

A GREAT SCANDAL.

A COMPLAINT was lodged some months ago against Mr. Mathews, our Consul at Tangier (Morocco), by Mr. Perdicaris, an American resident in that place, for having wrongfully imprisoned and fined him. The affair hung for a good while in the State Department, but has ended in official disapproval of Mathews's conduct, and an order to him to return the money taken by way of fine. But it ought not to end here, because it has brought to light a state of things which reflects great discredit on the American name.

In Morocco, as in other Mohammedan countries, in which the ministers and consuls of the Christian Power enjoy civil and criminal jurisdiction over the citizens of their own State, the practice of selling or bestowing "protections" on persons of other nationalities or of no nationality, has long prevailed. It has been tolerated or winked at by the Christian Powers, owing to the deplorable condition of the Government in most Mussulman countries. It seemed a clear gain for humanity to give any foreigner in those countries who had no Government of his own strong enough to look after him, a title to the protection of a government which was strong enough. But of course this liberality has been greatly abused. Every consulate in those countries, and especially in Morocco, is surrounded by a parcel of adventurers of every clime and creed, who have in some manner acquired "protection" either through favor or for cash, and use it as a means of preying on the natives. A considerable body of these quasi-Americans surrounds Mr. Mathews at Tangier.

But now comes the worst of the matter. The diplomatic agents of foreign Powers in Morocco, as in other Mussulman countries, have, as we have said, civil and criminal jurisdiction over their fellow-citizens sojourning within their sphere of duty. In addition to this they have, through the courtesy of the native Government, the power of enforcing the claims of their protégés against the natives through the native police—that is, when one of Consul Mathews's protégés says that a man owes him money, the Consul can examine the claim, award judgment against the defendant, and get the Moorish authorities to imprison him till he pays the amount. Now in Morocco there is but one prison for debtors and criminals. It is what European prisons were in the Middle Ages, a filthy dungeon, without light, ventilation, or furniture, in which the prisoners pig together, in chains, on scanty and irregularly served fare, and are punished by the lash. It is, in fact, an imprisonment which only the very vigorous survive long, and from which nobody issues without broken health. Mr. Perdicaris found that Consul Mathews was in the habit of calling on the Moorish authorities to enforce claims against Moorish subjects, by this sort of imprisonment. He protested, and a quarrel arose, ending in the attack on Mr. Perdicaris himself which the State Department has censured.

Now, there are, of course, two sides to all quarrels of this sort, and it may be said that until Consul Mathews is heard from he ought

not to be condemned. But he has been heard from. His correspondence with Mr. Perdicaris has been printed. There is no question as to the gross abuse of these "protections." Sir John Drummond Hay, the British Minister in Morocco, has taken the lead in trying to have them, if not suppressed, regulated. There is no question as to the manner in which the claims of the protégés against Moorish subjects are enforced, or as to the fraudulent or extortionate character of a large number of these claims. There is no question, too, as to the condition of Moorish prisons. Here is a description of those of Tangier, contained in a report made to the Committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society by Mr. Crawford, late Acting H. B. M. Consul in Cuba, and Mr. Allen, the Secretary of the Society, in the present year, as the result of actual inspection:

"These two gloomy buildings stand side by side on the top of the hill on which the town is built. They are most dreary dungeons. There is a door, but it is fast locked, and open only to let in a prisoner or a jailer, or to let one out. In this door is a diamond-shaped hole through which you can peep in, or a prisoner can peep out. A good photograph of these gloomy prison doors, with the wan, yellow, sad, pinched face of a poor Moor set in the hole, like a picture in a frame, would be valuable. Even through this hole he cannot look out into the world or see the sky, for it is only a dreary stone passage in which the inexorable, un pitying old jailers sit, covered up in their dirty jellabeers. You look through and you see a dismal, damp, arched chamber, into which some light and air come through iron gratings high up in the wall. The prisoners may be seen scattered about—some weaving baskets, some walking, but most crouching in corners. Many are very heavily ironed, a bar of iron being fastened on to each ankle by rings, thus keeping the feet wide apart. These victims cannot walk—they only waddle. Others there are with massive iron collars, but as they are chained to the wall they are not visible through the one peep-hole. Day and night, night and day, week after week, month after month, and often year after year, the poor creatures drag on the hard monotony of this prison existence—life it can scarcely be called. No change of clothes—no bed, nor matting on which to lie, and hardly any water for washing. A few lean and miserable cats were walking about the prison floor, probably looking for mice. Unlike the human inmates, they can come out when they please through the peep-hole; but they seem used to it, for one pussy was seen to jump up and enter the prison of her own accord.

"There are at the present moment 110 men in these two Tangier prisons who have had no trial—many are only there on suspicion—some are for debt, and very many are merely undergoing what is called the 'squeezing' process. They have some money, or it is thought they have, and somebody thinks he would like to get it, so a charge is trumped up and he is clapped into jail. If likely to prove obstinate, he is ironed. Thieves, murderers, and real criminals of all sorts are there, but it is share and share alike. The only difference is in the matter of irons. In this country few officials, except the Custom-house officers, are paid a farthing. Even the army is not paid. They all live by 'squeezing' their neighbors. Hence arise many of these villainies. It should be borne in mind that the prison of Tangier is almost within cannon shot of Europe, and it only stands five minutes' walk from the large and well-appointed 'Continental Hotel,' in the midst of every comfort, and where tourists come and stay week after week, unmindful for the most part that close to them, as they sit enjoying their excellent *table d'hôte*, more than a hundred fellow-creatures are starving, and dragging their fetters over the damp floor of an oubliette fit only for the worst times of the Middle Ages!"

To these frightful abodes an American consul commits, or causes to be committed on his mere order, all persons against whom the band of nondescript foreigners to whom he has given the protection of the American flag choose to make claims. Here is what he himself says

about it in answer to Mr. Perdicaris's first remonstrance:

"While being quite willing to do justice to all alike, while deeply regretting the cruelties to which natives are subjected by local authorities, while deploring the maladministration of justice practised by native functionaries, I cannot lose sight of the fact that my official duty demands that the interests of American citizens, their agents and protégés should be watched over and have justice done them."

That is, while using these cruelties and this maladministration in the prosecution of claims, he is willing to "deplore" them, as the best he can do.

Further on he adds:

"I quite agree with you that the system of imprisonment in this country is most atrocious in its horrors, but the native Government must alone bear the blame of it; and I should be most happy if my colleagues, under the direction of the doyen of the diplomatic corps, would make up their minds and call a meeting to act collectively in an effort to induce the Sultan's Government to introduce reforms in the penal system."

We thus see that, though in his own eyes a man of the reforming turn, it is none of his business if the prisons to which he commits debtors are "atrocious in their horror." Here is something better than all, however. He does not commit the debtors to these places—they actually go of their own accord.

"As to the idea that a number of men have been put into the dungeons at the request of American protégés, nothing is more preposterous; it is the debtors themselves who prefer going there, sooner than pay their debts, as we have daily examples."

We need only add here that Mr. Mathews's "protégés" are about 150 in number, and consist chiefly of Jews of foreign birth and Moors. There are few if any American citizens among them. We have no trade with Morocco. The United States owes these men no protection whatever, much less assistance in collecting their debts. But even if they were every man of them native-born American citizens, and old soldiers to boot, it would be a crying shame and disgrace to use the flag to get their debtors, of any race or nationality, tortured into payment by confinement in Moorish dungeons.

We trust Mr. Bayard is not going to rest satisfied with making Mr. Mathews offer some atonement for the outrage he committed on one American citizen, who was rich enough and able enough to come home and complain and make himself heard. The Secretary owes it to the conscience and good fame of the country to shut up peremptorily the Mathews collecting agency. He ought to tell him once for all that the "protégés" must wait for their money until that "reform in the penal system" of Morocco takes place which Mr. Mathews says he should "be most happy" to see his colleagues undertake. Even if we had any commercial relations with Morocco, even if there were an American colony there, even if every other country in the world took the Mathews view of the sanctity of "claims," we ought not to be found mixed up in such barbarous transactions, and our "protégés" should be sent to get their rights through some Power professing less respect for humanity.

JEFFERSONIAN SIMPLICITY IN BUENOS AYRES.

It was scarcely to have been expected that a plain Indiana Democrat should be able to rival

and even surpass the high-flown style and stately courtesy of a Spaniard, but our Minister to the Argentine Republic, Mr. Bayless W. Hanna, appears to have beaten the Hispano-Americans on their own ground. Proof of this is found in a letter addressed by Mr. Hanna to ex-President Roca, and given to the Buenos Ayres press. Gen. Roca, it seems, had invited the Diplomatic Corps to a farewell reception, at which the American representative could not be present, for reasons set forth below. But he more than made good his absence by the note of explanation which he sent to the ex-President, and which, it is not too much to say, left the Argentinos completely stunned. We give a few extracts:

"An untoward accident prevented me yesterday from joining the Diplomatic Corps in their farewell call. It was a source of much annoyance and disappointment to me. . . . You have been exceedingly considerate in our official relations, which fact, coupled with your undisguised admiration of the civilization and government of my country, has invested your name with a charm time cannot obliterate. I have watched the progress of your administration with more than a passing interest. How well you have repaid the public confidence at your disposal, and, by so doing, placed another laurel leaf on the anointed head of our political divinity! . . . The dignity, power, and humanity of the Argentine Government have been suddenly advanced beyond their years. . . . You put on the robes of office on a field of battle, and you put them off in the applauding presence of the beauty and chivalry of a united, prosperous, brave nation, exulting in its deliverance, and impatient to render the homage justly due, that it has been so happily achieved. . . . The United States and the Argentine Republic are the twin daughters of a common destiny—both born of what now seems in the light of history to have been a righteous revolution—both consecrated with the baptism of fire. More than a hundred years ago the sneering dynasties of the Old World said the American idea was meteoric; but it has proved to be a heavenly body, as fixed, and we believe as enduring, as the divine law of its attraction. . . . Your place here in your country's development corresponds to that of Mr. Jefferson in mine. He and you have both adhered to the inviolable prerogatives of the States, bound up securely in the superior authority and domination of a Federal Constitution. It is a grand thought, and in your passing years, I trust, like our illustrious statesman of Montecello [sic], you will live to see the golden fruit of the selected tree you have so wisely planted. I am very happy that I have thus had the opportunity to write what the disparity of our language has hitherto prevented me from saying in person, an occasion I now value all the more, because of the relaxed restraints of official propriety."

The comments of *La Nacion* of Buenos Ayres on this production display a spirit of petty jealousy and spite which we will not undertake to characterize. It even pretends not to know what Mr. Hanna meant by "the anointed head of our political divinity." But we can best show its malice by translating a few of its remarks on the literary ability and the political knowledge of the American Ambassador:

"Were it not that the extreme exaggeration of a eulogy detracts somewhat from its value, no one could fail to be pleased with the good will shown in the judgments of the Minister of the United States, as they have been given in the press. A few days ago, when the city of La Plata was being discussed, that distinguished diplomat seized his pen and wrote a note in which he declared it the 'miracle of the century.' Here are some of his enthusiastic words: 'La Plata, the enchanting city of the pampas, is the miracle of the century. I have already advised the Department of State of the United States of its great importance as the capital of this flourishing province, and of its remarkable spirit of enterprise.' However progressive La Plata may be supposed to be, it seems a little hasty to say that, during the past eighty-six years, the world has seen no event

equal to the founding of this city. However, this praise of a city harms no one. But the same cannot be said of other eulogies, clothed in the same epic language, and addressed to persons, with evident depreciation of things and persons far more important. Thus, for example; the American Minister, who was unable to be present with the Diplomatic Corps to bid farewell to the ex-President, availed himself of the opportunity to write a note to Gen. Roca, in which he declared that the General holds the same place in our history as that which the illustrious Thomas Jefferson fills in the history of the United States. If this were true, it would be unfortunate for the latter; but, happily, the reasons which the Minister gives for his opinion seem as if advanced precisely to discredit it. As there is not a single inhabitant of the Argentine Republic who does not know that the only mission of Gen. Roca has been to put his will in the place of the voice of the nation, thus suppressing the national Constitution, and as to accomplish this the first requisite was that he should control the provincial governments, that is, destroy 'the inviolable prerogatives of the States,' it is easy to see the beautiful analogy which exists between the Presidency of Gen. Roca and that of Jefferson."

We are sure that we do no wrong to Mr. Hanna, but, on the contrary, are giving him an increased popularity with his Indiana constituents, when we explain the "untoward accident" which gave him so much "annoyance and disappointment." Gen. Roca's invitation stated that his guests would be expected to present themselves *en fraque*. Mr. Hanna, owing to the "disparity of language" to which he refers, took this to mean "in a frock coat," and proceeded to array himself in a gorgeous blue garment of that variety. We can hardly regret the occurrence, as his inability to obtain admission in such a costume was the occasion of the revelation to the world of his unsuspected literary powers. It seems clear to us that Mr. Hanna made the mistake of his life in declining the Persian mission. Nature evidently meant him for a life in the midst of the elaborate ceremonial and lofty politeness of an Oriental court.

ECONOMIC ASPECTS OF COÖPERATION.

A CONSIDERABLE body of writers in this country, possessing greater or less pretensions to an acquaintance with political economy, have for some years been engaged in attempts to reconstruct that science. Their purpose is, to use their own language, to effect a "reunion of ethics with political economy." They maintain that the great English economists who formed what has come to be known as the orthodox school, taught doctrines that were not only dismal, but also heathenish. Two cardinal principles seem to have had an especially exasperating influence upon this class of "thinkers"; one, the fundamental principle upon which the whole fabric of the science rests, namely, that men in their industrial operations are governed in the main by considerations of self-interest; the other, a principle less distinctly formulated but not less fundamental, that natural selection operates upon men as well as upon inferior animals. To discredit these doctrines seems to be the aim, more or less clearly understood, of much of the so-called economic writing of the time. It is hardly necessary to say that there is a difference between an economist and a professor of economics, and that these writers have generally confounded what is, with what, in their view, ought to be. Whether they have effected a reunion of ethics with political economy or not, they have at

least succeeded in injecting a large amount of emotion into the discussion of scientific problems, with results that are not salutary for either the minds or the morals of the public.

It is true that this school of writers has encountered a serious difficulty, in that the older political economy corresponds very closely with the actual facts of our industrial system. They have courageously met this obstacle, however, by asserting that it was so much the worse for the facts; that the industrial system ought to be so modified as to conform to a Christian system of economics. And with this end in view they—or the saner and honester portion of them—have busied themselves with the exploitation of various schemes for the renovation of society. Coöperation especially has found favor in their eyes, and altogether the most useful part of their labors, it may well be thought, has consisted in directing the attention of the public at large, and working people in particular, to this form of enterprise.

A recent publication of the American Economic Association describes the remarkable success of the coopers of Minneapolis in setting their business upon a co-operative basis. The emotional economists can hardly do otherwise than exult in this transformation; but what is, after all, the most instructive thing about it is the striking illustration it presents of the play of the very principles which have aroused so much hostility. In fact, coöperation tends not to revolutionize the present industrial system, but to develop it upon the old lines. The truth of the detested doctrines is proved by the very means which have been employed to discredit them. Coöperation being called upon, to curse the older economists, like the prophet Balaam, turns around and blesses them altogether. Its success as a form of productive industry is due in part to the clearness and intensity with which it appeals to the self-interest of the workmen, and in part to the free play it gives to the principle of natural selection. The workmen are made to see that their prosperity depends upon their doing faithful work, and it is the hope of attaining this prosperity that stimulates them. The truth of this is so obvious upon *a priori* grounds that it hardly needs verification, but the account to which we have referred affords confirmation in ample measure.

As to the principle of natural selection, its application in these coöperative shops seems to be complete. Not only does the system of piece-work prevail, but incapable, lazy, drunken, and dishonest workmen are either not admitted or are very soon extruded. Every man is an inspector in his own interest, and supervision is much more effective than is possible under ordinary circumstances. The inferior men are sometimes employed as laborers in the coöperative shops, but they are generally driven to the "boss" shops, where their wages are very low and their employment very precarious. The tendency to classify and reward men according to their abilities is, to say the least, much more pronounced than under the ordinary system of production, and what the Darwinians would call advantageous variations in individuals are much more likely to be laid hold of.

Of course it is unnecessary to say that the