

**MOROCCO THE
PIQUANT OR, LIFE
IN SUNSET LAND**

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Morocco the Piquant or, Life in Sunset Land by George Edmund Holt

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GEORGE EDMUND HOLT

**MOROCCO THE
PIQUANT OR, LIFE
IN SUNSET LAND**

THE GREAT
MAGAZINE



A LIVING MOORISH SAINT. *Frontispiece.*

MOROCCO THE PIQUANT

OR

LIFE IN SUNSET LAND

BY

GEORGE EDMUND HOLT

AMERICAN VICE AND DEPUTY CONSUL-GENERAL TO MOROCCO, 1907-1909 ;
ACTING CONSUL-GENERAL, 1909-1911 ; AMERICAN MEMBER COMMISSION
D'HYGIENE DE TANGER, 1908 ; AMERICAN MEMBER INTERNATIONAL
COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC WORKS FOR MOROCCO, 1909 AND 1910 ; OF
COMMITTEE ON AWARDS IN GENERAL AND COMMITTEE ON TARIFF, 1910

ILLUSTRATED



LONDON

WILLIAM HEINEMANN

TO MY WIFE
JENNIE B. HOLT

In memory of the charm of Al Moghreb al-Acksa—
Sunset Land.

In memory of full days on the long trail and the
moonlight flooding the purple Anghera hills.

In memory of sweet-scented orange groves, and the
harbour-song of the sea, and the low-hanging stars.

In memory of those who with me have heard the
kindly voice of Morocco, and have understood its joy
and its sorrow.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND, 1914.

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CHAPTER I

TANGIER: THE CITY WITHOUT A COUNTRY

Who are neither children nor gods, but men in a world of men.—KIPLING.

FOLLOW the red lines representing the routes of the transatlantic liners plying between New York and Gibraltar, move your pencil an eighth of an inch due south from "The Rock," and it will rest upon a tiny black dot marked "Tangier." The Orient has many so-called gateways, and of these Tangier is the nearest to the Occident. One may enter through others—Algiers, Tripoli, Tunis, Cairo—but nowhere will one find a truer East than that offered by Morocco. During the two hours occupied in crossing from Gibraltar to Tangier, one passes from the twentieth century to the tenth, from West to East, from present to past. There is, as Pierre Loti says, "a white shroud which comes over one, stopping all the stress of modern life: the ancient shroud of Islam."

We are in a new world, a new humanity. One plunges blindly into the midst of a civilization which has not changed perceptibly since the days of Moses. From the first moment the Occidental finds himself striking against a stone wall of Oriental philosophy