

## "MORMON DISLOYALTY."

It was on the veranda of the hotel. As the evening was extremely pleasant, most of the guests had gathered there. The moon shone its brightest and the breeze from the mountain cooled the hot air. I joined the company and sat listening to the conversation as it drifted from one subject to another. I learned from their talk that most of them had been in the late civil war. The major would relate an incident, then the colonel would tell one. The captain had just finished a remarkable account, when the general exclaimed: "That reminds me of an incident which occurred in Salt Lake City last Fourth of July, when the Mormons half-masted their flags," and then followed an account of deeds which, he said, should have been punished by shot and shell. This seemed a happy theme, for nearly every one had something to say about the Mormons and their disloyalty.

When the subject, as I thought, had been nearly exhausted, a pleasant looking, grey headed old gentleman, who had been an attentive listener, moved his chair a little closer to the group and remarked: "Gentlemen, I am also acquainted with an example of Mormon disloyalty, which I would like to relate." Cries of "Yes," "go on," greeted this, so he quietly began:

"About fifty years ago, a company of Mormons settled in a small place called Commerce, on the Mississippi River, in the State of Illinois. Three times before they had tried to make settlements in other States, but about the time they paid for their lands and made comfortable homes their kind neighbors decided that they would like the Mormons' land themselves; so they went to work and drove them off. Where these good citizens were not strong enough to do this the State militia would help them. Well, the little hamlet of Commerce grew to a city of twenty thousand inhabitants, the largest and most prosperous city in the State; but again they were driven from their homes, and in the summer of 1846 they might have been seen making their way across the then unsettled territories of Iowa and Nebraska, seeking a home among the mountains and deserts of the West. Most of them were poor. They had but the teams, consisting oftentimes of oxen and cows, which drew their rude wagons and the provisions they could carry.

"Gentlemen, I am powerless to describe to you the scenes that were enacted on that exodus, or the sufferings that were endured. You can perhaps imagine what their condition was when you reflect on the circumstances which surrounded them. In a wild, unsettled country, surrounded by hostile Indians, and going they hardly knew into what dangers, this company of men, women and children was called upon by the United States Government to furnish five hundred able-bodied men to fight the battles of their country. Did they refuse? Did the

recollection of their past abuses, when that selfsame government refused to protect them in their most common rights, come up before them and set their hearts against such a call? No; the men were raised. Gentlemen, I was there, and one of them. I left an aged father and mother. Many a young man left his young sister or wife to drive with weary steps the unruly team which drew their worldly all. Amid all the privations of that wild country the aged tolled with their younger help, the wife without the husband, the mother without her son. Not many days after this act of Mormon disloyalty a remnant of their helpless women and children that was left behind was driven out to wander on the prairie and in the floods by the guns and bayonets of soldiers."

The old man paused. The emphasis he placed on each word, the bright sparkle in his eye, put the imprint of truth on his words. No one spoke, so he continued: "What you gentlemen have been narrating may be true, but your loyalty sinks into insignificance when compared with the patriotism of the very people whom you say should be slaughtered by shot and shell."

C. N. A.

## LETTER FROM EGYPT.

There is one Arabian word that a tourist very soon becomes familiar with traveling in this part of the world, and that is the word *Bachschisch*. He cannot help himself; he must learn it, provided he be not both blind and deaf. It is constantly sounded in his ears, in every pitch of voice, from the deep bass of the old beggar to the piping tones of the little barefooted baby. *Bachschisch, bachschisch!*

This interesting word is said to be of Persian origin, and meant in its innocent infancy only a New Year's gift. Then it was employed to denote any gift, and now it is the Volapuk of Arabian beggars as well as Turkish, from the highest to the lowest. This *bachschisch* means the little copper you throw to the gouty beggar, the five pence piece by which you may pass the custom house without trouble or in a still larger scale the millions by which the political intrigues in Stamboul are kept moving. So often has the word been used that it is just about worn out. Of the original: "*Bachschisch, ja chawage*" (a gift, sir!) nothing more remains hardly than *schisch, schisch, schisch!*

There is a second word which a tourist will find it very convenient to know, and which the first one almost forces him to learn. That is the little word *imseki*. This pronounced with a certain emphasis would be equivalent to the euphonious American term, "Skip, you little varmint!" It is a wonderful word that same *imseki*. At its pronunciation the right way, I have seen hosts of small, barefooted, dark-skinned beggars run to all sides as if they had been touched by some magical power. For my own part, however, I did not care particularly to learn that word *imseki*, or rather,

to use it much. I did not want those little fellows, or large ones either, to "skip." I had not traveled all these thousands of miles, crossing waters and continents merely to tell the people out here to "skip." On the contrary I had come to get the friendship of the people, if possible, and make them come, not go. It was, therefore, a great pleasure to me when I had gathered some dozens of them and could draw them into a conversation. I actually loved to see these brown sons of Ishmael, and I did not feel any desire to tell them to go away. The consequence was that I was hardly ever alone when I went out. The boys particularly, surrounded me whenever I went out in the streets of Port Said. One tiny fellow, I remember, once came up to me and said, "Sir, you be very good man; me no father, no mother, no friends, me work for you." Of course I had to tell him that I had no work for him or for anybody, and it seemed as for the moment a whole world of hope had been blown to pieces for him, so sad did he look.

What amused my little dark friends mostly was when I would listen to the lessons they would give me in Arabic. And although there was not much method in their lessons, yet from them I got some idea of the pronunciation of the most difficult letters in the alphabet, and a few words, and I thought I was well paid for the few cents of *bachschisch* given to these improvised professors. But I must not forget to mention that whenever a policeman saw us he would invariably break the school up. The blockhead could not comprehend that I liked my dirty teachers. He thought they bothered me, and for his almighty *misch* the teachers ran, and the policeman stood smiling in expectation of a *bachschisch* himself, a thing he never got of me, however.

Everything here reminds you that you are in the Orient. Even the coffee cups and the coffee here in use. If diminutiveness is one form of beauty, the coffee cups here are very beautiful. I wish some of my Scandinavian friends at home could see them. They would think them children's toys only. A common coffee cup here is about two inches in diameter at the top and not quite as high as that, a mere little tumbler. But the contents of those cups are generally worth a large cupful at home. Black as Egyptian darkness, and hot, and sweet; two lumps of sugar that nearly fill the cup, and that black liquid poured on it! That is what they call coffee! The German gentleman must have thought of Oriental coffee when he said: "Coffee must be black as night, sweet as love, and hot as hell." For that answers the description of Oriental coffee exactly.

Before leaving the hotel I noticed an autograph, framed and walled, which had more than common interest to me, and of which I will give you a *fac simile*. I feel confident that a common carver of cow brands for the illustration of stray notices can reproduce it easily