

Carpenter Describes Odd Convict Settlement on Coast of Morocco



MR. CARPENTER AND A MELILLA JEW.

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MELILLA, Spanish North Africa, Feb. 14.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—I am in what is one of the last of Spain's colonial possessions. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it owned the best part of the new world. It had the cream of North America. It included the Louisiana purchase, which we got by way of France, and it had almost the whole of South America excepting Brazil. The best of the West Indies was its. Cortez poured the treasures of Montezuma into its royal coffers, and Pizarro, showing his horses with solid silver, robbed the Incas of Peru of their gold by the shipload. The Philippines added to these sources of wealth, and for a long time two great golden streams rolled across the Atlantic and Pacific to benefit the Spaniards. Spain was then the richest of all the powers in its colonial possessions. Today by mismanagement and oppression it has become the poorest, and since its war with us, when it lost Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, there have been none so poor to do it reverence.

Spanish Africa.
Indeed, all the land which Spain has left outside its own boundaries is in Africa, and even here its possessions are in the rag-tag and bob-tail of the continent. They may cover perhaps 200,000 or 300,000 square miles, but they are all desert, sand or fever swamps, and the tillable lands suitable for white men which they contain are not as big as an Ohio county, and their total population will hardly equal that of Washington city.

In contrast with this the other great powers of Europe have been quietly gobbling up the fat things of this mighty continent. France has the biggest share, if we include the island of Madagascar. It has almost 400 square miles, or more than one-third of all Africa. A vast deal of its territory, however, is in the Desert of Sahara; it is made up of stone and sand which might form good building materials, but which are of no value where they lie. Great Britain comes next among the national land owners. It has more than another third of the continent, if we consider Egypt and its Sudan as a part of its possessions. Germany has not quite one-eighth of the whole, and Portugal almost one-thirtieth, while Turkey itself, in Tripoli, has about as much land as Spain.

What Spains Owns.
Before I describe this God-forsaken spot where I now am I would like to tell you just what Spain has in Africa. It owns the island of Fernando Po and a small tract on the mainland on the Gulf of Guinea. Its country there contains, I believe, about 2,000 square miles, or a little more than the state of Massachusetts. The land is swampy and so unhealthful that it has become known as the "White Man's Grave." It is covered with a luxuriant vegetation and produces some India rubber and palm oil. The only foreigners there are a few Spanish, French and English merchants. The natives are among the most degraded of the Africans. They are negroes of the lowest type, and slavery is common. Fernando Po itself has convict settlements, and the criminals sent there seldom return.

North of the Gulf of Guinea, between Morocco and the French Sudan, Spain has a wide strip of land which is ruled by the governor of the Canary Islands. It stretches for several hundred miles along the Atlantic coast, but it is one of the worst parts of the whole desert of Sahara. It has no rivers nor any oases of value, and is very thinly populated. It begins in the neighborhood of Cape Blanco, and its chief town is Rio de Oro, which is golden only in name.

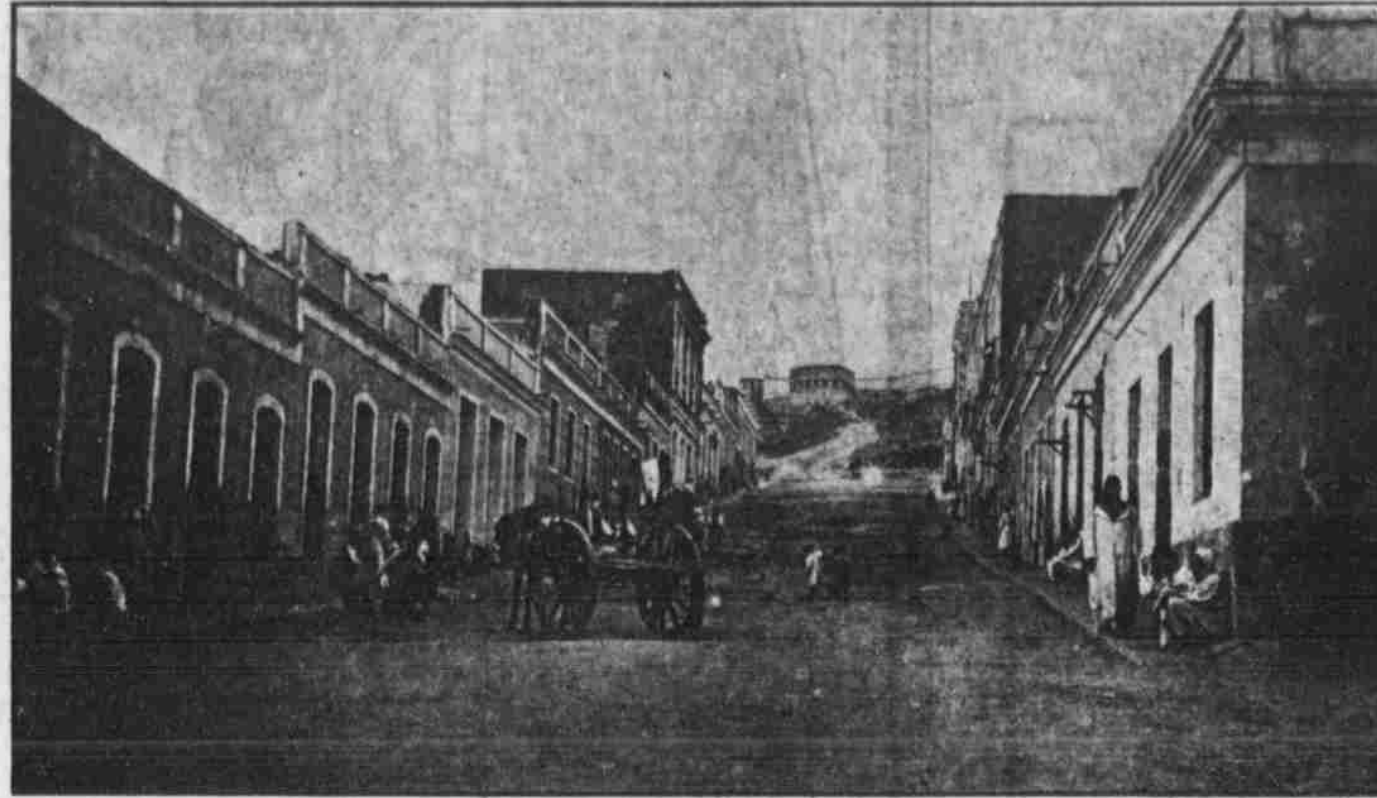
Convict Colonies of Mediterranean.
In addition to these possessions, Spain has several convict colonies on the Moroccan coast of the Mediterranean sea. The first is Ceuta, just across the way from Gibraltar. I passed it on my way to Tangier. It can be reached from Algiers by a government steamer which takes over dispatches and mail every day. It consists of a rock on which the town stands and where the fortifications and prisons are. It now has about 1,000 convicts, who are poorly fed and badly treated.

Ceuta is one of the oldest towns in history. It is the Heptadelpi of Ptolemy and is supposed to be one of the first three cities of the world. The others were Salernum in Italy and Babylon in Judaea. This place was where the Moors embarked when they first crossed over from Africa to invade Spain, many centuries ago. They held all the country about it today, and they still so dislike the Spaniards that it is impossible for the Ceuta people to go back into the country unless accompanied by soldiers. The mountains nearby are controlled now, I believe, by the hands of Raisouli.

Melilla, where I write this letter, is another of Spain's convict settlements. It lies on the Mediterranean several hundred miles east of Ceuta, and about thirty-six hours by steamer across the way from Malaga. There are also several islands near here which are used to cage Spanish

convicts. They contain murderers, burglars and political exiles.

Spanish Military Prison.
Melilla itself is a Spanish military prison. There are 8,000 soldiers stationed here, and a large number of them have come as punishment for desertion, crime and for various transgressions of military discipline. I cannot imagine a worse place. It makes one think of the inscription over the door of Dante's hell, which reads: "All hope abandon ye who enter here." The town is built upon a great bluff which runs out into the sea. There are thirty hills all about, each with a great white round fort upon it, and large iron-barred barracks in and about the city. Outside these large buildings the houses are one and two-story structures of brick and stucco, painted all colors of the rain-



STREET SCENE IN MELILLA.

bow. They are built Spanish fashion in blocks, and the iron-barred windows are as prison-like as their surroundings. The inhabitants are chiefly Spanish Jews and motley Moors. The Jews have little stores in the town, and the Moors have bars just inside the walls, where each turbaned merchant stands in a sort of a hole, with his goods piled around him. There is a Moorish encampment nearby, and there is quite a caravan trade with all western and southern Morocco.

Stoned by the Spaniards.
I have not found the natives here any too friendly, and I am glad to be back on the little steamship Emir, far out in the harbor, where I am writing this letter. When we landed and showed our passports describing us as Americans the soldiers scowled and were none too pleasant, although I succeeded in getting some excellent photographs of them during my stay. In the town it became known that we were Americans and the boys and men gathered around us with no friendly air. One of them threw a rock and narrowly escaped hitting me. As it was, it struck the door handle and bent it. Our coachman jumped down and ran after the boy, but we concluded not to give the offender over to the police, and indeed were rather glad when we were safe out of the town.

A Land of Pirates.
It seems odd to think of pirates carrying on their trade in this twentieth century, but that is a regular business with certain

of the tribes of the Rif mountains near here. They do not go out with large ships and attack the vessels of the Mediterranean, as they did at the beginning of the last century, but they rob and sometimes kill the sailors of the smaller craft when the bad seas drive them upon the shore. Not long ago the whole of Morocco was filled with pirates, and there were pirates all the way from the Strait of Gibraltar to Tripoli. Just before entering the strait one sees on the north coast the town of Tarifa, with its old Moorish forts, from where the Moors swooped down upon all vessels going through the strait and made them pay tribute. From that town and custom came our word "tariff."

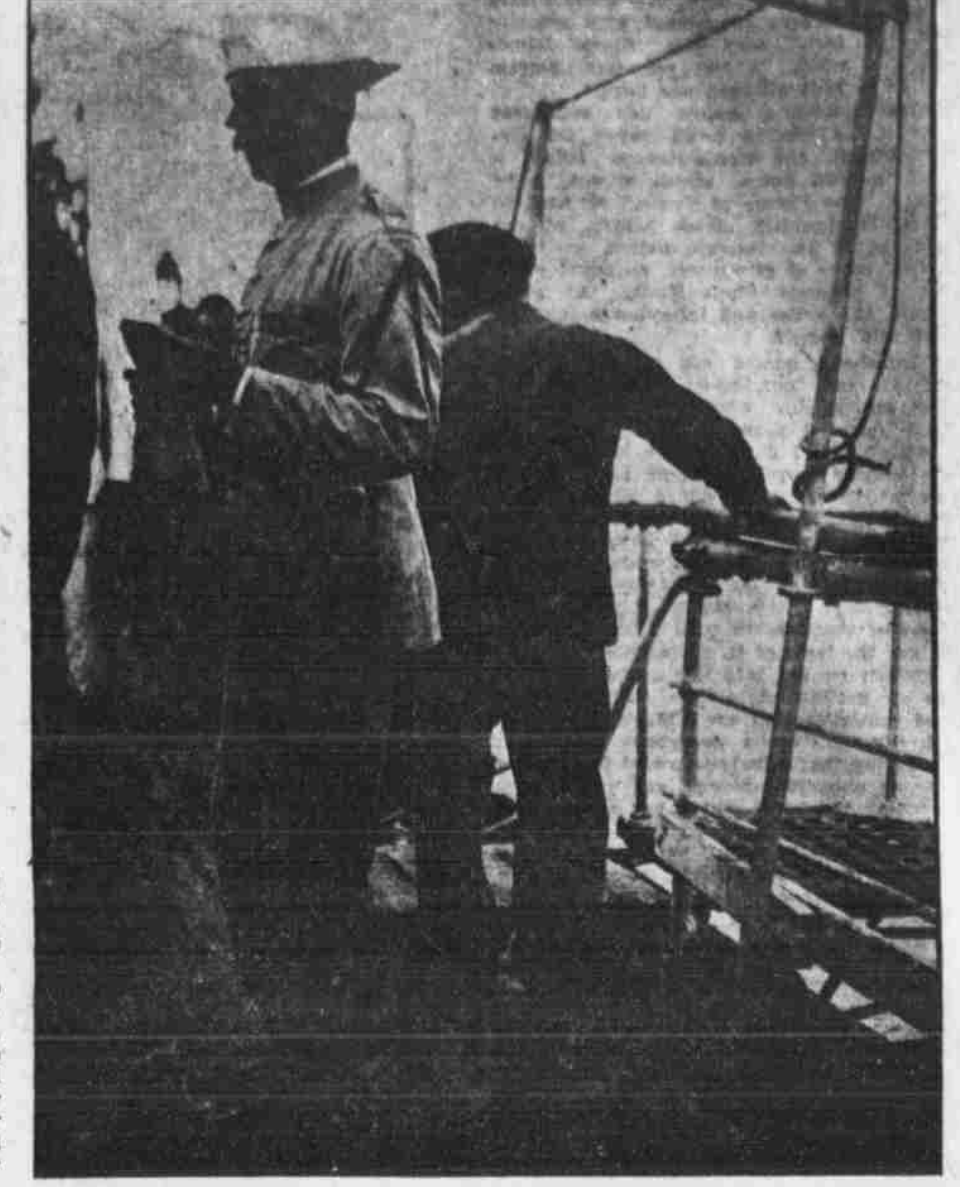
About that same time the Moors of Morocco and Algeria were preying on all the commerce of the Mediterranean, and nearly every great nation submitted to their exactions. We did so for a time, but in 1815 we declared war upon these pirates and were the first to bring them to time. We had trouble with the dey of Algiers, and sent Commodore Decatur over to tell him that Americans would pay him tribute no longer. The dey insisted until Decatur pointed his guns at the city of Algiers, when he began to weaken. He then sent word to our commodore suggesting that if he would pretend to storm the town, using powder only, the tribute might be omitted. Commodore Decatur replied that cannon balls always went with American powder and that if the dey received the one he must take the other. Soon afterward Decatur captured some of the Al-

gerian ships, and the dey finally had to pay him damages to the amount of about \$60,000 and to conclude a treaty which renounced all tribute from Americans for the future.

At this time they not only seized the ships, but they enslaved their captives. Captain John Smith served as such a slave. Shortly after our refusal to pay tribute the English did likewise and bombarded Algiers. The French followed in a war with the pirates, and in 1830 they threw the dey from his throne and captured \$10,000,000 of gold and silver which they found in his treasury.

Blinded for Stealing.
I saw a blind beggar going through the streets here this morning. His eyes had been burned out with red-hot poker by one of the Berber chiefs of the mountains near by, and he presented a horrible sight. I am told that this was done as a punishment for stealing, and that it is not uncommon in certain parts of Morocco. At the first theft the man's hand is cut off and at the second his eyes are burned out. Sometimes a foot is also cut off, after which the thief must move about upon crutches with a boy to lead him.

During my stay in Tangier I rode one day out into the country and made some photographs of a village which had taken summary vengeance upon an under official who had been unjust and oppressive in collecting taxes for the basha who held office prior to the present governor. This official was caught as he passed through



SPANISH CUSTOMS OFFICER.

the village and his eyes were burned out. That was not long ago, and it shows that such crimes are still possible in this land of Morocco.

Salted to Death.
About the only reason why things are not in a worse condition than they are now is the mildness of the present sultan. He is more of a boy than anything else, and he tends to western ways in that he is not at all bloodthirsty. His father, Mulah Hassan, was just the reverse, and he had some punishments which were horrible to an extreme. One of these might be called "salting to death." It consisted of cutting four great gashes out of the palms of the hands of the offender and then filling them with salt. The fingers were then bent inward and fitted tightly into the holes or cuts. After that each hand was sewed up in green raw-

hide, which shrunk as it dried, causing terrible pain. In some cases the rawhide was sprinkled with lemon juice, which it is said, rapidly accelerated the shrinking of the hide, often forcing the finger nails clear through the palm and out of the back of the hand. After this the criminal was taken to jail and left without water. The torture was such that he usually died within a few days.

English Tired of Gibraltar.
Speaking of Spain, I understand that there is a bare possibility that it may some day again have possession of Gibraltar, and thus regain its old stepping stone to Africa. The English are said to be tired of spending money upon the fortifications there and that especially since a commission of Parliament has reported that the place, as far as the Atlantic side is concerned, is practically defenseless as a naval base, and that it would not be of great good in time of war. England has already spent upon these fortifications about \$50,000,000, which is almost as much as we will spend upon the Panama canal. In 1866 the military expenses of Gibraltar amounted to more than \$2,000,000, and costly improvements in the way of new docks and a large coaling island are now being made. These new works are all on the side of the rock facing the Atlantic ocean. It is there that the town of Gibraltar lies and there also are the bay and the landing places for ships.

I spent some time at Gibraltar on my way to Morocco, and had a good chance to inspect the outside of the fortifications and the new improvements. A deep harbor of 200 acres in being formed and about 50 acres of water area has been reclaimed for a new dock yard. The largest of the naval war vessels can be dry docked there and the harbor is big enough for the whole British Atlantic fleet.

Eighty Miles of Tunnels.
The rock of Gibraltar lies at the end of a narrow neck of land which connects it with the Spanish peninsula. One could walk across this neck in a few minutes. The town of Gibraltar, which contains something like 20,000 people, is situated upon it, and its houses extend from it along the lower sides of the rock itself.

This rock is a gigantic piece of solid limestone, which rises almost straight from the water on the side facing the Mediterranean sea to a height almost as great as that of the Blue Ridge mountains in Virginia. If you could put two Washington monuments, one on the top of the other, and on the top of these a spire as tall as the dome of the capitol, you have just about the height of Gibraltar. The rock is about three miles long and less than a mile wide at its widest part.

As one approaches it from the sea one sees many port holes here and there along the sides. They come from the tunnels within. The whole rock has been tunneled. It has eighty miles of galleries burrowed through it and it is a honeycomb of chambers. The fortifications have, of course, the finest of modern guns and other war machinery. Only a few parts of them are shown to visitors, and only the British soldiers and War office know just how the works are constructed and defended. There are undoubtedly some big twelve-inch guns and some which could probably land shot in Africa across the way. The strait is something like twelve miles wide at that point, and there are modern guns which will shoot twelve or thirteen miles. Among the guns known to be at Gibraltar are two of 16 tons each so heavy that it would take about 20 horses to haul one of them. Those guns are each thirty-two feet long, and each will throw a shot weighing a ton a distance of eight miles.

Dogs as Smugglers.
Gibraltar is practically a free port, and tobacco and everything else is cheaper there than in Spain, which is only two miles away across the isthmus. The land between is called "the neutral ground," and there is now a high woven-wire fence across it, which is guarded day and night by the Spanish customs officers. The fence was put up in order to prevent tobacco being carried across without paying duty. The smugglers had trained dogs to carry parcels from one side to the other. The pup soon learned that all men in uniform were his enemies and he naturally gave them a wide berth. The dogs were brought from the Spanish side of Gibraltar, and were loaded with tobacco. They would start home on the run and no customs official could get within a mile of them until the fence was erected.

High-Priced Officials.
The British have now 6,000 soldiers at Gibraltar. The place is a crown colony and it has a governor general, who is also commander-in-chief, in proportion to the area which he rules the governor of Gibraltar is one of the best paid officials on earth. His principal covers about two square miles and his salary is \$25,000 a year. That is half as much as President Roosevelt gets, and he governs about 2,600,000 square miles. If our president was paid at the same rate per square mile he would be receiving \$4,500,000,000 a year.

Features of Abraham Lincoln's Life in Indiana

BOONVILLE, Ind., Feb. 14.—The ninety-eighth anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birth occurred on February 12. To the people of Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois the date is of special significance, for each of these states was in turn Lincoln's home. It is often stated that Lincoln was born in Hardin county, Kentucky. In fact, he was born in Larue county, which, however, is a subdivision of Hardin county. It is also stated commonly that the family, including his father, his mother and a sister, came to Indiana and entered claim to a piece of land in Spencer county. The fact is that the piece of land, then in Warrick county, is included in the region which has since been set aside and named Spencer county.

It was in 1815 that the family came to the Indiana side, the same year that Indiana was admitted to the union as a state. The family entered a quarter section of land and built a log cabin, and Lincoln lived there until 1830.

Thomas Lincoln, father of Abraham Lincoln, was in poor circumstances. He was a carpenter and farmer. When Lincoln came to Indiana he was just 7, and re-

very limited, though he borrowed every shilling he could get. The list is a short one, and the following books include most of those available: "Robinson Crusoe," "Aesop's Fables," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," "Weems' Life of Washington" and a history of the United States. During his life in Indiana he read and reread these books over and over again.

Having read all the books in and around Boonville, Lincoln heard of the court at Boonville. He resolved to go to that place, twenty miles distant, and learn what he could of law practice. The court house in Boonville, then a village of less than 200 inhabitants, stood on the site of the present building.

It was a frame building. A ditch two feet wide and two feet deep was filled with smoothly hewn logs, on which was built a stone wall eighteen inches high. This constituted the foundation upon which the building rested.

The building was never completed. It was weatherboarded, but neither lathed nor plastered. It remained in this condition until 1836, after the Lincoln family had moved to Illinois. It was capable of holding only 100 people and could not be used

in the summer. At eight o'clock would seek shelter under the structure.

Such was the structure where Lincoln received his first practice in law. It was to attend court in this building that he walked twenty miles through a wilderness between Lincoln City and Boonville. From this fact the little town of Boonville claims the distinction of furnishing to him material that aided in his after success.

John A. Brackenridge, then the ablest lawyer in southern Indiana and a practitioner in the court of Booneville, noticed the eagerness and the earnestness of this young man in the Booneville court room. He inquired into his purposes and from what part of the country he hailed.

He found by conversing with him that he was a reader of books, was interested in law and even had some hankering to study it some day.

Accordingly Mr. Brackenridge invited the young man to his home to stay all night. He also told him that he had some books of interest to beginners, and that he would only be too glad to lend them to him to read.

Brackenridge lived three miles west of

Boonville on a farm. His homestead still stands, and though a century old has been used as a tenant's house until very recently.

In his office he had what was at that time the best library in southern Indiana. The room is but eight by ten feet, and being pressed for room, Mr. Brackenridge had his books placed upon shelves above two windows of his room. When Lincoln first saw the library he was astonished at so great a collection of books, for nowhere in southern Indiana was there a similar library. The first night he spent in this house Lincoln sat up till midnight before the open fireplace reading by the glare of the burning log.

Many days after this found Lincoln attending court at Booneville. He spent many nights reading books in the library of Brackenridge. The latter showed deep interest in him and did all he could to further the education of Mr. Lincoln as a lawyer.

The greater part of the Brackenridge library is still in existence. The books are owned by various lawyers in Booneville and are valued highly. Some of them have

room rose to congratulate him and Lincoln was among the number.

Lincoln pushed his long, slender frame through the crowd up to the speaker, who was being congratulated upon all sides by the prominent men present. Lincoln stretched out his hand as a token of his appreciation of the lawyer's effort before the jury only to have it brushed aside by Mr. Brackenridge.

Lincoln was hurt by this and always remembered the name Brackenridge. Several years afterward at the inauguration of Lincoln Mr. Brackenridge was among those who came to congratulate him. Recognizing the man who snuffed him at the Booneville court several years before, Lincoln grasped the man's hand with a hearty shake and said:

"I am more glad to see you than any other man I know of. I have always wanted to congratulate you on that speech you made at Booneville several years ago."

Shortly after the assassination of Abraham Lincoln a picnic party from the little town of Dale went up to Lincoln City and to the Lincoln farm and spent the day there. The Lincoln cabin was still standing, and but a short distance up the hillside was a small marble slab that marked the spot where the mother of Abraham Lincoln was buried.

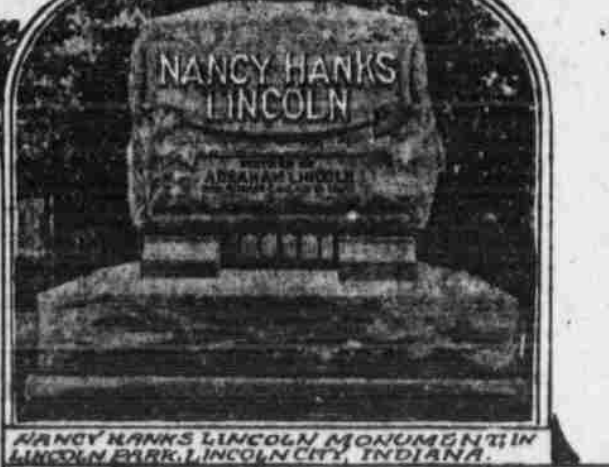
While there the picnicers saw through the house where Lincoln saw his mother pass away and from which he returned to Kentucky to get a minister to bury his mother. A few relics were found, among them being an old knot maul and an old fashioned mouldboard plow, both of which had been left there when the Lincolns moved to Illinois.

The old plow was brought outside and an old man named Gabriel Medcalf stood between the handles while one of the party made a sketch of the cabin. The sketch is here reproduced. The old man carrying the pole was Joseph P. Haines, better known as Uncle Porter Haines.

Emma T. Williams of Dale, Ind., a granddaughter of Dave Turnhan, the old constable of Lincoln City, who permitted Abra-



BRACKENRIDGE HOME IN WARRICK COUNTY, WHERE LINCOLN SPENT MANY HOURS READING.



NANCY HANKS LINCOLN MONUMENT IN WARRICK COUNTY, INDIANA.



OLD WARRICK COUNTY COURT HOUSE RAZED IN 1904.

ham Lincoln to read his copy of the revised statutes, has the original picture of this cabin. The cabin was torn down some months ago, but the old cedar tree still stands, and is the only landmark that locates definitely the exact place where the Lincoln cabin stood.

The Nancy Hanks Lincoln monument, erected to the memory of the mother of Abraham Lincoln, is near this place. The school house of Lincoln City stands upon the spot where the cabin stood, but every boy knows the tree.

So far as is known there still remains in Spencer county but one man who knew Abraham Lincoln when he was a boy. This is Redmond Griggby, who lives in Chesney. He is now 94.

markings supposed to have been made by Lincoln. Among those which have markings and were read by him are the following: Locke's "Essays," Brackenridge's "Law Miscellanies," containing an introduction to the study of law, Coke's "Institutes Abridged," Blackstone's "Commentaries."

Upon one occasion Lincoln attended a murder trial at Booneville and heard the case from beginning to end. The trial seemed interesting to him, but the most exciting feature of the case was the argument before the jury.

The most eloquent plea was made by a Kentucky lawyer named Brackenridge, a relative of John A. Brackenridge of Indiana. After his argument the whole court

remaining in Indiana until 1830, he spent fourteen years of his life in this state. Lincoln in Indiana saw hardships, had meager clothing, coarse food and no advantages in the way of securing an education. All that knew him agreed that he was unlike other boys. He was not fully understood.

He was not fond of work, but whether from laziness or because he was fonder of mental exercise in reading or otherwise is not clear. He enjoyed books and is known to have borrowed much of the reading matter of the neighborhood.

After 1830 Spencer county had, at Rockport, its county seat, a public library of several hundred volumes of the standard works of that day. Thomas Lincoln and Abraham Lincoln were in Rockport at least twice during the year, but the name of Abraham Lincoln does not appear on record as a borrower of books at the library.

The field from which Abraham Lincoln could glean knowledge in that neighborhood was

FROM A PEN AND INK SKETCH OF OLD LINCOLN CABIN, IN WARRICK COUNTY, INDIANA.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.