

ALL ABOUT MOROCCO.

WITH SOMETHING ABOUT THE UNITED STATES CONSUL.

His Name is Lewis, and He is in Hot Water—The Romance of His Early Days—Familiarities of Tangiers, the Port of Morocco.



CONSUL LEWIS—STREET IN TANGIERS.

HERE is a good deal of interest just now in the Morocco trouble. A protégé of a United States consul has been put in prison by the sultan of this somewhat antiquated little republic of Africa, and the state department at Washington are engaged in negotiations with a view to getting him out. The territory wherein this act, so offensive to the American people, or at least to the consul, has taken place, is on the northwest coast of Africa. Its situation is best fixed in the minds of those who are not especially versed in geography by noting that its coast line begins about 250 miles east of Gibraltar, on the southern shore of the Mediterranean sea, and extends southwesterly from Gibraltar about 750 miles more on the Atlantic coast, giving it a coast line of 1,000 miles. The Atlas mountains, lying about 200 miles in the interior, extend northward and southward, nearly parallel with the coast. It is generally supposed that the climate of Morocco is so hot that no one but copper colored natives can live there, and the sultan is usually pictured with slaves fanning him and holding something over him which looks very like a gigantic feather duster to screen him from the sun. But on the slope, extending north from the Atlas mountains to the coast, the climate is temperate and delightful. A pleasant sea breeze prevails during the greater part of the year, and the hot winds from the great desert, which forms the interior of northern Africa, are intercepted by the Atlas mountains. Even at the city of Morocco the thermometer never rises above 95 degs, and in winter doesn't fall below 40 degs. Snow never falls there, but up in the mountains there are glaciers over which the winds passing, are pleasantly tempered, though some times they make the nights too cold for comfort. If the United States were a colony founding country, it might be well to pick a quarrel with the sultan of Morocco and appropriate the territory, for under an enlightened government it could be made very productive. Wheat, barley, millet, maize and other cereals grow well, and cotton, rice and sugar cane would succeed if properly cultivated. Besides these, hemp and tobacco may be raised.

The present sultan, Sid Mohad Hassan, is an old fashioned oriental despot. He is 45 years old, though he has only reigned since he was 40. Of course he is a Mohammedan and a direct descendant of the prophet, but the mothers in his family have always been black slaves; consequently he is very dusky. It may be interesting to Americans to know, in view of the possible difficulties with this barbarian, that he has since this occasion completely reorganized his army, and has armed his infantry with Martini-Henry rifles, his cavalry with Winchester guns. He has also purchased machinery for the manufacture of guns and cartridges, but his arms are not the best. He has also purchased machinery for the manufacture of guns and cartridges, but his arms are not the best. He has also purchased machinery for the manufacture of guns and cartridges, but his arms are not the best.

The sultan having limited Europeans in the matter of arms and implements of war, doesn't think it best to go any further. European courts of justice are not so attractive to him. If he wants a piece of property belonging to any of his subjects he takes it, without any trouble, whereas, if he had courts, it would be necessary to put the heads of the judges and jury as a preliminary to a valid conveyance. As it is, when the owner objects it is only necessary to decapitate him, and a good title is acquired. The consequence of the sultan's ability in this respect is that his richest subjects endeavor to hide their wealth or to secure the protection of some foreign consuls or to ally themselves in trade with some foreigner. Each foreign consul is entitled by law to a certain number of protégés or clients among the sultan's native subjects, whose goods are thus protected from seizure.

It is under this system of protection that the present dispute between the United States and Morocco arises. Mr. Lewis, the American consul at Tangiers, gets into a dispute with reference to his native protégés several of whom were of barbarous Moorish names were despoiled of their goods and one of them thrown into prison. The consul demands restitution, which is denied or delayed, a United States gunboat appears apparently to the harbor and the war cloud darkens. The difficulty seems to lie rather in the system of protecting consular protégés than in a question of the rights of an American citizen. This system has grown up to be very widespread from a small beginning. The treaty of Madrid gave the right to wholesale merchants to protect two native brokers in every town in which they traded. It is expressly stipulated that these brokers should be employed in the wholesale trade, but there is really little or no wholesale trade between America and Morocco, yet the protection system has become very widely spread, and it is now becoming very much abused. A consular agent in March or April to the protection of some foreign consuls or to ally themselves in trade with some foreigner. Each foreign consul is entitled by law to a certain number of protégés or clients among the sultan's native subjects, whose goods are thus protected from seizure.

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MAP OF MOROCCO.

Consul General W. R. Lewis is not yet 25. He is a native of Philadelphia, and his family is of the blue blooded variety. So when he fell in love with the daughter of Benjamin F. Duane, a facial contortionist and recitationist, his parents promptly sat down on the match. He married her all the same, and being reduced to the necessity of supporting himself, he became a station agent on the Pennsylvania railroad. By and by his father began to relent, but the young man wouldn't respond to the parental overtures. Some time later his case was brought to the attention of Secretary Bayard, and the result was his appointment as consul at Tangiers.

THE LATE JACOB SHARP.

Something About His Private Life and How He Came to Be a Very Familiar Name in New York.

"Jake Sharp" has been a very familiar name in New York especially, for two or three years past—almost too familiar the person referred to thought, but the Hon. Jacob Sharp himself was a very different person in most respects from the popular idea suggested by the nickname. He probably had no more idea of doing any great moral wrong when he bribed the Aldermen than when he bought a piece of land, he simply considered that a great public improvement—which he would be incidentally enriched—was prevented by some obstructionists, that they must be bought before the improvement could be made, that such was the custom of his country and that the custom was so well established that no one would seriously object. But just at that time there happened to be a system of public virtue; so "Jake" was nabbed and goes into history as the boss of the hoodlums.

Socially he was a very pleasant man and his domestic life was delightful. He was reared on a farm, always liked the country, always intended to retire to it when he could get through his career in the city, and had a nice place near Rome, Oneida county, N. Y., which he considered his home. It is the county beloved by Roscoe Conkling, whose faith in the "homest farmers of Oneida" is so touching, but they are all devoted supporters of Jacob Sharp and regard his recent treatment by the city as a rank persecution. Two and a half miles west of Rome is the rosy farm dwelling, two stories high and with a mansard roof, which Mr. Sharp's family find so pleasant a retreat. Thirty years ago Mr. Sharp paid \$30 an acre for a large tract of woodland, ridge and swamp, and he made for it a very attractive place indeed. The general improvement of the country around has been very great to the same years.

Jacob was born in Montgomery county, and spent his boyhood around Troy, Albany and Schenectady. In those days, fifty or sixty years ago, the lumber trade was a great thing and young Sharp acquired a reputation as a bold and skillful raftsman. As such he made many trips to New York, and was inspired by the chances he saw there to make money. At length he saved enough to buy on his own account, and thereafter his rise was rapid. For a while he was in the milk business and "Jake Sharp's milk" had a high reputation for purity; then he got contracts for furnishing lumber for the New York wharves and soon transferred his energies and abilities to the great city. He married a very intelligent lady; one of his daughters is wife of the mayor of Rome, and his family includes several grandchildren. Such is the domestic life of Jacob Sharp, and so popular was he about his home that his neighbors have nothing but denunciations for his opponents in the city.

He was a swabber, so the story runs. Uncouth and sad, but with a throbbing heart. When he saw her pass along the way, Nirola, the king's child, devout and fair, could not but fall upon her path and cry: Fair lady! may I look upon your face? And so his rudeness vanished, and the man, smiling to life, as by the hand of destiny, Bourgeoised in thought, lost all his former self. This was a true, before her beauty's spell. Because the rest of us will, let us mention somebody's name in an uncomplimentary way. I know of a recent case where a paragraph spoke somewhat disparagingly of a friend of mine. The next morning when he got to his office he found a dozen notes from as many attorneys lying upon his desk. He opened them, and each contained a slip of the paragraph in question and all urging him to bring suit and offering their services. He had not read the article, and knew nothing of it until he opened the bids, each and every one of which pronounced the paragraph an outrage. He had read half of them when he was boiling over with indignation against the publisher. Visions of sweet revenge and heavy damages fairly danced before his agitated eyes. He immediately determined upon bringing suit and came to me for advice as to which of the holders he should select to lead his wounded feelings. I explained to him the glorious uncertainties of the law and dissuaded him from his contemplated course.—Philadelphia News.

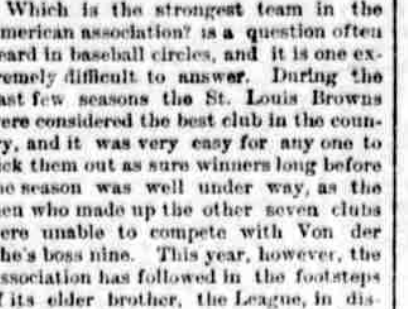
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BRIGANDS OF CUBA.

QUEEN OF THE ANTILLES.

A Strange State of Things Within a Day's Journey of the United States—Half Wild Peasants and Town Roughs Taking to Brigandage.



OUR, FOUTZ, O'BRIEN, WELCH, GLEASON.

Tales of brigandage in Cuba during the past few years have reached New York from time to time, but the true situation is not known save to those who live on the island itself, and it has become so familiar to these as to have little novelty. It is largely the result of the present almost bankrupt condition of the once proud and wealthy Queen of the Antilles. Poverty is now almost universal, among the planters and merchants in the cities, and unable to obtain a livelihood save by the precarious and scarcely remunerative occupations of coal fighting and lottery ticket selling, which appear to the tourist to be the main occupations of the Cubans, many of the half wild peasants of the interior and round the coasts have taken to brigandage. The eastern end of the island has been singularly free from bandits, and travel through its still virgin forests and lofty volcanic mountains is comparatively safe. The Guardia Civil, as the Spanish soldiery is called, make periodic incursions from Matanzas and other cities against the bandits, but as a rule these raids have little result. It is more than hinted that there are some dealings between the soldiers and the bandits. The Spanish government is always behindhand in its payment of its Cuban soldiers. In a general impression of the soldiers' case, it is a regular or unpaid wages by a share in the ransom paid by some wealthy planter for his release from captivity. Not that the Guardia Civil are always unfaithful.

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Which is the strongest team in the American association? is a question often heard in baseball circles, and it is one extremely difficult to answer. During the past few seasons the St. Louis Browns were considered the best club in the country, and it was very easy for any one to pick them out as sure winners long before the season was well under way, as the men who made up the other seven clubs were unable to compete with Von der Ahe's team. This year, however, the Association has followed in the footsteps of its elder brother, the League, in distributing a few of the players of a championship club to some of the weaker organizations so as to prolong the interest throughout the season. The Chicago sold their crack battery in 1887, and now Von der Ahe did a great thing when he parted with five of his champions. Of course, he weakens his nine, but in spite of that it is on a par with those of other clubs. Of the five men who were sold there will not be seriously missed, as their places are already filled by others, who, by many, are regarded the superiors of the old players. Carthers and Welch did great work while with the St. Louis club, and it may be many a day before President Von der Ahe will be able to fill their positions. But as he has about a dozen cubs to try, half of whom are pitchers, no one knows but there may be some star players among the number.

The St. Louis club is much stronger in the infield this year than last. Gleason was very weak at short stop and his place has been filled by McGarr. Manager Comiskey is another Anson, and has the reputation of getting more work out of the men than all the other Association managers put together, and thus the club can be depended upon to make a brilliant showing. The Brooklyn managers have worked very hard to get together a championship team, and the material they secured from the Metropolitan club is indeed excellent. In Mays and Holbert they have a powerful battery. Besides Holbert, though a trifle off, they have secured a fine pitcher, and his tracks and signs go to win many a game. Orr has proved himself a tower of strength at first base, besides being a strong batter, and Radford and O'Brien need no introduction to lovers of baseball. The former is a veteran, and the latter, though but little more than a credit to his position, is a fielding, batting and base running line last year which was positively brilliant. Of the three players secured from the

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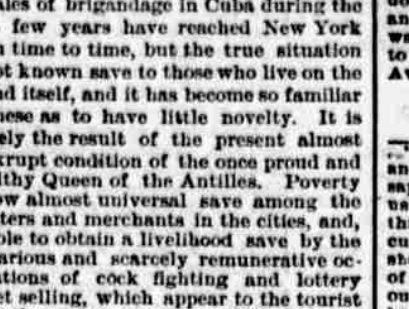
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