



MOHAMMED TEWFIK, KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.

THE KHEDIVE OF EGYPT AND HIS WIFE.

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Of all men in high position no one perhaps had during the last year to go through greater troubles and trials than the present ruler of Egypt, Tewfik Pasha, the son of Ismail Pasha. Under peculiar circumstances Tewfik ascended the throne when his father Ismail, who, in his desire to promote the civilization and welfare of Egypt, had burdened the country with an immense debt since 1863, was compelled to resign in 1879, and to leave the country. The state was bankrupt, the interest on the national debt could not be paid. England and France appointed commissioners, who were to control the finances of the country, and to see that the creditors would get all money due to them. The young Khedive limited the expenses of his court in every respect, and tried his best to save the credit of the country. A military party, headed by Arabi Pasha, rose, gained power and influence, and abused the Khedive. He deposed Arabi, but was compelled by the Mohammedan ulemas (priests) and the officers of the army to restore him. We do not tell the rest: it is still fresh in our memory, that Arabi rose in open rebellion, that he had the Khedive deposed

by a council of the Notables at Cairo, that he caused the British to bombard Alexandria, and that he even threatened the life of the Khedive, who was only saved by the intervention of General Stone and other American officers.

In the midst of all these fearful trials and tribulations, the Khedive Tewfik had one true and faithful friend who stood by him, comforting, encouraging, supporting him in the dark hours through which he had to pass, sharing his afflictions, and by doing so lightening their burden. This friend was his noble and faithful wife.

Princess Emineh is of noble descent; her mother was the daughter of a Padishah (Sultan); her father was a son of Abbas, who from 1848 to 1854 had been ruler of Egypt, and had been assassinated in the night from the 12th to the 13th of July, 1854, at Venha-el-Hassel. Abbas was succeeded first by Said Pasha, his uncle (1854-1863), and then by Ismail Pasha, his cousin the father of Tewfik. Princess Emineh is therefore a near relative of her husband. She knew him from early childhood, and was his love when he, who was born in 1852, was still a boy.

No wonder that the young prince fell in love with Princess Emineh, for she is not only a great beauty, but also an intelligent and virtuous lady. She is fond of study, and speaks English

and French fluently. She does not smoke, neither does she indulge, as Mohammedan ladies generally do, in wearing costly apparel, or in dainties and confectionery, which are detrimental to health. She is said to quote the word of Shakespeare,

"Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?"

and to follow the rule,

"Be poor without, increase thy inward treasures."

Her husband has raised himself above the contemptible custom of taking several wives. Emineh is his only wife, and she is a true and loving and faithful wife to him. She was married to Prince Tewfik in 1873, and has ever since exercised a very beneficial influence over her husband. They have four handsome and healthy children, two sons, Abbas and Mohammed Ali, and two younger daughters. She is to her children a faithful and loving mother. To her, as to the Roman Cornelia, they are her jewels. She takes good care of them herself, and keeps for them English nurses and teachers.

Princess Emineh is of prepossessing appearance. She is exceedingly handsome, a stately, well-built figure, and noble bearing with a high intellectual forehead, rich brown hair, large dark eyes, finely cut noble features and a white color of the skin. She is a princess in her appearance and even in her manners and whole bearing. She dresses like a European lady. To her husband she is attached by true affection, which he reciprocates fully. When in the dark hours of the war she was advised to leave her husband, she stood by him and when the British before they bombarded Alexandria, offered to the Khedive and his family one of their ships as a place of refuge, she insisted that they should remain in the doomed city and

rather perish with it, and her advice prevailed.—*Illus. Chris. Weekly.*

A TRUE STORY.

One day in October Willie and I thought we would go chestnutting, so we took our baskets and started for the woods.

Behind our house, beyond the pasture where the cows—Lily, Violet, Rose, Clover, and Harebell—were feeding, there is a grove of chestnut-trees, and the ground was covered with the brown shiny nuts; for there had been a heavy frost the night before, and, you know, it takes a good white frost to crack open the hard prickly burs.

We went to work at once, and soon our baskets began to feel heavy. Then, when we heard a noise overhead, we looked up, and there, in a big tree, were two little chipmunks scolding away at us, and saying, in squirrel language, "Look at those two selfish people! They're taking all our nuts."

But, after watching us for a while, they saw that we were not smart enough to get all the nuts; so they began to feel happier, and to chase each other up and down the tree, and along the ground toward us. The one that was being chased was so excited that I suppose he took me for a tree, for he ran right up to my shoulder, went round my neck twice, and at last stopped on my hands, which were clasped together.

There he stayed for a full minute, looking at me with his bright black eyes, as much as to say, "Why! if this isn't fun, I thought I was running up a tree, and, instead of that, here I am in the hands of one of those giants who steal our nuts. I wonder if the monster will hurt me!"

Then, I suppose, I moved my hands, for down he jumped, and ran pell-mell up a tree, and into his hole; and that was the last we saw of our friend the chipmunk.—*Nursery.*



PRINCESS EMINEH WIFE OF THE KHEDIVE.