

A BYSTANDER'S NOTES OF A MASSACRE

THE SLAUGHTER OF ARMENIANS IN CONSTANTINOPLE

By Yvan Troshine

THE month of August is always an interesting period to the inhabitants of Constantinople. The anniversary of the accession of Sultan Abd ul Hamid II. falls on the 31st of that month. During weeks before the day, preparations for so joyous a celebration occupy the thoughts and deplete the purses of all who would stand well with the Government of Turkey. Ammunition factories run at full time manufacturing the fireworks which shall beautify heaven and earth in honor of the event. Officials of the Department of Justice laboriously collect beforehand the names of criminals who have completed two-thirds of their allotted duration, in order that on the auspicious day they may be let loose to add, in return for pardon, their effective prayers to the chorus which shall then ascend for the long life of the sovereign. Local newspapers give columns to the gracious deeds of His Majesty and the epithets with which they express their surprise thereat. Princes of the blood royal, pashas of all degrees, and a whole army of lesser functionaries begin early in the month to rear, in front of their dwellings, ornamental frames to be hung with unnumbered lamps in token of their gratitude to the Guardian of their Mercies, the Shadow of God on Earth, the Up-builder of the Universe, and the Dispenser of Peace and Prosperity to all the Nations of the World. And finally, as the month approaches its close, the police in each ward of the city make lists of the Government officials, the army contractors, the holders of concessions for public works, and the foreigners otherwise enjoying Government patronage, in order that they may watch the scale of preparation adopted by such for the illuminations, and that they may comment in a convincing manner upon any shabby economy appearing in

the plan of the preparations. To the patriotic Turk Accession Day is, in short, as though he were deprived of national holidays for a year, and were given a Fourth of July and Washington's Birthday and Decoration Day and Thanksgiving Day rolled into one, to lay the glory of the deferred rejoicing at the feet of him whom the police delight to cause to be honored. The whole month reflects the dawn of the great day with which it is to close.

August of the year 1896 was nevertheless far from a happy month at Constantinople. Crete was in open rebellion, Macedonia was overrun with bands of filibusters, which, though too small to be easily caught by the perspiring troops, were too aggressive to be contemptuously ignored. Europe was pounding at the door of the Sublime Porte with warnings of the possible consequences of delay in appeasing the discontented Cretans and Macedonians. In Syria all resources of the Government were absorbed by a heavy military force occupied in playing hide-and-seek with rebellious Druses among the crests of Anti-Lebanon. In the other Asiatic provinces of Turkey the favorite Turkish policy of killing the goose that lays the golden egg was once more proving poverty to be its legitimate and predestined fruit. Fierce orders to the tax-gatherers in those unhappy regions to collect money by any and every means brought reply from these worthy men that they could find no purses which had not already been squeezed flat as a pancake. The custom-houses were receiving from duties barely money enough to pay the expenses of their maintenance. The officials, the troops, and the unnumbered pious pensioners throughout the country had received no pay for months. In its desperation the Treasury was debating



The Ottoman Bank.

THE GALATA BRIDGE

the possibility (not the propriety) of relieving itself from the importunities of the army and the civil establishment by an issue of irredeemable paper-money. A horror of financial ruin rested upon both the capital and the provinces. Furthermore, the Armenian revolutionist party had lately several times warned the Embassies that the failure of all promised reform would force them to make new demonstrations against the Government. This meant that some small band of men would commit some outrage so heinous as to arouse the worst passions of the Turks, relying upon the Turkish principle that where "Giaours" are concerned there is small distinction between innocent and guilty, to produce some fiendish outburst which would force the intervention of Europe. But such warnings had before been proved to be the empty vaporings of foolish and pretentious young men. So now the population heard of them with a mere momentary catching of the breath. Their chief effect was to excite the police during the latter part of August to phenomenal activity in discovering criminal intent among well-disposed and innocent people. The police found even the pastimes of foreigners to be suspicious occupations. They attempted to prevent cricket and lawn-tennis on the ground that assemblies are prohibited in Turkey. In one case of this sort the intervention of an Embassy, and in another the judicious use of a garden-hose upon a policeman who attempted to dig up the tennis-court of an irascible German, defeated this part of the operations of the police with ignominy. One night with a few friends I was on the upper Bosphorus. In two boats we had rowed into mid-stream, and were letting the boats drift in a current mighty with the latent power of a score of Niagaras, but majestic in its silence of supremacy. The boats were near together, some of the party were singing softly, and all had lost touch with the troubled world about us, under the glamour of the silvery light that played upon the glassy stream pent between the dusty hills of the two continents.

Suddenly we heard behind us the quick, measured plunge of many oars skilfully wielded, and then a man-of-war's boat, rowed by eight Turkish sailors, dashed

into the space between our boats, and there stopped with great swirling of water about the oars now held rigidly to break the impetus of that hasty swoop. Our sensations were as if a pirate chief had pounced upon defenceless merchantmen and sat gloating over his easy capture before seizing upon the plunder. In the stern of the boat sat two naval officers who looked solemnly at the face of each member of our party. Then, without a word to us, they ordered their men to give way, and their boat shot out of sight into the dark shadows of the Asiatic shore. Our boatmen, explaining this curious onset, said that the police now suspect every boat which crosses the Bosphorus at night. They said that if we had not been foreigners we should certainly have been sent to the lock-up for being found so near the Asiatic shore at so late an hour. But even this police vigilance caused no anxiety to such as could become familiar with the surveillance without reason to dread it.

Toward the latter part of the month two notable events caused a momentary flurry of anxiety in Constantinople. The pious and fearless Armenian Patriarch, Matteos Izmirlian, was forced to resign his office by pressure from the Turkish Government through Armenians of rank in the Turkish service. Bishop Bartolomeos, who looked to the palace of Yildiz for his comforts in this world and the next, was illegally chosen by the intervention of the Government to take his place as *locum tenens* of the Patriarchate. The fury caused among the Armenians by this new invasion of their rights seemed to portend outbursts of violence. A little later, anxious expectation of evil was excited among the Christians of Constantinople by the arrival, by express command of the Sultan, of a regiment of the infamous Hamidieh cavalry, made up of Kourds from the Eastern provinces of the Empire, who had been ravaging the Armenian villages during a year or more. The Christians of Constantinople distrusted the motive which brought to Constantinople such pastmasters in massacre and plunder.

But when the regiment arrived the men were put into uniform and sent to barracks outside of the city limits, in order to be drilled and brought under some discipline

before they should be subjected to the eyes of foreign military critics. They gave no sign of ferocity, and the people felt reassured.

Notwithstanding all these disquieting circumstances of life in Turkey, in August, hopes existed in the minds of the people that the worst of the crisis had passed. Either from motives of broad statesmanship, or because of its anxieties in Crete, Syria, and Macedonia, the Government seemed to be using less stringency toward the Armenians. All indicated that no more licenses to massacre would go into Asiatic Turkey. If this were the case, the Armenians, seeing a chance that they might preserve their lives, would begin to recover confidence. With the recovery of confidence the trading instinct would begin to assert itself; commerce with Europe would gradually revive, and taxes, that is to say, the comfort of hungry officials, would soon make glad the faces of those in power. The hopes of the population were based on the firm belief that if the Sultan really desired quiet and

its accompanying revenue, he would certainly have it.

So it came to pass that I stumbled upon a veritable surprise on the morning of the 26th day of August. Happening to be in one of the suburbs of Constantinople, upon the other side of the Bosphorus, I met a friend, an Armenian, who told me, with considerable excitement, that a disturbance was to take place in the city in the course of the day. "Last night," he said, "the revolutionists warned their friends here not to go to the city, and to keep within doors as much as possible. The revolutionists are now well supplied with dynamite, and the outbreak is to last several days." My friend added that he did not dare to go to the city, and very strongly intimated that I would do well to keep away also. While we were talking, the city lay before us, basking under the noon-day sun. Its stately mosques, with pyramidal outline, dignified, while the deep blue of the surrounding sea enriched the beauty of the capital of the Sultans. It was a very ideal of serene, unconcerned,



A European Merchant's Office as Left by the Looters.



Water-side Loafers.

assured enjoyment of life. I decided not to follow the advice of my friend.

After this warning of impending trouble the faces of Turks whom I met seemed unusually anxious. Armenians there were none, either on the streets or on the steamer that took me to the city. We had crossed the Bosphorus and entered the harbor. All was quiet as usual. It was one o'clock, and I was just reflecting upon the deserts of men who torment their fellows with false alarms, when two loud explosions thundered out to meet us from Galata. A moment more and there was another, followed by shots fired in rapid succession. The faces of the Turks on the steamer grew pale, and they gathered in little groups upon the deck to exchange views. One said to another, "The Armenians are beginning again!" "God curse all swine of Giaours!" was the passionate rejoinder. "Until every one of these fellows has his throat cut," said another, "peace will not return to the world." "This work is the work of Europe," said the first speaker. "These cowherds and porters and clodhoppers from Anatolia go to Europe and are told

that we do not treat them well. Do they not reflect that if we had chosen we could have taken away their language and their religion and cut off their heads besides, five hundred years ago? Is it nothing that they are let live to-day?" "What can you do with such people," said another, "as soon as one of them goes to Europe he puts a hat on his head and thinks that he is something. They will end by spoiling the whole country!" Then the men, observing me, lowered their voices, and drew a little apart, as if some barrier had suddenly been placed between us.

The silence of the passengers waiting on the landing at the bridge was oppressive. "They are attacking the Bank," whispered one, close by me. "Who are attacking the Bank?" I asked. "How should I know!" answered the Turk, as he slunk away, unwilling to talk to a foreigner. The bridge itself, a place where all the nations of the earth jostle shoulders every day, was almost deserted. Those who were upon the bridge were standing in little groups looking anxiously toward the Bank building towering high above its

lesser neighbors. Explosion followed explosion. I remembered the remark of my friend about the dynamite, and understood the hard, wicked expression of the louder explosions. Then suddenly it came over me that all the people upon the bridge seemed to be Turks, many of them unpleasant-looking fellows from the lower classes. They were evidently stirred to the depths of their sluggish nature by each new roar of bombs or of musketry. Mine was the only hat in that company of people, and I felt suddenly as though lost in a wilderness of unknown extent. The end of the bridge at Galata was barred by troops. So I went to the office of a friend in Stamboul.

From this building we could look across the Golden Horn to the Bank. With a glass soldiers could be seen in all points of vantage in the streets which ran steeply up the hill above the Bank. They were firing toward the building from every corner. On the roof of the Bank were other men, also firing. Once in a while one of them would run forward and throw something down into the street, when a loud explosion would follow. The wildest stories were flying about. The Bank had been attacked by Turkish troops who were tired of waiting for their pay; Armenian revolutionists had tried to rob the Bank in order to get the sinews of war more speedily than by the usual method of intimidation; the attack was an attempt to kill the directors for having given financial aid to the Turkish Government; Sir Edgar Vincent, the Chief Director, was dead, and his body had been seen carried away on a stretcher; the attempt to kill the directors was because they would not give financial aid to the Turks. All these stories seemed equally credible until a man came in, directly from Galata, who was able to assure us that the Bank had been seized by a group of Armenians, who were going to hold it until the Sultan should grant their demand for an autonomous Armenia. The men on the roof of the Bank were revolutionists, firing and throwing bombs at the troops.

In the streets near us patrols of soldiers were leisurely sauntering along. In front of all the shops the shopkeepers stood peering uneasily in various directions, or holding council with their neighbors. Then

a group of rough-looking Kourds came to the corner of the street, and paused, evidently deliberating some important matter. Instantly all the shops were closed, the shutters going up with a noise like musketry. But a patrol came hurrying up, ordered the Kourds to move on, and the shopkeepers to reopen their shops; for there was absolutely nothing to be frightened at. The shops were reopened, though business was impossible. Evil-looking men, bearing clubs of sinister aspect, began to pass along the street singly or in groups of four or five. The massacre of September 30, 1895, was in the mind of all. Deep distrust of the promises of the patrols ruled the public mind, and all Armenians who were brave enough to venture upon the streets sought some more secure district of the city.

By four o'clock reports began to come in that Armenians had been killed while peaceably walking the streets. Then came news that a second outbreak of revolutionists was in progress at Samatia, in the part of the city which extends along the shore of the Sea of Marmora toward the Seven Towers. Shortly before noon a party had seized a stone school-house in that district, and were firing and throwing bombs from the windows, after the fashion of those in the Bank. This was serious news. It ended all pretence of business. Every man, of no matter what nationality, closed his shop and stole away, skulking along the walls like a criminal. The peculiar attitude of the Turkish mind toward unbelievers placed every Christian in as much danger as if he were in an enemy's country in time of war. My friend and I walked together toward the bridge, to take steamer for the Bosphorus, where we might be out of this seething hot-bed of rumor, distrust, and terror.

Numbers of Turks were assembled at the street corners, many of them carrying clubs or rough billets of wood. But we saw no violence toward any Christian. Troops were scattered along the street in parties of ten or twelve. There seemed good reason to hope that they would prevent mobs from forming to attack Christians. A year ago the mob of Turks had killed many Christians in these very streets, after an Armenian outbreak. But the storm of indignation which these mas-

sacres had caused had been a lesson to those in authority. If the Turkish Government should now show self-control, holding down the mob as it now seemed to be doing; should take the Bank and the Samatia school-house by storm, and limit its vengeance to those actually engaged in the outbreaks, it would win the sympathy of Europe. It would ruin the cause of the so-called patriots who were now hurling their bombs from the Bank; for unless they could cause a general massacre by their proceedings, their course would be judged in its true light. These reflections were quite comforting. The good sense of the Turks seemed almost proven by the quiet of the streets through which we were walking. Just then a procession of four or five scavenger carts met us. The first one passed without notice. Over the second a piece of matting was thrown, and from under the matting protruded the hands and feet of dead men. The third had no covering over its ghastly load of four or five bodies thrown in, doubled and twisted as they chanced to fall. The uppermost body was a horrible spectacle, with only a broken mixture of skin, hair, and blood in the place where the skull had been. In those carts were more than a score of bodies of Armenians of the poorer class, who had been killed, not with weapons, but by beating with clubs. The Turkish bludgeon-men had been at work on the streets, and the municipality had placed its carts at their disposal to remove the evidences of their crime. The victims had been battered to pieces merely because they belonged to a hated race. The contempt for their fate shown by the Government officials in thus indecently piling their corpses like offal in the scavenger carts, and in parading the evidence of its heartlessness before the eyes of club-bearers who were waiting opportunity for similar achievements, swept away every trace of sympathy for the Turks wronged by the anarchical proceedings of the Armenians at the Bank.

From the bridge another horrible sight could be seen. Men were at work gathering dead bodies of Armenians out of the water. Almost immediately upon the outbreak at the Bank the Kourdish porters employed at the Custom-House on the Stamboul side of the harbor, more than a

mile from the scene of disturbance, had killed all whom they could catch of their Armenian associates, and had thrown them into the sea. The police were now having the bodies dragged from the water in order to be taken away by the carts; and some of the wretches were still alive. But now there was a sudden rush of many feet on the square at the head of the bridge over which we had just come. There was a sort of hoarse murmur, "Curses on the Giaour!" there was a sudden brandishing of clubs in the air, and a poor fellow in the midst of a maddened crowd went down not to rise again. Mounted police were sitting on their horses not far away, and after the clubs dealt their blows they swept in, scattering the crowd. The question of the policy which the Government had chosen hung upon the action of the police, now that the deed was done. If they should arrest the murderers, it would show that the Government intended to protect the innocent. But when they saw that the man was dead the police could see no duty left to them but to call the scavenger cart. The bludgeon-bearers, and we too, then knew the meaning of the inaction of the police. Turkey had learned nothing from the indignation of the world at the massacres of the last year.

At the steamer-landing on the bridge were numbers of foreigners, Greeks and Armenians, who had come through Galata, and had further light to throw upon the situation. The firing at the Bank was still going on, but the rifle-balls of the troops hurt no one outside of that building, except as the lack of instruction in marksmanship caused the soldiers to hit the opposite side of the street instead. All who came to the steamer testified that they were well treated and assisted by the police to pass through the crowds. Ladies there were who had been caught in the storm while shopping in Pera; although they arrived almost fainting with horror of the scenes which they had witnessed on the way, when they could not screen from their eyes the hideously mutilated bodies of Armenians among which they had to pick their way. Merchants there were who had been extricated from their offices near the Bank building by gentlemanly Turkish officers, who spared no pains to reassure them with declarations that

there was not the least cause for anxiety. Even the Armenians who had found their way to the steamer to go to their homes in the upper Bosphorus testified that no one had molested them or made them afraid. All this spoke well for the purpose of the Government to keep the mob from repeating the dreaded excesses of our previous experience. But on the other hand it was clear that the lower classes of Armenians were being killed wherever they were found, notwithstanding the fact that no outbreak had occurred in Galata or Pera besides the one at the Bank. Two of the employees of the British post-office had been killed by the bludgeon-men almost in front of the closed doors of the post-office, and the police, standing idly by, had not offered to arrest the aggressors. But the most depressing fact was related by an Englishman, who had chanced to be in the street near the Bank when the Armenians commenced their attack. Immediately upon the first explosions Turkish rowdies began to assemble at the street corners. The most of them were supplied with heavy clubs. Those who had no clubs broke up the tables in front of the cafés in order to utilize the table-legs for their purpose. Within twenty minutes after the explosion of the first bomb some three hundred of these fellows had assembled in the street a few blocks above the Bank building. It seemed as if a force of auxiliaries was being collected for an assault upon the building. But soon a group of men came running up the street from the direction of the main police station of the district. These gave some word to the waiting ruffians, and immediately the whole three hundred dashed off, not toward the fight at the Bank, but in the opposite direction, down the hill toward Cassim Pasha, where numbers of Armenian workmen from the eastern provinces had their lodging-places. And the next day it turned out that some hundreds of these poor workmen at Cassim Pasha had been killed in cold blood by this mob before they had even heard of the outbreak which formed the excuse for the attack upon them.

All these bits of information proved beyond a doubt that we were already in the midst of one of these dreadful outbursts of fanatic fury of which Turkey has seen so

many. Serious questionings were in the minds of all, whether such a mob would hold its hand before it had attacked all Christians in the city. The indications of an understanding between the mob and the police were not reassuring. The utter lack of common interest between Turkey and the rest of the world, owing to the Turkish idea that Islam has still a divine mission of conquest, makes all confidence at such a time a baseless dream. The meditations of the Christian population, even in the perfect quiet of the Bosphorus villages, were not tranquillizing on that Wednesday night.

Thursday morning, the 27th, dawned brilliant and quiet as an old New England Sabbath. It brought revived hope that the worst was over. The early-morning baker's man, the acknowledged substitute among the native families for the morning paper, brought word that the revolutionists in the Bank had surrendered during the night, that the parties at Samatia and at the Phanar had been captured by the troops, and that all was now quiet. The Turkish morning papers, which arrived a little later, also had a reassuring tone. The official account of the affair of the previous day was a note of about ten lines. This was all that the censors would allow the paper to publish on the subject; but it said that a party of Armenian revolutionists had seized the Bank building; that the Government, apprized beforehand of the intention of the outlaws, had suppressed the outbreak without allowing it to extend to other parts of the city; that quiet had been restored, and the criminals had been handed over to the civil authorities for punishment in accord with the gravity of their crime. The implication was that all of the anxieties of the populace were now at an end, and business might go on as usual.

A mere glance at the situation after arriving in the city that morning showed how much the official notice in the papers left to be desired in point of accuracy. The reports from eye-witnesses of the deeds of the night were terrible. At Samatia, and in Balad, and the region of the Adrianople Gate in Stamboul, attacks on Armenians in their houses were somewhat intelligible, because of the revolutionist outbreaks in the immediate vicinity. But at Hasskeuy, on the opposite side of the

Golden Horn, where there had been no Armenian outbreak, the whole Armenian quarter, containing some six thousand inhabitants, had been attacked during the night, and several hundred persons had been killed. The mob had crossed in boats from Stamboul, and had assembled from the brickyards beyond Hasskeuy after killing the Armenian workmen employed in the yards. Jews of the district had acted as guides to the Turks, showing which were the Armenian houses. The mob forced the doors, killing all the men whom they could find, but, happily, not touching the women. The frightened people fled in the darkness, some to the open country behind Hasskeuy, some to throw themselves into wells and cisterns, where they remained standing in and out of the water for forty-eight hours, and some succeeded in reaching the great stone church, where 1,400 found refuge. A foreigner, who lives in that region, says that the shrieks from Hasskeuy through all the long night were such that he will never recover from the impression of anguish within reach which he was impotent to relieve. The pillage of the houses went on through the night, and, in fact, continued through all the day of Thursday. After the Turks had carried off all the more portable valuables from the houses, they actually had leisure allowed them to sell to the Jews the right to carry off the heavier furniture. During the night the furniture of a well-conditioned Armenian house in Hasskeuy could be bought for \$10, at buyer's risk. In some cases, after the Turks had left, the Armenian owner would reappear from his hiding-place and try to drive off the Jews who were carrying away his furniture. Then these thrifty merchants would appeal to the mob for help against the "rebel," the bludgeon-men would come back to make good their sale to their clients, would kill the Armenian, and go on with their work in other houses. After the Jews had cleared the houses, a horde of Gypsies came into the place to gather up the sweepings, and to lament that the rapacity of the Jews had left them so little worth carrying off. Every one seemed free to the use of Armenian houses except the rightful owners. It is only fair to add that the Turks declare that the Hasskeuy massacre was "caused"

by the act of one Armenian in firing a pistol Wednesday evening, and thereby killing one of His Imperial Majesty's soldiers of the marine service. The Armenian was condemned to death for this crime. But at the trial it came out most clearly from the testimony for the prosecution that when the revolver was fired a mob had already surrounded the house in order to pillage it, and that the soldier was killed in the darkness simply because he formed a part of the mob. There was no Armenian outbreak to provoke this terrible slaughter.

As to the suppression of the outbreaks of the revolutionists at Samatia and the Phanar the story of the baker's man in the morning was substantially correct. After ten hours of ceaseless firing the troops had taken the Samatia school-house, and found in it four Russian-Armenian revolutionists, of whom one was a woman. The similar outbreak at the Phanar had been quelled about the same time of the night, the revolutionists having been destroyed by the use of artillery. With the surrender of the Bank the Armenian outbreak ended at about one o'clock in the morning of Thursday. The story of the Bank affair we learned only after it was all over, and it is worth while to detail it here: Twenty-four young Armenians from abroad, under the command of two Armenians who were Russian subjects, went to the Bank as if to deposit bullion, which they carried into the bank in bags on the backs of porters. Part entered the building in this way and part remained outside until a preconcerted signal was given. They then attacked the door-keepers, killing one and wounding another. A police patrol hastened up at the noise of this disturbance and fired upon the revolutionists before they could close the doors of the Bank. The Armenians then threw bombs at the police, which dispersed them, but at the same time killed two of their own number. This effect of the bombs was to give the Armenians time to close and barricade the doors of the Bank. One of the humors of the occasion was that the material used for the barricade was the bags of specie found in the Bank. Probably silver was never before used as General Jackson used his cotton-bales. As soon as the Bank had been placed in a

condition for defence, and the effect of the bombs in keeping the troops at bay had been tested, the young leaders of the Armenians drew up a regular manifesto, written on Bank paper, in which they made known their demands. These were that the Sultan agree to execute the Reform Scheme of 1875 under European supervision, that there be no promiscuous massacres in the city on account of the outbreak; that the members of the band in possession of the Bank be given safe conduct out of the empire, and that pending negotiations the troops be withdrawn from the vicinity of the Bank. In case of refusal the Armenians would blow up the Bank, with themselves and the whole staff of the establishment.

The manifesto was sent out by two of the Bank officials. It became the subject of anxious deliberations at the Sultan's palace and at the embassies for some hours. The troops kept up their fire at the Bank until after midnight, but the Armenians, reduced, through casualties, to seventeen in number, continued to hold the army at bay. After midnight representatives of the Sultan and of the embassies, and some of the high officers of the Bank, made their appearance. These dignitaries stood in the street and pleaded with the Armenians for nearly an hour. It required the most melting eloquence of Mr. Maximof, the dragoman of the Russian Embassy, to convince the Armenians that they had gained enough in gaining safety for themselves and a promise from the Sultan that he would consider the question of reform. Finally the Armenians yielded, and were taken through the long lines of vainly waiting troops to the water's edge, were sent to a vessel, and on to the other side of the Bosphorus, and the next day were transferred to a French steamer sailing for Marseilles. So ended the most formidable of the three outbreaks of the revolutionists.

It seems heartless to note the comic elements of this story, when thousands who had nothing to do with the affair died in the city for the act of these men before the revolutionists made their triumphant exit from the stage. The success of these twenty-four smooth-spoken, gentlemanly young Armenians in capturing the Bank at midday in a city heavily

patrolled by troops is one of these comic elements. So also is the submission of over a hundred Bank employees, who remained prisoners to the redoubtable twenty-four until the terms of the capitulation set them free. Then again the revolutionists were not only allowed a safe conduct out of the country after their exploit, but each was furnished with money to spend in France on arrival; and, finally, as the Gironde was leaving with the revolutionists on board, one of the leaders kissed his hand to a lady on the tender, saying, with a humor—the grimness can only be understood by those who had seen the results of the presence in the city of the man and his gang—“*Au revoir*. We will be back in two weeks.”

All these amusing features of the Bank affair were discussed with relish on the Thursday morning. This was possible because it was assumed that the reckless work of the Turks would end with the Armenian outbreak. But it did not. Immediately on entering Stamboul the state of the streets showed the assumption that order would be restored to be a sanguine fallacy. All shops were closed, even to the tobacconists and the water-sellers. Here and there blood stained the pavement, or loose paving-stones with a sharp corner covered with gore told a tale of the use to which they had been put. In many shops jagged rents in the iron shutters showed where the Turks had broken in during the night for pillage. Within ten feet of the chief police station of the district stood the shop of an Armenian jeweller and watchmaker, its front shattered and its contents gone except for the iron safe, scarred with the blows of sledgehammers, and the *débris* of a lot of clocks which the ruffians had not cared to take away and had destroyed in sheer wantonness of hate to the owner. All the streets from the end of the bridge to the Vienna railway station were littered with broken boxes and wrapping-papers, and bits of glass from the pillage of the shops. It was as if a tornado had swept through the place and had scattered the *débris* far and wide. Patrols of police were numerous, as usual, but unimpressed. Not an Armenian was to be seen, and what few Christians of other race ventured upon the streets sought to diminish the tempta-

tion which their presence might offer to the mob by making themselves as inconspicuous as possible in the depths of cabs. Everywhere the bludgeon-men were standing about or sauntering along in groups. The persistence of this crowd was a puzzle. They might be lying in wait for Armenians to show themselves; they might be planning new pillage, or it might be that the police had them under close watch and were forcing them gradually to disperse by giving them no chance to exercise their peculiar talents. On entering a byway, where patrols and other passers might be supposed to rarely enter, I received light on these subjects. A crowd of Turks were beating in the doors of a large dry-goods establishment, and soon the goods were being carried away in great profusion. It was the old story of the morals of the Orient—to seem right is better than to be right. The bludgeon-men on the corners in peaceful inaction were on exhibition in order to show that the Turkish populace was quiet and well-disposed.

Such men as the bludgeon-men one does not often see in the streets of Constantinople. Of the better class of Turks there were none among them. They were of a class like the wharf-rats and longshoremen of Western lands. They were of all shades of color, from the white-skinned Laz and Circassian, to the brown and hook-nosed Kourd, and the coal-black Nubian from Africa. Their faces were a study of fearful passions. There were faces seamed and scarred like the head of a fighting bulldog; faces distorted by malice and greed; faces seared as by fire, case-hardened in ignorance of all except vice, and ferocious as an angry tiger. Some of those faces burnt their way into my memory and remained for days; a haunting revelation of brutal instincts and beastly desires which made one wonder how it was possible to have lived in safety for weeks in a city containing such men.

These men were not armed in the common sense of the word. Some of them had revolvers, and the most of them had knives. But they seldom used either; for awkward questions might be raised if the police were called to account for failing to arrest armed civilians on the streets. Carrying axe-helves, pick-axe handles, heavy clubs,

like base-ball bats, jagged fragments of broken scantling; carrying anything that can crush the skull of man, this horrible rabble flooded the streets of all Christian quarters of the city, like an all-desolating tidal wave, silent but irresistible. Their silence by day was almost as terrible as their howls by night. They would be seen going along the street, when they would meet an Armenian, who had ventured to attempt to reach his home. Without a word they would break in his skull and go on their way, entirely unmoved, and hardly having spoken a loud word. If resistance was offered, they had only to say, "The Giaours resist!" and a horde of their fellows would come running from all directions to destroy one who had proved his seditious quality by daring to resist a Musulman. In one case two of these ruffians seem to have met their deserts. Two of them came along a street in Pera where the dead body of an Armenian porter was lying. The fellows began to pound the dead body with their clubs, as though they had not yet found a living victim on whom to vent their hate. This sight was too much for the stomach of a Greek who lived just opposite the place, and he came to his door and began to flout the fellows for attacking a dead body. The men turned upon the Greek and swore that they would serve him the same way. The Greek dodged their clubs, whipped out a long knife, and in two passes of his skilled Cephalonite arm he had killed them both. The two Turks lay by the side of the Armenian, whose body they had abused until the scavenger carts came along to take the Armenian, in contumely to the cemetery trenches, and to call the neighbors to take the Turks to the nearest mosque that they might be buried with becoming honor as martyrs. It should be added in regard to the men of the bludgeon as a class, that while they did things whose cruelty astounded the foreign population of Constantinople, they did not do many things which one was prepared to expect from their hands. As a rule they did not molest women, and they rarely killed a man or broke into a store by day when the police were actually watching the beginning of the fray. They preferred to be able to give their own account of the first cause of each crime.

One felt singularly out of place when in the neighborhood of these men of the bludgeon. What was to prevent their knocking a foreigner on the head as well as an Armenian. I took an early opportunity of escaping from their vicinity into a business house belonging to a European. But there was still opportunity of watching the peculiar methods of the mob. From the windows of the house could be seen a large building where several Armenian merchants had their offices. It was a building of the kind known in Constantinople as Khans. The street was full of bludgeon-men, when several shots were fired from the windows of this Khan. Probably the mob had been trying to force the doors. At all events some of the men rushed off to the captain commanding a patrol that was not far off, and we heard them explain, "The Armenians in the Khan have fired on the Mussulmans." "And have you killed the beasts? Have you suffered them to live until this moment?" answered the captain, brutally. The police came up. The mob was cleared away, and then the police, with their Winchesters, began a regular fusillade at the windows of the offending Khan. One can imagine the terror and despair of the inmates of the building, beleaguered by a mob, firing their pistols to drive them off when they attempted to break in the doors, and then finding the police coming to attack them as rebels, because they, Christians, had dared fire at Mohammedans. The firing of the police continued for an hour or more. Once I saw some one in the Khan firing his revolver into the air, aiming at no one, and not even looking to see if the balls hit the clouds or the ground.

Meanwhile the mob, having been ordered away from the vicinity of the Khan, could not see the effect of the firing of the police. Left without occupation they fell to examining the shops immediately in front of them. Passing policemen warned them not to touch those shops, since they did not belong to Armenians. Soon a patrol drove them away from the place. This brought them opposite to an alley in which was a shop belonging to an Armenian. Again the mob found this idle standing and waiting for the police to finish the attack on the Khan irksome work. We could see the genesis of the idea of

sacking that Armenian shop. One of the bludgeon-men sauntered across the street and began to try the solidity of the wooden shutters of the shop. Then another man went over to the alley and joined the first in the effort to wrench off the shutter in an unobtrusive manner with his hands. The men next took a survey of the scene and noted that no patrol was in sight, while the policemen firing at the Khan could not see into the alley. Then there was a sudden rush of the mob; heavy blows shattered the shutters and the glass of the windows, and in a moment the shop was stripped. After it was cleaned out the police came rushing up, seized the clubs from two men, and arrested a third who had an old tin dish, his share of the spoil; and drove the rest of the mob a short distance away from the alley. This new movement brought the crowd directly opposite the building where I was. The iron shutters and the heavy iron gates of this building had been prudently closed when the firing broke out at the Khan. The mob again had nothing to do but study the possibilities of interesting operations on the building in front of them. Doubtless they saw visions of untold wealth behind those closed doors. Whatever those men expected to do they would do in cold blood, with the fullest calculation of risks and possible gains. It was anything but an excited mob. The singular combination of caution and blood-thirstiness seemed to offer opportunity for taking a characteristic snap-shot. I was just picking out the best point of view, and meditating which window to open in order to bring my camera into action, when a little weazened-faced fellow in a mauve gown and a white turban, and with a nose which looked as if the tip of it had been welded to its root by the kick of a horse, stretched out a bony finger at me: "There are Armenians in that building," said he, "lots of Armenians. I can see one of them now." The languid crowd was instantly galvanized into life. Two hundred eyes were uplifted, and a hundred hands were pointing to the windows. "There! there!" said a dozen voices. They were sure that they had found a plan for getting into the building now, if they had seen Armenians there. Anyone who has observed the peculiar watering of the

mouth that shows itself in a cat just about to spring at a bird, can imagine to himself the look on the face of each of those men. A score of them rushed across the street and began to try the strength of the iron shutters. If the fact that Armenians were in the building would be held to justify attack upon it by the mob, the opening of a window, and the presentation to their view of a hand-camera, would be certain to insure a massacre. Nothing could persuade that ignorant crowd that the camera was not a most infernal kind of a bomb, which, by some happy accident, had not gone off to the detriment of the Mussulman worthies at which it was directed. So I lost the opportunity of a lifetime, and left my camera in its case. Meanwhile the police ordered the crowd away, telling them that they had nothing to do with the buildings of Europeans. But the bludgeon-men insisted that Armenians were assembled in that building, and were preparing to attack the Mussulmans. As the police drove them away, they returned again and again to argue and plead against the verdict of the police captain. Finally a squad of cavalry was brought up, which formed line, and advancing at a trot, cleared the rabble entirely from the street. Here was an accurate picture of the course of events at hundreds of places in Stamboul, Pera, and Galata. The mob would form a plan to pillage a certain building. If difficulties offered themselves, they had only to convince the police that Armenians were in the place, and were inclined to attack the harmless members of the mob, when they could induce the police to let them work their will upon the house and all that it contained. I never knew what was the fate of the Armenians in the Khan which the police were firing into all this time. It now stands entirely empty. The chance of being again besieged by the mob in that building was not enticing. Deep distrust of the police control was the result of my observation up to this point, and I concluded to profit by the momentary dispersal of the mob to go across the bridge into Galata.

On passing into the street I hailed a Turkish officer and asked him if it was safe to go to the bridge. He was polite in the extreme. "Safe?" said he, "certainly it is safe. This business does not

affect your safety. Do you not see that the city is perfectly quiet under the protection of His Majesty!" Inasmuch as the popping of shots was incessant, while a large mercantile establishment was at that moment being plundered within a block of where we stood, and inasmuch as from the window that I had just left I had seen the Turks on a high roof a few rods away firing into a neighboring building in order to kill some wretched Armenians who had taken refuge there, the old liar's euphemism about the quiet and safety of the city seemed quite a monumental effort. But no untoward incident hindered my progress to the bridge through many hundreds of the bludgeon-bearers. The explanation of the safety of Europeans among these fellows, even where the police were absent, is probably to be found in the tentative character of the Turk's violations of right and of law. In doing what is wrong he always begins an abject coward, gaining courage with impunity. The mere fact that a European would walk straight through a crowd of the bludgeon-men, jostling against them in an unconcerned manner, convinced them that for some reason he was not a safe man to attack. In some cases Armenians walked safely through the mobs on the street simply by pushing their way with a determined air. In every case where an Armenian ran from them, or even hesitated on meeting them, his only chance of life was gone. The tentative character of Turkish aggressions is not sufficiently borne in mind. At the beginning of a wrong, even a sultan will draw back when he sees that his course is resented by one whom he knows to have the right, and believes to have the force to do so.

The attitude of the police toward the club-bearers seemed inconsistent and unintelligible. Time and again I saw a policeman rush at one of these men with a most determined air, take away his club and curse him. The fellow would gently submit, and then go off to find another club; while the policeman would hurl the bludgeon into some nook of a by-way where those who sought such things would be sure to find it. Once I saw a policeman pounce upon a man in the midst of a crowd. There was no

reason for seizing this man any more than fifty others who were all in a part of the city where they did not belong and which they could not have visited with any honest intent. The fellow turned about with some confusion ; and when the policeman thrust his hand into the bulge of the man's vest and drew out a worsted shawl and a case presumably containing jewelry, the rascal was really frightened. But he recovered his coolness in a moment, for the policeman contented himself with taking the spoil, and let the robber go. An officer whom I slightly knew was walking with me in the street. Two peculiarly villainous-looking rascals were amid the crowd of looters, each of the two carrying the half of an untrimmed six-foot stick of stove-wood. The officer attracted their attention by a sort of hiss, and motioned to them to throw the sticks down. The men looked at him incredulously, grinned sheepishly when he repeated his sign, and then hid their sticks behind their backs as they skulked out of sight among the crowd. The officer did not further disturb them. Upon this I said to him, in a tone of languid indifference, "I observe many of these fellows carrying clubs. Why do they carry clubs?" "Ah!" said my friend, much relieved at finding so receptive a market for his finesse, "they are forced to carry them by the horrid deeds of the Armenians. They are afraid to be on the streets without means of defence." The police declare that bombs were thrown from several different houses in Pera and Galata in the course of Thursday. Unhappily there is no independent testimony on this point. At the Ministry of Police I was assured, in explanation of the number of Armenians who were being brought in under arrest, that the patrols and the helpless Mussulman populace were being fired upon from Armenian houses all over the city. There is some reason to believe that after the general assault upon Armenians became apparent local revolutionist committees did order their members to attack the Turks from their houses. But even after making every allowance for such cases which escaped the notice of casual observers, the conduct of the police includes an amount of indifference to the doings of the mob which is simply inexplicable without vio-

lence to the professions of the Government respecting the keeping of order. All foreign banking-houses and mercantile establishments in Constantinople have had Armenians for porters, night-watchmen, coffee-makers, and messengers. They are faithful, industrious, and cheap. These Armenians seemed to be specially sought after by the police on Thursday. Wherever they could lay hands upon them they arrested them. At the Vienna Railway Station the police demanded of the company the surrender of fifteen Armenian porters connected with the railway. The company gave them up, and the men were taken away. But in the square in front of the Railway Station the mob fell upon them and killed them all while they were in the hands of the police. The bludgeon-men seemed to have great skill in scenting out the buildings in Galata and Pera where Armenian porters were huddled together trembling behind the doors that were left in their charge. The story was always the same: "They have fired on the servants of God;" and the police always declared this to be the case in accounting for the slaughter of the men and the pillage of places where they were employed. A walk through Galata showed a considerable number of business offices and stores belonging to Europeans which had been entirely sacked; the desks and files ransacked, the furniture broken, and all portable valuables carried off, while the safes were taken from their places and turned upside down in the attempt to find a vulnerable spot, but in most cases abandoned unopened after the sledge-hammers had smashed every projecting point in vain. One horrible occurrence took place while I was crossing the bridge about half-past twelve on Thursday. An old gentleman, an Armenian, stood at the ticket-office of the Steamboat Company, buying his ticket to go to the upper Bosphorus. A policeman came up and rather roughly searched his person. The old gentleman naturally remonstrated with some warmth. The policeman instantly knocked him down. The poor old man picked himself up, and the policeman knocked him down again. Upon this a Turkish army officer came out of a coffee-shop, and rebuked the policeman for his brutality to an old man. To justify himself the po-

liceman declared that the old man had cartridges in his pocket. Then someone yelled "Kill the Giaour!" In a moment a crowd of ruffians sprang forward from no one knows what lurking-places, and in less time than it takes to tell it they had beaten out the old man's brains on the planks in front of the steamer wharf. Two small Armenian boys stood by, paralyzed with terror at this sudden exhibition of passions of which they had no idea. One of the bludgeon-men noticed them and shouted out, "These also are Armenians!" In a moment more the crying, pleading boys had been beaten to death before the eyes of the officers and of the horror-stricken passengers who were waiting for the steamer. But neither officers, nor police, nor passengers had aught to say to the murderers. And the men whom I believe to have been the perpetrators of this crime are every day hanging about the steamer wharf to carry luggage, and are as absolutely contented and happy as an innocent of three years old. It is worth while to note that almost at the same time as this occurrence the European Embassies were remonstrating with the Sultan's ministers upon the license given to the mob, and were receiving, as convincing answer, the declaration that there was no mob and no license in the city, and that no Armenians had been harmed in person or in property except those engaged in revolutionary enterprises against the Government, who, naturally, had to suffer the consequences of their own acts.

The attitude of the police on the harbor was the same. In the inner harbor the Mohammedan boatmen killed the Armenian boatmen whose competition had been a trouble to them; making forays by land and by sea for pillage, and making themselves a terror to all the vicinity. A foreigner has a steam flour-mill on the upper part of the Golden Horn. His superior management and superior machinery have made him obnoxious to the Turks of his own trade, while his employment of Armenians as porters and watchmen has set against him the Turks and Kourds of the neighborhood who wished to have the work. On this Thursday the rabble of this part of the city decided to sack that mill. So they declared to the police that two or three hundred Armenians

with arms were hidden in the mill, waiting a suitable opportunity to sally forth to attack the Mussulmans. The police resisted the tale at first, but later showed signs of wavering. The miller then made a diversion by cutting loose three or four lighters moored to his wharf. As soon as the lighters were seen to be drifting away with the current, boats put out from all the neighboring shores. The ruffians in these boats swarmed up over the sides of the lighters, and instantly rushed to the hatches to make sure that no Armenians were concealed within. They took boat-hooks and made furious lunges into the sides of the narrow holds, into which they did not dare look until certain that no one was there. At last, satisfied on this point, they fell to dismantling the lighters, and in an incredibly short time they had loaded their boats with the sails, the rigging, the blocks, the odds and ends from the hold, and even the oars and boat-hooks. Wherever an Armenian had left his lighter unprotected, these fellows made a clean sweep of all that it contained. The harbor police did not interfere with these operations, or at least interfered only so far with them as to compel the men not to land their plunder too near the police stations. As to the ironclads of the Turkish fleet, which lie at anchor in the part of the harbor where these things were going on, their officers merely watched the murder and pillage with listless eye. All that they did to prevent such crimes was after the work was over, and the boats laden with plunder began to come down the Golden Horn seeking a market. Then they seized some of the best of the stolen goods, "in order to save it against the appearance of an owner to claim it."

At the same time there is no question that the police authorities were commonly ostentatiously polite to foreigners during these terrible occurrences. Afterward they obtained, in some cases, testimonials that the conduct of the troops had been absolutely correct. The actual fact as to the principle on which the authorities acted, I believe was unconsciously revealed by the words of a high police official with whom I had occasion to talk of the danger which even Europeans might incur should the mob rule be prolonged. He said, "You need have no fears. We have

orders to protect all foreigners. In fact we have instructions also to protect Greeks and Roman Catholic natives. If you have friends among them who are alarmed, you may tell them confidentially of this fact. But you must tell it to them very confidentially, for if the Armenians should hear of it they would all be calling out 'I am a Catholic, or I am something else,' and demanding to be protected." This remark, with its significant omission of the Armenians from the parties to be protected, seems to explain the curiously inconsistent and even fickle actions of the police.

The magnitude of the catastrophe which had burst over the city as a revenge for the acts of the anarchists, hardly dawned upon the minds of most of the European residents of Constantinople before Thursday night. Up to this time murder and pillage had been limited to the city of Stamboul, to parts of Pera and Galata, and to Hasskeuy. In Scutari and Kadikeuy, on the Asiatic shore, mobs had been formed with intent to put the Armenians there also where they would do no more harm. But the General in command had declared that the thing should not be, and the "servants of God" were forced to return home unsatisfied in the deepest of their desires. But no such enterprises had been undertaken in the direction of the Bosphorus. After the doings of Thursday began to be understood, it was evident that the robber instinct let loose in this way would, probably, sooner or later, involve us all in its ruthless destruction. Even in the quiet of the Bosphorus villages few slept peacefully that night. Parties of ruffians from the city appeared in several of the villages and pillaged Armenian houses, killing a number of people without pretence that any seditious act had been committed by the victims, some of whom were women. Then the police pounced upon them, and drove them off in dismay. The Sultan at last had ordered the massacre to stop.

On Thursday afternoon several of the representatives of the European Powers went in person to Galata and Pera, from their summer residences on the upper Bosphorus, in order to see for themselves the fact as to the mobs. Earlier in the day they had protested at the Sublime Porte

against mob license, and had been assured that no such thing existed. What Mr. Herbert, the British Chargé d'Affaires, saw of murder and pillage, and especially of the pillage of the offices of Englishmen, led him at once to order a force of marines ashore for the protection of British property. Afterward the ambassadors met together and did what is probably unique in the history of diplomacy in Turkey. They sent a collective telegram to the Sultan himself, informing him that the license allowed to the mobs had compelled them to order the landing of armed marines for the protection of the embassies, and expressing profound regret for the impunity allowed rapine in the city. Upon this the Sultan gave orders for the suppression of the mobs. Firing and looting continued unchecked until about eight o'clock in the evening, and then it suddenly stopped all over the city. As the common people expressed the sense of the orders received by the police, "There was no more permission to kill Giaours."

So at last on Friday morning the Christians of Constantinople found that they could breathe freely again. The police suddenly acquired great ability in the matter of preventing Mussulmans from attacking peaceable people on the streets. They took away unceremoniously the clubs from any Turks who ventured to appear on the streets with these ornaments still in their hands. With commendable impartiality they also seized the canes from the hands of European gentlemen who were serenely promenading the streets. In such cases they closed their ears to remonstrance and entreaty, declaring that they were informed that sticks had been used to kill people, and that they had been ordered to gather them up from any persons who carried them on the streets. Thus several gentlemen of considerable self-esteem were led to reflect on the results of seeing ourselves as others see us. But at least the police did make it tolerably safe for all classes of the people to go about the streets.

Turkish officials talking with sensitive foreigners always claim that the religious question does not enter into proceedings like those here set forth. The only question is the suppression of rebels, dynamiters, and anarchists. But there is another source of information in the discus-

sion. During the massacre in Constantinople, and in the days immediately following, many Mohammedans assured Christians that the only chance of escape from sharing sooner or later the fate of the men dumped into the Armenian cemeteries by the scavenger carts was acceptance of the Mohammedan religion. Not the least grewsome of the feats of the mob at Cassim Pasha on the Wednesday night was the public circumcision, in the midst of the massacre, of an Armenian boy of thirteen, who had been converted to Mohammedanism by persuasion of the bludgeon-men. Women begging that their children might be spared, in several instances found the condition on which alone people would grant the request to be a formal promise to become a Mohammedan. After the massacre some of the Turks openly announced that the Armenian men having been killed, the Mohammedan law directs the women to be divided around among God's people as their right. Acting on this theory a Turk walked into the house of an Armenian widow, and in her presence, chucking her daughter under the chin, he told the girl that he had selected her for his share and she must be prepared to come to his house in three days. The attitude of the police in such cases was to hold that a man making such a proposal could not be repulsed; to turn all their energies upon hunting down a woman, who having received asylum during the massacre on condition of becoming a Moslem afterward escaped from fulfilment of her promise; and to assume that "conversion" to Mohammedanism annuls the ties of blood, so that the parents of the boy circumcised in the midst of the massacre at Cassim Pasha may not see him again for any purpose. Moreover, in their conversation among themselves, or with their own people, Government officials habitually denounce Armenians not as dynamiters but as "Giaours," and enlarge on their sedition less than on their audacity in claiming to have equal rights with the people of Islam. Such facts of the massacre at Constantinople make it difficult for those who understand Turkish to champion the claim that religion has no connection with the Armenian question in the mind of the Turk.

Yet in many cases Turks showed con-

siderable humanity toward Christians who were in danger of being killed. At the brick-works which line the shore of the yellow stream at the crook of the Golden Horn, where it begins to emerge from the river of the Sweet Waters of Europe, the workmen are mainly Armenians. They come from the eastern part of the Empire to earn bread for their families left in the devastated villages of the highlands. On the north shore of the Golden Horn the Armenian workmen at these brick-works were nearly all killed. But on the south side they were carefully protected by the soldiers guarding the Imperial Fez Factory. In one case an Armenian clerk in a European store in Galata was returning to the store, ignorant of what had taken place, an hour or two after the attack on the Bank commenced. The mob was in full control of the streets of the region which he was approaching, and he would infallibly have been killed had he gone on. But a Turkish gentleman, who had often bought goods of him, met him, took him to his own house, and kept him three days, until it was again safe for him to be seen on the streets. In Stamboul a mob was chasing two harmless Armenians, when a Mohammedan teacher, one of those white-turbaned gentlemen whose general tribe is known to foreigners indiscriminately as the Softas, placed himself between the mob and the fugitives. The bludgeonmen held back from the holy man, but demanded that he allow them to seize the Armenians. "No," said the Turk, "they are unarmed and harmless." "But we have permission to attack the Giaours, for the people of their kind have killed many Turks." "I tell you, you shall not attack these men," said the teacher. The mob appealed to a passing patrol. The officer in command heard the story, and commanded the white-turbaned gentleman to mind his own business, since he had no authority to interfere in the management of the city. But the teacher still refused to let the mob take the Armenians, who were cowering behind his flowing robes. A loud altercation ensued, which drew one and another of the Softas to the side of their teacher. The patrol, seeing that the affair was likely to be a thorny one,



Water-side Loafers.

finally withdrew, pleading urgent business elsewhere. Then the teacher took the grateful Armenians into his seminary, and the next day escorted them himself in safety to their homes. It may be added that the dreaded Softas, in general, had nothing to do with the massacres; their chiefs having early taken measures to keep them out of the way of temptation in this direction. Similar cases of interference of Turks to protect Armenians occurred at some of the villages on the Bosphorus. No explanation appears of such differences in treatment of Armenians, except that some of the Turks are humane men, and some are more enlightened than those who devised the massacre. It is also true that a large part of the more educated Turks of Constantinople had a firm belief that the European Powers would at once send in their fleets to punish the slaughter of Armenians. In that case they preferred to be on the right side, and loudly condemned the whole proceeding. Weeks having passed, no harm having befallen any of the murderers, and the European Powers having limited their action to mere Platonic denunciation,

some of these gentlemen, it must be confessed, have now changed their minds, and bitterly regret their failure to have a share in the plunder. If another outbreak occurs such men will not let any fear of Europe lead them to repeat the experiment of saving the lives of Christians.

Two spectacles upon this Friday and the succeeding Saturday greatly moved the hearts of Europeans in Constantinople. One was the families of pillaged Armenians, coming for shelter from Hasskey and Samatia, where the looting had included the utmost shred of their household possessions. They came in numbers to the Galata Bridge, on their way to take refuge with relatives in other parts of the city. Pitiful, broken-hearted groups they were; weeping widows huddling their orphaned children together; old men, feeble with the weight of years, yet trying to hold themselves erect as becomes a man suddenly placed in the office of protector to a younger brood; and here and there a young man who had escaped the mob by some miracle of agility. All were in their night-clothes; the women and girls cov-

ered with some faded shawl or some pitiful fragment of quilt, as with downcast eyes and flushed cheeks they hastened to the steamers, where they might hide themselves from the curious gaze of the public. A dressing-gown or a tattered work-day coat formed the outer garment of the men, and both men and women had only slippers upon their bare feet. These people stood before us just as they had escaped from their houses when the bludgeon-men broke in the doors; and they wore all that remained to them from the furnishings and comforts of their homes.

The other moving spectacle of these days was the spectacle of the rows of dead cast headlong into the Armenian cemeteries from the scavenger carts of the municipality, and left for the Armenians to bury in long trenches, filled with uncoffined and mangled victims. The corpses lay upon the ground in the worn garments of poverty; they were to be counted by the hundred, and every one was bruised and hacked and mutilated. No one who went to one of these cemeteries on those days came away without the feeling that men who will linger to beat and batter and mangle in this manner those whom they have killed, have reached a depth of degradation such as the inhabitants of Christian lands have never suspected.

There will never be any trustworthy report of the number of Armenians killed during the thirty-six hours of the massacre of Constantinople. Some of the officials seem to have two sets of records—both equally wrong. One report was prepared for the Sultan's eyes. In the hope of commendation for zeal in repressing rebellion, actual and possible, it places the total of Armenian dead at more than eight thousand. The other report was made out for consumption in Europe, in the hope of convincing the world that nothing has occurred worthy of condemnation. It declares the number of Armenians dead to be eleven hundred. The actual fact, probably, is that between four thousand and six thousand persons were killed from sheer hate of race, besides any few scores of actual revolutionists who may have fallen through their own folly. Of Turks, military and civilian, their own authorities say that less than one hundred and fifty were killed. Nevertheless the official doc-

uments declare that the whole of these disorders were the work of Armenians. So far as the Turkish official utterances are concerned, not one particle of regret, or shame, or remorse is felt for the destruction of these thousands of helpless creatures.

These disagreeable subjects now being disposed of, let us return to the illuminations prepared for the anniversary of the Accession of the Sultan. Accession Day fell on the Monday after the massacre. Thousands of people in the city were yet sitting dazed by the double blow of national and personal bereavement in this blood-curdling manner. Thousands of others were hungry and half-naked, paralyzed by the loss of all that they possessed. Tens of thousands were white with terrible expectation of the renewal of these dreadful scenes within a few hours. The hasty burial of the dead was hardly completed; the most diligent washing had not yet removed the blood-stains from the houses, the pavements, and the planking of the bridge. A natural gloom, which invited compassion, rested upon the whole Christian population of the city. Upon that day the police, with eyes like saucers, reported to the palace that the ambassadors were not preparing to illuminate their dwellings as usual. Straightway the palace worthies sent to remind the embassies that the celebration of the accession was to take place that night. Beyond measure these gentlemen, too, were astounded to learn that the ambassadors partook of the feelings of that large part of the population of the city which was plunged in grief, and regarded the time as one for mourning, not for rejoicing. The idea that any one not a confessed sedition-monger can feel, much less express, sorrow for the slaughtered Armenians, and sympathy for the survivors, had never entered the heads of the men at the management of affairs. But they chose to deem the answer of the ambassadors as one of those incomprehensible vagaries of European feeling and action which so often blight the comfort of true believers. So they proceeded with their rejoicings. In order to prevent misunderstanding by the ignorant Mohammedan populace, who might mistake, the proclamation said, the explosion of rockets for the sound of fire-arms or bombs,

the Government prohibited the use of rockets on that day. In order to prevent these same gentlemen of the lower orders from undertaking further pillage or massacre under cover of the night, it prohibited all people from leaving their houses after sunset that evening. Under these circumstances, throughout the city, and through the whole length of the Bosphorus, the houses of Turkish officials and grandees, and the houses of such Christians as make their bread by serving the Turks, were brilliantly decorated with thousands upon thousands of candles.

But the candles burned themselves out in the dead silence of vacant streets, or wasted their light on the waters of the equally silent and empty Bosphorus. There was no one to see the illuminations. Even the gentle swishing of the current of that stream which no steamer and no steam-launch and no smallest mite of row-boat disturbed on that night, seemed to be a sighing in harmony with the sorrows and the terrors of the silent city. And so was celebrated the Nineteenth Anniversary of the accession of Sultan Abd ul Hamid Second, the Conqueror.

Snap-shot on Galata Bridge.

