

AN INTERVIEW WITH SULTAN ABDUL HAMID.

BY THE HONORABLE A. W. TERRELL,
Lately United States Minister at Constantinople.



ON the nineteenth day of March last, while attending the ceremony of the Selemlik in Constantinople, near the Yildiz Palace, I was informed by a master of ceremonies that I would be received in audience by the Sultan of Turkey after he had finished his devotions in the mosque.

On entering the palace at the appointed time, attended by Munier Pasha, the introducer of foreign diplomats, and by Mr. Gargiulo, my official interpreter, my reception was cordial; and during a conversation which lasted more than two hours many things were said by the Sultan regarding the treatment of the Armenian race by the Turkish government which he desired should be made known to the people of the United States. An expression of that desire was renewed by him on the fifteenth day of June last, on the eve of my departure for home. He was assured that his wishes would be observed in such manner and at such time as would be proper after my official relations with his government had ceased.

In now complying with that promise, it is deemed proper first to introduce to the reader Sultan Abdul Hamid, by quoting from an article in the January, 1895, number of the "Contemporary Review." That article was written by one who is recognized by missionaries as the ablest and most scholarly American divine and educator in Turkey, and who has resided in Constantinople more than twenty years. The extracts are as follows:

"He [the Sultan] has never failed to win the heart of any European who has been admitted to any degree of intimacy with him. All find in him the noble and attractive qualities which they cannot help but admire. . . . Except in religion, he is more of a European than an Asiatic. . . . He is no more of an Oriental despot than the late Czar; and many of the fine qualities discovered in the Czar after his death are equally characteristic of the Sultan. In personal

ability I should say he was the Czar's superior. . . . It is true of the Sultan, as it was of the Czar, that his policy was not adopted through personal ambition or the love of power, but from a sense of duty to religion and country. . . . In Asia Minor the Sultan has had some excuse for the persecution of Armenians in the establishment of their revolutionary committees. . . . He deserves the highest praise. . . . It is a new thing in the world to see a Turkish sultan attempting to cleanse his empire from filth and disease, and rivaling the most advanced countries in the world in his efforts to care for the health of his people. . . . He has done more for the education of his people than all the sultans who have gone before him."

The tourist who visits Turkey finds in Constantinople a resident colony of fifty-two native Americans, all of whom are missionary educators, or Bible-hours people, except two, one of whom is a dentist and the other a saloon-keeper. None of these has ever been presented to the Sultan, or admitted to the Yildiz Palace, which few except diplomats ever enter, and which is, perhaps, more exclusive than any palace in Europe. Over thirteen centuries of fierce attrition between the crescent and the cross have not tended to develop among rival religionists a spirit of mutual love; but, on the contrary, have even made it difficult for them to speak charitably of each other. Whatever may be the cause, certain it is that published descriptions of the Sultan, and of his habits, which have appeared in the American press, usually contain as many errors as sentences.

The Sultan is over fifty years old, of medium height, with clear olive complexion, dark hair, high forehead, and large dark-brown eyes. The habitual expression of his face is one of extreme sadness. Though the pashas who attend his palace when ministers or ambassadors are entertained are decorated with regal splendor, he always appears in plain garb, wearing a red fez, a frock-coat and trousers of dark-blue stuff, and patent-leather shoes. A broad service-

sword with steel scabbard, which he holds sheathed in his hand, completes the costume. Sometimes a single decoration is worn on his breast. When he is seen thus plainly attired in the throne-room of his palace, on the first day of the feast of Bairam, seated on an ottoman covered with cloth of gold, to receive the congratulations of his civil and military chiefs, who are all radiant in uniforms and decorations, the contrast is very striking. No Christians but those of the diplomatic corps ever witness this impressive ceremony, which is conducted with the order that distinguishes a military review, but with an Oriental serenity that an American finds it difficult to understand. On such occasions Osman Pasha stands at the Sultan's left, holding a cloth-of-gold scarf, which all reverently kiss after saluting their ruler.

No sovereign in Europe is more courtly or refined in entertaining his guests, and few can be more agreeable in conversation. In his personal intercourse with foreign representatives he is alike free from that stilted dignity which repels confidence, and from that absence of real dignity which invites familiarity.

When I first dined at the palace, the Sultan sat at the head of the table, with Mrs. Terrell at his right and myself at his left. Osman Pasha, Ismael Pasha, the former Khedive of Egypt, the Grand Vizier, and other ministers of state were the other guests.

Nothing could excel the excellence of the cuisine of which he partook with his guests, the table-service and decorations, the magnificence of the dining-room, or the excellence of his wines, which always remain untasted except by Christian guests. Each pasha wore the insignia of his rank, blazing with stars and decorations, while the

plain costume of the Sultan was alone in harmony with my own. No armed men stood guard at the palace doors, and except a detail from the Imperial Guard, who always salute a foreign representative on his arrival, no soldiers have ever been seen by me within the palace walls on any of the occasions when I have dined there.

I do not hesitate to confirm the opinions of General Lew Wallace and my other predecessors, that the Sultan of Turkey is a ruler of great intellectual ability. I regard him as the ablest sovereign in Europe. My opinion as to whether, and in what degree, he is responsible for the massacres that have desolated his kingdom, was given to Secretary of State Olney. It remains unpublished, and will not be repeated here.

Much of the conversation referred to at the beginning of this article related to matters of a diplomatic nature, which for manifest reasons it would be improper to repeat. The Sultan remarked that he had been much gratified by hearing from Sir Ashmead Bartlett, a member of the British Parliament, that I had spoken in just terms touching his Majesty's action in what he termed the Armenian «disturbances»; and that he naturally expected this on account of the personal friendship between us, which enabled me to know that he did not have it in his nature to be wilfully cruel.¹

He said that the facts about recent disturbances in Turkey have never been faithfully reported by the press of the United States, and that he hoped that I would make known to the American people what he was then about to say. Continuing, he said:

«Early during the Ottoman conquests in Asia Minor, the Armenians, who were being crushed by repeated invasions of the Tatars and the Persians, emigrated in large num-

¹ The conversation with Sir Ashmead Bartlett to which the Sultan referred related chiefly to my letter of December 29, 1895, to a leading missionary in Turkey, while the massacres were progressing. The letter will be found in Part II of the Foreign Relations of the United States for 1895. The following is an extract:

To you, sir, to the consul-general, to the secretary of legation, and, I believe, to President Washburn, I expressed four months ago my conviction that the so-called reforms would, when announced, be followed by a massacre of Armenians and a period of great danger to our missionaries. This view was not entertained by those above referred to, nor by my colleagues; but, acting on my own conviction, instant measures were taken for the security of our countrymen. A residence in the southern portion of the United States at the close of our late Civil War had prepared me to anticipate the fearful era through which we are passing here. I had seen the resentful violence of a proud, dominant race, caused by enforced reforms for a subject race, which was increased by the arrogance of the enfranchised negroes, and which resulted in Ku-Klux outrages.

It was known here that at least one of the great powers would not consent to the use of force to make the reforms proposed for the benefit of the Armenian race effective. And so, on the 21st of October, when very many persons were rejoicing over the irade then issued, which proposed to arm and make officers of a race that had for centuries been subjugated and denied privileges, I demanded and obtained on that day telegraphic orders to every civil and military chief in the Ottoman empire to protect American missionaries. Once before, in anticipation of the reforms, and four times since, like orders were obtained at the Porte by myself, such frequent repetition being deemed necessary to impress officials in the interior. . . . I know that the Department of State feels the utmost solicitude for the protection of all American interests. It has sustained me in every responsibility assumed which had that protection for its object; and I cannot, even by implication, concede that it has neglected the interests of your associates and yourself. It surveys the whole vast field of our nation's complicated embarrassments and duties. Our vision is circumscribed by our isolation. . . . I expressed to Sir Ashmead Bartlett the opinion that no Christian sovereign in Europe could have acted more promptly than did the Sultan in the protection of the lives of all American citizens in the Ottoman empire.

bers, and obtained protection from the Ottoman rulers. They were kindly received, hospitably treated, and received benefits in the protection of their lives and property. No nation continually engaged in war can excel in industrial and commercial pursuits. Thus it occurred that while the early sultans were busy with conquests, all manufacturing and commercial interests were monopolized by Christian races, and chiefly by the Armenians. Their religion was also tolerated, for Mussulmans tolerate the religion of all men who worship God. Thus the Armenians prospered, and remained contented under Mussulman rule for over four hundred years. They became the manufacturers, contractors, and bankers of the Ottoman empire. They enjoyed their religion, openly worshiped for centuries in their ancient churches and monasteries, and built new ones when needed. Their patriarch could always present their complaints at the Sublime Porte, and they were always protected in the enjoyment of their own methods of worshiping God.

«Four books are regarded as sacred by all Mussulmans, namely, the Koran, the book of Confucius, the Talmud of the Jews, and the Bible of the Christians. How could a Mussulman murder Armenians merely on account of their religion, when the Koran prohibits cruelty, and requires that all men who believe in God shall be protected, except during war?

«One of my ancestors—Selim I, the grandson of the conqueror of Constantinople—once thought that his empire would be stronger if all his subjects professed the same religion. Some disturbances raised by Christian races caused him to ask the Sheik-ul-Islam if it would be lawful for him to kill all Christians who refused to be converted to Islam. The Sheik issued a *fetva*, in which he answered that it would not be lawful, and that Christians who were peaceful must be protected.¹ So Selim respected the *fetva*. Fire-worshippers and idolators alone have no right to protection, and Mussulmans are prohibited from eating meat cooked by such people.»

The Sultan then cited many evidences of the favor and partiality extended to, and of the confidence reposed in, the Armenians by himself and by former sultans, to show that their religion was not the cause of their recent misfortunes. He said:

«One Dadian, an Armenian, was given en-

tire control of the imperial powder-factory by my father, Sultan Abdul Medjid. He grew rich. He could make powder that would not throw a ball across this room. Thus he had the army at his mercy. Dadian lived at a village on the coast near this city. I remember that my father took me and my brother, when we were mere boys, to Dadian's house, and we slept there two nights.

«Kuetzroglian, an Armenian, was employed to procure every article of furniture, jewelry, and clothing for the palace. He became a great favorite. He had a residence on the Bosphorus at Tchenguelkein, on the Asiatic shore, and became very wealthy. To his house my father would go frequently when he wished to rest.

«The entire charge of the imperial mint was in the hands of an Armenian named Agop Effendi. His opportunities for obtaining wealth were of course great, and he also became very rich.

«Another Armenian, Gumushgerdan, was the designer and maker of female attire for the imperial palace. He still lives here, and is immensely rich.

«The Balian, who are Armenians, have been in succession from father to son the architects of palaces and buildings for the Ottoman sultans for generations. They built the palaces of Dolma Bagtche, Tcheraghan, Beyler Bey, Yildiz, Flamour, the Sweet Waters of Asia, etc., and one is now my imperial architect.

«My father gave to Dadian a large house at Beshicktesh (a quarter of the city), in which Artin Pasha, my present under-secretary for foreign affairs, who is also an Armenian, now lives. My father, in order to please Dadian, gave him a block of land adjoining his residence, upon which Sultan Medjid built from his private means an Armenian church, so that Dadian in bad weather could go there and worship God without going out of doors. At that time the disposition of the administration was far from sanctioning such partiality, but the confidence reposed in Dadian by Sultan Medjid caused him to bestow that favor.

«My present minister of state in charge of the civil list, Michael Protocal Effendi, is an Armenian. He has exclusive control of all public lands, and of all real estate belonging to me. Many Armenians are retained in office by him, with my approval. I will cause their names and salaries to be furnished you.²

«After all the favors bestowed on the Armenian race by my house, which enriched them, their ingratitude was shown by

¹ History confirms the statement.

² The list referred to was furnished (see page 138), and its correctness verified.

plotting and organizing to destroy the Ottoman empire. The revolutionary movement has been sustained by wealthy Armenians.

«You should remember an Armenian bookbinder who bound for you two beautiful albums. After the disturbances of August last in this city, that man became frightened, and fled to America. He wrote back, saying that, being unable to speak the English language, he could find no work, and wished to return. I directed that he should be permitted to return in safety. He then wrote saying that he had no money. Now, Christian people will scarcely believe it when I say that, being convinced that he was a good man, I directed that one thousand francs be sent to enable him to return home.»

The Sultan more than once repeated his declaration that no Christians had ever been persecuted by his government or people for their religious faith, and that their churches and monasteries, which have stood from the early ages of Christianity, had been respected, preserved, and worshiped in; that they had always selected their own patriarchs and bishops, and were always protected in the full enjoyment of their religious freedom.

Referring to the massacres, he said: «The truth, unfortunately, is never published in Christian newspapers about conflicts between my Moslem and Christian subjects. Though no true Mussulman will ever punish any man on account of his religion, if he worships God, yet when people bind themselves together by their religion, and then use it to destroy the Ottoman empire, a different question is presented. While Christian Europe was excited against the Ottoman empire about excesses committed by its soldiers during the Greek revolution of 1827, it had no sympathy to bestow upon the butchery of twenty-seven thousand defenseless Turkish men, women, and children, who were massacred in one city after its surrender.»

I here informed the Sultan that my government had published¹ the revelation made by the aged missionary, Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, which first appeared in the «Independent» in December, 1893, to the effect that the Armenian revolutionists intended to commit atrocities on the Turks and fire their homes in order to provoke against their own people atrocious retaliation, and thus enlist the sympathy of the Christian world. I added: «Though my government is quite satisfied that atrocities have been committed alike by

Mussulmans and Armenians in Asia Minor, it has never been disposed to meddle with this Eastern Question in any of its phases. I have never expressed the opinion that your Majesty instigated or ordered the massacre of Armenians, but I feel sure that their repetition would prove most unfortunate for the Ottoman empire. Both English and American historians have done ample justice to Moslem magnanimity. They have all contrasted the terrible butchery of seventy-five thousand Moslem men, women, and children in Jerusalem, by Duke Godfrey, after their surrender, with the knightly humanity of Saladin when he recaptured the city, and gave even the soldiers the privilege of being ransomed.»

When at Damascus, and looking at the splendid sarcophagus of Saladin, to which I had been admitted by an imperial irade, I had remembered his bearing after victory, and when contrasting his humanity with that of Christian crusaders, felt like standing uncovered before his tomb.

The farce then being enacted in Crete, where Greeks fighting for better government had been fired on from the ships of Christian powers a few days before, being referred to, I remarked: «I really think your imperial majesty has much cause for self-gratulation; for you are the only sovereign the integrity of whose empire is guaranteed by the great powers. No power guarantees the integrity of the domains of France, England, Germany, Russia, Austria, or Italy; but all these not only guarantee the integrity of your empire, but have actually been killing Christian Greeks in Crete to prove that they are in earnest.»

He calmly answered: «The desire to guard against a conflict among themselves is natural.»

The Sultan referred with manifest pleasure to the success which had attended the culture of the Southern potato yam in the provinces of Smyrna and Mesopotamia, and which had been introduced by me into the empire. I answered that next to having been instrumental in preventing strained relations between our respective governments, I felt most satisfaction in having been the means of introducing a new food crop for the poor, which would make famine impossible where it flourished well. The sad face assumed a look of much benignity as he made the following answer: «To be good to one's fellow-man is the best religion. The Prophet once said that if a man is so mean to himself that he gets drunk and like a hog sleeps by

¹ Foreign Relations of the United States, Part II, 1895.

his liquor and cannot get away, it shall be forgiven if he repents; but he who wilfully breaks the heart of a fellow-man may never be forgiven.)

Thus does this isolated ruler, who is regarded by very many persons as a throned assassin, give utterance to the noblest sentiments, in a voice low and musical, while the kindly and sympathetic expression of his face is a constant puzzle to those admitted to his presence, and who may regard him as cruel.

I am quite aware that much of the foregoing seems unimportant; it is given chiefly because the terrible events that during the last two years have disturbed the Ottoman empire have naturally caused much interest in whatever relates to the appearance or the utterances of the Sultan. During the audience he sat on a sofa richly upholstered with satin brocade. The same material covered the walls. A small table, inlaid in mosaic, on which were cigarettes, which he frequently smoked, was placed between us; and during the audience tea was served in jeweled cups of gold. Munier Pasha, a refined gentleman, was present during the audience. The room occupied was richly furnished in the style of Louis XVI. Paintings, some of which were of great excellence, decorated the walls, and silk rugs and a Turkish carpet of unique design covered the floor.

When it is remembered that in addition to being the Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid is the calif or spiritual head of the Mohammedan world, with its one hundred and sixty millions of people, one feels less surprise at the servile adoration with which his subjects approach him. No matter how often during a conversation with a Christian diplomat he may speak to the most exalted of his subjects who may be present, the hand of the person addressed salutes him by quickly and gracefully touching the left breast, lips, and forehead.

The Sultan always converses in the Turkish language, though while yet a prince he studied French; and an incident occurred one night at the Yildiz Palace, when a comedy was rendered in Italian by an Italian troupe, which indicated his knowledge of that language. Among the audience were the Sultan; Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna; Munier Pasha; the young princes of the palace; and I. During a prison scene the Sultan abruptly ceased conversing and became an intent listener; then, turning to me, he remarked, «That always touches my heart.»

His efforts to encourage manufacturing industries have been marked. Works for the manufacture of fine porcelain-ware, in which he takes much interest, have been erected within the palace grounds, under the supervision of Selim Effendi, a Syrian Christian of much intelligence, who is one of the imperial ministers. An imperial library has also been established at Yildiz, the shelves of which are loaded with the works of standard authors of the United States and the chief nations of Europe. Here are found Arabic manuscripts, written when Arabia was the seat of literature, of art, of science, and of poetry, and at a time when European nations were in dense ignorance.

No lovelier view can be seen in any land than that which one beholds from the palace heights. To the south, across the mouth of the Golden Horn, is seen the church of St. Sophia, built by Justinian, and still fragrant with the memories of the early councils of the Christian church which were held in its south gallery. Within its walls more than seventy emperors have been crowned. In full view to the southeast across the Bosphorus, on the Asiatic shore, is the spot where the bishops who once ministered to our barbaric ancestors, and others from Asia and Africa, met at the Council of Chalcedon, in 451, to condemn the heresy of Eutyches. A few leagues beyond the lofty snow-crest of the Bithynian Olympus, which is seen on the other side of the Sea of Marmora, are the ruins of Nicæa, where that other Christian council met in the fourth century to condemn the heresy of Arius. To the south, through a dreamy haze like that in the Gulf of Naples, is seen Seraglio Point, so famed in history, in romance, and in song; while to the east, on the Asiatic shore, is the ancient Chrysopolis, now called Scutari, to which Xenophon led his ten thousand Greeks after his expedition with Cyrus. To the north and east flows with rapid current the dark blue water of the Bosphorus, two miles wide and three hundred feet deep, which, rushing from the Black Sea, which is almost in view, has just laved the cyanean rocks, or Symplegades, between which Jason steered in quest of the Golden Fleece. Below, to the east and extending down to the shore, the eye rests on a forest in which is a pleasure-kiosk of great beauty, and near it are a cataract and a lake. Birds of varied plumage, and the roebuck and the soft-eyed gazelle, roam there at will. There the oleander and the magnolia waved their blos-

soms of crimson and white to remind me of home. There art has everywhere so assisted nature in its arrangement of trees and flowers as to create a restful retreat of surpassing loveliness.

When it is remembered that the Sultan rules over a domain which is inhabited by nearly twenty different races of people, each of whom belongs to a different religious sect, and most of whom speak a language peculiar to themselves; that all except the Turks, having been long subjugated, are therefore restless; and that their discontent has been encouraged by European interference, one must cease to wonder at the race conflicts that have clouded the reign of the present Sultan.

Nowhere in Europe can be found a finer-looking class of men than are the Turkish subjects of the Sultan, or more refined and courteous gentlemen than one sees among their educated classes. Long subjugation must naturally tend to develop degrading

vices in any race; therefore it is not strange that all Europeans who have resided long in Turkey bear witness to the fact that the Turks far excel all their subject races in truth, hospitality, fair-dealing, and courage. It is a race full of contradictions, for it is the most gentle and the most cruel; the most hospitable and the most exclusive; the most tolerant and yet the most fanatical that can be found in any land.

The ruler of this strange race has been called the «Sick Man.» He has one million of improved magazine-rifles, has purchased one million more, and has trained to use them soldiers who are fatalists, and who see heaven through the smoke of battle. If he should ever be forced, in desperate extremity, to visit Seraglio Point, and give to the breeze the mantle of the Prophet which is there guarded, summoning to its defense all the one hundred and sixty millions of the faithful, he would soon be regarded as the most vigorous invalid of modern times.

ADDENDUM.

ARMENIANS IN THE TURKISH CIVIL LIST.

List given to the United States minister, by order of the Sultan of Turkey, which shows the names and salaries, per month, of the Armenians in the employment of the Turkish government in the civil list, both in the central office in Constantinople and its branches in the provinces, on the 19th of March, 1897.

	PIASTERS.		PIASTERS.
Micael Pasha, Minister of Civil List.....	24,000	Siroon Effendi, clerk store Hercke.....	400
Artin Zeku Effendi, Director of the Bureau of Real Property.....	3,000	Ussep Effendi, architect of Factory.....	2,500
Meguerdiz Hikimian Effendi, Inspector of Forests.....	3,000	Dicran Effendi, architect of buildings.....	1,700
Agop Effendi, Assistant Director, Bureau Real Property.....	2,000	Hurchia Effendi, builder.....	750
Joseph Effendi, Director of Branch, Smyrna.....	2,500	Meguiditch, painter.....	500
Kevoik Effendi, Director of Branch, Adrianople.....	2,500	Hazar, bath-man.....	750
Leon Effendi, director of farm of Courbaly.....	2,000	Baron, bath-man.....	750
Kirkor Pashyaian, director of farm of Salonica.....	2,500	Hamparvoun, manufacturer of wooden shoes.....	300
Avedis Effendi, accounting officer, real property, at Aleppo.....	2,250	Arakel, cabinet-maker.....	300
Andon Effendi, member of the commission.....	2,000	Melouk, chimney-sweeper.....	300
The accounting officer at Mossoul.....	2,500	Carabet, boss-maker at the Yildiz Palace.....	600
Nicolaki Effendi, Director of Bureau of Architecture.....	1,850	Mithran, a watchmaker.....	350
Navum Effendi, clerk Accounting Bureau.....	1,500	Miguiditch, jeweler.....	800
Parsak Effendi, clerk Legal Bureau.....	1,500	Vartar, chief man for the coffee-cups.....	1,500
Yossel Effendi, chief clerk, depot provisions.....	1,500	Agop, chief man.....	1,000
Kiosseyan Effendi, clerk real property.....	1,400	Obiner, groom at the imperial stables.....	150
Carahat Effendi, account officer, Hercke factory.....	1,400	Micraich, gardener.....	150
Abraham Effendi, inspector, Baba I Attik.....	1,200	Dicraa, watchmaker.....	800
Sahak Effendi, clerk accounting bureau.....	1,100	Carabet, pump-maker.....	300
Stepan Effendi, clerk of deposits.....	1,100	Carabet, corporal fireman.....	370
Mohses Arslan, clerk of deposits.....	1,100	Artin, corporal fireman.....	310
Agop Effendi, secretary property, office at Smyrna.....	1,000	Misrac, corporal fireman.....	310
Meguiditch Effendi, secretary property.....	1,950	Minass, corporal fireman.....	310
Melcon Effendi, clerk in the secretary's office.....	900	Leon, pump-mender.....	300
Behran Effendi, purchasing officer.....	800	Garabet, collector of Malgara.....	400
Apik Abro Effendi, clerk of the six branches.....	800	Vanghell, gardener.....	350
Horsak Effendi, engineer at Salonica.....	750	Garabet, gardener.....	300
Nicolaki Effendi, chief clerk, Abou Caleni.....	800	Stepan, gardener at Gebel-Has.....	200
Armenak Effendi, assistant director at Ineuquei.....	900	Stepan, central guard in the commission at Bagdad.....	150
Ohanes Effendi, clerk farm at Vodina.....	800	Artin, guard at Ak-keupruu.....	150
Thomas Effendi, officer in Hercke factory.....	950	Garabet, guard in the model farm at Aleppo.....	250
Bedros Effendi, officer.....	700	Garabet, guard in the Hercke factory.....	300
Ohanes Effendi, carpenter in Hercke factory.....	700	Ohanichan Effendi, physician.....	2,000
Basil Effendi, cashier at Aleppo.....	700	Hamparson, physician.....	1,500
Kerop Effendi, cashier Bagdad.....	700	Vahan Bey, physician.....	1,000
Abdelnoor Effendi, C. A. in administrative office.....	700	Utudjian Manuel Effendi.....	800
Ohanes Effendi, collector.....	800	Artin Effendi, apothecary.....	400
Artin Baconian, office engineers.....	600	Elias Effendi, physician.....	400
Carabet Effendi, chief clerk, Ipsala.....	600	Kevoik Effendi, surgeon.....	500
Diran Mehendissian, clerk store of provisions.....	400	Dicran Effendi, physician.....	200
Agop Yaver Effendi, assistant at Choorloor.....	750	Avadis, watchman.....	250
Nahoum Effendi, clerk at Aleppo.....	550	Kirkor, watchman.....	250
Artin Effendi, inspector at Antakia.....	550	Sahak, coffee-maker.....	170
Goglia Zeki Effendi, second clerk, Choorloor.....	400	Antranik, sweeper.....	200
Levon Effendi, purchaser at Aleppo.....	350	David, cook.....	200
Mihran Effendi, guard of forest, Baba I Attik.....	300	Margoz, cook.....	120
Carabet Effendi, clerk contract stores, Bagdad.....	300	Hatchik, servant of the cupboard.....	300
Thomas Effendi, expert officer.....	300	Antranik, servant of the cupboard.....	300
Abraham Effendi, writer at Ineuquei.....	350	Serkiz, servant of the cupboard.....	300
Dicran Effendi, clerk, account office, Mossoul.....	350	Ohanes, cook.....	150
Serkis Effendi, cashier at Mossoul.....	400	Artin, cook.....	230
Hakik Effendi, assistant clerk at Bagdad.....	135	Vartan, cook.....	80
Shansian Effendi, assistant engineer, Bagdad.....	600		

(Amounting to 1,327,860 piasters per annum. The piaster is a silver coin equal to a little less than four and one half cents of United States money.)

110,855



TOPICS OF THE TIME

The Sultan Speaks.

THE fact that severe criticism of the Ottoman government has appeared in *THE CENTURY*, in connection with the Armenian massacres and other matters, does not make it less, but more, desirable that place should be given to the highly interesting deprecatory statements by the Sultan himself, printed in this number of *THE CENTURY*, in connection with the article by the Hon. A. W. Terrell, lately Minister of the United States to Turkey.

There is significance in the fact that, in granting this interview, it was the deliberate intention of the Sultan to appeal, in a friendly spirit, to the public opinion of America in answer to popular attacks upon the Turkish government.

But this is not the first time that *THE CENTURY* has been able to lay before its readers the reply of an autocratic Old-World government to printed criticism. This magazine having published articles reflecting upon Russian treatment of political suspects and offenders, as well as Russian treatment of the Jews, a member of the Russian diplomatic corps was permitted to make brief reply in *THE CENTURY* for February, 1893, in an article entitled, «A Voice for Russia.» While this was, of course, not an «official» document, it was an officially permitted statement which might be described, in the phraseology of diplomacy, as *officieux*.

But the utterance of the Sultan has even more importance, as coming directly from the supreme authority in an empire. It is interesting not only in its political bearings, but also, with Mr. Terrell's accompanying remarks, as throwing light upon the personality, upon the psychology, of a ruler who is now playing a part in the very foreground of the world's theater of great events.

Tennyson.

FORTUNATE in life and in death, Alfred Tennyson is fortunate again in the volumes dedicated to filial devotion to his lofty and undimmed memory. These volumes are not only worthy in their contents, but in their reticence. Doubtless a sharper interest might have been given by the retention of some of those momentary judgments on the part of the subject of a memoir, or of his correspondents, the record of which pleases the cynical and leaves a rankling pain in the hearts of survivors or surviving friends; but the good feeling and good judgment of the son, and of the friends who have been consulted, have resulted in a dignified and satisfactory memorial to the laureate—one which can work injury to none, which lifts no veil of too sacred privacy, and which, with his printed books, completes the picture of a noble mind.

This «Memoir»¹ is the history of the mind of an artist—an artist pure and simple. The intensest pleasure in

the reading of such a book must be for those who really love poetry, and especially for those who care something for the method of its making. One could imagine how Tennyson himself might have devoured such a book, were it written of another.

It is no surprise to find how soon the poet felt that verse was to be his employment; that when a boy he would «reel off hundreds of lines»; that at eight he «covered two sides of a slate with Thomsonian blank verse in praise of flowers»; that at fourteen and fifteen he wrote poems and plays of promise; that «from his earliest years he felt that he was a poet, and earnestly trained himself to be worthy of his vocation.»

To the man of letters hundreds of details are of lively interest—the new proofs of the author's sense of color in nature; of his interest in and grasp of scientific phenomena; of his delight in verbal music; as well as his carefully preserved comments on poets, old and new, and on the art of verse. To all readers there is a lesson in these details—a lesson of professional devotion to all workers, in whatever work under the sun.

The suggestion of personal charm is here; of a nature capable of great and loyal love. There was at times a «gruffness» of manner in the poet, which is little more than hinted at in these volumes; but as that was a superficial trait, the records of deep-hearted comradeship and family affection give for us the profound and permanent traits.

«An artist pure and simple,» we say; yet the great impression made by this book is that of a nature magnificently dowered with expression; of a career held steady to artistic aims; but also of an artist to whom this expression was a sacred power, given not only for the pleasure, but for the ennobling of humanity. Here was a creator of beauty not only for the pure delight in beauty, no utilities being permitted to impair the form; but the beauty was by no means to carry impairment with it to the soul of the recipient; and all the better if, indeed, the beauty had the highest uses, the most noble inspirations, for mankind.

How well we can now see that Tennyson's life was a line of his own clear and exquisite verse; for in every way a man can—in his attitude toward his art, as to all else—he exemplified

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control.

He was «born well,» and in a family remarkable for refinement; his own heredity and associations helped him to a pure life: yet there was no lack of fire. There was plenty to «control»; but he fed in himself the passion for purity and the things of the spirit.

Tennyson had not only a true poet's respect for his art, and an unusual sense of responsibility, of consecra-

¹ «Alfred, Lord Tennyson: A Memoir,» by his Son. London, Macmillan & Co. (Ltd.); New York, The Macmillan Co.