

RICH COMMISSION  
30 MAR 1919

Egypt is the country of wonders. It sees every day a wonder-  
ful act, and, the world has seen in it wonders before which heads have  
to bow and hearts dance. To day the sacred land of the Pharaohs is  
plagued with traitors, and it sees from their baseness, every day, won-  
ders which it would be certainly better if the earth was demolished and  
had swallowed them before becoming polluted by their base acts.

At the time when the nation is making funerals under the whips of  
the executioner, amid her burning villages that are running with the  
blood of her children the martyrs, and at the time when the voices of  
the nation go up to heaven weeping for the smirched honour of her wo-  
men, respect that is neglected, and money that is wrung from the people,  
there, in the Bustan Palace - the house of ill repute - from that den  
arise the cheers and shouts of feasting in order to celebrate a Sul-  
tanic wedding by means of which (Foad) may indulge in honourable for-  
nication, respect his religion, and exchanges illegal acts for legal.

Ha. Ha. Who is the Bride-Groom, you children of the Nile? Who  
is that traitor for whom blood is squeezed from your hearts in order  
that he may drink it with his bride amid his Ministers and parasites,  
when dance to the sound of the British guns that are turned against  
your breasts in the midst of the dead, the groaning of the wounded, and  
the weeping of the widows and orphans?

Who is that impertinent effeminate man who dares to make weddings  
in the midst of the mourning of the nation without regard to their  
griefs and sorrows? He is the traitorous servant of the nation whom  
the English have put on the throne of Egypt to infect it by his immo-  
ral deeds. He is the man that eats our bread and enjoys our money  
and palaces. He is the man who derives his pomp and majesty from the  
greatness of the nation and her treasury?

He is the miserable pro-  
fligate whom we have clothed after being naked, and whom we have fed with  
the money of the nation when he was starving. He is the dandy for  
whom the money is taken from the poor to fill his coffers. It has to  
be taken for granted that the biggest servant of the country has to  
bear the biggest burden and the greatest responsibility before the na-  
tion.

You traitorous Sultan. Whence have you got that money which you  
are spending so generously? Whence have you got that majesty and res-  
pect which you are insulting? Whence have you got that title of  
Sultan and splendour of the Kingdom? Is it not the nation that gave  
you these things which you are now abusing? Is it English money that  
you spend so generously or is it ours? The poor fellah who tills  
the land the whole day long under the burning sun is the one who pays  
for your services. What then have you done in return for that pay-  
ment, what services have you rendered, and what sympathy have you shown?

We, the sons of the nation who are spending on you, have seen you  
contending the throne in spite of us, surrounded by all means of splendour  
living the highest life, were patient and hoped for the best, as,  
at that hour is a grave one and the criminal may repent in it. After  
this what have you done? You have betrayed your trust for the  
safety of the country, despised the demands of the nation, stood against  
and joined her enemies in their intrigues. To day, after pass-  
ing more than half a century in Egypt, you began to laugh at our feelings  
griefs, and, make weddings in the midst of our funerals without  
giving the slightest heed of anything.

We have been patient all the time, but, you still do things that  
lead us to act against our characters and principles; in fact you have  
led us to make from the teeth of Satan a pen that is equal to your  
attention to day in the hearts of the nation that hates you. Now, you  
begin to hear the voice of that nation, which draws its power and force  
from God:

**YOU TRAITROUS SERVANT. THE CURSES OF GOD AND THE NATION FALL ON  
YOUR HEAD, THE HEADS OF THOSE WHO ARE IN YOUR COMPANY, YOUR CHILDREN  
AND GRAND CHILDREN, AGE AFTER AGE. CURSED BE YOUR NAME UNTIL THE  
LAST CORRECTION.**

The Pupils.