

## LETTER XX.

SURGEON-GENERAL OF NORTH CAROLINA.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:

In the summer of 1862 the Honorable Zebulon B. Vance was elected governor of North Carolina, and through the intervention of mutual friends—especially of Dr. T. J. Boykin, who was then surgeon of his regiment—I was appointed surgeon-general of the State soon afterward.

My predecessor would scarcely have been removed, as he was a physician of ability and a gentleman of high social standing, but, supposing my appointment inevitable, he resigned the office on the eve of the Governor's inauguration, upon the ground of its uselessness in the supposed perfected condition of the Confederate medical organization—much to my surprise and gratification.

Of Dr. Boykin I will say, *en passant*, that a more loyal and pure-hearted man never lived, and that he commanded in a pre-eminent degree the respect and confidence of all who knew him—an experience which has since been repeated and emphasized in the city of Baltimore, where he has made for himself a home and a fortune since the war. His love for Governor Vance, his former commander, has ever been like that of Damon for Pythias—a sentiment incorporating itself into his entire life, and elucidating in its unreserved admiration and unselfish service much of the true dignity and inherent excellence of human nature. I

am proud to call such a man my friend, and feel a fresh inspiration to virtue in the contemplation of his noble character and honorable life.

I cannot begin, my dear Doctor, to express the gratification which this advancement afforded me. To be thus elevated to the highest medical position known to my native State, filled my bosom with peculiar pride and exultation, while it inspired a sense of gratitude to Governor Vance which made me his devoted friend for life, and awakened a desire to serve North Carolina, from which I can say with truth, and without vanity, incalculable benefits accrued alike to her soldiers and to her people.

The legislature was induced to give a palpable contradiction to the alleged uselessness of the office by an appropriation of *one hundred thousand dollars annually* to its support.

Supported by the Governor, I established a number of wayside hospitals at convenient points in the State, and a soldiers' home in Richmond, which fed, warmed, sheltered and clothed thousands of weary and suffering soldiers as they journeyed homeward or campward.

I purchased in Europe a large stock of instruments, medicines and hospital stores, and distributed them with a liberal hand to the North Carolina troops long after the Confederate authorities had exhausted their supply and were without the means of replenishing them.

I caused to be collected at convenient points on the railroads or to be sent to my office at Raleigh monthly contributions to the necessities of the soldiers at the front and had them forwarded regularly to their proper destination.

I organized a corps of competent surgeons—among whom were Dr. Eugene Grissom and Dr. David Tayloe, of whom I cannot speak too

highly—and sent them wherever the sick and wounded were to be found and services could be rendered.

I effectually stamped out an epidemic of small-pox which threatened to invade the State from several points simultaneously, by appointing a vaccinator in every county, supplying him with reliable virus, and seeing that his duties were faithfully performed—the records of my office showing the vaccination of seventy thousand persons of all ages, complexions and conditions.

I organized a medical staff for the militia and Home Guards of the State, supervised the examination of such as claimed exemption from duty upon the ground of physical disability, and supplied each regiment with proper instruments and a plentiful supply of hospital stores.

In a word, in a thousand different ways I made my department felt, appreciated and respected, not only by North Carolina but by the whole Confederacy. As an evidence of this I recall with infinite pride and satisfaction the fact that I secured the confidence and friendship of Governor Vance, and that the legislature of the State upon the distinct grounds of "faithful and devoted service to the sick and wounded" raised my rank from that of *colonel* to that of *brigadier-general*, with a corresponding augmentation of pay and emoluments.

My relations with the Governor ripened into the closest intimacy. He gave me his fullest confidence and most sincere regard. I became his most trusted counselor, not alone in matters appertaining to my special department, but in public affairs of the gravest nature. It was in vain that jealousy sought to disturb our relations or that calumny breathed its detractions into his ear. He knew that I was faithful to him and to the trust which he

had confided to me, and he "stood by me" under all circumstances and against every adversary.

As an evidence of his confidence, I will relate some incidents which occurred during our association. I once visited a neighboring city on official business, and was thrown in with a party of North Carolinians who were on a desperate spree there. As they were the Governor's political friends and men of influence at home, I could not avoid a certain degree of intimacy with them, though I took no part in their proceedings.

On my return, the Governor received me kindly, but said with a certain amount of gravity in his tone; "I heard all about your big spree, Warren."

"My big spree, Governor—what in the world do you mean?" I asked in astonishment.

"Now, don't crawfish. I know the whole thing—how you and Tom C—— made the place howl while I thought you were devoting yourself to public affairs," he answered, still wearing a serious air.

"You must really explain yourself, Governor, for I don't know what you are driving at," I insisted, taking the matter seriously, and being greatly annoyed.

"Well, read this," he said, as he handed me a letter, in the address of which I instantly recognized the writing of one of my supposed friends and most trusted assistants.

Opening it eagerly, regardless of the "confidential" injunction upon its envelope, I read a circumstantial account of the manner in which I had "neglected my business and enjoyed myself." Returning the letter to the Governor, with the blood boiling in my veins at the baseness of one who had been honored and trusted by me, I asked, with

trembling lips, "Do you believe this of me, Governor Vance?"

"Well, as to that part of it, you can judge for yourself. Here is my answer. You see I did not wait for the mail, but answered by telegraph," said the Governor, a bright smile playing over his countenance. The telegram was in these words: "Tell Warren sorry not there to join him;" thus manifesting in a brief sentence his incredulity in the story, his fidelity to an absent friend, and his contempt for the informer. I seized the Governor's hand, and said to him: "The man who could be anything else than true to such a friend as you are, does not deserve to live."

On another occasion I called at Mr. Holden's office, in the vain hope of preventing an open rupture between him and the Governor, and of thus saving the State from a heated political struggle in the midst of the great war to which she stood fully committed.

I saw Governor Vance on the next day, and before I had time to tell him of my visit and to explain its purpose, he said to me: "And so you paid Holden a visit last night!"

"Yes," said I, "but how in the world did you know about it?"

"Well," replied he, "You have some enemies who would prejudice me against you if they could, and you had hardly entered Holden's office before three persons came running to my house, each so out of breath that he could scarcely articulate, to inform me that my 'dearest friend' was closeted with my 'most malignant enemy.'"

"Is it possible," I exclaimed; "and what did you say to them?"

"Oh! I thanked them very much for their kind interest in my affairs and said that's all right,

I suppose the visit is on my account, for I knew that *they* were instigated solely by malice and that whatever *you* might do it would be prompted by a desire to serve me," was his answer, the inherent loyalty of his nature instinctively arraying itself in defense of the assailed and absent friend in whose loyalty he believed.

In my judgment no nobler man than Zebulon Baird Vance was ever created—with an inherent kindness of heart which tempers and softens his entire nature; a respect for justice and right which asserts itself under all possible circumstances; a sense of the ridiculous from which wells out a stream of humor at once copious, sparkling and exhaustless, and an intellect which like some great oak of the forest is at once a "tower of strength" and a "thing of beauty forever," now braving the hurricane's breath and the lightning's flash, and then adorning the landscape by its grandeur, its symmetry and its verdure.

I have analyzed his heart from core to covering, and I know that in its every cell and fiber it is of the purest gold, without the trace of alloy or a taint of counterfeit.

I regard this period as the "golden age" of my existence. It is true that the din of a fearful contest continually reverberated in my ears and that dark clouds enveloped the horizon; but happiness reigned in my household, my daily duties brought me into intimate association with one of the truest of friends and the most genial of men, his friendship secured for me the respect and regard of the best men of the State, and I realized that I was engaged in a noble work—a service which was at once honorable in itself, invaluable to my country and acceptable in the sight of heaven.

Among the most pleasant incidents of my ser-

vice as a member of the Governor's staff was a visit which I made with him to the Army of Northern Virginia in the winter of 1863.

He was then a candidate for re-election to the gubernatorial chair, having filled it for one term with great *eclat*, but being opposed by a certain faction at home which proclaimed itself for "peace and reconstruction" on any terms. This appeal, it was feared, had produced some impression upon the minds of the soldiers in the field, and, though the ostensible object of the visit was the advancement of his political interests, its real purpose was to rekindle the fires of patriotism in the hearts of the North Carolina troops, and to cheer and stimulate the entire army. I had supposed that I knew him thoroughly and appreciated him fully, but I had really no conception of his gifts as an orator and of the potency of his personal magnetism until this memorable occasion.

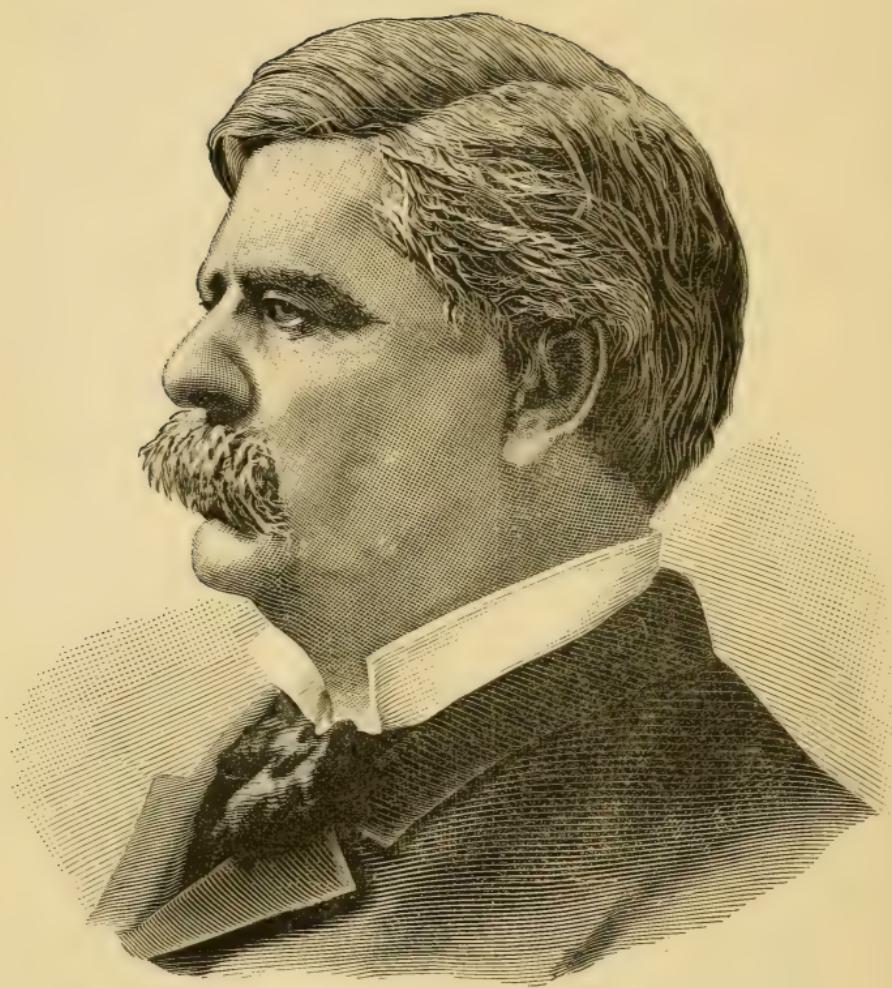
Inspired alike by his peculiar surroundings and the importance of his mission, he transcended himself and produced an impression upon the army—from its great captain to its humblest private—which displayed itself in the wildest enthusiasm for the cause and the most intense idolatry for its eloquent advocate.

That he should have been thus inspired is not surprising, for the circumstances which surrounded him would have stirred the heart of any man.

General Lee ordered a "general review" in his special honor—an incident, I believe, without parallel in the history of the army.

Upon an immense plain in the immediate neighborhood of Orange Court House there were assembled the troops which composed the then unconquered Army of Northern Virginia. They were clad in rags but wreathed with victory; their flags





GOV. ZEBULON B. VANCE.

were soiled and tattered, but upon them were inscribed the immortal names of Coal Harbor, Manassas and South Mountain; their arms were battered and blackened, but their fire had startled the nations and reverberated around the world; their bands were decimated and out of tune, but they still discoursed the inspiring strains of "Dixie," "The Bonny Blue Flag," and "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and though many a gallant leader was absent because "off duty" forever, Jackson, Longstreet, Steuart, Early, Ewell, Hill, Rhodes, Gordon, Pettigrew, Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee were there to do honor to Carolina's illustrious son.

Arrayed in two confronting lines and with their bronzed faces beaming with pleasure and expectancy, the noble veterans awaited the coming of the old chieftain whom they had followed in triumph so long, and of the youthful governor, whose devotion to the cause and tender care of his own troops had already made him the idol of them all. Finally the cannons boomed, and General Lee and Governor Vance appeared, and, amid a storm of enthusiastic cheers and an avalanche of friendly greetings, rode slowly along the excited lines. It was a stirring scene, and as I rode with this distinguished company, and gazed into the battered but radiant faces around me, and listened to the grand "Confederate yell" with which they hailed their great commander and his honored guest, I felt that it was indeed an occasion to be remembered, and realized that I stood in the presence of heroes and conquerors—of the men who had made history, and had earned even from their enemies the reputation of being "the bravest soldiers who ever marched to the music of battle."

So soon as the review—if that military love-feast

can be so designated—was ended, the men and officers came crowding around the elevated platform which had been prepared for the orator, and for two hours gave him their most earnest attention.

That day was truly a proud one for North Carolina and for her gifted son. A more appropriate, effective and eloquent address was never uttered by human lips. Under the influence of his rich and varied imagery, his happy and graphic illustrations, his masterly grasp and inner meaning, his trenchant thrusts and touching allusions, his stirring appeals and deep pathos, and, in a word, his magnificent and resistless eloquence, the audience was stirred, enraptured, enthused and carried away as if by the spell of a magician. Not a man who heard that impassioned outburst of patriotic inspiration would have hesitated to die for his country ; and I am convinced that in many an hour of supreme peril afterward it rang like a trumpet's tone through the souls of those who heard it, inspiring them to a higher courage, a nobler effort, a purer patriotism and a more heroic martyrdom for the cause which they loved so well.

If aught of luke-warmness or despondency had been produced by the machinations of a selfish faction at home they vanished as the morning mist before the rising sun under the spell of this good man's matchless eloquence.

I heard General Lee remark that Governor Vance's visit to the army had been equivalent to its reinforcement by fifty thousand men ; and it sowed the seeds of a friendship between those two true-hearted patriots which fructified even amid the dark days preceding the surrender, and grew and strengthened long after the land which they loved so well had drained the cup of sorrow to the dregs.

It was then that he made classic the term “ tar-

heel," which others had hitherto applied in derision to the North Carolina soldiers, by addressing them as "fellow tar-heels," and demonstrating that the *sobriquet* was but a synonym of that tenacious courage which had made them stick to their posts in the hour of danger upon so many hard-fought fields, to their own imperishable honor and to the eternal glory of the mother State. And ever afterward, during the war and up to the present moment, the most subtle compliment which can be paid to a North Carolinian who followed the banner of the Confederacy in all of its vicissitudes of fortune until it was furled forever at Appomattox, is to call him by that homely but blood-baptized appellation of "tar-heel."

So soon as the soldiers had recovered from the spell of excitement induced by the Governor's address, they cheered lustily for General Lee. As he was unaccustomed to such appeals, and had been reared with the strictest ideas of military discipline, I feared at first that he might misinterpret the demonstration, but, loving the soldiers with a father's tenderness, he took no offense, and simply blushed and retired from the scene. Other officers were then called for, but none responded save Generals Early, Steuart and Rhodes, who seemed special favorites with the army.

General Early being a lawyer by profession spoke with force and fluency, paying many handsome compliments to the soldiers, and especially lauding the heroism of those from North Carolina. He was warmly received and enthusiastically cheered throughout.

General Steuart came forward with all that ease and grace for which he was so remarkable, and, lifting his long-feathered hat, bowed, and bowed again in return for the loud shouts which greeted him. "Fellow-soldiers," he said, "I am a cav-

alry man, and, consequently, not an orator, but I should be untrue to myself if I failed to command words enough to thank you for your kind reception, and to say that I have commanded many soldiers, but never braver and more trusty than those who hailed from the Old North State. God bless her!" The eloquence of Demosthenes himself could not have more excited the audience—especially the Carolina portion of it—than the simple but pertinent words of the great Confederate raider, and they hurrahed with such emphasis that I began to think the Federals on the other side of the mountain would believe the whole army had commenced a charge upon them.

General Rhodes arose in a very modest and hesitating way and said: "I never attempted but one speech before this in my life, and that was at Carlisle when we raised a Confederate flag over its arsenal last year. I did not finish that speech because an attack was made upon us while I was in the midst of it; but with God's help I intend to finish my speech at Carlisle." This reference to a possible forward movement was received with the greatest manifestations of delight. "At Carlisle! At Carlisle!" was taken up and echoed and re-echoed by thousands of voices, and the army seemed ready to begin its march northward at once and with as much pleasure as if some great feast had been prepared for it over the border.

With this the drums beat and the bugles sounded, and order reigned again in the Army of Northern Virginia as completely as if its discipline had never been relaxed, and nothing had occurred to disturb the routine of its hibernation.

I had the pleasure during this visit of meeting with many old friends, and among them the medical director whose appointment, as you may remember, I had something to do with on the field of

Mechanicsville. He received me with his accustomed cordiality, and we spent several pleasant hours together, talking of that eventful night and of the memorable days which followed it.

This reference to the Army of Northern Virginia reminds me to make a statement, for which I am sure you are unprepared. To North Carolina mainly belongs the honor of its grand achievements—the glory of the victories which has rendered its name immortal. From the day of its organization to that of its final surrender, she contributed to it more than one-half of its effective force. Forty odd regiments of “tar-heels” were upon its muster-rolls—a greater number than was furnished continuously by any other Southern State—and by common consent they were among the bravest and the best troops in the field. From the Roanoke to the Susquehanna their bones are scattered upon every field which General Lee lost or won, and their names and deeds are recorded in the history of his command from title-page to conclusion.

I shall make another statement which may equally surprise you. Though North Carolina was opposed to the dogma of secession until the logic of events convinced her of the necessity of sustaining her Southern sisters, she furnished to the armies of the Confederacy *one hundred and twenty odd thousand men*, thus sending out a greater number of soldiers than she had voters when hostilities commenced.

These facts and figures cannot be controverted, and, in view of them, I respectfully submit that she should no longer be reviled as the Rip Van Winkle of the Union, but honored as the Ajax-Telemus of the Confederacy. She was slow to take her position, but she exsanguinated and impoverished herself in maintaining it, and in so doing made a record for herself which her children

will regard with pride and admiration to the remotest generations.

I also accompanied the Governor on many pleasant visits to Wilmington, whither he went to meet the "Advance," the steamer which so successfully eluded the blockade and brought in supplies for the troops, and some royal feasts we had together there on luxuries from *outre mer*.

We chanced to be in Wilmington when Butler attempted to destroy Fort Fisher by means of his celebrated "powder-ship," the explosion of which did not awaken the garrison, and was taken by those who heard it in Wilmington for the report of a pack of "fire crackers" which some enthusiastic urchin had fired off in honor of the repulse of the fleet.

We visited the fort on the succeeding day, and found it somewhat battered and plowed up, but not materially damaged, while its huge bastions and parapets looked as if they might defy the combined navies of the world. So much for appearances and for military calculations generally! When, by some strange fatality, the Confederacy and everything connected with it was falling, in the later and sadder days of the war, Fort Fisher fell likewise. General Ames, after a day's bombardment from the sea and a single charge upon land, captured the work, notwithstanding its apparent impregnability and the confident calculations of its defenders.

It was certainly a formidable work, and one which did credit to the skill of the officer who originally constructed it, and who subsequently lost it and his life as well.

"So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,  
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,  
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,  
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart."

## LETTER XXI.

## EXCITING ADVENTURE AT KINSTON.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:

I had an exciting adventure at Kinston while surgeon-general, in which my experience with danger and disaster was repeated and extended.

When General Foster made his advance upon that place, I requested permission to visit it, hoping to be of service to the wounded. *En route* I overtook a regiment whose colonel was an intimate friend of mine, which was hastening to reinforce the Confederate commander, filled with martial ardor, and apprehensive only of being too late to take part in the fight. We arrived at the depot about midday, and were informed that an engagement had been in progress for several hours, and that the enemy had been repulsed at all points.

As the firing continued, however, we started at once toward the field, hoping to come in for some of the glory of the day, even if we chanced to arrive at the eleventh hour, and after the battle had been fairly won. Indeed, I supposed that I should find work in any event, though no risk might be encountered in its performance.

In those days Kinston consisted mainly of a single street, which extended from the railroad to within a short distance of the river, where it terminated in a road that ran obliquely to a bridge spanning the Neuse. Upon either side of this

street, for nearly its entire length, there were handsome houses, rejoicing in white gables and green blinds, and surrounded by luxuriant gardens, while a row of majestic elms skirted its borders and mingled their boughs in a continuous canopy above.

All unconscious of danger, and thinking the victory already won, the colonel permitted his men to straggle rather than march along, while he and I strolled leisurely in the rear, chatting of mutual friends and familiar incidents.

We had just left the street and turned into the road, when we were startled by a loud and peculiar din coming from the opposite side of the river, and looking in that direction, we saw to our consternation a body of Confederates rushing in confusion toward the bridge, while a large Federal force was rapidly pursuing them.

In an instant, two batteries came dashing forward, and planting their guns in a position to command the bridge and its approaches, poured round after round of grape and canister into the fugitives, with whom we happened to be in direct range.

At the first discharge several men were killed beyond me, and others fell in such close proximity that I could distinctly hear the peculiar *thud* produced by the messengers of death as they penetrated their bodies. Obeying a natural impulse, I rushed from the dangerous roadway to the safer street and sought the protection of a friendly elm, behind which I placed myself, and then looked around to ascertain the fate of my comrades, and to determine how to extricate myself from the perils of the position.

There stood the heroic colonel, sword in hand, giving no heed to the peril which menaced him,

and solicitous only for the safety of his men. "Scatter, boys, and hug the earth," was the injunction which he constantly repeated to them, and in tones that were audible even amid the roar of the artillery and all the discordant sounds of the occasion. I soon lost sight of him, however, in the confusion of the moment, but I subsequently learned that he succeeded in bringing off his regiment without serious loss to it or the slightest detriment to himself. So much for Carolina pluck and coolness.

The elms of Kinston are really separated from each other by about fifty feet of space and they extend for a distance which cannot exceed a mile; and yet, as I dodged from one to the other in my hurried flight, they seemed at least one hundred yards apart and to cover many leagues.

"It is a long road which has no turning," however, and after much trepidation and many hairbreadth escapes I finally found myself at the depot and out of immediate danger.

The scene at Kinston was hardly less terrible than that which I had witnessed at New Berne, the only difference being that there were fewer men engaged in it—the principal part of our force having been captured before it had reached the bridge; and that the actual peril was far greater, as artillery was brought to bear upon the fugitives. Why a stand was made by an inferior force acting on the defensive, with a deep river and a single bridge in its rear, I have never been able to comprehend. It cannot be urged that there was no alternative left to the Confederate commander, for he had been informed of the strength of the advancing column and he deliberately selected his position. As my own life was near being sacrificed to this peculiar strategy, and many a good soldier had to pay for

it with his blood and his liberty, I insisted that the war department should call upon its authors for an explanation before the bar of a court of inquiry. The surrender at Appomattox squared many an account that could never have been settled otherwise, and those upon whom rests the responsibility of the disaster at Kinston have special reason to congratulate themselves for the intervention of that fortuitous settlement as an ultimate investigation was inevitable.

Having heard that some wounded men had been carried to a house on the main road immediately beyond the limits of Kinston, I hastened to it, hoping to be able to render assistance to the surgeon in charge, and at the same time deeming it best to be captured—as it seemed probable I would be—while engaged in the performance of my legitimate duties. On arriving there I found that a Mississippi surgeon had taken the house as a hospital, as he found it deserted by its owner, who in his consternation at the approach of the enemy had abandoned his possessions and fled precipitately—as many did in those trying times, to their subsequent regret and final ruin.

In this inhospitable world there is “no place like home,” especially if it be held in *fee simple* and without encumbrances, and the last thing for a sensible man to do is to abandon it, unless constrained by an imperative obligation or an unfortunate sheriff.

My *confrère* gladly accepted the proffered assistance, and we worked harmoniously together until every wounded man had been properly attended to and sent to the rear in passing wagons and ambulances. So absorbed had we been in the work before us that we utterly failed until left free by its completion to realize the difficulties of the situation,

and then awakened to the consciousness that we were entirely deserted by our comrades, with the alternatives before us of walking thirty miles to Goldsborough—foot-sore and fatigued as we were—or of waiting to be captured by the enemy, whose arrival was every moment to be expected.

While hesitating between the horns of this dilemma, and in a state of infinite perplexity, we were surprised by the apparition of a horse—without rider, bridle or saddle—walking quietly toward us from the direction of the town. Rushing to the gate, we opened it, drove him in, and secured him without the slightest difficulty. In fact, he seemed lonely and to be delighted with human companionship, while we were reciprocally charmed to make his acquaintance.

Then, opening the door of the “carriage-house”—for “our right there was none to dispute”—we found within it an old-fashioned buggy, with an antiquated harness stored beneath its seat. The Good Lord seemed indeed to be with us, and the children of Israel could scarcely have beheld the “parting of the waters” in their behalf with more delight than we experienced at this timely capture and pertinent discovery—this providential presentation of the means of escape from the perils and embarrassments of our position.

With hands trembling with excitement, and ears on the alert for the “Yankee cavalry,” we ran the vehicle into the yard, attached the horse to it, and drove off toward home and liberty with a shout of triumph and a prayer of thankfulness, the happiest men in “the land of Dixie.”

As our steed proved to be a famous “goer” we soon overtook the column of fugitives, which had been swollen by such a number of refugees with their flocks, furniture and household goods gener-

ally that it offered a serious impediment to our progress, and the cocks were saluting the dawn when we entered Goldsborough. Driving immediately to Gregory's Hotel, we gave our jaded horse to the hostler, with promises of rich reward for the most kindly care of him, and then, retiring to our beds, we slept for many hours—the sleep of the weary and the rescued.

Late in the afternoon I awoke from my protracted slumber to find the town in a state of great commotion. Foster, elated by his success at Kinston, was pushing on to Goldsborough, apparently intent upon invading the State and taking possession of Raleigh. Trains were arriving constantly, bringing regiments from a distance; horses were neighing in every direction; tents were pitched and artillery parked in the public squares; wagons and ambulances were perpetually rolling through the streets; couriers with anxious mien and foaming horses were dashing to and fro, and everything indicated the anticipation of serious work and an effort to prepare for it. I also learned that General G. W. Smith had arrived and assumed command of the department, which looked like "business," and that, too, of an important character. I hurried, therefore, to Raleigh, to report to the Governor, and obtained permission to return to Goldsborough, so as to take part in the events which seemed likely to transpire there. General Smith was an old and valued friend, for I had always been one of his enthusiastic admirers, and he received me most kindly, saying at once: "You are the very man I was looking for. You must serve as my medical director. Get to work at once, and make arrangements for a severe fight to-morrow; for, though it is the last thing I want

at present I think Foster will have sense enough to force it."

"But, my dear General," I answered, "the thing you propose is out of the question. I am a *State* officer and the *Confederate* surgeons would reject my authority and hate me for the remainder of their lives."

He would listen to no excuse, however, and had the order issued instantly; and, when certain of my *confrères* came to protest against it he silenced them by saying: "I am here in the interest of North Carolina, and I shall exercise the discretion of utilizing the best materials which I find around me. You must either resign or submit to my orders. I shall arrest the first man who manifests the slightest spirit of insubordination."

These decided words had the desired effect, and the protestants were awed into obedience, though they consoled themselves with an undying hatred of me; for professional jealousy is ever as unjust as it is vindictive, and assails whatever it finds in its way without a question as to the justice of its attack.

I devoted myself diligently to the work of preparing the medical department for its expected labors, and joined the General's staff as he rode toward the field so as to be the better able to take in the whole situation and to act intelligently in regard to it. As we rode along I met one of the surgeons who had shown so rebellious a spirit in regard to my appointment, and, by way of testing his metal as well as of making him useful, I ordered him to follow me. His brow contracted and his cheek blanched, but he bowed in acquiescence, and turned his horse toward the expected battle-field.

Diverging from the main road after having crossed the county bridge, the General pushed

through a narrow strip of wood--where the presence of several dead bodies showed that our picket line had been posted--and rode into the plain beyond. Here one of the most magnificent panoramas presented itself that can be conceived of. Behind the railroad embankment--from the bridge to the point at which it intersected the level plain--the Confederate troops were drawn up in line of battle with their guns at "ready arms," their artillery in position, and their battle-flags floating in the wind, and in the distance were large masses of the enemy with the "star-spangled banner" waving over them, bands playing "Yankee doodle," and endless batteries of artillery firing rounds of shot and shell, while their polished gun barrels and bayonets glittered in the rays of the setting sun like "errant stars arrested there." Impressed by the spectacle, General Smith paused in midfield, and exposed as he was and as conspicuous as his uniform and retinue made him, gazed long and earnestly upon it. I turned to observe its effects upon my ambitious *confrère*, but only in time to catch a glimpse of his horse's tail as he disappeared in the copse from which we had just emerged. Whether his nerves were too weak for "the racket" or important business called him to the rear, I never knew, but I could not refrain from directing the attention of my comrades to his disappearance and joining in the hearty laugh with which they greeted it. Wisdom if not valor was certainly displayed by the fugitive, for during the next half hour we had to indulge in the pastime of following our chief as he rode up and down the line in full view of the enemy, a target for artillerymen and sharpshooters. Suddenly dark clouds of smoke were seen to issue from the bridge--which had been daringly fired by a party of volunteers from Foster's army--and the

Federals giving cheer after cheer and firing a few rounds of shell and solid shot, disappeared from view, satisfied with their achievements and believing themselves heroes. There were two sides to the question, however. With a hastily-collected and imperfectly organized force of some six or eight thousand men, General Smith succeeded in checking the advance of Foster's disciplined army of forty thousand experienced troops, thus saving the State from invasion and its capital from destruction; and he was willing enough to sacrifice a bridge—which was reconstructed in a few weeks—to the risk of the unequal contest which would have followed an attack on his command.

The truth is, the bustle and parade which had been made at Goldsborough had for its object the production of an exaggerated idea of the force assembled there, and the bridge was really used as "tub to the whale" at the same time, with the result of so deceiving General Foster and satisfying his army that he immediately retired.

No more raids or invasions were attempted until Sherman came with his victorious legions, though we occasionally had rumors of them. The militia colonel of Wayne County, though a devoted Confederate, was one of the most excitable and sensational of men, and he was constantly informing the Governor of advances upon the part of the enemy, which fortunately were confined to the limits of his own imagination. On one occasion, as I well remember, he telegraphed in these impressive words: "To his excellency, Governor Z. B. Vance. The enemy is advancing, Wayne is ready." To which the Governor responded instantly, and in terms as laconic as explicit: "Colonel Moses, Goldsborough. Fire!" but I hardly

think the command was obeyed as I never received a list of the killed and wounded.

Much has been said about the barbarity shown to Federal prisoners, as I have mentioned already, and in justice to my immediate chief, North Carolina's "great war Governor," I must vindicate him from all participation in it by relating two incidents which came under my immediate notice.

On one occasion, while passing through Salisbury, I made it a point to visit the prison there in order to ascertain for myself the condition of its inmates. I found it overcrowded, dirty and poorly provided in every way; while the prisoners were surly and insubordinate to the last degree even in the midst of their squalor, filth, and wretchedness. I attempted to talk kindly to them, commiserating their lot and promising assistance; but they only answered mockingly and in the most insulting terms. On my return to Raleigh, I told Governor Vance of my visit, and gave him a true account of the forlorn state in which I had found the prisoners, as well as of the resentful and rebellious spirit which pervaded them. "Poor fellows," said he, "I pity them from the bottom of my heart. It is true that the Confederate authorities give them the same rations as their own soldiers, and that the United States Government is mainly responsible for their condition by refusing an exchange when we have declared our inability to properly provide for prisoners, but I can't help feeling sorry for the unfortunate creatures themselves. There may be no law but that of humanity for it, but I shall devote some of the stores belonging to the State to their relief. You must send them from your depot such supplies as they require, and I will instruct my commissary general to do the same."

"I shall only be too happy, Governor, to carry out your wishes," was my answer; and a liberal supply of stimulants, medicines, hospital stores, blankets and shoes was immediately forwarded to the Salisbury prisoners, according to the Governor's instructions.

Shortly after the battle of Bentonville I received a telegram conveying the information that a train would arrive at a certain hour filled with wounded men. I, therefore, immediately ordered the surgeons in charge of the Wayside Hospital to have prepared and carried to the station a plentiful supply of coffee, brandy-toddy, meat and bread. I also instructed my assistants to be on hand at the hour indicated with surgical dressings, etc., and to hold themselves in readiness for such work as they might be called upon to do.

Upon the arrival of the train, I found that it contained about an equal number of wounded men from the two armies—Confederates and Federals—occupying alternate cars, and all hungry, exhausted and suffering.

Followed by my assistants and hospital attendants, I entered the first car, and passed consecutively through them all, giving each sufferer in turn food, drink, and such surgical attention as he required, without taking into consideration either the color of his coat or the side upon which he had fought. Should I live a thousand years I shall never forget the expressions of gratitude with which those stricken men received my ministrations or the terms of indignation which were employed by a number of "original secessionists"—who, instead of idling at the depot, should have been in the army fighting the battles which they had invoked—because I had presumed to distribute to the Yankees the stores which rightfully belonged

to the State, and to which the Confederate wounded were primarily if not exclusively entitled. I was attacked so severely for it afterward that I tendered my resignation.

I immediately sought Governor Vance and explained the circumstances to him. "Resignation, the devil," said he, with that charming frankness and kind consideration which have made him the idol of so many hearts; "you have acted like a gentleman and a Christian. Had your conduct been different you would have incurred my serious displeasure." And, yet, he was the man upon whom General Lee relied as his right arm in the darkest days of the Confederacy's history, and who, though opposed to secession in the premises, did more in the end to sustain "the cause" than all the carping and dodging "originals" combined.

In view of these facts, and of many others which I could relate if space permitted, it is clear that no charge of cruelty to defenseless prisoners can be brought against him, and that his record in this regard, as in all others, is as pure and stainless as the icicle upon Diana's temple.

## LETTER XXII.

## MISSION TO GENERAL SHERMAN.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:

I was with the Governor when the dispatch arrived announcing the supreme disaster which had befallen General Lee, and I well remember the anguish of mind which it occasioned him. We had heard of the retreat from Petersburg, and of the arrival of the President and his Cabinet at Charlotte; but we had taught ourselves to rely so implicitly upon the valor of the army and the resources of its commander that the idea of a fatal and final catastrophe was difficult to realize. A consultation was held the next day in the executive chamber, at which the staff of the Governor and many of the leading men of the State assisted, the object of which was to determine what was best to be done toward saving the capital and the public property from destruction, as General Johnston had uncovered Raleigh and General Sherman was advancing rapidly upon it. The Governor immediately announced his intention to ask no terms for himself and to follow the army and the government to the end.

It was then concluded to send a commission to General Sherman, informing him that his entrance into the city would be unopposed, and requesting him to take measures for its protection and that of the public and private property which it contained.

Ex-Governor Graham, formerly Secretary of the

Navy, and ex-Governor Swain, president of the University—two of the most distinguished and honored citizens of the State—were selected as commissioners, while Major John W. Devereux, quartermaster of the State, was designated as the officer to conduct the train and to carry the flag of truce.

Prompted by an inherent love of adventure, as well as by a desire to contribute to the success of an enterprise which seemed so honorable in itself and so important in its consequences, I asked permission of Governor Vance to accompany the commission and to be associated with its direction. He promptly consented, saying, jocularly: "I believe, Warren, you would volunteer to go to the devil if an expedition were started for the domains of his Satanic Majesty," and gave me a verbal order to the end which I have indicated. I expected to return in a few hours, and to accompany the Governor in his retreat. Indeed, all of my preparations had been made with that object in view, my family having been sent to Edenton, my ambulance with my personal effects having been dispatched to Hillsboro', and my horse being kept saddled and bridled so that I might start at a moment's notice.

With an engine, a tender and a passenger car over which a white flag floated, we left the Raleigh depot, and soon reached the Confederate lines—for a portion of the cavalry had been left to confront the advancing army and to watch its movements—and after some preliminary formalities, the train moved on in the direction of the Federal pickets. Just as we were on the point of entering the hostile lines a Confederate officer was observed galloping after us, making signs for us to halt, and when we had done so, he informed us that President Davis or some high official coun-

termanded the flag of truce, and commanded the return of the commissioners.

As incomprehensible as this command seemed at the time, there was nothing left but to obey it, and ordering the engineer to reverse his engine, we started for Raleigh. I have since learned that the President had been induced to believe that the object of the mission was to segregate North Carolina from her Southern sisters and to obtain independent terms for her at the hands of the United States authorities; whereas it was sent, simply and exclusively, to prevent the burning of the capital, or, in other words, to save it from the fate of Columbia.

All doubt in this regard is set at rest by the terms of the order which Sherman issued in response to the appeals of the commissioners, for they eventually reached him, as I shall relate in a few moments. It should also be remembered that the commission was sent several days *subsequent* to the surrender at Appomattox, and *after* General Johnston had announced his purpose to uncover Raleigh, and that it started not alone with the knowledge of General Hardee—who was then in command of Raleigh—but with his *entire approbation*, as is established by the fact that it left the city by his authority, and with instructions from him that it should be sent through under the protection of a regular flag of truce.

I have been thus particular in giving the facts connected with the sending of this commission, because they have been entirely misrepresented, and the public has never been correctly informed in regard to them. It was nothing more or less than a patriotic and judicious effort to save the capital of the State from destruction, after the Confederate authorities had been compelled to aban-

don it, with a victorious and vindictive army at its gates.

That which was repudiated as impolitic and improper was subsequently demonstrated by the logic of events to be a measure of supreme wisdom and propriety, as I shall proceed to establish.

We had traveled several miles on our homeward journey, and were out of the reach of danger as we supposed, when I was suddenly startled by hearing shouting and firing in advance of us and by perceiving that the train had stopped. Rushing to the front door of the car, I beheld a scene and had an experience which can never be blotted from my memory. About one hundred yards in front of the train there was a large body of cavalry, whose blue uniforms proclaimed them to be Federals, and whose presence indicated that they had flanked our forces and interposed themselves between the Confederate line and the city.

The moment that I appeared upon the platform they fired a volley at me, and then, with wild yells and leveled weapons, came rushing toward the train, some directing themselves to the engineer and others to myself. I escaped death in the *first* instance by instinctively crouching behind the tender, and in the *second* by waving my handkerchief in token of surrender, and proclaiming my military *status*, but I certainly was nearer to it than at any time in my life. Putting on as brave a face as I could under the circumstances, with the muzzle of a hundred cocked carbines and revolvers pointed at my head and a crowd of desperate cavalrymen cursing and hooting around me, I demanded the name of the officer in command, and claimed his protection as a surgeon and a prisoner of war. "My name is Godfrey," he said, "Colonel Godfrey, of General Kilpatrick's staff. I will

conduct you to headquarters, but you must keep near to me, for these are a wild set of fellows, and it is difficult to control them." Taking him at his word, I leaped from the car so as to "keep as near to him as possible," and looking toward the other end of the train, I saw the commissioners and their suite descending from it, the most forlorn and dilapidated-looking individuals that can be conceived of, for while I had engaged the commander in conversation his men had entered the car and "gone through" the entire party. My position had been one of great danger, but it had saved me from the robbery to which the others were subjected, and, though I had one hundred dollars in gold about me, as well as my watch and chain, I lost nothing—which was some compensation at least for the fearful ordeal through which I had passed.

We were then conducted to the presence of the commanding general, and though I immediately informed him who the commissioners were, and of the nature of their mission, pointing to the white flag which was still flying over the train in confirmation of my statements, he affected to regard us as spies, and was grossly insulted.

In the midst of the interview a brisk engagement began in such close proximity that he was glad to bring it to a conclusion, commanding as he did so that the prisoners should be sent to the rear and kept under guard until he had determined what disposition to make of them.

While walking to the rear we encountered a number of regiments whose soldiers amused themselves by indulging in rude jests at our expense, making the venerable ex-governors their especial butts and targets, as they were dressed in long-

tailed coats and tall beaver hats, *ante-bellum* relics, which they had especially donned for the occasion.

But with measured tread and the dignity of Roman Senators, the commissioners walked along indignant to the last degree, but stately, silent and apparently as indifferent to their tormentors as to the rails upon the surrounding fences or to the weeds in the neighboring fields. Indecorous as were these assaults, and philosophically as they were borne, there was something so essentially ludicrous in the whole performance that despite the time and circumstances I could not help being amused or succeed in repressing an occasional outburst of laughter. Every now and then they gave me a shot as well, but having less dignity to support and more experience with the manners of the field to fall back upon, I only smiled in return and let them have their fun without comment or contention. Finally the staff officer in charge ordered a halt and bade us adieu, informing us, as he did so, of his purpose to seek us later, and instructing the guard in very emphatic terms that its exclusive business was to protect us and to prevent our escape.

As there was a house upon the roadside, we entered it, and with the permission of the owners made it our headquarters while awaiting our fate. The house was occupied by two old people, who after years of patient toil had accumulated a few comforts for their declining years. They were greatly frightened at the sudden appearance of Kilpatrick and his "bummers," but congratulated themselves that so far they had been left unmolested. We encouraged them to the best of our ability, and promised that the guard, which had been left with us should extend its protection to them and to their possessions. Fatal mistake! Vain promise!

No sooner had the officer returned to his post than the very guard upon whose good offices we had relied fell to work and robbed them mercilessly of everything which belonged to them. Deaf alike to our protestations and to the appeals of their victims, they forced themselves into the house and rifled every trunk, chest and drawer that they could find, even ripping up the beds and pillows in their remorseless search for booty. Such a scene of pillage I never witnessed before, and hope never to see again, and yet, being without arms and with our own lives at the mercy of the desperadoes, we were powerless to prevent the outrage or to punish its perpetrators. After a lapse of several hours—they were indeed long and dreary ones—we were reconducted to General Kilpatrick's presence, and were informed that he had concluded to send us to General Sherman's headquarters, which were some ten miles distant in the direction of Goldsborough.

Instead of our special train a hand-car was provided for our conveyance, which made the journey dangerous and exciting to the last degree; for a portion of the road was supposed to be in possession of Hampton, while the remainder was held by Sherman. The propulsion of the car was confided to two negroes while I was compelled to expose myself conspicuously in it for the first half of the distance, my uniform being the newest and most conspicuous, so as to secure immunity from the Confederates, and the staff officer to take my place for the second half in order to prevent an attack by the Federals. You can imagine better than I can portray what were my emotions as I stood up in the car, and was slowly propelled in the direction of General Sherman's army, as it was impossible to determine how far my uniform would be respected by our side or when it might invite a fire from the other—the exact position of the respective pickets

being necessarily unknown. For about an hour, therefore, I faced death continuously—expecting every instant to feel a ball crashing through my body—and all because, in a spirit of adventure and from a desire to secure the success of a plan which I deemed of vital importance to the State, I had volunteered for an enterprise beyond the domain of my legitimate department. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam* has been the motto of my subsequent existence.

I do not deny the fact that I was dreadfully *nervous* while thus exposed, though I would rather have died than have permitted my companions to know the real state of my mind ; and I forced myself to appear as cool and collected as if I were simply performing some routine work in my office.

Governor Vance tells a story which illustrates my own experience in this regard most admirably. According to him a rabbit once jumped up before a soldier who was in a tight place, and went scudding away for its life. Stopping deliberately and watching intently the retreating animal, he addressed it in this wise : “ Go it Molly Cotton-tail ! Go it Molly Cotton-tail ! Go it while you may !—for I wish I may be d—— if I had no more reputation to lose at home than you have, there would be a foot race between us, you bet.”

The courage upon which men mount the highest pinnacle of fame is not that born of insensibility to danger, but of a pride of character which dominates the fear of death and chains them to the post of duty at all hazards and at any sacrifice.

General Sherman received the commissioners with marked consideration, accepting and respecting the flag of truce notwithstanding its previous recall or the circuitous route by which it reached him. On the following morning he sent them back in the captured train, bearing an order commanding the

soldiers and officers of his army to protect the city of Raleigh and all the public and private property within its limits, provided that no act of hostility was committed there against the forces of the United States.

On arriving at Raleigh we were greeted with the sight of the burning depot and the announcement that the Governor and state officials had departed. Having heard of the capture of the train and our detention as prisoners of war, he concluded that the mission had failed, and at an early hour of the succeeding morning he left the city to share the fortunes of the falling Confederacy, as he had announced his purpose to do in the premises. The commissioners therefore placed General Sherman's order in the hands of Major Devereux and myself, with instructions to use it according to our discretion, and then attempted to reach their homes further west.

Hurrying to the point whither the mayor had gone to surrender the city to Kilpatrick and to crave *his* clemency in its behalf, we arrived just in time to stay the hand of that vindictive partisan by presenting to his astonished gaze the considerate order of his superior. He had no conception of its existence until that moment, and though he read it with a scowling countenance, he wilted under its peremptory terms and assumed immediately an air of extreme complaisance. In a word, it was thus made apparent that the commission had under the direction of Providence been made an instrument for the preservation of the State capital—had saved Raleigh from the fate of Columbia. In the progress of events the benefits accruing from it became still more conspicuous, for though more than one hundred thousand victorious troops, habituated to plundering, and with their worst passions excited

by the unfortunate circumstances of the President's assassination, occupied the city for several weeks, public and private property was absolutely respected, and not a citizen was injured or insulted.

I am proud, therefore, to have been connected with this mission, and to realize that it was my lot to contribute in some measure to its success.

Kilpatrick, thus baffled in his vengeance and deprived of his expected booty, sought consolation in a grand entry into the city. Accompanied by his staff and body-guard and followed by the mayor and common council on foot, with flags flying and bugles sounding, he marched up Fayetteville street and formally took possession of the capital in the name of the authorities of the United States.

An incident occurred, however, on this triumphal march which came near cutting short his career, and threatened the most serious consequences to the city and its inhabitants.

Just after the cavalcade had passed the Yarborough House two soldiers belonging to Wheeler's cavalry rushed out of a store which they had been engaged in pillaging, mounted their horses, fired at Kilpatrick, and fled precipitately in the direction of the retreating army.

For some moments the greatest excitement prevailed. The body-guard deployed hastily as skirmishers; the staff surrounded its chief so as to protect him with their bodies; and the air was filled with a din of mingled shouts, commands and imprecations. The marauders had fired so quickly that, though the report of their guns had been heard generally, only a few persons knew precisely what had occurred. Having witnessed the whole affair, I rushed up to Kilpatrick and explained it as rapidly and as thoroughly as possible, and entreated him to remember that it was only an act of

individual ruffianism for which its perpetrators alone should be held responsible. Fortunately, he took the right view of the situation, and gave vent to his anger by ordering that the fugitives should be immediately pursued and when captured hung in the Capitol grounds. "All right, General," I said, "but do not hold the city responsible for their act, I implore you." He scowled fiercely and said: "If they are not captured and hung I shall hold *somebody* responsible," giving me a glance of intense malignity; and it really looked as if he might expend his vengeance on me or on any one who chanced to be in the way if the perpetrators of the outrage were not speedily captured and executed.

In about half an hour I saw the pursuers returning with the marauders tied to their saddles, and I soon ascertained that they were to be hung "within ten minutes to the nearest tree"—a judgment which was immediately executed.

## LETTER XXIII.

COLONEL BAYLOR, U. S. A.

MY DEAR DOCTOR :

I should have mentioned that a few moments after my arrival at Sherman's camp an officer approached me, and introducing himself as "Colonel Baylor," asked : "Are you Dr. Warren, of Edenton?"

"Yes, and I know you very well by reputation," I answered.

"You must then be my guest for this occasion," he said, and conducting me to his tent, he overwhelmed me with kindness—treated me not as a prisoner, but as a brother in all regards.

After our separation in Raleigh I never saw him again until a short time since in Paris—embracing a period of eighteen years—when I hastened "to kill the fatted calf" for him in return for his previous kindness. To be thus treated when I was hungry, fatigued and depressed by the prospects of imprisonment, produced a lasting impression upon my mind and filled my heart with the sincerest gratitude.

Though a Virginian by birth he remained in the United States Army during the war, and consequently made many enemies among his own people, but he is too brave and true a man to have been prompted by other than the highest conceptions of duty, and his fidelity to the obligations of friendship shows him to be a gentleman by instinct as well as

by descent and association. There are two things about which I make it a rule never to quarrel with any man, and they are his religion and his politics, however widely he may differ from me or whatever the extremes into which they carry him. Orthodoxy or heterodoxy in these regards are matters for the supreme intelligence alone, and he who erects a standard by which to determine them for others simply assumes the *rôle* of a bigot and a partisan. The road which a man conscientiously believes in and persistently adheres to is "the way" for him, and no one has the right to criticise or to question him for following it.

The succeeding days were exciting ones in Raleigh. General Sherman having received intelligence of the assassination of President Lincoln, and fearing its effect upon the soldiers, called a consultation of its most prominent citizens, and advised with them as to the best means of breaking it to the army and of providing against hostile demonstration upon its part, thus showing throughout an absolute loyalty to the engagements which he had undertaken with the commissioners. Thanks to his forethought and promptness of action the danger was tided over, and the feeling of intense anxiety which pervaded the community for many days after that great calamity gave place to a sentiment of security and confidence.

Apart from the conservatism which General Sherman displayed in his negotiations with General Johnston, there is a page of secret history upon which his liberal views toward North Carolina and her people are most conspicuously written.

General Frank Blair took up his headquarters in my house with my consent, and in proposing to do so he assured me that I might "go further and fare worse" in the way of a guest—that some one

might take forcible possession of my premises and drive me out of them. I was thus placed in position to acquire a knowledge of the efforts which he in conjunction with General Scofield made to secure the restoration of North Carolina to the Union without that preliminary process of "reconstruction" which subsequently proved so prolific of humiliation and annoyance to her people.

Coming home at a late hour one night he said to me: "Get pen, ink, and paper and help me to prepare a document of great importance. You must do the writing, for I am fatigued, and do not wish my staff to know anything about the matter at present." I did as he requested, and we prepared together an order such as he informed me Sherman was disposed to issue, as it conformed with the views which Mr. Lincoln had recently expressed to him.

By the terms of that order North Carolina was to be immediately restored to the Union without the loss of a single element of her sovereignty, and with all the machinery of her existing government—with Governor Vance in the executive chair and his administration re-established *in statu quo*.

On the succeeding day the General assured me that he had had an interview with Sherman, and had exhibited to him the draft of the order which I had written, and that he (Sherman) had approved of it in every particular, and would issue it at once. We retired that night with light hearts in the full conviction that we had solved the problem of reconstruction so far as North Carolina was concerned, and had restored the Union of the fathers of the republic in all of its original integrity, only to be awakened on the succeeding morning by the terrible intelligence of Mr. Lincoln's assassination and the consequent overthrow of our cherished plans. Of course with that dire calam-

ity staring him in the face, and the succession of a man to the Presidency with whose views he was unacquainted, and who immediately inaugurated the policy of "making treason odious," General Sherman could not issue the order, and was even compelled to recede from his half completed arrangements with General Johnston.

Within a month from that time Governor Vance, instead of occupying the executive chair of North Carolina, was himself an inmate of the old Capitol prison, and it was not until after many a long year and a terrible experience with arbitrary military rulers, partisan provisional governors, greedy carpet-baggers, adventurers, bloody Ku-klux clans and a general bankruptcy, that the State regained that position in the Union to which the plan inaugurated by Generals Blair and Scofield, and approved by General Sherman, would have immediately secured to her.

I do not pretend to enter into the question of General Sherman's previous conduct, but I can testify from facts within my personal knowledge that from the day of the visit of the commissioners up to that of his departure from North Carolina, he displayed a liberality of sentiment, a kindness of feeling and a loyalty of conduct which did him infinite honor, and entitled him to be regarded as a friend and benefactor of her people. "*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.*"

I witnessed the grand review which he held at Raleigh when the final collapse of the Confederacy afforded him an opportunity to give free indulgence to that love of display which constitutes so important a factor in his singular character.

Seventeen army corps, each with a full complement of cavalry and artillery, marched up Fayetteville street and by the main gate of the Capitol,

where the General, mounted on his blooded charger in *grande tenue*, and surrounded by his staff officers and major-generals, awaited to inspect them. Each man of that vast multitude, in the completeness of his equipment, the precision of his movements and in all that constitutes a perfect soldier, looked more like a member of some pampered volunteer company than a veteran of a hundred fields, while the entire mass seemed endowed with the intelligence and spontaneity of a vitalized organism. As I listened for hours to the tread of these countless legions, so complete in their equipment, thorough in their organization and admirable in their discipline—the representative of all that could be conceived of “the pomp and circumstance of glorious war”—I could but feel a profound admiration for the genius which had perfected such a mighty instrument of destruction and conquest, and a supreme realization of the heroism and fortitude of the ragged, half-starved and comparatively unorganized army which for four years of unequal conflict had defied its power, and had finally succumbed, not so much to its prowess as to the force of circumstances and to the laws of nature.

And reflecting that the war was over, I forgot that these matchless soldiers were our conquerors, and my heart beat with a fuller tide and a prouder impulse as I recognized them as compatriots—the protectors of a united people and the guardians of a common country.

As my mission was ended and a new *regime* established I obtained permission to join my family at Edenton, and left the capital a sadder and a poorer man than I had entered it, but cheered by the reflection that I had labored faithfully to discharge the duties of my position, and had rendered some service to North Carolina and her people.

I went to New Berne by train and thence to Edenton by steamer, the oath of allegiance having been demanded by the provost marshal as the condition precedent of my embarkation. At the former place I was overwhelmed by visits from Edenton negroes who had taken refuge there during the war, and who seemed delighted to see me again, as my relations with them in *ante-bellum* days had always been most friendly. I was struck with the fact that a large majority of the callers were females, and on asking an explanation I was informed that nearly all the males had been killed at Plymouth a few months previously.

It seems that immediately on their arrival there they were put to work on the fortifications, and that when the Confederates invested the place the women were sent away in transports and the men were forced into the ranks to fight for their liberty and their lives. Scattered like "chaff before the wind" by the charge of Ransom's veterans, scarcely one was left to tell the story of their annihilation, for quarter was never given when that unfortunate race offered the gage of battle to the white men of the South.

As the poor creatures had mostly been reared as house servants, and had no acquaintance with manual labor or familiarity with the use of arms, the freedom (?) which they sought by the desertion of their masters was thus paid for most dearly—by dreary lives in the trenches and bloody deaths upon the battle-field.

I had been reared with them and they had been my patients for years, and the sad story of the "hard lines" and the "hospitable graves" which they found in the Utopia of their dreams wrung my heart to its core, accustomed as it was to life's sorrows and vicissitudes. To Madam Roland's dy-

ing exclamation, "Ah, Liberty, how many crimes have been committed in thy name!" there might be added with equal truth, "and what mistakes have been made!" for there is something in the term which unsettles men's reason and transforms them into fools or lunatics. These negroes were slaves but in name, for they carried the keys and were really the masters of the situation, and yet they eagerly fled from the homes in which they had been petted, indulged and pampered, that they might be free.

"Lords of themselves, that heritage of woe."

Pardon me for dwelling on the negro under the new dispensation of liberty and equality. I had sent with my family to Edenton three negro men in whose fidelity I had the utmost confidence. The oldest was Primus, and although his skin was Ethiopian his heart was as pure as "the gold of the mines." He was the husband of my baby's nurse, and he loved "the family" as if it were his by blood and birth. So far from rejoicing in the freedom which had been "proclaimed" to him it only pained his faithful soul to lose his master, and he showed even more attachment and attention to us than he had done before. In fact he rejected the proffered boon of liberty, and clung to his condition of servitude with unfaltering tenacity. He prided himself especially on being a "democratic darkey," and went persistently to the polls intent upon voting for "Mass Govnor Vance" for every office in the gift of the people.

When questioned in regard to his pertinacious support of the Governor, he said: "Well, you see, boss, the Governor and me, we sarved together in the war, and he is a friend of my master—that's enough for old Primus." The weeds of fifteen

years have grown and withered upon his humble grave at the "Chinquapin Chapel," but I honor it as much as if it were adorned by a marble shaft, for as good a man sleeps beneath it as ever served the Lord or honored a master.

The second was Gabe, a cadaverous-looking fellow of some eighteen years, who was just the laziest and the most affectionate darkey that ever rejoiced in an owner. He stuck to me like some faithful dog, refusing to work on his own account or for any one save his "master and missus." His constitution was delicate, and with no one to care for his health or to nurse him when sick—as we were separated from him—he soon fell a victim to the freedom for which so much blood was shed, but only proved to him, as to many of his race, a calamity and a curse. Poor boy! He had a kind heart under that mahogany-colored skin of his, and as a slave he would have lived a long and useful life. Liberty was the last thing that he needed or desired, and he died of it.

The last was called by the classic name of Cupid, though I could never trace its origin. He was a bright mulatto with nearly straight hair, light blue eyes, regular features, and a frame possessing unusual grace and power. I purchased him just before the war, not that I wanted him particularly, but to keep him from being separated from a mother who loved him dearly, and appealed to me in moving terms to save her son from the hands of a "negro-trader." I was much attached to this young man, trusting him in all things and believing him to be specially devoted to me and mine. The first thing that I learned on my arrival at Edenton was of his desertion of my family and the insolence of his manner whenever he met them. When I questioned Primus and Gabe in regard to

his conduct they informed me that he had always been ungrateful ; that he was inherently a rascal, and that he had avowed his determination to insult me so soon as he found the opportunity by way of showing himself a free man and the equal of any one. Old Primus added : " You see, masser, you is a white man and you can't thrash dat ar darkey like fore de war times, while de gun-boats is in de bay and de Yanks is a prowlin' aroun', but little Gabe and I is niggers and we kin do it for sartin. So if you say the word, we'll just give him sich a good old-fashioned trouncin' as he never had in his life." " No, Primus, I would not have you touch him on my account, but just give him a warning from me : Tell him gun-boat or no gun-boat, Yanks or no Yanks, if he dares to address one insulting word to me I will give him my horse-whip if I am hung for it the next moment." After that he avoided me, but I was provoked immeasurably by his conduct on the afternoon of my departure from Edenton. I went upon the little steamer which was to convey me to Norfolk, and Primus and Gabe were busily engaged with my trunks when Cupid made his appearance accompanied by some half dozen of his friends, all very drunk. He and they commenced by jeering at Primus and Gabe for their attentions to me, addressing them in the most insulting terms and bantering them for a " fist fight." Growing bolder at length they interposed between the steamer and my trunks, and swore that they should not be carried on board. Seizing a club, I sprang ashore, intending to settle the matter summarily, but my faithful friends were in advance of me, and in a moment they were wielding two good hickories which they had prepared for the occasion, and with so much effect that the intruders were driven back precipitately, while

my faithful friends were left masters of the field. Assisted by some other sympathetic darkeys, they soon had the trunks on board ; and with a liberal reward to them and a friendly shake of their honest hands I bade them adieu, and started out to retrieve my shattered fortunes—to recommence the battle of life. I never saw the traitor again, but I heard that shortly afterward he shipped in a vessel for New York, and some six years subsequently I received a letter from his mother asking for some intelligence respecting him, as from the day of his departure he never had been heard of. I have no doubt that he ended his days in a penitentiary. Since then I have had no opinion of mulattoes, believing that, as a general rule, they inherit the vices of the white man without the redeeming virtues of the negro.)

I have referred to the presence of the gun-boats in the bay, and I must take this occasion to mention the courtesy which their officers extended to me. Immediately on my arrival Captain Sands—the paymaster of the fleet—accompanied by several officers called to pay their respects, and from that time forward the most cordial relations existed between them and myself. Commodore McComb overwhelmed me with civilities, and he and all connected with him manifested their warmest sympathy for us in connection with the unnatural will to which I have referred in another portion of this narrative.

During the entire period of the war and for some months afterward, the sounds and rivers of the eastern section of North Carolina swarmed with gun-boats, and their officers were brought into daily association with our people, and I am proud to record the fact that their conduct was universally kind, just and considerate. Both at home and

abroad I have had an ample opportunity of forming a proper estimate of the officers of the United States Navy, and I have no hesitation in saying that, as a class, they are an ornament to society and an honor to their country—that they are essentially and pre-eminently *gentlemen*.

I do not like to describe Edenton as I found it after the war. It had previously been known as the "Athens of North Carolina," renowned for the education, culture, and high tone of its people, and beautiful beyond compare in luxuriant gardens, shaded streets, drooping cypresses, grassy greens, and tasteful mansions. Besides, I never knew a place in which public sentiment possessed so healthy and vigorous a tone; where virtue, decency, and respectability were so highly esteemed, and whose social lines were drawn with such absolute sharpness and unfailing accuracy.

Though not a hostile gun was fired within its limits, the war completely changed its character and aspect. It mingled and remolded its social elements; raised up a multitude of pretentious oracles in place of a unique and dominating public sentiment; destroyed the prestige and the spirit of its people, and transformed the place into a mere specter of its former self. Four years of peril and apprehension silenced the voice alike of religion, law, taste and social obligation, and left it chaotic and perturbed in all regards.

As conspicuous as had been the part which I had played in the community, and as great as were the services rendered both by my father and the rector, I found myself almost forgotten there—a veritable fossil of some traditional period—with scarcely an acquaintance to confer with or a friend to depend upon. I felt, indeed, like a second Rip Van Winkle, with everything strange around me, and I the

strangest of them all. When human nature is removed from the restraints of society, and left to the domination of its own inherent selfishness—to the pursuit exclusively of its individual ends and interests—it straightway becomes callous, contracted and contemptible in a manner and to a degree that no previous calculation can determine, and only a personal experience can appreciate. This has been my experience, and I record it as such for your edification.

It is but just to say, however, that the old place has gradually recovered from its physical prostration and its moral debasement, and is rapidly regaining its pristine character and its wonted attractiveness.

## LETTER XXIV.

BALTIMORE AFTER THE WAR.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:

I left Baltimore occupying a conspicuous position, in the possession of independent means, the idol of an enthusiastic class, the pet of an admiring community, and with everything in life wearing the freshness and glamour of a May morning. I returned to find myself dispossessed of my chair, bereft of my property, forgotten by my pupils, ignored by my friends, and with everything around and before me covered with the blight and gloom of December.

On many a morning I awakened to the consciousness that I had not a cent of money in my pocket, nor a crust of bread in my house. Poverty, nay, actual want stared me in the face for many an anxious month. Because we had decent clothes to wear few realized that we were suffering for the necessities of life—for food to eat and fuel to keep us warm. Without means, annoyed by the demands of pretended creditors, importuned for assistance by still more impoverished relatives and comrades, having no friends upon whom I could call for assistance, and almost maddened by the pressing necessities of those who were nearest and dearest to me, my life at that period was simply a prolonged agony—an existence whose component elements were clouds, darkness and despair. I was saved from utter failure—from the poor-house or the basin

—by the kindness of four persons upon whom I had no claim whatever, but who in the providence of God came to my rescue in that dire extremity. You sought me, and by your kind sympathy, your brave and self-sacrificing championship, inspired me with the courage to breast the storm and to defy its power. *General Bowerman*, a Federal soldier whose house adjoined my own, by sending us food daily in the guise of delicacies for a sick child, actually saved us from starvation. *Mr. Daniel Dorsey*, the proprietor of Barnum's Hotel, also proved a friend. Having had the good fortune to attract his attention by some happy cures among his guests he gave me the practice of his house, which furnished enough of ready money to supply my most pressing wants. And, finally, my old friend, *Joseph M. Levy*, the gambler of the Sweet Chalybeate, appeared upon the scene and played the rôle of a faithful and a most liberal benefactor.

He owed me an account for professional services rendered before the war, and I sent an agent to hunt him up and to ascertain if he was sufficiently "flush" to permit him to settle with me without embarrassment to himself. My agent informed me that he had no difficulty in finding him, and that when he presented my bill tears came rolling into the old fellow's eyes, and he said: "What! has my old friend and physician turned up at last! Thank God for it! Of course I will pay the bill. I would do so with pleasure were it ten times as much. Take the money to him with my compliments, and tell him that I shall call on him tomorrow."

Sure enough, he presented himself on the next day, and so well dressed that I hardly recognized him as he rushed into the room, threw his arms

around me, and exclaimed : "Thank God that I have lived to see you again, my dear, dear friend!" I was greatly touched by the old man's kindly greeting, and I begged him to be seated and to tell me what he had been doing with himself during the long years of our separation. "What have I been doing?" he answered, "why, I have been getting rich. While you have been throwing your time and your money away in that devilish war the good Lord has been taking care of me—He has been putting enough money in my pocket to make me comfortable for the rest of my days. And, besides, I have been getting me a new wife, my old one having died soon after you left town of cancer of the stomach, according to your prediction."

Upon questioning him further, I ascertained that his brother, Commodore Levy, had died two years previously, leaving a will which divided the whole of his fortune between the United States and the State of Virginia ; that the will had been set aside by the courts for indefiniteness ; that the real estate was soon to be sold and divided, and that the portion coming to each of the heirs-at-law would not be less than forty thousand dollars.

"Yes, at least forty thousand dollars, my dear friend, and I shall be ready to divide the last cent with you," he added with an earnestness which made my heart leap.

"With me!" I said. "Divide with me! What in God's name have I done to merit such generosity?"

"You treated me like a gentleman when every one else turned his back on me. You saved my life when I was at the jumping-off place, and as long as I have a cent it belongs to you as much as it does to me," he answered.

"But what will your new wife say, my friend?"

"Oh, she married me when I was a poor man, and she will be satisfied with what I give her; besides, I shall have enough for both of you," was his reply. "By the way," he went on to say, "I am not overflush at present, but I have brought fifty dollars for you, supposing that you were hard up. In three weeks I shall have my property and the next day I shall send you a thousand dollars to help to keep the pot a-biling until you can get into business. The fact is, I am going to help you, and I don't care a cuss what you or anybody else may say on the subject. Where is your good wife? I want to see her, too."

"Mr. Levy," I said, blubbering like a baby, "I don't know how to thank you. You can never comprehend what a service you have rendered me—even by a loan of fifty dollars—what a load you have taken from my heart by your great kindness, your unlooked-for and most princely generosity. You will find me a friend, and a most grateful and devoted one, to the last day of my life. Let me call my wife; she will be as grateful as I am."

My wife came into the room and greeted the old man in that sweet, kindly way which belonged to her; and I shall never forget the smile which illumined her face, as with great drops standing in her eyes, she glanced for a moment toward Heaven in mute but eloquent gratitude for the succor which had so unexpectedly come to us in our hour of supremest adversity and trial. "Bless you! God bless you, Mr. Levy!" she exclaimed, as she extended her hands to the old man in token of her appreciation and thankfulness.

Alas for human calculations! In a day or two after this interview he was seized with a malady which defied my skill, and died within a week—before he had come into his inheritance. He did

not forget me, however. On the day preceding his death he made a will, in which, after bequeathing two-thirds of his property to his wife, and leaving several legacies to charitable institutions, he divided the remainder equally between another old friend and myself. He supposed that he had given me at least five thousand dollars, and he died consoled and tranquilized by the reflection that he had saved me from want and had started me in life. This gift would have been, indeed, a god-send, could I have obtained possession of it at that moment, but it was otherwise ordained. Mr. Levy's heirs-at-law, a brother and sister, who had profited equally with him by the indefiniteness of the Commodore's bequest and who had not been on speaking terms with him for ten years, were induced to contest this will; and it was only after several years of annoyance and delay that the case was decided. Of course, the will was established as soon as it could be discussed upon its merits, and I received my long-expected legacy, but greatly reduced, as at least one-half of the estate was consumed in court expenses and lawyers' fees. Nothing could have been more unjust than this contest, as its instigator well knew in the premises and as was made apparent in the trial of the case.

The grounds upon which this iniquitous proceeding was based were allegations to the effect that the parties were not legally married; that undue influence had been brought to bear upon the mind of the testator, and that he was *non compos mentis* when the instrument was executed. After several years of delay and sundry offers of compromise the case was finally called for trial, when the wife produced in court not only her marriage certificate but the clergyman who performed the ceremony and a number of persons who at-

tended the wedding; while the other grounds of contest were so effectually disposed of by the testimony of many disinterested witnesses that the lawyers for the defense found it unnecessary to make an argument and the jury requested permission to return an affirmative verdict without leaving the room.

And yet it was possible for a greedy attorney and two unprincipled heirs to institute proceedings and to prolong them for three years in the hope of obtaining money through the instrumentality of a compromise or by the breaking of a will which gave the bulk of a man's property to the wife of his bosom and was executed according to the strictest requirements of the law. Surely our statutes in regard to the matter of wills require some radical change, having for its object the restraint of hungry attorneys and the protection of defenseless legatees.

Messrs. Wallis and Dallam, the attorneys for the will, and splendid gentlemen as well, congratulated me on the manner in which my testimony was given, and Mr. Steele, who entered the cause at a late hour and in good faith, sought my services in another case of importance, saying, in that connection: "I have sought you because of the manner in which you gave your testimony in the Levy case. The story which you then told of your relations with that old man was one of the most interesting I ever heard, and you are the only witness that I have ever failed to *shake* in a cross-examination." "Ah!" said I, "'truth is stranger than fiction,' and you had to do with a witness who had the facts upon his side, and who was pleading for the rights and interests of a suffering family. Besides, having had experience as a lecturer, I am accustomed to think upon my feet, and

am not abashed by having to 'speak in public on the stage.'" The best part of the whole matter, excepting the handling of the money, was that the judge who tried the case—the Hon. G. W. Dobbin—became from that time one of my warmest friends.

The clouds gradually cleared away and the sun began again to shine for me; and the first use which I made of my prosperity was to organize another medical school in Baltimore. Through the influence of Dr. Thomas W. Bond I secured the charter of a defunct school, improvised a faculty, organized a dispensary, and established the Washington University, in opposition to the University of Maryland. The greatest good fortune attended the effort. By establishing a "beneficiary system" with reference to the disabled soldiers of the South, large classes were immediately attracted. By persistent appeals to the legislature of Maryland a liberal appropriation was promptly secured. By proper representations to the city council it was induced to sell us a building admirably suited to our purposes at a mere nominal price. By good management the collector of the port was persuaded to give us the contract for attending the sailors, thus supplying us with abundant material for our clinics. And by sound judgment and good diplomacy the school was made a success in all regards. In vain was it railed at as "Warren's school," a scheme for "personal revenge," and an "eleemosynary institution." It stood and grew and flourished with each succeeding year, and took a high position alike in Baltimore and throughout the Union. In this enterprise I was ably seconded by Drs. Byrd, Scott, Ford, Logan, Chancellor, Moorman, Claggett and

Powell, natives of the South and gentlemen of character and talent.

Unfortunately, differences arose in the faculty in regard to matters of management, etc., which resulted in my retirement and in the final disruption of the school. Nothing daunted, and still believing the field an inviting one, I united with Drs. Opie, Byrd, Howard, Lynch, Goolrick\* and Murray—all excellent men—in the organization of another school, which we called "The College of Physicians and Surgeons of Baltimore," and which proved likewise a splendid success, and is to-day one of the leading institutions of the country. In both of these schools I occupied the chair of surgery, and with what success you are better able to judge than myself. I will only say that my thorough training in anatomy by Dr. Davis, of the University of Virginia, and my extensive surgical experience during the war, greatly lightened my labors, and enabled me to secure the confidence and goodwill of my classes to an extent that was exceedingly gratifying to my *amour propre* and very unpalatable to my rivals generally.

Professor Nathan R. Smith, the surgeon of the University of Maryland—and a very great surgeon he was—could brook no rivalry, and made it a point to give me a shot whenever the occasion offered. Of course, I returned the fire to the best of my ability. On one occasion in a public lecture he sneered at my clinic as "a comedy—a comedy of errors." On the day succeeding, when a number of his students were present, I referred to the remark and said: "Since histrionic comparisons have been

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\* To Dr. Goolrick, who is now a successful practitioner in the city of Washington, I desire to return my sincere thanks for some recent favors, in connection with which he showed himself a faithful friend and an able coadjutor.

invited, the clinics of the *vieillard* of the University remind me of tragedies—they always culminate in a death," referring to the ill success which had attended some of his operations. This remark brought down the house tremendously and banished the visitors for the remainder of the session. I struck a blow for which I was never forgiven.

In the whole of this controversy I was prompted by no feelings of personal malignity—though God knows I had sufficient justification for it—but by a spirit of rivalry such as the occasion warranted and was legitimate in itself. Can you say as much for my opponents? I fear not, my friend, as you came near losing the friendship of one of the most prominent of them by your manly championship of me. Of one thing I am convinced as my mind reverts to that time and its incidents: every moment which was thus given to medical instruction and to college management was absolutely wasted so far as my most essential interests were concerned. I should have been happier then and richer now if I had devoted myself exclusively to the study and practice of medicine. It is difficult to serve two masters, and the physician who devotes himself either to talking politics or to teaching medicine is to that extent faithless to his proper calling—the healing of the sick and the accumulation of means for his family. The advice which I would give to a young physician starting out in his career is to avoid both the political arena and the lecture room if he desires substantial professional prosperity. These side issues in medicine may pay in ephemeral glory, but not in substantial success and "plethoraic bank accounts." And yet there is something in the title and the prerogatives of a professor which is wonderfully fascinating, as I know from experience and observation. When a man has

made his mark and accumulated a competency, a college chair is a very comfortable place for him to end his days in, but until then it is best to avoid it, as you have had the good sense to do.

By way of episode I give the incident related below, believing that though rather out of place it may not prove uninteresting.

During the retreat of General Johnston's army through Raleigh, I was requested to visit a Confederate officer who lay wounded at the house of Major Devereux, a short distance from the city.

I found him a remarkably handsome young fellow, from South Carolina, and the brother of a distinguished cavalry general who has since played a conspicuous part in the politics of that State.

He had been wounded a few days previously by a conical ball, which passed through the upper arm immediately above the elbow joint, and he was reduced to the last degree of prostration by repeated hemorrhages of the most profuse and uncontrollable character.

Of delicate organization, enfeebled by forced marches and insufficient food, and almost exsanguinated, I found him with a rapid and scarcely perceptible pulse, bathed in a clammy perspiration, and almost in a state of positive collapse.

It seemed indeed as if death had already claimed him for its own, and that he had but a few hours to live, though his intellect was unclouded, and there was a glint in his clear blue eye which told of a hopeful nature and an indomitable spirit.

The surgeon in attendance, having in vain attempted to prevent the recurrence of the hemorrhage, and realizing that he could not spare the loss of an additional amount of blood, had determined to ligate the artery above the wound, and I was

called in to determine the propriety of the operation and to assist in its performance if necessary.

"His condition is desperate," I remarked, when we had retired for consultation.

"That is undoubtedly true," responded my colleague, "and prompt interference is necessary to give him a chance for life. The artery is severed and must be tied or he will certainly bleed to death."

"Have you made a thorough examination of the wound? Are you sure that the bone has escaped injury? Are you convinced that an amputation is unnecessary?" I inquired.

"No, Doctor, I have not made a thorough exploration of the injury. He has positively refused to permit me to make an examination. The profuse and repeated bleeding shows what we have to deal with, and establishes the indication for treatment," he answered.

"But, suppose that together with the severance of the artery there is a compound and comminuted fracture of the humerus, involving the articulation, would it not be better to ascertain it, and to *amputate* the limb rather than *tie* the vessel? My impression is that if Captain B. survives, he will go through life with an empty sleeve—that sooner or later he must lose his arm. The proper course is to get ready either to ligate or to amputate, then to put him under the influence of chloroform, and after having determined the precise nature and extent of the injury, to perform *the* operation which the circumstances of the case demand. I think we shall end by amputating the arm, Doctor," was my rejoinder. My suggestion was adopted, with the result of discovering—as I had predicted—a compound comminuted fracture of the humerus, involving the articulation, and surrounding it a pultaceous

mass of devitalized tissues, in which the ends of the severed artery were unrecognizable. Amputation at a point of election was immediately performed, and though every possible measure of precaution and means for bringing about reaction were employed, the patient reacted so slowly—so profound a condition of collapse ensued—that for a long time I thought he would inevitably succumb. He did rally, however, in the end, but I left him scarce daring to hope that there was a chance for his recovery, believing in fact that death was almost inevitable under the circumstances.

The two succeeding days were spent, as I have previously related, in the society of Sherman and Kilpatrick, but I sent a messenger so soon as circumstances would admit to inquire concerning his condition, and you can judge of my astonishment when I learned that at the approach of the enemy he insisted upon being placed in an ambulance and driven off with the retreating army—declaring that he meant to die as he had lived, a “freeman,” and to be buried by his friends “in the old graveyard at Edgefield.”

Some months subsequent to the surrender I was seated in my office at Baltimore, when a tall, handsome blue-eyed young man, with an empty sleeve dangling at his side, entered, and with the exclamation: “I am delighted to see you once more, Dr. Warren,” threw his remaining arm around my neck, and embraced me in the most demonstrative manner.

“But, my dear sir,” I exclaimed, “You have the advantage of me. I do not recognize you.”

“Don’t know me? I am Captain B——, whose life you saved at Major Devereux’s house, just before Johnston’s retreat.”

My allusion recently made to law courts reminds me to claim some professional triumphs in connection with them, which I have always contemplated with pride and satisfaction. In one case a poor fellow had been arraigned for the murder of his wife, to whom I knew him to be greatly attached, it being alleged that he had given her a blow in his rage at her desertion of him, which developed puerperal fever after her confinement. Without friends or the means with which to employ counsel, he appealed to me for sympathy and assistance, and I devoted myself to an investigation of the case with the result of rendering the giving of the blow problematical, and of proving that the *sage femme* had communicated the disease to the wife. He was therefore promptly acquitted, and some time afterward, when the wife of the judge who presided at the trial was attacked with puerperal fever, he had me called as a consulting physician. It thus happened that my intervention resulted in the rescue of the accused from an ignominious death upon the gallows, and in securing for myself the confidence and friendship of Judge Gilmore, who then presided over the Criminal Court of Baltimore. In another instance a negro woman had been convicted of the crime of infanticide, and the day for her execution had been appointed. At the request of Mr. W. H. Perkins—than whom there are few more genuine humanitarians—I determined to investigate the evidence produced against her, with a view of securing the clemency of the governor. Having before me a memorandum of the "proof of guilt," the accuracy of which was indorsed by the State's attorney, I devoted myself to a study of the case for an entire week, and then wrote out with great care an argument in support of the proposition that the child had never breathed, and that it

had not been subjected to violence. This paper was duly submitted to the Executive of the State, and upon the strength of it he promptly intervened and saved the poor creature's life. He subsequently stated that my argument was unanswerable; and few things in life have given me more satisfaction than the reflection that I was directly instrumental in saving the life of an innocent woman, and especially of one who was poor, friendless and forsaken.

## LETTER XXV.

## THE WHARTON CASE.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:

The other instance in which I can claim to have saved a human being from the gallows was the famous case of Mrs. Wharton, who was tried at Annapolis in the winter of '71-'72 for the alleged poisoning of General Ketchum. Some time in the summer of 1871 I was sent for by Mr. Thomas, the well-known advocate of Baltimore, between whom and myself the following conversation occurred:

Mr. Thomas: "Dr. Warren, I have taken the liberty of sending for you to ask you a few questions, and then to make a request of you. Let me begin by asking what you think of Mrs. Wharton?"

Dr. Warren: "I know nothing about her save what the papers state, viz: that she has killed General Ketchum, and has been arrested for it. I take it for granted that she is guilty."

Mr. Thomas: "Is your opinion of her guilt so firmly fixed in your mind as to preclude you from making a candid investigation of the medical facts of the case?"

Dr. Warren: "I certainly have no prejudice against the woman."

Mr. Thomas: "I am glad to hear you say so, Doctor. I have confidence in your judgment, and in your courage to maintain your opinions. I want you then to do me the favor to examine the facts of

this case—to investigate them candidly, and in the interest of truth and justice alone—and then to inform me of your conclusions. Will you do this for me, Dr. Warren?"

Dr. Warren: "My decision, Mr. Thomas, will depend upon your response to one preliminary question. Do you as a man—as a gentleman—believe her innocent? Of course as her lawyer you can exercise your own discretion whether to answer it or not."

Mr. Thomas: "I have not the slightest hesitation in answering the question. I believe her to be absolutely innocent."

Dr. Warren: "That settles the matter. I will make the most searching examination provided that you procure for me a written statement from the physicians who attended General Ketchum of exactly what they observed in the way of *ante-mortem* symptoms and *post-mortem* lesions. You must also give me ample time to make this examination, and speak to no other physician on the subject until I have made my report. At the same time I shall claim the privilege of conferring with my friend, Dr. John Morris, for I am in the habit of talking freely to him on all subjects."

He consented to my conditions, and in a few days he brought to me written statements from the attending physicians as to what they had observed at the bed-side and upon the dissecting table. For several weeks I devoted myself to an examination of the facts thus presented, seeking with an unbiased mind and an impartial judgment to eliminate "the truth and nothing but the truth" from them. I then sought Mr. Thomas, and unfolded the process of reasoning by which I had arrived at the conclusion, that both symptoms and lesions *precluded the possibility* of a death from antimonial

poisoning, and that it more probably resulted from a disease known as cerebro spinal meningitis, which had prevailed in an epidemic form in Baltimore contemporaneously with General Ketchum's fatal sickness.

Before reading these notes I requested him to endeavor to find some defect in my argument, as I had been unable to detect one. He heard me through with all the powers of his well-trained mind directed to the discovery of a flaw in the chain of reasoning with which I sought to bind together my premises and my conclusion, and when I had finished the task, he arose from his chair and shook me warmly by the hand, with the exclamation: "Complete, perfect, unanswerable. Our case is won—an innocent woman is saved from the gallows."

"I am glad you like it," I answered. "To my mind it is unanswerable, and I am delighted to find that it appears so to you."

"It is a demonstration and will stand any test. I must send for Mr. Steele at once, and then ask you to go over the ground with him, for I want his mind enlightened and satisfied as mine has been."

Mr. Steele entered the room wearing an anxious expression of countenance, which even the favorable assurances of his *confrère* did not dissipate, remarking: "You will have a tremendous array of talent against you, Dr. Warren. The current of public opinion sets so strongly against Mrs. Wharton that I can't induce the medical friends upon whom I relied for help to have anything to do with the case. But let me hear what you have prepared."

"I have taken all that you say into consideration already," I replied, "and I beg you, as I have already begged Mr. Thomas, to point out any weak

point—any defective link—in my chain of reasoning."

"Read on, then, and we shall see," he answered rather gruffly, evidently mistaking my great solicitude for rampant egotism.

He placed his hands behind him and paced the room as I read, testing my every word and idea in the crucible of his analytic mind, and when I had concluded he turned suddenly and said: "There is no weak point in it; from beginning to end it is as strong as iron; we shall save her, brother Thomas, never mind who the doctor may have arrayed against him, and whether those I counted on come up to the mark or not. Now, Doctor, let me advise you to keep your argument to yourself so that the other side will not attempt to refute it in advance."

"As for that, Mr. Steele, I am perfectly willing to submit it to the hazard of any answer that can be prepared against it, for truth is mighty and will prevail against the world, the flesh and the devil. Nevertheless, I shall take your advice, so as to make assurance doubly sure. Let me give some advice in turn: be sure to employ the best chemical experts that can be found, for the attempt may be made to produce the metal and thereby to give a practical answer to everything that may be said in regard to symptoms and lesions. I am confident that there never was a particle of antimony in General Ketchum's body, but you must have scientific witnesses on hand to expose any trick that may be attempted in that connection," said I, as I folded up my manuscript and bade them "good morning," duly satisfied with the estimate they had placed upon my work.

As you were present at that exciting trial it is unnecessary to enter into details respecting it, and

I will, therefore simply confine myself to my personal experiences at Annapolis. In due course I was placed upon the witness stand, and in a lecture of several hours' duration I unfolded the argument which had already given so much satisfaction to the attorneys for the defense.

I am sure you will bear me out in saying that its effect upon the jury was such as to render the acquittal of the prisoner almost a matter of certainty.

I had hardly regained my hotel, however, before the lawyers for the defense came to me, and, with the gravest of countenances, said : "We have come, Dr. Warren, in the *first place* to congratulate you on your evidence, which was the clearest and most logical that could have been given, and to our minds is absolutely unanswerable, but we have to tell you, in the *second place*, that the other side profess to be as well satisfied as we are, declaring that, as subtle and plausible as your theories appear, they will shatter their foundation to-morrow—that you have unconsciously walked into 'a trap,' with which you are to be caught and hung up to ridicule and ruin in the cross-examination. Are you absolutely sure of your positions? Have you an idea of what they mean by these confident threats—these bold assurances?"

"My dear sirs," I answered, "it is talk, the merest bravado. I *am* confident of my positions. I have weighed, measured and analyzed every stone alike of their foundation and their superstructure, and they will stand any test, I assure you. I know every man with whom we have to deal and I am not in the least afraid of their criticism."

"Well," said they, "we are perfectly satisfied with the work of to-day, and we hope and believe that you will sustain yourself to-morrow;" and

they then retired rather more cheerful in spirit, but still very anxious as to the result of the cross-questioning.

First one friend and then another called afterward, each jubilant over what had already occurred, and yet apprehensive in regard to what was to follow; but I maintained to them all the same confident and self-assured manner.

I made it a point to attend a ball at the hotel that night, wearing a smiling countenance, but still annoyed because of "the trap" which confronted me in the glances and greetings of every one. After retiring to my chamber, I remained until nearly daybreak poring over my books in search of the snare which had thus been set for my feet, but it was not until after I had slept an hour or two—uneasily and without a sense of repose—that I suddenly awoke to a realization of the precise point at which I had seemingly made a *faux pas*, and was to be so mercilessly impaled by my delighted adversaries. Dressing hurriedly, I hastened to the court-house, and deposited under the desk which had been assigned to Mr. Steele the materials with which I proposed to baffle my over-confident adversaries and to transform "the trap" which had been prepared for me into a "dead-fall" for them, as I felt assured of my ability to do.

When I resumed my place in the witness-stand I found the room filled with an audience which had especially assembled to witness and enjoy my immolation. I perceived, also, that the opposing doctors were present in full force, occupying contiguous seats, their countenances wreathed with smiles of anticipated triumph, and their note-books spread ostentatiously before them, ready to receive the record of my humiliation and disgrace. The attorney-general was in the finest of spirits,

his gray eyes twinkling with fun, his rotund figure expanding with jollity, and his every expression taking the form of a quirk or a pleasantry. The excited crowd seemed in humor for the sport, and rewarded his points and *bon mots* with nods of approval or roars of laughter. Indeed, it seemed a veritable "field day" for my enemies, and that, like the gladiator of other days, I was doomed to be—

Butchered to make a Roman holiday.

Mr. Syester soon finished with his playful prelude, and settled down to the serious work of the occasion—the springing of "the trap" which had been prepared for my destruction.

It was somewhat in this wise that the plan was developed and carried to its conclusion :

Lawyer: "Did I understand you on yesterday to say that Dr. Stillé, of Philadelphia, is a recognized authority?"

Doctor: "Certainly."

Lawyer: "Is he not recognized *especially* as an authority in regard to cerebro spinal meningitis?"

Doctor: "He has written an able work on that subject and is recognized as an authority by the profession."

Lawyer: "After such an admission what would you say if I should show you that he differs materially from you on an important point relating to that disease?"

Doctor: "I should be greatly surprised, and I should be disposed to consider myself mistaken."

Lawyer: "That's an honest confession, but a fatal one; for with it your grand lecture of yesterday and all its magnificent theories and confident conclusions fall to the ground, a mass of ruins—with a professor and an expert buried beneath

them. There *is* a radical difference between you and Dr. Stillé in regard to one of the most essential points in your hypothesis respecting the cause of General Ketchum's death. What have you to say for yourself in view of such a contradiction?"

Doctor: "I have simply to inquire in what regard he thus contradicts me."

Lawyer: "Oh, I will make it plain enough. I will soon show you the grave which you have dug for yourself. Don't be the least apprehensive on that point." Here he was interrupted by such a storm of applause from the audience that he could scarcely proceed. "I hold in my hand," he resumed, "a copy of Stillé's work on cerebro spinal meningitis—the disease from which you allege that General Ketchum died. On page—he states emphatically that this disease invariably *leaves behind certain definite lesions in the brain and spinal cord*. No such lesions were found in the brain and spinal cord of General Ketchum, and in order to reconcile that fact with your theory, you stated that cerebro spinal meningitis *frequently terminates fatally without leaving any lesion whatsoever*. There is, therefore, a palpable difference between Dr. Stillé and yourself, and by acknowledging *his superior authority* you admit your *own error*, and you and your theory fall together—a common wreck. Your evidence, in fact, amounts to nothing, and you are caught and crushed in "the trap" which was set for you. What have you to say for yourself? Where do you stand now, Professor Edward Warren?"

It certainly looked as if I had been caught and was annihilated; and it was in vain that the judges rapped and the bailiffs cried "Silence," for the audience, transported with delight at my apparent discomfiture, gave expression to its satis-

faction in the most enthusiastic applause. When order was restored—though the audience continued to scowl at me as if I were the murderer—I answered in this wise :

Doctor : "I have only this to say, sir : I stand just where I stood before. 'The trap' is not strong enough for the quarry. Turn to page —, paragraph —, and you will see that Stillé states explicitly that there are *two* varieties of cerebro spinal meningitis, viz: the *fulminant* and the *inflammatory*, and that he proposes to discuss only the *latter* form of the disease. I stated distinctly on yesterday that, in all probability, Ketchum died of *fulminant* cerebro spinal meningitis-- that variety of the disease which *does* frequently terminate fatally without *leaving a lesion behind* it. There is then no difference between Dr. Stillé and myself, and I am neither 'caught' nor annihilated.

"In proof of the truth of my position that *fulminant* cerebro spinal meningitis terminates fatally without leaving a discoverable lesion behind it, I will thank Mr. Steele to open the trunk beneath his desk, and to find and read the authorities for this statement as I shall indicate them." I then drew a paper from my pocket, and called for some twenty-five authorities, each stating in the most explicit terms that the *fulminant* variety of cerebro spinal meningitis "frequently terminates fatally without *leaving an appreciable lesion either in the brain or spinal cord*."

"The trap" which had been prepared for my destruction was thus converted into a "dead-fall" for my adversaries, and *my triumph* was made complete while *their defeat* was correspondingly rendered conspicuous.

The disappointed crowd retired in disgust ; my baffled opponents folded their note-books and

looked as if they had been convicted of some crime; the lawyers for the defense beamed with smiles of delight and triumph, and in the sorrowful eyes of the accused there gleamed the light of hope and thankfulness.

The attorney-general then lost his temper, and the following scenes followed each other, after a few rambling questions :

Lawyer : " Where would this lead to, Dr. Warren ? "—supposing some hypothetical case.

Doctor : " I cannot tell, as the hypothesis itself is absurd."

Lawyer : " But you medical men ought to know all about these medical matters."

Doctor : " I suppose we know as much about these medical matters as you lawyers."

Lawyer : " No, sir ; you doctors have the advantage of us. You *bury* your mistakes six feet *under the earth.*"

Doctor : " Yes, and you lawyers *hang your mistakes in the air,*" pointing significantly to Mrs. Wharton.

This rejoinder was received with such applause—despite the prejudice of the audience—that the judges were compelled to adjourn the court for some moments in order that order might be sufficiently restored for the transaction of its business. Upon the reassembling of the court the cross-examination was resumed somewhat in this wise :

Lawyer : " Dr. Warren, what is to be your fee in this case ? "

I had understood that this insulting question might be asked if all other means failed to break me down, and, though almost consumed with rage, I restrained my feelings and answered calmly.

Doctor : " I have never discussed the subject of a fee with any one, but when the case has termi-

nated it is my purpose to demand compensation for my services as an expert, inasmuch as the example has been set me in that regard not alone by some of the best men of this country and of Europe, but *by a medical witness for the State.*"

Lawyer : "Do you mean to say that any medical witness for the State proposes to charge for his services as an expert in this case?"

Doctor : "I do mean to say so most emphatically."

Lawyer : "Who is he—name him."

Doctor : "I feel some reluctance in giving his name, as you seem to regard his proposed demand as so grave an offense. Since you insist upon it, however, I have to say that it is the principal medical witness for the State. He told Dr. John Morris on yesterday that he had been employed by the State as an expert with the promise of remuneration, and he also consulted him as to whether he should demand five hundred dollars or not."

Had a bomb-shell exploded in that court-room it could not have produced more commotion, and the attorney-general, utterly surprised and silenced by this most unexpected announcement—for the arrangement had been made by one of his subordinates—permitted me to retire from the witness stand—not annihilated at least by the *rencontre*.

In confirmation of the truth of history I must add that, notwithstanding the "card of vindication" which appeared on the succeeding day, a bill for one thousand dollars was subsequently presented on this account, and its payment vehemently insisted upon. It is true that the State resisted the demand, and thus rendered this effort to vindicate the claims of the gallows "a labor of love" after all; but the fact that it was made still remains, a testimonial to the accuracy of the in-

formation which you had given me, and another illustration of the wisdom of the adage that those who live in glass houses should not throw stones. It might have been "blood money" which was so pertinaciously demanded, but for my intervention, and yet it was fairly earned if a faithful and prayerful effort to hang a woman can constitute the basis of an obligation upon the part of a civilized state to Christian gentlemen.

It has been said that I received a large reward for thus rescuing Mrs. Wharton from the gallows, but such is not the fact by any means. But for the intervention of Mr. Thomas, I should not have received a cent, and, as it was, I was not paid for my services as an expert a sufficient amount to cover necessary expenses, and to compensate for the loss incident to an absence of nearly forty days from my business.

So soon as I was released from the witness stand, I prepared and sent to the attorney-general a note insisting on a public apology for the insulting question which he had propounded.

But there lives no kinder or truer man than A. K. Syester, and before my note could be delivered he handed me a scrap of paper upon which were written these words :

"If I can do anything to restore the good feeling between Dr. Warren and myself, which I myself improperly interrupted—yet not wholly without provocation—I will be commanded by him. I regretted my course the moment it was over."

"A. K. SYESTER."

He arose and said : "May it please your honors. In a moment of excitement I asked Dr. Warren a very rude and improper question—one that I re-

gretted so soon as the words were uttered. I, therefore, take this occasion to express my sincere regret at what has occurred, and to say publicly that I believe his testimony to have been as candid and honest as it was able and scientific."

I waited for him at the door of the court-house, gave him my hand most cordially, and offered him a challenge which I never knew declined in Maryland—to join me in "forty drops" of the best that the hotel could afford. We have been devoted friends ever since and such we shall continue to the end. As a proof of the kindness of his feelings for me I beg you to read the subjoined copy of a letter which I received from him on the eve of my departure for Egypt:

STATE OF MARYLAND,  
OFFICE OF THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL,  
HAGERSTOWN, *March 25, 1873.*

MY DEAR DOCTOR:

I cannot describe the unfeigned regret I experienced in your loss to us all, especially to me; for although I have not seen and been with you as much as I desired, I always looked forward with pleasure to some time when our engagements would permit a closer acquaintance, and become warmed into a firmer and more fervid friendship. I dare not indulge the hope of hearing from you in your new position, but not many things would prove more agreeable to me. Present my compliments to your wife. That you and she may ever be contented and happy in life, and that you may be as prosperous as your great talents and unequalled acquirements so richly deserve, is the earnest hope of—

Your humble but undeviating friend,  
A. K. SYESTER.

I hope some day to see him governor of Maryland, for no man could fill the office with more honor or greater ability.

As an indication of the impression which my evidence produced at the time, not only in Annapolis but throughout the scientific world, I refer with pleasure to the fact that I was approached successively by the judges, jury and the attorneys for both sides, and assured by them that I had saved Mrs. Wharton's life, while I received letters of congratulation and commendation from a number of the most prominent medical men of America and Europe. Mrs. Wharton sent for me, and, while she and her noble daughter overwhelmed me with expressions of gratitude, she charged me to remember as a consolation in after life that I had "served and rescued an innocent woman."

## LETTER XXVI.

## THE WHARTON CASE.

MY DEAR DOCTOR :

As I have often remarked to you, General Ket-chum surely died from some other cause than antimonial poisoning, as the ablest toxicologists of the world unite in asserting, and if the accused really poisoned any one, she was insane at the time and oblivious of it afterward.

At any rate I acted throughout in obedience to the dictates of my conscience, and, though I have had to bear much of obloquy and persecution on account of my connection with the case, I have never regretted the stand which I made for what I conceived to be the true principles of science, and the defense of a woman who was without friends and in great tribulation.

The vilest wretch is entitled to the fairest trial, and when appealed to "in the interest of truth and justice" I determined that she should have one, whether guilty or innocent, and whatever might be the consequence to myself.

In attempting to give from memory a history of the memorable *rencontre* between the attorney-general and myself, I pretend to no accuracy save as regards the substance-matter of it—nearly thirteen years having elapsed since its occurrence.

If I have done him the slightest injustice, I would repair it by saying that an abler officer and a truer gentleman never represented the dignity of a State or vindicated the majesty of the law.

My assertion that cerebro spinal meningitis had existed in an epidemic form in Baltimore was vigorously controverted.

In order to contradict me in that regard, the attorney-general introduced a number of representative practitioners from all portions of the city, each of whom testified that the disease had not assumed an epidemic form in Baltimore, and that my statement was unsustained by any fact within his knowledge.

The attorneys for the defense completely turned this battery upon their adversaries. They extracted from each witness the admission that several cases of the disease had occurred in his practice, and then, by taking the aggregate of the whole number thus reported, showed that cerebro spinal meningitis had prevailed extensively in Baltimore ; that there had been, in fact, a serious and extreme epidemic of it contemporaneously with General Ketchum's death.

Among these so-called "representative practitioners" there was one who, by the specially offensive manner in which he testified to the non-existence of the epidemic, invited an attack from Mr. Steele, which he received to his utter humiliation, as you will remember. Standing erect, with a copy of the Baltimore *Journal of Medicine* in his hand, he cross-examined him somewhat in this wise :

Lawyer: "Do you reside in Baltimore?"

Witness: "I do, sir."

Lawyer: "And you practice medicine there?"

Witness: "Yes, sir."

Lawyer: "Are you acquainted with this journal?"

Witness: "I am acquainted with it, sir."

Lawyer: "Who is the author of the article

which recently appeared in it, entitled Cerebro Spinal Meningitis?"

Witness: "I am the author," stammering and trembling as if he had been caught in an act of theft or some other disreputable proceeding.

Lawyer: "And you now state here that there 'has been no epidemic of the disease in Baltimore,' when only a short time since you deliberately wrote a paper for this journal, declaring that 'an epidemic of cerebro spinal meningitis exists at this moment in Baltimore,' and relating the history of a number of cases which were treated by you. Which statement is the true one?"

From the discomfited and crestfallen witness there came no answer, and, with great beads of perspiration oozing from every pore of his hypertrophied epidermis, he slunk away with the whine of a castigated spaniel upon his lips and the malignity of a baffled viper in his heart.

Some months afterward, when the intervention of seven thousand miles supplied him with an opportunity to strike back with fancied impunity, he read a paper before one of the medical societies of Baltimore, in which he charged that "one of the witnesses for the defense (meaning myself) had misrepresented the facts of the case to Drs. Taylor and Stevenson, of London, and in that way had obtained from them opinions favorable to his view of the case." The paper containing this infamous slander was immediately sent to these gentlemen, with the result of eliciting from them the following letters in reply:

15 ST. JAMES' TERRACE,  
REGENT'S PARK, June 27, 1874.

Dr. WARREN-BEY, Cairo.

DEAR SIR: Your letter dated Cairo, June 13,

has been forwarded to me by Dr. Stevenson. In answer to your interrogatories, I beg leave to say that I received a copy of the Baltimore *Gazette's* report of the Wharton-Ketchum trial. It was addressed not to me personally, but to the "Professor of Chemistry, Guy's Hospital." As I had resigned the office, the report fell into the hands of my successor, Dr. Stevenson, and he had it in his possession for some weeks, when he handed it to me, as being originally intended for me.

You did not furnish me with any other statement, report or document relating to that trial or any other subject.

You did not, by any word, hint or act, comment on the evidence given at that trial, or in any way attempt to influence or bias my judgment in regard to it.

The premises for my decision regarding the case of General Ketchum were derived chiefly from the report of the Baltimore *Gazette*—sent by you, as I now find.

Taken as a whole, I do not consider that the symptoms have any resemblance to those which are observed in poisoning with antimony, and a further examination of the case has satisfied me that this is the only conclusion to which the medical facts lead. In the Guy's Hospital report for 1857 I collected and reported thirty-seven cases of poisoning with antimony. Upon the facts here collected and others which have come to my knowledge since, I believe that the death of General Ketchum was not caused by antimonial poisoning.

The chemical evidence did not show conclusively the presence of antimony in articles submitted to analysis for evidence at the trial. There was a fatal omission in those who attended on the de-

ceased in his last illness : the urine was not examined for antimony while the patient was living. The only conclusion to be drawn from this omission is that those who were in attendance on the General did not suspect that his was a case of antimonial poisoning while he was living and undergoing medical treatment, or they willfully neglected to adopt the best mode of verifying their suspicions and counteracting the effects of poison.

As before this occasion I have never received any letter from you or corresponded with you in any way, I must express my surprise that it should have been imputed to you that you have in any way attempted to influence my judgment. I did not even know that you had sent me the report of the Baltimore *Gazette*, until Dr. Stevenson informed me, long after its arrival in England. You have my authority for stating as publicly as you please that such an imputation is utterly untrue, and if made by a professional man, most unjustifiable. My opinion of the Ketchum case was formed apart from all local influences and prejudices. Having now had an experience of forty-three years in the subjects of poisoning, and an opportunity of examining during that period some hundreds of cases, I feel myself in a position to act independently of all hints and suggestions. To extra-forensic statements in a case like this I give no attention.

I presume the telegram which you quote in your letter refers to me. You are at liberty to state in reply that no experts for prosecution or defense made any application to me in reference to this trial, or furnished me with any premises or information respecting it. The whole story is a falsehood from beginning to end. I see that Dr. Reese has been implicated in the matter. I do not know

him except by name. I never wrote to him, or received any letter from him, respecting this trial.

I am, yours, very truly,

ALFRED S. TAYLOR.

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21 CAVERSHAM ROAD, N. W.,  
LONDON, July 3, 1874.

To his Excellency, WARREN-BEY, Cairo, Egypt.

MY DEAR SIR : I forwarded your letter to my colleague, Dr. Alfred Swaine Taylor, F. R. S., and he has handed me the letter which I now forward to you. I have read it at his request, and I can speak with knowledge as to the circumstances under which he became acquainted with the Warton-Ketchum case. In May, 1872, I received by post at Guy's Hospital a pamphlet, being a reprint from the Baltimore *Gazette*, of the report of the trial. I had no knowledge of the case before, and was ignorant in regard to the sending of the report until I came to your evidence, when I found your name underlined, with the simple word "compliments" added in pencil. When I had read the report I handed it to my predecessor in the chemical chair, Dr. Taylor.

My own opinion of the case, from reading the report, was this: That the chemical evidence broke down and did not prove that "twenty grains of tartar emetic" were administered to General Ketchum; and that the symptoms were not characteristic of any antimonial poisoning, and might have been produced by natural causes. Both Dr. Taylor and I think that you may fairly disregard all attacks upon your character, as every one is liable

to them. As for furnishing "false data," I know that all you furnished was the *Gazette's* report.

Very truly yours, etc.,

THOMAS STEVENSON,  
*Professor of Chemistry,*  
*Guy's Hospital, London.*

In concluding this subject, it is only just to say that Dr. Taylor in subsequent editions of his works on "Poisons" and on "Medical Jurisprudence," which are the recognized authorities of the civilized world, has reviewed the Wharton case, emphatically reaffirming the opinions expressed in his letter.

But if I was victorious at Annapolis I had to pay dearly for it in Baltimore. So great was the prejudice against Mrs. Wharton that the public turned upon me as if I had committed the crime; I was subjected to indignities of every description; my family was reviled upon the public streets; nearly all of my patrons deserted me, and I became as impecunious as in the days succeeding the surrender; I was subjected to a social ostracism that rendered life a burden to me and to those connected with me. The most absurd stories were circulated respecting the amount and the manner of my compensation as an expert; and although I never saw General Ketchum or heard of Mrs. Wharton until the death of the one and the imprisonment of the other, the suspicion gained credence that I was in some way implicated in the supposed crime.

My bank account was pried into; my every act and word was criticised and misrepresented; and I was shadowed perpetually by spies and detectives. I had been recommended for the office of coroner by a large number of the most prominent citizens of Maryland, but my supporters withdrew their indorsement and a pliant legislature relieved the

governor of his embarrassment in regard to my promised appointment by changing the law creating the office. In a word, every humiliation and outrage that insane prejudice and disappointed malignity could devise was heaped upon me, and all because, in testifying according to my conscientious convictions, I had baffled those who so persistently sought the condemnation of a friendless woman.

In the midst of these persecutions I attended a meeting of the American Medical Association in Philadelphia, and had an experience there which atoned in a great measure for the outrages to which I had been subjected in Baltimore. I was overwhelmed with civilities and attentions. Representative men from all sections sought me out to express their personal sympathy, and their professional concurrence in the position which I had taken in the case. They assured me that I was sustained by the profession of the country, and that I had made a reputation that would survive the prejudices of the hour and the machinations of those who were seeking my destruction. But they went further than mere expressions of regard and congratulation. I was made chairman of the section of surgery and anatomy for the ensuing year, a position second only in honor to that of the presidency of the association. I should have been pleased at any time to receive so distinguished a compliment, but, coming as it did at that critical period in my history—when my heart was chafing under a sense of unmerited censure and unprovoked outrage—it soothed and inspired me to a degree that language is inadequate to portray. Only those who have walked through the fiery furnace of persecution with a consciousness of rectitude appealing perpetually against the injustice of their

lot, can appreciate the happiness which pervaded my bosom in view of this conspicuous mark of sympathy and confidence—this vindication of my honor and loyalty at the hands of the profession of the country. I felt that I had been tried and acquitted by my peers, and thenceforward I cared no more for the insane rabble and the reviling schools than for the hissing geese upon the common or the yelping curs in the streets. Sustained by the approval of my own conscience, and the indorsement of the great body of my *confrères*, I walked the streets of Baltimore with as erect a head and as proud a heart as any other honest man within its limits, leaving my vindication to Him who is the illustration of truth and the embodiment of justice. At that meeting I presented to the surgical section of the association a new splint for fractures of the clavicle, which attracted much attention, and is really an apparatus of great utility. While it keeps the shoulder upon its normal plane and retains the fragments in accurate apposition, it permits all the movements of the forearm without subjecting the patient to inconvenience. It has been tried in a number of cases with absolute success.

And though, perhaps, something of the old prejudice may have been perpetuated by the breath of professional jealousy, I lived to see the day when I could count among my personal friends many of the best people of the city, and could boast of as large a class of students and as long a list of patients as the most popular of its professors and physicians.

Amid all the trials and difficulties of that painful period, when "clouds were dark and friends were few," you stood by me with the unfaltering faith and the fond affection of a brother. Circumstances have never permitted me to show the depth

of the gratitude which your devotion inspired, but I have taught my children to honor you as the best of men, and to love you as their father's especial friend and benefactor. She whose untimely loss has filled my bosom with an eternal sorrow had selected your name for her unborn babe, and it has thus become doubly sacred to me by its association with her who is dearest to my soul, and with you who have served me with the greatest fidelity. We may never meet again, but while consciousness and identity remain I shall never cease to remember your kindness in the day of adversity or to pray that heaven may reward your loyalty and devotion to me and mine.

I cannot dwell on the great calamity which finally blighted my life in Baltimore, and compelled me to seek in other scenes a surcease from the sorrow which so oppressed and paralyzed me there.

Fourteen years have passed since we stood together at the grave of my darling boy, but the wound of that sad bereavement has never healed, and will be felt until my heart has ceased to pulsate.

After three years spent in a vain and painful struggle to command myself sufficiently for the proper performance of my professional duties, I followed your advice and determined to remove to some other locality, hoping to break the spell of sorrow by shifting the scene of my life and labors.

## LETTER XXVII.

## SEEKING A NEW FIELD.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:

I first sought a professorship in the University of New York, thinking that a residence in that city might serve to distract my thoughts and give a zeal to my existence. With that end in view, I presented to the dean of the University of New York letters of recommendation from a number of leading men both in and out of the profession, two of which I reproduce because of the eminence of their authors and of the specially emphatic terms in which they indorsed me :

PHILADELPHIA, *May 8, 1872.*

MY DEAR DOCTOR WARREN:

It is difficult for me to say anything respecting one who is so well known throughout the country as a gentleman, practitioner and a teacher of medicine. Any medical school I am sure ought to be proud to give you a place in its faculty. As a teacher of surgery—off-hand, ready and even brilliant—there is no one in the country that surpasses you. As an operator and a general practitioner, your ability has long been everywhere recognized. Your success as a popular lecturer has been remarkably great. As a journalist you have wielded a ready and graceful pen. Some of your operations reflect great credit upon your judgment and

skill. Of your moral character I have never heard anything but what was good and honorable.

I hope with all my heart you may obtain a position in one of the New York schools. Your great popularity in the Southern States could not fail to be of service in drawing Southern students. My only regret is that we have no place to offer you in Philadelphia.

Wishing you every possible success, I am, dear doctor, very truly your friend,

S. D. GROSS,  
*Professor of Surgery,  
Jefferson Medical School.*

Professor EDWARD WARREN, Baltimore, Md.

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UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, May 18, 1872.

To THE FACULTY OF THE UNIVERSITY MEDICAL COLLEGE OF NEW YORK.

GENTLEMEN: It gives me great pleasure to recommend to your favorable consideration Dr. Edward Warren.

I have known Dr. Warren from his boyhood, and can testify to his excellent character, fine talents, indomitable perseverance in the pursuit of knowledge and the discharge of professional duties.

Dr. Warren's attainments are of a high order in genuine scholarship. He made unusual proficiency in moral philosophy, and graduated also with distinction in other schools in the University of Virginia.

Of his professional attainments I am not competent to judge, but I know that he has been successful when competition was intense, and I learn from others, competent to judge, that he has every qualification to insure success in the chair of surgery,

the place which I learn he seeks in your institution.

Very respectfully, etc.,

W. H. McGUFFY,

*Professor Moral Philosophy University of Va.*

Few things have given me more pleasure than these kind and complimentary letters, and I shall ever guard them among my treasures.

Having failed in this effort because no vacancy existed in the school, and still appreciating the necessity for a change of surroundings, I sought and secured a position under the Khedive of Egypt.

After the American war, with a view of availing himself of the military skill and experience which it had developed, his highness took measures to secure the services of a number of officers from both armies, as he was then filled with the idea of separating Egypt from the dominion of Turkey.

Happening one day to look from my window I saw Colonel Walter Jenifer—an old friend who some time before had entered the Egyptian army—walking up Charles street, looking magnificently in a semi-military costume. Hurrying after him he gave me a cordial greeting, and returned with me to my office to talk over his experience in “the land of the Pharaohs.”

He gave me such a glowing account of the country, and of the manner in which the American officers had been treated there, that I became immediately imbued with the desire to follow his example and enter the service of the Khedive. I promptly took measures to obtain from my friends generally letters of recommendation to the American officers then in authority at Cairo, and forwarded them

together with a formal application for a position in the medical staff of the Egyptian army.

Some weeks afterward I received a letter from the war office, offering me the position of chief surgeon of the general staff of the army, with the rank and pay of lieutenant-colonel and transportation to and from Cairo. I was also referred to General Sherman, who had been authorized by the Khedive to select such officers as were required and to arrange for their transportation.

I visited General Sherman at once and was received very cordially, as he had not forgotten our relations during the war. I told him very candidly that although desirous of going to Egypt I could not do so unless I was made a full colonel, and was given permission to practice my profession in Cairo. He agreed to telegraph to that effect and to communicate the result so soon as he had received an answer.

Some days afterward he sent me a telegram from the Egyptian authorities accepting my terms, and a formal appointment from himself, embracing the conditions to which I have referred. I thus suddenly found myself committed to the service under the Khedive;\* and when the reality of a residence in so distant a land and a radical change in all my plans of life was actually brought before me, I must confess that it seemed a far more serious step than I had originally conceived of, and one that I greatly hesitated to take. In midst of my perplexity I had the curious dream to which I have already referred, and but for it I should never have had the courage to make the venture.

Do you remember the dinner which you and other friends gave me at Barnum's just previous to

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\*See Appendix (A).

my departure? I have never forgotten it, and its *menu* hangs framed to-day in my office, a connecting link between the past and the present, and a souvenir of a most delightful occasion. How many times, when surfeited with the *cuisine* of foreign lands, have I refreshed my palate by contemplating its tempting spread of terrapins, oysters, canvas-back ducks, etc. Each guest of that delightful evening is associated with the choicest delicacies of Barnum's, and that alone is sufficient to embalm him forever in my memory. What a charming event it proved to me! For it was a gathering of my friends, of those who believed in me, and who had stood bravely by me in all the vicissitudes of my life in Baltimore. And the old Maderia which Mr. Dorsey produced to drink a parting toast to my "health and happiness"—its bouquet has lingered in my nostrils and its flavor upon my lips ever since. But friendship—true and tried—was the sauce that flavored the courses that night, and gave them a relish beyond the dream of the *chef* at Voisin's or Véfour's.

I stopped on the Jersey side so as to take the Cunarder which then started from that locality, and while dressing on the morning of my departure there was a rap at my door, and in walked William—the colored boy who had served me so long and so faithfully in Baltimore.

"What on earth has brought you here, William?" was my surprised exclamation.

"Well, Doctor, you see you are used to me and to my ways, and I am going along with you," he answered.

"What, going with me to Egypt?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, sir, I am a-gwine to Egypt with you. You see I told Mrs. Warren I wanted to go and

she sent me. I am a-gwine to take care of you," he replied.

And he went with me, and he is with me still, the most loyal, devoted and humble of servants, although he speaks three or four languages, and has been petted by everybody on this side of the water.

His father was a freedman, and at one time possessed a considerable estate, including several negroes. Being naturally over-confiding and rather thriftless, his brother soon managed to get him into debt and to obtain possession of his property ; and when I knew him he was glad to obtain work in the college with which I was connected. One night he tried his hand as a resurrectionist, with the result of an arrest and an imprisonment for three months, notwithstanding our urgent efforts to secure his release. Quite an amusing incident occurred in this connection which illustrates the power of avarice over the human soul, even though it be that of a doctor. The bail for our captured resurrectionist was fixed at five hundred dollars, and it became necessary to find two sureties—both property-owners—each to become responsible for one-half of that sum. Only two members of the faculty possessed "real estate" in Baltimore, and it was agreed to request them to sign the bond, and for the rest to subscribe to a paper securing them from all loss. The most intimate friend of one of the property-owners was delegated to visit him for the purpose of explaining and arranging the matter. He went to the house of our rich *confrère*, and after telling him of Hughes' arrest, and of the certainty that the poor fellow would have to remain three months in jail unless bail could be found, etc., requested him to

become one of the sureties on the terms already explained.

"What, become security for two hundred and fifty dollars!" he exclaimed; "impossible! I would not sign for that sum to take *you* out of jail."

And yet he was worth a square million, and the party addressed was his dearest friend. Our ambassador departed precipitately, and poor Hughes remained in prison for the full term of three months. Finding him honest and reliable I took one of his sons, who was then about fifteen years of age, into my service; and he has been with me ever since, embracing a period of some sixteen years. Possessing a kindly disposition, and being naturally fond of children, he soon became a great favorite with my family and has remained so up to the present moment. He has proved invaluable to me in connection with my professional work, having learned to assist in operations, to dress wounds, to extract teeth, to give hypodermic injections, and to do a variety of things which a physician in full practice requires to have done for him. But it is especially as a *garçon de reception* that he excels. He can distinguish "who is who" at a glance; he knows how to commiserate with a patient on his first visit, and to find improvement in his visage at each succeeding one; he understands how much time a case requires for its consideration, and when to interrupt a long-winded client; he can entertain and divert an impatient visitor to perfection; he can be the most polite of servants, the tenderest of nurses, and the sharpest of collectors, as the circumstances demand; and, in a word, there does not live a man who plays his appointed rôle in life with greater tact and judgment than my faithful office boy, William Hughes. Though a negro, and only with such an education as he has

"picked up" in my house, he has the manners and the appearance of a gentleman—and he is one, if fidelity to duty, incorruptible honesty, scrupulous neatness of person and the kindest of hearts entitle a man to be so regarded. His devotion to me, regard for my feelings, respect for my opinions, interest in my business, and desire to promote my comfort and happiness are something phenomenal; and, I can say with truth, that he has been the most patient, loyal and consistent friend that I have had in life.

On two occasions he concluded to leave my service, but signally failed in each attempt. In one instance, his health becoming bad, he concluded to try the efficacy of a change of air, and took the position of chief steward on a river steamer. He had only made a few trips, however, when he chanced to find a terrapin crawling on the shore, and capturing it, he brought it in triumph to Baltimore, and hurried to my house to present it to my little boy—never giving a thought to his steamer again.

Again, having fallen desperately in love, he followed the object of his affections to New York, where he took service as a waiter in a boarding-house. A short time after his departure I had occasion to write to him in order to ascertain where he had left a set of harness for repair, and a day or two afterward I was surprised when I opened my eyes in the morning to see William moving stealthily about the room, engaged in arranging my clothes as usual. "Halloa, William," I cried out; "what are you doing in Baltimore?" "Oh, sir!" he answered, "I come on to find them harness you wrote about," and he went on with his work as if nothing had occurred and New York had no existence.

I learned subsequently that when the servants

questioned him in regard to his return, he said : " Well, folks, New York is the nicest sort of a place, and the people were mighty friendly to me, but I felt so lonesome without the doctor and the children that I could not stand it and I just packed up and come home again."

He is one of the few " Democratic " darkeys that I have ever met with—not through any influence that I have exerted upon him, but, apparently, because the war rather diminished the dignity of his family by so largely augmenting the number of freedmen.

A grand functionary of the United States once came up to him, and patting him on the shoulder, said : " Ah, William, we Republicans are your friends, and you ought to love us dearly. We set you all free." " Not at all, sir," said he ; " you Republicans did nothing for me, you only set my darkeys free"—a remark which surprised and silenced the politician, as you can well imagine.

He is naturally of a peaceable disposition, but he can brook no insult to me, and he has had several difficulties on that account.

On one occasion the guard on duty at the principal gate of the Cairo Citadel\* failed to salute me as we drove through it *en route* to my office. In a moment William called to the *syce*—the *avant courier*, who, in Eastern lands, runs before the carriage of every personage to clear the way, and announce his master's title, etc.—ordered him to stand before the horses, and proceeded to give the offending soldier, armed as he was, a sound thrashing with his whip. In the midst of the *melee* Ratib Pasha, the commander-in-chief, rode up, and threatened William with his sword, at the

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\*See Appendix (B).

same time abusing him most savagely. To my horror, William turned upon him, and asserting his American citizenship, declared that he should be treated to a similar punishment if he dared again to open his lips. The Pasha gazed at him for a moment with speechless amazement, and then, true to the instincts of his pusillanimous nature, put spurs to his horse, and dashed off as if the devil was after him. The scene was ludicrous beyond expression, but it was only after several anxious nights that I slept soundly again, because of the constant expectation of an order sending me to Central Africa or dismissing me from the service, as I well knew the vindictive character of the man with whom I had to deal. For some incomprehensible reason the order did not arrive, but in place of it there came, a few days afterward, an invitation to a feast, which the *generalissimo* had given in honor of his marriage. Ratib is the individual who subsequently figured so ingloriously in the Abyssinian campaign, causing by his obstinacy and cowardice—according to General Loring—the destruction of the greater part of the Egyptian army, and having been found in the midst of the attack upon the fort, in which the fugitives from the ill-fated field had taken refuge, concealed beneath a pile of Arab bread, so paralyzed by fear and disfigured with dust as scarcely to be recognizable.

From William's dark complexion, and the attention which he paid to his dress, the natives for a long time took him to be a eunuch, and treated him with all the deference which they habitually accord to those dilapidated but still puissant specimens of humanity.

By his own imprudence, however, he lost his prestige in that regard, and came near losing his life as well.

Prompted by his inherent love of display and a desire to outshine the English coachman kept by his highness for grand ceremonies, he arrayed himself on one occasion in full livery, including a *hat*\*—which, with its variegated cockade and its glossy sheen, was to his mind the perfection of elegance—and then drove up the Mouski, the principal street of the native quarter. Instead of receiving the ovation which he expected, he soon found himself surrounded by a crowd of infuriated Musulmans who, with cries of “down with the traitor,” “death to the renegade,” “crucify the apostate,” struck at him with clubs and swords, pelted him with everything they could lay their hands upon, and attempted to drag him from his seat in order to inflict summary punishment upon him for having abandoned his religion and proclaimed his recantation by wearing a *hat* in the public streets. The timely arrival of a squad of foreign policemen alone saved his life, and even then he had difficulty in escaping from the fanatical rabble and in returning to my house.

Though frightened nearly out of his wits, his mind had been unable to conceive a motive for the hostile demonstration, and he came rushing into my office, still arrayed in his liveried splendor, to give me a history of his adventure, and to ask the meaning of the attack upon him.

“My God, Doctor, they tried to kill me! They kept pointing at my nice new hat and crying, ‘nooser ani’ and ‘ebniu el kelp,’ all the time. Can’t an American wear a hat in this country as well as a Britisher? ’Fore God, they never saw a finer one. What does it all mean, anyhow?”

“Why, William, it is as plain as daylight.

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\*See Appendix (C).

From the color of your skin they have always taken you for a Mohammedan, and a eunuch at that, and seeing that you had abandoned your *tarbouche* and put on a *hat*, they thought you had changed your religion and become a Christian."

"Is that it? What a set of cussed fools! Ketch me wearing a hat again while I am in Egypt; but that is a nice hat, Doctor."

"I'll make that all right, old fellow. You bought it on my account and I will pay for it; but the thing that grieves me most is that they will never take you for a eunuch again, and you will not be regarded as so much of a great man hereafter."

For many a day afterward, as we drove over the scene of the conflict, William's countenance wore an uneasy expression, and I observed many a look of hatred leveled after us, but no further violence was attempted, and save in the loss of his prestige my faithful servant suffered no detriment.

In explanation of the indignation excited by William's unfortunate hat, I must say that the *tarbouche* or the *turban* is *de rigueur* with all true followers of the Prophet, while every other covering for the head is regarded as a token of unbelief or of apostasy. Hence it was that every foreign officer in the Khedive's service was required to wear a *fez* or *tarbouche*, in order to avoid remark and discussion on the part of the natives.

It is a singular circumstance that a covering for the head which affords no protection to the eyes, either against the rays of the sun or the glare and dust of the desert, should be adopted by a country in which ophthalmia is the prevailing disease.

During the summer months that affection is almost universal among children under ten years of age, and the proportion of blind or partially blind men is about one in twenty of the population.

Though produced originally by the combined effects of the sun's rays, dust and vicissitudes of temperature, ophthalmia is a contagious disease—*i. e.*, is reproducible by actual contact—and most frequently by the agency of the flies which swarm in that country. Believing them to have been sent by Allah, (?) the natives respect them accordingly, and consider it sinful to brush them away or in any manner to interfere with them.

It is a common thing to see the faces of the children covered with them—blackened and disfigured by their presence—and while Egyptian mothers show all the instincts of maternity in other regards, nothing can induce them to raise their hands against these insects. Flies thus become agents for the transportation of the virus of ophthalmia and the principal instruments of its propagation.

As a matter of pure humanity I opened a dispensary for the treatment of ophthalmia among the soldiers and their families, and though hundreds presented themselves daily, I could accomplish but little toward their relief, for the reason that my injunctions in this regard were invariably disregarded. They were willing to take any amount of medicine, and to submit to whatever I proposed in the way of applications or of operations, but they preferred to suffer pain or to incur the risk of blindness rather than insult the Lord by interfering with His agents and ministers—the flies which infest the country.

Whether I should have succeeded ultimately in eradicating this superstitious prejudice, I can not say, for after an experience of two weeks in the Dowhadish, and in spite of every possible precaution to guard against contagion, I was attacked with ophthalmia, and I am to-day a sufferer from its consequences. William assisted me in this work, and though he laughed incredulously when enjoined

to caution in dealing with my patients, he too fell a victim a short time afterward. The negro has no fortitude of character, and he becomes immediately demoralized when called upon to suffer either physically or mentally. Having just passed through the same ordeal, I appreciated fully his meaning when he spoke of the "hot iron which was boring through his eye and burning his brain," and yet there was a ludicrousness about his proceedings which elicited a smile as I sympathized with his sufferings and sought to minister to their relief.

Though the thermometer was above 100°, he wrapped a woolen comforter about his head, enveloped his body with blankets, and alternately shrieked, sang camp-meeting hymns, prayed devoutly, and called for his "mammy" by day and night for nearly two entire weeks. Indeed, he aroused the whole neighborhood, and frightened the contiguous Arabs and Levantines almost out of their lives, while my own family was kept in a state of mortal terror during the entire period of his illness. I was compelled to give him morphia hypodermically and in large quantities to render life tolerable to him, and to keep him from expiring from pain and fright.

On several occasions during his residence in Paris he has experienced the same agony from a return of the disease and has gone through similar performances—though fortunately not on so gigantic a scale—to the wonder of my neighbors and the consternation of my household.

Is it not a strange circumstance that a man of good sense, of an abundance of physical courage, and of considerable pride of character should become thus demoralized and irresponsible under the influence of pain, and at the bare possibility of

death? And yet he is but the type of his race in this regard—he is a negro *au fond* notwithstanding his many admirable qualities, his long association with white men, and his varied experiences of the world. I mention this in no disparagement of my good friend and faithful servant, but simply as a practical demonstration of the difficulty of eradicating the peculiarities by which the different races are distinguished from one another.

I have been struck very forcibly with the facility with which William has picked up the languages of the various countries in which he has lived. He is a man of but limited education, and yet he had not lived three months in Cairo before he had acquired enough of the Arab tongue—a most difficult one to learn by any process—to understand what was said to him, and to make his wants known; and he finally mastered it sufficiently to be taken for a native by the people of the country. We all devoted ourselves to the study of Arabic, but with the exception of my eldest daughter, who speaks it with great fluency, we never got to the point of framing sentences or of maintaining a connected conversation; while this comparatively uneducated man, trusting to his ear alone, soon learned to speak it as glibly as if he had been born and raised in the country. Of course, my younger children learned it from their nurses, and it was to them virtually a mother tongue.

With the exception of Colonel Chaillé Long, the distinguished Central African explorer, I do not know an American officer who learned to speak Arabic with any approach to fluency. General Loring, the scholar of the commission, studied it with great zeal and diligence, but he was compelled to rely upon an interpreter to the last, although he

made himself a master of its grammar and dictionary.

I have not seen Colonel Mason for several years, but, as he has lived for a long time where Arabic is exclusively spoken, and is a man of superior mind and education, I suppose that he speaks it like a native.

William also acquired French readily, and, though for a long time his grammar was rather mixed, and his pronunciation decidedly Ethiopian, he has become *tout à fait Francaise*, and gets along as well as any man in the colony. Certainly there is not a shrug or a grimace with which he is unfamiliar, and he amply makes up by his proficiency in this respect for any deficiency in words and idioms.

The longer a man resides in a country the less proficient does he really find himself in its language, or, in other words, the more he knows the more does he find that there is to know. It is only the "newcomer" with the barest smattering of French, who will tell you that he "speaks like a Frenchman," believing that the ability to parade a few set phrases and to make his wants known comprises a thorough knowledge of the language.

The French themselves are mainly responsible for this egotistical delusion. "*Mais, Monsieur, vous parlez bien, parfaitement bien,*" is the staple compliment with which a "fresh arrival" is greeted on all sides from the first moment that he sets foot in the country. The bait is swallowed eagerly, as a general rule, as many a hotel director, shop-keeper and professional quack finds by counting his gains when "the innocent" has departed—to mourn afterward over the depleted pockets which his proficiency as a linguist has cost him.

I was greatly amused recently by a conversation

between a friend of mine and a shop-keeper of the *Rue de la Paix*. Notwithstanding that he has lived in the country for many years and prides himself on the knowledge of the language, his French is simply an incomprehensible jargon. Having been absent from Paris for some time he sauntered into a shop on his return and renewed his acquaintance with its proprietor over a pair of gloves that he desired to purchase. After addressing several remarks to the merchant in what he conceived to be French, he essayed to extract a compliment from him in regard to the fluency with which he spoke the language. The Frenchman pretended not to see the point. He praised his gloves ; he talked about the weather ; he inquired after my friend's health ; he told a piquant little anecdote *apropos* to nothing, but he avoided the expected compliment altogether. “*Mais, Mushur, vous non comprond. Je hai parl de mon Francaise. Je parl perfet, maintnow, n'est pas?*”

“*Oui, Monsieur, vous parlez—vous parlez—vous parlez—mieux*”—the “*bien*” which he essayed to utter, and my friend so confidently expected to hear, being too much for his conscience, seared and hardened as it was by twenty years of dealing with foreigners in the *Rue de la Paix*. My friend's indignation knew no bounds, for he saw the Frenchman's difficulty, and, turning to me, he said : “This man is a natural-born fool. He does not appreciate his own language when it is properly spoken. I shall trade at some other shop hereafter,” and he left the place in hopeless disgust.

I am sure the Frenchman will never hesitate between *mieux* and *bien* again, for, realizing that his conscientiousness has cost him a client, he will be as polite as the rest of his countrymen for the future, you may depend upon it.

## LETTER XXVIII.

UNDER THE KHEDIVE.

MY DEAR DOCTOR :

I sailed from New York on the 2d day of April, 1873, on the steamer "Abyssinia," of the Cunard line, in company with General R. E. Colston, who had also accepted a position in the Egyptian Army, and whose subsequent services were well appreciated and rewarded by the Khedive.

Our departure was not an auspicious one, as the papers of that morning contained the first intelligence of the loss of the steamer "Atlantic ;" and the last sound that we heard from the shore was the cry of the news-boys announcing "A terrible shipwreck!" "The loss of several hundred lives," etc.

As in nearly every instance of disaster at sea, the cause can be traced to criminal negligence, the best time for sailing is just *after* such a calamity, as the officers are thus stimulated to unusual care in the navigation of the ship and in everything relating to their duties.

It is far from agreeable, nevertheless, to have one's ears saluted, at the last moment, by the tidings of so dreadful an accident, and for several days its effect could be seen in the pallid countenances and serious mien of all on board.

As the weather was fine, the ship staunch, and the officers unusually attentive to their duties, the gloom among the passengers gradually disappeared,

and we had a remarkably cheerful and pleasant passage.

Having failed to make the tide at the bar of the Mersey, we were transported thence to Liverpool in a small tug, and as a result, I contracted a severe cold, which confined me to bed for several days after my arrival at the Northwestern Hotel.

Few things in life are more disagreeable than to be sick in a hotel. Such establishments are made for well people—for those who are in a condition to spend money freely and to give the minimum of trouble.

Sickness is resented as a gratuitous insult, and an invalid usually receives about as much consideration as he might expect in the hut of a Hottentot. But for William's assiduous attentions I should have fared badly indeed, for circumlocution was the order of the day, and everything that I required and asked for was "against the rules of the house."

However, under the judicious use of remedies, the threatening pneumonia was transformed into a mild bronchitis, and I was soon able to bid adieu to the Northwestern, and to journey on to London.

After William had watched at my bedside for a day or two, I insisted that he should go out and see the city. He was absent for several hours, and returned with his mind filled with the astounding fact that "everybody spoke American as well as he did," and the circumstance that he had encountered a band of negro minstrels, who had offered him a large salary to join them and to go "starring"—as he expressed it—all over Europe. More than half of the company, it seemed, were white men, and they desired the addition of more genuine African blood in order to make their enterprise a success. He refuted their proposition at once, but

they became so importunate that he was really fearful lest they might waylay and kidnap him, *nolens volens*. I quieted his fears as best I could, but warned him at the same time "to keep his eyes open," for I felt some apprehension on the subject myself.

William did not venture in the streets again, but he several times pointed out his importunate friends, as they hung about the hotel hoping to have another talk with him. As he is a good-looking darkey, possesses a fine voice, and has a decidedly musical turn, he would have proved an invaluable addition to their troupe—would have literally coined money for them. I learned afterward that they visited all the European capitals, producing a sensation everywhere, and returning home with heavier pockets than they had started out with.

In London I had the pleasure of meeting that splendid gentleman and great surgeon, Sir James Paget, to whom I carried letters of introduction from Professors Gross and Pancoast, of Philadelphia. He invited me to his house, introduced me to his family, and gave me a letter to Mr. Fowler, the English engineer, then employed by the Khedive in perfecting the great works of internal improvement to which he had devoted himself. Sir James has risen by the force of his genius and character to the most commanding professional position in England; and he is, at the same time, the very type of a finished gentleman.

Since my residence in Paris I have renewed my acquaintance with him, and I am proud to be able to number him among the truest friends I have made upon this side of the Atlantic. His election to the presidency of the International Congress of 1881—to which I had the honor of being a delegate—is

an evidence of the estimation in which he is held by the medical profession of the world, and the able and eloquent address which he delivered on that occasion fully justified the wisdom of his selection for so distinguished a position.

In manner and appearance he reminds me of the late Wm. B. Rogers, the distinguished American scientist, for they were cast in the same heroic mold, and inherited equally the attributes of genius.

I had always looked forward with pleasure to a second visit to Paris, but I found everything about it so changed by the hand of vandalism that the impression produced upon my mind was only a painful one. I had known the city in its days of imperial splendor—when it was incomparably gay, and grand, and glorious, and I found it draped in mourning, torn by internal dissensions, and marred by unsightly ruins. Between the Paris of '73 and that of '55 there was as great a difference as between a funeral dirge and a wedding march—a dilapidated brick and a diamond of the first water. Everything seemed radically and hopelessly changed, and I left it with a feeling of relief—a veritable surcease from regret and disappointment.

As a matter of economy, we traveled from Paris to Brindisi as second-class passengers, which necessitated a halt at every station, as well as innumerable changes of trains. As we spoke scarcely a word of Italian, and no one seemed to understand either English or French, it has always been a mystery how we escaped starvation and reached our destination. Bread and wine were the only articles in the way of sustenance that our knowledge of Italian permitted us to ask for, and we only avoided being carried in wrong directions by crying out, "Brindisi! Brindisi! Brindisi!" at the top of our voices, whenever the train came to a

halt. William's black skin collected a crowd at every station, and our frantic efforts to keep in the direct route created a sensation from the Alps to the Adriatic. The only wonder is that we were not arrested as lunatics, for I am sure we were taken for such at every station throughout the entire route.

After a pleasant voyage of four days over a waveless sea and beneath cloudless skies, we entered the harbor of Alexandria,\* where we found General and Colonel Reynolds—old Confederates and dear friends—waiting to welcome us, and bearing a message from General Loring “to come directly to Gabara.”

After passing through the custom-house we took a carriage, and drove, *first* through the city, and *then* about a mile into the country, to the General's residence.

He gave us a cordial welcome, and bade us make ourselves at home in Gabara. This palace had been one of the favorite summer homes of Said Pasha,† the former Khedive of Egypt, and I can well understand his partiality for it. It is built in the Eastern style, only one story in height, with a rectangular central building, and a wing on either side—one for the *selamlik* and the other for the hareem. Its interior is gorgeous with mirrors, marble floors, panels of porphyry, mosaics, divans, carpets, and all that can be conceived of oriental luxury; while a large veranda occupies its entire front, and a spacious garden lies behind it, filled with murmuring fountains, luscious fruit and fragrant flowers.

The approach to it is through a spacious avenue skirted with mimosas, which unite in a canopy above, and embower it in perpetual shade; and

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\* See Appendix (D).

† See Appendix (E).

spreading around it in every direction are large fields devoted to the cultivation of the date, the orange, the fig, and the almond. It is impossible to conceive of a lovelier spot, and one is reminded at every turn of the stories of the Arabian Nights, and feels as if he were really in fairy land.

This palace had been assigned to General Loring as his quarters when he was placed in command of Alexandria, and he lived there in princely elegance, with the two Reynolds—his aides-de-camp—and their families.

We received a cordial welcome, but found it difficult to sleep on account of the excitement incident to our arrival, and the strange emotions inspired by the novelty of the situation and the magnificence of the objects around us.

We took the train at eight o'clock on the succeeding morning, and reached Cairo\* in six hours and a half, the journey having proved an exceedingly interesting one, because of the strange sights and interesting associations which presented themselves on every side.

We reached Cairo in the midst of what is known as a "*khampseen*," a wind which blows from the south, and brings with it the dust and the heat of the desert. There is no spring-time in Egypt, but, from the 1st of April until about the 20th of May, a period of fifty days, this wind prevails, giving one a foretaste of the infernal. *Khampse* is the Arabic word for fifty, and the wind which blows from the desert during this period of fifty days is called the "*khampseen*." After this most disagreeable season the direction of the wind changes, coming from the north, especially after sunset, and rendering the nights cool and refreshing.

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\*See Appendix (F).

During these storms the natives retire to their houses and carefully close their doors and windows, so as to keep out the dust and heat, and, when compelled to breast them, they cover their heads and faces with blankets, just as the inhabitants of colder regions do to protect themselves against the blasts of Boreas.

As I before informed you, a storm of this kind prevailed when we reached Cairo. The air was loaded with dense clouds of dust; a wind was blowing from the desert which felt like the breath of a furnace; and, from the debilitating influences of an atmosphere alike deficient in oxygen, filled with impalpable particles of sand, and heated above the blood-range, a feeling of nervous prostration was produced which seemed scarcely supportable. I felt as if I had been translated to the lower regions, and bitterly regretted ever having thought of Egypt.

Seeking, however, the shelter of the New Hotel, I retired to my room, threw off my clothes, called for a plentiful supply of artificial ice and palm-leaf fans, and made myself as comfortable as circumstances would allow until the storm had spent itself.

This wind is not the "*simoon*," as some suppose. The "*khampseen*" usually prevails for about three days, brings with it a temperature of  $95^{\circ}$ , and is laden with the impalpable *dust* of the desert, while the "*simoon*" usually blows for about twenty minutes only, raises the thermometer to  $100^{\circ}$ , and is attended by clouds composed principally of sand.

The climate of Egypt during the greater part of the year is remarkably salubrious and healthy. The general height of the thermometer in the winter is from  $50^{\circ}$  to  $60^{\circ}$ —in the afternoons—in the shade. I never saw but one rain at Cairo, and,



though it was only a passing shower, the natives regarded it as a deluge. Consumption is a common disease among the blacks from the interior of Africa, the climate being so much colder than that in which they have been reared.

Everything about Egypt is so peculiar that a stranger feels on his first arrival as if he had lost his identity, and had been wafted to another sphere. Its ideas and customs are generally directly antipodal of those of other lands in all regards.

The people of Egypt are ultra religious,\* as they understand the matter. They have absolute faith alike in the existence of a God, and in His direct intervention in the affairs of life. They do everything, in fact, in the name of Allah, and follow with blind obedience the teachings of Mohamet as recorded in the Koran.

Although the heaven of the Koran is peopled with Houris—seventy-two of whom minister to each one of the elect, women are virtually excluded from the religion of *el golam*. Instead, therefore, of spending their lives in prayer and pilgrimage, they occupy themselves with paying visits, painting their persons, drinking coffee, eating sweetmeats, rehearsing the tales of the Arabian Nights, talking scandal, and planning intrigues of every possible description.

In some rare instances they affect religious fervor, and devote themselves to a great parade of self-sacrifice, prayer-making and almsgiving, but always with the conviction that their chances of the "better land" are doubtful at best, and that their only hope is in the direct intervention of the Prophet.

Of course, I refer to the Arabs proper, for the Copts,† who compose a considerable portion of the

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\*See Appendix (G).

† See Appendix (H).

population, are Christians, although in other respects no differences are discoverable between them and their neighbors. It is a remarkable circumstance that these two classes, Arabs and Copts, should have lived so long together, with the same laws and similar habitudes, without having amalgamated, and yet they remain as distinctly separated as the Jews and the Christians of other lands.

A missionary establishment has existed in Cairo for a number of years, under the direction of men of ability and great religious zeal, and yet I have never heard of the conversion of but one Mohammedian to the Christian faith, and that was effected by other influence than theirs. The ministrations of the missionaries have, however, prospered among the Copts, for, though professedly believers in the divinity of Christ, their religion had become only another name for idolatry and superstition, and they greatly needed the teaching and the example of such men as Drs. Lansing and Watson.

The convert to whom I refer is a young man by the name of Achmed Fahmy, who for a long time was attached to me as an official interpreter. He soon established friendly relations with my household, and as he was a devout Mussulman, he set himself diligently to work to convert William. The latter was a staunch Methodist at the time, and the arguments between the two were as interminable as they were animated and amusing. One day I overheard William say to him: "Now, Achmed, I want to ask you a question, and you must answer it truly. What do you think will become of the Doctor when he is dead and gone?"

"Why, it is as plain as daylight. He is an unbeliever, and the Prophet says, 'All who refuse

to believe in me, and to follow me, shall be punished eternally.' I am sorry for the Doctor, for he has been like a father to me, but the devil will surely get him. That's why I am praying for him all the time," was his answer.

"Well, just see here, Achmed," exclaimed William, "if you are such a tarnation fool as to believe such devilish doctrines as those, I am done with you. I've got no faith in you, and your blasted religion, neither." But they continued friends, nevertheless, and went on with their arguments up to the day of my departure. My wife, who was also very fond of the young fellow, occasionally put in a word, and loaned him some books to read, including a copy of the New Testament. But he gave no sign of yielding, and we left Egypt believing that our labor had been lost, and that he would die, as he had lived, a devoted follower of the Prophet.

Some five or six years afterward one of my friends was about to visit Egypt, and I gave him a note to Achmed, knowing him to be an honest fellow and an excellent dragoman, and you can judge of my astonishment when I received in reply the subjoined letter :

CAIRO, 4th March, 1878.

Dr. WARREN-BEY.

MY DEAR SIR: After presenting you my best wishes and compliments, I wish to tell you about a very wonderful and glorious thing. You know that I was a very strict Mohammedan. One day, as I thought proper and very necessary to search for the true religion, I found that Christianity is the true one, therefore, I embraced it six months ago. Indeed, I suffered many trials and persecutions for the true religion of God. Had I not

taken Dr. Lansing's house as my refuge, I should have been put to death, according to the Mohammedan barbarous law. Now I am as a prisoner in Dr. Lansing's, unable to go out at all, because my relations and the Mohammedans are so excited and watching over me all the time ; therefore, I was unable to go out with General L.

I wish you to pray for me that I may be strong enough to bear such trials for the sake of my Lord and Saviour.

Please give my love to Mrs. and Misses Warren.

Your most sincere

ACHMED FAHMY.

I never heard of him afterward, and can only hope that he remained true to the faith which had thus germinated in his heart from the seeds that we were instrumental in sowing there.

William took the conversion all to himself, and rejoiced over it exceedingly, telling me, in confidence, that with a little more "book larning and practice" he would have made "just about as good a preacher as any of them." Most white men believe that they are natural-born *actors*, while every darkey regards himself as a *preacher* in disguise.

I can't refrain from telling you of an instance in which Achmed translated some directions of mine to a patient, *verbatim et literatim*, and with a result that was far more laughable than scientific, as you will see.

Having been called to an Armenian with a large ulcer on his head, I directed him, through Achmed, to shave the hair from its margins, and to keep it covered with *flour* until the next day, when I would call and cauterize it. On making my second visit, I found the patient seated in state, surrounded by

his astonished neighbors, with the hair shaven from his entire scalp, and a crown of *roses* encircling his head—all the result of the absolutely literal manner in which my instructions had been construed by my faithful dragoman.

The Egyptians are an amiable and docile race, very much resembling in disposition and character the American negroes. I had many evidences of their kindliness, but not one which impressed me more deeply than the devotion which my baby's nurse manifested when the dear little fellow was stricken with the small-pox. I was suffering at the time with ophthalmnia, and having so little vision remaining that I could scarcely discern objects around me, my physician kept me confined in a darkened room, with my eyes covered with warm compresses. I was informed that the child was covered with a "curious eruption" and had fever, but being told by the oculist that it was a case of simple *varicella*, I gave no serious thought to the matter. After a day or two my wife said to me, "I wish you could examine the baby, for he is evidently very ill, and the eruption gets worse all the time." "I will see him at all hazards," I said, being greatly alarmed and apprehending serious trouble. Washing my eyes thoroughly with warm water, and having a lamp held behind me, I made an examination of the child, and found to my consternation that he was suffering with confluent small-pox. He was a beautiful boy, and I had permitted myself to believe that he had been sent in mercy to replace my first-born son, but I realized at a glance that he was doomed, and that our still bleeding bosoms were to be lacerated anew. It was a hard task to tell his mother of his condition, for she, too, had regarded him as a "child

of consolation," and had lavished upon him all the idolatry of which her loving nature was capable.

Sorrow reigned in my house that day and for many days afterward. The disease marched with its wonted rapidity and violence, and, with the development of the secondary fever, another soul passed through "the pearly gates," and two hearts were left stricken and desolate.

As soon as I discovered the real nature of the disease, I informed his Arab nurse of his condition and of her danger, and told her that I could not be so cruel as to ask her to remain with him under the circumstances.

Poor Amoonah was broken-hearted, not for herself, but for him, and, declaring that she was "willing to die for the *wallad*," the Arab term for little boy, she held him in her arms until he breathed his last, crying over him as if her heart would break, and uttering that peculiar wail\* with which an Eastern mother mourns the loss of her own offspring. Although she and the other members of the family were not vaccinated until several days after the appearance of the eruption, no other case occurred, and we were left alone with our sorrow in that land of strangers. Surely, no severer test of courage and devotion could have been applied, and the conduct of that lowly Arab woman was simply sublime, for she appreciated the risk; she was free to go, and we were Christians and aliens.

The excitement and grief through which I was thus compelled to pass increased the inflammation of my eyes, and for more than six weeks I lay in a darkened chamber, feeling as if a hot iron was being thrust through the orbit into the brain, and oppressed by the apprehension of permanent blind-

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\*See Appendix (I).

ness. Those were dark days, indeed, and the remembrance of them still shadows my memory like the souvenirs of some terrible nightmare.

But for the fidelity of Dr. Abatte—an Italian physician connected with the Palace—and the untiring ministrations of my wife and daughter, I should have lost my vision and perhaps my life. Of this truly good man I shall have more to say anon, for he proved himself a true friend in a great emergency, and I can never live long enough to repay his kindness.

## LETTER XXIX.

IN EGYPT.

**MY DEAR DOCTOR :**

The word *hareem*\* means a man's family, and the place of its abode, though in Eastern lands the term covers much ground and includes some very peculiar ideas. Every Mohammedan is entitled to four wives, each taking rank according to the date of her marriage, beginning with the youngest, and all being virtually the slaves of their husband. In many instances wives are really slaves, having been originally purchased and never having been enfranchised. In this way they may become the property of their own children by inheritance, and they have been sold as such both publicly and privately in Cairo. Such occurrences are, however, rare in Egypt, for filial affection predominates there over mercenary considerations, as a general rule.

The Koran teaches reverence for parents in emphatic terms, and promises special rewards to those who manifest love and kindness toward the mothers who bore them.

Ismail Pasha set a noble example in this respect, as he made it the mode to display great regard and veneration for the mothers of Egypt.

He surrounded his own mother with the insignia of royalty, treating her as if she was his superior in

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\*See Appendix (J), and note that I spell the word purposely with a double *e* to make it conform with its pronunciation.

rank, and exacting from his subjects an equal measure of respect and consideration for her.

On all state occasions it was as much a matter of etiquette to call on her as on him. She did not receive in person, but by proxy, her representative being an old eunuch, who, though of ebony hue, was a man of fine appearance, and of the most courtly manners. I have repeatedly called with the Khedival Court to do homage to the "Queen-Mother," as she was designated, and was always received by her eunuch, who did the honors of his mistress's grand establishment with an ease and elegance which would have done credit to the most polished courtier in Europe. The Egyptian officers made it a point to *kneel and kiss his hand*, while the Americans limited their obeisance to *shaking hands* with him, wishing him long life and prosperity, and drinking a cup of his delicious coffee. As the chief eunuch of the mother of the Khedive he possessed great power, and was one of the most courted and flattered personages in Egypt.

A Mohammedan has no trouble in getting rid of a wife. He is not called upon to invoke the machinery of a court of law, but the words: "I divorce you," severs the bond at once and it may be for ever. The wife has the right to demand then a certain sum of money, her original dowry, and all of her children within certain years, but she *must* find an asylum under some other roof than his at the earliest moment possible.

A regularly-divorced woman cannot re-marry her original husband until she has married another, and has been divorced by him, as I discovered by a case which came under my personal observation.

We had a regular American reception on the first day of January, 1874, and among the callers

was a captain of the staff, who became gloriously drunk on champagne, which he excused himself for drinking by laying the flattering unction to his soul that "it had been invented since the days of the Prophet and was not, therefore, included in his injunction against the use of wines."

Returning to his own house at a late hour, and finding his dinner cold, he flew into a violent rage with his wife, and, carried away by his drunken frenzy, he pronounced those words of doom and separation, "I divorce you," *three* distinct times, without really knowing what he was doing.

Unfortunately there was a witness present, so that when he awoke on the succeeding morning he found to his consternation that he was minus a wife and child, for the woman had left the house to seek the protection of her father's roof. The poor fellow was utterly heart-broken, for he loved his wife and idolized his baby, a little girl about two years of age.

He immediately sought me in his sorrow, and, ignorant of the law on the subject, I advised him to apologize and remarry her. "But where shall I find the man?" he exclaimed, crying like a child.

"Find the man! What man?" I answered.

"Find a man to marry and then divorce her for me," he said, and then explained the requirements of the Mussulman law when the fatal words have been *thrice* pronounced, as in this instance.

I could do nothing for him under the circumstances, and I saw him for several weeks afterward moping about the Citadel, the picture of wretchedness and despondency. After awhile he came again with the announcement that the matter had been arranged to his satisfaction, that he had found a friend, who, for a consideration, had

agreed to marry and divorce his wife, according to the requirements of the Koran.

Some days afterward he sent a messenger to my house, imploring me to visit him at the earliest possible moment, "as he was very ill and required professional services." I found him in bed, with a nervous fever, utterly broken down physically and morally. "Oh! Doctor, there is no friendship in the world," he exclaimed, "and women are only devils in disguise."

"But what is the matter?" I inquired.

"I thought I had arranged everything," he sobbed out, "but it has all gone wrong, and it will surely kill me. So much for disobeying the commands of the Prophet! I found the man and they were married, but they have fallen in love with each other and he refuses to divorce her according to his agreement. I have lost my wife and my child forever. My heart is broken, I shall die, if you do not give me something to prevent it."

I invoked the soothing properties of the bromide of potassium, and left him to his reflections on the dangers of champagne, the inconstancy of women, and the unreliability of human friendship.

In about a month's time he paid me another visit, looking as smiling as possible, and as proud as Lucifer himself.

"Congratulate me," he said, "for it is all arranged, and I am a happy man once more."

"So your wife has returned to you?"

"Not at all; she stuck to the other fellow, and I have a new wife, and a far handsomer one, I assure you. Finding myself very lonely, I borrowed the money and bought a wife."

"Bought a wife! What do you mean?"

"Yes, I went to Fatma, the lady who supplies the Khedive's hareem, told her precisely what I

wanted and how much I could pay, and she sold me a nice Circassian girl, to whom I was married on yesterday. Don't you think I have done well? She only cost me five hundred francs, and I find her handsome and very amiable. I think I shall love her child as much as the one I have lost, though I still miss little Minta dreadfully at times."

I congratulated him, of course, as I was pleased to see him restored to health and happiness after so painful an adventure, which, unfortunately, had its inception at my table.

There is a class of men who make it their vocation to marry and divorce women under such circumstances. They are called *mustohalls*, and are conspicuous for their ugliness or deformity, so as to give no apprehension to those by whom they are employed of a *denouement*, such as actually occurred in the case which I have just related. They demand always a handsome dowry, which they retain as a reward for their services in thus filling up chasms of domestic infelicity by bringing divorced wives and repentant husbands together again.

The wealthier classes sometimes make use of a slave to officiate in this character, and the blacker and uglier he is, the more he is in request. The marriage takes place in the presence of witnesses, a dowry is given to legalize it, and it is duly consummated, so that the slave becomes both *de jure* and *de facto* the husband of the divorced woman. The slave is then presented to her, and the moment that he becomes her property the marriage is *ipso facto* dissolved, and she is free to marry her original spouse or whoever she pleases. My friend was not rich enough to employ a *mustohall* or a slave, and had consequently to appeal to

a friend, who deceived him, and appropriated his wife in the bargain.

I came near being the cause of a divorce on one occasion, by simply doing that which I considered to be demanded by the laws of common politeness. I was sent for by an old bey of wealth and influence to visit the youngest of his four wives—a hazel-eyed, voluptuous-looking Circassian—who was suffering from stomatitis, produced by the use of henna, a substance in common use among the women of Egypt, for the staining of their nails, teeth, the soles of their feet, &c. I found her seated upon a divan, covered with a *habarrah*,\* and, as a special privilege, I was permitted to introduce my hand beneath its folds, and to *feel* her gums. Prescribing to the best of my ability under these disadvantageous circumstances, I promised to return in a few days, and bowed myself out of the apartment.

On my second visit, by some accident I left my dragoman at home, and found on my arrival at the Bey's residence that its master was absent. The eunuch received me very graciously, however, and conducted me to the apartment of his mistress, where I found the patient awaiting me. The fair invalid was unusually complaisant, expressing much pleasure at my visit, chatting gaily about her malady, and gradually removing her vail until she had uncovered her entire face, which I thought perfectly right, as her mother was present, and as it enabled me to examine her gums, and to make a proper application to them. She then ordered coffee and cigarettes, which I accepted, and in the best Arabic that I could master, made myself as agreeable as possible, though not getting beyond a

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\* See Appendix (K).

few common-place expressions taken from the phrase book.

I was delighted with the manner in which I had been entertained, and I departed, rejoicing in the conviction that I had made a good impression upon the invalid and had secured the family *en permanence* as friends and patrons.

At an early hour on the succeeding morning I received a message from the bey, to the effect that his wife had gone to the country for a change of air, and the sum of fifty francs in return for my professional services. Assured at once that something was wrong, I sent Achmed around to present my compliments and to ascertain the nature of the difficulty. He soon returned, looking as pale as a ghost, and frightened nearly out of his wits.

"Oh, Doctor!" he exclaimed, as he entered my office, "the Bey is terribly angry with you. He is going to visit the Khedive to complain that you have insulted him, and to ask for redress. He says that you shall be driven out of the country for the great outrage which you perpetrated in his house on yesterday. You are in serious trouble. I am so sorry that I was not with you."

"I was as polite and as respectful as possible on yesterday. I conducted myself as a gentleman and a physician in every way. Of what does the old fool complain?"

"He says that you violated the Mohammedan law—that you offered an insult to the religion and the customs of the country, and he swears by the beard of the Prophet that you shall be punished for it. He has already punished his wife."

"Punished his wife? What does it all mean?"

"His wife uncovered herself before you, did she not?"

"Yes, but I had nothing to do with her uncover-

ing herself. She did it of her own volition. What have I done, I should like to know?"

" You looked at her face ; you saw her mouth and the back of her head."

" Of course, but how could I help seeing her face and head when she uncovered them ? As for her mouth, it is what I wanted to see. Was there any crime in seeing what was before my eyes—in looking at what I was sent for to treat ?"

" Yes, Doctor, according to the Mohammedan law, it was a crime to look at them, and especially at her mouth and head. You have defiled her by gazing on them, and have placed your life even at the mercy of her husband."

" A crime to look at her face ! Defiled her by seeing her mouth and head ! What *was* I to do when she uncovered herself and exposed them to view ?"

" It was your solemn duty to turn your back upon her, and then to walk to the corner of the room and hold your face there until she recovered herself. That is what our law and customs demand under such circumstances ; and it is for not doing that precise thing that the old man is angry, and is going to report you to his highness."

Well, let him report as soon as he pleases. His highness has lived in Christian countries, and he knows that to turn one's back on a lady is an offense that no gentleman would think of committing. I am not in the least alarmed. But you say he has punished his wife. What has he done to her ?"

" Oh, yes, he has punished her. I heard both her and her mother wailing, and the eunuch told me that the Bey had said to her, "I divorce you," twice, and had ordered her to his country place on probation for six months, when he would decide

whether or not to make the divorce absolute by repeating it the *third* time. Nothing but the prayers of her mother has prevented him from divorcing her at once and absolutely."

"Then come with me, I will pay him a visit, and after having explained my conduct, having shown him that as a Christian and a gentleman I could not turn my back on a lady, I will intercede for the poor woman."

"All right, your excellency. I think that the best course to pursue."

I drove at once to the house of the bey, where I was met by the eunuch with many *salaams*, professions of friendship, and the assurance that his master was not at home. "That is all right," said I, slipping a ten-franc piece in his itching palm. "I will await his return." I was immediately invited into the house, given a cup of coffee and a pipe, and overwhelmed with politeness, while the master was produced after so brief a delay as to assure me that he had been at home all the time.

Talk about French politeness! It is no more to be compared to that of an Oriental than a mustard seed to a pumpkin. The old bey was as suave and as obsequious as if I had been the Khedive himself. Although he would have been pleased to throw me in the Nile, he actually embraced me, and declared that he and his household were my friends and slaves. As we sipped our coffee together, I made Achmed explain that, never having lived in a Mohammedan country before, I was ignorant of its customs, and that in Christian lands it was regarded as a breach of civility to turn one's back on a lady, especially on the wife of a great man and an esteemed friend. He professed to be more than satisfied, begged me never to think of the occur-

rence again, and vowed that no other physician should ever cross his threshold while I remained in the country.

I then tried to put in a word for the wife, but, while he smiled, bowed and looked the very picture of amiability, he told Achmed in Turkish—that if another word was said concerning his hareem, or if I was informed of the threat that he was then making, he (Achmed) should receive the *kour-bashe* and be sent to the Soudan, a region which in Egypt is placed upon the same plane with the “bottomless pit,” both as regards climate and a *billet de retour*.

I could learn nothing respecting the fate of the unfortunate wife, and I never saw or heard of the Bey again while I remained in Egypt.

It seems that with many women the mouth and the back of the head are the *pièces de resistance*, and that the face is veiled for the especial purpose of guarding their features against masculine observation ; this exposure being regarded as the *ultima thule* of pollution, especially if the woman be a wife.

Though the women of the *hareem* live only in an atmosphere of intrigue, their experience in that regard is usually confined to plots and aspirations. Guarded by mercenary eunuchs, separated from the world by every barrier that jealousy can invent, and confronted by the certainty of punishment in the event of discovery, the current of their lives is seldom stirred by the ripple of a real adventure.

Nevertheless, it sometimes happens even in Eastern lands that “love laughs at locksmiths,” and finds a way to fruition in spite of unsympathizing eunuchs and impotent husbands.

As an illustration of this fact, I will tell you a

story as it was told to me by an old Cairoan, who vouched for its correctness.

A few years since a young bey—the son of a rich and influential pasha—became enamored of a lady occupying a high position in the hareem of a great personage, and his passion was reciprocated. Despite the difficulties and dangers of the situation, they succeeded in securing a few hurried interviews, and they deluded themselves with the belief that their secret was exclusively confined to their trusted and sympathizing attendants.

She started out one night in her carriage, ostensibly to attend the opera—where a private entrance and a latticed box had been constructed for the convenience of women occupying a certain position in society—accompanied by three eunuchs, one with the coachman and the other two on horseback as outriders. As the *cortège* passed a certain secluded spot in the neighborhood of the palace it halted for an instant, and a muffled figure emerged from the obscurity and entered the carriage. Instead of taking the direction of the opera house it kept straight on by the Esbeekyah garden, over the canal bridge, and into the Choubra road, on the opposite side of Cairo. It had just reached the rows of acacias which adorn either side of that great thoroughfare, when a small detachment of policemen sprang from behind the trees, seized the bridles of the horses, and stopped the carriage. Then, having spoken a few words to the affrighted lovers and astonished eunuchs, they carried the entire party to the private entrance of Zapteih—the principal police station of the city.

No trial was permitted, but a sentence was pronounced—and a very speedy and fearful one. The eunuch and the coachman disappeared—they were doubtless tied up in sacks and thrown into the

Nile; while the bey was forced into the ranks of a regiment *en route* to Khartoum, and the lady, despoiled of her silks and jewels, stripped of her veil, and clad in the dress of a peasant, was forced to marry a negro soldier—or, in other words, to become his cook and washerwoman for the remainder of her days.

I cannot vouch for this story, but my friend declared it to be true, and I have absolute confidence in his reliability.

Family life is in reality unknown among Mussulmans. The law of the Koran, which divides mankind into two distinct classes—males and females—does not permit the existence of a family in which each member lives the same life and forms a part of one harmonious *ménage*. The men have separate ideas, habits and interests, while the women have others, appertaining exclusively to themselves. Thus, persons who nominally form a part of the same family have absolutely nothing in common—neither apartments, goods, furniture nor friends.

The *selamlik* and the *hareem* are virtually two separate establishments, in which each occupant does just what it pleases him or her self—within the limits prescribed by Mohammedan etiquette and usage.

The system of segregation upon which Mussulman family life is based, influenced by the paramount law of self-interest, gives rise to a singularity which is remarkable. The women on their side have their own private affairs. They entertain their friends; they have their own receptions, and they amuse themselves in their own fashion, and to the extent allowed by their vigilant guardians, the eunuchs. In the *selamlik* the pasha, his friends, dependents, visitors and guests do the same things,

spend their time in talking politics, intriguing, gossiping, and amusing themselves according to the bent of their inclinations. In a word, the men and the women live virtually apart, having no sentiments or interests or aspirations in common, each trying to get all the enjoyment possible out of life, without taking heed of the existence of the other.

It is generally about 11 p. m. when the pasha definitely retires to the hareem. He is received at the threshold by the eunuch, who awaits his approach with lights in each hand, and then precedes him through the entrance hall to the apartment of his favorite wife or his concubine.

At the time of rising in the morning he is attended by slaves who assist at his toilet and ablutions, and when these are completed, he remains for a few moments in the *hareem* to talk with the members of his family on any subject that may interest them, and then hastens to join his friends and attendants in his own apartment, within which the females of his family seldom intrude themselves.

It is only during the brief period in which he lingers in the hareem that the "family circle" has any real existence—for the rest of the time it exists only in name.

Such is the prejudice existing among Mohammedans against the association of the sexes that a woman is considered absolutely defiled after her face has been seen by one who has not the right to look upon it, or has even spoken to a man; and it is unlawful to bury a female and a male in the same tomb without building a stone wall between them, upon the assumption, doubtless, that—

"E'en in their ashes live their wonted fires."

## LETTER XXX.

## EGYPTIAN EXPERIENCES.

MY DEAR DOCTOR :

We were formally presented to the Khedive, who received us with great cordiality, and remarked that he hoped we should never have cause to regret our connection with his service, and justice to that great man constrains me to say that his conduct was characterized by a spirit of genuine kindness and absolute liberality during the entire period of my residence in Egypt.

No man has been more abused than Ismail Pasha,\* and yet impartial history will place him in the first rank of rulers and statesmen. The utter ruin which has fallen upon his country since his abdication, compared with its prosperous condition when he controlled its destinies, speaks with a trumpet's tongue in his behalf. Forced to abdicate because his genius and patriotism were stumbling-blocks in the way of England's "foreign policy," a systematic effort has been made to traduce him, in order to demonstrate the wisdom of his removal. But the great work which he did in Egypt, together with the complete chaos and demoralization which have followed his removal, will eventually be accepted as his vindication ; and the time will come—and speedily—when his restoration to power will be regarded as the only practi-

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\*See Appendix (L).

cal solution of the Egyptian question, as the sole means of re-establishing peace and prosperity to that distracted country. His son and successor, Tewfick Pasha, I met frequently, and know well. A more loyal gentleman does not live, but he is inherently weak and vacillating. Willing to make any sacrifice for his country, but influenced by the last man who has his ear, he is utterly incapable of elaborating or of maintaining a policy of his own. Emphatically a Turk, and wedded to the traditions of the past, he derives his inspirations exclusively from the Koran. With him as a ruler, progress and enlightenment are impossibilities in Egypt, and the country can only gravitate downward toward absolute Mohammedanism, with its concomitant ignorance, superstition and intolerance.

Arabi Pasha has been accepted as a patriot and a hero by those who are ignorant of his character, and misinformed in regard to the real condition of Egypt.

Circumstances, it is true, gave some color to his pretensions as an apostle of liberty and the champion of an oppressed people, but he is intrinsically corrupt and incapable of a sentiment untainted by egotism and selfishness.

It is said that he was once drummed out of his regiment for peculation, and, though he is a bold man, his character is polluted by vices of the lowest and the most degraded nature. The people rallied around him because of his agrarian principles, and from the conviction that he desired to establish a regime more decidedly Egyptian than that of the Khedive himself, that is to say, more bigoted, contracted and fanatical than is possible under the existing order of things.

Had Ismail reigned at the time, there would

have been no necessity for English intervention, for, with the first overt act of rebellion, Arabi would have been sent to rusticate in the arid wastes of the Soudan or to feed the fishes of the Nile nearer home.

It is Arabi who is really responsible for his country's ruin, since he furnished the opportunity to England for that active intervention in Egyptian affairs which she had so long and impatiently waited for—that excuse for seizing and holding the country of which she so gladly availed herself under the color of avenging the so-called massacre of Alexandria, and of protecting the Khedive against his rebellious subjects. Viewed therefore from every possible standpoint, the abdication of Ismail Pasha has been an unmixed calamity to Egypt—the Pandora box from which the direst calamities have been let loose upon that unfortunate country.

Ismail is still in the prime of a vigorous manhood. Having avoided the excesses which have hurried so many of his predecessors to untimely graves, his powers of mind and body have suffered no impairment. With his lofty ambition, his imperious will, his indomitable energy, his subtle statesmanship and his profound knowledge of the necessities of his country, and of the character of its people, he has, in my opinion, a grand rôle still before him. The great powers of Europe, wearying of the criminal *fiasco* which is being played upon the banks of the Nile, must soon arise in their majesty and compel the only solution which common sense and sound diplomacy dictate—the immediate restoration of this wonderful man to the throne which he once so signally adorned by his wisdom, courage, enlightenment and thorough knowledge of the necessities of his countrymen.

It has been urged that Ismail is ambitious; that

he conquered the Soudan, attempted to annex Abyssinia and desired to build up a great African empire, with himself as its supreme dictator. This is undoubtedly true. Such was his dream. But the ambition was a noble one, for it meant the reclamation of millions of untutored savages from barbarism—the unfurling of the standard of civilization and good government over vast territories which otherwise must remain under the dominion of ignorance, superstition and fanaticism for centuries to come. Surely *his* was a wiser and a grander policy than that which the statesmen of Downing street have proclaimed—the entire abandonment of the Soudan and of the central African provinces to their native population, and the curtailment of the blessings of civilization to the restricted limits of lower and upper Egypt.

It is better far to have Ismail Pasha upon the Khedival throne, with all his ambition—with as capacious an empire as his fondest dreams may have mapped out—than to see the light of civilization extinguished for ever in the vast regions which he has already reclaimed by the expenditure of such a stream of blood, and with such great benefits to their people and to the world at large, simply that England may be saved the expense of guarding so extensive a line of frontier against a hostile population.

He has been accused of ruling with the *Kourbache* alone, and of oppressing his people. I only know that, under his domination, the blessings of education were brought to the door of every man in the country ; that religious freedom was inaugurated from Aboukir to Wadi Halfa ; that canals and railroads were constructed to an extent that had never been dreamed of before ; that the area of arable land was increased by millions of acres ;

that the wealth of Egypt was augmented a hundred fold ; that slavery was abolished and the slave trade, in a great measure, suppressed ; that thousands of foreigners, with talents and material wealth, were attracted to the country and induced to contribute to its prosperity ; that a stimulus was given to manufactures and to the art of husbandry unprecedented in its influence and consequences ; that a land which he found a cheerless desert was converted into a smiling garden, and that a people whom he first knew as a race of nomads were transformed into a nation, and given a position of honor and influence in the world. I only know that, since his expulsion, civilization has retrograded a decade ; that brigandage has taken the place of peaceful industry ; that rapine and murder stalk red-handed through the provinces ; that poverty has usurped the place of prosperity ; that the people generally have become utterly discontented and demoralized, and that Egypt has lost all of the prestige and position which she once possessed.

Shortly after our arrival Ismail Pasha was summoned hurriedly to Constantinople, and left Egypt without having given the necessary orders for our assignment to duty. Having therefore nothing to do, I accepted an invitation from General Loring,\* and spent several weeks with him at Gabara.

I never passed a more agreeable summer. It is true that the midday heat was oppressive to those who ventured out of doors, but, ensconced under the shelter of the grand veranda, we smoked our pipes or drank our iced champagne, or regaled ourselves with watermelons from the Ionian Isles and fruits from the Gabara gardens, or fought over the

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\*See Appendix (N).

battles of the war, or talked of our distant homes and mutual friends, without realizing even that the sun shone, while the mornings and evenings were cooled by a breeze from the sea that brought strength and refreshment in its every breath.

During this visit I met for the first time General Sibley, the inventor of the tent which bears his name, and a soldier who had made his mark in three armies—that of the United States, of the Confederacy and of the Khedive of Egypt.

Under his arduous duties his health had completely broken down, and I found him a hopeless invalid in the protestant hospital, just beyond the walls of Alexandria. Acting on my advice, he resigned his commission and returned home—to spend the remainder of a life, which began so well, in poverty and valetudinarianism.

I also met there my old friend, Colonel Walter Jenifer, the real hero of Ball's Bluff, who, after distinguishing himself as an “inspector of cavalry”—an office for which his tastes and education pre-eminently fitted him—was ordered to report for duty to the commander of Alexandria, who had no cavalry in his command, and was thus forced to pass his days in inaction and repining. He resigned soon afterward and there was consequently lost to Egypt one of the best officers and truest gentlemen that ever entered her service.

General Frank Reynolds, familiarly known as “Old Gauley,” from his gallant defense of a bridge over a river of that name in Western Virginia, and his son, Colonel Frank Reynolds, were also aids to General Loring, and occupied quarters in the palace. They were fine specimens of Southern gentlemen and soldiers—as brave as lions, perfectly accomplished in their profession, genial in their dispositions, elegant in their manners, and

wanting for nothing save an opportunity to distinguish themselves and to win the promotion which they so much coveted. By a strange fatality, first the son, and then the father, died suddenly, the one in America and the other in Egypt, to the sorrow of their friends and to the misfortune of the country in which they had taken service.

Major Campbell, of Tennessee, another gallant Southern soldier, was also a member of General Loring's staff, and with him I passed many a pleasant hour. Shortly afterward he was ordered to join General Gordon in Central Africa, but, having contracted a fatal malady at Gondokora, he was forced to attempt to return to Cairo for medical treatment, but died at Khartoum, where he was faithfully nursed and tenderly buried by the Sisters of Charity, who have a convent there. Campbell had originally been a naval officer, first in the service of the United States and afterward in that of the Confederacy, and had greatly distinguished himself before he went to Egypt. A more gallant and loyal man never lived, and I mourned his loss as if he had been my own brother. I attempted to take care of his effects, but failed in the effort. After packing his valuables in a trunk I placed it, with several of my own, in the hands of a native officer, who promised to guard them until they could be sent for, and kept his word by breaking them open, appropriating their contents, and then sending them to the vacant house in the Dowhadiel, which I had used as my dispensary. I placed also in the hands of this individual a number of family portraits, which he pretended to hang upon the walls of his house for safe keeping and ended by selling them for what they would bring. I actually had to repurchase several of these portraits, while the most valuable—that of

my elder daughter—could never be found. When questioned by the American consul, he simply declared that he had never seen either trunks or pictures, and that their loss did not concern him in the least. Such is Mohammedan honesty when the property of Christians is concerned!

The only thing of value which escaped his pilfering fingers was a wedding-vail, which had originally cost a thousand dollars and was the gift of old Mr. James C. Johnstone to my wife. That, fortunately, happened to be enveloped in a child's calico dress, and eluded the search of my friend and comrade, much to our delight, as you may imagine.

With the return of the Khédive, I hastened to Cairo, and was rejoiced by the immediate issue of an order assigning me to duty as the "chief surgeon of the general staff," which gave me work to do, and enabled me to draw my pay and allowances.

My first important patient was the assistant minister of war, to whom I was sent by a formal order from the ministry.

On arriving at the sick man's house, I found a number of physicians assembled, as a formal "consultation" had been commanded, and I thus had an opportunity of learning the meaning of that term as it is understood in Egypt. After an exchange of compliments and a cup of coffee,\* we were ushered into the sick chamber, and each physician—beginning with the youngest and ending with the eldest—proceeded to make such an examination as his judgment suggested. We then adjourned to the garden, where an exchange of views was had. Each doctor in turn—beginning again

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\*See Appendix (M).

with the youngest—gave a lecture on medicine generally, parading all the knowledge which he possessed but scarcely touching the case, and ended by declaring that the “patient was paralyzed, and should be blistered and given calomel.”

When my turn came I declined to say a word until I had heard from all the rest—putting it upon the ground of politeness—and finally astonished them by the announcement that the Pasha was not paralyzed in the least, but was suffering from rheumatism accompanied by great prostration, and that the treatment indicated was the iodide of potash and proper nourishment. With one voice they exclaimed: “Not paralyzed! He can’t move a muscle. Rheumatism! He has not a symptom. Nourishment! He will die if you attempt to feed him.”

I then invited them into the chamber, and, by much persuasion, induced the patient to change the position of each limb by an effort of will, pointed out the symptoms of rheumatism which were present, and told them that “if a patient who had been purged with salts and fed exclusively on a soup made of vegetables for two weeks did not require nourishment, I knew nothing about medicine.” They, then, to a man, apparently changed their views, agreed with me entirely, and, promising that my plan of treatment should be faithfully pursued, invited me to meet them again at the same hour on the succeeding day. I was triumphant; I thought my victory complete; and I believed that I had saved the Pasha from the grave to which his medical attendants were fast consigning him.

On the following day I repaired to the pasha’s house, ready for the “consultation,” and believing that I should be able to point out decided evidence

of improvement in his condition. Judge therefore of my surprise when I discovered not a sign of life about the premises, when no doctors put in an appearance and when I ascertained that the invalid and his entire family had been spirited away, no one could tell me whither.

The pretended change of views among the doctors, the proposition to meet them in another "consultation," and the removal and concealment of the patient, were all parts of a cunning *ruse* to get rid of me, and to treat the pasha according to their own ideas. It was in vain that I appealed to the minister of war; for my *confrères* had forestalled me, and convinced his excellency the course pursued was necessary for the invalid's safety—that my plan of treatment involved his certain death, and justified the employment of the most extreme measures to keep him out of my hands. Such is medical etiquette on the banks of the Nile. This was their day of triumph—mine came afterward.

A short time subsequent to this event I was summoned hurriedly to a "consultation" at the house of Kassim Pasha—the patient being no less a person than the minister of war himself. He was suffering from hernia, the intestine having descended into the scrotum, and become incarcerated there. I advised that he should be put under the influence of chloroform, that taxis should then be attempted, and that the operation of herniotomy should be instantly performed if all other means failed to effect reduction. My advice was rejected of course, and I immediately retired. Three days afterward I was again summoned, to find that reduction had not been effected and that symptoms of strangulation—stercoraceous vomiting and great depression—had manifested themselves.

After a thorough examination of the case I be-

came convinced that the incarcerated intestine was not materially injured, and that much of the depression was due not so much to the disease as to the injections of tobacco, which had been liberally employed to induce relaxation, and I boldly declared that the pasha could be saved, as desperate as his condition seemed. Having stimulated him freely with brandy and water—which the natives considered unholy treatment—I had the gratification of seeing some reaction established ; and I determined to administer chloroform, and then either to reduce the tumor by taxis, or to perform heriotomy, as the circumstances required. I found however great difficulty in inducing any medical man to assist me. They all retired, and declared that they would have “nothing to do with the murder of the Pasha.” The hareem, through the chief eunuch, insisted that I should not proceed until the private physician of the Khedive\*—a Frenchman—had given his consent. He was accordingly sent for, and asked what he thought of the measure which I had proposed ? He replied that he “believed the pasha would die inevitably, but was in favor of permitting me to proceed, as every man was entitled to his chance.” I then requested him to aid me to the extent of administering chloroform. This he agreed to do on condition that I would assume all the responsibility of the case, and give him time to dispatch a messenger to the Khedive to inform him upon what terms he had consented to aid me. In the presence of all the principal pashas, beys, and officials of the court, the minister was removed from his bed and placed upon a mattress in the middle of the room. None of the female portion of the household were present ; but they were repre-

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\* See Appendix (O).

sented by the chief eunuch, who stood at the feet of the invalid, shouting, "Allah ! Allah ! Allah ! Inshallah ! Inshallah ! Inshallah ! while from the latticed hareem in the rear there came continually that peculiar wail which seems to form the principal feature in the mourning of the East. With the exception of the French physician, all the surgeons deserted the chamber and stood in the little garden outside of the house—some praying that the sick man might be saved, but the majority cursing the stranger who had the temerity to undertake that which they had pronounced impossible.

At this moment an American officer of high position took me aside and said : "Dr. Warren, consider well what you are undertaking ; success means honor and fortune for you in this country, while failure means ruin to you and injury to those who are identified with you."

I replied : "I thank you for your caution, but I was taught by my father to disregard all personal considerations in the practice of medicine, and to think only of the interests of my patients. I shall, therefore, do that which my professional duty requires, and let the consequences take care of themselves."

Having made all the preparations necessary to perform herniotomy, should that operation become necessary, I boldly administered chloroform, although the patient was in a state of great depression. To my delight anæsthesia was promptly developed, while the circulation improved with every inspiration—just as I had previously observed in some cases of shock upon the battle-field. Confiding the administration of the chloroform to the French physician, I then proceeded to examine the tumor and to attempt its reduction. I found an immense hydrocele, and, by the side of it, a hernia

of no unusual dimensions, which, by a rather forcible manipulation, I completely reduced after a few moments of effort. By this time the surgeons, unable to restrain their curiosity, had entered the room and crowded around the couch of the sick man, anxiously awaiting the failure which they had so blatantly predicted. Turning to Mehemit Ali Pasha, the professor of surgery in the medical school of Cairo, I said to him : "The hernia is reduced, as you can determine by pushing your finger into the external ring."

"Excuse me," he said, in the most supercilious manner, "you have undertaken to cure Kassim Pasha, and I can give you no help in the matter."

My French friend immediately introduced his finger into the ring and said: "Gentlemen, he needs no help from any one ; the hernia is reduced, and the pasha is saved."

The doctors slunk away utterly discomfited, the eunuchs, pashas, beys, and officers uttered loud cries of "Hamdallah! Hamdallah! Kismet! Kismet! Kismet!" and the hareem in the rear, catching the inspiration of the scene, sent up a shout of joy which sounded like the war-whoop of a tribe of Indians.

In a moment I was seized by the chief eunuch, embraced in the most impressive manner, and kissed on either cheek—an example which was immediately followed by a number of those present—and I found myself the most famous man in Egypt. The Pasha at once had a letter addressed to the Khedive narrating the circumstances, and asking that I might be decorated and made a bey. His highness sent for me, thanked me warmly for having saved the life of his favorite minister, and stated that he had ordered that I should be made a bey, and receive the decoration of the Medidjeh.

The *hareem* presented me with a beautiful gold watch and chain ; my house was thronged for several days afterward with the highest dignitaries of the country, who came to thank and congratulate me ; and I immediately secured an immense practice, including every incurable case in Cairo.

To make assurance doubly sure, and to prevent the possibility of trickery on the part of my *confrères*, I took up my residence in his palace, carrying William with me, and, for two weeks, never permitted the Pasha to be out of the sight of one of us, except when his wife visited him, as I knew that my baffled and jealous colleagues would hesitate at nothing to rob me of the fruits of my victory.

Kassim Pasha was a Greek by birth, having been captured when a boy and sold into slavery. He subsequently embraced the Mohammedan faith, and, by the force of his will and intellect rose to be the minister of war of Egypt, and, next to the Khedive, the most important man in the country. He had but one wife, but his *hareem* was filled with female slaves, twelve of whom waited on him continually during his illness, and were rewarded afterward by being given in marriage to twelve young men selected from the retinue of the Pasha, each receiving a handsome *dot* on her wedding day.

When the wife visited him—as she did twice daily—I was conducted into an adjoining chamber, and was never permitted to see her, though she sent a messenger every morning to inquire after my health, and to present her thanks and compliments. She subsequently became quite intimate with the female members of my family, who assured me that she was a charming woman, handsome in person, refined in manners, devoted to her husband, and fitted to grace any court in the world. Un-

fortunately they had no children, and the heir apparent of their titles and estates was a young scapegrace named Askalon-Bey, the nephew of the Pasha, who, though a Christian by birth and education, had turned Mussulman for the sake of the inheritance. He spent his days in idleness and dissipation, much to the sorrow of his relations, who had sought him in his own country and brought him to Egypt, as a solace and support in their declining years.

Kassim Pasha recovered perfectly, and a short time afterward was made governor of Cairo, in order to make room in the war office for Houssein Pasha, the second son of the Khedive, and a young man of much ability and promise.

During the entire period of my residence in Egypt I found Kassim a warm friend and a powerful protector, and I am convinced that but for him my bones would be to-day bleaching in the sands of the desert or moldering in some jungle of Central Africa.

Shortly after my departure from Cairo he was seized with an apoplectic fit, and died after a few hours, without recovering consciousness. Mohammedan as he was, there beat a kind and loyal heart in his bosom, and in the "great day" of final judgment, it seems to me, he will have as good a show for favor and forgiveness as some of the so-called saints in the calendar. "*Requiescat in pace.*"

## LETTER XXXI.

## EGYPTIAN EXPERIENCES.

MY DEAR DOCTOR :

Among those who subsequently fell into my hands as patients was the aforesaid assistant minister of war, who was so near death's door from the treatment which he had received from his doctors that I undertook his case with many apprehensions for the result, and only on condition that none of the "consultants" should visit him again. I am pleased to be able to state that after a long struggle he "pulled through," and manifested his gratitude by a handsome present in Egyptian pounds.

I was also called to a pasha—one of the wealthiest and best-connected in Egypt—who had been for a long time insane. As he was suffering from general paralysis there was nothing to be done for him, but his case proved very interesting, as I learned from it the peculiar ideas of the people of that country in regard to persons of deficient or defective intellect. The popular belief is that an idiotic or an insane man is the special favorite of God, and that his soul had been translated to heaven and his body left behind for the special care and veneration of his friends and family. He is, therefore, overwhelmed with kindnesses, and, in fact, he is worshiped as a saint by all around him. The strangest part of the superstition in regard to these poor unfortunates is, that relations with them are regarded as an infallible cure for

barrenness in women, and that they are *ipso facto* hallowed in the sight of men and heaven. It is not believed that conception is the result of such an embrace, but that the physical condition which interferes with the husband's aspirations is removed by it, and the way prepared for legitimate impregnation. When it is born in mind that the state of pregnancy is esteemed one of special honor and privilege—that no wife can be divorced during its existence, and no slave can be sold who has given birth to a child—it is easy to understand the estimation in which a lunatic\* is held in that country.

Many a lazy and impecunious wretch among the lower classes takes advantage of this superstition to affect insanity and to assume the saintly rôle, so that he may be clothed, fed and tenderly nursed by the women of his neighborhood for the remainder of his days. Indeed, lunacy is about as "short a road" to ease and independence as can be conceived of, and it is not surprising that it should be followed as a vocation under the circumstances.

I had quite an amusing adventure with Amein Pasha, who was minister of war under Abbas Pasha,† and one of the principal instruments of his cruelty and oppression. He lived in a magnificent palace, on the island of Rhoda, and, though he had been blind for twenty years, he sent for me and ordered me to cure him. I told him frankly that I could not relieve him, but he insisted on treatment, and I was compelled to gratify his wishes, and to do something for his eyes, though both pupils and retinæ were absolutely insensible to light. While treating him, his youngest daughter, a beautiful girl of sixteen, was attacked with typhoid

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\*See Appendix (P).

†See Appendix (Q).

fever, and as he loved her dearly and regarded me as inspired—the embodiment of *Kismet*\*—he placed her under my professional charge. She fortunately recovered after several weeks of severe illness, and though I did not restore his sight, I necessarily had a large medical bill against him. When the first of the year arrived, I sent him his bill, with a polite note calling his attention to it, and requesting its payment. To my astonishment, his *wakeel* appeared at my house on the next day, the bearer of an indignant protest from his master against being “dunned as a fellah,” and the statement that my charge was excessive, as he could prove by every slave on the premises that I had not paid more than half a dozen visits during the year. I was in a state of utter perplexity, and seeking James Sanua, my Arabic teacher, I stated the matter to him and requested an explanation. He informed me that I had committed a great breach of etiquette in sending a bill to a pasha, as it was not the custom of the country to do so, and that every man of position considered it his privilege to resist anything like a “claim” against him. I therefore had a polite note written to his excellency, expressing great regret at the mistake which had been made in sending a bill “to so distinguished a person,” and assuring him that he owed me nothing, but that I considered it a great honor to prescribe for him and his family. Some weeks afterward his *wakeel* paid another visit to my house, bringing with him a larger sum than I had originally demanded, which he begged me to accept as a *cadeau* from his master, “who was very grateful for my kind attentions to him and his

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\*See Appendix (R).

daughter—whose life he believed I had saved, by the help of Allah."

I remembered this lesson, and never again sent a medical bill to a pasha, and though in one instance the only recompense that I received for several weeks' attendance was a *dried beef tongue*, I was, as a general rule, liberally rewarded for my professional services.

I was sitting alone in my office, dreadfully depressed in spirits because of the death of our baby, and only partially recovered from the attack of ophthalmia, when a courier entered, and informed me that Houssein Pasha, the minister of war, desired to see me at the earliest possible moment. Ordering my carriage, and tying a handkerchief over my suffering eyes, I hurried to the Citadel and presented myself to the prime minister. He received me with great kindness, commiserated with me on the loss of my child and the pain which I had suffered, and informed me that he had something to communicate which would "gladden my heart," and make me "forget my sorrows." I thanked him warmly, and inquired what it was that he had to communicate. He said that he and his father had had their eyes on me ever since I saved the life of Kassim Pasha, and seeing that I was faithful in the performance of my duty, they had determined to promote me to the position of *Hakim Bashi Gahadeih*, or, in other words, to make me the *chief surgeon of the department of war*. My heart gave one great bound, and the tears came unbidden into my eyes, for the position was the highest that a medical man could attain in Egypt, and my elevation to it was the greatest compliment that his highness could pay to any one. With a bosom overflowing with gratified pride and a sense of supreme obligation, I ac-

cepted the promotion, and assured him that, if loyalty to him and to the Khedive, and devotion to the duties of the office, could constitute a recompense for the kind consideration which had suggested my selection, there should be no default of payment upon my part.

He then went on to say that *venality* had been the curse of Egypt, and that it had specially pervaded the medical staff of the army, prompting to the rejection of the healthiest recruits ; to the furloughing or discharge of the most vigorous soldiers, and to the retention upon the muster rolls of many who were physically incapable of performing military duty. He informed me, likewise, that it was the Khedive's purpose to add about twenty thousand picked men to the army ;\* that he desired me to examine personally every recruit rejected by the native surgeons, and he should order before me every soldier who had been furloughed or discharged within two years, and all who had served for more than fifteen years, in order that I might restore to the army such as were in physical condition to perform duty, or discharge from it the really infirm and incompetent. "All I ask of you," he added, "is to do this duty with the same honesty and fidelity as have characterized your conduct in all other regards since your arrival in Egypt."

I obeyed his instructions to the letter, subjecting every rejected recruit, furloughed or discharged soldier and dilapidated veteran to the most searching examination—with the result of exposing many a case of "bribery and corruption," and of materially increasing the efficiency of the army. The cunning employed by those who sought to

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\* See Appendix (S).

evade the service surpassed anything that I had ever conceived of, and it was only by the most critical investigation, and liberal use of chloroform as an anaesthetic, that I was enabled to distinguish between cases of malingering and of genuine disease. It was not an uncommon thing, also, for them to sacrifice an eye or a finger, in the vain hope of securing exemption, although, since the days of Mehemet Ali—who formed regiments of one-eyed and four-fingered men—such mutilations are not regarded in Egypt as constituting veritable disabilities, while they never fail to invite severe punishments.

The veterans excited my most profound pity. When too old or infirm to bear arms, and not rich enough to purchase discharges, it had been the custom to consign them to the quarries and to treat them as criminals for the rest of their days. Could you have seen them when they were first brought before me, with their unkept and matted beards, their bent and emaciated frames, their sightless or still inflamed eyes and their torn and dirty clothing—the very illustration of prolonged suffering and of utter despair—your heart would have bled for them as mine did. And then could you have witnessed the change which came over them, when, from the lips of the dreaded and hated Christian there came the words: “Let these men be discharged and sent to their homes,” you would have esteemed it a privilege to be *Hakim Bashi Gahadeih*, and the representative of all the power and absolutism of the great Khedive.

I felt that I was at once doing God’s service and strengthening the hands of the government when I discharged these men from the army, and I did it with so liberal a hand that the work in the quarries was actually suspended until a supply of veri-

table convicts could be had to take the places of these old soldiers, many of whom were covered with the wounds which they had received in carrying the standard of Mehemet Ali to the gates of Stamboul.

Their *Hamdallahs* still ring pleasantly in my ears, and if it should ever be my fortune to find a place in the better land, I shall believe that the prayers of these stricken and forsaken old men helped to purchase it for me. Nothing that I have ever done in life has afforded me more satisfaction, more real and enduring pleasure, than the liberation of these despairing veterans from the life of wretchedness to which their age, their infirmities and their poverty had consigned them.

Before those days there were but two avenues of escape for the unfortunate wretch whose evil genius had recorded his name upon the muster-roll of the Egyptian army, viz: through the golden gate and through the portals of the tomb, by the purchase of his discharge or the "handing in of his chips," in mining camp phraseology.

Many indirect attempts were made to bribe me\* and finally two officers under orders for the Soudan came into my office and proposed to pay me £100 each for a certificate of disability. I pretended not to understand their propositions, and instructed Achmed to engage them in conversation while I hurried to the prime minister to inform him of what had occurred. He ordered their immediate arrest, but when I returned with the guard to seize them they had disappeared and could not be found.

After the lapse of a few weeks the prime minister informed me that he was in trouble; that relying upon the data which I had furnished, he had

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\*See Appendix (T).

caused the arrest of an officer *en route* to Khartoum for "offering a bribe to the chief surgeon of the war department," but that the supposed culprit had protested his innocence, and had appealed to the Khedive for protection, making out so strong a case of *alibi* as to convince his highness that an innocent man had been confounded with a guilty one. I relieved him somewhat by again describing the offender, offering to take the entire burden of responsibility upon my shoulders, and assuring him that both my dragoman and I could identify the real offender at a glance.

With great difficulty he induced his father to withhold the order for the officer's release, and to issue another commanding him to be brought to Cairo and confronted with me. The prince was in a state of chronic anxiety until the arrival of the individual in question, but he acted with great fairness toward the accused, by placing him in the midst of a group of officers, and calling upon me to indicate the guilty party, without furnishing the slightest guide to his identification.

Neither Achmed nor I had the least difficulty in pointing out the real offender, and, notwithstanding his oaths, protestations and pretended proofs of an *alibi*, he was adjudged guilty by the Khedive, and punished according to his deserts, *i. e.*, was reduced to the ranks and sent to the Soudan.

Shortly after this incident, and just when I considered myself most firmly established in my place, an event occurred which showed the uncertainty of things in Cairo, and demonstrated that I had both bitter enemies and strong friends at court. One night at a late hour there was a ring at my bell, and as the servants had retired I answered it in person. To my astonishment, I found a high official at the door, from whose excited manner I

at once augured evil tidings, and when he invited me to drive on the Shoubra road as he had "an important communication to make," I felt that a crisis in my fate had arrived. I joined him at once, and so soon as we were fairly in the country, he said to me: "I have something to tell you which I was afraid to utter "within walls." I am just from the palace, where I have learned that an order will be issued to-morrow assigning you to the expedition about to start for Darfour, and I have come to inform you of it, in order that you may escape the service if possible."

"To Darfour? Can it be possible? I entered the service with a distinct understanding that I should reside in Cairo. I care not so much for the risk to myself as for the separation from my family. What has the prince minister to say on the subject?"

"The order will certainly be issued in the morning. I had it from the Khedive himself. The history of the matter is about this: His highness having been induced to believe that Darfour is rich in minerals, has for some time been anxious to send a competent man there to investigate them. Your name was suggested to him a few weeks since, but the prince minister having opposed it warmly upon the ground of the value of your services as chief surgeon of his department, the plan was abandoned. Since then he has been induced to reconsider the matter by the representation that you alone can be trusted with the task; that your assistant can carry on the work of your office until your return, and that you can complete the examination and return within six months without detriment to yourself, and, regardless of the protest of the minister of war, he has finally concluded to send you. I assure you, my friend, that it is a settled fact—

the order will assuredly be issued to-morrow, and you must be prepared to meet it. I only wish the Khedive thoroughly understood the situation and thought less of you and more of some one else—some younger man better able to stand a journey to that pestilential region, which he has been made to believe is a second California."

I took in the whole situation at a glance. I saw that some crafty enemy had availed himself of the Khedive's confidence in me to induce him to require a service which must either be accepted at the hazard of my life or declined with the certainty of being dismissed from the army. In a word, I realized that I had to meet one of the most serious questions of my life—to baffle an intrigue which had been elaborated with consummate skill for the purpose of forcing me to decide between the alternatives of going to my death in Dárfour or of returning in disgrace to America.

"The case is a desperate one and demands desperate measures," I remarked. "This separation from my wife and family—this leaving them in Egypt unprotected and friendless—will kill me of itself. What would you advise, doctor?"

"Yes, it is a serious matter," he answered, "for, in my judgment, you will never return from Darfour—you will never see your wife and children again. At your age, and with your susceptibility to malaria—which the Khedive knows nothing about, unfortunately—you will die on the journey. If I were in your place I would resign to-night through the American consul and place myself under his protection to-morrow."

"Alas, my friend, you know nothing about American politics. Nine-tenths of those who are now in office were appointed when sectional hatred was at a premium, and they have not yet learned to regard a

*quondam* rebel as an American citizen. The consul, though a very amiable man, is a strong partisan, and he would no more join issue with the Khedive on my account than he would throw himself into the Nile. There is no hope from that direction."

"Then really, my dear doctor, I do not know what to suggest. I have done all in my power to serve you. I have warned you at the hazard of my position and perhaps of my life. Go home and consult with your wife, and it may be that you and she together can think out some plan which will enable you to escape the dangers of the coming morning."

"Good night, my kind friend. We are not far from my house and I will get out and walk home so as to avoid observation. Be assured that you leave me with a heavy heart, but one filled with gratitude to you for what you have done and risked in my behalf. I will devote the remainder of the night to reflection, and with God's help I hope to find a way out of the difficulties and dangers which surround me. May heaven remember you for your kindness to me and to mine."

Neither my wife nor I slept that night, but we spent its long and lonely hours in consulting on the situation, and in devising a method for my escape. Before the morning dawned we had elaborated a plan by which we hoped to thwart the machinations of those who had plotted for my destruction, and were rejoicing over the blow which was to fall without warning, as they supposed, on my devoted head, when the war office opened that day.

Before the sun rose I sent the ever-faithful William, with my carriage, to the house of Doctor Kassim Effendi—the second medical officer of the war department—praying him to come instantly

to my house ; and on his arrival I begged him to examine and to prescribe for my eye, which was much inflamed and very painful. Flattered immeasurably by this mark of confidence on the part of his chief, he complied with my request in the most elaborate manner, recommending among other measures that I should remain in bed and in a darkened room for some time to come. "Since you condemn me to remain in bed, Doctor, and thus render it impossible for me to attend to my office, I must ask you to take charge of it until I am convalescent," I remarked in the most friendly manner.

"Certainly, excellency, I will take great pleasure in representing you, and you may rest assured that everything shall be conducted as you desire," was his flattered response.

"Well, that being settled to my satisfaction, I must ask another favor of you," said I. "It is my rule always to be in my office when the Prince arrives, and official business begins. It is important that you shall be equally punctual, and in order that you may be there in time and altogether *en règle*, I must ask you to place my name on the "sick report" and to hand it in *before* the minister arrives, so that it may be the first official paper acted on to-day. William and my carriage are at your disposal so that there may be no possibility of delay in this matter, as promptitude is as important to you as to me."

"You may count on me, excellency. The presentation of the 'sick report' shall be the first thing done at the Citadel to-day, and I will be in your office, and at work, when the Prince arrives," he answered with enthusiasm, as he started off on the mission, never dreaming that an order was in existence which only required the signature of the

minister to make him the master of the office for six months to come, and, perhaps, for the remainder of his days. He kept his promise, and I was reported as being "sick with ophthalmia and incapable of performing military duty" *before* the order sending me to Darfour had been signed and issued.

The "sick report" is respected in the service of every civilized nation—including Egypt—and once enrolled upon it, I knew that I had baffled my enemies, and had averted the ruin which they had so cunningly prepared for me.

This was the scheme which I had thought out during the long watches of that night of the drive upon the Shoubra, under the inspiration of my wife's tearful eyes and the innocent faces of my sleeping children; and had there been no other grounds for the refuge which I sought and found under the protecting wings of the "sick report," I should expect God's forgiveness for the ruse by which I preserved my own life, and saved those who were dearest to me from unutterable anguish. As an actual fact, however my eye was in a sad state, and I really needed the course of treatment which it so unexpectedly received at the hands of my delighted subordinate, the assistant medical director of the war department.

Kassim Effendi was closely catechised that day by more than one anxious official, including the prince minister, who, to the surprise of every one, laughed heartily when informed of my sufferings; but as they gave him no hint as to the motives of their seeming solicitude, and he was in blissful ignorance respecting the comedy in which he was playing so leading a part, he only told, in moving terms, of his early summons to my house, of the alarming condition of my eye, and of the injunc-

tion under which *he* had placed me to keep my bed for some time to come.

Under the guise of a friendly interest several officers, native and foreign, called at my house that day, and in the exuberance of their fraternal solicitude even insisted upon examining the suffering eye, little dreaming that I knew them to be only tools and spies, and was using them for my own purposes, while I returned their expressions of sympathy and said "Amen" to their prayers for my speedy restoration to health. Their pious petitions availed nothing, however, for I lay in a darkened room, a martyr to leeches, blisters, lotions, and compresses for more than two weeks—long enough for the Darfour explorers to reach Suakim and to journey half way over the desert which separates it from the since famous town of Berber, on the Nile. Nevertheless, I am sure that, but for the enforced and heroic treatment which the eye received at the time—but for this prospective trip to Darfour—I should have taxed it beyond the point of recovery, and have lost my vision in the excess of my zeal for the Khedive's service. I really had long desired to submit it to a prolonged rest and appropriate treatment, but I had failed to do so from a fear of losing my place at the Citadel, and, perhaps, my position in the army.

The only person who seemed to suspect that I had received private information in regard to this conspiracy was the prince minister himself. The peculiar manner in which he received Kassim's pathetic description of my sufferings and the fact that on my first visit after my recovery he greeted me most cordially, and, with a merry twinkle in his eye, remarked, "*Mais, vous etes très fin, mon Docteur,*" have always suggested the suspicion

that *he* sent the friend who warned me of the impending danger. I may be wrong in this inference, but I have liked him none the less for it, I can assure you.

The next time that I saw Colonel Prout\*—the commander of the expedition with which I was to have been associated—was some two years after its departure from Cairo. He had made a thorough exploration of Darfour and Kardofan; he had attracted the attention of Gordon, and risen to the position of assistant governor-general of the Soudan; and he had advanced other men by his successes and covered himself with glory as an explorer and a scientist; but his health was irretrievably ruined, and he seemed only a specter of the healthy and handsome young man I had known in Egypt. “My God, Doctor!” he exclaimed, “thank your good angel forever for that game eye of yours, for it saved you from countless sufferings and from certain death. The German doctor who was sent as your substitute died in less than six months from the day of his departure. The bones of at least two-thirds of my command were picked by the hyenas before I reached Darfour. My own liver was changed into a nutmeg and my blood into water before I had half completed my task. If you had survived the hardships of the journey you would have succumbed to the malaria of the country to a dead certainty.”

When I told him the story of the friendly warning on the Shubra road, of my appeal to Kassim’s sympathy and science, and of my resort to the protecting ægis of the “sick report,” he added: “Cherish that friend as the best that you have had in life, and invest your ‘bottom dollar’ in a monu-

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\*See Appendix (U).

ment to his memory when he has been called to his account, for as sure as the sun shines you owe your life to his courage and devotion."

The friend who thus risked his position and his life to save me was Doctor Abatte, the Italian physician of whom I have already spoken, and who, I am happy to tell you, has recently been promoted to the distinguished position of special physician to Tewfick Pasha, the present Viceroy of Egypt.

Invested with the title and the dignities of a pasha, in the enjoyment of a princely salary, and universally beloved and honored by the people of his adopted country, Heaven seems to have already rewarded him for his loyalty and devotion to the stranger whose only claim to consideration consisted in the fact that he was a *confrère*, surrounded by enemies and doomed to destruction.

While consciousness and identity remain I shall remember his kindness, and pray for his happiness both temporal and eternal.

"Come immediately to Shepard's Hotel to see Dr. Crane, of New York," was a message which I received shortly after my recovery. Hurrying after the messenger, I found that Dr. J. J. Crane—one of the most distinguished physicians of New York—had been thrown by the stumbling of a donkey and had broken his arm midway between the shoulder and the elbow. A physician attached to the hotel—and who, of course, had been recommended as the "best surgeon in Cairo"—had attempted to reduce the fracture, but the continuous pain in the part with other indications convinced the patient that there was something wrong in the adjustment of the fragments. As the "best surgeon in Cairo" could not be found at the moment and the case was pressing, with William's assistance I removed the dressings, coaptated the frag-

ments, applied the necessary splints and bandages, and in the end had the gratification of finding the member restored to its normal status.

I thus made the acquaintance of one of the ablest physicians and best men that I have ever known, and sowed the seeds of a friendship from which many a pleasant hour of social intercourse and an abundant measure of professional success have been the harvest.

In the first place he turned a deaf ear to my objections to receive a fee, and insisted on paying me just such a sum as he would have charged a rich patient under similar circumstances; and in thesecond, it has been in a great measure through his intervention and recommendation that I have succeeded in Paris—where he has many friends and much influence. If I had no other reason to honor the profession, I could but do so on account of the kindness which I have received at the hands of these two honored members of it. Its pygmies have assailed me, it is true, but its giants have been my friends and benefactors.

## LETTER XXXII.

## A FURLough.

MY DEAR DOCTOR :

Yielding to the advice of friends, and having already commenced to experience the deleterious effects of the approaching summer, I determined to apply for a "six months' furlough," so as to absent myself from the country during its heated term, and to obtain the advice and treatment of the oculists of Paris.

My application was made at a fortunate time, for the Khedive was then feeling most kindly toward the Americans in his service.

Only a little while before he had been delighted by the achievements of Colonel Chaille Long-Bey. That gallant officer, with but two soldiers and without supplies, had penetrated to McTesa's capital, and having conciliated that monarch, had returned to Gondokoro by Lake Victoria, Nyanza and the Nile—thus solving one of the most important problems of the geography of that region, and displaying in the accomplishment of his task a heroism, a power of endurance and a fecundity of resource which entitle him to a commanding position among the explorers of the times.

All this had proved a source of great satisfaction to the Khedive, and had inspired him with a profound admiration for this brave young American, and with a kindly feeling toward his compatriots generally.

Speaking to Captain Carter, of the United States Navy, he said : "I like your countrymen. They serve me well, and have given less trouble than any foreigners in my army ; and I am especially pleased with Long-Bey, since, with but two men and without money, he has accomplished more in Central Africa than others have effected with thousands of men and an unlimited command of my treasury."

I therefore obtained the "leave of absence" without difficulty, and feeling almost as grateful to my friend, Colonel Long, as to the Khedive himself, I made preparations to leave Egypt and to spend six months in Paris.

As the special medical board, appointed at my request, to examine into the condition of my eye, reported that it required a protracted treatment and in a more favorable climate than that of Egypt, the prince minister permitted me to draw "full pay and allowances" during the entire period of my absence—a circumstance which at once showed his liberality and gave me great satisfaction.

About this time a very curious thing occurred. I had several times seen a statement in the American papers to the effect that a certain physician—to whom I shall give the name of Dr. Smith for the occasion—had been appointed surgeon-general of the Egyptian army, with princely pay and perquisites, and that, attended by a staff of his own selection, he was on the point of starting for Cairo. Thinking it simply some sensational story I paid no attention to the matter until brought face to face with it in a curious way. An individual, bearing the name of the so-called surgeon-general, but of which I did not think at the time, suddenly appeared in Cairo, accompanied by his bride and a young physician of very respectable appearance. He at once

applied to me for a position in the medical staff, and as I required assistance and his letters of recommendation ostensibly bore the signatures of leading American physicians, I indorsed his application and sent it to the war department, but with an unfavorable issue.

In the mean time I became quite intimate with him, as he visited me daily, and was a man of fine address and liberal education. One day he came to my house, and having informed me of his intention to leave Egypt on the very day of my intended departure, he proposed to engage state-rooms for me while arranging to secure one for himself. As I was much occupied at the moment, I gladly accepted his offer, and gave him five pounds with which to secure the berths by an advance payment. On the succeeding day the young physician who had accompanied him to Egypt sought an interview with me, and with tearful eyes and trembling voice told me the following story of fraud and outrage:

"I had just graduated," said he, "and was looking around for a location when chance threw me with Dr. Smith, who informed me that he had just been appointed surgeon-general of the Egyptian army; that he was authorized to engage a number of surgeons for that service on liberal pay, and that he would be pleased to have me accompany him to Egypt. I was naturally delighted with his offer, but informed him that before accepting it I should be glad to see the authority upon which he was acting. He said it was only natural that I should make such a request, and then exhibited to me a commission duly signed by the Khedive, appointing him surgeon-general of the army, and a letter from the minister of war authorizing him to engage a certain number of surgeons as his assist-

ants. Upon the strength of these papers, I unhesitatingly accepted his offer and started to Egypt with him. In Paris he professed to be greatly disappointed because of the non-arrival of remittances, and borrowed of me two hundred and fifty dollars, all the money which I possessed after purchasing tickets to Cairo, which he has never returned, though he has often promised to do so. On arriving here I was surprised to find you installed in office, and, on asking him for an explanation of it, I was told that you were about to leave the country, ostensibly on furlough, but really to give place to him, and that immediately after your departure he should assume charge of the medical department, and would assign me to duty and see that I was paid from the date of my engagement. He also pretended to have daily interviews with the Khedive, and to be on intimate terms with the minister of war. Having met the consul-general of the United States last night, I determined to lay the matter before him, as my suspicions had become excited, and I learned enough to convince me that Smith is a fraud and that I have been duped and ruined. I therefore determined to come directly to you, in order to ascertain the truth in regard to the matter, and then to ask your advice and assistance, as I am without money and owe for two weeks board in the bargain."

"But what about his wife—she seems to be a lady?" I asked at once.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "she belongs to an excellent family in New York, and is a perfect lady. She married him believing him to be surgeon-general of the Khedive's army, and expecting to occupy a high position here. He invited me to the wedding, and they were married with great rejoicing on the part of her family and friends.

Even now she has no suspicion of her husband's rascality, and only last night she was wishing that you would take your departure, so that he might get to work and draw his pay."

"Well, surely," I answered, "this rascality is the most blatant that I ever heard of. The fellow deserves the penitentiary. The deception practiced on you is bad enough, but the fraud committed on the poor girl is a thousand fold worse. It is impossible for you to get a position in the army, as I have just done my level best to secure one for him. I will see what can be done toward raising money enough to get you home. By the way, I very much fear that I shall be the loser by him, as I have given him five pounds with which to engage state-rooms for me. You must therefore excuse me now, as I have to take immediate steps about the matter. Call again to-morrow."

Hurrying to the office of the steamer, I was informed by the agent that he had never seen or heard of the individual in question and that my name was not enrolled upon his list of passengers. I then went immediately to the New Hotel, and demanded an interview with the "other Richmond" of the medical department. He had the impudence to attempt the bluff game at first, but when I proceeded to lock the door of the apartment, and to inform him that he *had* to disgorge then and there, he wilted at once and reluctantly complied with my command.

The assistant appealed to the American consul, hoping to secure the money which he had loaned his chief while in Paris, but only to discover that the *quasi* official had nothing, and was indebted to the landlord of the New Hotel for two weeks' board and for sundry bottles of the best wine that its cellar could afford.

Upon my representation a kind-hearted American advanced the young man money enough to defray his expenses to the United States, while the *Chevalier d' Industrie* and his broken-hearted wife were eventually sent home at the expense of the consulate.

It turned out, that having wonderful dexterity in the use of the pen, he had forged not only the pretended commission from the Khedive, but the divorce papers, by means of which he inveigled the poor girl into the marriage which proved the source of so much sorrow and disgrace to her.

A few days previous to my departure William came to me breathless from excitement, with the exclamation :

“ Doctor, there are snakes in the stable !”

“ Why do you think so ?” I inquired.

“ The *syce* first told me about them, and then I watched and saw them with my own eyes. They are horrid-looking things, I can tell you, and as long as my carriage whip.”

“ You mean your riding whip, don’t you ? But never mind their length—get my gun ready and I will make short work of them.”

“ But that won’t do, Doctor. The *syce* says its bad luck to kill house snakes, for they have got the spirits of dead folks in them. We have to get the “ charmers ”\* to catch them.”

“ The charmers ! who are they ?”

“ They are some *sheiks* who go about Cairo catching snakes for a living. They have only to put their noses into a house to tell whether there are any snakes in it, and then they make the critters come out by calling to them in the name of the Prophet.”

“ I do not believe a word of the story. The

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\*See Appendix (V).

*syce* has humbugged you to get some *backsheesh* out of us."

"Oh, no, sir! It aint no humbug—its true as preachin'. I have seen the snakes for sartin, and I have talked with the 'charmers' about getting them out of the premises. They say that I have only to open the stable door and let them look in, and they will smell them out, and catch them in the bargain for two piasters a head."

"Well, that sum will certainly not break us, so they may as well try their hands."

"But, Doctor, that aint all. After they catch them they are bound to make them bite somebody that belongs to the establishment, for if they don't, you see, the 'charmers' will lose their luck and die of a snake bite in less than a year."

"What is to become of the fool who permits himself to be bitten? I hope you have more sense than to allow the 'charmers' to try any such experiment on you. My advice to you is to let them alone."

But he was not to be turned from his purpose. On the next day I observed that the *syce* had his hand enveloped in a handkerchief, and judging from that circumstance that the "charmers" had been at work, I questioned William in regard to their operations, and received from him the following history:

Having removed their clothing and each taken a long wand in his hand they entered the stable; falling upon their knees, with their faces turned toward Mecca, they prayed devoutly for a few moments, and then commenced to walk around the building with their eyes turned to the ceiling, repeating sentences from the Koran, and imploring the snakes to appear; suddenly, first one snake and then another protruded his head from a "hole

in the wall,"' and finally dropped upon the floor, within a few feet of the "charmers;" and then each *sheik* seized a snake, and carried it out of doors, crying "Allah! Allah! Allah!" at the top of his voice.

So soon as the *syce* saw the snakes—with their glittering eyes, their protruding tongues, and their writhing bodies—his courage left him, and he took to his heels and disappeared around a neighboring corner. At this the "charmers" became dreadfully alarmed, and declared that they had been "betrayed; that their occupation was gone, and that they would die from a snake bite unless some one would take the place of the *syce* and submit to be bitten." They finally insisted that William should act as his substitute or should produce him according to the terms of the contract. Seeing their terror and somewhat alarmed for himself, he started off in search of the *syce*—bidding them await his return, or they should not be paid for their trouble. Tracing the fugitive to his own house, William induced him by threats and promises to return to the stable and stand up to his agreement—to be bitten by the snakes according to the original programme, convinced that they were harmless and that no injury would result to him.

Then another difficulty arose—the snakes proved refractory—refused to use their fangs, and it was only by stirring them up and pinching their tails that they could be made to bite.

When this was finally accomplished, the "charmers" gave vent to a chorus of "Ham-dallahs," pocketed their piasters and carried off the snakes in triumph, while the sympathetic crowd joined in the chorus with the most pathetic unction.

When I examined the bandaged hand I could

plainly perceive the punctures made by the fangs of the snake and some tumefaction of the subjacent integuments, but no serious consequences resulted, and convinced that he would henceforth bear a charmed life so far as snakes and evil spirits were concerned, he was the happiest and the proudest fellow in Cairo.

Lane spells the word *sais*, but General Loring writes it *syce*, which conveys a better idea of its pronunciation, and I have, therefore, adopted it. These *syces* possess remarkable powers of endurance, but they die young from the combined effects of hasheesh, raki and over-exertion. There is a story in Egypt that a *syce* of Mehemet Ali ran before the carriage of his master from Alexandria to Cairo—about one hundred and forty miles—without stopping either to eat or to rest on the way. This seems scarcely credible, but I have seen Ismahein—the hero of the snake story—run for hours together, with the thermometer indicating 100°, without manifesting the slightest sign of fatigue.

The habit of smoking hasheesh—a species of Indian hemp—prevails to a fearful extent in Egypt. It can be had at all the tobacco shops for a mere song, and it is generally used by the lower classes, to the speedy destruction of their minds and bodies. It is more seductive than opium and equally as pernicious, while its victims can be easily recognized by the unsteadiness of their walk, the blurred and jaundiced condition of their eyes, the bloated or mummy-like aspect of their bodies, and a peculiar hacking cough, the counterpart of that of senile bronchitis.

On the 6th of April, 1875, I sailed from Alexandria for Marseilles *en route* to Paris, accompanied by my family and my servant William.

The voyage was a calm and uninteresting one in itself, but it was made pleasant by the society of some English gentlemen, whose acquaintance I made by rendering a service to one of their number. By a sudden lurch of the ship he was thrown violently against an open cabin door, and received a wound just beneath the nose, of sufficient depth and length to expose the gums and teeth, and to cause the *upper* lip, with the mustache attached to it, to fall over the *lower* one, presenting a most ghastly appearance.

Perceiving that the ship's surgeon had neither the requisite skill nor the necessary appliances to dress the wound properly, I volunteered my services, and had the good fortune to secure perfect coaptation and immediate union without subsequent deformity or disfigurement.

From that time, he and his friends overwhelmed me with attentions—their civilities rendering the voyage an exceedingly pleasant one.

What a splendid man is a real English gentleman ! He combines in his character a chivalry, a refinement, and a tenderness which are seldom found associated in other types of humanity. It is the old story of the rough rind and the tender kernel—the frozen surface and the glowing center—the coarse garment and the gentle nature beneath it. Since my residence in Egypt I have had a special respect for the English character, for with the absolute removal of the restraints of society which appertains to that country, I did not see the English return to primal barbarism or lapse into an open defiance of the laws of decency, as did their neighbors, but on the contrary, I saw them live like gentlemen—remembering the traditions of home and respecting its curbs and obligations—notwithstanding the general demoralization which sur-

rounded them. They have their faults, it is true, but they seldom forget the lessons of respect for themselves and regard for the proprieties of life which they learned from their mothers; and they would respond to a church bell if they heard it in Hades or in Halifax.

We reached Paris on the 12th of April, 1875, and put up at the Hotel Chatham, an excellent house and one much frequented by Americans.

My first inquiry was for General Thaddeus P. Mott, who had been the pioneer American officer in the East and the prime favorite of the Khedive during the entire period of his residence there. As he had left a good record behind him, and I was convinced of the similarity of our views respecting many Egyptian subjects, I felt desirous of making his acquaintance, hoping among other things to induce him to return to the country.

The Khedive had long refused to receive the resignation which ill health had originally necessitated, as he was unwilling to lose so able and faithful a servant. Though absent for several years, his highness still retained his name upon the roll of the war department, and even after my arrival in Paris importuned him to return, feeling that in the impending storm he needed the services of just such a cool-headed and loyal-hearted man.

I used every possible argument to induce him to accept the Khedive's renewed proposition, for I knew that the time was coming when the tide would turn against the Americans in that country, and that his advice and influence would be invaluable to them.

We became warm friends, and I profited in many ways by his advice and intervention, but I failed signally in inducing him to return, as his health was precarious, and one of the conditions which he

demanded was regarded as impossible by his highness under the circumstances. Of a proud spirit, and convinced of the correctness of his views, he could not be persuaded to yield a hair's breadth, and there was, consequently, lost to the Khedive a friend whose sagacity could have diverted much of the trouble which subsequently engulfed him, and to Egypt an officer whose courage, ability and experience would have proved invaluable in the calamities which have since overtaken her.

My next move was to seek out the distinguished oculist to whom I had been recommended by Dr. Abatté and other friends in Egypt. He gave me a hurried and imperfect examination, and then pronounced the eye to be "in perfect condition."

"In perfect condition? when it has been attacked three different times by ophthalmia—when it is so sensitive to impressions that I have to keep it constantly bandaged—when I suffer perpetually with pain and cannot distinguish between light and darkness with it," I exclaimed.

"*Oui, Monsieur, c'est guéri,*" he answered, in the most indifferent manner.

You can appreciate my amazement at this announcement, but my mind soon arrived at an explanation of the motive which prompted it. As he was not a fool, but a man of recognized ability in his specialty, it was impossible to believe otherwise than that he did not care to be troubled with the case of a *confrère*, inasmuch as there was no money to be made out of it, and his time was valuable.

Hurrying to my hotel, I addressed him a note demanding to know the amount of my indebtedness, and telling him that I understood and appreciated his conduct. It is true that he attempted an apology, but it is equally certain that I declined

to accept it, and that I have never since asked his advice for myself or for my patients, so that his unkindness did not prove a very profitable investment in the end.

I then sought Dr. Landolt, who, after a thorough examination of the eye, pronounced its condition precarious, and then subjected it to a protracted and most skillful treatment. Being greatly delighted with him, both as a gentleman and as an oculist, I advised him to study the English language, and have ever since recommended him in enthusiastic terms to my friends and patrons.

It is hardly necessary to tell you that he has become the most famous oculist in Paris, and that I have contributed in no slight degree to his success, or rather, have helped to afford him an opportunity to display his rare skill and learning as a specialist.

After the cure of the eye, he said to me: "Dr. Warren, you have had a narrow escape from blindness—certainly as far as the left eye is concerned. Take no more risks. Do not think of returning to Egypt. I cannot answer for the consequences of another attack of ophthalmia."

"What? Not return to Egypt," I inquired.

"No, unless you wish to lose your eye," was his answer.

Here was truly a surprise and a dilemma. I was dependent upon my salary from the Khedive; I had not lived in the country long enough to realize from the investment of moving to it; I was only entitled to receive a gratuity of two months' pay in the event of a resignation on account of "physical disability;" and I had a family dependent upon me for support. The fiat which constrained me to make this sacrifice seemed a cruel one indeed, and I hurried to General Mott to inform him of it, and





GENERAL MOTT.

to ask his guidance in the darkness which encompassed me.

He gave me the most sensible advice that could have fallen from human lips. "Seek the authorization to practice medicine in Paris—offer for practice without delay—and then at the end of six months decide for yourself in regard to Egypt," were the words of wisdom with which he responded to my entreaty for direction in the trying circumstances of my position.

It was in this emergency that I renewed my acquaintance with Doctors Charcot and Ricord, and, through the influence of their great names, supported by the indorsement of my friends, Professor Gross, Dr. J. J. Crane, Alfred Swaine Taylor, Thomas Stevenson and Sir James Paget, that I had the good fortune to be made a "licentiate of the University of France," and was enabled to commence the practice of medicine in Paris.

I must tell you that no foreigner can engage in the practice of medicine here without having passed an examination before a French faculty, or having obtained a ministerial authorization. No such authorization has been given since mine was accorded, though many attempts have been made to obtain one, and are not likely to be given again, whatever may be the influence or position of the applicant. In fact, an effort is now being made to annul those which have been accorded and to compel every foreign physician residing in France to submit to the ordeal of an examination by the faculty.

Dr. Crane fortunately arrived in Paris just at this time, and made it a point to introduce me to his large circle of friends and to speak in glowing terms of the manner in which I had treated his fractured arm. General Mott interested the mem-

bers of his family, the descendants of America's most illustrious surgeon, in my behalf. Chance threw me with General Torbert, the consul-general of the United States, and Mr. R. M. Hooper, the vice-consul-general, both of whom took the liveliest interest in my success, and contributed materially to it. And, in a word, by the help of these good friends, and the co-operation of some fortunate cases—to which I shall more particularly refer further on—I felt that my future was secure before the expiration of my furlough—before the time arrived for a definite understanding with the Egyptian government.

Good luck attended my negotiations at Cairo. The prince minister stood my friend, and, instead of accepting my *resignation* very kindly *discharged* me honorably from the service, which, under the terms of my contract, secured for me "six months' pay, and transportation to New York."

It is true that the payment of this money was postponed, because of certain intrigues which were undertaken in a spirit of deliberate malice for my injury and annoyance, but, as they are things of the past and amounted to nothing in the end, I will not sully the pages of these memoirs by discussing them or alluding to their authors.

Through the kind intervention of Mr. Washburne, who was then minister of the United States at Paris, these schemes were thwarted and the payment made, much to my satisfaction and with the inspiration of sentiments of the liveliest gratitude to the distinguished statesman who befriended me in the matter.

Referring to Mr. Washburne I take this occasion to say that our country has never had an abler or more popular representative abroad than this worthy gentleman. Although some have complained

that he saved money out of his salary, none can accuse him of any dereliction of duty or deny that he was generally esteemed and respected here. He made it the business of his life to see that even-handed justice was done to his compatriots without asking a question as to their political antecedents or affinities, and his kindness to Colonel Rhett, an ex-confederate of distinction, who had become paralyzed in the service of the Khedive, excited the warmest admiration of all who were acquainted with the facts of the case, and especially endeared him to the Southern men domiciled in France.

How little do we know of what is before us ! How completely are we the creatures of circumstances which can neither be foreseen nor controlled. The future is only a *terra incognita*, for which the revelations of the past supply no guidance, and the lessons of the present furnish no light.

The loss of my position, which seemed a *curse* at the moment, proved a *blessing* in the end. Soon after my discharge the Khedive declared war against Abyssinia, and sent his entire army to subjugate that country. Dr. Mehemet Ali-Pasha, the professor of surgery in the medical school of Cairo, was elevated to the position which I had vacated, and ordered to accompany the expedition as its chief medical director. When the Egyptian army was defeated at Gura, he was captured and given in charge to a Soudanese soldier, who subsequently murdered him in cold blood—a fate which would have assuredly been mine had not the condition of my eyes compelled me to leave the country. In a word, I was killed by *proxy* in Abyssinia as I certainly should have been in *reality* had I remained in the Khedive's service. That therefore which I blindly esteemed a misfortune and grieved

over most bitterly was, in God's mercy, transformed into a benefit, for which I thanked Him upon bended knees and with a heart overflowing with thankfulness.

One of his assistants, Dr. Johnstone, of Tennessee, who had graduated in Baltimore in the medical college with which I was connected, was captured at the same time, and after undergoing hardships which shattered his health and almost unsettled his reason, was finally released by King John, who took him to be an Englishman, and entrusted him with a confidential message to Queen Victoria.

I am told that many of the captured soldiers were mutilated and sent back with instructions to say to the Khedive that the Egyptians need have no excuse for capturing Abyssinia boys for some time to come, as they had been furnished with a good supply of eunuchs of their own race. This message requires an explanation, which, as a medical man, I am sure you will regard as privileged. Eunuchs being in great demand among the wealthy classes, a thriving trade has long been carried on by certain *sheiks* along the frontiers of Abyssinia in the theft of male children between six and eight years of age, and their subsequent emasculation. Having no proper surgical instruments or appliances, their mode of procedure is to cut boldly with a sharp knife, and then to bury the subject up to his waist in sand, so as to keep him from bleeding to death. The percentage of mortality is high under this barbarous system, but that is not taken into account by the *sheiks*, as, allowing for all sources of loss, their profits are enormous.

Formerly it was customary to remove only the scrotum and its contents, but latterly it is the habit to excise the organs in their entirety, so as

to respond to the demands of the market, as purchasers under the old system frequently found that instead of having secured a eunuch, as they believed, they had introduced into the *hareem* a ridgeling and a rival—the truant organ having concealed itself among the abdominal viscera, and thus escaped removal when the scrotum was excised. The same trade is continued in Upper Egypt under similar circumstances of barbarity and disregard for suffering and life.

The first patient to whom I was called in Paris was a Captain Jackson, of the English navy. I found a French physician in charge of the case, and was informed by him that the captain had been ill for forty days with "typhoid fever," and that there had been several physicians in consultation, the last of whom had retired that day, convinced that the patient would succumb within the succeeding twenty-four hours. Upon entering the sick chamber I immediately recognized that peculiar ammoniacal odor which is characteristic of uræmic poisoning, and an examination of the patient promptly and decisively revealed the symptoms of acute "Bright's disease." I pointed them out to the doctor, and discovered that he had overlooked them entirely; that he had not inquired into the condition of the kidneys, although they were secreting less than a pint of urine daily. As the patient was profoundly comatose, with cold extremities and an exceedingly feeble pulse, I insisted that he should be given turpentine—from its recognized properties as a stimulant to the kidneys and to the system at large—alternately with gin and milk, and that sinapisms should be repeatedly applied to the extremities and over the loins.

On the succeeding morning I found that there was a considerable augmentation of the urinary

secretion, and that the patient was consequently better in all regards, but when we retired for consultation the doctor produced the specimen of urine which he had taken away for examination and declared that it contained "not a trace of albumen."

"No albumen, sir?" I exclaimed. "You astonish me. Here is the specimen which I have examined, and as you can see for yourself, it is loaded with albumen."

"Mine at least contains nothing of the kind," he answered, in a very surly manner.

"Well, sir, the question can be readily settled," I replied. "I have brought with me materials for testing it, and I shall employ them in your presence." The urine was duly examined and a heavy deposit of albumen presented itself. "Now," said I, "you are attempting to act unfairly both toward the patient and to myself, and I do not propose to submit to it." I then called the family in to the room, and explained the whole matter to them, concluding by saying: "Another physician must be called in to decide between us, and I hope you will select some reliable Englishman." The Frenchman declared that it was the very thing he desired, and promised to return at 3 p. m. to meet whoever they might think proper to invite to the consultation.

Before leaving the house I took the precaution to instruct the nurse "to make no change in the treatment, even if instructed to do so by the attending physician," as I had no confidence in either his capacity or his honesty. I returned at the appointed hour, and found Dr. M., an English physician of ability and experience, awaiting me, but the Frenchman was not there, and he never returned to the house afterward.

As a matter of course, my diagnosis was con-

firmed in every particular, and the treatment continued, and I must add that the patient promptly recovered from his attack of so-called "typhoid fever," and died nine months afterward of confirmed "Bright's disease."

Shortly afterward I was summoned to a Spanish lady of position, who had been attended by a number of the leading physicians of Paris, each of whom had discovered a different malady, while all had failed to relieve her, and had pronounced her case incurable. She was in a sad plight when I saw her, as she seemed to have a complication of maladies, the mucous membrane generally being in a state of chronic inflammation.

The stomach was too much irritated to retain nourishment of any kind, and she discharged on the day of my arrival a mold of the epithelial lining of the intestine several feet in length. After a careful examination I concluded that she was suffering from chronic arsenical poisoning; that she really had the symptoms of all the various diseases which had been attributed to her, because of the derangement of each organ possessing a mucous membrane.

The husband manifested great indignation at this diagnosis, taking it as an intimation that an attempt had been made to poison his wife. "Not at all," said I, "you entirely misunderstand me. I only mean to say that she has habitually used some substance containing *arsenic*, which has gradually accumulated in her system, and expended itself upon the mucous membrane, producing the results which I find to-day." Upon investigation it appeared that to remove some *taches* from her skin she had visited La Bourboule, a noted arsenical spring in France, the waters of which she had drank freely, and bathed in regularly for several

weeks, and that after her return to Paris and up to that very hour of my visit she had continued to drink several glasses daily.

These facts solved the problem of this apparently mysterious case, and confirmed the diagnosis which I had so boldly made on my first examination of it.

By prohibiting the use of the Bourboule water and the employment of appropriate remedies, my patient was promptly restored to health—to my infinite gratification and the delight of her family and friends.

The husband shortly afterward visited Madrid, and made it a point to relate the history of his wife's illness and restoration to the King of Spain, who immediately created me a "Knight of the Order of Isabella the Catholic," one of the most honorable orders of chivalry in Europe.

Again I was called as a consultant in the case of an American gentleman—a friend of Dr. Crane—who was suffering from incessant vomiting, accompanied by persistent constipation, an icteroid hue of the skin and conjunctiva, and profound prostration of the general system. There was, also, in attendance one of the most experienced and distinguished physicians of Paris, and the English physician to whom I have referred in connection with Captain Jackson's case. Upon conferring together, I found that a radical difference of opinion existed between myself and my colleagues in regard to the nature of the case. They took the ground that an *intussusception* of the bowel existed, that the vomited matters were *stercoraceous*, and that the other symptoms were secondary and subordinate; while I insisted that an *abscess* of the liver had opened into the duodenum immediately below the pyloric orifice of the stomach,

that the matters ejected were an admixture of *bile* and *vitiated pus*, and that the concomitant phenomena were the consequences and exponents of what had occurred. The question at issue turned mainly upon the nature of the odor emitted by the matters vomited—they pronouncing it *fecal*, and I declaring it to be essentially that of an admixture of bile and *vitiated pus*, such as I had encountered in similar cases of hepatic abscesses in the East. Being outvoted, I had to submit to seeing a plan of treatment adopted which, to say the least, was not demanded by the indications as I interpreted them, and was useless *per se*, and to rely upon the autopsy for the vindication of my diagnosis. The patient, who had received a medical education and was perfectly conscious up to the last moment of his life, agreed with me in my view of his case, and left a dying request that a post-mortem examination should be made for the purpose of determining the mooted question.

The case soon terminated fatally, and the post-mortem examination was made by an expert, the attending physician and myself being present—with the result of finding that a *hepatic abscess had opened into the duodenum*, and that *no intussusception of the intestine existed*.

These cases gave me a good start in Paris, and proved the harbingers of a real professional success—secured for me a large and lucrative *clientele*, not only among my compatriots, but in the circles of many nationalities.

## LETTER XXXIII.

## LIFE IN PARIS.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:

I was quietly smoking my *post-prandial* cigar one evening when there was a ring at the door, and a young man was ushered in whose manner and appearance most favorably impressed me. He had essentially the bearing of a polished gentleman, and there was a grace in his deportment and a sympathetic ring in his voice which placed us *en rapport* in an instant. Here is one of "nature's real noblemen," was my reflection, as I gave him my hand and invited him to a chair.

"I am Mr. Henry Dwight, of Boston," he said, as he seated himself by my side and declined a proffered cigar. "I have called," he resumed, "to request you to visit a particular friend of mine who is ill, and, I fear, dangerously so, at the hotel. Can you accompany me at once?"

"Certainly," I answered, "I will go with pleasure. But sit down for a few moments and tell me something about the case. How long has he been ill, and what seems to be the trouble?"

"He has been ailing ever since we landed at Liverpool, and to-night he has, or seems to have, a high fever and to be suffering with his head. I am seriously alarmed about him, and only await your visit to decide whether or not to telegraph his friends, who are mine, as well," was the response.

As we walked to the hotel he informed me that

he was the son of a wealthy banker, a near relative of Charles Francis Adams, and that having recently graduated at Harvard, he had come to Europe to make the "grand tour" with his particular friend Mr. Edwards, the sick man, preliminary to settling down to the study of a profession.

I found Mr. Edwards seriously and strangely sick, with all the symptoms of typhoid fever, accompanied by a condition of stupor which almost amounted to coma, and which neither the stage of the disease nor the violence of the general symptoms justified.

"He has typhoid fever most certainly, but the stupor puzzles me," I said. "Has he taken opium in any form?"

"Opium! You astonish me! He has taken nothing to my knowledge. But do you consider him seriously—alarmingly—sick? Shall I telegraph our mutual friends, Doctor?"

"It appears to me that he is narcotized—that he has taken an opiate and is profoundly under its influence. This condition of stupor so obscures the case that for the moment I cannot form a definite conclusion as to its gravity. The principal source of danger is the narcotism, which must terminate one way or the other before his friends can arrive or possibly before you can receive an answer from them. Delay the dispatch at least until to-morrow, and send at once for a nurse to carry out my directions."

"A nurse, Doctor! I assure you that I am as good a nurse as you can find, and Edwards is accustomed to my ways. We were raised together, and he prefers me to any one else. I will take care of him, and see that your instructions are carried out to the letter."

"I appreciate your sentiments and your inten-

tions. They do honor to you, but the necessity for a nurse is absolute. The attentions of a skilled nurse in typhoid fever are worth all the medicine in the world. I had rather trust myself to Miss Irwin's faithful and intelligent care under such circumstances than to the daily consultations of the entire faculty. This case under the most favorable condition will last for three weeks, and with all of your solicitude for your old friend you would break down in three days. It is neither your head nor your heart that I distrust, but your legs and your backbone—which would become utterly stiff and worthless before the disease had half run its course. I will give you the address of one of my best nurses, and you must send for her to-night."

"All right, then, Doctor, if you put it in that way! Give me the address, and I will go and fetch her without delay."

This conversation had taken place at the bedside of the sick man, who was incapable of hearing a word of it, and over whom I had been working faithfully all the while with the result of inducing some dilation of the contracted pupils and a slight return of consciousness. As the night was far advanced, I wrote out minute instructions for the expected nurse, gave Dwight my address and left the sick chamber, promising to return as early as possible on the succeeding morning. Returning promptly the next day, I found the patient alone—neither Dwight nor the nurse being in attendance—and in precisely the same condition of stupor as at my first visit. Knocking at the door of Dwight's chamber, he opened it after considerable delay, yawning, rubbing his eyes and profuse of expletives because, as he muttered to himself, "a devil of a *garçon* had disturbed a gentleman before day-break after he had danced all night at *matille*.

Quickly perceiving his mistake, and never dreaming that he had been overheard, his countenance instantly glowed with its wonted smile, and the old seductive tone came back to his voice, as, with the most consummate assurance, he exclaimed: "Why, Doctor, is it you? Walk in and take a seat! I left Edwards only a moment since, to wash up and refresh myself a little, as I had passed the entire night at his bedside. I was all alone, you see, and had to carry out your instructions single-handed. Have you seen him this morning?"

"But why single-handed? Where is the nurse?" I inquired.

"Well, you see, Doctor," his smile growing brighter and his voice more insinuating with each word, "everything went wrong after you left last night. Leaving Edwards in charge of one of the servants, I took a carriage and went in search of the nurse, thinking that the surest way of getting her. Unfortunately I gave the coachman the scrap of paper upon which you had written her name and address, without observing either, and directed him to drive to the locality indicated as rapidly as possible, promising him a good *pour boir* for promptness and dispatch. He drove off like the wind, thinking only of the expected reward, and in a few moments collided with a hand-cart, which came near sending me to kingdom-come, and broke the *fiacre* to splinters. I was consequently forced to call another *cabbé* and to return to the hotel to seek a bottle of arnica, with which to bathe my bruised and aching shins, and to leave the nurse for another trip this morning, as I found the patient in no condition to be left longer in the hands of a *garçon*. *Voila toute*—except that I had to play nurse solitary and alone for the remainder of the night."

Contrasting this plausible story with the emphatic utterances which I had just heard from his lips, I was utterly amazed and confounded ; but, as I gazed into his soft blue and seemingly truth-revealing eyes, and listened to the honeyed accents of his beguiling tongue, I involuntarily turned a deaf ear to my own senses, and concluded that either he or I had been dreaming.

"But why did you not stop at my house as you passed by on your return to the hotel, for you must have known that there was arnica there in abundance, and that I would have immediately sent William in search of the nurse?"

"Well, I thought of doing so. Indeed, it was my first impulse. But then I remembered how faithfully you had worked over Edwards ; how late it was when you had retired, and how much you must have stood in need of repose, and I concluded that it would be an outrage to disturb you, especially as I knew that I could take proper care of the patient."

Completely won by his kind sympathy for me I answered kindly :

"You are a good fellow, Dwight, and I shall not quarrel with you over that which is so clearly the result of an accident. Send for the nurse, however, at once, for Edwards is a very sick man, and absolutely needs her services."

"I have reflected a great deal on that subject, Doctor, and I am convinced that Edwards will do better in my hands than in those of a nurse. We know each other so well, we have been friends for so long a time that he naturally prefers me to a stranger, and I am both willing and able to take care of him. In fact I promised his mother to nurse him in case of sickness, and as greatly as I respect you I must, as Edwards' particular friend

and natural protector, decline to have a nurse for him," was his emphatic response.

"All right. I decline all further connection with the case. Good morning, sir. But before I go I must inform you that, in some way, Mr. Edwards has had a dose of opium administered to him, both on yesterday and to-day. He is either a victim of the opium habit or some one is trying to poison him."

"My God, Doctor! What do you mean? You tell me that my friend is in danger of being poisoned, and talk of leaving him at the same time. Some one may suspect me if you abandon the case. I entreat you to remain."

"Unless the nurse is instantly sent for I shall leave. That is my condition, and it remains with you to accept it or not."

"All right! Since you make a point of it I accept your condition, of course. Will you have the kindness to send for her, as you originally proposed?"

"Certainly! I will send William with my carriage for her at this moment, and I promise you that I shall find out where this daily dose of opium comes from as well."

The nurse was brought, duly instructed and installed, and for several days there was no change in the *status* of affairs at the hotel. Edwards continued to be very sick—the same stupor manifesting itself daily, but while Dwight exhibited his wonted anxiety and solicitude, he made no further reference to his telegraphic message to "mutual friends at home."

It was made more and more patent every moment that Edwards was kept under the influence of a narcotic, although I instructed both the nurse and Dwight to be continually on the alert to discover

whence it came, and to prevent its administration. I could not believe that it was self-administered, nor could I bring myself to suspect Dwight, as he had apparently no motive for jeopardizing the life of his friend, and his attentions to him were the tenderest and most persistent that one man ever lavished upon another. Indeed, so solicitous did he seem for his comrade's comfort and safety that he would scarcely permit the nurse to discharge her legitimate duties, while he remained many hours daily at the side of the sick man administering the medicines and the nourishment which I had prescribed with his own hands, and in the most exact and systematic manner. He seemed to think only of the necessities of the patient, and to be willing to make any sacrifice of personal comfort to relieve them. Such apparent devotion I had never witnessed upon the part of one unconnected by the ties of blood with the object of his ministrations.

I observed however that his solicitude did not interfere with his luxuriousness, and that he lived most sumptuously, dining always *a la carte* in his own room, and regaling himself with the richest dishes and the finest wines of the hotel. When I twitted him on his extravagance and self-indulgence he only smiled blandly, and said carelessly: "I am an only son, you see, and have been spoiled from my birth. Besides, the old gentleman told me to have a good time, and he is punctual and liberal in his remittances."

Having been called one morning at an unusually early hour to another patient in the hotel, I took occasion to visit Edwards. To my astonishment I found him unattended, and at the same time unusually intelligent—the habitual stupor having in a great measure passed away. Dwight's chamber

having no occupant, I summoned the nurse, who, in response to my upbraidings for her negligence, assured me that he (Dwight) had ordered her to retire, as he proposed to take charge of the patient for the night, and preferred to be alone. All this appeared most extraordinary, so inexplicable, in fact, that I determined to take advantage of Edwards' return to consciousness and intelligence to make some inquiries respecting this mysterious and contradictory bosom friend, whose conduct puzzled me the more with each new development.

Attracting the patient's attention, I asked him : "How long have you known your friend Mr. Dwight?"

"Mr. Dwight? My *friend* Mr. Dwight?" he inquired.

"Yes, your friend Mr. Dwight—the young man who has nursed you for the last week," I said.

"Ah! Now I understand you. Is his name Dwight? I did not know it; I never saw him until the day I was taken sick, when he came into my room, introduced himself simply as a brother American, and offered to get his particular friend, Doctor Warren-Bey to visit me," he answered.

"My God! Is that possible?" I exclaimed, a light breaking upon my mind which nearly deprived me of the power of speech. "Then he is the greatest liar unhung, and I have no doubt a consummate villain as well. Where is your money? Where are your valuables?"

"My letter of credit ought to be in my trunk. My pocket-book was under my pillow. I left my diamond studs in my shirt."

An examination of the localities mentioned revealed the fact that the various articles enumerated had disappeared, and a thorough search through

the chamber made it patent that they had been stolen.

"Then I have been robbed and ruined," exclaimed the sick man, now thoroughly aroused and conscious. "Help me! In God's name help me, for I am unable to help myself."

"Yes, you certainly have been robbed—thoroughly robbed! Dwight has appropriated your money, your letter of credit, and your diamond studs, but, thank heaven! your life is safe—you have not been murdered as well."

"My life, Doctor? What can you mean?"

"I mean simply this: In order to carry out his scheme of rascality the more effectually, he has administered an opiate to you every day since you fell ill."

He hid his face in the pillow and sobbed like a child; while my mind taking a rapid survey of the events of the week, saw no longer "through a glass, darkly," but thoroughly appreciated the whole situation—understood Dwight's pretended solicitude for his "sick friend;" his opposition to the employment of a nurse; his embarrassment when I spoke of the "daily dose of opium;" his protracted and solitary vigils at the bedside of his "old comrade;" his order to the *garde malade* to retire for the night that he might watch the "sick man," and all the details of the ingenious plot by which he had made a fool of me and had succeeded in robbing poor Edwards of his money and effects.

"He has played *his* little game, Mr. Edwards, and played it well. Now I will play *mine*, and if he is on this side of the ocean I shall find him if I have to devote to it the remainder of my life and all that I possess in the world," I said, thoroughly aroused and as indignant as if I had been his victim, for I felt that he had used me as a tool to ac-

complish his scheme of villainy, and that I had been more of a dupe than the helpless invalid.

Hurrying to the telegraph office, I sent a message to Morton, Rose & Co., of London—the bankers who had given the credit—informing them of the robbery and instructing them to pay no draft bearing the name of *J. R. Edwards*, as I knew that Dwight must forge his signature in order to realize money on the stolen letter.

Then remembering that I had seen Dwight playing billiards on the preceding day with the son of a well-known American banker, I hastened to the father's office to ascertain if he had had business relations with the establishment.

"Are you acquainted with a young man who calls himself Dwight?" I inquired of the head of the house.

"Quite well," was the answer. "He has been coming in here for the last week, telling of the sickness of a friend of his, Mr. J. R. Edwards, and seeking to obtain money to meet their necessary expenses at the hotel, their joint letter of credit being made out in Edwards' name, and he being too ill to sign a check or to make any arrangement with reference to the matter. Yesterday, however, it was all satisfactory arranged, for Dwight brought the letter of credit itself and a check duly signed by his friend, who it seems is now much better."

"Did you cash the check?"

"Certainly, for it was all *en regle*, and we were glad to accommodate the young man, who belongs to one of the first families in Boston, and is himself one of the most charming fellows I ever met. He and Willie have been playing billiards for a week, and have become fast friends."

"For how much was the check?"

"For about £200, I believe. He is very wealthy, and has been having a good time."

"Then you have lost that amount, for the letter was stolen and the check is a forgery."

"Impossible, sir! He is related to Charles Francis Adams, and of an excellent family. I know all about him."

"From what he has told you of himself. He is a liar, a thief, and a forger. He has duped you as he did me—and unfortunately to the tune of a thousand dollars. I am Edwards' physician. He was not in condition to sign a check on yesterday, and he has discovered this morning that he has been robbed of his money, his letter of credit, and his diamond studs. Mr. Dwight is no friend of his—but is a regular impostor—a thorough-paced scoundrel."

"Is that really so, Doctor Warren? Could I have been as much deceived in a man? Thank God! After all, the loss will fall on Morton, Rose & Co. and not on me. I sent the check for collection by the mail of last night, and it will certainly be paid on presentation this morning."

"And I have just telegraphed them that their letter has been stolen, and that the check is a forgery."

"Then you have done me a great injury—you have caused me to lose £200. Was it any business of yours? Why did you interfere?"

"In the interest of justice—for the protection of a defenseless patient. The question is not as to who can best afford to lose the money—it is one of equity—of common honesty. I certainly intended to do you no wrong, but acted as the friend and protector of a powerless man and suffering patient who had appealed to me to assist him."

"At any rate I shall lose the money. The re-

sult is the same whatever may have been your intentions."

"It is immaterial to me what you may think about the matter, sir. I have simply done my duty and I accept the consequences. Justice is not a thing to palter over or to be made a matter of favor or affection. I advise you to have Dwight found at once and to force him to disgorge before he has wasted the money. In that way you can protect yourself and Mr. Edwards as well."

"As to that, I consider a search for him useless. He would not be such a fool as to remain in Paris under the circumstances."

The banker as he said this left his desk and came into the body of his office, and commenced to walk to and fro—from the rear to the street door—perfectly wild with excitement on account of his loss, and with indignation toward me because of the part which I had taken in the matter. Suddenly he stopped, and crying out: "Stop! Stop! Stop!" at the top of his voice, rushed into the street, hatless and with both hands waving in the air, in hot pursuit—as I soon discovered—of a gorgeous carriage which was passing at the moment. Following him with my eyes I saw the carriage stop, and Dwight—looking magnificent in a new overcoat of the latest style, and a beaver that outshone a looking-glass—descend from it, and greet the pursuing banker with every manifestation of satisfaction at the *rencontre*. What fools! I involuntarily ejaculated to myself—the one for not immediately escaping with his booty, and the other for showing his hand before the quarry is fairly captured. The banker proved an adept of the first order, however, for, instead of accusing Dwight and thus giving him an opportunity to re-enter his carriage and escape, he saluted him in

the most friendly manner. "Did you intend to skip by a friend in that style, my boy—without even stopping to pass the compliments of the morning with him? Come in and make yourself at home while Willie steps out to order a *bock* apiece for the party. The Doctor will join us, I know, for he looks rather thirsty to-day," he said to the young man, as the twain walked hand in hand, most confidently, toward the banker's office. Dwight's cheek blanched, and his insinuating smile deserted his eyes as he met me, but, regaining the mastery of himself by an effort, he gave me his hand and said cheerily: "I congratulate you on your treatment of Edwards' case, my dear Doctor. You have certainly pulled him through most beautifully. When I left him this morning he was evidently better—very much better—and it is all plain sailing now, if I understand the situation."

Willie soon returned, not, however, with "a *bock* apiece," but with a policeman, who, to the consternation of Dwight, had him hand-cuffed in an instant, and *en route* in his elegant equipage for the cabinet of the commissary of the arrondissement, where he was carried to *mazas* on a charge of theft and forgery. I never saw so astonished and humiliated an individual as poor Dwight when the *sergeant de ville* confronted him; but at the same time I read in unmistakable characters upon his countenance the words "old offender," and so it turned out to be. He was a fugitive from justice at that very moment, notwithstanding the charm of person and fascination of address with which he had seduced me, and all who encountered him into the conviction that he was one of nature's noblemen—a gentleman by birth, education and instinct.

Upon searching him, about eight hundred dollars

were found in his pocket-book, and all of the valuables upon his person—much to the delight of the banker and my patient.

Never dreaming that Edwards had sufficiently recovered to realize his loss or that he could be suspected of crime, Paris was too much of a paradise to be lost to him, with his purse filled with the means of securing its pleasures, and he lingered to have his fill of them, with the result of finding himself in prison with the certainty of conviction staring him in the face.

On the succeeding day he sent for the banker, had the eight hundred dollars restored to him and the jewelry returned to Edwards, gave him his real name and the address of his father, with the assurance that the deficiency of two hundred dollars should be made good, and then plead so piteously for mercy that when the day for his trial arrived no one appeared against him, and he was released with the infliction of no other punishment save that embodied in a peremptory order to leave the country within twenty-four hours.

He really was a member of an excellent New England family, and had received a regular college education, but he had evinced a propensity to swindle from his youth, and had finally become so seriously involved in some discreditable affair as to render it necessary for him to escape clandestinely from the country under an assumed name.

His father came forward subsequently and paid the deficiency of two hundred dollars, while the son enlisted in the English army; and when I last heard from him he had so impressed his superiors by his splendid appearance, his courtly manners, and his charming address that they had promoted him to a confidential clerkship at Woolwich—

where he will inevitably come to grief again, as he is a swindler by instinct and diction.

Edwards finally recovered, to find himself confronted by a demand from the hotel proprietor for the whole amount of Dwight's board bill, and to have his baggage seized as security for its payment, under the pretext that they were friends and co-adjutors. After a protracted lawsuit his defense was admitted, but the expenses to which he was subjected amounted to nearly as large a sum as that which Dwight had expended, and he left the country, thanking God to have escaped with his life, and cursing the swindlers, indigenous and exotic, who infest it.

My dispatch to Morton, Rose & Co. arrived at the very moment when the check was presented for payment and saved them from loss, while it left the Paris banker to bear the burden of the entire transaction—which fortunately proved to be only a temporary one, as I have already related. As the *one* party never acknowledged the favor rendered by my intervention, and the *other* was made seriously angry because of it, I was taught a lesson of practical wisdom which I shall endeavor to remember and to profit by for the remainder of my life, viz: that it is good policy to let every man pull his own chestnuts out of the fire, whatever may be the temptation to assist him. Disinterested kindness is but little appreciated in this world, and the surest means of involving one in embarrassment and difficulty. It never pays, and it is certain to result in disappointment and regret in the long run.

## LETTER XXXIV.

## LIFE IN PARIS.

MY DEAR DOCTOR :

Many persons of note have been my patients in Paris. In the summer of 1877 the Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks, now the Vice-President of the United States, visited Paris and sought my professional services. Though not seriously ill, he was suffering greatly from nervous prostration, resulting from the intense excitement incident to the Presidential campaign. I found him a man of unusual purity and elevation of character, as well as of great grasp and clearness of intellect. With the simplicity of a child he combines the suavity of a courtier and the dignity of a statesman. Though tenaciously adhering to his own opinions, he is as respectful to his adversaries as he is considerate of his friends. It was hard to realize that so modest and unpretending a man had just been a leader in one of the greatest political contests that had ever convulsed the country, and the idol of thousands of devoted partisans. Plain but neat in dress, unassuming but winning in address, stately but graceful in carriage, simple but entertaining in conversation, and with a sweet smile perpetually illuminating his benignant countenance, the merest tyro in worldly experience would segregate him from the "common herd" and salute him as a gentleman by birth and a leader by intuition. A little incident occurred under my own observation which

amply illustrates his character. I was talking with him one day in the *porte cochere* of his hotel, when an individual who had rendered himself notorious in Paris by ostentatiously wearing a suit of Confederate gray twelve years after the surrender, and insulting all who disagreed with him in regard to the right of secession—though he spent the entire period of the war abroad, removed from danger—came up and launched out in a violent tirade against General Grant, who was then in Europe. An expression of sternness immediately replaced the wonted smile upon Mr. Hendricks' countenance, and, with an angry tone in his voice, he said: "If you think that such remarks please me because I am a Democrat and opposed to General Grant politically, you make a sad mistake, sir. He is an American, and one of our greatest men, whatever may be his political affiliation. You cannot abuse him in my presence."

With a look in which amazement and humiliation were commingled, the gentleman in posthumous gray slunk away, believing himself a martyr to his principles, and amazed at the "infatuation of the grand old party in selecting such a milk and water Democrat for the second place upon its ticket," as he expressed it on various occasions afterward. If this timely rebuke did disgust and alienate the partisan to whom it was addressed, it correspondingly delighted and enthused the crowd of more reasonable compatriots who overheard it, and who recognized in it the true ring of patriotism and of good breeding.

Although I did not prescribe for General Grant, I met him frequently during his visit to Paris, and had an opportunity of forming an accurate estimate of his character. Between General Torbert, who was then the consul-general of the United

States at Paris, and General Grant there existed a close and tender friendship, and, as he was likewise my most confidential friend, I saw the ex-President daily, and under circumstances which precluded all disguises. Under the influences of the inevitable cigar, the comfort of a cozy arm-chair and the isolation of a cozy and private *sanctum*, the real character of General Grant came to the front, and he appeared precisely as nature and circumstances had made him. To my surprise he left his reticence at home and was absolutely loquacious, discussing men and events with great freedom and candor, and showing the possession of a keen appreciation of things in general, a knowledge of human character, a soundness of judgment, a memory for details and a kindness of heart which are not only extraordinary in themselves, but prove him to be equally a great and a good man. He discussed every person of note whom the progress of the war and the process of reconstruction had rendered conspicuous upon either side, and, without a trace of prejudice, gave his estimate of their services and character. From his lips I heard a detailed history of his campaigns and of his administration, which far exceeded in interest and in aptness of illustration anything that has been, or will ever be, written in these regards, and I considered myself as being especially fortunate in thus having enjoyed the privilege of an admission into the inner circle of his thoughts, feelings and ideas. As a result of these experiences, I have ever since entertained the opinion that General Grant is one of the most extraordinary men that the world has produced, and that his reputation will be the more appreciated in history as it is the more thoroughly studied and understood ; that it will not only live

through the coming ages, but will expand and brighten continually in the lapse of time.

Among other things I found that his admiration for the genius and character of General Lee was not less fervent than my own—was not behind that of the most enthusiastic Southerner, and that, while he regarded his ultimate triumph over our great chieftain as the crowning glory of his life, he fully appreciated the circumstances which had given him the victory, and honored his adversary the more on their account.

I discovered also that the popular idea respecting his blindness to the errors and faults of his friends was entirely erroneous, and that his fidelity in every instance had chronicled the triumph of his heart over his head ; that he had stood by them to the death, not because of an ignorance of their deficiencies, but for the reason that they possessed his love and sympathy. Call this weakness if you choose, but, in my judgment, it embodies and illustrates the whole catalogue of human virtues—that it compensates in moral grandeur for all deficiencies in other regards. A loyalty to the obligations of friendship which turn a deaf ear to popular clamor, and assumes the responsibility of its faith at any personal sacrifice, lifts its possessor above the ordinary standards of humanity. The acts which such a sentiment inspires are purified in their inception, while they clothe their author in a panoply of rectitude which defies alike the shaft of criticism and the fangs of malice.

I can but regard General Grant's uncompromising fidelity in this regard as at once the noblest attribute of his character and the keystone which strengthens and perfects the fabric of his fame. *Any* man can be true when the sun shines and the winds slumber, but it requires a brave and great

one to remain steadfast when the clouds lower and the tempest rages, and it has been the rule of *his* life to display most of trust and sympathy in the hour of greatest peril and the most extreme adversity.

I have referred to General Torbert, and I must linger to relate the history of his sad fate, and to drop a tear of sympathy upon his honored grave.

A soldier by instinct and education, he was ignorant of politics, too trustful of men, unfamiliar with the routine of business and devoted to enjoyment, but honest, brave and loyal to the last degree. No man could have been more out of place than he, for his position imperatively demanded those things in which he was most deficient—a large commercial experience, and that *savoir-faire* which constitutes a man of the world, and is essential to the success of a nation's representative. He therefore trusted to his subordinates for the management of his office, and devoted himself to the task of getting all of the satisfaction out of a life in Paris which the circumstances of the situation allowed, and the responsibilities of his position justified. No compatriot, however, ever appealed to him for assistance or sympathy without receiving them in the fullest measure, and, whether successful or not as an official, he was the most popular man that ever represented his country abroad. General Grant entertained for him the warmest affection, as was shown by the bestowal upon him first of the consulship at Havre and then of that at Paris—two of the most important posts in the gift of the President, and the devotion to his society of many hours daily in the private *sanctum* at the consulate.

With a change in the administration he lost his place and returned home, to find his fortune diminished and to appreciate the necessity of a

vigorous effort for its recuperation. With this end in view, he engaged in a business enterprise which required a visit to Mexico, and on the 28th of August, 1880, he sailed for Cuba *en route* to that country. On the succeeding day a violent storm arose, which soon reduced the steamer to a helpless wreck, and drove its crew and passengers to the necessity of attempting to reach the shore—some thirty miles distant—upon its debris. Encumbering himself with a little boy, in whose fate he had become interested and whose rescue he determined to attempt, he lashed himself to a board, and boldly plunged into the waves. Strange to say, he reached land alive, but in a state of insensibility—from which scarcely an effort was made to rescue him by the wreckers, who, like hungry harpies, lined the shore awaiting their prey—and his brave spirit soon winged its flight, leaving only a bruised and battered frame for loving friends to bury with the homage and the honors due to a true man and a gallant soldier.

In his death I lost one of the best friends I have ever known, and for whom I entertained the deepest respect and the most sincere affection. Circumstances arrayed us against each other during the war, but that very fact seemed to draw us the more closely together afterward, and to cement an affection which the attributes of our natures would have made a necessity under any circumstances. How curious a thing is human affinity. How strange are the repulsions and the attractions of life. For one, I am disposed to be guided by them, regarding them as divine insignia for the guidance, protection and comfort of mankind. And yet experience convinces me that they do not furnish infallible criteria for judgment or unerring directions for conduct, for one who proved himself of

"the salt of the earth" and "as true as steel itself" was a man whose tones chilled and whose countenance repelled me—when I first knew and shunned him.

Through the instrumentality of General Grant I became acquainted with Judge Noah Davis and Judge John E. Brady, both of the supreme bench of New York. The former was suffering with an immense carbuncle upon the back, and had been attended by a physician whose specialty was the throat, and who was, consequently, at sea in the treatment of the case. At my first visit I extemporized a freezing mixture, and duly incised the carbuncle, to the great relief of the patient, and with the result, as he believes, of saving his life. The acquaintance thus formed ripened into a warm friendship, and my relations with these distinguished gentlemen have ever since been most cordial and agreeable.

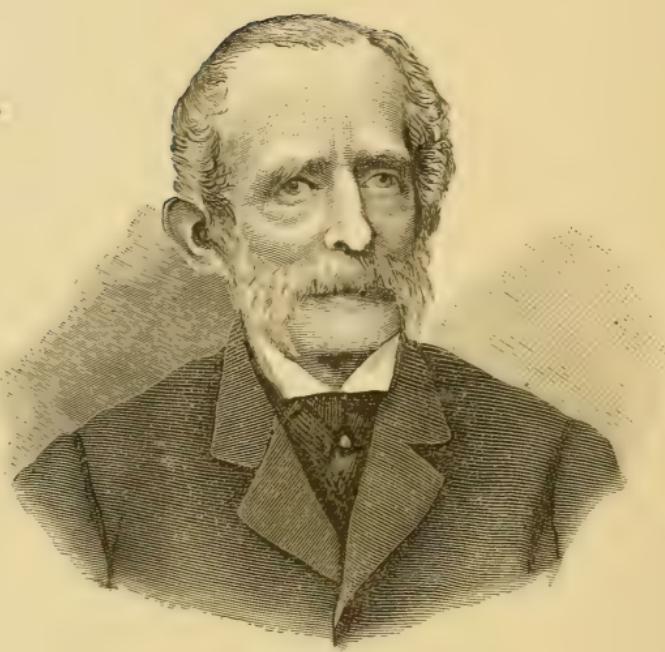
Though devoted friends, they are the direct antipodes of each other. Judge Brady is brimful of mirth and jollity. His powers of mimicry are unsurpassed, and in the rôle of the Paddy or the Dutchman or the Down-Easter, he is inimitable, especially on post-prandial occasions. He overflows with good nature, and his heart is a garden in which every social virtue grows spontaneously and in profusion. Upon the bench, though learned and logical, his tendency is to the side of mercy and to the most favorable view of the situation. Though the wretch whom he condemns may despise the *law*, he never fails to regard the *judge* as his friend and benefactor. Such is the influence of this good man's inherent and sympathetic humanity.

Judge Davis has been cast in a different mold. Grave, serious, dignified and, perhaps, austere, he

is the embodiment of *justice*, pure and simple. With him the law is paramount and its thorough execution the end and object of his existence. Honest himself to the last degree, he regards dishonesty in every shape and guise as an insult to heaven and an outrage upon humanity, and he would punish it if the judgment snapped his heart-strings or condemned him to perdition. In private life he is the soul of honor—conscientious to the most superlative degree and loyal to every obligation. Believing that I was instrumental in saving his life, he has been my most devoted friend, and has seemed to regard no service adequate to the expression of his faith and affection. General Grant never rendered a more important service than when he threw such a patient into my hands, and my thankfulness will follow him through life.

The Hon. S. Teakle Wallis, of Baltimore, visited Paris in the summer of 1884, and being somewhat indisposed, I had an opportunity of renewing the pleasant relations which had subsisted between him and myself during the trial of the Levy will case. I have traveled much and have known many men, but I have never encountered one who comes more fully up to the standard embodied in the word *gentleman* than he. There is something in his tall and graceful figure, his cleanly cut and aristocratic features, and his manly, independent and thoroughbred bearing which instantly attracts attention and challenges admiration. *Noblesse oblige* is written in every line of his classic face, every scintillation of his keen, gray eye, every tone of his clear, incisive and sympathetic voice, and in all that relates to his intellectual and corporeal organization, in such distinctive characters as precludes the slightest mistake in its





HON. S. TEAKLE WALLIS.

reading or error in its interpretation. Nature, in truth, has been lavish with him, has surfeited him with her gifts and graces, and, as if to attract attention to her work, she has left upon his every trait and lineament the stamp of lofty genius and true nobility.

Though endowed with brilliant forensic powers and possessed of profound legal erudition, the predominating principle of his nature is moral worth. In him the gifted jurist is subordinated to the immaculate gentleman. He is nothing if he is not honest, just and true. His creed is first to be right and then to bring his splendid talents and great learning to the elucidation and maintenance of his positions.

It is a remarkable circumstance and yet one universally appreciated, that, in his case, exalted character has proved the best of investments in a business sense. Realizing the influence of his purity of soul and rectitude of purpose upon courts and juries, a majority of clients seek his services not more to secure the benefit of his abilities and legal knowledge than to clothe themselves and their causes in the panoply of his unimpeachable character. Thus it is that the highest tribute that can be paid to human worth is daily paid by human astuteness to this great and good man; while he, all unconscious of the source of the offering, gathers in continually a rich harvest of professional remuneration and reputation. I am delighted to number such a man among my friends and patients, for he is the type of all that is loyal in friendship, while he brought to my office a flood of sunshine and a host of associations which brightened the monotony of my professional existence and filled my soul with pleasant memories.

Referring to him in this connection reminds me

of the masterly manner in which he conducted the case for the defendants in the trial to which I have referred. Throwing down the glove as to the question of the character of one of the principal witnesses, and enveloping him in the mantle of his own honorability by declaring that he appeared more in the capacity of a personal friend than a retained advocate, he drove the plaintiffs from one of their supposed strongest positions, and won for his clients the sympathy alike of bench and panel. Then, seizing the advantage he had gained, and trusting to the favorable impression it had made upon the jury, he offered to submit the case without argument—thus demonstrating his absolute confidence in its merits and silencing one of the most powerful advocates in the profession. The venture proved a master stroke; and a favorable verdict, instantly rendered, delighted those whom he represented, and vindicated his claim to the attributes of genius as a jurist and advocate.

Lady Anna Gore-Langton, while *en route* from Cannes to London, fell in an apoplectic fit a few years since, and I was summoned to attend her. She was the only sister of the Duke of Buckingham, who at that time was the governor of Bombay, and, hence, she belonged to one of the oldest and proudest families of England. Her father had wasted his estate even to the extent of cutting off the entail, which necessitated the acceptance by his son of the official position to which I have referred, but the daughter had had the good sense to marry the man of her choice, in spite of parental protest, and he happened to possess a large estate, though inferior to her in social status. She was a plethoric woman of about fifty-six years, and her life was placed in imminent jeopardy by the seizure. By a resort to heroic remedies, reinforced by the most devoted at-

tention of her daughter, I succeeded in saving her, though she had a long and tedious convalescence. When sufficiently recovered to bear the journey, I accompanied her to London and remained for several days a guest in her house, which was one of the finest in the city, and furnished with great taste and luxury. I had a delightful time in London, as her family regarded me as the rescuer of their mother, and sought to show their appreciation of my services by overwhelming me with kindnesses and attentions. I was introduced to a large number of the nobility, paraded in public as a hero and benefactor, and driven through Hyde park daily in one of the most splendid equipages of that aristocratic resort. To crown it all, I was presented with a princely fee—more than £300—and discharged, when her ladyship had recovered, with the warmest expressions of gratitude, and the assurance that I should be telegraphed for in the event of another attack. This was one of the most agreeable episodes of my professional life, and I contemplate it now with the most pleasurable emotions. I regret to record, however, that I was not called again, as the patient fell suddenly some months afterward and died almost instantaneously. Her eldest son, Mr. William Gore-Langton, the present M. P. for Bath, will become the Marquis of Chandos should his uncle die without issue, which is not improbable considering his advanced years. The daughter, whose devoted care of her mother I have already chronicled, has since followed her example and married a plebeian, though a *lady* in her own right; and she still shows her appreciation of my work by occasionally writing a friendly letter to my daughter. I have never met a finer girl or one whose head was less turned by rank, wealth and fashionable society.

I was much amused by an incident which occurred on our journey to London. As we passed through a dark tunnel I removed my hat, and in doing so it touched her head as she was sitting near me. I heard a sudden shriek and, divining its cause, I kept my hand extended with the hat in it so that she might properly understand the *contretemps* when there was light enough to discern surrounding objects. As we emerged from the darkness, I found that she had retreated into the opposite corner and was crimson with blushes and in a great state of agitation. So soon as she saw the extended arm and the transgressing hat she broke out into a merry laugh, and said: "Why—Doctor Warren! I thought you had tried to kiss me in the tunnel. I am so relieved." At which remark the old lady laughed, but sardonically. The English have remarkably strict ideas in regard to the rearing of their girls, keeping them rigorously tied to the apron-strings of their mothers, and tolerating no familiarity on their part with the opposite sex, especially since the days of the Prince of Wales' notoriety.

Speaking of my fee in this case reminds me of a singular custom which prevails in England in that regard. A medical man is supposed to be so much above a mere trader that it is deemed impolite to ask him his fee or even to give it to him openly. At each visit a pound is carefully enveloped in a piece of white paper and dropped clandestinely in his hand as it is shaken at parting. So universally is this done that whenever an Englishman fails in its performance, I take it for granted that he does not propose to pay me at all, and I am generally right in the supposition. I must say that the young bloods of the Isle are, as a general rule, the poorest paymasters in Christendom. They seem to

think that they have compensated a physician sufficiently by allowing him the privilege of attending them, and they neglect to pay him in any other coin. Brass goes a long way in this world, but it will not settle a medical bill, you know.

The French have similar ideas in regard to the dignity of the profession, but they are mostly confined to the doctors themselves. Nothing is so insulting to the average French physician as to question him in regard to his charges or to ask for his bill. A patient is expected to know the fee-table, and to hand the exact sum due for services sealed in an envelope or to place it without remark upon the table or mantel, so that it may be gathered in after his departure. So far is this carried, that, when an American offered to a Parisian celebrity a *five-hundred* franc bill for an office prescription, thinking that the change would be returned to him, the doctor quietly slipped it into his vest pocket as if it were beneath his dignity to consider a question of money. It is even considered as smacking too much of the shop to place a sign bearing one's name upon the front door of his house, though to secretly bribe a concierge or hotel manager for patients is a matter of daily occurrence. Men in general, and doctors in particular, are only congeries of contradictions, and the ways of "padding one's own canoe" are various and peculiar, my friend, even in the world's great metropolis.

It is a popular idea that physicians, as a class, are overpaid. This is the very reverse of the truth, so far as the great body of the profession is concerned. Taking into account the time, labor and vitality expended in acquiring a medical education, in keeping pace with the progress of medicine and in performing the intellectual and physical work of

actual practice—to say nothing of the interest, anxiety, depression and heart tension to which the vocation necessitates—the pecuniary recompense of physicians is, as a general rule, absolutely inadequate.

If the real value of the service rendered is considered, the disparity between it and the extent to which it is compensated becomes still more conspicuous. A physician in the very nature of things deals with the most essential interests of humanity—the issues joined between life and death—and yet he is rewarded, not in proportion to the importance of the result secured nor to the amount of skill displayed, but exclusively with reference to the length of time consumed in his labors. He may save some struggling life by the most dexterous manipulation or skillful surgical procedure, and only receive the compensation which might be claimed by some unfledged tyro or pretentious *sage femme*. He may stay the life current as it gushed from an inert or paralyzed uterus and snatched an adored wife from the jaws of death by a resort to measures which have required the labors of centuries for their elimination, or been inspired by the quickening of his own genius beneath the spur of a great emergency, and still be forced to the humiliation of having the value of his work estimated by the number of minutes consumed in its execution.

The laborer is worthy of his hire under all circumstances, but the wages to be just and equitable must be estimated by the intrinsic value of the work performed, which is not the rule so far as physicians are concerned. All other professions are rewarded upon this principle, and society perpetrates a gross outrage upon the medical profes-

sion when it establishes and enforces a different principle of compensation for its members.

But this is not the whole story. Not only is the principle of compensation inherently unjust, but medical men are not paid even in accordance with its discriminating exactions. As my father remarked in the outset of my career: "The most honest men intuitively shrink from the payment of medical bills and believe that they have been overcharged." When pain and anguish wring the brow or death confronts the sufferer, he is the most grateful and liberal of men, but when the blissful hyperdermic has done its work, and the grim demon has been driven from the field, the quieted heart grows callous, the strengthened hand grasps the purse strings, and a *check* is given to his generosity instead of a liberal *check* to his doctor. Such is human nature as we doctors see it—to learn from sad experience that it is a very poor and unreliable thing at best, and to realize that there is a great deal of it in everybody.

To every outsider who may read this page, I would say in the most emphatic manner: "Never send for a physician unless it is necessary to do so; never forget to treat him as a gentleman and an equal, and never fail to pay him promptly and liberally when he has completed his work. To withhold the recompense to which he is justly entitled is not simply to appropriate his money, but it is to rob him of his time, talents and vitality, and hence to commit an act which is the *comble* of meanness and ingratitude. Should the *res angusta domi* necessitate delay or failure upon your part to discharge your indebtedness, I beg you, in the name of common honesty, not to resort to the criminal subterfuge of pretending to impute fraud or extortion to

the man who has relieved your agony or saved your life, but to tell him the truth, and to trust to his liberality for an amicable arrangement. Honesty is the best policy, even toward physicians.

## LETTER XXXV.

## LIFE IN PARIS.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:

The field of practice was hotly contested, however, and calumnies of every possible description were invoked with the design of injuring my private character and of depreciating my professional ability.

The Wharton case was resuscitated and paraded in many different guises—or rather disguises—before the public. According to the misrepresentations of jealous rivals, I was “mixed up in a poisoning case and had to flee from Baltimore in the night”—thus ignoring the existence of my kind friend, the attorney-general, and showing that they were not bidden to the delicious dinner which we enjoyed together at Barnum’s on the eve of my departure.

The imaginary “clouds” under which I left Egypt, had they really existed, would have shrouded that country in pristine darkness, and precluded an escape from it save with the assistance of an electric light of the latest invention.

One of the most extraordinary measures was invoked in this regard which human ingenuity ever conceived of or executed. Certain slips of paper resembling clippings from the columns of the “*Figaro*” and the “*Liberté*,” and containing villainous falsehoods respecting my career in Egypt, were circulated broadcast in Paris, to my infinite amaze-

ment and annoyance. When the directors of these journals were approached with a demand for an explanation in regard to their publication, they declared that they had never heard of me, and defied the production of the editions of their papers containing them. These replies still further increased my wonder and perplexity. It was impossible to imagine from whence these clippings had come or to unravel the mystery of their publication and circulation—and still they had reached every one and were the wonder of the town.

In my perplexity, I sought the late Mr. Sharpstein—one of the partners of Arnold, Constable & Co.—with the hope of obtaining through his experience and sagacity a solution of the mystery. Being an old “silk buyer” and possessed of an exquisite delicacy of touch, he had no sooner taken one of these clippings in his hand than he exclaimed: “This is a double paper, or rather there are two papers here pasted together.” Immersing it in water, two papers actually became visible—*one* having the libelous statement printed upon its presenting face, while its reverse surface was entirely blank, and the *other* being a veritable clipping from the *Figaro*, carefully pasted upon the blank side of its fellow. With a private press, a pair of scissors, old copies of the paper and a pot of paste, some clever scoundrel had manufactured these pretended clippings, and then by means of the post had circulated them throughout the community with the design of doing me a serious injury.

That professional rivalry should have vented its spleen in such a refinement of malicious ingenuity seems scarcely credible in this age of moral development, and yet I had evidence of my own senses and wounded feeling to the fact.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that, although the laws of France are exceptionally stringent in regard to defamation—punishing severely the publication even of a fact reflecting on private character—there is no country in which calumny is so much employed for personal ends.

The moment that a man displays superior talent of any kind or seems to prosper in life, he is regarded as an enemy by his competitors and becomes a target for the shafts of an implacable enmity. His character is assailed, his antecedents are questioned, his abilities are denied and he is pursued and vilified as if he were an escaped convict or a hired assassin. Though he may be as pure as an angel and his life that of an anchorite, he can no more escape traduction than his contributions to the public treasury and his account to heaven. And, yet, it is never by fair and open methods that this murder of reputations and sacrifice of prospects are attempted. Anonymous letters, secret denunciations,\* clandestine slanders, ominous hints, and every device that a vindictive but cowardly malignity can suggest are the means invoked for the accomplishment of these infamous purposes.

Such is the *façon du pays*, and I regret to say that the foreigners domiciled here are not slow to adopt this guerrilla system of social warfare and to display an expertness in it and a relish for it which throws its originators completely in the shade. I say this with regret, but it is none the less true and susceptible of demonstration.

I scarcely know an individual of prominence among my compatriots against whom I have not heard some abominable *cancan*—some whisper of a blot upon his or her escutcheon. None escape this

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\*See Appendix (W).

drag-net of calumny whose talents or character or beauty or wealth attracts public attention and excites personal jealousy.

Anonymous letters play a leading rôle in the social life of this metropolis. In talking with friends in all circles—foreign as well as native—I have discovered that they have generally been the recipients of them. I have received them repeatedly—some containing warnings, others threats and a majority unfolding schemes of rascality having blackmail as their object. A lady conspicuous for her wealth, position and deeds of charity tells me that she receives them by the score. I know of a young and respectable girl whose life has been rendered miserable for years by anonymous threats to expose letters that she has never written, and demanding money as the price of silence.

In another instance within my knowledge, an unmarried lady of high social standing was written to regularly for months by some unknown scoundrel, who pretended that he had a child of hers in his keeping—writing sometimes as if in answer to letters from her, and again in the name of his charge, soliciting money for the purchase of clothing and food, and threatening exposure if his demands were not complied with.

If one imagines that he is antagonized or injured, he avoids an open quarrel and gives vent to his jealousy in anonymous letters to mutual friends, hinting at some damaging secret in the life of his rival or to the police accusing him of crime, and asking a strict *surveillance* over his actions.

Strange as it may seem, these letters are encouraged by the authorities, who file them with the *dossier* of the denounced and investigate their charges, whatever may be his position in life. I am convinced that it is the countenance which is thus

given to this clandestine mode of attack that perpetuates it in France; that the police is mainly responsible for a vice which has its origin in the lowest passions of the people, and is at once an evidence and a source of public demoralization. The city is filled with agencies \* which coin money by supplying testimony against the probity of men and the virtue of women, without regard to the real character of those assailed or the base purposes for which their *renseignments* are to be employed.

But to return to my story. I went immediately to the prefect of police, who was then Mr. Gigot—a thorough gentleman and a most capable officer—and called his attention to the diabolical plot which had been attempted against me.

He took an active interest in the matter, and after tracing the villainy to its source, gave its authors a warning, which, I am sure, they have never ceased to remember, and has served to correct their conduct if not to improve their morals.

He ascertained that their special object was to prevent me from receiving the Cross of the Legion of Honor, which they imagined was likely to occur and to give me additional reputation.

Their malignity was well conceived, but it overreached itself, for the measure invoked to defeat me was really instrumental in advancing my interests. It was through the active intervention of Mr. Gigot, whose good will I secured by appealing to him in this instance, that the minister of foreign affairs was induced to investigate my claims to the decoration and eventually to accord it. Thus it was that the “engineer was hoisted by his own petard,” and flowers grew where only thorns were planted.

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\*See Appendix (X).

One of the principal obstacles which I found in my path to success was the system prevailing in hotels, by which some special physician, and as a general rule an inferior one, is thrust upon every luckless guest who requires medical attendance. These *medicins titulaires*, as they are denominated, practice in most instances, not in the interest of patients, but of landlords, and are less interested in effecting cures than in putting money in their own pockets, and in increasing the profits of their employers. Travelers should make it a rule never to take or to retain a physician who is thus recommended until they have inquired of their banker or their consul or some resident friend as to his character and standing.

The exposition of '78 found me permanently located in Paris, and the governor of North Carolina—my old friend, the Hon. Z. B. Vance—very kindly appointed me a special commissioner.

The French commissioner-in-chief, for reasons of his own, declined to recognize special State commissioners, although their tenure of office was as good as that of the chief American commissioner, and was based upon one of the provisions of the very act of Congress which gave official existence to the commission itself.

There was thus inaugurated a bitter controversy between these special commissioners on the one hand and the chief French commissioner on the other, but as the latter possessed absolute power in the premises, the former were driven from the field and returned home with their useless commissions in their pockets and the deepest disgust in their hearts.

Although I took no open part in this fight, my feelings were not the less enlisted, and while my colleagues submitted to the outrage, I determined

to maintain my rights if within the range of possibility.

Without discussing the matter with any one, I went directly to the minister of agriculture and commerce, who was *ex-officio* the head and front of the exposition, and presented to him the commission which I held from the executive of North Carolina, requesting to be duly recognized and registered. As this document bore the signature of Governor Vance the great seal of the State of North Carolina and the indorsement of the Secretary of State of the United States, he naturally recognized it as *bona fide*, and received and registered me as one of the commissioners of the exposition of 1878.

The other commissioners, both Federal and State, having simply reported to the chief commissioner of the United States, were only known to the French authorities through him and as his assistants, while I, a special State commissioner only and one of those to whom all official existence had been denied, had a *locus standi* of my own—occupied a position at once independent in itself and scarcely inferior in dignity to that of the highest official of the United States. It resulted therefore that while other commissioners received no special recognition and were dependent upon the United States headquarters for favors of all kinds, every French minister made it a point to call on me, and invitations to the whole series of official entertainments were sent directly to my house.

In a word, so far from being ignored and forced to retire in humiliation and disgust, as was the case with all others who held appointments as special commissioners, I was received as a regular commissioner, and was treated with as much honor and

consideration as any other functionary connected with the exposition.

It is true that my name was carefully omitted from the list sent in from the United States headquarters for the decoration of the Legion of Honor, as I had hoped and expected, but as the minister did not forget to send me a "commissioner's medal of merit," accompanied by a letter distinctly recognizing my *status*, and as the higher honor was bestowed soon afterward on special grounds, I had no reason to regret the stand which I made for the rights acquired under the great seal of the State of North Carolina.

Much experience has convinced me that it is better to die in a contest for one's own than to live to the age of Methuselah in the *rôle* of a compromiser and a craven. Let a man stand up for his rights if he desires to live in peace and to command respect of his fellows. I certainly had no reason to regret the determined fight which I made for recognition in connection with the exposition of 1878.

Finding that the United States Government had sent a company of marines as a guard to the American exhibit, and that there were also a number of officers of the army and navy on duty in the same connection, I volunteered to attend them professionally whenever they might require medical services. The work was far more engrossing and laborious than I had anticipated, but I performed it cheerfully, and with the result of forming some enduring friendships and of eliciting the cordial commendation of the officer in charge of the marines, the chief officer of the Marine Corps, and the Secretary of the Navy of the United States.\*

I shall always cherish pleasant memories of the

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\* See Appendix (Y).

exposition, as it brought me in contact with many agreeable people and was the source of an abundant professional harvest.

My house was the scene of a perpetual gaiety as the city was filled with strangers, among whom were troops of old friends, and many with letters of introduction from *outre mer*. It was a rare thing for us to dine *en famille*; we gave grand dinners frequently and my wife had an evening reception every fortnight, with music and dancing, and at which "All went merry as a marriage bell."

Prosperous in business, surrounded by the friends of other days, and those of a more recent acquaintance, with a daughter just budding into womanhood, and a wife who was idolized by all who knew her, my cup of happiness seemed again filled to repletion and the future loomed up like a vista canopied by perpetual sunshine and wreathed in perennial flowers.

I fondly dreamed that the battle of life was fought and won; that care had winged its eternal flight from my household, and that the evening of my days was destined to be as cloudless and tranquil as their morning had been dark and stormy.

Could I have looked into the future I should have welcomed death as a blessing. Could I have turned over a single page in my life's history I should have sought a refuge beneath the waters of the Seine. How fortunate that we cannot see the gathering cloud—cannot know of the impending blow—cannot anticipate the dire calamity. What would life have been if the revelation had then been made that the greatest possible misfortune was to fall upon me—that my heart's supremest idol was to be snatched from my loving arms and consigned to the chilling confines of the tomb?

And yet so it was written. While I was delud-

ing myself with these fond dreams the tree had grown out of which her coffin was to be made—the ground had been measured in which her lovely body was to crumble into dust—the edict had gone forth which was to summon her pure spirit to its home in heaven.

A few months after these happy days our hearts were made glad by the prospect of another child—another beautiful boy, as we hoped, to bear your name and to console us for our beloved ones in heaven. All went well until about the middle of the sixth month, and then—without the slightest warning or the manifestation of a single sign of danger, when she felt unusually well, and was in one of her gayest and happiest moods—the blow came like a lightning's flash in a cloudless sky, and she lay prostrate, speechless and dying before my eyes.

After the conclusion of my office hours on Sunday, the 29th of June, 1879, I went into her room and found her engaged in reading. As I was not particularly pressed with business, I lit my cigar, sat down by her side, and spent an hour in delightful communion with her. In some way our minds ranged over the field of the past, and we talked together of our lover days; of the war and its varied incidents; of our struggle in Baltimore; of our life in the East; of our dead babies—the one sleeping under the elms of Greenmount and the other beneath the shadow of the Pyramids—and of our happy days in Paris. “One thing is certain,” she said, we have not only loved each other supremely, but we have been the best of friends through it all.” Of course, we talked of you—of your devotion to me and of your kindness to her in the birth of her babies—and wondered what you would say when a little Frenchman was

called after you. Then a note was brought to her from a friend, and as she was engaged in reading it I planted a kiss upon her brow and took my departure, my mind filled with the tender sentiments and sweet memories which her words had inspired.

After I had left, first one of my daughters and then the other remained with her, while she chatted gaily and seemed unusually well and happy.

She was then left alone for a short time, when a servant in an adjoining room heard something like a groan, and rushing into her chamber found her unconscious and in convulsions.

The entire household was immediately at her bedside, and made every possible effort to arouse her, but all in vain ; she spoke not a word, she gave no sign of consciousness.

Having made my round of visits I hurried home, never dreaming of danger, and anticipating her wonted welcome of love and tenderness—to be met at the door by my eldest daughter with blanched cheeks and tearful eyes and the terrible announcement that her mother “had fainted and could not be revived.” Benumbed with fright and horror, I rushed into her chamber, to find my darling speechless and convulsed, attacked with puerperal eclampsia in its congestive and most fatal form. How I summoned the physicians of the neighborhood ; listened to the death-sentence which they immediately pronounced ; saw them exhaust remedies in the vain hope of resisting the march of death ; joined in the prayer for the dying at her bedside ; and witnessed nature’s last despairing struggle as her pure spirit left its earthly tabernacle and winged its flight to Heaven, are burnt as if with a hot iron into my heart, and can never be erased from my memory.

You knew her, my friend, and you can appreciate

the fulness of my grief and the depth of my despair. You can understand how utterly lonely and desolate life is without her. You can comprehend how it is that, deprived of her guidance and support, I float upon the tide of existence like some rudderless ship, a plaything of the billows, and at the mercy of the storm.

It was thus that my once happy home was despoiled of its sunshine and filled with darkness. It was thus that my cup of happiness became a mockery, and that its waters were wasted and scattered to the winds.

It is thus that death has pursued me around the world, robbing me of my treasures, and shrouding my soul in an eternal gloom.

About a week after this dreadful calamity I was sitting with my children by my lonely hearth, a prey to sad reflections and bitter memories, when there was a ring at the door, and a letter was brought to me inclosed in an official envelope.

"Read it, my daughter," I said to my eldest child, "for I really have not the energy to break the seal." In a moment her arms were around my neck, while she exclaimed : "Cheer up, father! Cheer up! This is glorious news! Oh! I am so proud. You have the Cross of the Legion of Honor.\* Thank God! Just listen to this," and she read aloud the following letter :

"MONSIEUR : J'ai examiné avec intérêt les titres que vous vous êtes acquis par votre dévouement et vos services à une marque de distinction particulière, et je suis heureux de vous annoncer que M. le Président de la République a bien voulu, sur ma proposition, vous conférer la Croix de Chevalier de la

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\* See Appendix (Z).

Légion d'Honneur. Je me félicite d'avoir été à même d'appeler sur vous cette marque de bienveillance de la part du Chef de l'Etat. J'aurai soin de vous faire parvenir très prochainement le diplome et les insignes de l'Ordre.

Recevez, Monsieur, l'assurance de ma considération distinguée.

Le Président du Conseil, Ministre des Affaires Etrangères.

(Signed) WADDINGTON.

Monsieur le Docteur WARREN, Paris.

“ And she not here,” was my first thought and exclamation.

“ But we are here, father,” cried both of my children.

“ Yes my loves, and for your dear sakes I rejoice that this great honor has come to me. How much better that it should have come in this way—on professional grounds and as a special mark of distinction. How grateful I am to Mr. Waddington for remembering me! Nor shall I ever forget Mr. Gigot, the Count de Narbonne, Mr. Hutchinson, old Abbe Blanc and the other kind friends for what they have done in the matter. I certainly have been blessed with *good friends*, and that is something to be proud of and grateful for in this life.”

“ It is a great honor, father,” said my daughter, “ and it is *you* who have merited and won it, though I am not the less grateful to your friends, and especially for their thoughtfulness at this particular moment. I shall love them as long as I live.”

“ Bring me pen and paper and let me write and thank them at once. What a curious experience I have had in life! How strangely are its misfortunes and its blessings mingled in the woof of my destiny! My promotion in Egypt came a few days

after the baby's death, you remember, and now the greatest honor of my life comes immediately after my greatest misfortune. Such has been my lot always and so it will be to the end, I suppose. But what do I care for honors when your mother is not here to share them with me?"

"Don't talk in that way, dear father, for our sakes. Besides, she rejoices over them—she shares them with you, and it may be that she has sent this to cheer and to console you."

"I wish I had your faith, my child."

"It is her faith, father. She taught me to believe so, and you must think so, as well."

"I know that she is with the blessed. If I had never before believed in a heaven I should believe in it now, for there *must* be a home for such pure spirits as hers to dwell and rest in."

Few things have proved more valuable to me than the piece of *red ribbon* which I wear in my button hole, since in France it is always accepted as an evidence of the respectability and position of its possessor. I have found it of special service when brought in contact with members of our profession, for their appreciation of foreign *confrères* requires stimulation, and they are all so desirous of wearing "the cross" themselves that they never fail to honor the man who has been fortunate enough to win it.

One thing can be said in regard to this decoration which materially enhances its value, and it is, *that money cannot buy it*. There are numbers of persons in France who would gladly expend millions to obtain it, but there is no instance on record in connection with which there has been even a suspicion of bribery or corruption in this regard. Political influences may perhaps have led to too lib-

eral a distribution of it, but venality has played no part in the matter.

Speaking of decorations, I must tell you that one of Tewfick Pasha's first acts was to send me the star of the Osmanieh—one of the highest orders, and I reproduce with great satisfaction a letter from Mr. Wolf, the consul-general of the United States at Cairo, explaining the grounds upon which it was given :

UNITED STATES AGENCY AND CONSULATE-GENERAL,  
CAIRO, *March 2, 1882.*

DR. E. WARREN-BEY.

DEAR SIR : I have the honor to inclose herewith the decree of his highness, the Khedive of Egypt, appointing you a Commander of the Osmanieh; also the decoration of the same grade.

This honor has been conferred upon you for valuable and important services rendered in Egypt, and for great medical skill displayed in Paris.

I am, dear sir, your very obedient servant,  
S. WOLF,  
*Agent and Consul-General.*

Besides the orders to which I have already referred in the course of this narrative, I have received that of the Redemption of the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem, and that of the White Cross of Italy, together with the medal of Victor Emanuel, all, I am proud to say, on account of professional successes and work done in the cause of humanity.

I have also had the honor of receiving the honorary degree of C. M.—Master of Surgery—from the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Baltimore, and that of LL. D.—Doctor of Laws—from the University of North Carolina, the latter being

accompanied by the following letter from the Hon. Kemp P. Battle, president of the institution :

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA,  
CHAPEL HILL, N. C., 20th June, 1884.

DR. EDWARD WARREN-BEY.

SIR: In recognition of your distinguished ability and learning and services to humanity, the board of trustees and the faculty of the University of North Carolina have unanimously conferred on you the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

They hope that you will accept this evidence of the regard of the university of your native State.

I have the honor to be your obt. servt.,

KEMP P. BATTLE,  
*President.*

Coming from the university of my native State this degree has proved the source of more real gratification than all of my foreign honors combined. It has, likewise, warmed up my bosom toward North Carolina and inspired me with a stronger desire and a firmer purpose to prove myself worthy of her—worthy to be recognized as her son and to wear her honors. I have always loved her, but my affection is now intensified, and I feel that there is not a rock upon her rugged mountains nor a blade of grass within her grand savannas nor a ripple upon her majestic streams—not a foot of her soil from Buncombe to the sea without a place in my heart; and wherever my feet may wander or whatever my fate may be, for her my every thought shall be a prayer, and my latest breath a blessing.

For freely my life's blood bestowing,  
For her I would sever each vein;  
And die for the pleasure of knowing  
My anguish had saved her a pain.

It had been my purpose to give you a detailed narrative of my experiences in Paris, but this work has already been extended beyond the limits of my original purpose, and reflection has convinced me that I am too closely identified with the incidents and persons I would describe to write with freedom respecting them.

I must therefore bring these memoirs to a conclusion, with one page of my life's history only partially written, hoping at some future time to find myself in a position to supply the deficiency.

Before bidding you adieu I must say this much: The longer I have resided abroad the more intensely American have I become and the greater has grown my love and appreciation of my native land. Other lands may possess their treasures of art, their marvels of luxury, their triumphs of architecture, and all that is calculated to captivate the imagination and to ravish the senses, but for the truest solution of the problem of existence, the grandest victories of human skill over the laws of nature, the most fortuitous combination of those conditions which constitute society, and the perfection of a governmental system—that which governs the least and protects the most—America is the land pre-eminently blessed of Heaven. Call me an enthusiast if you will, but for me her skies are the brightest, her mountains the grandest, her rivers the broadest, her fields the greenest, her women the loveliest, her men the noblest, her history the proudest, and all that relates to her the best of all the world besides. Elsewhere her sons may be content to linger for a season, but to them she is the only land in which they can ever realize the idea of *home* or feel that they are aught else than aliens and sojourners.

And now the hour has come for parting, and I bid you farewell with a heart filled with affection and gratitude, and the assurance that my prayers shall never fail to invoke heaven's richest blessings on you and yours.

## APPENDIX.

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I append a postscript in order to bring out more conspicuously certain facts respecting Egypt and Paris.

**A**—The word *Khedive* is of Eastern origin, and signifies something more than viceroy and little less than king. Ismail Pasha was the first of the rulers of Egypt to whom the Sultan accorded this title—and he had to pay well for it—but it is now hereditary.

**B**—The *Citadel*, as it is designated at present, is an establishment partaking both of the nature of a palace and of a fortification. It contains a selamlik and hareem—both magnificently decorated—quarters for officers, barracks for soldiers, stabling for several hundred horses, and endless courts, arsenals, magazines, depots and workshops, while it is surrounded by a massive stone wall, upon the parapets of which are mounted cannon, commanding Cairo and the surrounding country.

It is the center of everything military appertaining to Egypt, the minister of war and the heads of the various branches of the service having their offices there, a considerable force of all arms being always stationed in it, and a large supply of munitions and stores being deposited in its spacious receptacles. It is not only used as the ministry of

war, but it is kept as an asylum for the Khedive and his family in the event of any revolution or invasion, with everything arranged to conduce to their comfort and security, and with Cairo and the surrounding country at the mercy of its guns.

It was in the main court of this palace that the massacre of the Mamelukes took place. Mehemet Ali, having been ordered by the Sultan to make war on the Wahabeees, and knowing that it was a plot for his destruction, because it constrained him to leave the Mamelukes—his implacable and unscrupulous enemies—behind him, he invited them to a grand banquet at the Citadel, and when they were leaving it and had assembled in its court-yard he opened fire on them with artillery and musketry—with the result of destroying all but one of the entire band. Emin-Bey, their chief, leaped his horse from the parapet to the plain below—a distance of sixty feet—and then took refuge in a mosque, where he found an asylum until a path was opened for him to the favor of the destroyer of his friends and followers.

Mehemet Ali has been condemned without stint or limitation for his treachery in this regard. Having passed daily for months over the scene of this massacre, I have reflected much on all the facts connected with it, and have reached the conclusion that more than a full measure of censure has been heaped upon him. Without pretending to acquit him of blame, I would premise by saying that his conduct should not be measured by ordinary standards, but by those which the circumstances of the case and the ethics of the period unite in establishing. They were all rude and desperate men, living by the sword, and taking the chances of life and death at every breath—each party seeking to obtain the advantage of the other without regard to the means employed, and to push that advantage to an

extremity. The country was not large enough for both of them, and either the Mamelukes or Mehemet Ali had to go to the wall—had to be crushed and annihilated—and the sooner, and the more effectually this stamping-out process could be effected by one or the other, the better for the country and for humanity.

Mehemet Ali knew that to turn his back upon his enemies—to leave the Mamelukes with all their vindictiveness, unscrupulousness and power of evil in his rear—was to consent to his own destruction ; and hence rather than become their victim he victimized them. Instead of playing the rôle of a martyr he boldly played that of an executioner. It was veritably a question with the Pasha of *Aut Cæsar, aut nullus*, and he decided in favor of *Cæsar*, as most men would have done under like circumstances.

Of course, ethically considered the path of duty was in the direction of the Wahabees, and his obligation was to follow it, leaving the result to Providence ; but unfortunately he was a Turk—he professed that faith which has been promulgated by the sword and which recognizes no other argument or arbitrament.

However unpardonable the sin of the Viceroy may have been, it proved an unmitigated blessing to Egypt, since it destroyed the power of those “furious horsemen” who had so long been its terror and its scourge, and inaugurated the only approximation to peace within its borders which it had known for at least a century.

Such were my reflections as I drove over the ground which received the blood of these haughty desperadoes ; and when I united to them the consideration that but for their destruction the dynasty of Mehemet Ali would never have existed—that

Ibrahim, Said and Ismail would have been tobacco merchants or sheep graziers, as their fathers were—and that Egypt would have remained only a province of the Sultan, steeped in ignorance, surrendered to fanaticism, and without that great work which is the highway of the nations and one of the wonders of the world, I must confess to you that I have shed no tears over their slaughter, and uttered no anathemas against their destroyer.

My offices were in the Citadel, and gorgeous affairs they were, with silk-covered divans, damask curtains, arabesque cornices, elaborate wainscots, lofty walls, sky-blue ceilings, marble floors, and other marvels of Eastern luxury. They had evidently been intended as the apartments of some high functionary about the court, and were wanting in nothing that oriental taste could suggest or that money wrung from despairing *fellahs* could supply.

In the midst of all this magnificence not a picture nor a statue was to be found, as such works are contrary to the Moslem creed, being regarded as tricks of the devil and evidences only of the weakness of human nature. The Prophet is very emphatic in his denunciation of the makers of pictures and images, declaring that at the day of judgment every representation of things of this kind will be placed before its author, and that he will be required to infuse life into it, under the penalty of being cast into hell in the event of failure.

Ismail Pasha, in defiance alike of the injunction of the Koran and the prejudices of his people, had erected in Cairo a fine equestrian statue of Ibrahim Pasha, his distinguished father, but one of the first acts of the populace in the days of Arabi's fiasco was to pull it down and to break it into fragments.

Photographs of the Khedive and his sons were,

however, exposed for sale in all the bookstores of Cairo, and I have in my possession one of his eldest daughter, feminine vanity having triumphed over the precepts of *Islam* and the difficulties of her position.

I take it for granted that the photograph was taken by a female operative, as she would hardly have ventured to expose her face to a male, whatever her inclinations may have been.

**C**—In Egypt great stress is put upon the *covering of the head*. Beys and pashas invariably wear the *tarbouche*, taking care to have them of fine quality—those made in Constantinople being preferred—and never going without them save when about to retire for the night. The man of highest position in any company has the right to remove his *tarbouche* temporarily, while it is considered a mark of ill-breeding and an impoliteness for an inferior to do so. One of the reasons for wearing the *tarbouche* so persistently is that it is customary for the Egyptians to shave their heads, leaving only a single patch on the apex. This custom—that of leaving a topknot—according to Lane, “originated in the fear that if the Moslem should fall into the hands of an infidel and be slain, the latter might cut off the head of his victim, and finding no hair by which to hold it, put his impure hand into the mouth in order to carry it.” The head is shaved as a matter of cleanliness and comfort. Believing it inconsistent with the respect that is due to everything which has appertained to the human body to leave it upon the ground, they take great pains to gather up clippings of hair and to preserve them.

Those below the ranks of bey and pasha—which

are regarded as titles of nobility—wear turbans varying in color and shape according to the positions and circumstances of their wearers. Thus, the Copts wear black turbans; the descendants of Mohammed green; the Jewish subjects of the Sultan blue or light brown, and the Moslems white.

The hat is held in utter disdain, being regarded as an open acknowledgment of Christianity and of avowed antagonism to *Islam*.

I was quite amused during the late war between Russia and Turkey to notice the appearance or the disappearance of *tarbouches* according as matters went well or ill with the Turkish arms. Whenever there was a report of a victory for the Turks, red fezes bloomed out extravagantly in the streets of Paris, but when the intelligence of disaster arrived, they disappeared as if by magic, and the Moslem heads which had gloried in them knew them no more for the time being.

**D**—*Alexandria* was founded by Alexander the Great in the year 332 B. C. Having taken possession of Egypt without striking a blow, and finding that there was no opportunity for exercising his valor, he occupied himself in the task of improving his conquest, and, with the inspiration of genius, selected the site of a city which, in the language of a historian, “should derive from nature more permanent advantages than the favor of the greatest princes could bestow.” Such was the sagacity of his choice that within the space of twenty years Alexandria rose to a distinguished eminence among the cities of Egypt and the East, and continued throughout all the subsequent ages of antiquity “the principal bond of union, the

seat of correspondence and commerce among the civilized nations of the earth."

The destruction of the Alexandrian library has always been regarded as one of the most unfortunate events recorded in history. The quarter of the city called Bruchon was the seat of the palaces and of the museum which contained the greater portion of this library—at least four hundred thousand volumes. This building remained intact until the reign of Aurelian, and was then destroyed during some civil commotion. The Serapion or temple of Jupiter Serapis, containing the remainder of the library, was destroyed under the reign of Theodosius the Great, who devoted all of the heathen temples to destruction without taking into account the immense injury done to learning and civilization by his intemperate zeal for Christianity. Though commended by ancient writers as "a prince blessed with every virtue, and debased by no vicious propensity," he thus committed an act of unparalleled barbarity—one for which he has been censured by the devotees of letters and of science in every age. An attempt, as you know, has been made to hold the Arabs under Omar responsible for this act of vandalism, but it is lamentably true that the great Christian Emperor, who in all other respects seemed a paragon of virtue and enlightenment, was the real author. It was not only as an emporium of commerce and a treasure-house of wealth that Alexandria was so long known to fame, but the city was equally distinguished as a seat of literature and science. Nearly all that is known of ancient literature is due to the Alexandrian school, and but for the destruction of the museum and the Serapion the debt of obligation in this regard would have been immeasurably greater.

The modern city of Alexandria stands upon the ruins of the great metropolis which Alexander founded and Ptolemy embellished. Under the inspiration of Mehemet Ali and his successors—especially Ismail Pasha—it had arisen from its ashes, and was fast becoming again a center of commerce and a home of wealth and luxury. They had adorned it with palaces, beautified it with gardens and streets which vied with those of Paris in elegance, erected a modern light-house in the place of its ancient Pharos, given it a harbor which was one of the safest and most commodious possessed by any civilized city, and laid out in its center a public square filled with fountains, ornamented with shade trees, adorned with a statue of Mehemet Ali, and surrounded by magnificent public buildings. In an evil hour, and under the teachings of a few bad men, the populace attempted to avenge their wrongs and to give expression to their religious fanaticism by rising against the foreigners in their midst and murdering a large number of them. The English admiral, recognizing that his countrymen had been the special objects of this attack, and that many of them had been massacred, determined upon a scheme of vengeance, which the bad faith of Arabi in working upon the batteries at night in contradiction to his assertions and promises, soon furnished him with an excuse for realizing. The guns of the English fleet opened upon the city, and after a bombardment of a few hours, its new-born glory had departed—it was a heap of unsightly ruins, with devastating fires raging throughout its limits.

It is a singular circumstance, but one which I chronicle with infinite pleasure, that the principal agent in extinguishing these fires and thereby preventing the complete destruction of Alexandria

was an American—Colonel Chaille Long-Bey, the distinguished central African explorer. Business having called him to Egypt, he was residing in the country when Arabi raised the standard of rebellion against the Khedive and his English allies, and in response to a request from the State Department at Washington, he took charge of the consulate at Alexandria, and sought refuge on an American man-of-war during the progress of the bombardment. Ever true to his trust, and with the same heroic courage which had distinguished him in other fields, he was among the first to land, and, aided by a detachment of United States marines, was foremost and most successful in arresting the devastating flames. Admiral Nicholson—the officer in command of the American fleet then stationed in Egyptian waters—remarked to me that the “real hero of Alexandria was Colonel Long,” and I have seen numerous letters from the owners of property around the “great square”—notably from the officials of the English church which is located there—thanking him in glowing and grateful terms for his brave efforts in their behalf.

A proposition was made in Congress to honor him with a vote of thanks, but it died in the hands of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and besides a formal letter from the State Department, there has been no recognition of his services. And yet he remained at a post which had been deserted because of its danger ; he preserved the consulate and its archives from destruction ; he assisted in the embarkation, and, consequently in the preservation of many helpless people ; and it was mainly by his courage, enterprise and intelligence that Alexandria was saved from utter destruction. Republics have never been accused of the virtue of gratitude, you know, and it is usually the appre-

ciation of coming favors that inspires this sentiment under the most favorable circumstances. I hope to see the day, however, when my gallant and deserving friend will return to Egypt as the representative of his country, for no man is more deserving the honor, or none would fill the office of consul-general with greater credit to himself and honor to his native land. *Inshallah!*

With this city is associated the most remarkable woman in history. The beauty and fascination of Cleopatra have been the theme of the historian and the poet for centuries, and yet its interest never seems to abate. As infamous as was her character, and as detestable as were her crimes, there is a halo of romance surrounding this woman which none fail to recognize and appreciate. The daughter of one of the Ptolemys and the sister and wife of another, possessing marvelous beauty and consummate cunning, she played for thrones or human hearts with a recklessness unknown before or since in history. Her intrigue with Antony—that wonderful compound of virtues and vices, and, indeed, of all conceivable extremes—was the great sensation of the period, and the story has come through the circling ages bereft of none of its piquancy and fascination. Fired with indignation because of her devotion to the cause of Brutus, the old hero summoned her to his presence that he might condemn and punish her. She responded but only to play the rôle of a sorceress and a conqueror—to bind the soul of the great triumvir to the chariot wheels of her matchless beauty, and to drag him to his humiliation and his death. Arrayed in gorgeous apparel, with her transcendent charms displayed to the greatest advantage, her keen wit whetted to the sharpest edge, her subtle character attuned to the highest pitch of fineness, the mistress of every

art and guile and of the most consummate coquetry, she dazzled and crazed the but too susceptible soldier at the first glance. From that time forth he became her obsequious slave, her enraptured worshiper, her pliant instrument. Forgetting his obligation to his wife, his allegiance to his country, his duty as a soldier, and his honor as a man, he found his consummation of pleasure in basking in her smiles—his dream of heaven in lingering in her arms. Because of her the friendly Augutus became the avenger of a sister's wrongs ; the “approving senate” was transformed into the instrument of a country’s indignation ; the waves of Actium were made the ministers of an adverse destiny ; and a sword hallowed by its consecration to the cause of friendship and to the interests of justice was converted into the implement of a suicide’s desperation. She proved, in fact, the bane of his ambition, the blight of his pride, the grave of his glory, and the curse of his existence. The story has at least served one good purpose—it has furnished the theme for some of the most beautiful verses that have been written in any language. The lines produced in this connection by General Lytel, one of the most lamented victims of our late war, possess a pathos and a rhythm which have made them “household words” throughout the United States, and yet, notwithstanding their familiarity, I cannot resist the temptation to reproduce them here ; it is impossible to tire of reading them :

“ANTONY’S FAREWELL TO CLEOPATRA.”

I am dying, Egypt, dying,  
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,  
And the dark, Plutonian shadows  
Gather on the evening blast;

Let thy arms, O Queen ! support me ;  
 Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear ;  
 Harken to the great heart-secrets  
 Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions  
 Bear their eagles high no more,  
 And my wrecked and scattered galleys  
 Strew dark Actium's fatal shore ;  
 Though no glittering guards surround me,  
 Prompt to do their master's will,  
**I** must perish like a Roman—  
 Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions  
 Mock the lion thus laid low ;  
**'**Twas no foeman's hand that slew him,  
 'Twas his own that struck the blow.  
 Here, then, pillow'd on thy bosom,  
 Ere his star fades quite away,  
 Him who, drunk with thy caresses,  
 Madly threw a world away !

Should the base, plebeian rabble  
 Dare assail my fame at Rome,  
 Where the noble spouse, Octavia,  
 Weeps within her widowed home ;  
 Seek her ; say the gods have told me,  
 Altars, augurs, circling wings,  
 That her blood, with mine commingling,  
 Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian !  
 Glorious sorceress of the Nile !  
 Light the path to Stygian horrors  
 With the splendor of thy smile.  
 Give to Cæsar crowns and arches,  
 Let his brow the laurel twine ;  
 I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,  
 Triumphing in love like thine.

**I** am dying, Egypt, dying,  
 Hark ! the insulting foeman's cry,  
 They are coming—quick, my falchion !  
 Let me front them ere I die.  
 Ah ! no more amid the battle  
 Shall my heart exulting swell.  
**I**sis and Osiris guard thee,  
 Cleopatra ! Rome ! Farewell !

Colonel Jenifer's quarters were immediately upon the sea, and in them I spent many a day talking of friends and kindred far away, listening to the breakers' roar, gazing upon the classic objects on every side, and thinking of the countless thousands —each possessing a distinct identity, and with hopes and passions like ourselves—who had peopled the land around us, and these had gone in relays of generations to that “undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns.”

There is nothing which teaches so impressively the lesson of human insignificance as to wander among the ruins of some country “rich with the spoils of time,” and to think of the myriads who have peopled it, and then have passed away forever. Egypt thus ever seemed to me a grave for the interment of vanity and presumption. Its monuments and relics proclaimed continually to my soul the lesson of human impotence and insignificance, and I felt always as if I bore the same relation to the human race as a grain of sand to its mighty desert—as a drop of the waters of the Nile to that grand river itself, flowing with perpetually-renewed currents from the equator to the sea.

**E—Said Pasha**, the son of Mehemit Ali, succeeded Abbas Pasha on the throne of Egypt. Abbas had been an avaricious tyrant, and as Said was known to be a man of kind heart and generous impulses, there were great rejoicings in Egypt over his accession. The result proved that he possessed neither stability of purpose nor equanimity of temper, and his administration was characterized by no settled policy. It was, in fact, only a succession of radical and conflicting changes, both as regards domestic affairs and foreign relations. While

in an amicable frame of mind, he sought by every possible means to improve the condition of his people, but when swayed by his vehement temper, he was capable of any phase or degree of tyranny.

The favorites of one day were the proscribed of the next, and nothing seemed certain about him save the uncertainty of his favor. The failing health of his later years only served to multiply and exaggerate his peculiarities, and to render him still more conspicuously a benefactor and a despot—a blessing and a curse to his country. His people were alternately overtaxed and overpetted, outraged and insulted, cajoled and persecuted, until a state of such confusion and uncertainty was produced as to preclude alike individual prosperity and national progress.

His reign was prevented from proving an absolute failure by the fact that he had the courage to rise above the prejudices of his race and to grant the first concession for the construction of the Suez canal—a work which has proved of inestimable value to the commerce of the world, and has secured renown for all who were connected with its inception.

He left but one son, Toussoun Pasha, who was born in 1853, and for whose succession to the throne he vainly expended millions of pounds in bribing the Porte.

Ismail Pasha, with that liberality and good sense which so signally distinguished his career as a sovereign, loaded this young prince with favors, even giving him one of his daughters as a wife, and elevating him to the position of minister of the marine. He was a man of fine character and of great intelligence, but having inherited a delicate constitution from his father, he died at the age of twenty-four, lamented by all who knew him,

and especially by the Khedive and his sons. His funeral, which took place in Alexandria in July, 1876, was one of the most gorgeous pageants ever witnessed in Egypt. A correspondent in describing it uses the following language:

"On the 8th instant from early dawn an immense crowd of natives and Europeans thronged the streets and open places between the Mosque of Nebi-Daniel, where his remains were to be deposited next to those of his royal father, even to the palace on the banks of the Mahmoudich canal, where he breathed his last, as he had been residing at Alexandria for some time past. About ten in the morning the funeral cortege filed out of the palace gates, the coffin covered with a white Indian cashmere, and the red tarbouche or fez cap of the dead man placed upon it in accordance with eastern custom. The coffin, as is customary, was carried some distance by officers of the navy, who were then replaced by Egyptian sailors. The funeral procession was preceded by men on horseback, driving before them a dozen fine oxen—whose flesh was to be given to the poor—followed by fifty camels laden with bread, dates and other eatables, to be distributed at the same time as the beef. A squadron of lancers followed in parallel lines, succeeded by three battalions of infantry with their guns under the left arm, and several hundreds of sailors and soldiers with their officers. In the center of the line marched the marine band bearing cashmere shawls and vases of myrrh.

"Then followed the Mohammedan ulamans and elders, and about two thousand of the attaches to the mosques, reciting prayers from the Koran. The chief mourners were the near relatives of the deceased, headed by his cousins Mohammed-Tewfick, the heir-apparent, the ministers of state and high

officials, together with many of the foreign consuls. The procession was further swollen by the pupils of the military and naval schools and by several hundreds of the professional waiting women, whose wild cries and theatrical demonstrations of grief were unsparingly excited. An immense number of carriages from hareems, and belonging to Europeans, closed the long file. It has been estimated that not less than sixty thousand persons figured in this procession. The mortal remains of the young prince were deposited in the tomb of his father, Said, near the *Moharrem Bey* Gate, in the mosque of Nebi-Daniel. After which the oxen were slain and their flesh and the other viands distributed among the poor, with £1,000 in money, in memory of the deceased, charity being inculcated in the Koran not less strongly than in the Bible, and being practiced as well as preached among true Moslems. The grief of the princess was so violent and so demonstrative that the attendants were compelled to remove her from the bedside of the dying man before he breathed his last, and she is reported as inconsolable. The Khedive has commanded his court to go into mourning for forty days, a custom which has generally been regarded as more western than eastern."

Royalty itself could not have had higher funeral honors than these, and they are worthy of record in this vanishing point of Egyptian history at a time when the march of innovation is trampling down most of the time-honored customs of eastern or Mohammedan usage.

**F**—*Cairo*, the seat of government of Egypt, is located on the Nile, one hundred and twenty-five miles from Alexandria and about the same dis-

tance from Damietta. The natives call it *Misr*. It really consists of three towns—Old Cairo, New Cairo and Boulac. Its population is estimated at about three hundred thousand. New Cairo is one mile from the river and is seven miles in circumference. There are about four hundred mosques in the city, the lofty minarets of which present a most picturesque appearance. The improvement of Cairo under the fostering care of Ismail Pasha was something absolutely wonderful. That portion which he added to it is in all respects a European city, being supplied with gas, water and every modern luxury. The houses are built of stone, and compare in elegance with those of Paris. A garden called the Esbekeeyah has been laid out after the plan of the Tuileries in the heart of the city, and abounds in pebbled walks, murmuring fountains, artificial lakes, flowing streams, fragrant flowers and shade trees of every variety. Around it is a massive iron railing, with gates corresponding to the principal thoroughfares, and in its immediate neighborhood are the theater, the opera house, the Hippodrome, the New Hotel and the Bourse—all constructed by Ismail *pro bono publico*. There is a handsome English church near the Esbekeeyah, several Jewish synagogues in different quarters of the city, and a Catholic cathedral on the Mouski—the presence of which attest in emphatic terms the liberal sentiments of the late Khedive. Indeed, in no country of the world was there more of religious freedom than in Egypt under the regime of its great Mæcenas.

The Abdeen Palace—the winter quarters of the Khedive—is situated in a large plain in the south-eastern portion of Cairo, and though its exterior does not present a very imposing appearance, its

interior is decorated in a style of elegance which I have never seen surpassed.

The Arab portion of the city consists of endless narrow streets, running the most tortuous courses, and in many places completely arched over by the subjacent houses. These houses are of greater or less pretension, from the mud hut of the laborer to the palace of the pasha. Most of them are constructed of the soft calcareous stone of the neighboring hills, the alternate courses of which are colored red and white, with large doors painted red and bordered with white, over which is an inscription from the Koran recognizing the existence of God and supplicating his protection, and with windows of turned wooden lattice-work, so constructed as to screen the inmates from observation and at the same time to admit light and air. The second story is usually made to project over the street, and is ornamented with a small dormer window of the same kind of lattice-work, in which are placed porous bottles containing water, so that they may be exposed to a current of air and their contents cooled for drinking. They are ordinarily two or three stories high and inclose an open court called a *hosh*, which is entered by a circuitous passage, so constructed as to prevent persons passing in the street from seeing into it.

The principal street of this section of the city is known as the *Mouski*, which is somewhat wider than its fellows, and has long rows of bazars, with now and then a foreign shop, ranged along its borders. Sidewalks are unknown in this quarter, and men, women, children, camels, donkeys and vehicles of all descriptions—mingled in a confused and struggling mass—fill its entire area, rendering progress difficult, and placing life and limb in jeopardy.

Running off at right angles are a number of side streets—with large wooden gates at each end that are closed at night—leading to the localities in which various branches of trade have selected as their headquarters. Thus, one leads to the special bazars of the carpet merchants, another to those of the silversmiths and jewelers, and another to those of the venders of perfumes, and so on for the whole list of tradesmen. These special markets are presided over by *sheiks*, who keep order, decide disputes, and are responsible to the buyer for the purity, etc., of the article sold. Their duty, also, is to see that no imposition is practiced and no advantage taken; but as they do not regard Christians as within their jurisdiction, they are ready at all times to unite with their subordinates in fleecing them to the fullest extent. Indeed, the whole crowd seem to think that *Allah* has sent the foreigner as a bird to be picked and that they but serve their Lord and Master when they go for his last feather. The Egyptian merchant always begins by asking at least four times as much as the article is really worth, swearing “by the beard of the Prophet” that he is giving it away out of pure love for his customer or for his nation, and ending by a *Hamdallah* if he succeeds in selling it at a profit of one per cent. Certainly, in the art of commercial lying they “beat the Jews,” and bear off the palm of the universe. The shop is usually a square recess some six feet in height and four feet in width, with a bench before it upon which goods are displayed—the bulk of them being kept by the tradesmen in private dwellings or in a public *wekaleh* or storehouse; but the amount and the value of the stock stored away in these contracted receptacles is something marvelous.

The bazars of the silver merchants and jewelers

are located on a street too narrow even for a donkey to squeeze himself through, and requiring that purchasers shall pass in single file, while the shops are only large enough to hold a man in a sitting posture. Yet the amount of trinkets, plate, jewels and ornaments of all kinds for sale there is something that would make Croesus himself open his eyes. I have frequently seen some old *sheik*, who looked the picture of poverty, and whose wardrobe would not have commanded three sous in a *Monte de Piete*, shake out of a dilapidated gourd or an antediluvian sheep's horn or a greasy purse diamonds enough to ornament a diadem or to produce a revolution at the Cape.

The public drive of Cairo is known as the "Shoubra road," and it is, indeed, a beautiful one—scarcely inferior to that which encircles the lake in the *Bois de Boulogne*. Running along the bank of the Nile in the direction of the Sweet Water canal, embowered in fragrant acacias and blooming mimosas, environed by picturesque villas, luxuriant gardens and grassy lawns, and kept as smooth as a chess-board or a parlor floor, it is not surprising that crowds of pleasure seekers on horseback and in glittering equipages should daily throng its shady stretches and luxuriate in its enchanting scenes.

With this crude description of Cairo in its physical aspect you must be content, for an attempt to portray the condition of its society would prove only a hopeless and profitless task. There is such a commingling there of the past and the present—of Oriental prejudice and western advancement, of distinct and incongruous nationalities—in a word, of the heterogeneous, the incompatible and the conflicting—that in endeavoring to describe it I should stumble at the first step and involve myself inextricably at each succeeding one.

With most persons Egypt means exclusively the Nile, a Dihabeeyah—a steamboat, but I cannot imagine a more agreeable thing than a winter in Cairo, with its balmy air, its cloudless skies, its modern comforts, its ancient monuments and its curious study of the meeting of the currents of Oriental and western civilization.

**G**—The *religion* of the Egyptians proper is that promulgated by Mohammed, and it constitutes at once the most important branch of their education, and the foundation of their laws, manners and customs.

The two grand principles of *El Islam* are: 1. There is no deity but God. 2. Mohammed is God's apostle. As regards the Deity, they hold that he preserves all things, decrees all things, and that he is without beginning, eternal, omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent. His unity is thus expressed in the Koran: "He is God, one God—God the eternal. He begetteth not, nor is he begotten, and there is none equal unto him."

As regards Mohammed, he is considered the last and greatest of prophets and apostles. Six of these are believed to have received a revelation of religion and morality, viz: Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus Christ and Mohammed, each being abrogated in turn by the other, so that nothing remains in this regard save that proclaimed by the last and greatest, the religion of *El Islam*.

They believe that our Lord Jesus Christ was born of a pure virgin by the miraculous intervention of God, and without a natural father, and they regard him as a prophet and an apostle, but in no sense divine. They acknowledge that he was taken up unto God, but they think that another person

upon whom he had stamped his image was crucified in his stead, while they believe that he is to come again upon the earth to establish the Moslem religion, and to promulgate that universal peace which is to precede and herald the advent of the last day.

They have faith likewise in the existence of angels and of good and evil genii, in the immortality of the soul and its future reward and punishment, and in the bridge *Es-Sirah*, which spans the abyss of hell, and is finer than a hair, sharper than a sword and over which all must pass—the wicked falling from it into endless torture, and the righteous passing over it to the delights of heaven.

The punishments of hell vary in degree, but consist essentially in torture of excessive heat and cold, while the rewards of heaven are made up of the indulgence of the appetites in the most delicious dishes and drinks, and in the pleasures afforded by the society of Houris—with eyes like those of the gazelle, and whose stature is that of a tall palm tree—the supposed height of Adam and Eve.

It is the doctrine of the Koran that no one will be admitted to heaven by his own works, but exclusively by the mercy of God on account of his faith, but that the happiness of each person will be proportionate to his good deeds. The very meanest in paradise is promised eighty thousand beautiful youths as servants, and seventy-two wives of the girls of paradise. Besides, he is to have a tent of pearls, jacinths and emeralds, and is to be waited on by three hundred attendants when he eats, and served in dishes of gold, three hundred of which shall be set before him at once, each containing a different kind of food, the last morsel being as grateful as the first. Wine also, though

forbidden in this life, will be freely allowed in paradise, and without danger, since the wine of heaven cannot inebriate. They are also promised perpetual youth and as many children as they may desire.

They believe also that God controls and directs every event in life, and they are consequently thorough fatalists. The most important duties enjoined by their ritual are prayer, almsgiving, fasting and pilgrimage.

The *Muslim* prays five times daily, viz: at sunset, at nightfall, just after daybreak, just after noon and in the middle of the afternoon. At these times a *Mueddin* ascends to the minaret of every mosque, and calls the faithful to their devotions in a loud and measured cadence or chant, which runs in this wise: “God is most great! I bear witness that there is no Deity but God! I testify that Mohammed is God’s apostle! Come to prayer! Come to peace! God is most great! There is no God but God!” It is a curious circumstance that only blind men are selected for this office, the object being to save the adjacent housetops and hareems from observation.

The next most important duty is *almsgiving*. Certain alms are prescribed by law, and others are purely voluntary. The former are obligatory and are given once in every year, in proportion to the wealth of the donor, as established by statute.

The next in order of importance is *fasting*. The Muslim is commanded to fast daily during the entire month of *Ramadan*—the month in which the Prophet received his first revelations. He must let nothing pass his lips and abstain from every indulgence from daybreak until sunset. I found this to be a period of great demoralization in Egypt, inasmuch as the abstinence of the day was

usually followed by a corresponding excess at night.

The last of the four most important duties is that of *pilgrimage*. Every *Muslim* is under an obligation to perform once during his lifetime a pilgrimage to Mecca, unless prevented by poverty or ill health.

Under certain circumstances, however, he can send a deputy, whose expenses he has to pay, and the substitute's business is as active in Cairo yearly as it was in America during the recent unpleasantness. After having made this journey he is called a *hadji*, and is invested with peculiar sanctity and consequence. It is necessary that the pilgrim shall be present on the occasion of a *Kheetab*, which is recited on Mount Arafat on the afternoon of the month of *Zu-l-Heggeh*.

There is no regular priesthood in the Mohammedan religion—no class of men who set themselves apart as special ministers of the rites and ceremonies of El Islam. Over each of the mosques of Cairo a *nazir* or warden presides, who attends to its material interests and who appoints two *imams* to conduct the worship, and one or more *mueddens* to chant the call to prayers. These officers have, however, no ministerial authority; they obtain their living chiefly by other means than their services in the mosques; they may be displaced at any time—when they lose the title of *imam*; they enjoy no respect beyond that which the sanctity of their lives secures for them, and they do not in any sense constitute a distinct order having special privileges and prerogatives, such as appertain to a regular hierarchy.

The Koran holds out the prize of eternal life to all true believers, and yet from the fact that the rewards promised to the faithful appeal exclusively

to masculine passions and aspirations, and the additional circumstance that among *Moslems* women occupy a position of decided inferiority, it results that females are virtually excluded from the Mohammedan plan of salvation. Lane uses the following language in regard to this subject: "The Prophet did not forbid women to attend public prayers in mosques, but pronounced it better for them to pray in private. In Cairo, however, neither females nor young boys are allowed to pray in the congregation or even to be present in the mosque in time of prayer.

Formerly women were permitted to enter the mosques, but were obliged to place themselves apart from and behind the men, because, as Sale has remarked, "the Muslims are of opinion that the presence of females induces a different kind of devotion from that which is requisite in a place dedicated to the worship of God. Very few women in Egypt ever pray at home."

I should have mentioned in speaking of the *Ramadan* that this fast is followed by a feast called the *Bairam*, which lasts three days, and is a period of great rejoicing and merry-making. It bears the same relation to the *Ramadan* that Easter does to the Lent of the Christians. Every Mussulman—from the poorest to the richest—dresses himself in his best clothes, and makes a round of visits, embracing his friends as he meets them in the streets, and wishing them happiness and "many returns of the season." Ladies of rank, however, do not make their calls until eight days after the termination of the festival—that being one of the fashions of the east.

Native bands parade the streets discoursing their peculiar music and serenading every house from whose occupants they are likely to receive a dona-

tion, while the poor come around offering oranges and sweetmeats, and soliciting alms; which it is a point of religion to give abundantly. On the first day of this festival the Khedive, accompanied by his ministers, goes in great state to some mosque, says his prayers and then returns to the Abdeen palace or the Casserel Nil, where he holds a grand reception, at which it is required that all holding official positions shall be present.

The American officers were given a prominent position in the line formed of those who were present on this and similar occasions, and were required to give his highness "the military salute" as they passed him.

My old friend, General Reynolds, being senior in age, was always placed at the head of this line—I mean our portion of it—and he never failed to make a speech to the Khedive, complimenting him on the success of his government, and assuring him of the devotion of his American officers, and, though his highness understood not a word of these harangues, as they were in English, he always smiled good naturedly, and seemed to disregard the breach of etiquette. The General's file leader was invariably an aged negro pasha as black as the ace of spades, and as odoriferous as a hibernating skunk, and as "Old Gawley" was a Southerner of the most pronounced sentiments, and regarded the maintenance of the "color line" as obligatory as the edicts of the ten commandments, these presentations were far less agreeable to him than to the rest of us. A number of the officers in the Khedive's army were black, and when we gave our New Year's reception, as we did annually, nearly one-fourth of the callers were of that complexion, but we were not disturbed by it in the least, as in casting our lots in Egypt we had left

our prejudices behind us, and they were about the most intelligent and reliable men that we encountered. Circumstances not only alter cases in this world, but give us sometimes strange bed-fellows, and it is the truest wisdom to submit unmurmuringly to the inevitable in this respect as in all others.

At the *Kourban Bairam*, which came some weeks afterward, every Egyptian who is able purchases a sheep for himself and his wife, and then slaughtering them with great ceremony and in the name of the Prophet, retains such portions as he requires for his own use, and gives the remainder to the poor of his neighborhood. Each man sacrifices in this way according to his means, for himself and for his hungry neighbors, believing that he is thereby serving the Lord and securing a better place for himself in paradise.

The popular idea is that a sheep thus killed in the year of one's death serves as a steed upon which to cross the bridge of *Sirat*--that structure which spans the abyss of hell and conducts to the bliss of heaven.

As a general rule, children are taught from their earliest years to consider Christians as their natural enemies, and to regard themselves as infinitely superior to them. The moslem esteems the disciples of every faith but his own as the children of perdition, and he despises them accordingly. The precepts of his religion make him absolutely intolerant, causing him to despise the professions of others, and to deny the possibility of their salvation. In his estimation he is the elect of heaven, and Christians and Jews are the inheritors of hell--utterly lost, and irretrievably doomed already. His feelings are not those of pity and regret, but rather of exaltation and satisfaction. He does not

think that he is called upon to make war upon them in this period of the world's history, but he feels relieved from all moral obligation to them—at liberty to deceive them, to keep no faith with them and to swindle them to the fullest extent of his ability. All this the Egyptians are taught by their religion—it is what they conceive to be their duty—and yet they are so docile and amiable by nature that under the influence of a sense of personal obligation and in return for favors done them, they are capable of displaying much goodness of heart. Thus, while they called Christians generally “the sons of dogs,” they showed me and my family the greatest kindness. Though professing to look upon the *Giaours* collectively as natural enemies and inferiors, they treated us individually with the most friendly consideration. The *Moslems*' hatred of Jews is something phenomenal. Had they slain Mohammed instead of Jesus Christ they could not be regarded with more rancour and aversion. They are classed with dogs, and placed at the bottom of the list—esteemed more unclean and less deserving of consideration. Where this extremity of prejudice and hatred—this feeling of personal injury and vindictiveness—originated, it is impossible to determine, and yet the heart of the average Mussulman is as full of it as of love and respect for his own religion.

Some few years since the United States Government tried the seemingly doubtful experiment of sending a Hebrew to Egypt as its official representative. Those who were best acquainted with the country—or who thought they were—held up their hands in horror, and declared that the most fatal of errors had been committed; that the authorities at Washington had made a radical mistake. The sequel proved it to be a measure of su-

preme wisdom. The consul-general, the Hon. S. Wolf, by his high personal character, his facility of adapting himself to men and circumstances, his extreme urbanity and his superlative tact, not only won the respect and affection of the Khedive and his ministers, but produced an impression upon the minds of the Egyptians which did more to elevate the standing of his country, and to eradicate the insane prejudice against his race, than could have been accomplished by a hundred years of ordinary diplomacy, and the effort of a thousand moral teachers. It placed the seal of a great nation's indorsement upon a despised race; it swept away to a great extent the prejudices which had so long been the curse and the outrage of Israel; it furnished an occasion for the demonstration of the fact that a Jew could be a thorough gentleman, an accomplished diplomat and an enlightened humanitarian, and it struck a blow at religious fanaticism and social ostracism which carried with it a lesson of such practical wisdom as at once astonished Egypt and delighted the champions of human progress everywhere.

While adhering tenaciously to the Christian faith, I am not the less a champion of perfect intellectual and moral enfranchisement, and I hope to see the day when every man shall think and shall worship according to his convictions—untrammeled by prejudice, unawed by prerogative, and uninfluenced by aught save the suggestions of his own conscience.

**H**—The *Copts* compose less than one-fourteenth of the present population of Egpt, their number being near one hundred and fifty thousand. They

have gradually decreased in numbers because of their conversion to Mohammedanism.

About ten thousand reside in Cairo, the remainder being distributed throughout the country, especially in the Feiyoom district. They are the descendants of ancient Egyptians, but are not an unmixed race, their ancestors having intermarried in the earlier ages with Greeks, Nubians, Abyssinians, and other foreigners. They differ so little in personal appearance from their Moslem countrymen as scarcely to be distinguishable. Both males and females wear the Arab dress, the former assuming a black or blue turban to denote their sect. The women vail their faces, not only in public but in private, when men are present, unless they are relatives, and within certain limits of consanguinity.

Though Christians, they are much more hostile to other Christian sects than to the Moslems. They regard St. Mark as the founder of their church, and they consider their patriarchs as his successors. Their religious orders consist of a patriarch, a metropolitan of the Abyssinians, bishops, archpriests, priests, deacons and monks. Their patriarch resides in Cairo, but is styled the patriarch of Alexandria, and is regarded as filling the chair of St. Mark. He is required to remain unmarried; to wear woolen garments next to his skin, and to sleep only for a quarter of an hour at a time—*i. e.*, to submit to be awakened every fifteen minutes, so that he may constantly watch over the interests confided to him. He may be selected by his predecessor in office, but, as a general rule, he is chosen by lot, the members of the order of Monks alone being eligible.

In former years they were despised by their Moslem neighbors—were looked down upon as being inferior and unclean—and were neither allowed to

ride horses in the public streets nor to hold property to any considerable amount, but, since the days of Mehemet Ali, the prejudice against them has disappeared, and some of them have even been created beys. They are employed liberally in the public service as clerks, but are not permitted to perform military duty, a restriction for which they are doubtless very grateful.

Some of the best dragomen in Egypt are of this class, and they have the reputation not only of being very intelligent, but of possessing in a special degree the traits of honesty and fidelity. One of them—a certain *bashi*—I knew well, and should he survive, I would cordially recommend him to such of my countrymen as may undertake a “Nile voyage” when peace and security are re-established in Egypt. I have often thought of the crowd of anxious dragomen, who, in the flush time of Dihabeeyahs and Ismail Pasha glory infested Shepard’s and the New Hotel, on the watch for cataract-bound travelers with plethoric purses and a superabundant leisure. Poor fellows! Between the upper and nether millstones of England’s ambition and vacillation, I fear they have had a hard time in these latter years, and that most of them have gone to their rest beneath the desert sands, with an empty pocket and a broken heart as their only recompense.

They were truly remarkable men, representatives of generations of interpreters, speaking intuitively every modern language, possessing a faculty of adaptation to men and to circumstances which was something phenomenal, and having a knowledge of the country, its history, its ruins, and its monuments, which would have caused many a learned Egyptologist to blush for his

ignorance. When shall we see their like again ? certainly not for centuries !

**I**—*Wailing* is a peculiar custom among the Arabs. When it is evident that death is about to occur the women present turn the body so that the face looks in the direction of Mecca, and then utter a peculiar cry, differing according to relationship of the deceased, and setting forth the virtues of the lost one. This is known as a *wailing*, or more properly *wilwan*. There is also a class of women called *nebdabehs*, who are employed to assist the women of the family in this pious demonstration. Each one brings with her a *tar*—a kind of tambourine, but without tinkling plates of metal—which she beats violently, exclaiming between her wails, “Alas for him ! Alas for him !” in a peculiar melancholy cadence. If the death occur in the morning, the body is always buried before the setting of the sun, but if in the afternoon or evening the corpse is kept until the next morning—the women remaining by the side of it, wailing or listening to the recital of passages from the Koran from some *fikee*, schoolmaster. Strange as it may seem, the wailing of women at funerals was forbidden by the prophet, who declared that the virtues thus publicly ascribed to a dead person would be subjects of reproach to him in the future state if he did not really possess them.

The soul is supposed to remain in the body during the first night after burial and then to depart to the place appointed for the residence of disembodied spirits until they are either taken into paradise or cast into hell.

They divide the souls of the faithful into three classes, viz : those of *prophets*, of *martyrs* and of

*other believers.* The souls of *prophets* are immediately admitted into paradise; those of *martyrs* enter into the bodies of green birds, which eat of the fruits and drink of the waters of paradise—*martyrs* being those who have been killed in the defense of the faith or who have innocently met with death at the hands of another, or who have died of an epidemic or who have succumbed to dysentery, or who have been killed by the falling of a building or who have been drowned, while the *souls of the faithful generally* are permitted either to remain near their sepulchers, with liberty to go where they please, or to live with Adam in the lowest heaven or to rest in the trumpet which is to be blown on the last day to awaken the dead.

As to the condition of the souls of the wicked, there are various opinions. Some suppose that, after having been rejected by the angels of heaven, they are carried down to the seventh earth and thrown into a dungeon; others, that they are placed under the devil's jaw, there to be tormented until they are called up to be joined again to their bodies, while another school contends that they are hid away in a wall of Barahoot, in the province of Hadramah, until the dawn of the day of judgment.

**J**—The term *hareem*, as I have already mentioned, is applied both to the females of a family and to the apartment in which they live. A family usually consists of a wife or wives, concubines, female slaves and eunuchs. The law allows four wives to every Mussulman, but for the sake of domestic peace and as a matter of economy the Egyptians usually content themselves with but one. Ismail Pasha, although himself the possessor of four, restricted his sons to one, and advised his officers to

the same limitation. Feminine nature is not materially influenced by locality or creed, and jealousy flourishes as rankly in *Muslim* lands as in the rest of the world. The Egyptians here learned by many sad experiences, in which the bitterest heart-burnings and an occasional "cup of coffee" have played conspicuous rôles, that it is wiser to disregard the permission given by the Prophet in regard to a multiplicity of wives. When more than one wife is taken it is the older who has to go to the wall, for upon the shoulders of the new comer the mantle of authority falls as a matter of law and precedent.

Female slaves are of two kinds, viz: those who can be legitimately taken as concubines, and those who cannot be so appropriated. The former are either Turks, Georgians, Circassians or Abyssians. Concubinage, under the limits prescribed by custom and law, is as legitimate and respectable a relation as matrimony, and it is of more frequent occurrence than a second marriage, for the reason that it is less objectionable to the wife, and far more economical to the husband.

No such slave can be sold during the period of gestation or afterward if she has borne a male child. It not unfrequently happens, however, that concubines disappear mysteriously, jealous wives finding the means to remove them, while no questions are asked and no punishments are inflicted unless the husband chooses to intervene. The doors of hareems are closed as effectually against the law as against the world in general, and the power of life and death as to slaves is as absolute with their owners as is the prerogatives of the Khedive with his subjects.

To give you an idea of how lightly the life of a slave is held, and what little responsibility attaches

to their owners, I will relate a story which is told of the Princess Nesle Hannoun: One day, when a female slave was pouring water over her husband's hands preliminary to his repast, he said to her: "Enough, my lamb." This was reported to his wife, and it filled her with ungovernable fury. Forthwith she ordered the girl to be killed, and then had her head stuffed with herbs, cooked in an oven and placed in a large dish covered with rice. When the *defterdar* came to his dinner his wife had the strange-looking dish placed before him, and then said to him: "My dear, help yourself to a piece of your lamb," when to his horror he discovered that it was the head of the poor girl to whom he had made the idle remark on the previous day.

In his disgust he threw his napkin down, left the table and did not enter the house for a year; for, though the most cruel man in Egypt, this barbarous act was more than even he could bear. It is said that no notice was taken of it by the authorities, and it is doubtful if they ever knew of it.

In another instance it is related that a black eunuch became enamored of a Circassian slave of rare beauty belonging to the hareem of a high personage, and of whom the master was very fond. As she naturally rejected the advances of the black wretch, he became enraged, and determined to have his revenge. One night he placed near the door of her room a soldier's overcoat, as if it had been forgotten by its owner. When the Pasha entered the hareem, preceded by two eunuchs with torches, one of the first things that attracted his attention was this masculine garment, and his suspicions were immediately excited. "What is this?" he demanded. "My master," answered the scheming emasculation, "I am sorry to say it, but it is

the coat of a man, and I have no doubt he is the lover of the Circassian, because it is not the first suspicious thing that I have seen about her apartment."

The Pasha, wild with jealousy, knocked loudly at the door of the unfortunate girl's room, and when she opened it, stabbed her to the heart without asking a question or excusing himself to any one.

The girl's body was placed in a sack and thrown that night into the Nile, while the master consoled himself with a new favorite, and nothing was ever said about the matter.

The Mohammedan law distinctly asserts the right of a master to kill his slave for any offense, while it only prescribes a brief imprisonment if he does so wantonly.

The number of concubines allowed by the Koran is not limited. Each Moslem is permitted to take as many as he can maintain, and he is virtually made the judge in the matter. The hareem of the Khedive is replenished annually by the importation of Circassians, a woman being specially designated for the task of making the selections. As there is only room for a certain number, places are made for the new relay by giving the old ones in marriage to the young effendis and beys, and as a considerable *dot* is always thrown in as an inducement, the refuse of the Khedive's hareem is in great demand in Cairo.

The slaves proper of the hareem are usually Nubians or Soudanese, and it is not lawful to take them as concubines or as wives. They are regarded as being of a lower cast, and are exclusively devoted to menial services.

It is appropriate to say in this connection that slavery at present only exists in the form of domes-

tic servitude, and that any slave has a right to his or her freedom by simply going into the streets and proclaiming it.

Of eunuchs I have already spoken at length, and I will only add that they are habitually cruel, mercenary and unscrupulous. They rule the women under them with a rod of iron, seemingly having no human sympathies, and yet, as a general rule, they can be bought by the highest bidder. Indeed, their love of money is something phenomenal, and their delight is to invest it in watch chains, rings, scarf-pins and every variety of jewelry.

They grow old rapidly, becoming either excessively corpulent or extraordinarily thin—either David Lamberts or Dr. Tanners. They are treated with infinite respect, and they have unlimited authority in the households over which they preside.

Women do not veil themselves when at home, but invariably do so in public—with the exception of those of the lowest orders. So sacred is the face of a woman that if it be seen by a man—with the exception of relatives and such as are prevented from marrying—she is regarded as having been polluted, and his life is at the mercy of the husband. The upper and back part of the head are also covered with special care, and many women prefer to expose their faces rather than to have them gazed upon by the opposite sex. As regards the rest of their person they are strangely indifferent, and it is not an uncommon thing to meet with women in the country around Cairo, and in the strictly native quarters of the city itself, with no other covering to their bodies than an old rag tied carelessly around their hips.

Whenever I entered a house professionally, I was received by the eunuch, who walked in advance of

me, calling out “*Destoor.*” “*Ya Sator*”—warnings to the women to vail or conceal themselves—and I was never permitted to see a female patient in a reclining posture. She was always compelled to sit up and was covered with the eternal *habarrah*, whatever her condition might be or however protracted my visit. Under no circumstances is a male physician permitted to an *accouplement*, and I have no doubt that many lives are consequently sacrificed to the perils of child-bearing, as their midwives are the most ignorant and superstitious in existence. To such an absurd extent is this idea of the sacredness of women carried, that entrance into the tombs of females is denied to the other sex, as, for instance, those of the Prophet’s wives and female relatives in the burial ground of *El-Medeeneh*.

There are two kinds of divorces known in Egypt, viz: the *partial* and the *complete*. By pronouncing the words: “I divorce you,” once or twice the marriage tie is severed, but the discarded wife can be taken back without another ceremony during the period of her *eddeh*—the time stipulated by the Koran during which she must wait before again contracting marriage—even if she has demanded her dowry and taken her children away with her. Such a separation as this is called a “partial divorce” or a “divorce in the first degree.” When, however, the species of divorce has been indulged in thrice or when the words of doom have been repeated three times in succession, the discarded wife cannot be reinstated in her marital rights until her *eddeh* is completed, another man has married and divorced her, and a new ceremony has been performed.

In a preceding letter I mentioned the means which are employed to bring repenting husbands and wives together, and it is unnecessary again to refer

to them further than to say that even *mustahalls* sometimes fall victims to love's enchantment, and refuse to surrender the wives which they have thus acquired. As it is next to an impossibility for a woman to procure a divorce—the laws being all made in favor of the men—the poor creature who has been thus appropriated has no redress, and nothing remains to her but to submit to her destiny. I should not however fancy the shoes of the afore-said *mustahall* from what I know of the sharpness of women's tongue in general and of those of Egypt in particular. Pandemonium itself must be an elysium compared with a *ménage* constructed out of such elements as these—a fortuitous husband and an outraged wife—and all that can be conceived of the disagreeable but the mildest dilution of misery contrasted with the doubly distilled extract of the infernal which such relations as these must serve to develop and perpetuate. For myself, I had rather seek peace and happiness in a den of vipers or a kennel of mad dogs than in the embraces of a woman thus entrapped and baffled. But *de gustibus non* applies equally to a *mustahall* as to the rest of the race, and it is not for me to comment upon the consequence of his bold venture for happiness and a hareem.

A Mussulman never takes his meals with his family, nor appears with them in public, and he esteems it an insult for any allusion to be made to them—even if it be a commonplace inquiry respecting their health.

One would suppose that hareem life—with its monotony, its seclusion, its purely sensual pleasures, and its subordination exclusively to the will of its master, possessed few attractions, and yet strange as it may appear, the daughters of the late Khedive and other Egyptian ladies who have received liberal

educations, and given an opportunity to contrast it with what we regard as a superior existence, have eagerly returned to it so soon as an occasion presented itself. For them the perpetual eating of sweetmeats, drinking of coffee, rehearsal of the traditions of El-Raschid, and the artistic adornment of their persons with *henna* and *kohl*, have more attractions than the charms of society, the pleasures of literary pursuits, the display of personal charms, the worship of fashion and the multitudinous incidents which constitute the sum and substance of a life of civilization.

Possibly it is the force of early prejudice, the railery of their untutored sisters, and the segregation from the friends and associates of their childhood which have proved the controlling influences in this regard, but the fact remains that they have returned to the seclusion of the hareem and the domination of its genderless tyrants, seemingly as a matter of preference and pleasure.

As already indicated, I spell the word hareem with an additional *e*, so as to make it conform to its pronunciation.

**K**—The *habarrah* is a mantle of voluminous folds which the women of Egypt wear universally. It covers the entire body, and disguises it as well—all who are covered with it looking alike, and being absolutely undistinguishable. Women of position have them made of *silk*, while those of less pretension content themselves with *calico*. The married affect *black silk* and the unmarried *white*.

**L**—In confirmation of what has already been said respecting Ismail Pasha, I introduce as a part

of the *res gestæ* or contemporaneous history the following letter written from Cairo in 1873 to a leading Baltimore paper, although it involves a repetition of a previous chapter. Its facts remain, but its predictions have not been fulfilled. Alas for the idleness of human calculations! God in His wisdom ordains and men in their folly intervene to disturb His plans and purposes. "The end is not yet."

CAIRO, EGYPT, Aug. 10, 1873.

To the EDITOR OF THE BALTIMORE BULLETIN.

DEAR SIR : Ismail Pasha, the Khedive of Egypt, is the grandson of Mehemet Ali, with whose name and deeds the world is familiar. His father, Ibrahim, scarcely less distinguished as a soldier than this "man of destiny" himself, and possessing an innate nobility of character and a skill in political affairs which would have rendered him a man of mark in any country, died, unfortunately, after having held the reins of government only for a brief period. Upon the death of Said Pasha, the Pachalik descended to his nephew, the present Viceroy, and he was crowned at Cairo some time in January, 1863—a little more than ten years ago.

The day which witnessed his accession to power was the most fortunate that ever dawned upon Egypt. Since that time she has played a new rôle in history. From a condition of degeneracy she has awakened to a mission of honor and prosperity. Into the "land of the Pharaohs" the light of a new destiny has streamed, scattering the mists of superstition and ignorance which had so long enshrouded its people, and diffusing instead the radiance of a more modern and inspiring civilization. In a word, he has brought peace, plenty, progress and independence to his countrymen, and has

proved himself the wisest and most successful ruler of the present century.

This may seem an extravagant statement, but it can be demonstrated by an appeal to facts and figures, as I shall proceed to show you.

Egypt, as you know, was the very cradle of the arts and sciences. From her the world received its first lesson in all that adorns, elevates and dignifies humanity. Her pristine glories dazzled the nations, and illustrated the noblest civilization of ancient days. Gradually, however, she lapsed from her high estate, and sank to a condition of utter demoralization and insignificance. Without discussing the causes which led to her downfall and perpetuated her abasement, it is sufficient to say, that for years of agony and humiliation she languished under the yoke of the Mamelukes, a band of desperadoes who filled the land with desolation, and stamped out the remnants of its spirit and intelligence. Fortunately for the interests of Egypt and of humanity, they received a terrible check at the hands of Napoleon, on that memorable day when "forty centuries looked down from the summits of the Pyramids" upon one of the most splendid victories that ever crowned his eagles; while Mehemet Ali subsequently annihilated their power, and freed his country from their domination.

Out of the chaos which consequently confronted him, this great man sought to evolve order and to restore the ancient glories of his country. Instinct with energy and aspiration himself, he attempted to arouse his lethargic countrymen to action, and to place them *en rapport* with the progressive spirit of the age. To this end he devoted himself to the establishment of colleges, the encouragement of agriculture, the fostering of manufactures, the introduction of foreigners into his

service, the disciplining of his army, and the development of a commerce which would again make his cities the great depots of the Orient. He shrank in fact from no obstacle or sacrifice or expenditure in the effort to revive the dormant energies of his people, and to secure the welfare and prosperity of the land which he loved so well. His efforts, however, were crowned only with a partial success. The loss of his intellect from advanced age and the untimely death of his son Ibrahim, prevented the complete realization of his designs, and left Egypt improved in many particulars, but not thoroughly redeemed. It was reserved, however, for Ismail Pasha to catch the inspiration of Mehemet's genius, and to consummate that policy to which he had consecrated his life. In proof of this, let me give you a brief resumé of the miracles which the Khe-dive has wrought within the last decade.

He has administered the laws with so much moderation and equity—has afforded such protection to life and property throughout his dominions—as to attract hither thousands of foreigners, whose capital, enterprise and culture have gone to swell the measure of Egypt's prosperity. For this reason, together with that inevitable multiplication which results from tranquillity and security, the population of the country has increased under his administration more than a million of souls—an augmentation without a precedent in its latter history. Guided by a like sagacity, he has devoted himself to agricultural pursuits with assiduity and intelligence, which have proved not only a source of incalculable wealth to him personally, but an example to his countrymen—which have given fresh impulses to husbandry, and increased rewards to its followers. It is in this way that the delta has been made to subjugate the desert, and its fertile plains to teem

with perennial harvests of wheat, corn, rice, barley and all the treasures of indigenous and exotic vegetation. It is thus that sugar has become an article of exportation, and that the cotton crop has been augmented from a few bags to nearly one million of bales annually. He has also dug canals and built railroads in every possible direction, so that fertility and the means of transportation—the Nile water and the iron horse—have been led through regions hitherto barren and inaccessible, and their productions made available to mankind. The results of his policy in these regards are exemplified in the increased exportation and importation of the country—the one having augmented *four-fold* and the other *three-fold*, within a period of ten years.

With the same resistless energy he has pushed the boundaries of his empire to the equator itself, reclaiming vast regions possessing great agricultural and mineral wealth, and bringing nations of barbarians under the influences of civilization and the protection of a stable government. In less than four years from to-day his great railroad will be built, and the heart of Africa forced to pulsate in unison with the world's civilization, and to pour its prolific tides into the bosom of Egypt, while the Suez canal—that wonderful triumph of human genius—will be exalted to a still grander mission of usefulness, and made the channel through which will flow alike the traffic of the three continents. For though this stupendous work may require the expenditure of millions of pounds, and a conflict with nature unprecedented in the annals of engineering, there is honor and profit for his country in it, and its consummation is only a question of time—a fact assured and inevitable with the great Khedive.

Equally has he proved himself the friend of art, science, agriculture, manufactures and commerce.

Upon them all he has lavished favors without reluctance or limitation, and they have flourished accordingly. This is evinced by the statues which, for the first time since the *hegira*, adorn the squares of Alexandria and Cairo; the savants who are so liberally supported at public expense; the palaces, theaters, seminaries, and private houses with which he has ornamented his principal cities; the machinery of every grade and variety wherein the country abounds, and the fleets of steamers and sailing ships which incessantly sail from the ports of Egypt bearing her products to the marts of the world. But it is not alone with physical grandeur that he has concerned himself; he has labored to introduce a new *regime* of intellectual and moral elevation among his people.

Education has found in him a steadfast friend. A ripe scholar himself, he has taken special pains not only to have his children, male and female, thoroughly educated, but to foster a similar spirit among all classes of his subjects. His pashas have been constrained to follow his example, and free schools have been established throughout Egypt, in which sixty-four thousand children are now being instructed gratuitously.

At the same time, he has had his soldiers instructed in all the practical branches, and has adopted a liberal system of furloughs, so that in the course of the year thousands visit their homes for the double purpose of tilling the soil and disseminating the seeds of knowledge which they have acquired. Nor has he neglected the education of his officers. He has reorganized the military academy at Abbasseigh after the plan of West Point, and employed the best available talent for its professorships. In this way his army has been made the conservator of a lasting peace and the

promoter of an advancing civilization—a shield of defense for his country and a fountain of enlightenment to his people.

But this is not all ; there is another particular in which he has conspicuously displayed his greatness as a man and his sagacity as a ruler. He has sought to improve the condition of the women of Egypt. His mother and his daughters have ever been the special objects of his love and solicitude. To the former a favor has never been refused, and for the latter the best teachers have been selected, and every effort made for their intellectual and moral advancement. It is said that of all the *fêtes* given last winter on the occasion of the marriage of the royal children, the most splendid was prepared for one of his daughters, and that he never appeared so gracious and happy as at that time. She married, as you know, Tossoun Pasha, son of Said Pasha, and one of the first gentlemen in the east—an important circumstance, by the way, as his “ persecution of the family of his uncle and predecessor ” has been the theme of many a lying letter from Egypt.

Not confining this work of reformation to his own family, he has made provision for the education of young girls generally. Both at Constantinople and at Cairo he has built female seminaries, and is now engaged in supplying them with teachers and with every appliance which the highest standard of modern instruction demands. His treatment, too, of the fair sex is invariably kind and polite, and, contrary to all the precedents of Islam, ladies are now received at the regal *fêtes*, and treated with the most marked consideration on all occasions. In fact, he has devoted his best energies to the task of elevating the women of the east to their legitimate position in society and the domestic circle—

to breaking the shackles which have so long bound them to a destiny of subordination, and to opening before them careers of honor and usefulness ; and the history of Egypt from the days of the Ptolemys downward contains no prouder page than that which tells of the moral victory which he won in this respect.

I must correct one statement which I have recently seen in an American paper, in order to do full justice to his character. Though he does wear the "*stambouline* and *tarbouche*," he is not so "bigoted a *Moslem*" as has been represented. Let me give you a few facts upon this point. Since his accession to the throne, a number of churches have been erected with his consent and upon land donated by him especially for the purpose, while the missionaries here—a band of faithful and efficient men—have received the most generous encouragement at his hands. His most confidential minister, Nuba Pasha, the present distinguished secretary of foreign affairs, and one of the ablest and shrewdest diplomats of the age, is a Christian, who has never pretended to conceal or recant his faith. He has likewise abolished "involuntary slavery" within his dominions, and has united with the world in an honest effort to annihilate the "slave trade." Surely if a tree is known by its fruits, the statement which attributes to him the slightest fanaticism must be taken *cum grano salis*, and regarded as an assertion in which the elements of ignorance and malice largely predominate. His acts indicate rather that liberal philosophy which the poet expresses when he writes :

"O'er adverse creeds let wild fanatics rave—  
The man who serves his God, that God will save ;  
To faithful souls of every clime is given,  
When earth is past, to taste a common Heaven !"

With the success which has crowned his foreign policy you are doubtless familiar. Mehemet Ali, with all his genius for arms and statesmanship, died simply a Viceroy, possessing only the shadows of royalty, while Egypt remained but a province of the Porte. Abbas and Said intrigued continually for an extension of their prerogatives, only to become more helplessly involved in the toils of their master, and to render their vassalage a matter of greater notoriety and of increased humiliation. To this great problem—so long the dream and the mockery of his family—Ismail has consecrated all the powers of his intellect, has solved it successfully to his own imperishable honor and the highest aggrandizement of his country. By successive firman from the Sultan, he has been made Khedive, which in the language of the east means little less than king, the right of succession has been secured to his own immediate family—so that his son and not the oldest descendant of his grandfather, as Mohammedan precedents require, is the prince *heritier*—and last, but not least in the scale of honor and importance, Egypt has virtually been restored to her legitimate position in the family of nations.

These details may wear the guise of fiction, but they are really the truth of history. There is no exaggeration or false coloring in the picture which I have attempted to draw for you. Everything here is instinct with the impress of his greatness. Egypt, in fact, from the Nyanza to the Mediterranean, is but one living eloquent and enduring monument of the genius and triumphs of her noblest son, the great Khedive.

In person Ismail Pasha is of medium height, with a well-developed head, and a countenance which recalls that of our handsome friend Col. Webster, collector of the port of Baltimore. His manner

is simple but courtly, his smile bright and friendly, and his whole bearing that of a polished gentleman and a good man. A casual observer might mistake him for an indolent oriental, disposed to "take things easy," and to "let the world wag," but one more accustomed to "the study of mankind" could not be thrown with him for the briefest period without discovering in the lights and lines of his seemingly placid face the indices of an indomitable will, a soaring ambition and a commanding intellect, controlled however by an intuitive sagacity which enforces patience, secrecy and prudence—a veritable Mehemet Ali improved by education, refined by foreign association, and tempered by the highest instincts of statesmanship, but unshorn of a single attribute of genius, energy or aspiration.

Such is the illustrious sovereign of Egypt, and upon the record thus recounted—the regeneration and disenthralment of his native land—I claim for him the first rank as a ruler and the highest honor as a man.

E. W.

It is twelve years since this letter was written, and within that period clouds have gathered and a storm has burst upon the head of this wonderful but unfortunate man. He who was then recognized as the model of sovereigns, the paragon of statesmen, and the regenerator of his country, has been driven from his throne, banished from his home, and made an outcast and a wanderer upon the earth.

"But yesterday the word of Cæsar might  
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,  
And none so poor to do him reverence."

And yet with a full knowledge of all the facts of

the case—including his alleged crimes, mistakes, and shortcomings—I have not a line to erase from my letter, but would rather emphasize and reiterate every word which I have written respecting him as a patriot, a ruler and a man.

Though driven from Egypt, his works remain there to proclaim his triumphs in the cause of progress, and his sacrifices for the peace, prosperity and happiness of his people—to attest the grasp of his intellect, the kindness of his heart, and the sublimity of his genius.

As the Pyramids are the grandest and most imposing monuments of Egypt's past history, so Ismail's labors for the moral and material improvement of his country are the noblest and grandest achievements in her later records, and thus linked indissolubly—the more memorable from their associations and the more conspicuous because of the contrast of their inspirations—they are destined to loom up through the cycling ages, the wonder and the admiration of mankind.

**M—*Coffee*** is the great national drink of the Egyptians. They begin, continue and end the day with it. The story goes that its discovery was made in the latter part of the seventh century of the Flight—*i.e.* the thirteenth of the Christian era—by a devotee named Omar, who having been forced by persecution to a certain mountain with a few fellows was induced to try a decoction of coffee-berries as food, with the result of discovering its virtues as a beverage. It was, however, not until two centuries later that the use of coffee became common in Egypt, where it has ever since been used most lavishly. It is easy to understand its popularity, when the Prophet's injunction against wine is considered,

and in view of the necessity for the employment of some agent to induce wakefulness by those who devote their nights to prayer.

Whenever a social visit is paid, a cup of coffee is offered as a token of good will and welcome. Should the host have another engagement, and desire to be left alone, a *second* cup is offered, which the visitor understands as a delicate hint to leave, and which he accepts without taking the slightest offense. I make this discovery by an experience, which though instructive was correspondingly embarrassing. I once visited Efftatoon Pasha, an intelligent man and a perfect master of the English language, and as I found his conversation exceedingly entertaining, I sat an hour or more with him. During the visit, to my astonishment, he had coffee served six different times, but as it was of excellent quality, and I am a dear lover of it, I paid no attention to the matter, supposing it to be one of the customs of the country. Finally the old fellow, losing patience at my pertinacity, rose from his chair, and remarked : “I really must go, for I have a pressing engagement ; and seeing that you do not understand the etiquette of our country in regard to the matter of coffee, I will explain it to you. The *first* cup of coffee offered to a guest on his arrival is one of welcome, the *second* cup says to him : ‘ You must excuse me now, as I have an engagement,’ both being offered in a spirit of politeness.” I thanked his excellency warmly, bade him good morning, and never forgot the lesson which he had given me.

What a blessing it would be if such a custom existed in civilized countries—a means by which to get rid of a bore without wounding his feelings!

Tobacco is used by the Egyptians to a corresponding excess. It is a rare thing to meet a man in

Cairo without finding him engaged in smoking, and either a cigarette or a pipe is offered to every visitor. The traditional pipe has given place in a great measure to the cigarette, while cigars are almost unknown save in the palaces of the rich.

One of the principal hardships of the *Ramadan* is the deprivation which it enforces of the use of tobacco, and more souls are sacrificed to the cigarette—if disobedience of the Koran in this regard be really the serious sin it is represented—than to any other forbidden object.

**N**—General *W. W. Loring* was born in the State of Florida, but of parents who immigrated from North Carolina. He commenced his career when only eighteen years of age by fighting the Seminoles. He then entered the United States Army, lost an arm while gallantly leading a charge in the attack on the City of Mexico, and rose to the grade of colonel. He took sides with the South, distinguished himself in several battles, and was made a major-general. He was one of the first Americans who entered the service of the Khedive, commanded for several years in the city of Alexandria, was sent to Abyssinia as chief of staff—a position which was rendered one of great responsibility and embarrassment by the obstinacy and incompetency of the commander of the army—received several decorations and was made a general of division—Fereek Pacha—by the Khedive, and finally resigned his commission and returned to the United States. He has recently published a work entitled “A Confederate Soldier in Egypt,” which is written in a polished and forcible style, and contains much useful information and many interesting personal

incidents. I am indebted to it for much of the substance-matter of this volume.

He ought to be in the United States Senate, and I hope sincerely that his native State will some day honor herself by sending him there.

**O**—The *private physician* of the Khedive was Bourguers-Bey, a Frenchman of fine education, much professional ability and most courteous manners. He subsequently lost his position because of the unexpected and doubtless inevitable death of his highness' youngest daughter, the Princess Zanrab, to whom her father was devotedly attached. He seemed to understand the peculiarities of the Khedive's constitution, and was for many years his intimate friend as well as trusted medical adviser.

The favor of princes is always uncertain, and especially is this true in Egypt, where intrigue is rampant, and the shoes of a favorite are ever the objects of a sleepless ambition. The only real successful thing that I found there was success, while failure invariably invoked disgrace and humiliation.

**P**—*Lunatics and idiots*, as I have remarked, are the objects of special respect among the Egyptians. They believe that the souls of such persons have already been taken to heaven, and that they are the particular favorites of *Allah*. Whatever they may do, their acts do not injure their reputation or their sanctity, inasmuch as their spirits are with God, and absorbed in His worship. Such persons are called *welees*, and they are supposed to be endowed with mysterious and miraculous powers. The principal or *sheik* of this class of saints is called a *kutb*, and it is believed that the Prophet

Elijah held that position in his day, and that he still selects his successors, and invests them with their peculiar prerogatives.

These *welees* sometimes do the most extraordinary things, or rather curious stories are told of them. It is said that there is a *welee* in Cairo at this moment who has fastened an iron collar around his neck, and chained himself to the wall, where he has remained for a number of years, eating only such articles of food as are brought to him, and engaged in praying and in the pious task of relieving the barrenness of the women of his neighborhood.

Lane states that he was told the following story—the narrator seeming to believe it. A *welee* was accidentally beheaded for crime, and his blood having trickled upon the sand, the discovery was made that distinct Arabic characters had been constructed out of it, which read in this wise: “I am a welee of Allah, and have died a martyr.”

It is difficult to understand how the human mind can surrender itself to such absurd superstitions, and yet such is the fanaticism of the Arabs that faith in these beings is an essential element of their religious creed.

**Q**—*Abbas Pasha*, the grandson of Mehemet Ali, succeeded Ibrahim Pasha—the father of Ismail—as Viceroy of Egypt.

He was renowned for his illiberality and cruelty—was a thorough Turk and a heartless tyrant. He despised foreigners, and pursued his own people with vindictive malice. Even his nearest relatives did not escape outrage and persecution at his hands. Indifferent to public interests, he only sought to fill his own coffers with gold by the systematic spoliation of the people, confining them to pestilen-

tial prisons or putting them to death if they murmured or resisted.

At the same time he plumed himself on his piety, and made a great parade over his observance of the requirements of the Koran. He robbed and murdered at discretion, but always in the name of Allah, and professedly for the benefit of *Islam*. He violated without compunction the laws of God and man, and yet boasted of the fervor of his faith and the purity of his religion.

I have never contemplated his character and conduct without recalling a certain Irishman, Mister Patrick O'Ruke, who some time before the war found his way into one of the eastern counties of North Carolina. On one occasion, for Patrick was a great rascal, he was arraigned for the theft of some sheep, the property of one of his neighbors, and the evidence being conclusive against him, he was promptly convicted by the jury.

Judge Heath, who was a devoted Catholic and the only one, save Patrick, in that section of the country, then called him up, and asked if he had anything to urge in mitigation of the sentence which the law prescribed, viz: "forty save one on his naked back."

Patrick came forward without hesitation, and, in the most self-assured manner possible, made the following appeal: "It is true, your honor, that me conduct has been very bad indade, and that I have done many things for which me consunch reproves me entirely, and that will be shure to hurt me poor dead mither's falins when she hears of them, but I did not take the shape of Mistress Spruil, indade, indade, for that would have been against me religion, and may it plaze your honor, it's the Lord's truth that in the maidst of all my rascality I have preserved me religion intact."

So Abbas, though he stained his hands with blood and his soul with crime, pretended to "preserve his religion intact" throughout the whole of his long and disgraceful career.

It is told of Abbas that, on one occasion, while walking through the *Mouski*, his attention was attracted by a dispute between a market-woman and a soldier. Demanding to know the cause of the difficulty, he was informed by the woman that the soldier had seized her jug of milk, drunk its contents and then refused to pay her for it. The soldier protested his innocence, declaring that he had drunk no milk that day, and that she had made a mistake in accusing him of the theft. "I will settle the matter," said the pasha, and he deliberately commanded that the abdomen of the accused should be ripped open, so as to determine whether or not there was milk in his stomach—and had the order executed in his presence.

He was eventually murdered by two slaves, the gift of his aunt, the notorious Neslé Hannoun, who arranged for their flight, and subsequently overwhelmed them with favors—thus demonstrating her complicity in the crime.

His prime minister hoping to perpetuate his own power, endeavored to conceal the fact of his master's death until his son could reach Cairo and seize the reins of government; and, as a means to that end, he dressed the body of the dead pasha in a conspicuous uniform, propped it up in a state carriage, and having seated himself by the side of the corpse, had it driven through the principal streets of Cairo. The intrigue failed, however, for in the very midst of it the author himself was disposed of by means of the traditional cup of poisoned coffee, which in this instance at least was made to

subserve the ends of justice by securing a succession in conformity with Moslem law and usages.

His reign was not however absolutely barren of results, for though the implacable enemy of foreigners, he permitted the construction of the railroad from Alexandria to Cairo, and his name will descend to posterity in association with it.

The wife of Tewfick Pasha, the present Khedive, is the grandchild of Abbas Pasha, and she is said to be an unusually handsome and intelligent woman.

**R**—The word *Kismet* is used to express the ordained—the manifestation of the hand of God. The Moslems are fatalists, but not predestinationists, believers in the inevitable, but not in the pre-ordained. *Allah* to them is a personal God, endowed with omnipotence, but approachable and responsive to human supplications rather than the embodiment of immutable designs and unchanging purposes. Whatever occurs is the expression of God's volition, and not the result of original plans and an inevitable necessity. Hence their prayers, fasts and pilgrimages. They have faith in the immediate interposition of the Supreme Being in human affairs and they invariably invoke it. When I succeeded in saving the life of Kassim Pasha, they exclaimed "*Kismet!*"—meaning that God had intervened specially and used me as His instrument—that I was commissioned by Heaven to do its will in rescuing him from the grave; and when Amien Pasha insisted that I should restore the vision of his sightless eyes, he attributed to me divine inspiration as a physician.

This was an unfortunate reputation, since it was impossible to maintain it, as the sequel demonstrated.

The Arabs possess no courage, and yet they are thorough fatalists. They shrink from pain and danger, and still they accept death cheerfully. They are the poorest of soldiers and the most sublime of martyrs.

These contradictions result from the reciprocal action and reaction of the elements of a weak character, and a religion which promises the most abundant sensual rewards to its professors.

To be killed in battle is to become a martyr and to receive the recompense of martyrdom—to be admitted immediately to the enjoyments of the delicious fruit and the sweet waters of paradise, and ultimately to the possession of its pearly tents and its ravishing *Houris*.

**S**—The *recruiting system* of Egypt is unique. When a demand for recruits is made of the *sheik* of a village he begins by seizing those who are richest, and when they have been found incapable of performing military duty, *i. e.*, have purchased their discharge, he selects another lot, whose capability is determined by the same standard, and so on until the complement is secured—being exclusively composed of the impecunious. Those selected are then sent to Cairo for examination, where the condition of their purses more than of their physical systems is investigated, and if they are rejected in part or wholly, the *sheik* makes another levy similar in character to the original one, raising at the same time the price of exemption.

The absorbing thought of the average Egyptian is how to escape military service, for he regards it as hard and hopeless servitude, and his talent in feigning disease and disability is, as I have remarked before, something remarkable.

I remember, among a countless number of attempts at deception, an instance in which a recruit had apparently but one eye. The lids were not only closed in a natural manner, but when forcibly separated only a dark mass presented itself. Examining it with a glass, I came to the conclusion that the object which presented itself was no pathological product, and proceeding further I extracted the fragment of a leaf which had been trimmed to the proper shape and size and inserted so skillfully beneath the lids as to completely cover and conceal as sound an eye as existed in Egypt.

On another occasion there was brought before me the most wretched-looking specimen of humanity that I ever beheld. He seemed to be at least seventy years of age, to be bent nearly double and to require the support of a long staff to enable him to drag himself along, while he sighed and groaned as if each step caused the greatest agony. He was clad only in a tattered and dirty pair of pants, while the upper portion of his body was perfectly naked, except that a soiled rag was tied around his right arm. I was disposed to reject him at first sight, and to reprimand the *sheik* who had brought so dilapidated a *viellard* to the Citadel.

Going up to him, I placed my hand on the rag encircling his arm, to ascertain what it meant or concealed, when I felt something hard within it, while the wretch gave me a cunning wink. On further examination I found that the rag contained fifty *louis*, and I took in the situation in an instant. It was intended that I should discover and appropriate the gold, and then quietly let its owner go free; or, in other words, having in view the standard of Egyptian officials generally, he was covertly attempting to bribe me into rejecting him as a recruit. "Put this man in the army," I

roared out, "and I am strongly inclined to have him given the *kourbache* besides." The moment that was interpreted to him he threw away his staff, assumed the erect posture and flew out of the room as lightly as a deer. I suppose he is now fighting the Mahdi, if death or desertion has not removed him from the muster-roll of the army.

How many bent backs, paralyzed limbs and ankylosed joints I cured with chloroform I have not a record, but I am sure they amounted to many hundreds.

Sympson little dreamed of the service which he was rendering to the Khedive when he discovered this pain-quieting and truth-revealing agent.

It was not until my experience with the recruits that I had a conception of the injury which is wrought by ophthalmia among the inhabitants of Egypt, or of their ideas respecting its treatment. A large majority of those who came before me for examination had suffered from it to a greater or less extent, and bore the marks of it.

Their reliance is mainly upon charms for the cure of this disease and others. Some, for this purpose, take a piece of dried mud from the banks of the Nile, and crossing over from Bulak deposit it at Imbabeh, a small village on the opposite shore. Others suspend from the head-dress a Venetian seguin, taking care to select one in which the figures upon either side correspond in position. Strange to say, if a person with such a coin or a new five-franc piece enters the room of one suffering from the disease, he is supposed to intensify it.

One of the most common methods of healing this disease, and, indeed, all others, is to write prayers and verses from the Koran on strips of paper, then to immerse them in water until they

have become thoroughly disintegrated, and to drink the resultant mixture. Quite an amusing story is told in this connection. It runs in this wise : A sick Arab called a foreign physician to see him, and the doctor, not being able to find a suitable piece of paper in the house, wrote his prescription upon a fragment of rough brown paper. Some time afterward meeting his patient in the street, he stopped him and inquired respecting his health, and the effect of the prescription. "*Allah* be praised for saving me," the pious Muslim replied. "It took nearly all day to dissolve so that I could swallow it at all, and when I did succeed in getting it down it gave me such a colic that I came near dying of it." The ignoramus, true to the habit of a lifetime and the superstitions of his country, instead of procuring and taking the dose which the prescription called for, had attempted to dissolve the paper in a glass of water, and then had swallowed the concoction.

A patient of my own exhibited equal ignorance and superstition. Coming to my house on one occasion he asked for a remedy for diarrhoea, and I gave him an opium pill. Meeting him some months after he stopped my carriage, and, with many expressions of gratitude and laudations of the efficacy of the pill—which he declared had not only cured him at once, but had kept him well for six months—earnestly requested another. Delighted with the success of my remedy, I asked some questions respecting its mode of action, when I was amazed to hear him say that he had "only lost it on yesterday." Further investigation revealed the fact that he had not swallowed it, but had faithfully worn it as a charm about his neck, and that he had derived the greatest possible benefit from "the remedy."

In the large, open space on the west side of the citadel is a building called *Maghsel-es-Sultan*, containing a stone table upon which the bodies of criminals executed by decapitation are washed previous to their interment, and beneath this table is a trough filled with blood and putrescent water—for it is never emptied or cleaned. The most sovereign cure for ophthalmia known to the Arabs is a pilgrimage to this place, and the performance of a certain ceremony after getting there. Observing the most profound silence—for the utterance of a single word is supposed to break the spell—and repeating certain verses from the Koran, the victim of ophthalmia passes under this stone table seven times with his left foot carried foremost, and then washes his face in the polluted water contained in the trough. Many women do the same thing, in order to be relieved of barrenness, or to bring about delivery in cases of protracted pregnancy.

Another popular cure is to hang from their necks the finger of a Christian or a Jew, cut from a corpse and dried.

**T**—*Bribery and corruption* existed to a fearful extent. Being poorly and irregularly paid at best, and with that elasticity of conscience which belongs to the east, many officials thought it no crime to make money out of the government, by fair means or foul. My predecessor in office enriched himself by the sale of furloughs and discharges, but a timely discovery and a prolonged mission to the Soudan interfered with the enjoyment of his fortune. The prince minister informed me that bribery had been the special crime of the medical department, and that it had cost Egypt thousands of good soldiers. When it was discovered that I

could not be directly approached, the attempt was constantly made to reach me through Achmed and William. Hundreds of pounds were offered them, but they were thoroughly honest, and they rejected the offers with disdain.

Of course there were many officials above corruption and as honorable in all regards as any men upon the earth; but I am convinced that the American officers rendered incalculable service to Egypt in giving to it the example of a higher standard of probity than it had ever known before.

If Ismail Pasha possessed all the money of which he was robbed while occupying the Khedival throne he would to-day be the richest man in Europe. Such I know to be his own opinion.

I have previously remarked that intrigue was rampant in Egypt, and I will give you an illustration of the truth of my assertion, which fortunately has an agreeable side to it.

The contract for butter was a most important one, as the soldiers use a large quantity of semi-rancid grease, which they call by this name, with their vegetables. In 1874 this contract was obtained by a certain German, and as it required the outlay of several thousand pounds sterling he was compelled to invite a rich native to participate in it in order to raise the necessary funds, though he kept the fact to himself. After the butter had been purchased, accepted, and partially consumed, the minister of war was induced by some adroit and unscrupulous enemies of the contractor—who used the soldiers as their tools in the matter—to believe that the butter was of inferior quality, and to reject it and advertise for another supply. The German was in despair, for utter ruin stared him in the face. Finally he and his silent partner—the native to whom I have referred—hit upon the

following adroit scheme for their relief and protection: The native came forward, and with many pious denunciations of the "Christian dog" who had thus attempted to deceive the Khedive and outrage the soldiers by furnishing butter of an inferior quality, persuaded the minister to give the contract to him, and then supplied the very butter which he and the German had originally purchased.

The army was delighted with the change; it was pronounced the finest butter that had ever been furnished. The contrast between Moslem faith and Christian fraud was universally indulged in; and the German and his native coadjutor were not only saved from bankruptcy but were made superlatively happy by the realization of a handsome profit from their investment.

I discovered the subterfuge some months after the change of contractors, and I had a long and anxious debate with myself as to whether to reveal it or not; but, in view of the fact that the butter was perfectly acceptable to the soldiers and that the discovery of the deception would have led to the complete ruin of the parties interested, without benefiting the Khedive or the country, I held my tongue, and I have never regretted having done so. What would you have done under similar circumstances?

**U**—*Colonel Prout* greatly distinguished himself while in the service of the Khedive. His report on Darfour and Kardofan is a most able and scientific production, adding materially to the world's knowledge of those distant provinces, and showing him to be an indefatigable explorer and an accomplished scientist.

He especially attracted the attention of General Gordon, and was made the vice-governor-general of the Soudan—an exalted position for so young a man.

His high moral character and his accomplishments as a gentleman won universal respect in Egypt, and it was a source of universal regret when the condition of his health compelled him to leave the service of the Khedive.

Colonel Dye, now chief of the police of Washington, D. C., has published a history of the Abyssinian campaign, and barring some regretable personalities, the work is a very valuable and interesting one. He had received a regular military education at West Point, and he proved himself a most efficient officer.

In the American colony in Egypt, as is usual in small communities—especially abroad—there were some heart-burnings and hard feelings, but for one I have tried to forget them, and such I hope and believe to be the sentiment and the line of conduct of all who served the Khedive. On the whole, I think that our country was well represented in Egypt, and that the impress of American mind will be felt there for many years to come.

**V**—The snake “charmers” of Egypt have been described by all who have written on that country. They are divided into several classes, each claiming some special accomplishment. The class to which I have referred are known as *rifaee* or *saadee darwishes*, and they make it their vocation to rid houses of serpents. I naturally supposed that the whole affair was a trick, and that they had introduced the snakes into my stable with the connivance of the syce. Many reliable Egyptians with

whom I talked on the subject assured me that I was wrong in this suspicion, and that the *sheiks* actually possess the power of determining the presence of these reptiles and of inducing them to appear. Lane, who lived long in Egypt, and investigated the matter critically, says that he has known of instances of their success in this connection in which deception was impossible. He says also that if they discover a venomous serpent they extract his fangs before handling them.. From William's account their anxiety when the *syce* disappeared, and their joy when the snakes had bitten him, were certainly genuine.

Other classes of "charmers" can constantly be seen about the streets performing tricks with serpents and scorpions which would chill one's blood but for the reflection that the fangs of the one and the poison of the other have been carefully extracted.

At many of their religious festivals *darwishes* eat living snakes as a part of their devotions, seemingly without disgust and with impunity.

I cannot permit the occasion to pass without relating a snake story, which, though not connected in any way with Egypt, is sufficiently amusing in itself to be appropriate here:

Dr. H., then of Gatesville, North Carolina, and remarkable for the corpulency of his person and the dignity of his bearing, showed his devotion to natural history by keeping several *rattlesnakes* in his room safely caged, as he supposed, in a box which had been specially constructed for the purpose. One night, after he had retired, he was awakened by hearing the reptiles crawling over the floor and springing their rattles in the most threatening manner. Here was a dilemma indeed, for the light had been extinguished, the table upon

which were matches and a candle was beyond the reach of his hand, and the building in which he lived was remote from other habitations and contained not another human being.

Frightened nearly to death, not daring to put his feet to the floor, and expecting every moment to feel the cold body of one of the reptiles in contact with his person, he sprang to one of the bed-posts—the bedstead fortunately being an old-fashioned high-poster—climbed to its summit and remained clinging there, notwithstanding his ponderosity and unfamiliarity with gymnastic feats, crying out: “Murder! Fire! Help! Help!” at the pitch of his voice, until some negroes passing to their work on the succeeding morning overheard his frantic appeals, dispatched his dangerous playthings, and relieved him from his disagreeable predicament. That night’s experience thoroughly cured him of his love of natural history, and he showed fight for the remainder of his days whenever the word “snake” was mentioned in his presence.

**W**—In connection with the matter of *secret denunciation* and the system of espionage still employed by the police of Paris, some curious revelations are given by M. Andrieux, deputy for Lyons, and himself a former prefect of police in Paris, in the “Recollections” he is publishing in the journal, the *Ligue*, which he recently founded. He states that, when he took possession of his post at the prefecture, his secretary brought to him a voluminous portfolio or *dossier* containing all the reports and denunciations previously made against him to the police, and which are carefully preserved in the archives. M. Andrieux confirms the statement that every person of note from position, birth, for-

tune, beauty, etc., has his or her account open at the prefecture. These are classed in three categories by the color of the covers in which these documents are contained. The most numerous are the blue, reserved for politicians and leading members of society ; yellow is for criminals, and white for the affairs concerning public morals. All information concerning each person, whether derived from direct reports or newspaper paragraphs or anonymous letters, is preserved until wanted, and M. Andrieux was convinced by his own experience how large a share of these details are calumnies. He nevertheless, taking a professional view, thinks the system an excellent one, provided that the contents of these *dossiers* are not revealed to private individuals. The government, he remarks, often requires to know what has been said or written of a person to whom its attention has been directed, and even the most lying imputation may throw a gleam of light on the obscurity. It was generally supposed that such police surveillance existed only in Russia, but espionage is apparently not the appanage of any particular form of government. M. Andrieux relates that he carried his *dossier* away with him and had it bound and placed in his library, forgetting the articles of the penal code, which punish with fine and imprisonment the abstraction and removal of documents from the public offices and archives.

**X**—*Scandal agencies* or establishments for the collection of information respecting the character and conduct of private individuals abound in this city, and they are a disgrace to it and to the civilization of the age. As has recently been shown by a notorious case in Paris, it is possible for a consid-

eration to have the privacy of any person invaded and to procure the most scandalous information concerning them, without regard to truth, and in violation of every law of decency and propriety. A wretch connected with one of them has just met his death at the hands of an outraged woman, and it would prove a blessing to humanity were the race exterminated. I append an advertisement of one of these agencies taken from the *Figaro*. So long as they exist the character of no man or woman is secure from slander and injury.

“INVESTIGATIONS OFFICIEUSES dans l’- intérêt privé des gens du monde, des familles et des négociants.—MISSIONS DE CONFIANCE.— RECHERCHES de toute nature en France et à l’étranger.—RENSEIGNEMENTS INTIMES et CONFIDENTIELS.—M. FAUCHE, 37 rue Saint- André des Arts—20e année.”

Such is the civilization of the nineteenth century.

**Y**—Letters. The subjoined letters were addressed to me at the close of the exhibition of 1878 :

NAVY DEPARTMENT,

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 1, 1879.

SIR: The Department learns through a communication made by First Lieutenant B. R. Russell, senior officer of the Marine Corps, lately on duty at the Paris exhibition, of your voluntary professional services to the members of the guard while in Paris. Lieut. Russell reports that you volunteered your services on the arrival of the marines,

and that you were most faithful to them during their stay in Paris.

It gives me great pleasure as the head of the Department of the Navy, of which the Marine Corps is a branch, to thank you for your generous course to Lieut. Russell and his command, fully believing that your courtesy and professional services contributed greatly to their health and comfort.

I am, sir, very respectfully yours,  
(Signed :) R. W. THOMPSON,  
*Secretary of the Navy.*

Dr. EDWARD WARREN, Paris, France.

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HEADQUARTERS MARINE CORPS,  
COMMANDANT'S OFFICE,  
WASHINGTON, D. C., February 1, 1879.

SIR: I have been informed by Lieutenant Russell, commanding a detachment of the United States Marine Corps serving at the Paris exposition, that you volunteered your professional services for his command upon his arrival in Paris, and that you have been most faithful in your attention.

Permit me, as commandant of the United States Marine Corps, in its name to tender you my most sincere thanks for your thoughtful and disinterested kindness.

It will afford me much pleasure to bring it to the notice of the Hon. Secretary of the Navy.

Yours respectfully,  
C. G. M. GAWLEY,  
*Colonel Commandant.*

Dr. EDWARD WARREN, Paris, France.

U. S. FRIGATE "CONSTITUTION,"

HAVRE, FRANCE, *January 8, 1879.*

SIR: Before leaving France I desire to express my thanks to you for your kind attention to the marine guard under my command. Your prompt attention in the treatment of my men, who have required your services, and your many excellent suggestions for the guarding of their general health, have been of invaluable assistance to me in keeping my men up to the high standard so necessary when on service in a foreign country. I have addressed an official letter to the commandant of the United States Marine Corps, stating the importance of your services, and recommending that a letter of recognition be addressed to you from headquarters, as being more befitting than any from myself.

Very respectfully,

B. R. RUSSELL,  
*First Lieutenant U. S. M. C.,*  
*Commanding Officer.*

Dr. EDWARD WARREN-BEY, Paris.

**Z**—The *Order of the Legion of Honor* of France was instituted by Napoleon I on the 19th of May, 1802, and was designed as a reward for military or civil services, merit and worthy deeds.

The political changes which have since occurred in France have had no influence upon the destiny of this order, as it has been in turn confirmed alike by the government of the Bourbons, of the Orléanists and of the Republic.

Its members are divided into four classes, viz: Grand crosses, grand officers, commanders, officers and chevaliers, and all who are admitted to it must begin with the lowest rank—that of chevalier.

Membership can only be lost by disenfranchisement or the conviction of some crime, recognized as such by the penal code of France.

It is a rare circumstance for a foreigner to be promoted in this order, and a large majority who receive it live and die chevaliers, nor is promotion a matter of much consequence as is the right to wear "*le ruban rouge*," which counts in this country.

The penalty for wearing its insignia without authorization is a severe one, as its prerogatives are guarded with ceaseless vigilance, and no deception in this regard is tolerated.

As the order is greatly esteemed in France, many persons seek foreign decorations, the ribbons of which correspond in color with that of the Legion of Honor, so that they may be taken for its members. This is notably true of the order of Christ of Portugal, and it is consequently in great demand. Of late the authorities have compelled the members of such orders to wear appropriate insignia so as to distinguish them and to prevent imposition.

As the first wish of every Frenchman's heart is to possess "the Cross," you can well understand the nature and extent of the efforts which are made to obtain it. For it the midnight lamp is trimmed, the perils of savage lands are dared, the forlorn hope is led and death in every form is braved, while intrigue has no shoal or depth which is not sounded. The desire for social recognition or rehabilitation furnishes perhaps still the strongest incentive in this regard, for whatever may have been the status or the antecedents of the *decoré*, "the Cross" makes him at once the peer of the proudest of his compatriots, and answers all questions respecting his past history. The *dossier* of every aspirant is demanded of the prefect previous to his nomination, but I

suppose that secret denunciations are taken *cum grano salis* in this regard.

I am convinced that an honor of this kind, one which is at once a meed of distinction and a badge of respectability, and is within the reach of every one, however humble his origin or insignificant his influence, exercises a potent influence for good in France. An order of chivalry having honor as its foundation, and whose portals cannot be opened with gold, is certainly less antagonistic to a republican form of government and more elevating in its influences upon a people than the moneyed monopolies which are the curse of our country. It is an agreeable thing to carry a badge which proclaims that its owner has been honored by his country for good deeds or great attainments, and which commands the respect and consideration of all who see it.

I am under special obligations in this connection to M. Waddington, the late minister of foreign affairs and the present minister to the Court of St. James, and I realized that I could not owe a debt of gratitude to a better or an abler man. He is of English descent, and his wife is an American, a daughter of the late Charles King, of New York, and a worthy representative of her country in all regards.



## ERRATUM.

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The author not having been able to revise the proofs, in consequence of his absence from the country, an occasional error has occurred in the volume, mostly of proper names, (notably "Maria Jones" for "Maria Innes," on page 46,) a fault which will no doubt be readily overlooked.

