

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS ON THE FIRST EDITION
OF
THE SULTAN AND HIS SUBJECTS

“Did I want to visit the East,” quoth the Baron, “I would take my Davey—I mean, I should take my Richard Davey with me, represented by *The Sultan and his Subjects*, the Sultan now having become one of Mr. Davey’s subjects.”—*Punch*.

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‘One of the best books ever written on Turkey.’—*Saturday Review*.

The author of this book has set himself a task of no common difficulty, and performed it in a manner which commands our most sincere admiration. The list of authorities which he is able to quote vouch for his industry in research as a student, and the force and shrewdness of his descriptions testify thoroughly to his value as an observant witness. . . . Mr. Davey is an author who deserves our best consideration. We have seldom taken up a book of a like weight and importance which we have found so difficult to lay down.’—*Spectator*.

‘A work as important as it is opportune, and as instructive as it is interesting. Indeed, it is long since I came across a book which throws

such white light—light that is at once uncoloured and penetrating—upon the present condition and the probable destiny of the Turkish Empire.’—*Truth*.

‘Full of brilliant writing and useful information.’—*Daily Telegraph*.

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‘Will prove of real service to anyone who desires to understand the relations between the Sultan and his subjects. Nowhere, so far as we know, is so much valuable information as to the past history, the present position, and the future prospects of the Ottoman Empire to be found in so short a space, given in so readable a form, and conveyed with such an obvious desire to avoid exaggeration.’—*National Observer*.

‘Mr. Davey’s book presents the attractions of a marvellously rich mingling of things old and new, mediæval and modern, Oriental and European.’—*Literary World*.

‘Historical, descriptive, and anecdotal, there has never been written a more fascinating book about Constantinople and the Turks.’—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph*.

‘Being largely based on the author’s own observations, it has a value that cannot belong to a mere compilation. . . . It is as instructive as it is entertaining.’—*Manchester Guardian*.

‘In this remarkable work the author has embodied the results of important research into the history of the Ottoman Empire, and also of much minute and careful observation made during a residence in Turkey itself.’—*Glasgow Herald*.

‘Besides having given a good deal of study and inquiry to the subject, he has the advantage of having been himself a traveller and resident in the Sultan’s dominions. From this cause the book derives a considerable measure both of authority and of freshness.’—*Scotsman*.

‘A good book on Turkey was wanted, and Mr. Davey has written it.’—*Sketch*.

‘Not only a useful book, but also full of entertainment ; and it may be recommended with cordiality.’—*Country Life*.

‘The chapters are both interesting and instructive, and the author has considerable power of graphic and vivid description.’—*Birmingham Post*.

‘*The Sultan and his Subjects* is a book for our times, and it will remain also a book for the information as well as for the entertainment of future times.’—*Tablet*.

‘Extremely interesting from the first page to the last.’—*Star*.

The Sultan
and
His Subjects



Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid II.

**The Sultan
and
His Subjects**

RICHARD DAVEY



**GORGIAS PRESS
2001**

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

THE following chapters embody the results of an earnest attempt to set forth the chief characteristics of those heterogeneous nationalities which, in process of time and by virtue of conquest, have fallen under the dominion of Islām. The work deals with the Ottoman and Christian subjects of the Sultan generally, but chiefly with the Turks of Constantinople.

In the preparation of this edition of his work the author has endeavoured to bring the contents up to the present date, without, however, entering into too many details, whereby the book, already a bulky one, would have become both tedious and cumbersome. Many friends have aided him in this task by their advice and assistance, amongst them being His Excellency D. G. Metaxas, G.C.V.O., the Greek Plenipotentiary to our Court, who most kindly read, and in part revised, the chapter on the Greeks in Constantinople.

The author has studied his subject with a serious desire to bring before the intelligent reading public of this country such facts and such anecdotes (elucidatory and explanatory) as may enable an impartial reader to form a fair conclusion as to the present conditions and the probable destiny of that great Oriental Empire on whose future action and fate so much of the peace and welfare of Western Europe depends. To attain such a purpose, a knowledge of the life and manners of the Turks and of the Eastern Christians, and of their religious

and political views, is indispensable. And the writer of this book offers as an excuse for this bulky volume that his researches on the spot, as well as in every attainable work of authority on a subject so wide, so deep, and so important could not, with justice, be compressed into a smaller space. On the other hand, each chapter of this book could easily be developed into a thick volume by itself, and yet not exhaust its subject.

The orthography of Eastern words is a difficult and delicate matter. It has been treated in these pages in a way that will, it is hoped, make easy reading for the unlearned, and not offend the Oriental scholar. In most cases the phonetic equivalent of Arabic and Turkish words has been given to the best of the author's ability. But for certain well-known terms, such as the name of the Prophet, the old-fashioned orthography of "Mahomet," instead of the more recent "Mohammed," has been retained, as being the most familiar, and therefore the most convenient, to the ordinary reader. It may perhaps be added that the spelling of Oriental words is an unsettled and contentious matter, and it will frequently be noticed that the same name is written differently by German, French, Spanish, Italian, and English authorities, each trustworthy enough as to his information, but each repeating the word as it strikes his own ear.

In conclusion, cordial thanks are offered to those who, by their advice and experience, have contributed to the composition of this book, especially to the friends in Constantinople and in England who have kindly assisted the author in the collection of facts, and through whose good offices he has been able to see and hear much that must otherwise have escaped his observation, and who have thus helped him to thoroughly revise and correct the present edition.

RICHARD DAVEY.

May, 1907.

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THE SULTAN AND HIS SUBJECTS

CHAPTER I

THE SULTAN'S COURT AND HAREEM

THE succession to the Ottoman Khaliphate differs from that of any other sovereignty, Eastern or Western. Mahomet, minute as he was in framing his code of moral and hygienic law, makes no mention, in the Koran, of any defined plan for securing the succession to his pontifical office. This singular oversight on the part of the Prophet has been the cause of at least two-thirds of the troubles which have befallen the Turkish Empire, especially during the last five centuries, and it is, indeed, the mother of all the evils which go to make up that complex bundle of misfortunes, errors, and crimes habitually described as the Eastern Question. Probably the reason for this omission on the part of a Lawgiver otherwise so exact in detail, as to determine definitely the very number of times the Faithful must wash their faces, hands, and feet each day, is due to the circumstance that, in spite of his having fifteen wives, he left no male heir to carry on his dynasty. The confusion which ensued on Mahomet's death, and which was entirely owing to his leaving no direct heir, ended in the election of Abu-Bakr-as-Siddig,* his father-in-law, to the vacant throne. He was in due time followed by Omār, who bore no relationship to either of his predecessors, and owed his election solely to his exceptional qualifications. By the time he died, Islāmism

* Father of Ayishah, whom Mahomet married when she was only nine years of age. Some think the name means *father of the maiden*. Siddig also signifies *veracious*.

had become so great a power, that the necessity of definitely determining the succession to the Khaliphate began to agitate the Moslim world. Ali, a turbulent and ambitious man, the husband of Mahomet's only daughter, Fâtimāh, now came forward to assert his claims, and those of his sons, the grandchildren of the founder of the Faith, who, he averred, ought to inherit the honours of their grandsire. The immediate followers of Mahomet, however, were not of this opinion. They preferred merit to descent.

It is needless to enter into the details of the murders of Omār and 'Osmān, Ali's sons, or of the subsequent defeat, and violent death, of Ali himself, who, according to the early chronicler's picturesque expression, "fell a victim of the sword." On his death Múā'wiyah was proclaimed supreme ruler over all the countries which had been won by Mohammedan valour. He was the last of the elected Khaliphs, and it must be confessed that the elective system had not hitherto proved pre-eminently conducive to peace and prosperity, seeing it had led to no less than three assassinations, and to continuous civil war. Although Múā'wiyah was in no way connected with the Prophet's family, he resolved, if possible, to establish an hereditary dynasty, and he partially succeeded, for some member or other of his immediate family held the reins of power for nearly a century. Unfortunately for them, they had to govern a people whose every act, in political and private life, is regulated by the Koran, which, as I have already pointed out, makes no mention whatever of the order of the Prophet's succession. On the death of Múā'wiyah II., Marwān, an usurper, only remotely connected with the reigning family, succeeded. After his decease the crown passed irregularly, from brother to nephew, (never from father to son) and the last of the Omniades, as that dynasty was called, was only third cousin to his immediate predecessor. He perished in a general massacre of the Khaliphah family, in which the women of the Hareem were included.

The next dynasty, the Abbassides, was founded by El-Saffa, lineally descended from an uncle of the Prophet; a somewhat vague connexion, which, however, enabled him to obtain a following, and seat himself firmly on the throne. His grandson was the famous Haroun-al-Raschid, the glories of whose reign it were superfluous to recall.

On his deathbed, unhappily, this great Prince divided his colossal Empire between his three sons, who straightway fell to quarrelling, each desiring to secure the entire inheritance. Their dissensions led to the conquest of the Empire by the Turkish Seljūks, under whom the supreme power passed, from uncle to nephew, and nephew to cousin, in a perfect tempest of murder, massacre, and civil war, ending in the utter exhaustion of their power. It is under this dynasty—which lasted, roughly speaking, for about a hundred years, from the end of the tenth century—that we first find symptoms of the custom, now grown into a legal obligation, of choosing the eldest male survivor of the Sultan's blood, as his successor. And with it came those merciless and systematic domestic tragedies, which had their mainspring in the imperative desire to remove all who might stand in the way of the reigning sovereign's own offspring. The chief glory of the Seljūks was Melik-Shah (1072-1092), who extended the Empire from the Caspian to the Mediterranean Sea, even to the shores of the Bosphorus, and bestowed liberal encouragement on Art and Letters. At his death, family and internecine dissension broke out afresh, and, in less than twenty years, his vast possessions were split into a dozen minor sovereignties, with their capitals (to name a few) at Aleppo, Iconium, Nicea, Aïden, Angora, Brusa, and Damascus.

Each of these petty Sultans claimed the full honours of the Khaliphate, and learned indeed must be the historian, who shall conclusively prove which aspirant was descended, even in the remotest degree, from the most distant of the Prophet's family connexions.

Out of the ruins of the Seljūk domination rose the Osmānli or Turkish Empire. 'Osmān, its founder, was the son of Err-Toghrlul, a splendid specimen of a nomad chief. Err-Toghrlul never dreamt of arrogating to himself the proud descent so willingly accepted by his son's successors, but served loyally under Suleymān-Shah, chief of the Oguses Turks, who, with his horde of fifty thousand men, swept the Armenian plateau, right up to the sources of the River Euphrates, and made his faithful lieutenant Governor of the district of Bosoeni, in Asia Minor. His seat of government was Sultan Beni, "Brow of Sultan," a name which it retains to this day, as being the cradle of the actual Turkish dynasty.

As is so usual, in the case of the founders of illustrious houses, various quaint and semi-miraculous legends are woven round the youth and early manhood of 'Osmán.

Not the least charming is a tale of his courtship of the fair Mal'Khatun, daughter of the learned Sheikh Edebalı, and of their subsequent marriage. Their son, Orkhān, put the coping-stone upon his father 'Osmán's life-work, by annihilating all the minor Sultanates, and, having finally consolidated his Empire, he chose Brusa, on the Bithynian Olympus, for his capital.

From Orkhān down to Mohammed II., "the Conqueror," hardly one of the Sultans died a natural death.

Having converted Constantinople into Stambul, the sacred capital of Islām—second only to Mecca in the eyes of the Faithful—the victorious Mohammed turned his thoughts to the all-important subject of the Imperial succession. He had narrowly escaped assassination, on the death of his father, Murād II., and was deeply versed in all the mysterious intrigues of Oriental Courts. He tarnished the glory of his reign, to European eyes, by the publication of a barbarous edict, which made it lawful for a new Sultan to murder all his male relations, in order to secure the throne to his own offspring. Selim II., in 1566, issued yet another firman, prohibiting members of the Imperial family from participating, even in the remotest degree, in public business, and condemning them to rigorous seclusion during the life of the reigning sovereign. The folly of such a regulation, whereby the heir to the crown is kept in utter ignorance of all those subjects wherein a prince, likely to be called to govern a great country, should be deeply learned, needs no comment.

The reigning Sultan, Abd-ul-Hamid II., since the death of the deposed and reputed insane Murād V., has only three brothers living—Mehmed Raschid Effendi, Suleymān Effendi, and Mehmed Wār-ed-din Effendi—each of whom has a right in the order of seniority to succeed to the throne; but His Majesty's own sons stand no such chance until all their uncles are dead, as well as the three sons of their eldest uncle, Murād V. Should Raschid succeed, the crown does not pass, on his death, to his own children, but to his next brother. If Suleymān dies, Wār-ed-din Effendi will succeed, and if he has shuffled off this mortal coil, the sceptre then falls to the eldest

son of Murād V., and so on, from brother to brother, in that branch of the family, until there are no more of them left.*

In former times, matters used to be considerably simplified, on the accession of each Sultan, by a general massacre of all the males who stood in the way of his direct issue. When you visit the *Turbhês*, or tombs, of the Imperial family, which surround the seven Imperial Mosques, you may observe that the turbans affixed to certain of the coffins—some of them those of mere infants—are slightly inclined to the left. This means, it seems, that the body beneath is that of a Prince who has died a violent death.

The following description of Mehmed Raschid Effendi (the actual heir-apparent) was given me by a well-known Turkish official: "He is sixty-two years of age, tall and well-proportioned, but inclined to stoop. His features are regular; his nose, like that of his elder brother, Abd-ul-Hamid, rather Semitic in shape; his eyes are blue, his hair and beard light red.† His manners are very gracious and easy, and he is exceedingly generous and kind. He is probably not as intelligent as his brother Abd-ul-Hamid, but he is nothing like so nervous, although obliged to live the sequestered life enforced by the absurd regulations and traditions of the Ottoman Court; and he is fairly well informed as to what is taking place in Europe, and in the Empire. Though far from fanatical, he is a sincere follower of the Prophet. He has two wives, both highly educated ladies, who speak French, German, and English. They are well-born, being the daughters of distinguished Pashas, and have been educated by foreign governesses. They dress,

* It has lately been suggested that in the event of Mehmed Raschid Effendi being deceased at the time of the departure for Mahomet's Paradise of Abd-ul-Hamid, His Majesty may have by way of successor the son of Abd-ul-Aziz, Youssouf Izeddin Effendi, who is still comparatively young, and has been fairly well educated. There are several other possible successors to the Khaliphate: Suleymân Effendi and Mehmed Wâr-ed-din Effendi, the two surviving sons of Abd-ul-Medjid, both born in 1860; four sons of Abd-ul-Aziz, Mahmoud-Jelalu'd-din, born in 1862; Abd-ul-Medjid, born in 1868; Mehmed Chevkê, born in 1869; and Mehmed Séïfeddin, born in 1874.

† In accordance with Court etiquette the Sultan must dye his hair and beard a vivid black, and should never be seen with gray hairs. Time itself must stand still, or seem to do so, to oblige the Pâdishâh.

within doors, like Frenchwomen. His Highness has several children, of whom three are boys. Raschid plays the piano exceedingly well, and is a great admirer of classical music."

The brothers of Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid are addressed as "Effendi," or gentlemen; but, as a kind of concession to the "Almanac de Gotha," and to modern ideas, they are invariably, by European diplomatists, and in the Levantine papers, styled "Imperial Highnesses." Raschid is said to be a capital farmer, taking a practical interest in his estate up the Bosphorus, to which he pays daily visits, his only relaxation in a life of stupendous monotony. When he drives out, it is invariably in a brougham, escorted and surrounded by at least a dozen armed horsemen. All visitors, even his medical man, are searched on entering the Tcheragan Palace—where he resides in a kind of State captivity—for books and papers, which are taken from them, and only returned when they leave the building. Thus, an intelligent and well-intentioned Prince has been kept, so far as possible, in ignorance of those very things with which he ought to be best acquainted, in order to qualify himself to occupy the throne, should he be destined to ascend its slippery steps. Of late years, however, the isolation of Mehmed Raschid has become almost incredibly excessive. No one is allowed to approach the palaces where he resides; and it is, moreover, stated on fair authority, that he is suffering from diabetes.

Let us examine how a royal Ottoman education, so-called, is carried out. The baby Prince's infant years are spent in the Hareem, with his mother and nurses. This, of course, is as it should be; but those who are familiar with Hareem life declare that the mother lives in constant terror, lest her child should be done away with, in some mysterious manner, by one of her many rivals, especially if the babe has the remotest chance of ever succeeding to the throne.

Suppose, for the sake of argument, that it grows up. When it reaches its tenth year, it is handed over to a *Lala* (male attendant), whose duty it is to watch over it, day and night. Presently, to this functionary is added a *Mollah*, or priest, who imparts the rudiments of education, and, above all, the precepts of religion and of the Koran. By the time the boy is twelve or thirteen,

French and Italian professors from Pera are brought to the Palace, who teach him a smattering of several European languages. But no consecutive system of education is attempted, and the child is soon surrounded by parasites and flatterers, whose sole object is to obtain complete control over him, so that, in the event of his succeeding to the throne, they may be all-powerful through his means.

All the books which are used for the education of a Turkish Prince are carefully examined by the Censor. I have seen some French educational books, which had belonged to Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz, in which the number of erasures proved how mangled was the text he was allowed to study. In the history of Turkey, for instance, no mention of the Siege of Constantinople by the Crusaders is permitted to appear, nor, indeed, is reference to a defeat of the Turks, in any part of the world, to be found in Turkish school books. The name of Christ, and the word Christian, are also invariably erased, and in a brief history of France, the entire chapter dealing with the French Revolution has been bodily torn out.

If the young Prince should not be the immediate heir, he is allowed a little more liberty. Thus, when Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz brought his two nephews, afterwards Sultans Murād, and Abd-ul-Hamid, to Europe, Hamid was permitted to go about Paris and London with an attendant, whereas Murād was not allowed to leave the Palace for an instant.

Abd-ul-Hamid, as a young man, was fairly well known in Perote society. There were certain European houses which he frequented—a grace denied his brother Raschid, who never sets foot under any roof but his own.

However, things are better now than they were a century ago. Then, an hereditary Prince usually spent his minority in the *Kafes*, or cage, in the Seraglio, to which, even now, you are not allowed to approach nearer than a certain number of yards, though probably its only prisoners at present are rats and mice.

The *Kafes* is a series of fair-sized one-storied buildings, with windows on the upper floor only. They are said to contain twelve large chambers each, which were formerly sumptuously furnished in Oriental style. Each of these pavilions was allotted to a Prince of the Imperial family, who lived in it in solitary state. The walls, I believe,

of such of these buildings as still remain, are covered with fine tiles, and they contain a quantity of once splendid inlaid furniture, now sorely decayed. In these weird palaces within a palace, all the heirs to the throne, from Achmet I. (1603) until the end of the last century, were immured in rigorous seclusion. Not a breath from the outside world was permitted to reach them, and the horror of sudden and violent death hung over them ceaselessly. All the attendants were deaf mutes, whose ear-drums had been perforated, and their tongues slit. Even the women of the Hareems were such as could never bear children.

Here Prince after Prince passed a sort of vegetable existence—a living death. 'Osman III. never once set foot abroad, for over fifty years, and, when he issued from his gilded prison, he had almost forgotten how to talk. Achmet II. passed seven years, and Suleymân II. thirty-nine, in this dreary place. This latter Prince devoted his solitary confinement to copying and illuminating the Koran. He only reigned thirty months, and his gentleness caused him to be looked upon as a saint. He was absolutely dazed by the fuller life beyond his prison walls, and often asked to be taken back to it. Selim III., the first of the reforming Sultans, spent fifteen years in the *Kafes*. He, too, had been silent so long, that for many months he hardly knew how to frame his words.

It seems that the *Kafes* were originally erected on humanitarian principles. Achmet I. desired to spare the life of his brother Mustaphâ, so he invented the cage, and shut him up in it, feeling certain that therein he could neither conspire, nor provoke rebellion. And does not the Koran say that both these acts “are worthy of execution”? A terrible verse, which has caused the death of many a Mohammedan Prince.

From Mohammed II., 1451, to Mahmûd II., “the Reformer,” 1808, no less than four Sultans were deliberately murdered, and five, three of whom afterwards mysteriously disappeared, were forced to abdicate. This same Mahmûd II., the grandfather of his present Majesty, used to relate how his mother, the Valideh-Sultan, hid him in an empty stove, to save him from the murderers of his uncle, Selim III.; and how, from his place of concealment, he heard the conspirators proclaim him Sultan.

We will now turn to the constitution and etiquette of the Turkish Court, and more especially to that of the Hareem, the true Court of a polygamous monarch.

To begin with the external, as apart from the domestic, Court : it has often been asserted that the Sultan shares his spiritual power with the Sheikh-ul-Islām, but as a matter of actual fact, they are, in a measure, independent of each other, as will be explained in the chapter on the Sultan and his Priests. The Sheikh-ul-Islām is the Vicar-General, charged with those details of the spiritual life of the Empire which would be too intricate for the Sultan's unaided examination.

The third greatest personage in the Empire is the Grand Vizir, whose functions somewhat resemble those of our own Prime Minister, though in certain ways, of course, they are much more limited. He is the supreme chief of the Administration of the Empire. All the other Ministers work under him, he presides at the Privy Council, and appoints almost all the minor officials in the State.

He submits the names of would-be Governors of Provinces, Ambassadors, and such important personages, to His Majesty, but the smaller fry are nominated entirely on his own responsibility, for good or evil. The first Grand Vizir was created by a member of the Abbassides dynasty, A.D. 750. In olden times, this office was far from being a pleasant one. Countless Vizirs have made acquaintance with those horrible instruments of death, the bowstring and the cup of poisoned coffee. The last century alone saw something like a hundred perish by these means, or in that terrible "well of blood," the remains of which, in the courtyard of the Castle of the Seven Towers, thrill the traveller with horror. Most of these Grand Vizirs, many of whom have won lasting fame by their striking administrative talents, rose from the lowest ranks, even out of slavery. The Grand Vizir is invariably addressed as "Your Highness." Not many generations back, his regulation costume was of white satin, lined with ermine, and on his head he wore an egg-shaped turban, blazing with jewels. This was the garb of the Grand Vizir of the day, when Canning had his first interview with Sultan Mahmūd in 1810. Nowadays, His Highness always appears in a modern military uniform, cut in the German fashion, and the pomp and cir-

cumstance of his *entourage* has dwindled to the stained and ill-fitting frock-coat, and the hideous unblacked side-spring boots, of the modern Turkish functionary.

The Kizlar-Aghasi, or chief of the Black Eunuchs, ranks, officially, next to the Grand Vizir. The regiment of eunuchs under his command has greatly diminished during the present reign, but their number is still formidable, for they are indispensable to the Hareem system. A few exceedingly old white eunuchs are lodged at Yildiz, but they are rapidly dying out.

The body-guard of page-boys, which used to be quartered in two vast courtyards in the Old Seraglio, has now almost entirely lost its peculiarly Asiatic character. The lads do much the same work as in other Courts—run messages, and attend upon their elders. In exchange for these light duties, they receive their board and lodging, and a fair military education.

Notwithstanding his well-intentioned household reforms, Abd-ul-Hamid's Court still swarms with parasites, in the guise of secretaries, chamberlains, ushers, Palace agents, and so forth. All this petty host is waited on by some three or four hundred slaves, and menial servants, known as *baltadjis*. The cooking of the Imperial establishment is on a quite incredible scale. The male and female population of Yildiz, inclusive of the troops in the Palace barracks, cannot, certainly, amount to less than between six and eight thousand persons, all fed at the Sultan's expense. One of the most amusing features of a visit to such portions of the Palace as strangers are allowed to see, is the procession of meals, going from the kitchens to the various apartments. Each meal is enclosed in an enormous wheel-shaped box, divided into compartments, and covered with a piece of black calico, tied over the top, the whole carried on the head of a slave. Under the black covering is another, of silk or velvet, more or less richly embroidered according to the rank of the person who is to consume the viands. There are over four hundred cooks and scullions employed within the Palace, under the direction of a goodly array of Turkish, French, and Italian chefs.

The Turkish Government is essentially theocratic—the religious idea permeating everything; but modern exigencies, especially in Europe, have, however, necessitated the introduction of a secular element, in which

the Grand Vizir plays the part of the Sultan's chief representative, and—literally, since his title of Vizir (more correctly written Vazir or Vezir) implies “to bear a weight”—relieves His Majesty of the burden of public affairs. In Turkish the Grand Vizir is known as *Sadr A'zam*, *Sadr* meaning breast or bosom, and *A'zam*, greatest—*i.e.*, “greatest breast,” or seat of honour. In olden times you heard a great deal of Hattī Sherifs and Firmans, but now only of Iradés, or written expressions of the Sultan's will or permission communicated through his secretaries, which are usually countersigned by the Grand Vizir.

The secular Government of the Empire is more or less—less than more—entrusted to twelve Ministries—*i.e.*, War, Justice, Public Worship, Foreign Affairs, Interior, Finance, *Evlaḥ* (“pious foundations” or charities), Public Instruction, Civil List, Commerce, Police, Mines and Forests. As there is no Parliament or Senate, these functionaries can be very easily changed without much ado by the Sultan, sometimes of his own free will, but more frequently thanks to some Palace intrigue or other. These twelve Ministries may well be described as lucrative sinecures, and it is mainly thanks to them that the Empire is in the state of confusion it is. With scarcely an exception, these officials are open to bribery and corruption. There are two great Councils—that of the Ministers, including the Grand Vizir, the Sheikh-ul-Islām, and most of the Ministers, which sits at the Sublime Porte, but which is generally summoned to the Palace so that the Sultan may know the business they are engaged upon at first hand; and the Council of State, a large body not unlike our Privy Council, which is divided into several subdivisions or sections—Legislative, Financial, Appeal, and Cassation. These bodies work for their own interests and against those of the Empire, knowing full well that any efforts on behalf of the country, even if well-intentioned, are never likely to be realized, since the Sultan can deal with them exactly as he pleases, and generally on the inspiration of some intriguing favourite or other, who sees a vision of backsheesh in the near future as a consequence of his nefarious interference.

The Hareem, or women's department of the Sultan's household, consists of a number of little courts, or *dairas*,

each surrounding some one or other of the leading ladies of this amazing female hierarchy, numbering not less than fifteen hundred persons.

Only three Turkish Sultans have ever gone through the ceremony of marriage. Orkhān II. espoused the Greek Princess Theodora ; Sultan Suleymān went through a marriage ceremony with Roxalana ; and Abd-ul-Medjid legally married the lovely Besma Effendi, the adopted daughter of a Princess of the royal house of Egypt. The women of the Imperial Harem are divided into three great classes : the Kadinés, who are more or less legitimate wives, though never officially espoused ; the Ikbāls, or favourites, from amongst whom the Kadinés are usually selected ; and the Ğediklis or Guieuzdés, literally, " the young ladies who are pleasant in the eyes " of their master, who may, in their turn, attain to the dignity of Ikbāls. All these women, who should be of slave origin, constitute a veritable female hierarchy, beginning with Shagirds or novices, and ending with the Kadinés. The majority are either purchased, or stolen, from Circassian or Georgian peasants, at a very tender age, and in so mysterious a manner as to prevent all chance of their relatives ever tracing their whereabouts. In nine cases out of ten, however, if the lady does rise to importance, her identity is, somehow or other, revealed to her own kinsfolk, and it becomes the chief object of her life to obtain, by fair or foul means, lucrative places for them. The Sultan of Turkey is, therefore, almost invariably the son of a slave woman. But the moment that slave becomes the mother of a Prince, or even of a Princess, of the blood royal, she is set free, given Imperial rank, and is known as Khāssekī-Sultan, or Royal Princess. As an instance in point, many old residents in Constantinople still remember how Sultan Mahmūd II. was smitten with a sudden passion for the buxom Hammamjinah (or bath-woman) Besma, who, on becoming the mother of Abd-ul-Aziz, attained the supreme dignity of " Valideh-Sultan."

Besma Sultan, notwithstanding her very humble origin, won a distinguished position at the Ottoman Court. She never forgot that she sprang from the people, and as, although fanatical, she was kindly and unselfish, she was adored by the lower classes. She survived the fall of her son, and died some sixteen years

ago, universally honoured. The present Sultan gave her a State funeral of an unprecedentedly magnificent character. It was this unfortunate Princess who, unwittingly, provided Abd-ul-Aziz with the scissors with which he committed suicide. After that tragic event she lived a very retired life, wholly devoted to charitable works. She built the magnificent Yeni Valideh Djami* at the Ak Seraï, and there she sleeps in a garden, surrounded by the flowers to which, in her lifetime, she had been so devoted. They are somewhat (like everything else in Turkey) run to seed now.

There is a pretty anecdote told of the good Valideh when she was building her mosque. She was entitled, by etiquette, to have two minarets, but funds fell short and only one was built. Upon her son offering her the money to erect a second minaret, she said, "No, one minaret is enough to call people to prayer, and another would only glorify me; the poor need a fountain." So the fountain, one of the most beautiful in Constantinople, was duly built.

As all good Mussulmans should have four official wives, so the Sultan has also four, known as Kadinés. Each bears her own distinctive title, and takes precedence accordingly. The four Kadinés are respectively denominated the Bach-Kadiné, or First Lady; the Skindji-Kadiné, or Second Lady; the Artanié-Kadiné, or Middle Lady; and the Kutchuk-Kadiné, or Little Lady. When a Kadiné becomes the mother of a male child she is called Khâsseki-Sultan, or Royal Princess; when of a daughter, Khâsseki-Kadiné, or Royal Lady. The fact that each of these ladies must, according to Moslim law, have a court equal in every detail, from the Mistress of the Robes down to the lowest scullion, and even to the number of the horses in each stable, explains why some other female personage of the Imperial *entourage* must, perforce, be selected to hold the place and title usually allotted to the wife of a monogamous sovereign.† This

* Djami means mosque.

† It must not for a moment be concluded that because a woman is an inmate of the Seraï, she does not possess a lawful husband of her own. Many of the ladies are the wives of Pashas, and, like our own Court ladies, have only a stated period of waiting in each year. But the majority of the married denizens of this world within a world, be they mistresses or maids, have husbands holding some Palace appointment, and apartments and families within its walls. The Hareem ladies

personage, in the Turkish system, is generally the mother of the reigning Sultan, and is known as the Valideh-Sultan. Should the Sultan be motherless at the time of his accession, his foster-mother takes the position, this relationship being considered almost as sacred as the maternal one.

The late Valideh-Sultan was the foster-mother of Abd-ul-Hamid, and has been described to me as a very able and intelligent woman, of somewhat old-fashioned ideas, who ruled the Hareem with the strictest attention to economy and propriety. Every member of the female host at Yıldız owes absolute homage and obedience to the Valideh, whose proudest title is "Tâtch-ul-Mes-tourât," or "Crown of the Veiled Heads," that is, of all Mohammedan women, who should of course be veiled. The etiquette surrounding the Valideh is almost as formal as that environing the Pādishāh himself. Not even the Khāssekī-Sultan can presume to appear unsummoned before her; and no lady of the Hareem ventures into her presence save in full Court dress, and without any mantle, be the weather ever so bitterly cold. When she goes abroad she has a military escort exactly similar to the Sultan's own.

Among the singular and time-honoured privileges of the Valideh is the right, or rather the obligation, of presenting a slave girl, over twelve years old, to the Sovereign, on the night of Kurban Baïram, in each year. His present Majesty pays scant attention to this charming gift, and the maiden is forthwith sent to an establishment at Scutari, which the Sultan has endowed for the higher education of Mohammedan women. She is ultimately given a dowry, and married off to some young officer, or gentleman of the household. It was otherwise in olden times, when the Baïram Maiden not unfrequently rose in her turn to be Valideh.

The reader will easily comprehend what tragedies, plots, and counterplots, the Hareem ambition to attain the proud position of Valideh-Sultan has called into

have a fair share of liberty. In the regulation *yashmac* and *feridjé* they can go out driving and paying visits whenever they choose, and they haunt the bazaars, the Grande Rue de Pera, and other public promenades. They have, moreover, many entertainments among themselves. There is a very pretty theatre in the gardens of the Palace, where operas and ballets are frequently given for their amusement. In summer they swarm up the Bosphorus, to the Sweet Waters of Asia, and in spring and autumn to the Sweet Waters of Europe; but they are never seen on foot.

existence. To quote one example among many: The famous Valideh-Sultan Tarkhann, mother of Mohammed IV., in order to set her son upon the throne, followed the example of Athaliah of old, and literally slew all the seed royal. In 1665 she built the noble Yeni Valideh Djami, at the foot of the Great Bridge. It is some consolation to know that this reprehensible Princess was also strangled. The story of this cruel lady, and of her charming rival, Machpeïka-Sultan, forms the subject of Racine's tragedy, "Bajazet." The terrible struggle between these two beautiful women, for the towering position of Valideh-Sultan, was related to the great French poet by M. de Cezy, then French Ambassador at Constantinople, who saw the unfortunate Bāyazīd, or "Bajazet," "rowed in a boat off the Seraglio." "C'étoit un Prince de bonne mine." Unfortunately for the reputation of Roxalana, Racine seems to have concluded that neither Machpeïka nor Tarkhann were particularly well-sounding names, and substituted those of Roxane and Atalide. Thus, when the play became popular, both in the original French and in its English form, "The Rival Queens," the name of Roxalana came to be associated with crimes which were really committed a good century after her death. A Turkish Sultan, like any other Moslim, may mate with a Christian or with a Jewess, if she find favour in his eyes. But there is no record of any Jewess having risen to high position in the Imperial Harem. Orkhān (1326-1360), although a sexagenarian, married, for political reasons, the fair Theodora, daughter of the Emperor John Cantacuzenos, and Anna the Empress Regent. She never became a Mohammedan, and is buried at Brusa. This lady, who rebuilt the fine church of St. Andrew in Crisis, now Khodja Mustaphā Pasha Djamesi, had already been twice a widow. She was married without religious rites of any kind. The mother of Mohammed the Conqueror is generally believed to have been a French Princess, sister of King Charles VI. of France. If this was really so, then that famous Sultan was nephew-by-marriage of our Richard II. and Henry V., for the Princess in question must have been a sister of Isabella of Valois, the second consort of the unfortunate King, and also of Catherine, the fair wife of the victor of Agincourt. Most of the guide-books say that she is buried in the Mosque of the Conqueror in Stambul, in a

nameless tomb close to his own ; but this is not the case : her mausoleum is at Brusa, where she sleeps by the side of her husband, Murād II. (1421-1451). Considerable mystery hangs over the story of this lady. Some historians state that she was a Servian, but the Court tradition—if one may so call it—is that she was French, a fact which would account for the precedence frequently accorded on State occasions to the French Ambassador. Who, then, sleeps in the nameless coffin by the side of Mohammed II. ? The Mollahs who frequent the mosque affirm that the Princess who rests there was a Christian, and none other than the unfortunate Irene, for whom the Sultan conceived such a fierce passion shortly after the Conquest. Her influence over him was only equalled by her firm resolve never to abjure her faith. The Sheikh-ul-Islām and his Mollahs fiercely reproached the Sultan with his over-partiality for a Giaour. By way of answer, he assembled them in one of the halls of his Palace, in the middle of which Irene stood, covered with a glittering veil. Lifting this suddenly with one hand, so that the exquisite loveliness of the unfortunate Princess was fully revealed to the assembly, the Sultan cried, “ You see she is more beautiful than any woman you have ever beheld, fairer than the houris of your dreams ! I love her as I do my life ! But my life is nothing beside my love for Islām ! ” Then seizing the long golden tresses of the luckless beauty, he twisted them in his strong grasp, and with one stroke of his scimitar severed her head from her body.

The most reliable Turkish historians are of opinion that, although several Christian women became conspicuous in the Harem, only Theodora, and the mother of Mohammed II. remained true to their religion.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries a number of Italian women, some from Venice and Genoa, and others again, according to Sagrado, from Palermo and Acireale—girls captured and sold as slaves in their infancy, or downright adventuresses—landed in Constantinople, with no better object than intrigue, and rose to exalted rank in the Imperial Harem. Of these none were more remarkable than the beautiful Venetian Safiā, better known as “ Baffa,” a member of the illustrious family of that name, who had been stolen in her youth, and sold to Murād III., at an age when she still remembered

her early home on the Grand Canal. She became first Khāssekī-Sultan and then Valideh, under her son Mohammed III., who, by the way, was one of the hundred and two sons of Murād III., nineteen of whom the Baffa put to death on his accession, so as to secure the throne for her own offspring. She ruled cleverly, at any rate, if not wisely, in her own interests, and those of the Serenissime Republic, and is constantly mentioned in the Venetian and Genoese archives. Her great crime was, that, like Messalina, she corrupted her own son, and notoriously encouraged his infamous habits of debauch. In this she was aided by another Italian, an abominable adventuress, known as *La Sultana Sporca*—or the filthy Sultana—of whom Rycaut tells a story worthy of Burton's version of the Arabian Nights. The Baffa ended miserably—strangled in her bed—and the *Sporca*, so the Genoese papers tell us, was also murdered,—“*Le stata assassiné aquella Sultana che si chiama la Sporca, che le fu una vecchia materola*” (“That wicked old woman, the filthy Sultana, has been assassinated”)—but how we are not informed. Possibly she also was strangled or poisoned. The Venetian Ambassador corresponded with the Baffa by means of a Jewess, named Chiarezza, who used to carry jewels and baubles to the Seraglio, for sale.

The story of the French mother of Sultan Mahmūd II. who, for aught we know, may have remained a Christian to the end of her life, is narrated elsewhere. Some historians are inclined to think the celebrated Roxalana was a Christian, but, if she was, she certainly did not remain so after her marriage; for, in order to secure her popularity among the Imāms and Mollahs, she gave very liberally to the mosques, and other Mohammedan charities and even built a magnificent mosque of her own, which is still standing.

Roxalana's origin is wrapped in mystery. According to some authorities, she was a Russian; hence her name Roxalana or Russolana. The Genoese have claimed her as a Ligurian. In all probability she was a Muscovite slave, sold in the public market. A history of Turkey, published in the early part of the sixteenth century, calls her Hozothya, and says, “she is occasionally called Rossa.” The influence which she exercised over one of the ablest of the Sultans was absolute. When she began to attract Suleymān's attention, she played her cards

with infinite skill and cunning, pretending to be very timid and modest. Gradually, however, she asserted her empire. In order to consolidate it, as already intimated, she gave large sums to the mosques and other Moslim institutions. Her popularity with the religious body once secured, she shut herself up in her apartments, and resolutely refused to see the Pādishāh, unless he consented to marry her publicly—an honour altogether without precedent ; for, hitherto, it had sufficed for a lady of the Hareem to become the mother of a male child of the Sultan's, for her to be considered legitimately married to him. But such a timeworn arrangement did not satisfy the vainglorious ambition of Roxalana. She pined for a solemn confirmation of the fact, that she shared not only the pleasures but the power of so great a Prince as Suleymān.

My readers may be surprised at the frequent allusions made in these pages to the Archives of the Bank of St. George, in Genoa. This, possibly the oldest banking establishment in Europe, dates from 1346, and was created mainly for facilitating financial and commercial transactions with the Levant. The Archives date from the foundation, and contain hundreds of thousands of letters, accounts, and other documents of the supremest importance to the historian. Almost the entire correspondence between the Republic and the Podestàs of Galata will be found here. Within the past few years these precious MSS. have been properly sorted and arranged for the use of scholars in a building set apart for the purpose. The old banking house itself, handsomely restored, serves as a municipal museum. It is from a letter preserved in the Bank of St. George that I extract the following curious and inedited account of Roxalana's marriage. The letter is undated.

“ This week, there has occurred in this city a most extraordinary event, one absolutely unprecedented in the history of the Sultans. The Grand Signor Suleymān has taken unto himself a slave woman, from Russia, called Roxalana, as his Empress, and there has been great feasting, and much rejoicing, in consequence. The ceremony took place within the Palace, and the festivities have been magnificent, beyond all record. There was a public procession of all the presents, which the Sultan, and the

great people of the land, have made to the said Roxalana. First came two hundred mules, heavily laden with carpets, gold and silver vases, spices, jewels, furniture, and all sorts of household goods. Each mule was accompanied by two slaves, in splendid liveries, and the presents were concealed under scarves of silver and rose-coloured tissue. Then came two hundred camels, equally heavily laden with sumptuous gifts, sent to the Empress by the great ones of the nation, even from very distant parts of the Empire, and, finally, there were eighty black eunuchs, and eighty white eunuchs, most splendidly dressed, who walked behind the presents, and who were intended for the service of the said Empress. Every evening, all the principal streets are gaily illuminated, and there has been much music and feasting. The houses are festooned with flowers, and there are swings erected everywhere, in which the people swing by the hour, and seem very happy. In the old Hippodrome, or At' Meidan, a great tribune was set up for the Sultan and his Court. That portion intended for the Empress and her women was screened by a gilded lattice, through which the ladies could see all that went on in the arena. Here Roxalana and her Court beheld a great tournament, in which both Christian and Mohammedan knights were engaged, and tumblers, and jugglers, and a procession of extraordinary animals from Asia, including two giraffes, with necks so long that they seemed to reach the sky. The Empress sent round among the crowd a number of slaves, who gave the people small presents, either of money or pieces of silk. There was a liberal distribution of bread and fruits, in one of the great courtyards of the Palace. They say that the wedding festivities have cost many thousands of pounds, and this I can easily believe. All the principal people of our colony, together with the Bailio of Venice, and all the great ones of the Venetian colony, have sent presents to the said Empress, and have been received by the Grand Signor, though none, of course, have been allowed to behold his face. There is great talk, all over this country, about this marriage, and no one can understand exactly what it means."*

* There is a confirmation of this account of Roxalana's public marriage in a very rare book, "*L'Incoronazione del Sultan Suleymân Magnifico e le feste chi si fecero—Venezia, 1589*," containing a similar account of the gorgeous wedding of this Sultana.

They had good cause to find out what it meant, a little later on. By slow degrees, Roxalana obtained an influence over her husband, most pernicious, so far as his domestic affairs were concerned, though, in public matters, she seems to have been of great service to him. A portrait of the famous lady still exists. It is the pendant to a fine portrait by one of the Bellini, given by Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz to Sir Henry Layard, which is possibly still in the possession of Lady Layard at her Venetian Palazzo. In this picture the famous Sultana is represented in profile, her red hair hanging down her back in two thick braids. On her head is a high-standing crown, filled in with silk, and richly studded with enormous precious stones. Round her neck are several rows of huge pearls. The head-dress and the general design of the costume are almost identical with those worn by Catherine Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus, in Titian's celebrated portrait. Roxalana bore the Sultan five children, four sons, Mohammed, Bāyazid, Selim, and Djeanghir, and one daughter, Mihrima. The heir to the throne, however, was Mustaphā, the son of Selim by a Georgian, who had died in giving him birth. After long persistence, Roxalana persuaded Suleymān that Mustaphā was plotting against his life. The Sultan, in his fury, caused him to be stabbed, thus clearing the way for the succession of his own son Mohammed. Djeanghir, Roxalana's youngest child, delicate and deformed, fretted so cruelly for the companionship of his kinsman Mustaphā, his friend and playfellow, that he pined away and died. The unhappy mother, it is said, thus punished for her own crime, was never seen to smile again.

A few months afterwards Mohammed sickened and died also. No words can describe the affliction of the parents. Their ambition seemed buried in the coffin of their child. Even the partizans of Roxalana timorously whispered that Allah had thus pronounced for Mustaphā, the rightful heir. She immediately set to work to erect the elegant Shah-zadé Mosque, wherein the young Princes sleep. The *turbhé* is octagonal in shape, the inner wall is richly inlaid with marble mosaic, and the rarest Persian tiles. This mosque, possibly on account of the great maternal sorrow which brought it into being, has always been a favourite with the women of Constantinople.

Notwithstanding her many crimes, Roxalana retained her influence to the last, and died in her bed, not long before her husband. She is buried in the courtyard of the magnificent Suleymānieh Mosque, in a tomb remarkable for its simplicity. She is reported to have cared far more for actual power, than for the pomp and circumstance that attend it.

The following curious letter, now "done into English" for the first time, is taken from the Genoese Archives. Though evidently written by some important personage, it bears neither name nor date; but it is pretty well established that it belongs to the year 1542. It gives a vivid glimpse of the Hareem of Suleymān the Magnificent, and it is interesting to note how perfectly this account coincides with those of later visitors to the Seraglio, even down to about seventy years ago, until which time the etiquette of the Ottoman Court remained utterly unchanged.

"When you go to the Seraglio," says the writer, who evidently quotes his wife's account of her visit, "you have to enter by a gate which is very richly gilded, and is called the 'Gate of Perpetual Delight.' Sometimes you will see over it, stuck upon the point of a pole, the head of a Grand Vizir, or of some other personage, who has been decapitated early in the morning, at the caprice of the Grand Signor. Then you enter the first courtyard, which is surrounded by arches, like the cloister of a Franciscan monastery. This is where the white eunuchs live, and you will generally see a number of them walking about, dressed in their extraordinary costumes, with their pointed turbans and flowing robes of striped silk. They look for all the world like mummified old women, and are, for the most part, very thin and shrivelled. Their duty is to attend upon the Grand Signor when he goes out in State, and also to keep order among the white pages, mostly Christian lads, stolen from their parents, to the number of about 300 to 400 each year; some of these boys are very good-looking and wear magnificent dresses. Their cheeks are plump, and their eyebrows (painted) meet, and they wear very rich garments. Very strange things are told of them, but these things are common hereabouts, and nobody thinks much about them.

"Next you pass into another courtyard, where dwells

the Kizlar Aghasi, or chief of the Black Eunuchs, a very great personage indeed, who holds the same rank as the Grand Vizir. There are several hundred black eunuchs. These, in contradistinction to the white (who, as I have said, are very thin), are monstrosly fat. They are the veriest savages, and rarely acquire the knowledge of how to read or write. They are deputed to keep watch and ward over the Kadinés, or wives and favourites of the Sultan, who has innumerable female slaves, who dwell in a series of small but very beautiful palaces, each under the management of a great lady of the Court. No one knows the number of these ladies; there must be hundreds of them, and they are of all nationalities. When they go out into the city (which they do very rarely) they are so closely veiled that you cannot distinguish their features, but only their eyes.

“When they go abroad these ladies wear the *yashmac*, made of a gold stuff heavily fringed, and confined to the head by a crown of valuable jewels. The figure is concealed by a cloak of the richest brocade or velvet. Sometimes you may have the chance of seeing as many as one hundred *arabas*, or carts, very splendid and richly gilded, drawn by gaily decorated bullocks, each containing a number of these great ladies, with their children and slaves. These processions are a most gorgeous sight. Each cart has as many as four mounted eunuchs to protect it from the curiosity of the public, who bow their faces almost to the earth, or avert them entirely as the caravan passes. I know an Italian lady of this city who has paid a visit to the wife of Sultan Suleymān.” (This was certainly not Roxalana, who was not married to Suleymān until some years later.) “‘When I entered the kiosk in which she lives,’ said this lady, ‘I was received by many eunuchs in splendid costumes studded with gems, and carrying scimitars in their hands. They led me to an inner vestibule, where I was divested of my cloak and shoes and regaled with refreshments. Presently an elderly woman, very richly dressed, accompanied by a number of young girls, approached me, and, after the usual salutation, informed me that the Khāssekī-Sultan was ready to see me. All the walls of the kiosk in which she lives are covered with the most beautiful Persian tiles, and the floors are of cedar and sandal-wood, which give out the most delicious odour. I advanced through

an endless row of bending female slaves, who stood on either side of my path. At the entrance to the apartment in which the Sultan's wife condescended to receive me, the elderly lady who had accompanied me all the time made me a profound curtsy, and beckoned to two girls to give me their aid, so that I might pass into the presence of the Sultan's wife leaning upon their shoulders. The Khāssekī, who is a stout but beautiful young woman,* sat upon silk cushions striped with silver, near a latticed window overlooking the sea. Numerous slave women, glittering with precious stones, attended upon her, holding fans, pipes for smoking, and many objects of value.†

“ ‘When we had selected from these, the great lady, who rose to receive me, extended her hand and kissed me on the brow, and made me sit at the edge of the divan, on which she reclined. She asked many questions concerning our country, and our religion, of which she knew nothing whatever, and which I answered as modestly and as discreetly as I could. I was surprised to notice, when I had finished my narrative, that the room was full of women, who, impelled by curiosity, had come to see me, and to hear what I had to say.

“ ‘The Khāssekī-Sultan now entertained me with an exhibition of dancing girls and music, which was very delectable. When the dancing and music were over, refreshments were served upon trays of solid gold sparkling with diamonds. As it was growing late, and I felt afraid to remain longer, lest I should vex Her Highness, I made a motion of rising to leave. She immediately clapped her hands, and several slaves came forward, in obedience to her whispered commands, carrying trays heaped up with beautiful stuffs, and some silver articles of fine workmanship, which the Princess pressed me to accept. After the usual salutations the old woman who first escorted me into the Imperial presence conducted me out, and I was led from the room in precisely the same manner in which I had entered it, down to the foot of the staircase, where my own attendants awaited me.’ ”

Quaint old Knolles gives us a glowing description of

* She may have been the mother of poor young Mustaphā, who was sacrificed, some years later, to the ambition of Roxalana.

† Even now these slave girls are often allowed to deck themselves in jewels belonging to their mistresses.

a pageant organized by Sultan Achmet, with a view to dazzle the Persian Ambassador, in which the Pādishāh appeared in the midst of three-score archers, arrayed "in a rich robe of cloath of gold imbroidered with perles and diamonds ; his slaves were inriched after the same maner ; his turbant couered with fine plumes of black heron's feathers, inriched with great Diamonds, and a chain of the same stones about the lower part of his turbant ; vpon his little finger he had a diamond of large bignes and inestimable price, which gave a maruelous great light. He was proudly mounted vpon a goodly horse richly caparsoned, the saddle was embroidred with gold, pearle, and diamonds, the stirrup of pure gold set with many diamonds, and from the horse's neck did hang great tassels of them, before him vpon his saddle bow a Leopard couered with cloath of gold ; with a great number of other Pages who were very beautifull, chosen amongst the infants of the tribute, and appointed for the pleasures of their master ; whose garments after the Turkish maner were pretious, and made of rich cloth of gold curled. They were followed by a great troupe of yong men plainly attired in cloath, having vpon their heads yellow caps pointed in form of a sugar loafe, and these were ordained to serve the Sultan's pages."

After this, and much more to the same effect, worthy Master Knolles proceeds to give us a contemporary account of Seraglio life, whereby we may conclude that Achmet was certainly not blessed with a happy domestic circle.

"The day after the marriage, the Grand Seignior did cruelly beat his Sultana, the mother of his daughter, whom he had married to the Captain Bassa ; he stabbed her with his handjare, or dagger, through the cheeks and trod her under his foot. The reason was because she had strangled a fauorit of his, which was one of his sister's slaves, whom the Grand Seignior hauing scene, and being enamoured with her, sent for her. The Sultana hearing thereof, caused her to be brought to her lodging, where shee stript her of her apparrell, strangled her, and put her clothes upon one of her owne slaues, whom she sent to the Sultan instead of the other, and at her returne strangled her also ; as she had done many others when they once appeared to bee with child by the Grand Seignior."

The pompous magnificence kept up in the Imperial palaces and in those of the officers of State had not abated in the least degree since the days of Roxalana, when, in 1717, Lady Mary Wortley Montague paid Constantinople the memorable visit described in her sprightly letters. One of these, dated Adrianople, April 18, 1717, gives a marvellous description of her visit to Hafiten-Sultan, the widow of Mustaphâ II., who, although still a young woman, had remarried with Bâkir Effendi, an ancient gentleman of over eighty years of age. Her ladyship falls into a veritable ecstasy over the magnificence of everything she beheld, and the gorgeous satins and silks worn by the Princess and her ladies. Hafiten's robe was adorned with loops of diamonds, each one of "about the bigness of a pea." She was, moreover, girded with a belt of diamonds as wide as "an English ribbon," and round her neck she had four strings of pearls, the widest and most perfect in the world, and at least enough to make four necklaces, "each as large as the Duchess of Marlborough's." No "European Queen" ever wore such a head-dress of rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. The dinner offered to Lady Mary consisted of fifty courses served up on plates of gold and silver; and her ladyship departed laden with splendid presents, with embroidered "kerchiefs," satin cloths, and "napkins" stitched with threads of gold.

In strict Turkish parlance, the title of Sultana does not exist, but that of Sultan, added to the proper name, is accorded to all ladies of the Imperial blood, daughters and sisters of the Sultan. Thus Lelia Sultan, Fâthmâh Sultan, and so forth. Should one of these ladies condescend, as frequently occurs, to marry a subject, she retains her title and fortune, and her husband may not even sit down before her, unless she gives him leave.

A very important personage in the Hareem is the Hasnada-Ousta, or Grand Mistress of the Robes and Treasurer, generally a respectable and intelligent elderly woman who acts as Vice-Valideh, and attends to all those many household details which, in so vast an establishment, must perforce escape the Valideh-Sultan's own eye. On more than one occasion, *faute de mieux*, the Hasnada-Ousta has risen to the position of Valideh-Sultan.

The Imperial Hareem is constantly fed by a stream

of slave children, secretly purchased from remote regions, and privately conveyed into the Palace. During their earlier years they are called Alaikés, and are placed in the care of certain elderly and experienced women, known as Kalfas, or mistresses, who initiate them into all the subtle arts which delight the Oriental taste. Their manners are especially attended to, and they are taught music and dancing. In due time they begin to act as attendants on the Kadinés and the Imperial Princesses, and sometimes rise to the highest rank.

Formerly, Oriental costume was universal in the Hareem, and we possess many descriptions of the variety and splendour of the dresses worn by the Sultan's favourites and their attendants. In the old Seraglio, the rooms were all lined with marvellous Persian tiles, specimens of which still linger on the ruined walls. Low divans, covered with the costliest embroideries, were the only furniture permitted, save the priceless carpets covering the floors, and the little inlaid tables, which served to support the coffee-cups, and other trifles, used by the ladies, who, when they went abroad, drove in picturesque *arabas*, the silken awnings of which were sometimes adorned with gems. The Sultan himself was never seen by Giaour eyes. There is a fine old print at the British Embassy at Pera, of the presentation of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe (then Mr. Canning) to Sultan Mahmūd II., in 1810. The Sultan is shown in full Oriental costume, squatted on a carpet, and enclosed in a huge alcove grated like a birdcage. The curtains are drawn, leaving the lattice bare, so that the Pādishāh is visible through the bars. This, at the time, was considered a most extraordinary innovation. Previous Ambassadors had never seen the cage, much less the Imperial bird within it.

A distinguished lady, who has the *entrée* to the Hareem, assures me that its present inmates dress more or less in European fashion, but almost invariably in the costliest conceivable tea-gowns, from Paris and Vienna. They wear magnificent diamonds and other jewels, and appear to lead a very happy life.

"It is very amusing," so I was informed by an eye-witness, "to note what happens at the Palace when a Sultana is ill. They stretch a great black curtain across

her room. Then the chief Black Eunuch brings in a doctor, generally a European, and the lady thrusts out her tongue and hand through a hole in the curtain, so that he may see one and feel the other, without looking on her face."

The literary efforts of the more endowed Turkish women have hitherto taken the form of poetry, this being, of course, a result of the secluded existence which prevents their observing worldly matters with sufficient closeness to impart much value to their prose compositions. Within the past few years, however, a novel has appeared, in our own language, from the pen of an accomplished Turkish lady, who has assumed the pseudonym of Adalet. The work has exceptional merit, not only as an excellent picture of life in a modern Turkish Harem, but on account of its literary form and vivid word-painting. Of thirty-four Sultans, eleven have been distinguished poets. It may have been this example on the part of their masters which led some of the ladies of the Imperial Harem to apply themselves to the same department of literature. The most remarkable of these Royal poetesses was Zeyneb Effendi, a contemporary of Mohammed the Conqueror, who sang the splendid career of that Pādishāh in glowing strains. Her poems are said to have something of the Sybillic about them; and the tradition runs that Mohammed II. was far from being insensible to her charms, or to the flattery of her verses.

Another distinguished poetess became celebrated throughout the Turkish Empire under Suleymān the Great. Mirhi Hanum was the daughter of a Grand Vizir who for a short time enjoyed Imperial favour. She seems to have been left in wealthy circumstances by her father, who was strangled, and to have fallen desperately in love with Alexander, a son of the Grand Vizir Sinān Pasha, a celebrated Italian renegade. This passion does not, however, appear to have been reciprocated, and the lady, whose beauty and talent were celebrated by her contemporaries, vowed to wear the amber necklace of purity all the rest of her days. Some of her poetry is still extant. Its passionate character leads one to suppose that the Princess must have been well acquainted with the Greek language, and with the lyrics of Sappho. In the seventeenth century, Sidi, another Turkish poetess,

rose to fame. She was the daughter of Kamer Moham-med Pasha, and when only seven years old was able to repeat the entire Koran by heart. Two of her poems, the "Pleasures of Light" and the "Divan," frequently appear in collections of Turkish poetry. In the last she touchingly laments the tragic death of her father. She died in 1703. Hatibutallah Sultan, a sister of Mahmūd the Reformer, was also a distinguished poetess, and, if we may believe Miss Pardoe, who visited her, an astonishingly beautiful woman. She seems to have incurred her brother's displeasure, and was banished in 1835 to her *Yali* on the Bosphorus for having interfered in political matters; there she died somewhat mysteriously. The last poem she ever wrote, "The Song of Death," contains certain allusions to poison, which have induced the belief that she may have killed herself. Her poems have been frequently reprinted and, judged by Servan de Sugny's translation, quoted by the Princess Dora d'Istria, they are exceedingly beautiful.

Abd-ul-Medjid's marriage with Besma—who must not be confounded with the lady of the same name already mentioned, who became the mother of Abd-ul-Aziz—and his subsequent divorce, are very curious incidents in the domestic history of the Turkish Court. The Sultan, it seems, was visiting an Egyptian Princess, the widow of one of the sons of Mehemet Ali, when he saw, and straightway fell in love with, Besma Hanum, Her Highness's adopted daughter. He asked his hostess to give the young lady to him, an unceremonious demand which she adroitly parried, by replying that the girl was already the promised bride of one of His Majesty's officers. "In that case," quoth the amorous Sultan, "I will marry her myself." And to the astonishment of Stambul, he formally, and, what is more, publicly espoused her, which did not prevent his divorcing her within the year, in as strictly legal a manner as any ordinary citizen. She soon afterwards became the fourth wife of Fāzil Pasha.

Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid's life is of the simplest and most arduous. He rises at six, and works with his secretaries till noon, when he breakfasts. After this he takes a drive, or a row on the lake within his vast park. When he returns he gives audiences to the Grand Vizir, the Sheikh-ul-Islām, and other officials. At eight o'clock

he dines, sometimes alone, not unfrequently in the company of one of the Ambassadors. Occasionally His Majesty entertains the wives and daughters of the Ambassadors, and other Pera notabilities, at dinner. The meal, usually a very silent one, is served in gorgeous style, *à la française*, on the finest of plate and the most exquisite of porcelain. The treasures of silver, Sevres and Dresden, at Yildiz are superlative both in quantity and quality. Very often in the evenings the Sultan plays duets on the piano with his younger children. He is very fond of light music, and his favourite score is that of *La Fille de Madame Angot*. He dresses like an ordinary European gentleman, always wearing a frock-coat, the breast of which, on great occasions, is richly embroidered, and covered with decorations.

The present Sultan is the first who has done away with the diamond aigrettes formerly attached to the Imperial turban or fez. The President of the United States is not more informal than His Majesty in his manner of receiving guests. He places his visitor beside him on the sofa, and lights the cigarette he offers him. He is himself an inveterate smoker; the cigarette is never out of his fingers. As the Pādishāh is supposed to speak no language but Turkish and Arabic, His Majesty, though a good French scholar, carries on conversation through a dragoman. He is the first Turkish Sultan to admit a Christian lady to his table.

The Conqueror, shortly after taking possession of Constantinople, built himself a vast Palace in the heart of the city, known for centuries as the old Palace, or "Eski Seraï," but it was soon abandoned for the new Palace, or Seraglio. As early as 1480, the old Palace presented a dilapidated appearance, and was inhabited by the wives of deceased Sultans and their attendants, who were relegated there to end their days in gorgeous captivity. From the end of the first half of the reign of Suleymān—whose wife Roxalana was the mother of the first Sultan born within its walls—to that of the late Abd-ul-Medjid, the Seraglio was the official residence of all the Sultans of Turkey. In 1865 it was partially destroyed by a fire, which burnt down eight thousand houses in Stambul. Some of its most interesting kiosks disappeared in the flames, and Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid resolved to quit a Palace with so many gloomy associations, and transferred

the Imperial residence to the other side of the Bosphorus, where he built the Dolma Baghtcheh. This enormous, and in many ways extremely beautiful Palace, which the Armenian architect Balian designed in an order of architecture of his own invention—a mixture of Renaissance and Saracenic—is built of the purest marble, and produces an admirable effect, rising as it does directly from the water of the Bosphorus on the European side. It is sumptuously furnished within, but with not much taste. Here Abd-ul-Medjid lived, and here his successor, Abd-ul-Aziz, was doomed, on the morning of May 30th, 1876, to abdicate in favour of Murād V. Adjacent is another new Palace, the Tcheragan, the scene of the tragic death of Abd-ul-Aziz, on June 5th of the same year. On the other side of the Bosphorus, is the Beylerbey Serai, altogether the most successful architectural achievement of modern times in Turkey. Both externally and internally it is delightfully Oriental, and its artistic loveliness enchanted the Empress Eugénie on the occasion of her visit in 1869, although her own rooms were furnished exactly like her suite of apartments at the Tuilleries. The reigning Sultan never inhabits either of these three residences. They are associated in his mind with the awful series of tragedies which followed the death of his uncle Aziz, and which produced so sinister an effect upon his subsequent career. Foreign sovereigns are still entertained at Beylerbey, and travellers to Constantinople are allowed to visit it on the days they are escorted over the Seraglio and the Treasury by one of His Majesty's aides-de-camp.

Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid II. lives at Yildiz Kiosk, and only leaves it twice a year: once on the fifteenth of Ramazān, when he proceeds in state to the Seraglio to venerate the relics of the Prophet—to wit, his cloak and his beard, “which is three inches long, of light brown colour, and without grey hairs,” a decayed tooth, which he lost at the Battle of Oherd, and an impression of his foot, made when he mounted his steed, Borak, or else when he lifted a heavy stone to build into the K’abah at Mecca. The second time the present Sultan is visible outside the gates of Yildiz, is on the morning of the Buyouk, or the Kurban Baïram, when he receives the homage of the great personages of the Moslim world, in the Grand Hall of the Dolma Baghtcheh, said to be the

largest in the world. On this occasion the Sheriff of Mecca, the Grand Vizir, the Sheikh-ul-Islām, and all the priests and magnates of Islām, the Ministers, the Military and Naval Officers, and the household, with gestures of the profoundest humility, salute the Shadow of God by raising the right hand from the floor to the lips and kissing the end of the silken sash which hangs over His Majesty's arm. This ceremony took place as usual last year (1906), in the presence of all the Ambassadors and diplomats. The Sultan has the supreme satisfaction, as soon as the apartment is clear of the sterner sex, of receiving (and unveiling, too) the Sultana mother and all the ladies of the Imperial Hareem, and of the hareems of the great Officers of State, who go through exactly the same ceremony as the gentlemen. They wear a costume of exceeding magnificence, a sort of compromise between the old Turkish Court dress and a modern tea-gown, and are adorned with all their finest jewels. This must be a delightful scene—but the Pādīshāh enjoys it alone. When the ladies have retired, the servants are admitted, from their chief to the lowest scullion. Throughout the whole ceremony, I am assured, the Sultan stands immovable like a marble statue, rarely speaking a word to anybody.

The word Selāmlick, from the Arabic Salām—peace or salutation—is usually employed to describe the male department of a Turkish household, as distinguished from the Hareemlick, or women's dwelling. It also signifies the State visit of the Khaliph to the mosque on Fridays, where he literally goes to salām or salute Allah and His Prophet. Of this pretty ceremony, which has been so often described, I will only say that it is less an impressive, than a picturesque, spectacle. In olden times the Sultan's Friday visit to the mosque was the occasion for an extraordinary display of Oriental pomp. It was splendid even in the reign of Aziz, and I possess an engraving of Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid going to the Selāmlick at the Ahmedieh Mosque in 1850, which represents him on horseback, wearing a flowing mantle of white cashmere, with fez, adorned with diamonds, surmounted by a heron's feather. A few Europeans in the crowd wear the dress of that now remote period, the ladies' close bonnets with drooping feathers, much to the amusement apparently of their Mohammedan

sisters, whose graceful *yashmacs* barely hide their laughing countenances. What struck me as most charming in Abd-ul-Hamid's visit to the mosque of the Hamidieh, was the beauty of the *mise en scène*. From the well-kept, but by no means superelegant kiosk, from which strangers are permitted to view the pageant, a splendid view is obtained of Seraglio Point, Sancta Sophia, the Golden Horn, the Sea of Marmara, and the Princes Islands—a panorama of matchless beauty. The troops, with their red fez, line the route from the Palace to the snow-white mosque, which looks for all the world as if it were made of sugar. Presently the Sultan drives swiftly past. Nobody cheers except the troops, and they not very loudly. A flock of Mohammedan women of the lower classes, veiled in thick white linen, stand in the background, where all the morning they have occupied a position on the top of a wall, just opposite the iron gates, whence they disperse like snow before the sun, as soon as the Commander of the Faithful has said his prayers. He does not dally long over them, and gallops home as fast as his horses can fly along the red-sanded road to the Palace, very glad at heart, probably, at having escaped assassination.

In speaking of the Friday Selâmlick in his valuable and interesting work entitled "Dar-ul-Islâm," Captain Mark Sykes makes an observation which should appeal to all who have had the privilege of beholding the Pādishāh on one of these rare occasions when he shows himself to his attendant people. Nothing struck Captain Sykes so forcibly as the entire dissimilarity between the Abd-ul-Hamid depicted by the newspaper correspondents, and the same monarch *in propria persona*. "I gazed," says the writer, "with the greatest curiosity. Before me sat the Sultan—the man who ruled over the Bilbas Kurds, the Hamawand, the Bedawin, the Armenians, the Turks, the Chaldeans, the Arab Fellaheen—the Caliph of the Moslems—the descendant of those fierce nomadic chiefs who swept from Asia to the walls of Vienna—the man whose word is law to the fanatics of the East, and whose name is anathema to the wilder fanatics of the West—the man whose hand is felt in every province of the Ottoman Empire, and whose power is unknown; for whose sake four hundred thousand men are ready to leave their homes and die—the man concerning whom

quite uncomplimentary motions have been passed by British vestrymen in council—in the slow-moving victoria sat Abd-ul-Hamid, whom *our Old Man of the Mountain* once dubbed 'The Great Assassin.' Often had I read descriptions of him as a pallid, ghastly man, with a painted face and a henna-dyed beard—as a red-capped sensualist—as a trembling, cowering craven—as a wild-eyed homicidal maniac—a drivelling, premature dotard—as anything you please—for journalists must have bread and the halfpenny papers must sell—but I saw none of these things : instead, an elderly Turkish gentleman, a little round-shouldered, with keen, intelligent eyes, a hooked nose, and a full dark grey beard. As he passed he saluted the Ambassadors in a manner less mechanical than most monarchs, and I found myself staring at the half-lowered hood of the victoria, above which I could still see the red fez and white-gloved hand once more raised to the salute." ("Dar-ul-Islām," pp. 246-247.)

The following description of Yildiz Kiosk has been recently sent to me by a friend, who knows it well :

"Yildiz Kiosk, which means Star Palace, has been entirely built by the present Sultan. The only portion of it visible to the ordinary mortal is the Selāmlick, which you can see rising over the waters of the Bosphorus, above the trees of the fine park. From a distance, except that it is built of white marble, it does not present an imposing appearance ; it might be the house of a *nouveau riche*. Another part occasionally shown is a small kiosk near the gate, from which distinguished visitors and tourists are permitted to witness the procession of the 'Selāmlick.' The rest of the edifice—which, like all other Turkish palaces, consists of an aggregation of large and small buildings linked together by terraces, bridges, and gardens—is completely hidden from view, and no unauthorized person may approach within two hundred yards. The Selāmlick is a large square house, with spacious rooms and staircases, in which the Sultan receives the foreign Ambassadors. The rooms are handsomely furnished in ebony richly inlaid with ivory—a style peculiar to Yildiz—but the curtains and carpets, although gorgeous, are in the worst taste. The mirrors and chandeliers are superb, and there are a few good pictures—

amongst others a portrait of President Cleveland and another of the German Emperor.

"The Hareemlick is situated within the park, and is exceedingly rich in rare marbles and splendid furniture—mostly Italian or Viennese. Here too, the chandeliers are gorgeous, and of exceptional size. In the Hareemlick the Sultan receives his foster-mother, the Valideh-Sultan, and his wives and daughters. Sometimes he will spend the evening here with his favourite Kadiné and children, and play the piano for their amusement.

"There are three principal gates to Yildiz Kiosk : the Kultuk Kapu, which is open all day long, and gives admission to the Ambassadors, Ministers, and other officials ; the Sultanate Kapussu, or Gate of Ceremonies, which is only used by the Sultan ; and a third opening into the park, close to the Hareem, which is used by the Valideh and the Princesses. Three rows of walls surround the Palace, between each pair of which there is space for many small kiosks, inhabited by the great officers of State and the servants. These are handsomely furnished in a style we usually associate with first-class lodging-houses, in which that class of furniture which was in vogue in the early Victorian epoch has taken refuge—heavy mahogany, carved chairs, and startling carpets. There are, moreover, three large barracks, accommodating between 5,000 and 6,000 soldiers. The gardens are very lovely and well kept. In the richly-wooded park of 20,000 acres there is an artificial lake, on which Abd-ul-Hamid and his intimates cruise in a small but very elegant electric launch. In the park, too, is the theatre or large hall, with a fair-sized stage and auditorium, richly decorated in red and gold. The Sultan's seat is in the gallery, immediately facing the stage, and his guests sit behind him, for on no account may mortal man turn his back upon the 'Shadow of God.'

"The ladies of the Hareem occupy the gallery, but they are never present when the Sultan entertains Europeans. The scenery is good ; but the orchestra, strange to relate, is immediately above the Sultan's seat, on account of the etiquette already alluded to. Deep in the park is a *kiosk* surrounded by a high wall, in which Abd-ul-Hamid kept his mad brother Murād in close seclusion. I am in a position to assure you that he really was mad, but well and kindly cared for ; though

no one was allowed to approach within a hundred yards or more of his house.

"Although the Sultan has resolutely resisted the introduction of electric light into Constantinople, because he mistook the word dynamo for dynamite, he uses it in his own palace.

"There is a prison attached to the Palace, and also, so the knowing declare, a torture chamber. This may be doubted; but anything is possible in Stambul,* and so, after all, it may be true. Some of the Palace slaves and servants do certainly get severely beaten, and many have disappeared altogether, and very mysteriously."

One of the most curious sights at Yildiz is to see the soldiers of the guard eating their *iftar*, or evening, meal in Ramazān. They have extra rations then; but at sunset, before tasting a morsel of food, they kneel and touch the earth with their foreheads, and say their evening prayer. Then they fall to with the hearty appetite of youth, and devour the succulent *pilaf* abundantly supplied them by their Imperial master.

The stories which have become so widespread in Europe, of the wholesale drowning of ladies of the Seraglio in the Bosphorus, are not very greatly exaggerated. We have no fewer than three well-authenticated cases, in which as many as between 200 and 300 have been sent to the bottom of the sea, tied up in the traditional sack. These terrible executions usually occurred after some conspiracy to depose or murder one or other of the Sultans.

The worst case took place in the reign of the mad Ibrāhim I., one of the most detestable of the Turkish sovereigns. In the midst of one of his debauches, he suddenly conceived the horrible idea of tying *all* the women of his Seraglio up in sacks. They were seized in the dead of night, thrust into bags, and thrown into the Bosphorus. But one of them escaped, floated, and

* The Turkish name *Istambol*, corrupted into Stambul, is derived from the Greek *εἰς τὴν πόλιν*, i.e., "to town," or "in town," by which term the Greek-speaking inhabitants of this day refer to that part of the city. Throughout Turkey and Greece, Constantinople is still alluded to as *ἡ πόλις*, i.e., "town," and people speak of going to "town," instead of saying "to Constantinople." In all official documents, however, and on their coins, the Turks use the word *Constantinople*, the Arabic form for Constantinople, and not *Istambol*.

was picked up at sea by a European vessel, and, finally, brought to Paris.

Even in these days, it is easy enough, in Turkey, to get rid of troublesome wives and slaves, without fear of detection, for no man, not even an Inspector of Police, may enter any hareem on any pretext, nor inquire as to what has taken place within it, unless he is actually called in by the master of the house.

CHAPTER II

THE SULTAN AND HIS PRIESTS

THE Sultan is not unfrequently described by Europeans as a sort of "Pope" of the Mohammedan religion, whereas he is really no more than its Khaliph* or Supreme Chief, and in no sense an ecclesiastic. He takes no prominent part in the performance of divine service, and wears no distinctive sacerdotal costume; and although he is the Prophet's earthly representative and Vicar, he is not a Pontiff, properly so called, his duties being limited to watching over the interests of Islām, to rousing, when necessary, its spirit of fanaticism, and to defending it generally against its enemies. In any hour of danger he is bound to appeal, through the Sheikh-ul-Islām, and his army of Ulemās, Imāms, Mollahs, Softas, and Der-vishes, to the Faithful at large, and command them in the name of Allah and His Prophet to rise and fight for the sacred Standard. Although the Sultan is the Shadow of God, and as such so deeply venerated that, even as late as the first part of the present century, he was ap-

* The real meaning of the word Khalifah, *anglicè* Caliph or Khaliph, is *successor, lieutenant, or vice-regent*. In the Qur'an or Koran it stands for Adam, God's representative upon earth; and also for David. See Sūrah xxxviii. 25: "O David, verily we have made thee a vice-regent" (*Khalifah*). According to all Sunni Mohammedans it is absolutely necessary that the Khalifah be a man of mature years (adult), sane, free, learned as a divine, and a powerful ruler, just, and of the Quraish, the tribe to which the Prophet belonged. The Shi'ahs hold, in addition, that he should be one of the descendants of the Prophet's own family. This is rejected by the Sunni and Wahnābis. The condition that the Khalifah should be of the Quraish is exceedingly important, for thereby the Ottoman Sultans, very few of whom have fulfilled the moral obligations above enumerated, fail to establish their claim. There exists, moreover, no single passage in any Mohammedan work to justify the supreme position to which they have elevated themselves.—See Hughes's "Dictionary of Islām," p. 263.

proached by his Ministers and other subjects, not on bended knees merely, but on all-fours, he can promulgate no new dogmas, neither can he increase nor diminish, in the smallest degree, any detail of the Islāmic ritual, which has remained unchanged since it was first established in the sixth century.

The assumption by the Sultans of Turkey of a position resembling in a faint way that of the Pope in the Latin Church, was in fact the outcome of chance, favoured by circumstances. The Roman Pontiff can point in confirmation of his extraordinary claims to certain texts in the Gospels, and, notably, to the famous words, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church," but the Sultan cannot appeal to a single line in the Koran in sanction of those tremendous spiritual and temporal pretensions whereby he assumes such soaring titles as "Zil-'llah," Shadow of God ; "Alem-Penāh," Refuge of the World ; "Smre-ul-Muslemin," Pontiff of Mussulmen ; "Hunkiar," or Manslayer ; and, finally, of "Pādishāh," or Father of all the Sovereigns of the Earth ; titles gradually conceded, indeed, but unknown to the earlier Khaliphs, who aspired to no divine honours, holding themselves merely to be "the servants of the servants of God."* As a matter of fact, Sultan Selim I. was the

* The word *Sultan*, usually called *Soudan* by the mediæval chroniclers, literally means "strength or might," "authority," paraphrased "Prince of Royal Blood." It was never used by any of the earlier Khaliphs until, with the permission of the Seljkidian Emperor Alaïddin, 'Osmān I. assumed it in 1299. This marks the beginning of the Turkish monarchy. The title of Sultan is given to all the children and brothers and sisters of the reigning Emperor. But for a male it is written before the name, Sultan Mahmūd, Sultan Selim ; while in the case of a woman it is placed last, Esmé Sultan, Fāthmāh Sultan, etc. The title Khān, which is of Tartar origin, and means "high and mighty," begins to appear in the fifth century, and has been used by all Turkish Sultans in addition to their other titles. Gran' Turco (Grand Turk), or Gran' Signor (Grande Signore), is purely of Italian origin, and is used in all the Italian documents from the fifteenth to the end of the eighteenth centuries. It has no exact equivalent in Turkish. The most august of all the titles of a Turkish Sultan is that of "Pādishāh," derived from the Persian *pad* (protector) and *shah* (king). It has occasionally been bestowed upon European sovereigns by the Sultan. The first on whom this honour was conferred was Francis I. of France. The Emperor of Germany has never been addressed as Pādishāh, only as "Nemtché Tehā'cāri" (Cæsar of Germany), and the Russian Czars as "Mosgov Tehāri" and as "Roucia Tehāri" (Cæsar of Russia). In the Treaty of Kaynarjī the Empress Catherine II. is addressed as "Vé Pādishāhi." Napoleon I. in 1805 received a letter from Sultan Mahmūd II., in which