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# The Adana Massacres

and the Catholic

Missionaries

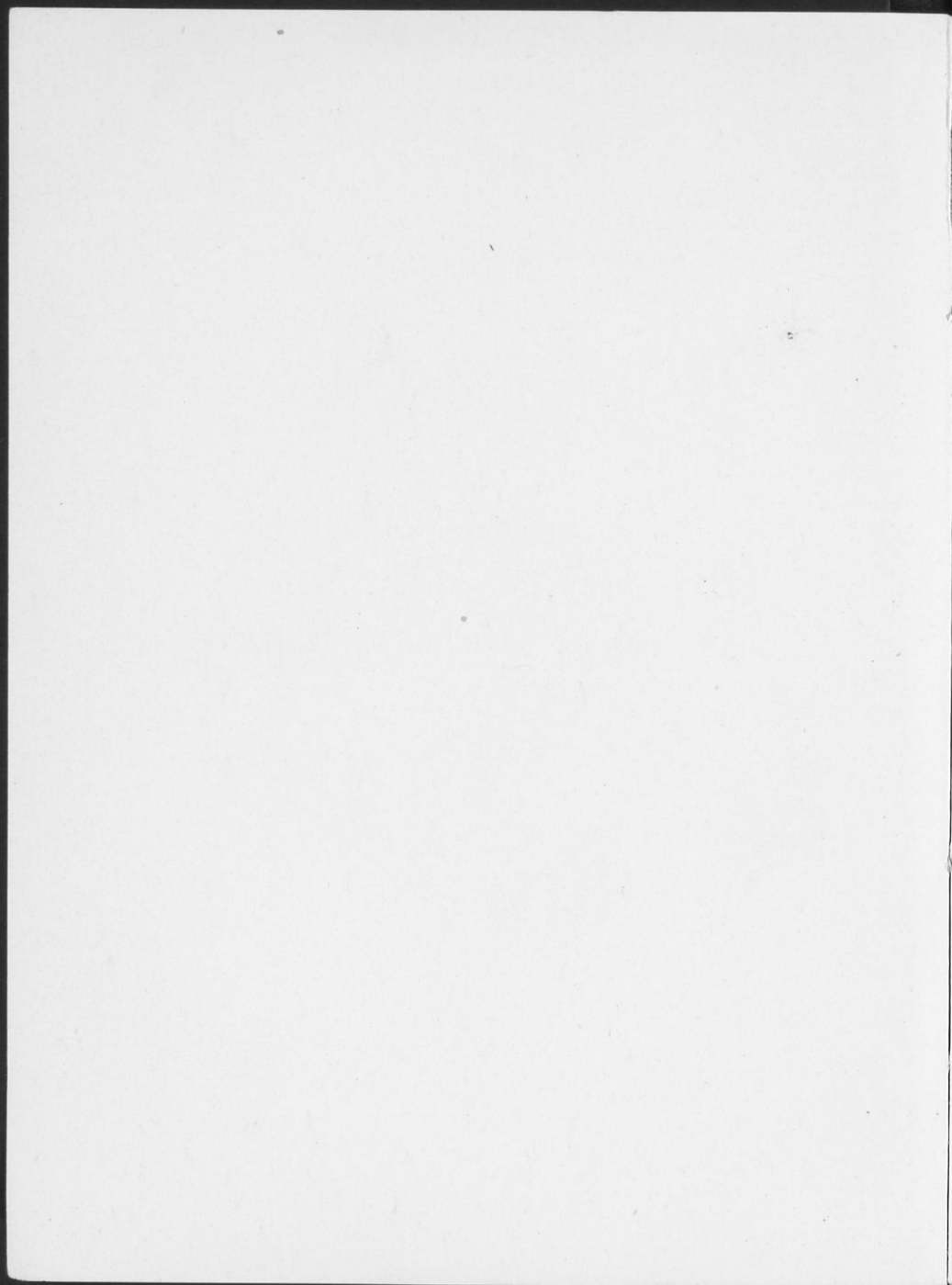
Society for the Propagation  
of the Faith,  
627 Lexington Ave.,  
New York City





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THE ADANA MASSACRES  
AND THE CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES



THE  
ADANA MASSACRES

APRIL 14<sup>to</sup> 28. 1909

AND THE

Catholic Missionaries

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**ACCOUNT OF EYE-WITNESSES**  
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*Deal thy bread to the hungry, and bring  
the needy and the harbourless into thy  
house: when thou shalt see one naked,  
cover him, and despise not thy own  
flesh.*

(Isa. lviii. 7.)

PRESS OF THE  
SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH,  
627 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK CITY.

1910

Deacidified

## PREFACE

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*Some may be surprised perhaps at our making a new appeal to their charity on behalf of the victims of Adana. It is now almost a year since those heart-rending events took place. Since then, generous assistance has come from different parts of the world, and we now thank, in the name of the Armenian population of Cilicia, those who, by their alms, have kept these poor people from starving.*

*However, the town of Adana is not one of those powerful cities,—such as we have seen in recent years—that can rise again promptly and unaided after a cataclysm. The inhabitants of the town and of the surrounding district have been completely ruined. The care taken by the assailants to burn after having pillaged and massacred (statistics show that at Adana 1,075 houses or shops have been burned: in the whole district 4,823), the fact of their having killed nearly all the able-bodied men, has caused the direst misery amongst a numerous population composed of women, children, and decrepit old men. How are these poor unfortunate people to build up their ruins, or find means of earning their subsistence? They have no money, there is no work for them, misery stares them in the face.*

*Up to the present, they have been kept alive by charity. During the fine weather their needs were few, they slept in tents, in wooden huts, or even under the shelter of trees. Then winter came with its heavy rains and its long nights, that are cold even in Cilicia. A few houses, it is true, had been repaired, but by far the greater part were just as the fire had left them.*



*Here is a description of the winter at Adana ; it was written by one of the Jesuit missionaries : "The bad weather and the cold have set in. From the whole countryside poor, ruined, decimated families are coming into Adana, which has only its blackened ruins in which to receive them. The sight of these poor people huddled together in squalid holes is touching. In a courtyard of not twenty square yards I counted sixty persons. There they were on the bare ground, they had not even one of those mats that used to be found even in the poorest houses. Their roof was a dilapidated terrace, through which the rain passed as through a sieve. Poor things, they would be better off in an open field, there at least they would not have any mouldy walls, and the air they breathed would be purer. In the districts ravaged by the fire you see crouching shadows under a low and blackened roof, so low that it escaped the fire : there throughout the cold days of winter they shiver, and wait for the fine weather to come back again."*

*We must remember, too, that Adana is not the only town that has been devastated ; in Tarsous, Hamidie, Osmanie, Hadjin, Sis, Baghtche, Durt Yol, famine is raging. The whole district of Djebeli Bereket is in sore straits too.*

*It is in behalf of the works of charity established by the Catholic Missionaries, that we now appeal to the generosity of American Catholics. In the general summary which precedes the recital of the massacres, will be found a detailed account of the Catholic charitable works at Adana.*

JOSEPH FRERI,

Director General,  
Society for the Propagation of the Faith.



*Meaning of some of the Turkish words used in this  
narrative.*

VALI: Governor.

KONAK: Palace of the Governor, and seat of the municipality.

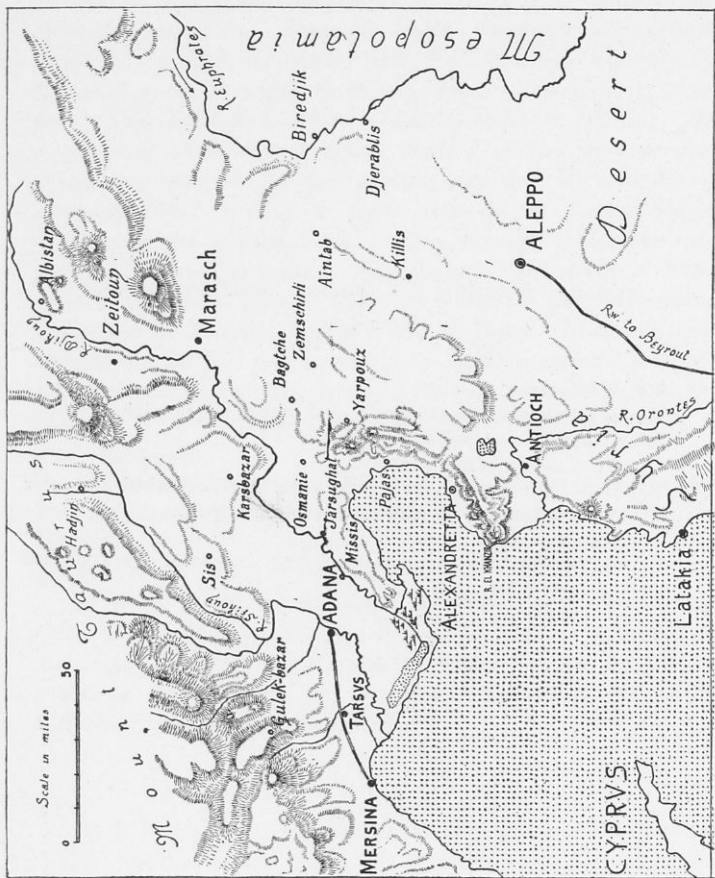
IMAM: Mussulman priest.

REDIF: Soldiers of the Reserve.

BACHI-BOUZOUKS: (literally, *bad heads*) a body of Turkish irregular soldiery, raised in case of national peril.

FELLAH: a peasant.

GIAOUR: infidel; an expression of great contempt when applied to Christians.



# GENERAL SUMMARY OF THE MASSACRES.

## THE LOSSES AND NEEDS.

It was in the town of Adana that the massacres were carried out with the greatest violence. The following is the number of Christians killed by the Mussulmans, according to the official statistics published in the *Stamboul*, August 13th. It is impossible to have the exact number. However, our list shows fairly accurately the proportion of the losses sustained by the different elements of the population.

	<i>Women.</i>	<i>Men.</i>	<i>Total.</i>
Armenians (Gregorians) . . . . .	226	1545	1771
"    (Catholics) . . . . .	3	170	173
"    (Protestants) . . . . .	11	138	149
Greeks . . . . .	1	32	33
Chaldeans . . . . .	7	126	133
Syrians (Catholics) . . . . .	4	58	62
"    (Schismatics) . . . . .	39	379	418
	240	1853	2093
Total (Armenians) . . . . .	240	1853	2093
"    (Other Christians) . . . . .	51	595	646
	291	2448	2739

OUTSIDE OF ADANA.—In the plain of Adana, several thousands were killed in the farms and villages; the exact number is not known, but in some villages on the road from Adana to Missis, Father Rigal, S.J., counted about 3,000 victims.

At Missis, 1,600 (Report of Father Rigal, S.J.)

At Osmanie, 570     "             "

At Hamidie, 1,100   "            "

In the region of Djebeli Bereket, in a group of ten villages visited by this Father, he counted 926 victims, almost all fathers of families (for details of this Report of Father Rigal, see last chapter).

At Tarsous and neighbourhood, 700. (Report of Father Jerome, Capuchin, see *Les Missions Catholiques*, May 28, 1909.)

At Antioch, in the town alone, not counting the surrounding district, 300. (Report of Father Celestine, Capuchin, *Missions Catholiques*, June 11, 1909.)

At Kassab, in the mountains to the south of Antioch, 130. (Report of Father Sabatino, O.M., *Missions Catholiques*, August 6, 1909.)

To all these must be added the number of victims, not yet known, who were killed at Sis, at Hadjin, in the province of Kozan, at Durt Yol (near Pajas), and in a great number of villages.

For the whole region the number 20,000 killed is a minimum according to the Jesuit missionaries of Adana. A secretary of the Bible House of Constantinople wrote: "The number of killed in the Provinces of Adana and Aleppo can be given only approximately: 20,000 is the number ordinarily admitted." A person of note coming from Adana wrote in the *Journal de Salonique*, "20,000 lives were sacrificed by the fault of the Vali, Djevad Bey, of the Commandant, Moustapha Remzi Pacha, of the Mutessarrif

of Djebeli Bereket, and of three or four others." (*Stamboul*, August 5th).

The Armenian member, Babikian Effendi, a member of the Commission of Enquiry sent to Adana by the Turkish Government, estimates the losses of the Christians at 21,000 killed. (In the Chamber of Deputies, Constantinople, July 26th.)

Of this number, the majority—at least three-quarters—were men. The assailants knew that by killing the fathers of families, "the bread-winners," the rest of the population would be reduced to famine and exterminated.

Slaughter was everywhere accompanied by fire and pillage. In Adana 1,075 houses were burned. Those that escaped the fire were pillaged, so that nothing is left of them but the four bare walls. All the public buildings of the Christians have been burnt.

For the Catholic missionaries—the church, residence, college, day-school of the Jesuits. The chapel, boarding-school, day-school, dispensary of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

For the Catholic Armenians—the Cathedral, Bishop's palace, presbytery, boys' school, girls' school.

For the Catholic Chaldeans, church and presbytery.

For the non-Catholics—a church and two colleges belonging to the Gregorian Armenians; the church of the Syrian Schismatics; the Protestant church.

In the plain of Adana it is said that 300 farms belonging to Christians have been destroyed (some of them were so considerable that they had over 100 workmen employed).

In the whole region it has been calculated that 4,823 houses have been burned, as well as many churches, schools, and other public edifices.

After the massacres from 12,000 to 15,000 people with nothing to eat and without house or home were camped in the immediate neighbourhood of Adana. More than 20,000 others are scattered through the district in the deepest misery.

In the month of August (see *La Turquie*, August 16th), there were still around Baghtche 800 families without houses forced to live in the open air.

Around Durt Yol 900 families without houses forced to live in the open air.

Around Kassab 1,000 families without houses forced to live in the open air.

In the Kozan 400 families without houses forced to live in the open air.

It is impossible to estimate exactly the value of the material losses of the Armenians. In the very beginning an eye-witness of what happened at Adana, and only during *the first part of the massacres* estimated the losses at more than \$5,000,000. ("Un ancien Diplomate," in *La Nouvelle Revue*, July 1, 1909.) Afterwards, when the full extent of the disaster was known, it was said that the losses amounted to \$25,000,000, or \$30,000,000. These evaluations, or rather guesses, are, we think, inferior to the reality. We have only to consider that in these Provinces, once so fertile, the commerce, industry, and agriculture of the Armenians are destroyed for years to come. Most of the families that were formerly rich are now in misery, and many of them have to beg their bread. What is the indemnity of 200,000 Turkish pounds (about \$900,000) voted by the Parliament, in comparison to these losses? And we must not forget that up to the present only a small part of that aid has been distributed, and also—as often happens in Turkey—that a large part of these official bounties will

never come into the hands of those for whom they were meant.

In the beginning of winter, another sad accident has brought new distress to the poor Armenian inhabitants of Adana. The November rains, which were exceptionally heavy this year, caused the river to overflow, and a considerable part of the town was flooded. About 500 houses have been wrecked. Although this disaster afflicts Moslems as well as Christians, still the latter, on account of their miserable situation, suffer more. Many a poor family is deprived of the shelter which it had procured only with the greatest difficulty.

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The missionaries, Protestants as well as Catholics, have shown the greatest charity and self-sacrifice in aiding these poor people. By them the refugees were taken in and saved from the massacres. Clothes, provisions, alms, are distributed, dispensaries and hospitals have been established. Special praise is due to the Relief Committee founded by the British Consul, Major Doughty Wylie, and the American Protestant mission of Adana. Nor can I pass over in silence the heroic charity of the Catholic missionaries scattered here and there in these districts, the Trappists and Lazarists at Akbes, the Capuchins at Tarsous, Antioch, Kordebek—at the mouth of the Orontes—the Franciscans at Alexandretta and Kassab, the Carmelite Fathers at Alexandretta and Beilan, &c.

We will be pardoned, however, if in this booklet we call attention especially to the Jesuit mission at Adana. It was in this town and in the immediate neighbourhood that the ravages caused by the massacres were most severely felt, and the missionaries there have more suffering to relieve than elsewhere. Although the Relief Committee has its

head-quarters at Adana and distributes its aid to all, whether Protestants or not, with real impartiality, still, even yet, and especially in winter, the sufferings of the inhabitants are great. They will last for years!

Then again, even though the unfortunate of whatever creed they be, receive assistance from the Committee individually, still establishments that are professedly religious cannot receive anything. The churches, presbyteries, and schools of Catholics can be rebuilt only by the alms of Catholics.

Finally, even if we consider the aid given to individuals, is it not the duty of the Catholic Church not to leave to other creeds the monopoly of the exercise of charity? Such is the persuasion of the missionaries of Adana, and this is why they were anxious to establish their charitable institutions too.

Immediately after the massacres they began to distribute provisions; they opened a dispensary and a hospital. The aid they distributed to all alike, to schismatics as well as to Catholics, has, with the grace of God, produced a salutary effect. In gaining their hearts they enlightened their minds, and many are the Gregorian Armenians who, at the moment of their death, instead of the absolution of their *deviders*, asked to have that of the Catholic priest.

Then the missionaries turned their thoughts to the establishment of churches and schools. These poor afflicted people, almost in despair, needed a church where they could come and pray in the presence of the Divine Master; these crowds of unoccupied children, whose thoughts were concentrated on their misfortunes, needed a school as the only means of distracting them from their sad reflections and teaching them the lessons of the Gospel.

As soon as they could, the missionaries improvised



within the ruined walls of the late flourishing colleges, temporary chapels and schools. These latter were able to be opened for girls in October, in November for boys.

At the same time they devoted their attention to those who were left orphans. They began with about one hundred. Soon they had many more, and according as their means allow it they will enlarge the orphanage.

Actually the most pressing needs, besides that of extending the orphanage, are the reconstruction of houses and the founding of beds at the hospital.

The following details—taken from a letter of one of the missionaries—show the sum thought necessary for the continuation of these different good works. The sum will certainly appear very small when compared to the expenses necessary for similar undertakings in America, but it is enormous if compared to the actual resources of the Catholic Mission in Adana.

THE ORPHANAGE.—The cost of the keep and clothing of an orphan child in Adana has been carefully calculated, and the missionaries consider 150 frs. (\$30) as adequate to cover this expense for a twelvemonth. The person who gives ten times this sum assures the keep and education of a child during ten years, thus enabling that child to arrive at an age when he will be able to earn his bread.

THE ECONOMIC COTTAGES.—This work to be effective must be undertaken at once, as the wet and cold weather has come. The cost of one of these cottages has been carefully considered, and is estimated at 700 frs. (\$140) for an average family, *i.e.*, one composed of five persons. To furnish the cottage; five mattresses and five blankets are

necessary; that is enough for the five persons, and they want no other article of furniture. A mattress and a blanket cost about 25 frs. (\$5). Therefore the furnished house would come to 825 frs. (\$165).

“It would be a good thing to add some kitchen utensils and tools; a carpenter or a boot-maker cannot do much without tools, neither can a dress-maker if she has no scissors nor sewing-machine. Such presents as these are what is best and most needed: they enable the workman to earn his subsistence.”

The missionary adds: “To the benefactor who founds an economic cottage and who expresses the wish, we shall be happy to send a photograph of the house built by his liberality, and also one of the family who lives in it.”

THE HOSPITAL.—Founded at the time of the massacres, the hospital responds to a *perpetual* need of the Christian population of Adana. Up to the present it has been kept going from day to day, thanks to the gifts made to the missionaries. The universal desire of the inhabitants of Adana is that it should be founded permanently. The keeping of a hospital demands considerable resources. It has been calculated however, that for the permanent foundation of a bed about 10,000 frs. (\$2,000) would be sufficient.

“We are praying that God may inspire to some generous and compassionate souls the foundation or the semi-foundation of one of these beds for \$2,000 or \$1,000. The name and the intention of the founder will be written at the head of each of these beds.”

Who is there that in reading the demands of the missionaries does not feel himself impelled to aid in the education of an orphan, in the support of a family, in assuring in a permanent way, devoted care to a sick person,

especially since all these good works can be accomplished at a relatively small cost in Adana ?

We know that there are not very many Catholics possessing sufficient means of accomplishing this aspiration of their hearts as generously as they might desire. Those amongst them who are able to do so, have other needs to supply, and are ever responding nobly and generously to the many and daily appeals made to them.

We hope, however, that our appeal in favour of this abandoned and unfortunate people will not be made in vain.

Alms for this most worthy charity may be addressed to the

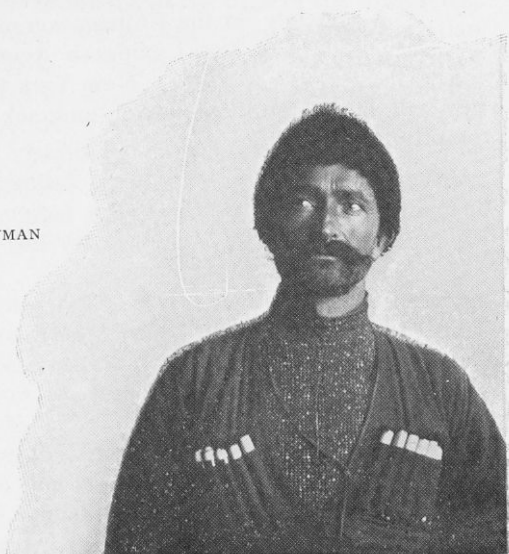
RIGHT REV. MGR. JOSEPH FRERI,  
Society for the Propagation of the Faith,  
627, Lexington Avenue,  
New York City.

They will be gratefully received, and acknowledged, and promptly forwarded.



ARMENIAN CHILDREN.

MOSLEM HIGHWAYMAN



# THE ADANA MASSACRES

and the Catholic Missionaries

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ACCOUNT OF EYE-WITNESSES.

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“Poor, unfortunate Armenia!” were the words of the late Ambassador of France on his return from Constantinople; “poor, unfortunate Armenia! Everywhere, at a date apparently fixed in advance, and at some mysterious word of command, fanaticism flares out, and Christian blood is spilt. . . .”

This time the blood of Christians has only reddened the soil in the country districts around the Gulf of Alexandretta and on the slopes of the mountains of Antioch. But although the massacres in April of this year were not so general as those of 1895, they were more horrible and more barbarous.

M. Roque-Ferrier, the French Consul in Aleppo, who visited all the places affected between Aleppo and Adana, says:

“In 1895, at Erzeroum, where I was Vice-Consul at the time, I thought I had seen everything that was to be seen in the way of atrocities; what I have seen this time is even worse.”

Except for some coast towns, all the region between Tarsous and Antioch has been devastated. But the district most affected has undoubtedly been Adana and its surroundings.



ADANA.—THE RESIDENCE OF THE JESUITS DESTROYED BY FIRE  
APRIL 26TH.

In the distance the town of Adana with the Sisters' Boarding-School on the right.

Adana, the capital of Cilicia, had 70,000 inhabitants, of whom 30,000 were Armenians; it was situated in the centre of a plain of unusual fertility, in the midst of wheat and cotton-fields; "the one prosperous spot in the Turkish Empire," as an English Government official of high standing in Constantinople said not long ago.

Adana was prosperous; it was industrial, as well as agricultural; it was shortly to be linked to the Constantinople-Bagdad railway line, and its future seemed assured.

To-day, Adana, practically and commercially speaking, no longer exists. It will take many years to return to its former prosperity.

The Catholic missionaries had established in Adana two great educational centres. The one, the Residence and College of St. Paul, received 500 pupils, and was in the hands of the Jesuit Fathers, seconded by four Marist Brothers.

The other establishment, called "Notre Dame de Bethanie," was under the management of twenty-five Sisters of St. Joseph, of Lyons; 600 children were educated in the school, and besides, there was also a small orphanage, a dispensary, and the beginnings of a hospital.

Everything has now been burnt to the ground, and entirely destroyed.

## I. THE FIRST MASSACRES

14 - 17 April

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The Ottoman Constitution was granted in July, 1908, but after the rejoicings and protestations of brotherhood and good fellowship, the ancient animosities between Turks and Armenians had soon reappeared. During all the winter in Adana, relations remained very strained, hatred gathered upon hatred, and the missionaries began to fear the worst.<sup>(1)</sup>

It is said that on Good Friday, in a quarrel, two or three Moslems having brutally illtreated a young Armenian of fifteen, the latter, in desperation, fired his revolver at his aggressors; one of these died almost at once, another some days later. The excitement and resentment amongst the Moslems was great, and the Governor vainly sought to lay hands on the young Armenian, who had fled.

At the funeral of the Moslems, the imams made violent speeches against the Armenians, and the result seems to have been that in twenty-four hours two Armenians had been killed.

“On Easter Tuesday,” writes Father Benoit, S.J., “our four Marist Brothers, taking their usual walk together, noticed an unusual animation in the Turkish quarter of the town. The streets seemed to be invaded by a crowd of Musulmen who had come in from the surrounding country;

(1) We do not give the causes of the massacre, they are apparent to all.



all wore a white turban, whereas, as a rule, the Moslems, as well as Christians, wear the 'fez,' or the 'tarbouch' of the Arabs."

These countrymen all carried rifles, scimitars, or weapons of some kind.

During that night, numerous patrols passed through the streets of Adana; no one thought of going to bed.

The following day, from early morn, the Turks assembled in their mosques. It was reported to the missionaries that a third Armenian had been killed, and that in the countryside murder and arson were rampant. The Christians in Adana were now thoroughly frightened, and did not dare to go out or to open their shops.

Seeing, or hearing this, the Vali (Governor), called to his konak some of the Armenian notables, including the Catholic Bishop, Mgr. Terzian; the Vali reassured them; begged them to calm their excited countrymen. So as to still further tranquillize the crowd, the Vali himself went down into the streets, accompanied by the officer in command of the troops. It took a long time to get the shops opened that morning; some of the Armenians seemed suspicious and anxious up to the last moment, and they opened the shutters very, very slowly.

It was a hot, stifling morning.

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The clock tower in Adana shows Turkish time. It had just struck four (about eleven o'clock in the morning, European time).

Suddenly the sound of firing was heard coming from the market-place. An instant's pause, then firing was again heard, this time in every direction. There was now

a terrible and long-sustained shout: "Death to the *giaours!* Death to the *giaours!*"

Of the first moments of the panic several facts are recorded. A Turk suddenly attacked a rich Armenian, Mr. David Ourfalian, who had just left the Vali's palace; stabbing him to the heart, the Turk shouted: "In the name of the Great God, we will begin with thee."

A man on horseback was shot down and his body thrown into the river. Several Armenians were killed in the courtyard of the Governor's palace.

At the residence of the Jesuit Fathers, the Rev. Father Superior, Père Jouve, was absent; he had gone down to Mersina the previous evening to bring back ten or twelve boarders, who were returning after the holidays.

Hurriedly, whilst the two Jesuit Fathers, Pères Rigal and Tabet, with the Marist Brothers, started to organize some kind of an attempt to defend the College of St. Paul against the excesses of a mob, the two other missionaries, Fathers Benoit and Sabatier, went over to the Sisters of St. Joseph to reassure them and to stand by them in case of danger. Upon arrival at the Sisters' school, the priests found a multitude of terror-stricken Armenians who had already crowded into the buildings.

"As soon as the massacres commenced," writes Sister Marie-Sophie, "several of our nuns fell on their knees, their arms crossed upon their breasts, invoking the Most High, and offering themselves to His most holy Will. The Mother Superior said to us: 'Go! open the doors to all who wish to come in.' Five minutes later, and our house was filled; our neighbours came in from all sides. A woman fainted in the arms of Sister Marie Antoinette; the firing in the streets around us increased; we saw men falling right and left."

From the windows of the convent dormitories fugitives could be seen rushing along the streets; children were observed to run straight against walls and to fall, their faces bathed in blood. Bachi-Bouzouks were seen, in parties



ADANA.—SCHOOL AND CHAPEL OF THE  
SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH OF LYONS,  
BURNT ON THE 2ND OF MAY.

To the right, chapel where the fire started.  
On the top floor, dormitories from which the  
course of the massacres was observed.



of thirty and forty, and it was noticed that they fired low at the fugitives to hit them in the legs and bring them to a stop; perhaps with the intention of torturing them later.

Bullets were now humming around the school-buildings; the window shutters were closed, and the fugitives were in

a state of indescribable panic. They were crowded and huddled together in groups all over the buildings.

The firing continued the whole of this afternoon, with a lull of some minutes now and again. The noise of doors being broken open could be distinctly heard; also a terrific banging, which was most likely the efforts being made to burst open safes; one could hear the clatter of furniture being thrown out into the streets, and above all the din, the wind brought to the ears of the listeners at the convent the long-sustained savage shouts and cries of the mob at their work.

The pillaging was carried out methodically. The rabble seem to have used their hatchets to burst open the doors; everyone inside was killed; cries of despair were distinctly heard.

The next thing that was done was to take everything of any value, furniture, linen, and divers objects, and to throw them into a cart waiting in the street, the house was then drenched with petroleum, by means of a hand-pump, and set on fire, the rabble then passing on to the next house.

Moslem women were seen to run along with the rabble; they carried armfuls of loot, and their strident cries, "hi! hi!" were particularly noticed.

All the Bazaar was thus given up to pillage, from the "Bon Marché" up to the neighbourhood of the clock-tower.

At the College of St. Paul the crowd of refugees was equally great.

"At the first sound of firing," writes Father Rigal, "there was a rush for the shelter of our buildings; a struggling mass of terrified humanity came in upon us from all sides, from the high terraces of the surrounding

houses, as also from the streets, as all doors were open wide to receive any one who came."

But in this part of the town, the Armenian quarter, as soon as the first moments of panic were passed, the defence of the district was quickly organized. Small troops of young Armenians, well armed and fully resolved to die fighting, went down to the outskirts of the Armenian quarter to repulse the attack of the Musulmen. And, as a matter of fact, they were able to keep them at bay until the evening.

In the obscurity of the evening the firing slackened, but it was then that the houses were set on fire. It was the houses near the vineyards that were burning, and the part of the city called Yeni Mahallé. The night was spent at the college watching in fear of an attack or of fire. Sleeping was out of the question in any case amidst the clamour and lamentations of some 5,000 or 6,000 refugees, who completely blocked every available space, including the priests' refectory, bedrooms, and studies.

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"The following day, April 15th," writes Father Rigal, "the battle recommenced with the same fierceness, and the pillage also continued. Many wounded were now being brought in to us. . . . There were ten Armenian doctors amongst our refugees, and they did the best they could in the way of surgical operations with the aid of pocket-knives and old scissors. We had nothing in the shape of dressings for wounds at hand, and all the chemists' shops in our district were naturally closed."

Refugees continued to straggle in all through this day. Father Rigal himself went out into the streets to bring several of them into safety, and bullets frequently struck the pavement just in front of him. In the words of Father Rigal:

“There was now not a square foot free to move about in, in our house; extraordinary gymnastic feats had to be resorted to, to get from one point of the house to another amidst this solid mass of suffering humanity, estimated at 8,000 souls.

“Several people assured me they had not been able to sit down for the last twenty-four hours. The church was full to overflowing, there was even a crowd on top of the high altar. It was at this moment, in the choir-stalls, that a faint cry was heard, and a tiny baby came into the world this day when so many thousands were so tragically on the road to Eternity. What an entry into life for this baby child!

“And a young girl had just died of fright, and we, being unable to bury her in the earth, had to carry her to the sacristy, to deposit her body on the sacristy table, and then to return to other more pressing duties.”

Being nearer to the Turkish quarter, the Sisters were the more exposed to the attack of the Mohamedan mob. At about four o'clock in the morning, Father Sabatier, wishing to see how near the danger had come, ascended the stairway leading to the terrace at the top of the school buildings. Scarcely had he opened the doorway when he was fired upon by someone in the watch-tower of an adjacent Turkish house. One bullet just grazed his head, the other wounded him in the side. Upon examination of the wound, an Armenian Protestant doctor who was amongst the refugees, declared that Father Sabatier had

had a very narrow escape; "It was a miracle," he said. Two other doctors seem to have been equally impressed by the fact that Father Sabatier had had such a hair-breadth escape.



IN ASIA MINOR. A TURKISH DERVISH (ON THE RIGHT)  
AND COUNTRYMEN.

Seeing Father Sabatier's blood-stained hand, the Mother Superior and Père Benoit both exclaimed: "How fortunate you are to have already shed your blood!"

In the afternoon, His Britannic Majesty's Consul, Major Doughty Wylie, paid a short visit to the convent.

He had come up from Mersina upon the first rumours of trouble; he had acted with splendid gallantry, riding through the streets in the thick of the fight and trying to assert his authority. As he had been accompanied by a few Turkish soldiers from the Konak, the Bachi-Bouzouks were cowed in his presence. The Consul had received a bullet wound in his right arm, but shortly afterwards he was again seen riding along with his arm in a sling.

“Nothing will be done to you,” said the Consul, “as long as there is no firing from your house.”

This precaution had already been taken by the Fathers, who had insisted on all fugitives giving up their arms; and these had been piled away under lock and key, so that the Fathers could assert with absolute conviction that no shot had been fired from either of the Catholic establishments during the whole course of the massacres.

Towards the evening, the arrival of the Redifs (the reservists) from Tarsous was reported, which news only increased the panic amongst the refugees. Of the latter there were now nearly 3,000 at “Bethanie,” the convent, and amongst them were some of the wounded, whose open wounds added to the terror.

The Sisters kept the people praying all the time. It was edifying, but almost painful, to see all these people passionately invoking the intercession of the Sacred Heart and of the Ever-Blessed Virgin.

The second night at the convent was still more dreadful than the first; an immense semi-circle of flame, more than half a mile in length, was slowly rolling up towards the school buildings, as if menacing utter destruction and annihilation.



Friday, April 16th. "A day of agony and fear," writes Father Rigal. "No news from our Consul; no chance of reaching the Vali. The refugees are discouraged and down-hearted; hunger is beginning to be felt."

What Father Rigal does not write is that he himself again and again risked his own life during this day, going down into the streets under fire on one or another errand of mercy.

So far the Armenians who were defending the Armenian quarter had not fallen back an inch; they had barricaded the streets, and standing at their posts they had bravely held out against the fire of the Turks. But their ammunition was beginning to give out, and their physical powers of resistance were likewise on the wane. They had been two whole days and nights defending their positions. The firing became more intense; it was felt that a supreme effort was being made on both sides. If the Christians had given way, it was a case of extermination. There were more than 20,000 men, women, and children crowded together in the Armenian and Catholic churches, in the Protestant settlement, and in the two Catholic school buildings. All these thousands would have been an easy prey to the massacring, plundering, Mahometan rabble if once let loose upon them! There would have been no safety in flight, the Christians being in the centre of the town and the Turks holding and closing all the outlets!

It was in the course of the previous night that the missionaries had sent an urgent letter of entreaty to the Vali; a friendly Moslem had volunteered to take the letter himself, but so far there was no reply<sup>(1)</sup>; the only news that

(1) Great thanks are due to this gallant Moslem; his house was burnt to the ground some days later, perhaps accidentally! It must be recorded that several Moslems protected Christian refugees, and

had come in was that some 10,000 fellahs (countrymen) had made a raid on the ammunition-stores at the Konak (the Governor's Palace), and had seized and carried off all the



A PORTION OF THE SISTERS' ESTABLISHMENT AT ADANA.

At the right, the Boarding School destroyed by fire on the night of May 2nd. In the centre, the galleries in which the terrified Armenians sought refuge on April 14th and 25th. At the left, the Orphanage and the Dispensary spared by the flames.

rifles. The French flag was now hoisted over both the Catholic settlements.

one of the number, Osman Bey, placed his house at the disposal of some Armenians who were without shelter.

Considering the undoubted racial animosities between Turks and Armenians, the conduct of these Moslems cannot be too highly extolled.

The flames had now come to within a few yards of the Sisters' school buildings: to leave would have meant being shot down by the Bachi-Bouzouks, to stay meant perishing in the flames. And now the refugees in the Sisters' courtyard were under fire; in the chapel a bullet came through the window, grazed a bench, and rebounded into the wood-work of the confessional.

The Mother Superior, perfectly calm amidst the intense excitement, now passed word to the nuns that they were to change their linen and to put on their best Religious habits, those of great feast days: "No one knew what might happen," were her words.

Death was now staring hard in the face of the crowd at the convent.

Suddenly Father Benoit, pale but calm, made a sign to one of the Sisters.

"Sister," he said, "the time has come; I am now about to consume the Sacred Elements. Go and see that the refugees are grouped around us; exhort them in Turkish to repent of all the sins of their past lives, and tell them that I will give a General Absolution."

It was just about this time that the American Protestant College, some thirty yards away, seems to have been especially singled out for destruction.

The wind had risen, and the flames were already close to the American building. Father Sabatier, from his point of observation in the upper storey of the convent, noticed that two Americans had come out on to the small terrace immediately in front of their school, and that they were vigorously engaged throwing pail-fulls of water on to the walls of the building, drenching them so as to render them better able to resist the heat of the flames close by.

Suddenly Father Sabatier noticed that the Americans were under fire. Instantly he shouted out to them in French, "Look out, my friends! You are being fired at!" He shouted in French and again in Turkish; but the Americans did not seem to hear, and went on with the utmost vigour with the work they had in hand.

Father Sabatier was then called below, and he had scarcely been five minutes in the courtyard when a quick succession of shots was heard, as if a volley had been fired somewhere close to the American schools. . . . A few seconds later and one of the doors of these schools was quickly opened, and several fugitives came rushing into the convent to give the news that two Americans had been shot!

But now things were going from bad to worse at the convent; bullets were striking the inner walls of the courtyard, where the thousands of refugees were crowded together. Every time the walls were struck a cloud of dust was raised, and the smoke from the flames close by was settling down over the courtyard and blinding everyone.

The mob had broken into the houses opposite, and could be seen, hatchets in hand, bursting open the doors of the dwelling rooms.

It was at about this time that the nuns, all on their knees, with bowed heads and arms crossed upon their breasts, led by their Mother Superior, recited nine times the *Salve Regina* in the same simple, calm manner as if it had been an ordinary day in the school term.

It was now noticed that groups of Bachi-Bouzouks were slowly coming up the street towards the house, very cautiously and stealthily taking cover against any possible surprise. Some of them seemed to be making their way

towards the American schools, others seemed bent on setting fire to the convent.

Father Sabatier, and also one of the Sisters, heard a short dialogue in Turkish in the street just under the windows at which they were watching :

“Let us burn this house also.”

“No! not this house; this is the house where they give remedies when we are ill.”

“It does not matter; let us burn it—let us burn it.”

A certain number of the Bachi-Bouzouks made a circuit of the convent and took up stations at the rear of the house. It can only be surmised that this was done so as to cut off the retreat of the refugees when driven out of the house by the flames, and to exterminate them with more certainty.

Père Sabatier had made the bold suggestion to the Mother Superior that he would escort the Sisters and the orphans by some back streets to the College of St. Paul, Père Benoit remaining at the convent with the refugees.

The plan, though risky, seemed feasible at first, but as the building was being surrounded by the Bachi-Bouzouks the idea was given up.

All human hope seemed past; it was now a matter of minutes and all would be over. Father Benoit a second time gave a General Absolution in a loud, clear voice. Some of the refugees are hysterical, crying out loud; others have fainted.

The Sisters are perfectly quiet, calm and collected. “The Sacred Heart will save us,” says the Mother Superior; “the Sacred Heart will save us,” repeat the nuns.

All eyes were fixed on the large entrance porch by which the mob were expected to break in. The Mother Superior, quick as thought, called the nuns around her.

“Sisters, those of you who wish to come to the post of honour, follow me!” and in a body, these twenty-five women passed down through the awe-struck crowd of refugees, and took up their stand close to the doorway.

And the crowd waited; a minute, perhaps two minutes, perhaps longer; a stillness seemed to have come over the district. Suddenly there was a bugle-call, then another, somewhat nearer, coming from the street.

Then a knock at the porch. The Mother Superior, turning to Father Benoit, said: “Father, will you please open the door.” Father Benoit opened it and stepped outside; the Mother Superior was for following:

“I will show myself; they will respect the garb of a poor nun.”

The door was now opened, but there was no mob to be seen; the Bachi-Bouzouks had fallen back, and were at the further end of the street. A small troop of regular soldiers were coming up rapidly. The officer in command dismounted at the doorway; he had caught sight of the Mother Superior and the thin line of white faces. He shook hands with the Fathers, the Mother Superior, then with several of the Sisters.

In point of courteous demeanour, the Turkish officer has no superior.

But a sergeant, close behind him, had seized Father Benoit somewhat roughly, and began searching him for arms. The soldiery crowded round—the pale, thin face of the man of God was seen as he towered head and shoulders above them.

“Friends!” he said, “these are my only arms,” and he offered them his crucifix.

“These are the only arms of a priest.” Instinctively the sergeant and soldiers fell back; there was something in this man that compelled respect.

The officer left four of his men on duty at the doorway, giving them short, stern orders, saluted, and passed down the street.

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Father Sabatier, with the help of several volunteers, at once set himself to the task of getting the flames under in the adjacent houses, as they were still a menace



ADANA AFTER THE MASSACRES.

A street in ruins. The district in which the Sisters were established.

to the convent. In the meanwhile, a subordinate officer suggested to Father Benoit that he should accompany them on a round through the town to endeavour to re-establish calm. Without an instant's hesitation Father Benoit accepted, although he was convinced he was going straight to death. They started off with several soldiers, and Father Sabatier rejoined them a few minutes later.

Together they passed two mosques; Turks fully armed, were standing in crowds on the steps, and stared at the priests in astonishment.

"Come! all is over! let there be peace!" called the missionaries.

Some of the leaders of the Turks came forward and shook hands with the missionaries. After traversing the town, they came to the College of St. Paul.

Father Rigal was absent; he was in the streets, trying to allay the anger of the incensed Turkish element of the population. It was an act of great daring on Father Rigal's part; he had started out alone, in spite of the entreaties of the Marist Brothers, that at least one of them might be allowed to accompany him; he said that by going quite alone he would be showing the Turks that the Christians sincerely wished for peace. Father Rigal's object seems to have also been to reach the Konak, to beg the Vali for assistance. It is known that on his round he frequently extended his hand as a mark of friendship towards fierce-looking Moslems, fully armed, and who, instead of returning his advances, clutched eagerly at their rifles; he smiled kindly at men whose eyes glared with hatred and murder; he often heard words that were menaces of death; near the bridge, at one moment, several rifles were levelled at him, but then voices of protest were raised by other Moslems, and it is either here, or rather later, that a gallant young Turkish officer came forward and shook hands with him, acting as his escort till the Konak was reached.

Upon Father Benoit and Father Sabatier arriving at the College of St. Paul, the 7,000 or 8,000 refugees there were worked up into a state of frenzy at the sight of the Turkish soldiers, and the two priests had an anxious moment at first, fearing for the safety of their escort. Father Sabatier remained in the college to calm the excitement, but Père Benoit pushed on in his walk alone, two soldiers being with him, and a young man carrying a Turkish flag preceding him; as a rule, he met with a friendly reception, but in one place, in the Turkish quarter, he was turned back, the Moslems barring the way threateningly and saying: "No! no! no *Giaour* shall pass here," so he turned back.



In the Christian part of the town all was dead silence; the shops had been pillaged to the uttermost; the houses were wide open; of doors and windows only fragments remained; in the side-streets the fires continued; corpses were lying about in pools of blood; the number of corpses was very great. The soldiers who accompanied Père Benoit, without consulting him, led him to the Governor's Palace; in the forecourt some 1,200 Turks were assembled; again, as this tall, haggard man in black passed through the crowd, everyone near made way for him; some called out: "the monk! the monk!" others, seeing the Turkish flag preceding him, and soldiers at his side, broke out into cheers.

Père Benoit went straight up to where the Vali was standing, the general in command of the troops at his side; he thanked him for sending the soldiers to the relief of the Missions. The Vali remained unmoved, and did not say a word; the General bowed and said:

"We have only done our duty."

In coming away from the interview with the Vali, the soldiers and crowd of Turks again acclaimed Père Benoit, and several of the younger officers came up to him and shook hands, complimenting him. . . .

An hour or so later the two Fathers met at the convent, and then, at last, the Father Superior, Père Jouve, appeared; the three men were so affected that they could hardly speak. Père Jouve seemed to have had the worst time of the three; he was deadly pale—he had completely lost his voice. He had received the first news of the troubles as he was on his way to the station in Mersina with the pupils; the officials at the railway station in Mersina had warned him not to go up to Adana. Leaving his pupils in safe custody, he had taken the first train, but on arrival at the station in Adana he was forcibly detained, as the Turks had barred all

communication with the centre of the town, and all his efforts to get through to one of the Catholic houses had been of no avail. He had thus passed three days at the railway station in the most acute mental agony, not knowing what had happened or what had been the fate of the missionaries.

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In the evening there were still some houses on fire; the night was calm, but there was still occasional firing from the minarets.

The following day, Saturday, there was really a cessation of hostilities. From the earliest hours of the morning, long, open carts were seen passing down the streets, and the corpses were thrown in, probably including some of those mortally wounded, but whose life was not yet extinct; the carts were emptied into the waters of the river Seihoun that flows through the town.

But, although there was no further slaughter in the town of Adana itself, it is not easy to determine when it ceased in the surrounding districts. All the farms of the Christians were pillaged, and there were 360 of these farms. On the estate of Mgr. Terzian, the Catholic Bishop, 160 people were massacred and the bodies were thrown into the wells; it was the same not only on the other farms, but also in the numerous country houses and vineyards belonging to the better-to-do Armenians in the neighbourhood of Adana.

It was just the time of the harvest and of the weeding of the cotton fields, and for this work some 15,000 or 20,000 Christian labourers were accustomed to come down into the district from different points of Anatolia, some from parts needing ten, twenty, or even thirty days for the journey. Although reliable statistics will probably never be available, it is certain that a very great number of these

unfortunate people, many of them fathers of families, have perished. Caught unawares in the open country or in the farm houses, these people were quite unprepared for an attack, and had not the slightest chance of resistance.



AN ARMENIAN FAMILY OF COUNTRY-FOLK FROM  
THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ADANA.

It is owing to this custom of the migration of so many field-labourers to Adana for the harvest, and to the number of victims amongst these men, that the effects of the massacres were so severely felt all over Anatolia. Thus, all the Christian villages between Sivas and Césarea suffered great losses. At the village of Tchépni some hundred men—almost all married and fathers of large families—have disappeared. In the neighbouring village of Bourhan forty

out of eighty have succumbed. From the township of Guémérék 250 have not returned, and so on in the surrounding places. Great distress is the result.

A pathetic incident is recorded at one of these places. Just about sunset a riderless mule came climbing slowly up the dusty hillside and stopped at the gate of a small cottage. A woman and two children came out and stared at the mule. They stared for some time—then they understood, and they went indoors. And it is amongst these country folk that the massacres were particularly atrocious; the marauding rabble, being quite free from all supervision and safe from any possible counter attack, indulged in every kind of abomination, the very details of which make one shudder with horror.

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## II. THE DAYS BETWEEN THE TWO MASSACRES

17 - 25 April

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Seeing that there were to be two distinct and separate massacres, it may be said to have been providential that there was a clear interval of about a week between the two events. In consequence of this—we may call it breathing space—it was possible to thoroughly examine into the effects and the results of the first massacre and to form general conclusions.

We are well aware that there are good people who believe it to be a mistake to give details of horrors and of atrocities. On our part, we think it is far worse to ignore such facts and to lead people to think that manslaughter and arson were the only misdeeds committed; the truth is that numbers of Armenians were done to death in the most fiendish manner.

A high English official at Constantinople, referring to the well-known devilish brutality of the Kurds, made the remark: "It made one inclined to take one's sporting gun and to hunt the brutes down."

To us it would appear that if the whole of Christendom fully realized the facts of the atrocities committed, and were shocked out of its apathy by the enumeration of these atrocities, it would be far better for humanity at large, and there would then be some likelihood of definite steps being

taken to prevent such ghastly occurrences ever again being repeated.

The number of wounded at the Residence was very large; the wounded lay about on the ground on the roughest of canvas cloth and on old jute sacks. Two or three doctors gave the first aid as far as possible; the Marist Brothers washed the wounds and did the bandaging. Brother Marc refers to seeing an old man whose head showed numberless knife-wounds, and who had been beaten so fearfully that his legs were a mere shapeless mass, both knees being broken. Brother Marc also saw a girl of twelve who had been stabbed right through her chest, and who died a few hours later. He saw a baby of two or three that had had a blow from a hatchet cleaving its skull open, and another baby that had several bayonet wounds in the abdomen!

At the other end of the courtyard, Brother Louis Xavier was seen binding up the wounds of a baby of three in its mother's arms. It was horrible to notice how its tiny left arm was covered with cutlass wounds; the bones were broken at three different points, the hand pierced, and the tips of the fingers cut off. It was found to be necessary to amputate this arm, and as soon as this was done the baby child began to caress its mother with its remaining hand. Those who saw this burst into tears.

Brother Marc tells of another case he witnessed: a woman with so many wounds that the doctor did not seem to know where to begin. A bullet had entered by the shoulder and penetrated the lungs, both arms were mutilated, head and legs showed traces of blows from a yatagan, numerous bullet wounds had torn the flesh off the back. Whenever the doctor was about to pass to the next patient she kept on saying: "You have still to do this—still to do that."

Some Armenians were undoubtedly crucified on tables, door-posts, and window-frames. Young girls and mere children were not respected. Though facts of this nature are well-known, they cannot be put into print. But we repeat there is no doubt whatever that they occurred.

And that Moslem women encouraged their sons to the slaughter of Christians is also well authenticated.



ADANA AFTER THE MASSACRES.  
A street leading to the former College of  
the Jesuit Fathers.

At the Sisters' small dispensary, horrible wounds were also in evidence. The place was crowded, and Sister Marie-Sophie, in a letter on the Sunday, refers to the 220th patient.

Hatchet and knife-wounds seem to have been the worst; fingers, arms, and legs had to be amputated in many cases; heads had often to be bandaged in five or six places.

On the Monday following, the Sisters were as indefatigable as ever. They began to organize a small ambulance, placing it under the protection of Our Lady of Fourvière. The house of the Armenian family Chadrizian was placed at their disposal for this purpose, the family having decided to emigrate, as the father had been murdered in the Governor's Palace at the beginning of the massacres.

To provide the necessary sustenance for their establishment, full of sick and wounded, the Sisters then went through the streets begging from house to house, accom-

panied by two members of the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, and followed by two carriers carrying sacks. A man acting as a kind of crier went with them, and called out in Turkish, under the windows, in the courtyards, and even in the streets as they passed along :

“My brothers, my friends, help us as much as you can ; give us some old clothing or some linen ; give us a little rice, or some *bourgoul* (shelled corn), or some haricot beans ; some old kitchen utensils ; give us some onions ; we accept everything ; it is for the first needs of the ambulance which our Sisters have just opened.”

Sometimes a copper coin, four or eight metallics (a halfpenny or a penny) would be thrown out of a window and eagerly picked up.

Butchers and bakers generally gave something of their store, fruiterers gave salad and oranges. The Sisters went into the coffee houses also, much to the astonishment of the inmates.

They even risked going into the Moslem quarter, and the Vali, with a not unfriendly gesture, gave them two *medjidis* (about seven shillings). Several of the Turkish notables also gave small sums . . . for who has ever been able to resist the pleadings of Sisters of Mercy and of the Poor !

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In the course of this week, several officers of the English and French men-of-war lying off Mersina visited Adana.

One of them, an officer of the *Victor Hugo*, in a long letter home, gives some of his impressions. We give brief extracts :



“Mersina, April 23rd. The Consul tells us that the interior of the country is being put to fire and sword. . . . In going up by train . . . we notice the country has been



COURT OF ONE OF THE SISTERS' SCHOOLS IN ARMENIA.  
The good Sisters teach Catechism, sewing, embroidery, and many things besides.

well cultivated, but as we go along we see a farm that has been burnt down and pillaged, then another, and others in quick succession.

“The desolation appears greater as we get nearer to

Adana. . . . In every one of these farms, Armenians have been put to death. . . .

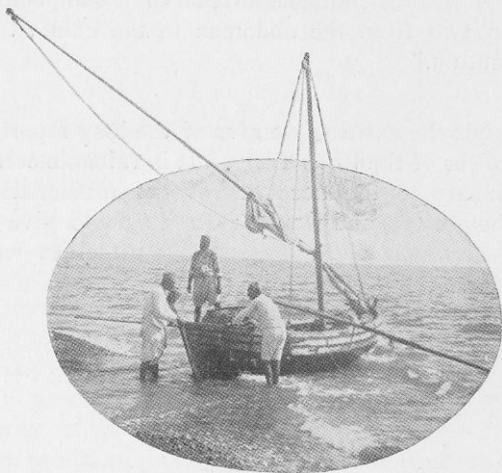
“A crowd of Moslems comes around us, rather out of curiosity than anything else, as we enter the main street of Adana. . . . At every step we pass a shop that has been pillaged—frequently only the safe is still to be seen, burst open, and lying amid the *débris*. We went to the Mission, a large and fine-looking establishment in the heart of the town.

“The Fathers receive us almost as their saviours, for until now they have not ceased to be anxious, in spite of the apparent pacification which has followed upon the three days of the massacres. Their house has been under fire. They had 7,000 or 8,000 refugees at the time. . . . A Father was wounded . . . it seems to have been a miracle that he escaped death. . . .

“The missionaries conducted us to the community of the Sisters of St. Joseph. What a spectacle! The courts, parlours, and class-rooms full of Armenians, unkempt, lean, and dejected . . . The day before yesterday there were still some 3,000 of them. Yesterday and to-day many have been reassured and have gone home; those too frightened to leave, and those without homes, have remained. . . . The women are lamenting their lot in a state of desolation; the men are silent, and appear serene; children are playing about as if nothing had happened.

“Agile, daintily clean, and smiling, the Sisters pass in and out amidst this crowd; they seem astonishingly calm, and when they say that they were not frightened, even at the worst moment, I quite believe them. . . . I can, however, see bullet traces on all sides; one of the dormitories was riddled through and through. . . . The rooms they take us in are clean and sweet, . . . how do they manage to look after everything—to give sustenance to so many refugees, and to keep them in such a state of cleanliness?

“We are conducted to the infirmary; an Armenian refugee, something of a doctor, is dressing the wounds of an old Armenian woman, sitting in an armchair. She has eight head wounds, some as large as one's finger. She has a foot cut off . . . and an arm hacked to pieces.



THE BAY OF MERSINA AT THE MOUTH OF THE  
SEIHOUN RIVER. TURKISH BOATMEN.

Her daughter had, it seems, been outraged and massacred under her eyes. . . . The poor mother had lost her reason.

“We go through a courtyard; women, mostly old women, fall down on their knees before us, and touch our uniforms as if they would act as a talisman against the Turks. They are all crying, and entreating us to save them. Several seize hold of us as we pass, embrace our

feet, and kiss the very spot our feet have trodden. . . . I have never felt so unnerved in my life. . . .

“Friday, April 24th.—The river in which some 3,000 corpses may have been thrown is beginning to carry them down into the Bay of Mersina. The corpses float about . . . in a state of decomposition . . . hideous. One of a little girl of five was noticed, another of a man, completely severed in two from the abdomen to the chin . . . arms and legs cut off.”

This ends the extracts we give of the long report of the French officer of the *Victor Hugo*. It is valuable corroborative testimony to the accounts of the missionaries and Sisters themselves, and would seem to us to give the lie direct to any one who suggests that atrocities were not committed.

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### III. THE RENEWAL OF THE MASSACRES

25 - 28 April

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It is almost impossible to conceive how the second massacre originated, and why it occurred.

As the British, French, and other men-of-war were lying at Mersina, and able to land 500 or more men at any moment, quite enough, in fact, to cope with any possible emergency, it seems to us that there must have been foul play somewhere, or that the situation must have been entirely misread and misunderstood by those in authority. Some day all will be known.

We now merely deal with the facts of the second massacres as we know them.

The massacres started afresh, and if possible even more violent, more savage than before, and this time they led to the complete destruction of all the Catholic Mission buildings. We have again the testimony of eye-witnesses. Father Benoit writes, that in spite of promises of peace made by the Moslems, many Armenians begged us at both houses to keep them a little longer. "We cannot trust the Turks," they said, "they have so often deceived us."

It is known that at about this time many Armenians who were anxious to leave Adana were detained, their houses were being searched, and any arms found were confiscated. In the mosques, the Imams were exciting the populace to further acts of violence.

On Wednesday, April 21st, the day of the arrival at Mersina of the three men-of-war, one English, one French, one German, the Turkish newspaper, the *Ittidal*, had again indulged in menacing language respecting the Armenians. This statement can be verified by reference to the newspaper of that date.

On the same day a Mussulman Commission called on the British Consul, begging him to prevent the landing of officers and men from the war vessels, as it would have a bad effect on the populace.

The fact of this Mussulman Commission calling on the British Consul, is one that must not be lost sight of. The one Consul who had at once, in a most gallant manner, personally intervened on the first massacres, was the one man to be hoodwinked if a second massacre was intended. We do not affirm that this was the intention, but one cannot help feeling that it may have been, and the further course of events has to be carefully considered in this connection.

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It was the day after the French officers had left Adana, that the Moslems again took up their arms. Sister Marie-Sophie writes, that from the Convent on Sunday evening, April 25th, firing was suddenly heard in the direction of the Armenian school. Father Benoit, at the College, was that Sunday afternoon about five o'clock conducting the service of the Stations of the Cross. It was the eighth Station, Christ prophesying the destruction of Jerusalem. Suddenly here, also, firing was heard, and men came rushing in with the words: "*The soldiers are firing on us.*"

At both houses there was now again a panic-stricken crowd of Armenians rushing in at every opening, climbing

over walls and balustrades, crushing and falling over one another.

And so in a few moments the whole tragedy was being enacted over again,—the Jesuit Fathers, the Marist



FAMILY AND TENT OF NOMADIC MOSLEMS.

Brothers, and the Sisters, all trying to calm the frightened crowds, beside themselves with terror. We may here remark that for a foreign subject in Turkey to show personal courage in time of trouble is only natural, but for unprotected Armenian Christians in Asia Minor during the reign of Abdul Hamid to have been courageous, would have been nothing short of miraculous. The Sisters were

often asked by the Armenians: "Are you not afraid?" Their acts were their answer.

That night incendiarism was begun again. The houses of all the leading Armenians were the first to be set aflame. Near the Sisters the vast buildings of the Armenian schools were ablaze. The fire seems to have been extremely rapid in its progress in the Armenian quarter of the town called the New Bazaar. This quarter was the one that had been so well defended during the first massacres, now it seems to have been singled out for destruction: at least two hundred houses were burning, and half Adana was enveloped in smoke and flames. What with the flames, the incessant firing, and the angry shouts, interspersed with shrieks, it seemed as if a vision from Hell had come to strike terror into the hearts of the bravest.

That evening six of the Sisters had not returned to the convent. They had been down in the temporary hospital, which could just be distinguished shrouded in heavy clouds of smoke. These six women were on their way to the convent when a panic-stricken crowd of Armenians came rushing past them; some hundred yards behind came a troop of Bachi-Bouzouks, villainous ruffians indeed, for six poor nuns to meet with. "Let us pass," said one of the Sisters, in Turkish, "we are French." "French or Armenian, it does not matter, you cannot pass," was the reply of the leading Moslem. So these six women went back to pass the night in the hospital, overcrowded as it already was by the latest influx of refugees. It was, however, fortunate for the sick and wounded that the Sisters had returned, for, after a short time, it was the Sisters who had to carry all their patients down into the courtyard, as the house was in danger of catching fire every minute. Thus, the greater part of the night was



passed in the courtyard. It was only in the morning that all the inmates of the hospital could be conveyed to the College close by. Father Rigal kept guard in the street, whilst the Marist Brothers took the sick and wounded, one

by one, and carried them to the College. Those who had taken refuge in the hospital came also. The Sisters were the last to leave the hospital, and on their arrival at the College, their only request was that they might be allowed to receive Holy Communion.



ARMENIAN ORPHANS.

About mid-day the hospital buildings collapsed, a prey to the flames. The College also was gradually becoming encircled by fire; it did not seem right for the Sisters to remain, so Père Rigal called one of the ruffianly-looking Turkish carriers near at hand, and pointing to the Sisters, said, "There, take these Sisters to the convent; I entrust them to your care." The man stared at the Sisters for a moment, then accepted and faithfully discharged his mission. It was more dead than alive, however, that the Sisters reached their destination, for they had been quite

close to the flames all the time; several times rifles were levelled towards them as poor Armenians were seen hanging on to their skirts. Again and again "Fire on them," cried a Moslem to his companion. "How can I fire on the *Giaours*," said the other, "without hitting the French women?"

In the meanwhile at the College a stubborn fight was being waged to keep the flames from the buildings, but the fire was getting the upper hand. The Marist Brothers and some Armenians had gone out on the terraces to throw water on the flames, but the position was untenable, as Moslems from the minarets close by were firing at them. Several of the Armenians were wounded. Now again it was Father Benoit who approached the altar and consumed the Sacred Elements and gave a last General Absolution to the Christians who thronged the church. There seemed to be no hope left. It is recorded that a Protestant doctor said to Father Benoit, "How is it, Father, that you seem so happy now at the hour of death?"

When every thought of deliverance had been given up at the College, his Britannic Majesty's Consul, Major Doughty Wylie, appeared on the scene accompanied by some twenty soldiers. Father Benoit writes:

"This admirable man comes riding down the street towards us; his right arm is in a sling; he holds the reins in his left hand. I am to be the privileged spokesman; I thank him on behalf of all for coming to our rescue; he has saved thousands of Christian lives."

And two months later, Father Benoit, when in Constantinople, still referred to the British Consul with something approaching veneration. "Long will the memory of this brave man live in the hearts of the poor suffering Christians of Adana, and of all those who were witnesses of his

heroism. His name will be ever mentioned with sentiments of gratitude, admiration, and love, for it recalls the memory of his charity and bravery. The very assassins of the Christians themselves cannot deny their tribute of respect and esteem to the man who showed himself as brave a soldier as he is a perfect gentleman."

The Consul's words were short military commands: "Conduct all the refugees to the Governor's Palace; the soldiers will accompany you."

The Consul then rode rapidly away to the convent.

The refugees, however, began to hesitate, until Father Benoit, accompanied by the three Marist Brothers and Brother Balian, placed himself at the head of the procession, and the crowd then followed, in a compact body, every one wishing to be as near to the priest and Brothers as possible.

On arrival at the Konak all the men were searched for arms and then let go to take shelter for the night at two European spinning-mills, as best they might. The triumphal arch that had been erected in the public gardens a year ago in honour of the Constitution was brought to the ground and completely destroyed in the course of this afternoon.

Father Benoit makes a special note that no sooner had the Armenians arrived than they were searched (roughly in some cases) and even their pocket-knives were taken from them. The only thing said was: "Remain here!" and this order was enforced against the French missionaries as well, who, during the day, were in reality prisoners of the Turks.

"Why keep all these poor people here?" asked Father Benoit.

"So that the Turkish soldiers have a free entrance to their houses," replied an officer; "we shall inspect the houses, confiscate any arms we may find; we shall seize and kill any Armenian rebels whom we may still find hiding."

Father Benoit also refers to the fact that bread and a little water was given them, and that it tasted delicious after the long, compulsory fast.

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The Jesuit Fathers and the Marist Brothers who remained in the College were still intent on making a final effort to save the building from the flames, but all was in vain, as the soldiers refused to help, and even stood in the way, obstructing the work. It is at about this time that the Marist Brother, Brother Antoine, accomplished a feat which shows how much one man can do in an emergency.

Noticing that the Armenian Church of St. Stephen, in which there must have been 2,000 refugees, was becoming enveloped in the flames, he went up to a young Turkish officer, a young man of twenty-two and a former pupil at the school of the Brothers at Kadikeuy, and said to him:

“In the name of humanity do not allow all these innocent people to perish.”

The officer consented, and calling on three soldiers to accompany them, he went to the church, walking hand-in-hand with the Marist Brother, and succeeded in getting everyone out of the building; not a soul was lost. A very short time afterwards the church was burnt to the ground.

These refugees were also sent in batches to the Konak, accompanied by soldiers, and it appears nothing was done to molest them on the way.

But the whole Armenian quarter was now at the mercy of any one disposed to pillage; some of the soldiers at the Jesuits' Residence certainly had ideas of loot, and they seemed anxious to see the Fathers leave the premises.

The Fathers, seeing all hope of saving the buildings

completely lost, hurriedly collected the sacred vessels and vestments and any articles of particular value, and carried them as best they could to the convent as the safest place within reach.

Scarcely had they arrived there when they noticed a thick, black column of smoke rising from the very spot they had just left . . . and thus in a few hours the chapel, college, Residence, library . . . and everything . . . the fruit of twenty-nine years of labours and privations, was lost and completely destroyed.

At the convent the danger of fire was also growing, so that as the evening came on, the Father Superior himself conducted the Sisters and the orphans first to the Konak, where some bread was given them, and then to the British Consulate, to the house of Mr. Trepani, where the night was passed. But as the Mother Superior could not resign herself to abandon her beloved convent, "Bethany," she insisted on returning there, and so Father Rigal went back to the house with her.

The following day all the Religious were re-conducted to the convent by the second officer in command of the French vessel, the *Victor Hugo*; this gallant officer himself came to keep guard over the house, having obtained an escort of twenty-four soldiers from the Vali, and all night long he was on the watch, seeing everything was done properly.

But the incendiarism had not ceased, and it was even during the stay of this French officer at the convent that the house of the dragoman of the French Consulate was burnt to the ground. This dragoman had been most devoted in his services during the massacres.

The following day, April 29th, the commander of the *Victor Hugo* sent word that the Fathers and Sisters were to

leave Adana for Mersina, as "he could not answer for their safety."

Luckily, the second officer did not take the order too literally, for to abandon the place entirely at this moment would have had a most deplorable effect on the native Christians; so the three Fathers, Father Jouve, the Superior, Father Benoit, and Father Sabatier remained with Brother Balian, S.J., whereas the Marist Brothers and the Sisters, escorted by Père Rigal, went down to Mersina.

The Sisters, however, were not long absent. The very next day, the 30th of April, two or three of them were back in their convent at Adana again, with some orphans. Most of the other Sisters came back soon after, as we shall see later on.

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The massacres had in fact ceased; the second officer had now to leave to rejoin his ship; the convent was thus left standing, guarded by the twenty-four soldiers; it really looked as if this building, which had protected so many thousands of unfortunate people, might yet be spared.

But it was not to be so. On May 2nd, towards midnight, Father Benoit woke up and noticed a dense column of smoke in one corner of the chapel; quickly everyone was awakened; but the fire seemed to envelop the chapel in a very few minutes, and it was impossible to reach the altar to consume the Sacred Elements. Once more in the darkness the missionaries, taking on their shoulders the few things left to them, turned wearily to the street to seek a shelter; a Greek khan was opened to them; there they deposited all they possessed.

But they were back again shortly, fighting the flames

to the last; a young naval officer from the English man-of-war who had reached Adana the night before, took charge of the operations, and though he and those under his orders did their very utmost, there was no stopping the flames, and at five o'clock a.m. all was over.



THE BOARDING-SCHOOL OF THE SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH  
AFTER THE FIRE.

The large school building of Bethany was a mere blackened skeleton; the bakery and a small part of the orphanage building were all that remained standing, and also the statue of the Blessed Virgin in the courtyard, which as a Sister said, "seemed still to smile benignly in the midst of all the desolation."

#### IV. THE RUINS

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It was now only from the ruins of the convent buildings, that the Fathers, having no personal cares to attend to, were able to realize the extent of the ruins of the whole city. The aspect of the once rich and populous city of Adana was almost terrifying; it seemed to be the ruins of Pompeii over again, but still smouldering and slowly burning itself out in the basements of the houses.

Father Jouve estimated the part of Adana that had been burnt at a square kilometre; thus nearly three-quarters of a square mile of buildings had become a prey to the flames.

But the missionaries were now totally destitute. Father Rigal writes:

“We have only the clothes we had on on the day of the fire, and the breviaries which we each of us carried in our pockets.”

“I have lost everything,” are Father Benoit’s words; “my sermons, my conferences, my retreats, my manuscript work on the Greek schism, the labour of many years. I have only my crucifix left, for I always carried it with me in the days of agony we have gone through. . . . My firm conviction is that this total loss of all things will be no disadvantage to me in my future work. I have only an old cassock left, a girdle, and no biretta at all.

“How all this consoles me, for it is, as it were, a sort



of compensation for the martyr's crown which was so near my grasp!"

And yet the loss of twenty or more years of manuscript work is a grievous loss to any man. In Constantinople, some months later, Father Benoit was asked as to how this loss had really affected him. His answer was clear, and it was immediately given:

"Next to life, what can be more precious to a Religious than his life's work? Many a time during the massacres I had offered the sacrifice of my life to the Divine Will. When I knew that my manuscripts were burnt, I offered these as my poor sacrifice to God, and now I am perfectly resigned."

The blow was none the less a staggering one. Father Benoit must have been at the Konak protecting by his presence the crowd of refugees at the time that his work was being burnt; and he must have been conscious at the time of what was going on.

The resignation of this priest strangely affected his interviewer in Constantinople; so much so that this gentleman decided to give up a life of business for a vocation more definitely religious.

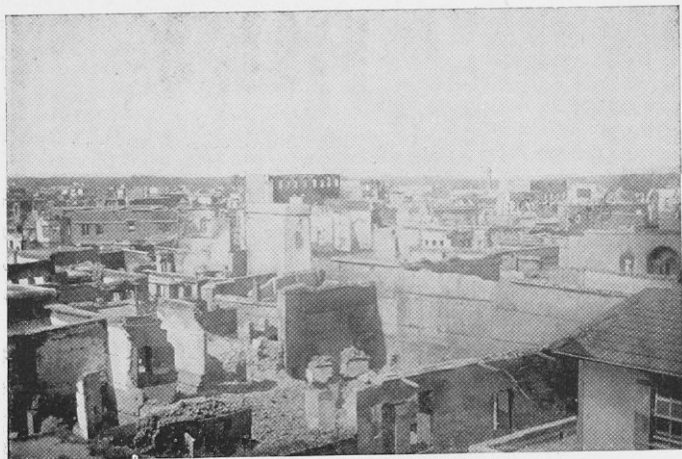
And the nuns' thoughts were not less generous.

Sister Marie - Sophie writes: "Ten days ago I was begging in the streets for our wounded, to-day we resemble them; we have no longer a home, and scarcely any clothing. We ourselves are now beggars on the highway; all my notes, all my music, so many manuscript copies written during the holidays in the course of the last sixteen years, all are gone. . . . What a retreat these past weeks have been for me; I shall never again make such a profitable retreat; of that I am quite certain, thanks be to God!"

And scarcely was all past when the thoughts of the Religious turned to the future, and the resolve to begin all over again seemed quite natural.

One nun wrote home :

“ Our Superiors have decided not to abandon the place,



ADANA AFTER THE FIRE.  
At the left centre, ruins of St. Paul's College.

but to struggle on at all costs to the end ; and if the end is to be death all the better ; the martyr's crown, just missed a first time, will be the more glorious on the second occasion. . . .”

The Mother Superior, when officially invited to leave Adana for fear of new disturbances, had answered briefly :

“ I shall remain here, even if it costs me my life.”

Another nun writes :

“ We have nothing left, but that does not matter. We shall begin again at Adana, on a smaller scale this time than nineteen years ago, when our Mother House was able to help us so bountifully. . . . We have found a house near the station; five of our Sisters go down there to-morrow to start a dispensary. . . .”

A few days afterwards there were fifteen of the Sisters at Adana.

And thus it is seen the Catholic missionaries determined to keep the flag flying.

As soon as the news of the fire reached Beyrout, the Rev. P. Cattin, Rector of the University of St. Joseph, at once despatched Father Duplay and Brother Cotel with the first necessities of life. The French Consul-General at Beyrout also generously sent help, and so did the officers and men of the French war vessels, even the poorest of the sailors contributing their mite.

A list of those who kindly helped in the first days of calamity must necessarily be incomplete. The British Consul has to be put in the first place, but his good wife must also be gratefully remembered. Mr. Trépani was of the greatest help when most needed; Mr. Godard, Mr. Tridoglou, Mr. Barbe, Mr. Sabatier, of Hamidié, Mr. Luighi, and so many others.

And may we not dedicate a few words in special remembrance to the courageous French Consul-General of Aleppo, the much-lamented M. Roque-Ferrier, who has since passed away amidst such signs of general mourning, both of Moslems and Christians, as Aleppo had never before witnessed. From so far away, a five days' journey on horseback, he came to Adana, passing through the whole of the devastated countryside, helping and consoling every-

one as he went along. Having procured the relief of the Trappists and the Lazarists of Akbes, surrounded as they were by armed bands of Moslem ruffians, he pushed on to Adana, where his bearing excited general admiration.

Shortly after his return to Aleppo, he fell ill of fever, probably caught through exposure in the course of this journey . . . and thus he passed to his reward.—R.I.P.

It was thus, owing to generous help and at great personal sacrifice, that two houses were rented near to the station, and a dispensary and small hospital were very soon reopened. So that on May 29th, one of the Sisters could write:

“At the dispensary we are able to attend daily to some 100 to 150 wounded, and we give relief to more than 1,500 people. A dreadful feature is the number of those out of their minds; one of our women invalids was hiding two whole days down in a well with seven corpses around her; is it to be wondered at that her mind gave way?”

Two of the Sisters were now requested by the wife of the British Consul to help her at the infirmary she herself had generously started; Sisters Saint-Cyr and St. Jean were appointed for this work.

The missionaries and nuns also began forming plans as to scholastic work, pending the re-erection of the colleges; and the nuns seemed bent on again starting their orphanage, though the absence of means rendered the execution of these good intentions almost impossible from the first.

The last thing the Religious thought of was their own dire distress; one instance is related of a nun asking for something for herself, and that something she did not get. Here is the story: Owing to their extreme exhaustion, it had been decided to send several of the nuns away from

Adana for a few days. As soon as the nuns came on board the French man-of-war *Jules Ferry*, the admiral in full dress, surrounded by all his officers, received them in his state-saloon, and expressed his admiration for their heroism, thanking them for thus honouring the French



THE HOSPITAL OF ST. ROCH NEAR THE STATION.

nation. Concluding, he told them not to hesitate to ask for anything they might require whilst on board his vessel.

One of the Sisters, the merest little girl-nun, stepped forward and said :

“Will you please give me a rosary ; mine was burnt during the massacres.”

There was a moment's silence ; the admiral's face was a study. An officer—somewhere in the front rank—said :

“Sister, I have a rosary, but . . . I . . . cannot . . . part with it.”

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The deep-set race-hatred between Turks and Armenians cannot be denied for a moment, but once the massacres



ADANA AFTER THE FIRE.

On the left, the residence of the Catholic Bishop, Mgr. Terzian :  
on the right, the Protestant church.

had commenced, they became distinctly anti-Christian in character, and many proofs of this are at hand. In fact, in almost every case, the alternative of apostasy or death was offered to the Armenians, by the infuriated Mahomedan mob. Father Benoit is thus right in saying that a very great number of Christians, even schismatic, accepted death rather than deny Christ.

A young woman, recently married, saw her father, her mother, and her husband, killed before her eyes. "Now, become a Mussulman; we will give you another husband," she was told.

The answer was unflinching: "I am a Christian and I mean to remain a Christian." She was slaughtered without further discussion. A young man was summoned to become a Moslem. As an answer he made the sign of the Cross. He was summoned again, and gave the same answer. A third and final summons; the Moslem mob was closing round him; fierce, eager faces glared death, but he did not flinch . . . he raised his hand high up above his head, brought it down along his body, and then with a last effort, threw both hands wide out, as he fell stabbed to the heart.

A young Armenian girl, educated at the Sisters' school, had gathered a crowd of poor people, men and women, round her; they seemed to be thinking of apostatizing; the mob was in the next street; she kept repeating aloud: "Sacred Heart of Jesus, in Thee do I put my trust," and the poor people repeated her words. The mob had turned the corner, and bore down upon the helpless Christians; in a few moments no one was left alive. . . . It is said that a whole Christian village was blotted out for refusing to deny the Faith.

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## V. SOME DETAILS OF THE MASSACRES IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ADANA

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We shall in this chapter merely set down a summary of the report of Father Rigal, who accompanied the caravan of relief organized at Adana by the French Consul-General, M. Roque-Ferrier, and which caravan was intended to succour the sufferers in some country districts between Adana and Aleppo. Starting from Adana on May 27th, the caravan was composed of the Rev. Father Etienne, Prior of the Trappists of Cheklé, Father Rigal, the intrepid Mother Superior of the Sisters of St. Joseph, two of the Sisters, and of an adequate escort of Turkish soldiers.

A sum of 1,500 francs had been collected and was taken on the journey, also some seven waggon-loads of provisions and medical stores, a large part of which were generously furnished by Admiral Pivet.

The places visited were as follows:

Close to Adana: the village of Christian-Keui, burnt on April 14th; no one left. (The massacres here and at Indjirlik were known to have been horrible.)

An hour or so further on Indjirlik, also entirely destroyed; 145 Christian houses, all burnt to the ground. Of 800 or 900 inhabitants, only twenty-eight men and thirty women were left.

Further on, of a scattered community, said to have been one of 1,240 Christians, thirteen men and sixty-seven women remained.



At Aghze-Beuyuk, ten houses, all razed to the ground.

At Guémi-Soura, twenty-four houses, all destroyed.

Missis, a small town of some importance on the banks of the river Djihoun: not a single Christian to be seen anywhere; only Moslems, whose every gesture and look showed



THE RIVER DJIHOUN AT MISSIS.

hatred and defiance; such remarks as these were overheard by the missionaries: "What are these *giaours* here for?" "So there are still some of the *giaours* alive!" Of the 1,800 Christians, it is said 400 were massacred in the town, and 1,200 in the surrounding country. 200 only were said to have survived, and but ten of these were men who managed to make their escape. We sincerely trust these figures for Missis may prove exaggerated; at present there is no reason for thinking so.

Hamidié. The Christian population had been 1,500 souls; thirty men and 370 women had survived, and had been able to take refuge in Mr. Sabatier's factory. The massacre was said to have been so well planned that 600 men were taken by surprise in the market-place and were killed on the spot; some 500 others were hunted down in the country near by.

At Osmanié the military commander had supplied the Bachi-Bouzouks with Martini rifles, and had ordered the troops to fire on the Armenians.

Of 800 Christians, thirty men and 200 women remained. Four houses only had remained standing in the Christian quarter. 180 persons, women and children, were said to have taken refuge in the church. A party of Turks poured petroleum into the building and set fire to the whole place, whilst another party of Turks were grouped at the church doors and prevented any escape from the building. On the flooring and on the white-washed walls black shadows as of human forms could be clearly traced, and seemed to tell the tale of victims slowly roasted to death. . . .

After Osmanié, the caravan began to ascend Djebel-i-Bereket. Leaving the waggons in the plain, the provisions were put on thirty-seven pack-horses, and the journey continued.

Hassan-Beyli was the first place reached—once a rich and prosperous centre, now a heap of ruins.

In all this mountainous region the marauding bands, brought together by the mufti of Baghtché and armed with Martini rifles, had marched to the work of pillage and arson, quite methodically and to the sound of the beating of drums, like a regiment of soldiers. At their approach the Armenians, too few and too weak to defend themselves, had sought safety in flight. Only at Hassan-Beyli had there been any show of resistance; whilst the women and

children hid away in the caves and clefts of the mountains, the men fought for two days behind improvised ramparts, but Moslems armed with modern rifles had come down on them on all sides, so that in the end the Armenians were forced to give way, and were no doubt killed to the last man.



CABIN OF A POOR ARMENIAN FAMILY IN THE MOUNTAINS.

The regular order of events was, first massacre, then pillage, then incendiarism, and whilst the houses were being burnt down, parties of country folk took possession of all horses and cattle, driving them before them until they had reached a certain distance, so that such robbery could not be traced afterwards.

Noble examples of martyrdom were reported in this

district; those that survived assert that the victims, before being sacrificed, were invariably summoned to deny our Lord.

In many places the women were spared. This may have been a preconceived plan—and the motives may have been various. That many young girls were captured and detained in Turkish harems there can be no doubt.

The same thing has been done before. But it is a real satisfaction to be able to record that in this instance a considerable number were traced and recovered, M. Roque-Ferrier and Père Etienne having taken up this matter with an energy and thoroughness that entailed great personal risk to themselves.

Even at the present moment isolated cases of Christian women being detained in Turkish harems are extremely likely to exist, but the difficulty of bringing such cases to light is necessarily extremely great.

For the whole of the district of Djebel-i-Bereket, Father Rigal gets at the following figures, necessarily approximate :

Caza of Baghtché :

Baghtché : 102 houses burnt out of about 110. 771 Christian inhabitants, 641 remain ; 113 men killed.

Hassan-Beyli : 412 houses ; seven remain standing. 2,186 inhabitants, of whom about 1,890 remain. 265 fathers of families disappeared.

Lapachle : a church and 145 houses all burnt. Of 747 inhabitants, 581 remain alive.

Kharne : two churches, 131 houses, forty-one shops, all burnt. 795 inhabitants, 619 remain.

Kourtlar : 101 inhabitants, 75 remain.

Gueuktchayir : forty-one houses burnt ; 185 inhabitants, 130 remain.

Caza of Islayé :

Islayé did not suffer so much, thanks to the energy of the Qaimmakam, the Governor of the district.

At Killer, there were fifty houses, twenty-seven were burnt. Of 258 inhabitants, about 230 survived.

At Intilli, thirty-two houses, all burnt; of 167 inhabitants, 136 remained.

Kouchjou: twenty-four houses, nine of which were burnt; ninety inhabitants, eighty-two still alive. . . .

It is to the survivors in the foregoing places that the caravan brought some relief, and it was necessary in the extreme. A great number of refugees at Baghtché were supposed to be nourished at the expense of the Government, but the provisions had soon given out, and communications with other places were interrupted owing to the absence of security on the high roads, so that outside relief was imperative.

The German Protestant missionaries had, however, been at Baghtché before the arrival of the caravan from Adana, and had taken a number of orphans with them to educate them at their orphanage at Marasch.

The French Fathers would gladly have taken charge of some hundreds of orphans on this journey, and the difficulty would have been one of selection only, but even in good works money tells, and the absence of money is a terrible handicap; where was the money to come from? where is it to come from even now, if rich Catholics in Europe and America do not have compassion and come to the rescue?

It is by totalling all the foregoing figures and comparing estimates of loss of life in Adana itself that the immensity of the disaster is slowly realized. Thus a figure of 20,000 to 25,000 Armenians killed during the massacres seems



TWO CHILDREN WOUNDED IN THE MASSACRES.

now to be admitted as approximately reliable, and the loss of life in consequence of the massacres, continues up to the present day, and may continue during the whole of the winter months. Thus as late as August, a Father in a report says that during the last few weeks as many as

632 orphans had died of insufficient nourishment and exposure in the villayet of Adana alone! It is heartrending to think of these things, and the Catholic missionaries earnestly beg for help.

The French Fathers are actuated by no selfish motive; they desire scrupulously to avoid the diversion of funds from any other charitable purposes. But they believe, and many good Catholics believe with them, that at this moment in the whole Catholic world, in the whole of Christendom, there is no more pressing necessity than the speedy relief of the Armenian Christians. They are our brethren: for them, too, Christ died, and can we now allow them to perish miserably?

The Armenians have certainly made many mistakes; as is now well known, they have had ambitious plans, particularly since the granting of the Constitution, which seemed to offer scope for the development of legitimate ambitions.

Even conceding that the ambitions of some Armenians have exceeded the limit of what is legitimate, the words may well be applied: "If it were so, it was a grievous fault, and grievously hath the Armenian race answered it;" so grievously indeed, that there is probably in the history of the last thousand years nothing that can be at all compared to the slaughter of the two to three hundred thousand Armenians in Turkey during the reign of Abdul Hamid.

But, leaving the dead to bury the dead, we have our duty to the living sufferers of the great catastrophe this spring. These sufferers still number their thousands; among them are innocent and helpless old men, women, and children, many of whom will most certainly perish this

winter unless prompt relief on a generous scale be forthcoming.

It is to the Catholic Christians all the world over that the Catholic missionaries look for help; and they earnestly pray that their appeal will not be in vain; God's blessing will rest for ever on the generous giver.

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