







IN MOROCCO  
WITH GENERAL D'AMADE

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

A SUBALTERN'S LETTERS TO  
HIS WIFE

(THE BOER WAR)

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Au major Réginald Raskin  
en souvenir de bons  
jours de campagne.

Son compagnon et ami

gal. G. d'Amant  
Très bien  
J. Waelgh

IN MOROCCO  
WITH  
GENERAL D'AMADE

BY

REGINALD RANKIN, F.R.G.S.

LATE WAR CORRESPONDENT FOR *THE TIMES*

AUTHOR OF "A SUBALTERN'S LETTERS TO HIS WIFE," ETC. ETC.

WITH 35 ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS  
AND A MAP

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1908

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TO  
M. LE GÉNÉRAL  
COMTE D'AMADE

COMMANDANT DE LA LÉGION D'HONNEUR, C.V.O., ETC. ETC.  
LATE MILITARY ATTACHÉ IN LONDON AND IN SOUTH AFRICA

THESE PAGES ARE, BY PERMISSION,  
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

*“The Government not only had every confidence in General d'Amade, but was grateful to him for his brilliant campaign, and for the services he had rendered.”—M. PICHON, Minister for Foreign Affairs, in the Chamber, July 7, 1908.*

*The Times, July 8, 1908.*

212177



## PREFACE

GENERAL D'AMADE'S campaign in the Chaóuiya marks a stage in the evolution of Africa. His army is the first that has ever carried a European flag to victory in the interior of Morocco, or proved to the haughty Moor that none of his strongholds is inviolable.

The long drama has not yet reached its close ; but the historian of the future will recognise in General d'Amade's work another link in the chain of destiny first forged by Charles Martel on the plains of Tours.

I take this opportunity to express my warm gratitude for the kindness and help received, not only, although in greatest measure, from General d'Amade and his staff, but from every officer, non-commissioned officer and man of the force with whom I came in contact.

I have to thank their Excellencies Sir Gerard Lowther, K.C.B., lately H.B.M. Minister, and M. Regnault, French Minister in Morocco, for giving me permission to follow the operations.

To M. Réginald Kann, special war correspondent of the *Temps*, my messmate and comrade, I owe nearly everything of value in the following pages.

He has generously allowed me to avail myself in the freest way of his expert knowledge, and the illustrations, with the exception of Mr. Harris' sketch of Abd-ul-Aziz, are all reproductions of photographs he took in the field.

I would also acknowledge my indebtedness to M. Lewison, Vice-Consul for Belgium at Casablanca, and to Mr. John Lepeen, who kindly gave me materials for the chapter on Trade; to the Reverend Superior of the Franciscan Fathers and to M. Pisa for their information as to Education; and to M. le Commandant Zumbiehl and Mme. la Générale Hervé for assisting me to procure particulars as to the hygiene of the force.

I have to thank Kaïd Sir Harry Maclean, K.C.M.G., for procuring me an audience of H.M. the Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz, and for unbounded kindness and hospitality.

Last and not least I desire to thank my friends Mr. Walter B. Harris, the correspondent of the *Times* at Tangier, and the greatest living authority on Morocco, both for much valuable information, and for the excellent sketch, from memory, of Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz; and Mr. Hubert Reade, who has not only given me valuable suggestions and help, but has been kind enough to revise the whole of the proofs.

The spelling of Arabic words adopted in the text is sure to provoke criticism, and therefore it seems best to carry the war into the enemy's



country. The conventional English spelling of the scene of the French operations—Sháwia—by no means conveys the proper pronunciation to the ordinary mind. It appears to be a relic of the barbarous Doricising of vowels which prompted our educated forbears in India to call *páni* “pawnee,” and *dúk* “dawk,” and which still leads the Cockney to talk of a “lidy” and to invite you to buy the evening “piper.”

“Shaw” conveys roughly “shore,” and nothing else. The first syllable of the word ought, on the other hand, to convey the sound “ow,” like “how” with the “h” dropped. My personal belief is that Chaóuiya, with the “ch” soft as in Charlotte, conveys the sound of the Arabic pronunciation better than any other spelling; and since the proper object of orthography ought to be the reproduction of sounds, not for a small exclusive group of faddy transliterators, but for the great mass of the people, I have adopted the spellings which seem to me best calculated to ensure that end.



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Map to illustrate the operations of the French in the  
  Chaouiya, Jan.—May, 1908 . . . . . *At end of book*

# IN MOROCCO WITH GENERAL D'AMADE

## THE HISTORY OF CASABLANCA

CASABLANCA, the "White House," known by the Arabs as Dar-el-Baida, originally bore the name of Anfa or Anfaté. Like many of the cities on the seaboard of West Africa, it was originally settled by the Carthaginians, who may have been possibly some of the colonists who were brought to these regions by Hanno about 500 B.C. Local antiquaries are much divided as to whether it was ever a Roman settlement; whilst many contend that the frontier of the Roman Empire must be fixed at the river Lixus and Larache, others state that a Roman highroad must have run down the present track between Settat and Marrakesh, and that Roman ruins are to be seen in the great Atlas and on the west as far south as Agadir. However this may be, it is certain that two beautiful gold pieces in a mint state of preservation, dating from Augustus, were dug up in the town about twenty years ago; whilst when a well was being sunk in the Dutch Consul's garden the workmen had to

## 2 GENERAL D'AMADE IN MOROCCO

break through two pavements of mosaics separated by a layer of earth 12 feet thick.

The country round has often been convulsed by earthquakes. Sallee, sixty-three miles up the coast, perished when Lisbon was destroyed in 1755, and old tradition speaks of fire and sparks having been seen issuing from the rocks at the little landing-haven of Sidi Belliot, north-east of the town. Hence these discoveries may point to the destruction of the Roman settlement by some such catastrophe.

Anfa was a flourishing town in the Middle Ages, and beat off a Portuguese fleet in 1498; but in 1515 it fell into their hands, and with the neighbouring districts like Mediouna remained Portuguese territory until about 1730, when it was laid waste by an earthquake and evacuated. The Sultan of Morocco of the day hailed the event as miraculous, and in 1740 ordered the city now recovered by Islam to be rebuilt, all the Kaïds of the neighbourhood being obliged to construct their houses in it, just as in Norman days the great landowners near any fortress were forced to establish themselves with part of their following within its walls.

Casablanca, as the place had been rechristened by the Portuguese, possibly from the large fort of white stone, which till the French disembarkment was used by the Governor as a prison, had never been a very profitable possession to Portugal. Like Tangier when in English hands, it was unceasingly



attacked by the neighbouring tribes, and became comparatively useless even as a trading centre. In Moorish hands the commerce became Spanish, and was mainly centralised in the hands of the Company of the *Cinco Gremios* or "Five Granaries," the ruins of whose factory are still to be seen near Fedallah. With the help of the inhabitants these traders succeeded in beating back a formidable assault of the Chaouiya tribes during the anarchy which followed the vacancy of the throne before Mohammed XXII. succeeded, and were thanked for doing so by the Sultan. Since then, with the exception of 1863, when it was threatened by the tribesmen of Mediouna and saved by the intervention of the English, Spanish and Portuguese Vice-Consuls supported by men-of-war, the place has, until lately, remained undisturbed.

## THE "CORPS DE DÉBARQUEMENT DE CASABLANCA"

THE French occupation of the Chaouiya is the result of a whistle. Mohammed ould el Hadj Hamou, the would-be Governor of Casablanca, holding a palaver just outside the town, was inciting the tribesmen to pillage and murder, in order that his rival might be deposed as incompetent, and he exalted in his place. Hamou had failed to prevail in the council; his hearers had the fear of Europeans before their eyes; the majority were for going quietly home again. Just then the engine on the little line between the quarries and the new harbour works blew its whistle.

"You hear that?" cried a headman of the Zenata tribe, one of Mohammed's backers; "the Nazarenes are laughing at you!" for to whistle in Morocco is to show disdain. The inflammable villagers took fire; they rushed at the nine mechanics at work on the line, killed them, and swept onwards into the town. So the massacres began.

Casablanca, roughly a pyramid, of which the base runs east and west on a rock-bound shore,

and enclosed in a wall 20 feet high, is a place easy to defend; but by no means an ideal base for a force drawing its supplies of men and *matériel* from over seas.

The long Atlantic rollers, breaking on a narrow spit of sand between rocks, create a surge which is frequently impassable by boats; and while local conditions often make the bar impracticable, storms far out in the Atlantic have the same effect, so that it may be said that to land at Casablanca depends upon the weather in two continents. Vessels in the open roadstead, although slightly protected by Cape Sidi Mohammed el Hadj to the north and by Cape dar el Baida to the south, have perpetually to keep up steam, in order to be ready at a moment's notice to avoid being driven ashore by a rising sea. The consumption of coal by the warship constantly kept by the French in the roadstead was consequently extremely large, and the continuous straining against the cable is said to do ships harm. One day in January, when the sea appeared to be quite smooth, a Portuguese barque drifted slowly in towards the shore, struck the sands, and settled down. She was broken up for firewood.

No big ship ever dares to come within a mile of the land. Landing-stage at Casablanca there is none; the great *barcasses* are rowed into shallow water; and barelegged porters and a few planks convey goods and animals to the steeply rising

## 6 GENERAL D'AMADE IN MOROCCO

beach, from whence to the Water Port is only a few yards, so close does the town lie to the sea.

There are two possible landing-places—the Town Creek and Sidi Belliot; but the former was chiefly used by the French in the disembarkation of their troops and stores. This creek is slightly protected by two parallel jetties, and is about 60 yards wide. At high water it has an average depth of about 10 feet.

Ten large *barcasses* or lighters, averaging about 15 tons each, are used to disembark troops and stores—great high undecked wooden vessels of very small draught, propelled by eight or ten rowers sitting in pairs, and wielding huge sweeps at an extraordinary angle to the water. A couple of steam tugs are in calm weather employed to tow the *barcasses*. Time is necessarily lost in loading at the ships' sides owing to the swell, which alternately elevates and depresses the lighters in a way most disconcerting to man and beast about to embark in them.

Troops disembarking sit between the rowers and the steersman in the stern, with their rifles and knapsacks beside them, and as the lighter nears the beach her head is swung round. The barelegged dock-porters stand ranged in gangs; the headman advances with a plank with a loop, which is attached to the stern. The porters take up their stations on either side the plank, and as each man leaves the lighter he hands his rifle and

knapsack to the nearest porter, and so from hand to hand they are passed on to their owner on the beach.

Horses are slung into the lighters in the ordinary way, but with infinitely more than ordinary difficulty, owing to the swell. But, so far as I was able to ascertain, not a single horse was lost in the process, although all the artillery and cavalry horses were transhipped in this fashion—in all, not less than 2500. Six horses were usually taken in each boat, three in the bows and three in the stern, the rowers between them. A wooden ramp was hitched on to one side of the boat in the shallow water, and the horses walked down it on to the beach. The French in Algeria drill their horses in landing and embarking at least four or five times a year, which may account for the eminently successful way in which the difficult process at Casablanca was carried out. All the horses except the gun teams came from Algeria.

At night, when work has to be done, the beach is lighted with the Wells lamp, in which *huile lourde de houille* is burnt: 2250 men, with their horses and baggage, have been landed in twenty-four hours.

Embarking is conducted in the same manner. As a rule, only the sick and wounded who are able to walk are discharged to Oran.

Stores are landed by the same *barcasses*, and are carried into the town by porters; no cranes,

## 8 GENERAL D'AMADE IN MOROCCO

carts, or other apparatus being used. A Decauville railway runs from Sidi Belliot to the camp on the south-east of the town.

As the French, even in the most timorous days of General Drude, never anticipated that an enemy practically devoid of artillery would press their attack up to the very walls of Casablanca, the town itself was never regularly garrisoned. The four gates—the Marrakesh Gate on the south-west, the Water Port on the north, and the Fedallah and Market Gates on the east and south-east—are held by strong guards; there is a post in the town to supply the Zouave sentries at the French Consulate, and another to look after the Kasbah, the seat of the local administration. The preservation of order in the town is the business of the French and Spanish police.

The defences of the town consist of two lines: the first the two forts, Provost and Ihler, distant about 1000 yards from the town, and about 600 from the camps; and the second, the camps themselves, together with a country house or two, whose pleasant groves have been levelled to give a clear field of fire.

The country to the south and south-east of Casablanca, between that town and Mediouna, 18 kilometres distant, is a succession of parallel limestone ridges, running roughly north-east and south-west. On the summit of the first of these, commanding an uninterrupted field of fire to the

sea on the north-west and west and over the country inland for 2000 yards, stand Forts Provost and Ihler, named after a major and a captain killed in the early stages of the war.

On the south-east Fort Provost stands close to the road to Mediouna, and commands all approaches to the town by way of Fedallah; half a mile further west Fort Ihler dominates the Marrakesh road.

These forts are strongly built of stone in the form of a square, each face of which is about 60 feet in length and 15 feet high. At opposite angles two square bastions command all the four walls, and a triple barbed-wire entanglement encircles them. Each fort is garrisoned by a section, with two machine-guns. The interior line of defence, that of the camps, stretches almost uninterruptedly round the town from the Spaniards on the sea towards the west to the main French Camp close to the sea on the east. Between the two, almost due south of the town, lies the camp known as the *Point d'appui*. In these camps 2000 men lay ready at a moment's notice to reinforce the forts and to man the ridge on which they stand. But the Moors, during the period subsequent to the capture of Mediouna, left Casablanca severely alone, and the road to Mediouna became a favourite afternoon ride for ladies. Only on one occasion, the 18th of February, was there any panic in the town; and on that occasion the foolish action of the camp Commandant, apparently unnerved by the news

of Col. Taupin's retreat to Fedallah, in sending out patrols in the middle of the night, and in turning suspect Moors out of the town, was the chief contributory cause.

In the middle of January 1908, General d'Amade had 10,000 men in the Chaouiya, which number by the beginning of April had risen to 14,000.

The force was composed as follows on January 15, 1908 :—

*Artillery.*—3 batteries (of 4 guns each) of 75 mm. field guns, gunners French and horses French.

1 mountain battery (of 6 guns), carried on mules.

2 sections naval quick-firers (4 guns of 37 mm.) mounted on platforms and carried in carts and manned by a midshipman and men from the *Desaix*.

*Cavalry.*—4 squadrons Chasseurs d'Afrique, all Frenchmen, mounted on Algerian grey barbs, of whom 1 squadron came from the Blidah regiment, 2 from the Constantine regiment, and 1 from the Algiers regiment.

2 squadrons Spahis, Algerians, mounted on barbs, officered partly by Frenchmen and partly by natives, 1 from the Medeah and 1 from the Batna regiment.

120 Goumiers, not organised, Algerian Volunteers, officered by Frenchmen and by natives, mounted on their own mares.

*Infantry* (1)—3 battalions (1 régiment de



marche and a battalion forming a composite régiment de marche with the 1st Tirailleurs, Passard) of the Foreign legion. These men are enlisted for five years, and can re-engage for two further terms of five years; at the end of fifteen years' service they get a pension which depends on the number of campaigns in which they have served, on an average 600 francs. Germans form 40 per cent. of their total; Belgians come next; Italians next. They serve nearly all their time in the Sahara, Tong-king, and Madagascar, and are first-rate fighting material. The great majority serve fifteen years. The foreign officers never rise to command battalions.

(2) 7 battalions (3 régiments de marche and Passard's battalion) of Tirailleurs, natives of Algeria and Tunis, enlisted for four years. They are the best marchers imaginable—cheery, willing, and brave.

(3) 2 battalions, officered by Frenchmen (1 régiment de marche) of Zouaves. These men, all Frenchmen, are conscripts, and serve two years. Frenchmen living in Africa form the bulk of the recruits, and the force is completed by recruits from the southern provinces of France. The Zouave is, in fact, a French linesman in another uniform.

*Engineers.*—1 balloon section.

1 telegraph section.

1 régiment de marche (=2 battalions) Senegalese.

The arrival of these negroes, and their wives,

without whom the Senegalese never go to war, excited the greatest curiosity in Casablanca. Their camp was the favourite resort of the unemployed.

The men are a slim, well-built lot, with very few amongst them of extraordinary physique. Their average height is about 5 ft. 9 in. Most of them speak a little French, and they are a cheery, good-humoured race. They wear a khaki working uniform, and putties and sandals. Besides this they have a dark-blue cloth uniform, with a thin yellow braid and stripe, and dark cloth putties. They fight to the last man if their French officers give the order.

I met them going out to Mediouna, and at a distance wondered what extraordinary headgear had been introduced into the French army. Closer acquaintance showed that nearly every man in the battalion was carrying his knapsack on his head instead of on his back.

*Organisation.*—A French field battery differs from an English in having four guns, instead of six.

The régiments de marche at Casablanca are special units, each composed of two battalions of the mother regiment. For example, it would be incorrect to say that the 2nd Tirailleur regiment is at Casablanca, since of the six battalions of that regiment only two are at Casablanca, where they form the régiment de marche du 2ème Tirailleurs.

The same, *mutatis mutandis*, holds good of the Cavalry.

The battalion is divided into four companies, sub-divided into four sections, which are the real units in the field.

A battalion on parade forms up in line of company column, and its average strength in the field is about 40 men to the section, or 650 strong.

Two battalions form the *régiment de marche*, commanded by a lieutenant-colonel. Individual battalions are frequently commanded by majors.

The field force at Casablanca from the beginning of January to the end of March was organised primarily into (a) garrisons for the posts of Bou Znika, Fedallah, Casablanca, Mediouna, and Ber Rechid, and (b) into flying columns drawing the bulk of their strength from those garrisons. Two columns, however, the “Littoral” (Shore) and the “Tirs” (Black Earth) existed from the first independently of the garrisons, but were generally reinforced by them.

Since the beginning of April the force in the Chaouiya has been allocated to the advanced posts (*détachements régionaux*), with two flying columns, whose headquarters are at Casablanca. These posts are :—

For the Ziaïda Tribe	.	.	Sidi ben Sliman
„ Mdakra „	.	.	Du Boucheron (Ain Sebbah)
„ Mzab „	.	.	Kasbah ben Ahmed
„ Mzamza „	.	.	Settat (with a branch post at Kasbah bel Aïachi).

The sea-shore column, the stronger of the two,

had its headquarters at Casablanca, and was under the direct orders of General d'Amade; the Black Earth column had its headquarters at Ber Rechid, and was under the command of Colonel Boute-gourd. As many as four independent columns have combined for a "drive."

Speaking generally, it may be said that when a forward movement was in progress the garrisons were denuded of every man who could with safety be withdrawn; so that in the middle of January the force actually in the field amounted to about 8000 men, and in the middle of April to about 11,000.

*Staff.*—It was the universal opinion amongst French officers who had served under various generals that General d'Amade's staff arrangements were as near perfection as anything can be in this wicked world.

Bivouacs were found without confusion; squares were formed without a hitch; changes of direction under fire over a wide frontage were effected with simultaneous precision; amid the darkness of the blackest night-march troops filed into their positions with a certainty, a speed, and an exactness that testified to the thought-out excellence of the work of the staff.

Two main reasons may be assigned for this superiority. The first is the trained lucidity of mind which is emphatically the characteristic of the French officer. The second is the system of co-ordination and devolution between the head-

quarter, regimental and battalion staffs, by means of which the regiment is kept constantly in touch with headquarters, and the battalion is provided with a staff adequate to the importance of the work it has to do.

The colonel in command of a “régiment de marche” has attached to him two “officers adjoints” (adjutants), both regimental officers, who are mounted.

Of these one is attached as “officier de liaison” to the headquarter staff; the other remains with the colonel to carry his orders to the battalions.

Again, the “chef de bataillon,” or major in command of a battalion, has two officers attached to him; (1) the “adjutant-major” (who is nearly always the senior captain of the battalion), who carries orders to the company officers and makes all arrangements for camps and bivouacs; and (2) the “officier d’approvisionnement,” a subaltern whose duty it is to draw battalion rations from the commissariat and to divide them between the four companies. During a fight or on the march he is frequently employed as an “officier de liaison” with the headquarter staff. The orders issued by General d’Amade were distinguished by their extreme reticence. He never indicated his plans in detail beforehand, and often at ten o’clock at night no one knew whether the force would march at five the next morning or whether it would remain

all day in its bivouac. The advantages of surprise and secrecy conferred by this method are obvious.

The following is a specimen of March orders, usually issued about nine o'clock at night :—

*“Headquarters.*

*“March Orders for the 9th March.*

“To-morrow, 9th March, the columns which have operated against the M'Dakra will proceed to operate against the M'Zab on similar lines.

“For this purpose they will march towards the territories of that tribe, and will bivouac in the district of Sidi Abd-el-Kerim. The starting-point will be the west entrance to the bivouac of the coast column.

“Order of march and times of starting :—

	Hours.
Goum and Cavalry . . . . .	6.30
Black Earth Column . . . . .	6.35
Ambulance and regimental transport	6.55
Coast Column . . . . .	7.10
Ber Rechid Column . . . . .	7.25
Bou Znika Column . . . . .	7.35
First hourly halt . . . . .	7.50

“The cavalry will cover the movement with the Goum and one squadron in front. Two squadrons will protect the left flank (east). One squadron and the Spahis will act as rear-guard, and will detach a troop to protect the right flank (west).

“The replenishing of ammunition, the transfer of the wounded, and the refilling of the regimental

transport with rations for two days will take place at Sidi Abd-el-Kerim.

“At the bivouac of the Oued Aceila, 8th March, 8 P.M.

“The General Commanding,

(Signed) “D’AMADE.”

Certified Copy.

The Chief of the Staff,

C. MALAGUTI.

*Telegraph: Balloon: Animals.*—In the latter part of January a field telegraph was established between Casablanca and Mediouna; and early in March a wireless installation was set up at Ber Rechid, between that fort and Casablanca. A balloon was carried with the force during the January operations, and in a very short time demonstrated its utter uselessness. Against an enemy in position a balloon may be of great service; but against an enemy like the Moors, who shift their ground from moment to moment and scorn the use of earthworks, it is merely an encumbrance.

Time after time the balloon, soaring high aloft, gave the Moors the warning they wanted, and cattle and stores which would otherwise have fallen into the hands of the French were driven off into safety. The enormously heavy carriage took six horses to drag it, and its weary progress through the heavy mud earned for it the sobriquet of “*le cafard*” (the black beetle).

After proving the death of several artillery

horses the balloon was left at Casablanca, where for a time it was of some service in giving information of the movements of the Fedallah column, and in watching the roads towards the south-east. It has since been invalided home.

The Algerian barb is probably the best remount animal in the world for light cavalry. He is not the equal of the well-bred English horse for fast work, but for continuous heavy marching he cannot be beaten. The grey stallions of the Chasseurs—little horses averaging fifteen hands—are the result of crossing the native mare with a thoroughbred sire; and he is a very handsome beast, with plenty of bone and very easy paces. The Goumiers rode the native mare—little weedy, ewe-necked, goose-rumped creatures, that looked as though they could hardly carry their heavy chair-backed saddles; and yet they managed, at a quick shuffling walk, to cover enormous distances. The veterinary surgeons found little work to do in this campaign. In fact, the chief business of the latter was to doctor the wounds which irate stallions continually inflicted on one another. The gun teams came straight from France; and in size, breed, and appearance they differ little from our own artillery horses. They very quickly lost flesh—the result of the great heat, very hard work in the heavy plough, and insufficient water. A few died of nephritis, arising from want of water, and several broke their hearts over the stiff gradients



that were occasionally encountered. I have seen the wheels of the carriages covered as though with triumphal wreaths of marigolds, embedded in six inches of mud. Possibly every available opportunity of watering them was not made use of, owing to the anxiety of the General to press on; but the French driver is a good horse-master, and all that he can do for his animals he does. Many a time I have seen him sally out at the end of a long day to a field of green barley and pull a huge armful for his favourites.

*The Chaouiya.*—This district, which a line drawn eastward from Casablanca roughly bisects, is about 70 miles in length by 50 miles in breadth. It is one colossal cornfield, divided into two zones; the plain-zone to the west, and the plateau-zone, of about 1500 feet elevation, to the east. The eastern plateau may be described as the outliers of the foothills of the Atlas, and is watered by a considerable number of small streams which lose themselves in the plain and never reach the sea. Two rivers, the Neffikh and the Mellah, both in the northern part of the Chaouiya, flow from the hilly country on the east into the Atlantic, between Fedallah and Bou Znika. The Mellah is crossed a stone's throw from the sea by one of the few bridges in Morocco. The vast alluvial plain which constitutes the Chaouiya is composed of the deepest, richest, and when wet, the stickiest black soil on the face of the globe. With the exception

of the ridges between Casablanca and Mediouna, gay with the flowers that war has allowed to grow, and a stretch of lentisk and myrtle scrub bordering the cork forest of Sehoul in the north, the whole district is cultivated. It is a terrain which opposes but few obstacles to the passage of an army; it may be said that you can drive a cart across it anywhere. Except in levelling a stony, pot-holed slope on the Mershish ridge above Mediouna, and in improvising a track across a gully between Bou Znika and Fedallah, the sappers had little or nothing to do. But it must be remembered, when one reads of the twenty-two hours' march which resulted in the first capture of Settat, the capital of the province, and of the eighteen hours' work which ended the pretensions of Bou Nuallah, that these feats were performed in a country not merely destitute of roads, but across holding ploughs which balled like melting snow on the boots of the infantry and in the hoofs of the animals. When you consider, besides, the 60 lbs. which the French infantryman carries on his back, the powerful sun, and the scanty water supply, the conclusion is inevitable that the marching power and endurance of the French Algerian troops and Foreign Legion are of the very highest order.

*Strategy and Tactics.*—When General d'Amade arrived at Casablanca, his first and most urgent duty was on the one hand to re-establish the *morat*

of a force which General Drude's timorous half-measures had sapped; and, on the other, to convince the Moors without loss of time that the mission of the French at Casablanca was to punish the tribes responsible for the massacres, and not to retire to the cover of their forts the moment a few Arabs appeared on the sky-line.

Consequently he at once marched directly on Settat, the capital of the province of the Chaouiya, and the headquarters of the twelve inculpated tribes, and took it. On the way he seized the abandoned Kasbah of Ber Rechid, which became the advanced post of the French towards the south, linked up with the base at Casablanca by means of the Kasbah of Mediouna. Mediouna is 18 kilometres from Casablanca, and Ber Rechid is 22 kilometres from Mediouna. He threw garrisons into the derelict forts of Fedallah on the sea, 18 kilometres to the north of Casablanca, and Bou Znika, also on the shore, 30 kilometres north of Fedallah. When General d'Amade took over his command he was greatly hampered by want of transport, and his strategy was necessarily conditioned by that fact.

On January 15 he could put in the field only 65 *arabas* (Scotch carts without sides, drawn by two mules) and their teams, 155 pack-mules, and 50 camels. All sorts of expedients were resorted to. Mules that ought to have carried *cacolets* (the chair-litter for wounded and sick

men), mountain battery mules, and the horses belonging to the artillery forges, were all pressed into the service of the transport.

But the process of victualling Mediouna and Ber Rechid went on unceasingly, and reserves of stores of all kinds collected there enabled the columns to keep the field for periods of progressively increasing length.

In the middle of February 80 mules and 50 *arabas* were brought from Oran by the *Vinh-long*, and the offer of the exorbitant price of three dollars a day for camel-hire resulted in the formation of a German-British syndicate, which is said to have made the handsome profit of two dollars a day on the hire of each of 400 camels.

The increase of transport was reflected in the power and mobility of the force. After the first expedition the whole force returned to Casablanca; after the second only the mounted troops returned there; after the third the whole force remained at Ber Rechid.

Throughout the three months which were required to bring the tribesmen of the Chaouiya to a submissive frame of mind the keynote of General d'Amade's strategy was ceaseless and untiring activity. By incredible marches, by sudden changes of direction, by night-work, by secrecy, he fell upon his enemy, routed him, and drove him to the mountains. Then, as the villagers crept homewards

after the passage of the French, secure in their conviction that the scourge was stayed, another column, like a bolt from the blue, swept off their weary herds, and forced them, sick of the unequal struggle, to surrender.

Every available man was requisitioned for the task. The garrisons were reduced to the minimum compatible with safety; and every gun was sent up to the front. The field-guns sent up to Ber Rechid did not stay in position there; they went out with the columns, and in their place small 37 mm. naval guns were mounted, in the use of which the Legionaries were instructed by blue-jackets from the *Desaix*.

Although the root principle of General d'Amade's strategy was always the same—that of continually harrying his foe by ubiquitous activity—his methods were modified by experience. The plan first adopted was to employ two or three columns simultaneously, converging on a given rendezvous from different points, with an enveloping intention which perhaps may be traced to the General's experience as an Attaché on Lord Roberts' Staff in the South African War.

But this was not an unqualified success; chiefly because of the excellent information possessed by the Moors, and their superior mobility.

They invariably knew accurately the respective strengths and positions of the various columns, and they attacked the weakest with their whole force,

retiring when a second column came up in support of the first.

Indeed on February 18 they attacked two columns simultaneously with great determination (Taupin's and Brulard's), while a few Moors made a holding feint across the front of the united columns of the Tirs and Littoral.

The splitting of the whole force into separate small columns had drawbacks other than the invitation it extended to the enemy to attack the weakest. At this period of the war the columns marched and fought in square; and the smallness of the square resulted in fire directed at one face involving the face opposite. Besides, a square is a formation which cannot take full advantage of a road or track; and it is very unwieldy to manœuvre. So General d'Amade lost no time in altering his methods, and instead of dissipating his force in several weak columns, by the end of February he had united his scattered forces in one strong column; and the square formation was abandoned, both on the march and in presence of the enemy, for column of route and deployments.

This plan was successful, and the battles of R'Fakha, M'Karto, Sidi-el-Ourimi, and Fekkak brought all the tribesmen except the M'Dakra to their knees.

Of this tribe a stubborn section still holds out, and to overawe them posts have been established

at Du Boucheron (so-called after the Lieutenant of Spahis who was killed there), and at Sidi ben Sliman, Kasbah ben Ahmed, and Settat.

*Tactics.*—As has been mentioned in the early stages of the war, the square formation was the one used, each column forming two squares; the first the fighting square, in the middle of which marched the guns and ammunition mules, and the second the baggage square, which was kept as close as possible to the fighting square, and defended by as few troops as possible.

The front and rear faces of the square were formed of infantry marching in a line of sections in fours with wide intervals; the sides of men marching in fours or in file. In practice the square tended to become an oblong.

Finally, the attack formation adopted was a shoulder to shoulder firing-line, without extensions, in single rank, with ammunition mules close up, and the supports in line of sections in fours, a quarter to half a mile in rear; guns close up to the supports, flanks protected by cavalry, and a comparatively small reserve kept by the General to meet any enveloping movement. The French prefer deep formations with wide intervals to shallow formations and extensions, believing with reason that the former offer a much worse target, even to rifle fire.

At the manœuvres near Angoulême last September, men advanced to the attack in single file;

and in the Chaouiya the many advantages of keeping men in deep formations till the very last moment were abundantly established.

The tactics of the Moors varied with the strength of the force opposed to them. Against a force inferior to their own they advanced with great dash, infantry between cavalry, two foot soldiers running between each pair of horsemen, while almost invariably the main attack was supported by an enveloping cloud of horsemen.

They were wonderfully quick to discover the weak point in their enemy's defence, as when at R'Fakha they hurled themselves with all their force against the unsupported French cavalry, leaving a few men to hold the French infantry to their ground. Lack of organised control and cohesion generally prevented their attacks from proving very serious; although at Mekki Boute-gourd had his square doubled up, and at Sidi Ben Sliman Taupin's men had to use their bayonets.

The Moors made large use of fires for transmitting information, having an ingenious code by which the length of time the fire is obscured conveys certain ideas.

Their arms were rifles, and knobkerries were carried by the infantry. Mahmoud, the nephew of Mulai Hafid, whose mehallah fought on several occasions against the French, brought a mountain-gun into action, whose carriage was captured at M'Karto, but that was the only piece of artillery



possessed by the Moors. This gun was by no means badly served, and if the shells had burst it would have done a good deal of damage. Fortunately they never by any chance did so.

Their rifles were chiefly Winchesters and Martinis, and their shooting was extremely bad—always high; the result, of course, of their practice of firing from the saddle.

The Lebel rifle used by the French is ballistically an excellent weapon; but its magazine mechanism is faulty, and distrusted by section commanders, who never allow their men to use it unless they are obliged. The bayonet is far too long, and consequently weak; it is never used without buckling up. After the fight with Bou Nuallah there was hardly a man who did not look as though he had a fish-hook on the end of his rifle.

The 75 mm. field-gun is probably the best in Europe. There is no recoil to upset the laying, and the ejector works perfectly; consequently an enormously rapid fire can be kept up. The French gunners are very good, particularly the non-commissioned officers, who may be called the backbone of every branch of the service. At R'Fakha a company of Tirailleurs was sent to the support of the hard-pressed cavalry far away on the right flank. A Brigadier, riding past the guns, ordered the Major in command to fire on them, declaring they were Moors. Protesting, the Major obeyed;

5400 yards was the range, and the first shot killed two and wounded four Tirailleurs. Not more than 2 per cent. of the shrapnel failed to burst.

The shelling of Settât with melinite proves what perhaps was known before; that incredibly little damage is done in proportion to the amount of ammunition expended. The results at Settât compare favourably, however, with the experiment on a flock of goats that recently took place on one of our ranges, when it was found that the shelling had not only not diminished the goats, but had actually increased their numbers by a healthy kid.

The mountain batteries were disappointing. Their range is short, and the great recoil upsets the gun, making accurate shooting without relaying almost impossible.

Every "régiment de marche" had its tripod-mounted mitrailleuse, and they were enormously used. Whether they were enormously useful is doubtful. Certainly at Mekki, on February 2, Captain Bosquet saved the situation with his, which he subsequently carried into safety on his back; but at Settât in January one of them played continuously for five minutes on a single Moor within 400 yards, and only put one bullet through his leg.

It is interesting, at a time when the pompom is being discarded by our own authorities, to have the opinion of M. Kann, War Correspondent of the

*Temps*, who fought on the Boer side in the South African War, and who has seen fighting in Cuba, Manchuria, and Morocco, on the subject of the relative value of the pompom and the mitrailleuse. M. Kann formed the highest opinion of the pompom in South Africa, and in an article in the *Temps* he advises the French authorities to abandon the mitrailleuse in its favour.

The best fighting men the French have in the Chaouiya are the Foreign Legion. They are a difficult lot to manage in peace time, and want very skilful handling; but on active service they are first-rate. Their chief characteristic is their coolness under fire, which promotes good shooting and prevents waste of ammunition. Men who have left their own countries on account of grievances are not unlikely to be grumblers elsewhere, and a burning question at one time was why they had not received the “Solde coloniale,” or double pay for active service.

A tricoloured tortoise bearing the legend “Solde Coloniale” was solemnly forwarded to General Drude,—journalists, riding down the column, were adjured to ventilate the subject in their papers; eventually General d’Amade secured his troops their boon, and the journalists came in for a great deal of undeserved popularity.

A certain number of desertions, prompted by Germans at Casablanca, took place from the Legion; and the unfortunate men usually arrived

overland at Rabat in a state of semi-starvation and complete nudity, after being pillaged by the natives beyond the last French outpost at Bou Znika. Here they were pounced on by their consul and sent home to do the military service from which they fondly hoped they had escaped.

Dressed in white duck trousers, a long blue coat buttoned back at the sides, so as to give the idea of swallow-tails, and a white covered *képi*, the Legionary is a picturesque figure, and emerges as a European from the crowd of Zouaves and Tirailleurs, both of whom wear baggy Turkish breeches, *tarbushes* and long coloured kummerbunds.

One would have thought that the long great-coat would be a most uncomfortable article of clothing, very ill-suited to campaigning in a hot climate ; but the Legionary swears by it, and says it is cool in summer and warm in winter, an easy thing to march in with its flaps buttoned back, and a warm thing to sleep in with its flaps let down.

The pockets of these long coats were seldom empty ; kids and chickens travelled there very comfortably until their hour arrived. In the hottest part of Boutegourd's fight at Mekki, when the Moors were within a hundred yards of the square, legionaries were to be seen patting the heads of kids emerging curiously, between the deliberate sequences of inserting a cartridge, taking a steady aim, and bringing down an Arab.

At the second taking of Settat I saw a legionary

hit in the hand as he was in the act of firing. He asked a comrade to bind it up, and then went on shooting. Five minutes later he was hit in the other hand, rather badly, and again begged his friend to bind him up, remarking that if the Moors fancied they'd stopped his work for the day they were jolly well mistaken. Such is the spirit and temper of the Legion in action, and finer fighting troops it would be impossible to find in any army.

The Tirailleurs are a merry race—Algerians and Tunisians who follow their French officers wherever they lead them. The Moors have a proverb to the effect that the Moor is a warrior, the Algerian a man, and the Tunisian a woman; but when led by French officers the Algerian man and the Tunisian woman rout the vainglorious Moorish warriors with consummate ease.

Their chief defect is an excitability which in action prevents their shooting with all the accuracy that might be desired.

Their confidence in their officers, and their officers' confidence in them, is unbounded; and nothing could be better than the terms on which they work together. This is well illustrated by a little incident at the battle of Fekkak. A company of Tirailleurs, topping a ridge, came suddenly under a very heavy fire, which brought half-a-dozen men down almost simultaneously. A minute or two later, when the enemy's fire had been practically got under, an unwounded Tirailleur refused to

obey the order to advance, and lay still on his stomach. His captain's rage and surprise knew no bounds, for he believed the man to be funking; such a thing was unknown in the history of the battalion. He shortened his sword and ran two inches of it into the prostrate Tirailleur. The man got up, vomited blood, and fell down again. The officer apologised and sent for an ambulance.

The Tirailleur is a strange medley; it is difficult for any European to understand the Arab mind. Ordinarily he appears the best-tempered fellow in the world—chatting and laughing at the top of his voice, throwing half his week's pay to a beggar by the roadside, or begging you respectfully not to ride through the standing crops, because, though they may be the enemy's, they are the staff of life, and deserving of honour. Then suddenly a hare gets up under the feet of the column halted in a wood; two men fancy they have claims to the body; their friends range themselves on either side; were it not for the intervention of their officers there would be a bloody fight.

A French officer told me that not so very long ago, when serving in Algeria, he had two excellent Tirailleur servants, who were great friends. One day some trifling dispute arose about the proper way to clean a button, or something equally ridiculous; the two men went out, got their rifles, and by a simultaneous discharge shot one another dead.

Emphatically the methods of the French in the Chaouiya erred, if they erred at all, on the side of humanity.

The order given by General d'Amade at M'Karto, when he had his enemy absolutely in his grip—“Sound the ‘Cease fire!’ enough have been killed”—is typical of the methods of every man in the force towards the natives. The peaceful peasants who refused to be drawn away by the *jehád*-preaching demagogues, and stayed quietly upon their lands, came to regard the French as their best friends, for they brought law and order into districts distracted for centuries by anarchy and violence.

A common expression amongst these people, as they came with bowls of sour milk and flat brown loaves to welcome the troops, was—“The Nazarenes are the true believers; the true believers are Nazarenes.” Or they would ask, with childlike simplicity, how it was that men who had the power to take anything they chose respected their women and paid for everything? Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz put another aspect of the same idea when he told a journalist that the French would never do any good in the Chaouiya until they plundered, plundered, plundered.

But in Morocco, as in Tunisia, where you will often hear French colonists speak of their own Government as *trop doux* in their attitude to the Arabs, the French have deliberately adopted the policy of treating the natives as though they

were civilised beings, with a white man's code of morality, justice, and mercy. At first the Moor sees with astonishment a man speaking the same tongue, professing the same religion, and inheriting the same traditional hatred of Europeans as himself, serving under infidel officers against his co-religionists; but when he learns the methods of the infidels it gradually dawns upon him that the pleasures of inter-tribal fighting may be bought too dear, and that perhaps after all the Algerian and Tunisian have gained more from a settled government than they have lost. There is absolutely no room for doubt that the industrious element of the Chaouiya would welcome a permanent French occupation of their country; and to this the scrupulous conduct of the French rank and file has chiefly contributed.

Speaking generally, it may be said that the striking characteristics of French troops on active service are their independence of transport, their marching power, and their unfailing cheeriness; and the two latter are undoubtedly in large measure the result of the first. The French soldier carries a complete house, with well-furnished kitchen, larder, cellar, and woodshed, all upon his back. When he has done his day's work, he can at once pitch his tent, light his fire, and cook his dinner, for he has with him all the necessaries for the repose of body and mind. The French soldier suffers none of those long waits for food,



tents, and blankets which try troops even more from the mental annoyance they inflict than from the damage they do to constitutions. Still, exhaustion is a cumulative process, and half-an-hour's difference in getting warm food into a man in a warm tent might often spell the difference between his remaining efficient and his going into hospital. The health and vigour engendered by this capacity under all circumstances to eat in plenty and sleep in comfort enable the French troops to march enormous distances, notwithstanding the heavy packs they carry; and this independence of transport and mobility, though both due to the same cause, are distinct advantages of incalculable military value. It is a pity that the French system cannot be introduced into our own army; for though Tommy Atkins might curse the pack in peace-time, in the field he would become a modern Balaam.<sup>1</sup>

Two points strike the Englishman about the French officer: that he appears to be, especially in the higher ranks, very much older than his parallel in the British army; and that discipline is maintained off parade in a way that we should consider unnecessary.

The age of colonels commanding in the cavalry, for example, would seem to militate against the dash and vigour which ought to characterise that

<sup>1</sup> The Roman soldier carried no less than 85 lbs., half his own average weight. Cf. Dodge's "Hannibal," p. 80.

arm beyond the others. In regard to the other matter, French officers hold that subordination cannot properly be maintained unless it is always maintained; they out-Bagnet Bagnet even at mess. When one of two subalterns who passed out of St. Cyr together, and have been sworn allies ever since, gets his captaincy, the other adds "mon capitaine" when he asks him for the bread. It is said, indeed, that a newly-promoted captain put his best friend under arrest for tutoying him.

*Army Service Corps.*—This department is under the control of a Sous Intendant, an Adjoint d'Intendance, and sixteen officers, who undertake severally :—

(a) Bread.

(b) Meat.

(c) Forage.

*Rations.*—Each man receives per diem as Government allowance 750 grammes of bread, 400 grammes of meat (beef and mutton), 21 grammes of coffee, 16 grammes of sugar, and (French troops only) half a litre of red wine, usually Algerian, but which when French costs the Government 17 centimes per litre.

Besides this he receives 5 centimes (a trifle under a halfpenny) a day pocket money, and 26 centimes (2½d.) is paid for him as a subsistence allowance ("prime d'alimentation") to his captain, who buys with it wine, salt, pepper, vegetables, sardines, cheese, and jam.

The rations are drawn per company, and cooked by the cook of each squad. The Government allowance is issued by the Administration to the captain.

Most of the provisions are brought from France, but barley, cattle, and the articles bought with the subsistence allowance are procured locally.

Foreigners are admitted to tender for most of the supplies procured locally, and practically every merchant in Casablanca, and, in many cases, those at Tangier, are making money over contracts.

*Bread.*—The bread is made of flour brought from Marseilles, ground from soft white wheat. All the “graux noires” are sifted out, as in this damp climate they were found to turn the bread stale quickly, and the bread, though yellowish, is far whiter than “pain bis.” It is excellent, and remains fresh six or seven days.

*Baking.*—The field ovens are octagonal in shape, with very low crowns, and are composed of a chimney and five separate pieces, which can be easily carried on mules, set up in two hours, and at work in four hours.

Every oven working day and night can turn out 1000 loaves weighing 1 kilo 500 grammes each or two rations (making 2000 rations) in twenty-four hours, the ration per diem being 750 grammes.

Ten field ovens are in use in all; five at Casa-

blanca, two at Mediouna, one at Bou Znika, and two at Ber Rechid.

When time allows the ovens are banked up with earth to retain the heat. They have been tried with success in China and Madagascar. The dough is kneaded in iron kneading-troughs made in two parts, united vertically by hinges. They fold up into small compass, and are carried by a mule. The baskets for shaping the loaves are wicker covered with canvas.

All the machines in use can be repaired and made on the premises by military workmen, and no civilians are employed in the service.

The bakers are divided into four shifts of four men each, two shifts being on duty for twelve hours by day, and two for twelve hours at night. The shifts are relieved every two hours.

The bread was formerly sent out by convoy to Mediouna, Bou Znika, and Ber Rechid; but military bakeries have now been installed in all these places, though the bakery at Casablanca is now able to turn out 10,000 rations per diem.

Provisions for 10,000 men for three months are always to hand in the town, stored in warehouses hired for the purpose.

*Fuel.*—The great difficulty of the Intendance des Subsistances has been to procure a regular supply of fuel, of which the expeditionary force uses 140 quintaux (14 tonnes) or 30,898 lbs. per diem. Four hundred grammes of charcoal and 400 grammes of wood are sent up daily for each man

in the field. None can be procured locally, and so wood, which steamers will not carry, has to be brought by two sailing ships from Spain and Gibraltar, and these, on account of the surf, cannot always land their cargoes.

Old railway sleepers are preferred, as it is easy to break them up, pack them in sacks, and send them out by mule to Ber Rechid. One quintal (= 1 cwt. 3 qrs. 24 lbs. = 100 kilogrammes) of wood costs 11 francs delivered at Ber Rechid.

*Cattle.*—At the outposts cattle are bought by the Administration des Subsistances, which finds no difficulty in procuring them from the natives.

At Casablanca the Administration deals with a contractor who is bound under penalty always to have a week's supply in hand. He brings them in every day to be slaughtered by the Administration in their own abattoir, which consists of two open sheds near the *manutention* (bakery).

Beef costs the Administration at the slaughter-house (*sur pied*) 1 franc per kilo.

Mutton is the same price.

The contractor is bound to supply one sheep to every five oxen.

All the tinned supplies and the biscuit are brought from France or Europe (macaroni from Trieste, for instance). The tinned corned beef, or “bully” of Tommy Atkins, is dubbed “singe” (“monkey”) by the French troops, and is not so good as the British article.

The emergency ration is sugared chocolate. Preserved soup, rice, haricot beans, coffee, sugar, salt, and biscuit are also carried. The troops generally set out for an expedition carrying rations for three days.

French red wine, carried in large casks, which costs about 17 cts. a litre, is issued to the troops when the General orders. It is brought from France and Algeria in the transports.

*Tentes Baraques.*—At the various posts stores are kept in *tentes baraques*, which serve as sleeping places for the bakers, the field ovens being set up alongside of them. These *tentes baraques* are about 50 feet long, and are formed of three large sheets of canvas placed side by side on a light framework, consisting of five posts joined by gabled cross-pieces and united by a pole running along each side of the tent. They are made by M. E. Guilloux of Montreuil sur Seine, and are also used to shelter forage. They are arranged to form loads of 120 kilos per mule.

*Loads.*—The following scale of loads is rigorously adhered to.

*Arabas*—400 kilos. The Tunisian native cart, a flooring without sides, and uprights at each corner.

Camels—250 kilos.

Mules—120 kilos.

Asses—Small, 60 kilos ; large, 100.

The *arabas* were originally brought from Tunis, where they were found in use when the French occupied the country in 1883. Each *araba* is here drawn by two mules (for one mule per *araba*, as in Tunisia, is found insufficient), who, in Tunis, are harnessed by putting the shafts high on their necks. At Casablanca they were harnessed too low, with the result that the loads frequently fell off in front.

*Loading.*—The work of loading the convoys is performed by squads of *Tirailleurs*, who are told off for the work, but who do not form the escort. The animals are driven by natives who, when they arrive at their destination, help the troops in the work of unloading.

The Superintendent of Transport warns the Intendant on the previous evening how many animals and what supplies are required. Next morning the convoy is sent round to the *manutention* at 6.30 A.M. and leaves by 9 o'clock punctually, so as to avoid night marching.

The men and escort average 40 kilometres a day. Animals which only go as far as Mediouna, 18 kilometres off, return the same day.

*Commissariat.*—The Intendance is recruited from amongst officers of the regular army who have reached the rank of captain, by open competition. Those who pass have to study technical subjects for two years at Paris, and are then appointed to districts. They receive the same

pay as their comrades of the line, but promotion is far more rapid.

*Water.*—A large distilling apparatus worked with coal has been erected at Sidi Belliot, on the beach just north of the town, to distil water for the troops. It can provide 50,000 litres a day. This water is exclusively reserved for the troops.

*Forage.*—The forage is stored in a large yard surrounded by substantial stone arcades just outside the Porte de Marrakesh, and connected by a good cart-road running beneath the town walls with the *manutention*, half a mile off.

*Rations.*—The mules, horses, and asses are rationed by the French, who also give forage to their Goumiers (native Algerian volunteers), but the camels are fed by the natives.

*Scale of Rations.*—5 kilos oats per diem are given to the French horses.

5 kilos barley to the Algerian horses, and to the mules 10 to 15 kilos of hay.

The barley grown in Morocco suits the Algerian horses better than oats.

*Purchase of Forage.*—Forage is bought by the Intendance and distributed to the units.

1500 quintaux of forage are always kept in store at Casablanca.

*Hay.*—The hay used may be classed as coarse meadow hay. Some comes from France, but the bulk is Algerian.

It is packed with iron hoops in bales of 50



kilos each, and it is found absolutely necessary to issue it to the horses from France.

Straw is kept in store in large quantities and issued for the men's paillasses, but it is not sent to the outposts.

*Storage.*—The oats and barley, packed in sacks, are stored in large tents made by M. E. Guilloux of Montreuil sur Seine, and greatly resembling those used for the field bakeries.

The hay is stored under the tents and under rick cloths, as is the straw for the men's paillasses.

A fire-extinguishing apparatus is kept in the forage camp and the men are drilled daily in its use.

*Contracts.*—Foreigners are admitted to tender for many of the contracts. The largest issued locally is that for meat, which amounts to 120,000 frs. a month. All the foreign firms are represented by their local agents, and, as has been said, practically all the merchants established in Casablanca are making money out of the army.

*Paymaster's Department.*—A Paymaster Commandant, who ranks as a major, superintends the Paymasters of the Corps de Débarquement.

The troops are paid ten days in advance in French money.

For payments to natives, the Paymaster procures Hassani money by changing French money at current rates at the Banque d'Etat du Maroc and at the Compagnie Algérienne.

*Army Post Office.*—The Army Post Office is

managed by an Army Postmaster with the rank of captain. He receives and despatches the mails, &c., and conducts the ordinary Post Office business for the army. Telegrams, unless Government ones, are sent by letter to Tangier, and despatched from there. Government despatches go by the wireless telegraph to the Tour Eiffel. In March the wireless telegraph was thrown open to the public at 70 centimes a word.

Letters sent to the columns in the field, which are sent from Casablanca through the French Post Office, need not be stamped, and no special issue of stamps has been made in connection with this campaign.

*Costs of the Expedition.*—Approximately the expedition is costing three million francs a month, including the naval expenses.

The supplementary expenses occasioned by the expedition since the month of August 1907, over and above the usual expenditure, are twenty million francs, not including the naval expenses.

*Point d'Appui Camp.*—The Point d'Appui camp, which is held by the first Algerian Zouaves, lies near the Spanish camp, to the south of the road to Marrakesh, and is connected with the Water Port by a Decauville railway of eighteen-inch gauge, formed of short sections of rail united by iron sleepers three feet apart, and easily transportable. On it trucks are pushed along by men.

*Huts.*—The huts were built by the Legionaries,

who are not trained workmen. under the supervision of the sappers.

They are built, on tarred piles, of planks placed horizontally to the uprights, and have high wide windows closed by wooden shutters, and a wooden barrel roof inside one of galvanised iron placed about a foot above it. In front is a wide balcony sheltered by the eaves, and running all the way down the entrance side of the buildings.

The men sleep on paillasses filled with straw and have two blankets. Those who choose may make wooden bedsteads for themselves. The huts are about 45 metres long and contain sixty men.

*Garden.*—In a garden planted by the soldiers themselves within the camp were growing the following vegetables, fruit trees, and flowers, the fruit trees having been brought by the officers from Algiers. All looked most flourishing.

Lettuce	Onions	Nasturtium
Artichokes	Carrots	Iris
Beetroot	Turnips	Roses
Cabbage	Peach trees (in flower)	Geraniums
Mint	Pear trees	Chrysanthemum
Radishes	Plum trees	Lavender

*Soldiers' Pay.*—Exclusive of the “prime d'alimentation” French privates and non-commissioned officers are paid on the following scale :—

Soldats non-rengagés	. . .	5 centimes a day.
Soldats rengagés	. . .	25 centimes a day.
Caporaux non-rengagés	. . .	20 centimes a day.
Caporaux rengagés	. . .	80 centimes a day.

Sous-officiers rengagés 100 francs per month (“nourriture non comprise”)—as they have to pay for their food themselves. Prices are so high at present at the outposts that 4 francs was paid for a litre (a quart) of wine at Bou Znika.

In the Zouaves only non-commissioned officers who have served five years get 100 francs a month, the others only 25 centimes a day.

Officers on service are allowed to draw a field allowance which exactly doubles their pay. Thus those who receive 400 francs a month elsewhere, draw 800 francs here.

*Soldiers' Equipment.*—When on the march the soldier carries an equipment which weighs in all, including *sac*, *bidon*, *musette*, rifle, cartridges, and 2 litres of water, about 30 kilos (60 lbs.)

“Grand équipement” comprises knapsack, three cartridge pouches, suspension straps, belt, and bayonet.

*Sac.*—Wooden frame (boards 1 centimetre thick, height 27 centimetres, width 34 centimetres, depth 12 centimetres), a box completed by the leather cover, holding :—

- 1 shirt.
- 1 pair drawers (*caleçon*).
- 1 handkerchief (blue cotton squares).
- 1 towel.
- 1 first aid package.
- 1 *tarbúsh*.
- 1 pair spats (white).

1 pair nailed shoes (five rows large square-headed nails, like those used by mountaineers).

1 pair canvas camp shoes.

1 box holding on one side (*a*) grease for rifle ; on the other (*b*) grease for shoes.

1 brush for clothes.

1 brush for rifle.

1 box compressed soup, 1 emergency ration of chocolate.

A housewife (*trousse*) containing scissors, thimble, comb, thread, needles, awl.

24 square biscuits, yellowish white inside, 2 by 3 inches ; dated and marked “Alger.”

2 double canvas sacks, each 8 inches by 3 inches, one containing sugar and coffee ; the other salt, haricots, and rice.

Top of box contains “livret” with name, that of father and mother (in case of death the news is wired at once to the Maire of the Commune, but the names of those wounded are not telegraphed), pay, &c.

Each man has a *gamelle* or tin eating-dish, on the top of his pack, and outside it one man carries a flat tinned saucepan, 18 inches in diameter, called a *marmite*, for every eight men, while another carries the *bidon*, a large cooking-tin holding 10 litres of water (say two and a half gallons) for every four men. A coffee-mill serves thirty men, a hatchet twelve men, two sacks twelve men, and two canvas buckets twelve men.

*Tools.*—Per company :—

8 shovels.

4 double-headed pickaxes.

4 single-headed picks.

3 axes, 1 folding saw.

1 wire nippers.

} In leather  
cases.

Wood for the bivouac fire is carried stuck into the straps of the knapsack.

Each man has a cloth-covered water-bottle, holding 2 litres (say 2 quarts).

Each man has one square of tent, 1 metre 60 centimetres square, the tent being made of six pieces and holding six men. Rolled up in the tent square is a small blanket (*couvre-pied*).

Also jacket, waistcoat, trousers, cloak, vest.

120 cartridges in fifteen packets.

1 haversack (*musette*), which holds bread, vegetables, and meat for next day.

1 bamboo divided into two parts, at one end salt, at the other pepper.

Rifle, bayonet, three pouches holding 120 cartridges in all; five packets holding 8 cartridges in each pouch.

*Order of Putting on Kit.*—The Zouave takes off his jacket. He puts his water-bottle over his left shoulder, his *musette* over his right shoulder, three cartridge pouches, two in front and one behind, on a belt held up by braces. The bayonet also hangs on this belt. Then comes his jacket,

then his knapsack, held by straps under the arm-pits, and his rifle over his right shoulder completes his outfit.

*Boots.*—Good shoeing being a matter of such vital importance to an army, and the French troops at Casablanca having proved themselves such admirable marchers, it may be of interest to describe their foot-gear.

No socks are issued; some few men wear ordinary socks, but the great majority prefer a strip of linen, known as a “Russian sock,” which is wound round the foot.

French troops—cavalry and artillery as well as infantry—use the *brodequin*, a laced boot reaching a little above the ankle. The only troops as yet not provided with *brodequins* are the Tirailleurs of the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd regiments, the Colonial natives (Senegalese, Tonkinese, &c.), and the Spahis.

The 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Tirailleurs Algériens use the *soulier*, familiarly known as the *godillot*, after the name of the contractor, which was in general use in the army up to about twenty years ago; it is a brogue attached by spats. Many Tirailleurs prefer the *soulier* to the *brodequin* on account of its lightness.

The sole of the *brodequin* is composed of three thicknesses of leather, the two outer ones being much thicker than the middle piece. The distinguishing features of the boot are (1) its light-

ness, (2) the softness and flexibility of its upper leather, due to its comparative thinness. Probably the main secret of the complete immunity of the troops from sore feet is to be found here. Galls and blisters are caused by wearing boots with thick upper leathers that have stiffened after a day's rain into the consistency of cast-iron. Privates are not the owners of trees, and the contraction of the leather which follows on a wetting can only be avoided by using boots which a man would declare to be two sizes too large for him. The French authorities recognise this, and the soldier is given boots 2 centimetres longer than his foot and proportionately wide.

*Pay System.*—Some account of the French pay system may possibly interest those soldiers who still remain in our Army Pay Department.

Each "régiment de marche" (two battalions) has a paymaster—a captain, called the "capitaine trésorier," who has a subaltern, called the "lieutenant adjoint au trésorier," to help him. In a detached battalion one subaltern takes charge of all administrative work, including pay; he is called "l'officier chargé des détails."

No men's accounts are kept. Every ten days the sergeant-major multiplies the number of men in his company present during that period by 5 centimes per diem, which gives the total pay of the company; he does the same for the "prime d'alimentation" (26 centimes per diem), and puts



the figures on a paper called the “feuille de prêt,” which the captain signs and the sergeant-major gives to the trésorier, who pays out the money to him. The captain keeps the money for the “prime d'alimentation,” and the rest is distributed to the men as stated above.

These “feuilles de prêts” (three per month; on the 1st, 11th, and 21st) are audited by the Intendance.

The money for the regiment is drawn by the trésorier on the Exchequer, no War Office Finance Department existing.

The system works as follows. Every year Parliament appropriates the money to be spent by the War Office; and this money is kept in the Treasury in Paris, and in branch offices scattered over the French possessions abroad. In every regiment or other unit the trésorier works out monthly the approximate sums he has to provide for the financial wants of the regiment. This “quit-tance” is signed by the Board of Administration of the regiment and audited by the Intendance, and the money is then paid to the trésorier by the civilian treasurer of the district. In a word the trésorier acts towards the Treasury as the company captain acts towards the trésorier; but as the sums drawn by the trésorier are drawn in advance, every three months there is a settlement of the difference between the sum drawn and the sum to which the regiment is entitled.

## SPANISH HUTS

As has been mentioned, a battalion (about 650 strong) of the 69th regiment of the Spanish army, under the command of Colonel Bernal, is stationed outside the walls of Casablanca, and is responsible for the defence of the town on the south.

This battalion takes no part in the field operations conducted by the French.

The men, though of small physique, are smart and well-turned out, and have done much useful work in road-making and clearing sites.

Their huts are particularly well made and adapted to the climate, and are roofed with a corrugated papier-mâché (carton) which has great advantages over the corrugated iron used by the French and our own authorities under similar conditions, and which, therefore, might usefully be adopted in our army.

The patentees are Messrs. Vidal & Company, Llado No. 1, Barcelona, Spain.

## THE TAKING OF SETTAT

AT 6 A.M. on Sunday, 12th January, General d'Amade left Casablanca for the south with a force of approximately 2500 men, composed of three squadrons Chasseurs d'Afrique, two squadrons Spahis, 120 Goumiers (volunteer Algerian cavalry), one battery (four guns) 75 millimetre field artillery, two companies of Zouaves, four companies of the Foreign Legion, and eight companies of Tirailleurs.

It was a cool, grey, English morning; and as the column wound its way over the green endless prairie Casablanca still glittered behind us like a great white shell beside the surf of its deep blue sea. The order of the march was a square; the Tirailleurs led in a line of ten sections in fours at a hundred paces interval, covering a front of nearly a mile; the flanks were formed of the Légion Etrangère marching in column of route; the staff, the guns, and the baggage marched within; the rear was brought up by the Zouaves. In front, at a distance of about two miles, the cavalry screen protected our advance.

The immense plain that lies between the foothills of the Atlas and the sea, known as the Chaouiya—a huge alluvial tract sixty miles square

—stretched away on every side into the distance, waving with a lush growth of extraordinary luxuriance. Over the horses' knees it always was; belts of *Lavatera* (mallow) six feet high occasionally completely obscured the struggling files of infantry. Wild mustard gave the plain a prevailing yellow; here clover not yet in flower made an emerald setting to an acre of white rape flashing like a snow-drift in the sun, and there to a great bank of purple *Linaria* glowing like the seas incarnadine. Bright rosy thrift on two-foot stalks contrasted with the pale blues of chicory and flax; the garlic waved over a delicate *Chionodoxa*; pink valerian struggled amid the palmetto scrub; and clumps of giant fennel, the plant in whose stems Prometheus brought down the heavenly fire, sent up their incense at the bidding of our march.

The French marigold was everywhere, a blaze of dazzling colour in the stonier soils; a tall *Reseda*, white and unreminding, even in its scent, of our mignonette, overtopped deep crimson poppy colonies; a few yellow-striped purple iris were dotted here and there; and far and wide the tall graceful heads of lilac-flowered asphodel rose above their clumps of daffodil-like leaves.

So the drifts and belts of colour rose and fell, and flashed and darkened, over the billowy folds of the colossal plain, without a tree to break the unending line; save where a rare grove of untended fig-trees languished within their broken cactus

hedge, or where the dying aloe lifted its pine-like head above the tall grey sword-leaves guarding deserted farms.

An abandoned and forsaken country ; the infrequent square, white, flat-topped house within its loopholed court in every case bore traces of assault. The fertile black earth, richest of all soils, except, perhaps, the *Chernazorn* round Odessa, lay everywhere untilled ; for twelve miles inland from Casablanca man has fled, and the wild-flower reigns in perfect beauty.

So we marched on towards the south-west, as picturesque a host as you can imagine. The cavalry were permutations of the tri-colour ; the Chasseurs, with their white képis, blue tunics, and red breeches ; the Spahis, with their white veils, red zouave jackets, and baggy Turkish blue breeches ; the Goumiers, with their red tightly-drawn headgear and blue and white burnouses.

The Foreign Legion have a linen sun-guard over their red képis ; their long blue coats are buttoned back at both sides, so that they look like elongated swallow tails ; their loose trousers were once white. The Tirailleur wears a jaunty red tarbúsh ; his clothing is white, with baggy breeches, and round his waist is wound a long kummerbund of scarlet cloth, which he puts on by holding one end himself, with a friend at the other end several yards away, and then he gracefully waltzes into its coils. The artillery are clad throughout in sombre blue ; the

tunic of the French Spahi officer is bright cærulean ; the leader of the Gouniers is resplendent in scarlet. So we marched in bright array over the untenanted plain, with hardly a living creature to distract our attention from the glory of the flowers.

The force camped that night at Aïn Djemma, a magnesium-tainted spring, beside which stood the long, black, keel-like tents of an Arab *douâr*.<sup>1</sup> The scowling, huddled villagers regarded us unpleasantly ; their big yellow and white dogs dashed out upon us ; but commerce is the truest friend of peace. The troops wanted eggs and fowls and barley and straw ; the villagers coveted the little silver Moroccan *grich* ; at length some of us were invited by the headman into his tent and regaled with sugar flavoured with tea, neutralised by the strong aroma of mint, the leaves of which were flung into a teapot already crammed to the lid with sugar broken off a miniature loaf.

That night it rained heavily, but no one cared. The force had no transport in the ordinary sense ; they carried five days' rations, and they carried their tents. One might almost say that what a French soldier does not carry is not worth carrying. The light *tente d'abri* holds comfortably six men lying at right angles to its length. Every man carries a change of boots and clothes ; every fourth man has a *marmite* or tall cooking-pot for coffee ;

<sup>1</sup> "Aedificia Numidarum, quæ mapalia illi vocant, oblonga incurvis lateribus tecta, quasi navium carinæ essent." Sallust, *Bell. Jugurth.* § 21.

*gamelles*, or eating-tins, crown every pack; odds and ends of wood, shovels, even wine give the French soldier an independence and a resultant comfort which is a marvel to those who know the long miseries of tired men waiting in cold and wet for transport which never comes.

In a trice the Frenchmen heap up their wind-breaks of stones stuffed with fennel; a little trench is dug to leeward, the wood placed in it and lit, the *marmites* set upon the blaze; his tent is the work of a moment; and cold and wind and rain are no longer within his purview.

The little grey stallions of the Algerian cavalry squeal and stamp and fight throughout the night; the rain turns the camp into a morass; but when reveillé sounds at half-past five, the men groping their way in the dark to wrestle with sodden fuel in a bog are as merry as grigs. We started at dawn on Monday, 13th, heading south-east, and marched still over endless prairie more and more cultivated as we got further away from Casablanca. The soil was less fertile, perhaps, the vegetation less rank; but miles and miles of black plough faintly tinged with the green of the young blades stretched between the conical straw huts and long low tents, fenced in with thorns, which form the Arabs' temporary homes. It is mighty dangerous to gallop over the marigold-strewn headlands of these unfenced fields. In the most surprising places, after the manner of the Indians'

*caches*, are grain chambers hollowed out of the earth, with a circular funnel open to the sky; the funnel is often 3 feet in diameter, the chamber 10 feet deep; and woe to man or horse who blunders into them. One officer broke his leg, and another fractured his skull and died by falling into these "silos," as the French call them; where the mari-golds grow best, beware, for there it is that they spread an orange carpet over vacancy. At last, 60 kilomètres from Casablanca, Ber Rechid and the violet foothills of the Atlas came in sight through a haze of rain. The hills are known as M'Zab—a plateau stretching from the alluvial plain of the Chaouiya for 70 miles to the feet of the Snow Mountains.

Ber Rechid is a rectangular city, 400 yards long and about 300 yards wide, enclosed within a crenelated, bastioned, loop-holed wall 20 feet high, and protected towards the east by a ditch and rampart. Very imposing looked the well-built yellow walls, and capable of a stout defence; but for years the place has been derelict, and not a shot was fired at us as we topped the ridge whereon three gleaming *koubbas* with snow-white cupolas looked down on the abandoned city. Within the walls extends in every direction a labyrinth of tortuous, narrow streets; nearly every house is a ruin, roofless and battered; the courtyards of the ancient palaces are ablaze with charlock. The rounded lines of the Moorish arch and a few feet of delicate tracery still marked the



site of the baths; but in all the place I found but one room with a roof. Windowless and dark, it yet served well enough as a stable and bedroom combined; for I left Casablanca in too great a hurry to be able to provide myself with anything but a horse, and on these occasions a good one is apt to get lost unless he is under his master's eye.

That same evening Colonel Brulard, marching in from Mediouna with a battalion and half of the Foreign Legion and a few cavalry, raised the strength of the force to nearly four thousand men; and the voluntary presence of about twenty submissive kaïds convinced the more pessimistic among the fire-eaters that a fight would again elude them. The Arab chiefs who assembled to do homage to the conqueror were all of the same type: hawk-faced, hard, savage-eyed men, with their beards shaved towards the jaw, and moustaches clipped to vanishing point.

Snowy turbans they wore, and dark blue burnouses with white hoods; white folds fluttered from their knees, and their bare feet were thrust into yellow slippers. Their saddles were like those of their enemies, the Goumiers, red-leathered, chair-backed, high-pommelled; their mean-looking ponies, with muzzles always in the air, had yet more bone and substance than the Algerine barbs. And now the chilly night fell again; the tri-colour fluttered in front of the General's little tent without the great wall of the kasbah; flocks

of dark sheep crowded into the camp; unladen camels gurgled; the itinerant *fournisseur* plied a roaring trade, lamenting to each customer the terrible loss of 15 quintals of potatoes through absconding camel-drivers; horses kicked and fought; and everywhere under the light of the moon the groups of colour formed and changed. Next morning a reconnaissance was made towards the south. We passed through the camp of the Tirailleurs across the dark plough-lands; gave a *grich* to a native to draw water for our horses from a well beside a puddle where lusty men were stamping soapy bournouses into cleanliness; and rode on across the flats towards a fort of the type of Ber Rechid, but smaller, and brightened by tall olive trees within its purlieus. The cavalry were a good mile in front of the infantry; they seemed to be about to pass the fort that lay a quarter of a mile to their left. But as the leading squadron came in line with the distant wall of the kasbah a sudden order rang out; every sword flashed from its scabbard; the squadrons wheeled left as one man; the leading one taking the outer flank of the fort, the next the near wall, and the rear squadron the inner one; and at a gallop they made for the kasbah. But not a shot was fired at the French; they encircled the place; the gate was opened; the enemy capitulated. A few officers entered the gate; a short colloquy was held; the surrender was absolute.

“ Bien coiffé,” said a cavalry officer. Then a huge, blue-cloaked, grey-bearded Arab came out; two Chasseurs with drawn swords walked behind him; across the holding plough he went, his skirts, white and yellow, held high out of the mud; on he laboured, but he did not get far before he fell exhausted. The kindly French provided an ambulance chair and a mule, and so the prisoner went back to Ber Rechid. Thus was taken the notorious Mohammed ould el Hadj Hamou, Kaïd of the Oulad Hariz, and chief instigator of the Casablanca massacres. He was lodged in a deep “ silo ” close to the southern rampart of the fort; two Zouaves appeared to be guarding mustard; one came nearer, a hole appeared; at the bottom of it lay a crouching Arab.

About seven o'clock that same evening (Tuesday, 14th January) I was proceeding by the light of a solitary candle, in the gloom of the smoke-blackened, wagon-roofed cellar in the ruined kasbah which I had made my dwelling, to eat the tough bread and hard-boiled eggs which constituted dinner, when an excited brother journalist rushed in and asked me if I had heard the news. It was great news; the force was to start that evening at eleven for Settat.

My friend thought hard eggs unworthy of the occasion; he carried me off from my dusty lair to his comfortable tent; there were beefsteaks cooked to a turn, and plenty of red wine; excellent

brown commissariat bread and *pâté de foie gras* and coffee. At eleven we got on our horses and wound our way through the narrow débris-laden streets of the City of the Plain.

The column was already in motion: three squadrons of cavalry, one battery (four guns) of field artillery, and four battalions of infantry.

Southwards towards the long low line of the M'Zab hills we set our faces. It was a misty night; the moon, nearly at her full, was set in a deep halo; the stars twinkled in the upper sky, and fog hung low upon the ground.

A tremendous pace was set; the infantry kept up with the quick walk of the native horses, getting over the wet and heavy ground as only French troops can. There was no check, no opposition; but it was evident that the enemy was not ignorant of our doings. The shrouded hills were bright with signal fires, now flickering, now obscured; after the ingenious code in vogue hereabouts since the very beginning of things. At the end of every hour the column halted for ten minutes; but the soil was saturated with rain, the track was a puddled bog, and the men could rest only by leaning on their rifles.

All packs had been left behind; rations for one day were in the men's haversacks; so when the low whistle sounded again the men stepped out at a slashing pace.

A "caisson" of the long black guns loomed

large beside me; the leading horses of its team faded spectral in the fog; the neighing of the vanished barbs ahead came muffled down the line. At three o'clock the column was ordered to halt till dawn. In these latitudes the enormous radiation makes the early morning always very cold. The men would have been happy enough if they could have lain down and slept, but the oozy black slime kept most of them afoot for three weary hours. With the guns officers stamped up and down at racing pace trying to keep warm; men dozed on the limbers; and the night took an unconscionable time to die. What a relief it was to see the dark blue pall slowly lighten in the east to gold, and to watch the blurred masses of the square harden into line and colour! It was a glorious day. Not a cloud ruffled the sapphire of the sky, and the mustard yellowing the black plain shone against the pale green of the low hills in front of us. Whereas our first day's march from Casablanca led through nothing but a natural garden, here almost every acre of the soil was cultivated; and the sprouting blades gave a faint tinge of colour to the darkness of the earth.

Our march led us almost due south up the course of the Oued Mousa. On the east rose the low mimosa and asphodel-tufted range; to the west the plain stretched away illimitable. Suddenly there appeared an opening in the hills; the little

stream issued from a narrow winding valley bounded on the west by a chain of narrow *massifs* trending steeply away into the plain. At the other end of this valley, three miles from where it debouches on the flats, in a little hollow in the plateau, stands Settat. Settat was our objective.

The mention of the Oued Mousa reminds one that in this country of the south rivers behave very differently from their cold brethren of the north. There a stream gathers importance as it goes; here length of days brings paralytic nonage.

The bed of the Oued Mousa would hold the Isis at Oxford; but a few miles through the thirsty alluvial soil are too much for him, and he dies ere he reaches the sea. About two miles from the point where the Mousa leaves the hills we came to a white fort set beneath the green upland—an outer curtain, a kasbah, or keep, and a few houses, all flat roofed, and dazzling in the sun.

Thence issued a procession, consisting of a portly white-clad gentleman carrying a white flag, followed by another leading a tributary bullock, and succeeded by a third who evidently preferred following to preceding these evidences of his friendliness. The little cortège passed within the square; at the same instant there sounded a thunder of hoofs, and all the artillery officers galloped at full speed to a knoll beyond the kasbah. At once the guns were sent for, and in a trice their muzzles pointed down the little valley ahead. And now

the fray began. The cavalry had got contact with the enemy, and were speedily driven by superior numbers to retire. All over the plain and upon the hills the Arabs were swarming—isolated, incoherent entities, riding hither and thither as the spirit moved them, totally without direction, and supremely bold. On them the guns opened, but what can the best of guns and gunners effect against a foe so mobile as these horsemen? When they fired on the groups on the hills the tribesmen scattered in the plain, and when they threw their shells over the French infantry advancing up the valley, the little Arab ponies generally managed to gallop out of their way.

For now four companies were attacking in a long single rank, without intervals—the Legionaries on the left, the Tirailleurs on the right, their supports about a quarter of a mile behind them.

The line advanced as one man, then halted, knelt, fired by sections, usually in volleys, and then again advanced. It was admirably done. The line stretched straight as a dart across the valley, and the fire-discipline showed the trained excellence of seasoned troops. There was a dark *douír* of camel-hair tents in front of the Tirailleurs from which a hot fire was kept up, and if the tribesmen had shot better the casualties here would have been very heavy. But though the air was humming with bullets they hit nobody, and the shells fired by the only field-piece the Arabs

brought into action buried themselves in the plough without troubling to burst. A good deal of their ammunition seemed to be home-made; many spent bullets ricocheted harmlessly amongst us; one of them hit my good little black horse on the quarter, and startled much more than it hurt him. Meanwhile the General, with four hundred men, remained at the kasbah with the guns: the rest of the force, with the cavalry, were echeloned over the plains towards the west. The enemy had now practically surrounded us. The M'Dakra, the inhabitants of the region we had just passed through, attacked us from the rear, and so the circle was completed. But the main Moorish attack was in defence of the valley leading to Settat. General d'Amade, realising the difficulties of an advance up the narrow hemmed-in corrie of the Mousa, ordered the firing-line to change direction half-right, and to take the steep hill which separates the valley from the plain of the Chaouiya on the west.

With beautiful precision the manœuvre was effected; the troops marched gaily towards the dotted green slopes from whence they knew they would look down on the city of Settat. At the foot of the hill was a *douár*, glinting with white flags, from which a persistent fire was coming. The mitrailleuse with the Tirailleurs did good work here under the direction of its Zouave lieutenant; and here, too, one of the brave fellows he com-





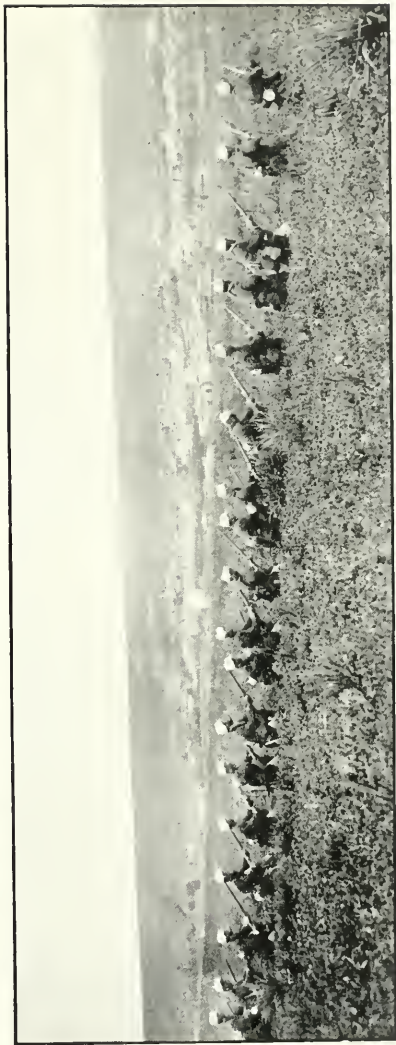


THE MAD BEGGAR OF SETTAT (JAN. 15, 1908)

manded received a mortal wound. In the teeth of a terrific fire from the French line a tall white figure advanced alone; at length it was seen that the man was waving something like a letter; the fire ceased, and the Arab, with his white robe turned to crimson from a bullet through his leg, walked calmly into the midst of his foes. There is not the smallest doubt that this letter was a ruse to gain time, and to minimise the effect of the out-flanking movement then so brilliantly proceeding.

It achieved its object; the line was halted for a quarter of an hour; and while the messenger was despatched to General d'Amade the wily tribesmen gathered on the hills to bar our way. The soldiers cheered the order to renew the advance, and climbed the steep face of the hill like cats, while the cavalry, zigzagging beyond them on the right, dappled the green field of Islam with the tricolour of France. The top of the hill is a shrub-covered plateau, scored by deep gorges running down to the Mousa valley and sinking away gradually on its western face. Settata was not yet in view; two miles ahead it lay concealed in a hollow. The tribesmen had assembled in force in front of us; they advanced with great boldness in an attempt to cut us off from support from the plain. The moment had come for the men of the *arme blanche*; the word was given, the Chasseurs, Spahis, and Goumiers

formed up, and with a cheer they dashed against the cloud of menacing Arabs. The latter fired from their saddles, then turned and fled. Lieut. Crôtel of the 3rd Chasseurs, who lingered for two months and died of the wound, had his chin shattered; a Goumier fell mortally wounded; a Spahi clung to the high red pommel of his saddle with both hands as a bullet grazed his head. The French cavalry galloped hard; they caught up only half-a-dozen of the enemy; the rest got away down a steep defile; but the tactical value of the charge was enormous, for it freed the right flank henceforward from all danger of being turned. And now the infantry pushed on again; and presently the yellow city of Settat lay below us, set in a hollow at the head of its little valley, planted with olives and watered by a stream. In front of us on the ridge stood a white kasbah, and beyond it an entrenched camp; in both the white-clad men were swarming. Up the slope against us came some who saw only the single figures of reconnoitring officers; they little knew that behind the crest two battalions of crouching French soldiers were waiting with their fingers on the triggers. On they came to within three hundred yards, and then the thin line rose up and filled the air with a scream of bullets. Yellow, white, and blue lay the quiet figures on the slope; only a few of the Moors got away; one faithful



(1) BEHIND THE FIRING-LINE (JAN. 15, 1908)

(2) THE FOREIGN LEGION BEFORE SETTAT (JAN. 15, 1908)



little horse I watched standing sadly beside a master who had mounted him for the last time.

In the middle of the firing-line, refusing to be driven away, a baby donkey was gambolling. The *douár* he knew was a charred ruin; his human friends were gone; I saw him poke his nose into a Tirailleur's hand. The town now lay below us on the left, but the fire from the entrenched camp on the ridge in front was heavy. While the infantry gained the near kasbah, fluttering with white flags and deserted by all but greybeards and women, whose shrill *ululatus*—a long tremolo on a high note—sounded above the noises of the fight, the cavalry were sent on to the ridge, and charging they cut down forty of the fugitives. A lad of fifteen was among them; a Chasseur was about to despatch him when his officer humanely intervened, wishing to spare a boy's life. The latter pulled a dagger from beneath his cloak and hurled it at his protector. Fortunately no harm befell him; the weapon went through his clothes, grazed his ribs, and stuck out behind his back; while half-a-dozen sabres made an end of his assailant.

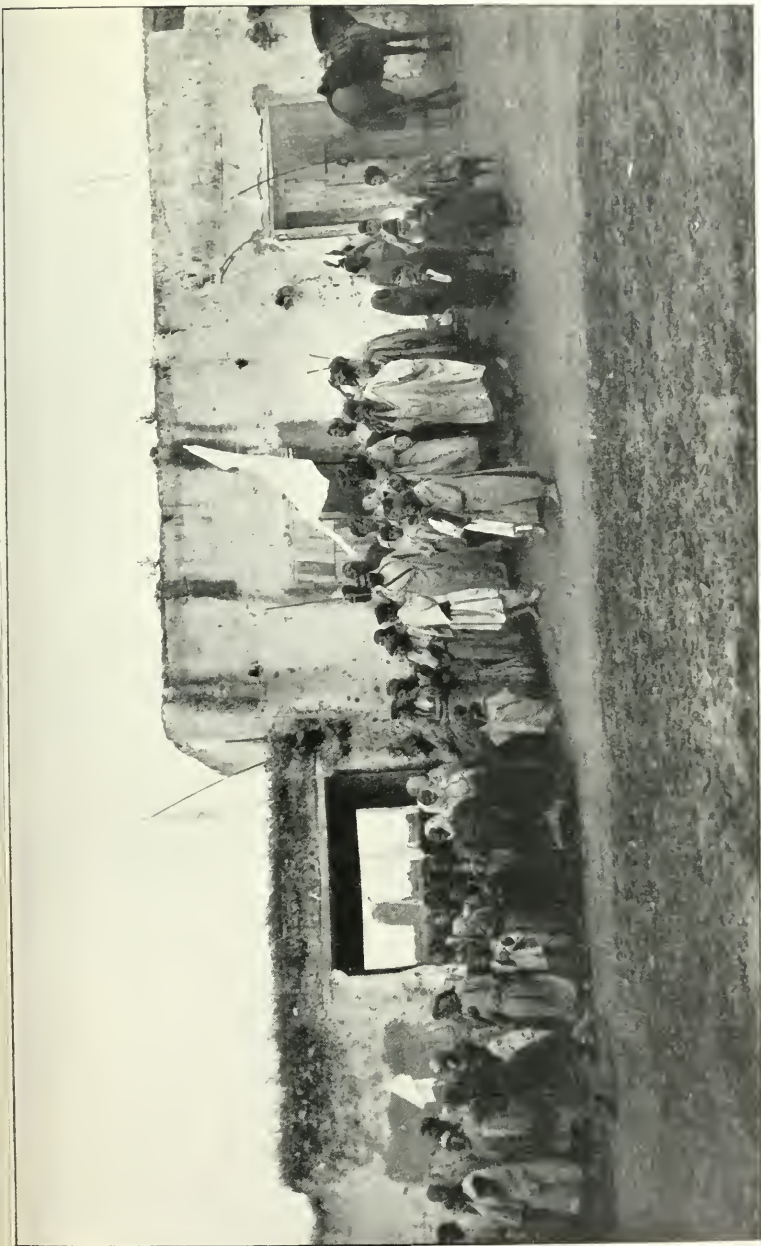
I went down the hill into the town with the firing-line, and here it was that M. Réginald Kann, the well-known war correspondent of the *Temps*, so narrowly escaped death. Within a hundred yards of the walls, from behind which the enemy still kept up a hot fire, his saddle

shifted, and he got off to put it right. A native marksman saw his chance, and took three deliberate shots at him. They missed M. Kann, but the last struck and mortally wounded a soldier who was passing within a foot of him. His many friends all over the world will rejoice at the escape of so brilliant a journalist and so brave a man.

Then the bugles sounded the *pas de charge*; the infantry fixed bayonets, and cheering rushed into the city. All the men except the Jews had fled. Great numbers of these swarmed out of their dens, with servile bows and smiles, and their women came and kissed the hems of our garments.

The gallant Colonel Passard, always in front, hoisted the French flag over the central kasbah, while from the hills on the east the discomfited Arabs fired aimlessly into their lost city. It was now two o'clock, and the troops had to march twenty miles before they had finished their work. General d'Amade had been hard pressed in his advance up the valley of the Mousa with his four hundred; and the enveloping fire of the enemy had lost him eight men in a quarter of an hour. To support the General, therefore, the conquerors of Settat were withdrawn down the valley, and there it was that the Zouaves charged up hill against a fort full of tribesmen, and put them all to the bayonet. The day was





THE JEWS OF SETTAT GREETING THE FRENCH (JAN. 15, 1908)



now won; Settat was taken; the Arabs were everywhere put to flight; at least a hundred and fifty of their dead lay upon the field. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, the troops had been marching and fighting since eleven the night before; "mangez vos sardines" came the order, and the force rested for ten minutes on the heights white with sparaxis. Then the homeward march began; the great square re-formed, and the gallant French troops set out across the darkening fields towards Ber Rechid. No enemy ventured to molest them; at one in the morning of Thursday, the 16th of January, with none but wounded men in the ambulances, the French infantry, after twenty-six hours' continuous marching and fighting, rejoined their comrades.

It was a great performance, of which France may well be proud.

## THE TRADE OF CASABLANCA

DURING the whole of the first part of the nineteenth century the trade of Casablanca was in French and Spanish hands. It was not until about 1855 that English traders began to settle there, but by 1870 England had won the place at the head of the trade of the first port in Morocco which she still retains. It is true that Germany has made great advances here during the last thirty years; but though, according to the latest official reports, the bulk of the exports from Casablanca go to German ports, they are often sent thither by English houses. The reason is that the cereals which form the staple of the export trade have of late years fetched better prices at Hamburg than in England. In the case of barley more especially it was the imports from Morocco which in 1907 kept down the price of Russian barley on the German market.

As regards the import trade, it may be said that there is little or no competition between France and England. The French hold the monopoly for sugar and silks, the English for tea and cotton goods; Belgium rules the iron market, and divides that for candles with England. The Germans, on the other hand, here as elsewhere, deal

in every class of cheap manufactured goods, and consequently would be hard hit were the French to introduce a preferential tariff in their own favour. The Spaniards, whose oil and wines compete with those of France, would also feel the effects of any such policy. The German houses in Morocco are, as a rule, only agencies, and do not trade with their own capital. They, moreover, give the natives very long credit in order to work up a business, but as they have to do with very litigious customers, who are also far from being prompt payers, the German traders are placed at a comparative disadvantage.

It is true that the young Germans who come out to Casablanca as clerks to acquire a thorough knowledge of the country and of the language, form a nucleus of youths who are well prepared to found firms throughout the land, and thus bring into being tendencies which, in time, will give Germany a very appreciable commercial advantage. There are only two Englishmen under thirty years of age in business at Casablanca at the present time.

In this connection it should be remembered that to the Moors the buyer is the most important person in the firm, and that he ranks in their eyes far above its principal. A countryman who has come in to sell his grain will ask for Don So-and-so, who is the agent of an English firm, and if he cannot come to terms with him he will go on to another

buyer, instead of addressing himself to the agent's employer. Consequently the German youths who are now commencing their business life in Casablanca in subordinate positions have far better opportunities of getting into touch with the natives than any man trained in England and coming out in later life possibly can have, and thus it is probable that, unless the condition of Morocco became such as to induce large investors to interest themselves in Moroccan undertakings, far more small businesses will in future be started there by Germans than by Englishmen. This is the real reason which induced Germany to stand up for the open door in a country where Germans can settle as well as trade. Count Tattenbach, now German Ambassador at Madrid, must have the credit for having pointed this out to his Government at least sixteen years ago; and it must not be forgotten that this determined the line of policy which Germany has subsequently followed in Morocco.

We must remember that the Hinterland of Casablanca, which forms the province of Chaouiya, is an agricultural and ranching district. Cereals, skins, and wool form the staples of its export trade, which also includes coriander seed, cinnamon, fennel, canary and linseed, as well as maize, lentils, and chickpeas. Until the Act of Algeciras the export of wheat and barley from Morocco was prohibited, for the reason that it was absolutely necessary in a country where communications are difficult and the

inhabitants void of foresight to prevent the distant districts being stripped by an excessive export of the stock of grain which they absolutely require. The same reasons induced the Sultan up to 1906 to forbid the exportation of transport animals and cattle, a rule which, owing to various circumstances, had in practice fallen into abeyance at Tangier for years. The Act of Algeciras, by expressing a wish that the export duties on cereals may be reduced, has given encouragement to the grain trade; and by the same treaty his Shereefian Majesty has agreed to increase the number of cattle which each Power has the right to export from Morocco, through any open port, from 6000 to 10,000 per annum. He, however, reserves the power of temporarily prohibiting such exports from the ports of any district in which there may be a dearth of cattle.

Of the animal products, exported wool goes to France, Germany, Italy, and England, and hides, sheep and goat skins to these countries and to Spain and Portugal.

The Chaouiya, with its Black Earth or "Tirs," which forms the first of the series of terraces separating the coast from the foothills of the Atlas, and which rivals the central districts of Russia in fertility, is, as has been said, a country of agriculture and of ranching.

Experiments have shown beyond all possibility of contradiction that the soil of Morocco, and more especially that of the Chaouiya, can grow every

kind of produce, and that all the plants of the temperate and subtropical zones can thrive in it.

Up to the present time, however, the insecurity of the country districts and the weakness of the Kaïds has made it impossible for any European to undertake farming or cattle-breeding in person. Such is the state of things which led to the establishment by the Treaty of Madrid in 1880 of the system of "Protection" which has played so great a part in the modern history of Morocco.

Though the European cannot carry on such undertakings himself he can do so through a native partner. Since 1880 the Sultan has allowed a special code of legislation to be established which protects an Arab to whom a European has entrusted his business interests against his own Government. The foreign firms established in the country have not failed to take every advantage of the system. Some advance money to the Moors in return for a share in the produce of their harvests; but it is more usual for them to send at the proper season a native agent into the interior to buy up cereals on the markets, or from the growers themselves. The grain is then brought into Casablanca to be cleaned and prepared for export.

It must be remembered that the statistics of the grain trade in any given year do not give the slightest clue to the productivity of the harvest. The Arabs take every precaution to escape the extortions of their Kaïds, and after every harvest



they hide the greater part of their wheat in underground cellars or "silos," where they often keep it for years.

This is one reason why it is, at present, difficult to predict what will be the future of Morocco as a grain-growing country under a new order of things. It is equally difficult to form any true conception of the results of the Protection system as a whole, without speaking of Casablanca in particular.

It is only natural, of course, that the protected and extra-territorialised Arab should attach himself closely to his employer. He, however, lives in security from the arbitrary exactions of the Kaïd, and can, as a rule, obtain capital at a cheaper rate than his unprotected fellows; for at Casablanca the natives usually borrow from the Jews and from rich Arabs at 60 per cent., whilst lenders in the interior charge their debtors 5 per cent. from market day to market day, or more than 260 per cent. a year. Too much importance need not be attached to the fact that the employers are constantly receiving little presents in kind from their protégés; for in Morocco, as in India, where the "Nuzzer" is still presented at state ceremonies, inferiors never approach their superiors without a gift. The richest European merchants used to be in the habit of accepting presents which were practically forced upon them by the manners and customs of the country, and to refuse which would, generally, have

been a lack of tact. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that, in some cases, unscrupulous Europeans have not hesitated to do a trade in Protections, or have even used the system as a means to acquire landed properties by foreclosing on mortgages which they have forced upon their protégés.

However, the system had grown to be indispensable in a country where life and property are at the mercy of a Sultan's whims, and where a favourite, after being loaded by his master with wealth and honour, can at a moment's notice be stripped of them again and plunged into the depths of poverty. On the other hand, it is to the disadvantage of the Protection system that it has given foreign powers pretexts for unduly interfering in the internal administration of Morocco, and that, by falsifying the basis on which taxation is imposed, it has shifted the burden from the backs of the richer natives to those of the poorest section of the population.

If the French take over the administration of the Chaouiya, introduce the Common Law, and institute a regular revenue survey, they will soon efface the last relics of a system which will then have outlived its usefulness. Morocco can only be the gainer by its disappearance. It is well known how the development of Egypt was hampered by the capitulations before the conclusion of the *entente cordiale*; although it must be added that

advocates of the "Mixed Tribunal" system are still to be found there.

To return to the economic resources of the Chaouiya. Its second great source of wealth is derived from cattle-ranching, for the province sends thousands of beasts to the ports of the Western Mediterranean, whilst the wool from its sheep farms supplies the markets of France, Germany, and England. In the Casablanca district sheep-farming is a most important industry.

As free grazing rights are the law in Morocco, Europeans are able to place their flocks in the hands of Arabs whose villages are in suitable localities. These Arabs are usually paid by being given a certain number of lambs, and the right of disposing of the milk, butter, and cream. At certain times of the year sheep are very cheap, and, in a few months, the sale of their fleeces often repays the purchaser a quarter of their prime cost; whilst, owing to the free-grazing law, they have cost next to nothing to rear. If the Arab is honest, and, as he has an interest in the transaction, he has every reason to be so, and if the grazing land has been properly selected, such undertakings yield very good results. But, as always where the *métayer* system is in force, the employer is entirely in the hands of his native partner, since it is almost impossible to carry out any effective supervision.

There are scarcely any manufactories at Casa-

blanca. A steam saw-mill, a flour-mill, and two or three other small and primitive establishments exhaust the list of the European concerns. The water in the neighbourhood is scanty and brackish, and it would, therefore, be very difficult to run either a tannery or a wool-washery, although any one interested in the latter subject would do well to study what has been done by Englishmen in that direction in the Cape and in Natal.

Natives make poor factory hands. The native women make woollen carpets, remarkable for their crude colouring and inartistic patterns; and, unfortunately, they have begun to use imported aniline instead of the old vegetable dyes, and have thus still further depreciated their products.

Slippers, and reed and alfa-grass mats, are also made. The reed matting, which is very cheap, is used to keep the grain in the granaries from contact with the damp soil and walls.

But the whole future of the Chaouiya depends on the answer to two questions of paramount importance:—

Are the French going to occupy the province permanently?

When the terms agreed upon by the *entente cordiale* expire in 1934, will the door be kept open to the trade of the world?

So far as an outsider can see, it would appear that France will have to occupy the country permanently for exactly the same reasons as those

which have forced England to put off withdrawing from Egypt. It is true that both France and Spain are doing their best to organise the police on the lines laid down by the Act of Algeciras, but even when they have accomplished a task which is made still more difficult by the mode of thought of the Arab recruits, it cannot be supposed that a force of 400 to 450 men will be strong enough to keep order in a province which is torn from top to bottom by religious and racial hatreds. It may be said, on the other hand, that the Act of Algeciras was only intended to preserve order in the coast towns open to trade, and in their immediate environs. It was not foreseen that if the French received the submission of the tribes they had been forced to punish for the share taken by them in the sack of Casablanca, they would necessarily be forced to protect them from being massacred by their co-religionists who had not laid down their arms. Yet, unless the whole province of Chaouiya is permanently occupied, it will be a seething sea of anarchy; the trade routes will be cut, transit trade will go elsewhere, and those who have already suffered so much by the bombardment and its consequences will have no security for their compensation. Thus the French cannot shirk the task of pacifying the province; their withdrawal will spell the ruin of the European colony.

If we can draw conclusions from what has taken place in Algeria and Tunisia, it is clear that a

system of ultra-Protection in Fiscal matters tends rather to prevent foreign merchants and professional men from settling in such a country than to restrict the importation of non-French goods. In 1882 the whole of the trade between Germany and Algeria amounted to 1,480,000 francs. In 1906 the total amounted to 12,000,000 francs, the Algerian wines being paid for by German leaf-tobacco, chemicals, and machinery. Everywhere in North Africa the labourers, the small farmers, and the market gardeners are Spaniards, Italians, and Maltese. Thus Fiscal Protection does nothing to check the immigration of the working classes. The one measure which could prevent Morocco being developed by foreign as well as by French capitalists would be the introduction of any kind of sur-tax, or increased payments for permission to reside there, which would place foreigners at a disadvantage as compared with Frenchmen.

On the other hand, it is certain that if the world of trade can be assured that the French occupation will be a lasting one, and will not close the open door, there would be an immediate influx of capital into the country. Englishmen, even under the conditions actually existing in Algeria, have created there, with the help of French auxiliaries on the spot, some very important businesses, and would certainly not be the last to come forward with their capital and take their share in opening up its neighbour. Thus the question of immigration

has little importance for ourselves. The Germans, on the other hand, have always looked on Morocco as a country in which they can settle as well as trade. The experience of the colonists from Wurtemberg, who have been established on the seaboard of Palestine since 1869, justifies their idea up to a certain point.

It would, however, be impossible for Germany to take possession of Morocco politically except at the risk of a war with France and England. All the leading German statesmen, such as Prince Bülow, say that the only interest they have here is to keep the door open to commerce and colonisation. If this is the real state of things, it should not be difficult to strike a bargain.

Public opinion in Algeria seems to be that France, in order to secure the right of occupying the Chaouiya, should agree to do so on the terms on which England occupies Egypt. The Algerians would even be willing to agree to the creation of an effective Customs frontier between Algeria and Morocco provided the actual produce of the two countries was reciprocally admitted free under some such arrangements as were established by the treaty of 1875 between Mozambique and the Transvaal. Even though a permanent occupation of the Chaouiya by the French were to lead to an increase in the number of German immigrants, it must be remembered that such emigrants have readily been absorbed elsewhere by the populations

on the spot. It is only since 1870 that French civilisation has lost its attractions for the South Germans and the Rhinelanders.

The French Colonial Party could not feel hurt by an occupation of the Chaouiya undertaken under such conditions, and could have no reason to cry out that their system of Fiscal Protection had not been introduced there. French trade would lose nothing by such an arrangement, as every day sees new arrivals from France, every one of whom serves to increase French imports into Casablanca. Before August 1907 there were under 20 French subjects established there. There are now between 600 and 700. It must not, however, be forgotten that for many years our fellow-subjects from Gibraltar have been in the habit of emigrating to Morocco, and that they as a rule prefer English goods.

It seems clear that the French must have already made up their minds to leave the door open, and that they will occupy the Chaouiya at least until the Act of Algeciras expires in 1911. Is this province destined to be the "Spot of Oil," which will eventually spread over the whole country outside of the Spanish sphere of influence? "Old Morocco" is dead, never to rise again. The system on which trade was based until the introduction of wireless telegraphy is crumbling away, for small traders will now have to bow before the decrees of the markets of the world, and all that has



taken place within the last few years has opened the eyes of capitalists to the possibilities of the country.

Will the riches of Pactolus be found in Morocco? I hardly think so. The Moroccans are content with little, not to say stingy, and do not greatly benefit by what they put by. It will be a difficult matter to make them abandon their old habits. All the pasture land is owned by tribes who hold to it strongly, and will not be very ready to part with it. The agricultural land is broken up into small holdings, and, consequently, it will be difficult to buy up large tracts of country. The natives are farm hands, not factory hands.

If a network of good roads is laid out, if some experimental farms are set up, if wireless telegraphy is introduced more generally, all the spade-work of development which is required for the moment will have been achieved in the Chaouiya. Going softly means going surely, and those who are interested in the future of the province should never forget this maxim, if they wish to avoid a breakdown which at this moment might compromise it for many a long year.

But France dare not withdraw her troops from the Chaouiya, for their departure would be the signal for an outbreak of anarchy which might in the end bring about a European war. If she continues to conduct her policy on the lines laid down

in the Act of Algeciras, and if she keeps the door really and not merely nominally open, she will in the end see herself the mistress of a territory which will eventually prove the richest amongst the provinces of her African Empire.

## THE FIGHT AT M'KOUN

ON Friday, the 17th of January, the day after his return to Ber Rechid from the battle of Settat, General d'Amade led his troops back to Mediouna.

Between these two derelict fortresses, or kasbahs, the green illimitable plain of Chaouiya stretches for fifteen miles; here and there the black earth, studded with asphodels in bloom, shows where the ploughman has done his rude task; but for the most part the richest soil in the world lies untilled, and enormous wealth awaits those future dwellers in this farmer's paradise whose rulers can secure to them the harvest of their toil.

Mediouna itself is an abandoned fortress of the type universal in the land—a rectangular miniature city protected by a great battlemented wall eighteen or twenty feet high, three hundred yards long, and two hundred yards wide, divided into two equal parts by a wall pierced in its centre by a door, and entered by a single white-arched gate on its northern face. The outer walls of every one of the kasbahs I have seen resemble the cast habitation of the snail. The shell stands bright and firm, and seemingly untouched by time; but within is

desolation and decay. The ochre-coloured, flat-topped houses are crumbling in every stage of ruin ; the mallow waves in the deserted streets ; in a grass-grown court you may perchance happen on the keel-like tents and conical straw wigwams of some wandering Arabs. The anarchy which has culminated in the massacres of Casablanca and the proclamation of a rival to the reigning Sultan is nowhere more clearly shown than by the abandonment of those once prosperous agricultural cities ; the robber from the hill has driven out the peaceful plain-dweller, and the fields where he laboured are yellow with charlock. Yet to the tired pricker over unending vistas of prairie the yellow square of Mediouna is a welcome sight. The Kaïd's house, standing alone outside the southern wall, looks at a distance for all the world like some homely Norman church with squat tower surmounting the fabric. A large pool gleams in the evening light ; the rosy sunset touches the fine lines of the Moorish gate ; the figures of men and horses shine reflected in the glinting water. You enter by the line of booths where enterprising merchants have set up a trade in oranges, cigars, eggs, chickens, and the hundred and one things sought after by the soldier ; on your left a sentry is pacing up and down before a narrow den. There lie half-a-dozen Arabs, prisoners of war, waiting in quiet dignity for the news of life or death. Now there is nothing to remind you of the ruin the French found when

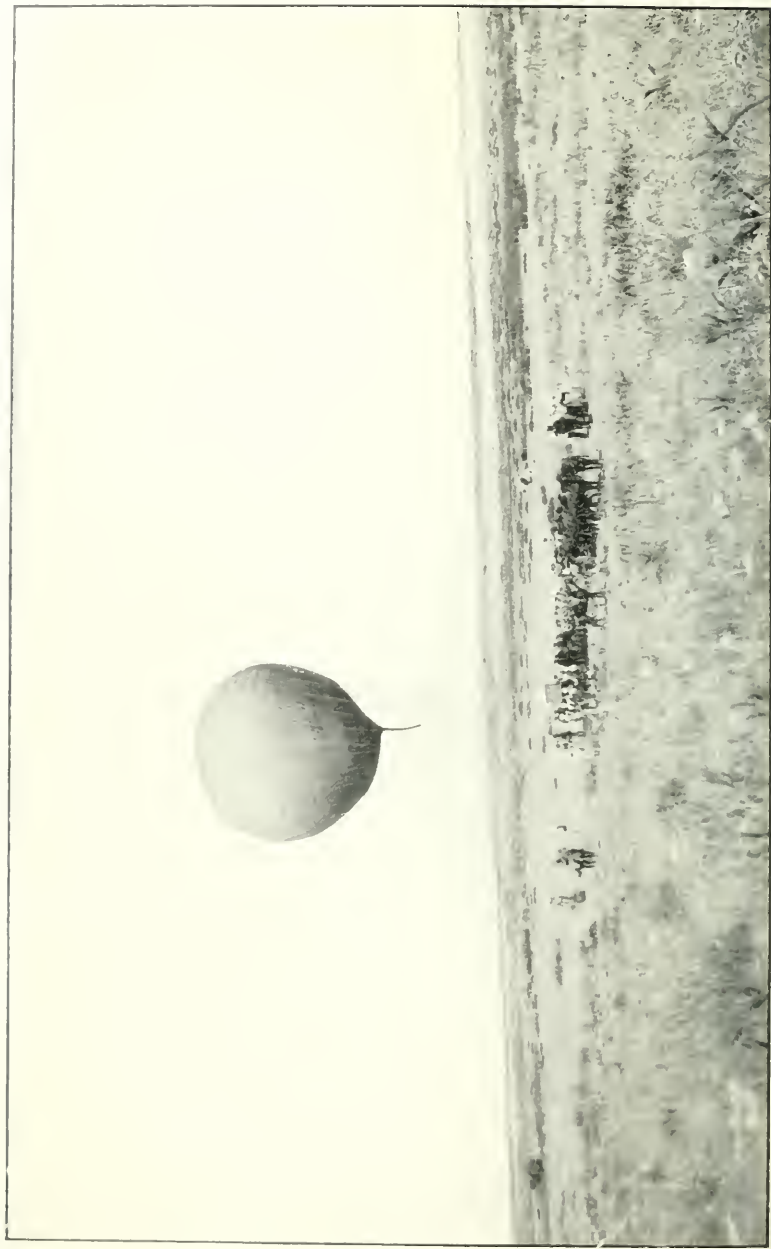
they occupied the place at the beginning of January. The ruined houses have been cleared away ; the neat huts of the infantry are ranged in lines ; order has taken the place of chaos. In one corner the balloon careens over its heavy carriage ; in another a fine fig-tree guards the entrance of the solitary house as yet untouched by the sappers. For elsewhere the French have demolished and levelled and cleared and flattened until the whole area within the walls is as open as the Place de la Concorde, and very nearly as smooth. Tied by the leg to a tent were several ferocious-looking falcons, in reality as tame as canaries, which the soldiers had caught by thrusting their hands down into the deep holes in the wall where these birds make their nests. Mediouna, a bare twelve miles from Casablanca, and the earliest outpost of the French arms, is at present the first link in the chain of communication with the hinterland. The avowed object of the French Government in maintaining troops in Morocco is to avenge the massacres and to police the ports. However inadequate such a policy may seem to those whose desire is the permanent pacification of the country, in the scheme of operations hitherto carried out Mediouna plays an important part. The lawless tribes of the Chaouiya must be chastised ; and Mediouna, on the road to Ber Rechid and Settat, is the first depôt on a line of advance hitherto hampered by want of transport. And so the camels pour in supplies,

and daily convoys troop across the limestone, potholed ridges between Mediouna and the sea. But the place is low and feverish, the water is bad; and the bulk of its garrison are long since transferred to posts further inland. The road between Mediouna and Casablanca is absolutely safe, and a stream of camp-followers, including parties of commercial gentlemen in their shirt-sleeves shooting larks, ebbs and flows unceasingly. Nowhere else have I seen so many sorts of flowers in a narrow compass. There I found the beautiful pink *Cheronia exifera*, a rare greenhouse plant at home, and a white sparaxis with a subtle scent, hanging its head like a snowdrop, and only opening to the midday sun.

There I first came on a drift of lupins, just opening into blue, hard by a fold in the plain crimsoned by a colony of plantains. Our familiar little friend the Virginia Stock is at home in the rocky clefts; the glorious blue of *Veronica anagallis* is a rival to the sky; here is a clump of scarlet pimpernel; there, by the reed-grown pool where the snipe are flushed, is a belt of yellow broom; the tall *lavatera* fills the hollows; and camomile, hidden by aspiring snapdragons, wafts you a greeting as you ride by.

Birds, excepting larks, are not numerous. The water-wagtail runs defiantly in front of one's horse whenever the intruder is sighted, but that is not as often as one would like. There is a plover,





“ LE CAFARD DE LA COLONNE ”



rather heavier in its flight than our peewit; and the white ibis, here called cowbird, something between a seagull and a duck, extraordinarily tame, which picks over the newly-turned fallows, and is friendly with the dun and brindled kine.

Once a flock of starlings came swishing over the sky-line into a grove of prickly pears; I have counted three brace of partridges, and two couple of quail. The commonest bird-note of the plain is the raucous croak of the carrion crow as he flaps sullenly away. The commonest creature is the tortoise, in every gradation of size; but, like Brer Rabbit, he lies low, and hardly counts as a friend. Flocks of dark sheep are few and far between; the cattle seem to have deserted the low ground for the hills; on the whole it is a lifeless country, this fertile plain of Chaouiya.

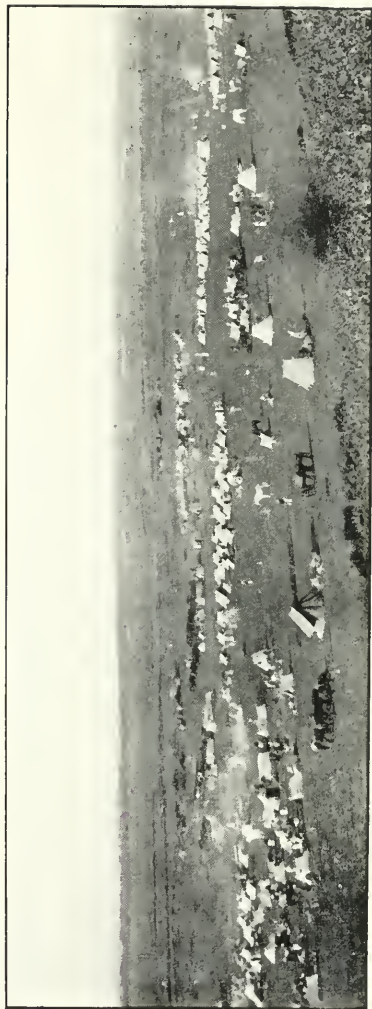
On Tuesday, January 21, General d'Amade left Casablanca with a force of 1100 infantry, two squadrons of cavalry, one battery of field-guns, and, alas, a balloon. Nearly everybody hoped, and a great many people believed, that the force was bound for Rabat, there openly to espouse the cause of Abd-ul-aziz. They were wrong. We certainly marched north-east close to the long line of dunes; close to the blue sea that thunders on the strand, and throws its surf in jewelled fountains high into the air; we came to the mouldering yellow Moorish bridge that

spans the Oued Mellah, or salt stream, and camped outside the kasbah of Fedallah.

Fedallah lies upon the sea; its bastioned wall is unbattlemented and loopholed, roughly a square of 150 yards.

A tall, square minaret, surmounted by a phallic emblem, stands sentinel over its mosque, whose green-tiled, triple-gabled roof at a distance reminds one forcibly of an engine-shed. That is the only building intact inside the wall; the stones that still remain one upon another are broken and defaced; the greater part of the ground is green with weeds, broken by the black circles of a few Arab camps. White-turbaned sullen Moors squatting in the tall grass; a gleam of snowy arches against the gloom of dark aisles; laughing children among yellow ruins; ten acres of lupins beneath a long white wall; that is my impression of Fedallah.

The next day the force reached Bou Znika, crossing the shallow Oued Neffikh a stone's throw from its mouth; the men took off their boots and waded through, and the sun dried them again. Hereabouts the country grows more arid; the corn-lands give way to rocky slopes; the once frequent fig-gardens are seen no more, and dark lentisk bushes take their place. Here the myrtle was in flower, and a long-bearded clematis wandered over the wild olives; the pale green leaves of an arum formed the common undergrowth.



(1) SIDI ABD-EL-KERIM

(2) THE CAMP AT FEDALLAH (JAN. 21, 1908)



At Bou Znika we were within fifteen miles of Rabat and far-famed Sallee ; but we were not then destined to see them. On Thursday, the 22nd, with a force augmented by the six companies of Tirailleurs garrisoning the place, we turned almost to the south and forsook the sea. Divided into two squares, the guns with the first, the convoy with the second ; attended always by that traitor balloon, which warned the tribesmen fifty miles ahead, we marched over ridges flecked with a pink heronsbill, and found several rough entrenchments newly thrown up by the Moors. Presently a dark, dotted line showed on the horizon ; we entered the southern fringe of the great cork-forest of Sehou. A more delightful country cannot be imagined. The sun shone ; the breeze still reached us from the sea ; against the dark background of the cork-oaks stretched a waving mass of paper-white narcissi. Directly you get into the forest the cistus takes possession ; here and there an opened snowy bloom foretold the brilliance of the future ; but in the open, sun-swept glades the cistus disappears, and the yellow glory of the common broom reigns paramount. The gnarled boles of the cork-oaks were blackened by some recent fire ; but no trace of its ravages marked the undergrowth ; tall and pale grew a yellow vetch. Suddenly the balloon carriage, weighing 2000 kilos, and drawn with difficulty by eight wiry French horses, sticks between two trees ; far

above them the balloon and its attendant spare-cover rub one another with a gasping sigh; one desperate struggle, and our bane is free. Beyond the forest there is a rocky pool wherein the pink flamingoes stand preening; a flight of wild duck streams away towards the distant blue hills.

Every now and then you come across a curiously artificial-looking oval hollow in the rocky ground; there it is as flat as a polo-ground, and covered with short grass; you might imagine that the Hurlingham authorities had spent several thousands over the business. One of the loveliest flowers I have ever seen was growing in one of these rain-basins—a marsh-marigold in leaf, a single chrysanthemum in flower; golden, indescribable.

Our midday halt was at the white shrine of Sidi ben Sliman, guarded by twin palms, landmarks in the huge plain; but soon the country changed, and the path led down into a rugged defile between green hills, red where the soil lay naked on the steep escarpments. Then, at Aïn Rebbah, a spring at the head of a wide valley, we camped in a field of young wheat; and the cavalry came in and reported that the enemy was not far ahead; and those of us who had forgotten the balloon hoped for great things with the morrow.

On Friday, 24th January, we went on southwards, through little valleys meandering about flat-topped hills; where fig-trees grew and water

ran, and Salisbury Plain somehow suggested itself. At last we debouched on the summit of a vast plateau, where for mile after mile grows the asphodel, untouched even where the wooden plough has scratched the surface of the black soil. In the middle-distance rose a clump of bushes; the cavalry hovered and stopped; they had come on the enemy's camp. The Arabs had left in such a hurry that nothing but the balloon could have saved them. All sorts of precious things were left behind—sleeping-mats of straw, barley, maize, new panniers, long wooden spoons, cooking-pots, beautifully shaped earthen pitchers, saddle-bags stuffed with treasures such as an egg-shaped black stone used to assay gold, and European knives and forks. Among all this débris hundreds of tiny chickens were clucking for mothers hanging alive and head downwards to saddles now many miles away. A score or so of puppies, brindled, prick-eared, and snarling, wandered friendless. A big yellow bitch rushed savagely at my horse; I heard the faint wailing of new-born pups; in another second I should have trampled them to death.

And now there is the boom of guns ahead; Colonel Boutegourd, marching from Mediouna to join General d'Amade, has got in touch with our flying enemy. We press on; the plateau sinks into a narrow red gorge; the guns are sent forward, and debouch into a flat valley bounded by flat hills. Major Massenet is in command of the guns; he has

a grudge against the Arabs, for they put a bullet through his shoulder in the September fighting. He fainted; resumed command till the day was done; and then again fainted. Off dashes this brilliant soldier to look for the enemy and a position for his battery. The hills in front shut out everything except the dull thunder of Boutegourd's guns; the attendant gunners were left dotted across the plain to carry back orders with the utmost speed. On went the tall man in command, with only two gunners left; he rose the far slope, through a cleft in the hills, and suddenly two Arabs were seen riding down the gorge. "Where is my revolver?" says the Major to his gunner; "you are on foot, load it." But the Arabs see the troops below, and sheer off. Massenet rides on and finds the leading section of Tirailleurs of Boutegourd's force on a promontory jutting out into a hill-encircled plain; to the west Boutegourd's guns were supporting his infantry; to the south and east the Arabs were swarming. M'Koun is the name of this place, and the Arabs are of the Oulad Ali tribe. Wherever you find the prefix Oulad ("son of") the people are of Arab stock; Beni (also "son of") implies Berber or Kabyle origin. Colonel Passard with his two battalions of infantry (Legionaries and Tirailleurs) pressed on eastwards in an endeavour to outflank the Arabs on the far ridges; Major Massenet brought his guns up on the promontory beside Boutegourd's advanced sec-



tion. There came all who wanted a bird's-eye view of the battle; a correspondent carrying a loaded Mauser pistol pointed fiercely towards a foe about a thousand yards away filled his confrères with a deep sense of the frailty of the bonds that hold us to the earth. The arrival of Massenet's battery concentrated the enemy's fire; the bullets began to fly about. Presently my friend, Mr. Black Hawkins, who was sitting in the plough about a yard from me, said calmly, "I'm hit!" He took off his cap, and a huge red lump appeared where the hair grows on the forehead. The line of the scar gave the direction of the spent bullet; we looked for and found it. About this time a lieutenant of artillery in Boutegourd's force, looking through his glasses, got a bullet through his wrist and through his lung. Then on the east the Chasseurs d'Afrique crept up and charged, and the enemy lost about twenty men.

All this time Massenet's battery were firing shrapnel into the scattered groups of darting Arabs; the enemy could not stand against the fire, and sheered off over the distant ridges to the south, taking their dead with them.

But they had not gone for good. D'Amade's and Boutegourd's forces united on the western ridge, and there, after superhuman struggles with balloon-carriage and transport wagons on the steep slopes, they formed up in a square to pass the night. The process was impeded by the Arabs, who fired from

afar into the packed masses of men and animals. I heard a non-commissioned officer shout to a mule-driver, "Get on ; what are you stopping for ?" The man replied, "I can't get these brutes to move ; the bullets keep falling under their noses." That hour before the sun set was an uncomfortable one ; we all thought the Arabs meant to snipe us all night long. But the unexpected always happens. After dark not a shot was fired ; the next day General d'Amade marched unopposed through Dar-el-Aïdi—a kasbah deserted like the rest—into Mediouna, and thence to Casablanca on the 25th.

## THE HYGIENE OF THE FIELD FORCE

THE French "Corps de Débarquement," as it is officially styled, is in one most material particular very fortunate; the scene of its operations has an admirable climate.

The malaria which ravages Gibraltar and other Mediterranean ports is in Casablanca almost unknown; among the natives phthisis is non-existent; even the filthy cesspool drainage of the town fails to provoke any real epidemic of typhoid.

About 15 inches of rain fall in the year, distributed over the months from October to March; the winter temperature varies in the day from 55° to 60° F.; just before dawn it falls to 40° and under; the hottest months, August and September, are tempered by the constant breeze from the Atlantic, and the most delicate Europeans spend the summer in the country without discomfort. Even though in January the midday sun is as powerful as in England in July, the nights are always cool, not to say chilly, and in Casablanca you sleep under a blanket nearly every night of the year. As Sir Joseph Hooker found when he vainly tried to dry his botanical specimens, the

great humidity of this air is in many ways inconvenient. Tents packed sopping with the terrific dews remain wet and heavy all day; men find it difficult to get their clothing and bedding dry; the burdens of pack animals are enormously increased.

But against such trifles you must set a climate of unsurpassed salubrity, in which European children thrive even better than in their northern homes; a climate that knows nothing of snow, little of frost, and less of thunderstorms, and that gives you nearly every day a cloudless blue sky, and a sea breeze, and a sense of abounding health. Consequently the death-rate, notwithstanding the loss of life involved in the fighting, has been lower among the troops than in many a French garrison town, and the proportion of men in hospital from all causes has rarely exceeded 2 per cent.

The excellence of the climate is not the only factor which has contributed to this happy result: the men are some of the toughest material to be found in any army.

Although the gunners and the balloon section have no heavy packs to carry and very little exhausting work to do, they have sent more cases of fever and jaundice to the hospitals than the rest of the army put together. Perfect as the climate is, it cannot obviate the effect on young soldiers of long marches, bad water, damp bivouacs, and youth.

The transport question is at Casablanca the one which above all others has taxed the resources

of the authorities, and no one more than the head of the Medical Department, Colonel Bassompierre. In civilised warfare a wounded man is cared for, if need be, by his foes. To fall wounded into the hands of the Moors is to die by torture. The Red Cross of Geneva does not fly in Morocco; men wounded in action must travel on within the square, and halt and march with the column until it returns to its nearest advanced post. Of these there were four, each roughly twenty miles from one another, garrisoning the great plain of Chaouiya—Bou Znika and Fedallah on the coast to the north of Casablanca, and Mediouna and Ber Rechid inland to the south-east. In each of them a field hospital was organised, but serious cases necessitating operation were at once sent on with a returning envoy to the base hospital at Casablanca. A man wounded in action is first of all attended to by his regimental surgeon and stretcher-bearers, and then carried by them to the column organisation, which consists of a dozen *infirmiers* or ambulance men under the orders of a senior medical officer, twelve mules carrying two *cacolets* or two *litières* apiece, and two others carrying chests of medical material. Roughly, the *cacolet* is a chair, the *litière* a bed. The former is an iron frame about 18 inches square with a wooden padded seat; on one side the metal uprights with their attachments are curved to fit the lines of the huge wooden pack-saddle, weighing 32 kilos.

On the other side is a metal rail; in front and behind the patient is held in by straps; his feet rest on a suspended strip of board. Each *cacolet* weighs 7 kilos.

The *litière* is an iron bedstead about 7 feet long, divided into three almost equal parts by two transverse sets of hinges, which enable the bed, when not in use, to be folded upwards from its ends into three sides of a square. The bed is of canvas attached to the frame by cords running through eyelet holes. Like the *cacolets*, the *litières* are fastened to the saddles by chains fixed to two central bars curved to fit the wood; the same saddle is used indifferently for both *cacolets* and *litières*.

On the *litière* the patient's head is close to the mule's; there is a folding hood on metal supports to protect him from sun and rain; the lines of the construction ensure that his head is always higher than his feet. Each *litière* weighs 15 kilos. By the kindness of M. le Commandant Zumbiehl, in charge of what is in reality the base hospital of Casablanca, although it calls itself the "hôpital de campagne," or field hospital, I was permitted to examine every detail of the working of the excellent French system.

Near the southern or Marákesh gate of the town, just within the walls, stands the large white building formerly the town-house of the Kaïd of Mediouna, now the nucleus of the hospital. Right

up to the wall of the city the rabbit-warren of his late retainers' dwellings has been cleared away, and in their place large tents stand in two separate courts, each surrounded by its trench, which drains the rain away under the city wall.

In one court are the infectious cases, here practically limited to typhoid; in the larger are the non-infectious fever cases; in the house are the officers and the wounded. The French divide their cases into three classes: (1) *Blessés*; (2) *Fiévreux*; (3) *Contagieux*. *Fiévreux* are subdivided into bronchitic, gastric, malarial, and jaundice cases; *Contagieux* into typhoid, measles, scarlatina, and smallpox.

From the beginning of September 1907 up to the middle of January 1908 there were 120 cases of typhoid, none of measles or scarlatina, and one of smallpox. Of the 120 typhoid cases, 14 have terminated fatally, or 12 per cent. of those attacked by the disease—a mortality below that of many garrisons in France, where a percentage of from 14 to 25 per cent. is not unknown.

The proportion of deaths from typhoid to the number of troops engaged in the operations can be represented by the figure  $\cdot 002\bar{3}$ ; that of those attacked as 2 per cent.; the field force previous to General d'Amade's arrival being about 6000 men. Typhoid is treated by the Brandt or cold bath system. When the patient's temperature exceeds  $102^{\circ}$  F. a cold bath is given; an interval

of three hours is then allowed to elapse; if at the end of that time his temperature still exceeds 102, he is given another cold bath, and so on until his temperature falls. Malaria is treated with subcutaneous injections of quinine, from  $\frac{1}{2}$  gramme to 2 grammes daily. Three sorts of tents are used. The one preferred by M. Zumbiehl is the Herbet—a double canvas gable-roofed tent about 15 yards long by 5 wide, with top ventilation throughout its length, and four sun-blinded windows on each side. It holds 18 beds, and is floored with wood covered with linoleum.

In this tent the temperature can be kept down to from 60° to 70° F. even in the hot weather. The Tollet tent, also holding 18 beds, differs from the Herbet in having a domed roof and only two windows on each side; it is somewhat more difficult to keep cool.

The Decker tent is a structure of “carton” or papier-mâché panels held in place by a wooden skeleton. The chief objection to it is the difficulty of keeping it cool.

The Kaïd's house lends itself admirably to its new functions. In the centre of its court or *patio* is a well, used only for cleansing purposes; the white colonnade of Moorish arches that surround it, covered with green creepers, give a grateful shade to the rooms wherein the wounded lie looking out into the sunshine. The maze of small offices near the *patio* have all been turned to



account. In one is the operating-table; in the next the dressing-table; here is a great store of sulphate of iron and phenic acid—the disinfectants chiefly used; there the kitchen turns out most savoury food for 200 men daily. Macaroni, ragôut of chicken, vegetable soup, legs of mutton and beef were cooking; in another room were the *tisanes* or drinks for the fever patients. Fresh beef-tea is the staple diet of the sick; 63 kilos of beef are daily bought by the non-commissioned officier d'Administration responsible for the victualing of the hospital. Fresh milk and tea are given to the more seriously ill; and chicken, fish, and cutlets to the convalescents. One small room was piled high with tins bearing the legend "Swiss Milk," but the "Triumph" brand is the one in general use. Another cell was piled to the ceiling with mineral water—Vichy and others, which are sold to sick officers at a nominal price. All the water used for drinking and cooking purposes comes from the distilling plant on the seashore to the north of the town, which turns out between 50,000 and 60,000 litres daily. This distilled water is reserved entirely to the use of the troops.

The hospital ship *Vinhlong* leaves Casablanca fortnightly for Oran, taking away the men invalided, and bringing drafts on the return voyage. The staff at the hospital consists of 4 doctors, 10 nurses, and 51 *infirmiers* or medical corps staff. On the day of my visit there were 152 cases under

treatment, out of a total force of over 9000 men. Of these 50 were suffering from injuries, of whom 20 were wounded in battle, and 102 were fever patients.

The French are debarred by the joint control of the Powers from putting in force a Contagious Diseases Act. If a man comes to hospital suffering from venereal he is questioned as to the locality where he contracted the disease; a sentry is then posted at the door, and no French troops are allowed to enter. A very small number of this class of patient has, however, been under the hands of the French surgeons.

The proximity of the sea helps the sanitation of the camps. Tubs, disinfected with sulphate of iron, are used in the latrines, and are emptied daily on the shore.

The French have done much to effect a change for the better in the superficial cleanliness of the town, but to suppress the foul emanations of its reeking soil is beyond them. Perhaps it is just as well that here again the joint control of the Powers renders radical drainage operations out of the question, for any tampering with the subsoil would inevitably induce epidemics of diphtheria and typhoid. The perfect cleanliness of the French hospital-camp rejoices the soul of the visitor emerging from the dirty kennels and malodorous slums of the town: the neat walks; the gleaming linoleums; the white stone flags; the trim garden; the laundry

where the Jewesses are scrubbing ; these breathe a spirit quite alien to their surroundings.

The order, smoothness, and method of the working of the hospital arrangements strike the most casual observer as implying long experience and complete grasp on the part of those responsible for their organisation ; mistakes were made in Madagascar, in Tongking, and in China ; but here so far not a hitch has occurred.

In another respect the sick French soldier on foreign service is better off than his predecessors ; he is now looked after and devotedly nursed by ladies. For the first time the Red Cross Society of France has been authorised by the Minister of War to send nurses to the front.

Mme. la Générale Hervé arrived at Casablanca in September last with fourteen nurses, all of whom have gone through regular courses in the hospitals and medical schools, and who have gained practical experience by working among the Parisian poor. These ladies all live together in a small Moorish house in the centre of the town ; that is to say, they eat and sleep there ; but from morning to night they are hard at work in the hospitals, ten in the base hospital I have tried to describe, and four in that known as " Ambulance No. 2 "—an overflow hospital for non-infectious fever patients, situated within sound of the swish of the great banana trees in the Belgian Consul's garden. These ladies work anonymously ; they will not divulge their identity ;

they adore their work, and the soldiers adore them. So keen is the competition among the ladies of France to come out to the front as nurses that the present batch are reluctantly forced to retire at the end of six months' service, in order to give place to others. They love to talk to you about the boys they work for; what unselfish, ungrumbling, merry fellows they are; their faces light up when you speak of their countrymen's magnificent qualities as soldiers—of their pluck, their endurance, their never-failing cheeriness.

The white-robed ladies are there, and so all that matters of religion comes to the bedside of the dying man.

By a singular clause of the Madrid Convention of 1864 no French priest is allowed in Morocco. If the patient asks for an *aumônier*, one of the half-dozen Spanish Franciscans in the town is sent for; and every day you may see the brown-clad rope-girdled figures gliding about the camp on their errands of comfort and of peace. At the graveside it is usual for a comrade of the dead to read a passage of the burial service.

At Ber Rechid in January took place the funerals of a Legionary and of a Zouave who had died of the wounds they had received the previous day. The still figures, wrapped in canvas shrouds, with wreaths of orange marigold and purple linaria lying on their breasts, were carried by their friends along the great ditch without the wall, into

a quiet corner by the angle of a bastion. The General and his staff headed the procession of mourners; then came the other officers; then hundreds of the rank and file. At the graves General d'Amade stepped forward and spoke of the glory of a soldier's death; of the valour of the dead lying there; of the gratitude of France. Then, in turn, the captains of the companies in which the dead men served came out from the throng and pronounced their elegy. They briefly told their history; they spoke of their good qualities as soldiers and comrades. And then, last of all, a little, red-faced, spectacled Legionary took his place before the crowd, and in a loud, clear voice pronounced the Lord's Prayer. The soldiers had stood seemingly unmoved till now; but when the "Amen" of the blue-coated priest was said the tears were trickling down the bearded cheeks of a hundred veterans.

## SIDI EL MEKKI, AND THE SECOND SETTAT

ON February 2 Col. Boutegourd, commanding the Tirs (Black Earth) column at Ber Rechid, fought the most determined and critical action of the campaign. Never did the Moors attack with greater confidence; never did the French troops display to greater advantage their qualities of coolness, of courage, and of discipline.

It was a day when danger assayed men's mettle; and the heroism of Ricard, of Kergorlay, and of Bosquet was the outcome of the test.

Boutegourd left Ber Rechid soon after midnight on the 2nd with a small force composed of a squadron of Chasseurs, a battery of field-guns, four companies of the Foreign Legion, and two companies of Tirailleurs. His objective was a large herd of cattle assembled in the neighbourhood of Sidi el Mekki, some twelve miles to the south-west. It appears (for no correspondents were with the force, and consequently this brief outline of the fight has been patched together from the narratives of officers and men) that the French, by seven o'clock in the morning, had achieved their purpose, and that the five thousand head of cattle,

abandoned by their few score of guards, were at their mercy. But Col. Boutegourd, who is nothing if not a fighting man, was not satisfied. He had got cattle, but he wanted Moors. So, leaving the plunder very inadequately protected, he moved off with the bulk of his column further south, apparently in the hope of coming upon the enemy. He was not disappointed. The mounted cattle-guards had galloped straight away to the hills about Settat and warned the tribesmen of the coming of the French. Five or six thousand Moors jumped on their ponies and swarmed across the plain to recover their commissariat bullocks; and no one fights better than the carnal man who sees his next three months' ration of beef being shepherded towards his enemy's camp.

The Moors were not slow to grasp the situation; they seized the advantage of the interior lines, and swooped in between the main body of the French and their comrades with the beasts. They realised their numerical superiority of at least five to one, and fought with the doggedness which they reserve for encounters in which victory seems assured.

Boutegourd saw the danger to which his Chasseurs guarding the cattle were exposed, and retired his square, fighting as he went, towards them. The cavalry, on the other hand, saw the futility of trying to retain possession of the herds, and leaving them charged gallantly down

on the advancing Arabs. Eye-witnesses agree that in all the campaign there was never a fight like this.

The Kaïds had brought with them every incentive to the valour of their followers. The long white lines were flecked with the ensigns of the tribes—green, yellow, red, and blue; the exhortations of holy men sounded above the fanatical yells of the Faithful; foot soldiers, armed only with bludgeons, were there to drag the screaming barbs still nearer to the bayonets. At one time it looked as though a troop of Chasseurs must be annihilated, but the devotion of Ricard, of Kergorlay, and of Rousseau saved them; at another it seemed hopeless to think of checking the rush of Arabs on the eastern face of the square, but Bosquet, working his mitrailleuse alone, his men all killed or wounded, succeeded in doing so; of the coolness of the Legionaries when the Moors were within a hundred yards of them, stopping to fondle pet kids and dogs between two deadly shots, their officers spoke afterwards with natural pride. Bosquet's fight was Homeric. He was on the most exposed face of the square, in command of a machine-gun, and in a very short time all his men were either killed or wounded. Bosquet, now separated from a surging mob of Arabs by only a few dozen yards, continued to pour a stream of bullets into the dense masses of the



enemy, until the ground in front of him rose up in a wall of dead and dying men and horses. How he himself escaped is a miracle. Asked what his sensations at the time were, he said: "Curiously enough, I felt no fear; I kept thinking to myself, 'What wouldn't I give for a camera!'" At last his ammunition ran out, and Bosquet, now apparently an object of supernatural awe to the Moors, hoisted his gun on his back and retired unmolested. The other heroes of the day are dead; General d'Amade himself has written their panegyric; their names are already inscribed on France's roll of fame. But Bosquet, the quiet, blue-eyed, yellow-bearded Bosquet, no less a hero, still lives, and life must not be allowed to obscure the greatness of his valour. Ricard's charge was a desperate venture against overwhelming odds — "*une chevauchée audacieuse*," as General d'Amade styles it, where half-a-dozen brave men rode to certain death in order to extricate their comrades. Lieutenant Ricard, close upon the Arabs, had his horse shot under him, and got on to his feet to be the target of a hundred rifles.

Up to him galloped Corporal de Kergorlay and Trooper Rousseau, and seizing each a hand, pulled him along with them as they cantered back. Presently a bullet struck de Kergorlay in the back, and he fell dead. A moment afterwards Rousseau was hit in the wrist, and Ricard

ordered him to gallop on into safety. The gallant fellow refused to go, and was killed as he spoke.

Then Ricard seized his carbine, and turned to face his foes, and killed two of them before he, too, died. The French got back to Ber Rechid that night at half-past seven, after nineteen hours' fighting and marching, with a loss of eleven killed and forty-one wounded. Amongst the latter was Passard, Colonel of the mixed regiment of Legionaries and Tirailleurs, hit by a spent bullet on the right shoulder.

"The brutes wanted to stop me shooting, curse them!" cries Passard the indomitable from his mattress. For when Passard cannot get bigger game he condescends to feathered bipeds.

The death of the Chevalier de Kergorlay, a scion of one of the oldest Breton families, and a Corporal of Chasseurs, was a real grief to me, for I had seen more of him than of any other man in the force. A fortnight before, on the march towards Settat, I heard myself addressed in perfect English by a handsome young Chasseur of the General's escort; and every day thenceforward I rode with him for a couple of hours, rejoicing to hear my native tongue in a strange land. One of the last things he said to me was: "I'm fed up with this job of holding officers' horses; I wish we could have two or three good fights and then go back to Paris!" Well, my brave and kindly friend, you have your wish; you have

fought the good fight, and your memory has gone home to France, to be honoured there for ever.

His headless, naked trunk was recovered, and over him and his mutilated comrades General d'Amade pronounced the following oration:—

BER RECHID, *le 14 Février 1908.*

CORPS DE DÉBARQUEMENT DE CASABLANCA.

*Colonne du Littoral Etat Major.*

“Je viens déposer une couronne sur ces tertres de pierre qui perpétueront, en attendant un monument plus digne de leur bravoure, le souvenir de trois vaillants cavaliers français—

Le Lieutenant Ricard,

Le Brigadier de Kergorlay,

Le Chasseur Rousseau,

du 3 Chasseurs d'Afrique qui dans une chevauchée audacieuse ont voulu se sacrifier pour dégager leur peloton serré de près par l'ennemi.

Ils succombèrent ici même, le 2 Février, nous donnant à nous et aux générations qui nous suivront l'exemple de leur héroïsme.

Autant que la puissance de nos armes cet exemple frappera nos adversaires. Il leur manque sans doute la culture qui ne peut naître qu'au contact de la civilisation. Mais nous savons qu'il est une vertu qui ne leur fait pas défaut et qui déjà les rapproche de nous, c'est le courage.

Ils sauront comment les français aussi hono-

rent le courage et rendent à ceux qui ont succombé dans le combat l'hommage qui leur est dû.

Mon hommage s'étend aux braves soldats qui ont tenté au peril de leur vie de sauver leur Chef et leurs camarades. S'ils ne réussirent pas dans leur généreuse témérité c'est que la tâche dépassait les forces humaines. L'impossible a été tenté.

De tous temps la Cavalerie a eu à payer son glorieux privilège d'être toujours le plus près de l'ennemi. A elle la gloire, à elle aussi le sacrifice.

Vaillants Camarades, reposez en paix. Vous avez donné à la France ce que vous aviez de plus cher : votre jeunesse, vos espoirs, votre vie. Sur une terre arrosée d'un sang aussi généreux que le vôtre, la moisson est certaine.

Grace à vous croîtront un jour prochain, sur le sol du Maroc les mêmes fleurs que celle de France."

The moment General d'Amade at Casablanca with the Littoral column was informed of the audacious behaviour of the tribesmen at Mekki he determined to unite the Littoral and Tirs columns and give the Moors a lesson.

Accordingly on Monday, February 3, the Littoral marched out of Casablanca to Mediouna, en route for Ber Rechid.

On the previous march I had gone (such was the hurry of departure and so great the difficulty of obtaining mules for transport) for a ten days'

campaign without a tent, without provisions, without a bed or blanket, and without a servant. I had my black horse Maroc and a fur coat, and managed somehow. But on the present occasion I was royally equipped. All the camp outfit I was obliged to leave behind before was now packed on two excellent mules—Zahara and Ayesha, the Beauty and the Jasmine Flower; and two men had been engaged—Abd-el-Kader as cook and Abdullah as horse-keeper.

The morning of the start dawned. Abdullah and I loaded up the mules; better tempered or more tractable beasts I never wish to own. But the wheels of Abd-el-Kader's chariot tarried, the appointed hour arrived and passed, and still Abd-el-Kader, with a month's pay in advance in his pocket, was nowhere to be found. The truth was that Abd-el-Kader, as I learnt afterwards, was then inhiding on board a boat in the bay, having listened to tales of bullets and discomforts which convinced him that he was by temperament unfitted for a quasi-military career.

However, Morocco has its compensations. People there do not take days to make up their minds whether they are going to bolt or whether they are going to war.

Packing and leave-taking likewise are ceremonies which in that man-ruled land do not necessarily consume the best part of a week. I had lost one cook; I had to find another. In

ten minutes after putting agents to work a grave-faced, rather good-looking, green-turbaned Moor appeared, talking a little French and declaring himself ready to face anything for the remuneration of eight francs a day. It was a huge price, but I paid it and never regretted it. Hadj Mohammed (he had been to Mecca) was, and I hope still is, a first-rate cook, a quick packer, civil, honest, and willing. We never had any troubles, and my dinners were considered the most *recherché* in the army. I remember when we came in tired and wet to the skin at midnight after the long day against Bou Nuallah, Mohammed had a most excellent hot supper of liver and bacon, fried to a turn, ready the moment we had changed.

So without further ado Hadj Mohammed spread one of his beautifully clean garments on the folding table between the two provision-boxes balanced on the back of the breedy Zahara, and, being given a leg up by Abdullah, rode proudly out of the town in command of my caravan. As for me, I discovered that Abdullah had managed to lose one of my stirrup-leathers, and presently found it displayed for sale in the shop of a Hebrew gentleman, who wanted quite a large sum for it, and seemed annoyed when I affixed it to my saddle and rode off without offering shekels in exchange. The ride to Mediouna over the rolling downs was not a pleasant one. Every hundred yards or so you came upon a dead horse in vary-

ing stages of putrefaction. The air was heavy with the horrid stench, and my steed first jibbed and then bolted as each new corpse was encountered. The saddest sight of all was a dying camel, sitting in the road slowly waving an injured foreleg from side to side.

Sleep that night at Mediouna was out of the question. Packs of ravenous dogs barked incessantly; a pertinacious donkey made four separate determined attempts to enter my tent; a couple of amorous camels got their legs entangled in the guy-ropes; and the owners of these and other errant beasts ran yelling and cursing through the darkness.

The next day the force marched to Ber Rechid, which had responded to the labours of the troops, and wore a much tidier and smarter air.

Ruins had been levelled on the exposed side towards the east, and litter cleared away; the ditch and rampart had been improved; neat gun-embrasures had been made with sods in the parapet; the gates of the town had been walled up; the camp was ranged orderly behind the eastern ditch; and already a little village of hucksters' wooden shanties, contemptuously indifferent to possible Arab raids, stood unprotected on the plain beyond.

On February 5 the united Littoral and Tirs columns sallied out to find the Moors. Across the flat, black, uninteresting ploughlands we marched

to Zaouia (Shrine) Sidi el Mekki, the centre of the fight of the 2nd.

There was no need to be told the area of the battle; the air reeked with the sickening smell of decaying horseflesh, and scores of the unfortunate animals lay dotted about the springing barley-fields.

Mekki is a considerable *douír* of conical straw huts, enclosed by a wall and protected by a hedge of cactus, whose fantastic, reptilian habit silhouettes against the pale blue of the distant M'Zab hills. Without the cactus-grove stands its eponymous shrine—the usual white, domed, square-walled Kóubba, and beyond it, towards the north, a large enclosure, apparently in more prosperous times a corral for flocks and herds, but now given over to the plough.

As we neared the village, dots upon the far horizon showed that we were at last coming up with the enemy; the intrepid Bertrand, most dashing of cavalry leaders, is dispatched with a squadron to reconnoitre. A procession of grey-beards files out of the village and advances as though somewhat dubious of the reception they will meet with, but when they have arrived within a few paces of the General, and find themselves still alive, one old gentleman takes heart of grace, and makes up in violence of gesture what he lacks in veracity.

A tame Moor, one of Huot's intelligence people,



dashes by in wild pursuit of an animal that looks in the long grass like a hare, but turns out to be a lamb; he has a long gallop, and the lamb beats him. But now the enemy are advancing in some force; the artillery teams, feeding within their square of rope attached to four limbers, are in-spanned again; the Tirailleurs rush to their piled arms; staff-officers bustle about; correspondents reluctantly abandon their lunch.

The enemy were firing a mountain-gun, and several of the shells fell close to the walls of the enclosure whose southern face Legionaries were busied in knocking down to within five feet of the ground, in order to gain a better field of fire. On a slope to the east two batteries of field-guns opened on the Moors, and three sections of mitrailleuses kept a continuous stream of bullets whizzing in the direction of the shifting groups. Out on the stony, asphodel-dotted plateau wounded horses struggled to their feet, and hobbled painfully out of the danger-zone.

At length the word came to advance. Divided in two, with a wide interval between its eastern and western portions, the infantry went southwards, nine companies on the east, six companies on the west, the two batteries of field-guns massed on the eastern flank. Extended in line, the six companies of the eastern firing line advanced alternately, three of them covering with their fire the advance of the others—a formation which the

French had not hitherto adopted, and which I do not think they made use of again. As usual, the guns kept close up to the three companies in support, and, as usual, their fire was the chief factor in determining the retreat of the Moors. About two miles from Mekki the line was halted, the enemy was disappearing into the hills. We had happened on a village of nuallahs, and everybody was poking about for loot. I found a lot of millet, and pounced upon it as provender for Maroc, but to my surprise he would not touch it.

Most of the tiny round skep-like huts had the primitive loom stretched across their whole diameter; how to get into a hut without knocking the loom down, and how to work it without lifting the roof off when you had set it up again, are problems which, one would think, must daily tax the ingenuity of Moorish spinsters. Nothing of any value, except wood for fuel, was discovered. One Legionary got hold of a clumsy wooden batten, and, crying, "O mon éventail!" fanned himself affectedly. The best-made tools were the wooden pitch-forks, their three prongs beautifully smooth and pointed; several acres, as it seemed, of thorn hedging got impaled on these and were carried off in triumph, the Legionaries beneath resembling haymakers in search of a wagon rather than soldiers returning from a foray. Then fire was set to everything; the relics of the thorn zaribas and the beehive huts flared up crackling noisily;

a huge pall of yellow, stinking smoke came down and blotted out the distant hills. That night the force was subjected to the most irritating and trying of all the operations of war—a night-attack; but, quite apart from the night-attack, the hours of darkness were the most uncomfortable some of us ever spent in our lives.

The column camped as usual in a square, with guns and horses within it, to the north-west of, and about a quarter of a mile from, the village of Mekki.

About 9 o'clock orders came that at 12.30 A.M. the force would march. Kann and I decided that it was absurd to go to bed; packing and loading in the dark would take a good two hours; for there was a strict order that not a match was to be struck, or light shown. So we were sitting smoking a final pipe under cover of canvas, before turning out to work in the bitter night, when a heavy burst of firing broke out on the left, towards Mekki.

“Messieurs les M'Dakra!” grunted Kann, and we went outside. There was absolutely nothing to be seen, so dark was it, and the restfulness and order of the camp seemed undisturbed. We were immediately behind the line of Tirailleurs forming the northern face, and had exceptional opportunities for judging of their behaviour under what is undoubtedly a very trying ordeal. Not a whisper came from the line; not a man stirred. You might

have fancied them asleep. But no, every man was at his post in front of his tent, grasping his rifle, and waiting for orders.

Nowhere was there the slightest sign of disquiet or alarm; the French troops behaved as though night-attacks were the commonplaces of manœuvres.

The Moors had crept up by way of Mekki, but the French piquet on that flank detected them, retired on the main body and gave the alarm. The south-eastern angle of the camp came in for the brunt of the fire, but very little damage was done.

Passard, as always, was in the thick of it, and got a bullet through his tent. A couple of his men were wounded, and after three-quarters of an hour the Moors retired.

It was now time for us to pack for our midnight march, and my experience is that few operations take more years off a man's life than that of breaking camp and loading mules on a pitch dark night. Tents cannot be properly folded; it is impossible to find the next indispensable rope; the half-loaded mule moves five yards and is lost; the soul is racked by the knowledge that the ground is littered with small irreplaceable valuables that almost certainly will be left behind. At 12.15 A.M. we had finished the terrible task, and stood waiting for the men to move. Up comes a groping orderly: "On account of the disturbance of the men's rest

by the night-attack the force will not march till 3.30."

This was the culmination of our woes. Were we, on a freezing night, without tents, without beds or blankets, condemned to stand for three mortal hours in the mud, denied even the last solace of tobacco? The idea was unthinkable; we must unpack, partially, at any rate. So off came the blankets and the folding beds, and for a couple of hours we dozed, half-frozen, beneath the moonless sky.

The French troops in the Chaouiya are admirable under all the various difficulties of war, but to my mind no one operation more conclusively tests the efficiency of all ranks than the marshalling of a force of 5000 men, without confusion or noise, in its proper order in column of route on a pitch-dark night. There was something almost magical in the confidence with which the long silent files marched out into the blackness, in the certainty with which the drivers got their guns up to the appointed starting-place. It is true that, to the relief of smokers, several officers condescended to the use of lanterns, but they only served to accentuate the gloom.

The ground was very wet and slippery, and the headlands of the plough were invisible and steep.

There was a warren of lurking silos in the neighbourhood of Mekki; and the sensible horses

went on grunting and snorting their displeasure at human recklessness.

Kann and I, after handing over the mules and servants to the baggage train, managed to strike a battery, and by sticking like leeches to the tail of a limber we finally triumphed.

At six the dawn came, and the force, marching due south towards Settat, saw the mist hanging over the plain and banking out the lower flanks of the dark M'Zab hills. Above them the sky was violet and gold with stormy clouds, and the French, deploying into their fighting square, moved like spectres through the foggy twilight.

Almost before the formation was complete the boom of a mountain-gun came from the hills, and the little shell fell not far from the General and his staff. Then, as the sun broke through the mists, the serried lines of the enemy loomed ghostly in our front—an enormous shadowy host, 10,000 horsemen at the very least.

That day the Moors looked as though they had European drill instructors in their ranks; their squadrons kept a line and wheeled and retired with astonishing precision. For three hours the fight was very hot, and the French, in order to deceive the Moors as to their objective, which was really Settat, and in the hope of cutting them in two, pushed on towards the east, and then suddenly changed direction and went due south again. It is no easy matter, even on a parade ground, simul-

taneously to change the direction of a square whose faces are between a thousand yards and a mile in length ; and when the evolution is carried out with absolute precision in the middle of a battle it is a very pretty sight.

At the beginning of the fight the cavalry were fully employed in defeating an enveloping movement of the Moors on the northern flank ; but when the direction of the square was changed they came over to the west, and thundered down upon a group of Arabs firing from behind some houses. I happened to be not far off ; a heavy bullet sang so close past my horse's nose that he stopped and nodded his head ; the Chasseurs galloped on ; the Moors fired a last volley ; with a loud cry Bouchard fell dead, shot through the heart ; the next moment the Frenchmen were among them.

From seven till ten the Arabs fought well ; but by that time they had had enough of it. The scene was a weird one. The district we had passed through is one of the most populous of the Chaouiya, or indeed of agricultural Morocco, and well-built farms of whitewashed mud, with their satellite *douïrs* of thatch, are thickly dotted over the great ploughlands. Whatever would take fire the French burnt. And so in every direction geysers of yellow smoke rose high into the air, and the roar of flames sounded above the rattle of firearms. It was sometimes a difficult matter, in passing through a homestead, to avoid the Scylla of a colony of silos

on the one hand, and to get one's horse to face the Charybdis of a scorching blast on the other.

At last we reached the hills; the enemy was streaming away to his strongholds further east; we climbed the steeps and marched on unopposed over the high plateau to Settat. For the second time some of us looked down upon the town; but now there was no defence; the place seemed absolutely deserted. Prettily it lay in its hollow in the hills, its white houses clear cut against the ochre earth, and its soft, pale setting of olives, figs, and aloes relieving a flashing bank of orange marigolds. Then the force was treated to a spectacular display — a most unnecessary performance. A battery of field-guns and a battery of mountain-guns were drawn up on the crest, and proceeded, first alternately and then simultaneously, to throw melinite shells into the town. They made a great noise, and fortunately did very little damage. Very little damage materially, but much mentally to many poor Jewesses and their children.

When the bombardment (which only lasted a quarter of an hour) was complete, and we were at liberty to take our half-dead horses down to water in the stream that flows through the town, certain of us on whom the bonds of discipline sat lighter than on others wandered into the city, some to plunder, others to see what had been done by the melinite, all to get a new sensation. For a few minutes I watched three Goumiers attacking the



huge wooden door of one of the largest houses in the place; they had let their horses go where fancy led them, and with a heavy piece of timber were ramming in the gate. After stupendous efforts the loud cracking of the wooden bolt nerved them to still more frantic exertions; at last the gate flew back, and with yells of exultation the Algerians rushed in. As I turned away, wondering whether the Goum and their horses would ever meet again, the door of a large building close by opened, and the most pitiable collection of human beings it has ever been my misfortune to see poured out into the roadway. Thirty or forty women, with their children, half-naked, half-starved, their teeth chattering with fear, their eyes drawn with sight of recent horrors, crowded round, kissing my boots, holding up supplicating hands, and imploring in tearful voices, thin and husky with weakness. The older children were crying out for bread; the infants wailed upon their mothers' milkless breasts. With the help of a Goumier I managed to gather the main facts of their story.

When the French entered the town a fortnight previously the Jews were the only section of the population who remained to greet the conquerors. This had greatly angered the Moors, who in revenge had put twenty-five of them to death—the husbands and fathers of these poor women and children. The latter were then treated as pariahs and outcasts; they were brutally handled, and brought to

the very verge of starvation. Finally their miseries culminated in the terror of the bombardment. They said that when the French went away again the Moors would return and kill them; they begged to be allowed to go with the force to Casablanca.

General d'Amade was the last man to be deaf to such an appeal. The little cortège climbed the hill, and huddled together between the columns of wondering soldiers.

The long black hair of the women fell matted on their shoulders; some of them wore patched rags which left half their bodies naked; others made shift with bits of sacking; the feet of all were bare; the babies on their backs, unclothed for the most part, were crying with the cold. And the sun was now setting; it was five o'clock, and there were more than twenty miles between Settat and the camp at Mekki, which must be reached that night. The kindness of the French to the outcasts they had taken under their protection was unbounded. Everything that could be done to mitigate the rigours of that bitter march they did. The women were perched on limbers and ammunition carts and *cacolets*, but when every possible means of conveyance had been utilised there were still many who had to walk. Officers and men alike gave their little provision for supper to the starving children; but when all that could be done for them was done it was horrible to think of the sufferings of those poor creatures.

Their naked feet were cut by the sharp stones ; the quick pace of the infantry forced them almost to a run ; most of the women were carrying babies on their backs ; the strength of the children was utterly inadequate to such a march, and the piercing wind scourged those who did not walk.

There was one old woman who was blind ; another led her by the hand ; it was terrible to see her stumbling among the rocks on the hills ; at last she was given a seat by a bombardier.

Then the darkness fell, and the interminable march went on over the bogged and slippery fields. Far away in the distance burned two immense fires ; they were signals at the camp at Mekki. The men blessed them when they saw them first, but their blessings changed to cursings as the hours wore on and those will-o'-the-wisps seemed further away than ever. One little boy was dragged along by his mother at a jog-trot ; he could not stand or walk ; and when the ten minutes' halt came at the end of every hour he fell to the ground and lay there. But the whistles blew and the troops moved on ; his mother pulled him up, and again for another long hour the child trotted, dazed and speechless, by her side. A gallant Major of Artillery saw this ; he got off his horse and set the woman and her boy in the saddle, and as he trudged beside them tears ran down his cheeks.

The column got in at midnight, after twenty-one hours' continuous work.

## EDUCATION AT CASABLANCA

EDUCATION has more importance in Morocco than might ordinarily be supposed. Go where you will amongst the new huts of the native quarters of Casablanca, the low, monotonous tones of boys chanting the Koran, as they sway their bodies in unison, mingled, it may be, with the sharp whack of the tawse—an implement as dear to the Moorish hedge-schoolmaster as it was to the Scottish Dominie—strike upon the ear. Moorish learning is confined to the Koran and its commentators, but the beautiful caligraphy in which extracts from those works are written in a rich brown ink on whitened boards would make an Eton Master's mouth water with envy. Arithmetic, too, is taught for commercial purposes, but any foreign learning is, as a rule, eschewed. Moors who wish to learn modern languages, and few races can be better linguists when they get the opportunity, must resort to Christian or to Jewish schools.

The former are directed by the Franciscan Monks, who are under the protection of Spain, and who by the Madrid Convention of 1864 have the exclusive right of directing the Catholic Missions in Morocco. The buildings lie behind their Monastery, and are small but tidy.

Spanish is the language used in instruction, the younger children being taught by a certificated Mistress, the elder, ranging from seven to thirteen years of age, by two of the Fathers. A few Jews and French are amongst the number, but the bulk are Spaniards and Gibraltarians.

The languages taught are Spanish and French. In History the pupils first study that of Morocco, whence they proceed to general and Biblical History; Geography, Commercial Arithmetic, Sewing and Embroidery, the latter both in the Moorish and in the European style, are also taught. Unfortunately, the scholars look dull and heavy, and their teachers say it is most difficult to get them to take any interest in their studies, more especially in French. The books used are those employed in Spain, and as their methods are much criticised by Spanish experts possibly some of the failures may be due to this cause. The material, such as maps, seems somewhat antiquated, but it was pleasing and perhaps surprising to see on the walls placards inculcating kindness to birds.

It was a great contrast to enter the schools of the Alliance Israelite presided over by M. Pisa, a gentleman descended from a Smyrniote family, and by Mme. Benzakan, a native of Casablanca, who has taken the highest certificates open to Schoolmistresses in France.

The Boys' School is in a large and somewhat gloomy building near the Banque d'État, and was

founded in 1897 as an establishment where boys could be fitted to take the Certificat des Études Primaires, which is, perhaps, most nearly equivalent to that of the Junior Oxford and Cambridge Local Examination.

But, as M. Pisa, who might well be taken for the Rector of a flourishing French Lycée, pointed out, his one object is to make men of his boys; and, so far as a casual visitor could judge, he has most fully succeeded.

What a contrast the scholars in his class-rooms present to the dirty ragamuffins in their black caps and foul purple, brown, or yellowish gaberdines who hold horses, run errands, or keep open-air gambling-hells where vagabonds of all religions and nationalities lose their debased Hassani copper at primitive roulette or rouge et noir in the neighbouring Mellah! And yet in many cases the boys, seated in class-rooms by no means inferior either in cleanliness or equipment to some of the older ones at Eton, are the brothers and cousins of the street loafers aforesaid. Unfortunately only £400 a year is available for the support of the school, but if the means could be provided, M. Pisa said he could civilise the Ghetto in ten years.

There are 250 scholars on his lists, nearly all of them natives of Casablanca, who are divided into nine classes, and range in age from seven to fifteen years.

Not all of them are Jews. It is one main

object of the school to teach tolerance, and not only do Jews of all classes and nationalities send their boys there, but Catholics, Protestants, and Mussulmin take advantage of it. All are treated alike by the Professors, and the crusted prejudices of centuries are worn away in the daily intercourse of the schoolroom.

The schools are under the protection of France, but receive no grant from the French Government. The language used in instruction is French, except in the two junior classes, where the two Rabbis, who are Professors of Hebrew, use Spanish with the younger children. Two other classes are directed by monitors, one of whom was wholly trained at the school. Later on he intends to take the higher diplomas at Paris. The other classes are taught by Professors, but unfortunately for the moment no one can be procured to teach English. An enterprising Board School Master who had some knowledge of French might find an opening here, since, unless the French occupation comes to an end, Casablanca is bound to prove the most rising port in Morocco, and a knowledge of English is in demand.

All children in the Casablanca Mellah speak Spanish as well as Arabic from their earliest years, and so have a great advantage over our English schoolboys when they begin their linguistic studies. Hebrew is the first language taught, and urchins of ten translate Deuteronomy into Spanish with a fluency which would awaken the wonder of Upper

Division. Portions of the Talmud, in an abbreviated form, are read with the text.

In the more advanced classes the pupils seem to be excellent French scholars, and to be well versed in geography and history. No attempt is made to convert them to any special political ideas, and to judge by a theme on the Holy War, expressed in very correct and elegant diction, some of them must be Moroccan patriots.

All are taught sufficient French and Spanish for the purposes of business correspondence. The course of arithmetic includes decimal fractions, the Metric System, practical Exchange, problems involving questions of Capital and Interest, the elements of surveying (a subject which is all-important in a country where disputes as to land form the staple of the legal business), and the theory and practice of book-keeping, so as to enable them to enter commercial houses as soon as they leave school.

The history of Morocco is taught in detail, serving to introduce them both to Ancient and General History, whilst in Geography also they begin with the study of their own country.

From Biblical History they go on to Post Biblical History and Modern Jewish History, including some general notions as to the Talmudic literature. All receive lessons in morals, but religious instruction is given to the Jews only by a Rabbi. Literature as literature is not dealt with, for the students only read the lives of great men



of all nations, such as Corneille, Molière, Shakespeare, and Dante.

Science is taught practically, beginning with Nature lessons, which are given as far as possible in the open air, and which are designed to awake that habit of observation the want of which is one of the greatest defects in the Moorish mentality.

Early marriage is not encouraged, and, in fact, few of the pupils of the school marry in Moroccan Mellahs.

To the Jews of the interior, who in many ways are far more akin to the Moors than they are to their fellow-countrymen in the Coast Ports, such schools are strange and wondrous portents.

Boys trained in them are the instruments by which France hopes to secure the peaceful penetration of Morocco, for they will act as the bridge by which civilisation will pass from Europe to the Jews and Moors. But for them, it would have proved a very difficult matter for French settlers to establish themselves at Casablanca.

Before the bombardment there were, perhaps, twenty French residents registered at the Consulate. Now there are nearly six hundred, and nearly every clerk, interpreter, or employé who has been engaged by them come from M. Pisa's school. His pupils manage the local branches of the Banque d'État and Compagnie Algérienne, and are found as book-keepers in the leading English houses.

Such men are far cheaper and better suited to

these employments than would be new-comers from Europe. They have a thorough knowledge not only of the languages in daily use, but of the Moorish character, and are not disliked by the natives with whom they have grown up side by side. From amongst them the subaltern employés of the French administration of the future will probably be recruited. Fear of the Moroccan is engrained in the Moroccan Jew, and he will therefore remain supple and cringe to his former master, where a new-comer would trample on the prejudices of a conquered race.

M. Pisa has also organised an Apprentices' School, in which the dislike of manual labour inherent in the Jewish nature is overcome, and where those unfitted for commercial life are trained as upholsterers, cabinetmakers, masons, blacksmiths, and gardeners, the last being an occupation in which Jews are pre-eminent.

An "Old Boys' Association" is also connected with the school, which not only provides situations for those leaving it, but had also a library in which they could find books and periodicals. Unfortunately this library, as well as the funds connected with it, was pillaged after the bombardment, and the work of the Association has had to be temporarily suspended.

M. Pisa is an enthusiastic admirer of Arab Art, and would gladly train the pupils both of the Boys' and Girls' Schools in its elements, not only as applied to Architecture and to Design, but to

Weaving and Embroidery. When the school moves into its new buildings, space could be found for a workshop, and as carpet weaving is one of the great occupations of Casablanca, and as far as its mechanical side is concerned, better done even than at Rabat, he thinks that if funds could be found to pay a Professor of Design and Weaving, who could ground his pupils in the theory as well as in the practice of Moorish Art, it would give them a means of procuring their livelihood in the future. The French occupation has already caused a great rise in the price of carpets and of embroideries, and as the carpets of Rabat with their vegetable dyes and pure Arabic designs are extremely scarce, those of Casablanca, which are more closely woven, are beginning to supplement them. Unfortunately the weavers are not only employing cheap aniline dyes, but are copying the worst European patterns, and are at the same time flooding the market with machine-made edgings and embroideries from Germany. Hence it is necessary, if an important industry is to be preserved, that its elements should be thoroughly taught to the rising generation, and I would recommend the matter to the attention of the lady patronesses of the Alliance Israelite. As Casablanca rugs have risen in value since August 1907 from 50 francs to 130 francs, their manufacture is worthy of consideration.

It may be added that in order to encourage neatness amongst the boys the more necessitous are provided with European clothing twice a

year from a fund bequeathed by the late Baroness Hirsch.

Not three hundred yards away from M. Pisa's school is the Religious School where those Jews who still cling to their old traditions, and even some of M. Pisa's own pupils, receive instruction in the Law, the Prophets, and the Talmud.

Here, in a cavernous-looking room with horse-shoe arches and a timbered roof, where the green-painted argan-wood rafters are set as thick as those in Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," the sunlight falls through the open door upon three benchfuls of boys clothed in the gaberdine of their forefathers and the djellaba whose pointed hood resembles the dress of the kobolds on German Christmas cards. Their master, a venerable, white-bearded figure, coiffed in a bird's-eye handkerchief and robed in flowing white, is squatting cross-legged in the corner nearest the door, with a fair-headed little child nestling by his side. In a monotonous chant in a shrill minor key, accompanied by that swaying motion of the trunk which seems inseparable from religious instruction in Morocco, they are chanting the Torah from printed books. From time to time the master, nodding and swaying, gives the pitch. A bright-eyed boy in European dress and lycéen's cap, who has seen us at M. Pisa's, in excellent Spanish serves as our interpreter to the Dominie, who is guiltless of any languages save Hebrew and Arabic. I hand him a small

coin, which he passes on to his preceptor, and the chanting which my appearance has interrupted begins anew. Such are the schools in which Israel in Mogreb has handed down her traditions and her law since the time when the Vandals ruled at Carthage.

No words can express the eager desire of the Jewish parent to give his son some kind of education. In Mogador a father has been known to pawn his djellaba to pay his son's school fees. It might be thought that the pupils of the Alliance Israelite would have been admirably fitted to carry European civilisation into the Mellahs of the interior, but such has not hitherto proved to be the case. Not only are the Jews gradually deserting Fez Marrakesh and Mequinez for the coast towns, but there is a great emigration of their educated men to South America, where they are founding large colonies, and whither they are followed by their fiancées. Recent events will, however, provide them with openings at home.

The Jewish Girls' Schools at Casablanca are, in most respects, fully as well equipped as that for the Boys.

That directed by Mme. Benzakan has 250 pupils, many of them Moorish subjects, ranging in age from seven to fifteen years. She is assisted by pupil-teachers trained by herself, two of whom will, she hopes, go to France this year to compete for the entrance diploma in the School Mistresses' Course.

The subjects taught and the method of teach-

ing are, on the whole, nearly the same as those of the Boys' School. Three hours a day are devoted to French, and three to sewing and embroidery. So far as the mechanical part is concerned both are excellently done, but Mme. Benzakan complains that the girls, who say they can learn Moorish embroidery at home, will only use European patterns. She thinks that a few may be able to earn a franc a day as dress-makers, but as the whole Jewish population of Casablanca does not exceed 5000, and as they would have to compete with French and Spanish milliners, the market will soon be glutted. She is endeavouring to teach them the principles of art historically, and thinks that with encouragement she could interest them in Moorish Art if a market could be found for their productions later on. History, Literature, the Bible, and Morals are carefully taught, as is Geography, the maps used being excellent. Domestic Economy is taught only theoretically, for owing to the smallness of the buildings and the want of appliances no lessons can be given in practical cookery. Science is also taught, as is Drawing, and great pains are taken with French recitation. The fees paid by the majority amount on an average to only half a douro Hassani—say one shilling and threepence a month, but many are so poor that they often have to be remitted.

Girls taught in the school marry early, and often go away into the Mellahs of the Interior;

but many of them keep up their European training and habits, and such marriages must do much to raise the standard of civilisation amongst the Moroccan Jews.

The Alliance Israelite practically supports eight schools for boys and seven for girls in Morocco, including Fez and Marrakesh, but not Safi or Mazagan. The total Jewish population of these towns is given as 56,500, and the schools, which cost in all about 50,000 francs a year, are attended by 1859 boys and 1139 girls, about half being paying pupils.

For Europeans Casablanca has a small French school—a private venture run on the lines of a Lycée, but now that the English secondary school has been suspended owing to the consequences of the bombardment there are no means for procuring instruction in English.

Such are the facilities for education open to the rising generation, who as men and women will in the future mould the destinies of Morocco, which are to be found in its chief port. The human material which the teachers have to work upon is better than might have been expected, for neither the Moors nor the Jews are deficient in natural abilities. That the results of this education will be favourable to the progress of civilisation cannot well be doubted, but it is possible that they will not prove equally favourable to the Europeanisation of the country. The Moroccan Jew, educated on modern lines, will

prove a formidable competitor to the middle-class immigrant from Europe or from Algeria, and the sympathies of the Moroccan Jew are by no means wholly with the French. Unless educated immigrants of small means can find a foothold in Morocco, France will find herself called upon to repeat her experiences in Algeria, and this is the more to be regretted since what is passing in Casablanca at this moment seems to show that Frenchmen are to be found who are prepared to emigrate from their country for other reasons than to fill posts in the Government service. Only the French trader, the French clerk, and the French farmer can bring Morocco under European control. France cannot afford to waste her blood and her treasure merely to set up a Morocco for the Moroccans. Her sentimental interest in Mohammed Kamel Pasha's dreams will not extend to those of some Moroccan Mazzini. Hence, perhaps, her reluctance to enter on a forward policy. The little-realised power of the Jews is thus cryptically summarised in a letter from a Casablanca friend: "I believe that Kings, and Governments, Uniforms, Wars, Ideals and many things, are only incidents and uses of the Jews, who control and are at the real bottom of all; and that is deeper than we can go."



## A RAZZIA (FORAY)

EARLY in the morning of Sunday, February 9, the French column left Zaouia Sidi el Mekki, marching in column of route in a south-westerly direction. Through the dripping asphodel, soaking them above the knees, trudged the sturdy swarthy-visaged Tirailleurs, chattering and shouting to one another in perpetual chorus audible a mile away.

To the south lay the low line of the hills guarding Settât; in front three abrupt, rocky knolls stood out on the horizon; to the west there was nothing but the immense stretch of the plain, dotted by a few white *koûbbas*. Presently from the right came the sound of distant firing. The General, attended by his tricolour pennon and his staff, trotted on to the head of the column; but the cavalry were out of sight. For half-an-hour or more the persistent tick-tack of rifle fire showed that the cavalry were still in touch with the Arabs.

By this time the column had reached a cultivated dell, where a clump of huts stood beneath a tall date-palm, near two wells of excellent water. To the right rose a ridge covered with a thicket of cactus, below which blue and yellow lupins were

just coming into flower. Beyond, a field of beans filled the air with their entrancing fragrance.

Presently in the distance a dark horde loomed in sight; the sun flashed on the swords of the encircling horsemen. The mass came nearer; the bellowing of cattle mingled with the bleating of sheep and goats; the red cord-bound head-dress and flowing white robes of the Goumiers stood out against the dun herds.

Waving their swords and shouting they shepherded their booty between the long lines of transport carts—camels, horses, cattle, sheep, goats, and donkeys—two thousand at the very least.

At the head of the procession marched the prisoners, Arabs of both sexes, most of the women, nearly all of whom carried babies, being mounted on donkeys.

Then came a crowd of triumphant, sweating Algerians, their saddles, their horses' rumps and necks, even their own backs bulging with multifarious loot; dashing hither and thither, like angry bees, in futile effort to corral the terrified stampeding beasts.

Carpets and rugs, in colour and design markedly superior to anything made in Morocco to-day, formed their principal prizes; besides these there were all sorts of artistically striped coverlets, camel-hair tents, kettles, brazen dishes—all the domestic paraphernalia of wealthy Arabs.

The Goumiers were proud of themselves; they

said the wretches had dared to defend their property; they had been obliged to run ten of them through. The gunners and the Spahis and the Legionaries crowded round to see the spoil and hear the tale, and while panting Goumiers, having deposited voluminous armfuls of upholstery, hurried away to find a camel on which to stow it, comrades dashed in, seized a rug or so, and made off, to be pursued and captured by the returning Goum, and forced to disgorge their ill-gotten gains. Mule-cart drivers seized sheep and tied them by the legs to the summits of their loads; delicious fox-terrier-like lambs, with white bodies and black or tan-marked heads, speedily were ravished from their bleating dams; black, sensible-eyed goats sat on many a limber; and yellow puppies might be seen poised on the backs of surprised artillery horses. All the French officers who had seen service in Algeria (and there are few who have not) were licking their lips at the prospect of *meshwi* once more—sheep roasted whole, and torn to pieces with the fingers, after the native manner—“the only mutton worth eating,” was the unanimous verdict. The Chasseurs had their story to tell. Firing at Moors about six hundred yards away, they were surprised to find bullets whizzing past their ears with an accuracy of aim they had long ceased to expect from Arabs at that distance. Suddenly the captain in command spied something dark in the green barley a hundred yards away.

He and his men charged down, and found a dozen Arabs, their rifles still hot, shamming dead. In a very few seconds the sham became reality.

The brutality of the Moors has often been written about; but only the sight of their cruelties really brings home to the mind the depravity of these wretches.

When the French cavalry had surrounded the flocks and herds, and the Moors saw that their wealth was lost, they seized the nearest animals and broke their legs, cut off their hoofs, hamstrung them, gashed them, mutilated them.

Something tangible will have been done for civilisation when, under the control of France, such dastardly acts are no longer possible.

But here comes a black-bearded captain, galloping up to see the fun; his horse falls into a ditch, over his head goes the captain; when he gets up his sword describes a correct right angle.

Camp was pitched near the wells; and nearly everybody's thoughts were on mutton and on nothing else.

I sat down to eat a frugal lunch near some officers similarly employed; their cases and boxes were littered about round them. Out of one wooden box came a great clucking.

"Where is my picketing-rope?" cried a huge veterinary surgeon in red-velvet cap.

His batman produced a rectangle of fine string, about three feet square, attached to four small pegs,





AFTER THE FORAY IN THE COUNTRY OF THE OULAD ZIR



GOMIER LOOTING

and solemnly drove them into the ground. Then out of the case came a dozen hens, each with its tiny string hobble; at correct intervals they are tied to the gigantic picketing-rope; and there they dab about in the grass, with an occasional vicious peck at the leg-detaining string.

The capture of the animals illustrates the mental limitations of these Arabs. For two whole days the French had remained within ten miles of them, and they must have known of their whereabouts; they could easily, if they had wished, have driven off their belongings to some safe place far away in the hills. But since the French had hitherto made a three or four day expedition and then returned to their base, these confiding people argued that they would never do anything else, and sat still under the pleasing conviction that the Nazarenes were going home to Casablanca. The vagaries of an invading army are an educative process. On February 11 the column marched almost due south, from seven till one, covering about sixteen miles. Huge blocks of tumbled limestone rose like gigantic dolmens towards the west; in front a sea of waving asphodel-heads gave a faint lilac tinge to the plain, beyond which rose the gentle slope of the furthest verge of the Atlas. We gained the summit, and saw a rolling plateau green with a sea of barley. Here and there in the distance an isolated clump of palms or a dark patch of cactus broke the undulating line. Nuallahs—the conical straw huts

of the natives—were dotted about at frequent intervals; but all their inhabitants had fled. Then we sank a slope golden with charlock, and the derelict kasbah of Sidi el Aïachi lay suddenly beneath us.

The warm red of its mud walls contrasted with the gleaming white of its ruined houses; its silent courts were emerald with mallow. Half-a-dozen walled forts crowned the slopes about it; it is a place admirably designed for defence. This was once the flourishing capital of the Oulad Saïd, one of Chaouiya's twelve tribes; and now it is a ruin, like all the other cities of that tyrant-ridden plain.

In the distance, as the column halts, something white is fluttering; a couple of flags are borne by tottering aged crones with covered mouths behind half-a-dozen white-robed chiefs coming to make their submission. Then the host forms square; the little tents go up as though by magic; horses are led off to water; the wells are surrounded by joking crowds; there is mutton over from yesterday, and every one is happy.

Presently groups of officers collect in front of the tents of the staff; correspondents, nosing something in the wind, pant in from every quarter of the compass; a fair-complexioned man, in flowing blue robe and white turban, is the centre of attraction. It is the intrepid M. Houel, correspondent of the *Matin*, who has, at no small risk to his skin,



attached himself to Mulai Hafid and his mehallah, now encamped at Meshra ech Chaïr on the Oum er Rebia about fifteen miles away.

That M. Houel was an emissary from Mulai Hafid to the French General there is no shadow of doubt; but only the correspondents were positive as to the exact nature of the proposals he conveyed. Probably Mulai Hafid did request General d'Amade not to intervene on Abd-ul-Aziz' behalf in the fraternal dispute as to the sovereignty; but the correspondents had the figures pat, and with bated breath assured all and sundry that he was offering France two millon five hundred thousand francs to evacuate the Chaouiya. General d'Amade gave Mulai Hafid no immediate answer; he took his ambassador with him to Casablanca, which was reached, without fighting, in three days.

## THE FIGHTS OF FEBRUARY 18

THE operations which culminated in the distinct fights of February 18 resembled in plan, if not in scope, the "drives" for which Lord Kitchener was chiefly responsible in the South African War, and they illustrate the extreme difficulty of conducting these combined movements successfully over an area small enough to enable a well-informed and mobile foe to concentrate his attention wholly on one or more of the weaker columns engaged. On this particular occasion the failure of the scheme and the severe handling received by Brulard's and Taupin's columns in their attempt to realise it, led to two important results. The first was the total abandonment of the drive strategy, and the massing of every available man in one strong column; the other was a temporary panic in Casablanca which, reflected in France, occasioned the sending of M. Regnault, the French Minister in Morocco, and General Lyautey, the very successful Algerian administrator, on a mission to the Chaouiya, ostensibly to devise measures for pacifying the district, in reality to buttress by direct and expert evidence the confidence of the Government in General d'Amade. The intention of the scheme

was that two relatively weak columns marching southwards and eastwards respectively, should at a given point on a certain day unite with a strong column advancing northwards, and thus envelop and crush between them all the scattered forces of the enemy within the limits of the operation.

The point of concentration was Abd-el-Kerim, near the foot-hills of the Atlas; the day was February 18. Colonel Taupin was to leave Bou Znika early on the 17th and march southwards a two days' journey; Colonel Brulard was to leave Ber Rechid on the night of the 17th and march nearly due east; General d'Amade with the united Littoral and Tirs columns, arranged to leave Ber Rechid on the 16th, go south to Settat, turn north-east on the 17th, and bring his force to Abd-el-Kerim the next day.

In the event Taupin got so knocked about on the 17th that the same day he had to put in to Fedallah with a loss of five officers and thirty-four men. Brulard certainly managed to effect his junction with the General on the 18th, but after prolonged fighting in which he had by no means the best of it, for he had thirty casualties, while the united Tirs and Littoral columns never fired a shot till the 18th and then encountered so little opposition that their total loss amounted only to two killed and three wounded. The Moors, indeed, formed a most intelligent appreciation of the situa-

tion; they devoted their whole strength to Taupin on the 17th and forced him to retire; they then on the 18th attacked Brulard with the great bulk of their forces, leaving a few men to make a feint on the line of the Littoral and Tirs column; and so on two successive days attacked the two weak columns in detail, holding the strong column to its ground on the only day when it could have been any help to the others.

The whole proceeding proves how tactically ineffective any force becomes when it is tied down to the execution of some preconcerted plan. "Marchez au feu," said the great commander. But if the Littoral and Tirs columns had marched to Brulard's cannon when they first heard them, they would not have gone to Abd-el-Kerim; and Abd-el-Kerim was the rendezvous.

So first they went to Abd-el-Kerim, where neither Taupin nor Brulard were, and then they marched to the sound of Brulard's guns, and got him out of his difficulties, which were not inconsiderable.

Of the details of the two principal fights it is impossible for one who was not present to give any connected account. Taupin got without difficulty through the cork forest of Sehoul, and past the little shrine at Sidi-ben-Sliman on the plateau; his wily enemy was waiting for him in the steep, broken ground about Ain Rebbah, where the French had camped the night before the battle

of M'Koun. There is a narrow road in a valley between two overlooking hills that leads on to the high plain of M'Koun, and up this road the advanced guard, consisting of one company of infantry, was winding. Suddenly a strong body of Moors dashed from behind cover upon the French, who fought till their ammunition was expended, and then retired upon the main body. The Moors swooped down in determined fashion on the little square: bayonets were freely used; one officer, unhurt, had his field-glasses torn off him in the scrimmage. Finally the Moors were beaten off; but there was difficulty in getting the guns up the hill; the enemy was certain to renew his attack next day. Taupin deemed it wiser to make for Fedallah than to go on and risk being cut up by an overwhelming force.

Brulard started from Ber Rechid at ten o'clock on the night of the 17th, and from dawn on the 18th till five in the evening when he effected his junction with General d'Amade, he was continuously engaged. The terrain was flat, and eminently adapted to the enveloping cavalry tactics dear to the Moor—"locus aptus equis, ut planis porrectus spatiis et multae prodigus herbae," the converse of Ithaca as described by Telemachus when he refused Menelaus' gift of horses.

Brulard was about four miles from Abd-el-Kerim when the combined column from the south got there; the General sent on two batteries of field-

guns and four companies of infantry to help him through, and he brought into camp a very tired lot of men.

The doings of the Littoral and of the Tirs are very easily summed up. Their march from Ber Rechid to Settat on the 16th was entirely uneventful. There lay the pretty town, bowered in its groves of olives and of figs; the Moors were gone, the Jews were gone; only a few diseased and crippled wretches sat in the sun in the wide market-place. One of these, on all fours like a beast, writhed across the square, as though he held his right foot with his right hand. I went nearer and examined him; the right hand and foot were in one piece.

The place had now all the appearance of an abandoned home; it had fallen to the level of the rest of the cities of the plain. Every scrap of woodwork had been torn down and carried off—doors, shutters, lintels, posts, and beams.

On the 17th we marched, still without firing a shot, to the Oued Tamazer—a little stream issuing from the green M'Zab hills, near which some Arabs had pitched their tents. Going to this village to buy eggs I saw a hen of very peculiar appearance. On either side of her head, just behind the eyes, protruded wing-like feathery growths, in shape like the wings of a dragon-fly, and about the same size. I tried to make the Arab who had conducted my extensive egg-pur-

chases understand that I wished to add that hen to my collections; but he was so invincibly obtuse to the clearest sign-language that I was forced to go without her, realising, not without a certain pleasure, that her unique attractions had made her sacrosanct in the eyes of a *grich*-loving generation.

The next day we made for Abd-el-Kerim. The Littoral in square, was in the plain on the west; the Tirs, on the east, entered the hills, and soon got in touch with a few hundred Moors, who played their delaying game with great skill.

The country in which the Tirs found itself is very like the Cotswolds, except that old red sandstone and not oolite appears to be the geological formation. There are the same abrupt, isolated, flat-topped hills, reminiscent too of the *tafel kops* of South Africa; the same contrasts of verdure against outcropping rock; the same sheltered basins between the long escarpment and its outliers; the same sudden valleys and sudden, changing views. Indeed, not far from Abd-el-Kerim there are two hills which have their exact counterparts twice over in England—the long flat hog's-back flanked by a treeless cone which occur near Dursley in Gloucestershire and again near Warminster in Wiltshire.

On the frequent points of vantage conferred by such country the Moors posted themselves, in front and on the flanks and in rear of the French. For the greater part of the time the square marched

on without troubling to reply to the snipers, but occasionally a battery would unlimber, and while two guns cleared the hills in front the other two warned the Moors in rear to keep at a respectful distance. During the whole day heavy firing was heard on the left in the plain; we of the Tirs thought it was Littoral; in reality it was Brulard hammering his way from Ber Rechid.

Only once did the attack get to anything like close quarters. There was a narrow cutting between large groves of cactus, commanded by a hill a quarter of a mile away, and the thick column of men pouring through the defile made a mark which even Arab marksmen could hardly miss. Two Legionaries were killed there, and three more were wounded before the hill was cleared. About one o'clock the column reached Abd-el-Kerim, where the Littoral and the transport had already arrived. For hour after hour tired men and animals stood waiting in the plain, while guns and a few companies of the Legion were sent to the west to reinforce Brulard, now faintly distinguishable on the far horizon. At five he got in with his four dead and twenty-six wounded; and it became fairly obvious that something unpleasant must have happened to Taupin. The "drive" had not been a success. That night at Casablanca there was a scare, due chiefly to the needless precautions taken by the colonel commanding the garrison. Marines were landed from the warship in the bay;



the Mohammedan troops were sent on outpost duty; the Spaniards patrolled the road to Azemour; the Jews shut up their shops, and got upon their roofs; refugees, with flocks and herds, rendered the streets impassable; the balloon made agitated ascents; it was rumoured that the European head of the Customs had sent his wife off to the man-o'-war.

This was the only direct effect of Taupin's reverse; the Moors were much better employed that day with Brulard; and never did they display any desire to knock their heads against forts Ihler and Provot.

But there can be no doubt that the panic in Casablanca transmitted something of its fears to France, where to-day a casualty list of sixty is regarded by many people as a quite adequate reason for a change of General.

The Regnault-Lyautey Mission was the sop thrown to this section of opinion; but before those eminent persons met General d'Amade had practically conquered the Chaouiya.

## COINAGE IN MOROCCO

THE coinages in use in Morocco are the English, French, Spanish, and Moorish or Hassani, the latter being so called because it was issued by Mulai Hassan, the predecessor of the present Sultan.

Few or no Moorish gold coins are in circulation, the native coinage consisting of silver and copper, and in nomenclature being modelled on the Spanish.

Thus 1 douro (called at Casablanca a "dollar") = 5 pesetas; 1 peseta = 100 centimos de peseta, divided into 4 grich (called réaux at Tangier) of 25 cts. each.

The exchange between English, Spanish, and French coins is regulated by the rates of Paris and Madrid.

In comparison with all these coinages the Moorish is greatly depreciated. Its ratio to the French and English coinages is fairly constant; but the value of the Spanish currency in Hassani has steadily fallen since the French occupied Casablanca, for the reason that the Banque d'État and the Compagnie Algérienne, which regulate the local rates, are doing all in their power to introduce the French currency.

The Table of the Rates of Exchange current at Tangier on January 20, 1908, as published in the *Dépêche Marocaine*, showed that the Spanish peseta stood to the franc as 114 per cent. to 100, and to the £1 as  $114\frac{7}{8}$  to 100; whilst Hassani money stood to Spanish as  $138\frac{1}{2}$  to 100, to French as  $157\frac{1}{2}$  to 100, and to English  $158\frac{5}{8}$  to 100.

Thus the Moorish douro on that day was equivalent to pesetas 3.61 Spanish, francs 3.17.5 French, 2s. 5.99d. English. The Moorish peseta would equal centimos 72.2 Spanish, centimes 0.63.7 French, 5.99d. English. The grich would have been centimos 18.04 Spanish, centimes 0.15.924 French, 1.498d. English.

The Spanish dollar or douro = douro Hassani	1,	pes.	1,	cts.	9
French Napoleon (20 francs) =	„	„	6,	„	1, „ 50
English £1 sterling . . . =	„	„	7,	„	4, „ $65\frac{5}{8}$

In ordinary life £1 is usually taken as equal to 8 douros or 40 pesetas Hassani, making the douro = 2s. 6d. and the peseta 6d.

## THE BATTLES OF R'FAKHA AND M'KARTO

ON Friday, February 28, General D'Amade marched towards the east with a larger force than he had hitherto led against the Moors; Bou Znika and Ber Rechid were practically denuded of their garrisons, and every available man was taken from Casablanca. With seven battalions of infantry, three batteries of 75-millimetre field-guns, five squadrons of cavalry, a battery of mountain guns, and a section of quick-firing 37-millimetre naval guns, the total amounted to about 5500 men. The country between Mediouna and Sidi Ahmed el Medjdoub abounds in sudden rifts and hollows; cultivation is frequent, and the population offered no resistance. Towards evening we came on the deep gorge wherein the Oued Mellah, a much attenuated stream, flows between distant green-dotted red cliffs. A couple of *douârs* on the heights made a pretence of friendliness; one flew an extemporised French flag, probably composed of the uniforms of French soldiers stripped on the battlefield of Ain Rebbah, where Colonel Taupin met with his reverse on the 17th. About 9 P.M., when all was dark and quiet, sniping began from these *douârs*, and lasted for an hour or two.

The next morning the bivouac was broken up at 3 A.M., and, as usual, there was a long tiring halt after the column had got under weigh, in order to wait for a gleam of light to enable the drivers to avoid accidents on the hilly track above the river.†

Our direction was south-east, parallel to the Mellah on our left, along a well-defined track passing through miles of young wheat and barley thickly studded with asphodel.

About eight o'clock the first shots were fired. The cavalry had reached the deep, narrow red sandstone valley through which the Oued M'Koun flows north into the Mellah. All the cavalry, a battery of field-guns, a battalion of Zouaves and a battalion of the Legion, the mountain battery and the naval quick-firers were at once pushed across the stream, at this point a shallow ford five-and-twenty feet broad.

The country hereabouts was a pleasing contrast to the flat sameness of the plain of Chaouiya. Dotted clumps of date-palms grew beside the stream; plantations of figs lay beneath the shelter of the high banks; a little square white building at the top of the far incline was alive with blue and brown pigeons.

To the north the ground rose for a quarter of a mile in a gentle slope, which ended abruptly in the steep southern flank of the gorge of the Oued Mellah.

In front, towards the east, the green plain undulated for miles; the broken, serrated outlines of distant blue hills stood out boldly against the sky. To the south the ground fell away towards a dry watercourse and then rose gradually; a *douâir* stood on the slopes; it was here that the charges of the Chasseurs were made.

That the fight of R'Fakha was mismanaged there can be little doubt. A convoy was expected; the authorities were anxious to get it unloaded and sent back again. To effect this an unnecessarily large portion of the force was kept behind on the heights to the west of the M'Koun unloading and guarding; a totally inadequate number were sent across the stream to hold the enemy in check.

The action, in fact, was intended to be a defensive one, with the usual results. Where vigour and dash were imperatively needed to effect this object, halts were called and reinforcements were refused. The cavalry, unsupported by either guns or infantry, were told to hold the right of the line: that they speedily found themselves in a very awkward position is not surprising. The object of the French would have been better secured, with vastly enhanced moral effect on the minds of the Moors, if the western and nearer bank of the M'Koun had been made the line of defence.

As it was, the Moors realised that the French

were halting between two opinions. With a large force at their command they seemed willing to wound and yet afraid to strike. If ever these hillmen are to be crushed, it will be as much by the resolute attitude of their foes as by the amount of the losses which they may inflict.

This fight showed very clearly that the Moors, however undisciplined in the European sense the rank and file may be, are led by men who have a fine eye for the tactical possibilities of the situation. On the right of the French line the unsupported cavalry were at once singled out for attack; and when the tardy arrival of two companies of Tirailleurs enabled the French to hold their ground, the Moors at once changed their objective, and by galloping across the whole length of the French front under cover of a ridge they arrived unnoticed in the bed of the Mellah, and thence made a determined attempt to turn the French left, which hitherto had hardly fired a shot.

There was an order, too, in their dispositions, which had been absent from the previous fights. Foot soldiers played a much more important part; between each horseman and his neighbour walked two infantrymen; when the cavalry trotted the footmen trotted, when the cavalry cantered the infantry still kept their places in the ranks. The fight, then, resolved itself into two parts: the first, the determined attack on the three squadrons of Chasseurs on the French right early in the day;

the second, the attack from the valley of the Mellah beaten off by the Zouaves on the left. The cavalry soon found that they were in a very tight place. If they had retired the French flank would have been turned, and retirement was therefore out of the question. The Moors were posted in and near the *douâr* on the slope, and found the massed horses, for which there was no cover, an easy target. Then the Chasseurs charged, but when they wheeled and retired the line of Arabs had filled up its gaps, and still held on to the ground with desperate courage. Three times did the gallant Chasseurs spur their grey chargers against the yelling foe, and only the arrival of the Tirailleurs simultaneously with the last charge saved the situation. Twelve of them were dead; twenty-five were wounded; more than thirty horses were killed. The Tirailleurs had two men killed and four wounded, all by French gunfire, which in itself shows how utterly unsupported the cavalry had been left.

When the Tirailleurs were alongside the cavalry an officious brigadier came riding by the guns on the French left, and ordered the very capable major in command to fire on them. The latter demurred, saying that he was by no means sure they weren't French troops. But the brigadier insisted, and the only happy thing about the incident was the accuracy of the French shooting at 5400 yards—a distance at which some



critics had maintained that shrapnel would be ineffective.

The behaviour of the cavalry in their difficult position was beyond all praise; fine material, well-horsed and gallantly led, they show the same dash and resource that has ever characterised the light cavalry of France.

Two brothers in different squadrons were hit that day: one died instantaneously; the other got two bullets from different directions at the same moment in the lower part of his face, which carried away the whole of the lower and part of the upper jaw. As he lay thus on the ground the rear squadron swept over him, and the undaunted fellow sat up and clapped his hands. A sergeant's horse was killed under him, pinning him to the ground; he was found with all the chambers of his revolver fired, and four dead Arabs round him. As the Chasseurs swept over the ground for the third time they indeed saw sights which made them little inclined to grant the quarter prayed for by the wretches on whom they were spurring. Naked lay all their fallen comrades; one poor fellow had had his eyes gouged out; the blood was streaming from their sockets; he was still alive. Another had been disembowelled; a third was found with bound hands beside a fire, his head charred to a cinder. As the cavalry came on, maddened with rage, the Arabs saw that flight was useless; they fired their guns for the last time and then seized

their heavy-headed knobkerries. I saw one, picked up from amid a group of mingled dead—Frenchman, Arab, and negro—whose knob was crimson with French blood. The ground was like a shambles. Horses were dead there by the score, and white man and dark lay close together as they died from shot and sabre-thrust delivered on the instant.

A Moor, a mass of wounds, still lived; a correspondent put two revolver bullets into him. But that did not suffice; a bullet through the head from a carbine was needed before that tough savage departed for his Paradise.

The Moors left forty of their dead here, and no doubt they took by far the greater part away with them.

Whatever they may think of the general conduct of the engagement of R'Fakha, they will in future have a holy horror of the cold steel wielded by the Chasseurs d'Afrique.

While these desperate encounters were taking place on the right, the French centre and left were firing in a desultory way at any of the enemy who might appear on the ridge a thousand yards in front. No attempt to outflank the Moors engaged with the cavalry by a turning movement was made.

It was not until the Chasseurs and the Tirailleurs, hampered by the shrapnel of their own guns, had beaten off the Moors that the latter turned their

attention to the left flank. By this time the French had begun to believe that there was no enemy within a mile of them. The Zouaves came swinging along in column of sections; suddenly a dark line rose up fifty yards in front of them and fired a volley into their ranks. Twelve of the French fell wounded; a sergeant was killed. The Moors retired down the steep face of the gorge of the Mellah, and wave after wave surged on again to the attack against the Zouaves on the crest.

I was at this time standing watching a mountain gun at work two hundred yards behind the Zouaves; and below in the red-soiled valley red-cloaked Kaïds led on hordes of infantry, whose loud shrill yells urged one another on to death and its certain reward. The Zouaves were now supported by a couple of companies of the Legion, and the Arabs began to drop fast. But they were not daunted. Across the ravine, hidden among the huge brown boulders on the steep slope, marksmen picked off exposed men on our crest, while in front of them their comrades rushed shouting on to death. Moors generally fire too high. If a quarter of the bullets that sing over one's head came a yard or two lower, fighting in the Chaouiya would be more dangerous than it is. But occasionally one comes at the right height. I was watching the vagaries of the little mountain gun, which journeys on the back of a mule, and behaves as though it

greatly resented being fired, for at each discharge it runs back about ten or fifteen yards. On this occasion it was at the top of the slope of a steep hill, and the gunners had hard work to prevent it charging down into the Goumiers' horses and the ammunition mules. The bullets were flying pretty thick, and suddenly there was a "phit," which told me that one had found a billet close by. I looked at my saddle; I fancied it had struck there. But the gunner next me, wearing in front of him a leather bag containing some spare parts of the gun, was fumbling in it, and presently produced a twisted metal disc, and then a bullet, with the impress of the thread it had struck on its torn and battered head.

After about an hour's sharp fighting the attack on the French left slackened; the red-clad Kaïds led their diminished following into the sharp-pinnacled hills towards the east.

The French now advanced the eight companies of infantry and the battery which alone had taken part in the fight. A kasbah three miles ahead, standing solitary in the green plain, was their objective, and the troops reached it without much opposition.

But directly they were within the walls the enemy reappeared, and advancing with loud yells made a last desperate effort. Here it was that I noticed a non-commissioned officer carrying a rifle, which is not customary for one of his rank. I

asked him why he did so. "Because I am a good shot," was the modest rejoinder.

There was a man riding about six hundred yards from the kasbah ; the sous-officer was invited to bring him down. He took a long aim, and then, almost before the report of the rifle was heard, the four hoofs of the Arab's steed were sticking up into the blue sky.

Then the sun went down, and everybody felt that it was about time to camp. We had been marching and fighting since 3 A.M., and the ground had been broken and difficult. But there was much marching and counter-marching to be done before the troops lay down to sleep. The "Black Earth" column (Tirs) was told to bivouac at the kasbah, the "Littoral" column was to return to where the baggage was assembled on the heights overlooking the wide valley of the Mellah. When the latter got there they were told that the camp would be down in the valley by the stream ; so down again went the troops, and the horses and the mules, and when they were fully two miles down the steep and slippery road another order came that they were to bivouac on the heights. So back again toiled the weary men, cursing the staff by all their gods. At the same time a message was sent to the "Tirs" column at the kasbah that they were to return to the bulk of the troops on the hill.

These unfortunate men toiled over ridges and

waded through streams till eleven o'clock at night, and then they had to cook their food. They went to sleep after twenty-two hours continuous work. Such are the joys of campaigning. However, these things do not happen every day, for February 29th only comes once in four years.

On March 1st we woke to a drenching down-pour. The hills were blotted out; a pall of mist obscured the view. The silent rain crept stealthily into men's clothes and animals' packs, made the steep banks as slippery as ice, and quadrupled the toils and difficulties of the march. From hour to hour the start was delayed, and the men stood moodily in the puddled plough, longing to see the sun. At last the word was given, and down into the broad green bed of the Mellah slithered the long cavalcade, across the narrow stream, and up a narrow defile leading to the north.

A party of Legionaries, in whose company I found myself as we sank the slope, were in charge of a small herd of cattle and a few sheep—beef and mutton for the following day.

The sheep were troublesome; they refused to follow the track; and the Legionaries found running after them a course attended with many a fall in the mud. So with their usual genius they devised a labour-saving plan.

If the sheep strayed a little from the track, "Bellez!" cried the corporal; and a perfect tornado of "baas" issued from the bearded throats

of the escort, so marvellously and unutterably sheep-like that the errant muttons were momentarily convinced of the presence on the road of a large party of their species, and so thither, with gregarious instinct, they at once returned.

In the narrow steep defile only a couple of pack mules could go abreast; the guns and carts passed up in single file; and the whole force took three hours to reach the summit of the plateau. A couple of batteries took up their position on either side of the exit to the pass, while the rest of us waited shivering in the huge barley-fields that stretched away on three sides in unending monotony of dulness.

After an uneventful day, except for the firing of half-a-dozen shots by the rear-guard at a few Moors who came down from the hills to watch our departure, the column arrived at Sidi-ben-Sliman, with its familiar palm and fringe of jagged rocks on the outskirts of the cork forest.

There we camped in the bright grassy flower-strewn plain presided over by the little snow-white *koúbba*.

The next day (March 2nd) a reconnaissance in force was made towards the south-west, to a point on the Neffikh a few miles to the north of that at which we had crossed it the previous day. The low rocky hills on our left looked like the chin of an unshaven man, so mean and puny are the stunted cork trees which sparsely dot their crests.

The column marched about ten miles to the river bank, and then we heard shots fired by the cavalry on the right.

The Tirailleurs formed line; but no enemy appeared above the high bank that hid the Mellah. The Goumiers came in; they had seen three Arabs, who had fired on them. They killed two and took the third prisoner. That was the end of the affair; we marched back to Sidi-ben-Sliman.

On March 3rd we marched through the cork forest of Sehoul to Bou Znika. I had hoped to see the cistus, which forms an undergrowth thousands of acres in extent, in the perfection of its bloom; but I was disappointed. A few flowers here and there were out; but the harvest of beauty was still to come. The yellow broom was at the zenith of its glory; it flashed like fire in the shafts of sunshine that lit up the forest glades.

The place teemed with game—partridges, quail, and hares. There was a noise as of ten thousand fiends let loose from Hades; and I saw a company of Tirailleurs swarming like bees in May. Then a huge fellow hurled himself on his face on the hare, and at once the ranks closed in, and a fight for the prize became imminent. But an officer intervened, and the hare-killer swaggered off with his booty to find a friend with a knife, so that "*hallal*" might be properly accomplished. The hare's throat was duly cut, but the hare still lived. Then the friend raised his mighty hand and smote the hare behind





A HALT AT SIDI AÏSSA



PANCAKES ON SHROVE TUESDAY AT BOU ZNIKA



the ear, at the junction of the neck, even as game-keepers in Britain are wont to smite rabbits, and so great was the force of the blow that the head of the hare fell from its body, and rolled away under the shade of the ground-orchids beneath the cork tree.

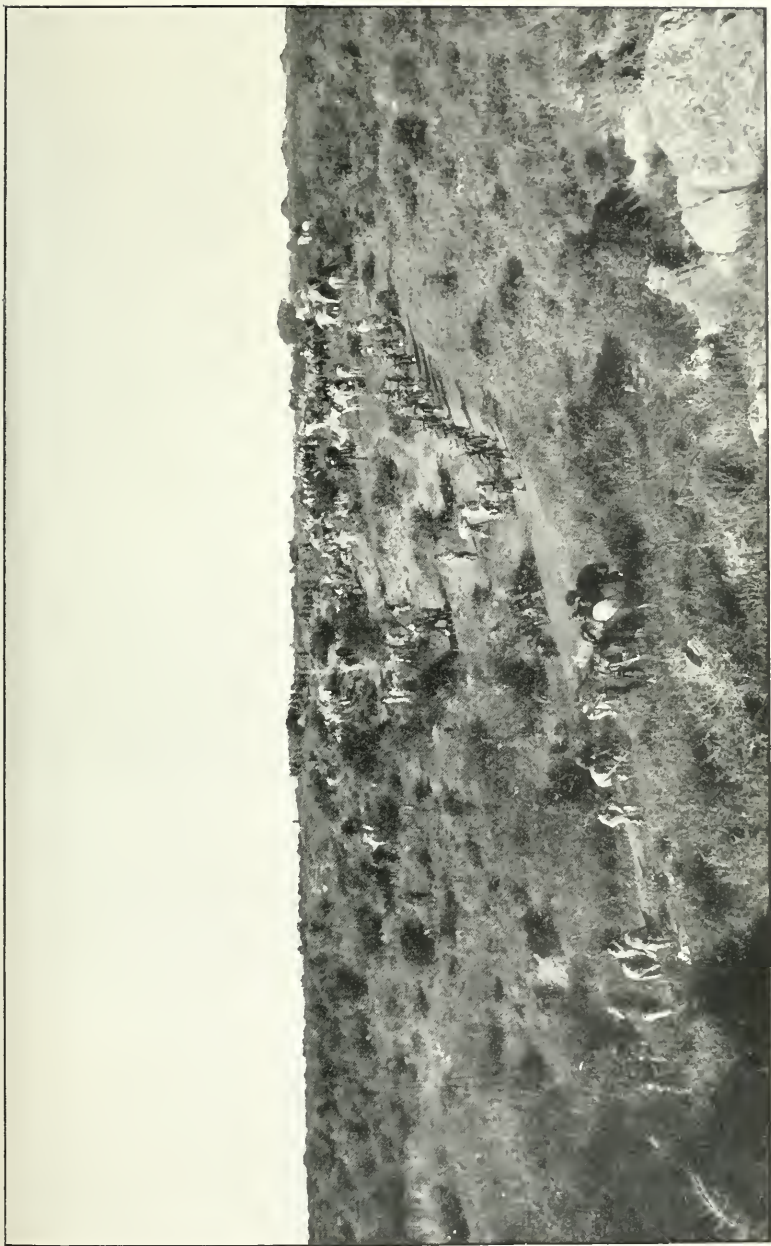
It was one of those delicious mornings when the heat of the sun is tempered by a little breeze, and the larks are singing in the blue for joy. Every one I passed was singing too — Tirailleurs and Legionaries and even officers of severe deportment. We emerged on the dell beyond the forest where formerly the paper-white narcissi made a carpet of snow ; but, alas, their day was past. The ground hereabouts is strewn with huge boulders, and tufts of lentisk are dotted about between myrtle-bushes, which vary extraordinarily in the season of their flowering, some being covered with bloom, while on others the buds were still small. Suddenly a distant blue line appeared beyond the shimmering, lichen-covered stones beside the path. “La mer, la mer!” cried the Zouaves; thinking, like Xenophon’s men before them, of the road that leads to home.

In this flat and sandy plain are to be found more ground-orchids than in any other part of the Chaouiya. Here I found two very large species— one of a dark Turkey red with hairy lip, a curious and not altogether pleasing flower; and another of a light crimson, one of the handsomest plants I have found in the country.

The column was bound for Sidi Hajaj, a place lying to the south of Fedallah, and on March 4th orders were issued that the force should march straight thither. But the difficulties of the country soon brought us back to the flat track behind the dunes on the shore. Inland hereabouts deep scrub-covered nullahs wind unseen amid the levels of the plain, and several of these were crossed with the utmost difficulty by the guns and mule carts. The unfortunate sappers were forced to ply their spades and picks under a grilling sun; many were the carts upset and many the delays by reason of the blocking of the road. Thus we came on the Nefifikh, two hundred yards above its confluence with the sea; and since the tide was coming in there was some difficulty in getting the baggage carts across the flooded ford.

We passed the ruined kasbah of Mansouriya with its mosque and tower, on the summit of which storks had built their nest—a prodigious structure four feet in diameter, which gave the slender minaret the appearance of having donned a straw hat. That night we camped north of Fedallah, on the slope of the sandy grass-grown dune, close to a little fig-orchard all red with marigolds, in which was a well of good water.

Never have I heard a sound so impressive, so terrifying, as the thunder of the surge that night. For a time there would be a lull; and then the long rolling roar would swell into a crescendo



IMPROVING THE ROAD NEAR BOU ZNIKA (MARCH 4, 1908)



culminating in a furious bellowing that seemed to threaten the existence of the narrow barrier that lay between us and its rage.

Hajaj, like many another place in Morocco, has a name which may recall departed glories, but is difficult to associate with any existing local habitation. A wide stretch of cornland ; a little valley ; a walled, ditch-surrounded fig-orchard—such is Sidi-Hajaj, where the column rested for a day.

On March 7th we marched again. We were bound for the M'Dakra, and so due south we steered towards the low line of blue hills wherein those redoubtable ruffians have their strongholds.

Still it is a fact that the M'Dakra are the best agriculturists of all the tribes of the Chaouiya, and the most given to solid masonry. As we neared the end of our twenty-mile march the flat plain was one immense green cornfield studded with the ugly white square enclosures and flat-topped houses of the cultivators.

The force, as is its wont nowadays, marched in column of route, and directly the boundary line which marks the entry into M'Dakra territory was passed our course was beacons by the blaze of straw stacks and abandoned huts.

In Morocco we always know when there is going to be a fight ; surprises and chance rencontres are very unusual. The French march into a hostile country ; not a soul is to be seen ; there is no unprofitable sniping, no progressive retirements from

crest to crest. The next day dawns peacefully ; the lazy Arabs will not rise before their usual hour, even for the pleasure of fighting the Nazarenes ; about ten they sally forth, as to a day's partridge-shooting ; about five they go home to tea. So on the morning of 8th March one saw the lines of white-clad, red and blue-sashed men pointing their rifles all in the same direction, while a continuous rattle betokened the charging of the magazines.

About nine o'clock the first shots came from the front, and the force deployed into battle array. The long, thin line covered a front of about a mile, and moved across the immense corn-plain towards a ridge, on the summit of which stood a large wall-enclosed homestead, strongly held by the Moors. I rode forward with the General to a farm which commanded a good view of the attack, and it was with difficulty that we threaded our way between a deep ditch and a mass of burning huts and stacks, which threw huge jets of fire into the sky, and roared and crackled in a manner very alarming to the horses.

On the right the cavalry were making a turning movement ; the guns, as usual, were close on the heels of the infantry supports. Along the crest-line a mile away groups of Moors were riding defiantly, occasionally firing at the dots which moved on steadily towards them. Then the guns opened on the farm, and wreaths of reddish dust whirled up and hid the crest.







MITRAILLEUSE OF LIEUT. PARISON IN ACTION (MARCH 8, 1908)



CAPT. HUOT AND AN ARAB ENVOY

The infantry gained the ridge and took the farm, not without trifling loss, and then the flanks of the line were turned outwards, thus extending the front to about two miles. To right and left lay deep valleys, into which, and up the hills beyond, the Moors from the farm were making their way. Against them the field and mountain guns were turned; and for half-an-hour we watched the cannonade, and admired the contemptuous indifference to shell fire of the slowly retreating foe.

From this height an enormous tract of country was to be seen. Behind us the plain stretched brown and green to a misty horizon covered with white fortified farms; in front a plateau of downs melted into a fringe of stony, sharp-peaked hills; on the right rose the flat top of the *tafel-kop* by Abd-el-Kerim.

Then the line advanced again, and fought its way slowly on towards the hills. Presently a Goumier of my acquaintance came riding up with a saddle and bridle in front of him. "They have killed my good little mare," cried he disconsolately, showing two holes in his white burnous, through which the bullet had passed quite close to his knee. "All of a sudden I heard a 'phit' as we were going at full gallop, and the mare gave a cry and stopped, and rolled unsteadily, and then fell dead. I'm glad it didn't hit my knee as well; five of my comrades in the Goum have had their legs amputated since this war began, and that

might have been my fate. This makes the thirteenth horse we have lost."

As we marched on, not meeting with much resistance, the look of the country in front showed that we had almost reached the limit of our forward movement. Peaks, two and three thousand feet high, rose steeply above the plateau, their lower flanks dotted with green scrub; the rocky defiles that here and there broke their line were clearly impassable by guns.

I rode on with the Chasseurs on the right flank, who were in support of the firing-line of Tirailleurs, and we walked on across acre after acre of barley, until we rose a ridge, and came suddenly into the very heart of the savage wildness of the hills. Immediately in front of us was an immense plantation of prickly pear, fenced by a low wall, beyond which towered spires and buttresses of jagged rock, outlined against the steep mountains beyond.

On the left appeared the entrance to a narrow gorge, towards which the ground where we stood fell almost perpendicularly two hundred yards away. On the right the land sloped gradually to the hills. Hidden by the cactus grove lay the camp of the Mehallah. When the Moors had seen that they were powerless to arrest the French advance, and that the General evidently knew the whereabouts of their lair, they had hurried back and tried to remove their belongings.

But the French were too quick for them. The guns were brought up with admirable despatch, and two batteries opened on the long stream of white-clad fugitives that poured from the rocky heights into the ravine.

The din was awful; the carnage was gruesome. The eight guns fired as fast as the gunners could ram in the shells, and through the narrow valley rolled their thunder, and struck the great wall of mountain beyond, and came volleying back to meet a fresh discharge, so that the air was a very vortex of sound.

M. Réginald Kann, the correspondent of the *Temps*, who was all through the Russo-Japanese war, told me that even at Liao-yang he never heard anything to equal the noise of this salvo.

The main body of the fugitives were penned in the valley beneath the fire of the guns, but a few dashed out through the tall cactus plantation, just as the leading battalion of Tirailleurs came up. The fugitives had a start, the corn was high; the Tirailleurs were excited, and most of the Arabs got away into the gorge. Then the troops turned to the steep hill across the gorge, now covered with white figures riding among the boulders, clambering up the narrow paths—all in the most dignified unhasting way. The cannonade had now lasted about half-an-hour, and those of the Arabs who were not dead had turned up a little side valley where they became, if anything, more ex-

posed to gun-fire from the right than they previously had been from the rear. But now the cease-fire sounded; the echoes of the guns died away in the recesses of the violet hills; the long stream of flying Arabs escaped the annihilation which only General d'Amade's humanity averted. He is reported to have said: "Enough are killed; there are women and children amongst them; sound the cease-fire." So the bloodthirsty Tirailleurs reluctantly obeyed their shouting, storming subalterns, and turned their minds to the not unprofitable subject of looting.

Behind the tall cactuses, and entirely sheltered by them, perched on the very edge of the steep escarpment, was the dismantled camp of the Mehallah commanded by Mahmoud, Mulai Hafid's cousin.

The tiny paths which led through the forests of fleshy leaves opened suddenly on a ledge almost enclosed by huge lichen-covered crags. All about lay the scattered débris of the camp. Circular trenches showed where the bell-tents of the Kaïds had stood; camel's-hair tents were lying on and under the thorny stems of the cactus; the ground was a litter of boxes, jars, rugs, and mats; among which hundreds of fowls and dozens of dogs were enjoying a new-found and somewhat embarrassed liberty. The Tirailleurs are good shots with stones, and can shy a stick with wonderful precision, so that in a very short time the chickens of mature

age were no more. As I wandered through the tangled wreck on the ledge of rock, I came on a huddled bundle of rags, which at first sight looked like a corpse. A closer inspection revealed an aged woman on all fours, calmly picking up barley from the ground, and putting the corns one by one into her mouth, between times muttering to herself in a low voice.

Her friends had deserted her ; she was too old and feeble to be of any use. There she would stay in the cold and the rain until the scanty store of barley was exhausted, and release came. Thus the Arabs towards their grandmothers. A pair of beautiful little black kids, tied together by a string, came bleating up to me ; I wished I could have taken the pretty creatures away. Puppies were to be had for the picking up ; but I had had too much experience of the ungrateful fangs of Arab dogs.

As I retraced my steps towards the opening of the valley, and towards the guns, the ground grew flatter, and cavalymen were riding about in search of loot. One of them had got a fine collection of the conical, woven grass dish-covers used to keep hot the daily *Kesksoo*, things inevitably recalling the hat of a Chinaman.

I was examining these particularly well-made utensils when I heard a voice say, "Il n'est pas encore mort, le salaud, le charogne !" And then there came the report of a carbine fired just behind

me. I turned and saw a miserable wretch of an Arab lying on his side, with blood spouting from a wound on his forehead, his thin black legs stretched out stark, his body covered by a mass of filthy rags. The Chasseur fancied he had done the job; but it takes a good deal to kill a Moor. The blood poured into his eyes and into his mouth; he breathed stertorously, and moaned in a low voice; once or twice he raised his skinny hand, and shifted the red turban a little higher off his face.

In the main valley the ground was a mass of dead horses and littered household goods, with here and there a corpse which the survivors had not had time to remove. But for the most part the dead had been carried off; the struggling line of white figures in the little valley to the north moved slowly and painfully; they were hampered by the numbers of their dead.

While these events were taking place in front the Moors were attempting to pass round the flanks of the French and to take them in the rear. Owing to the excellence of General d'Amade's dispositions the manœuvre was completely foiled. Colonel Passard, in command of his composite battalion of Legionaries and Tirailleurs, had been kept in reserve to defeat any similar movement; and he concealed his men with such skill that the usually wary Moors walked straight into his arms. The French lay hidden on the far side of a ridge at the head of a little nullah; the Moors crept up



the near side, knowing that the French were not far off, but little recking that they were within fifty yards.

Suddenly the French line rose up and charged with the bayonet, and eight Moors died. The rest fled the way they had come, and the Frenchmen fired at them with the rifles of the men they had just bayoneted; "to make bigger holes" as they said. Thirteen more Moors were shot as they dashed down the stony bed of the nullah; and Colonel Passard—the Wild Boar, as his men affectionately call him—added another success to the list which entitles him to be considered the ablest infantry leader in the force.

The moral effect of this battle of M'Karto on the minds of the Moors was very great. They seemed to have looked on the arrival of heavy guns within a stone's-throw of their mountain camp as a sheer impossibility, and when it became evident that the guns were coming the extraordinary rapidity of the march of the infantry gave them no time to get away.

The Tirailleurs must receive their due meed of praise for their work that day; the pace they set was wonderful. I was riding beside them on a horse who is by no means a slow walker, but he cannot walk as fast as a mule, and yet the ammunition mules were continually being urged into a trot to keep them up with the firing-line. Great credit is due, too, to the artillery under Major

Massenet, who had his guns almost level with the infantry supports, and brought them into position at the decisive moment with magnificent effect.

It is difficult to decide so soon after the event whether the order to cease fire when the enemy was in his grasp was a politic move on General d'Amade's part or not. Those who know the Moors best agree that a complete and overwhelming defeat is the only way to bring home to them the superiority of their foe.

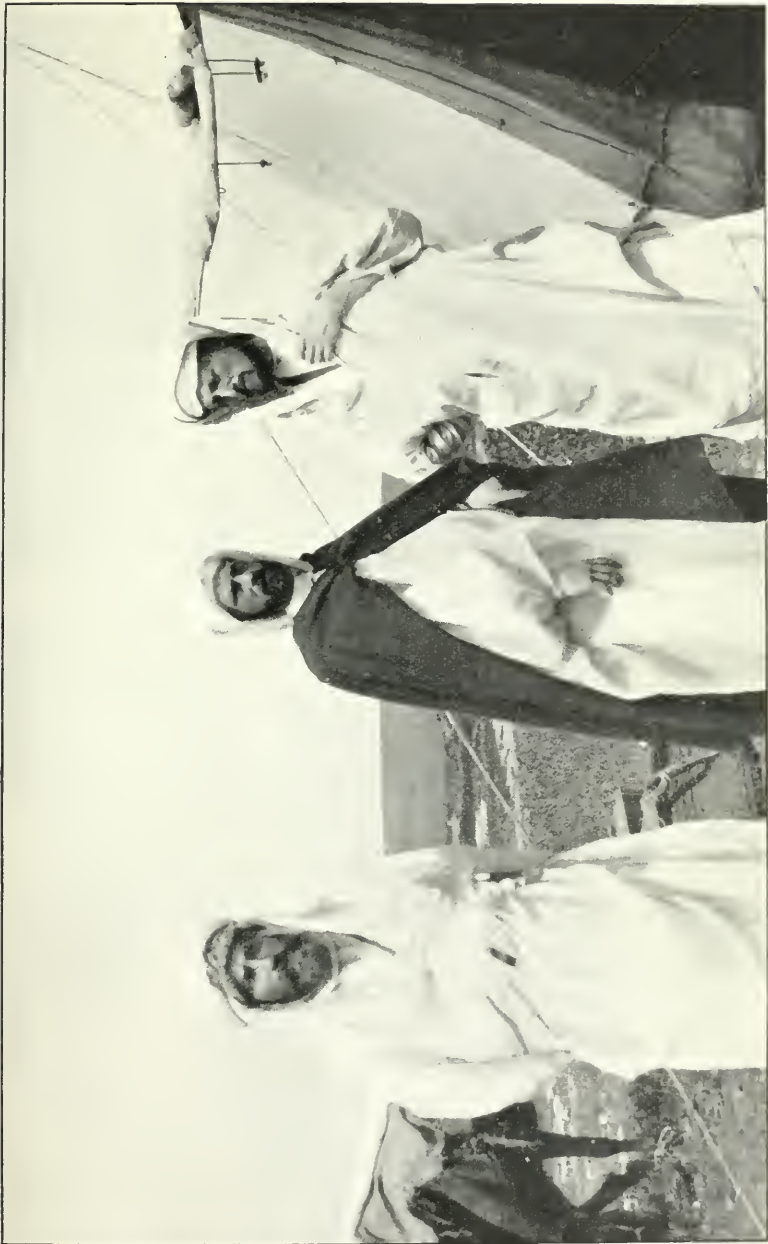
It may be that the signal humanity displayed by General d'Amade may have no other effect than to prolong the tribe's resistance.

The sun sank behind the pinnacled hills, and the long and weary task of collecting the scattered units of the force was still unfinished.

The staff were examining a mountain-gun carriage which Mahmoud had left behind him in his hurry; four hundred yards away the prickly pears formed their impenetrable hedge.

Suddenly a bullet sang close over our heads, and a report came from the thicket; then another bullet closer than before. The *Tirailleurs* formed line, and poured a volley into the fleshy-leaved forest. But the sniper had set a bad example, and dozens of Moors riding on the sky-line to the north harassed the tired troops as they marched back in the dark to their bivouac on the little Oued Aceïla.

Thus ended the battle of M'Karto.



MULAI HAFID'S MOORISH ENVOYS



## THE POSITION OF SPAIN IN THE MOORISH QUESTION

No one who has conversed with the Spanish officials at Casablanca can have failed to have been struck by the quiet way in which they emphasise the fact that Spain at the Conference of Algeciras received a mandate from Europe equal to that given to France to restore order in the Moroccan ports. By that Act the Staff of Instructors of the Shereefian police (officers and non-commissioned officers) were to be mixed at Tangier and at Casablanca, Spanish at Tetuan and Laraiche, and French at Rabat, Mazagan, Saffi, and Mogador, whilst if France was given the exclusive right of arranging with Morocco to enforce the regulations respecting the illicit traffic in arms on the Algerian frontier, which may roughly be taken to mean Morocco as far as the river Mouliya, Spain was accorded similar rights as to the Riff Country, that is to say from the neighbourhood of Tetuan to the Mouliya, and in the regions adjoining the frontiers of her possessions generally.

Accordingly Spanish troops hold that section of the defences of Casablanca which extends south

of the town from the Marakesh Road to the sea. A Spanish inspector has been appointed to co-operate with the French in the organisation of the Moroccan police, and until the force can be raised, a body of 100 Riffians recruited near Ceuta and trained there assists under Spanish officers in preserving order inside the town.

It is true that certain regrettable incidents marked the co-operation of the French and Spaniards in the early days of the occupation, but these are now at an end, and the distinguished Commander of the Spanish forces, Colonel Bernal, whose regiment (the 69th) has been sent to Casablanca from Ceuta, spares no pains to ensure a good understanding with General d'Amade. The force at his disposal does not exceed (including the Riffians) some 600 men; but, though his instructions for the present forbid him to take any part in the operations in the field, these men are admirably officered, armed, equipped, and housed, and if, owing to the Spanish system of service, they are mostly youths of from twenty-two to twenty-four years of age, they look fit to go anywhere and do anything, and should the chance arise, will most certainly give a good account of themselves. The Spanish Government have shown their sense of the importance of the mission confided to them by Europe by sending a picked regiment to Casablanca, and though they have been much

hampered by want of funds, yet they are doing their full share in co-operating in the defence of the town.

It will be a great pity if English and French public opinion, as distinguished from those responsible for the conduct of foreign affairs, fails to recognise that for good or for evil Spain is now a third partner in the Anglo-French *entente cordiale* so far as everything connected with the Mediterranean is concerned.

Recent events have shown but too clearly that the old English Alliance with Portugal is exposed to grave risks, for it is only too certain that a Portuguese Republic would not co-operate with England as the Monarchy has done under the Braganzas, with but slight interruption, since Charles II. married Catherine in 1662. To France, as her wisest statesmen have always seen, a friendly Portugal is almost as important as it is to their English neighbours. Lisbon and Lagos have almost the same significance in the ears of a French Minister of Marine as they have in those of a First Lord of the Admiralty, and there is no need to emphasise what it might mean to our Empire if the Azores, Madeira, the Cape Verdes, and Delagoa Bay were in unfriendly hands. But it cannot be denied that England is not popular in Portugal, and it is, therefore, well worth while for us to bethink ourselves that we may yet have to find a substitute for that

country in the friendship of Spain. So long as we have that friendship, Ferrol, Vigo, and Arosa Bay may possibly replace Lagos as bases for our navy; we can use our harbour at Gibraltar without fear of hindrance, and Las Palmas may, in case of need, replace Santiago as a coaling station on our road to South Africa.

But, unfortunately, it cannot be denied that public opinion is slow to recognise this. It is, of course, a misfortune that political considerations have prevented Señor Maura allowing Colonel Bernal to take his share in the task of policing the Chaouiya, for had the French and Spaniards served together on active service there can be no doubt but that they would have co-operated admirably. However, as things are, it would be well if both the French and English Press would remember the fact that Spain has an equal mandate from Europe with France in Morocco, and that if any friction arose between the two forces, that friction would afford a very convenient loophole for outside intervention.

It must not be forgotten, however, that Spain through the mouth of her Prime Minister has enunciated the policy which she intends to pursue in Morocco when circumstances permit. She has marked out the country from the Mouliya to Tetuan, in other words the Mediterranean Coast of Morocco, as her sphere of influence, and not only have several of the most prominent Kaïds



of the Riff already sought her protectorate, but the Riff Coast was especially reserved as open to Spanish penetration by the *entente* of 1904.

Spain has every right to have a sphere of influence reserved to her in Morocco, for not only are there very large Spanish interests in the north of the country, but she is admirably fitted for the task of bringing those regions under the control of European civilisation. The peasantry of Andalusia even to-day are Moors in all but name; they are far better fitted than any other race in Europe to work the Moroccan soil, and on the whole, the Spanish troops get on excellently with the natives, chiefly because they are so closely akin to them. Jews also, as a rule, get on well with Spaniards.

It will be a great mistake to try and force the pace in opening up Morocco. Property is much split up and held tenaciously by owners without much capital, who may be able to use improved ploughs if they can be drawn by their own draught animals, but who would not be in a position to work with steam machinery. The produce of the country does not necessitate the use of railways, and roads and bridges, as less costly, would therefore be much more suitable as means of communication. Wireless telegraphy and telephony might well serve the purpose of the usual telegraph lines, and if the ports could be improved by the construction of moles and

wharves, the streets of the towns properly paved, and roads constructed on which automobile omnibuses and wagons could travel, Morocco could well wait awhile before more expensive methods of communication were provided, at least in the interior, for a coast railway is indispensable. The money saved might be usefully employed in the promotion of education, possibly on the lines of the Gordon College at Khartoum.

Such methods as these would suit the Spanish temperament, although they might be laughed out of court by an official from Paris or Algiers. They would be above all adapted for opening up the north of Morocco, which might justly be reserved as a sphere of Spanish influence, and despite the objections which as a rule apply to buffer states, England at least should have no objection to see a Spanish sphere of influence in the hinterland of Tangier, as it might seem to obviate the risks of friction to which the *entente cordiale* with France might otherwise, in time, become exposed.

By doing anything which may enhance the prestige of the reigning dynasty in Spain we shall be doing good work not only for England but for France, and there is no power so well fitted as England to act as a bridge between France and her neighbour beyond the Pyrenees. All three countries have equal interests in the Mediterranean regions, and in these Morocco

alone would appear to be the spot where a breach might be made in their present close friendship.

Let Spanish sentiment and Spanish interests be respected in Morocco and another buttress will be added to the *entente cordiale*. A contented Spain is a necessity to the world's peace.

## THE DAILY ROUND

ON March 9th the force marched to Sidi Abd-el-Kerim, the centre of the fight of February 7th—a white *koúbba* and a single palm beside a little stream between low hills. The cavalry on the left fired a few shots, but there was no organised resistance. The chief event of the day was the arrival of the French journalist, M. Houel, from the enemy's camp, dressed in his Muslim garb, and riding his scarlet-caparisoned mule. The dawn had shown some of us what we had not known in the murk of the previous night—that our camp lay in a depression between two steepish escarpments. From the rearmost the Moors kept up a desultory fire, to reply to which the cavalry moved out into the plain, and behind them a battalion of Tirailleurs was deployed in line. The guns with difficulty got up the hill in front, and pointed their muzzles menacingly at the distant Arabs. I was watching the retirement beside a little cemetery on the height when a white flag hove in view below in the green plain. It was M. Houel, attended by a negro. He rode up to the General, and a few words passed between them, and then down the hill again went the French intermediary and disappeared slowly into the shimmering distance.



GENERAL D'AMADE TALKING TO M. HOUEL, MULAI HAFID'S ENVOY (MARCH 9, 1908)



His embassy was not fruitless. Later in the day, as we wended our way over the undulating, marigold-strewn uplands, M. Houel appeared again, this time attended by twenty-one Arab chiefs, all carrying rifles, as though bent rather on a desperate venture than on unconditional surrender.

I learned from M. Houel that on the day of the battle at R'Fakha he had made an attempt to pass through the French lines in order to interview General d'Amade. Several Moors were with him, and their advance was not unperceived by the ever vigilant French gunners, who sent a shrapnel over them with such beautiful precision that a Moor riding on Houel's right was instantly killed, and the same shot so frightened his own mule that it reared and fell backwards, throwing him to the ground. The mule then galloped away in the high green corn, and Houel came under the fire of the advanced battalion of Legionaries. He was fortunately not hit, and managed, by creeping stealthily on all fours, to recapture his mule and get into safety. The Arabs he brought in were all M'Zanzas. Through their chief Kaïd, a venerable, white-headed old man in immaculate white, they had a colloquy with the Staff Interpreter, and then they rode away with M. Houel. This enterprising Frenchman, who has been awarded the *médaille d'honneur* for his conduct as a civilian in Casablanca at the time of the massacres, is playing a very useful and for him a very risky part in thus acting as an

envoy between the French and the Moors. But, of course, his conduct is liable to misconstruction by the narrow and bigoted of his own race. A certain French correspondent once openly assailed him in abusive language as a traitor, but his philippic was speedily cut short by the Intelligence Officer, who informed him that his ignorance was only equalled by his want of manners, and forbade him to discuss political matters which did not concern him.

The baggage train was despatched across the plain in a westerly direction, and the orders for the day were that the force would march due south to the Kasbah ben Ahmed, and then turn north-west and rejoin the transport at Sidi Haïdi on the Oued Mils.

The villagers in the *douârs* that we passed during the first few miles of the march were extremely friendly; they brought out butter and eggs and fowls; they even condescended to badinage. I was with the *Tirailleurs*, and heard a woman with butter for sale make some stinging remark to the troops. A native officer told me she was asking whether they were all Jews, as she'd heard that most of the French soldiers belonged to that accursed race. A few yards further on an old native sprawled on the ground with a bit of sacking near him, begging for alms. The *Tirailleur*, even when his pay is doubled on active service, receives the magnificent stipend of a penny a day, yet of



their poverty dozens of these generous fellows threw down coppers on to the sack in front of the beggar.

Just after this little episode, the road ran through a large garden of figs ; a *douár* stood on the summit of a little hill beyond ; in front lay a plain, leading up to a white house set in a grove of trees, and beyond it a range of low hills swept round to the right in a northerly direction.

As the cavalry scouts reached the middle of the plain the hills in front were suddenly covered with careering Arabs, who crossed the ridge and came boldly down the slopes to meet us. Little puffs of smoke and the heavy report of their large-bore rifles came thicker and thicker ; the Zouaves were sent on to support the advanced guard, and the guns threw shells on to the summit of the ridge. The pennon of the General always has a great attraction for the adventurous Arab. One of these gentry had wormed his way up in the grass to within a couple of hundred yards of where the Staff were watching the fight, and managed to get in half-a-dozen shots before the cavalry drove him out of his lair.

The population of the *douárs* behind us took full advantage of the spectacle afforded them. Men, women, and children, huddled in their long wrappers, were crouching like brooding birds in crescents near their tents and huts, and doubtless watched their friends and relations on the hills

ahead with many a prayer to Allah that their bullets might speed true.

The Zouaves were firing volleys at the enemy, a singularly ineffective way of meeting the attack of isolated horsemen; and from the constant crash of the guns and the persistent dull boom of the Arabs' large-bore muskets it might have been expected that the losses on both sides would be considerable. But the lie of the ground—the steep slopes of the position held by the Arabs—made accurate shooting very difficult, and the French losses were absolutely nil. I met a Goum on the top of the ridge, after the enemy had been driven back, who was very proud of a native gun, about six feet long, which he had on his saddle. "I cut off his head with one sweep of my sword," said he, plucking at his fierce black whiskers.

The skirmish which took place for the possession of the ridge proved the end of the battle. Down in a little hollow of the rolling plateau beyond it lay the Kasbah ben Ahmed—the place we had come to take. The brown walls which encircled the central white building were broken and decayed; the bastions were crumbling into ruins; grass and mallows made the courts a sea of green. Not a soul appeared to defend the citadel; but across a dip, on high ground towards the east, were two large *douïrs*, all round which, in little knots, our enemies were riding.

A battery and a battalion of the Legion were

sent forward into the dip below the kasbah ; the rest of the troops stayed on the nearer ridge. The Arabs were holding a palaver ; should they fight or should they submit ? With the French, riding always with the Staff, is an old grey-faced Moor, in a purple djellaba, by name L'Arbi ben Sharki, whose long-maned, long-tailed stallion is neither chestnut nor brown, but an extraordinary compound of those colours. This worthy, not long ago, was lord paramount of Kasbah ben Ahmed ; but his subjects rose when he was on a journey, seized his children as hostages, and took possession of his lands and flocks and herds.

No one, probably, in the host felt happier than he when the Council on the hill declared in favour of submission. At least forty chiefs came riding down the hill into the dip, and up the slope to do obeisance to their conqueror ; and for each of them, as they stood in a row, Ben Sharki of the grey face had a grim jest. Some of them laughed ; a Moor sets little value on his life ; but Ben Sharki was enjoying one of the most exquisite moments of his existence.

While the interpreter and the Kaïds were talking to the General there was a sudden clatter of hoofs, and a squadron of Chasseurs with swords drawn dashed up and formed a square round the group. It was a pretty scene ; one that will long remain in the minds of those who saw it. The sky was overcast with clouds, and the colours of

the landscape blended with a softness unusual in this land of brilliant sunshine. The dark green of the corn was flecked with patches of old rose, where the bare earth stood out on tracks and ledges; for thousands of yards the gilded marigolds turned the mountain slope to orange; the ochre and brown walls of the derelict kasbah were topped by snow-white towers; the red and blue uniforms of the Chasseurs were set off by their grey horses; they hedged about a group of men in whom a sense of colour seems innate. There was a white horse whose bridle, reins, and blinkers were the palest blue; his high-peaked, chair-backed saddle was covered with lemon-yellow leather. A black with flashing eye and enormous mane was decked out in vermilion; his breastplate fastened to the saddle by large silver brooches; it would be impossible to improve upon the contrasts which the Moors devise to enhance the effect of their caparisons. Most of the men wore the dark blue burnous with its white hood thrown back behind. Some few were all in white; on their feet were either red or yellow slippers, and beneath their robes you caught glimpses of orange, blue, and violet skirts.

At last the conclave broke up; fifteen of the Moors were kept as hostages; they rode off in line, surrounded by their guarding square of Chasseurs. The long column of the force wound like a black snake down the track between the walls

of marigold; the men were singing; it had been a good day's work; I could hear them afar as I rode on the tops of the hills.

There I found the rock-roses in bloom—pink and white and yellow; and, best of all, an apple tree a mass of delicate green and flashing blossom, standing lonely in a fig orchard in a protected dell. That night we camped at Sidi Haïdi.

On the morrow the four months of the Goums' voluntary service came to an end; and a review was held in their honour before they rode away to Casablanca, to take ship for their country of Algeria.

The whole force, with the exception of the baggage train, took up position in the shape of the letter "E" without the central bar, the cavalry forming one flank, the guns the other; down the long side were ranged the seven battalions of infantry—four of Tirailleurs, one of Zouaves, and two of the Legion—in a line of company columns. A French battalion consists of four companies, each divided into four sections. I counted several of the sections, and found they averaged forty men, bringing the total of a battalion up to about six hundred and fifty men. With three squadrons of Chasseurs, one of Spahis, and three batteries of seventy-five mm. field-guns, two mountain batteries, and a section of naval small-bore guns, the total force on the ground was about five thousand five hundred.

First the General made his inspection, and then, standing in the centre of the ground, with buglers and drummers on either side of him, he distributed rewards. A white-robed, black-bearded Goum, with red handkerchief wound tightly round his head, was the first recipient of the Cross of the Legion of Honour. The buglers blew a fanfare, the drummers rattled their drums, and the grave-faced Oriental came forward.

General d'Amade pinned the decoration on his breast, and then shook him warmly by the hand. Next it was the turn of an officer of Tirailleurs, a Frenchman.

Him the General kissed rapidly on both cheeks. Next a Legionary got his "médaille militaire," for meritorious war service, and he received a hearty handshake.

Meanwhile instructions had been issued to the commanders of units, and the long line rapidly formed square. When all were in their places the General took off his cap and cried, "Pour la France!" whereon the bugles blared and the drums beat, and every man in the force cried "En avant!" "Pour le Président de la République!" cried the General. "En avant!" cried his troops. "Pour les morts pour la patrie!" "En avant!"

A march past ended the ceremony. Immediately behind the General, in the post of honour, rode the newly-decorated officers. In the line of march, just in front of the leading section of the Legion, was a

heap of stones, in which were stuck a couple of dirty little white flags. Three or four industrious Legionaries, seeing how prejudicial this monument would prove to their dressing, began throwing the stones and flags to the four winds of Heaven. Presently a Staff Officer, who prided himself on his knowledge of native customs and his respect for native prejudices, perceived what was happening. "Mon Général, c'est une place de prière!" shouted he, and spurred ahead to repair the desecration. So the monument was painfully reconstructed, to the amusement of old Ben Sharki (whose face twitched, and who must be, I fancy, a Dissenter), and the flags drooped at melancholy angles and entwined themselves in the legs of the cursing infantry.

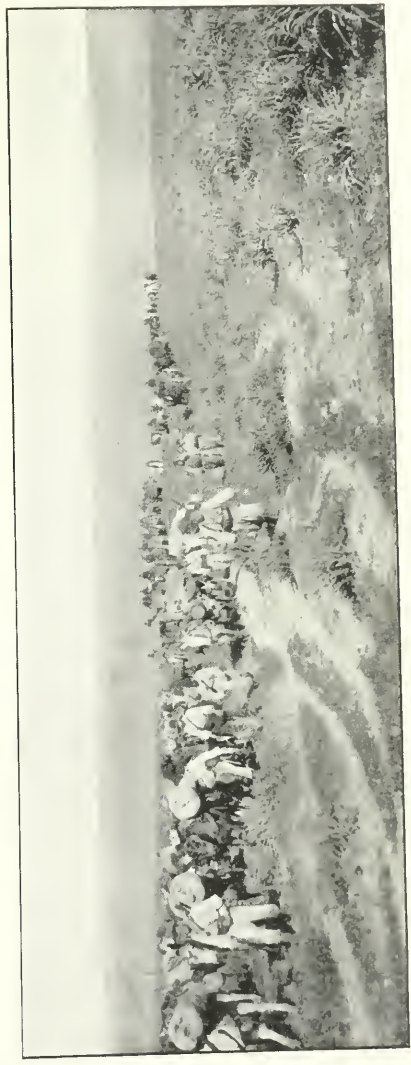
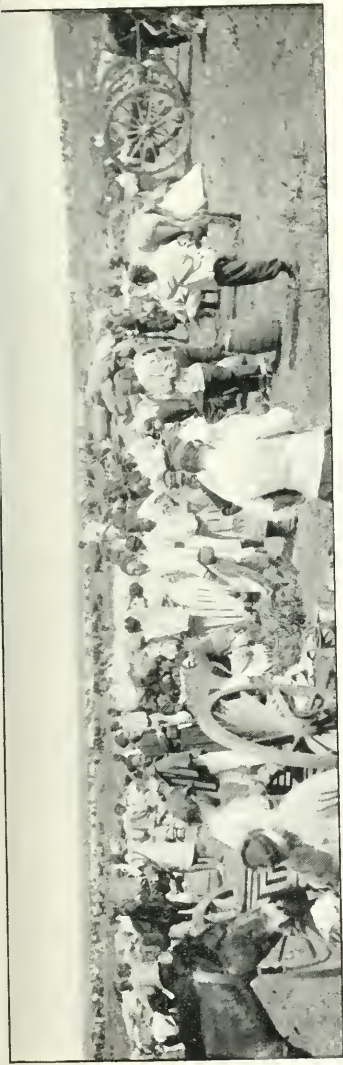
The latter marched past in columns of sections, and very well they did it, to the music of tootling bugles. The gait of the Tirailleurs is not graceful; they shuffle along with bent knees, but they keep a good alignment, and not a single man was out of step. However, it is not on the parade ground that they shine; but rather in carrying fifty or sixty pounds on their backs at four miles an hour for any number of hours you please. Of the European troops the Legion seemed to be rather smarter than the Zouaves, and both have a swing and *élan* in their marching which the Tirailleurs lack.

After the infantry came the guns in battery column, beautifully dressed—as useful and smart

a lot of men as you could find in any army. The horses are gaunt and bad in their coats. They suffer from lack of water, and many of them die in consequence from nephritis. Last of all came the cavalry—Goums, Spahis, and Chasseurs—at a gallop, preceded by trumpeters trumpeting gallantly and in excellent time too, considering that the ground was very rough, and that half their horses were running away. The Goums' line was execrable, but what they lacked in precision they made up in picturesqueness. The further to the rear the greater the number of stampeding chargers; these barbs are awkward beasts to hold, especially when there is a squadron of mares flying away in front of them.

With the cavalry charge the review ended; the column got into the track and skirted the low hills that dip to the Oued Tamazer, where a single palm grows by the bank of the clearest stream we encountered in this land of muddy waters.

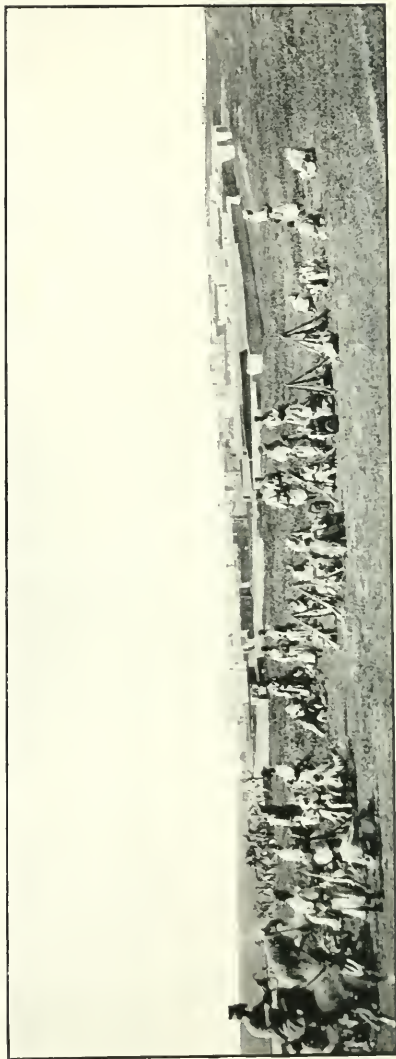
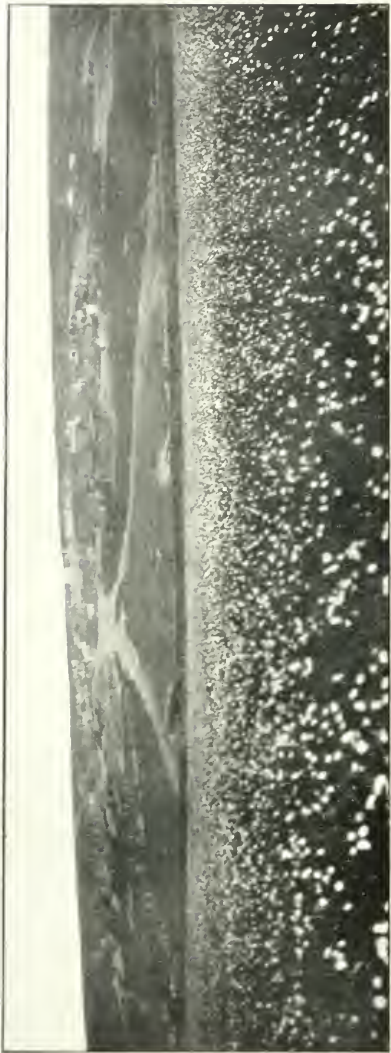




(1) COMMISSARIAT IN CAMP AT THE OUED TAMAZER  
(2) CONVOY ON THE MARCH







(1) KASBAH BEN AHMED

(2) SIDI EL ATACH, THE KASBAH OF THE OULAD SAÏD

## THE ROUTING OF BOU NUALLAH

### THE "FATHER OF THE STRAW HUT"

THE French camped on March 14th at the derelict kasbah of Sidi bou Chaïb el Aïachi, the stronghold of the Oulad Saïd, and the southernmost point yet touched by them in the course of their wanderings through the Chaouiya. Thence, at seven in the morning of the 15th, they betook themselves northwards, over rolling downs yellow with spurge and intersected by narrow hidden brooks, until at noon they reached the battered ruins of Dar ould Fatima.

Along the line of march were frequent *douïrs*, and crescents of brooding, white-robed figures sat watching the passing of the long cavalcade.

Nothing escapes Captain Huot of the Intelligence Department. It appeared to his observant eye that pacificated villages ought to provide their due quota of men spectators; and he put his native spies to work. These came back, after a few minutes' talk with unsuspecting greybeards, with the news that all the fighting men for miles around had gone to join the notorious Bou Nuallah at his camp near Zaouia Sidi el Ourimi. So when the troops reached Dar ould Fatima at noon an order came that the column would march at two, with-

out knapsacks, and that every sixteenth man would remain in camp to guard the baggage. Zaouia Sidi el Ourimi lies about seven miles north-west of Dar ould Fatima, but the marabout's camp was at least ten miles further on. The force had hardly gone a mile outside the camp, the Spahis scouting on the left, the Chasseurs on the right, before shots came from the front, where fig-orchards hedged with aloes gave cover to the lurking Arab marksmen. The cavalry pressed on, driving the enemy in front of them; the French infantry, fast as they ordinarily march, excelled themselves that day. At the end of an hour a low line of gigantic rocks broke the skyline, and the bullets of the enemy concealed behind them came whistling over the Spahis' heads. They put their horses into a gallop; a troop wheeled to the left as though to outflank the foe; when we reached the rocks the Arabs had gone. Below us, in a little dell, lay the Zaouia of Sidi el Ourimi—a white-domed *koïbba*, or shrine, nestling against a thicket of aloes. On every side the plain stretched in great levels, uncultivated, save where a fig-garden made a grey-brown patch in the sea of yellow flowers. Across the plain rode thousands of Moors—separate, undisciplined, disunited; stopping to fire, then riding on, some towards us, some away from us, some across the two-mile line of our front. Here for the first time the French guns opened fire, and then the rout began. Often, as

at R'Fakha, the tribesmen have stood bravely against the shrapnel of the French guns; but on this occasion they made not the slightest pretence at any organised resistance. They often stopped to fire, but those were but momentary pauses in a continuous retreat.

“Ce n'est pas une bataille; c'est une course,” said a French officer. So terrific was the pace of the infantry that the guns had the utmost difficulty in keeping up with them; they fired until the infantry were half a mile ahead, and then the sweating horses had to gallop to get into a position which was not masked by the swiftly advancing foot soldiers. “Let me get a chance at these ‘Bou Chaïbs,’” said a Legionary, referring to the Arabs under a name whose commonness has made it a generic term, “and I'll pay them out for this infernal foot race.”

A company of Zouaves in open order passed through a plantation of figs; suddenly a Moor rose up out of the further ditch; a single shot rang out and the Moor fell in a heap. An officer walks up to him and then pulls out his revolver; he waves me to one side, for I am in the line of fire. That was one of the few Arabs who that day died bravely at their posts. The French line was now at least two miles in extent; the Foreign Legion in the centre, the Tirailleurs on either flank, supported by the Spahis and the Chasseurs. Presently, beyond the dark dots of the flying

horsemen, rose a low serrated line, like a ridge of little conical hills. I put up my glasses; could it be a village? At first it seemed impossible; no village could stretch across the horizon for thousands of yards. But a village it must be, for white bell tents are ranged orderly on the right of the great encampment—the homes of the Kaïds who lead the enormous host gathered under the black waves of that camel-hair sea. The men saw their goal; they fixed bayonets and dashed on, cheering. The din was terrific; the guns were pouring shrapnel over the heads of the infantry, who paused here and there to fire a volley, and then pressed on. From the great town of tents, red-streaked with the fires lit by French shells, came the loud exhortations of the Arab leaders, and the shrill cries of frenzied women. Red-saddled horses, bleeding and foaming, dashed out towards the line, which now advanced its flanks and surged round both sides of the *douâr*.

Through my glasses I saw a crowd of Arabs standing beneath the hail of shrapnel that was falling on the northern corner of the camp. In their midst a wild figure raised his arms and swung them downwards again and again, as though in passionate entreaty: the crowd was thinned, but not by flight; I lost sight of the speaker. Forward the French infantry were racing up the slight incline that separated them from the enemy, some of whom galloped away, firing as they went,



while others got beneath the shelter of the tents, and discharged their rifles as the French passed them. I got on my horse and galloped on to catch up the firing-line 150 yards or so ahead, in the midst of the main *douár*.

The bullets were flying in all directions from beneath the tents; in quick succession two shots were fired at me from behind, and both bullets whizzed close past my head. I jumped off my horse, cocked my revolver and hurried on. Just in front of me was a Spahi; another shot rang out close by, he fell dead from his horse. The firing-line was here composed of the Legion, who stood in a well-dressed line, as though on parade, firing at the Arabs in front of them, some of whom were making for the two *douárs* ahead, whilst others galloped out into the plain towards the west.

The Spahi fell close behind the Legionaries, and still the report of rifles came from the tents in their rear. So the order was given to fire a volley into them, and the Legionaries faced about right willingly and let drive at the ruffians hidden in tents flying the white flag.

The line had now reached the limit of the main *douár*, and a little grassy strip, edged with rocks towards the south, intervened between it and the two villages beyond. Across that strip the Legion had driven their hissing sheets of lead, and the green of it was stained with crimson patches. A loose

horse already wounded in the shoulder had hobbled within twenty yards of the line; and now he lay dead, pierced by a dozen bullets, his four legs pointing to the sky. In the doorway of a tent right in the line of fire, yet quite unharmed, stood a boy of eight or nine, gazing with placid eyes at the hedge of flashing bayonets. A little beyond him a woman sat with a smile on her face, talking as though to herself in a low musical voice, whilst she wrapped closer round her a thin garment red with the blood that was gushing from a wound in her thigh. Beyond her another woman, evidently wounded to the death, raised herself with difficulty on her elbow, gave one look at the oncoming line, folded her *haïk* over her face, and turned on her side to die.

The Arabs now threw away their arms and pretended they had taken no part in the fight. The French went forward; a group of men on the left crouched with some women beneath the shelter of a tangle of rocks. They expected quarter; the French drew nearer; and still they sat quietly on. But the Frenchmen's blood was up; they had been treacherously fired at under cover of the white flag; with a shout their bayonets were levelled to the charge. The Arabs fled yelling in every direction; within two yards of where I stood one enormous fellow fell pierced by the simultaneous thrusts of two *Tirailleurs*; he rolled on to the bayonet, bending it inside him, so that

his assailant could not draw it out. He called his comrade to his aid; they set their feet against the body; and at last the bayonet came out, twisted like a bent pin. Another of the group rushed by with a *Tirailleur*—his weapon outstretched to its full extent—close upon his heels. The pursuer spurted and lunged; the bayonet came back reddened; the Arab screamed and ran still faster. Seeing that he was surrounded by his foes he determined to kill one at least of them before he died; an engineer officer, with no weapon in his hand, was standing near. On him the Arab hurled himself with all his force, jumping into the air with bent arms, which twined round the Frenchman's neck with the grip of a bear. The Sapper was carried off his feet by the shock, and Moor and Frenchman rolled on the ground together. But the latter was in the midst of friends; the Moor was alone; he was bound to die, but he had done his best to take a foeman with him to the shades. A lieutenant of *Spahis* made a cut at him with his sword—a thing hard to do without hurting his comrade. But he did it; the Arab relaxed his hold, and a Legionary plunged his bayonet into the writhing body.

The long blue line surged on; the sun sank behind a dark pall of violet clouds; the air was thick with the cries of dying men and the stench of burning tents.

The twilight was illumined by the flames, and

while the last pale gleam of the sunset flickered on the bayonets the faces of the men who wielded them glowed red and black in the flashing fires.

The far-flung hedge of steel swept through the brown camel's-hair villages; every man was put to the sword. Outside a tent sat a young and very pretty woman, with uncovered face and naked breast, suckling her baby. Beside her sat a man, presumably her husband; a gigantic, black-bearded, savage-eyed Arab, whose thick lips betrayed a dash of negro blood.

A Spahi, not forgetful of the treachery which had lost him a comrade half-an-hour before, killed by a bullet fired from a tent flying the white flag, raised his sabre and spurred his horse at the man. The horse, unwilling to trample on live flesh, reared and swerved; his hoofs flashed in front of the mother's face, and passed within a few inches of her child. Yet she never moved, nor did a cry or a prayer escape her. The Spahi turned his horse again, while the Arab half rose, begging for mercy in Allah's name.

The Spahi muttered a curse, and his sabre fell across the man's head, and drops of blood bespattered the white robe of the silent woman at his side.

The Arab staggered to his feet; the ferocious blow availed nothing against his vast strength; he was yelling with fury now. The Spahi, mounted and armed as he was, would have fared ill had he

been alone, but two Tirailleurs came running up, their crimsoned bayonets at the charge, and while one lunged from the front at the Arab's privy parts, the other thrust his weapon deep into his side.

The dying man sank back, calling on Mohammed, his black beard pointing to the sky; his mouth writhing, his teeth gleaming, his eyes rolling; like some huge wild boar who feels his death-wound. The red stains on his white garments grew bigger and bigger; one moan and he lay dead. And still the woman never stirred, nor cried; as the line passed on I looked back; there she sat still beside the bloody corpse, her child asleep upon her breast.

The sun had now set; the moon and the stars were blotted out by heavy clouds; and soon the rain began to fall in torrents. For miles the plain was aglow with fiery rings, the relics of Arab homes; and amid the billowy wreaths of smoke the dark figures of the soldiers dashed hither and thither in pursuit of terrified fowls.

Bullets from the front, where at last the enemy had stayed his flight, whistled over our heads; the rattle of cartridges exploding in the flames was mingled with the loud hissing of ignited powder, where geysers of grey smoke rose majestically high into the gloomy sky.

At last the bugles sounded the Assembly, and the troops moved slowly, unit after unit, towards the Staff in the open space between the *douárs*.

I was on the outskirts of the furthest village. The pillaging soldiers had all fallen in and marched away ; I too turned to go.

A cold wind had sprung up ; the wrack of clouds blew fitfully across the moon ; the rain drove with a cutting slant. The lines of tents were nothing now but a series of fiery disks. Beyond one of these, on the outer confines of the village, alone in the dark and the cold and the rain, sat a woman with folded hands.

I passed her ; she did not turn her head ; she sat like one in a dream, gazing at the red circle that had been her home.

The force, silhouetted against the expiring flames, filed slowly away, drenched by the pelting rain, and sliding and falling in the greasy mud. Now and then the moon broke from the domination of the clouds, and turned the pools along the track to gold.

Far away to the north a huge fire burned steadily, like some great lamp : there the refugees were making their bivouac. For hour after hour the march went on ; the leagues that passed unnoticed in the pursuit seemed interminable now.

At last the moonlight showed on the silvered spires of the aloes about el Ourimi, and on its snowy shrine ; beyond, the horizon was broken by black tumbled rocks, and the men knew that the long day's work was nearly done. Two artillery horses, with broken backs, lay here side



BURNING A DOUÁR





by side ; together they had toiled ; together they fell ; together they died. As the head of the column reached the camp on the stroke of midnight a terrific burst of fire came from down the line. Some men had fancied in the dark that they saw the enemy approaching ; but it was a false alarm. The rear of the column got in at 2 A.M. : the force had marched and fought, with a rest of two hours, since 7 A.M. the previous day.

This expedition, which cost the French only one Spahi killed and one Tirailleur wounded, must be regarded as the most brilliant stroke of the campaign. Conceived on the instant, the outcome of acute observation, effected with prodigious speed and crowned with unqualified success, the defeat of Bou Nuallah has done more, perhaps, to bring the superstitious Arabs of the Chaouiya to their senses, and to hasten their submission to the French, than all the rest of the beatings they have had put together. Bou Nuallah may be alive or he may be dead ; his power is gone for ever.

He was a Shereef, a descendant of the Prophet, and possessed of all the influence which his birth confers. He openly aspired to the Sultanate, telling his followers that Mulai Hafid was as pro-Christian and unfitted to rule as his brother Abd-ul-Aziz ; but the grandeur of his ambition paled before the powers by which he was to attain it. He was able, he said, by a wave of his hand

to transport Casablanca and its hated Nazarenes to the bottom of the sea ; and he warned the Musalmin there of their fate if they remained. Many of these credulous fanatics joined him ; and when the news of his discomfiture was brought to Casablanca the streets rang with the wailings of women. He asserted that he could turn the bullets of the French to water ; there was no lie too gross to impose on his adherents. The force he had gathered round him must have amounted to at least five thousand fighting men ; there were more than twelve hundred tents in the *douárs*. About eighty bodies were found killed by shell fire ; perhaps fifty men were bayoneted by the French. Hundreds of corpses must have been carried away ; the fate of the Marabout himself is unknown.

## LIFE AT CASABLANCA

UNTIL the Conference of Algeciras Casablanca, although of late years it has been the most flourishing port in Morocco, lay outside the current of the world's progress, and passed on its way undisturbed by the changes and chances of the time, save when a quarrel between two tribes whose very names were all but unknown to European gazetteers closed the trade routes. Long strings of camels laden with wheat, with barley, and with canary seed paced into its gates, and long strings of camels laden with cottons, with candles, and with sugar paced out of them, whilst the handful of traders who had established themselves on its sun-cracked plains saw their banking accounts swelling every autumn. Thus traders lived in the factories of the Levant, exiled from their homes for years, laying the foundations of the fortunes which have covered England with stately manor-houses rich in Grinling Gibbons' carving, and glowing with the masterpieces of Lely and of Kneller. There were moments when in winter no mail could cross the barrier of surf for three weeks at a time, and the nearest telegraph office, that at Tangier, was cut off from Casablanca by

many a weary mile of mud. Now the advent of the wireless telegraph and the coming of the French has swept the sleeping city with a rush into the mainstream of the world.

Casablanca is cosmopolitan. European infants, if they are not to remain dumb, must prattle in three languages; their mother tongue; Spanish, which, until 1907, was the *lingua franca* of the European community; and Arabic, which is the dialect of the kitchen and of the stable. As is the case in every Moorish port, there is a large consular body which recent events have raised to diplomatic importance, and, thanks to the regulations which in nearly every European Foreign Office control the Eastern branch of their service, most of its professional members have a wide knowledge of men and things in all Mohammedan lands. Next to the Spaniards, the Germans are numerically the most important, in some degree thanks to the policy which leads the great trading centres to found travelling scholarships whose holders are thus enabled to study foreign countries on condition that they do all that in them lies to promote the interests of their native place. The English traders, on the other hand, are as a rule, in bearing if not in years, grave and reverend seigniors, whose fathers lived at Casablanca before them, and who in many cases, as indeed may likewise be said of the Germans, are "*Mauris ipsis Mauriores.*"

Amusements are few. There is no racecourse;

cricket and football are unknown ; and an attempt to establish a golf-links was put an end to by the war. A few birds, here and there, of varying sizes and ordinary properties, invite the Sunday sportsman to the fields round the town ; there are, perhaps, three bicycles to be found in the whole place ; motoring is out of the question ; only one or two residents have tennis courts or sailing boats. The amusements consist in rides up and down the sandhill-bordered beach, in lawn-tennis parties at the houses which possess cement or gravel courts, and in the dances which are got up impromptu in private drawing-rooms or by subscription at the Club. Bridge, dominoes, skat, or billiards constitute the every-day recreation of the average resident ; the cafés chantants may be visited if any special attraction has arrived from Tangier or some third-rate provincial theatre in Andalusia.

His garden is the chief interest of the consul or merchant at Casablanca, for, in that land of glare, the sight of a tree and the cool dark shadows beneath its branches are even more precious to the Englishman or to the German than they are to the Moor, lover of flowers though every native is. Most of the villas were destroyed in the fighting which followed the landing of the French, but, for the most part, their gardens remained uninjured, and more than one new one is now being laid out. In style they are, as a rule, Italian, with wide shady alleys hedged with roses or geranium, whilst

in the old Moorish fashion, which is to be seen in perfection at the Alcazar in Seville, the beds are surrounded with raised walls and banks of earth, to retain the water led into them through tile-lined channels from the noria-filled cisterns. Everywhere the creaking of the wheel, the splash of the water falling from its pitchers, and the trampling of the eternally-circling donkey call up memories of cooler climes, but the ruts and dust of the road which is hidden by the creeper-tapestried boundary wall too soon remind the traveller that he has not yet reached the gardens of the Hesperides.

Mr. Lamb's garden, with its Bougainvilleas, is the goal of every tourist who, with sun-helmet and kodak, lands at Casablanca water-port from Messrs. Forwood's steamers; but before the bombardment it must have been excelled in beauty by that of the Quinta, which Mr. Fernau had transformed from a Moorish farmhouse into a very handsome villa. The Quinta is now a ruin, loop-holed and garrisoned as a French outpost, but though its woodwork is torn down and its courtyard a desolation, Nature was awakening in its orchard, and pear and apple trees were just putting forth their buds. The flower-beds were a jungle of mallows, but the palm-tree and geranium hedge in the kitchen garden, which is traversed by a wide alley leading up to the house, survived uninjured, although an outer hedge of aloes which separates it and a small vineyard

from the fields had been cut down by the sappers. From the terrace the eye ranges over the rolling downs which extend in a semicircle round the plain of Casablanca from sea to sea.

The Quinta has, however, other memories than those of flowers. A friend and I were taken there by a black-mustachioed Zouave from the Point d'Appui camp. As we tramped through a wilderness of rape and marigolds our conductor held forth at length on the dreadful outrage which, shortly after the bombardment, had been committed by Arab marauders on a young English girl, the only member of her family who had escaped death. With an eye made tender by the prospect of the coming tip he expatiated on the rage and horror which had filled his comrades' hearts when they learnt of the injury done to one of a nation so dear to every true Frenchman: he described in detail the vengeance to be taken by the Tirailleurs and Zouaves on the guilty wretches, and proposed to show us the upper room which had witnessed the agonies of the guiltless martyr. We accepted his offer, and after trampling over the mutilated remnants of a grand piano whose case bore traces of fire and whose keys had once been touched by the victim's fingers, we ascended a staircase of which the balustrades had vanished into the cooking fires of the outpost. At length we stood on the hallowed spot. A broken bath, filled with miscellaneous rubbish, and other remnants of a lavatory added to the impressiveness of the scene.

On the walls were inscriptions in French and Arabic.

They ran as follows: "À cette famille noble d'Angleterre en proie aux cruautés d'un peuple barbare Nous adressons le vif regret de n'avoir point été là pour la défendre."

2. À la *Pucelle de Casablanca* livrée si atrocement aux mains sacrilèges laissez-vous lui crier bien près à son chevet d'hôpital "Tes parents et toi, vous aurez vengeance." Un caporal du 1er Zouaves.

3. C'est ici dans ce bien paisible au milieu de ces plaines que périt une famille dévorée par les Marocains l'an 1907.

4. "Vengeance" encircling a heart pierced with a dagger.

My companion, overcome by his Francophile emotions, took out his pencil and added a forcible apostrophe addressed to the French in their own tongue, interspersed with somewhat dubious Vulgate Latin applauding their noble sentiments and invoking superhuman vengeance on the murderers.

We walked away between the geranium hedges, and as a broken water-wheel creaked and groaned in the wind, in a frenzy of composition I thought out eloquent paragraphs describing "how the wheel turned with a harsh grating cry, as if demanding vengeance for those who are gone."

We rewarded our guide profusely; but when we got back to the Club and began to make further inquiries as to the particulars of a tale not the



less horrid or interesting because it had escaped the stylographs of all our predecessors, we were presented to the departed family consuming a whiskey and soda, and were informed that the victim in question had never existed in the flesh.

Amongst the trees at Casablanca are the banana, pine, palm, cypress, juniper, pepper-tree, carób, and ilex. The creepers, shrubs, and flowering plants include geraniums, ipomea, hibiscus, Bougainvillea, arum, Montbretia, carnations, oleanders, a huge yellow senecio, New Zealand flax, bamboo, abutilon, lantana, Weigela, the castor-oil plant, and Choisya.

In Mr. Harris' beautiful garden at Tangier grow *Mandevilla suaveolens*, *Antholiza*, *Tritonia*, orchid-flowering caunas, *Lagostroemia indica rosea*, *Melia asdarak*, *Melanthus* with its dark red flower, papyrus, *Cupressus macrocarpa*, Judas trees, the *Banksia* or "Bottlebrush" (remarkable for the adhesion of its seeds to the stem), arums, water-lilies, *polygala mixta*, bamboo, roses, mimosa, and *ornithogalum*.

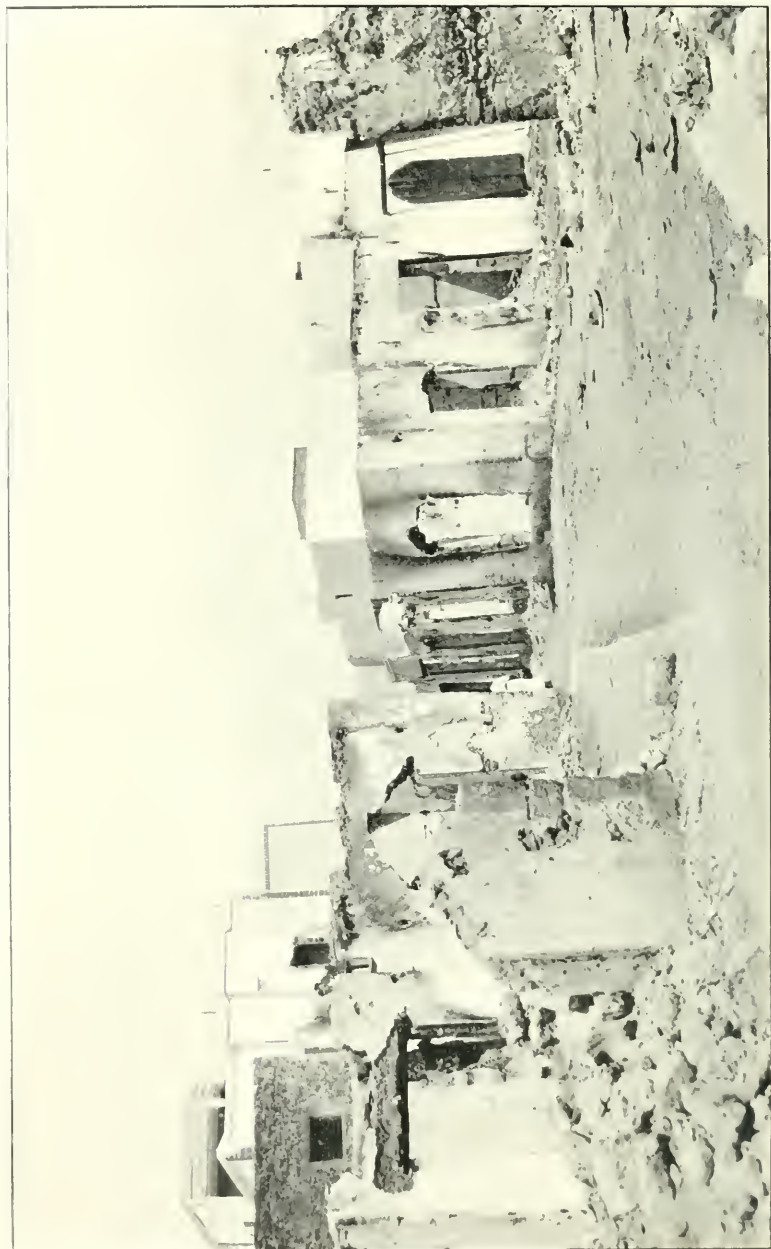
One of the prettiest sights near the town is the Catholic cemetery, shut out from the world by high white walls. A small Moorish-looking chapel stands at one side of the entrance; a wide walk bordered by tall cypresses runs down the centre; graves with inscriptions in many different languages show that all nations meet at last in peace under

the shadow of the cross. Some of the monuments would attract attention even in a European cemetery; but to me the beauty of this God's Acre were the flowers, for the heaving turf was bright with iris and mesembryanthemum. Apparently the white iris is to the Moor what rosemary is to the German, for at Rabat in the Mussulman burial-grounds it grew in sheets, and elsewhere very rarely.

Death had been busy around Casablanca, and wooden crosses loaded with wreaths of wild flowers showed where brave soldiers rested from their labours. Many a rudely-executed legend in the mother tongue of him who lay keeping his last watch below told how some man of alien birth had given his life for France in the ranks of the Foreign Legion. It may comfort those who mourn to know that they were laid to rest in honour under the folds of the tricolour, and that the accents of the holy burial service sounded as the earth fell upon their coffins. In simple words their deeds are told; and the inscription placed upon the cross which marks the grave of Lagadec, that brave Breton sailor who lost his life in trying to carry a hawser ashore from the stranded transport *Nive*, is specially affecting. Striking is the monument to a German Legionary, beautifully carved by his comrades in some red wood.

But it must not be thought that the Protestant





A VIEW IN CASABLANCA

dead are forgotten. The English community at Casablanca is not numerous, but it has erected a very pretty little chapel in the Early English style, round which lies a small cemetery, fragrant with stocks, and gay with pink mesembryanthemum. Here the Protestant Legionaries are buried beside the corpse of the unfortunate French farmer, whose fool-hardiness in making an expedition alone to Alvarez' Farm against the wishes of General Drude cost him his life in October 1907. Thanks to the efforts of the Red Cross Society of Paris there is now a French pasteur at Casablanca who ministers to the Protestant sick; before he came out the burial service was read by Mr. Edmund Fernau, who has been licensed as a lay reader by the Bishop of Sierra Leone. The English chapel at Casablanca marks the northern boundary of his diocese, and is the one spot where services are held in an English church between Tangier and the Gambia. The building was badly damaged during the bombardment, and the expense of restoring it has thrown a heavy burden upon the congregation.

The European houses in the town are better than might be expected. Several Jews have erected lofty blocks of buildings, such as would not appear out of place in Tübingen or in the suburbs of Cologne, containing suites of handsome apartments looking out over the harbour, and furnished in the style of Stuttgart or of Bremen.

Moorish curiosities are more rarely to be seen than might be supposed, although several of the residents possess a specialist knowledge of the archaeology and history of Morocco rivalling that of Mr. Walter B. Harris; and various learned societies in Europe have received with applause papers written at Casablanca. In fact most of the older inhabitants take far more interest in the country and in the people than is displayed by the average merchant in India or China, and the Anfa Club owns a small but valuable library of works upon Morocco.

To the Casablancon the Anfa Club is indeed the centre and hub of the universe. The building is in the old Moorish style, a glass-roofed cloister gay with Rabat tiles and flanked by card and reading rooms. Here the news of the day circulates in the tongues of Babel.

It would be a good test for those competing in the Indian Civil Service Examination if they could be asked to give an account of a general meeting at the Club. Every one speaks in a different language, and nobody seems to understand any one else.

Society at Casablanca is, of course, composed mainly of the male element, but there are several European ladies, and very pleasant drawing-rooms are not lacking. The wide galleries and lush green gardens of the English Consulate, with its heliotropes, its covered arcades, its arums, ranun-

culus, and daffodils, clustering round a moss-grown fountain; the banana-shaded tennis courts of the Belgian Vice-Consulate, where the French officers found themselves once more at Paris; the Dutch Consulate with flowers blooming over the remains of Roman pavements, stiff Norfolk Island pines, and walls hung with clever water-colours of street scenes sketched in the native town, are unfading memories.

But European civilisation is but a thin veneer superimposed on the life of Casablanca. Everywhere the houses showed the marks of bullets, stains of blood were to be seen on peaceful terraces, and nearly every resident had his own story to relate of what had befallen him during the bombardment.

Possibly the most interesting of these histories was that of Domingo Perea, a Spaniard by birth, who, after an adventurous life, had become naturalised in Cuba, and who had finally settled at Casablanca as the proprietor of an hotel. He was kind enough to dictate his experiences, which are here reproduced as nearly as possible in his own words:—

“On August 5, 1907, between two and three in the morning the Consuls sent for all their subjects living in my hotel to come to their respective Consulates.

“I did not wish to leave my house, as I thought nothing would happen.

“At 5 A.M. the French began to land, and firing commenced at the gate.

“At 6.30 A.M. a crowd of Moors, about fifty in number, attacked my door. They broke it open, but when they entered the passage leading into the *patio*, I began to fire at them from my upper gallery through the fanlight over the inner door with a sporting gun, carrying cartridges with No. 14 shot. I had also a sword and a revolver which had been the property of the Cuban General Bandera.

“Their attacks continued during thirty-five consecutive hours with only three intermissions, one of half-an-hour, one of a quarter, and one of five minutes.

“When the critical moment of the fight came, they fought me hand to hand, and though I had, for a time, kept them back by firing from the stair-head at those who were trying to break down the door leading into the gallery, I was driven back into the *salon* after narrowly escaping a knife which was hurled at me by a gigantic Moor, whom I cut down. Mr. C. Hands afterwards bought this knife from me.

“Just as I had been driven back into the *salon* the French troops and the French Consul arrived at the corner of the street. I had been able to hoist the Cuban flag on my belvedere on a flagstaff which I extemporised out of a bench, and they had seen it flying. Whilst I was hoist-



ing it I was under a rain of shot from the neighbouring houses, and was nearly hit on the head, but, at last, my assailants were kept down by the fire from the English Consulate, a bullet from which all but struck me. As you see, that Consulate is behind my house.

“During these thirty-five hours I killed about sixty Moors. Some of them were firing from the rooms round the courtyard and others from the wall of the belvedere of the *Cercle de l'Union*, which adjoins this hotel.

“The Moors, when they first saw that they could not break into the *patio*, occupied the houses to the right and left and in front, and fired from them. I killed two Moors in the passage leading from my scullery, into which they had broken through a side door, and many others in the corner which is formed by my house and the front of the *Cercle de l'Union*, by firing down upon them from behind a shutter in the little bedroom which commands that wall. Some of them were trying to break through the window of the ground-floor room which faces the same way, and thus enter the *patio*.

“I was bare-footed and almost naked, and during all the thirty-five hours which the fighting lasted, had not a moment to eat, drink, or dress myself. The Moors also tried to break into my house from behind, but were driven off by the fire from the English Consulate, which commands that side of it.

“This is all that happened. I suffered great privations, great hunger, and great thirst, and was expecting death at every moment.

“I wish it to be known that I, Domingo Perea, killed with my own hand more Moors than were slain by all the other Christians in Casablanca put together.”

More dead Moors were taken from his house than from anywhere else. Blood was everywhere on the walls and pavement, and ran down the street gutter. Many Moorish corpses were found in the *patio* and carried into the dining-room, which, to judge from the evidence of our noses, still retained unfragrant memories of the unjust.

There were blood-stains visible on the walls of the hostelry, and splashes of bullets were everywhere, especially on the belvedere and in the lower room, into which the marauders had fired through its wooden grating. The outer door was badly splintered.

The French force which escorted Domingo Perea to the American Consulate, where, after all, he only slept one night, had to enter his house from behind, as so many Moors were still firing on the street in front. After returning home he used to go out at night with the patrols.

For some time the governor of the town posted guards at each end of the street to prevent the natives from passing the hotel on their way to the Marrakesh Gate. When at last this restriction

was removed, the Moors used to get by it at a run, ducking and dodging as if to avoid being shot.

Don Domingo had only five revolver and twenty gun cartridges left when the troops at last arrived, though he still retained his sword. On his way to the American Consulate—for, as a Cuban subject, he is under the protection of the United States Consul—he was so dazed that he lost the scabbard, and has never since been able to recover it.

Such is the story of the defence of the Hotel Continental, which may well rank with that of the house at Arrah during the Indian Mutiny.

Our own quarters were, save in name, by no means palatial. The "Palace of Varieties"—so nicknamed by some friendly wag—closely resembled the descriptions I have read of a jail in some bankrupt South American state.

Bare white walls, pierced high up with small square loopholes of a very prison-cell-like aspect, and doorways blessed with a pleasing absence of doors may keep out the heat, but they certainly do not exclude the air. After a certain time they are apt to remind the inmate of that last long home to which the perpetual draught seems to be swiftly hurrying him. The sole furniture of our bedrooms consisted of camp-beds and pigeon-holed boxes, and Mohammed, our cook, was in the habit of keeping the remnants of last night's dinner

in the bath-room, which greatly exercised the faculties of the bather desirous of having dry chicken for lunch. There, too, were stored the jars of thin, sour Spanish wine, which lent a convivial touch to our Barebones feasts. Another drawback to the bath-room—indeed, to Casablanca—was that it did not contain a bath. Each dawn found the inmates fighting for the possession of a somewhat exiguous tin basin.

Harris came to stay with us, but it was remarkable in how short a time he recalled a previous invitation, given at some very indefinite period, to the English Consulate; while his sleek Tangier body-servants, before swiftly proceeding to remove his traps, scanned their surroundings with ill-concealed disgust.

Owls were our constant visitors. They had their home in the garden of the English Consulate, but passed their nights in making rounds of visits to neighbouring houses. Frequently loud flappings would be heard in the small hours of the morning, and an unfortunate bird would be seen beating itself against the wire-netting of our hall skylight, whilst excited gentlemen in pyjamas were trying to chase it through the narrow opening with the long bamboos which we used to open our port-holes. One direful night I never shall forget. My mules and horses were stabled in a muddy yard adorned with weeds and rotting loot, which lay beside our house, and which also contained, besides the horse,

mule, and donkey of an English merchant, a M'Dakra puppy of the native breed, which had followed my caravan from a *douâr* on our return from Bou Znika. Poor Frances—so called from a native name *Fran-soz*, bestowed on her by my men in honour of the French—was a dubious joy. A brindled lurcher with white feet and a white-tipped tail almost as long as her body, she was, when she first arrived, the fiercest little beast I ever saw. Curled up in her corner, nominally asleep, the slightest movement in the room provoked a fierce growl and a display of gleaming white teeth. Later on, thanks to our host's skilful treatment, Frances became quite friendly, and I should be sorry to think that she is now reposing at the bottom of Casablanca Harbour. One night, however, the merchant's horse broke away, and after wandering round the yard, proceeded to assail my mules, who were tethered to the opposite wall. A fearful din ensued; the mules screamed, the donkey brayed, the horse neighed, sounds of hoofs resounded, and Frances filled the air with piercing yells. For two hours Pandemonium was let loose, but human patience has its limits, and at last the row was intermingled with frequent crashes. I ran up to the roof, and to my horror found a lightly-clad friend, lantern in hand, bombarding the courtyard with a succession of stone gin-bottles which had accumulated near our poultry-house under the auspices of a medical neighbour who, by his

own account, never drank anything but water. My thoughts flew to my precious mules, whom I fully expected to see stretched dead in the mud, and whose very existence my friend had apparently forgotten. I was scarcely appeased by his explanation that he was merely trying to relieve us of Frances. I retired again to my camp-bed, only to be reawakened by a succession of awful bangs, which I discovered were the result of my friend's efforts to force back the rusty bolt of a skylight in order to liberate an owl, who had taken this opportunity to pay us a visit. A caterwaul is, indeed, the only form of nightly noise which was spared us at Casablanca, mainly because most of the cats had been killed or scared away during the bombardment, although, as French and Algerian soldiers are well known to be fond of such delicacies, it is quite possible other reasons may have accounted for their disappearance.

Our roof, open to the sea breezes, and commanding a view over the town and the French camps as far as the rolling downs which separated us from Mediouna, was our chief resort. Spanish troops had been stationed on it during the bombardment, and had engaged in a lively rifle duel with the defenders of a house with green shutters some three hundred yards off, whose walls were still white with the splashes of the bullets whose empty cartridge-cases were strewn around us. From our house-top we could study the life of

the town; we could become familiar with the linen of a neighbouring Consulate; we could survey the women who were squatted in the square before our door winnowing wheat from dawn to sunset; and it was easy for us to understand how David became intimate with Bathsheba. Had firearms existed at the time, Uriah could easily have been annihilated without the formality of a letter to Joab. From the roof we watched the incoming mail being rowed ashore from a cruiser or a torpedo-boat destroyer in the offing; and from the roof could be seen the serried columns of the French marching out on some expedition down the Mediouna or Fedallah road. At the time of the panic my friends might, indeed, have thought themselves in the Ariel of old, for all Israel was gone out upon the house-tops.

If the roofs are pleasant at Casablanca, the roadways are the reverse. Previous to the arrival of the French they were, save for a few sharp-edged cobbles, innocent of paving, and the horrid attempts at sanitation were manifested solely by a succession of reeking gully-holes. A sea of mud in winter and a desert of dust in summer they, as a rule, required careful navigation to avoid sundry abysses which rendered a walk home in the dark a thing of danger. Since the landing of the French much has been done to improve the roadways, but after a heavy storm in February we saw half the inmates of the

Mellah busily engaged in bailing out the muddy water which lay in pools on the tracks between their miserable huts of old packing-case boards and flattened paraffin tins. A few lamps had been installed in the neighbourhood of the Consulates, but everywhere else the nocturnal wayfarer was bound to be provided with a lantern, covered with fantastically-pierced tin, through which the light within cast weird shadows on his path. The shops, with but few exceptions, were mere holes in the wall, although they were far better stocked than might have been expected from their surroundings; but, as is the case all over the East, many handicrafts were carried on in the street, and carpenters planed, tinsmiths hammered, and rope-makers paced to and fro in every open space. The cafés, always crowded with French and Spaniards, would not have looked out of keeping in any sous-prefecture in Provence.

The chief trade of the place, so far as the natives are concerned, is done in the "Souk" or market, inside and outside the walls. Imagine a narrow street of broken-down huts, in which grave and bearded traders are squatting on low platforms. Some are poorly clothed in torn brown djellabas, others are resplendent in their blue cloth cloaks. On Fridays a few may be seen studying illuminated manuscripts with devout attention; on other days these same scribes will be casting



up accounts and inditing correspondence for their less literate brethren. A large string of beads figures at every girdle. Up and down the street moves a miscellaneous crowd. Strings of camels are picking their way through the mud, donkeys half hidden in bundles of brushwood of thorny quality, jostle the wayfarer into the shop fronts. Spanish officers and their orderlies are catering for the mess, ladies in Marseilles toilettes are chaffering for eatables; Jew boys in ancestral gaberdines, toned by dirt to a protective likeness to the gutters, are squatting before rudely painted roulette boards, where an unevenly balanced skewer revolves over divisions encircled with a ring of nails, and rake in the coppers which a mixed public of street boys and loungers are staking with all a gambler's earnestness. The following wares seem to constitute the staple of the contents of the shops; oranges, lemons, beans, potatoes, onions, brushes of palmetto, walnuts, eggs, butter, sugar, candles, slippers, cigarettes, olives, prunes, carrots, radishes, turnips, rapeseed, soft soap, clay pipes, beetroot, lettuce, matches, salt, charcoal, sultanas, spices, figs, sheeps' heads, chilies, and sweetmeats. Money-changers are haggling over a startling variety of coins, of varying ages and origin, and to judge only from their outward expressions are fully qualified to join their fellows in Malebolge at a moment's notice.

In the Souk outside are squatted large rings

of forage merchants; restaurants of boards and tent-cloth are doing a roaring trade in strange fragments of meat and slices of odoriferous fish, although they are subjected to a lively competition from the ambulant hawkers on whose stoves, glowing with charcoal and redolent of oil, fritters and wafers are spluttering and spitting. Story-tellers are amusing a listening throng with the deeds of Haroun-al-Raschid or with the latest exploits of some native saint. Everywhere the French police are keeping a vigilant watch on the crowd, and forcing new arrivals from the interior to dismount from their steeds before they enter the town. Occasionally their persons and saddle-bags are searched for concealed arms, but, as a rule, the Arab is prudent enough to have left his rifle hidden in some secure place outside the line of outposts.

As Casablanca is comparatively speaking a modern town, there is little that is remarkable in its architecture. It is only within the last forty years that stone buildings have begun to replace the native huts of reeds with their courtyards shut in with matting. One or two of the mosques have doorways adorned with coloured plaster-work which feebly carries on the traditions of the Alhambra. In some instances the Moorish arches and pilasters are in appearance, if not in construction, reminiscent of our own later Norman style, and a courtyard in the Kaid



A REVIEW IN CAMP BEFORE CASABLANCA



of Mediouna's town house, which the French have turned into a field hospital, would not seem out of place at Romsey. But, as a rule, the streets in the better quarters of Casablanca are a succession of square white blocks of different heights, pierced here and there with loophole-like windows, varied by an occasional balcony, and resemble nothing so much as the town backgrounds seen in Masaccio's pictures. Indeed when, at the festival of the Eed, the holiday crowd in its bright djellabas of green, pink, blue, and orange, flecked here and there with crimson, was bustling down the *Rue du Kaid* to pay homage to the Maghzen, one might well have fancied oneself in Dante's Florence.

Flags and flagstuffs are a great feature. Rags of faded green or pink calico adorn the courtyards before the tombs of saints; the mosques announce the hours of prayer by hoisting a square of white, blue, or green; on the Consulates the ensigns and pennons of nearly every European and American state are fluttering in the breeze.

When seen from the roadstead Casablanca well deserves its name. The long line of white houses bordered by the yellow wall pierced with cavernous gateways is broken only by the square towers of the mosques, ornamented with outlined tiers of half-flamboyant arches of mystic meaning, with fanciful finials and interlaced tracery; by the outlooks of the Spanish, German, and English Consulates, and by the red belfry of the Franciscan

Church, surmounted by a lofty cross of iron to remind the traveller of home.

But to the weary soldier plodding through the night Casablanca is an unreality; for the violet of her plain merges in the violet sea, and her whiteness is the whiteness of the surf.

## RABÁT

THEY call Rabát the Pearl of Morocco. It stands high on the steep southern bank of the Bouragrag, where the green river lashes the blue sea, above cactus-grown ochre rocks, a long, rambling line of white and yellow, everywhere dominated by the huge grey Tower of Hassan.

Across the river, on a flat sandy shore, lies Sallee, a compact town protected by a mighty bastioned wall, and treeless, save for a solitary palm. No two places, so close together, could be more unlike. Sallee, grim, dusty, arid, crouches in the sand like a beast of prey; Rabát, aloft amidst her orange-groves, decked with emeralds and gold, looks out smiling on the world like a queen.

The winding river fades into rolling, grassy hills; not far away the sea thunders; a great wall joining the guardian waters, and the raging surf of her bar, keep Rabát inviolate. The crossing of the bar, always an experience, is sometimes a peril, and often an impossibility. Vessels have lain for twenty days outside the port, waiting in vain for the opportunity to land their cargo.

The cities are linked by the long white lines

of foam cresting the Atlantic rollers; and the descendants of the Rovers are hardy, skilful mariners, always ready to urge their great barcasses into the maelstrom, singing antiphonally as they wield the long sweeps, and utterly untinged by the "sadness of farewell."

They are a picturesque crew, bare-legged, resplendent in colour, tunic, knickerbockers, and twisted rag of headgear all differing in different individuals, constituting what on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle must be called the uniform of the Sultan, whose soldiers they are when they have nothing better to do.

These town-bred men, unlike the country Arabs, are pale-complexioned, and pride themselves on the purity of their race; those who know Tintoretto's "Pirates," at Madrid, will recognise the type.

Their captain is the steersman, who unceasingly yells objurgations at the ten pairs of rowers chanting their weird song; Mohammed is sugaring; Bou Chaïb stops to hammer in his thole-pins with unnecessary frequency; Abdullah, son of a dog, is never in time—let him look to it, or his pay is forfeit. Sometimes, incensed to a pitch where words avail nothing, the skipper throws the tiller to the waves, darts along the benches, and punches the offending head.

When the dangerous zone is reached, and the huge barcasse shivers as the screaming flood thrusts her head down into the green caverns, the din on



board rivals that of the sea. The crew repent of their misdeeds, and bellow invocations to their patron saints, while the skipper, with a more lively faith in salvation by works, adds some telling paragraphs to the Commination Service. And so the black ship glides on, out of the hurly-burly of the breakers into the calm waters beneath the maidenhair-clad cliffs, where the brown walls of the dismantled kasbah rise sheer above brown rocks, and laughing girls peep down from flower-framed windows.

Beyond the quay, stacked with such stuff as the Moor condescends to buy from the Nazarene—candles, sugar, and cottons—a little flotilla of boats rides at anchor, while others ply to and fro across the stream, and a snaky coil of white-robed travellers weds the two cities with its living bond. This is the great ferry of Morocco, the high-road from north to south, by which every man who values his skin journeys from Fez to Marrakesh.

At Rabát the choosing of his hotel does not long delay the visitor. There is only one in the place, and its proprietor, hands deep in pockets, receives you with the cool aloofness of the bored monopolist. But he is an excellent fellow, mine host of the Hôtel de la Douane; and as he presides at his sorry dinner-table, ladling out greasy soup to bagmen and talking politics with felicitous eloquence, you feel that he would adorn a higher sphere.

For the place is not exactly a Ritz. Down a dark and narrow passage the way leads over a little wooden drawbridge across a deep gully. The tiny house has the universal patio open to the sky; you are offered, and refuse, a windowless bedroom on the ground-floor; on the verandahed, balustraded, twelve-foot-square first-floor, reached by gloomy steps nearly as high as the Pyramids, are more bedrooms, the dining-room, and kitchen; above again is the flat roof.

A peaky Jewess, wrinkled with toil, accomplishes the impossible feat of cooking a dinner of four courses and waiting on the six eaters thereof at one and the same time; her assistant, a heroically tall Amazon of an Arab, whose henna-dyed hair flows far down her back, floods the corridor with cabbage-water as the guests open their doors on the stroke of seven. There perforce they stand, doomed inhalers of the gale, until the horrid flood subsides down holes where wall and floor meet.

His host emerges slowly from his den, a carbine in his hand. "Cats are a nuisance," he murmurs reflectively, and points his weapon skywards.

The bullet flies true through the cat's head, and wings on its way amid the piled-up roofs. It may hit somebody else, or it may not; this is Morocco, where the lives of cats and men are alike held cheap.

It is Friday, the day the Sultan goes in state

to mosque. The road leads through the long, twisting streets of the business quarter of the town, where every house is a little shop, protected by a wooden penthouse set on at a different angle to its neighbour's. Here, as in London city, the merchant works by day, and goes home in the evening.

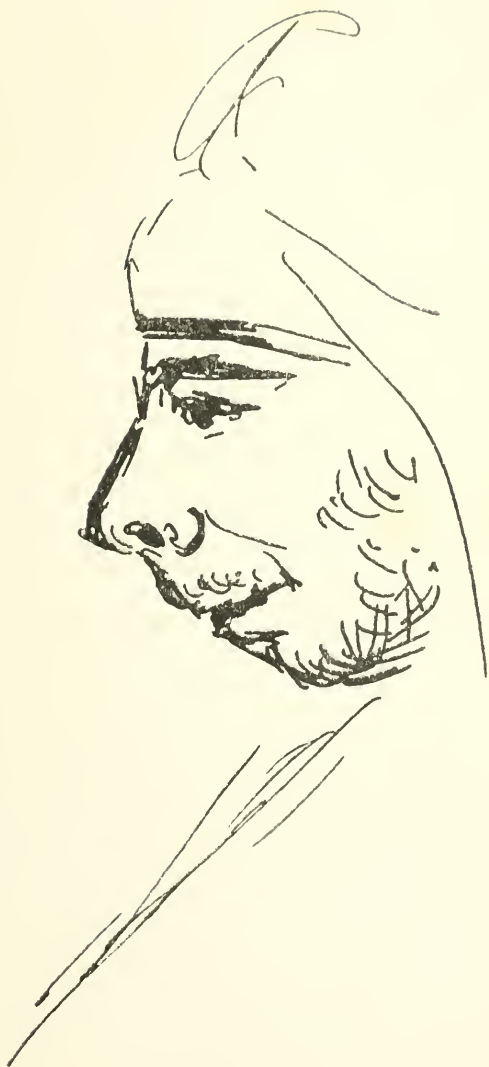
The narrow, raised sidewalks are utterly inadequate for the stream of passengers; the villainous, hollow, pool-flecked roadway is filled with a jostling crowd of animals and men, where everybody, except the asses, shouts to all and sundry to clear out of his way.

In some streets is built a kind of pergola, roofed with matting, to protect the shopkeepers from the sun: dark as Erebus on starlit nights, and not a place to linger in. Through a narrow gate the road leads into the great market-place, full of dun cattle and brown-headed, fat-tailed sheep, enclosed by walls of yellow sun-baked mud, on which rosy snapdragons, six feet high, lift their graceful spires into the blue. Then through the cavernous outer city gate into a broad, sandy road, with a high, yellow wall on one side, and on the other a bristling aloe hedge, over which the ethereal pink convolvulus trails her beauty. Above them both stretches the glittering green of vast orange-groves, laden with their golden harvest.

The mosque, close to the gate in the wall guarding the Sultan's domain, is a barnlike, almost

windowless, three-aisled, wagon-roofed building; the Nazarene takes care not to endeavour to ascertain with accuracy the proportions of its interior. Gaudily-dressed soldiers, now handling muskets instead of oars, but otherwise unchanged, chat with the crowd as they slouch in badly-dressed line; fat negroes on scarlet-saddled mules dash about importantly. Suddenly there is a fanfare of trumpets, discordant, out of time; the soldiers present arms with glorious irregularity; a bright array of notables and courtiers, very dignified and imposing, ride through the gate; the din of bugles redoubles; the guard of honour marches in, followed by the six led horses with saddles of red and blue; and then, under the great crimson umbrella on tall golden staff, rides Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz, robed in white, a very stately figure.

In April 1908, Kaïd Sir Harry Maclean, military adviser to Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz, lived in a solitary house, in a great grove of oranges, not far from the Sultan's demesne. My friend Mr. Walter B. Harris, the well-known correspondent of *The Times* in Morocco, was kind enough to arrange, through Sir Harry's mediation, an audience of the Sultan for the little party of Englishmen then in Rabát. Sir Harry had only to prefer his request for it to be granted; and so one fine day Mr. Harris, Mr. Hubert Reade, Mr. N. Black-Hawkins, and the writer went forth from Rabát to lunch with the ever-hospitable



THE SULTAN ABD-UL-AZIZ

A sketch, from memory, by Mr. W. B. Harris



Kaïd, before going on to be received by his Shereefian Majesty. Through the cattle-market within the city we rode, and, by the southern of its two gates, out into a noisy crowd of marketers and the sickening stench of stale blood; for here is the town abattoir, and about its slimy fringe the noseless chafferers haggle unoffended. Thence the broad sandy road stretches straight into a perspective of fine aspens, through more orange-gardens, hedged with *Arundo donax*; and the gorgeous scent of the white flowers obliterated recent memories.

The orange-trees in the Kaïd's garden grow tall; their boles and branches, like apple-trees in Herefordshire, are hoary with lichen—the tribute of the circumambient sea. Blue flax and yellow trefoil carpeted the ground; quinces and pears were in flower beside the grassy avenue that leads up to the house.

Kaïd Sir Harry Maclean is a man about sixty years old, short, long-armed, immensely strong, and a fine horseman. He has a venerable white beard, and wears the baggy Turkish breeches tucked into brown butcher boots, a Zouave jacket of brown, a red kummerbund, and a red *tarbúsh* bound with a white turban, which he wears indoors and out. Once he took it off, and showed us that he is completely bald. His ruddy face beams with kindness and good humour, and though one of his eyes is a glass one the stranger

would scarcely detect it. When working at his favourite pastime of carpentering, not very long ago, a splinter struck him; he asked leave of the Sultan to go to Europe to have it taken out; the Sultan refused to part with him, and the result was the loss of the eye. At this time, although he looked very well, he said he was suffering from the effects of five months' ill-treatment by Raisuli—the brigand who only managed to capture the Kaïd because he was travelling on a mission for the Sultan, and refused to listen to the counsels of those who urged him to avoid the danger and return.

Raisuli half-starved him, and kept him in irons in a filthy den in which he could not stand upright; he was poisoned with bad water and very nearly died.

Yet here he was, a few weeks later, looking the picture of robust health, and galloping his bay barb at break-neck speed over the rocky plains.

The affection of the Kaïd for his master Abdul-Aziz is unbounded; from first to last he has refused to despair of his fortunes; and the reality of his downfall will be to him a personal sorrow.

What happy hours we spent as the Kaïd's guests in the little white windy house amongst the oranges! We were in Rabát a week; we lunched with him every day; played bridge till



close on dinner-time, and several times dined there too. Once, I remember, the gate of the city was locked on our return, and the sleepy guards either could not, or would not, fetch the key. We waited a long time; after a while kicks and shouts were greeted with a long crescendo of snores; we abandoned the unequal contest, and rode back to the Kaïd's. He gave us dinner, was delighted to get another rubber or two, and made us uncommonly comfortable on the floor of his own bedroom.

Just beyond the Kaïd's garden is the central of the three great walls that protect Rabát on the landward side. Outside it lies a grassy plain, in April blue with bugloss, and yellow with trefoil, rock roses, and dwarf chrysanthemums. Close by on the south the turquoise of the sky is jewelled with the diamonds of the sea; the rollers break on the dark rocks with incessant thunder. Away to the north lies the little city of the Palace, aloof amid its wide spaces, guarded by tall intersecting walls, shut off by deep orchards from the hurly-burly of Rabát.

Above the far brown line rose the gabled, green-tiled roof, prettily broken by a lantern, of the main building of the Palace; and nearer, in one of the endless huge enclosures, were dotted the tents of the Sultan's mehallah, soldiers kept under lock and key, so Harris declared, in order to prevent their deserting. As we cantered along

through the flowers, bee-eaters, loveliest of birds, with brilliant chestnut heads and bodies of green and gold, darted round us on their quest. Against the eastern wall of the Palace, near a postern, is a little vulgar lean-to, which might be a bicycle house, or is possibly a potting-shed. It looks uncommonly out of place and ill at ease does that plebeian little match-boarding erection, adhering to the ochre grandeur of the Palace wall like some stranded limpet to a mighty cliff. Yet within it sits the Majesty of Morocco, when at Rabát he deigns to give private audience to foreigners.

Abd-ul-Aziz is a big, powerful man, about thirty. His face is broad and fleshy; the nose thick, the chin receding, the mouth good-humoured, smiling often to disclose enormously large white teeth. His beard is very thin, and does little to hide the weakness of his profile. The eyes are his distinctive feature. They are extraordinarily intelligent, piercing, and vivacious with the look that betokens the ardent searcher after knowledge.

The red line of the tarbúsh comes low over the thick, straight eyebrows; that is the only touch of colour in his dress; the hood of the snowy haïk frames the dark face. His hands are as well shaped as a woman's, and he has a nervous trick of biting his lower lip.

The Kaïd and Harris did most of the talking, and the latter elicited many a hearty laugh from the Sultan, who is very fond of a joke. He was

particularly amused at the story of his female subject who asked a Tirailleur if it was true that the French were all Jews. He asked a great number of questions as to military affairs—how many French there were in the Chaóuiya, how many guns, how many colonels, and how many of the French troops were Moslems. In the midst of the audience the door opened, and in rushed a little black boy, carrying a huge document, which he gave to the Sultan with elaborate bows. And so it would seem as though the cares of State sit heavy even on the ruler of so little ruled a people as the Moors.!

At the end of about three-quarters of an hour the Sultan made a sign with his hand, and we all rose to go. It was a little difficult for five people to back, bowing three times, out of so cramped a space, without collisions and some small loss of dignity; but on the whole we managed very creditably.

It is impossible not to like Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz. Every one who has ever come in contact with his Majesty will feel real regret that qualities, which in another clime would have made him a liberal and enlightened ruler, have, in hide-bound Morocco, been the very instruments of his downfall.

Even then Abd-ul-Aziz was doomed.

About a week later (April 22 or 23, 1908) Harris, whose guests we were in his beautiful

new house, on the Marshan at Tangier, designed inside and out by himself, took us to see Menebhi, the Sultan's former Minister for War, and the most fascinating and the strongest personality in Morocco. Still quite young, lithe and handsome, playing lawn tennis with a twist of the wrist that Mr. Miles himself might envy, it seemed hard to believe that this man had been a War Minister and a special ambassador to England, was a G.C.B., and would be soon the power behind a throne. He talked to us freely, interpreted by Harris, about the political situation, and immediately afterwards I made a note of what he said. It may be of interest, in view of subsequent events, to give his words almost verbatim; for they prove how long ago the minds of educated Moors were made up as to the issue of the struggle between the rival brothers.

Menebhi said that all Morocco was agreed that Mulai Hafid was the *de jure* Sultan, since Abd-ul-Aziz had been deposed by the Ulemas of Fez and Marrakesh.

All the Moorish tribes, like those all over the Mohammedan world, have assemblies of Ulemas, or hierarchical corporations, whose decision is final in all matters concerning the Koran. The Ulemas of Morocco have delegated their powers to those of Fez and Marrakesh, and no example has been known during the thirteen centuries since the Hegira, of a Sultan deposed by those bodies

regaining his position. "Every Moor," went on Menebhi, "in his heart recognises Mulai Hafid as his sovereign *de jure*, and if he gets to Fez, nothing will restrain him from recognising him as such *de facto*. It is by his express orders that the tribes in the neighbourhood of the coast towns have refrained from attacking Europeans. His object is to avoid a collision with the French, with whom he is only too anxious to treat. The proclamation of the Holy War is no proof of his hostility to Europeans, whom, on the contrary, he likes, and whom he would be willing to allow to trade and travel throughout Morocco. Though it would be imprudent for Europeans to go to Fez at present, their commercial interests there have not suffered. For instance, the last caravan from Fez to Tangier brought down 300,000 dollars in specie, which belonged almost entirely to European merchants.

"Abd-ul-Aziz was deposed mainly because he had allowed the country to be governed by Europeans; Mulai Hafid will not allow them to interfere in those matters. The fact that the Spaniards have met with little opposition on the Riff coast counts for nothing. The Riffians are hardly part of the country. What counts in Morocco are Fez, Marrakesh, Mequinez, and the coast tribes. If the French continue to support Abd-ul-Aziz they are in for fifty years of war.

"Every Moor who supports Abd-ul-Aziz knows in his heart that he is a traitor to his religion, and

his one excuse for doing so would vanish if Mulai Hafid were installed at Fez."

Only the portrayer of the "Wapiti with the mange, and the perpetually perspiring polar bear," who took us to a review of the Sultan's troops, can do adequate justice to the scenes of comic opera we witnessed.

The Minister for War and the Army Council were squatted in a semi-circle in the middle of a grassy plain; near them a brass band emitted the most heart-rending noises. Between the legs and the music-stands of the bandsmen a madman, stark naked, was turning somersaults: on our approach some one huddled him into a sort of yellow dressing-gown, in which he continued somersaulting. Past the War Minister the troops marched in fours, their brown legs twinkling merrily out of step, some with their rusty muskets at the trail, some at the slope, the privates conversing cheerfully together, the officers roaring unregarded orders.

Up and down the column ran vendors of sweets, also soldiers, but without their arms, and Sergeant Balding sat by on his grey barb trying to look serious.

The Mehallah had nearly gone by, but the War Minister was still unsatiated; the head of the column, close on the city gate, was ordered to wheel round and repeat the performance. Whether from a desire to gratify the Minister as soon as possible, or in order to get back quicker to lunch I cannot

say, but the leading tatterdemalions set such a slashing pace that soon the column was moving at a run, and round it came, hustling and jostling, until it caught up its tail, and then round again, like the millers in the toy, and round and round, until, I suppose, the delighted War Minister had performed the unrivalled feat of reviewing twenty thousand men with only four thousand on the ground.

Shella is the crown of a visit to Rabát.

Few would expect to find on the Atlantic coast of Morocco ruins whose counterparts are only to be seen in the frescoes of some great Italian master of the fifteenth century. Shella, save for the characteristic tracery of its gates, might be the work of some designer who had studied in a Florentine workshop.

The coincidence is not a chance one, for the relations between Italy and Morocco from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century were close, and there was, indeed, a moment when a Pope believed that the ruler of Fez would adopt the Christian faith, whilst Florence and Genoa drew much wealth from their Moroccan trade.

Even the track leading to Shella from the Tower of Hassan is Italian rather than Moorish in its charm. To the left the Bouragrag rolls its turbid waters in long snaky windings through mud flats flecked with gleaming pools, and covered with dwarf rushes and a growth of salt-loving vegetation. Beyond,

grass-clad hills broken here and there by splashes of warm red earth roll up into olive and cork woods. To the right a rain-furrowed cliff is covered with a tangle of oak-scrub and brambles, interspersed here and there by a bush of feathery mimosa. Behind are the cornlands and vineyards which lie between the first and second walls of Rabát, and help to lend that touch of Rome which seems so strangely out of place in the Sultan's town.

Winding in and out of little bays in the cliff, which form the mouths of glens down which streams half hid in fern are leaping, at last we see a brown square tower perched high above our heads, round which the tumbling rollers, a blaze of sapphire, white, and green, are circling in their curious flight.

It is the extremity of the outer wall of Rabát. The path turns inland, passing between walls of loose stones above which the grey limbs of fig-trees, just tinged with sprouting green, peer out into the world; limestone cliffs, tapestried with creepers and terraced with little patches of bright green wheat are crowned with the dark square mass of a saint's tomb; below, a stream is welling out from a cavern hung with maidenhair, and shaded by ancient, twisted trees. Crossing the stream and mounting a narrow flight of steps we emerge into a square bounded on the one side by a wide-arched watering pool, on the other by a *fondak* where brown-coated muleteers are snoking cross-legged. The stairs lead on to low-domed mosques through



whose open doors, latticed screens, swinging censers, and tasselled ostrich-eggs can be seen.

We are treading on holy ground, for these tombs, which early travellers believed to be Roman, are the monuments of the saintly Sultans who ruled Morocco in the fourteenth century.

Beside them stands a mosque, now in ruins, which might be the jewel-casket of some queen of the genii. The minaret, low but exquisitely proportioned, of white stucco yellowed almost into ivory by time, is pierced by tiers of double windows whose columns show in their capitals the influence of Byzantine art. The walls above the first story are inlaid with coloured tiles, blue, green, and orange, blended into matchless harmony by the action of the air, and arranged in the lozenges so dear to Saracenic builders.

The minaret is almost a miniature of Giotto's Campanile, but is about half a century older. Behind it rise slopes of green, studded thickly with a rare vermilion bugloss, and rounded mounds mark the sites of the houses of the vanished city. Beyond again are the long old-rose lines of the walls, battlemented, and pierced by three gates. Through one of these the road makes a right-angled turn, and its strength for defence was increased by windows commanding the passage from above. The whole of the wall surface above the outer arch is covered with intricate patterns of projecting bricks. Through the gate you enter on the plateau, where

the iris blows amid the boulders, and the wind blows salt from the sea. High aloft sits Shella, gazing down upon her river : so the walls of Jerusalem rise from the gorge of Hinnom above the fountain of Siloam.

One day we rode from Shella to the great Tower of Hassan, by sandy tracks between hedges of cactus bounding fig- and apple-orchards, in which the farmers were busy with the hoe, preparatory to planting pumpkins and melons. There were vineyards, too, and barley-fields ; hardly a foot of the soil between the outer wall and the city but yields its crop abundantly.

The Tower, built in 1195 by the architect of the Giralda at Seville and the Koutoubiya at Marrakesh, is an immense unfinished square, brown-red on three sides, and grey where the briny wind strikes it from the sea. At a distance the brick lozenges which form the keynote of its decoration look like Spanish lace ; its tiers of pillar-divided windows remind the Englishman of Tewkesbury. A ramp, up which mules conveyed the bricks for its building, runs inside it to its very summit. The Almohad who built it was trying to rival the grandeur of the mosques at Damascus and at Cordova ; and there are still standing eighteen truncated pillars of the vast abandoned aisles. Beyond them rise huge fragments of an outer wall, distinct, isolated ; looming up like concrete monoliths from their cyclopean platform.

Some vandal of a vice-consul made a hideous white tennis-court in the very middle of the sacred enclosure—a concrete abomination through which no flower or green thing can pierce its way; a plague-spot on the fair face of Nature. All about it brambles are covered with dazzling bloom, and above the long waterless tank snap-dragon eight feet high raise their rosy spikes. Close by came the sound of gunshots, and we found a Spaniard sitting near the tower with two very English fox-terriers, waiting for the scared blue pigeons to return to their home.

That evening Rabát was given up to religious festival. The Hamachi, a sect which, like the Aïssoua, believes in mortifying the flesh, and translates its opinion into practice with great thoroughness, held possession of the main street. To pass through them was impossible. For some time we watched them and the immense throng of spectators. In a circle, taking up the whole roadway, with linked arms, these fanatics leapt up and down to the beating of drums, chanting wildly. Every now and then a man would unlink his arms, seize an iron bar, hit his forehead, and catch the stream of blood in a wooden bowl. Several of them fell fainting to the ground. But we had looked long enough; the crowd became threatening; there was a cry of “Nazarene!” and we found it was high time to vanish quickly down a side-street.

April 14th was the great feast of Meilúd, the birthday of the Prophet, on which it is customary for loyal chiefs to do homage to the Sultan. For days previously the roads were blocked with them and their retainers; and the open spaces of the city, especially the plain between the rocky cemetery where the white iris grow and the Atlantic, were dotted with their tents. The ceremony was extraordinarily impressive. The huge plain beyond the Palace was a sea of moving colour; four thousand motley soldiers formed a rough square, within which the serried ranks of tribesmen, blue and white, were ranged in long lines.

At length the Sultan's procession, amidst immense cheering and bugle-sounding, filed out through the gate; the great crimson, green-striped umbrella comes nearer; galloping horsemen surge round the square. A path is opened for his Majesty, who halts within; the scarlet-clad Masters of the Guns, with pride of place, advance first in line, bowing as one man to the ground; then, two in line, the tribesmen gallop up, bow to the Sultan, and wheel out right and left. In half-an-hour the ceremony is over, and the huge crowd troops back through the city gates.

The next day was the ceremony of the Hediya, or giving of presents. It was held in one of the vast grass courts that abut on the Palace. The rallying-point of every eye was the little door in the wall beyond the five-arched colonnade through

which the Sultan would come to receive his tribute. In the meantime the great square of soldiers who kept the ground felt that to stand would be a useless waste of energy. They lolled at ease on the short turf, talking merrily, and buying sweets from hawking comrades, who somehow had managed to evade their sergeants. In the centre are grouped the wild-looking tribesmen from the interior, with their gifts, consisting of horses; with the exception of one nice-looking chestnut, with light mane and four white stockings, it might prove disappointing to the Sultan to look them in the mouth.

Round the square was packed a dense throng. Every one who could beg, borrow, or steal a quadruped had done so; men of small means had one son perched up behind them, and another little chap in front; rich men came with half-a-dozen delightful tiny urchins, solemn and grave-eyed, sitting with native horsemanship on vicious little stallions, on saddles so large that their fat little legs made right angles with their bodies. Bigger boys raced each other on lean Rosinantes without saddle or bridle, kicking their rawboned nags with naked heels into the parody of a gallop. Foreigners were there too, though not many. A few Tirailleurs; an old bearded Italian colonel who had commanded the artillery at Fez, probably no very arduous duty; a dark lady riding in Moslem garb, with white haïk floating gracefully from head to feet;

another lady, a tremendous thruster in orthodox habit who galloped at full speed across the ground, upsetting all and sundry in her path ; Dr. and Mrs. Verdon, the Sultan's English doctor and his wife ; and Sergeant Balding. Presently the soldiers get up and stretch themselves ; there must be something coming. It is the Minister for War, ambling up on a fat mule, and bursting with importance. The soldiers present arms ; the Minister joins the privileged group in the centre ; there is a buzz of expectation. At last the small green door is opened, and to the sound of trumpets six attendants lead forth the red - and - blue caparisoned bays ; then come two soldiers carrying lances ten feet long, and behind them rides the Sultan, all in white on a white horse, whose bridle and saddle and breastplate are of Mecca green. Beside him, on either side, walk two men with large kerchiefs, which they flick rhythmically to drive away presumptuous flies from the Shereefian nose. Behind comes the umbrella-carrier, and behind again a crowd of gorgeous courtiers. The bands outvie each other in din ; the troops salute ; the Sultan rides into the centre of the square. Then the chiefs are presented to his Majesty by the Minister for War ; " May you live for ever ! " cry the tribesmen in unison ; the Sultan touches his breast with his forefinger, but his answer " May you have peace ! " is inarticulate. So the function proceeded with a repetition which might have proved mono-

tonous had not an opportune madman intervened, and by mimicking the War Minister to a nicety flung the whole assemblage into laughter.

Afterwards there was a powder-play. The Moors are fonder of this diversion than of almost anything else in the world; and the most unlikely rascalion will produce two or three dollars for the hire of an old musket in order to take part in the game. The whole affair is intensely puerile and boring to a degree. A line of horsemen forms up, and at a signal dashes off at full speed, the riders firing off their guns in every direction and in every position, some leaning over their horses' ears, others lying back over their saddles, others again taking cover behind their horses' shoulders, and astonishing their imaginary foe by winging him with a shot fired round their horses' necks.

There is a great deal of yelling, and at the end of a two hundred yards' scurry the unfortunate ponies are pulled up so short that they sit on their haunches and drip blood from their mouths. Crow Indians do the same thing, and do it better. But it was amusing to a European to hear the categories into which the competitors were divided.

"His Majesty's cooks" gave a performance; and a more unculinary set of individuals it would be impossible to conceive. "The keepers of his Majesty's Zoo" next paraded; leaving the mangy wapiti still unsulphured, and the perpetually perspiring polar bear still ungroomed.

“The Carpet-beaters,” the “Lady Whippers,” the “Tent-pitchers” and a host of others followed, whose names sounded strangely familiar in connection with English Polo Tournaments.

The Sultan is watching the powder-play from an upper window; it is the last Hediya in which he will ever take part. Perhaps he knows it; those eyes of his see far. We ride home with the crowd, and near the dark tunnel leading to our hotel a mob is collected. Presently a man, white, ghastly, bleeding from a dozen wounds, his burnous soaked with blood, rushes unhindered from a house and vanishes. What happened there we shall never know; perhaps a brutal murder, perhaps a righteous vendetta. This is Morocco, where the issues of life and death are hidden from the stranger.



## THE REGNAULT-LYAUTEY MISSION AND THE BATTLE OF FEKKAK

ABOUT the middle of March M. Regnault, the French Minister in Morocco, and General Lyautey, who came over from Algeria, met in Casablanca. Their mission was to discover the appropriate methods for mitigating the hostility of the well-thrashed Chaouiya, and for the introduction of Arcadian harmony into a land where inter-tribal feuds and raids are the very breath of the inhabitants' nostrils. It must be confessed that the mission was a redundant futility.

The French Government must have been aware that the only thing to do with a mehallah of fanatics is to fight it; indeed, the mission was expressly precluded from interfering with General d'Amade's military plans. On the other hand, the Government knew that over the greater part of the Chaouiya the villagers had already returned to their homes, were occupied as usual with their agricultural pursuits, and were being encouraged, by every inducement in General d'Amade's power, to bring in those of their friends who still remained intransigent. *A priori* it was difficult to see what useful purpose the mission could serve; and in the

event its sole contribution to the settlement of the Chaouiya was a report which the French Government ought not to have needed—to the effect that General d'Amade had done, and was doing, everything humanly possible to establish not merely normal conditions, but a reality of peace and security in the Chaouiya.

General d'Amade was certainly fortunate in the choice made by the Government of the *personnel* of the mission. General Lyautey was slightly his senior at St. Cyr, and they have remained close friends ever since. An ambitious and unscrupulous man in General Lyautey's position might have used it in order to obtain for himself the reversion to the Chaouiya command; but General Lyautey, as senior officer, scrupulously refrained from impairing General d'Amade's authority even by taking part in the fighting; and when the column moved out from Ber Rechid to its last considerable fight at Fekkak, General Lyautey, much, it may be surmised, against his inclination, refused to be present even as a spectator, and stayed behind to practise his administrative persuasiveness on submissive Kaïds.

The difficulties the mission had to contend with were not inconsiderable. Their object was to restore the garden of flowers between Casablanca and Mediouna to its former status of ploughland, and to effect this it was necessary to set up new tribal executives in the place of those dispersed and

deposed by their share in recent events. To this end Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz had chosen certain of his adherents as governors of districts, and with a list of them in his pocket General Lyautey held a series of palavers with leading tribesmen. He insisted that the desolate country should be forthwith re-peopled; that the sacked and battered homesteads should be rebuilt; that the camel and the donkey should plough their way through the mallow. The tribesmen, apparently, had no objection to returning and to carrying out General Lyautey's instructions; but when the question of administration was broached, and Abd-ul-Aziz's nominees were propounded as their governors, they became exceedingly recalcitrant. Indeed, they all declared they would have none of Abd-ul-Aziz or his nominees; they were Hafidists to the backbone, and would sooner go on fighting than accept such conditions.

Here was a dilemma. If the Mission insisted on an executive of Abd-ul-Aziz's nominees, they were driving tribesmen already submitted into the ranks of the militant, and indefinitely postponing the realisation of the Arcadia they had been sent out expressly to achieve. If, on the other hand, they admitted Hafidist rulers into their scheme, they were playing into the hands of the Prince who was responsible for preaching the Holy War against Christians, and for organising mehallahs to fight French troops. This was, perhaps, the

first definite intimation that the French had of the probable trend of political events in Morocco ; and when the provocation they had received from Mulai Hafid is considered, the subordination of their own impulses to the opinion of their enemies, displayed in this and in subsequent negotiations, marks a very high level of moderation and insight.

Amongst all the tribesmen who came to sit outside General Lyautey's little tent, and to talk to the big, bluff, vigorous soldier, there were no M'Dakra.

There were the Kaïds of the Mediouna tribe, and of the Oulad Zian ; the Oulad Hariz, who dwell round about their capital of Ber Rechid, had long been quietly working on their farms.

It was hoped that a short campaign against the M'Dakra might induce them, too, to fall into line with the rest of the tribesmen, and to submit themselves to the good offices of the Mission.

While the latter remained at Ber Rechid, General d'Amade, on the 27th, led the Littoral to the Oued Aïata, the march between the Oulad Hariz and M'Dakra tribe-lands, where, the same evening, he was joined by the Tirs from Mediouna.

On this expedition Kann and I had the pleasure of the society of Walter Harris, who had come down from Tangier to lay bare the secrets of the Mission. He brought with him two of his servants, a capital camp outfit, and a large but invertebrate tent, which depended for support chiefly on the

heads of its occupants. He bought my black horse (for I could not resist a small profit), and consequently I rode my mule Ayesha, who was so fond of the horse that no efforts on my part could ever induce her to leave him; so after Harris I always went, willynilly, like iron to a lodestone, to an accompaniment of deafening brays.

The 27th was the wettest and coldest day I experienced in the Chaouiya. The rain fell in torrents, and made travelling exceedingly difficult in a country where small streams with steepish banks were not infrequent. One of our mules fell, and did some damage to its load; the transport animals all came in dog-tired. It was instructive to listen to Harris's account of his journey through this very district with the Sultan a few years previously, and to contrast the orderly and peaceful progress of the alien French with the trail of rapine and desolation left behind him by the Father of his People.

Harris, as usual, made friends in a minute with sundry natives, who gave him sour milk to drink, and made no secret of their political views. The story was the same all along the road. The Faithful were the Nazarenes—the Nazarenes were the truly Faithful, for their own countrymen ground them down and pillaged them, while the French maintained order and stole nothing. Many of them expressed the fervent wish that the French might never go away; it would be so hard to go back to

the old days of insecurity, of blighted hopes, of terror. Let those who urge France to withdraw from the Chaouiya ponder these things, and let France consider whether it is not the highest mission of civilisation to bring peace to the rude hearths of a down-trodden peasantry.

On Saturday, March 26, the force rested at the Oued Aïata. Its strength amounted to thirty-five companies of infantry, four batteries of field-guns, four mountain-guns, two naval quick-firers, four squadrons Chasseurs, one squadron Spahis, and 120 Goumiers.

During the day natives came in with the report that the M'Dakra had been strongly reinforced by Hamara Akka, the independent Kaïd of the Zezian, a hundred miles away to the east, through whose territories the Sultan himself dare not go.

On Sunday the 29th the force marched in two columns, the Tirs due east, the Littoral slightly north-east, a distance of perhaps three miles separating them when the action began about noon. For fifteen or twenty miles we went through a country of which not a yard was uncultivated; vast fields of wheat, barley, flax, and chickpeas succeeded one another in limitless abundance. But by noon the force had reached the uncultivable hills, on whose summits the cavalry had already got in touch with the M'Dakra, where sheets of delicate convolvulus turned their faces to the sun, pale to the pursuing stranger, and deepest blue when he

looked into their eyes. Here for two hours the Littoral, with whom was the General, halted, while away on the rolling downs to the right (south) the Tirs could be descried deploying into battle array. The fight resolved itself into two parts—that in which the columns fought separately, and that in which they converged and drove the enemy across the Oued Fekkak.

Against the Littoral on the left (north) a considerable body of Moors, who made a fortified farm their pivot of manœuvre, employed their usual enveloping tactics. Holding the French to their ground by sending clouds of horsemen across their front (east) at a most respectful distance, they directed their chief efforts to getting on a ridge in their rear (west), and in this they were successful. This movement forced the General to send up reinforcements, and the somewhat unusual sight was seen of two bodies of troops, back to back, at a distance of some two hundred yards, firing in opposite directions at their common enemy.

At this time, about three o'clock in the afternoon, the fight was pretty. The two batteries with the Littoral were kept hard at work, and there were plenty of casualties in the long line of Tirailleurs, just below the crest line, who were beating back the rear attack.

A tremendous fusillade was coming from the Tirs, and about four o'clock General d'Amade,

who had by that time completely beaten off the Arabs on his rear and left, marched eastwards to rejoin it. The Tirs had borne the brunt of the fighting, for the bulk of the Arab force had followed the deep valley of the Fekkak southwards, and suddenly hurled itself over its western heights on to the advancing French. Early in the day a squadron of Chasseurs and a squadron of Spahis had ridden into a body of Moors concealed in the high grass, and two officers, Silvestre of the 6th Chasseurs, and Du Boucheron of the 1st Spahis, who gave his name to the place, and six men fell. After some smart collisions with the Arabs on its left the Littoral, about four o'clock, effected a junction with the Tirs, and the combined columns united to drive the Arabs down the western heights of the Fekkak ravine, across the narrow stream, and up and beyond the frowning wall of mountain beyond. That was incomparably the finest view I saw in Morocco, and it lost nothing from the fact that we were the first Europeans who had ever looked across the rolling sea of the Achach hills.

Below us lay the gloomy gorge, hundreds of feet deep, through which the narrow streak of river glittered. Sheer from its further bank rose a steep wall of crag and boulder, dotted with lentisk-bushes where the red earth gave them foothold, and away in undulating endlessness to right and left rose hundreds of isolated rounded



hills, light green with barley on their lower flanks and pink-topped in the evening glow.

But it was not the moment to admire the scenery ; the Arabs, still on the near heights, disputed every inch of ground, and the fight was carried on hotly over a two-mile front. Every gun was in action shelling the natural fortresses across the gorge, to which the fainter-hearted of the Moors were already retreating ; the thunder and the din are unforgettable.

I was with a company of Tirailleurs ; a dip in the ground, and a cactus-covered ridge beside a little shrine, presently shut out the view, and forced the line to defile in column by the roadway through the cactus. As it deployed on the far side a heavy fire came from Moors lying on the crest, and five Tirailleurs fell in half a minute. The company lay down and returned the fire, and then again advanced. It was here that an unwounded Tunisian Tirailleur lay prone and took no notice of the order to go on. He said he was ill and could not walk ; his officer thought he was shamming, and, shortening his sword, he put two inches of it into him. The Tirailleur got up with a yell, but he only went a few yards and then fell, vomiting blood. No one could have been nicer to the man than his lieutenant, who apologised freely for what he had done, and was jubilant at the thought that the proud record of his company was still unbroken.

The French had now cleared the western heights of the enemy, who made their way in the little parties characteristic of Arab fighting across the stream, and up the steep paths beyond into the safety of the hills. The French occupied the line of the heights, but made no attempt to pursue the enemy into the impossible country to which they were retreating. Every gun and every mitrailleuse turned its attention to the white dots straggling up to the rocky pinnacles and towers across the gorge, and the now familiar presence of Mahmoud's Hafidist mehallah was betokened by the whiz of shells from his mountain gun.

One or two of these came uncommonly close over Harris, sitting on his horse enjoying the spectacle, with Ayesha and me, as usual, in close attendance. Out of regard for the feelings of subscribers to the *Times*, I induced him to dismount and sit down; a very few minutes' later Mahmoud's little gun did a thing unparalleled in the whole of our experience; it sent over a shell which actually burst in the cactus a hundred yards behind us, and did some little damage to a mule. And then Harris thanked me for making him get off, which he had hitherto forgotten to do.

The strange bursting of Mahmoud's shell was too much for the gunners. With one accord they made haste to locate him, and presently every muzzle was pointed at the very spire of the rock-fortress across the ravine. The converging shrapnel

searched every cranny of the boulders, and thereafter Mahmoud spoke no more.

Only the approach of night put an end to the cannonade. The sun sank, lighting the sea of the eastern hills with a saffron radiance, and the columns wound their way homewards through the darkening cornfields, ineffectively sniped by distant Arabs.

Black against the western glow stood out the lines of men and guns as they marched on noiselessly through the soft plough. On and on they trudged under the dim light of the stars over a rough and difficult country, and it seemed as though the bivouac would never be found. At the bottom of a steep descent, in a basin in the hills, a halt was called, and the flicker of lanterns moving hither and thither through the dark groups lit up a scene recalling Doré's pictures of the "Inferno." The fact was the transport was lost; or, perhaps, the transport would have said that we were lost. Personally, being very tired, I lay down in the sopping corn, and, courting destruction at the heels of Ayesha, went to sleep. It seemed very soon afterwards that Harris woke me up, for the column was moving again along a road flanked by a precipitous bank, down which many an unwary animal fell. Then we got into a fig orchard, where low branches struck us unseen blows, and emerged into the road again to find eerie figures working with pick and shovel in the blackness, trying to make it practicable for a string of halted arabas. There was no

need to inquire their burden; from some came stifled groans, others were silent. At 10 P.M. the troops reached their bivouac, after seventeen hours' fighting and marching, with a loss of nine killed and forty wounded. The next day the columns, at 7.30 in the morning, retired to the heights overlooking the western plain, where the fighting began on the previous day. The undaunted M'Dakra began sniping long before camp was struck, and the march to Dar ould Sebbah—the farm-fort on the ridge now called Du Boucheron—had to be protected by a screen of cavalry and some companies of infantry detached with a battery of field-guns. But the attack on the rearguard was never serious, and the casualties on the French side were only three wounded. Our road led down a delightful dell between low hills; a rippling brook ran through an orchard of figs flanked by graceful palms, and the grass beneath the figs was white with great daisies. Further on the ground was hoed into neat squares for melon-growing; an irrigation channel led to them from the stream; between the beds plums and apples and pomegranates were planted, and roses and quinces hedged the garden in.

The melon grown in these parts is the musk-melon—long-shaped, green-fleshed, and of exquisite flavour. Dar ould Sebbah had a familiar look; it was the farm the French took on the 8th March, before the shelling of M'Karto. Standing on the

summit of a ridge, within sight of Ber Rechid across the plain, and commanding the ground in every direction, it is an extremely strong position, and was there and then selected by General d'Amade as the site of a post to overawe the M'Dakra. The mission came over from Ber Rechid to confirm the selection, and as Du Boucheron it ranks as the most important of the "détachements régionaux."

Desultory fighting took place during the whole day, but it would be hardly worth while to mention it were it not for one extraordinary scene which took place within range of the French guns.

The M'Dakra, who had come out to fight the French, now acting entirely on the defensive, suddenly formed into two bodies, and set upon one another with great ferocity. It transpired afterwards that one party was for surrender, and having enlisted the services of some M'Zanza, fell suddenly upon the intransigents. But the latter were the tougher in battle as in purpose, and the hands-uppers had to give in and go on fighting.

On April 1, at noon, the French flag was hoisted over Du Boucheron, the walled house on the hill. The main body of the troops was encamped on spurge-clothed slopes across a little valley, and stood to arms outside their tents. The bugles sounded "Au drapeau!"; the troops presented arms; in the middle of the square the General and his staff saluted.

That evening news came that a Goumier, carrying despatches to Ber Rechid, had been robbed of his letters by natives. A small force of Spahis and Goumiers were sent to capture and punish the malefactors, and when on their quest were accosted by a German, who informed them that the thieves in question were his protégés and must on no account be injured either in their persons or their properties. Scant attention was paid to this cool request; indeed, most people believed that if the natives had not been German protégés they would not have interfered with French mail-bags.

## THE FUTURE OF MOROCCO

To all appearance Casablanca is destined to be a second Suakin. The declarations of the Council of Ministers at Paris and at Madrid seem to prove that France and Spain are going to confine themselves strictly within the limits of the Act of Algeciras, and that despite the cordial understanding which prevails between the two Powers and England, no final action is to be taken at present with regard to the settlement of the Moroccan question. Yet in 1908 the British flag waves over the wide lands which lie between Wady Halfa and Mombasa, and the reasons why Casablanca may yet be the base whence French influence will spread over El Mogreb el Aksa are not less potent than those which led Lord Kitchener from Wady Halfa to Khartoum and from Khartoum to Gondokoro.

What would the refusal of France to deal with the Moroccan question now mean to the world? If she shirks the larger issue involved in the proclamation of Mulai Hafid and his preaching of the Jihad and restricts her operations to the mere policing of the Chaouiya, her "great refusal" will incalculably increase the power of Pan-Islam, and will go far to convince non-Europeans that Europe has ceased to

be a conquering force. To many a Mohammedan Morocco is what Palestine was to the contemporaries of Peter the Hermit, and Fez is the one Muslim sanctuary still inviolate in Africa. For three centuries the shores of the Western Mediterranean felt the consequences of the Spanish and Portuguese failures in the sixteenth century—before Algiers, at the Goletta and at Kassr-el-Kebir; nor were these consequences wholly obliterated until France in the nineteenth century carried her flag into the Sahara. Those who have read the *Times* articles on the Hedjaz Railway know that Islam can profit by the scientific methods of the present day, just as the Algerians and Tunisians profited by the lessons of Elizabethan seamen, and it is therefore certain that if France shrinks from undertaking the settlement of the Moroccan question her failure to do so will shake the position of all the European Powers interested in the African world. Have those who know the East forgotten the results of the Turkish victories over the Greeks in 1897? Do we wish for a similar experience in 1908?

If France retires from Morocco, will her retirement make for peace in Europe? The interior of Morocco is now far on the way to become dangerous for Europeans for a generation, and it is practically certain that if the French withdraw few merchants will continue to live even in the coast towns. At any moment a massacre of Europeans might occur. Under such conditions, and though



we ourselves might hold back from undertaking any punitive expedition in accordance with the spirit of the *entente cordiale* of 1904, it may be taken for certain that Germany would intervene to protect her growing interests. We have seen how Kiao-Chao was occupied to avenge the murder of German missionaries. If German traders perished at the hands of a Moorish mob, would Germany refrain from seeking territorial compensation in order to rely on the pledges of a bankrupt Government? It is a moot point whether it would be more harmful to England to see the German flag at Tangier or at the mouth of the Scheldt; and if Pan-German dreams are realised it will be all essential for Germany—having become a Mediterranean Power by the restoration of the Old Holy Roman Empire—to occupy some half-way house between Wilhelmshafen and Pola. Tangier derelict would become as veritable an apple of discord as Capetown would have been if the Vierkleur had been planted on Table Mountain. We must not forget that even President Kruger wished that the coasts of a United South Africa should be guaranteed by the British Fleet.

It is beside the question to point to the failures of Germany in the South-West African war. Well-watered Morocco is within six days' steam of Bremen, and though under the Imperial Constitution her army would necessarily have to be composed of volunteers, yet the success which has

attended German colonisation in Palestine would lead many a man to take his chance of receiving a grant of land in the Chaouiya. British interests, so far as commerce is concerned, would suffer as much under German domination as they could possibly do under the most rigid French tariffs. English merchants in Morocco are for ever quoting the treatment of English traders in Madagascar. Perhaps they do not always remember what befell the Australian firms trading with the Marshall Islands, nor must we forget that Madagascar like Algeria is a French Colony, whilst Tunis ranks as a Protectorate. Morocco flanks our sea-road to India by the Cape, and that sea-road is now more than ever important since the Suez Canal is divided from the Hedjaz Railway but by a thin screen of desert. It is far safer for England to see Morocco in French hands than in those of a Power which is straining every nerve to compete with us on the seas. More than one port on the Atlantic Coast of Morocco might be turned by German engineers into a potential Brest or into a potential Cadiz.

Is it true, indeed, that English trade would necessarily suffer from a French occupation of Morocco? The same outcry was made by the French financial interests in the entourage of the Khedivial Court when England occupied Egypt; yet French holdings in Egyptian securities are now far larger than they were in 1882, whilst we have only to look at Algiers to see that the trade be-

tween Cardiff and that port has increased by leaps and bounds during the last quarter of a century. Nor have our Maltese fellow-subjects lost by the annexation of Tunis. The case of Madagascar remains, and in many ways it is not unlike that of Morocco.

It must be remembered that in all such countries there are two classes of trade; the one carried on by the great firms who have been in the country for generations, conducted by men who can best be paralleled by the Merchant Princes of Hong-Kong, the other that illegitimate sort which finds an opening in a country where the native Government is weak yet oppressive and corrupt. Such is the class of trade which is checked by the establishment of French law and order in Madagascar, as it was put an end to in a measure by the English occupation of Egypt. Has our own Government always recognised the land purchases made from natives in our Colonies?

It should be perfectly possible for us to come to an arrangement with France under the clauses of the Act of Algeiras respecting equal opportunities for commerce, and if these conditions were observed, our traders already established there could only be the gainers if they were able to run over to Algiers or Oran in the sleeping cars of a "Rapide" from Casablanca.

France, on the other hand, must occupy Morocco eventually, not only to prevent the establishment

of some other European Power on her Algerian frontier, but also to avoid the unrest which her withdrawal from Morocco would produce throughout her African dominions. If ever we had wished to occupy Morocco ourselves, and there can be no doubt that at one time we could have done so, that moment is passed, and if France will come to an arrangement with us about our commerce we shall be in no sense the losers. We do not see the "younger son" (unless he has got a berth under Government) or the Church Army emigrant crowding to Egypt, to Cyprus, or to the Soudan; whereas a walk down the streets of Casablanca will show the most casual observer how many small capitalists from France, Algeria, and Spain have flocked into the place since the bombardment. Would it be possible for a youth from an English public school, or London office, to compete with these men in a land where the usual language of business is Spanish or Arabic, and where the conditions of living are radically different from those of an English town?

If France, by occupying Morocco, gives the immigrants security of tenure, she will find colonists flocking in from her whole Mediterranean seaboard. A French occupation will mean the construction of roads and railways, whilst in time a quick line of steamers may enable the early vegetables of the Chaouiya and Mogador to be placed on the markets of Paris and London. Ex-

periments made at Larache show that good wine can be grown, but for the present agriculturists in this part of Morocco must rely upon cereals. If the present uncertainty continues, investors will be as shy of the country as they are of Cyprus.

It is true that a certain class of Germans might make good settlers in Morocco. Her Hanseatic traders acclimatise themselves to Moroccan surroundings much more readily than Englishmen, whilst the peasants from Wurtemberg, who have covered the plains round Jaffa with orange gardens and vineyards, might well prove equally successful in North Africa. We have no equivalent class in England. In how many of our Colonies are the vine and the olive grown by Englishmen from England? A boy must have capital and leisure to study their culture on the Continent; and South Germans, with their hereditary knowledge, would have a better chance than our own people of making a livelihood in Morocco. Germany, therefore, would have every inducement to step in where France had refused to tread.

M. Victor Bérard in the *Revue de Paris* for November 15, 1907, has proposed a solution of the Moroccan question, which has not, apparently, as yet attracted much attention in England.

M. Bérard suggests that if Germany agrees to allow France to have a free hand in Morocco she should in return receive French and English financial support in prolonging the Asia Minor Railway

from Eregli to Basra, thus giving her a firm grip on the fertile plains of Cilicia and Mesopotamia. He would have the country between Basra and the mouth of the Shatt-el-Arab, so far at least as the railway and river are concerned, placed under an International Commission which should be formed on the lines of that for the Danube, and which should deal with all matters concerning transport and the care of the river channel, whilst nominally respecting the sovereignty of the riverain Powers, Turkey and Persia. Thus the dangers of the establishment of a fortified port under a non-English flag on the Persian Gulf would be obviated, and the Germans would be more than compensated for their self-denial in Morocco. The Karun River might, M. Bérard suggests, be included in this arrangement.

The suggestion has much to recommend it to those who know that Germany might, in the end, easily find a way to carry a railway to the Persian Gulf without touching Koweyt. The claim of the Sheikh of Koweyt to control the Khor Abdullah or any portion of the western bank of the Shatt-el-Arab below Basra is, to say the least of it, shadowy. Under the Anglo-Russian agreement as to Persia the ports of Mohammera and Bushire are left in the neutral zone; whilst it must not be forgotten that not only have the Shah and the Persian Government refused to recognise that agreement, but that

it would be perfectly possible for them to grant a concession to a German company to carry a line to either of those harbours from the Turkish frontier. The construction of such a line would no doubt be difficult and costly, but it would in no sense be impossible. It is plain, therefore, that Germany can find means to reach the Persian Gulf without our consent so far as merely political considerations are concerned; but since in the present condition of the German and American money markets it might be difficult for her to find money for the Bagdad Railway without our help, it might be well that the arrangement suggested by M. Victor Bérard should receive attention.

We should, in the long run, lose far more if France now withdraws from Morocco, than we should risk by coming to an arrangement with Germany about the Bagdad Railway.

France is a great Mohammedan Power, and we dare not allow her to become degraded in the eyes of Islam.

Near the Opera House at Vienna an inscribed stone is placed in the façade of a stately building. That stone marks the place where once stood that Carinthian Gate where in 1529 the final assault of the Turks was beaten back by the Viennese burghers. There the Turkish deluge reached its high-water mark. There those proud waves were stayed. For years the flood stood

still, till, after the victory of Lepanto, it ebbed away almost as quickly as it had flowed. Islam is now once more waking from its secular slumber and bracing itself to defend its few remaining sanctuaries. Is this the time for France to shrink back from Fez and from Marrakesh, and thus to show the world where her conquests in Africa have found their limit? All Europe would, beyond a doubt, feel the effects of such a policy.

If France consents to grant an open door to European trade in Morocco she can occupy the country with the cordial consent of every Power except Germany. No doubt in her colonies she adopts a different system; but, even now, the policy of the Open Door is to a certain extent in force in Tunis, which is separated by a customs line from Algeria, where there is a more stringent tariff. Bonâ-fide Moroccan and Algerian produce might be allowed to cross such a line, were one established between Morocco and Algeria, without payment of duty, on the same principle by which Mozambique produce enters the Transvaal free under the Treaty with Portugal of 1878. Thus the Moroccan trade with Oran could be carried on without impediment.

In her Algerian population and in her Algerian troops France has the instruments for garrisoning and administering the country without unnecessarily galling the feelings of the inhabitants. Has Germany such men or are German methods of



administration those which could be applied to such a task? A Morocco governed on the principles in force in Posen would be a constant menace to the peace of the whole Mohammedan world. It is true that for some years German traders made great progress in Morocco, where, for a time, they competed both with the French and the English, but they have sustained a great blow from the events of the last few months, and, despite the help which they have received from their Government, it is doubtful whether, as a body, they are in a very solid position to-day. On the other hand, French and English commerce cannot be said to compete with one another in Morocco. If the English are the masters of the market for cottons and teas, the French have the supply of silks and sugars in their hands, and though German traders import all four classes of goods, it cannot be said that their cheaper wares have as yet won the favour of the Moors. Our fellow-subjects from Gibraltar find nothing to complain of in their treatment by the French authorities, nor are they excluded from competing for contracts with the French troops. At Casablanca, at all events, English merchants cannot be dissatisfied with the management of the Custom House. All they ask is that tranquillity should be restored and that the interior should once more be opened up to trade.

If France would consent to occupy Morocco as

we occupy Egypt—that is, to hold the country as a veiled Protectorate in which equal opportunities for commerce are granted to all nationalities—she might, like ourselves in Burmah, have to face ten years of brigandage. At the end of twenty years Morocco, in all human probability, would be as peaceful as Algeria to-day. Fez and Mogador would vie with Nice and Algiers as resorts of the fashionable world, and roads and railways would penetrate the gorges of the Atlas and the sands of the Sahara. Possibly even that daydream of French engineers would have been realised, and passengers to South America would reach Dakar by express from Ceuta and be borne by quick turbine steamers in five days to Pernambuco.

Let France remember that if Spain and Portugal had been willing to grant the Open Door to the world's trade in South America, their Kings would still be the lords of Mexico, of Buenos Ayres, and of Rio. It was to secure permanently to English commerce those advantages which it had enjoyed in Brazil during the Peninsular war that Mr. Canning effected the rise of the Latin-American Republics, and suggested to President Monroe the promulgation of the doctrine which bears his name. It was mainly because the "Tunisification" of Morocco threatened to close a door open to German trade that the Kaiser made his speech at Tangier. Let France grant that Open Door in perpetuity, instead of for the thirty years stipu-

lated for by Lord Lansdowne in 1904. Her liberality will gain her a splendid heritage, and by winning Morocco for civilisation she will confer a benefit upon the world.

The recent action of Germany with regard to the recognition of Mulai Hafid certainly, I think, tends to prove the correctness of the views advanced in the foregoing chapter. It was clear from the moment when the report of the transfer of her Minister Dr. Rosen from Tangier to another post was officially contradicted that the Wilhelmstrasse had not wholly laid aside its interest in Morocco, and it cannot but be significant that this new awakening of German activity coincides with the passage of influence at Constantinople into British hands. It cannot be doubted that the main object of Germany in European as opposed to Asiatic Turkey has been to secure the construction under Austrian control of the railway through the Sanjak of Novibazar from the Bosnian frontier at Uvatz to Mitrovitza, thus opening out a direct road from Hamburg to Salonika, and rendering Macedonia, in itself one of the most fertile districts in Europe, accessible to German penetration. This project has always been openly opposed by Russia, and has never been approved by Italy, who sees that were it carried out the great Albanian harbours would pass into Austrian hands. France, also, and England have small reason to favour the growth of German power in the Mediterranean. It cannot

be said that the line through the Sanjak of Novibazar is of any special economic importance to Turkey itself, and it is stated that it is very unpopular amongst the Albanians, who form a large portion of the population of the district. Consequently it is not to be wondered at if the advent of the Anglophile young Turkish party should in some measure contribute to delay the realisation of this dream; for Austria from a strictly legal standpoint has so far only obtained a concession for carrying out a preliminary survey in connection with the line. The German Emperor has long been looked upon as the mainstay of the Sultan's despotism, and a Constitutional Turkey is as little likely to do anything to favour German designs as William III. would have been to effect an Anglo-French *entente cordiale* after the revolution of 1688. But England is, on the other hand, regarded by them as their chief supporter, and it is natural, therefore, that the present Turkish Ministry should do everything in their power to promote her wishes real or supposed. Reports have already appeared that the Turkish Railway Commission has determined to postpone the construction of the Novibazar line on the ground that other railways are of more pressing importance to Turkey. Can we wonder then if the German Emperor has taken advantage of the existing state of affairs at Fez to enter upon a course of action which might, amongst other consequences, bring about friction between France and England?

Few foreigners have ever really understood the personal equation in the practical working of our political system, and it is quite conceivable that the Kaiser's advisers may, in view of several recent occurrences, see a tendency amongst certain sections of English politicians to slacken in our intimacy with France. It cannot be denied, moreover, that local English opinion in Morocco itself is far from being keenly in favour of the *entente*, and inclines rather to a common action with Germany in order to preserve the Open Door. Moreover, until the German Fleet is ready Germany must necessarily favour the internationalising rather than the nationalising by European Powers of semi-civilised countries, and just as she is opposing the annexation of Spitzbergen by either Sweden or Norway, so she is endeavouring under cover of the Act of Algeciras, glossed to suit herself, to retard the absorption of Morocco by France. This is by no means inconsistent with the view that she is hoping to secure concessions at Constantinople by exercising pressure at Fez, and it is for English statesmen to consider whether it is a wise policy for us to come forward on every occasion as the opponents of German efforts for commercial extension. It is, as yet, too early to say whether or not Turkey is secure against a reaction to despotism, but it may well be asked if Salonika as a great trading port in the hands of a constitutional Sultan would really prove a menace to our interests or to those of

France. The same remark applies to the construction of a railway to the Persian Gulf through Turkish territory.

Moreover, in the case of Salonika, we must not forget that it lies on the road from Vienna to the Piræus. Greece, no friend of Germany, is the only country in Europe which is not connected with the European railway system; and yet, if the missing link were filled up, and if certain disadvantages in the harbour could be corrected, the Piræus would be the natural terminus for every steamship plying between Europe and the East. Would the opening up of Greece and Macedonia be an injury to our trade, or a price too great for France to pay for the removal of the Moroccan danger? She, like ourselves, has often baffled German colonial ambitions, and Germany has gained little by the recent settlement of the boundary between the Cameroons and French Congo. Yet it is believed on good grounds that the Kaiser would never have set foot in Tangier had Germany received the mouths of certain rivers in those regions which were in dispute between herself and France. The history of the Sibylline books is true even in our own day, and balked ambition oftentimes turns to greed. The story of the Hohenzollerns is not unlike that of the Capetian House.

If England consents to make some such sacrifices as those here suggested in order to give France a free hand in Morocco, it would seem obvious that

we should have a right to expect some return from her gratitude.

France at no real cost to herself could grant us one concession, which would have a great value for our Indian Empire.

Recent events, such as the Abu Musa incident, have shown that the Persian Gulf has come into the sphere of international politics. It is clear that our present methods of securing the "Pax Britannica" in those once pirate-haunted waters are gradually becoming obsolete, and that an aggressive diplomacy in search of coaling stations may be inclined to pass over our agreements both with the Trucial Chiefs and with the Sultanate of Oman. Moreover, if the common belief be correct, the traders in contraband arms who this summer have conveyed such large consignments of modern weapons into Afghanistan by a road which, though running through Persian territory, lies for many miles within sight of our Baluch border, found a convenient basis in the ports of that Sultanate. Nor must we forget that until very lately the Slave Trade was kept alive in the Indian Ocean by dhows sailing from Muscat under the French flag, and thus a source of constant friction was created between the French and English Foreign Offices.

It is true that we have treaty arrangements with the Sultan of Oman, who could not cede any portion of his territory to a third power without

our consent. Experience has shown, however, that such conditions are very difficult to enforce. We have had to proclaim a Protectorate, for example, over the island of Socotra, although we had made a similar treaty with its suzerain, a sultan in Hadramaut. Trouble, too, has arisen at Muscat itself on previous occasions with regard to grants of land for coal depôts.

The reason why we cannot complete our hold over the southern and eastern coasts of Arabia, between the limits of our Aden Protectorate and those of the Turkish possessions on the Persian Gulf, by proclaiming a Protectorate over Oman, is that we are bound by a treaty with France dated March 10, 1862, to refrain from any such action.

Oman and Zanzibar were under one sultan from the time when the Portuguese were finally expelled from East Africa by a Sultan of Muscat in 1698 until the year 1856. In that year they became divided into two independent sovereignties. France was seeking, at that time, to create bases on the East African and Arabian coasts, and Lord Palmerston's Government therefore thought it wise to come to an arrangement with her by which both powers agreed to respect the integrity of the territories of Zanzibar and Oman.

Lord Salisbury apparently had forgotten the existence of this treaty when in 1890 we occupied Zanzibar under the Anglo-German agreement. France at once protested, and only consented to



acquiesce in our occupation on our recognising her rights over Madagascar without reserve.

The clauses which relate to Oman are still, however, in force.

If we could secure our position on the coasts of Oman and Hadramaut we should be freed from the danger of seeing a third and possibly hostile power establish a naval base at some port in those regions, which, as the late Mr. Theodore Bent proved, possess several havens within a comparatively short distance of Bombay adapted for such a purpose. Would it be any great sacrifice for France to make if she allowed us to proclaim a Protectorate over Oman in exchange for our help in Morocco? Legitimate French trade would in no wise suffer, and it can hardly be thought that the interests of a handful of gun-runners, even if they chanced to be French subjects, would be of sufficient importance to prevent the French Government from relieving England of a very real danger.



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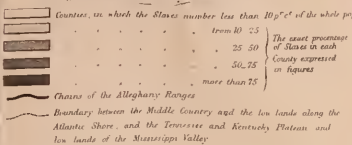
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THE END



Map showing  
the  
**DISTRIBUTION OF SLAVES**  
in the  
**SOUTHERN STATES.**

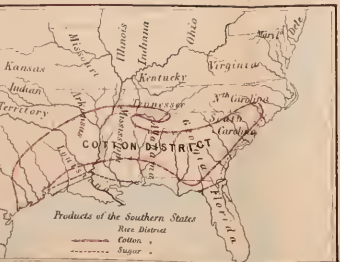
Projected & Compiled by A. von Steenwehr.



Slave States	Area Sq. Mts.	Popul. 1860	Free States	Area Sq. Mts.	Popul. 1860
I Delaware	2,200	182,224	Illinois	50,000	428,720
II Maryland	9,336	667,689	N Hampshire	9,280	228,023
III Virginia	60,352	1,245,516	Vermont	9,256	365,098
IV N Carolina	45,000	902,832	Massachusetts	7,800	1,221,066
V S Carolina	32,500	507,500	Rhode Island	1,500	174,520
VI Georgia	56,700	1,037,240	Connecticut	4,474	366,817
VII Florida	58,260	340,425	N York	46,000	1,860,285
VIII Alabama	50,727	504,202	N Jersey	8,220	672,632
IX Mississippi	47,164	500,002	Pennsylvania	46,467	2,940,115
X Louisiana	46,431	508,023	Ohio	59,944	1,336,912
XI Texas	397,321	204,235	Indiana	33,869	1,359,829
XII Arkansas	37,269	354,450	Michigan	36,243	1,949,023
XIII Tennessee	45,600	1,009,800	Wisconsin	55,405	1,719,261
XIV Kentucky	37,680	1,554,600	Wisconsin	55,024	775,882
XV Missouri	67,200	1,182,022	Iowa	59,741	674,623

Total Area Sq. Mts. 849,086  
Total Population 12,240,236  
Of whom are Slaves 2,915,036  
not Slaves 9,325,200

Total Area of the Territories 1,162,066 Square Miles.  
Total Population of the Territories 187,200  
District of Columbia Area 60 Sq. Mts. Population 75,821



	Area	Population 1861.
England & Wales	56,329 Sq. Mts.	20,641,725
Ireland	32,572 "	5,764,534
Scotland	31,824 "	2,001,251

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