

IN TANGIER'S STREETS.

FOUR NATIONS HAVE AN EYE ON NORTHERN AFRICA.

Something About the People Seen in the Ancient City—Their Customs, Habits and Manners—An Interesting People Graphically Described.

(Progress Special Correspondence.)

The present "revolt of the tribes" in Morocco, though doubtless overestimated in importance, renders a tour of adventure to the interior by any white man from Tangier an impossible performance. It also brings sharply to mind many recent prophecies, from highest European diplomatic sources, of the early disintegration of this the last barbaric sultanate of ancient Mauritania.

At least four great European powers are concerned in the acquisition of all northern Africa.

The present so-called revolt is locally attributed to the exactions of the Bashaw of Tangier. These are no worse nor better than they have always been. In any event the four powers—Italy, France, Spain and England—are eagerly alert for the possibilities in all new moves in northern Africa; and Morocco, the last remaining empire of barbarism of ancient Mauritania, is doomed. The glitter and clink of an hundred thousand *chassepot* rifles girdle it on the east and south. Open-mouthed cannon complete the circle on the north and west. Strangely enough civilization often confronts barbarism in this way. There is not at this moment a break in its circling impact. The inevitable and restless pressure may come before these words can find their place in print. It may not come before the century is done. But is no less inevitable. Then Morocco will be transformed, like Algiers, into a paradise of health and plenty, and beyond it, even to the wild Sudan, the oases of the waterless wastes of Sahara shall bloom and blossom in all the glorious luxuriance of a glowing Cuban valley.

Until then, from any standpoint this weird old city must remain a place of the rarest interest. No one can tell its age. The seiges, pillages and pestilences it has withstood are heartrending. It is the most Moorish of all Moorish cities. Decaying, ruinous, hoary, it has still clung, though but twenty miles from Christian Europe, to its primitive customs closer than Tunis, Alexandria or Cairo. Costume, custom, faces, utensils and food of scriptural times are here precisely as they were known in Oriental cities 2,000 years ago.

Taking your stand midway between the harbor and the Soc-de-Barra, study with me these strange and varied tides of human travel crowding in either direction. There is suppressed excitement in the face of all owing to the constant exaggerated rumors of the possible action of the mountain tribes, and what may be done by the Sultan, if he can take a moment from the charms of his thousand wives, to oppose their threatened sedition. Aside from this all things in Tangier go on as they have each day for many an hundred years.

This group comprises a half dozen Mozabites. They are Syrians by descent, and are believed to be identical in race with the Scriptural Moabites. They are the fiercest money makers of Morocco, and are butchers, grocers, bakers, anything for riches. Their greed is prompted by a curious ambition. That is to gain independence and return to their homes at Hammada Chebka, a little oasis surrounded by lofty rocks in the most arid and burning portion of central Sahara. To sometime return rich to Hammada Chebka, the Mozabite will work and starve half a lifetime. His wife wears the *adjar* or veil, like the Arab woman, but her *haik* (shawl or wrap) which covers her head, falling nearly to her feet, is of blue and white checked stuff, similar to that worn by negroes in Tangier.

Behind them are a score of negroes. They are on their way to their masters' homes from the market of Soc-de-Barra. You may find any day hundreds more like them as helpers at the market. One is chanting some wild song of the jungles, and she is now and then encouraged by shrill cries of "Jaleo!—Jaleo!" from her companions. They are indescribably ugly, with short, puffy bodies, tremendous heads and short, hunched necks, lumpy cheeks and square jaws, nostrils flattened back almost in a line with the facial angle; and lips like a pair of ebonyed conch shells. Their haiks are always of the blue and white checked variety, intensifying the lustre and depth of color of their coal black skins.

But here is a bevy of Jews on their way to the place of customs at the water-side, on some errand connected with the importations, and a few Jewish women are with them. There are 3,000 of these folk in Tangier, and not one is poor.

The women in their company give an excellent example not only of the beauty of the female members of this race as they are found near and in the orient, but also of the costumes of the better class of these in Tangiers. Long, straight gowns without drapery and of the richest silk, green, orange or purple, encircled at the waist by cords of silk, gold and silk or chains of pure gold, constitute the sole outer garment, strikingly different from the Arab woman's. Their feet are encased in colored pointed slippers. Each woman wears a black silk scarf, bound tightly across the forehead, gathered closely over the head, falling in delicate folds behind, held in place at the back by great gold or jeweled ornaments. This, with a plain band of spotted white linen drawn tightly across the chin, and a magnificent India shawl carried upon the arm or thrown carelessly across the shoulders, completes the costume of these, the most stately and beautiful women of Tangier.

Besides these there will troop by you hundreds of the Biskris—the scavengers, water-carriers and men-of-all-work of Tangier—bare and shaven headed, fine featured and with splendid form and muscular development. Impish little black-boys of mongrel race who will perform any *diablerie*, from blacking and shining their own faces to plunging an eye out and into its socket, for but one copper *flu* for each exhibition, are dancing about you. Snake-charmers with hideous cobra-de-copelous wound about their filthy bodies will pass you. Necro-

managers who really eat fire as common in the streets as are those who do not at our summer resorts and nickel-shocker museums. Moorish soldiers, barelegged and barefooted, and ever on the trot, skurry past you. Half grown negroes from the Sudan with scant breeches and untanned hides for raiment are here. Venerable Biskris, apathetic as opium-eaters and withered as mummies, pass tremblingly by; while genuine Bedouins, on skinny steeds magnificently caparisoned, eachumping beneath a wondrous burnous, dash recklessly through the crowds.

And still there are trains of donkeys and of camels laden with merchandise for far Berber villages and farther oases of the desert; women with servants in whose baskets are fowls for beheading at the revolting "Negress Sacrifices;" hundreds of Khabyles with leather aprons and shaven heads, their strong wives, unveiled with long chemises reaching to their feet and girdled at the waist with bright sashes, who work with their husbands everywhere and anywhere, provide an ample study of African hill-men; while thousands of the native Arab and Moorish men and women sweep by with swish of robes and jingling jewels and anklets, like weird and softly musical wraiths in white. Some of these are plodding towards khoubas or marabout to mourn beside their dead, or are gliding from home or shop to shadowy mosque to pray.

All architectural beauty is found in carved Moresque archways, among which are many magnificent specimens; in bases and capitals of spiral stone pillars supporting arches, vaulting over which superstructures often shut out the sky. These are in the pure Arab style of 1,000 years ago; about the facades and fountains of numberless fountains set in cool alcoves, projecting unexpectedly from blank walls, or built upright from the center of tiny squares, the only places in all this ancient city where sunlight ever reaches the earth; and behind the massive walls in interiors, whose structural grace and exquisite ornamentation are an endless feast of artistic delight.

The shops of Tangier are all merely tiny niches in the walls. The Moorish merchant enters his little black den through a trap door; lowers the shutter which falls often in steps to the street and sits in the center of his possessions, which are all within reach, voiceless and grave the day long like a forsaken Punch in a pantomime. Every manner of a shop is just like his. In some, workmen are embroidering the white burnous, utilizing their great toes to hold tight the disengaged thread. In others greasy fritters are fried in a solemn and stately manner while one waits. Some display ostrich eggs and native ornaments. Here and there is a seller of herbs and vegetables. Again white-robed and bearded men are surrounded by crates of charcoal and tiny bundles of fagots. In others almost priceless oriental draperies are packed and bunched around a merchant who smokes and dreams as if no thought of traffic ever entered his head.

The ancient and venerable letter and scroll writer has his niche, or chair, at archway side, and waits with that stoic patience only an Indian or a Moslem can command, to indite epistle or trace sacred passage from the Koran upon egg-shell, or on ribbon for some devout one's amulet. Shoemakers squat cross-legged, sewing and hammering upon clippers and sandals only. Bread-sellers crouch against walls and doorways. Groups of swarthy Khabyles with their copper ewers are ever before the gurgling old fountains. Veiled women wriggle and mince to and from market, or khoubas or mosque. Stately Arabs appear and disappear, their flowing robes shutting out the vistas of the narrow streets. Cloth vendors higgie-haggle at the cracks of massive doors barely ajar. Funeral corteges pass on the run—for the dead Moslem arrives in paradise that much more speedily. Girls with dough-covered boards ready for the bakeries are as fleet as the funerals. The donkeys loaded with street-garbage force you against the walls. Other donkeys with panniers packed with fruits, orange-blossoms and roses, fill the shadowy ways with the attars of sunny valleys.

The same weird, wild scenes of semi-barbaric life that were here a thousand years ago are here today, every day, all day, and will remain. And if you wander these ghostly ways at night, all is still, shadowy, silent. You see the white, silent walls about you. You know that white, silent forms whisk past you. And away up there through infinite space you see the white, silent stars looking down.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

How Alaska Indians Dress.

The Indians of the interior of Alaska are not even possessed of the tools they carry all their belongings wherever they go. They are dressed entirely in skins the greater part of the year. Their principal garment is what they call a *parca*. It is a skirt terminating at the top with a hood. It is made of dressed mink or ground squirrel skins, or of the hide of eagles, of moose, or of martens. The hood, which may be made of reindeer skin, is trimmed with wolf fur. The shirts of both sexes are alike, except that those of the women are split up the sides. A knowledge of that fact makes it easy to distinguish one sex from the other. In all else both sexes dress and look alike. The shirts reach below the knees and fall over their moose mocassins, which are, in reality, tights that come up to the waist. Over these again they wear boots of tanned leather or fur. In summer, cotton shirts and drawers and blankets form their costumes. These Indians catch enormous messes of fish with the most primitive hooks made of wood, and capture the squirrels and smaller fur-bearing animals with snares made of eagle's quills.

Buddhist Prayer Wheels.

In the sacred city of Ourga, the headquarters of Mongolian Buddhism, are numerous "prayer wheels," inscribed with prayers and dedication to Buddha, and the more they are turned the more religious they make you. Many of the more devout persons turn smaller wheels held in the left hand while manipulating the large one with the right hand. The curious bits of rags noticed flying above the palisades of the inclosures of this town are "prayer flags." No Mongolian house is without them—the more the better—for each one is supposed to convey a prayer to Buddha.—*Sanish Tidings.*

ADMIRERS OF SAM SLICK.

THE HALIBURTON CLUB HOLDS ITS HUNDRETH MEETING.

A Literary Society that is becoming widely known. A Meeting of Literary Men that was full of interest—Some of the Paper's Read.

An important epoch in the history of the Haliburton society was celebrated in the club room at King's college, Windsor, on Friday evening, January 29th. The occasion for which the large assembly of members had come together to celebrate was the 100th meeting. The executive committee had been preparing for the event for some little time, and the excellent programme presented was the gratifying result of their labors. Besides the large attendance of members, many of whom had come from Halifax and elsewhere, there were present several visitors, among whom was Mr. R. G. Leckie, manager of the London-derry Iron mines, of Londonderry, N. S., his son Mr. R. G. E. Leckie, of Middleton, and the Rev. F. W. Vroom of King's college. Mr. F. Blake Croiton, of Halifax, and Mr. W. D. Lightbail, of Montreal, (the well known author of "Songs of the Great Dominion") were among those members who wrote expressing their regrets at not being able to attend. The popular President of the club, Professor Charles G. D. Roberts, took the chair at about eight o'clock. After reading the minutes and attending to the usual preliminaries, the president addressed a few cordial remarks of welcome to the visitors who responded in appropriate, if somewhat brief speeches. An article on the origin of the "Haliburton" by Mr. C. E. A. Simonds, M. A., of Moncton, N. B., was then read by the Vice-President, Mr. C. G. Abbott. B. A. This paper which dealt with the causes that led to the inception of the club and its early history, was profoundly interesting to the members. Mr. Abbott also supplemented this article with a short sketch replete with useful information and points of interest culled from the minute book of the society.

At the conclusion of this paper the president called for some music and the undergraduates trotted forth one of those ever popular college choruses. Professor Roberts then read a poem of rare merit entitled "The Pagan's Prayer" composed by a distant and very popular Haliburtonian, Mr. Bliss Carman of the editorial staff of the *New York Independent*. Mr. H. A. Jones then convulsed the audience with a song with banjo accompaniment. This effort elicited hearty encore which the good humored performer kindly responded to. The secretary of the club, Mr. W. A. Courtney, then read a well-written paper by Mr. C. S. Martin, B. A., now a lawyer in Boston, U. S. A., on Medieval Punishments. Some of the modes of chastisement were gruesome and ingenious in the extreme, and the members were conscious of a feeling of relief that their lot had been cast in this prosaic nineteenth century. Another college song dispelled the "creeping effect" that the last number on the programme had caused, and then a poem of great originality of conception, though not without a good deal of obscurity here and there, was read by the author, Mr. C. F. Hall, B. A. An excellent paper was then delivered by Mr. G. B. Roberts, B. A., on the "Literary Outlook in Canada." It was marked by strong patriotism and a fervid belief in the capabilities of native talent. This paper should be reproduced in print so as to circulate the sound principles and thoughtful words therein embodied.

As soon as the notes of another rousing song had died away a young undergraduate, Mr. A. B. deMille, read an original story entitled "La Nuit Blanche." This young gentleman is the son of the late author, Professor James deMille of Dalhousie college, Halifax, and has evidently inherited much of his father's brilliant talent. His story abounded in rich humor; was beautifully worded and well wrought out from the beginning to the finish. The president then read a poem from another distant member—Mr. Arthur Wier, B. A. Sc., of Montreal—the well known young author of "The Fleur de Lys and other Poems," etc. His verse is always graceful and musical and this poem was eminently so.

Hon. Mr. Longley, attorney-general of Nova Scotia, then concluded the programme with one of those clever witty speeches for which he is so famous. He said that he had come all the way from Halifax to the meeting, but the excellent programme to which he had listened had well repaid the journey. He was proud of being a member of this society and complimented the resident members on their talent and literary ability. The president had imposed one restriction on him, viz: to abstain from politics and he would religiously strive to do so. He told some funny stories in his inimitable manner and provoked bursts of merriment. He addressed a few earnest words to the young men encouraging them to do all in their power for Canada and her greatness.

On a vote being taken the formal meeting adjourned and the members were entertained to a sumptuous supper by five of the resident "Haliburtonians"—Professor Roberts, Mr. G. B. Roberts, Mr. K. Weatherbe, B. Sc., Mr. Courtney and Mr. Drysdale. After some music and conversation the members joined hands and lustily sang "Alma Mater" and "God Save the Queen." Thus ended a most enjoyable and instructive evening. The "Haliburton" founded eight years ago in memory of the immortal "Sam Slick," a graduate of Kings college, has already won a name for itself throughout Canada as a literary club. It has among its members many of the chief literateurs in the dominion, and is beginning to stamp its impress on much of the literary work now being produced. It has published one annual—"Haliburton; the man and the writer," and another is spoken of. It was incorporated by the provincial legislature in 1889. Its scope was well defined by Mr. Simonds in his article read at the last meeting—"Kings college, Windsor, is its centre, the dominion of Canada its circumference." C. G. A.

A Light Step.

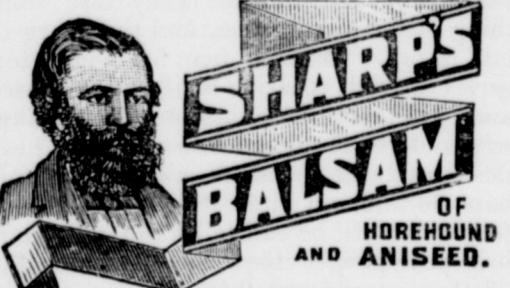
Anybody can have it who will be at the pains to set the foot down right. In that lies all the difference betwixt a thumping, lumping gait, and the light tread that makes people call you "velvet footed." The whole art and mystery lies in a single sentence: Put the ball of the foot down first, throwing the weight upon it, and letting the heel come to the floor the hundredth part of a second after. Treading flat footed—over all the sole at once—the weight comes with a jar that is about equally destructive to quiet, to grace and to shoe leather. By stepping first on the ball, just back of the toes, its cushiony muscles act as a spring, and make walking a double pleasure.—From *Harper's Young People*.

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