

**THE TRUTH ABOUT MOROCCO; AN
INDICTMENT OF THE POLICY OF THE
BRITISH FOREIGN OFFICE
WITH REGARD TO THE ANGLO-FRENCH
AGREEMENT, WITH A PREFACE BY R. B.
CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649725670

The Truth About Morocco; An Indictment of the Policy of the British Foreign Office with
Regard to the Anglo-French Agreement, with a Preface by R. B. Cunninghame Graham by M.
Aflalo & R. B. Cunninghame Graham

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in
any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented,
including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval
system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box
1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent,
re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or
binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition
including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

M. AFLALO & R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

**THE TRUTH ABOUT MOROCCO; AN
INDICTMENT OF THE POLICY OF THE
BRITISH FOREIGN OFFICE
WITH REGARD TO THE ANGLO-FRENCH
AGREEMENT, WITH A PREFACE BY R. B.
CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM**

"THE truth is that incapacity at the Foreign Office is a national calamity of the first magnitude. It can neither be criticised or let alone without grave injury to national interests."

The Times, May 21, 1891.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH CONVENTION

"THE last agreement is that with France. I am not less glad than you are that an agreement has been brought about with France, but I am compelled as an old Foreign Secretary to look a little more closely at the bargain than you do. No one can exceed me in sympathy with the object that the Government has in view in concluding that bargain. I will not discuss it now. Perhaps I will not discuss it at all, because on the whole it is better not to debate matters as between nations which are sealed and closed. I will say, however, two things about it, if they be the only two things that I ever say about it. And they are these, that no more one-sided agreement was ever concluded between two Powers at peace with each other. I hope and trust, but I hope and trust rather than believe, that the power which holds Gibraltar may never have cause to regret having handed Morocco over to a great military Power."—*Speech of Lord Rosebery at the meeting of the Liberal League at Queen's Hall, June 10th, 1904.*

THE TRUTH ABOUT MOROCCO

AN INDICTMENT OF THE POLICY
OF THE BRITISH FOREIGN OF-
FICE WITH REGARD TO THE
ANGLO-FRENCH AGREEMENT

BY

M. AFLALO

COMENDADOR ORDINARIO DE LA REAL
ORDEN DE ISABEL LA CATÓLICA

WITH A PREFACE BY

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

JOHN LANE · THE BODLEY HEAD
LONDON & NEW YORK · MDCCCIV

114-4

DT
317
A25



794499

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co.,
London & Edinburgh

P R E F A C E

It is delightful nowadays to read a book written by one who knows his subject well. In general men get up their knowledge of a country out of handbooks, or by swapping brains with other tourists, as if by rubbing two damp sticks together one could expect a blaze.

There is, of course, another way—more admirable, but possibly as ineffective—that is, to travel for a month in the doomed land of which you are to write, and then, by virtue of Bismillah, Rahat-la-Koum, Mashallah, and an oath or two in Arabic, in Turkish, or Urdu, and plentifully bedewing every page with yes and no, translated to the idiom of the country that you have travelled in, so to daub on local colour that your work appears a page torn from the note-book of a dragoman and printed holus-bolus to make people stare. Then with due puff preliminary, and interviews, in which you tell your favourite recreations and religious views to the expectant public, you wait with confidence the announcement in the papers (sent to them by yourself) that

Preface

Mr. Philip Greenup is employed upon a monumental work treating of San Marino or Andorra, in which he deals with the folk-lore, topography, geology, the marriage customs, state of trade, both foreign and interior ; the history, laws, and architecture of that but little visited and interesting land, in his inimitable style. You publish on a royalty of three per cent., arrange for good reviews, send copies to the chief crowned heads of Europe, and get the President of the United States to puff you in true knickerbocker style, are made an X.Y.Z., a member of the league of travelling showmen on the make ; then a fond public buys your work by thousands, and declares it is the very book they would themselves have written had they only had the time.

Clubs, circulating and free libraries, gentlemen's book-rooms, and the be-dusted over table of the smoking-room in country houses, on which lie "Handley Cross," "Ruff's Guide," and "Silk and Scarlet," with last week's *Field* and *Land and Water*, all possess your work.

The Press declares that England's heart is sound, and that the Empire is securely founded on a rock, and all is well with it, as long as men such as yourself, who write so tersely, with so much wit and humour (the words are interchangeable to the reviewer) and yet in such a manly vein, without a single unclean or unhealthy line, even

Preface

when dealing with the marriage customs of the strange land in which you have so freely ventured, taking your life into your hand as we may say, still grow on every hedge.

This book, to which I, the unworthy prefacemonger, prefix my most unnecessary page, being myself a unit of the Hallelujah Band of the swinked tourists to whom I have referred, is of another sort. By language, and by blood, the author is attached both to the land and to the people about whom he writes. Nor has he lacked the great essential opportunity without which so many of us pass our days, watching our lives slip past as noiselessly and with as little record of their passage through the spheres, as a snake roused when basking in the sun leaves on the features of a rock.

Sprung from a family which has given already several devoted servants to the Moorish Court, the author, as it were by divine right, became the English agent of the Sultan Mulai-el-Hassan, holding the office for ten years.

A trusted agent, and speaking Arabic as easily as English, he enjoyed chances of seeing the interior workings of the Moorish Court perhaps more fully than has any other man not born a Moor.

The confidence reposed in him by the late Sultan was not withdrawn after his death, and in

Preface

the life of Ibn Moussa, the last great Minister whom the Moors have had, he still remained a loyal servant of the Moorish Court.

During this time he did good service both to Morocco and to the Europeans settled there.

He was not one of those to whom the ruin of almost the last of the once powerful Mahommedan kingdoms of North Africa is due. No one can point the finger at him, and twit him with having dumped grand pianos and motor-cars, balloons and diving-bells, with hansom cabs, state coaches, and electric launches by the score upon the prince who trusted him. The ruin of Morocco has been consummated in the main by Christian agents of various nationalities, who either have designedly and of set purpose pushed on the present Sultan to mad extravagance, or have not known how to restrain him with advice.

Our author sets forth in his book that, for his part, he rather would have had reform from the inside, and seen Morocco self-regenerate.

That he does so is not extraordinary when I remember how I met him first.

Walking along the sandy lanes which the inhabitants of Morocco city think are streets, in a dark alley between tall houses, over whose tops the sky seemed stretched like the velarium in a Roman amphitheatre, with dust on every side, the dust of refuse left to rot in the