which the religious feelings of the people were liable to the extremest excitement. In no Mussulman country have the Jews been subjected, as in Europe, to processes for compelling conversion; but, on the other hand, to relapse after pronouncing the fatal words, is a crime for which there is no forgiveness in the law, and no power of mercy in the state. The whole case here rested upon the boy's having uttered the profession of faith; yet in the official correspondence which I have perused, this fact is suppressed.

The persecution in this case arose from the guardian, who would have been remunerated for the management of the funds by one third of the property, had the boy been a Mussulman; but, being a Jew, he could not inherit from his Mussulman

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father, and the whole of the property would go to the sultan. The caïd's profit was out of the counter-bribery of the guardian and the mother. The circumstances becoming known, general indignation was aroused against the caïd. Immediately afterward the application was made to the sultan for his removal; and this was one of the charges preferred against him.

A parallel incident, which occurred five or six years ago, has been introduced and falsified on the Spanish stage. I repeat it as it was narrated to me by the Jew, who detailed it to the Spanish dramatists:—

"A Jewish girl, the daughter of an ill-tempered mother, having been beaten and in great sorrow, one day ran into the adjoining Moorish house (at Tangiers the Jews have no separate quarters). The Moorish women were charmed with her beauty, spoke to her kindly, and advised her to be like them, and live with them, and she preferring them to her own people, repeated 'La Illah,' &c. The women thereupon went to the caïd, and told him that a Jewish girl whose name was Skemish, and whose face was like her name (Sun), had come to them, and that God had enlightened her. The caïd was glad, and sent for her. When she came, she said that the Moorish women had lied; but they having testified as before, she was shut in a prison with water only and black bread. The caïd then, not knowing what to do, sent to tell the sultan. Word came that she should be sent to Fez. The caïd then sent for the father of the girl, and said, 'You must pay me forty dollars for the expenses of your daughter's journey.' But he was poor, and could not pay the money; and he went lamenting through the streets, and so met the Spanish consul, who gave him the forty dollars, and the girl was sent away with eight soldiers. A traveler overtook them on the way, and joining company with them inquired her story, and said she deserved death; but pitying her, he said he would converse with her; so they suffered him. This was no Moor, but a Jew and a neighbor, who had disguised himself as a Moor, in order to encourage her to remain steadfast and support her affliction. When they had come near the city, she was made to halt, and great honor was prepared for her. Four hundred young men, chosen from out of the servants of the sultan, played before her the 'powder game.' Preceded by these, and followed by a great concourse of people, she was conducted to the palace. Next day the lady of the harem came to her. She kissed her between the eyes; made her sit down by her side; told her maidens to bring rich clothes, and clothed her with them; and then taking her by the hand, they walked in

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the palace and the gardens, and the lady said, 'All these things shall be yours, and you shall have a prince for a bridegroom.' The Jewess answered to the lady, 'What matters it to the bird whether its cage be of ivory or of reed, or whether it be hung in a palace or a hut?' After several days, word was brought to her, that she must get ready and come to the sultan. She came before the sultan, and he called her, 'My dear Skemish,' and made her sit down beside him, and he was eating kusscousoo, and he said to her, 'Eat.' But she said, 'I am a Jewess, and cannot eat kusscousoo prepared by your people.' The sultan said, 'Islam is true.' But she answered him boldly. Then three baskets were brought, one with embroidered clothes, in another precious stones, and in another pearls: 'These,' said he, 'are the marriage gifts I had prepared for you, and you shall choose a bridegroom of the sons of the caïds.' But she answered him as before. He then became very angry, and said, 'Now your blood shall run like water on the earth;' and she answered, 'I am ready to die.' She was then given over to the caïd to be judged according to the law as an apostate. The caïd, when he found that his words did not persuade, nor his threats move her, assembled the rabbis and the elders of the Jews, and said to them, 'If this maiden, once a Jewess, remain thus perverse, the sultan will assuredly slay not her only, but every Jew in Fez. Advise then what you shall do.' So the elders went to her in the prison, offering to absolve her of the sin, and telling her that it was better for one soul to perish than the whole people. She answered, 'Every man must bear his own burden: the blood of all the people will not save me: I will not do this thing.' And the Jews went out wondering. The caïd then sent word, that on the next morning he would come with a *crown of laurel* (such was the word) in one hand, and the paper (for her execution) in the other. On the morrow, when the prison door was opened, she was kneeling on the ground, and remembering the words of the sultan, she said, 'Let my blood now run on the earth like water.' So the caïd was sorrowful, closed the door, and came again on the morrow, and found her kneeling in the same place, and again she repeated the same words; so it was appointed that she should die on the next market-day. And when the day came, four criers were sent forth to proclaim that a Jewish woman was to die, for she had reviled the prophet. When she was brought to the market-place, in the midst of a great concourse from the town and neighboring country assembled for the market, she prayed to have a pair of trowsers; 'lest,' said she, 'in the struggles of

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death, I should expose my nakedness; and some water, that I may wash and pray.' While she was washing and clothing herself, the executioner waved before her eyes a long knife, but she would not look on it, and having finished her prayer, she offered to him her neck; but he cut with the edge only, 'for,' said he, 'when she sees the blood she will love life;' but she called out 'Your law commands you to kill, but not to torture me.' And on that word he struck off her head and spat upon it.

"The Jews of Fez obtained the body on the payment of 8000 dollars, and gathering it up with the blood in a linen sheet, interred it with great lamentation, and they built over it a tomb like that of a saint, and those who are afflicted with disorders go to pray there, and are cured."*

Compare with this, the story in Maccabees of the mother and seven sons, who suffered death rather than eat forbidden meat.

* The name given to the girl was "*Sol*," as the story was told me in Spanish. It is the habit of those who themselves give descriptive names, to translate the names of other languages. I have therefore restored the Hebrew word and name, in which language the sun is feminine.

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CHAPTER II.

RABAT.

I WENT to-day up the river in a barge belonging to one of the schooners in the harbor. We landed at the bottom of the harbor to visit the great tower. It is about seventy feet square, and under two hundred in height, but was never finished. The facing of one of the angles has been stripped off by lightning, showing the interior of the masonry, which is composed throughout of stones exactly squared. The wall at the upper part is between six and seven feet thick. It is ascended by an inclined plane, up which a carriage might be driven. The center is an inner tower composed of five stories of square halls, with the roofs in stucco, like the Alhambra. The outside is figured and carved. In simplicity and grace, "Hassan" exceeds the Giralda no less than in dimensions. Whoever has seen the Giralda, will know how much the name enhances the charm of that structure. This personification, which to us is an abnormal effort, and belongs to an ecstatic state, is part of their daily life. We may be poetic; they are poetry. The sword of Antor, the sword of Amra Ibn Maad,* the horn of Timour, had each its name; and I never hear a bugle without a thrill, having, as a child, delighted in the history of the latter hero. Those who gave a man's name to a tower, would be horror-struck at a man's name given to a dog. The tower "Hassan" calls up the siege of Jerusalem and Lower Antonia. There all the towers had names—Hippicus, Piphunis, Mariamne: so the gates had names, as Genuath; but the gates, like those of Rabat, were probably structures exceeding the towers in dimensions.

The staircase has been rendered impracticable both at the entrance and near the top, but we clambered up by the aid of holes in the walls. We could now take in the fortifications of Rabat. The whole forms a triangle, the sides of which are the river and the sea-coast; the apex is the Cazata on the point of

* Jamsamia.

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Rabat. It covers a space of ground considerably larger than Granada.

Adjoining the tower there is a large cistern with ten parallel walls running half through it, and beyond this, the extensive area of a mosk with many of the columns standing. They are of granite, unpolished. A century ago a missionary mentions the mosk as unroofed, with three hundred and sixty columns. This group of buildings is surrounded by massive walls in *Tapia* with turrets.

Wherever elsewhere are found monuments of past splendor, the race has disappeared, or it lives in subjection to some other people. Here the descendants of the people who reared these edifices, still dwell unconquered around. They gaze upon them with stupid wonder, knowing not whether they are the works of genii or their fathers.

The magnificent remains spread around were the creation of a single reign, and had one date of maturity and desolation. What measure do they not give of the power of Morocco, in the time of our Henry I.? Like the pyramids, they were reared by captive hands; they were bedewed with Gothic blood, and Christian sweat and tears. To forty thousand of the Christian slaves employed in them, the emperor had promised freedom on their completion, and he gave them liberty to choose a district for their habitation. His ministers represented that such a colony would be dangerous. "My word," said the Emir el Moslemin (Miramolin) "is passed for freedom, and what is freedom without the means of protecting it?" They were settled in the mountains to the east of Fez. Wives were given to them, and they were called *Shabanets*, from Shaban, the name of the month in which the removal took place. For some generations they preserved their language and religion, and three hundred years afterwards we find them a powerful tribe at war with the Moorish sovereign. The Shabanets were at that time undistinguished from the surrounding population in manners, languages, and *religion*. There is no trace of persecution for religion, and their contests with the princes of Morocco were for their civil rights.

That war of borders and of centuries between Moor and Goth, must have been, in part, the image of the kidnapping of Africa as carried on to-day. The common prisoner for us is an encumbrance, for them he was the chief booty. The estimating of the value, and the distribution of the shares among the captors, were defined and arranged by a peculiar code. The captive, for instance, made from a fortress within cross-bow range, belonged

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to the captor on payment of a fifth of the value to the king. Beyond cross-bow range the captor received a third of the value from the governor who got the slave.

This treatment of a captive shocks our sense of military honor, and so the lesson which war ought to teach is lost—that each is answerable in his person and fortune for his nation's acts. The judicial and sacred character of war remains so long only as the captive is treated as a guilty man. Our civilization respects in the prisoner the professional man, because it has converted war from the execution of a sentence into a trade. Riley relates a conversation with some of the tribe on the borders of the Timbuctoo desert. "We can not," said they, in answer to his remonstrances, "give quarter, because they ought to die who give us cause to use our weapons. We will not take quarter if vanquished, because we will not be beholden for life to such men." He describes the tribe as peculiarly harmless.

From the tower we proceeded two or three miles up the river to orange groves on the low ground, belonging to the late governor, which appeared utterly deserted, and the fruit lay rotting under the trees. Our European sailors loaded their boats with fruit, and decorated it with branches bearing fruit and flowers. I fancied the companions of Hercules must have done something of the same kind.

We found here a party of the sultan's troops, who were giving and receiving a treat from each other. There were various little fires and round trays of tea: they hailed us and made us land, and we had to drink tea with them. There was a nephew of the emperor among them, a fine lad, almost black, with beautiful Greek features approaching to that Abyssinian cast, some individuals of which have appeared to me to be the most wonderful specimens of the human race. Homer was of the same opinion.

Several Spanish renegades were pointed out to me: they were criminals who had escaped from the Spanish presidio. The Moors spoke of them without contempt; the Jews told me they were much esteemed. I had been told at Ceuta that few attempted to escape, and that, when they did, they came back again, in consequence of the bad treatment they received. The Spaniards have an "extradition" treaty with the Moors, but here that modern infamy meets its reward—the deserters become Mussulmans. How different the present practice of converting the fortresses on the frontier into dépôts for culprits, from that ancient practice of the Spanish kings, by which the frontier fortresses were sanctuaries. When reading those old charters, I

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had imagined that the object was to people them, and such is the explanation given by the Spanish legal writers; but now I saw the real purpose,—which was to afford the malefactor, who had already escaped from punishment, relief from apostasy. The malefactor was sheltered for a year and a day, and was then free. He would have been kept there for life, had the object been to people the fortresses. This is further confirmed by the singular privilege of these sanctuaries to receive women who had run away from their husbands, and once within them they are free from the bonds of matrimony. These provisions will be found in the Charter of Ferdinand IV., granted to Gibraltar, and afterward confirmed by Alonzo XI. From the benefits of the sanctuary were excepted only traitors—those who had delivered up castles—those who had broken the king's peace, or seduced their lord's wife.

Thus Moses separated three cities of refuge "on this side Jordan toward the sun's rising;"* that is, on the side of the enemy and on his border. The period of sojourn was contingent on the life of the high-priest.

Among the renegades are to be found the scourings from all regions of the earth; Spain, France, Russia, Belgium, Prussia, Turkey, Tartary, Egypt, and the whole coast of Africa. Nigritia and Central Africa may be added to the list; as the slaves may rather be considered outcasts who find a home, than free men reduced to servitude. Poles they have here in Africa, it is true; but as "*condottieri*" only. There are representatives of every race, and records of every conspiracy and rebellion. They number four hundred in the camp, and two thousand throughout Morocco. The police is so strict, that it is impossible that one of them should ever return. Dante might here have got the suggestion for his inscription over the gates of hell.

There were formerly a great many emigrants from Algiers. They have died and wasted away: as the French colonization has advanced, they have retreated before it: they have preferred abandoning the graves of their fathers, their homes, their substance, their friends, to living where the Fih ruled. Such an emigration must not be compared to that of Poland, or to the victims of any European revolution. There was here no dread of vengeance and no proscription. They departed in anguish of heart, and Morocco for them was no land of promise. Of many who had acknowledged themselves as Fih subjects, that have come to Gibraltar in a state of destitution, not one has

* Deut. iv. 41—43.

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ever applied at the consulate for pecuniary relief. The consul has repeatedly proffered assistance; it has in every case been declined. This getting out of the way of their conquerors is strikingly pictured in the address of an old Moor to the captor of Gibraltar:—

"SIRE,—What have I done to your race? I lived in Seville when your great-grandfather, the King Don Fernando, besieged and took that place, and I went to Xerez. Then came your grandfather, Don Alonzo, and conquered Xerez, and I went to live at Tarifa. Then came your father, Don Sancho, and took Tarifa. Finding that we could not live in any city of Spain, I came to Gibraltar: now you have come by sea, and besieged and taken it. I beg that you will order a vessel for me, that I may cross the sea, and not see so much sorrow before my eyes."*

Christian slavery in Morocco, and the intercourse resulting from it with the princes and religious orders of Europe, would form a very interesting volume. It ought not, however, to be forgotten that the Christians set the example.† In Morocco the Rovers were no tractable subjects. Even when they were reduced to obedience, and one of the sultans applied to Charles XII. for aid in quelling those of Tunis and Algiers,‡ who had supported the fraternity of Salee against himself, these princes, who would not recognize the sultans of Constantinople, entered into friendly relations with the Roman Pontiff. Even on religious matters, the following extract will show, and will confirm, what I have elsewhere asserted, that the disappearance of Christianity from the soil of Africa is not attributable to persecution.

* Ayala, p. 1333.

† Al Makbari, passing by Malta, exclaims, "That accursed island, from the neighborhood of which whoever escapes may well say, that he has deserved favor;—that dreaded spot, which throws its deadly shade on the pleasant waters of the Mediterranean—that den of iniquity and treason, that place of ambush, which is like a net to circumvent the Moslems that sail the seas!"

‡ "The regal power allotted to us makes us common servants to our Creator; then of those persons whom we govern; so that, observing the duties we owe to God, we distribute blessings to the world. In providing for the public good of our states, we magnify the honor of God, like the celestial bodies, which, though they have much honor, yet only serve for the benefit of men. It is the excellence of our office to be instruments whereby happiness is distributed to the nations. Pardon me, sir, this is not to instruct; for I know I speak to one of a more clear and quick sight than myself; but I speak thus because God hath been pleased to grant me a happy victory over some part of those rebellious pirates that have so long molested the peaceful trade of Europe."

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While Henry, the first of European monarchs, was putting himself in open opposition to the Church, and setting her highest recognized authority at defiance, that authority received an unexpected recognition and homage from a Saracen and semi-barbarian sovereign in Africa. Annazir, the Mohammedan ruler of Mauritania Sitifensis, sent to Rome a Christian priest, Servandus by name, with the request that he might be consecrated bishop of the church then existing at Hippo. Gregory's answer to this prince announced his compliance with the Saracen's desire, and the due consecration of the designated prelate. He thanked Annazir for his liberation of many Christians in his kingdom from slavery, and for his promised manumission of more. "This goodness," he said, "God the Creator of all things, without whom we can not do, or even think any thing that is good, hath breathed into thine heart. He that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, hath in this thy purpose enlightened thy mind, for there is nothing of which the Almighty God, who would have all men to be saved, and who is not willing that any should perish, more highly approves than that, next to the love of his Maker, a man should cultivate that of his neighbor, and do naught to others which he would not that they should do to him; and this charity, due from and to all men, is more especially required between you and ourselves; who believe and confess, though in a different way, one God; and who both daily praise and adore Him, as the Creator of all ages, and the governor of the world."*

If religious fanaticism was displayed in the acts which provoked the retaliation of the Moors, never was Christian charity more fervently exhibited than in the efforts made, and the suffering undergone, to redeem the captives. For this work of redemption two monastic orders were established. "The Trinitarians," was founded by one Mata, and by Felix de Valois, in 1198. Innocent III. confirmed and encouraged the institution. It was a mendicant order. The friars wore a white habit, with a red and blue cross on the breast. The rule was that of St. Augustine, "to gather and carry alms into Barbary for the redemption of slaves," to which purpose one third of the revenue of each house was to be applied. They had thirty-nine houses in England, and nine in Scotland.

The "Merced," or more properly the military religious order of "Our Lady of Mercy for the Redemption of Captives," was founded in 1225 by Peter of Nolasco, who had served under De Montfort. It consisted of knights and friars. The friars

* Bowden's Life of Gregory VII., ii. 158.

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were in holy orders, and therefore could not shed blood. The knights guarded the coast against the Saracens, but were obliged to keep choir when not on duty. The friars wore a white habit: the knights were dressed like seculars, but wore a white scapular on which, as on the habits of the friars, were embroidered the royal arms of Arragon. To the three religious vows this order added a fourth,—to devote their whole substance, and their liberty, if necessary, to the ransoming of slaves; remaining in the place of a slave if they could not otherwise obtain his release. This order being relieved from certain domestic austerities, they were obliged to go barefoot, and were called Das Calsos,* observing the strictest poverty, solitude, and abstinence.

In former times there was in these regions a most extraordinary traffic in Russian slaves of both sexes, and eunuchs. The Arabs called them Siklah (Silaavo). Abderachman III. had a body-guard of them, splendidly accoutered. They rose to high offices in the state. One, named Wadha, was vizier to Hisham II. of Cordova; another, Naga, to Ibn Edris, Sultan of Ceuta, and Malaga. They even attained to sovereign power, and founded dynasties, as Lahayr and Keyran, both of Valentia.

5th of December.

This being Friday, the sultan went in state to the mosk at the Alcazar. He passed between two lines of troops from his country box, a distance of three miles. I had an opportunity of seeing him from the roof of the consulate, as he passed along the brow of the hill to the Alcazar gate. He rode a white horse. When he came in sight there was a general exclamation from those on the roofs. "A white horse!" They all turned round and smiled, and beckoned to each other, and general joy seemed to be diffused. The sultan rides a white horse! The color of the horse denotes the humor of the prince; white being, of course, that of joy and gladness, and the other shades accordingly. Muley Ismael distinguished thus:—when he rode a red horse, he had a lance or sabre; when he rode a black one, a musket and gunpowder. In the Arabian Nights there is something like this,† in commenting on which Mr. Lane men-

* See Mohammedan Dynasties of Spain, pp. 74–381.

† "Now when the morning came, the Khaleefeh went into the saloon (his sitting-room), and found the eunuchs stupefied with *benj*. So he awoke them, and putting his hand upon the chair, he found not the suit of apparel, nor the signet, nor the rosary, nor the dagger, nor the handkerchief, nor the lamp; whereupon he was violently enraged, and put on the apparel of anger, which was *Red*, and seated himself in the council-chamber."

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tions (and I can also affirm), that the Turks signify anger against any class of their tributaries by issuing the Harutch papers of a red color, and adds, "To exhibit the striking and dramatic spectacle described by our author may, I conceive, be more effective than any words could be." In this way the black flag of the pirate has been selected, and the red flag of the rover. Next to the flag the war-horse is the shield for this blazon. Thus we have in the Revelation the pale horse of death. The idea is beautifully paraphrased in a sentence of the old Chevalier Fabian Phillips. "The pale horse of death, and the red of destruction, rode up to their bridles in blood."

The sultan wore a green bournous with the hood up. A man on each side fanned him. This hooded people had thrown back the capes of their sulams and the folds of the haik from off their heads, so that the aspect of the crowd was suddenly changed, and the universal white was now considerably mingled with red and blue.*

I was much gratified at seeing, even from a distance, the chief of this singular empire, the manner of his march, and the greeting of his people, which is by bending down and raising up the body, and continuing to do so until he has passed.

I received a message to say, that orders had been given to conduct me over every place, not excepting his own residence. This was a most acceptable communication, as I found myself gradually falling into the condition of a prisoner.

After the ceremony of the mosk was over, several of the chief men came in. These visits were uninterrupted till night. I have seldom passed so interesting a day.

The revolution in the town, I suspect, *is not yet completed.* The sultan has been now a month here. He never remained so long before, and this is a season of the year when it has been the undeviating practice of Moorish sultans to be at the capital. The Bairam approaches; on the day after which, the list of functionaries for the ensuing year is published. The changes are then made. Then comes the reckoning between the sultan and his servants. The chiefs are assembled, with their retainers, from all parts of the empire, so that he has the opportunity and the means of taking vengeance. The forms of a *placitium* prevail, and there may be points of real, as well as traces of appar-

* So in Spain, the men on entering the church drop the cloak from the shoulder, and likewise when speaking to a superior. In southern Africa they bare the upper part of the body. The Abyssinian, as a sign of respect, throws off his clothing to the waist.—*See the captives on Egyptian monuments.*

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ent, resemblance between a divan of a Moorish sultan, and the Wittenagemotte of a Saxon king. The sultan publicly alledges his charges against the governors who are removed, and the people on their part have free access, and can accuse and petition.

The holding of the Baïram here, and not at Fez or Morocco seems to be a case of Mohammed coming to the mountain. It is not a rebellious governor, but a refractory town. Rabat has the reputation of stubbornness. This perhaps renders it more difficult and dangerous for the sultan to overlook the recent events, while it imposes on him the necessity of taking his measures with precaution. Without exciting alarm, or at least justifying measures of resistance, or even of precaution, he collects 50,000 men round the town.

One of my visitors this day was Mike Brittel. If I am to judge by his words or his air, never was city in the enjoyment of profounder repose, or man of more perfect felicity.

In the time of the late emperor, Muley Mahomet, they killed and quartered their caïd, and made the Jew butchers hang up the flesh in the shambles. It was so exposed for three days, ticketed at two blanquillos a pound. Then they came in troops to cheapen it, and haggle with the Jews, who were instructed to maintain the two blanquillos. The sultan marched against the city, but the people withdrew into the Alcazaba, and presented so imposing a front that he was content with an accommodation.

Civilized and philosophical Germany can riddle the body of a minister; but let us not compare such an act with the shambles of Rabat. The one is the frenzy of a people which can not help itself; the other is vengeance—savage, if you like—but vengeance for crimes, applying a salutary lesson to those who are to follow. Such is the difference between the two conditions of existence. No reactions and no vengeance can profit where social evil springs from theory and legislation. Where the evil is the act of man, vengeance comes, like the storm, to clear the atmosphere, thus compensating for the ruin it has wrought.

I met at a house where I was visiting to-day, the governor of El Garb, whose encampment lies opposite our windows. I was told that he is chief of two millions of souls. His rule extends from the river to the neighborhood of Tangier. There was nothing in his outward appearance to distinguish him from any other Moor: he went away unceremoniously, followed by a single attendant. The master of the house served me with coffee himself, and fancying that I liked milk, went down to the kitchen and brought up in his hand a basin of curds. Coffee is

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not in use, but it was especially prepared for me as a Turkish compliment. The coffee about which the French papers made so merry, as finding it all ready at Isly, was no proof that Marshal Bugeaud was unexpected, but the reverse.

The sellers of water use a little bell, which carries us back to Canaan. The Jews had bells to their garments; bells are still used in their synagogues, and ring every time the Bible is produced. The bells of the Etruscans were not to the Roman taste. Bells did not pass with Christianity from Judæa through Greece to Europe. In Greece they are not in common use, and wherever they are found, are a modern innovation. In all the primitive districts, a bar of metal, or a sounding board, supplies their place; and a small one is beaten by the hand through the streets, before matins and vespers. The Spaniards have bells to their churches; but not, as the mode of ringing them shows, derived from us. They strike them with the tongue, just as the Greeks do their sounding-board with the hammer, and a peal from the bells of a Spanish town recalls a manufactory of steam-boilers, and a street of coppersmiths. There is no indication of bells among the Arabs, nor in any other ancient country: they belong to the Jews and Etruscans.

Barbary has furnished with caps the Western World. From the Atlantic to the frontiers of Persia, a cap is known by no other name than *Fez*. In Europe it goes by the name of *Tunis* (*Bonnet de Tunis*), in Morocco it is called *Shashia*. It is pointed like a sugar-loaf, with a small blue tuft at the top. Throughout the East it is worn under the turban. In Constantinople, now that they have dropped the turban, they wear it large and full; but the Shashia of Barbary is precisely that worn by the Flamens of Rome. With the slightest modification—and a modification which is not at present unknown here—it becomes the Phrygian cap. Phœnicia being the link between Phrygia* and Barbary, the cap and its color would seem to belong to Tyre. It is singular that to the Easterns our head-dress should be the symbol of license, while theirs to us is the emblem of liberty; and still more so to find that both have come from a people who are the type of barbarism; for Barbary has given hats to the women as well as caps to the men. These hats are made of straw, like Leghorn bonnets, and with little

* The Phrygians were, I imagine, of the same race. They were also called Brebers, and thence the Greek word *barbarians*, which originally was no word of reproach, but designated that *other* people of Asia Minor (Phrygians, Mysians, Lydians, &c.), whom we are now beginning to know in the marble of Xanthus.

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tufts of many-colored silks: thence, probably, the metaphor of women being crowns of glory to their husbands.

They have another usage which renders it more complete and distinct. When I was first at Tetuan I met a brother of the caïd, who subsequently was ambassador at Paris. His haïk was over his head, but he threw it off, and then came out a bald pate. Being the first time that I had seen a shaved head in public,—I was very much astonished, and inquired into the reason, and it was told me that *he was not married*,* and in Barbary, is not permitted to put on a cap till then. In the Sock at this place, I had subsequently seen men from the interior with bald heads, and a rope of camel's hair round them. It is remarkable and picturesque, and suggests the idea of the crown of thorns. It did not at the time occur to me, that the rope or band round the head,—for I have afterward seen it a band of platted palmetto leaf—was the distinctive sign of the single, as the cap was of the married, so that I can not affirm it to be so: the usage may now, indeed, have worn out. At all events, it is singular to find here the fillet round the bare head, and the cap only worn after marriage, while in the Highlands, there is the *snood*, or fillet, for the unmarried girls, and the cap, or *much*, for the married woman. The Gaelic name for the cap is properly *carachd* (cruch), but *much* is common north and south: now *much* is a Hebrew word applying to some soft and delicate but unknown substance.† It is supposed to mean silk; the snood has always the epithet of "silken," and a peculiar silken kerchief completes the head-dress of the Jewesses of Barbary. The name for the stuff has therefore been given to the dress when adopted by the Galatean women in India, just as the name of the dress in the case of cotton,‡ has been transferred to the substance.

In Solomon's Song it appears that the practice of the Jews

* "The young men," says Marmol, writing in the middle of the sixteenth century, "shave the head and beard until they are married, when they allow the beard to grow, and the tuft of hair on the crown of the head."—*Africa*, vol. ii. p. 3.

"Men of all ranks and conditions," says a writer at the beginning of the last century, "are obliged to wear caps after they are married; and till then all their youths, even the king's sons themselves, commonly go bareheaded. They wear no hair under their red caps (but are close shaved), except a lock upon the top of their heads."—*An Account of Barbary*, p. 42.

† "Baal Aruc מיך ובלעו בנגצי. *Much Herbaice et vernaculo sermone Bambace.* פך in materiâ vestium est mollior omnis lanæ "linique et gossifii lanugo."—Bochart, *Chan.* lib. i. ch. 45.

‡ כתנת (Gen. xxxvii. 3), hence χιτών. Gaelic, *coot*, from which the English *coat*, which never is of cotton.

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was for the mother to crown the son on his marriage-day; but the word which we translate crown, conveys also the idea of covering the head, or putting a cap upon it. That some similar usage must have prevailed in ancient Greece, or some rite been introduced among the Greeks with Christianity, is shown in the expressions at present in use. Instead of saying "He married such a one," they say, "He *crowned* such a one."

In Servia the bride wears a crown, or rather, a cap of flowers, and she preserves it—not the same flowers—for a whole year.

The connection of the fillet and the snood, is rendered more probable by that of the Shashia and the Highland bonnet. These are the two kinds, the flat (liena), and the point (viruch). The latter has been nicknamed "Glengarry." It owes its peculiarity to the slit; something very like it may be seen in the tombs of Egypt. The flat one has now generally got the addition of a checkered border, but that variation was introduced by the Regent Murray. It is, however, still worn without the border, and then it is a variety of the Shashia. It has preserved the two original colors, though it has exchanged them, the bonnet being blue, and the tassel red. Among the Basques it may be still seen, red with a tassel blue.

On my return home, I found the colonel of the regular troops, who had come to pay me a visit. He was pacing the cancellaria; he was smoking a cigar, and he was spitting on the floor: —I recoiled from the triple abomination. I am perfectly aware that an Englishman will see nothing extraordinary in the former two, as they would not be so in himself, nor an American in the third. I supposed he must be a renegade, but he was only an Algerian who had lived some time at Gibraltar. Having served at Constantinople, he opened at once his heart to me, and poured forth complaints against the Moors. No one had shown him civility, and he could not even get a bath (there are no public ones). This unburdening of his mind was followed by a flow of spirits: he sent for his uniform, displayed it, dressed in it, and then sat down to dinner. While seated on a chair at table, with a tumbler of wine in his raised hand, in walked two attendants of Mustafa Ducaly, bearing the usual dish or tray of kusscousoo. He was struck mute and motionless; the untouched goblet was replaced on the table, and presently he arose and withdrew.

The uniform which is to displace this ancient and magnificent costume, is a caricature of us, as much as a scandal to the Moors; yet it is paraded as a necessary condition of learning the use of arms. In the last century, the Spanish army, indig-

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nant at the introduction of the Prussian discipline, exclaimed, "With the old tactics we raised Charles V. to the throne of Germany, and Philip V. to that of Spain; we put Don Carlos on the throne of Naples, and conquered Parma and Oran:" no doubt the argument was inconclusive. But to tell the Saracens that their costume is unfit for military purposes, was reserved for the genius of the nineteenth century. Shoe-strings at Versailles announced that the revolution was accomplished; a neck-cloth sealed the fate of the khans of the Crimea; so button-holes at Rabat seem to presage, not that a barrier is raised in Morocco to the French, but that the scepter of the Sheriffs is passing away.

Mehemet Ali's uniform at least followed, while it disfigured, the dress in use. This one is a complete change; the bare leg, the distinctive mark of the Moor, has disappeared. The cap, their own original shashia,—the peaked cap of liberty,—is, for "fashion's sake," changed to the round shallow one of Egypt; cuffs and collars, the gracefulness of which so struck Napoleon, when he saw Eastern clothing, are the salient features of this tailoring invasion; which, after desolating Spain, has now fallen upon Morocco. Tertullian, in his letter on the "Toga and the Pallium," ridicules the Africans of his day for copying from Italy a dress which the ancestors of those Italians had borrowed from their own: what would he have said now?

The new uniform was of course of all sorts of tints and colors, from chocolate to pink.



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CHAPTER III.

THE JEWS AND JEWRY IN RABAT.

December 7th.

The Cazaba, the fortress with the beautiful gate, has a separate government, and is inhabited by a distinct people; a remnant of a tribe, the Oudaïah, which, on the failure of the plans of the sultan against Clemcen, in 1832, was sacrificed to the public indignation—against himself. They furnish an instance of the tenacity with which these races, or rather families, cling to life. The shred of the broken tribe settled in these ruins has still friends, as they told me, but a long way off, in the desert beyond Timbuctoo. After the revolution of Rabat, they were seized by the like fancy, when their caïd, apprehending mischief, took sanctuary in the tomb of a saint. The sultan, Spartan-like, would not violate it, but converted it into a prison. Prisons, without doors or guards, were to be seen, in the time of Muley Ismael; it being customary with him to order a culprit to jail, as with us an officer is put under arrest.

The beautiful quarter of the Cazaba had been offered to the Jews, but refused for fear of exposure in case of war. They selected the eastern angle of the town nearest to the great tower, for the Jewry, and it is impossible to imagine any thing more filthy. The narrow passages between the houses are divided into heaps of dung, and holes of rats. The first house I visited contained no less than fifty souls. It was a hollow square with columns, and bright colors, and mosaics; with fragments of Gothic fret-work and corridors; and so small and neat, and so densely peopled with heads stuck out from every pigeon-hole above, below, and around, that it was like a toy-shop or a piece of mechanism brought on the stage, or a little gem theater of itself. I defy the most active and pains-taking imagination to picture to itself a Moorish house; it is quite impossible to describe it, yet equally so to resist making the attempt: I will, however, await a more fit occasion, or a more congenial humor.

From the roof (for like that of Rahab at Jericho, it was built

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on the city wall) we had a good view of the tower. On my expressing a desire to go to it, they uttered exclamation on exclamation, and could not have been more dismayed, had I proposed to them to wade to the dreaded bar. They told me that a Jew, if he ventured into the grounds below, would be shot like a duck or a dog, and that a Christian would fare no better. There are nineteen places of, or rather rooms for, worship. They do not use the word synagogue;—they say, Beth-el-Elim, House of Knowledge. This carries these settlements to a period antecedent to the Greek rule, when the term synagogue was introduced.

They are governed by a *Gistar*,* or council of twelve elders. The sheikh collects the taxes; and for this purpose is aided by two Moorish soldiers; he sends the refractory to the public prison. In every Mussulman country which I have hitherto visited, the chiefs of tribes are themselves responsible to the goab, and are imprisoned in case of default: the people then pay to save them. Among the Brebers the Jews wear arms, and dress like the rest: a Jew going there will not be able to distinguish his co-religionists from the Mussulman. Each has his patron, who resents an injury done to his Jew as if done to himself. So recently as the beginning of the seventeenth century, there was a Jew prince in the mountains of Ref.† An old Jew gravely assured me that the river Sabation was near Tunis.

The difference of their treatment by the Moors may partly be the result of their own manners: it could not be of ancient date. The Jews invited the Moors over to Spain. On the growth of Gothic power, the Jews and Moors were treated as one people: they were persecuted and expelled together. They found refuge in Barbary, and preferred it to any other country.

The Jewish ablutions consist in washing the hands and face. The water is poured from a jug; the left hand performs the

* At Tangier the body of elders is called Mahamad; the members composing it, Yehedeems,

President, Parnaas,
Reader, Haezan,
Treasurer, Gisbar,
Sacristan, Saamus,
Deean (Judge).

† "Muley Arshid proceeded to a district called 'The Mountain of the Jew,' because a Jew governed there, and because the Brebers, whom he subjected to the law, respected him as their sovereign. After spreading terror through the country, he massacred the Jew as unworthy of commanding Mohammedans, seized on his wealth, and rewarded his troops."—Chenier, vol. ii. p. 112.

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service to the right as the most honorable, then the right does the same to the left. So far it is the same as the Mussulman *abdest*, only it does not extend to the feet, and is performed three times a day, while the Mussulman repeats it five times. Soap is not used in the religious ablution of either; but the Mussulman washes with soap, or gayule, in the morning, and before and after each of his two meals. The Jew has to wash all his body on Fridays, but without soap: this is no offset to the weekly bath of the Mussulman, established by custom though not enjoined by law, and repeated besides upon other occasions.

They have to take off their shoes in passing a mosk, which is not without its influence on their apartments. No traveler in the East can have failed to remark the establishments attached to the mosk for purification, &c., or the cleanliness and peculiarities of the corresponding parts of private houses. In washing, the Mussulmans use only the left hand, and reserve the right pure for eating. The Spaniard, Ali Bey, lost his life by breaking this rule; master as he was of the language and the religious ceremonies, his *corns* led to suspicion of his origin. He was watched, and, being observed to use his right hand in washing, when a Mussulman would not have used it, he was at once proved to be an impostor feigning Islamism, and shot. I was informed that the Jews are not more particular, and for the portions of the house where water is constantly splashing about, they do not use wooden pattens.* The relative position of two races living intermixed, can not fail to be influenced by their relative cleanliness; and the contempt in which the Jews are held in the towns must, in part at least, be owing to this cause.

The Jews of Barbary look down upon the Jews of Christendom,† whom they call *Ers Edom*. A rabbi, referring to the conversion of the rich, said, "We have only to undergo the temptations of poverty and danger—they have to endure those of ease and wealth."

They tax themselves for the Holy Land to the amount of one

* In the towns of Morocco a primitive mode of *trapping* is in use, to prevent the entrance of effluvia from drains and cess-pools. The orifice is small, and a stone is fitted to it, and slipped off and on. It is the closest application in a city of the injunction of Deuteronomy xxiii. 12, 13, which the Moors rigidly follow, when they are in the country.

† Country of the *Erse*, that is, the Celts. *Erse*, however, like *Scot*, is peculiar to the clans. I shall revert to this term in tracing their wanderings.

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half their tax to the Moorish government. I saw one of the collectors from Jerusalem, who told me that their people in Morocco amounted to one million.*

The Jews are the only portion of the people not, therefore, subject to the haratch, or poll-tax: *they do not pay it.* This fact entirely confirms what I have said respecting the original conquest. The tax now paid by the Jews is of modern introduction;† formerly, they presented to the sovereign a golden hen with twelve chickens in enameled work, and this was their quit-rent. At Tunis and Tripoli they do so still. The vexations to which they are subject are of this nature:—A son of the sultan being resident here, and for a time really the governor, sent to them a young lion to keep, directing that a certain quantity of meat should be given him daily, and fixing four hundred dollars as his weir geldt in case of death. The Jews supplied him so plentifully, that he died of indigestion. The prince then sent a hyena, fixing six pounds of beef, "besides the bones," as his daily allowance, and settling his head-money at one thousand dollars: the Jews began again by giving him ten pounds "besides the bones." The prince was, however, soon after disgraced and imprisoned, and the Jews since then have led a quiet life.

They are subject to blows from any one and every one, and the occasion is afforded by every holy place, where the shoes have to be taken off. Still, I have not remarked that they suffer much. Up to the present time, I have not seen a Jew beaten or insulted, and I have witnessed on several occasions their reception by Moors of the first rank, in which it would have

* Rating by the taxes they pay, the town population is only 74,000.

	DUCATS.
Rabat, population 4000	1000
Salee	500
Tangier	1000
Tetuan	3000
Fez	5000
Mequinez	3000
Mogadore	3000
Morocco	500
Arzila	500
Larache	1000
	18,500

Numerous agricultural tribes of them are settled in the Atlas.

† It amounts to about half a dollar. At Tangier they were formerly assessed 2000 ducats; the half was remitted when the dragomans of the different consuls, who were the wealthiest men of the tribe, were exempted from taxation.

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been impossible, but for the dress, to have known the difference. Besides, the Moors are not proficients in the art of "self-defense," and could not plant a blow if they set about it.

At a Jewish marriage I was standing beside the bridegroom when the bride entered: as she crossed the threshold, he stooped down and slipped off his shoe, and struck her with the heel on the nape of the neck. I at once saw the interpretation of the passage in Scripture, respecting the transfer of the shoe to another, in case the brother-in-law did not exercise his privilege.

The slipper in the East being taken off in-doors, or if not, left outside the apartment, is placed at the edge of the small carpets upon which you sit, and is at hand to administer correction, and is here used in sign of the obedience of the wife, and of the supremacy of the husband. The Highland custom is to strike, for "good luck," as they say, the bride with an old slipper. Little do they suspect the meaning implied. The regalia of Morocco is enriched with a pair of embroidered slippers, which are, or used to be, carried before the sultan, as among us the scepter or sword of state.

This superstition of the old slipper reminds me of another. In the Highlands the great festivity is the ushering in of the new year. The moment is watched for with the utmost anxiety; every one then rushes into the streets, with posset in hand, embracing whoever he meets, and shouting "Huy meneh!" This word has puzzled the traveler and antiquary; it was the very word which the Greeks repeated, no more knowing its meaning than the Highlander: Hymenea or Hymeneu! and out of which come, *Hymen*, Hymn, &c. *Meneh* was Jesboal among the Sabeans, from minah or minik, fortifications, the procession going round the walls. *Men* is habitation in Egyptian and Coptic—*minith* contracted to *met*, is the name for a village in Egypt; it is preserved in the Highlands in *midden*. From this word come many names of places in Spain, Italy, Africa, Greece, and Asia Minor. It gives the names to founders, as Menes, Minos, Maon, &c.; thence are derived a multiplicity of the terms in common use,—manes, ammunition, mansion; manitoni, month, maniac, &c., and of course the words in Greek and Latin, through which they have reached us. Minoïa Gaza meant the Walled Gaza.

The Sabbath commences on Friday evening, when the shadow ceases, or when three stars can be seen, and lasts to the same period of Saturday. During these hours the Jew can not spread an umbrella; it would be pitching a tent:—he can not mount on horseback; it would be going a journey:—he can not smoke;

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it would be lighting a fire :—he can not put one out, even if it caught the house :—he can not buy or bring any thing, nor speak of any worldly concern, nor break the seal of a letter.

The most remarkable practices are the Phylacteries and the mystical garments. As to the first, I had hoped here to find some traces of an earlier origin than that which is assigned to it —the Babylonian Captivity ; but was disappointed. The Phylacteries are not as our Guercinos and Rembrandts make them, —a scroll of parchment habitually paraded on the forehead. They are small boxes covered with leather, containing passages from Exodus and Deuteronomy,* bound by long narrow straps, one upon the forehead, and another upon the left arm, at the time of prayer. The box is placed on the forehead as the seat of the senses, and upon the arm nearest the heart, as the seat of life. The strap is twisted seven times round the arm, three times round the hand, and three times round the second finger. Two peculiar knots are used for tying them, one to represent Dalif, and the other Ud. The Mazonza (Mystery of the Covenant) is a small roll of parchment with the same passages put in a piece of cane and nailed to the door-post, on the right side as you go out.

The Phylactery, and the Mazonza are to the Jews what amulets are to the Moors ; with, however, this difference, that they protect against sin as well as against evil. One of the Talmudists writes :—" Whoever has Phylacteries on his head, Mazonza on his door, and fringes on his garment, is assured that he will not sin ; for it is written, 'And the threefold cord is not easily rent.' "†

The mystical vestments have a very different interest, and are so connected with the costume of this country that I shall reserve this subject till I come to the Moorish haïk. The following passage from the *Baal Haturim*, expresses the preservative influence of these usages upon the Jewish people :—

" Israel is son of the Holy King, for they are all marked by Him, in their bodies, with the sacred mark (circumcision) ; in their garments by robes of merit (Taleth and fringes) ; on their heads, by the Phylactery boxes with the name of the Lord ; in their hands by the sacred straps ; in their houses by the Mazonza. They are marked in every thing that they are the sons of the most High Being."

The indifference of the Jews to apostasy may seem incompat-

* The passages are, Exodus xiii. 1, 10, 11, 16 ; Deut. vi. 4–9 ; and Deut. xi. 13–21.

† Eccles. iv. 17.

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ible with the instance I have quoted in a former chapter: age makes the difference. The Moors are not doctrinal: they possess blandishments. The Jews do not fear them as contending with age, but as seducing youth; and their instinct appears, alike in yielding in the one case, and resisting in the other. They are gainers in both, for in the one they would lose by apostasy, in the other by martyrdom.

I have several times visited the wife of the renegade, and the mother of the Jewish boy. Speaking the Spanish of the sixteenth century as the Jews of Barbary do, she recalled the condition of the Jews in Spain, as the fate of her husband and child did something of the cause of their expulsion. The peninsula, which did not share in the frenzy of the Crusaders, remained a stranger to the religious fanaticism which resulted from them. At the time when the Jews were proscribed throughout the rest of Europe, they were, in Spain, the favorites of monarchs, princes, and rulers—they were possessors of land—they had most of the wealth and commerce of the different kingdoms in their hands, and appear to have been twice as numerous as their forefathers when they entered the Holy Land.* Then did the persecutions here assume a savage character unknown elsewhere.

No cause has been assigned for the sudden and bitter spirit of persecution which, at so late a period, arose against them. It may have taken its rise in their being the fiscal agents for king, bishop, monastery, and proprietor. First assailed from social animosities, their manner of screening themselves (which was afforded in no other country) aroused the inextinguishable hatred of the Christians. That part of their history, suggested by circumstances before me, is their facility in receiving baptism, then, of course, relapsing; and there can be no doubt that many of these nominally conforming Christians, and their children and descendants, filled every grade of the priesthood, and occupied the episcopal thrones of Spain. Out of this again grew the Inquisition, the most artful instrument of despotic power, and which, in Europe, has been mistaken for a religious institution. Finding that conversions were worthless, the proof of apostasy was sought in the traces of blood. The processes of the Inquisition were afterward imitated by parliament in England, when, fabricating a church by law, it framed articles to catch consciences, as it now does resolutions to catch votes. The two great events are the emancipation from bondage, and the conquest of a territory. Promises, rights, obligations, and com-

* See calculation in Lindo's "Jews of the Peninsula."

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mandments, are all understood with reference to these. The stranger within their gates was to obey the commandments. He partook of necessity in certain ceremonies: he might at his option be admitted to all, unless excepted, like the Philistines, Amalekites, &c., because of historical events. Hence the difference with Mussulmans and Christians, whose bond is wholly religious, and who aim at extinguishing all distinctions derived from birth and race. The Jews having no idea of converting others, estimate differently from us an apparent conformity with the creeds of the people among whom they sojourn.*

The Jews have in common with the Mussulmans every thing like doctrine—the unity of the Godhead—the attributes of God—the inspiration of the Sacred Books, the Creation, the scheme of Providence, the prophets on earth, the chosen people, the law of Sinai and of Horeb, the ceremony—the abhorrence of idolatry. There is nothing the Jew believes that the Mussulman does not believe; there is no ceremony the Jew performs that the Mussulman does not respect, or meat that he prepares, which the Mussulman can not eat.† The passage, therefore, from Judaism to Islamism appears easy. It was among the Jews that Islamism first and most rapidly spread: fifty thousand were converted in one day, yet in its subsequent stages it has been by them most uncompromisingly resisted. Millions of Christians have become Mussulmans; of the Jews, no influx has taken place. I know but of two cases of apparent conformity: the one is a tribe at Thessalonica, who are called the Changed (Dunmeh); the other a tribe in Suz, also known by the name of the Changed.‡ In both cases they live as a distinct race; do not intermarry with the Mussulmans; and, though enjoying the privileges of Islamism, are not looked upon by the Jews as renegades.

* An Englishman at Gibraltar has recently become a Jew, and they seem to have invented some strange process of admission, and subjected him to a total abstinence from food during seven days. He gave up a petty office he held in the police, which required him to work on Saturday.

† The Mussulman is indeed enjoined by the Koran to eat without asking questions whatever is offered to him by *a Christian*, as well as a Jew, but this they do not always practice.

‡ "In Terjgient there is a people called the Medjehrahs, of Jewish extraction, who, to escape death (!) embraced Islamism. They have the peculiar Jewish features, and the Arabs say, their houses have the Jewish smell. They live in quarters set apart for themselves, but they do not intermarry: they are scribes and merchants, but are never raised to the office of Caïd or Imaum. They do not observe Friday as the Sabbath."—Davidson's *Journal*.

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The father of the boy whose story I have told, professed Islamism to escape popular vengeance, aroused by the extortions of a governor at Dar el Baida, whose agent he was. He nevertheless continued to live in the Jews' quarter with his wife and child: instead of bringing up the child in his new faith, he sedulously inculcated on him the observance of the law. The Jews seemed to have looked upon him as one who had incurred a misfortune. His Islamism was rather a disease, for which he had to be pitied, than an apostasy for which he was to be abhorred; and as the Jews took no offense at his religious profession, so the Moors took none at his domestic habits.

The Mussulmans accept the practices of the Jews, but not so the latter. Both cut the throats of animals, and allow "the blood to run like water on the earth;" but the Mussulman does not inspect the bowels of the ox or the sheep to determine whether it be *kaser* (imperfect) or *tarefa* (forbidden); he does not, before and after the operation, observe whether there be a flaw or jag in the knife. He does not examine whether the windpipe of the animal be completely severed—he does not abstain from "seething the kid in its mother's milk;" that is, from mixing meat, or the juice of meat, in the same dish with butter, or from eating the internal fat. The food, therefore, of the Mussulman is rejected by the Jews, even to the dishes from which they have eaten. The great obstacle to their amalgamation with the Mussulmans is the character of Christ. In the Mussulman system Christ is the Spirit of God, and is to be the Judge of the world: this, and the recognition of the Gospel by the Mussulmans, is the stumbling-block in their path, and hence the common expression, "A Jew must become a Christian before he can be a Mussulman."

The Jew in Barbary appears to me more Jewish than elsewhere. The burden on him is greater, and religious support less. They are Sadducees, if I am to judge by the conversations I have had with some; and have no idea of believing anything. In proportion to the association of a system of religion with domestic matters is it enduring. Those of Menu and Confucius stand, while the more theoretic one of Zoroaster has passed away. That of Menu presents not one, but a hundred different examples; for as many castes as there are, so many systems may there be said to be, and these are all based on injunctions respecting food and ceremonial. Confucius's system is the simplest form of natural religion, and the purest rule of morals: it has no superstition, no priesthood, no castes, no doctrines—whence then its durability? Its basis is the ceremonial of

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society. It has minutely regulated the forms of intercourse and the mode of salutation of the nearest relatives.

Judaism in Barbary is not propped up by belief, nor is it by etiquet; but chiefly, I should say, by *cookery*. In this respect, they are under constant restraint; ever linked to the race, and disjoined from all others. With what pleasure must they reach a Jewish house or quarter, after traveling for days or weeks, unable to taste almost any food that is to be got; to solace themselves with a cup of wine, or to partake of their own much-loved and not despicable Dafina!

Who has not heard of the olla podrida—to what corner of the earth has its fame not reached? The honor belongs, nevertheless, to the Jews: the Spaniard has only copied and disfigured. The original is a remarkable specimen of human ingenuity, which has constructed a culinary go-cart for the Hebrew conscience, and reconciled the Israelite's predilections with his scruples. He is forbidden to make or touch fire on the sabbath; he desires to have a hot breakfast, dinner, and supper on that day; and he obtains these meals without infringing that law. He has invented a fire, which, without mending or touching, will last over the twenty-four hours, and a pot which will furnish out of its single belly, a whole meal, and three meals in the day, perfectly cooked in the morning, and not overdone at night. This is the *Dafina*,* and the day on which all cooking was forbidden, has, *in consequence* of the prohibition, become the feast-day of the Jews.

In these countries, kitchen-ranges and hot tables are unknown. It is the practice to make as many fires as there are dishes to be simultaneously cooked. Those who have served in India understand how soon a few holes are made in the ground, and how speedily a multiplicity of pans are simmering over them. This tent practice is here preserved in-doors, and little earthen pots, called *nafi*, constructed so as to allow draught, contain the charcoal, and on these the pots are set to boil. In preparing the Dafina, the first thing is the build of the charcoal in this small fire-pan, to make it burn slow and last long. This is managed by four layers of charcoal in lumps, and charcoal pounded. It is lighted on the Friday about four hours before sunset. The ingredients are successively put in: the last just before the Sabbath commences. The whole is first made to boil, then the fire is reduced by the stratification I have mentioned.

Ingredients.—Grabangos, potatoes (English and African),

* Whence the Greek Δεῖπνον.

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eggs, beef, rice, marrow, rasped biscuit, parsley, marjoram, nutmeg, pepper, salt, and sometimes neat's feet and sweetbreads.

Produce.—First course.—*Top.* Eggs in the shell. *Bottom*, stewed potatoes, sweet and common.

Second course.—*Top.* Rice and marrow sausages. *Middle*, Boulli. *Bottom.* Meat sausages.

Third course.—One large dish of stewed grabangos.

Recipe.—The grabangos are an excellent vegetable when well cooked, but require great care. They must be first steeped several hours with wood ashes. They are put in the pot first, as soon as the water has boiled; next the eggs in the shell; next the meat sausages; then the meat; after that the rice sausages, and last of all the potatoes: water equal to one third of the rest.

Meat Sausage.—Beef chopped very fine, fat (not of the entrails, but pared from the muscle), marrow, rasped biscuit, the seasonings above enumerated, and eggs to bind.

Rice Sausage.—The rice is parboiled. It is then mixed with the soft fat from the muscle, the same seasoning but not so strong, and the binding of white of egg.

In large families the dish contains sometimes thirty or forty pounds of beef, four dozen eggs, and eight sausages made of the largest entrails of the bullock. Potatoes are of modern introduction, but the sweet potato is an ancient produce of the country. The English potato is called *Roman*, as coming from Europe.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE BAIRAM.

December 10th.

This morning Mustafa Ducaly sent me, by his man Selam, a "Dollond," and a ladder, telling me to run to Hassan to see the Baïram, which was to be held on the downs to the south of the city, without the caïd's permission, and a guard was enjoined not to cross the threshold. Authorities and soldiers had all deserted the city. Selam sallied out in search of some one who should pass for a guard, aud found a soldier belonging to Tangier who was familiar with Europeans. After passing the gate, I found myself for the first time at liberty to roam, and could not resist the temptation; so, instead of turning to the left toward the tower, we turned through the gardens to the right, hoping to get through the second wall, or to see the Baïram from it. We made for a huge gate, but on reaching it found it barred. The wall was about forty feet high, and in good repair: there were no staircases. All chance of getting a glimpse of the ceremony was now lost, and we rambled along through the gardens; but the ignorance of our elected guards, strangers, like ourselves, as to what was or was not *taboo*, was worse than the severity of our regular keepers. They were at every turn, doubting, fearing, warning, objecting. Our course was like that of a vessel feeling her way over sand-banks: one moment it was "starboard," the next "hard-a-port." "There it is bad," would our pilot exclaim, and ever and anon we were laid all aback, with the "breakers ahead" of "Saint's Tomb." We worked on till we came to a gate in the wall facing the east, and issuing forth, beheld another city. This could be no other than the Shallah, of which we had heard so often, and from which spring-water was daily brought. Neither Christian nor Jew is allowed so much as to approach it. Profiting by the occasion, I hastened on before my companions' fears could rally, or their remonstrances be urged.

The gate, or rather barbican (for the Moorish word is required

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to convey the Moorish thing), is peculiarly constructed and ornamented. The arch is the horse-shoe, pointed like the Gothic. The vivid colors and stuccos which elsewhere adorn the interiors here, as of Babylon and Ecbatana, are displayed outside;—the style is quaint and rich.

This city was in ruins before those buildings arose, which are considered the models of that style: the date of its fall is that of the erection of Westminster Hall,—itself the work of a pupil of the Saracens. The walls of the present city of Rabat, which signifies camp, stand on the lines of the camp of Jacob when he was besieging it.

While I was making a sketch of the gate, the Moors came up beseeching me on their account not to enter; they proposed to go in and report: they soon came out, exclaiming, "Holy Place;" "Saints' Tombs." I cut the matter short by passing the portal and ascending a stair that led to the top of the gate. The prospect thence was enchanting: the ground broke away immediately in front as we looked eastward, the masses of red ruin cresting the heights on both sides, and running down to the river. Beyond spread the plain of emerald green, with the river meandering through it, and the landscape closed with long waves of sand-hills of olive green on their summits and red and yellow on their broken faces. I saw not a soul, and was making myself merry with the fears of our conductors, when the alarm was sounded by the dogs, and presently two old men rushed at us, frantic with rage;—fortunately they had no arms.

Of our Moors, one only retained the faculty of speech. He endeavored to explain that I had the sultan's permission, on which one of the old men (the other had gone to raise the hue and cry) became wilder than before. He would shoot the sultan; the sultan dared not give an order there, nor enter the place except with bare feet. The soldier threw his cap on the ground, knelt down, and jumped up; tried to kiss his head, his hands, his feet, his clothes. I left them so engaged, quietly returning toward Rabat. At the gate Selam overtook me, calling out, "Run, run! wild man gone for gun." We had a fair start, but I could not condescend to hurry beyond a steady pace: Selam relieved himself by mumbling dismal sounds close to my ear, in his broken English: "You bring me and other Moors into trouble; I do your bidding instead of master's and sultan's, and be at Baïram in my new clothes. I be shot outside like a dog, or flogged inside like a Jew." At every moment we expected to meet a crowd returning, for the old fanatic, on reaching the town, could raise the people upon us in an instant.

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However, the distance was soon traversed, and before he hove in sight we had reached the gate. It was locked! We then hastened along the wall to the right, expecting to get in by the next gate—there was none! We came to the steep edge of the river, and there we were completely hemmed in. At that moment, our pursuers, now consisting of several armed men, came in sight; when a boat with soldiers and horses shoved up close in-shore, to drop down the current to Salee.

Our Moors hailed them; they pushed in; we scrambled down, and leaping on board, shoved off, and were out of hail—or at least speaking distance—before our pursuers reached the bank. They durst not fire, and there being no other boat, they ran back to get in by the Baïram-gate, so as to intercept us before we could be reshipped back from Salee. In the mean time, we espied a boat belonging to a Portuguese schooner: we hailed it, got on board of it, and were speedily landed and housed at the consulate. The soldier made off to Salee, vowing never to set eyes on Rabat again, and Selam, enjoining profound secrecy, hastened to his master, whom he found with the caïd. Scarcely had he told his story when the people from Shallah appeared. Fortunately, every body was busy with his own affairs, and the caïd succeeded in appeasing all; but this evening there has been great excitement in the city, and I am told that I shall have to be conveyed privately out of Rabat. However, like the Russian expedition of 1833 to the Bosphorus, to the satisfaction of having got into, I have to add that of having got out of, Shallah.

What an extraordinary thing to see a people thus ignorant, and yet thus devoted to the vestiges of their antiquity: sanctifying spots untenanted for scores of generations—taking the shoes from off their feet when they press them, and ready to sacrifice to the manes of the departed the stranger who disturbs their long repose!

The Baïram has passed off most happily: the day was splendid; the gathering and the presents satisfactory to the emperor. He condescended to tell the people of Rabat that they were wholly forgiven; that the choice they had made, proved them to be wise and just in all their ways; that he had not ratified their choice because they had made it, but because it was the best that could be made; and that, though young in years, their caïd was old in wisdom. The sultan has also released a former governor of Salee, and sent a pardon to a son of the late sultan, his uncle, who has been four years in irons at Mequinez. The disgrace yesterday of Hamuda has proved a golden opportunity

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for him. The firing of his regiment with two pieces, was quicker than that of the other with their ten. The sultan went up to him and complimented him, saying, "God prosper you;" upon which all the grandees did the same. Mustafa has also come in for his share of good things. Eight field-pieces which he had offered as a present, were refused as such, in these words: "I want you to become fat and not lean, because you are my friend, and now I make you the head and master of the merchants in Morocco." The ladies of the harem have not, however, been equally scrupulous, and have made no difficulty in receiving the keepsakes he has brought them from Europe, consisting, among other things, of dresses of brocade at twenty guineas a yard.

The afternoon was spent in receiving visitors, among whom was the admiral of Salee in a gorgeous Algerine costume. He is also captain of the port and pilot, and the representative of the first family of the empire, Muley Idris, its first founder, who is also one of the chief *living saints*. Four of this family are bound to compliment the emperor on the Bairam; they had come for that purpose, carrying with them the offerings of the capital. Two of these accompanied the saint, and presented the strongest contrast that could be imagined with the fanatics from whose balls and daggers we had just before escaped. They were affable, curious, facile, and lively: they had never seen the sea before, and admired it like children. They explained their visit by saying they wanted to know what a Christian was like, never having seen one. When I told them about Leo Africanus and El Edressi, the geographers who on the fall of the dynasty had taken refuge in Sicily, where his history was written, they were exceedingly delighted. They invited me to Fez; and when I spoke of the difficulties of a Christian going there, they declared they would answer for me with their heads. They spend to-morrow in attendance on the sultan; the day following they are to repeat their visit here.

I must not omit another important personage, no less than the sultan's buffoon: this, indeed, is the third visit I have received from him, and each time he has carried away two or three bottles under his girdle, besides one in his sack. He has a good voice, and a wonderful stock of strange songs, and is an admirable mimic. I have heard him mingle together the muezzin chant, from the minaret, with the cries of a European vessel getting under weigh. He is a compound of the zany, mimic, minion, bard and bacchanal.

The strangeness of this people, instead of wearing off, increases with acquaintance—so much ease and facility at one moment, is

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followed by unexpected and unaccountable difficulties. The dramatic, not the speculative, man is strong in them. What can be more surprising, at this moment, than their total forgetfulness of the existence of France: how would it shock the pride of the victor to find that the defeated have already forgotten Isly and Mogadore! When I saw to-day the dense mass of the tens of thousands tranquilly performing their Baïram, I thought of the Greeks celebrating their Olympic games with the Persians at Thermopylæ.

However primitive Morocco may be in its customs, it has to be borne in mind that the convulsions which accompanied the rise, and more particularly the fall, of the Beni Marine dynasty, and the almost total subjugation of the country by Portugal, and then the civil war (and that ensued before the establishment of a Sheriffean dynasty), reduced this region, in a period of two generations, to an almost chaotic state. What shipwreck must there have been of old usages! A few traces appear in the three or four meager works written on Africa in the sixteenth century.

The town of Salee, as described by Leo Africanus, would scarcely be recognized in the city which lay before me, of which I could measure the dimensions and observe the contents, though I could not pass the gates.

"It is most pleasantly situated upon the sea-shore, within half a mile of Rabat, both which town and the river Barugrag separateth in sunder. The buildings of this town carry a show of antiquity on them, being artificially carved and stately supported with marble pillars. Their temples are most beautiful, and their shops are built under largeporches; and at the end of every row of shops is an arch which (as they say) is to divide one occupation from another. And to say all in a word, here is nothing wanting which may be required, either in a most honorable city, or in a flourishing commonwealth. Moreover, here resort all kinds of merchants, Christians, and others. Here the Genoese, Venetians, English, and Low Dutch used to traffic. The inhabitants do weave most excellent cotton. Here, likewise, are made very fine combs, which are sold in all the kingdom of Fez; for the region thereabout yieldeth great plenty of box and of other wood fit for the same purpose. Their Government is very orderly and discreet, even until this day; for they have most learned judges, umpires, and deciders of doubtful cases in law.

"This town is frequented by many rich merchants of Genoa, whom the king hath always had in great regard, because he

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gaineth much yearly by their traffic. The said merchants have their abode and diet partly here at Salla, and partly at Fez, from both which towns they mutually help the traffic, one of another."

The change in the disposition of the people is not less marked than that in the character of the city. Little would one suspect to-day, that two centuries ago, Christians were thus hospitably received and kindly treated in Salee. He continues:—"In the year of the Hegira, 670, it was surprised by a Castilian captain, the inhabitants being put to flight, and the Christians enjoying the city. * * * And albeit this town was in so few days recovered from the enemy, yet a world it was to see what a wonderful alteration both of the houses and of the state of government happened. Many houses of this town are left desolate, especially near the town walls; which, albeit, they are most stately and curiously built, yet no man there is that will inhabit them."

Dec. 11th.

I have seen several of the renegades. The French are the only ones who have any knowledge by which they may be useful. One came to talk about a project of a wire suspension bridge over the Seboo. He remained nearly the whole day, and detailed his life and adventures during the dozen years he has been in this country. Several of them have been with Abd-el-Kadir. They spoke in high terms of the presumed succession of the sultan, and of some other leading men. With these few exceptions, their discourse was most unfavorable to the Moors, whom they called cowards and braggarts. In their battles the loss never exceeded twenty men; and a single French regiment might march to Morocco. The Arabs, they said, were divided among themselves; but the Brebers were still more so; and the art of Government here consisted in setting one tribe against another, and one chief against another. Their remedy was disciplined troops. If the emperor, said one of them, had had five thousand disciplined men, he never would have received M. Roche.

I said, that if the emperor had known how to transact a matter of business, he never would have been insulted by the presence of that person, and that one hundred thousand men would not give him that knowledge. I instanced Spain and Algiers as evidence of the power of resistance of a country destitute, not of regular troops only, but of a government. I added, that a regular army facilitated invasion, but not defense, and generally proved the means of rendering a people an easy prey.

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Certainly, to put an army at the disposal of the Emperor of Morocco would be the means of doing so.

Abd-el-Kadir was rated very low, and spoken of very little. The Europeans admired him for his valor, enterprise, generosity, and humanity; but did not respect his military judgment. They said that he uselessly exposed men and tribes, threw away great opportunities, and afforded to the French the means of extending their authority.

If Abd-el-Kadir had not been playing a game, at all events a game was played in his person. He was necessary to the French military system of Algiers. He is known to have been three times in their hands, and to have been suffered to escape.

From one who had been for seven years the companion of Abd-el-Kadir, I give the following incidents. After the destruction of the Turkish government, the most powerful chief was Mahmud Ben Ismael, the descendant of the man who had first entered Oran on its evacuation by the Spaniards. Abd-el-Kadir came next by his family and religious character: differences arising between them, the latter had to fly, and took refuge in Oran, asking the assistance of the French. They did not neglect the opportunity to sow divisions between the tribes, and gave him arms, ammunition, and twenty thousand dollars. With these means he defeated his rival, who, in like manner, came to the French, and said, "You have strengthened my rival against me; deal fairly now by me." They required that he should acknowledge himself the vassal of France; but this proposal he rejected. Abd-el-Kadir from that time continued at war with the French till the treaty of the Tafna, by which the French appeared to gain some show of title, but in reality invested Abd-el-Kadir with a *quasi* sovereign character.

The rupture of this treaty was occasioned by the violation of the emir's territory by the Duke d'Aumale, when returning from Constantine. He led the troops through passes which exposed them to be cut off, had not treachery been at work. A French renegade had insinuated himself into the confidence and affections of Abd-el-Kadir. This man stole the seal of the emir, and wrote letters to the chiefs, requiring them to allow the French to pass. A Jew, who in the pillage of the treasury of Algiers had secured a quantity of jewels, and had, therefore, to fly, and was in the deira, discovered the fraud. High words ensued in the tent of the renegade: the conversation was carried on in French, and M. Lascases, a French advocate, who, compromised in the affairs of July, had taken refuge with Abd-

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el-Kadir, entered the tent to implore them not to speak so loud. He thus became acquainted with the transaction. (He afterward came to Morocco.) The Jew was quieted, and induced to remain and sup with the renegade. Next morning the renegade had left, and in the tent the Jew was found dead. At Mascara the renegade took one of Abd-el-Kadir's people to accompany him, as if proceeding somewhere by his orders. On arriving at the French posts, he clapped a pistol to his companion's ear and blew out his brains. He rejoined his countrymen, and was immediately appointed to an important post in the army of Africa.

The renegade whose opinions I have been reporting, saw the absurdity of the attempt to change the national costume. The haïk and other clothing of the horsemen might appear an embarrassment, though, in fact, it was not so to them; but the sulam or bornoos of the foot soldiers was a costume rather to be adopted by other nations than changed by the Moors. The most interesting part of the conversation was the anxious inquiries they made respecting the successes of the Circassians, of which vague rumors had reached them through Egypt. One of these men had been with the Aï Fatu, one of the most powerful tribes, numbering thirty thousand horse. The sultan has built several fortresses round them, but the most of these they have taken and destroyed.

Their mode of attack is this. They allot certain portions of the wall to different tribes or families; they then advance simultaneously on all sides, with bags and hurdles to fill up the ditch, and make a bridge to the rampart. Many fall, but those who follow march on. If any hang back, their wives are taken from them, and they are not allowed afterward to marry. Here is the Roman testudo, or perhaps the origin of it. Their cry is, "Shields to the wall." They shave their beards.

Speaking of the difference between the Arabs and the Turks, this story was told by one of the former. When Mohammed left this world, he delivered to the Turks a standard, and to the Arabs a standard, telling them he should return in forty years to require it of them. Then the Arabs took their standard and cut it into many pieces, and each man put his piece by in his breast; but the Turks took care of the standard, and, making a chest of cypress-wood, they put upon it forty locks, and they laid in it the standard, and gave a key to each of the elders of the forty tribes. At the end of the years Mohammed came to the Arabs, and said: "Where is your flag?" and they all called out, "Here it is—here it is!" and each man put his

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hand in his breast, but the pieces would not fit: so Mohammed said to them, "Unworthy servants, the empire is departed from you." And then he went to the Turks, and said to them, "Where is your flag?" They answered, "We have laid it by;" and he said, "Bring it forth." So they called the elders together, but one was wanting. So he said to them, "This is a pretense, for you have lost the flag;" and they said, "The elder is gone to look after his flocks—an elder of the people can not be wanting. Come again to-morrow." So Mohammed came the next day, and there were the forty elders with the forty keys; so they opened the chest and brought forth the flag; and Mohammed said, "Good and faithful servants, the empire is taken from the Arabs and given unto you!"

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CHAPTER V.

THE SULTAN: HIS COMMERCIAL SYSTEM.

Babat, Dec. 12th.

I FIND it was not the sultan who went to the mosk last Friday, but his son. To-day I saw the real potentate overshadowed by the Sheriffean umbrella. He wore a green sulam, with a white sash or turban bound over it, which had a most singular effect. The umbrella was carried by a horseman on his left. The umbrella is of the ordinary size, but the spokes are straight. It is covered with crimson velvet, and has a depending fringe or border. Two men carried before him long lances upright, to spear on the spot, as I was told, whomever he might point out for that purpose. I could distinguish through my glass his broad Mulatto features, as he inclined right and left to the saluting crowd. As for two Fridays, he has not been to mosk, his appearance to-day, and his look of health, have occasioned great rejoicings. Selam said to me, "Moors not like English—look much to king.—English king die; no troubles Gibraltar, Malta—Moorish king die; all cut one another's throats."

Muley Abderachman has reigned twenty-three years. He had been employed both as governor and minister, and was assiduous and incorruptible. He was originally a merchant of Larache, where the loss of a cargo first made him known to the late sultan, his uncle, and he gave him, in consequence, the government of Mogadore. His conduct in that post induced the sultan to appoint him his successor, as being worthier to reign than any of his own sons. He was not, however, seated on the throne without bloodshed, and the commencement of his reign was marked with severity. His authority once established, his previous mildness reappeared. He is fond of money, and no one ever knew better how to gratify that taste; but his word is inviolable, and he is no less orderly than upright in his commercial dealings, which extend to every portion of his kingdom. Wise in small matters, he is foolish in great ones; and

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his merits render tolerable, or his astuteness sustains, the false and ruinous commercial system he has introduced.

The mountain Breber tribes recognize the authority, but do not admit the interference, of the Sultans of Morocco. His power over the tribes of the plain, whether Breber or Arab, apparently severe and sometimes terrible, is unequal and precarious: when he punishes, it is by abandoning the tribe to the vengeance of some neighboring and rival clan. Such a state of things seems to be as befitting for the exercise of his talents, as his talents for adjusting them to his own satisfaction.

Morocco is isolated from the world: on the west an unapproachable coast; on the east and south an impassable desert. It has no neighbors except the Regency of Algiers. Its standing policy was to be *at war* with Europe. Muley Ismael, visiting Tetuan, addressed the body of council who had come to compliment him, in these words, "It is my pleasure to be at war with all Christendom, except England and Raguza." Yet they made treaties with the merchants of the states with which they were not figuratively, but really at war. M. Chenier, who was French consul fifty years ago at Tangier, has written the best work upon Morocco. He confined its foreign relations to Algiers; it is with reference to that Regency, that he calculated its military force. He esteems Morocco the weaker of the two, and in danger from Algiers. The Turks had invaded Morocco from Algiers, and they once placed a sovereign on the throne of Fez, but that was long ago. Foreign relations had been to them a novelty, which they ought not to be, seeing that the princes of this land formerly assumed the lofty title of Emir al Moslemin; that they have never ceased to claim the chieftainship of the Arab race, and have never condescended to sign a treaty with the Sultans of Constantinople. Holding the Turks as usurpers of the Califate, and intruders in Africa,* they stand in an anomalous position: they are Sunis who opposed the claims of Ali, and their royal house derives, or pretends to derive, its origin from Ali. Muley Abderachman has, however, shown no sign, in dealing with the foreign difficulties that have befallen him, of that dexterity which he has evinced in domestic matters. In listening to the details of his weakness and pusillanimity, as shown on recent occasions, I have been reminded of Louis Philippe.†

* At the time of the treaty of Kaniordgi the Moorish sultan, however addressed Louis XIV. on the danger of Europe to so powerful a combination directed against Turkey.

† In the terrors and alarms which followed the treaty of July 1840,

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The feature in the administration of this country, or rather reign, is the private dealing of the emperor with the merchants. He remits to them duties, and makes loans of money without interest. He allows them to export and import without paying the duties in ready money,* and they go on in the face of an accumulating debt, speculating on credit. The goods are bought and sold at what would be a loss, if the taxes were accounted for; and when any one of them is unable to meet his engagements, he has only to go to the emperor and borrow, and thus again heap up the mass of engagements, he never can meet. He is encouraged by the knowledge, that the emperor never calls a creditor to account;—the settlement comes only on his dying day. It is not trifling sums that are at stake. The debt of the English agent at Mogadore, is between forty and fifty thousand pounds.

These concessions of credit, the loans of money and the granting of permits, and monopolies, are managed, not with a view to the pecuniary interests of the sovereign, but for political ends. By these means he paralizes all resistance to his illegal taxes on trade in the cities whose business these imposts are considered to be. This ledger management of a nation is an effort of genius worthy of Mehemet Ali.

The *fons malorum*, here as elsewhere, is the customs' duties. They have everywhere been introduced by evasion and fraud; for, until a people is familiarized with them, they are too monstrous and wicked to be argued about. In Mussulman countries the task has been more difficult than with us, as there is no church property with which to bribe public assemblies, and taxes on commerce are expressly prohibited by the code at once of religion and government. A people so tenacious of old customs as the Moors, and so little disposed to imitate Europe, were not easily brought under on such a point, and their recent history affords two instances of revolts occasioned by illegal taxation. The first revolt was in 1774, when the principal citizens of Fez (an unprotected city) thus addressed the sultan, Sidi Mahomet:—

"The city of Fez means not to disobey, nor ever could so mean; but the taxes laid on provisions, and the increase of duty

one of his ministers thus describes the scene at the council:—"Nous étions dix, et nous n'en savons pas plus l'un que l'autre, et il y avoit le roi, qui n'en savoit pas plus que nous, et *qui sanglottait*." (The above was written while Louis Philippe was still held to be the "ablest man in France," and the "wiliest politician in Europe.")

* Those who pay ready money have 25 per cent. discount allowed them. This is not the form, but the substance of the tariff regulations.

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on merchants, and which the Mussulmans" (the term is analogous to "the country" with us) "regard as contrary to custom and religion, were considerations that to so great and so religious a prince might excuse the general murmur and discontent."

No punishments followed the suppression of this rebellion, and the taxes were abandoned. "Snuff was farmed, and an *octroi* placed on commodities per load, as they enter and go out of towns, or pass ferries; a stamp was put on woolen stuffs, and on all the trinkets made by goldsmiths. The governors of the towns farm these taxes at a fixed sum, by which they very seldom are gainers. These new imposts are considered among the Moors as innovations, contrary to the spirit of the Koran. These taxes produced a revolt at Mequinez in 1778, but it was put down by the black guard of the emperor."

Chenier, whom I quote, distinguishes the revenues into ancient and modern, the ancient being the tenths, the capitation tax (tribute) of the Jews, the profits of coining, arbitrary impositions; the modern being the obnoxious duties and *octroi*. He highly commends the ancient system: the tithes he considers profitable to the government, and not onerous to the people (of course, he is mentally instituting the comparison with Europe, because paid in kind. "He who grows ten bushels of corn pays one, without any retrospect or inquiry concerning a more abundant harvest, which presents an example of justice among barbarous states well worthy the imitation of the more civilized."

The collection was easy, because, being united in bodies, they watched each other, and prevented fraud. Being paid in kind, the sultan had magazines in the great provincial towns to store these revenues, and sent to market the residue, after maintaining his palaces, soldiers, and dependents; consequently, there were no currency troubles. The present sultan, by making the merchants his debtors, has converted the guardians of common rights into his satellites; and finding his account in remitting the payment of the customs, and allowing himself to be defrauded of what we should esteem a legitimate revenue, he has so far succeeded. Customs are looked upon as the affairs of the merchants, and the merchants are all foreigners and infidels. Taxes are then arbitrarily imposed on trade—monopolies are granted, and the whole production of the country is paralized and subjected to a foreign influence, which they can not unravel, but against which there is a deep and universal sense of reprobation. It is not from Europe that they will learn the secret of the ancient well-being of so many states and empires, which were great without parliamentary votes and political economists.

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CHAPTER VI.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE IN RABAT.

THE civil government of Rabat is vested in the caïd, whose functions I have already described. The financial officers are the *Emirs* of the custom-house, the chief of whom is called the *Administrador*, and which, from that title, seems to have supplanted the original municipal government; the *Mehatzib*, an officer appointed to fix the price of provisions, and to stamp goods publicly sold; and the *Nadir* or administrator of the sultan's property, which consists in the houses and gardens he comes into possession of on the demise of his debtors, by which means he has extinguished in part, and is in process of extinguishing, the ancient rights and privileges of the town. There is no confiscation in Rabat for any crime; but by the custom-house system he is becoming the proprietor of all the property. The nadir has from these funds to pay the poor *Talebs*, or learned men, which absorbs a great portion of the profits. There is a *Beit ul Mal*, or public treasury. The judicial power belongs of right to the caïd, or to him who is next in dignity to the caïd. The office is well known in Turkey, but here he belongs to no independent body, and exercises but slender influence; it has not, however, been always so. Mr. Addison, a chaplain of Charles II., and some time at Tangier during the English occupation, thus speaks of what he calls "The Moors' Church Government."

"They have in every cavila (or country) an Alcalib or high-priest, in whose nomination the secular power doth not at all interpose, for he is chosen out of and by the Alfaques, and invested with power to depose or otherwise chastise the offending clergy. Immediately upon this arch-priest's election, he is possessed of the Giamma Gheber, or Great Church, wherein upon every Friday he expounds some text of the Alchoran, unto which exercise he always goes accompanied with the chief personages of the neighborhood. This eminent churchman is seldom seen in public but at this exercise. For, to make him-

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self the more reverenced, he affects retirement,* spending his hours in the study of the Alchoran, and in resolving such cases as the laity present him, who esteem his resolutions as infallible; and this, with a careful inspection into the deportment of the inferior clergy, doth constitute the office and government of the Alcalib. As for his revenues, they are suitable to his condition; and as to his life, it is austere and reserved, he affecting a peculiar gravity in all his carriage. Every Alcalib has his distinct diocese, out of which he has no power, so that the Alcalib of Beni Aros hath nothing to do in Minkél, for every one is absolute in his own cavila."

Mr. Addison gives the following interesting details respecting their judicial proceedings:—

"Here's no intriguing the plea with resolutions, cases, precedents, reports, moth-eaten statutes, &c.; but every thing is determined according to the fresh circumstances of the fact, and the proof of which is alledged. The testimony of two men, if they are of known sobriety, is sufficient to make good the allegation, but there must be *twelve* to ratify it, if their conversation be suspected.

"In taking the testimony of a Moor upon oath, the servant of the Alcaldee carries the deponent to the Giamma or Mosch, where, in the presence of the Alcaldee, he swears by that holy place that he will declare all that he knows concerning the matter to which he is to give evidence; but oaths are never administered to any in another man's case but such as are suspected persons, and they are usually numbered among the rogues and faithless, who have no credit without them. Besides, it is never permitted for a man to swear in his own case but for want of witnesses, or when the accusation is of that nature that the impeached can not otherwise receive purgation: as for the Christian and Jew, they are suffered to give testimony according to the rites and customs of their own religions, but the Moors are not forward to put them upon this trial, as doubting that fear of punishment should tempt them to perjury; and those who are thereunto accessory (according to the Moresco principle), are involved in the guilt.

"In pleas of debt it is required that the reality of the debt be first manifest, which being done before the Alcaldee, he signifies it to the Almocadem of the cavila where the debtor lives, who,

* El que hoy vive en Tetuan es un hombre en el exterior modestissimo, muy mortificado en los ojos; humilde en las palabras, curitativo con los pobres y nunca permiti a sus manos el contacto physico de el dinero.—Mescon, *Historical de Marrueccos*, l. i. p. 25.

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upon his signification, commands a present payment to be made; but if the debtor refuse, or be unable, to give the creditor satisfaction, the Almocadem remits him to the alhabs or prison, which is always near the Almocadem's house, where he stays till bailed thence by sufficient sureties, or personally pays the debt."

The following on the same subject is from the ponderous records of the Franciscan Friars:—

"It is customary for all the chief priests and doctors of law to assemble with the other great people of the town, and for the Mufti or Cadi to read aloud to the Emperor a short recapitulation of some of the laws of the Koran, which direct that he shall preserve the empire, administer speedy justice, protect the innocent, destroy the wicked; and so far from countenancing and keeping near his sacred person any adulterer, that he shall punish adultery, prevent the exportation of corn and provisions to the prejudice of the people, tax provisions according to their plenty or scarcity, and forbid usury to be exercised toward the poor, which is an abomination before God. He is told that if he breaks these articles, he shall be punished as he ought to punish others."

These extracts will show that Morocco is not now without some rule for the present, and some respectable vestiges of the past. There are other functionaries of the city, whose origin ascends to an earlier period than the Mussulman times. They are public notaries, called Edules; no doubt the Roman edile. Before them sales are effected, and deeds executed.

The present practice I shall give as I have been able to collect it. The initiatory steps are by documents drawn up by *Edules*—these have the conjoint characters of petition, affidavit, and verdict (in the old sense). The Plaintiff's case is stated—he signs it. His witnesses then sign, if they agree with his statement of facts, or state in what they differ. Then fellow signatures as vouching for the Plaintiff or Defendant, as the case may be, the witnesses, or the other signees. This act is then verified by the Edules, as to the genuineness of the signatures. Furnished with this document, the petitioner proceeds to the judge, the governor, or the sultan. He is met by a counter-document. The judge, after perusing these, proceeds to try the case by oral testimony, and without intervention of legal practitioners. The document is called *El Bra*, which is very near, *Brief*.* This is evidently the origin of the Spanish mode of procedure by *Escribanos*. Among the Spaniards the oral proceedings are sup-

* No word has given rise to wilder speculation than *Carta*, paper. The word here is *caret*.

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pressed, and those which are the preliminary steps only in the Moorish courts, constitute the whole proceeding. The Edules have become agents to the parties, as well as public notaries; so that the case of each party is placed in the hands of the agents of the other. Thus, notwithstanding excellent laws, the Spanish courts have been converted into labyrinths of intrigue. The Moorish system, which exhibits the origin of the Spanish aberrations, still retains the celerity of oral proceedings, with the advantage of record, and combines the responsibility of a Judge with the uses of a Jury. In fact, it differs little from the ancient institution of the Jury in Britain, which gave their verdict on the common repute of the parties, and not on the facts of the case; though it does not leave to them the faculty either of condemnation or expurgation. I look, of course, to the system, as what it would be if duly executed; and it was, no doubt, the foundation of that prompt justice which characterized the Mussulman government in Spain, and made Algiers a model for quick, *gratuitous*, and impartial adjudication, until its capture by the French.

When any one is assaulted or insulted in the streets, or in any way injured in public, and he appeals to the caïd: his appeal is rejected unless he brings as witnesses those who were present; but he has the power of compelling their presence—he has but to cry out, "I seek justice," and every one within hearing must quit whatever occupation they are engaged in, and secure the offender. If they refuse or neglect, they become immediately principals, and the injured person has his remedy against each and all.

It is to this rule—an extended "view of frank pledge,"*—that the tranquillity and security of the towns among so turbulent a population is to be attributed; and whatever partiality there may be in governors, there is no apprehension of false testimony among the people.

The office of king, in Morocco, is specially that of Grand Justiciary. The king himself is the fountain of justice. There is the utmost freedom of appeal to him from or against the caïd; —he will stop in the streets, and administer summary justice while sitting on horseback; and when any supplicant appears at

* At Mequinez, a man having found something in the streets, caused it to be proclaimed, in order that the owner might come and receive his property. Muley Ismael sent for him and thus addressed him. "You do not deserve death, for you are not a robber; but as I wish all my subjects to know that the proper way to have things returned to their rightful owners is by leaving them where they are, I must make an example of you."

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his gate, however humble, of whatever race or faith, and pronounces the words, "The God of Justice," he is admitted to his presence; the order is given for the council to be filled; the secretaries appear in their places, and the petitioner states his or her case, and justice is immediately done. While he has been here, two hours have been daily consecrated to this duty; and this I imagine to be the secret of those constant peregrinations of the Emperor of Morocco, and their extraordinary effect in quelling insurrections and quieting the country; while, by the heavy exactions with which they are accompauied, they might appear calculated to produce the very contrary effect. A "progress of the king," is the constant specific in Morocco for disturbance—there is always disturbance where he has not for a long time appeared; and he always manages to subdue it.

The designation of the court of Morocco is El Haznee, or the treasury. The title of the Minister of Finance in Spain to-day is Haciendu. Haznee is treasury or possessions—the two terms are synonymous, and one is derived from the other: the one briefly explains in Morocco the purposes of government, and in Spain its necessities. Our word magazine comes from Mal Haznee, or treasury of wealth. How surprised the legitimate owners of the terms would be, if they knew the contents of the periodicals to which we apply it.

It is impossible to conclude this subject of government without mention of the saints. What constitutes a saint no one can tell: they are of both sexes and all ages, of every class and rank, from the madman to the philosopher, from the fanatic to the infidel, and from the mischievous and wicked to the humane and benevolent. I met a man with wool on his head, and a long stave in his hand, chanting forth a ditty at the top of his strained voice. This was a saint, and the soldiers made me move aside, for fear he should make a rush at me. They took the man for a madman; he was none. There was some time ago at Tangier, a female saint, who went about entirely naked; every morning she took from the market-people wood, and laying it in a circle made a fire and seated herself in the middle. There are respectable families where saintship is hereditary: these bury the saints when they die in their own houses. In these saints are to be found traces at once of the asceticism of early Christianity, which had its birth in Africa, and of those practices which, in the still earlier times of Polytheism, rendered Africa a scandal and wonder to the rest of the world.*

* I refer to the orgies practiced among the polished Carthaginians, and better known as belonging to the worship of the Cyprian Venus, and

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Since the introduction of Islamism, the superstitions of a country, in early times the most fertile in monsters and chimeras, have been associated with that faith, and have produced that strange veneration of dead saints and sanctification of living fools, which is without parallel elsewhere; and weaving themselves into the religious forms of a people, whose civil government is derived from its sacred writings, the distinction between the doctrines of the one, and revolutions of the other, is effaced, and thus do we find the names of dynasties derived from the denomination of sects.

All the great dynasties, save one, have begun with saints or preachers. Fez and Morocco were built by followers of teachers who settled around their cells to listen to their words, and share in the repose that resulted, if not from the justice they administered, at least from the respect which they inspired. They died, as they had lived, teachers and preachers. On the son of the one—on the posthumous child of the other—the surviving gratitude of the people bestowed the title and authority of prince. The title of the present emperor is merely the designation of an officer of the law. That character alone should give to a man control over the multitude and authority over the monarch—make his house a sanctuary for the malefactor, and himself a guaranty of safety to a caravan, is a wonderful thing. Their religious establishment has served to repair wrongs and to avert calamities, and even at the present moment it mitigates rudeness and restrains power.

One of the tribes of necromancers seems to possess some secret which protects them against the bite of the most venomous serpent.* An exhibition of this kind I have failed to see, this not being the season of the year. They attribute diseases to the presence of evil spirits—they fear the evil eye, and against these the remedy is writing on pieces of paper and amulets, a practice derived from or connected with the writing by the Jews of portions of Scripture on paper, binding it on the foreheads and arms, and inserting them in holes in the door-posts. Any body performs this service of writing on pieces of paper, and in

which are reported by credible witnesses as of public occurrence at no remote period in Barbary, on the part alike of male and female saints.

* These are the Psylli of the ancients. The same gift was enjoyed by the Marses in Italy, and the Opheogines in Cyprus possessed it; the former pretended to derive it from the enchantress Circe, the latter from a virgin of Phrygia united to a Sacred Dragon.—See A. Gell. Noct. Attic., l. ix. c. 13, et l. xvi. c. 2; Strabo, l. xiii.; Ælian De Nat. Animal. i. 1. c. 57, et l. xii. c. 39.

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the Dunus when I have refused to prescribe, or had nothing to give, the patient has been taken to the Scheik, who immediately furnished at once a prescription and dose with his reed. The learned in the art are from Suz—they are called *Tolmas*, and walk in secret, making an equal mystery of themselves and their necromancies; poor and wandering, and refusing remuneration. They generally exact a promise of secrecy before they exert their art.

By the account which I have heard, it is with them also the pen and scraps of paper, but their mode of using them is different. As they write they throw their prescriptions into a brazier, and go on thus increasing the power of the incantation—but into the brazier is first thrown incense. In the shops, incense, or plants, or leaves producing sweet odors, occupy a considerable amount of space. The pharmacopolists exceed all conceivable proportion. The operation of their drugs upon the human body appears chiefly to be through the nose, and by means of the chafing-dish. The plants and gums are supposed to possess distinct qualities and virtues. Thus, in ancient polytheism, different incense was offered to different divinities. Vervain had magical power for Greeks, Romans, and Druids; it has so still for cats. A plant is particularly mentioned—*Cynospastes*,*—by the smoke of which epilepsy was cured, and demons were expelled. The plant *Barras*, was similarly used by the Hebrews.† It is supposed to be one of the Algæ, which contains prussic acid. Among the Jews, death was the penalty for compounding the incense that was used in the temple. In the story of Balaam, we find incantations mixed with the worship of Jehovah.

The Tolmas are applied to in cases of disease; for the recovery of stolen goods; that they may not be seen when burying their money; for gaining the affection of individuals, but chiefly for casting out devils. The consulting party states his case; the Tolma writes, and throws the paper in the fire, and after a time, tells him that the disorder will or will not be cured, and in what time and manner, or what he is to do—that the stolen property has been taken by a certain individual, or by a man of such a form and appearance—that at a certain time he will be moved by remorse to restore it—that in such a day or place he will be found selling it, &c. Stories of the casting out of devils take the place of our ghost stories; I will give one as a specimen.

* Ælian de Nat. Animal. l. iv. c. 27. It was also called Aglaophotis, and has a flame-colored flower, supposed at night to emit flashes. It is the Atropa Belladonna.

† Josephus, De Bello Jud. l. vii. c. 25.

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A party of Jews were amusing themselves in a garden near Tangier; one of them, a butcher, fell into a pond. When he was drawn out, he was in violent contortions—he had been seized by a spirit. A Tolma was sent for. Having cut a reed of the length a man could hold between the palms of his hands with his arms stretched out, he made it to be so held by one of the party; then addressing the devil, asked who he was. The devil, speaking by the mouth of the man in convulsions, answered, that he would tell him neither his name, nor that of his tribe, nor that of his father, nor that of his mother, but only that he was a Jew. The Tolma asked, why he had entered into this man? The devil answered, that he was at the bottom of the lake with his wife and children, and that the butcher had fallen in and killed one of his sons; and that now he would not leave him until he had taken his life. While this conversation was going on, the reed was shortened in the hands of the man who held it, and the Tolma declared that power was given to the spirit over the man. Incantations were vain, but he continued to write on paper, and to throw the scraps into the brazier; and as he did so, the reed shortened and shortened, and the man's frenzy became wilder, and then his strength decayed, and suddenly the hands of the man who held the reed closed together, and, at the same moment, the possessed expired.

When the incantation is powerful enough to subdue the spirit, he implores liberty to be released, and to go into some other body, and then the enchanter will not suffer him until he has bound himself by an oath never to enter the same man again, nor to come near a certain place, and then asks him whether he chooses to go out by fire or water. A basin of the one and the other is accordingly brought, into one of which the spirit is supposed to plunge, and then the patient speaks in his own voice, and recovers as if from a trance.

The chaplain of Tangier, while it was held by the English, gives us the following narrative:—

"One of my soldiers, an Issówi, was seized with the devil: it took four men to hold him down, and prevent him jumping over the battlements. He then broke away from us, and throwing himself on the ground began tearing himself: I never saw any thing so explanatory of the account in Scripture. The cure is as curious as the disease. They burn some benzoin under the nose of the patient, which quiets him for a time; but as soon as the fumes cease, he breaks out again, and lays hold of every thing within his reach: in some cases he has been known to destroy children. This poor creature ate several pieces of paper, and



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bits of lime and dirt; but when the words 'Sídí Benel Abbás, Sídí Abd-el-Kádir,' &c., were pronounced, his hands, which had been firmly closed, were opened: his companions then called upon Abú to say the Fátihah, in which all joined, when he came to himself, although he appeared, and talked like a child for some minutes; after which he quite recovered."

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CHAPTER VII.

CONNECTION BETWEEN MAURITANIA AND AMERICA.

Rabat, Dec. 17th.

THE thermometer, in a room where the sun never shines, stands nearly at temperate. During twenty days, we have only had two days of bad weather: it is hot in the sun and cold at night. The days and nights are of resplendent beauty, with almost always a cloudless sky toward evening. The landscape up the river has a delicacy of coloring as peculiar as beautiful. At night the moon is so brilliant, that stars only of the third magnitude are visible. Walking on the top of the house, for here one leads a cat-like life—always on the roof—it is like a mixture of summer and winter. The houses around seem in their whiteness as if under a load of snow; above, there is a summer sky, and around, verdant hills and fields. I gathered in a garden a branch of a pear-tree in full blossom, though the rest of the tree was quite dead; and flocks of swallows were disporting in the air, making, by our proverb, a summer of December. Yet, during this time, there have been disasters upon the coast: the schooner with which we were in company has been entirely lost at Dar-el-Baïda.*

A French steam-vessel of war has also been lost and eighty men have perished: this is the second.

The representative of Muley Idris has been here several times: the last time he came alone, and said his servants and baggage were waiting for him at Salee, where he was going to join them, but that he had come first to bid me "good-bye." I offered him a trifling present—a microscope; he said he could neither eat it, nor wear it, and rejected it with disdain. I said I had nothing less unworthy of his acceptance; on which he said, "Then, give me money." I was aware that saints can not ask for coin. He next cast his eyes round the room, and said, "I will take away with me that loaf of sugar." I intimated to him

* Another vessel was off the port twice, and twice driven back to Gibraltar.

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that he should do nothing of the sort: he instantly dropped the saint and the madman, and we parted in the civilest manner.

I was consulted as to sending some children to be educated at Paris: it was some time before I could believe they were in earnest. On my dissuading them, I was answered, "We want physicians, chemists, astronomers, mechanics, miners, makers of arms, and instructed men. We had all these formerly, and gave these sciences to Europe: why should we not take them back again?" I endeavored to represent to them the distinction between sciences and the manners of the people who might, in any particular age, be scientific; that, if they could take the science of Europe naked, and without the plague-garments in which it was at present dressed, viz. our ideas, morals, and manners, it would be well. But they were not men to discriminate, and, certainly, it was not by children that the separation could be effected. They told me that the Moorish envoy, who was recently at Paris, had seen an Algerine boy highly commended by his French instructors, who, nevertheless, nourished in his heart almost a detestation of the French; and said that he was striving to acquire the knowledge they possessed to be able to drive them out of Africa. I pointed out the difference between a captive taken in war, and children voluntarily sent for instruction, who could not come back to their primitive life but to look with contempt on their fathers.

Some remarks ensued, which showed that I was suspected of jealousy of France, so I had to argue the point. I told them, that if I coveted their land for a country, I should be glad to see France there, or even conquering it, for it would fall out as in India and America. France doing every thing *by her government*, as they said in Algiers, she always had awakened and ever must arouse such an amount of animosity against her, as to render untenable every conquest effected by her arms. In India, France had opened the way; had established a system of native government, and created the whole of those implements through which we obtained possession of India, and at this moment retain it. The English government itself had nothing to do with India. A company of merchants managed it, and thereby succeeded the French. In America, the same thing had happened twice over. We had lost our colonies, which France could not take, and got hers, which she could not keep. The New World presented the great warnings, which I turned to account, instancing the numerous population, the magnificent cities, the industrious and polished races, the highly cultivated lands, the works of irrigation, and, in some cases, the admirable

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laws which existed until the European came with his light, and science, and philanthropy—and decay followed his steps: his rule was a curse, and race after race has been exterminated.

To primitive races, national genealogy is above all things attractive; and the question was raised as to the possible blood relationship between themselves and the Mexicans, through the Phœnicians. I will not rehearse the conversation, but can not at once dismiss the subject.

That Western world may have had its beginning, its progress, its multifarious phases, its great existences, its long life, and its decay in the same way that we have had ours, without there being a necessary connection, although there be infinite points of resemblance with the numerous forms and accidents of Egypt and Etruria, of India and Chaldea. Still, the objection to intercourse, on the score of insuperable obstacles in the navigation of the oceans on either side, appears to me to be, in a philosophic age, the most strange of hallucinations. Every dot upon the surface of the water has been found occupied by the human race, and there have been indubitable crossings, both of the Pacific and Atlantic, by large vessels and junks, and by small boats and canoes. The tradition of the Atlantic Islands seems an indubitable, though indistinct trace, among the Greeks, of a Phœnician discovery. If, as I believe, I have almost succeeded in showing the magnetic needle was possessed by that people, the obstacles to the crossing the Atlantic, and to continuous intercourse, are still further removed. It was not, however, until I entered the room which I here occupy, that I perceived direct proof of this connection. There hangs up an ornamented Table of the law, such as is common in the houses of the Jews—that mysterious open hand on the one side; on the other, a diagram, which occupies a prominent place in the symbols of Masonry, the double triangle. It is also a cabalistic and astrological figure. It forms five points, and is, I believe (not the six-pointed one), the proper "Solomon's seal." They could give no explanation of its meaning or origin, and only said, "It has been always so." I find this same sign is on the signet of the sultan, and on his coin. The Moors have adopted it as their arms. They, no more than the Jews, can tell what it means. It is lost in the mists of their common antiquity. The very same symbol is found in Mexico.

Roads, worthy of being compared to, and alone rivaling (by the confession of Humboldt) those of the Romans; pottery, equaling, and resembling, that of the Etruscans; resemblances

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of costume, as with the head-dress of the Etruscans; instruments of music, the double flute of the Curians—do not go so far to indicate a connection, as the adoption of a symbol such as this; but when you have an exact correspondence in a peculiar and arbitrary figure, then other resemblances may be admitted, as furnishing corroborative proof of a common matrix, if not for the races, at least for their arts.

There are, however, other resemblances, which it would require a vigorous imagination to explain by the doctrine of coincidence. Gladiators contending with the Retiarius, derived by the Latins from the Etruscans;—tombs, like the Etruscan, constructed of enormous heaps of earth, upon a basement of masonry; mortar, that most remarkable discovery of the Phœnicians; tapia, or the mixture of mortar and clay;—papyrus, prepared crosswise, like that of Egypt; and tesselated pavements. Again, the Mexican year, coinciding with the Etruscan, the Mexican being three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, and fifty minutes; the Etruscan, three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, and forty minutes. There are traces of unknown characters reported, so that some people who used letters must have set foot upon that continent. The buildings are almost all turned to the cardinal points. Mention, in two instances, is made of glass and of enamel.

The Mexicans had baths. However magnificent their public monuments, these were not on that scale which correspond with the Roman and the Greek Thermæ, but such as are found in almost every house in Morocco—a small apartment, seven feet square, with a cupola roof, five to six feet, and a slightly convex floor, under one side of which there is a fire, and a small, low door to creep in by.

If Phœnicians found their way across the Atlantic, they would have taught, among the first things, the bath and the points of the compass, trinkets of glass, the art of dyeing, &c.; and these things are there, with that peculiar mark and stamp of the people who have especially preserved the usages of the ancient world. Putting together these things, with the fact that the Phœnicians were the navigators exclusively to the West and to the East, I can not help looking upon America as within the range of their enterprise, and many of its works as the record of their passage.

Dec. 18th.

In this country, as I should think must happen in China, the attention is fixed on the most trivial things; or, rather, the im-

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portance appears of things held to be trivial. One feels in contact with the world in its infancy; as if, by stretching forth the hand, you could reach the source of the earliest inventions for supplying our wants, or gratifying our desires. I can only compare it to a museum of antiquities, whether in what they wear; what they do; the houses they inhabit; the names they bear; or the words they speak;—all is as it was of old. Here, too, are the rudiments of what we find in other forms elsewhere. What can be more striking than to be called, as I was myself to-day, a Nazarene! the first title applied to the Apostles by the Jews.

By the exclusion of atmospheric air, the most delicate flower may be handed down to future ages. Here a similar process seems to have been applied to man: the cause of change is excluded in the one case—change itself in the other: elsewhere, letters graven upon brass and marble, are our guides through the evolution of ages; but here man himself is the undying and unchangeable record of himself.

This morning I was watching a Negress who rejoiced in the Punic name of Barca, washing and cooking in the court below. Her extreme and minute cleanliness suggested the question: "In what could cleanliness have consisted before the discovery of soap?" Soap comes next to absolute necessaries. What must have been the condition of nations without either soap or the bath? What a benefit to the human race the discovery of either;—where neither was known, filth would be as habitual as clothing: there could be nothing clean or unclean. The use of the bath must then have made that difference between one people and another, that exists between filthy and cleanly animals, altering their very nature. Yet I could not tell when it was discovered, or who were the inventors. Why should it alone be without honor, or parentage? Whence its name?* Our word is from the Latin, but soap has no Latin etymon. The name is not derived from the Greek; it has, in that language, no corresponding term. The modern Greeks use the same—either their soap has traveled eastward since the decline of the Roman Empire, or it belongs to the East at an earlier time. In this dilemma I apply to Barca, and at once obtain the solution. Soap, in Arabic, is *Saboon*. They have the verb, *Sabëin*, which does not mean to 'soap,' but, to 'wash.' The Arabs did

* Beckman derives it from an old German word *sepe*. The German word is at present *seife*, evidently the same as the French *suif*, and the English *suet*.

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not adopt the name from Rome, and coin out of it a verb for so primitive a usage as washing.

The Moors possessed soap made to their hands, measured by mountains, and cheaper than manure. This substance is decomposed flints or soap-stone: it is called Gazule, or Razule; it polishes the skin, makes it soft, and gives it luster. It abounds on the river Saboo, and may, when exported, have got that name abroad. It is not fit for washing clothes, for which purpose they have a primitive soft soap like that of the ancient Celts—this is what they call Saboun. The first mention made of it is among the Gauls. The Romans had so little acquaintance with it in Pliny's time, that he thought it was used for the purpose of turning the hair red. It is no trifling honor to the Gaulish race, looked upon as barbarous, that the Romans should have taken from them beds and matresses, jewelry, and soap. "Soap," says Pliny, "is an invention of the Gauls to color the head yellow: it is made of tallow and ashes. The best which they make is of beech-wood ashes and goat's suet, and it is made in two ways, either thick and hard, or liquid and soft; but the one, as well as the other, is very much used in Germany; and a great deal more indeed by men than women."*

Great ingenuity was exerted in discovering and applying various kinds of earths and solvents to clean the body and the clothes, as may be followed at length in Pliny; but yet the best mixture at which they seem to have arrived, is that which was used in Greece, of which the preparation is described by Aristophanes in the Frogs—a composition† of ashes, niter and crinoline earth.

* Nat. Hist. b. 28.

† Bochart imagines that the Phœnicians had given the name to the island, Gum-ohal, signifying "fossa smegmatis." It was found in Thessaly, Lycia, Sardis and Umbria. Avicenna calls it Al Siraph, from a town on the Persian gulf. Dioscorides says, gall prepared with niter and earth of Cineola, is the best detergent. The ancients knew the saponaceous root with which in India shawls and muslins are washed, and which the Persians, Turks, and Arabs use for the hair, and otherwise, where great delicacy is required. It was from a Persian word called *Asleg*, by the Arabs *Condus*, by the Greeks στρούθιον, whence στρουθίζειν. Pliny calls it (Nat. Hist. l. xix. c. 3), "radiculam et herbam lanariam." The detersives used by the ancients were various, but were nearly the same as those in present use among the Mohammedans. They were called by the general name of *smegmata*. A common detersive was bean meal, which the Romans called *lomentum*, and a paste from lupine flour. Galen (De Aliment. Facul. i.) says, "Cutis sordes fabacea farina manifestè deterget" (bean flour certainly takes off filth from the skin), on which account procuresses and dainty women anciently made great use of it: they smeared it on the face, and it was said to remove freckles and pimples. Dioscorides goes so far as to assert that it will render cicatrices of a uniform

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The Romans, like the French at present, *lessieved* their dirty linen.*

color with the rest of the skin. It stops the blackness arising from blows. Lomentum will take away wrinkles, if we are to believe Martial (l. iv.)

Lumento rugas ventris quod condere tentas.

Pliny says (l. xxviii. c. 25), that lupine flour made into a paste with vinegar, will, if smeared on in the bath, remove pimples and itching, and dry up running sores; that a decoction of lupines will cure freckles and brace the skin.

* Pliny, xxviii. 51.

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CHAPTER VIII.

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE OF THE MOORS.

THE domestic arrangements differ here from other Mussulman countries. The house is not divided into *Harem* and *Salambu*. In fact, there is no harem, for there are neither its rights nor privileges: the separation of the women, which in Arabia could not be extended to the habitation, adapted itself to the gynæceum of the houses among the Greeks, and the Zanana of the followers of Zoroaster. In Morocco, there having been no such anterior practice, the injunction has had no effect on those who live under the tent, and has converted the domicils of the inhabitants of the cities into inhospitable abodes. I went to-day to Mike Brettel's, on invitation, expressly for the purpose of seeing his house, which is just finished. I can see nothing more remarkable at Fez or Morocco, so I shall endeavor to describe it.

We approached by a narrow lane of blind walls about twelve feet high. The door was in the corner, the arch above it, and the lintels were painted in broad bars, and stripes of deep colors like an Egyptian tomb: there was a knocker—nay, two—one for the folding-doors, and another for the wicket; the upper one might have been made in London. We knocked: the knock is neither a single tap, nor a postman's double rap, but a double knock, though neither quite so loud or long as those with which the squares of London were wont to resound. The door not being immediately opened, we heard within a bell rung sharply (in Eastern countries the bell is unknown), and the door was opened by a young girl, a slave, small, yet apparently full grown. She wore a tunic of blue and white, striped, which left her neck, arms, and half her legs bare. Her color was chocolate, her features perfect, her form a model. Her sparkling eyes and white teeth announced that the visit was expected: and waving her hands as a signal to follow, she tripped up a narrow staircase by the door. The steps and passages were inlaid with hexagonal red tiles and small triangles of green tiles: there was no flooring about the house richer than this, which is very modest: the

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houses and court-yard of the Jews are in Mosaic. At the top of the stairs we found ourselves in a small vestibule, the light let in from above, through the ornamented portions of the ceiling. Every thing was in proportion: all palace-like, but microscopic;—I might have taken it for the abode of the pigmies of Herodotus, had my guide not rather suggested fairies or sylphs.

The vestibule led to an apartment, where the master of the house was seated in the middle of the floor with a tea-tray before him. Seeing me busied in taking off my shoes, he came forward entreating me to enter with them on; for it is common to imagine that Europeans make it a point of honor to disregard the feelings of their Eastern hosts, and to soil their carpets. This room was the gem of the house, but it was some time before I could venture to examine it, being shamed by the officious zeal of the Jews who accompanied me, and who began at once to point out this and that, as if we had entered a shop,—I mean a European one,—for in an Oriental shop the decencies are not neglected.

Mike Brettel commenced making tea;—they use fine green tea—they put it into the pot with sundry sweet herbs and large lumps of sugar. The teapot was Britannia metal, the cups and saucers the small delicate Chinese. The tray was of a manufacture for which Rabat is celebrated. It is brass chased in arabesques and inlaid in colors. At Mecca they work in the same way. He *rang the bell* for hot water and sugar, which were brought, the one by the olive maiden already mentioned, the other by one whom I might have taken for her, had her tunic not been white and red. The hot water was brought in a common tin kettle, the sugar in a japanned epaulette box. The two little slaves having discharged their office, returned and stood with crossed arms against the white wall, which cast forth as from the field of a phantasmagoria, their plump, symmetrical and dark limbs. They seemed to have been sent on the part of the female household to do all the work of gazing on the strangers; and if I had to judge by them of those we did not see, Mike Brettel's harem, for beauty, originality, and sprightliness, had little to fear from competition, far or near.

I was accompanied by the consular agent, his soldier, and a common Jew. After Mr. Leraza and I were seated, the soldier was invited to sit down, and then the Jew: he did so quite familiarly, close to the master of the house, who with his own hand served him, after the rest, with tea.

The room was a cube of fifteen feet; there was one small window, a simple aperture in the white wall in the form of a

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niche struck through the thickness of the wall leveled inside; this feature took the apartment out of the commonplace. On the floor was spread one of their beautiful mats; on the three sides were matresses covered with Turkey carpets, and cushions at each end resembling a low Turkish divan. The walls were dead white, broken by richly-ornamented arm-racks. Three long guns on each in their red cloth cases, daggers in massive chased silver scabbards, swords and pouches, were suspended by silk cords with large tassels, blue, red, and yellow. The crown of the room was the ceiling: an octagon dome was fitted on to the cube by means of arches in the angles, which will be understood by reference to the Hall of the Ambassadors, in Owen Jones's Alhambra; but the roof, instead of being in colored stucco, was in carved and painted wood. There was no gilding or silvering—the effect was worked out entirely from dead color. I looked at it till my neck was sore and stiff, and I can only describe it by the word arabesque, just as I might say kaleidoscope, and in like manner, interminable: the same elements reappear in never-ending forms, ever pleasing, ever new, yet always, in so far as description can go, the same. The roof was the statue, the apartment the pedestal: each required the other. The solitary light, the pure white walls, the cubic form, were required to set off the placid beauty of the dome. The window was minute; the door (if one might say so in reference to so small a body), grand. Its horse-shoe arch expanded to the sides and reached the vault, displaying the little vestibule, all variegated in colors, all ornamented in form like the ceiling. It was a thing not to live in, but to gaze at.

We next got our host to permit us to examine the arms. One was of Tetuan manufacture, one of Fez; the first spirally fluted on the outside: both barrels were inlaid with gold, were four feet and a half long, and ornamented at the muzzle like old pieces of ordnance. The mounting was silver, ornamented with the black figures which in the East are called *Sabat*. The locks were cumbersome, the work intricate, and all outside. There is a covering to the powder in the pan like the old pieces of the French Gardes du Corps. The price was twenty-five and thirty-five dollars: I should have guessed them at double. The daggers were in no way remarkable; but the cases, handles, and cords were very rich: one sword rang like a Damascus blade. Their swords are long and straight, slightly bent toward the point, and have a heavy, thick handle with a peculiar guard.*

* There is in Meyrick's collection an old Highland sword with the same guard.

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The only other piece of furniture was a Turkish *sofra*, or small hexagonal stool inlaid in tortoise-shell and mother of pearl, on which is placed the *tepsi*, or round tray for dinner. The carving of the *sofra* is peculiar, and might be taken for the model of some portion of a Gothic building. I now saw that this was no Turkish piece of furniture: the Turks, like the Romans, have borrowed from every other people what was most elegant or useful. Augustus introduced a stool from Spain to Rome—why should not one have been carried from Morocco to Constantinople?

As this Moor was reaching down one of the guns, his haïk fell off, displaying a rich blue and red vesture, while the volumes of the white toga cast their majestic folds around. Close by stood the Numidians—two antique bronzes. *We* cultivate the arts: *we* raise to the rank of sages and princes the men who excel in conceiving and portraying beautiful forms. *Their* works are the embellishments of temples and palaces, the glory of empires and the worth of millions. *They* have no schools of design; no science of colors; no artist—no, nor even tailors; and yet there was his costume—there was mine. I attempted to convey this to him: he said, "Our fathers have left us many good things, and we are content with them."

Proceeding on our inspection, we passed through a succession of small courts and corridors, as if we were in the under story of a palace. There were four houses joined together by doors broken through the wall: these houses are fitted one against the other like so many boxes, the lights coming from the court in the center of each. In the kitchens there was a great assortment of wood dishes, like low corn measures, scrubbed white, as in Switzerland; rows of round pots, in which the fires are made, called *nafé*; and kuskoussoo dishes of pottery called Keskas, the covers in thick close basket-work, ornamented with colors. Every place, thing, corner, was most perfectly sweet and clean. On entering the store-rooms it seemed as if we had penetrated into a chamber at Pompeii. (The whole establishment recalled Pompeii.) Jars of the shape and dimensions of amphoræ, only transversed at the point, stood in rows containing, not, indeed, Falernian wine, but kuskoussoo, pease, butter, rice, and even fresh meat. After it is packed, butter is kneaded hard into the orifice, and water is poured over it. Homer says, that in Lybia neither prince nor peasant wants for food, and this was confirmed by the large scale on which the arrangements were here made to meet the demands of hospitality. One of the court-yards, with an adjoining kitchen and

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store, was appropriated to cooking food, to be sent out to friends and strangers.

We now entered a court which rivaled the first apartment—all white, light and airy. At each of the angles there was a group of three columns, and from them sprang a lofty fretted arch, which occupied the center of each of the faces. A narrow cornice in colored stucco under the projecting eaves ran all round; so the stuccoes of Spain are not a lost art.

From this truly barbaresque hall, open to the heavens, we passed into the women's principal apartment. It was a long and very narrow room, entered in the center by lofty folding-doors: the wicket only was open. At each extremity was a bed filling the width of the apartment, raised high and concealed by brocade curtains. In two successive stages were matresses piled and covered with rich stuffs, and cushions, serving for divans by day and beds by night. The open space in the center was covered with a mat, and there were low narrow seats around of folded carpets and coverlids. On each side of the door were wardrobe chests. The room, to the height of four and a half feet, was hung with red velvet, inlaid to imitate mosaics; but perhaps the mosaics may be the imitation with velvet of other colors.

The embroidery on the cushions, &c., is unlike any thing else. There are patches of color as though formed by a succession of the palms of an Indian shawl, one row blue, another red, and so on: the stitches are long, and the work looks like satin with bindings, each long stitch being followed by a short one. There were fastened to the wall, and projecting from it, those many-colored racks or brackets of which I have spoken, on which stood fine china-ware and ornaments. The rafters of the roof were ornamented in like manner, vermilion predominating. The sleeping apartment had portals like a church,* their hinges and sockets were on the outside; the large slabs were of arbor-vitæ, soft as velvet to the touch, and rubbed over with red ocher.

We were treated to a sight of the contents of the chests. The dresses were principally in brocade of Lyons; but otherwise, they were inferior to those of the Jewesses of Tangier and Tetuan, and had not the merit of native taste and work. Not so the jewelry. One necklace was peculiar: it was formed of large gold pieces, some of them cufic and coral balls, divided by bunches of pearls, in the center of each of which there was a

* "The first consuls of Rome, L. V. Publicola and L. Brutus, as also the brother of the latter, had in their patents for the few lands granted them, the distinction of having their gates to open outward instead of inward."—Pliny, l. xxxvi. c. 15.

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pierced amethyst. For the negresses, the necklaces were large coral beads and silver coins alternately, the coins being strung through the center. The necklace does not go round the neck, but from shoulder to shoulder. At the shoulder it is fastened to a brooch of a very singular construction, and is in various ways a most interesting ornament. It is circular, and serves also to secure the haïk, and in it the most precious stones they have are placed. One was an emerald an inch and a quarter in diameter. Such were Aaron's ouches on the* shoulders to which the chains were attached.

This brooch is called *kefkiat*, and has a movable tongue which traverses round a circle, in which there is a slip, so that after passing the tongue through the folds that are to be secured, you turn the circle, and thereby the tongue fits on upon it as if it were a buckle. When I saw it, I was immediately reminded of the Highland brooch for the plaid, to which they have adapted the stones which their hyperborean country affords; and I recollected having seen an ancient one which seemed to be like these. On visiting Dublin, subsequently to my return from Barbary, I saw in the museum numerous kefkiats, and on recognizing them as old friends, I was assured by the learned that I must be mistaken, for that these ornaments were peculiar to the Irish Celts. However, there they are—alone found in Ireland—alone worn in Barbary.

In an unfinished corner of the Tower Hassan, I found the wall as it had been prepared for the stucco: it was divided off in lines, crossing at right angles, like the frame-work that artists sometimes use, to verify the exactness of a copy. Over these were drawn a succession of intersecting segments of circles. By these they could work with certainty and celerity, and the mere intersection of the plain and curved lines formed the suggested patterns. This may account for the interminable variety of these, and the uniformity of their character. The stuccoes were of plaster of Paris, and on getting one of the workmen to describe the process of making it, I found that near Fez there is a large supply of arrow-headed selenite, corresponding with that of

* It is the three-fourths of a circle with a Job at each extremity, and a movable tongue lying upon it. The necklaces do not pass round the neck, but are worn in front, only each end being fastened to the brooch. With this coincides the description in Exodus of Aaron's ephod in c. xxviii. and xxxix. The two onyx stones engraved with the names of the tribes were to be borne upon the two shoulders, and there were to be two ouches of gold to fasten the stones, from which a chain should depend, fastened to the breastplate.

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Montmartre, near Paris.* The color is laid on with white of egg. The great instrument of the Moorish artist is the compass.

The Moorish compass is not composed of two limbs of metal jointed. It is a fixed measure and tied by a string; so that for each different dimension there is a separate compass, and its name is *davit*, which we retain for the bent stanchions used in vessels to hoist up boats.

Arabs have no buildings: their tent was their habitation. No traces of their architecture are to be found in the two ancient cities of Mecca and Medina. The Caaba itself was a square building, as if the two poles of the transverse one of the flying tent had been doubled for the stationary one, and the Caaba, in sign and memory thereof, is hung with drapery to this day.† The Arabs, however, appear to have spread architecture over Europe, Asia, and Africa;—they who possess neither ancient ruins nor modern dwellings. These, with the materials and models, are found in Morocco, preserved in the midst of ignorance, unobscured and unchanged.

Architecture is the peculiar feeling and passion of this people. The figures which we find in our cathedrals and ancient churches, are scattered about their domestic establishments, are to be seen in their trays, on their stools, and in endless variety upon their tombstones. They have not, like us, a domestic and a public, a religious and a civil architecture. Alone have they combined delicacy and strength. In their edifices there is the durability of the rock and the delicacy of the flower. It would seem as if they at once thought only of to-day and only of eternity. Nor have there been with them different ages and styles—one of strong and busy war, another of idle elegance: their strongest and rudest military works preserve the choicest specimen of arts, which elsewhere have required, that they might spring and blossom, times of peace and ages of refinement.

I cannot resist the temptation of quoting from the "Quarterly Review," a glowing description of Moorish dwellings.

"The exterior of Moorish edifices in general was plain and forbidding; the object was to keep out heat and enemies, foreign and domestic, and to keep in women and to disarm the evil

* The houses here are better than any in Morocco, and look like casts in plaster, being built piece by piece in molds.—DAVIDSON'S Journal in Fez, p. 86.

† The Carthaginians hang drapery on their walls. In the Peninsula, for ceremonies, the streets are sometimes entirely lined with drapery, and the interior of the churches in Spain have drapery fitted for them like clothes. The cathedral of Seville may be seen in Holy Week undergoing changes like the decorations of a theater.

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eye—the great bugbear of antiquity, the East, Andalusia, and Naples. The interior, all light, air, color, and luxury, glittered like a spar inclosed in a rough pebble, and the door once opened, ushered the Moor into a houri-peopled palace which realized those gorgeous descriptions that seem to our good folks, who live in bricks and mortar, to be the fictions of oriental poetry, or the fabric of Aladdin's genii; yet such were the palatial fortresses—the Abazares, the Alhambras of the Spanish Moors; and such, on a minor scale, were their private dwellings, many of which still exist in Seville, though dimmed by ages and neglect. The generic features are, a court hidden from public gaze, but open to the blue sky, and surrounded with horse-shoe-arched corridors, which rest on palm-like pillars of marble, whose spandrils are pierced in gossamer lace-work; in the center plays a fountain, gladdening the air with freshness, the ear with music, the eye with dropping diamonds. On the walls around, was lavished a surface of mosaic decoration, richer than shawls of cashmere, wrought in porcelain and delicate plaster, and painted with variegated tints; above hung a roof of Phœnician-like carpentry, gilded and starred as a heaven; while the doors and windows admitted vistas of gardens of myrtles, roses, oranges, and pomegranates, where fruit mingled with flower and color vied with fragrance."

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BOOK III.

THE ARAB TENT.

CHAPTER I.

HUNTING EXPEDITION TO SHAVOYA.

I HAVE already stated my object in visiting Barbary, and its frustration. I thought it best, therefore, to abstain from any intercourse with the Moorish government on political matters, and to take advantage of the entrance I had obtained to see the country. I soon, however, found myself the object of suspicion. If I spoke of visiting Fez or Morocco, I was mysteriously motioned to be silent. The guards assigned to me watched me as a prisoner. I was not suffered to cross the threshold without a written order from the caïd. The prospect before me was close confinement until I could get over the bar as I had entered, and for that deliverance I might have to wait six months. In this dilemma, I bethought myself of an expedient. Geology, in these countries, is a delicate subject. There are the jealousy of avarice and the fear of consequences. They associate with their mines the former invasion, and almost conquest by Portugal; and indeed the Portuguese seem to have drawn considerable stores of gold from this country. They opened many mines; in every case, as soon as the Moors got possession, *the mines were filled up*. A promising sulphur manufactory had been recently set up at Fez, by a renegade Frenchman: it was, by order of the government, leveled with the ground, and all the instruments destroyed, lest it should furnish a new attraction to the French; yet it was to geology and mines that I had recourse to unbolt the gates of Rabat. I raised the question *ex abrupto*—spoke of mines to every body, and exposed the folly of denying to themselves resources, &c. These discussions reached the sultan; curiosity was excited, and the matter debated; the ludicrous exhibition they had made by ruining the sulphur works, partly

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admitted mineral investigation, and had its partisans, and at last I received the acceptable intimation that I might go and "hunt wild boars" in the province of Shavoya, whence an inquisitive chief had brought a specimen of "madein,"—a magnificent crystal, or spiculated mass of cromate of iron.

On the forenoon of the 23d of December, the permission reached me, and the Sheik, with geological cravings, the chief of the provincial tribe, was to be my companion, together with three of the sultan's own body-guard, and a guard from the Caid of Rabat. The consul, Mr. Leraza, volunteered his services as interpreter, and in the scarcity of horses, I was obliged to leave behind my English scribe.

The consulate was immediately like a disturbed ant-hill, and the sun was still some fathoms above his western bed, when we found ourselves beyond the walls, and fairly plunged into the living desert—for desert it was as soon as the town was shut out. We shortly turned down to the right and threaded our way along the margin, where Africa and the Atlantic meet. The one bore no house, the other no sail—not a vestige of man's toil on the earth, nor on the ocean a sign of his daring:—they were alone in their immensity. Again striking inward we lost sight of the sea, and under the reigning solitude could fancy ourselves approaching the Zahara.

The waste was not, however, dry sand or parched deserts; the land wore a rich vesture, and its tissue was of flowers. The wild growth of the fan-like palmetto, that most useful of comparatively useless plants, predominated. Its services to man were presently made known to me. I had on board a package of saddles and bridles used years ago while traveling in the East. Three sets had been put in requisition without undergoing the requisite repairs and revisions; girths, buckles, straps, gave way one after the other in a manner which in any other country would soon have brought us to a stand-still; but on each mischance a man would slip off, make a grasp at a doum branch, and commence plaiting: between the ductility of the leaf and the dexterity of their fingers, girths and bands were miraculously restored, buckles and ties supplied.

Around the doum were scattered the narcissus, and the plant of the "gardens of the blessed," the asphodel. Here we were on the very verge of that sacred west, toward which the living looked where the dead should dwell, within those granitic arms which extend to receive the departed spirit.* The fourth plant

* These arms are represented by the verge of the papyri of the mummies. The bodies were buried with the face turned to the west. In

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was the *festouk*. This is honored by the name of Esculapius: it resembles fennel, but is much longer, the shoots standing eight or ten feet. The gum ammoniac is collected from it in the south. A fly with a horn in the head pierces the trunk, and causes the gum to flow. The stem serves in Spain and Morocco as a razor-strop. Great as is our proficiency in cutlery, we can not put an edge on a razor like the Moors, or shave as they do. They lay the instrument to the very root, and make, so to speak, an excision of its growth. Barbers get their name, no doubt, from Breber; that was the early mode of supplying names to professions. The shaving of the head was unknown to the Greeks, Romans or Egyptians, and the hair was always left untouched till the age of manhood, when it was cut short and consecrated. The tombs of Lycia exhibit to us boys with shaved heads and a little tuft, as at present worn by the Mussulmans. This practice of the "Barbarians" of Asia Minor may well have suggested the word, though we do not apply it as it was originally applied, in a geographical sense. The usages of Morocco are so far Mussulman only as the Mussulmans have adopted them. The shaved head and chin are Philistine, and, therefore, perhaps the Jews were forbidden to shave the corners of their beards, and the lock on the temple remains their distinctive mark. The first man who shaved the chin daily at Rome was Scipio Africanus. The pith of the festouk serves as a slow match. It was in it (νάρθηξ) that Prometheus concealed the fire he filched from Heaven.

These four plants seemed equally distributed over every patch of ground, and extended over the whole face of the country. The flowers of the asphodel stood higher than a man. The soil is mere sand; but between the clumps of flowers a little grass might be seen.

About seven o'clock, it having been some time dark, we came suddenly upon fires and crowds of squatters, and bales heaped around them: the herds of crouching camels had a strange appearance among the people and the smoke. It was a small caravan settled round a Douar. We were preparing to pitch outside, but in the hurry of our departure, or rather flight, the tent pins had been forgotten. The sheik immediately removed his family out of his own tent to accommodate us.

At length I beheld an Arab camp—at length I entered an Arab tent! I would not have exchanged that sight for the pos-

sacrificing to the manes they turned to the west.—*Schol. Apoll. Rhod.* vol. i. p. 580. In sacrificing on Mount Moriah Abraham turned to the west.

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session of a palace. That first hour must remain associated with every effort to picture the ancient world—with every judgment of its present condition.

When we were comfortably arranged, the sheik brought a flat bowl with a pile of *hot scous*. As he set them down he said, "scou!" The two Scotchmen of the party had been surprised at the sight of the dish, but they were electrified when they heard the word: their astonishment burst forth in a way that puzzled and amazed the sheik. In his turn he was delighted with the explanation. The Douar, the Buled, the Cabaile, are mere extensions of the family and multiplications of the tent: the blood relationship runs through all; the parentage, therefore, of a race is of as much interest to them as that of an individual. "Every Arab of the present day," says Burckhardt, "can tell back his fathers and their collateral relatives to the ninth generation." In the last generation a Highlander would do the same.* But memory, like man, has lost its early longevity. At the time of Mohammed every Arab could trace back twenty generations.†

This Arab was delighted to hear of a race in England with patriarchal chiefs whose line ascended unbroken through ages; whose people had remained almost to our times unchanged; who had their own language,‡ who had a diet, part of which was "scous,"§ and a dress, part of which was a haïk. He came and embraced me, when I told him that my forefathers had dwelt among them, and had left the *usted* as their memorial. The sympathy for which I was here indebted to my Highland blood, did not, as in Europe, spring from antipathy to England. At this moment, in Morocco, England is the idol. To her every eye is turned: they make inquiries, and hang upon your answer. One Englishman is peculiarly the object of their regard. There is not one of them who is not familiar with the name of "Palmerston." Seldom did a day pass that I was not asked re-

* The last bard of Clanronald, in making an affidavit before a magistrate, enumerated his ancestors to the ninth generation.

† Fresnal, Hist. des Arabes avant l'Islomism—*Introduction.*

‡ At Tangier the idea of an affinity between the Brebers and the Celts is commonly entertained. Mr. Hay and others mentioned to me, that Highland soldiers coming over from Gibraltar, could understand the natives. He points out in his work the coincidence of Breber and Gaelic words; but when these resemblances are found, they are of words borrowed, and not from any affinity between the languages.

§ *Scou* in Arabic means *hot*, as they ought to be eaten, and the expression "hout scous" is a pleonasm.

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specting the chances of his return to office, and many a kindly pat on the back did I receive.

Though our journey had not exceeded a dozen miles, we were completely exhausted by our day of preparations, and had not yet tasted food; so, making our supper upon this *hors d'œuvre*, the scous, we laid ourselves down. My companions soon resigned themselves to the empire of fatigue, and I, mesmerized by the waves of the Numidian folds, seemed to see the sides of the tent open on dim vistas of long years, through which great shadows flitted. Tacferinas rose, and, beyond, Jugurtha; there were mingled, like ghosts upon the shore of Styx, Hunerick and Hannibal, Nebuchadnezzar and Cervantes, Don Sebastian and St. Louis. Pictured scenes danced on the textile cloud—Moosa on the cliff of the Atlântic; Marius amid Byrsa's shattered battlements; Juba in his purple; Lot in his sackcloth; Rachel at the well; and, walking from the canvas, Abraham stood in the door. How many more from Atlas to Nelson—how many deeds from the battle of the gods to that of Trafalgar—what thrones and sceptered hands from the old Muley of Carteïa,* to the present one of Fez! At length the phantoms were cleared away, though not by light, and the vision was broken, because I fell from trance to slumber; and sense then let in what fancy had before kept out—the noises of an Arab camp by night.

To each tent there is at least one dog. The sheep ten per tent, expert in imitating old men's cough. There are asses and horses secured with chains, and cattle (the *mugitus bovum*) mingle with the brayings of the one and the clanking of the other. The steeds are peculiarly quarrelsome, and their differences provoke the otherwise tranquil camels, who, when aroused, give it to one another in their own Xantippe fashion. Through all these pierced the infantine cry of the kid and goat. Lastly, there is chanticleer, reared from Jebusite eggs,—not like our sober cock, contented with a morning crow or two—but repeating hour by hour, and all night long, the warning notes which startled Peter. Take then the sum—eighty cocks, forty camels, forty asses, forty horses, eight hundred sheep, four hundred goats, one hundred dogs—or fifteen hundred animals, called "dumb," pent up in a circle of three hundred yards' diameter, in the middle of which your tent is pitched! Speak, then, of "Nature's soft nurse."

* Melcarth, from Mel and Cardt, Prince of the City (Carteïa), was the title of Hercules. The Jewish word was Malik. The title proper of the Sultan of Morocco is Muley; thence Molla of the Turks.

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A watch was appointed. They came, bringing their dogs to sleep round the tent, and, of course, to sup with our guards and attendants. It was near eleven o'clock before they "sat down." Arabs speak loud and long, and all together. They were long at their supper—longer at their talk. When they had done, the dogs fought for the bones, and continued after they were picked. As soon as they had concluded, the children in the school commenced, all at once, every one a different lesson, as loud as their throats could shriek, and as fast as their tongues could clatter. One sense was not, however, to be racked alone: —the process of acupuncture soon commenced with such vigor and method that, when daylight appeared, not one square line of my whole body remained unsuffused with a roseate hue. Hitherto, I had secured myself against this Egyptian plague, by a mosquito curtain sowed to a sheet,* but had neglected to have one when needed most. When I stirred up the party, as I did betimes, the consolation I received was, "You are lucky that it is winter, or you must have had mosquitoes into the bargain!" Each night it was the same. I recognized my old acquaintance among sheep, kids, dogs, camels—the same school-boys followed us everywhere, and we had over and over again the Lancasterian method in the morning. Not till the fourth night—after all expedients—cotton-stuffing, bandages, &c., had failed—did exhausted nature close her ears and mine.

We started next morning under a Scotch mist, and were soon wet to the skin. After four or five hours' toiling, yet advancing little, we turned restiff from cold and hunger, and desired to be housed, dried, or, at all events, fed. I insisted, as the direction we traveled in mattered little, on going in search of a Douar. For two hours more we continued to stray. Having missed the one we had sought, and avoiding others which were in sight, our course became to me at last utterly incomprehensible. I thought that wherever there was a tent there was a welcome, and wherever a roof, a shelter. I now discovered my mistake. I insisted on approaching a very small Douar of about fifteen tents, to which some old men and boys of most forbidding appearance, were driving in the cattle. The soldiers went to them, and standing long conversing, I advanced toward the Douar; they rushed at me with violent gestures. M. Seruya offered them money, but they derided him, and signed to us to be off.

It was strange: we had offended in nothing; we demanded

* One side is gored out like the mouth of a sack; by this you enter, dropping all clothes outside, and the sack's mouth is then tied round with a cord.

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nothing; we only begged for shelter, and we were willing to pay for it. They were Arabs: we were strangers. Our party was calculated to command respect or enforce obedience, being composed of officers from the city, the sheik of a neighboring tribe, emissaries of the sultan: we outnumbered them, and were armed and mounted. Yet the sense of hospitality, money, authority, strength, availed us nothing; I asked for an explanation, but gained none. Then came the question—the Homeric question, "Who are you?—of what race, of what land?"

Εἰπὲ δέ μοι γαῖαν τε τὴν δῆμον τε πόλιν τέ.

Now light broke in. I had to ask the name, not of a village but a tribe.* A tribe might be trodden down, not the individuals; these were not a dozen shepherds:—they were *Saba*, who muster two thousand five hundred firelocks. This tribe had traveled from Arabia: they could go back to-morrow if they liked. They might have come yesterday, or a thousand, or two, or three thousand years ago. To such as they are, time brings no change, distance presents no obstacle. But this name was not heard now for the first time. Was it they, perchance, who stole Job's cattle? Did any of them accompany their queen to Jerusalem? How do these bear the patronymic of that mysterious stock? Sheba was the first-born of Cush and elder to Phut and Canaan and Mizram. Yet I could not call them with Isaiah "men of stature." These Saba have seen arise and pass away the great empires of the earth. They will live when that one to which the wanderer belongs, whom they would not receive, is gone to be addressed by the shades of Nineveh and Babylon, "Art thou too become as one of us?" Well, they did not choose that we should enter, and we had neither right to question nor complain. My escort were Moors, not Frenchmen.

The Saba were, however, civil enough to direct us to one of the Douars of our sheik's tribe,—the *Zieïda*. We reached it about nightfall, and without halt or parley, rode right in. Like the change of a theater by the scene-shifter's whistle, a couple of tents all standing, the poles, cords, &c., being manned, were lifted from their place and advanced into the center: matting was spread upon the deep, wet verdure: blazing wood was brought from neighboring fires, piled into a fire, and in the

* A remarkable conversation is given in Wilson's "Lands of the Bible," vol. i. p. 380, with the sheik of a tribe which he found among the ruins of Petra, and who recounted the story of his lineage and the place.

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twinkling of an eye we were roofed, sheltered, settled about our hearth, and in our home, where a moment before the earth lay bare, wet, cold, dark, and comfortless. Then came the elders. The owner of the tent brought a sheep to present at the door: another eggs; another a jar of butter. It was painful and strange to me not to be able to converse with them, and to my instant and repeated inquiries, I could get from my interpreter nothing more than "compliments,"—"compliments." They soon retired to leave us to get dried, and then was repeated to me their request, which was, that we should think favorably of them now, and speak well of them hereafter. I said, "The proverb runs through the world, 'hospitable as an Arab,' now I know it is a truth." They presently returned with demonstrations of gratitude, my words having been repeated from tent to tent round the Douar.

Often during this second sleepless night did those words recur to me—"*We are Saba.*" Suppose that one of Job's descendants had been of the party, we might have set up a claim for the cattle. The Egyptians demanded from the colony of Jews introduced into Egypt by Alexander, repayment for the jewels which the Jewish women had carried away. The claim was admitted, but they pleaded value given in "brick-making." Alexander held the defendants entitled to a verdict. Eight centuries did not give among them the strength to Time which with us is acquired from seven years.

Sheba signified oath;* thus Beersheba, the well of the oath. They were the words of the mystery of objurgation, the basis of religions and governments.

The inventions of a people have in antiquity received their name; thus have many vocables been formed. It is in this manner that language becomes history. We have center courts (atrea), from the manner of building of Atrea. *Gauze* from Gaza; *calico* from Calient; *muslin* from Masulipatam: *embroiderers* (*Phrygiones*) from Phrygia. *Towers* from the Tyrians; *ceremonies* from Cere. In Spain to-day a wagon is called *Elheudi* (the Jew). These single words, as clearly as if written on tables of brass, as surely as if sworn to by myriads of witnesses, prove their etymon to be fact. The Jews introduced chariots into Spain; the Etruscans religious forms into Rome, and so for oath, the Saba use the inventions of the ritual of ancient superstition.

* Also "perfect" and "seven," the perfect number completing the "planets" and the "week." The nasal sound gave *zebon*, whence some derive our word *seven*, also the σίβα; of the Greeks.

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Above one thousand years ago, the answer given to me was given to a Calif El Mamrou, who, while on his march to attack the Roman empire, meeting a tribe with narrow tunics like the Persians, and long hair, called them to him, and asked them who they were. They answered, "We are Harrane." He then said, "Are you Christians?" which they denied. He then asked, "Are you Jews?" That they denied also. Then he said, "Have you got no book, and do you follow no prophet?" And as they returned an uncertain answer, he said to them, "Ye are idolaters, and deserve death!" They then alledged that they paid tribute and had contracted with the Mussulmans; but he tells them that they are not of the number of those who can make contracts, and threatens to extirpate them to the last child unless, on his return, they had professed Islam, or one of the religions mentioned in the book (Judaism or Christianity). They then changed their clothes and cut off their hair; and some became Christians and some Mussulmans; but many would not; and being in great fear of the calif's return, they applied to an old man to know what they should do. He said to them, "When Mamrou returns, answer him 'WE ARE SABA,' which is the name of the religion which the Great God has named in the Koran; and thus let us be freed from him!"*

Mohammed makes Abraham, when passing from Irak into Syria, fall in with Saba, "versed in old books, and who believed what they contained." Then Abraham says to God: "It does not appear that in the world there are any but I and those who are with me, who are faithful and believe in thee alone. So God ordered him to preach to them; and he called to them, but they would not obey him. 'How should we,' said they, 'believe thee who canst not read?' So God sent upon them forgetfulness of those sciences and books which they knew."

And this, then, is the last remnant of the people who first fixed the hours of the day—the points of the compass,—who taught the courses of the stars†—who were the teachers of letters, and the first lawgivers.‡ Small in numbers, scattered without being disconnected, they had their settlements in Arabia Felix; on the Red Sea; on the Persian Gulf; in Syria; in Asia Minor, and in the far regions of the West; and linked with their camels the sea-borne traffic of their twin race with the Indian

* Hottinger, De Reb. Sab. l. i. c. 8.

† Landseer, Sabæan Res.

‡ "Perhaps the most perfect, and certainly the most widely extended religious system which was ever invented by the unassisted reason of man."—DRUMMOND'S *Origines*, iii. 431.

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and Atlantic Oceans. Yet of them the stock remains—not one orphan of Tyre subsists.

The next morning was beautiful; and turning to the eastward, we proceeded on our journey, expecting early in the day to reach sheik Tibi's own Douar. We came upon patches or outliers of the cork forests. In ten miles I counted sixteen Douars, averaging seventy tents; and the furthest from us on each side was not more than two miles. Thence for fifteen miles, though the land was cultivated, there was neither tent nor tree to be seen. The soil, almost sand, is thinly spread over a face of rock. The festouks and asphodels had disappeared, and lilies supplied their place; but not a fly, nor a bird, nor a spider, nor insect, save ants. The hollows were marshes or little lakes; but nowhere was the mold shaped by the action of water,—nowhere did the soil imbibe the rain to hold and discharge it,—no trace of a rivulet.

This tract extends along the whole coast, averaging twenty miles in width and five hundred feet in height. Schist, slate, and quartz-rock protrude through it in some places, the line of bearing being at right angles to the coast. I have already explained this formation, the peculiarity of which consists in the surface being converted into stone. At one place the road crossed what looked like a rivulet; but the extent of its coast was 250 yards, that is to say, this was the whole distance from the first indenting of the ground till it had opened into a deep chasm. Wherever water filters through, the sand is removed and the rock falls in; and then the rent goes on like a crack in a plate of glass, widening and deepening to the sea.

This is a landscape requiring a new name. I now could understand that strange term, "Rolling Prairies:"—it must be a similar formation, swelling, but not hill-like; tame, but not valley-like; expanse not like that of the sea; undulations not like those of the land; and over the whole a preadamite vastness, unbroken till you come abruptly to the edge of the gulfs. Were the elevation thousands instead of hundreds of feet, and the distance from the sea thousands instead of tens of miles, then it would require but snake-grass and buffaloes to witness an estampado without crossing the Atlantic. It was quite delightful to get upon the hills again: they were rugged aluminous schist, well clothed with trees of extreme beauty, but moderate size, principally the cork oak. I here first saw the Arar, the Thuya articulata, a tree between a cypress in the leaf, and a pine in the figure. The wood is invaluable; no worm touches it, and it endures forever; it does not split; and though hard is easily

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wrought. They use it for the beams of the houses which are near the ceilings of apartments: those ceilings of "cedar and vermilion," that we read of in the Prophets and the "Arabian Nights." It has the odor of the cedar, and yields pitch and turpentine. There is also an evergreen like the thorn, bearing a berry like the haw: they call it *Berri*, and make oil from it. This is the Eliodendron of the Greeks. Further to the south there is the *Argan*, from the nut of which a much-esteemed oil is made. The oak furnishes the Bellotis, which, without ceasing to be an Arcadian, is here a real food.

Habits still draw very closely on the Arcadian. Water is their drink; their food milk and wheat not fermented, and subjected to scarcely any cooking. To their grain and milk they add dried fruits, fresh acorns, palmetto root, truffles, the lotus berry, and the like. The country produces the plants which yield sago and arrow-root.

Hunting was not the primitive state of man, nor flesh his original diet. If all the literature of the world were destroyed except that of the Hudson's Bay Company, such a belief might be pardonable in future times. We put ourselves in a similar predicament when we take the pictures of early Greece as the first steps of the human race. The names of the first slayers of animals and eaters of flesh have been recorded, and yet we treat as a fable all that is enumerated of these times, because they talk of living upon acorns. A garden was the residence of our first parents.

I had made one step backward toward the reality of early fable, when I wandered in the indubitable Hesperides and plucked their golden fruit; but now, among the cork forests, and seeing acorns and glands plucked and fed upon, I made a second, and reached the golden age itself.

A man may thus travel and find food wherever he stretches out his hand, or lays him down to rest. I do not say it is a very agreeable diet, perhaps not a very nutritious one; but still here are roots, and plants, and glands, which will sustain life without the aid of cookery; and populations might spread and multiply, sustained by the spontaneous gifts of the earth. The first peopling of the globe remains the greatest of wonders; for what can be to us more unaccountable than the ease of their travels, the order of their society, the distinctness of their character, the rapidity of their growth?

The Douar for which we were bound was beyond the hills. We had, therefore, to cross them, and from the summit the view opened to the eastward a totally different scene. From

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this height the country behind looked like a swelling sea—before us it was all in heaps. No vacant space and no rocky side, but as if earth had been carted to the spot by tunneling giants, and shot out there.

We found the Douar perched on the summit of a knoll;—the circle of tents looked like a diadem upon its brow. Our tent was pitched in the center, that is, at the top. As soon as it was in order, our tibi came to bid us welcome: he was a simple, sedulous man, and from the first to the last moment was just the same. They paraded us round the circle, and we were passed from group to group to be examined, patted, and discussed. The round of visits ended at the sheik, and I was ushered in among his three wives:—and here was a busy scene. The tent, though I speak from recollection, was little short of forty feet in length and twenty in width; the cross-bar supporting it in the middle might be ten or twelve feet high; the covering swept down, so that toward the extremities you had to crouch or creep. In the center and around were piled up stores of provisions, clothing, and the like, arranged for the convenience of sitting or sleeping. There were three or four small fires, chiefly of embers, on which were boiling large brown jars with long necks, as if preparing for some great feast. The principal wife would soon by her appearance have arrested my attention, had she allowed me or any one else to be ignorant of her presence and authority. She was comely, bold, haughty, supple in body, dexterous of hand. Seated within reach of the two or three fires, she was proceeding to dispose of the cooking viands, which, with a huge ladle, she heaped up in corresponding dishes. She was giving her orders without intermitting her work, and all the work of her tent—culinary, at least,—seemed to pass through her hands.

The dish was kuscoussoo, so I was not to lose such an opportunity. What had been dispatched was for the supply of guests who had arrived before us: she now had to recommence for us. When I had succeeded in conveying to her my desire to be instructed in the process of its manufacture, she gazed at me, and asked what I had eaten all my life, and what the women in my country did? After briefly satisfying her curiosity, she made a place for me beside herself, and though her hands never ceased to flutter about and skim over the contents of her tray, like a bird's wings, nor her tongue to run on; when any part of the operation required attention, she did not fail to awaken mine.

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CHAPTER II.

KUSCOUSSOO.

Two women sat in front grinding, and as they proceeded filled the flour into a basket. My hostess, seated on the ground, had in her lap a round wooden tray three feet in diameter, the edge resting on the round. The flour-basket was on the right hand, a jar of water on the left. She first took a handful of flour, and dusted it into the tray, then, dipping both hands into the water, passed them through it, and so continued dusting and dipping and then making sweeps right and left through the growing mass, which gradually shaped itself into small grains. The fingers passing quickly and lightly, through and over it, the little moistened particles were augmented from the dry flour, and new ones formed. The art consists in causing it to granulate, and in preventing it from clotting. Each grain receives with its several coatings pressure and manipulation. We are all familiar with the change of substance produced by working crumbs of bread between the fingers; and in some analogous change appears to consist the secret of this dish.

The fact that the tray was sufficiently full, was notified to me by a smart nudge of the elbow. It was then brought upon an even keel, and she dashed away among it with both hands in a fine style: it was then thrown into a sieve of pierced sheep-skin; and, shaken and tossed, the smaller grains passed through below, the larger were brushed away from the top: the size, which varies, was, in this case, about that of a large pin's head. The operation was now completed, and it came forth a grain reconstructed from the flour by a process which rendered it fit for food, without fermentation, and almost without firing. From the sieve it is turned into a conical basket of palmetto leaves and placed on the top of one of the long-necked jars boiling on the fire. In a quarter of an hour it is cooked, or rather heated. It is curious to find steam employed, in probably the most ancient of made-dishes.

In this simple form, or with buttermilk, kuscoussoo constitutes

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the common food of the people. Fowls or meat, when used, are stewed in the pot over which it is steamed: the gravy is poured over it, and the meat or fowl perched on the top. In these cases, it is turned of course out of the basket into an earthen dish. Gideon in his cookery used a basket and a dish.

A still more remarkable operation is that of eating it. The Moor gets his kuscoussoo into his mouth without the aid of a spoon; yet neither does he drop it, nor does he poke it in the plate to catch greasy grains, nor smear one hair of his mustache. He beats the chopsticks with the knowing jerk of the South Sea islanders. A monkey only spills his kuscoussoo. With the points of the fingers of the right hand a portion of the grains is drawn toward the side of the dish. It is fingered as the keys of a pianoforte till it gathers together; it is then taken up into the hand, shaken, pressed till it adheres, molded till it becomes a ball; tossed up and worked till it is perfect, and then shot by the thumb, like a marble, into the open mouth.* Eaten otherwise it is no longer kuscoussoo, and the spoon-feeding Frank may live upon it for twenty years, and never know what it is that he is eating.†

Dr. Shaw, who lived so long at Algiers and traveled all over Barbary, has remarked—but not accurately—these peculiarities. He calls the ball *Hamsa*, mistaking cause for effect. The name of the ball is *cora*. Hamsa is a slang term for hand, corresponding with our word *fives*, and its dexterity being peculiarly exhibited in this operation, they may have jocularly answered his questions about it with that word.

Marmol, a Christian captive, entertains great respect for kuscoussoo, but Leo Africanus, a Moor of Grenada, a Mussulman and prince of the land, thus reviles it: "In winter they have sodden flesh with a kind of meat called cuscusu, which being made of a lump of dough, is set upon the fire in certain vessels full of holes, and afterward is tempered with butter and pot-

* When eaten with buttermilk they use spoons, the place of which is here supplied by enormous muscle-shells—true *cochlearia*. The savory accompaniments are thus absorbed, and the ball acquires that consistency which gives to the dish its zest.

† "When he (the sultan) is intent upon a piece of work, or eager to have it finished, he won't allow himself to go to his meals, but orders some of his eunuchs or negroes to bring him a dish of kuscoussoo, which he sits down and eats after a brutish manner; for as soon as he has rolled up the sleeves of his shirt, he thrusts his arms into the dish up to his elbows, and bringing a handful from the bottom he fills his mouth, and then throws the rest into the dish again, and so on till he is satisfied."—*Account of Barbary*, p. 92, 1713.

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tage. The said cuscusu is set before them all in one platter only, whereon gentlemen as well as others take it not with spoons, but with their claws five (hamsa). The meat and pottage is put all in one dish, out of which every one raketh with his greasy fists what he thinks good. You shall never see knife upon the table, but they tear and greedily devour their meat like hungry dogs. Neither doth any of them desire to drink before he hath well stuffed his paunch: another will sup of a cup of cold water as big as a milk-bowl."

M. Roche, who had the advantage of Leo by a double apostasy, used his proficiency in the opposite sense, and won the day in his late *coup de main*, by his dexterity in making and projecting coras. Kuscoussoo with other food was put upon a table for him; knives, forks, and spoons were laid out; but he seized the kuskas or kuscoussoo dish, squatted down with it on the floor, and turned up the sleeve of his uniform, observing, "This is the way we eat kuscoussoo." That other extraordinary adventurer, Ali Bey, who was sent by the Prince of Peace with the scheme of revolutionizing Morocco, until the Spanish forces should be ready to land to take possession of it, was equally expert—in fact, it was a *sine quâ non* of admission into society.

Vermicelli and macaroni are derived from kuscoussoo. They are both in use in Morocco. Vermicelli is simply the grains of the kuscoussoo rolled long; it is then called *spauria*. The macaroni is served as a long roll, coiled like a rope, on a large plate. It is called Fidaoush. The Spanish name for macaroni is *fidaos*, *Fideh*, the Greek φιδή.

But the Moors are not ignorant of the art of making bread. On the contrary, they abound in varieties, and have particular kinds for particular seasons. The Spaniards have evidently derived from them their manner of baking, in which the dough is most severely handled, and then, but very slightly, raised or baked. Their bread is something between biscuit and bread; those who have not eaten it in Andalusia, and particularly at Seville, do not know what bread is.

Fortunate are the people who possess a dish like kuscoussoo. Any comparison between them and the bread-eating nations is very difficult, for they have economy and comforts which are too subtile for calculation. The Indian has his rice and curry.* The inhabitants of the eastern and southern portions of Europe have their dishes (not bread) of Indian corn. The Turks, the Persians, the Tartars, the Arabs, have their *pilaf*, which spreads

* They use flour, but not as bread. It is made like porridge, and eaten with milk.

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from the Adriatic to the Yellow Sea—from the Yrtish to the Indian Ocean. The domain of kuscoussoo extends from the Red Sea to the Atlantic. It does not appear to have been original among the Arabs, as indeed no farinaceous food could be; yet it has the unmistakable impress of antiquity. Wheat is one of those inventions or introductions which in Greece, in Egypt, in Etruria, has a date. We know of it nowhere as original. Its modern use is imagined to be restricted to the northern and western portions of Europe. It is, however, universal in Northern Africa, and would appear to have been original among its inhabitants; and I infer that we are indebted for it to the Holy Land. If we have borrowed from the Philistines the grain; we have neglected—just as with Indian corn and rice—to borrow the proper way of cooking it. In these other grains we can not be brought to institute any comparison; but kuscoussoo *is* wheat.

Bread alone will not serve as a people's diet, and is, moreover, expensive. We separate the parts of the flour which are adapted to one another—and so best fitted for food—and thus the coarse bread and the fine are equally deteriorated. By fermentation the nature of the grain is changed;* and by the baking, while in that state, considerable loss is incurred by the evaporation of alcohol, which our Excise laws now forbid us to collect. The difference in point of economy can not be less than a quarter in favor of kuscoussoo; and taking it as furnishing forth the meal without the adjuncts which our laboring classes require, it will not be too much to say that, bushel for bushel, the grain is worth to them the double of what it is to us.†

A new discovery in baking has been made in New Holland, in consequence of the ignorance of common arts produced by the subdivision of labor. We do not know baking afloat; and in the first settlement of that colony, the women were from the

* The effect of fermentation on food was not overlooked by the ancients. "Panis azymus, ou sans levain, Celse dit facile à dégirer; les modernes *ne sont pas de cet avis*."—Note by Pankoucke to Pliny, l. xviii. c. 27.

† "Keep a man on brown bread and water, and he will live and enjoy good health; give him white bread and water only, and he will gradually sicken and die. The brown contains all the ingredients essential to the composition or nourishment of our bodies. Some of these are removed by the miller in his efforts to please the public. The loss by fermentation and refining taken together, is under-estimated at twenty-five per cent. 18,000,000 quarters of wheat are made into bread annually in England and Wales: the waste is, therefore, 4,500,000 quarters, or 3,357,000,000 lbs. of bread, or eight ounces per day per man. This is nearly double the quantity of wheat usually imported; and amounts, at 50*s.* the quarter, to 11,250,000*l.* sterling."—*Pamphlet on Unfermented Bread.*

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cities, and did not know how to bake. The bakers appear to be a moral class, for the men were equally ignorant. The colony lived for years on biscuits, and even at the governor's table the guests were in the habit of bringing their own biscuits. The convicts could not be so daintily treated: their weekly allowance of flour was served out to them, and they were allowed to do with it what they liked, when accident or genius led them to treat it in this manner. Each slaked his fourteen pounds with water, and having made it into dough, proceeded to beat and pummel it by the hour: this huge mass of dough was then tumbled into the fire, the ashes having been raked out to heap over it when laid in. The bread so made, is pronounced by those familiar with it, excellent: it is called "damper," from damping the fire. It is not wet and sodden as might be supposed, the manipulation, as in the kuscoussoo, rendering it palatable, and being perhaps slightly raised by the expansion of the air driven in by the beating which it receives with the fist.

I can not return from this dissertation without a word on the cooking of the two other grains from which national dishes are made—Indian corn and rice. The uncertainties attending the condition of our own island, increase the importance of the knowledge of the best methods of dressing the substances that might be substituted for potatoes; and in the art of cookery, England is behind every other people.*

Indian corn does not do when eaten cold. As bread, it is kneaded with water and fired upon the griddle, and then eaten hot: as polenta it is cooked like Scotch porridge, or eaten with milk, or it is turned out and left to cool, and then, when wanted, is sliced and cooked on the gridiron or fried. In these forms it is an agreeable and wholesome food.†

* "Some of our readers may, perhaps, smile at the idea that the poor require much instruction in this art. The first and greatest difficulty with them, they say, is, that they can get very little food to cook. This is too true; but it is equally true that the little food a poor family obtains is not made the best of; and that a greater variety of wholesome, better-flavored, and more nourishing food may be procured by an improved system of cookery, and without any additional expense. In many cases indeed, the cost will be less than by the present defective method." —*The Family Economist*, p. 10.

† Humboldt has decided that for maize (Zea maize) the old continent is indebted to the new. If so, it would carry its own name, or receive a descriptive one. Tobacco we can trace as Tobacco, or as "smoke" καπνὸς (*Tutun*). Potatoes by that name, or as "root-apples:" not so maize. The Greeks call it Arabic Ἀραποσίτι. The Turks, Egyptian (*Missir Bogda*). On the Black Sea it is *Cucuruzzi*. The Arabs of Egypt call it Doura Shamee, or grain of Damascus. The Bulgarians call it *Callamboki*.

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Pilaf is a dish, which, like kuscoussoo, has its secret. I never tasted it eatable when made by a Christian. It is rice and butter, and the art depends in the manner of introducing the butter. Boiled with the rice, or added in the dish, it would be no pilaf. It is only a person deserving the name of cook, who, after several failures, might succeed. Such a person will find all that is requisite in what follows:—

The salt must be put in the water; the pan must be thick; the quantity of water must be adapted to the rice, which varies, so that when the rice is cooked, the whole water be absorbed. It must never be touched or stirred while cooking. Butter is then put in a frying-pan; the proportions experience will teach. When it boils up, it is poured over the rice, which sputters and swells; then one turn with a spoon is given, and it is put on the fire for a moment, and must be served up hot in the pan. The Mussulmans with this, end their dinner, to show that they have not eaten to gratify appetite, but to supply want; and they have a saying, that every pilaf, a man does not eat, will rise up against him at the day of judgment.

My attention was first turned to their diet by this people's splendid teeth. Nothing can better exhibit the quality of the food they masticate. Among us clean teeth, except by being cleaned, is a thing unknown. Without dentifrices, and without brushes, their teeth are pure and clean—the sure sign that they are free from those acids, which in us produce the greater portion of our diseases; while by the continual strain upon the sources of vitality, they shorten life and diminish its contentment while it lasts.

The first of blessings to an individual is health; and the next, supposing it not the cause, sobriety. If these be of such value to the individuals, of what value must they not be to a nation? Yet these are points at which no constitution has ever aimed; they are beyond the reach of legislator, philosopher, or schoolmaster; they can come only from habit, and of this habit the cook is the original and source. It is not without cause that man has been defined a cooking animal. It is in the cooking of the race, that its sense is first tested, oftenest exercised, and

Throughout the Indian Archipelago it is known as *Saṛung*. In one of the Egyptian tombs there is a figure holding a head of Indian corn; but this a learned writer will not admit, "because that grain was introduced into Europe from Virginia." Is it the *ksob* of Negroland? the *Droueu* and *Beshna* of various parts of North Africa?—See Egyptian Antiquities, Lib. Ent. Knowledge, vol. ii. p. 30; Wilkinson, vol. i. p. 397; Crawford's Indian Archipelago, vol. i. p. 336; Bradford's American Antiquities, p. 418; Carette's Algeria, vol. ii.

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longest enjoyed. Rigid Lacedæmon honored cooks as she did victors at the Olympic games; and although no professional artist might breathe her air, still to unbought excellence in the culinary art she reared statues.*

How rational to distinguish nations, as formerly, by their food. In ancient times the listener was not sickened with hearing about Sclavonic or German or Anglo-Saxon "race;" neither was he distracted with "aristocratic," "monarchical." When they wanted to show what a man was, they said, "he is a fish-eater," or a "lotus-eater." So the oracular response to the Spartans, "Beware of them, they live on acorns."

Within the last few years an immense amount of talent and science has been brought to bear upon diet; and contrasting the works that have been produced with any thing that has gone before, one remains in astonishment at the advantages which in this respect we possess. Yet what is the profit? A few persons may read these speculations in their library chairs; but what are the advantages even to these at the dinner-tables? Come here and you will see economic food and the healthiest people, who have no "animal chemistry," and yet illustrate in their practice that which we reason about in books.

One of the weightiest utensils to transport is the hand-mill, and one of the heaviest occupations of the tent is grinding. How large a share it occupied in the domestic life of Judæa, the repeated allusions to it in the sacred writings bear testimony. Travelers are always struck by the amount of labor thus thrown away. A learned commentator selects the long continuance of this practice to illustrate the stupidity of the human race. This is to suppose an Arab tent in the same row with a baker's shop, or with a farm-yard and a granary attached to it. If they used a wind-mill they would have to carry it about with them; and if a water-mill, they would require the rivulet's attendance in their peregrinations. The only variety in the landscape of the *Zakel*, is here and there the tomb of a saint: the only houses are those appointed for all living. Have they then no stores of grain?

On the spot where it is harvested it is thrashed, winnowed, and treasured up. Holes are dug in the earth and lined with straw; these are called *Matmores:* there the grain may be kept

* Formerly every private soldier cooked in turn for his mess. In this respect, at all events, they preserved the temper and the tone of the heroic ages, where the chiefs did not disdain to use the spit. The revolution of February—the Labor Revolution—comes, and is followed by a new subdivision, the appointment of forty-nine cooks to every regiment.

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a hundred or a thousand years, protected from rot, mildew, and man. By this practice they are secured against the uncertainties of the seasons and fluctuation in price. These reservoirs, when forgotten, may be discovered by examining the verdure in spring, when it begins to lose its freshness. Over the matmore the change is first perceptible, as it is drier beneath. Twenty years ago, four or five successive harvests were destroyed by drought and locusts; famine and pestilence ensued; and but for these stores the country must have been depopulated.* There is an exportation of corn making at present to Dublin;—permission has been granted for 50,000 fanegas, or little more than a bushel;—it would cost 6*s.* 6*d.* landed at Dublin, or under 40*s.* a quarter. The last exportation of grain was ten years ago, when Spain being in great need, permission was granted; and from the roadstead of Dar el Baida alone, 45,000 quarters were exported without sensibly augmenting the price.

To effect a change from the hand-mill to the water or wind-mill, the matmores would have to be replaced by standing granaries: standing granaries would require fixed habitations: fixed habitations would require walled cities. In the country where I am writing, the land would not suffice to support these, and, consequently, the extinction of the population would be the consequence. Elsewhere, where the land is more fertile, it would place the tribes at the mercy of the governor, and the whole fabric would fall to pieces.

The aim of the political economist is to accumulate profit—to make money; to turn, every way, soil and toil into the banker's books. The end of the legislator is exactly the reverse. He knows that the danger to society is from the accumulations of profit. He knows that wealth draws wealth, and engenders power, and brings the fall of states. By legislators I mean those who have proved themselves such by their works—the states which they have built up.

In early times we always find the chiefs possessing the greatest ascendency over their people. How is it they lose this authority? Is it not when, to the influence of blood and station, *they have added* the influence of wealth? Institutions, therefore, calculated to make a people happy, and preserve it long, must effect the very reverse of modern science, and must prevent the accumulation of capital, and equalize the distribution of food.

This end is obtained among the Arabs, not by laws or

* The Lydians had the same practice. It may account for their enduring the long famine which led to the emigration of the Tyrseni, and for the provisioning of their ships.—See DRUMMOND'S *Origines*, b. vi. c. 7.

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institutions, but simply through hospitality. No human creature enters an Arab douar and goes without a bellyful, and of this the charge falls upon the chief. When I obtained a new method of preparing wheat, of cooking a dish and eating it; I also observed a new method and manner of distributing it. The tent was like a tavern without bells. Half of Sheik Tibi's substance goes in kuscoussoo. It is an extraordinary thing to see; it is slowly that the mind takes it in; it is difficult to convey it to another—and testimony is requisite. In Mr. Davidson's Journal there is a corroboratory passage, which is all the more valuable as coming from one who had no conception of the value of the fact he recorded. Speaking of the great Sheik of Suz, he says, "The sheik, rich and powerful as he is, dares not shut his door against the dirtiest beast who thinks proper to enter. The kuscoussoo, or teapot, is a general invitation, and all may come in and feed." This is the interpretation of those words of Isaiah, "Thou hast clothing—be thou our ruler," as of the reply, "In mine home there is neither bread nor clothing—make me not a ruler." Of the patriarchal period in our own state, we have a record in the title, *Lord*, which meant the giver of bread. The word "government" is itself derived from the same source, and to-day in the streets of Athens a beggar will approach you with these words, "*κηβερνισὲ μου—govern* me, *i. e.* give me food." Among the Turks, where ceremonial is the bond, *rank* is given to bread. If a Mussulman sees a bit of bread on the ground, he reverentially picks it up, kisses it, and then places it in some position where it may be seen and used, if requisite, by man or beast.* If the sultan were to come into a room where the humblest were sitting at food, they would not rise to receive him—his dignity is effaced in presence of the "gift of God;" thus, a mendicant may place himself at the table of the vizier. A person who could not be asked to partake of coffee, who could not presume to be seen with a pipe, may be invited to sit down to dinner. The breaking of bread, the most solemn mystery of our faith, has, in this respect, a meaning which we can not read. In the East, the injunction of Christ to

* Lord Clarendon relates, that in the fire of London, a servant of the Portuguese ambassador was seized and roughly handled, on the accusation of a citizen, who swore that he saw him throw a fireball into a house, which immediately burst into flames. The foreigner, so soon as the charge was translated to him, explained that he saw a piece of bread lying on the ground, and according to the custom of his country, picked it up and laid it on a shelf in the nearest house. The house was searched: the bread was found upon a board just within the door.

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turn not away from him who asketh, is universally observed.* We can not observe that rule, because we have produced such an amount of pauperism that no private charity can suffice, and we have destroyed the practice of charity, so that it *shall* not suffice; then we reconcile faith and disobedience by treating the injunction as a metaphor.

In the Moorish government, the practice of the tribes is now reversed,† but still the traces are not all lost. "The Kings of Fez," says Marmol, "have a custom to have their food brought publicly to the Hall of Audience, where, every morning, they receive the compliments of the princes and the great men. After the king has eaten two or three mouthfuls—for he never eats more in public—the dish (of kuscoussoo) is turned from before him, and his children, or his brothers, if they are present, approach, and each take a mouthful and return to their places. Then the great personages and the common come by order of their degrees, till, at last, the very porters and the guards; for all those who are in the hall, great or little, must taste much or little, because they believe that it is a sin to eat alone, without offering to those who look at you. The princes and governors in the province do each the same thing. Every one eats once a day of kuscoussoo, because it costs little and nourishes much."‡

"Fill not thy belly in presence of the longing eye." What are all our homilies on charity to this? What all our constitutions? This is not a proposition; it is a maxim, a rule of conduct; it is a habit—that is, a self-enforcing law.

What is the evil eye? How should such a fancy have taken root? I once commended a child's beauty: the nurse immediately spat in its face. I asked the reason; she answered, "Against your evil eye." Pride was there the spell, humiliation the *fascinum*. The figure of a hand is the ordinary talisman.§

* "We had quarters assigned us; I with one peasant, and my comrade with another. We had free board, and the peasants (Turkish) exercised hospitality as though it was a matter of course."—*Wanderings of a Journeyman Tailor*, p. 97.

† One of the charges against Koulayh Wail, the first tyrant of Southern Arabia, was, that he "monopolized hospitality."—See *Lamgal Alareb*.

‡ Africa, vol. ii. p. 193.

§ "If I have withheld the poor from his *desire*, or caused the *eyes* of the widow to fail, or have *eaten my morsel alone*, and the fatherless hath not eaten with me. If I have seen any perish for want of clothing, or any poor without covering. If his loins have not blessed me, and if he were not warmed with the fleece of my sheep."—Job xxxi.

"Many, of course, were the Telzemi used against the evil eye. I have selected the hand only as affording the key. The Bulla were worn by the Etruscans, from whom the Romans copied them, as protection against

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The open hand denotes generosity, the closed one firmness. The hand so used is neither closed nor open, two fingers being doubled, two extended. What can this signify, if not a measured participation of what you enjoy to prevent the longing, from becoming the "evil," eye? Associated as the hand is with kuscoussoo, the emblem is appropriate. That *superstition* has cheered many a heavy spirit and relaxed many a girded heart, and is cheaper than a poor-law.

Thus, by the maxims, habits, and domestic practices and superstitions which center in and support hospitality—not the hospitality that invites a compeer, but which confers food and raiment upon the destitute—are the inequalities of the human condition moderated; alike prevented from being greatly diverse, the balance is maintained between wealth and numbers, and the classes cemented to each other. As on the one side there can be none absolutely destitute, so can there be none excessively rich; and in all cases riches must flow in benefits around. It is a melancholy fact, that hospitality has disappeared in Christendom—not in practice only, but in every thought—and therefore are our minds a chaos, as well as our condition. Nor is there remedy. Science may be taught, but not simplicity; and duties which we have superseded by legislation, we shall presently prohibit by law.

it. The Bulla (*five* in number) were likewise in use among the Arabs, but abolished by Islam." "Most of them still wear on their necks the ornaments of infancy."—*Motenabbi.* These ornaments were berries of plants, سخاب—CHREATH, *Arabe*, t. iii. p. 41.

The Phallus was also used for the same purpose.—PLINY. Three together are sculptured on polygonal walls, in the Sabine territory at Zerui; and in the Etruscan land at Todi in Umbria, &c.—DENNIS, vol. ii. p. 122. Also in Lydia. See Fellows' Lydia.

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CHAPTER III.

THE HAIK.

HOWEVER extensive the culinary operations in the chieftain's tent, they did not absorb the whole care of his household. Simultaneously were going on the plaiting of baskets, the weaving of stuffs, the churning of butter, the preparing of skins, and the casting of bullets. The mold is two pieces of slate for half-a-dozen bullets at a time. The bow and arrow of the Numidian hunter having given way to the musket, this might be considered, at least, a modern invention. But no, they were slingers as well as bowmen, and in the manufacture of leaden pellets, they were so expert, that, as Ælian tells us, Cæsar had supplies from hence. The dwarf palm presents them with materials for tents, ropes, baskets, dishes, &c. The plant is called *Doum* or *Jumard;* the fan-like leaf, *Lizaf*, serves for baskets, and their dishes are baskets. From the fibrous substance round the stalk or root, *Liff*, they spin thread, which they weave for the tent-covering, and spread out upon the ground, passing the thread with the hand. The haiks are, of course, home-made: those for the women and children have sprigs or lines of bright and lively color. The weaving is more ancient* than the "flying shuttle" of Job, and is done by hand, as the Cashmere shawls or Arras tapestry. The warp, which is very slender, is suspended; the woof, thick and slightly twisted, is passed by the hand; when there are colors, there is a ball for each; every color in the pattern is one thread. After the thread is passed, a flat heavy iron with short spikes, protruding like a comb, is used to beat it down, when it gains the character of felt.

* Much akin to this is the weaving among the Red Indians. "The hair of the buffalo and other animals is twisted by hand, and made into balls. The warp is then laid, of a length, crossed by three small, smooth rods, alternately beneath the threads, suspended on forks at a short distance above the ground. The woof is filled in, thread by thread, and pressed closely down. The ends of the warp are tied into knots, and the blanket is ready for use."—HUNTER'S *Captivity*, p. 289.

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But this vestment is of too great importance in a domestic, manufacturing, political, hygeian, and picturesque point of view, to dispose of thus. We travel thousands of miles to see an old ruin. Adventurer after adventurer staked his life against a glimpse of the interior sands of Africa. Here is the swaddling band of a race. Is it not worth turning over and handling, and seeing what it is made of, and how it fits?

THE HAIK.

If Prometheus had set himself down to consider, not how many things he could invent for man, but what single invention would serve him most, he might have fixed on the haïk. It is not known in Arabia, Judæa, or any part of the East. It is mentioned by no ancient writer; yet on its intrinsic characters, I claim for it the rank of first parent of costume. It is found in Barbary. Who then shall assign to it a date? The region is a nook in the ocean of time, where the wrecks of all ages are cast up, and here, like the moon, these things are found, which are lost elsewhere.

A shuttle and loom to weave, pins to knit, scissors to cut, or needles and thread to sew, are requisite for every other dress; the haïk dispenses with them all. It is a web, but not wove (in the modern sense of the word); it is a covering, but neither cut nor stitched. When Eve had to bethink herself of a durable substitute for innocence, this is what she must have hit upon. The name it bears is such as Adam might have given, had he required it in Paradise, "*that which is wove*," i. e. *web*.

It is only a web, yet is it coat, great-coat, trowsers, petticoat, under and over garment, enough for all and every thing in one. Being but the simplest of primitive inventions, it outvies in beauty, and overmatches in convenience, the succeeding centuries of contrivance and art: it completes the circle, the last step being not to return to, but merely to perceive the beauty of the first conception, and yield a barren and æsthetic applause to the perfection of the primitive design.

It is the only costume to which the language of the Bible is adapted, or by which its metaphors are intelligible. When I had seen it, I understood "rending the garments;" "justice as a garment;" "girding with power;" "robing with light," "*clothing with a cloud*."

Adam's names were given, not only as a description, but with perfect knowledge of objects, which seem removed from the ken

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of man, until long labor and accumulated experience had found the order and the purpose of nature. What can be more exact as a logical definition, or more striking as a poetic image than the "day," יום—an "agitator;" the earth, (ארץ from רצ) a "runner." The heart derives its name from its action, לבב; the lever, כבד, from its weight.

The objection will doubtless be urged, that the Easterns do not change their fashions, or lose their habits, and if the haïk ever was in Palestine, it would still be there. I answer, two successive races have been driven forth from the Holy Land. The first three thousand years ago, the second nearly two thousand. Both of these, at present, wear it in Morocco. The Jews, when expatriated, adopted elsewhere the costume of the country wherein they settled, their own being proscribed; and those at present found in the Holy Land have returned thither with foreign usages, the very language being the Castilian. Thus, all that belonged to the Philistine and the Hebrew has been swept away, and the original features of that most interesting of all countries have been, by Chaldean or Egyptian, Persian or Parthian, Greek or Roman, Pagan or Christian, utterly effaced.

The Jew under his common clothing wears a mystic garment. Why he wears it, or when the practice arose, neither wise nor simple can tell. In vain is the Rabbi appealed to, the Talmudist consulted to explain the *tisit*, which from Archangel to Suz, every Israelite puts on in the morning and takes off at night; or of the *talith* which he wears in the synagogue when he prays.* Yet the meaning is as plain as if printed in an encyclopedia.

These names do not occur in the Old Testament, and no mention is made of them in the "Six hundred and thirteen fundamental precepts of Judaism," promulgated after the return from the Babylonish captivity to enforce and maintain the ceremonial law, and which continue to be their code of life and manners. No mention of them is made in the New Testament, or in Josephus, or Hecateus, or any writer who treats of the Jews. Yet as this practice is universal, its date must have been antecedent to their dispersion: what more clear than that, when forbidden to appear in their costume, they preserved it in the sanctuary, and in secret bound an image of it to their hearts? What more touching record of the sorrows of an exiled people?* Linked

* "When the Jews come to receive the king, none but the person who carries the Book of the Law shall wear Talith, or the cloth over their clothes; nor in carrying a corpse for interment are they to wear it, or chant in the streets."—*Cortes of Toledo*, 1480, Sect. 117.

† The Emperor of Russia has published a ukase in favor of the Jews,

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together by oppression, they have since clung to a practice which they have ceased to comprehend, and the token handed down by their fathers they respect as a religious observance or cabalistic sign, and venerate the stuff for its fringes,* not for its former memory or future promise.† The tisit is a small talith, the talith a miniature haïk.‡ The only difference is in the distribution of the fringes, and in the borders: the haïk has the fringe at the ends and no border. A blue border was enjoined by the ceremonial law. The Abyssinians wear it still.§

I do not think that I need say one word more on this point; nor can I imagine, under the circumstances, any proof more conclusive that the haïk was the clothing of the people of Judæa. If this be not admitted, it will have to be shown, or supposed—the one as difficult as the other—that the successive emigrants, when they collected here, invented a new costume, and abandoned that which they had previously worn. I have already referred to the metaphorical language of Scripture, applying to loose drapery, and not to fitted clothes; such must have been the dress then worn: there is no Eastern dress of the present day to which it will apply. It is only by forgetting our own costume that any grave thought can be associated with the expression, "baring the arm:" tucking up the sleeves, or appearing in shirt-sleeves, would be a metaphor among us suited to a scullery or a slaughter-house. "Girding of the loins" is nonsensical, not only with our costume but with every other: the person is already dressed. If the girdle be part of the dress, it is already on; a supplementary one is not carried about. This absurdity has been felt by the translators; for when they make Christ "gird"‖ himself to wash the feet of the Apostles, they

to put an end to the invidious distinctions in dress. The Jews, though wearing no longer that of Judæa, look on the boon as the hardest of their trials.

* If two threads of the fringe were worn, it was worthless.

† There is a Jewish prayer for the restoration, beginning, "Bring us in peace from the four corners of the earth, and lead us safely to our land." As they repeat it, *they hold the four corners of the talith to the heart.*

‡ Plates of the talith are given in "Modern Judaism," pp. 69, 70, 80. The small talith, which among the European Jews is worn like the scapula, over breast and back, has in Morocco no aperture, and is worn crosswise, exactly as the haïk is put on.

§ In Prisse's "Egypt and Abyssinia" there are figures which might be taken for Roman senators, only that the border is blue instead of red.

‖ Commentators are misled by the sword-belt, and the inner girdle over the tunic. Thus; there is mention of the girdle of Elijah, and of John the Baptist, remarkable because of leather (2 Kings i. 7, 8; Mark iii. 4), and because they wore no haïk. The Moors, though they do not

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add, "with a towel." the terms in Greek, *περιζώννυμι*, *ἀναζώννυμι*, are appropriate, and describe what a Moor would do, viz., draw the fold of the haïk, which hangs over the left shoulder, and passing it round the waist, *bind the whole tight*, and leave the arms free. In like manner the expression, "the sin that most easily besetteth us," implies, "the fold most closely drawn around us."

On the night of the flight from Egypt, the Jews were ordered (Exodus xii. 34), to bind up their kneading-troughs in their clothes upon their shoulders. What clothes are requisite for carrying on the shoulders a kneading-trough? The haïk.

Why kneading-troughs? The Jews did not carry ovens with them. Cakes are kneaded, one by one, on a board or stone, and then laid upon the hot stones or embers, or griddle.* Such is the practice of every nomade tribe: a kneading-trough would be of no use. It must then be something of the same description; of course the kuscoussoo tray. Not a tribe moves here that the women do not carry *it* "on their shoulders," "in their clothes." When that diet is used, that dish is of primary necessity; and on that account, as likewise by its dimensions, is worthy of being mentioned in this manner on the occasion of a sudden flight.

The haïk and the kuscoussoo are here united. If you heard of any other people having the one, you would inquire whether they had not also the other. Here in one sentence is it shown that the Jews, when they entered the wilderness, had both.

If they wore the haïk in the wilderness, they had it when they entered the Holy Land; for as they did not want new clothes, so would they not change old habits.† The people they drove forth were the Brebers, who wear it to-day. The Jews went to Egypt from the Holy Land; Abraham therefore wore

"gird" themselves with girdles, wear one, but it is under the haïk and over the tunic, and has a remarkable buckle. A buckle, as the sign of royalty, was sent to Antiochus by Jonathan Maccabees. No other Eastern people has a girdle and buckle. Drawers, such as the Levites were enjoined to wear, complete the Moorish dress.

* "Ephraim is as a cake not turned."—HOSEA vii. 8. Niebuhr (*Arabia*, vol. ii. p. 132) draws the distinction. In the towns, he says, they use ovens, like us; in the tents, a hot plate of iron.

† Abulpheda says, "that he (Abdallah, the calif, the son of Sobeir) wore a suit of clothes for *forty years*, without pulling them off his back, but doth not inform us what they were made of."—*History of the Saracens*, vol. ii. p. 349. This he believes to be incredible; of course it is so with teased wool, machinery-spun thread, and tailored clothes. I have seen a home-made Highland plaid, in excellent condition, after nearly twenty years' constant wear.

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the haïk; and having seen him in that dress, I can imagine him in no other.

It belongs but to a small portion of the human family to have a change of raiment for the night;—a striking peculiarity of this dress is its adaptation to both purposes. It is the costume for people who live in tents, and who can not carry about with them bed and bedding; who must sleep in their clothes, and who prepare for their night's repose as we do for a journey. Thus, the Jews were commanded, if any had taken the raiment of another in pledge, to restore it "By that the sun goeth down; for that is his covering only—his raiment for his skin, wherein he shall sleep." Leaving free circulation of air, and not suffocating the body with its own breath, it is at once subservient to convenience and conducive to health.

The Hebrew terms of the Old Testament, the Greek translation of them, and the Greek terms of the New, are quite in accordance with the inferences I have drawn from the scriptural imagery and incidents. The words, "garment," "raiment," "clothes," "coat," are used at hap-hazard, and we can attach to the costume of the Bible only the most vague and confused ideas. In the Hebrew, however, there is no such disorder: none of the names now used are indeed to be found there, but those used perfectly suit the Moorish costume, and by it they can alone be understood.

Morocco presents an infinite variety of pieces of dress. These are at first bewildering,* but may be reduced to the three vestures alredy mentioned—a tunic, a pair of drawers, and a haïk; to which is added, as accessory, a girdle, a cap, and a pair of slippers. The drawers, *shewal*, are put on first. Then the sleeveless tunic, *Inshwarwan*, reaching over the hips; over this the richly-embossed and embroidered belt, *Indum*,† and over all the haïk: the drawers and girdle exactly correspond with those mentioned in the Bible. For all other garments, two words only are employed כתנת, *kitonet*, whence the word "cotton," and also

* The *sulam*, or *bournoos*, is a cloak with a hood. The *gelab* (from an ancient Persian word for *scales*, is the sulam sewed in front, and with short sleeves, through which the arms can be put at pleasure. It was the dress of the Essenians; is the monkish dress, and as such is respected by the Mussulmans. It varies according to the district, and is in colors —narrow stripes of brown and yellow, of blue and white, of blue and black, with here and there lines of white. In the winter these garments are doubled or trebled, and the haïk is worn over all. The sulam is the dress of the soldiers.

† This is sometimes replaced by the very beautiful Moorish sash, *huzam*.

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"coat," this is the χιτὼν of the Greeks—the sleeveless tunic of the Moors, and שִׂמלָה, *shemlah;* this is the ἱμάτιον of the Greeks, the toga of the Romans, and the haïk of the Moors. It was woven among the Jews by men and women. It was in this that the Jewish women were to bind their kneading-troughs: it was in this the poor man slept, and therefore it had to be returned when taken in pledge "by that the sun went down." The kitonet might be retained.*

The haïk was the dress, not of the Jews only, but of the Canaanites, including among these the Phœnicians; it was wholly different from the costume of the Egyptians, and—as we have now the opportunity of minutely knowing—from that of the great Assyrian empire, which lay to the east, and had spread over the north and west of Asia. Neither does it appear to belong to the Arabs. They wear it indeed now in Barbary, but not in their own country, and it is not likely that the change was there.†

The Greek robe was white.‡ It was put on as a clothing, and was at the same time a covering such as might be used to sleep in at night.§ It was not put on to fit as a dress.‖ It was ample in its folds, and fell to the feet.¶ It covered them all

* Gen. xxxvii. 3; Judges v. 30; Sam. xiii. 18; Exod. xxii. 26, 7; Deut. xxiv. 13; Job xxii. 6; Matt. v. 40.

† In one of the poems of Shanfara, the Cid of the Arabians, this passage occurs:—"I will not rest till I have raised the dust on every one who wears *kissa* or *bourd*, of the tribe of Salaman." This is interpreted to mean that he would lay low the men of note. The word *bourd* occurs in various places. St. Augustine, speaking of a presbyter, vain and worldly-minded, describes him as "*burda vestitum.*" In Genesis xxxi. 12, the word is used to designate the variegated lambs; and in the Gaelic is translated by the word which they use for "tartan." It would thus appear to convey rather the idea of color than of form. Shanfara might have said, if speaking of the Highlands, "Every man who wears *tartan,*" as distinguished from the shepherd plaid. *Kissa* may have a similar meaning—black and white. It is nowhere mentioned as a dress. *Kisson*, the name of the "ancient brook," is supposed to be connected with κίσσα of the Greeks, or magpie (black and white). *Kissa* may also be *fringe;* for *tzetzith* (fringe), is cabalistically equal to *kisee* (throne).

‡ Vestes candidæ. Lutatius Ann. on the Thebaid.

§ ἔνδυναί τε καὶ ἐπιβάλλεσθαι.—POLLUX. l. vii. c. 13.
οὐκ ἐνεδύοντο ἀλλ ἐπερονῶντο.

¶ πέπλοι πυδήρεις, EURIP.; ἑλκεσιπέπλους—ταναόπεπλον—ἀμφὶ δὲ πέπλοι πίπτανται. HOMER.

"Omnis vestis apud Græcos aut ἐπίβλημα aut ἔνδυμα est; amictui, aut indutui. Ἐνδύματα sunt quæ ad corpus prepali hærent, atque indutio corpus comprehendiens. Ἐπιβλήματα vero, quæ et περιβλήματα palliorum omne genus quod cæteris vestimentis circumjecta et superjecta vago et libero discursu eas ambirent."—SALMASIUS *ad Tertull. de Pall.*

Livy, 1. 8; Flor. 1. 5; Plin. viii. 74. ix. 63; Diod. v.; Macrob. Sat. 1. 6; Testus *Verbo* Sardi, Serv. ad Æn. ii. 781; Isidori Origines, l. xix. c. 20.

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over. But citation of authorities is superfluous. Look at the statue of Demosthenes.

But the Greeks may have invented it. The Greeks were copiers or copies: they improved what they received, but in the beginning they were wild and rude. This dress belongs to early simplicity, and to the people who from the first were pre-eminent in poetry.

But, taking it as if it were no more than letters or science, then if we find it both in Greece and Judæa, must we not hold it to be derivative in that country which in other respects has been the pupil, and primitive in that country which in other respects has been the mistress? Greece, when visited by the adventurers from the Holy Land, was in the rudest condition in which man could have existed, in regard to every thing except the bright spirit of that race, the first light of which shone in aptitude for such teaching. Bloodshed was not the vehicle of "civilization," nor lances the heralds of a faith. The fugitives and strangers who taught them how to sow and to weave, they made, while living, princes and chiefs, and worshiped, when dead, as heroes. The Phœnicians introduced the costume of Greece, as they did her letters and her religion.

The resemblance is so evident between the toga and haïk, that the only question is, "Was it original or borrowed?" and if borrowed, "whence did it come?" As the Greeks stood to the Phœnicians, so did the Romans to the Etruscans. Critical inquiries had already traced that people to Canaan: recent discoveries have made us familiar with them. Their tombs, into which a lady has conducted us, transport us to the life and manners of the Old Testament. A traveler in Barbary might take them for the ancient sepulchers of this country. In the tombs you have over and over again the haïk.

The Etruscans were merely a colony: they recorded the date of their arrival, and kept the birth-day of their city. It has been a question recently raised—whence they did come. Müller brings them from the Alps: Mrs. Hamilton Grey, from Africa.* The toga must have been, of necessity, in the country from which they came, for they did not come naked. Had the haïk been then as now restricted to Barbary, I should at once admit the African derivation. But it is traced to Lydia.† A cast of one of the rock tombs in the British Museum, exhibits sculptur-

* Mrs. Hamilton Grey's object has been to make the affiliation coincide with their character; but identifying the inhabitants of Lydia with those of the Holy Land, their derivation from Lydia presents no difficulty.

† Dennis, Etruria, Intr. p. xlii.

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ed groups the size of life, with the colors still remaining, which shows us, as in a mirror, this ancient Phrygian people. There is the toga: it is worn over the head: men and women wear it alike. It is a group of Moors. Two boys appear; the head is shaved, with the exception of a tuft of hair on the crown! one of them carrying the oil bottle and strigil. No other ancient people shaved the head; we only hear of it among the people of Mauritania, and that in respect to the children. The Moors, as I shall show, had the bottle from the earliest times. These boys are perfectly naked, while all the others are dressed. To-day, among Easterns and Mussulmans, and, to their infinite disgust, the Moors alone preserve the ancient practice of bathing naked.

The same peculiarity is observed in the Etruscan tombs: the noble youths served naked at their entertainments. Thus, with the strigil, the toga would serve to suggest Lydia or Lycia as the source of the Etruscans, if Herodotus had not recorded the tradition, or the Etruscans themselves had not claimed this ancestry. This tomb enables me to say that the manners of ancient Phrygia (I use as a general name that of the chief of the states of Asia Minor) are, at the distance of three thousand years, preserved with a fidelity of imitation, or an identity of character, in modern Barbary, such as at the interval of thirty years can scarcely be reckoned on in Europe. The toga and the strigil are indeed common among other people; but the shaving is a peculiarity, the value of which I will show elsewhere; and the preservation, singly in Morocco, of the whole of those features which this tomb presents, must go far to identify the ancient inhabitants of the western districts of Asia and Africa, or the Phrygians and the Brebers, and supports my derivation of the name Africa from Phrygia, which I imagine was given to the latter country, while Breber was given to the Phrygians; that is, that the names, severally preserved in Asia and Africa, were then common to the two countries and people.

Toga, from tego, to cover: ancient as is the epithet, it could not be original, for it was the coat of piece, and they commenced as banditti. They were not a nation, but a city of aliens and refugees. I know not what the Romans could call their own, save the master-spirit of selection and retention, as the Greeks had of curiosity (*περιεργία*) and embellishments.*

* The pallium and the toga were two distinct dresses, but worn together, as the haïk and the sulam, by the Moors, the one is put on for the other, or the one with the other. The paludamentum was a small

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We have traced the course of the haïk along the shores of the Mediterranean; found it clothing Solomon, Hannibal, Pericles, Amalek, and Porsenna. We have carried it back to Hercules, to Abraham, and his fathers before him. Here is a monument of antiquity, to which the Propylæa of Memnon and palaces of Ninus are modern structures. If in Pheleg's time we know the earth was divided, when were the costumes? When the division took place, the original was reserved to the elder stock. If the clothes were varied with the tongues, then again must this one have kept its Edom dialect. Through Babel over the Flood, and dropping there all its associates from among the devices of man, or the works of his hands, it strides backward alone till it reaches the first family's solitary cot, where it grew between Eve's soft fingers. We find it still the chief work in the far West of Eve's fair daughters;—no pauper child has sighed over its fibers, nor have the spindles begun their turning to the dismal tinkling of the factory bell.

Haïks are like leaves of trees—you never see two alike:—as sentences are interminable, yet the syntax one, so have haïks their grammar. They are of all textures—of many substances—plain, striped, yet uniform. Silk and cotton are mixed together; both are mingled with wool; they are alternated in stripes. The texture varies from felt to sarcenet, from coarse blanketing to gauze; there is the massive fold defying the tempest—the gossamer wing trembling with a breath; colors are not excluded, gold is not forbidden. The most beautiful specimen of workmanship and taste I ever saw, was a white haïk with a deep border of gold.

The haïk of the men is absolutely and undeviatingly white. Colors are reserved for children, sometimes also for women, but they are associated always with the idea of indulgence and distinction. Thus was distinguished the daughter of David, Tamar, and this was what aroused the jealousy of Benjamin's brothers, and when the last of the Ptolemies was saluted king of the Romans, he too received from the senate a coat of many colors.

To put on the haïk, it is dropped on the ground; one corner is lifted and brought over the left shoulder, and held upon the breast by the right hand. Then, by stepping backward, the fold passes behind, and is brought under the right arm round in front. Another step across it, and it is behind again; then taken by both hands outstretched, it is brought over the head, measured so as to be left hanging low enough on both sides for

haïk, worn ovor the armor and fastened on *either* shoulder with a brooch, like the Scotch plaid; it was not so long as the plaid, and hung down.

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the play of the arms. The end is then thrown over the left shoulder and hangs down the back. There are no ties, no buttons, no separate parts: the drapery is wrapped round with the sole fastening of its own folds. Dispensing with so many adjuncts, it supersedes all intermediaries. It is made under the tent; there is no tailor wanted; no shopman, no dealer, required; this is the link between a national costume and a people's well-being. The Spaniard's cloak, of which the style consists in the lap thrown over the left shoulder, is a mixture of the haik and the bournoos: to this day the Spaniard looks upon the want of a cloak as the want of decent covering;—to be without a cloak is, as it were, to be naked.

Great as is the distance between the attire of Europe and that of the East, not greater is the distance between its magnificence and the dignity of that of Numidia. The excellence of all other costumes resides in their own composition. There is not one which does not strain or coerce the human frame into its own design. The excellence of this is, that it follows nature, neither designing to embellish nor endeavoring to conceal; it reveals, but does not expose; it covers, but does not disguise.

The antique is, however, only present where all the subsidiary garments disappear, and the haïk remains the sole clothing: there protrudes an arm and part of a leg, or the breast is heaved, or sometimes the whole outline of one side is visible; for the drapery is shifted in all conceivable ways, and according to their occupations; so that there are passing before you, and called up, as you look around, all the celebrated statues or groups of antiquity. One of these, which has remained most strongly in my eye, occurred in a boar-hunt. While watching in my cover, a rustling called my attention to a neighboring clump, and there stood an Arab; his gun resting on an edge of rock, his haik unwound from both shoulders, and secured by a cord of plaited palmetto over the shoulder, as is often seen in the ancient statues; the drapery falling behind and extending over the ground; the left limb advanced, slightly bent, and exposed to mid thigh, where the drapery swept to the ground. Here was a statue, and yet a man; not a model set up in a studio, and the form of the antique adapted to a modern musket!

We admire the mechanism of a joint, and then invent clothing which shall deprive it of its play, and ourselves of its use! Here nothing interferes with the freedom of the limbs, or disturbs the mechanism of the frame and its action. It is plastic to the hand, to relax or gird, as the occasion may require.

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Each figure as he stands before you is a statue, and each change of attitude, a study.

When we raise a statue to a hero, we eschew our own dress—the dress he wore. Our fancy weaves for him a haik: we borrow the majesty of its large folds, although we have never beheld the splendid simplicity of its dead color. It is the dress for kings and patriarchs.*

The exposure of the body to the air does not give the impression of cold in the way that those whose clothing has a similar character or integuments will suppose; whoever has worn the kilt will know this. The fact is, that the air supplies warmth, and when freely circulating round the body, a sort of respiration takes place through the skin, which, while conducive to strength and health, supplies that light and agreeable sensation which belongs to a costume, where there is clothing enough to secure warmth, and freedom enough to admit air. Of the value of this freedom we have a striking illustration at home, and to which no other country in Europe affords a parallel. The butcher-boys and the Blue-coat school-boys go about without that covering to, or protection for, the head, which for all other degrees, and in all other countries, is deemed essential to health and comfort. Do they suffer from being bareheaded? No. What then is the value of our prophylactics, and what do we know about the management of ourselves? Nay, children suffering from all sorts of diseases and weakness are cured, and they cease to complain when their heads cease to be covered. As to comfort, they all prefer it, as every one does prefer the simplest things, when, by some accident, the chain is broken of that servitude of manners which we have forged for ourselves.

Now that we have our portraits taken by the sun's rays, and numberless scientific men are tracing the effects of light on the functions of animals and the growth of plants, separating the

* The finery of a modern Moorish grandee is thus described by Mr. Hay: "The bashaw was reclining on a rich carpet, supported by round velvet cushions, embroidered in gold. He was dressed in a pale green caftan, over which was a fine muslin robe. He had wide trowsers, of a light-colored yellow cloth. His girdle was of red leather, embroidered in silk, with a silver clasp. He wore on his head the common Fez cap, circled by a white turban, and over all fell a transparent haïk of the finest texture. In his hand he held a rosary. His manners were graceful and gentlemanly, and a pleasant smile gave an agreeable expression to his features. The father of this potentate was bashaw over half the empire, and proved a good friend to the English during the war on the Peninsula, when we depended much on West Barbary for the supply of our armies, and also of our fleets in the neighboring seas."—*Western Barbary*, p. 110.

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parts of rays, and finding in them agencies of so many, so powerful, and such distinct kinds—it may not be absurd to speak of the merit of a costume that admits to the body light, as well as air. We are always in the dark. On light and heat a series of experiments have been reported to scientific societies by fifty philosophers; but none of them has ever thought of letting his own toes see the sun. Modern science always overpowers me with melancholy—so much light in the focus, and such darkness in the hemisphere! Contrast the majestic ignorance of primeval times; then, grand with so much ease; now, with so much toiling, mean.

Those members which have to support the weight of the rest, deserve peculiar care, and might even claim exclusive favor, but they are more wretched than the rest. Our poor feet are doomed to a dark dungeon, from the cradle to the tomb. Never are they suffered to look upon the sun, never allowed for a moment to touch the earth; once a day, perhaps, for a few moments, they get a glimpse of the subdued light of a closed chamber, or perceive round corners of a table, the artificial glare of a wax taper; that respite over, they are straight again, rammed down into their cases. After this, they are vilified; their very name is mentioned with repugnance, and their sight associated with indecency. No revolution is to set them free, no change of fashion to break their chains: hopeless drudgery, unrequited toil, supercilious scorn are their fate, and the care which is bestowed upon them is to pervert their nature, to disfigure and deform them, and make them even to themselves a shame. The man is no gainer, who treats his feet with such injustice; and the costume no slight benefit which prevents him from doing so.

If the standard of taste sink, we expect from the gifted spirit an effort to raise it. Alas! it is they who weigh upon and degrade it. The workshop of the artist:—does one recall the figures which adorn a Moorish encampment?

But the heaping up of drapery, and the loading of gold "for effect," which the royal academician steps back to admire, leaves the end of costume out of view. That end must be attained in all perfection. It must be a clothing for the figure, as well as a drapery for the eye; and of this no artist—and indeed no master—has had the thought. As to color, it is the same, with the exception of the appropriation of blue and white in the Spanish school to the vesture of the Virgin. There is no more discrimination exhibited in a gallery of master-pieces, than in a tailor's or a milliner's shop, and, in fact, the cant of the virtuoso has passed to the showman in the shop.

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How different the Greeks! Their draped statues still exist: their paintings have disappeared, but a Roman critic bewailing the same confusion, points out to his compatriots, the primitive* colors of the master-pieces of Apelles, Protogenes, Zeuxis, and Theron.

But the sensitiveness of the poet may have supplied the blank left by the artist, or virtuoso. I take one as a specimen. "The Greek," says Schiller, "is to the greatest degree accurate, true, and circumstantial in his descriptions; but he shows no more heartfelt interest in the beauties of Nature, than in the account of a dress, a shield, or a preparation for war." No more! If he felt for the beauties of nature, as he did for his costume, his armor, and the great event of war, how immeasurably would he have left behind the modern German's whining sentimentalism about rainbows and groundsel. To this the German and the modern are reduced, because war has become a secret and a trade; our weapons a matter of commissariat, and costume—a covering fit for apes.

* The rule laid down by Pliny may be observed in the two groups in the Alhambra. Selection of color, and *representation* of color are different things, which if Fuseli had perceived, he would not have given himself the trouble to show that Pliny did not understand what he spoke about.

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CHAPTER IV.

A BOAR-HUNT.

We thought we might now dispense with the precautions to secure our property before going to rest, to which we had been hitherto constrained; but were surprised, while making our beds, at the sheik's entering with a heavy chain to secure our fowling-pieces round the tent-pole. Intending to convey a compliment, we resisted; but he got angry. He did not understand suspicion of his Turks, and understood nothing else of any other people. The chain for picketing our horses would have served for the anchor of a boat of ten tuns. Every horse is secured with iron: there is either a shackle to two feet or a chain to one leg; the end under the master's pillow, although in the inside of a circle, which no one can enter without passing through a tent or between two, in each of which there is at least one dog. One lives thus in constant extremes. The same person is at one moment the object of affection and confidence, at another of fear and suspicion. The Arab lives in the full glare of the light of the passions; as he is a statue in figure, so is he an epic in his mind. It is not only not base to rob, but, as one of them expressed it, "to carry off a horse is a sign of being a man;" yet this man was trusty as a sword, and faithful as a dog. So the basis of all law resides in contract—not the "contract social" of Jean Jacques, but the real word of man, surely known and truly pledged—in a word, the third commandment.

This contract is contained in the salutation. The "salem alillum" is a preliminary and a question. "Is there peace?"—on the affirmative, the salutation follows.* The Turk has con-

* "Their manner of saluting the stranger is the same as that of the Jewish patriarchs, and of the people among whom they lived, as described in the Old Testament. When a stranger approaches the tent of an Arab, he begins by examining to which side it is turned, then bringing himself opposite the entrance, he approaches with slow steps, until he has come within a hundred paces; then he stops, with his arm in his hand, ready for defense. He turns his back to the tent, and waits till

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verted into a distinction between creeds, that which was the parley on the approach of two disciplined bodies.

Our word *greeting* comes from the mutual hailing of the seaking's ships. "I greet with grith;" we translate "I greet with peace." Greet has still preserved in the North its original meaning—of crying or hailing.

Two Greek lines have preserved to us a distinction between the forms of the Arabs and the Phœnicians, which throw light on their respective character. The latter had dropped the "Salam" as not requisite for their avocations and mode of life—

Ἀλλ' εἰ μὲν Σύρος ἐσσὶ Σαλάμ, εἰ δ' οὖν σύγε Φοῖνιξ
Ἀδδονες, εἰ δ' Ἕλλην χαῖρε, τὸ δ' αὐτὸ φράσον.*

Nothing is more dignified than the dumb show of a Mussulman in salutation. The right arm is raised and the open hand is laid upon the breast. Such a habit would make any people graceful and courtly. This is the common form; the more refined is called "Gemenas,"† and consists in carrying the hand to the mouth, touching the lips with the points of the fingers and then the forehead with a simultaneous inclination of the head and body—the meaning is vulgarly interpreted, "I kiss your words and treasure them up in my brain." This is the salute to a superior. To an inferior, the hand is carried to the lips and then to the breast, or it is raised to the breast only—the shades are infinite.

The visit ended by a discussion upon government. It was

he is seen, and some one approaches him; he then prostrates himself twice to the earth, and adores. On this a man of the tent takes water in a wooden vase, and advances toward him;—it is generally the chief of the family who does so, or his eldest son; and if there are no men, it is one of the women advances with the vase, or something else, to eat or drink, if they have it; if not, they bring a skin or a piece of wove stuff, to accommodate the stranger. When they have come within a few paces of him they say, 'Is it peace?' and he answers, 'It is peace;' and then they say each to the other, 'May peace be with you and your family, and all that you possess.' Then touching each with his right hand the hand of the other, they carry it to their lips, which is as much as if they kissed each other's hand. I presume it is from this custom that has come the complimenting use among the Spaniards, who on meeting say, 'I kiss your hand;' and if to a lady, 'I kiss your feet.'"—RILEY.

* Meleag. Anthol. l. 3, c. 25.

† There may be some connection with the jemmas of the Greeks, as designating the salutation with which such holy places were entered. To "adore" is to carry the hand to the lips. The Indians adore the sun by standing up, not as we do by kissing the hand.—PLINY. The modern Greek uses προσκύνω for the Turkish jemmas. In any modern language a periphrase would be requisite.

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always the same question—does the sultan of the Christians seize the property of a man because he is rich? When answered in the negative, they smiled and remained satisfied (because they themselves know no other evil) that we enjoy the most perfect felicity. Then, after a pause the inquiry will come—if there be any chance of the English occupying their country? Such things are apt to lead Europeans into the mistake of fancying such a country easily conquered.

In the morning we started in a southerly direction to visit a spot from which the sheik had formerly brought a remarkable specimen. We found the block from which he had taken it lying in a field. I was giving directions to dig around that I might ascertain whether it was *in situ;* when they, fancying I desired to move it, dispatched a messenger for a couple of camels. While I was at work, a sulam fell over me, and on clearing myself and looking up, I saw a stranger on horseback, and found myself bound to refuse no favor he should ask. Elisha and Elijah immediately came before me. Elisha, when the mantle is thrown on him, asks no questions, but leaves his twelve pair of oxen. The stranger said, "Cure me." I answered, "God alone can cure." He then took his sulam, and, throwing it over my shoulders, brought the collar part of it close round my neck, and kissed my head. If a criminal can throw a sulam on the sultan, or on the ground before him, he has taken sanctuary and can not be put to death.

Soon afterward I observed some singular black rocks, which proved to be masses of iron: close by there was a hard limestone containing very fine and beautiful madrepores. Two thick layers of the metal stood up in fragments some feet above the ground. We traced it in one direction for about three miles, when it was again covered by the horizontal sand-stone. They told us that in the other direction the same black stone was found in great quantities; in fact, in the cultivated fields the stones were iron, realizing to the latter the description of the Promised Land—a land flowing with milk and honey, where the stones are iron, and from the hills of which copper* is melted. We found a good deal of slag, but the working had been merely superficial. I afterward obtained a specimen of lead from the same neighborhood.

We returned to our home in another place. We had left the camp crowning a knoll. We found it in the evening settled on a plain. Two other douars along our route had also moved, and in the same direction, and we passed one of the migrating

* In Sus they run copper by lighting fires.

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bodies. There were neither men nor horses, nor any cattle used in tillage. These were, as usual, employed in the fields. This business belonged to the women and children. The tents and utensils were laden on the spare cows and camels. Every creature that could carry, from the camel to the goat, was put in requisition, and you might see, as when flying before Pharaoh, "their kneading-troughs in their clothes upon their backs." The men returned from their work in the field, without the loss of an hour, to their new abode. By these removals the country for five miles was like a fair. The pasturing flocks, too, were falling in; and at our new pitching ground we had five douars within two miles. We counted them, as if they had been so many vessels that had taken shelter in the same creek with ourselves.

We diversified our geological pursuits by dragging a valley for boars, but were unsuccessful: they were, however, round us in thousands; their digging and rooting equaled the plowing of the natives. We could not take ten steps in any direction without walking on the earth they had recently turned up, and their industry was prosecuted to within a hundred paces of the douar. It was with some difficulty that we regained our geological specimens, for the Arabs had entered into the spirit of the science, which consists in making collections. The expedition reminded me of Dr. Buckland's equestrian lecture at Oxford. Hitherto a scrutinizing look at a stone had been supposed to endanger a man's head.

I feel some compunction in obliterating what to my fellow-travelers are absurd prejudices; to me they are valuable records, like the disregarded fragments of some antediluvian creature, by which at the opposite sides of the globe the parts of a common stratum may be identified. This same prejudice guarded against Phœnician and Carthaginian the mineral wealth of Mauritania, while they were ravaging that of Spain. In the settlement of Mauritania made by Augustus, which was followed by four centuries of repose and prosperity, no traces of its mineral wealth appear, while the Roman world was supplied periodically with wheat from its fields. An ancient law forbade the working of gold and silver mines within the confines of Italy. There was reason in this. The facilities we have devised for centrating wealth have rendered of easy accomplishment things which men, had they been wise, would have surrounded with every obstruction. Until the funding system commenced, wars of aggression could be carried on only by a government which possessed a

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store of gold.* It was not, therefore, merely the depopulation of a district which was associated with the working of mines, but the loss of liberty; for the conqueror abroad became inevitably the tyrant at home.

For the purposes of commerce Africa required no gold. Throughout that region there is to be found a process for adjusting exchange, at once the most simple and the most perfect; such as the plainest man would have first hit upon, such as the profoundest mathematician would have at last devised. It is a "standard of value." I mean not that perversion to which we give the name, but an ideal standard in which all objects are alike rated, be they money, be they merchandise.

In my anxiety to entertain my geological companions, I was nearly involving the community in war. I had given directions for sheep to be bought for the party for supper. They came to me presently to say that the sheep were ready, but that the people would take no money. I then sent a Jew servant of Mr. Seraya, to one of the other douars to buy them. Soon after there was a great commotion. Seeing him return with the sheep, and suspecting the intention, several of our tribe had run for their muskets, and sallied forth to drive the other people back who presumed to sell food to their guests.

A boar-hunt was settled for next morning. The plow was abandoned, and every man mustered with his gun. Preceded by a tamborine, we marched along the front of the other douars, and each poured forth its troop, amid great and fierce excitement. There was yelling, running, and firing. My course was impeded by the sick and maimed who were brought and laid down before me. I could do nothing for them; and they were only jostled by the crowd. After we had cleared the douars, we were summoned to the top of a tumulus. A circle was cleared, and a man of another tribe came forward; they all held up their hands in the attitude in which the Tyrian Hercules is represented, and following the chief or priest, pronounced these words, "In the name of God, we, this day, are brothers; if any man's hand be on his neighbor, may the hand of the Most Merciful be on him; if no man has evil thoughts, may

* "Blest paper credit! last and best supply!
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold, imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
Can pocket states, can fetch and carry kings.
A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
Or carry statesmen to some distant shore;
A leaf like —'s scatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes as the wind shall blow."—Pope.

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our work be prospered." The beaters, of whom there were about a hundred boys and old men, were told off, and we set forward, with nearly four hundred guns, dropping parties to crown the winding heights. The station assigned to us was the brow of a hill! I started without parley for the gorge below, but as soon as the soldiers divined my intention, they (having come mounted) gave me chase as if I had been an escaped felon. There was no want of boars; we saw them hopping out of our way, and they all, of course, got off. Not often has a pig kept so much good company waiting without disappointing any one of his supper; for if we had killed a score not one of the party would have cooked a morsel.

Mr. Seraya having early withdrawn, I remained among this concourse the whole day without the means of understanding or uttering a single word, and yet, though I was not aware of it at the time, this was the wildest people in the whole of Morocco. There was nothing here of the fanaticism or hatred of Europeans which characterizes those of the north. They did not so much as know the common terms of abuse which in Mussulman countries are applied to Christians. They gave us and received from us the salutation of peace. As we were returning, they were all picking up flat stones about the size of a man's hand, and one after the other came to me with his stone. I had no means of comprehending what they said, and imagined that this was an effect of the expedition of the day before, and that they had all been bitten by the geological mania. We presently assembled in a little dell, and they went and threw their stones on the opposite side. One of these was set up on an old stump, and I saw what we were to be about. We sat down in a semicircle, in front of which each in succession, taking off his shoes, advanced, and after saluting the company, fired, and then again saluted and withdrew. There was no avoiding the trial. They set for us the very smallest stones, and we fired without advancing from our places. M. L. and myself hit the mark in succession, and were vociferously commended, but we declined a second trial. Their muskets might be called rampart pieces. To cock one of their guns (there is no half-cock) is like arming an arbalette, or stringing a bow. In taking aim, they stretch out the left arm as far as they can reach, and hold out the right elbow higher than the ear, and in this awkward attitude are a long time leveling.

After a good deal of powder had been expended, a great many stones shattered, and a great many jokes cracked on those who missed them, we wended our way back to the douar, from

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which, with all the marching, running, scaling of steep sides, and plunging into deep dells, we had not been five miles distant during the whole day.

On our return a dance was proposed, and carried by acclamation. An old woman set about pulling up the lilies, and clearing from other encumbrances, a piece of sward outside the circle. Two girls rushed up with kuscoussoo sieves to beat as tamborines;—these are sheep's skin, pierced with holes, and called sonag.* A woman seizing one of the cooking jars drew off her slipper, and striking the open mouth with it, we had at once a tum-tum. The girls and women danced to the sieves and the jar, but beating time, as well as all the company, with their hands, and uttering a cadenced cry. The shuffling of feet was most extraordinary, all pressing into the center round the chief performer, who sang and rattled a tamborine. The dance was interrupted while he sang, and then they kept marking time by their hands meeting alternately at the height of the face and breast. The whole party joined in beating time and singing the choruses.† The singer commenced each stanza with that peculiar and indescribable, though never-to-be-forgotten, bird-like jerk of the head, with which the Spanish dancers throw off. Here in the germ was all the Spanish castanet dance, song, &c.

It being proposed to stop, the girls exclaimed "Not till the

* Pennant saw in the island of Rum (1769) the *Quern* or *Bra* in use, and "instead of a hair sieve to sift the meal, they have an ingenious substitute, a sheep's skin stretched on a hoop, and bored with small holes, made with a hot iron." "Singing at the quern" was then out of date, the laird compelling them to grind at his mill, and the miller being empowered to break the querns wherever he found them.

† "As soon as the evening breeze begins to blow, the song resounds throughout all the land. It cheers the despondency of the wanderer through the desert; it enlivens the social meeting; it inspires the dance, and even the lamentations of the mourner are poured forth in measured accents. Their poetry does not consist in studied and regular pieces, such as, after previous study, are recited in our schools and theaters: they are extemporary and spontaneous effusions, in which the speaker gives utterance to his hopes and fears, his joys and sorrows. Specimens are wanting of the African verse; yet, considering that its effusions are numerous, inspired by Nature, and animated by national enthusiasm, they seem not unlikely to reward the care of the collector. The few examples actually given favor this conclusion. How small a number among our peasantry could have produced the pathetic and affecting lamentation, which was uttered in the little Bambarra cottage over the distresses of Park! These effusions, handed down from father to son, contain all that exists among them of traditional history. From the songs of the Jellemen of Soolimani, Major Laing was enabled to compile the annals of this small kingdom for more than a century."—*Discovery and Adventure in Africa*, p. 350.

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cows come home." So off they went again until the sun dipped under the horizon. The crowd dispersed in an instant, not, however, before we had thrown some coins into the tamborine. The ministrel gallantly distributed them to the girls who had distinguished themselves. Some one brought him a skirt full of raisins and walnuts, which were heaped into his sieve. This he distributed among the younger portion of the audience. There was then a good deal of kissing of his head and hands, and so we dispersed. I afterward learned that the castanet is in use among the tribes of the interior.* They have also a castanet of metal, and double. The striking of the hands is not, as in other parts of the East, the hollow of the fingers of the right hand upon the palm of the left; it is the two palms that are brought to make a sharp clack. They produce a variety of sounds and exhibit a variety of evolutions.

Living in a circle engenders peculiar habits. When a man is wanted (as was often the case in arranging hunting parties), his name is called quietly, as you sit within your canvas walls, thus: "Eh! Hamed!" If there is no answer, the call is repeated; then some one in the next tent takes it up, and right and left you hear "Eh! Hamed," and round it goes till the man is found. If you want to buy any thing, you go into the middle of the circle, and call out, "Who has milk to sell?—let him come." "Who has eggs?"†

In the center of each douar, there is a tent set apart as a mosk, with a fire burning before it, and there we were without difficulty admitted while our tent was getting ready. It is also used as a school as—late and early—we could testify. If Arabs are not taught foreign tongues, they do learn to use their own. Each douar besides its sheik has its cadi and priest or schoolmaster. The tents of the persons of distinction are black, the others brown; there are white marks upon them, to distinguish respective ranks; *seven* for the principal.

The tent covering is in the longest forty feet, and somewhat less than twenty in width. It is in stripes lengthways, for the convenience of carriage. This cover is stretched over a transverse bar, supported by two upright poles in the form of the Greek letter *Π*, under which generally hangs a curtain which divides the tent into two parts, each about fifteen feet square. The poles are ten or twelve feet high, the extremities of the covering coming

* Castanets.—Crotona are found in Egyptian tombs.—Dennis, vol. ii. p. 45.

† Compare this with Rev. xxii. 17: "And let him *that heareth* say, Come," &c.

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to within two feet of the ground, where sometimes bundles of rushes are placed. The tent may be easily enlarged by adding a stripe or more to the covering, and then stretching out the hanging parts, but that would require the uprights and the pins to be strengthened. Thus, Isaiah (chap. liv. 2), "Enlarge *the place of thy tent*, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations: spare not; lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes."

The stripes are unlaced when they remove their encampment, and rolled up. The length of the tent is facing the center of the circle. The form seems to have undergone a change. The gable, which is now transversely placed, must have formerly run through the length. At least so alone could the description of Sallust be correct, "Oblonga incurvis lateribus tecta, quasi navium carinæ." The tents were formerly transported on wagons.

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CHAPTER V.

THE TENT AND "HOME."

FEW sounds awaken more pleasing associations than the tent of the Arab. Palace, castle, tower, call up visions of events; but "tent" drives the imagination back upon itself to discover in its own nature the resemblances and the method of the noblest men and the simplest manners. The tent, not the camel, is the ship of the desert; the movable home that makes the strangest spot familiar, the wildest habitable. One other word alone can be placed beside it—our English "*Home*."

Engaged in this reflection I inquired the Arabic name, and was answered, *Heyme!* Home is in English an exotic. It is used adverbially as well as substantively. It applies in a manner inconsistent with a fixed abode, and evidently pertains to the system of Celtic ministry and nomade habits, rather than to feudalism. It belongs to a family with a movable habitation.

Home stands by itself as the name of a place—"Ham House," "the Ham Town," as in North*ham*pton, Notting*ham*, Bucking*ham*, *Ham*pstead. I had observed that such names generally applied to a low, or a protected site. In the Highlands of Scotland, within the memory of man, the pasturage was distributed between the two seasons; the cattle being taken to the higher regions in the summer, the lower portions being reserved for their support during the winter. The *shieling* was erected for the farm service in the summer; the homestead, or *hame*, was the winter abode: I had, therefore, concluded that home or hame was derived from *hyems*. I had been struck by a similar analogy in the Turkish word for castle, *kishla*, from *kish*. Winter was first applied to the solid buildings of the winter farm as contrasted with the *yazin*, or light shielings erected on the summer pasturage.

This word, so peculiarly English, is not confined to England. It is used nearly in our adverbial sense throughout the north of Europe, and in our topographic sense in France. There is *Ham*,

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de Ham, as the names of places, and every village is their *hameau*.

In Africa we have the same thing. *El Ham*, the name of a place (Algeria). *Hamma* (Breber) for village, or quarter of a town. In Judæa, *hammoth*, *hamma*, Laga.* The home of Arab independence is *Tihama*.†

There could not be in French, English, German, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, and Breber, a word implying both a state of weather and a habitation, by accident. In the early times there was no difficulty in transferring usages and names. Each region was not replenished, nor each tongue complete.

Hayme may come either from heat or cold; it may mean "the hot" or "the shady" place. Chem or Ham, also, is hot. Ham was the name given to Egypt from its black soil. In northern India, Hima is cold.‡ Home serves as protection against cold and snow—against sun and heat. The tent may appear to us, with our city habits, the most primitive of dwellings; but in considering the matter I should, I think, have arrived at an opposite conclusion, even if we had not had another distribution laid down in the oldest of books. There is first the emblem of a garden—a refuge under its bowers; next, in the person of Cain, comes the planting of seeds; then follows close, Abel tending the most peaceable of milk-giving animals—sheep. A third generation arrives, who make dwellings: they build a city. A period of multiplication elapses, and then Adah bears unto Lamech, Jabal, the "father *of such as dwell in tents and have cattle.*" The nomade life was, therefore, a variety; and the subjecting of cattle to the plow, was the second agricultural state, where wandering and shepherd tribes settled themselves down on pleasant lands which they had discovered, or in territories they had overrun. Jabal's brother was Jubal, the inventor of the harp and minstrelsy. Joyousness then followed the tent; and immediately after comes industry with its forges and its cares, its sweats and profits; and Tubal Cain taught

* The Jews, even after their sojourn of centuries in the Holy Land did not lose the habit of dwelling in tents, and probably, as here, there was a city and a nomade population; as, for instance, "The dwellers in tents," Psa. lxxxiii. 6. "The tents of Israel," Zech. xii. 7. "The tents of Kedar," Song i. 5.

† "Tihama, the abode of the sons of Maad. There they came for the winter."—*Song on the death of Koulayb.* Tihama is derived from تهم Taham. See Edressi, *Georg.*; Drummond's *Origines*, vol. iii. p. 260. Ham'am—bath—is derived from the same word.

‡ An equally near approach is *caldo*, cold. In the Greek, *Phrygia*, "burnt up"—the Latin, *frigus*.

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men to smelt and puddle, and presented them with brass and steel.

The Moorish tent is quite different from the Arab. It is of white cotton, and of the ordinary form of the officers' tent in all European armies. The curtain is more upright, and the roof slants up. The mechanism is different. The cover and the curtain are in separate parts. The roof spreads out with a fringe hanging round it; if shade only is required the curtains are not added. It stands as a large umbrella; the stem nine or ten feet high, and the top thirty feet in circumference. Against high winds they have guys or stays, which, like our cables of a ship, they lay out to windward. The operation of pitching commences with securing those stays, which are three in number; then the cords of the umbrella are spread, and then the curtain is fitted round. It is between five and six feet deep, of double cloth, strengthened by thin rods like the bones of ladies' stays, and one to each cord of the roof. This curtain is in one piece—is carried in a roll, and when fitted, the roll is set upright, and the right side of the place left for the door, and so unwound and laced all round till it is brought to the door on the other side; it is then fastened below by small pegs. There is a strong binding round the top, and this with the rods give solidity to the edifice, without in any perceptible degree increasing the weight or cumbersomeness for carriage. It is much more easily managed from being in two parts, and the superior and movable stays are of the greatest advantage. Having cut out tents, and having more than once had to repair the loss of them by the work of my own servants, I am, perhaps, qualified beyond most dwellers in houses to speak on the subject. Puting aside magnificence or grandeur, and having in view use and adaptation, I may say I never knew what a tent was until I had seen those of Morocco.* It is ornamented with a golden ball; the flaming sword on the cloths of the roof and the valance imitates the crenelated top of a battlement. The color of these devices is blue.

In the description of the Jewish Tabernacle we have exactly the Moorish manner of pitching. Blue is the first color mentioned: purple and red follow. But these may have been added as distinctive to the sacred tent, as they were to the priestly garments; and as blue distinguished the common clothing of the Israelites, so might it be expected to be the mark of his tent. The manner of lacing the curtain to the roof is precisely

* I find that this is much the plan used in India, even to the ornaments.

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that described in Exodus, xxv. 45: "Thou shalt make loops of blue upon the edge of the one curtain from the selvage in the coupling, and also on the other curtain. Fifty loops shalt thou make in the one curtain, and fifty loops shalt thou make in the other, so that the loops shall take hold of one another." These fifty loops were to be of the length of twenty-eight cubits, so that they would be ten inches apart. This is precisely the manner in which the curtain of the Moorish tent is fitted to the roof, loop through loop all the way round, and the loops are not far from the above distance; and, probably, in the larger fittings of the sultan's establishment, they coincide with the dimensions laid down by Moses.

While at Rabat I had failed in every endeavor to see the Sheriffean encampment. I at last was gratified, as on quitting the city we passed through it. I, however, neglected to take note of it in these nightly memoranda, having been too absorbed by the new life that was presented to me.

Ten thousand cavalry—the horses picketed close down, or rather packed, in front and rear of the line of tents—were encamped in one enormous and unbroken figure. It was an oblong, lengthways stretching east and west. The center was kept clear and unencumbered, and there stood the sultan's tents, though untenanted by him: the appearance presented was that of a miniature fortress, in the center of a clear esplanade—the wall or curtain about nine feet, the turrets at the corners a little more; the cornices pointed to represent the crenelated battlements. Over this the tops of seven or eight turrets appeared, their golden balls glittering in the sun.

After the description I have given of the curtains or wall of my own tent, stiffened with lath and pointed to imitate a battlement, this inclosure of the sultan's will be easily understood, and it corresponds, even to the dimensions, with that which surrounded the tabernacle of the Jews in the wilderness, which was a hundred cubits long, fifty broad, and five high; the length was also from east to west.

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