

# HOW ABDUL HAMID WAS SENT INTO HIS EXILE: For So Long a Time an ...

By FRANCIS McCULLAGH. Special Correspondence NEW YORK TIMES.

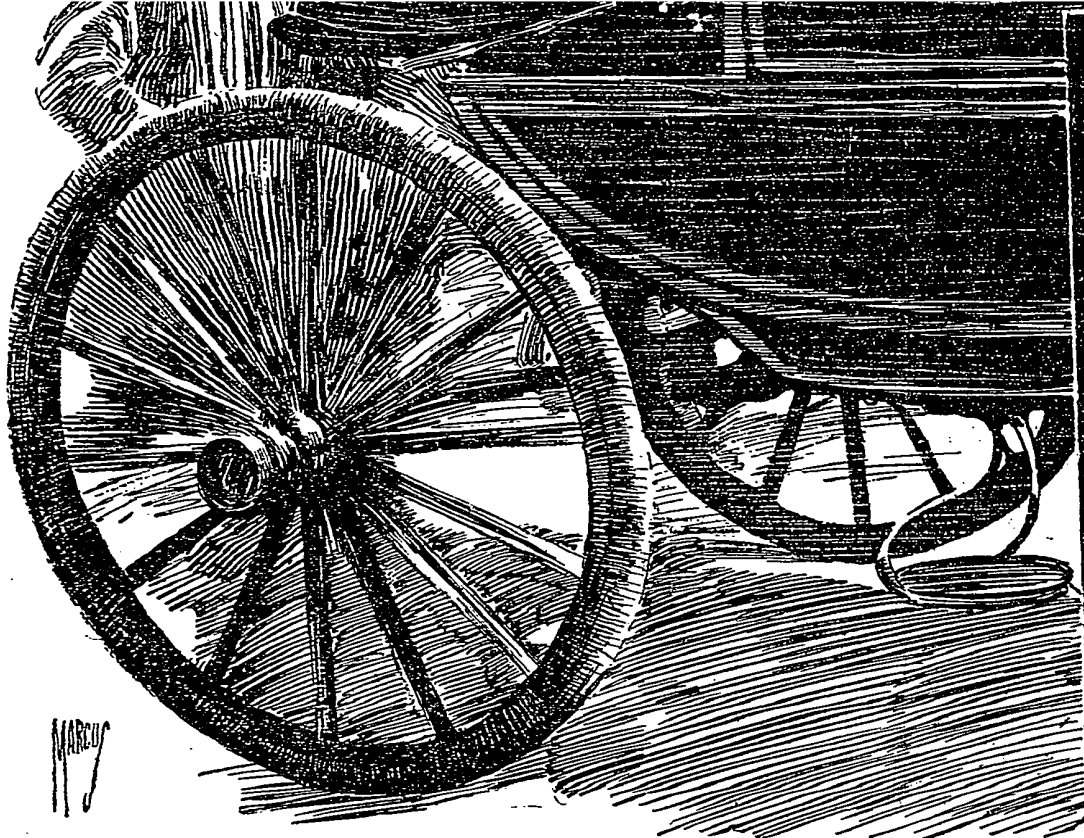
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## HOW ABDUL HAMID WAS SENT INTO HIS EXILE

For So Long a Time an Arbiter of Other Lives, Abdul Hamid Is Now a Suppliant for His Own.



The New Sultan on His Way to Extend a Reception to the Diplomatic Corps.

In this article Mr. McCullagh describes most interestingly the personal removal of Abdul Hamid from Constantinople—the climax of the great victory won by the young Turks. The article gives, as well, an excellent picture of the former Sultan as he is to-day.

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CONSTANTINOPLE, May 9.—The instant Yildiz surrendered the purification of that nest of iniquity began. All the higher functionaries, the secretaries, chamberlains, &c., were sent to the adjoining camp of Balmunju-Chiftily; then came the turn of the humbler employes. Many of the latter had taken refuge in the harem, from which proceeded sounds of weeping that came from women in a state of nervous collapse. They were immediately summoned to leave the harem, and they all obeyed the summons voluntarily, all save the eunuchs, who were bodily cast forth by the more energetic of the women inside, and who manifested as much fear as if they were to be hanged on the spot.

A military commission, after having controlled their identity and their number according to a list which they possessed, sent some of them to the above mentioned camp and others to the Old Seraglio in Stamboul. As for the Sultan, his privacy was not interfered with, and two secretaries and four domestics were allowed to remain with him. Most of the women in his harem were conveyed, however, by a secret underground passage to the Tcheragan Palace, on the banks of the Bosphorus, and thence by water to the Old Seraglio.

At noon next day I met in the European quarter of Pera a procession half a mile long, consisting wholly of the domestics, &c., of the palace on their way to the War Office in Stamboul, where they are to be detained and examined. It consisted of domestics, doorkeepers, parasites, spies, cooks, eunuchs, slaves, and unarmed officers surrounded by a thin line of keen-eyed Macedonians with rifles in their hands.

Next day the Shelkh-ul-Islam issued a fetva, based on the Sheriat or Sacred Law of Islaam, deposing Abdul Hamid, and a deputation was sent by the Parliament to convey the news to Yildiz Kiosk, another deputation being sent at the same time to announce to Rechad Effendi his accession to the throne. The experiences of the first mentioned deputation have already been described, but as none of these descriptions are accurate I shall tell the story over again. The leading member of that deputation was Carasso Effendi, a Salonica Jew, who belonged to the Committee of Unity and Progress and had been one of the leading figures in the July revolution. When the Deputies reached Yildiz they were conducted into the Tcheit Kiosk, where the Sultan's secretary, Djavad Bey, received them and asked them what they wanted.

They said they wanted to make a personal communication to Abdul Hamid, whereupon Djavad Bey brought them to the door leading to the harem and knocked on it. He had to knock a long time, however, before it was opened, and meanwhile the party had been surrounded by thirty black eunuchs. On being finally admitted, they were brought directly to the fallen Sultan's private room. It was a spacious apartment, furnished with large mirrors along the walls, several armchairs, and a silken screen, behind which stood the Padishah and his little boy, Abdurrahman. The father wore a black civilian coat and a military overcoat, buttoned up. The son wore the palace uniform, and had his two small hands crossed, palms inward, on his breast.

after the beautiful custom of a Turkish child in the presence of superiors. The deputation advanced into the centre of the room. The Sultan's secretaries, Galib Bey, Djavad Bey, and a number of eunuchs and valets, as well as several Macedonian officers, remained near the door. Looking very haggard and bent, Abdul Hamid advanced from behind the screen and said: "Why have you come?" whereupon Gen. Essad Pasha, gave the military salute, took two steps forward, and replied:

"We have been sent hither on a special mission by the National Assembly. Conformably to a fetva, the nation has pronounced thy deposition."

A shudder went through Abdul Hamid's body, but he recovered himself quickly and said: "Kismet. It is my fate. And my life?"

Essad Pasha had by this time given the military salute again and stepped back among his colleagues with the air of one who has fulfilled his mission and would like to go. But, in answer to the fallen monarch's question, he said: "The nation guarantees your life and the lives of your children and your family."

As if talking to himself, Abdul Hamid murmured:

"They say that; but later on—I, I took care of my brother. I let him live thirty-two years." The ex-Sultan was referring to his predecessor, the mad Sultan Murad, who, deposed on account of insanity, lived thirty-two years afterward, but in such close confinement that nobody ever knew whether he had recovered his reason or not, his successor having solemnly undertaken to abdicate if ever Murad became sane. Then, noticing that the deputation was courteously preparing to take its departure, Abdul addressed Essad Pasha, saying:

"I pray you not to go. Do not leave me alone here. Is my life safe?"

Essad Pasha replied:

"The Ottoman Nation is noble and generous. I repeat to you that your life and the lives of your children and the members of your family are in no danger," while Carasso Effendi added: "I guarantee that there is nothing to fear."

Somewhat reassured by these words, the fallen Sultan next asked:

"And where am I to live?"

Essad Pasha responded:

"We have nothing to say on that point. Our mission does not concern that."

As if he had not heard this response, Abdul Hamid continued:

"Don't leave me here. I wish to live in the Tcheragan Palace. I can reach it by going through the park with my family." To one of those present: "You know that secret passage? Prince Salheddine can leave that palace. Besides, I have a kiosk there which I constructed myself. Kemaleddine Pasha took possession of it. I wished to take an action against him."

And, recovering his voice in proportion as he recovered his confidence, the ex-Sultan babbled on feebly, talking incoherently of his private affairs to people who knew nothing about them, while the embarrassed deputation waited with bowed heads and in silence which was broken only by that feeble, querulous voice and by the sobs of the little Prince, Abdurrahman Effendi.

Then, they have left me so few ser-

vants. . . . But I expected all this. . . . I have protected my brother Rechad for thirty-three years. It is now for him to protect me."

Talking of the military mutiny\* of April 13, the ex-Sultan declared that he had had nothing whatever to do with it.

"Some criminals organized it. What could I have done? Does not the surrender, without resistance, of the Yildiz garrison prove that I am opposed to the shedding of blood? Have I not repeatedly refused to sign death warrants? . . . I never violated the Constitution since it was again put in force. I leave it to God to punish the people who have brought about this tragedy."

"During my reign we were victorious in the Greek war, and I have saved my country from many difficult situations. If you want me to abdicate, the will of God be done. Only guarantee me my life."

Here Abdul Hamid found himself unable to proceed, through emotion, but after a few moments he began talking again:

"Will the soldiers also respect my life? For thirty-three years—this was a slip on the Sultan's part. He meant to say thirty-two—I fed my brother Murad on bird's milk—an Oriental expression which means fed on the choicest delicacies. "I cuddled him. For his repose I did everything that could possibly be done. I want to live in the Tcheragan Palace. It was there that I was born, and it is there that I wish to die. I also desire that my young children as well as myself and my family are not brought through the streets. And, again, I earnestly beg you to spare my life." He concluded by saying, as if to himself:

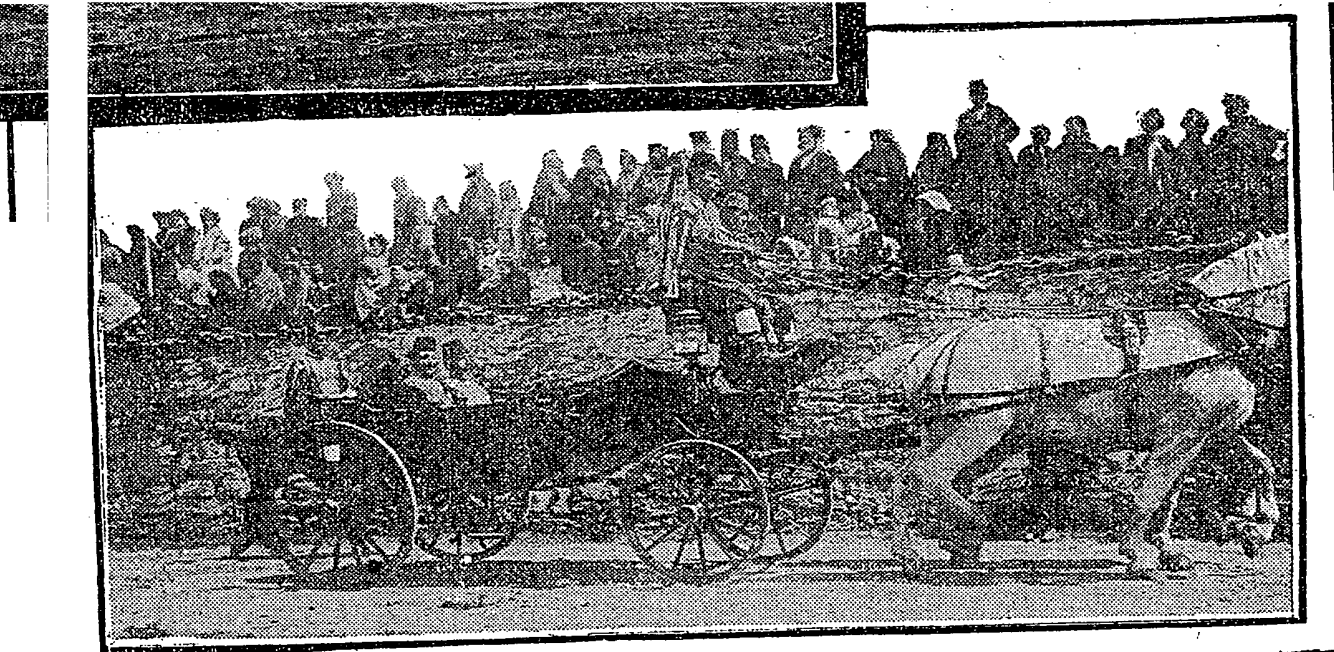
"What could I do? (Né yapalem.) This was bound to be."

As the deputation left Abdul Hamid saluted them in the Turkish fashion by raising his hands first to his mouth and then to his forehead. His hands trembled so much with emotion that it was with difficulty that he performed this simple act.

An almost pathetic touch was lent to the scene by the meagre, bent, and haggard appearance of the principal actor, by the careless way in which he was dressed, and by the fact that he looked twenty years older than he had done at the Selamluk, only four days earlier, his undyed beard and hair having become very gray, and the deep wrinkles on his face giving him the appearance of a man of 80.

Thus fell Abdul Hamid, the twenty-fourth Sultan of the House of Osman, and, by a strange coincidence, he was dethroned by the very force which he had used to smash the Constitution. On April 13 his mutinous soldiers had cried out for the Sheriat, the Sacred Law of Islaam. On April 27 the Sheriat broke them and their Sultan together.

The New Sultan on Foot in Constantinople with the Streets Completely Covered with Rugs.



Prince Ziaeddine Effendi Accompanied by the Grand Vizier Hilmi Pasha on Their Way to Attend the "Ceremony of Investiture" of the New Sultan.