

another. Then he spits on the ground with the utmost contempt. Nothing fresh strikes the eyes, save a few narrow, dirty streets. "From whence came these pigs?" shouts another. From the first fonduk (native inn) off I go with the soldier to the court-house to see the Governor. He is not to be found. We go to his house. "Go and sit over there," says a soldier, "for half an hour, and the Kaid will be ready to receive you." After sitting for more than half an hour, we are sent back to the court-house. He soon appears, riding on a fine mule. In a large, open square some twenty soldiers stand in line. As the Governor enters they make a graceful bow, and say, "May God prolong your life, my lord!" In a little I am requested to come forward and see the Governor, who is sitting on a little stool. Our soldier goes forward and kisses him on the shoulder. I then present my letter of introduction from the Governor of Rabat. "You wish a house?" "Yes." "Then, as you are a Christian," says he, "you know nothing is got in your country without money. Five dollars for one day or a month." Then this big, burly Moor, over sixty years, with a sour, contorted face, looks up and says, "Do you wish the house at five dollars?" "If it is a good house we will take it; if not, we will camp out." "You won't be allowed to camp out; this is a place of order," says the Kaid. "My lord," says our soldier, "may I add, the doctor wishes to go to Sifroo, and desires a letter?" "What is he going to do there? Does he wish to see the snow? This is enough," says the Kaid. "Go and sit yonder" (pointing to a stone some twenty yards off) "until I send a soldier with you"—just as if I had been a dog. Turning to my soldier, I said, "If we are dogs, come and let us sit in the street"; and away I turn without saying a word.

One can see the deep-seated hatred in the faces of

these Moslems against Christians. Yes, they hate; but they fear. It is no easy matter getting our belongings down through the narrow, dirty streets to our house. But now we have three soldiers armed with authority to see me safely to the house. Baggage animals coming in the opposite direction are rather roughly handled. Who is to give way in the narrow streets? Our soldier is now of good service. He shouts, at the top of his voice, "May God bless the Sultan! Clear the way! Don't you see the soldiers of the *Basha*?" All make way. So at length we get to our house cold and wet, where we are glad to get a place to rest our weary limbs.

FEZ.

Fez is situated at the end of a large plain, between two hills; beginning on a level with the plain, and gradually descending some four or five hundred feet.

"Fez was built by Mauli Edrees the Second, in the year 807. In order to get a good view of Fez it is necessary to go outside of Fez for two or three miles to some of the surrounding hills, and then one can view it to advantage. Fez has two principal mosques—Mauli Edrees and the Karueen. The former contains the tomb of Mauli Edrees the Second, the founder of Fez. The tiling on the floor is very pretty. The shrine is beautifully decorated with carpets, and cloth hangings on the wall. On the ceiling there is exquisite wood-carving and painting. There are also a large number of grandfather clocks, chandeliers, and other ornaments. Christians and Jews are not allowed to pass the streets in which its doors open; all these streets are a sanctuary—streets of refuge for all criminals and debtors. No one can touch them as long as they remain there. When any one of these refugees wishes to go to the court or the