

his; "Richard—my husband—we were married to-day, you know—and——"

Something heavy and black came between Horace and life for a few minutes. When it passed away, he straightened himself up out of the arms of the officious passenger, and stared about him, mind and memory coming back to him. The people around looked at him oddly. A brakeman brought him his overcoat, and he stood unresistingly while it was slipped on him. Then he turned away and started down the embankment.

"Hold on!" cried the officious passenger, excitedly; "we're getting up a testimonial——"

Horace did not hear it. How he found his way he never cared to recall; but the gas was dim in the city streets, and the fire was out

in his little lodging-house room when he came home; and his narrow white bed knows all that I cannot tell of his tears and his broken dreams.

"WALPOLE," said Judge Weeden, as he stood between the yawning doors of the office safe, one morning in June, "I observe that you have a private package here. Why do you not use the drawer of our—our late associate, Mr. Haskins? It is yours now, you know. I'll put your package in it." He poised the heavily sealed envelope in his hand. "Very odd *feeling* package, Walpole. Remarkably soft!" he said. "Well, bless me, it's none of my business, of course. Horace, how much you look like your father!"

H. C. Bunner.

DIARY OF AN AMERICAN GIRL IN CAIRO, DURING THE WAR OF 1882.

INTRODUCTORY LETTER.

FLUSHING, LONG ISLAND, April 4th, 1884.

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

DEAR SIR: My daughter has corrected the proof of her diary which you sent her.

At your request I add a few words of explanation, giving some general account of the circumstances under which the diary was written.

As you are perhaps aware, I was at that time, and had been for a dozen years, the Chief of the General Staff of the Khédive of Egypt. My duties at that critical period required me to be a part of the time in Alexandria and a part of the time in Cairo. On the 6th of July I took the evening train for Alexandria, expecting to return on the 8th. On the 8th I found it impossible to leave, as matters looked very threatening, and I could not telegraph for my family to leave Cairo without creating more panic. I felt that it was probable that the British Admiral would eventually bombard Alexandria, but I could not conceive that he could bombard an open sea-port after having proclaimed that he entered its harbor "as a friend,"—certainly not without giving such clear and timely notice that the thousands of Europeans residing in the interior cities (to whom no notice was given) would have opportunity to leave; for he and all the British authorities must have known perfectly well that the bombardment of Alexandria by any European fleet would cause the enraged inhabitants to work vengeance on all Europeans who might be in the country, of whatever nationality.

To my astonishment the notice of only *twenty-four hours* was given, and that notice was given late in the afternoon of the 9th of July, *after the departure from Cairo of the last train on that day for Alexandria*. At the same time the foreign war-ships and ships of refuge were advised to quit the harbor *at noon on the 10th!*

This barbarous disregard on the part of the British of the lives of citizens of all other nationalities caused me, as well as thousands of others, fearful anxiety, and caused the horrible death of scores of Europeans—French, Germans, Austrians, and Italians.

I was forced to decide in a moment the best course to pursue to secure the safety of my wife and daughters a hundred and twenty miles in the interior. There was no train to leave Cairo until 8 o'clock A. M. on the 10th, and that train would be due at Alexandria at 3 o'clock P. M., three hours after the departure of the ships of refuge. I felt that four ladies struggling in a railway station for a place, in the midst of a crowd of panic-stricken Europeans, would have but small chance; and even should they succeed in securing places in the railway carriages, it was more than probable that they would be turned out at some point of the road to make place for soldiers on their way to the threatened city.

Even could they reach Alexandria, the ships would not be there to receive them, and I could find no place of safety for them in a town about to be bombarded. I hastened to the telegraph office and sent a dispatch to the senior officer of the Staff at Cairo, informing him that the British were about to act, that I remained at my post, and confided my family to the honor of the Staff. It was a desperate situation, but my decision proved to have been the correct one; for the families that left Cairo by the 8 A. M. train of the 10th arrived too late to get on board the ships, and were subjected to the horrors of the bombardment.

The following morning I placed my son on board the *Lancaster* frigate, and with a heart full of the deepest anxiety went about my duty near the Khédive, with as calm and cheerful a countenance as was possible.

During the day of the 9th of July, the palace of Ras-el-Tin was thronged with European officials of high grade. Even after the announcement of bombardment the English Consul-General, the English Postmaster-General (of Egypt), the English Collector of Customs, and the high functionaries of the various administrations were quietly eating their dinners and suppers in the city they were about to bombard, and jokingly discussing the probable effect of the heavy gun practice, apparently not thinking of or caring for the women and children of nationalities other than British in the interior. All British subjects had been carefully sent away.

On the 10th only five Western officials remained around the Khédive in his palace— one American and four Italians. One of these was myself; another, an Italian rear-admiral; another, the physician to His High-

ness; another, his secretary; the other, his master of the ceremonies. These five, with a few Turkish, Armenian, and Egyptian officers and officials, formed the little court of the Khédive through the scenes of the bombardment and the three days following, during which the palace of Ramleh was surrounded by troops sent to burn it and shoot down all who should attempt to escape.

Then came the British occupation of Alexandria, and the campaign against Arabi. During this campaign I did all of which I was capable to aid the allies of the Khédive; well knowing that while such was my duty, yet the performance of that duty, day by day, and act by act, must necessarily add to the dangers clustering around my family in their isolation. In my position every act was, of course, well known and conspicuous to the enemies of the Khédive.

This situation continued for my family and myself until the 8th day of August, when I had the happiness of receiving them on board the *Dakalieh* at Port Said.

This happy result was due principally to the prompt decision of Commander Whitehead, United States Navy, who, not fearing to take upon himself responsibility when an American family was in danger, promptly acceded to my request to enter the Suez canal, and at Ismailia to demand of the authorities at Cairo that the family should be brought there and delivered to him on the deck of the U. S. ship *Quinnebaug*.

Means were taken to cause information of his resolve to reach the ears of Arabi, and he acted before being subjected to a demand in the name of the U. S. Government.

Had Admiral Seymour given even forty-eight hours' notice of his intention to bombard, he and his Government would have been spared the frightful responsibility which now weighs upon them of causing the horrible death of European men, women, and children, who perished miserably in the interior, and of hundreds of Egyptian women and children who perished in the bombardment and in the panic flight from the hastily bombarded town.

During the so-called "massacre" of June 11th, 1882, in Alexandria, European men were struck down by the infuriated populace, but not a woman or child was injured. During the Christian bombardment of Alexandria scores of Egyptian women and children perished, and their husbands, brothers, and fathers wreaked vengeance, a little later, on the innocent and helpless Europeans at Tantah and Mehallat-el-Kebir.

Very truly yours,

CHARLES P. STONE,
Lieut.-General.

Cairo, July 6th, 1882.—This has been a day of excitement, and mamma looks pale and tired, in spite of her efforts to bear up bravely. This morning papa announced his intention of going by the evening train to Alexandria, and proposed taking Johnny with him. I saw a pained look in mamma's eyes, and knew she would suffer much from the separation from her dear boy, even for two days only, as proposed; but he looked so wistful and longing when she asked him if he would like to go that she gave her consent. I wish she had not. I think that perhaps she would have decided differently, if he had not come to her as she was packing his traveling-satchel, and said, with an affectionate gesture, "If you need me, 'marmee,' or would be happier to have me stay, I shall be much better pleased to be with you." That settled it; and with great tears dropping on his linen, she went on with the packing.

Since the massacre of last month in Alexandria mamma has been terribly anxious when papa has been called there; but as his service requires him to be there to-morrow, there is nothing left us but silent endurance and hope.

I had a wretched foreboding all day that some unhappiness was in store for us. The constant coming and going of the staff-officers, the pale faces of mamma and sister, and the alarming telegrams, all conspired to make me nervous and unhappy.

At about five o'clock I left my chamber, thinking I would go and try to comfort mamma. I met her maid in the corridor, who told me she was in her chamber, reading.

Sister was with Todas Santas in the morning-room, and papa and Johnny in his cabinet (directly under mamma's room), with a staff-officer, examining a new rifle. While the maid was still speaking there came from below a loud report. I staggered back a few steps, and just then papa and Johnny came dashing upstairs, exclaiming, "Where is your mother?" I pointed to the chamber door, and followed them in. Mamma was sitting before her toilet-table, her book fallen from her hands, her hair covered with plaster from the ceiling, and a great hole a few inches from her feet, where a bullet had pierced the heavy Persian carpet. The bullet had gone up and buried itself in the ceiling overhead, bringing down a shower of plastering. The rifle had gone off while papa was handling it!

Papa and Johnny left for Alexandria by the 6 p. m. train.

July 7th.—Telegram from Johnny saying, "All well."

July 8th.—Letter from papa. He thinks that Admiral Seymour will finally bombard Alexandria; and that if he cannot find a pretext he will make one. Mamma had an interview with some of the staff-officers, and they say that Arabi will betray the Khédive; that he is determined to rule Egypt, and whatever the Khédive may say or do, Arabi will try to put him aside, even should it mean assassination.

July 9th.—No news from Alexandria.

July 10th.—After passing an anxious day we were startled by having the card of Ali Pacha Cherif (a cousin of the Khédive) brought to the drawing-room. We thought

he was with His Highness in Alexandria, and felt instantly that he was the bearer of bad news. He came in his *costume de voyage*, covered with dust, and looking very much agitated. He said: "Madam, I bring you news from Stone Pacha. Admiral Seymour has given notice that he will bombard Alexandria to-morrow. The Khédive has left the palace of Ras-el-Tin, and gone to Ramleh [which is a few miles east of Alexandria, on the shores of the Mediterranean]. We had only twenty-four hours' notice in which to escape from the city. The Christians have fled to the ships. The Mussulmans are scattered over the country trying to find safety. Stone Pacha desired me to say that he is with the Khédive at the palace of Ramleh, and your son John Bey is at sea, about ten miles out on the flag-ship *Lancaster*. The English threaten to keep up the bombardment twelve hours. After it is over the Pacha will return to the Hôtel d'Europe, and your son may return after a few days."

There is great excitement in the city of Cairo. The Arab women are going through the streets to-night wailing and covering their heads with dust.

July 11th.—The staff-officers came to the house in great numbers to-day to tell us there is no danger for us. The bombardment is said to have ceased at sunset to-day. Official telegrams state that several fine buildings were destroyed, all the forts silenced, and large numbers of Egyptian soldiers killed. Some of the English ships were struck, and report says many English were killed and wounded.

Mamma tried to send a telegram to papa, but failed, as all the European employees, both here and at Alexandria, have fled, and we must wait until they can be replaced by the Egyptian operators who were turned out when the English took charge of the telegraph department; so they say. Neither can we send letters, as the post-office department is also in confusion; however, that will soon be regulated.

Mamma came to the desperate determination of sending our faithful Oster Mohammed to Alexandria with a letter to papa, asking him to send Johnny home, and imploring him to give her definite instructions as to what we shall do.

The panic is simply frightful. The trains going to Port Saïd and Suez are crowded. I thought all the Christians had gone in the panic following the massacre; but I suppose these now going are the poor *ouvriers*, who hoped to stay on. The different foreign governments are paying their passage to some safe port. Mamma has ordered Mohammed to go to the Hôtel d'Europe, and if papa is

not there to seek him at the Ramleh palace; and we expect him back to-morrow evening, as the express trains are stopped, and he must take any accommodation he can get. We felt very sad when we parted with the faithful creature; he has been with us for nearly thirteen years, and loves us better than he does himself. When he bade mamma good-bye he said, "My lady, I will find the Pacha if I live; and if he orders me to go to Johnny Bey, I shall go if I have to fight every step of the way." We trust him implicitly. Oh! if papa would only tell us to go, we might reach some safe spot. But, alas! Johnny is separated from us, and every hour that we must remain increases the danger of trying to escape. The railway stations are crowded with infuriated natives who insult Christians, and I hardly believe we could get permission to have a staff-officer accompany us, as these officers are already suspected of wishing ill to the "Arabi party." Mamma has busied herself all day in putting our clothes, or some of them, into trunks, hoping papa will tell us what to do.

July 12th.—Officers have been running in and out all day, bringing the wildest reports that are flying about the city. They say it would be extremely perilous for us to attempt to escape; at any rate, we must abide by papa's decision. Some of the staff-officers applied for a guard for our house, and two policemen were sent to stand at our gate; but to-day mamma demanded that papa's two orderlies from the War Department should be stationed in the garden, near the door.

They came, and we feel safer; for two finer, braver men never lived. They came to mamma to thank her for having applied for them. They said: "We never had a friend until Stone Pacha came to Egypt. He took us from poverty and wretchedness, and made us what we are, happy, well-fed, well-dressed men, with our families living in comfort. We swear by the heads of our dear children, by the bread that we have eaten, and better than all, by the Prophet, that no harm shall come to the Pacha's wife and children until we lie dead on your door-step."

We feel safer, but we long to have news of papa and our dear boy. I wish Mohammed would come; we thought surely he would be here this afternoon, as mamma ordered him to return by the first train after communicating with papa. Poor mamma! She ordered several nice dishes from our dinner to be kept warm, saying with a hopeful voice, "You know, girls, my boy will be ravenous after his journey." I wonder how she can even hope he will come.

It is nearly midnight. Sister is pacing up

and down her chamber, waiting. As I look from my window, I see the four armed men looking like statues in the moonlight, and two faithful servants sleeping on the graveled walk before the door.

July 13th.—Mohammed returned about two o'clock this morning, and brought a letter from papa, but, alas! not Johnny boy. He had a frightful journey down and back. The train was crowded with horses and munitions of war going down, and with wretched fugitives coming back. He was twelve hours *en route* to Alexandria, and found papa at midnight at the Hôtel d'Europe.

The next morning papa took Mohammed with him to see the forts. Many were utterly demolished, and he saw several dead soldiers still lying under the great cannon. They visited the hospital. It must have been a heart-rending sight; the wounded were lying on the bare stone floors, covered with blood and dust, gasping for water, and some dying for want of proper care, as there were only three doctors there. Oh, how could Arabi bring such misery on his country! Why did he not make some preparation for the sick and wounded? He evidently knows nothing of war, although he boasts of his patriotism, and makes such desperate threats against all foreign powers.

Papa's letter was only a few lines, telling us what we knew before, that Johnny was safe on the *Lancaster*, giving a short description of the bombardment, and thanking her for sending him clothing, but unable to give us a hint, under the circumstances, as to what we were to do, for while he was writing *the bombardment recommenced*.

I watched mamma's face as she read the letter. When I saw the tightly compressed lips, the despairing gesture with which she handed it to sister, saying, "Read it to the children, Hettie," I knew we were in a "bad fix," as Johnny says. We all crept off to our rooms without speaking, without even looking each other in the face. I knew positively that mamma would never leave Cairo without papa's orders; and he, knowing the danger of Christian ladies traveling alone, cannot yet advise us to leave.

Alexandria is in flames; the soldiers and low class of Arabs are pillaging and plundering, and Arabi is encamped near Ramleh.

This morning, after breakfast, mamma called us all to her, and said: "My children, we are in great trouble, but we must look it bravely in the face, and try to help each other to bear it. Papa has a good reason, of course, for leaving us here; he may rescue us yet; only we may have to undergo great suffering in the meantime. You know he left me

money enough only for a few days' expenses. That is all gone, and I must use your little store; I shall be forced to exercise great economy, as it will last but a short time. Now, I want you to promise me to be patient, to be cheerful, and always brave. Go on with your studies, keep always busy, and trust to me to save you, if it is possible, when the worst comes. We have fire-arms enough in the house to defend ourselves until we can get help from the staff-officers; and if they fail us, you can be brave and face death like good soldiers. Only promise me never to let an Arab touch you. When it comes to that, remember I expect you to save yourselves by putting a bullet through your heart. Don't leave me to do it."

We all kissed her, and gave our sacred promise to do all she required; then we all went to our different duties. Johnny is safe, thank God!

We went out driving this afternoon, taking an orderly on the box with the coachman; but even he could not prevent our being insulted in words, and we shall in future be forced to remain in the house. That will be hard to bear in this hot weather; but we must be cheerful and patient, as we promised this morning.

The streets are crowded with wretched Arabs from Alexandria. They are the worst-looking people I ever saw—filthy, degraded women, and fierce, brutal men. We hear that the chief of police is almost desperate about having them pouring into the city in such numbers. What to do with them is the question. They left the trains shouting, "We have come to teach you Cairenes how to kill Christians;" and they are sleeping on their bundles of dirty rags on the sidewalks to-night.

July 14th.—Terrible news from Alexandria. The Khédive, they say, had all his preparations made to come to Cairo, where he might be with his people, and try to stop the English from taking the country. The royal train was ready and waiting for him, when the palace was surrounded by soldiers sent by Arabi to massacre him and all the court! The Khédive sent to know the meaning of the movement. When the officers of the regiment came into his presence they said: "We have been sent here to fire the palace, and shoot every person who may attempt to leave it; but we cannot do it. We want to remain with Your Highness, and guard you." They all swore fidelity to him, but advised him to fly to the palace of Ras-el-Tin, in Alexandria, and call upon the English to protect him, as Arabi was determined to take his life. Then there was a scene of

confusion—a general rush for the carriages. Those who could get none went on foot, the soldiers escorting them. They were fired upon by soldiers, or Bedouins, on the way. One carriage carrying four ladies of the court had a horse killed, and they were forced to make their way on foot through the sand and dust for two miles, in their delicate satin slippers and trained dresses. The sister of the vice-queen, Madame Daoud Pacha, who was dangerously ill, was carried on a mattress, and was so alarmed by the firing and confusion that she is in a dying condition. Not succeeding in their infamous designs, Arabi's troops went to the railway station and destroyed the beautiful railway carriages, smashing everything they could lay their hands upon.

The Khédive called upon the English admiral for protection, and is safe from Arabi; but oh!—God protect us!—we are in greater danger than ever, since the news has reached Cairo that General Stone remains faithful to the Khédive, even while he is with the English. We have no claim upon them now for protection. Even the staff-officers may desert us. Papa telegraphed them that he intrusted us to their honor; but at that time the Khédive was with his own people, and we were all in sympathy. Our dining-room servant was insolent to mamma at dinner to-day, and we heard him tell mamma's maid that "the Bashaw had gone over to the English."

Great excitement prevails in the city. All the horses are being seized for the service of the army, even the mules in the watering-carts. The dust on the streets is terrible. Sister ventured out to the chemist's this morning in the carriage, and to her horror found the horses seized by two policemen. She remonstrated, and they were on the point of taking her to the guard-house, when an officer rushed to the rescue, and explained to the policemen that the horses of officers were not yet to be taken.

The refugees from Alexandria are being quartered in the furniture magazines of the Khédive. Arabi has retreated to Kafr-Dowar, about fifteen miles from Alexandria. There is no hope of communicating with papa.

Midnight.—Sister has just left me. She came softly into my chamber an hour ago, followed by Todas, both looking like ghosts with their pale, frightened faces, and told me that she had been roused by a tapping at her window. She sprang up and found Mohammed standing below. He had thrown a handful of gravel to waken her, being afraid to call lest he should attract the attention of the policemen, whom he distrusts. His story is a terrible one. There has been a massacre of Chris-

tians at Tantah, a station on the railroad between Cairo and Alexandria. We have been sitting here shivering with horror for an hour, and finally determined not to tell mamma until to-morrow morning, as she gets so little sleep at the best.

July 15th.—This morning we heard that seven staff-officers had been ordered to Kafr-Dowar. They are all in a terrible strait. All their sympathies are with the Khédive, and they detest Arabi. But if they refuse to obey the orders of the Minister of War, they will doubtless be shot. Mamma advised them to go, and to take the first chance to escape to Alexandria.

Mamma sent Mohammed with them, telling him to try to get permission to go to Alexandria. She has written to papa imploring him to give her permission to leave, to send her money enough to get us to Palermo, and to send Johnny to join us there.

Several of the staff-officers have offered her as much money as she needs; but she invariably makes the same reply: "You know how much I thank you for your generous kindness, but I cannot leave Cairo until I have permission from the General."

We told her the news from Tantah, but she is firm, and will not leave until we can be sure of papa's approval. We have faithful friends in Moktar Bey, Omar Bey, Latif Bey, Sadic Bey, Abdul-Razak Effendi, and Ismail-Effendi Nazeem. All of them are staff-officers. Latif Bey has refused to serve Arabi, although he was offered the command of a regiment. All these officers have offered us refuge in their houses. They said to-day, "General Stone is the father of the staff; we will protect you with our lives."

Mamma says we must never show fear. As long as the people see that we are not afraid of them they will respect us. The instant we "show the white feather" our lives are not safe an hour. The officers are coming and going all day. Sometimes they are with us until eleven o'clock at night; and it is really amusing to see the wonder and admiration with which they regard mamma's courage.

Arabi says he will finish this war without calling upon the staff to help him. Bah! he is a fool; the staff are the only officers worth having in the Egyptian army, and he has already called seven of them. What is to become of us if the rest of them are called?

The Moudir of Tantah has called for a regiment to quell the infuriated populace.

Mamma read, as usual, to us to-night a chapter from the "Following of Christ"; and I seem still to hear her soft, low voice saying, "It is good for us now and then to have some troubles and adversities, for oftentimes they

make a man enter into himself, that he may know that he is in exile and may not place his hopes in anything of this world."

July 16th.— Nothing of importance has happened to-day. Moktar Bey left this morning with a thousand men for Damietta; but, as he is to return immediately, we do not feel much alarmed at his absence. Mamma is anxious about our health. The heat is very great. This morning she consulted with the orderlies, and they advised her to let us take a walk in the early morning before the Arabs are awake. They will accompany us; but we shall wait until the day after to-morrow, as Ramadan commences at sunset.

Ramadan is the thirty days of fasting and prayer kept by the Mussulmans every year. It is very hard on the poor creatures when it comes during the summer season, for they are forbidden to touch food or drink between sunrise and sunset. At sunset, when the evening gun is fired, they may eat and drink, and as often as they like during the night; but they suffer greatly through the long, hot summer days. Generally they carouse all night, and sleep a great part of the day. Therefore we may take our walk before they are stirring in the morning. Tradition says that Mohammed the Prophet prayed to God for help to make his followers humble, and that God sent the Archangel Gabriel to him, saying He required all Mohammedans to pray fifty times a day for thirty days, and during that time they were forbidden to touch food or drink from sunrise to sunset. Mohammed remonstrated, saying that his people were not strong enough to pray fifty times a day and fast all day; therefore they were ordered to pray five times and fast.

I think the Franciscan monks have left. The church doors are closed, and the bells have not been rung since last Sunday. I wish they had remained. I felt so ashamed when the English clergyman left, the first one of his flock, and it has been such a comfort to sit in my window and see the good fathers at their work in the garden; and the chime of the bells was sweet in my ears, reminding me that we were not the only Christians in this dreary, unhappy city.

Our baker has gone, and in future we shall have to eat Arab bread, as ours was the last European baker in the city. He told our cook the other day that he would escape in disguise, and perhaps he may, as he has been twenty-five years in the country, and speaks Arabic like a native.

July 17th.— Mohammed returned this morning. Alas! he did not reach Alexandria. When he arrived at Kafr-Dowar he went to an officer, and asked him if Stone Pacha was

there. The officer turned upon him with an oath, and told him that Stone Pacha had joined the English. "But, thank God," said he, "we paid him well for it; for we burned him to death in the Hôtel d'Europe, before we left Alexandria." Then he ordered Mohammed to return to Cairo, and told him that if Arabi caught him there he would be shot. Poor fellow! he was in an agony of distress. He dreaded coming back to us with such heart-breaking news, and was walking slowly back to the railroad when a soldier spoke to him. Mohammed asked him if it were true that Stone Pacha was killed, and the soldier said, with a shrug of his shoulders: "Perhaps, but I doubt it. I think the Bey you have been talking to only said that to torment you. However, if you value your life, go back to Cairo at once. If you will come with me, I will disguise you as a fellah; and you had better lie down in a cattle-car, and pretend to be sleeping when you see any one approaching."

So Mohammed went with him to his tent, put on a disgustingly soiled old galibeer, and hid himself in a cattle-car.

Mamma is evidently determined to show us how a brave woman can bear trouble. She must be suffering greatly at this moment, not knowing whether she is widowed and we are fatherless; yet the only change in her that I can see is a sort of "hunted-down" look in her eyes, and a sharp, fierce way of speaking, which is unusual to her.

This morning sister came to her and said that Ali and mamma's maid were closeted in the pantry, and that she had overheard them speaking disrespectfully of us, calling us "dogs of Christians," and threatening us. After a few minutes mamma called them to her in the morning-room, and even now, as I think of the interview, I tremble. She told them that they had proved themselves to be faithless wretches; that she had fed them for years, and been like a mother to them; and now, in the first moment of trouble, they had turned traitors to her. Then she told them they were mistaken in thinking they could frighten her. "There never lived the Arab," said she, "who could frighten me. No, not Arabi and all his troops can do it. Go to your work, you miserable cowards, and the first time you look insolent I will have you thrashed. Never dare to threaten me again until you are beyond my reach!"

I never saw creatures so completely cowed and frightened as they were. They went sneaking from the room, but begged, before leaving, to be allowed to kiss her hand. They didn't do it, however, and got a reply which must have burned their ears. This evening,

when the staff-officers heard of it, they shook their heads and said that mamma was imprudent; but she fired up, and told them that her position was a desperate one and required desperate measures.

They say that the report that papa was killed is false.

July 18th. — Sister, Todas, and I took a short walk early this morning. We were accompanied by the two orderlies. We went to the little English chapel, hoping to be able to get in and get some books from the library. We found the boab sleeping at the door, and having roused him, he opened it for us. I was astonished at seeing the orderlies follow us in, and more astonished when they took cushions from the seats, and placed them on the floor to kneel upon. I asked them, "Is it possible that you are going to pray in a Christian church?" "Why not, my lady?" said they. "We Mussulmans can pray anywhere. Do we not all pray to the same good God? Jesus Christ belongs more to us than He does to you. You call Him the Son of God, which He was not. He was a great Prophet, and we love and respect Him. We love His blessed mother, too, the Sitta Miriam."

We left them to their prayers, and went into the little library to get our books. When we reëntered the chapel we found the orderlies looking with great curiosity at the organ; and when I told them it was a "musica," they begged me to play for them. I sat down and played "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and when I told them how our dead President loved it, they begged me to play it again.

Todas says she never saw such a rapt expression on a face as was on theirs until the music ceased. Poor fellows! they are such fine brave men, and do so long to see us safe with papa. I wonder what Arabi and his creatures would have said could they have looked in and seen a young Christian girl playing sacred music to two armed Mussulmans in a Christian church.

Moktar Bey returned to-day. He says the whole country seems to have gone mad. He was called a Christian by a rich merchant of Damietta, because he denounced the war. There was a great meeting of the notables to-day, and Raouf Pacha, Ali Pacha Moubarek, and others were appointed to go to Alexandria and discuss the situation with the Khédive. I doubt Raouf Pacha's getting permission from Arabi to pass. He (Arabi) very much fears that people may know the truth; they must believe his story, and he will throw every obstacle in the way of their hearing any

other. Mamma is going to send a letter to papa by Raouf Pacha.

We are very fortunate in having a well-stocked store-room. Mamma says she can stand a siege of three months.

Ten more staff-officers have been called.

July 19th. — Our troubles are increasing. This morning Major Abdul Razak Effendi requested a private interview with mamma, which lasted nearly an hour. When he left she called us all to her, and told us that there had been a massacre of Europeans at Mehallet-el-Kebir; that two European officials of the cadastre had been killed, cut into small pieces, and carried about the town by a procession, while the dogs were fed with their flesh! The women made what they call "the cry of joy," and waved their handkerchiefs. The sheiks of the mosques saved several families by shutting them up in the mosques, and afterward concealing them in their houses; and one sheik saved a gentleman by shaving his head, putting him in *sais* costume, and letting him run in front of his horse to a place of safety, about ten kilomètres away. Many of the sheiks have behaved well thus far. One of them (Sheik Ibrahim) in Alexandria saved a large number of men on the 11th of June, by shutting them up in his mosque and guarding them until the riot was over.

Abdul Razak Effendi* says we must leave our house without delay, and advised mamma to prepare to go to-night to Omar Bey's house. He said we ought to get away without allowing our servants (except our Mohammed) to know where we are going. Shortly after he left, Omar Bey and Ismail Effendi came also to urge us to leave, and Omar Bey said that we would be safe in his house. Mamma said she would consider the matter, and give them an answer at sunset.

Then we had a regular *pow-wow* among ourselves. Mamma told each one of us to give the best advice she could, which made us very proud, so that we chattered like three magpies, while she sat and listened. Finally she said: "Well, girls, I will tell you what I think about it. It is all nonsense to suppose we could leave this house without our destination being known; for I have seen three men watching the house the last three nights past, and they will follow us. I shall not run away from my servants like a coward, and leave my house to be pillaged. Omar Bey's servants would betray us to their neighbors, and in case of trouble we should be caged there, and probably be the cause of ruin to his family. His house is situated in the old part of the city, where the air is foul, and we should be

* Major Abdul Razak Effendi was afterward promoted to the grade of Colonel in the staff, and was killed in battle, while serving on Baker Pacha's staff, near Teb.

deprived of the comforts to which we are accustomed. The result would be disastrous in every way. We would be prisoners in an old Arab house, out of spirits, out of health, and so miserable that it would soon be a mercy if the Arabs should come and cut our throats. I propose that we stay at home like brave women, and live like Christians as long as we can."

We always agree when mamma speaks, and at sunset she told the officers of her decision. They left us looking very unhappy.

Sister called me into the library to-night, telling me to walk softly and not to bring a light. She led me to the window and whispered to me to look through the shutters. I did so, and saw a man crouching behind the shrubbery in the garden, watching the door of the vestibule. We went out of the house by the back door to notify the men, and crept round to the lodge, where they were taking their supper; but they, in their surprise at seeing us appear there, made such a stir that the man took fright and escaped. He must have come over the wall from a neighboring garden, and I do not doubt that he had listened to all the conversation with the officers; but as this was carried on in French, perhaps he may not have understood it.

Papa has always told us never to be afraid of spies, for a man who descends to such mean work is so low that he cannot be fully believed even by those who employ him.

July 20th. — The boab of the Khédivial Geographical Society came to mamma this morning, and said that his uncle had been ordered to Kafr-Dowar, and would leave at noon. He said that if mamma would send a letter to papa by him, it would surely reach him, for his uncle's intention was to desert and make his way to Alexandria as soon as possible. Mamma wrote a short letter, telling papa not to be anxious, and trying to comfort him by making the best of everything. We never speak of Johnny boy to mamma. A few days after he left we were all coming down-stairs to dinner, and as we turned on the first landing we saw his old straw hat hanging on the hat-rack. The boab had found it in the garden and hung it there. We fled in different directions to have our cry out, and since that day we talk of him only when the staff-officers are here. Five of them were here to-day. They do not cease urging mamma to leave our house, and take refuge in their families; and she finds it difficult to explain to them why she prefers to remain at home. Sadic Bey says we had better have our clothes packed in small trunks, as there will be no question as to the danger of our remaining in Cairo after the English attack

Arabi, and the latter shall commence his retreat on Cairo. He intends to take us to Arabia with his family. We shall find it hard work traveling on camels in this hot weather.

The spy *did* understand our conversation, or at least enough of it to make trouble for us. Omar Bey was called to the War Department this morning, and told that he was reported as having talked treason in a certain house, and should it be repeated he would be put in irons in the citadel! We hear that several of the staff-officers have deserted Arabi, and arrived safely at Alexandria.

July 21st. — Our cook came to mamma to-day and begged her to discharge Ali, Fatmah, and the boab. He said they are all traitors to us, and he is afraid we will be poisoned by one of them. "I have been your servant for eight years," said he, "and it is my pride to serve you well; but I must leave you unless those servants are sent out of the house, and forbidden to enter your doors again. You know you are safe with me, but I don't trust those three, who have access to your dining-room; and should you be poisoned it would be my ruin. I will do Ali's work, and Mohammed will attend the door." He is a good, honest man, and I know papa trusts him perfectly. Poor mamma! she looks tired to death, and I know she hardly sleeps at all, for I frequently hear her walking about her chamber, when I wake in the night. I wish the English would hasten their preparations, and attack Arabi. He is growing stronger, and the people are beginning to believe it is a *holy war*. We do not receive much political news from Europe. I believe the Turks are fooling both England and Arabi; at any rate, Arabi says he is working under the Sultan's orders, and England seems to believe that Turkey will help her to restore order in Egypt. The Turks are cunning diplomatists; but I think it may end in Turkey's losing Egypt this time. Abdul Razak told us to-day that there are sixty Greeks left in Cairo, and they have all moved into a certain quarter of the city and are living together. They have put their houses in a state of defense, and only one-half of them ever leave at a time. They are all heavily armed, and have a signal for assembly in case of danger.

Every evening at about nine o'clock a band of children, led by a man, parade the streets crying, "Long live Arabi! God give him victory! Death to the Christians!" This evening they came and stood in front of our gate, crying, "Death to the Christians!" but the orderlies rushed out upon them with clubs, and frightened them well. Arabi's wife pays these children to do this, and they stand for an

hour at a time before her door, shouting like so many lunatics.

Mamma paid the three faithless servants, and sent them away at sunset. The two men were very sullen, but Fatmah cried, threw herself down at mamma's feet, and begged to stay; but mamma was firm, and Fatmah left the house in tears.

July 22d.—One officer after another has been here to-day, imploring us to leave our house; but mamma positively refused to do so. Then they begged her to keep the house closed and try to make the people believe we had gone. She only laughed at them, however. She insists that our only chance of safety lies in our courage; and at sunset she has every door and window opening to the front thrown wide open, and lamps lit in the rooms. At night, on retiring, we see that the ground floor is well barricaded; but on the floor above we sleep with all our windows open. We sit in the vestibule opening on the front balcony until eleven o'clock, with five lamps in the chandelier, the door and windows open, and mamma has had the piano moved in there. We receive the officers there, and talk freely about the events of the day; but I think it would puzzle a spy to make much of our conversation, as we have adopted the plan of speaking four languages at once. We do it in this way. One of the officers makes a remark in French, sister says a few words in Arabic, I go on in Italian, and mamma in English. Sometimes, when we get confused, we explain to each other in a low voice in French. All the officers speak French well, some a little Italian, and some of them English. They do not like sitting in a blaze of light, perfectly visible from the street; but mamma's word is law to them.

July 23d.—Mamma made an announcement at the breakfast-table this morning that fairly took our breath away. Our money will last only about a week longer! I don't know what she intends to do about it; but when Todas said to sister and me, "Don't fret, girls; 'mamma' will manage to have bread and beefsteaks for us every day, or I am a Dutchman, and she wont borrow the money for it either," my spirits rose, and I reproached myself for not having encouraged the dear mother, by saying we would not mind living on the stores in the magazine till the end of time. I often think of what Jo said in "Little Women," "I wonder what girls do who have not a good mother."

To-night Todas saw a man perched in a tree, looking in at a window, and she gave the alarm; but he scrambled down and ran like a deer. The orderlies fired at him, but he got away through Rousseau Bey's garden.

July 24th.—Mamma sent a letter to Arabi Pacha this morning, demanding papa's pay for the month of July! The officers looked at her in perfect amazement when she told them, and said: "Madam, you will not get a centime. How could you do such an imprudent thing?" She replied: "I shall get it, but I may have to go to Kafr-Dowar before I succeed." One of them said: "If all American women are like you, I would not like to go to war against your men."

Mamma had a note from one of the staff-officers at noon, stating that he and another had been called to Kafr-Dowar, and that they would call in the evening to consult her about it. When they came she was ready for them in every sense of the word. She demanded to know if they had come to tell her that they were going to Kafr-Dowar to *serve Arabi against their sovereign*. When they said, "We must go," she rose from her chair, and said that she was disappointed in them, that she had believed they were faithful to the Khédive, and would resign rather than serve against him.

"I am a woman," said she; "but rather than obey an order of Arabi Pacha that would compromise my husband's fidelity to the Khédive, I would let them kill me. You are not faithful soldiers. I cannot understand how you can go. I was not brought up to understand fidelity in this way."

"Madam," said one of them, "they would not accept my resignation; they would shoot me, and how would that help the Khédive or me?"

"It would not help the Khédive," said she sternly, "but it would save your honor!"

They were very much agitated, and said:

"His Highness will understand that we were forced to go when Arabi called for us."

"And," said she, "will you dare to face His Highness and give the same excuse that will be given by every traitor in Egypt?"

Then they swore to her that they would do everything in their power to save their honor. She said:

"When you shall have succeeded in that, you may return and tell me so!"

Raouf Pacha has gone to Kafr-Dowar, and has carried a letter to papa. He and Ali Pacha Moubarek may be said to be the representatives of the Khédivial party here. I hope they may be allowed to pass to Alexandria.

July 25th.—The two officers are gone. They will try to escape if possible.

The moudirs [governors of provinces] who have failed to raise troops for Arabi are being brought in and put in irons at the citadel.

Among them is our acquaintance Ibrahim* Bey Tewfik, who was formerly one of papa's staff-officers. He is very firm and a courageous loyalist. His beautiful little daughter is one of our schoolmates.

Mamma complained to the Prefect of Police yesterday about the band of children who parade the streets, and it has been forbidden for the future. I wonder how she dares to be so bold, but she says it is the best plan, and by the results I know she is right.

Since Fatmah left we have to do the chamber-work, and I find it helps to pass the time, though it certainly does not improve the appearance of our hands; and it makes me give up a half-hour of my music lesson. I never worked so hard in my life. Mamma is always on the watch, to see that we are not idle; and even when she reads or plays on the piano for us, we are not allowed to "hold our hands." I shall have linen under-clothing enough to last me until I am an old woman, if this lasts much longer.

How I shall enjoy being lazy by and by, if the Arabs do not kill us before the war is over!

We got a letter from papa this morning. It was brought into the lines by Monsieur de Lesseps' servant. Papa and Johnny are at Ras-el-Tin palace with the Khédive. They are very anxious about us, not having heard from us since Mohammed was at Alexandria on the 12th; though they had heard that he was afterward at Kafr-Dowar, trying to get through to them. Papa thanks mamma for being so brave, as was shown by her letter by Mohammed; tells her to keep up good courage, promising to rescue us. Johnny was a week on board the flag-ship, and saw all the bombardment. We have a cousin, who took care of Johnny. He is a midshipman, and one of the officers of the flag-ship told papa that he is one of the finest young men he ever met. So our Johnny boy was in good hands.

There was a great row in the garden today. The orderlies and Mohammed called the policemen idle, lazy vagabonds, and threatened to report them to the Prefect. The policemen were insolent, and it ended in the orderlies putting on their swords and marching them off to the guard-house. One of the policemen, seeing mamma on the balcony, shouted, "I am glad to go; I don't want to protect dogs of Christians." They will be severely punished, for the Prefect of Police is an inflexible officer, and I think he deserves the approbation of the civilized world for the way in which he has preserved order in Cairo. He is untiring in his vigilance; and, although

an Arabist, he will save his head, I hope, even if the English take Cairo while he is in charge. Not a Christian has been hurt here, not a house robbed, and he has even succeeded in sending all the Alexandrian ruffians out of town.

July 26th.—The two officers returned this morning from Kafr-Dowar, and came direct from the station to see and tell mamma. They were travel-stained and weary, but they would not go to their families until they had apprised mamma of their return. I believe they were sent for to make maps; and one, being in poor health, declined for that reason, and the other, having suffered from ophthalmia, declared the work impossible for him, so they were let off.

Arabi has sent an order for £50 on account of papa's pay, to be given to mamma! and he sent her many compliments!!

We take our walk every morning. It is like walking through an enchanted city of the fairy tales. In the whole European quarter there is not a house open excepting our own. Even the few Arab families who have houses in this quarter have left them and gone into the heart of the city, fearing that in case of pillage they might be killed.

All the staff-officers in Cairo were here this evening, and mamma read parts of papa's letter to them.

July 27th.—Major Abdul Razak came this morning to tell us that he and Ismail-Effendi Nazim have resolved to escape to Alexandria. They will not serve Arabi, and they expect every day to be called upon to do so. They are planning to get away the day after they receive their month's pay. They implored mamma to make an effort to go with them in disguise, but she says it would be madness to attempt it.

"How could I disguise myself as an Arab peasant woman with my yellow hair and blue eyes? And it would be almost as difficult with the girls. We would be killed before reaching Ismailia."

"Well, madam," said Abdul Razak, "you will be killed if you remain. Every hour the danger is increasing; and even if we should resolve to stay, it is more than possible that we could not reach you in time of danger. We must, for your sake, try to get to Alexandria as soon as possible, and find help for you."

"I will consult the officers before I decide," said mamma, and so the matter stands.

July 28th.—Mamma sent for all the officers this morning and held a "council of war." She told them that she was thinking of making an attempt to escape, and wanted their advice.

* This Ibrahim Bey Tewfik is the same who afterward made the heroic defense of Sinkat, and perished with all his troops, bravely fighting to the last in the name of the Khédive, rather than surrender.

They were absolutely horrified at the idea, and told her that it would be impossible, that a *rat* could not escape from Cairo. Mamma did not, of course, speak of Abdul Razak's plan, as it might have compromised him; but she told them that she was determined to make every effort in her power to reach Alexandria.

While she was speaking Abdul Razak and papa's interpreter came in, and the former said that after leaving us yesterday he went to the War Department and learned there that two of mamma's letters to papa had been captured and translated, to be sent to Arabi. They were taken from two men who had promised to take them safely to papa. Fortunately they contained nothing that could be disapproved of.

Nothing was decided this morning, but mamma says she has a plan which she thinks will succeed.

Sadic Bey's wife and daughters spent the evening with us, and of course we did not see the officers again, as they cannot enter a room where Mussulman women are unveiled. Madame Sadic begged us to come to her house and try to escape with them to Arabia; but mamma told her that she had determined to reach Alexandria if possible; that since she had received papa's letter saying he wished we were with him she had resolved to make every effort in her power. "If I fail," said she, "I will go with you."

We had a bad fright last night. Just about one o'clock sister heard a sharp rap at her door. She sprang out of bed and called to me. We soon roused mamma and Todas, and then we boldly demanded, "Who is there?" Then we heard Mohammed say, "I must speak to Madame." Mamma threw on her dressing-gown, and opened the door. She found Mohammed waiting to tell her that Moktar Bey had come to get a letter for papa, as Raouf Pacha had finally obtained permission to pass Kafr-Dowar and enter Alexandria, and would leave Cairo at day-break. We girls all crept back to bed again, and mamma wrote a few lines to papa. I know now by experience that I shall be terrified almost to death if the Arabs come to attack us in the night.

July 29th.—We have been busy packing all day. Mamma has written to Arabi asking permission to leave. She stated her reasons for wishing to go, and asked that a guard might be furnished her to Ismailia. The letter was sent to the War Department yesterday, and when the officers came here this morning mamma read a copy of it to them. They said it was perfectly useless to have sent it; but mamma replied that Americans

believe that what is worth having is worth asking for. Abdul Razak was here this afternoon, and said that there is to be a council at the War Department to-night, and Arabi has ordered mamma's letter to be read, and the advisability of letting her go discussed.

July 30th.—There was a frightful noise in the streets last night. All the population seemed to be shouting and beating tin pans. We soon heard that an English prisoner had been brought in, and the poor foolish citizens thought it was Admiral Seymour who had been captured!

To-day all papa's papers have been packed in good strong boxes. Mamma had the iron safe, containing his diaries for twelve years, broken open, and we hope to save them even should we be unable to take them with us. Some of the officers came to-day to tell us that when mamma's letter was read last night at the council a Pacha rose and said: "She must not be permitted to go. She is a dangerous woman to our cause. Her house has been a rendezvous for traitors, and she is kept well informed as to everything we do."

Mamma is beginning to show the strain upon her. She looked as though she were dying yesterday when she heard papa had been shot while reconnoitering the outposts from Alexandria. We did not believe it; yet such reports increase our anxiety. The officers begin to bring sorrowful faces to us. They say we will not be permitted to go, and we get almost distracted by the different counsels they offer—Sadic Bey urging us to fly to Arabia; Omar and Latif Beys, to go to their houses and disguise ourselves as women of the country; Abdul Razak and Ismail Nazim, to let them save us by flight through the desert to Port Saïd.

If we went to Arabia, mamma would break her heart in anxiety about papa and Johnny, and we have not money enough for such a journey. Sadic Bey replies that we would be his honored guests, and looks grieved when we give that as an excuse; but he cannot, of course, understand mamma's pride. I think I have already given our reasons for not taking refuge in the houses of the officers, and the wild project of escaping across the desert to Port Saïd is not to be thought of. We would be killed by the Bedouins. Surely we shall be able to decide upon something before the army begins to retreat toward Cairo, for we shall have no hope afterward.

July 31st.—No reply comes yet to mamma's letter. They evidently intend to hold on to us. Abdul Razak and Ismail Effendi are waiting to hear the decision before they attempt to escape. Their alarm for us increases day by day. They say that every

evening they see men watching the house. Abdul Razak has left his own house, and sleeps at night in one nearly opposite ours, whence he could reach us quickly.

Mamma has finally decided what to do in case her demand is refused. She intends to send for the leader of that band of Greeks and ask their protection. At the first signal of danger we will go to them with Mohammed and the orderlies. Mamma was very pale when she told us of her plan, and I knew it was simple desperation that had forced her to such a decision. "We must have a fixed plan," said she. "The staff-officers may not be able to save us, as two of them are resolved to escape, and the others may be called to the seat of war any day. These Greeks are desperate men, but they are brave. I think — indeed, I believe — they would give their lives to save us, and we have Mohammed and our brave orderlies. And now, girls, I am going to give you another shock. To-night, about nine o'clock, put on your hats and wraps. I am going to reconnoiter Cairo in the open carriage." I thought she had gone mad, and felt so sick and weak that I could not stand. She quietly remarked, however, "You need fresh air, and I am going to try the effect of it on you, young lady."

True enough, after dinner she ordered the open carriage, and we all followed her to the gate. The streets were in a blaze of gas-lights, and the lamps on the carriage threw their light directly on mamma's and sister's faces. The servants remonstrated, but it was useless. One of the orderlies mounted on the box beside the coachman, and away we went straight into the heart of the city, where thousands of Arabs were congregated on the sidewalks, eating, drinking, and smoking, after their day of fasting.

For once in our lives we created a sensation. Every man, woman, and child seemed petrified with astonishment on seeing four Christian ladies driving boldly through the streets at such a time.

We drove rapidly, as mamma said it would not do to leave them a moment in which to recover from their surprise, or we might be treated to a pistol-shot. We drove past nearly all the open-air cafés in Cairo, and only once heard a word spoken to us. One man cried after us, "*Affarum ya Nousranieh!*" i. e., "Bravo! you Christians!"

When we returned two officers were waiting at the door, and came to meet us. They were in despair about us, of course; but we were in such high spirits after our dare-devil drive, as they called it, that we only laughed at them.

August 1st.—We have had no answer from Arabi Pacha. Raouf Pacha is in Alexandria, and we hope much from his interview with papa. A man came this morning to say that he had come from Port Saïd, and that the American Consul there had told him to tell us that papa is working hard to rescue us.

We have had the wives of all the staff-officers here to-day. They cried, and drew such pictures of the treatment we would receive on the railway train, that I was glad to see them go away. Of course we cannot go, even should Arabi give us permission, unless he provides us with a guard.

We drove again this evening, taking a different direction, through the European quarter and across the Nile to Gezireh.

All our clothing is packed, and so are all papa's papers.

August 2d.—Raouf Pacha arrived here last night from Alexandria, and brought a letter and money from papa. When he passed through Kafr-Dowar, Arabi told him that we might leave, and he would furnish a guard.

It seems that Raouf Pacha told Arabi that we were going to be demanded by the commander of the United States ship *Quinnebaug*, in the name of the United States Government, and that this ship would be at Ismailia on the 4th. He advised Arabi to let us go, and Arabi sent instructions to the War Department to give us notice.

This morning His Excellency Yacoub Pacha, Under Minister of War to Arabi, came to see mamma. We girls were curious to hear what he had to say, so Todas and I hid behind a portière, whence we could see as well as hear. He is a fine-looking man, very graceful and dignified, but there was a stern expression on his face, and I thought mamma would have trouble with him; for she had said laughingly, when his card was brought in, "Girls, I am going to get a special train for you, and select my guard, and Arabi's government will pay for it."

It was an interesting interview. I never heard before so many complimentary speeches. One would have thought that he was the best friend that papa ever had, although we know quite the contrary; and mamma was equally eloquent and skillful in her part of the conversation.

Finally he said, with a charming smile, that Arabi had ordered a special train and a guard for us. "But madam," said he, "take no care on yourself about it, whatever; I will see that you reach Port Saïd, and your expenses will be our affair. I have telegraphed Monsieur de Lesseps to have a steam-boat ready for you at Ismailia."

He then said she might take as much bag-

gaze as she chose, and when she asked if it would be examined, he looked horrified at the very idea. Bravo! we shall be able to get papa's papers away.

Mamma asked if she might select her own guard and take three of her servants with her. He bowed, and said nothing could give him more pleasure than to gratify any request of hers. He then told mamma that it was reported in Alexandria that the English prisoner here was treated with the greatest cruelty, and he asked her if she would be so good as to visit the gentleman and talk with him freely. He said that he had given orders that everything should be done to make him comfortable, and he hoped that mamma would be satisfied with the treatment which the gentleman received. Mamma promised to go at four o'clock.

Moktar Bey accompanied him, and as he left the house he sent Moktar back to mamma to say that he feared she might have need of money on her arrival at Alexandria, and that he would be honored if she would permit him to place £500 or £1000 at her disposal. This offer was, of course, courteously declined.

At four o'clock Moktar Bey came to conduct mamma to the place where the prisoner is confined. I accompanied them, carrying several volumes of Dickens's, Thackeray's, and Lever's works. Arrived there, we found that the place looked like anything else than a prison. It was the school of the young Egyptian princes, a little palace in the center of a beautiful garden near Abdin palace. We entered a pretty reception-room, and a fair young English lad came forward, smiling, to meet us. He was the picture of youth and health, with all the surroundings of such luxury as can be seen in the Egyptian capital. The apartment that he occupies is that of the Khédive's eldest son, and his north-country clothing had been replaced by an elegant suit of white linen, much more suitable to the climate of Cairo in August.

Mamma laughingly told him that he looked to her more like a young English prince at home than a prisoner of war; and he replied that he was called the "guest of Arabi Pacha," and that he had only to express a wish for anything except liberty, and it was gratified if possible.

We remained with him an hour and a half in pleasant conversation, and mamma could find nothing in which to add to his comfort but some English books, a small addition to his wines, and a few drawing materials. Two young Egyptians who speak English remained constantly with him, and seemed to take pride in doing everything in their power to please

him. These young men followed us to our carriage, and promised to serve him faithfully.

August 3d.—Mamma wrote to the under minister to-day, thanking him for his kindness to the young gentleman, and urging upon him the duty of humanity. He replied, giving her his sacred promise that he should be carefully guarded from violence, and well cared for, and all her suggestions carried out.

Mamma called up a colonel who is under great obligations to papa, and who is devoted to Johnny, and charged him to watch over the young prisoner, and protect him as he would her son under the same circumstances, and obtained his promise.

Should he need any pecuniary assistance, this officer has orders to do all that is necessary, on papa's account.*

Abdul Razak and Ismaïl Effendi have been ordered to Tel-el-Kibir, a station on the railroad to Ismaïlia, and they will leave to-morrow morning. Abdul Razak has been appointed Chief-of-Staff of that department, and thus will have many opportunities of escape, which he will take advantage of. He and mamma have arranged that she is to consult papa, and if he approves, she is to send a letter to Abdul Razak, through the United States Consul at Port Saïd, which letter is to contain a certain expression, which will be the signal. He hopes to take twelve other staff-officers with him to Alexandria. We had all our books packed to-day in strong boxes (nearly two thousand books and pamphlets) and sent to Latif Bey's house. All our drawing-room and vestibule furniture has been stored in our friends' houses. Mohammed and our cook are going with us. When mamma said she would take only Mohammed with us, the other servants set up a cry of woe, and implored her not to leave them behind. They kissed the hem of her dress, and said they would go anywhere with her, and serve without wages, etc. Finally, mamma decided to take the cook with us, and pacified the others by explaining that they could serve us better by staying at home and preserving our property. She has paid them two months' wages in advance.

August 4th.—His Excellency Yacoub Pacha wrote mamma a beautiful letter to-day. I make an extract from it to show how desirous he is to please mamma, and to remind me always to be grateful to him, whatever may happen in future.

“À MADAME STONE PASHA.

Quant à votre maison, vos meubles et vos chevaux, nous veillerons à leur conservation; de même les

* The above description of our visit to the prisoner is taken from a letter which mamma wrote to his mother shortly after we reached Alexandria.

fourrages dûs aux chevaux de Son Excellence votre mari seront livrés chaque mois au Colonel Moktar Bey. Maintenant permettez-moi de vous déclarer, que, quoique je n'ai pas eu l'honneur de faire votre connaissance personnelle que lors de ma visite, je vous ai quitté plein de regrets sur votre départ. Veuillez la Providence que votre absence ne soit que de courte durée, afin que vous puissiez contempler souvent *mon* fils *Jean Bey*, lequel je n'ai pu voir qu'une seule fois à Alexandrie. Ainsi je vous prie de le contempler à ma place, et de l'embrasser une fois de plus pour moi.

Je termine en vous priant de vouloir bien être l'interprète de mes sentiments auprès de S. E. le Général Stone, et d'agréer mes salutations les plus empressées.

J'ai l'honneur d'être
le plus dévoué
le Sous-Ministre de la Guerre,
(cacheté) YACOB SAMY."

All the families of the officers have been here to-day to bid us good-bye. Crowds of idle Arabs have been hanging about the place all day, and the orderlies have been busy chasing them away.

Ismailia, August 5th.—We left our house this morning and drove to Kasr-el-Nil. His Excellency Yacoub Pacha had arranged that we should leave from that place, saying it would be more private than at the general railway station. When we arrived at the palace (which serves as ministry of war) we found His Excellency and a number of officers of high grade waiting to receive us. About five hundred officials and soldiers were standing in the court of the war office, and the great vestibule was crowded. Yacoub Pacha offered his arm to mamma, and we followed, each accompanied by an officer. We passed through the vestibule, when everybody made a low salaam, and entered the minister's reception-room. What a gorgeous saloon it is! Mamma told me afterward that it is a saloon where she has been received many times at the entertainments of the ex-Khédive Ismail. When we were seated His Excellency ordered sherbets, and turning to mamma said that our train was not quite ready, and in the meantime he would like to converse with her. They exchanged many compliments, and finally His Excellency arose, and, opening a desk, took from it several papers. These papers proved to be a confidential letter from Monsieur de Lesseps to Arabi, and two telegrams from Monsieur de Lesseps concerning the Suez Canal. These documents will no doubt form a part of the official publications, and it is not for me to estimate their importance.

Finally His Excellency folded up the papers and ordered coffee. After taking coffee, and another exchange of compliments, we went out to take our departure, followed by a crowd of soldiers. The final leave-taking was oriental and elaborate. We soon found ourselves going with great speed toward Ismai-

lia, accompanied by Moktar Bey, a guard of soldiers, our two orderlies, and our servants.

When we reached Tel-el-Kibir, Abdul Razak sprang into the carriage, and whispered: "Don't forget the signal. We are waiting."

When we arrived here to-day at three o'clock P. M. we found Monsieur de Lesseps's carriage waiting to convey us to a hotel, but he did not present himself.

We shall have to wait here two days for a steamer for Port Saïd.

We find that a fine sea-going steamer sent expressly and most graciously by His Highness the Khédive is awaiting our arrival at Port Saïd. I hope such grandeur will not make me too proud. However, I don't think anything is too grand for mamma.

August 6th.—We have had a tiresome day. We walked an hour through the deserted little town and went to look at the iron-clads on Lake Timsah. Moktar Bey and the orderlies are devoted to us; they long to escape with us; but, as one of the orderlies said to-night: "Madame's honor is concerned, and we must return to Cairo, even if we must die without seeing the Pacha." Moktar Bey has sworn on the Koran to return from Ismailia and bring back the soldiers with him.

August 7th.—This is weary waiting; we have had two telegrams from the United States Consul at Port Saïd to know when we are coming.

August 8th, night.—On board steamship *Dakalieh*. We left Ismailia this morning, and arrived at Port Saïd at two o'clock P. M. The United States Vice-Consul-General met us at the landing, and took us to this beautiful great ocean steamer *Dakalieh*, where, to our joy, we found papa waiting to surprise us! Johnny is at Ras-el-Tin palace, Alexandria. Papa left there the day before yesterday to come and search for us, having become uneasy by reason of the delay, and he left Johnny there to receive us, in case by chance we should cross each other on the way between Alexandria and Port Saïd. The telegraphic cable has not yet been laid down between the two ports, and Arabi has cut the wires of the land telegraph line.

Alexandria, August 9th.—We did not leave Port Saïd until ten o'clock last night, our anchor having been entangled with that of a Russian steamer. We had a delightful voyage, and I can now understand how glorious it must be to be a prince, and have at one's disposal a fine large steamer. As we neared Alexandria the captain hoisted the Pacha's pennant at the main to indicate that papa was on board, and the American flag at the

fore to inform the American sloop-of-war that the family was on board.

The British iron-clads at the entrance of the harbor exchanged salutes of flags with our ship; the United States corvette *Quinnebaug* did the same as we passed her; and as we got further in there was Johnny with some staff-officers in one of the Khédive's barges, on the watch for us. As soon as we dropped anchor, a little steam-launch from the *Quinnebaug* came alongside with the compliments of Captain Whitehead, to take us ashore, where we found a carriage sent by His Highness to the arsenal wharf to await us.

Oh! what joy to be safe, and all together again. We are temporarily established in an exquisite little palace belonging to Baron de Menasce, the United States Consul here, which was kindly placed at our disposal. His family is absent in Europe, and the palace was partly pillaged after the bombardment; but the

place is beautiful still, and enough furniture was spared by the pillagers to make us very comfortable. It was very pleasant on entering this refuge to pass under the shield of the United States, which is beautifully painted over the door-way.

August 11th.—Admiral Seymour and several high English officials called to-day to congratulate mamma on her escape, and to thank her for what they termed her kindness to the young English midshipman in Cairo.

August 22d.—Immediately after our arrival here, papa submitted to His Highness the plan for giving signal to Abdul Razak, and His Highness having approved it, the letter was sent. Now we have had the satisfaction of seeing the result, for Abdul Razak and several staff-officers with him have safely arrived here, and have been received by the Khédive.

Fanny Stone.

THE PEOPLE'S VOICE.

FIRST NIGHT.

HOARSE with their cries of rage,
Brandishing torch and blade,
They beat on the gates of the prison cage,
"Is this for what our prisons are made?
Bring the murderer out!"
Like wild beasts they shout,
"Blood is of blood the only wage;
Throw him out! Throw him down,
Or we sack the town!
'Twere but justice for him,
Were he torn limb from limb!
Prate not to us about his age!
'A boy?' Let him not then live to be
man!
We will stamp out the murderers' breed if
we can!
'His mother?' Ay, he whom he killed
Had mother! Let justice be filled!
A life for a life! Bring him out!"
Like wild beasts they shout,
And beat on the walls, and climb, and tear,
And with cries like demons' fill the air,
And shots ring quick, and the streets run
red,
And men, right and left, are falling dead,
And the mob goes surging through the
town,
"Give the murderer up, then! Throw him
down,
Heed what the voice of the people has
said!"

SECOND NIGHT.

Lurid the fire shoots out,
Window, and roof, and door,
A thousand voices despairing shout,
As it leaps from floor to floor.
"Good God! that boy on the window sill!
Don't leap, brave lad! You can cling if you
will!"
High above all the din and rout,
Shrieks, and screams, and whistles, and bells,
And seething smoke like the mouths of hells,
Rises shrill and clear the crowd's loud call
To the cowering lad, "Hold fast! Don't fall!
You will be saved, beyond a doubt.
The ladders are coming! Look! They are here!
God bless you, boy; bless you! Keep cool!
Don't fear!
He's saved!" Hark, what cheers! They
deafen the air,
"Hurrah! Hand him down now to us, to
bear!"
On a hundred arms upstretched as one,
The boy like a helpless babe is borne.
"He is safe! Thank God!" they shout, they
cry,
Their voices break; not an eye is dry.
The fire rages on; the house must fall,—
Fortunes are buried beneath that wall!
And rich men's losses mean dearer bread;
But the crowd never thought of that at all,—
"The boy is safe!" was all they said.

Helen Jackson (H. H.).

napkin to appear upon her table twice without being laundered. Napkin-rings are banished to the nursery, where they should always have remained.'

Now, no one can deny that a napkin fresh and crisp from the laundry is a daintier object than one that has lost its first freshness, even if clasped by the prettiest of rings. If one has plenty of servants and plenty of napkins, this is without doubt exceedingly pleasant advice to follow. But what if we were to do a little sum in multiplication? The average family is said to consist of five members.

$$5 \times 3 \times 7 = 105.$$

In round numbers, nine dozen napkins a week for a family of five.

Mesdames, who write for the papers, and tell us what must and what must not be done, you may not believe it, but there are women who aspire to living handsomely and daintily, if not elegantly, who have pretty, well-kept houses, and daintily appointed tables, yet who never had nine dozen napkins at once in all their lives, and never expect to have. What shall they do about it? Perhaps as an alternative they would better dispense with napkins altogether, as those stately and dignified dames, our venerated foremothers, did! Elegance and even neatness are terms hard to define. Latitude and longitude have a great deal to do with them. The Japanese lady lifts her almond eyes and laughs with mocking disdain at the Western barbarians who actually wash napkins and handkerchiefs that they may use them a second time. She uses her pretty trifle once and burns it.

This is a very trifling matter? Yes; and if it stood alone, it would not be worth mentioning. But a pound of feathers is just as heavy as a pound of lead. Let those who can afford to indulge their dainty tastes do so, and be thankful. But when it becomes a matter of choice between three fresh napkins a day—or anything else that may stand as their equivalent—and the new book, or the longed-for picture, the leisure to breathe the fresh air and enjoy the June roses, or to take the children out in the wide pastures and watch the changeful lights and shadows on the mountain sides,—then what shall be said about it? It is over-anxiety about matters like these that comes between the soul of many a woman and that higher, calmer, sweeter life for which she really yearns.

It is really true of the great middle class that are scattered all over our land, from Maine to Florida, from Massachusetts to Oregon, that they cannot have this and that. They are shut out from many, indeed from most, of the advantages of great cities. They do not have picture galleries, museums, and public libraries, nor the stimulus of busy, magnetic crowds.

But they may have—they may absorb into their own beings—the strength of the hills and of the sea, the calm of the plains, the peace of the sky, the patience of the earth, that lies waiting through all the wintry hours, assured that seed-time and harvest shall not fail. They may secure time to read and to think. They may pluck the roses of content.

Shall they lose all these in a vain attempt to grasp, not the best things of a far different life, but some of its merest externals, thus adding to all their cares and labors and getting nothing that is worth having in return?

Julia C. R. Dorr.

The Bombardment of Alexandria.

LETTER FROM A UNITED STATES NAVAL OFFICER.

THE CENTURY for June contains an extract from the diary of Miss Stone during the war in Egypt of 1882. The extract is preceded by an introductory letter from her father, Stone Pasha, which I think ought not to be accepted as final.

The Pasha's important position in the Egyptian army, held for so many years, his extensive knowledge of the country and its people, and his own character, combine to give his expressed opinion an almost overwhelming weight. This opinion involves serious charges against the British Government, as represented by its diplomatic and naval officers in Egypt, which, it seems to me, are merely stated and not proved.

I happened to be in Alexandria prior to and during the bombardment, and afterward was accredited to Lord Wolseley's staff as military and naval attaché. My own observations lead me to conclusions opposed to those advanced by Stone Pasha; and as no one else appears likely to question the accuracy of his *dictum*, I venture, very reluctantly, to suggest that the peculiar circumstances of the case may have caused him to say more than is, perhaps, capable of demonstration to others.

The newspapers, during the early part of July, 1882, may be cited as recording the almost universal belief that hostilities were certain to break out at Alexandria—the only difficulty being in fixing an exact date. The stampede of foreigners which followed the massacre of June 11 was largely due to this belief, and was encouraged by the British Government, which furnished free transportation as far as Malta to thousands of its citizens. The bombardment should, logically, have taken place immediately after the massacre. It was, however, delayed for a whole month. I submit that ample opportunity was afforded to all, who *really* desired it, to leave the country.

Furthermore, Stone Pasha is on record in his daughter's diary, under date of July 8th, as expecting Admiral Seymour to bombard Alexandria. Knowing as he did, to use the words of his introductory letter, that "the bombardment of Alexandria by any European fleet would cause the enraged inhabitants to work vengeance on all Europeans who might be in the country, of whatever nationality," his duty to his family seemed to me then, as it seems to me now, perfectly clear. He reached a solution of the problem in singularly full acquaintance with all the elements which entered into it. The responsibility was his own; nor can he now complain if the solution was fraught with discomfort and danger to those near and dear to him.

That a foreign squadron on a confessedly hostile mission should give the extended notice of bombardment, with its possibilities of aggressive preparation, urged by Stone Pasha, is a new doctrine. More notice than the technical twenty-four or the actual forty hours (according to the introductory letter) was, however, practically given to Stone Pasha. On the 6th of July Admiral Seymour sent the following letter to the Military Governor of Alexandria:

"I have the honor to inform your Excellency that it has been officially reported to me that yesterday two

or more additional guns were mounted on the sea defenses, and that other warlike preparations are being made on the northern face of Alexandria against the squadron under my command. Under the circumstances, I have to notify your Excellency that unless such proceedings be discontinued, or if, having been discontinued, they should be renewed, it will become my duty to open fire on the works in course of construction."

In view of his position at court, Stone Pasha could not have been ignorant of this letter, nor of the certainty that its menace would be followed by energetic action, even if the correspondence had been confidential. Yet he postponed bringing his family within reach of the American fleet, where they would have been gladly welcomed; and even after the *ultimatum* was issued, while there was still time for them to take the train from Cairo on the 10th, he decided that the discomfort of a crowded train was more to be dreaded than the dangers he describes as the inevitable sequence of a bombardment. An efficient escort might surely have been found among the members of his staff to whose loyalty he and his family bear such willing testimony.

The objection that the ships of refuge were to quit the harbor three hours before the arrival of the train in Alexandria is not worthy of Stone Pasha. My own vessel, for instance, moved on July 10th from a mile and a half inside the end of the breakwater to a like distance outside, where, except that the pull in a man-of-war's boat would have been longer by three miles, the refuge was precisely as accessible on that day as the day previous.

The complaint that "all British subjects had been carefully sent away" implies what I am sorry to say is but too true—that other governments are less solicitous than the British for the welfare of their citizens. The statement is at once a compliment to Great Britain and a reproach to other nations.

In view of what I have already said, I cannot perceive that the extension from forty to forty-eight hours of the notice to bombard would have caused people to leave Egypt who had already made up their minds to accept the risk of staying in any event; nor, *passim*, do I think that it can be shown that hundreds of Egyptian women and children "perished in the bombardment and in the panic flight from the hastily bombarded town," as Stone Pasha states.

The history of June 11, 1882, has not been written as yet, but those who witnessed the events of that day, and escaped with their lives, will find difficulty in recalling with composure that they only beheld a *so-called massacre*.

I know that care was taken on July 11 to spare the town as far as was possible. I was myself surprised at the small extent of the damage it sustained, and I venture to think that trustworthy returns would not bear out the Pasha's statement that, "during the Christian bombardment of Alexandria, scores of Egyptian women and children perished"; while I am sure that by none would such a fact have been more deplored than by the people in the attacking fleet.

If I have made it appear at least open to discussion whether or no the British were guilty of "barbarous disregard . . . of the lives of citizens of all other nationalities," etc., and have shown that the bombard-

ment did not take place, as it were, *on the sly*, I shall need no other apology for this tax upon your time and patience.

Very truly yours,

C. F. Goodrich,
Lieut.-Commander U. S. N.

A Sign of the Times in Lexicography.*

THE chief merit of the "New English Dictionary on Historical Principles" is suggested by its title—it is the first thoroughly systematic and exhaustive *history* ever attempted of the words of a language. The principle upon which it is based is, of course, not new. The idea that lexicography is at bottom history, and demands historical accuracy and completeness, is conspicuous in Grimm and Littré, and, in fact, lies at the basis of every great modern lexicon. But the task of accumulating all the facts which constitute the history of words is so vast, incompleteness is apparently so inevitable, and it is so much easier to analyze and pass judgment upon contemporary or classical usage than to show by what steps it was reached, that even Littré, the greatest of modern lexicographers, virtually abandoned the purely historical field. To have highly resolved to realize the historical idea in all its fullness, and to have carried that resolve into successful execution, is the great merit of the Philological Society and of Dr. Murray. Their dictionary breathes a new atmosphere and is animated by a new spirit. With its great rivals, Littré and Grimm, one feels that the language—the French or German—of the present forms a limit up to which the past leads, but beyond which it does not point. "Contemporary usage," says Littré (preface), "is the first and principal object of a dictionary." The prime value of the word-history of the past is, he thinks, to establish the usage of the present; and this present usage seems, for him, to have in it a certain completeness, ultimateness, and sacredness. But the "New Dictionary" lifts us over this barrier, and shows us that present usage is only an imaginary section of the great stream of linguistic changes flowing toward us from the past and away into the future. It places us upon the summit of philosophic history, for which past, present, and future are more or less arbitrary divisions of one comprehensive view. Of the scholarship, toil, self-sacrifice, genius, by which this summit has been reached, it is unnecessary to speak.

This broad, philosophic view of its theme gives to the Philological Society's work a significance beyond that which belongs to it within its special province. It marks the movement of another department of thought into line with those sciences which have surrendered themselves wholly to the scientific spirit of the age; which recognize truth as existing in fact alone, and in the *whole* fact, and have turned resolutely away from individual inspiration, feeling, preference, to impersonal observation, analysis, and induction. How far at least English lexicography has hitherto been from this position, every one knows. Johnson's dictionary is hardly more a work of *science* than is "Sar-

*A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles, founded mainly on the materials collected by the Philological Society. Edited by James A. H. Murray, LL. D., President of the Philological Society, with the assistance of many scholars and men of science. PART I. A-ANT. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. New York: Macmillan & Co.

Among the direct or indirect gains of this kind for us have been the whaling grounds of the north-east and the fisheries of Behring Strait, a region rendered safe by the voyage and charts of the *Vincennes*, the explorations of the Coast Survey, and latest by the *Corwin* and the Signal Service. Alaska is now attracting immigration; but its shores seemed forbidding in the extreme before the surveys of Rodgers and the trial observations of Dall and others were charted for the guidance of the mariner. The increasing returns to the Government and to the merchant from the fur seal and the otter have shown the wisdom of the purchase.

Still higher results are associated with the hydrography of the great oceans; the observations needed for the further knowledge of the laws governing the origin and the course of storms; and magnetism, with its relation to the compass, the telegraph, and the telephone. "We shall never accurately know," says the President of our own Geographical Society, "the laws of aerial and oceanic currents, unless we know more about what takes place in the Arctic Circle."

Such research was made the special object of the stations at Point Barrow and Fort Conger. The chief of the Signal Service had justly reported that "the study of the weather maps of England and America cannot be fully prosecuted without filling up the blank of the Arctic region"; and among the results to be expected from the colony at Lady Franklin Bay, the act making the appropriations recited "a more accurate knowledge of the conditions which govern the origin and paths of the storms, the descent of polar waves of unusual cold, and *uncertain movements in the Atlantic*." The instructions of the Signal Service and the Coast Survey have now been carried out by continuous observations at Ooglamie during two years, and at Lady Franklin Bay for a yet longer period. A casual inspection, courteously permitted, of Ray's reports warrants an expectation of results of much practical value. They include, among many points of interest, long-continued observations of the temperature of the earth at great depths, and of the waters on the shores of the great ocean, with hourly observations of the magnetic force and dip, a reverse of the usual experience of these being observed in the increased force and dip at Ooglamie during the *morning* hours and a decrease in the afternoon. Ray's magnetic work, discussed by Mr. C. A. Schott of the Coast and Geodetic survey,—the same officer who discussed Kane's and Hayes's,—will form Appendix 13 of the Coast Survey report of 1882; the whole work at Ooglamie making a full quarto volume.

Of the labors of the party at Fort Conger it were premature to speak as yet with fullness; but enough has been reported by Lieut. Greely to warrant the expectation at the Signal Office that the observations and the topographical work of Lockwood at this point, north of other expeditions, will develop themselves, when reduced, with a completeness and scope in advance of what has ever been attained before. The party were well housed for more than two summers, and were supplied with instruments such as neither Kane nor Hayes could in their day secure. When Ray's and Greely's observations shall have been placed with those received from the other thirteen stations of the Arctic, they will form a full link in the series of

synchronous observations thus carried on for the first time around the northern zone.

If such investigations are worth pursuing, if the existing relations between all branches of science and between the individual facts of each be admitted, Arctic exploration will not be soon abandoned—not until the problems referred to are fully solved. Let such as henceforth go to the ice zones depend on native help more largely than in the past; two Esquimaux to every three or four white men, at least. Natives alone can provide sustenance in the extremities of want; they alone improvise the snow hut and capture the seal and the walrus. They saved Hall and the party of Tyson's ice-floe; they would have saved Franklin, and I believe would have preserved the Greely party also.

J. E. Nourse.

The Bombardment of Alexandria.

REJOINDER BY STONE PASHA.

FLUSHING, L. I., August, 1884.

I HAVE read in THE CENTURY for August an open letter signed "C. F. Goodrich, Lieutenant-Commander U. S. N.," in which he discusses a letter of my own that appeared in the June CENTURY as an introduction to the "Diary of an American Girl in Cairo during the War of 1882."

Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich, over his official signature as an officer of the United States Navy, comes into print, "very reluctantly," to prevent the evil which might result from the promulgation of my opinion expressed in the introductory letter above referred to, *because*, as he writes, "this opinion involves serious charges against the British Government, as represented by its diplomatic and naval officers in Egypt." He says his observations lead him "to conclusions opposed to those advanced by Stone Pasha."

If the gallant officer finds it his duty, or his pleasure, to make himself, over his official signature as an officer of the United States Navy, the defender of the proceedings of the British Government in Egypt, it is no affair of mine. It is a matter for his own intelligence and taste to decide. But if in the discharge of his self-imposed duty he permits himself to make an utterly unprovoked attack upon me, who never attacked him, if he permits himself to misquote my written words and to misstate facts in reference to my own personal action in the management of my family, then he makes his paper my business. These things he has permitted himself to do.

He commences his open letter by giving several good reasons why my opinions should be respected. Then he gives the reasons why his own opinions should be respected. These latter are, to use his own words, as follows: "I happened to be in Alexandria prior to and during the bombardment, and afterward was accredited to Lord Wolseley's staff as military and naval *attaché*."

I was aware that he was, for a few days *prior* to the bombardment, on board a man-of-war in the harbor of Alexandria; but I seriously doubt his having been, *during* the bombardment, either in Alexandria or even in its harbor. He was, I believe, and his own letter would seem to indicate it, outside the bombard-

ing fleet during that time, and he can know only by hearsay what occurred in the bombarded town. Shortly after the bombardment, I think, the ship to which he was attached left the harbor of Alexandria for Europe, and it was not until a late day in the campaign of Tel-el-Kebir that he returned to Egypt to join General Sir Garnet Wolseley as American *attaché* to the British staff. There all his associations were with the British, and never with the people of the country. His total residence in Egypt in 1882 could hardly have been three months, and his sources of information were almost purely British.

Commander Goodrich expresses the opinion that "the bombardment should, logically, have taken place immediately after" the occurrences of June 11, 1882. See how widely we differ. My deliberate opinion is that had the guns of the British fleet bombarded Alexandria immediately after June 11, 1882, Egyptians to the number of many hundreds would have perished in addition to the hundreds who perished on that day; and that Europeans, many thousands in number, would have perished in Alexandria and in the interior of the country. The Egyptian story of that day, June 11, 1882, has never yet been told in print; or, at least, I have never seen it in print; but a careful reading of the British Government papers, in the Blue Book, will give one some indication of what the feeling was. Had not cool heads then prevented hasty action on the part of the British fleet, frightful disaster would, in my opinion, have followed.

His attack on me for not doing what *then seemed to him*, and now seems to *him*, my duty to my family, while it appears to me, in the words used, far to exceed in arrogance and rudeness the limits of gentlemanly discussion, hardly requires a serious answer from me, since he himself furnishes the answer. He knew nothing of any peculiar circumstances which might exist in my family in Cairo, whom he at that time, I think, had never seen. He knew nothing of my peculiar official responsibilities to the sovereign and Government of Egypt; he knew nothing of any special negotiations going on at the Court of the Khédive; while I, as he himself writes, "reached a solution of the problem in singularly full acquaintance with all the elements which entered into it." I thought that I was fully acquainted with all the elements which entered into the problem, a problem of vast importance to me, for it was *my* family whose welfare was at stake, and not that of Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich; and I probably gave more serious thought to it each hour than that gallant officer has in all his life. Knowing, as I did, the letter of the British Admiral addressed to the military commander of Alexandria, which Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich quotes; knowing, as I did, the answer to that letter, which he *does not* quote; knowing the action taken by the diplomatic agents of European powers other than the British; knowing some of the diplomatic steps taken by the Ottoman Sultan (possibly the archives of the Department of State of the United States may contain valuable information on the subject); knowing that many thousands of Europeans were still in the interior, among them French, German, and Italian employees of the Egyptian civil administration *under the direction of British chiefs of administration*, not then gathered together and brought to a place of safety (the chiefs,

it is true, were all on the coast and ready to embark);—knowing all this, and much more, while believing from the actions of the British Admiral that he would finally bombard the forts and batteries of Alexandria, making a pretext if he could not find one, *unless prevented by mediation* or other action of foreign powers,—which seemed to me more than possible, from some proceedings which were known to me,—yet I could not conceive it possible he would proclaim bombardment on so short notice that it would be impossible to transfer to the coast the mass of foreign residents in the interior. Notice which would have been sufficient for the thousands of others, would have been more than sufficient for me. On the other hand, had I, the senior general officer in the service of the Khédive, *prematurely* ordered the flight of my family, I, whose duty it was to do all for his service, would have created a panic which could not have failed at that time seriously to complicate the negotiations. If the Lieutenant-Commander cannot understand how a sense of duty to a government one is serving in a military capacity, can weigh upon one, I am sure that most of his comrades in the United States navy can do so, and that most of my old comrades of the army can.

Forty-eight hours from any *noon* would have sufficed to bring the mass of Europeans to the sea-coast; twenty-four hours' notice given at an *evening hour*, after the departure of the six o'clock train, was mere mockery. The difference was between *one* regular train, starting to arrive late, and *eight* regular trains, starting in time to arrive in season. Had forty-eight hours from the *noon* of any day been given, *eight thousand* Europeans might have been, and would have been, transported to a place of safety before the commencement of fire. Had forty-eight hours' notice been given, there would have been no massacre of European men, women, and children at Tantah or Calioub; and the brave French and Italian inspectors with their families at Mehallet-el-Kebir could have been with their English chief in safety on board a ship of refuge, instead of being left to the fate of having their quivering flesh thrown to the dogs in the streets!

The flimsy argument that any preparation during an extra twenty-four hours in the batteries of Alexandria might have endangered the chances of the splendid iron-clad fleet of Great Britain is an insult to the British navy. Not only this, but the documents published in the British Blue Book prove that the Egyptian Government, far from making new and formidable preparations during the twenty-four hours allowed, formally offered, in order to induce the British Admiral to abstain from bombardment, to dismount three of the guns then in position.

Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich states that Stone Pasha advances a new doctrine in reference to giving delay in bombardment for the purpose of allowing the escape of neutrals. I think not. And if I were the first to enunciate a principle like this, that in civilized warfare neutrals in the position of the Europeans then in Egypt, no war having been declared, should not be subjected to unnecessary danger, I would be neither afraid nor ashamed to declare and defend the doctrine on sound principles of the law of nations and the existing laws of war.

Public opinion in England has gone much further than I in this matter when *another* nation was the

actor in bombardment. Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich is too young to remember, but he may have read, what a storm of denunciation was poured out by the English press when an American fleet and an American army gave formal notice of bombardment to a walled city with a supporting castle, some thirty-seven years and more ago. In that case active war had been going on for nearly a year, and the investment of the place had been going on for more than ten days; and the only Europeans, neutrals, who could be endangered were those actually within the place itself, from which they could have come out on the appearance of the investing force or at any time during the investment. If the delay allowed in that instance was, according to British opinion, too short for a civilized army and navy to grant, what must one say of the shorter time accorded at Alexandria, where war had not even been declared, and where the danger of the neutrals, who were perhaps a hundred fold more numerous, was so fearfully aggravated? It is true that in the case of Vera Cruz the attacking force was American, and not English, and that circumstance may make a very considerable difference in the judgment of some.

Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich permits himself strangely to misstate my letter in one point, when he writes that I "decided that the discomfort of a crowded train was more to be dreaded than the dangers he [I] describes as the inevitable sequence of a bombardment." What I did write is, as can be seen in *THE CENTURY* for June:

"I felt that four ladies struggling in a railway station for place, in the midst of a crowd of panic-stricken Europeans, would have but small chance; and even should they succeed in securing places in the railway carriages, it was more than probable that they would be turned out at some point of the road to make place for soldiers on their way to the threatened city."

This sentence conveys to my mind a horror which can hardly be compared to the "*discomfort of a crowded train.*" I imagine that almost any man, not excepting the Lieutenant-Commander, would have had, in the case of his own family, much the same feeling.

He makes the extraordinary statement that the ships of refuge, after leaving the harbor of Alexandria on the 10th of July, were, with the exception of a pull of three miles in a man-of-war's boats, "precisely as accessible as the day previous." If such was the case, how did it happen that, in fact, the European families which arrived by the train from Cairo on the afternoon of the 10th, failed to reach the ships of refuge? They arrived in Alexandria in safety, which to me was a cause of wonderment; but they could not, even by the offer of large sums of money, procure transportation from the shore to the ships. Notwithstanding the strenuous efforts made by them to do so, they were, the most of them, forced to remain in Alexandria throughout the bombardment and the scenes of conflagration and pillage which followed, during which time no prompt landing of marines or sailors was made to arrest either. I myself saw in the afternoon of the 11th some of those European ladies and children in the house where they had taken refuge, near the great square, and a shell from the fleet had burst in the court-yard of that house during their occupancy of it. I saw them rescued from the fire after they had been defended by brave

Frenchmen from outrage and pillage, and I hope that the family of no one who may read these lines may ever be in so pitiable a condition. These were the fortunate ones, who were finally rescued. Of the others, perhaps the less said of the manner of their going out the better. These were some of the occupants of "the crowded train," which the Lieutenant-Commander professes to think I should have caused my family to take.

As for the slur cast by the Lieutenant-Commander on the governments of all other nations excepting that of Great Britain, that they are less solicitous than it for the welfare of their citizens, I can say that in the case of Alexandria in July, 1882, it is unmerited. America, Austria, Greece, Italy, Russia, and Spain, as well as France, all sent ships of war to afford protection, and all who had large numbers of their nationality in the country sent transports to carry their citizens to a place of safety. The four United States ships of war received all American citizens who presented themselves, and the admiral and the commanders of the three corvettes made place on their ships for many of other nationalities. But sufficient time, by official notice to the representatives of the foreign powers, *was not given* by the British authorities. It is idle to try to make it appear that it was.

Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich states that he does not think it can be shown that hundreds of Egyptian women and children perished in the bombardment, and in the panic-flight from the hastily bombarded town, "as Stone Pasha states." I think that it can and will be shown.

He states that the history of June 11, 1882, has not been written as yet. Here we agree perfectly, if he means by his words a correct and impartial history. A strong endeavor has been made, however, by British writers to forestall that history. When the true history shall be written, it may not appear to the world as it has while only one side has had speech and pen.

He states that care was taken on July 11 to spare the town as much as possible. I have no doubt that such orders were given, and have no more doubt that the commanders of the British war-vessels generally did their best to comply with such orders as far as they could, while carrying out their orders to destroy the batteries. But as the town lay behind the batteries, and as accurate fire from a floating gun is not possible when there is any sea or swell, and as the guns used were among the heaviest and most powerful known, it was impossible that the town should not suffer very considerably. And it did so. When projectiles weighing a ton or thereabouts happen to pass through a dwelling-house, they often cause loss of life and limb; and the British shells of July 11 were no exceptions to the general rule. When Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich returned to Alexandria after the bombardment, many houses which had been struck by shells had afterward been burned down; and he could not judge fairly of what the shell-practice had done before the conflagration.

I passed through the town late in the afternoon of the day of bombardment, and was noted as well as was practicable the effect of the shot upon it. Considering the number of shells which had fallen in the town, I was surprised that greater damage had not been caused. This small damage resulted from the fact

that a large number of the heaviest shells did not explode. At daybreak on the following morning I visited the barracks and the batteries on the north side, observed their condition and that of the men occupying them, and took reports as to the number of killed in each one.

I next visited the hospitals, examined, conversed with, and counted the wounded, did all in my power to have them cared for, and then went to the Prefecture of Police, where I received reports of the cases of death among the citizens which had been reported there. That day I saw the momentary renewal of bombardment, and saw the commencement of the panic-flight from the city. Crowds of women of all classes of society were rushing forth into the open country outside, the greater number carrying each a small child and conducting other children; these, with old men who had hardly strength and activity to make their way, and young, strong, and fierce men, carrying, some of them, what they could of their household goods or of plunder, made up a scene which one would never wish to see again.

It was from such personal observations, and from the reports received the following morning of what had been the scenes of starvation, exposure, and outrage during the night, and from trustworthy reports of what happened later on, that I formed the opinion expressed in my letter, that "hundreds of Egyptian women and children perished in the bombardment and in the panic-flight" which accompanied and followed it. I now repeat the statement, and am quite sure that it will never be overthrown by the results of impartial investigation. If it could be proved that less suffering and destruction of life occurred among those unfortunate people, I should be quite as well pleased as any one.

Charles P. Stone.

COMMENT ON COMMANDER GOODRICH'S LETTER, BY THE
COMMANDER OF THE *GALENA*.

IN THE CENTURY for August Lieutenant-Commander (now Commander) Goodrich, U. S. N., replies to a letter of Stone Pasha published in THE CENTURY for June, regarding events in Egypt in 1882. In so doing he has himself fallen into errors, both directly and by implication, which I take the liberty of pointing out; this I do without hesitation, knowing that Commander Goodrich desires to be severely accurate in his statements.

Stone Pasha speaks of the event which took place at Alexandria on the 11th of June as "the so-called 'massacre.'" Commander Goodrich speaks of it in one place as "the massacre," and in another place he says: "Those who witnessed the events of that day, and escaped with their lives, will find difficulty in reading with composure that they only beheld a so-called massacre."

I had the misfortune to witness a part of the affair, and I prefer to speak of it as a riot, for reasons which will appear later. In alluding to this event, Commander Goodrich says: "The bombardment should, logically, have taken place immediately after the massacre." I find it difficult, not to say impossible, to understand the "logic" of this statement. The facts of the matter as then known are these: The British

fleet entered the harbor of Alexandria on a professedly friendly mission. During its presence there a disturbance took place between the Egyptians and foreigners, in which about sixty foreigners and a far greater number of Egyptians were killed. For some hours the Egyptian authorities seemed to take no steps to put down the disturbance, but finally the troops were called out and order was restored. And, furthermore, order was maintained in the city from that date until the bombardment, a month later, in spite of the threat to "open fire" made July 6. It was thought at that time that this riot was premeditated, but a cool investigation showed that it was entirely accidental. Such being the case, the "logic" of a bombardment by a foreign fleet on a friendly mission is not apparent.

It should not be forgotten in speaking of this "riot" that the Egyptians had no weapons but "donkey sticks" and such fragments of chairs and tables as they could secure in the cafés and shops they had "looted," while the foreigners had fire-arms, and from balconies and windows in perfect safety shot down their opponents. This accounts for the much larger number of Egyptians killed. One needs, too, to know the character of a large majority of the (nominal) foreigners in Alexandria at that time to appreciate the situation, and then there is no difficulty in understanding why Stone Pasha speaks of the event as "the so-called 'massacre'" (of foreigners).

Again, Commander Goodrich says it is true "that other governments are less solicitous than the British for the welfare of their citizens." This may be true as an abstract proposition, but I do not think the events of those days prove it, and I turn to official records for my reasons. I find that on the day of the "riot" there were in the harbor of Alexandria the following men-of-war, leaving out the British, which were there on a mission: French, *La Glassonière*, *Alma*, *Frobin*, *Aspic*, and *La Hirondelle*; Greek, *Le Roi George* and *Hellas*; Turkish, *Is Iddin*; Egyptian, *Mahomet Ali* and *Maheusa*; American, *Galena*. Later, the French sent the *Thetis* and the immense transports *Sarthe* and *Corrèze* for the express purpose of transporting French citizens to a place of safety. It will interest Commander Goodrich to know that these two great vessels were taken from "ordinary," manned, provisioned, and dispatched from Toulon within twenty-four hours of the receipt of the order from Paris — a feat, I believe, unequaled in naval annals.

The Greeks sent a large transport, which made regular trips, carrying refugees. The Italians sent the *Castelfidardo* and *Stafetta*; the Germans, the *Habicht*; the Dutch, the *Manix*; Austria, the *Loudon*; Russia, the *Asia* and —; Spain, a large iron-clad (the name of which, like that of the second Russian, is not given); and America, the *Lancaster* and *Quinnmebaug*. In fact, only one maritime power — Sweden-Norway — was not represented by a national vessel. All hastened to send assistance as soon as it was known that the mission of the British fleet had changed from peace to war. The following quotations from official reports will probably be sufficient, with what I have said, to establish my point:

" . . . As all (Americans) have been repeatedly warned to seek safety, . . . it will be their own fault if harm overtakes them." This on June 20-

Again, on the same date: "The only decided indication of further difficulties . . . is the earnest way in which the English, French, Italians, and Greeks are sending their subjects out of the country." If I am correctly informed, Commander Goodrich did not reach Alexandria until some days after this date, and, therefore, must have taken his information of previous events at second hand.

O. A. Batcheller.

The Original "Ned Myers."

THE interesting account, in your June number, of the "Sailors' Snug Harbor," recalls an incident of forty years ago which may be worth repeating. It was my lot to reside for a few years on the charming heights of New Brighton, Staten Island, facing the quiet "Kill von Kull," and about half a mile from the "Snug Harbor." It was one of my amusements in idle hours to visit that institution, to look at the workshop, to purchase from the "old salts" newly made canes, baskets, or a miniature ship full-rigged, and to listen to garrulous "yarns" told by these superannuated seamen. I became very well acquainted with a comparatively young and but slightly disabled sailor, who, from his quick intelligence, was placed in charge of the reading-room of the institution. During the summer of 1843 he told me of his recent correspondence with a great American novelist. Hearing or reading somewhere of James Fenimore Cooper, and of his many writings, the sailor was induced to address a letter of some two or three lines to that gentleman, the purport of which was to inquire "if he was the same James Fenimore Cooper who once plunged into the water and saved the life of his youthful shipmate, Ned Myers." The question brought a very long and full reply from Mr. Cooper, which Myers showed to me, and which recounted many of the incidents of their former life at sea. In a postscript of, perhaps, not more than a single line in length, the writer said that "he had no recollection of the particular circumstance referred to, but that he was the same J. F. C." In the winter of 1843 I missed Ned from the reading-room, and learned from another sailor who succeeded to Myers's place, Knight by name, that he had gone away for a time. The next spring developed the fact that he had accepted an invitation from Mr. Cooper to pass the winter with him at Cooperstown, where the long evenings were spent, on Ned's side, in living over again his strangely adventurous life, and, on Mr. Cooper's side, in "taking notes." The result was, in no long time, the issue of Mr. Cooper's interesting tale of "Ned Myers," of which the proceeds went entirely to Ned. Further than this, the novelist obtained for his *quondam* shipmate, from the Government (Mr. Tyler being presi-

dent), an excellent appointment in the Navy Yard at Brooklyn, N. Y. I remember the great pleasure with which the sailor related to me the story of his agreeable visit to Cooperstown and the happy result of his little chance letter of inquiry.

Benj. B. Griswold.

CARROLL, BALTIMORE CO., MD.

Dr. Sevier: A Protest.

THIS is intended as a protest, conservative and respectful, to all concerned, but a very earnest one, against a passage in Mr. Cable's "Dr. Sevier." On the 603d page in the August number of THE CENTURY, Mr. Cable, evidently speaking in his own person, says, as he beholds the Northern soldiery marshaling in the streets of New York: "Go marching on, saviors of the Union; your cause is just. Lo, now, since nigh twenty-five years have passed, we of the South can say it." It is a matter of profound regret and disappointment to some of "us of the South" to hear that Mr. Cable, whose course as a Southern writer we have watched with so much interest, can say to the North, "Your cause was a just one." But no one can challenge his right to utter his personal convictions on this point. But we do feel aggrieved when Mr. Cable utters this same conviction or confession in behalf of the Southern people. It is firmly believed that the South, the best of it, holds, with regard to the righteousness of its cause, the same position now that it held in those stormy days. Twenty-five years is a very short time, indeed, to convince those who believed they were patriots that in fact they were rebels; and if it be true, as Mr. Cable says, that we are ready to confess that the Northern cause was a just one, then history utters a fearful prophecy with regard to our future. It is entirely possible for us to maintain still, not that we were *sincere*, but that we were *right*, and yet to make part of a strong and harmonious Government. But for the national mind so soon to abandon that which it so firmly held, does not mean enlightenment, but weakness, and would tend to produce, not a firm and homogeneous people for the whole country, but a figure like the image in Nebuchadnezzar's dream, part of iron and part of clay.

Very respectfully,

Malcolm McKay.

GRIFFIN, GA., August 5, 1884.

IN this department of THE CENTURY for August, in the notice of "Miss Ludington's Sister," through an inadvertence, the author's name was printed as E. W. Bellamy, the name of another writer. The book was written by Edward Bellamy, whose short stories in this magazine some of our readers will remember.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

THERE is no rule for beauty; this enables every man to have a little better-looking wife than any of his neighbors.

I DON'T expect to please everybody. I don't know as I would if I could, for I don't think anybody but a fool could do it.

THE last thing a man doubts is his judgment, when it ought to be the first thing he is suspicious of.