

Boston, U.S.A. We received a very interesting visit from the Confessor of the Emperor of Austria, Count Artand sur Lippe, and spent a very delightful hour with His Royal Highness Prince Leichtenstein, who seemed exceedingly interested in our mission, and promised to do anything he could to help us. Our next stop was at Buda Pesth, where, finding that we could not get a passport for the Armenian Secretary, I remained for two days while he returned to Vienna to accomplish the difficult business. We had tried the British, American, and Bulgarian Vice-Consuls in vain, for though the Armenian was a naturalised American, and I a British subject with the orthodox passport of the Foreign Office, he had not brought his naturalisation papers with him, so the American Vice-Consul was powerless, and not being able to pass him as my valet the British Vice-Consul could not help us.

In despair I interviewed the Turkish Consul, and realised something of the helplessness of one who seeks to have a wrong redressed at the hands of a Turkish Official. He was—oh, so very polite; so sorry for madam in her dilemma, and so desirous to do everything that I asked him, and it was so palpable that he did not believe a word I said. In spite of my assuring him that I was going out to Bulgaria to take relief to Armenian exiles, and must have an Armenian with me to act as interpreter, he professed to believe I was going to Varna, to winter there on the shore of the Black Sea for my health. If he had spoken candidly what was in his mind, he would have said, 'You are a spy, and this Armenian with you is another.' We succeeded in getting from Vienna, not a passport, but a *passé-partout*, which, though not so comprehensive as the former, served our purpose as well. Our next stop was at Bucharest for the night, and I confess to having been much perturbed at the way in which unknown men in Turkish clothes seized the items of our baggage at the station and ran hither and thither with them. A kind friend had lent me her despatch-box, which I always carried myself, but on this occasion it was wrenched out of my hand by an eager person in a ragged turban, and I could have laughed at my own feebleness as I ran wildly after him, imploring him in a language—not one word of which he understood—to let me have it, as I did not like anybody else to carry it.

This was but the beginning of troubles, not only in connection with the despatch-box, but the Kodak camera, the medicine-chest, the tea-basket, and last, but not least, the Hammond type-writer. At one place the latter was so grave an object of suspicion that, fearing it was going to be detained, I gave a practical demonstration of its uses to a group of Custom House officials, who had trotted it, and me, up to an office for closer inspection, under the idea that it had something to do with the clock-work of dynamite. The machine came out satisfactorily from this ordeal, and I own to feeling truly thankful when it and I sat safely in our carriage on our way.

Our next break was at Rustchuk, where we remained half a day, and a night, in order to visit the colony of refugees there. Rustchuk is a little town on the Danube, and must be charmingly pretty in the summer, but that afternoon in November it was fast bound in the cold and darkness of winter. The icicles were nearly a yard long, and the hotel at which we stayed was my first experience of the hotel in its first steps away from barbarism.

The domestic pest-hole was just outside my bed-

room door, and the stench was so appalling and continuous that we had to pin up my traveling rug across the shut door to keep some of it out, while we sat busily doing the writing that formed so important a part of our day's work. In the wooden theatre, where we had found between 300 and 400 refugees, men, women, and children, the pathos of the scene was one never to be forgotten. The three tiers of wooden boxes, humbly decorated with red cotton, had been allotted to the married couples, or the possessors of one child. In the gallery were the single men, while from the auditorium and the stalls under the galleries the seats had been cleared away and some sixty or seventy families, each on their own separate carpet, with or without a pan of charcoal in the midst of them, were making their temporary home.

'We have been giving them bread every day,' said the President of the Armenian Committee, 'but they have had no hot food since they landed'; so I produced the wherewithal for the purchase of half a cow, beans and onions, and a large iron cauldron, and that night at least they had a hot supper, of most delicious stew, and it was a comforting sound to hear the hum of human voices filling the poor little hospitable theatre with an unwonted sound of gladness and good cheer.

There was one corner of the theatre, however, where the gloom was too great for festivity to make its way, and this was where, in a little hammock, lay a dying baby, its placid waxen face marked heavily across the temples with a half-healed burn. At midnight its mother had been roused out of sleep by the horrors of the Haskoin massacre to find her house burning over her head, and, catching up the infant from the cradle, she had rushed out just in time for a burning beam to fall across her way and catch the innocent head of the baby that lay in her arms. That, and a long voyage in the cold, and the hardships and privations of the journey to Rustchuk, made one more victim of Turkish cruelty and oppression—for the civilised world, that looked on, and did so little to prevent—to account for on the Great Day when these things shall be accounted for.

But one's experience amongst the refugees was not all pathos by a long way, and there were some humorous occurrences now and again that were in strange contrast to the realisation of mendicant cruelty and horrible tortures, which were part of the daily lot. At Bazajik, whose Bulgarian name is Dobreich, even the hardships were laughable to a degree. In the little barren dirty hotel never a woman had stayed before, and there was not a woman on the premises. We arrived in darkness, and a drizzling rain, after a long drive over the northern spur of the Balkans, and there was only the dim light of candles to show us across the large courtyard, into the wooden gallery off which the bedrooms lay. The latter had no windows, only glazed spaces, to let in the light from the gallery. They were very dirty, and furnished only with three beds, one chair, and a wood stove. Gently but firmly did I impress upon the proprietor that I meant to occupy all the three beds in my room myself, and that my Armenian interpreter would sleep elsewhere, which he did eventually, poor man, in a small room already occupied by three others. My next battle was over washing appliances. At the end of the gallery was an iron basin for general use, and again I politely, but emphatically, declined to profit by the arrangement. The magic word "pay" can do a great deal, and in half an hour's time three turbanned,

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