

**MOROCCO HORRORS.**

The following account of the present condition of things in Morocco is reprinted from Mr Budgett Meakin's luminous volume on "The Moorish Empire."

The summary jurisdiction of the Kaid affords some striking scenes. Picture a reclining official supported by cushions on a raised dais in an archway. Before him an excited group of litigants and witnesses are all attempting to be heard at once, contradicting one another, abusing one another, uttering volleys of oaths, gesticulating wildly as they crouch on the ground, or excitedly rise with declamation and protests, hardly pausing when the judge speaks; they may all be hurried off to prison to reflect together; there are no formalities to intervene, and a word from the governor puts any man in or out. Often thrashings are inflicted, brutal flagellation with a rope or stick on the bare back of a victim held face downwards by four men, or on the soles of the feet tied to a short pole. Women are sometimes flogged in this last manner, being thrown back seated in a basket tightly tied round the waist.

Hundreds of lashes are often inflicted, at once or at intervals, the sufferer being bucketed to restore animation, or carried, faint from pain and loss of blood, to the comfortable goal. Flogging is specially employed to extract information as to hidden treasure, or to extort money. In the prisons, which are reeking, unhealthy courtyards or cellars, without any furniture or even a supply of water, usually overcrowded, many are thrust into ankle, wrist, or neck rings of heavy iron. The latter are reserved for special cases, unless on the march, when they are common to all, a number of them being threaded on to a heavy chain. This being riveted at the ends, if one dies, or even falls sick by the way, his head is cut off to release his body, and is brought into town to show that he has not escaped.

Such heads, as well as those of rebels killed in battle, are pickled by the first Jews on whom hands can be laid, if the distance to go be great, to preserve them, just as formerly used to be done in England. In the towns there is a separate prison for women, chiefly those caught on the streets, in charge of an arif or wise woman, where they are not much worse off than at home.

Other tortures, which depend on individual caprice, are frequently resorted to, such as starvation in under-

ground granaries, cutting off a hand or an ear, or gouging out an eye for theft; bastinadoing round the town, mounted, face backwards, on a donkey; or filling the hand with salt and binding the doubled fingers with raw hide, leaving it so until the nails grow into the palms. Many other tortures might be mentioned, such as the "wooden shirt" lined with spikes, but they are very rarely employed, and their emuneration would only convey a false idea of Moorish cruelty. The terrible deeds of a bygone age,

which make the pages of their history so black, are seldom approached by the Moors of these days, and they are better forgotten.

**THE LATE TROOPER HAROLD JOSEPH BOOTH.**

Trooper Booth, of the New Zealand contingent, who was killed the other day in the action near Rensberg, belonged to the North Otago Mounted Rifles, which corps he joined in June, 1895. He was then the youngest recruit in the ranks. Coming straight from the Dunedin High School Cadets, he bore the reputation for being a first-class shot, and that reputation he continued to hold. A few days before he left with the contingent for the Transvaal he fired for the marksman's badge and put up a possible at two ranges out of three. On the following day he won the Troopers' Champion



MR. HAROLD BOOTH, KILLED AT RENSBURG.

Cape, and was leading for the Troopers' Champion Belt. Personally, young Booth, who was just 21 years old at the time of his death, was a great favourite. He was known as "Happy-go-lucky Harold," and was always in requisition at camp revels. His loss will certainly be severely felt among his comrades in Africa, as well as among his relatives and friends in the colony. Booth was acting as General Clements' orderly, and was holding the General's horse when he was killed by a shell.



THE FOUR SERGEANT-MAJORS OF THE SECOND CONTINGENT. Reg. Quarter-Master Sergeant J. G. Clark, Col. Sergeant C. Crosbie, Reg. Sergeant J. C. Fresh, Feeney, Photo.



THE COLONIAL SQUADRON OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN LIGHT HORSE PASSING THROUGH ADDERLEY-STREET, CAPE TOWN.