

The Haik.

An Armenian Organ.

Semi-Monthly.

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GREAT IS THE SULTAN!

The Powers have just joined in bombarding not the palace of the Great Assassin or any of his murderous troops but Cretan Christians who had continued to fight for their freedom despite the order of the Powers. This is very encouraging for the Moslems of the island and the assassin Sultan and all his accomplices. It will be interesting to see the articles of the Turkish journals commenting upon this wonderful action of the Powers. It would be more interesting, I mean more amusing, to listen to a conversation of the Turks on this piece of intelligence. Of course, the Great Powers were ordered by the greatest of all, the Sultan, to fight for him, to send warships and troops to the island, and the Powers obeyed His Majesty's orders immediately! This seems to the Turks so

natural! They sincerely believed that their great Sultan, two years ago, invested the Czar Nicholas II with imperial authority, on the occasion of his coronation, by sending him a sword by his delegates!

Dr. Trowbridge, the lamented president of the Central Turkey College at Aintab, told me that, in 1862, while going from Trebizond to Constantinople, he made, on board of the steamer, the acquaintance of a notable Turk, who, on learning from Dr. Trowbridge about the civil war in the United States, asked him whether the kings of America "had got the permission of the Sultan to wage war."

Turkish ignorance is dense beyond American belief.

The result of the intervention of the Powers in the Cretan crisis are yet to be seen, but one result, so far as the Asiatic or Armenian side is concerned, is sure to be an increase of persecution of the Christians. The Moslems know one thing most assurdely, namely, that their great Sultan is favorable to the massacre of the Christians, and now that the Powers have used their canons against the Christians in Crete, the Turks will see in that a new guarantee of impunity and a further encouragement to merrily go on in their way.

May be the Turks are right, after all, in regarding the Powers as the vassals of their Sultan. Mr. Gladstone knows best of all how the Powers are to be congratulated on their dignified position!

The Haik,

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BY

M. S. GABRIEL, M.D.,

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THE BLOODY PEACE

The Governments of Europe are still pretending that their efforts are calculated to preserve peace. A peace so formidably armed and by such material and moral sacrifices maintained is hardly worth the name. It is the most unpeaceful peace the century has witnessed, and the most bloody too. It is burdened with 150,000 dead from Armenia alone. Do great wars cost more lives than that? And yet there is no war, according to the guardians of European peace. Bleeding Armenia is raising his wounded arm to protest against the hypocrisy of the Powers and watches anxiously the development of events. According to Armenian presentiment, war shall come as if a second coming of Christ to judge the nations of the earth. Let the wicked tremble.

NEW PUBLICATION

CHRISTIAN ARMENIA AND THE CHRISTIAN POWERS

An Address

by

M. S. GABRIEL

TO AMERICAN CHURCHES

This address explains the origin of the Armenian Question and expresses the reproachful sentiment of the Armenians regarding the Governments of Europe.

Price 10 cents. Address Editor of HAIK.

LETTER FROM EGUIN, ARMENIA

A WONDERFUL STORY.

Four Days in a Subterranean Grave in Order to Escape Massacre.

About the middle of May last the military physician warned me that some disorder would take place by night; this warning, coming as it did from a Turk well-informed of the secret doings of the Moslem notables, confirmed our suspicion that, despite the assurances given by the authorities, our city was to have its share in the general baptism with blood. An influential Turk had promised us refuge in his house in the event of trouble, but we thought it best to trust in no body and decided to prepare for us a safe hiding place. Fire also was to be reckoned with, therefore we chose the orchard of a poor family, far from our house, and taking off three of the lowest stones of a wall in the orchard, we operated a passage and dug out a sort of grave 6 or 7 foot deep, capable of containing five or six persons huddled closely together. Tubes were established in the wall for the purpose of giving passage to air. Over our grave there were fig plants in a very natural state.

On Sept. 14, Monday, we noticed that the market presented an abnormal aspect. Soldiers were patrolling the business place, and were accompanied by bugle-men and colonels. The Turks pressed our neighbor, a tailor, to give back their pieces of clothing unfinished. The tempest was impending, we left our store and took the direction of our hiding place, but each of us (three brothers) following a different route in order to escape observation. We had already made arrangements for the refuge of the ladies and children of our household, for whom the danger of slaughter was not so great as for the adult males. We, three brothers, and five other friends, all men from 18 to 38 years old, crept one after

the other into our subterranean hiding place, a voluntary grave, Tuesday morning early, and, upon us, a little girl put the stones in place and got away.

The grave was the closest place we had ever been in, it was damp, the air insufficient and the room by far too small for eight men. We were breathing with difficulty and perspiring in profusion. For several hours we heard nothing indicative of any disorder and began to hope that the city would perhaps once more be saved. But suddenly at 11 A. M., the firing began. Hundreds of rifles were thundering at a time. We were struck with terror. The mobs were not very long to reach our quarter, and we could, in trembling, hear the breaking of doors, the shrieks of the women and children, the mad shouts of the rabble. The men, shot, would fall, and the women and children would cry most pitifully. We were filled with anger and wailed. Going and coming is incessant, so is the swearing of the soldiery, and the shouts "kill the guiavours." What befell our beloved ones? What are our friends doing? we have no idea, we only see that the massacre is being perpetrated with uncommon fury. All Tuesday and the following night the rifles thundered unceasingly. Even the coward Moslems and the children had become like beasts maddened by the blood of their victims, while the brave, lion-hearted Armenians had become like hens in the face of the overwhelming forces of Kurds, Turks and soldiery.

Wednesday saw no abatement of the rage. "Look well into the gardens, into the holes, lest any Christian should be hidden!" was the order shouted now and again within our hearing by the man who was appointed to superintend the massacre of that quarter. Sometimes the Kurds would jump over our grave, then our hearts would stop beating. Are they destroying the wall? Are we going to be discovered and butchered? How many such agonies in a day? How many times did we die and were revived? Sword without, thirst within. We had taken with us some provision of water and bread, but the water was all gone during the first day and night. We had

presumed that during the night there would be some relative tranquility and the little girl would have a chance to supply us with water. We were mistaken. We heard no Armenian speech during those four days. All the movement and tumult around us were purely Moslem.

Wednesday evening the Kurds were sent out of the city. We hear their preparing for departure; we can not speak nor cough, though our throats are itching and smarting from the terrible thirst and bad air. The soldiers seat on the green grass over us, eat grapes, lie down, while we do not dare even to change our positions. We pray God silently to put an end to our awful agony.

On Thursday we hear no more firing. There is a degree of quiet, but no Armenian voice. Two of us became sick and said they would go out for water at the risk of their lives; we restrained them. In the afternoon of Thursday, at 2.30, some soldiers stood at our little door. We heard them say "What is that hole?" and they began to explore the wall. We stopped breathing, we believed our hour had come at last. We expected to see the opening of the wall every minute and every minute seemed to us to be a year. At last the bugle sounded and the soldiers went away.

Thursday night was quiet. No firing was heard; we learned afterwards that the massacre had been ordered stopped that day, but some were killed, stoned or stabbed, as was Mr. Melkon Jamgochian, for instance.

Thirst is torturing us frightfully. Even the most enduring ones of us were exhausted and debilitated. We spent the night in unconceivable misery. For three days we had been without water, without nourishment, without sleep and without news. What became our families, our children, our relatives, our city? Friday morning we heard no footsteps around us. There was an awful silence following the awful uproar. No friend comes near us. Are there no Armenians left alive? Or would the Turks have converted the surviving Christians to Islam? We were in such sad meditations when, lo! we hear a voice, a

Moslem voice, crying: "Christians, come out, the prohibition is revoked." But we trust not. About 1 P. M. we hear the voice of the mother of one of us: "Charly! come out, it is useless to stay there any longer." We hear also the voice of a policeman. What does that mean? Have we been betrayed? Are we going to die? Charly approached the tube and whispered: "Mother! go away, go, speak not, they will kill us." The mother insists. The wall is being destroyed. We decide to come out, we open the little door from within and one by one creep out like ghosts.

The policeman, after plundering us, encouraged us. He was a Kurd, not a Turk. Those who see us, can not recognize us. We followed the policeman, some of us bearfoot, some bearheaded, all trembling and hardly capable to walk. When we got into the street, there for the first time we found ourselves in the presence of the most horrible spectacle—bodies unrecognizable, swollen, black, partially devoured by the dogs; corpses of children with kittens seating on their faces and eating them. Mr. K. recognized his little nephews and began to cry. The policeman again encouraged us to go on. We started again. The streets were full of papers, torn clothes, blood. We were led to the headquarters of the troops. There the commander interrogated us: "Where were you?" — "How were you hidden." etc. He asked also of the policeman: "Did they attempt to use arms?" He was still speaking when some of the native officials came down from upstairs. They began to question us fiercely. The most malignant of all was a neighbor of ours who declared that the Government had imprisoned him accusing him of having hidden the Gabriel Bros.— He accused us to the commander, saying: "These were the associates of Jamgochian." You know Mr. Jamgochian had been accused to be the head of a revolutionary Committee, existing only in the imagination of the Turks. After thus harassing us for a while, they sent us to the local Government headquarters.

On our route we saw more of the horrors. We stopped at every fountain to

drink water. At the St. George's Church the most sickening scene faced us. The church is smoking, the gates demolished, the walls destroyed, the windows smashed, the inside dug up, ruined, and in the churchyard hundreds of women and children huddled, half-naked, wrapped in rags. One must see that to form an idea what massacre means. Noise, tumult, misery infinite. I sighed from the depth of my soul. When we passed the Guldor, we saw numerous bodies thrown into the brook. We shut our eyes upon the horrors and went ahead. A little further, some soldiers stopped us and demanded ten Turkish pounds to spare our lives. We answered we had nothing, but would give them a present. Of this our Kurdish policeman assured them, and we were allowed to proceed. We were taken into the office of the gendarmery captain. The man treated us kindly and told us not to be grieved too much over our material ruin. He gave us an other policeman to escort us where we would like to go. As our house were burned, we went where some of our surviving acquaintances were. We sent the Kurdish policeman for our household; all were safe, the women and the children. They came, and seeing each other after four days of such horrible existence, we wept. We got little by little information regarding the killed, and found out that very few men were surviving. We were also told that the leaders of the massacre had all the time been in anxious quest of us in order to kill us, but had failed to find us out.

MORE WOE FOR ARMENIA.

London, Feb. 24.—A dispatch to the Standard from Constantinople says:

"A diplorable state of anarchy exists in Asia Minor. The Redifs and Kurds are harrying Armenians right and left, without hindrance from the authorities."

Brown Bros. & Co., 59 Wall St., New York, Treasurers of the National Armenian Relief Committee.

Chas. H. Stout, National Bank of the Republic, Treasurer of the Armenian Relief Association, New York.

LETTER FROM PIRÆUS, GREECE

(From an Armenian family which has fled from Turkey to Greece.)

Piræus, Feb. 13, 1897.

Is it a dream or is it reality? Are we actually in a port of Greece? Have we escaped from the bloody hand of our enemy? Thanks be to God! Our merciful Father kept us through many and many perils. He will guide us. We know not which side to turn, where to go; "Go to Egypte," some say, "to Bulgaria" others advise, "to the United States," many urge. We are puzzled. We pray our Father to show us the path as he did to Abraham.

Fifteen orphans from Eguin reached this port on their way to Italy. The children of Armenia are being scattered throughout the world, while their fathers' and mothers' bones remain in the motherland. Shall these orphans some day remember their country, their homes? shall they return to be the nucleus of a new Christian Armenia? Or shall they forget their language and become alienated altogether?

Greece is not a great civilized country, but we see how different it is from Turkey. When we landed at Constantinople, we found ourselves besieged by a multitude of officials at the Custom house. They do nothing without receiving a bribe. The "araiji" wants a bribe, "the mookhamminji" wants something, "the ambarji" expects a beat, the secretary is sure to get his share. They, in this way, plundered us in the city just as the Kurds would do on a highway. They took from us 1,200 piasters, while here at the port of Greece we payed only 5 piasters for the same things.

Greece is preparing for war against Turkey. We believe little Greece is morally greater than the so-called "great" Powers. We hear also that the United States is the best of all, and is more Christian than all the rest. If that is true, we would like to go there and, after having seen too much of the hell of Turkey, to see the paradise of America.

* * *

PROF. WHEELER

and

ARMENIAN CHARACTER.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: In your issue of yesterday I notice that Prof. B. I. Wheeler, of Cornell University, in the course of his address on the Oriental Question, has made some unpleasant, though fortunately untrue, remarks concerning the Armenians. He says "they are distinguished by an energy, business and fondness for acquisition that is almost super-Occidental," and, in proof of this, cites the saying that "it takes ten Jews to outwit one Greek and ten Greeks to outwit one Armenian." This does not mean that the Armenians surpass the Greeks and the Jews in intellectuality. The prof., not to leave any doubt on this point, says the Armenian is "of sharp intelligence so far as small things go." He means "sharp" business men, in the very sense which the quoted diction was meant to convey by its author, a famous Jewish banker in Europe. Prof. Wheeler does not seem to be aware that the diction is unheard of in the East, and that if it ever were mentioned there, would fall very flat. Only in the Occident it is making its victims. The Turks at Constantinople know from experience the characters of the Jew, the Greek and the Armenian, and have a greater confidence in the honesty of the Armenian than of any other. The Europeans at the capital know it as well; the guardians of all the banks are Armenians. The Jews would like to have a free hand among the Turks, and are much annoyed by the presence of the Armenians. So was the first Jew who went to Kaiseria to see how far his sharpness would cut. He saw—so the story runs—an Armenian boy in the street and offered him play-things in exchange of his ruby-ring. The boy declined to accept any thing but proposed to give his ring if the Jew would be a donkey and carry him on his back to a certain distance. The Hebrew fell on his all four and carried the boy and brayed good. "Now, give me the ring" he

said. "What?" answered the boy, "you, donkey, know the value of a ruby-ring and I, a man, do not know as much?" The Jew, despaired, left the city, and no Jewish colony is established there.

Such is the experience of the Jews, I suppose, at other places. Hence the Jewish hatred of the Armenian. It was a Jew, Germany's Ambassador to Turkey, who forged last year a proof to the Rothschildish saying quoted by Prof. Wheeler by the statement that the Armenians were usurers, and a Jewish Rabbi, according to the N. Y. Herald, supported the statement in an interview. During the Armenian crisis all the Jewish organs in Berlin and Vienna fiercely attacked the Armenians and praised "the good and fatherly" Sultan. They prejudiced the people against the Armenians. That fact accounts for the comparative indifference of German public opinion with regard to the Armenian Cause. Many people believed that the Armenians had been the blood-suckers of Turkey and thus had brought on themselves the wrath of their Moslem victims. This is the most absurd thing that can be said, but it has been said. There are no more usurers, bankers and merchants among the Armenians than among the Greeks and the Jews at Constantinople. Moreover, the Armenians, as a nation, must be judged not in their colonies where their existence is under abnormal and compulsory conditions, but at their home, in Armenia and the surrounding provinces. Well, the most elementary knowledge of political economy would make it impossible for any one to believe that the very producers of a country are the blood-suckers of it. The Armenians, the true laborers of the country as tillers of the land and as artisans, live, and make the Turks and Kurds to a great extent live, on their products. The Turks are officials, serving as soldiers, as state functionaries, as religious teachers and "ulema" living on rent and salary and bribes. They are not producers except on a very insufficient scale. The principal producers are the Armenians. This is an essential thing to know for every body who would like to speak about the Question and the peoples of the East.

Prof. Wheeler, who has never been in Armenia, says other unpleasant things about the Armenians. But the American Missionaries, with opportunities of observation infinitely better, give a different testimony. It was at Jerusalem that their attention was first arrested by the Armenian pilgrims of whom they had not before heard. "Who are these good looking men," they asked, "with black hair and dark eyes and with such thoughtful, intelligent faces?" Many years later on, the Missionary Pease wrote: "There are many traits in the Armenian character which are truly estimable. Their very physiognomy is pleasant, indicative of a quiet, perhaps timid, race of men, devoted to the peaceful arts, intelligent, social, but grave, and apparently more affected by religious truth than the Greeks... I have never seen an Armenian in the business of selling spirits, nor in a grog-shop, nor drunk, or at all under the influence of spirits. They do drink some at home, but moderately."

I do not mean to say, Sir, that the Armenians have no faults, no defects, but I do affirm, and in this I have the testimony of foreign, impartial observers, that the Armenian race, despite all the bad influences flowing from Moslem example and Turkish oppression, has preserved a family life and morality remarkably pure, and an honesty based on religious piety surpassed by no other Christian people in the world. I would beg Prof. Wheeler to be more careful in his public assertions regarding a nation which, at present victim to the most cruel and stupid persecution, needs most the active sympathy of the Christian World.

New York, Feb. 22, 1897.

M. S. GABRIEL.

FACTS ABOUT ARMENIA

This pamphlet contains a report of the Sassoon massacre by a native refugee, the great Chester speech of Mr. GLADSTONE on Armenia and the renowned article of Dr. Dillon on the fearful condition of Armenia for many years before the late massacres.

Price 15 cents.—To write to the Editor of HAIK, 341 W. 23d St.

REPORT FROM THE RELIEF AGENTS IN HARPOOT.

Harpoot, December 28, 1896.

(Communicated to the HAIK by the Sec'y of the National Armenian Relief Committee.)

The poor Armenians were kept alive during the last winter and spring by relief funds. They saved little from their deficient harvests, and now that winter is upon them they are in great distress. Having heard several weeks ago that there was much sickness among those villages, we tried in vain to send a physician to them, and finally sent a quasi-doctor, who has had a good deal of experience with disease. In one village of 200 houses, he found 170 sick; in another which had fourteen months ago 280 houses, 250 were sick, and it is said that some 400 have died in that village since the massacre. So it is in other villages. The people are sick and dying not so much from disease as from want. Our friends are doing all they can to provide food, clothing and bedding, and as far as possible to arrest this distress. Mr. Browne speaks of the villagers as leaving in densely crowded, filthy hovels, and herded like animals; even in the coldest weather having no beds, many, even the sick, lying and dying on the damp ground. If they find a little chaff to lie on, with no covering, they think themselves fortunate; if chaff and a little covering, they are the envied of the village. The people of two villages came to us this A. M., and there was hardly one whole garment among them all. Women came all the long, muddy, weary way to receive a few piasters, and when they received them, they would burst into tears of gratitude.

In Arabkir there are 1,700 orphans, while the whole number dependent upon charity this winter is over 3,000. In Matatia there are from 2,000 to 2,500 widows and orphans. In the whole Harpoot field, 43,500 souls will be dependent upon charity this winter. It is difficult to secure accurate statistics of the number of widows

and orphans in the villages, but there can not be less than 15,000 widows and fatherless children in this field; there are probably more than 20,000.

NOTE.—All funds intended for Armenian Relief should be sent promptly to BROWN BROS. & Co., Bankers, 59 Wall Street, New York, who will return receipt. They are the authorized treasurers of the National Armenian Relief Committee, Hon. David J. Brewer, President, Justice U. S. Supreme Court, and Spencer Trask, New York, Chairman Executive Committee.

Address all correspondence for literature, collecting cards, meetings, speakers, etc., to Rev. Frederick D. Greene, General Secretary, 118 Bible House, New York City.

ARMENIANS INCREASING

IN THE UNITED STATES.

Since the massacres a considerable number of Armenians have come from Turkey to America, and the character of the Armenian colony is greatly modified. Except in California and Texas where there are Armenian farming settlements, most of the HAYS scattered throughout the Eastern States were bachelors, or married men whose wives and children were remaining in Armenia. Moreover, most of them were peasants, with very little, if any, education. Now whole families of middle and even high classes are coming, really immigrating to this country for good. There was an Armenian wedding last week in New York: Miss Shnorhig Kurkjibashian, of a notable Armenian family of Constantinople, married Mr. John Hurmuze, an Armenian young man of New York. Mr. Hurmuze is at the head of the Empire City Electrotpe Co. Rev. Barakian writes us from Worcester, Mass., that until a few months ago there were only ten Armenian families in that city, now there are thirty two, and others are expected from Armenia.

