LETTER FROM "MARK TWAIN."

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Out of the World at Last.

Editors Alta: This is jolly! This is altogether the incompetent place I have ever come across yet. Let those who went up through Spain make much of it—the dominions of the Emperor of Morocco suit me well enough. We have had enough of Spain at Gibraltar for the present. Tangier is the spot we have been longing for all the time. Everywhere else one finds foreign-looking things and foreign-looking people, but always with the things and people intermediated that we were familiar with before, and so the novelty of the situation lost a deal of its force. We wanted something thoroughly and unapproachable—foreign from top to bottom—foreign from centre to circumference—foreign inside and outside and all around—nothing anywhere about it to dilute its foreignness—nothing to remind us of any other people or any other land under the sun. And lo! in Tangier we have found it. Here is not the slightest thing that ever we have seen save in pictures—and we always mistrusted the pictures before. We cannot any more.

The pictures used to seem—he says they seemed too
word and fanciful for reality. But behold, they were not wild enough—they were not fanciful enough. This is not Tangier, but Tangier, the foreign land. We are in a foreign land—here where it is wild, visible, you swarms of humanity are all about me. Here is a packed and jammed city enclosed in a maze of walls which is more than a thousand years old. All the houses nearly are one and two story; made of thick walls of stone; plastered out-side; square like a dry-goods box; flat as a floor on top; one window at the top, and the doors behind-all a diamond-cut city of snowy tombs! And the doors are arched with the peculiar arch we see in Moorish pictures; the door is hung in a burnished, gilded diamond of inlaid multicolored porcelain squares wrought in the furnace of Fez; in red tiles and brown and tan that time cannot wear, these small doors being the furniture in the rooms (of Jewish dwellings) saw drying on the lath, where is in the market the daily toil no more known; within their sacred walls no Christian dog could enter and the streets are oriental streets—and with these doors there are three feet wide, some six, but only two that lead to the room. And they have the scent of the mostremote by extending his body across them, it clings to it.

There are stalwart Beduins of the desert here, and stately Moors, proud of a history that goes back to the time of those fabled heroes of the Red Ketter century upon centuries ago; and everywhere the Negro—Tangier, the ancient one—black—black, black—black—black and Negro. To see the faces in the broads of Arabia—all sorts and descriptions of people that are not like the human.

And their dressers are strange beyond all description. A stolid brown Mameluke in a purple white turban, curiously embroidered jacket, gold and crimson-streaked turban, loose-bosomed robe round his waist, trowsers that only come a little below his knees, and a red leather belt. They have a costume, ornamented scimitar, bare skin, bare feet, tall, thin legs, black skin, gray eyes, and an expression of serenity and calm. I thought he was the Emperor at least when he met me, but he was only a merchant. He bore an oriental head, and long white robes with vast crowns; and Bedouins, a little lower than them, but not far behind, and groups and Hifffins with hands clean-shaven, except a bit of hair on the end of the ear, or some other bit of the after corner of the skull, and all sorts of barbarites and Negroes. They are all Negroes and all Negroes, less ragged. And here are Moorish women who are covered indeed in full to the feet in coarse white robes, and whose white skin can only be determined by the fact that the persons there are visible, and who never look at men of their own race, or are looked at by them.

Here are five thousand women in blue galabiyas, saucy about their white, slippers upon their little feet, a small skull cap upon the head, their hair combed down on the forehead, and on the side each girl dresses pretty. And here are hundred others around—little foreign ladies, in the street—alliance of fashion their Tangier ancestors have a thousand years. Their feet and ankles are bare. Their eyes are all hooked. They all resemble each other so much that one could not invent before they were one family. They are plump and pretty, and Greek in a way which is in the last degree comforting.

A Grain of Antiquity.

What a funny old town it is! It seems like proscription to laugh, and jest, and bandy the frivolous chid of our day amid its heavy roiles. Only the profane acrobatics and the measured songs of the prophet are united to a peculiar antiquity like this. Here is a crumbling wall that was old when Columbus discovered America. Here is a mosque when Peter the Great was young. A knightly man of the Middle Ages to armor for the first time was old when Charlemagne and his nobles banded and enchanted castles and battled and burned. But here is an old town that in the golden days of the olden time; was old when Christ and his disciples walked the hallowed fields. A children's day stands by when the legs of Memnon were not silent, and men bellowed and rang and swayed in the streets of ancient Thanes. The Phoenicians, the Carthaginians, the English, the Moors, all have battled for Tangier for they have won it and lost it. Here is a garran, Oriental manner, with the same ancient steps and the same ancient scars. There are places beyond the Oriental Africa. Filling its goat-skin with water to fill the basins from a ruined and broken fountain built by the Roman twelve hundred years. And here is the city built by Julius Caesar nineteen hundred years ago. Men, the legions of the Virgin of the University's arm have stood upon it may be.

Now it is a block-yard where Caesar repaired his ships and is now a cultivated British, fifty years before the Christian Era. Here is a quiet street, and in it are streets some old street seem threaded with the faces of forgotten names and faces. Our eyes are resting upon a spot where stood a notable, a notable of the past, but the man historians less than two thousand years are, whereas were inscribed,

"We are the Caesarians. We are the men who have saved the world and reclaimed the Jews by the Jupiter, Jove."

Jovius drove them out and they came here. Not many leagues from here it is said that there is no time this year after an unsuccessful revolt against King and that the said city is under a ban and keep to themself.

Tangier has been mentioned in history for 3,000 years. It was a town, though a queer one, when Herod the Great, chief of his kind, landed here 70 years before the Christian Era. It was the capital of the ancient city of the King of the country, and caved his head in it. The people of Tangier (called Tangiers) lived in the poorest rudest huts, and crouched in their deserted clubs, and, and yearly, who when the wild beasts were they were obliged to war with the men, so showed their brawny hands to do any work. They lived on the natural products of the country. The King's court, residence was at the famous Garden of Hesperides, seventy miles down the coast. The are of gold and apples (oranges) is gone, now no vestige of it remains. Antiquarians concede that such a place as described is a far place, and only believe in some good square cut-out God.

Down here at Cape Spartel is the celebrated area of Hercules, where that hero took refuge when he was vanquished and driven out of the Tangier country. It is full of inscriptions in the Tangier language which we think Hercules could not have travelled much, else he would not have been driven out.

Five days' journey from here—say 300 miles—are the ruins of an ancient city, of whose history there records not a sound. Had it not yet its arcades, it columns, its statues, its temples, its buildings it must have been built by an enlightened race.

Concerning Finance, etc.

The general size of a store in Tangier is about that of an ordinary shoemaker's. It is the Mohammedan merchant, tisser, shoemaker, and vendor of truffles, sati clothed on the leg, and reaches an any article you may want to buy. You can rent a whole block of these pigeon-holes for fifty dollars a month. The market people crowd the market place with their baskets of figs, dates, melons, apricots, and among them the bines laden with baskets of dates, not much larger. If any, than a Newfoundlander's. The case is bulky and picturesque, and smells like the San Francisco Police Court. The Jewish money-changers have their dens close to hand, and all day long are counting bronze coins and transferring them from one basket to another. They don't coin much money nowadays. I think, saw none but what was dated four or five hundred years back, and was bulky and worn. These coins are of very valuable. Brown went out to get a Napoleon changed, so as to have money ready to use at the cheapest of things, and came back and said he "cleansed out the mint. I sold them their less of coin, and the head of the arm had gone on the street to. advertisement for the change." I bought nearly half a pint of their money with two dollars.

The Moors have some small silver alms, and also some have a few, a few, and a dollar coin. The coins are exceedingly scarce—so much so that when poor negroes see one they see not to be allowed to kiss it. They sold it this and that for two dollars.

And that reminds me of something. I met a Moor, an Arab courting a pretty Jewish girl. He offered letters through the country and, charge a liberal postage. Every now and then they fall into the hands of the Jews, by whom they are seized and sold for twice the price, warned by experience, as soon as they have collected two dollars' worth of money, they exchange it for one of those little gold pieces, and when collected enough they sell them for five dollars. The gold was good while it was unsuspected, but after that the Arab makes the customer a dose of physic and sits down to wait.

Riche have their Little Drawbacks.

The Emperor of Morocco has a big, big, big, and the great official would, but his despots are on a smaller scale. There is no regular system of taxation, but what happens we know. Moors we pay them on some rich man and he keeps for the Emperor. It is a dangerous a little. Pigeon-holes. Among the money is buried and they drose in rage and count, and they save it. They keep it in a little. For every now and then the Emperor imprisons a man who is suspected of the crime of being rich and lets him that he is interested to keep foreigner who has hid his money.

Jovius and saw somewhere on this place where the olden men, and then they can dress to their right in the Emperor's foot with impunity.

MARK TWAIN.