THE RED SULTAN'S SOLILOQUIY

BY

S.V. BEDICKIAN
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AUTHOR OF "TURKISH GEMS"

WITH INTRODUCTION BY
ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

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"THE SULTAN'S VISION OF DEWEY"
"UNCLE CHANTICLEER"

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TO

THE MARTYRS OF ALL NATIONALITIES WHO PREPARED THE WAY FOR OTTOMAN LIBERTY.

TO THE CHRISTIAN AND MOSLEM EXILES WHO WORKED FOR THIS LIBERTY.

TO THE MEN WHO SECURED THIS LIBERTY, AND TO THE ARMY WHICH PRE- SERVED IT,

THE RED SULTAN'S SOLILOQUY IS HUMBLY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.
ALICE STONE BLACKWELL
INTRODUCTION

One of the most interesting national histories in the world is that of the Armenian people. It is full of the brightest heroism and of the blackest tragedy. No one with an open mind and a feeling heart can read it without admiration and vivid sympathy. Among the many persecutions from which the Armenians have suffered for centuries, the worst have been those inflicted by the late Sultan Abdul Hamid—"Abdul the Damned," as William Watson well called him. In this book, an Armenian author commemorates the downfall of this dastardly tyrant, and gives us an idea of what his reflections must have been when he left his throne for a prison. Every book is to be welcomed that can increase public interest in a question of such importance as the present status and future fate of Turkey. The illustrations of the present volume bring vividly before our eyes Constantinople and its environs, with portraits of many influential persons.

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.
CONSTANTINOPLE

Where Europe woos fair Asia with amorous embrace.
THE HISTORY

The reign of Abdul Hamid had become notorious for its misrule and inquisitorial oppression from which both the Christians and Moslems suffered. On account of his diabolical policy of extermination and its actually carried out programs of periodical massacring of the Armenians, history has branded Abdul Hamid "the Red Sultan."

The fact is ever since the creation, at the instance of the Armenian delegation sent out by Patriarch Nersess, of the 61st article of the Treaty of Berlin, by which the Powers made it binding on the Porte to introduce, without delay, such reforms in Armenia as would protect the lives and properties of the Armenians against Kurdish depredations and official misrule, it became the fixed policy of Abdul’s reign to so depopulate, or, at least, weaken the strong Armenian settlements, both by massacres and by importations of Turkish and Circassian emigrants into these Armenian centers, as to leave no vilayet in Armenia in majority of Armenians to need any farther execution of the 61st article. And to carry out this infamous policy, moreover, there was created the ill-famed organization called the Hamidieh Cavalry, composed of the very race, the Kurds, who had so long been the scourge of the Armenians, and of whom large numbers were brought to Constantinople, banqueted by the Sultan, and, loaded with presents and fully
equipped for their future work, they were sent back to do police duty among the Armenians!

The policy admirably succeeded in its infernal aims. For the fearful massacres of 1895-6, not to mention the continued loss of life, on a smaller scale, ever since and before those terrible days, nor bring in the still more recent carnage of Adana and its province where not less than 30,000 Christians were put to the sword and fire, and their once happy homes and flourishing properties utterly destroyed, left large tracts of civilized territory desolate, their former industrious inhabitants being either killed or forced to emigrate into other countries.

The Armenians have ever been foremost among the subject races in their industrial achievements and wealth-producing ability. Their daring in commercial enterprise, and in developing native resources in so far as they were not handicapped by local conditions, or actually hindered by officialdom, has been their national characteristic. Tourists from Europe and America, as well as missionaries, have, with admiration, witnessed everywhere in the empire the marks of the Armenian's intelligence and industry as seen in their successful business ventures and attractive home surroundings.

Now a nation's strength and greatness lie, to a large extent, in the wealth-producing ability of its citizens, and in the degree that this wealth-producing power in the nation is destroyed or weakened, to that degree that nation is destroyed or weakened. These continued and systematic devastations, therefore, of the lives, properties and industries of such
DOLIA BAGCHEH
H. I. M. THE NEW SULTAN—MEHMET V

HE IS A REFINED GENTLEMAN, A KIND HEARTED RULER, AND IS IN THOROUGH SYMPATHY WITH THE CONSTITUTION.
a people as the Armenians of the Ottoman empire could not but be an enormous economic loss to the empire and consequently a very serious weakness to it.*

This mad policy had already brought the Ottoman empire into international disrepute, and was fast dragging it into ruin when Turks who had come in contact with European civilization in connection with their military training, diplomatically and otherwise, as well as others of the more intelligent of the race, launched forth a bold movement to rescue the empire from its rapid march to destruction. These men called "The Young Turks," from various parts of constitutional Europe, notably from Paris, their headquarters, began both an open and a secret propaganda of their ideas which aimed at the saving of the empire by bringing it under a constitutional regime.

After years of effective preparation, the Salonikan army having been thoroughly indoctrinated into these ideas, and when the time was deemed ripe for action, the two noted commanders of the Second and Third army corps, namely, Major Niazi and Enver Bey, sent the Sultan the following telegram: "We give your majesty twenty-four hours to proclaim the restoration of the constitution, otherwise the army will march upon Constantinople."

*A similar policy of death and ruin, tho less prominent and appalling, but still involving proportionate loss and weakness to the country, was pursued by the Sultan and his short-sighted government in other parts of the empire, notably in the Balkans, in Crete, and even in Arabia, where also the crying need of the hour had been reformatory measures. Crete was eventually pacified with complete autonomy under the nominal suzerainty of the Sultan, but actually under the combined protectorate of England, France, Russia and Italy, while the other countries were left in the old regime of bloody repression.
The foxy Sultan, seeing that this time it was impossible to outgeneral in the game, readily yielded, and forthwith granted the desired constitution which had first been promulgated in 1876 by the celebrated Midhat Pasha, but which was soon shelved up.*

Thus heaven and earth stood amazed to see a "bloodless revolution" by which, next to Russia, the most despotic government on the face of the globe became a constitutional monarchy on that memorable day of July 24, 1908.†

*Altho the constitution is commonly known as Midhat's, yet, as a matter of fact, much of its letter and spirit was due to the genius of a group of noted Armenians in the service of the government, among whom may be mentioned the distinguished Odian. (See page 80.) Moreover, it is not generally known that availing themselves of the Hatti-Humaioun or emperial edict issued by Sultan Medjid in 1836, laying down governmental principles for universal reform in the empire, the Armenians were the first to draw up a formal constitution for themselves which was approved and sanctioned by the Sultan, and which, so far as I know, was the first instrument of the kind ever attempted on the continent of Asia. For a translation of this pioneer work see Lynch's Armenia, Vol. II. Appendix 1.

A remarkable tradition connected with the first constitutional movement is to the effect that in his scheme of reforms and dream of a pan-Ottoman empire, Midhat had included the substitution of the Armenian alphabet for the Turkish—a reform which, owing to the phonetic wealth of the Armenian, would have entirely removed the almost insurmountable difficulties of Turkish orthography and pronunciation, and thus rendered the imperial language to be easily acquired by both the native races, and foreigners. But the idea was too revolutionary to be adopted and had to be abandoned.

†While the Young Turks are justly entitled to the credit of the actual overthrow of the tyrannical regime, nevertheless the future historian will be open to the charge of bias and lack of philosophical insight, did he fail to bring out, with emphasis, the fact that the Armenians were not only the pioneers in the movement—in pouring into the ears of Europe and America their plaintive voices against the said regime, and demanding the introduction of reforms in the land—but that the Young Turks themselves were spurred on to action by the persistent activities of the Armenian revolutionary societies.

Nor must the influences of the American educational institutions in the empire upon the Christian races directly, and upon the Moslems indirectly, be ignored, or left out of the great forces that at last produced this political upheaval.
The two commanders whose influence forced April 18 to proclaim the Constitution.

Enver Bey

Major Nazi
MAHMOUD SHEVKET PASHA

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY OF FREEDOM WHICH TOOK CONSTANTINOPLE
AND MADE ARDUL A PRISONER, NOW THE MINISTER OF WAR.

And great Shevket my vision's real knight, I now believe,
Compelled fort after fort to give up arms and beg for peace.
Naturally there were in the land, notably in the capital, indescribable scenes of rejoicing and unheard-of fraternizings between the Christians and the Moslems. At the same time, however, there was also a strong undercurrent of fanatical feeling in some Mohammedan circles against this innovation introduced from "infidel" Europe, on the ground that it—the constitution—superseded the sacred Sheriat, the laws of the Koran, and because also that it declared the absolute equality of the races, that is, Moslem, Christian and Jew, were all now placed on an equal footing. This reactionary sentiment was largely shared also by some of the high dignitaries, as well as by the army of parasites who now plainly saw that the new order of things would put them altogether out of their nefarious business of bloodsucking.*

Consequently, on the 13th of April, 1909, all of a sudden, the soldiers of the various garrisons of the capital rushed out of their barracks, without their regular officers (these having been previously either killed or placed in custody), and marched into the public square surrounding the Parliament House, and made an alarming demonstration, demanding the carrying out of certain itemized measures, prominent among

*To give one an idea of the vastness of the army of men of this class, one needs only to be reminded of the fact that both the Sultan and the government had been, for years, running notorious systems of espionage and "graft." It was announced by the papers that the new government would retire 27,000 government officials and public employees for the good of the service and for reasons of economy! Of course, subsequently, espionage was completely abolished, while the army of the "spongers" was greatly reduced, if not altogether discharged. Out of the 700 cooks at the palace, for instance, 530 were told by the National Assembly to go and earn their bread by the sweat of their face hereafter!
which were the declaration of the supremacy of the Sheriat and the dismissal of certain leaders of the Young Turks, including Ahmed Riza Bey, the President of the National Assembly. The soldiers were pacified and sent back to their barracks. The fall of the ministry followed, and the Old Fox was again supreme. It may safely be remarked that the Constitution being obtained under a threat, the Sultan himself was naturally in thorough sympathy with the so-called Sheriatist uprising, and, doubtless, had in every way much to do with the apparent overthrow of the new government.*

But the Young Turks movement was not to be doomed, only it needed to be consecrated with the inevitable shedding of human blood. So in less than two weeks, or more exactly, on the 22d of April, the famous army of Salonika, whose initiative had forced the Sultan to proclaim the constitution, was under the very shadows of the minarets of Constantinople. Garrison after garrison surrendered to the invading army except two, but after a stubborn battle in which even field guns were used, and many on both sides fell;† the resisting forces were soon vanquished and the city's complete surrender was accomplished without any disorder whatever. Then in a rapid succession of legal steps based upon the Sheriat as interpreted by the Sheik-ul-Islam, Abdul Hamid II. was unceremoniously deposed, and his brother Mehmed Reshad Effendi was proclaimed the new ruler of Turkey on the 27th day of April, 1909.

*See page 91
†It was reported that the "Army of Freedom" lost 97 killed and 160 wounded, while the insurgents lost 297 killed and 585 wounded.
AHMED RIZA BEY

Distinguished leader in the Young Turks' movement, published in Paris the Meshveret, their organ. On his return to Constantinople, he was elected the first president of the first National Assembly. On November 14, 1909, he was again elected to the same post of honor and influence. He is a dreamer of a strong Pan-Ottoman empire.
THE FAMOUS YILDIZ

ABDUL HAMID'S FAVORITE PALACE, WITH MAGNIFICENT GROUNDS WHERE HAREMS, BATHS, MOSQUES, KIOSKS, THEATERS, BARRACKS, FOUNTAINS, LAKES, AND BOULEVARDS MAKE IT A CITY WITHIN A CITY, NOW CONVERTED INTO A NATIONAL PARK.

As bees with honey fraught surround the hive to store away
The floral nectar, so swarmed they around my fair Yildiz.
The Red Sultan's presence in the capital now being deemed unsafe for the peace and stability of the re-established constitutional government, he was immediately, in the dead of the night, taken to the station and by a special train in waiting, spirited away to Salonika. I give below a translation of the graphic account from the pen of Ghalib Bey, Inspector General of the Civic and Military forces of the capital, of the solemn deportation of the royal exile as communicated to the *Courier d'Orient* and quoted in the *Avedaper*.

"You know that the Yildiz had been in a state of siege for four days. On Tuesday by order of the Commander-in-Chief [Mahmoud Shevket Pasha] I seized the harems and some other buildings with a force of 50 mounted Roumelians. At one o'clock P. M., I wired to the Commander-in-Chief that I had seized the harems. He directed me to await the action of the National Council, which was that afternoon to inform the Sultan of his deposition. At 3 the deputation arrived. At 8 P. M. the Commander-in-Chief selected Gen. Houssein Husni commanding the First Division of the Army of Freedom, myself and Lieut. Ali Fethi Bey a staff officer and an attache of the Ottoman embassy at Paris, to go and inform Abdul Hamid that it had been decided by the Military Council to take him to Salonika.

In a military automobile we proceeded to the palace and told Djevad Bey, the former Secretary, to inform Abdul Hamid that we had come to deliver to him an official message. Djevad Bey enters the harem, and we hear loud weeping.
Abdul Hamid, pale, terrified and trembling, comes out, salutes and sits down. As the spokesman, I inform him that by order of the Military Council he is at once to prepare himself to leave by train for Salonika. The news startled him. He asked me to request the Commander-in-Chief to permit him to occupy the Tcheraghan [one of the palaces on the Bosphorus]. I replied that the decision could not be altered.

After a long silence he inquired:

'Will my life be spared at least?'

I answered 'yes.'

'Yes,' he repeated, 'they always say so, but do otherwise afterwards.'

Abdurrahim Effendi and Djevad Bey, who were present, inquired some ten or fifteen times whether the promise for the safety of his life would be kept.

'Yes, yes,' I answered.

Finally Abdul Hamid tearfully sobbed out:

'How do you expect me to endure a punishment which none of my predecessors ever received?'

'The Commander-in-Chief,' I added, 'is sending you to Salonika simply to spare you a fate to which many of your predecessors unfortunately fell victims.'

Again a long silence.

Then we discussed the question as to who all should accompany him, namely:

Four concubines,
Three sultanas,
THE STRONGHOLD OF THE VÖLKE TRÊS COMTES.

(ANTIENT THESSALONICA)

SALONICA
THE ALATINI
(SALONIKA)
WHERE ABDUL HAMID IS CONFINED.

Like as a felon led in strong patrol, they hied me off
To this remote and dismal fort to wait uncertain doom.
Two princes, Abdurrahim and Abdulkadir,
Five governors and governesses,
Four eunuchs, and
Nine servants.

At midnight the procession was formed as follows: myself and companions leading in the military automobile are followed by Abdul Hamid, the two princes and the three Sultanas are occupying a magnificent carriage. The rest of the party in various palace conveyances and in four hired coupes followed us, while a strong force of mounted militia accompanied the procession. At Sirkedji Abdul Hamid and his suite enter the palatial train that was in waiting for them specially. The attendants are carrying the valises and other baggage belonging to the royal party, while I lift the little prince scarcely six years old, and place him on the train. Only Abdurrahim was smiling. A moment ago he was burning with a desire to see Salonika, saying that he was quite tired of being confined to the Yildiz ever since he was a child. Ali Fethi Bey, two officers and twenty soldiers boarded the same train to escort Abdul Hamid and his party, henceforth to spend their days within the castle of Alatini. At 2 A. M., Wednesday, the train pulled out. There was no one looking out of the windows, and no leave-taking!

Thus, lo, at last, the mills of the immortal
gods did grind,
Thus was the Tyrant's soul to the lasting shame
and grief consigned!

THE AUTHOR.
ABDUL HAMID II

DEPOSED ON THE 24TH OF APRIL, 1909.

*Look at these once erect and mighty shoulders of my frameThat, Atlas-like, the ponderous globe of Osman’s empire bore.*
THE RED SULTAN'S SOLILOQUY

And here I am in this lone Salonikan fort confined
A royal prisoner, tormented worse, by far, by this
Uncertainty of end that waits my once exalted head
Than e'er a prince of crimes in earth or hell was doomed to bear.

O change beyond compare! O fate inexorably harsh!
O perfidy supreme and base betrayal that at last
O'ertook my sovran flight, and from ethereal majesty
Hurled me adown into unfathomed depths of shame such as
No progeny of Osman's famous race did e'er befall!

But yesterday among my peers I, peerless, sat a king
And did, as Caliph true, the ardent love and homage draw
Of countless souls that daily called the Prophet's name in prayer.
But yesterday I could, as by magic, together call
A thousand legions of brave soldiers who fain would in sight
Of Islam's flag, lay down their precious lives in holy war.
Full well did Europe know my scepter's might, and zealously
Each monarch vied with ceaseless marks of love and flattery
To court my smiles and amity, to safer wield their sway
O'er lands where Islam's votaries, by higher power decreed,
To infidel behest must needs an earthly homage pay.
Their coffers, too, with their rich gold and silver, ever stood
Subservient to my imperial designs and wants.
And I, with conscious worth and cunning wit, well knew indeed
To use their gold with lavish hands, until for pomp and ease,
My harems far eclipsed King Solomon's seraglios' fame.
For fully three and thirty years well did my star of fate,
Like Sirius, in matchless glory rule the Eastern sky.
ANATOLIA COLLEGE, ASIA MINOR

"THE MISSIONARIES DO NOT TEACH REVOLUTION, THEY DO NOT ENCOURAGE REVOLUTIONARY METHODS; BUT THEY HAVE ALWAYS PREACHED AND TAUGHT LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY AND THE RIGHTS OF MAN." — WM. E. CURTIS, IN CHICAGO-RECORD-HERALD, REPRINTED IN "WHO WOKE UP TURKEY" BY THE AMERICAN BOARD.
No reign among my famous sires in their most tense eclat
Did e’er such heights of wondrous power and noble deeds attain.
No priest did e’er before with sweeter voice the faithful call
To Islam fanes, nor e’er did Moslem hearts the prouder heave.
Where’er the Crescent waved its sacred folds o’er land or sea,
Where’er the minaret its sacred shadow cast aground,
There shouted men, “Long live Hamid and his most noble reign,
No worthier hand did ever rule the Conqueror’s domain!”

Not only did the mosques of Islam’s cult from shore to shore
In gorgeous pomp, and proud acclaim, and boundless zeal abound,
But schools and colleges of most approved and useful types
Did everywhere thruout my empire’s length their lofty domes
Raise pharoses for them that sailed the seas of ignorance.

Likewise thru my enlightened wish and love for public good,
The wondrous arts of modern times which Europe glories in—
Its telegraph and rapid trains, and works of diverse aims—
Well nigh transformed our land to one of marvelous renown,
And thus wiped out the foreigner's oft-taunted stain on us—
That we were but a fogy folk of manners old and slow.
The tourists saw this new advance and everywhere exclaimed:
"Great is, indeed, the change in this most ancient land on earth,
Long live Abdul Hamid, the wise and most advanced of Turks."

Nor was I blind to perils great to Ottoman domains,
A GRADUATING CLASS OF DIFFERENT NATIONALITIES
FACULTY AND GRADUATING CLASS

OF THE AMERICAN HIGH SCHOOL AT HADIZAG. ALL BUT TWO, MISSIONARY AND SON, ARMENIANS.
That constantly my empire's weal and nation's life did threat.
The six Great Powers called me, in scorn, "the Sick Man of the East."
And, like as hungry birds of prey, with looks and talons fierce
Beside the dying beast impatient stand, until the wretch
His last and feeble sign of life, in protest, has kicked out,
And then bounce down upon as yet th'uncooled and breathing corpse,
So they, the Infidels, each, with cocked ears, impatient stood
To leap and gobble up my vast and priceless heritage.
But thanks to God, by daily prayers for measures wise and safe,
The Prophet's great and mighty arm all needed succor gave;
And I, with clever skill and Tartar wit, full many a time,
Not only did their base designs and bold advances foil,
But did, in truth, into their midst the ball of discord roll,
Until they well forgot their common prey—my glorious throne—
And like as dogs of hostile mien, each at the other barked.
All the world saw these games of chess in high world-politics,
And stood amazed at such consummate moves and matchless feats.

So, too, in our internal life when Haig's ambitious sons,*
Spurred on by racial pride, and lured by charms of liberty,
Essayed to break the fetters of their servitude to us,
And thus their long defunct, old kingdom gain by force of arms,
Not trusting, to be sure, their own brave arms or martial ken,
But thinking that these mighty crowns of Christendom, forsooth,
Because of common cult and ethnic ties, would help their cause,
And by sheer force of arms combined, their native land set free,
To their dismay they found, I was a match to such intrigues.

*The Armenians, Haig being the reputed progenitor of the race.
ARKENAN PATRIOTS

who fell in battle while defending the villages during the Sassenach invasion in 1895.
FOUAD PASHA

EMINENT SOLDIER, STATESMAN, DIPLOMAT AND PATRIOT. DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF IN THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR IN 1877 BY DEFEATING A FORCE OF 10,000 RUSSIANS WITH AN ARMY OF 8,000 TURKS. AFTER SEVEN YEARS OF ACTUAL IMPRISONMENT IN DAMASCUS, HE RETURNED TO THE CAPITAL AMID THE BOUNDLESS ENTHUSIASM OF THE PEOPLE.
For those great Powers in whose good will and aid they so believed,
With their vast hosts, like as a throng a bloody bullfight sees,
Stood still and but, in morbid air, looked on the fearful scene
Of carnage which my Kurdish hordes did merciless commit
On false Armenia's soil, and all her wealth as booty take,
And with her fairest maids their harems fore'er enrich.
And, tho the news of such fierce massacre all Europe shook,
And common folks and zealous hosts of clericals, enraged,
Called on their gallant knights anon, a new Crusade to raise
And this, their brothers' blood in summary measures avenge,
Yet, like as clouds sometimes, by rapid moves, bedim the skies,
And terror spead to man and beast of some approaching storm
And then, with all their gloom and rage soon harmlessly blow o'er,
So all these violent uproars and vehement harangues
Which at the time, I must confess, with terror filled my soul,
And made me think, perchance, the time had at last come when I
Would have the grim renown of being now the last Sultan
With whose unlucky doom fore'er the sun of Osman's long
And glorious rule o'er this, the world's most envied soil would set,
Passed off without event, and not alone a single Turk Was not chastized for this, but it made me more than before
The most revered and potent chief the Moslem world possessed,
Which fact not only did leave me supreme in politics, But what of infinite and world-wide import is, and one That cheered the Prophet's reins more than a sacrifice of sheep, Was that my brave deport, and brilliant coups o'er Europe's crowns
To our God-sent and holy Islam did new life impart;
Whereby its votaries of every clime and tongue on earth
Joined hands and hearts in zealous fellowship and guileless vow
E’er to defend its cause and teach the world its peerless creed—
“THERE IS NO GOD BUT GOD, MOHAMMED IS HIS PROPHET TRUE.”

These are some of the many deeds of my Sultanic reign;
Such was my influence, and such my weight among the Powers,
Which none dared to ignore, but all their utmost taxed to win.
Nor did I lie at ease and court sweet slumber’s fond embrace
When some mishap—or fire, or flood or seismic shock severe—
Dire havoc wrought among my happy flocks or far or near.
But I in deepest grief long vigils kept for their concerns,
And with my inmost heart and richest gold in quickest time,
As with a father's hand, I sought to wipe their tears away.
So, too, the hospitals and every house of charity
What'er its creed, or Mussulman, or Christian built alike,
God knows, my anxious thoughts and care and royal stipend shared
And breathed their softest prayer: "God grant Abdul long years to rule."

And when the needy hosts of our own faith from foreign shores
At our benign and hospitable door for entrance knocked,
With cordial arms I welcomed them into our friendly realm,
And with my own ungrudging hand I fostered them with care,
And gave them homes of fair and fertile land and blithsome sky.
Likewise when caravans of men with holy aim and zeal From far and near to Mecca's Shrine their ways did yearly wend
To see, O happy eyes! that great and sacred mosque of ours,
And there pour out their ardent prayers and vows to Islam’s God,
E’er to confess His Prophet’s name and his Koran revere,
Of these none ever left my capital without a gift.

That I should make a few mistakes in my intense desire
And arduous task to safely helm the Ship of State to port,
Is but to prove the say: “God only is unerring wise.”
That I should fail to please some parasites, some faithless souls,
Who fain would sacrifice the public good to selfish gain,
Is but to show with what fidelity and deep concern
I used my royal trust to just and lofty ends throuout.
Of these mine enemies, if so unkind, may well accuse
My gracious rule, but none, or foreigner or native born,
Shall ever say of me: “Abdul Hamid was not a Turk!”

And yet for all my deeds of love and sacrifices great
For my vast kingdom's weal and happiness, the Young Turks' race
Has thus rewarded me in my advanced and feeble age.
Nor did they spare my care-worn face and deeply wrinkled brow
Where every furrow marks a tome of history unwrit.
Look at these once erect and mighty shoulders of my frame,
That, Atlas-like, the ponderous globe of Osman's empire bore,
And, as an oak in open field, so long undaunted stood
Before the raging storms of three and thirty years of reign!
How stooped and shrunken now! How tottering my limbs I feel!
Untimely old, grown not with years, or pains in body weak,
But broken down with cares of state, and fears lest I should fail
To guard and guide aright a mighty nation's destiny
Called to contest with Christendom the force that moves the world.

But yesterday, of guards and servants hosts in livery
HIS HOLINESS, MGR. YOACHIM
THE GREEK PATRIARCH
AN EMINENT ECCLESIASTIC WHO HAS FEARLESSLY AND VIGOROUSLY DEFENDED THE INTERESTS OF HIS FLOCK IN TURKEY.
HIS HOLINESS, MGR. ISMIHLIAN
"THE IRON PATRIARCH."

For his strong personality while patriarch, as well as for his powerful voice for reforms in Armenia, he was exiled to Jerusalem. After twelve years of virtual imprisonment there, he returned to Constantinople amidst indescribable demonstrations of welcome.
So proudly did on my behests and royal whims await.
But yesterday my capital’s elite—renowned Pashas,
And learned Sheiks, high Patriarchs, Ambassadors of rank,
Khans and Khedives and Viceroyds of martial mien and fame—
All men of note, or foreigner or native-bred alike,
As bees with honey fraught surround the hive to store away
The floral nectar, so swarmed they around my fair Yildiz
To pay respect and loyal prayers at my exalted throne.
But now, alas! deposed by force from this my high estate,
And like a rogue or murderer all but in chains removed
To this remote and guarded house a prisoner confined,
Aye, doomed to agonize far more by thoughts of Eden lost
Than fears of cruel stripes in darkest dungeons can torment!
Would God I could blot out the past and never know that I
E’er lived, or was once clothed in majesty and might supreme!
Then, lo, I had escaped this keen ignominy and shame,
That have, like waterspouts, so full o'erwhelmed my inmost soul.

O, why is man so blinded that he doth not see in time
The vanities of pride and earthly glory, but like as
The stupid moth hastes to the glaring torch to but be scorched,
And, mindless of the warning words: "Uneasy lies the head
That wears a crown," he joys to wear the jeweled hood of sighs
Henceforth to be shut up within some fair and gilded gaol,
And atmosphered with fear of some imagined woe to self?
Ever dreading the lurking knife, ever looking for death
In porridge or in pot, never at peace, never at ease,
In sleep disturbed, in dreams alarmed, in wake fretful and cross;
Ever in storms of passion fierce and envy-tossed about;
Always plotting, always damning but never rid of fear!
Me miserable! yesterday full thirty million souls,
Like as the slaves upon their masters' wills and pleasure wait,
Of me took their command to live and move as happy men
In free pursuit to earn their livelihood amid the smile
And fond caress of wife and children gay, or wretches doomed
To expiate in chains and stocks a thoughtless word or deed
Within some dim and dismal fort where neither friends approached,
Nor ever did loved ones a warm and sweet embrace bestow.
Tell me, is it a judgment now from heaven's bar that I,
Yesterday's lord and grim dictator, should to-day myself
A petty guard's command obey, and my pure air and sunshine
By measure only have? O destiny unthinkable!

But well was I forewarned against the day of this my fall
When in a vivid dream I once saw my Stamboul transformed
Into a foreign town bedecked with dazzling pomp and splendor,
And a most gay and gorgeous pageant far surpassing all
The storied scenes of ancient Rome, escorting in proud march
A conqueror astride a fiery steed into our most
Renowned and sacred mosque, once old Pyzantion's delight,
And as they went a most tremendous shouting rent the air:
"He comes! he comes! the Hero comes, receive
with honors due
The nation's foremost son whose mighty guns
fore'er destroyed
Fell monarchy's oppressive rule, and in its place raised high
Our country's flag with words in gold—
Sic Semper Tyrannis!"

At these ill-omened words, sore terrified and ghastly pale,
I quaked and sweat a chilly sweat that ran thru my whole frame,
For by a keen and strange mistrust, meseemed this marvelous dream.

*See "The Sultan's Vision of Dewey," by the Author.
MIDHAT PASHA

THE REPUTED AUTHOR OF THE ORIGINAL CONSTITUTION WHO DIED IN EXILE IN ARABIA, THOUGHT BY SOME TO HAVE BEEN ASSASSINATED.

Such views I once adroitly crushed, and their chief advocate
My own Midhat, with all his satellites, to exile sent.
ODIAN EFFENDI

As a nurse was sentenced for the unattended child death, my nurse would of such unduly

Or yet unduly still to die dare the nurse's order.

Life as a nurse were sentenced when she attended

And the death decree as from was wholly red

Who has not rail and stultified by Spain's rumor

That my brother was wear of property whatever,
Was but an open sign of some new man displacing me,
As King, upon the famous throne of Osman's famous line.
I then in quickest summons had my Sheik and Grand Vizir
Appear at my still trembling feet and counsel give their lord,
As to my dream's significance and my strange precious doom.
But they, or fearing my fierce wrath at such unlucky news,
Or loath the Young Turks' dastard plot untimely to disclose,
Or yet unduly dull to diagnose the signs aright,
Like as a nurse with soothing words the frightened child doth calm,
With one accord declared my fears were wholly void of ground;
That my dream's knight and conqueror was an American
Who had just dealt a deadly blow to Spain's once mighty arms;
That my Sultanic sway, devoid of jeopardy whate'er,
Was never more secure and apt to foil the plotters’ wiles;
And as Gibraltar laughed to scorn the hissing shells of all
Unwise and venturous ships, and undisturbed looked on and mocked
The foaming waves’ impetuous assaults, so did my throne
All hostile moves within, without, in majesty defy.”

So, eased by these most cheering words, I set me down in peace.
Nor ever did thenceforth the future clouds of storm discern
Until, alas! it was too late to dam the maddened flood
That soon in fury swept adown and wrecked my throne and me.
Had I not been so easy duped by men of my own choice,
But held on to mine own belief of this impending storm,
I would have raked my brains for measures new and drastic harsh,
Or conjured up to aid a nether force of dreadful fame
To breathe consuming fire and wreak dire vengeance all
around,
And fill up hell with my rash foes and treacherous
cabals!

But I must be resigned and manfully endure my
lot,
For neither man, nor God but my own self, I must
confess,
Deserves the blame for this my loss of power and utter
shame.
For, while with matchless grasp and keenest sight I
mastered well
The crafty games that Europe played, and with my
counter moves
Kept her at bay so long, I sorely failed to meet aright
The drift of thought and tendencies within mine own
domains.
For those long years of my illustrious reign so justly
famed,
As Golden Age, for its prodigious strides in Western
lore;
In schools of arts and sciences and modern modes of
life,
Which I myself so much admired and patronized with zeal,
Also diffused, alas! pernicious views about my throne.
Such views I once adroitly crushed and their chief advocate
My own Midhat with all his satellites to exile sent,
Where they expired unwept and unaressed by loving ones.
Yet it now seems I have destroyed the men but not their views.
For these Young Turks imbued alike with same obnoxious thoughts,
In utter disregard of my august prerogatives,
Nor fearful of the Prophet's wrath, made a demand of me—
Or to grant them a Parliament, or see the land in gore.
So forced to act, nor to resist their wish by arms prepared,
Tho ill at ease thus to be shorn of my Sultanic powers,
I then proclaimed a Tanzimat*—a new regime in force,
Thus giving them—Moslem and Jew and Christian folks alike

*Constitution.
THE NEW CRESCENT

ONE OF THE FINEST SPECIMENS OF TURKISH CALIGRAPHY, EVERY LINE FORMING THE CRESCENT BEING AN ELONGATED LETTER, THE COMBINATION BREATHING A BENEDICTION UPON THE SULTAN AND THE CONSTITUTION.
THE FIRST OTTOMAN PARLIAMENT

All Europe watched with breathless gaze this wonder new and great.
One Parliament, one court, one tax, one native land for all;
All brothers now. Nor would the Turk henceforth rest uncondemned
Who called his Christian mate, or trading Jew a faithless giaour.

It was a day unparalleled in Islam history
When I the king in person met the House of Deputies,
And with a speech auspiciously launched forth this Ship of State.
All Europe watched with breathless gaze this wonder new and great,
While the stars from above bouquets of light in plaudit poured
Into the placid lap of fair, exultant Marmora.
I also did an amnesty declare throughout the land
Which flung wide open all the prison doors and massive forts.
Nor did the dungeons dare this seismic shock of rule defy,
And out came men from all the ranks, both low and high estate—
A multitude enough to found an island realm therewith—
Whose rash, unguarded word or deed, or trend of modern thought,
Stern monarchy once deemed unsafe and most impolitic.
Full seven days and nights the public all in gay array
This marvelous change of government in festive mirth did fete.
Such joyous scenes, such happiness and warm fraternity,
Wherein were lost all racial sense and cultive prejudice,
I must confess, moved me to tears, and love unfelt before.
God helping me, I softly vowed, I will henceforth become
A father-king to all, and all shall have a tender spot
In my warm heart and equal care for their advance and good.

O, if I only had guarded my heart against the foe
As did the soldiers guard the entrance of my dear Yildiz!
If I had shut my ears to my own friends' ill-timed advice
As shuts a maid her door to an unwelcome suitor's knock,
I had not lost my throne, nor suffered this ignomy!
But the foul fiend of pride, alas! soon found his baneful way
Into my heart and there, like as the noxious worm lays hid
Its cankerous seed in some well favored bark, so did he leave
Seditious thoughts of dire revenge upon the heads of all
Who first designed and carried out this dastard coup d'etat,
And made my majesty to merely play a puppet's role!
So, crazed with smarting sense of outraged power and lost estate,
And lured by morbid hope to gain my royal prestige back,
Tho loath to break the solemn oath which publicly I took
E'er to defend the Tanzimat and execute its laws,
At last I did to strong temptation yield, and with my gold*

*It was reported in the papers that 50,000 Turkish pounds or over 220,000 dollars had been distributed among the garrisons.
Infectious hate and discontent and mutiny designed,
Before whose wrath and bloody march, like as the
frightened mice
Before the cat, confused, into their holes do flee, so did
The Young Turks' race of whelps into their lairs escape
pel-mel.
I thus once more in triumph sat on my Sultanic throne,
And laughed to scorn this latest plot to curb a Caliph's
power.
All Islam cheered this victory of Sheriat and cried:
"Away with the apostate race, long live the Padishah!"
I had, howe'er, misjudged the Young Turks' strength
and last resort,
For soon, alas, the dust of their Thessalian hosts like
clouds
Rose high around my fair Stamboul, and ghastly terror
spread
O'er all, of certain death and ruin such as once o'ertook
The Greeks when our immortal sire the conqueror laid
siege
To proud Pyzantion and fiercely stormed its massive
walls.
And great Shevket, my vision's real knight, I now
believe,
Because in Moslem land the Moslems shed the Moslems blood,
All heaven saw the most mighty strife and ghastly deed.

REMOVING THE DEAD AFTER THE BATTLE AT TARSUS (CONSTANTINOPLE)
A LANDSCAPE ON THE BOSPHORUS

And bury me in silent dirge beneath the cypresses
That overlook the Bosphorus, and mourn the saddest there.

Page 98
With matchless lead which would have merited the greatest praise,
Did he invade some infidel metropolis, or march
Against Arabia's untamed and lawless bands that have
So long defied my Caliphate, nor yet been won with gold,
Compelled fort after fort to give up arms and beg for peace,
And breathed dire woe to all who did his martial will resist.
Thus he, at last, my loyal troops and body guards subdued,
And not a few to their Edenic bliss untimely sent.
All heaven saw this most unholy strife and gently wept,
Because in Moslem land the Moslems shed the Moslems' blood!

Then all-unawed, they laid unrighteous hands on Islam's Chief
And Padishah, unmoved by tears, or touching pleas to spare
My hoary head this cruel fate of shame and crushing blow.
"At least," I plead on bended knee, "if shorn of power I must
Needs be a sacrifice, and thus the Young Turks' wrath appease,
Or bow assent to higher will, grant me one only wish:
When I am dead or by the hangman's art, or in bastille
Succumbed to foul disease, O, bring me back to my Yildiz,
And bury me in silent dirge beneath the cypresses
That overlook the Bosphorus and moan the saddest there!
Then in the dead of night, disgraced and ousted from my throne,
Like as a felon led in strong patrol, they hied me off
To this remote and dismal fort, to wait uncertain doom,
Or pine away with gnawing grief till merciful death bid
My poor, unlucky soul this base and faithless world depart.

But where, O where is now my Kaiser friend and great compeer
Who only a short time ago, to the surprise of all
The rest of Europe's titled sires, set his imperial feet
Upon our famous shores and on our Moslem altar laid
The votive offering of his fraternal love to us?
No other potentate in all this my eventful life
Professed such amity to me in covenantal terms
To firmly stand by me and, like a priest in sacred fane,
Keep ever burning bright the light of my illustrious reign,
While jealous foes around my heritage did daily strive
To put it out, and plunge my soul into eternal night.
I well remember yet how standing up like very Mars,
And with his large and piercing eyes aflame with martial fire,
He pointed out to his Teutonic hosts and dreadful guns
Ready to belch forth death and desolation all around,
Should any power on land or sea dare harm my majesty.
I placed implicit faith in these, his generous words of cheer,
And to reciprocate such intimate fraternity,
I did not only give His Majesty my warmest love,
And showed him honors high, unshown to other men before,
(And I, besides, with loads of richest gems of Eastern art
Made glad his royal heart beyond his dream or precedent*
But to cement our friendship firmer still, I next bestowed
Upon his Majesty's devoted race Sultanic rights
To build and operate in my domain's most favored spot
Railways and mines and vast commercial interests therewith
Until its wealth surpassed the fabled wealth of India's kings.

Well did the Moscovite with anger burn and gnash his teeth,
When he beheld this mighty bond of friendship looming up
To put a lasting end to his ambitious aims of old—
To seize upon my glorious Sultanry and thus possess
The fairest land that ever crowned a conqueror's exploits.
Ha! Ha! I laughed then at my ancient foe and deadly plague

*It was reported at the time that one such present alone—a jewelled necklace given to the German Empress—was valued at $16,000. Altogether the visit of the Kaiser was said to have cost the Sultan over 10,000,000 of dollars.
AND AMONG THE MOST FEARLESS SPEAKERS ON THE FLOOR
OF HAVANA'S DURING THEIR HART'S BRIGHTER OR HADJOY HOURS, NOW BOTH MEMBERS OF THE OTTOMAN PARLIAMENT
WAVE TWO AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY SOCIETIES WHO HAVE DISTINGUISHED THEMSELVES WITH DEEDS

VALIKES EFENDI

BOVAIAN EFENDI (MOTHER)
Whose ravages at times had caused my realm unnumbered woes
But now, by such a master-stroke of policy as this,
I thus forever kept the vicious Bear at bay at last.
And yet how false and transient have my joys and triumphs proved!
When I consider that in this my fall and forced removal
My Kaiser friend has stood aloof as silent as the Sphinx,
And not a word of protest has unsealed his mighty lips,
Nor yet a cannon fired to rescue me from the foul hands
That did so sacrilegiously depose my majesty.
Alas, I have been doped to halcyon dreams with mocking hopes,
And great Midhat ev'n in his grave has conquered me at last!

But I must not God's wise decrees in ignorance impugn,
Perchance He means to thus chastize the fast estraying land;
Because the Moslem youth of these our days with pious prayer
No longer do the Prophet's name and his Koran revere.
Nor like their worthy sires with burning zeal and tireless vim
Great Islam's cult and its divine authority affirm.
But with their Frankish lores and cultured forms and graceful styles
Alas! unwholesome ways, and doubts and follies have acquired.
And what once did our gloried trait and highest virtue form,
And make us truly great—admired in peace and feared in war—
Alas! is passing fast, and Moslems now like giaours delight
In giaour salons and dens their liquid curse to sip with glee!
And so, perhaps, my God, whom I have so devotedly Adored five times a day, lo, these more than three scores of years,
In special love and providence, to save my precious life As He once showed to Lot the Patriarch—peace be on him!—
Had me brought out (tho not at all by holy angels' aid) Of the metropolis and nest of the estranged Young Turks,
Ere sulphurous fire from heav’n destroyed their memories fore’er.

O, God forbid that I should ever pray for heaven’s curse
Upon the glorious Sultanry of which I was deprived.
Or e’en th’ apostate clique who, unabashed, usurped my throne.
And yet, methinks, a strong prophetic vision comes to me,
Whose black forebodes of ill, well nigh congeal my very blood.
How my heart trembles as my tongue relates that after me
The empire shall be stirred by great disturbances, such as
Our fathers never saw or read about in all their lives!
The Tanzimat which they so hailed with joy as granting them
Full liberty of thought and limiting the monarch’s power,
Shall be the most prolific source of their untempered woes.
For, first of all, the Christians will, like Moslems, arm themselves
And learn the art of war with all dispatch and marvelous zeal,
So that they will no longer bear in meek and abject fear
The wrongs they long endured, unarmed, as serfs, but will, with vim
Defend themselves against their Turcoman and Kurdish foes.
This will stir up the latter's blood and lordly sense of old,
And make them gnash their teeth for massacre and greedy loot,
As they in former years have done with full impunity;
And down they'll shout with laws that make the giaours on par with us,
And death to all who will henceforth play not their *rayah's* role!
Then shall break out in diverse seats the storms of racial hate,
And men afoam with rage shall kill to shame the fiends of hell,
Till tens of thousands of the infidels have perished so,
And with their cursed blood the land's bedyed, who cares for this?
HIS EXCELLENCY, NAOUM EFFENDI
KHAKHAM-BASHI OR CHIEF RABBI, THE POLITICAL HEAD OF THE JEWS.

Thus giving them—Moslem and Jew and Christian folks alike—
One Parliament, one court, one tax, one native land for all.

Page 81
PRINCE SABAH-ED-DIN

Distinguished nephew of the Sultan who had lived in voluntary exile for eight years. Returned home bringing with him the exhumed remains of his still more distinguished father, Damad Pasha, who had died in exile. Politically the prince stands for decentralization, or the principle of maximum local self government.
For, lo, more tears are shed in heav’n when falls one Mussulman
Than when whole armies fall, who won’t the Prophet’s creed confess.

Men shall lose faith in man, alike in friend and enemy,
The government shall eye the citizen askance, and he
The government with keen distrust and illboding reserve,
While frequent raids and finds, by the police, of bombs and arms
Shall fill the jails with plotting rogues, and thus inaugurate
A reign of terror and a harvest of untimely deaths.
Then civil wars in all their hellish horrors shall break forth
Thruout the empire’s length and breadth, and, lo, race after race,
From far Armenia’s historic plains to Balkan heights,
Which I, by iron hand, long held in liege and fear, shall raize
Rebellion’s flag in desperate attempt to free themselves
From Turkish yoke, and set up their own independent thrones.

Nor will the Christians be the only ones that will revolt,
But Kurd and Arab hordes in all their most atrocious might
Will join the fray and scatter death and ruin everywhere.
And Moslem shall fight Moslem with Satanic power and skill
Till blood shall flow as flow the streams, and carcasses on heaps
Set up a lasting feast to birds of prey and hungry dogs.
Then shall the Powers of Europe rise in greedy enterprise,
And selfishly divide among themselves what now is left
Of once the mighty Turkish Sultanry, and thus alas!
A thousand times alas! the curtain finally will drop
Upon this utmost tragic end of a great nation's life.
Then shall the free and noble Mussulmans of former days
Themselves become rayahs, and, as the Christians once served them
So shall they serve the Christians, now in abject fear and meekness.
Nor will the clarion notes of the muezzin's call to prayer
Ring out again their pristine sweet, celestial rhythm abroad,
But every time that they go forth to bid the faithful pray,
They will unfailingly revive in them the bitter past,
And be the sign for them to stand, Koran in hand, beneath
The shadows of their once proud minarets, and, like the Jews
Around the wailing walls of old Jerusalem, weep on Despondent tears, and breathe remorseful prayers to God on high,
Ruing the day when vicious men first forced the Caliph's hand
To grant a Parliament and liberty throughout the land.
So, too, shall Moslem girls repair to where sweet waters flow,
But not repair with merry hearts to sing and dance again,
But to compose the saddest lays their saddest fate to mourn,
And wish for those good old Hamidian days and their gay times.

Methinks I hear their doleful strains disturb the gentle air:

Alas! alas! for Osman’s race
Once mighty lords, now in disgrace.
Sing it in song of solemn air,
Let all its gloom and sadness share.

Bid the *ashucks* take up the lyre
And clad in coarse, sackcloth attire,
Go, walk the land from door to door,
And this our fall from fame deplore.

Let the imams who know the past
Each year ordain a public fast,
And tell the world the reason why
The Ottomans now weep and sigh.

Let fathers tell the rising youth—
Nor try to hide the painful truth—
Our name once shook the Christian thrones,
But now the Turk his lot bemoans.

Let mothers make this awful wrong
Their saddest theme and wailing song:

*Turkish troubadours.
THE SWEET WATERS OF EUROPE
TURKISH LADY

Then roiled beauties with their eyes
No longer will your valors prize
And from behind the lattice work
Say, lo, there goes a lovely Turk!

Page 121
That when they took Abdul away
Fair Glory left the Turkish sway.

Ye sons of sires of mighty wars
Whose matchless deeds bedimmed the stars,
Go, join henceforth the dervish band,
And howl aloud your fatherland.

Hang up your gun and bayonet,
And all the arts of war forget.
Your noble knees alas! from now
To infidel behest shall bow.

Then veiled beauties with ebon eyes
No longer will your valors prize,
And from behind the lattice-work
Say, lo, there goes a lordly Turk!

Ye luckless maids of Osman's seed,
I charge you all by Islam's creed,
That once a year in deepest grief
Ye shall lament the fallen chief.

Go, seek in love his lonely tomb
That holds with his an empire's doom;
There gently strew your sweetest flowers,
There gently shed your tears in showers!
Ah! if such is posterity's high estimate of me,
If thus in tender love I shall be sung in years to come,
Fain will Abdul to this austere decree in silence bow
Since he in death shall, deathless, still a mightier scepter wield.
For, who knows not that this world's best and sweetest incense burns
On altars built to deify the dead far rather than
The living praise and to their deeds of worth just homage pay?
So, comforted by this unerring course of history,
I shall, resigned, aye, with delight, this cup of hemlock drain,
And thus go, join the ranks of those unseen and potent dead
Whose lofty souls this base and faithless world prized not in life,
But now adores with reverent zeal as demigods on high!

Then fare you well my throne and all ye pomps of earthly rule!
Tho forced by ruthless hands to abdicate my sovranty,
And well nigh mad by this my loss and fathomless disgrace,
THE RED SULTAN'S SOLILOQUY 123

Yet I leave you content, and with a mind at peace with God.
Full well assured within my inmost heart that when at last
I'm laid away in dust, and there await the judgment day
When all shall hear their final doom, or damn'd forever more
Or hailed to Paradise, there shall greet me the Prophet's voice
And for reward, bid houri hosts with smiles and soft embrace
Upon my lordly will and pleasures wait thru endless days.

So, too, farewell, my fairy Kiosk my favorite Yildiz,
To me at once the gladdest and the saddest spot on earth
Where, of a truth, in mirth no other Paradise I craved,
Nor yet in agony of mind a fiercer hell conceived!
    Ah! little did I dream that this my star of fate, which shone
With such resplendent glow o'er thy enchanted premises
And with its silver light my darkest pathway long illumed,
Would so untimely set, and in my old and feeble age
Cause me to leave thy sacred grounds, and spend my closing days
In far away exile, amid most bitter memories.

But oh! of all my vast domains and Caliphate the most
The loss of my Stamboul the Queen of Capitals I mourn.
No other spot on earth is so adorned by Nature’s hand
With lavish charms of sea and land like as a dream of mind
Of some Elysian world where gods and goddesses abide,
And nymphal forms alone disturb the water’s gentle calm.
Her Golden Horn and Bosphorus and Marmora’s blue mere
Where Europe wooes fair Asia with amorous embrace,
While sweet, levantine zephyrs blow to lull the soulful pair,
And brightsome stars with merriment wink at the lovers, too,
MOSQUE OF SULTAN AHMED
Shall ever last to lure and tantalize Napoleons,
And be the one most envied goal for all ambitious Czars.
Would God my vision proved untrue and wholly void of ill,
And Osman's glorious flag did never cease to proudly wave
Upon this magic site and City of Two Continents!
Great Masterwork of Time, my peerless Capital, farewell!