

And so John would, day after day, very reluctantly draw on her deep sun-bonnet, and take her way to school along the well-known path through the woods. There were sorrowful thoughts as she passed along. There were trickling tears within the sun-bonnet too, as John thought of the mistress of the household, so emaciated yet restless—so desolate yet defiant. And her own future, also. But the shadowy cloud soon broke, and the tears speedily rolled away before the shining of a young and happy heart. The philosophy of it is so simple: God—the all-powerful, the ever-present, the infinitely-loving One—this Person smiles upon me, reconciled to Him in His Son, now and forever. Clouds will float between—misty nothings—but He smiles upon me for ever and ever. How can one's heart but reflect such shining? Not that she reasoned on the subject—thought definitely upon it. If asked, she could not have defined matters, perhaps. Unasked, she simply enjoyed herself as the birds do the sunshine—enjoyed herself all the more for taking all things as bright matter of course.

And so the days passed away; and Mrs. General Likens is passing away with them. Only chains, however, would have kept her in bed after daybreak. But she came to sit down oftener and longer at a time than before. At last she can not leave her chair but for brief intervals, so old she seems—so very old. And the week of truce has gone long ago. John's vacation has come, and she stays in the house with Mrs. General Likens now all the time. The days pass by, and no one is surprised—not even the youngest negro on the place—that midnight hour, when they crowd into the room and see their mistress die—die in her sleep, unconscious of the loud weeping of her servants, unconscious of the prayer of the young minister, who knelt by her bed commending her departing soul to God.

"Ah, yes, you needn't say a word about it," she had remarked the very afternoon before, as she sat propped up in her arm-chair, to John and Mr. Wall. "I said long ago to you, child, don't you never marry a minister. But, bless you, I knew it was no use at the very time. It was my secin' Mr. Merkes so much—troubles he an' his wife had. But what is it all at last? James is there; Uncle Simeon, he is there; Mrs. Merkes, she's got there; General, he is there. I'll be there soon. An' you two 'll follow. What does it matter, the little while one's got to be in this world? Bein' a Christian, bein' ready to go—that's the only thing to care for. An' my poetry, too; astonishin' how people gets wrapped up in such little things of this world! You've been a great help to me, children. The General he fixed up matters before he died. Never had much to say, the General, but he was a sensible man. You are welcome to each other; it's the Lord's doin'."

And a smile passed over her face, the first since the General's death, as her young pastor, holding John's hand in his all this time, now

passes his arm around John's waist, draws her gently to his side, and presses a kiss upon her cheek. And, smiling through her tears, John certainly never did look, in all her life before, quite so beautiful as then.

"Not the first, I reckon; an' mighty far from bein' the last," says Mrs. General Likens, smiling her approval. "You know I was a girl onst; led the General a dance of it, I tell you. Yes, a real torn-down piece I was! An' time was, only a little ago, I could have made a mighty pretty quire or so of poetry upon you two—rhyme, not blank verse either. And, I don't *know* it, mind, but I wouldn't be surprised if I make poetry in heaven—so many to read it to there—perhaps for ever an' ever! But never mind about that. Mr. Wall here ain't his uncle, child. Never can get to be such a man. Mighty imperfect. A thousan' things will be comin' up in him every day for you to correct, child. Mind you do your duty by him. The men need us, dreadful. Paul—they tell me he was a widower," Mrs. General Likens adds, after quite a silence, and more feebly. "But I suppose Timothy he had a wife. An' Peter we know had; always in somethin' *he* was; time of it she must have had! Good wife's mighty necessary for a minister. An' *some* money, if possible! If you don't do well havin' John here along, Mr. Wall, I'm mistaken! Don't you ever tell a soul, child, that I told you about the General an' his queer notions about the black ones; it would ruin him here forever. Only part of his last sickness that was. But," adds Mrs. General Likens, very wearily indeed, "I'm a little tired of talkin' to-night. Yes, the General he fixed up things. Tell you more about it all to-morrow."

THE END.

## THE JANISSARIES.

**A**T the very beginning of the Ottoman power the organizing influence of Arabian civilization commenced to tell upon the habits of the wild Tartars who founded the new empire. And in the reign of Orkhan, his brother and Vezir, Ala-ed-din, was the type of this Arabian civilization in organizing, as Orkhan himself was the type of that fierce Tartar spirit which gave life to the material thus organized, and enabled it to become the terror of the world in those dark ages.

Hitherto the whole nation had been a nation of warriors, moving on great campaigns with all their worldly goods in their train, and encumbered by their women and children, while almost their sole means of existence was war. As they became assimilated, however, to the Seljuks among whom they lived, their women and children began to be left in villages and cities when the men went forth to fight. This establishment of a local habitation soon affected the number of men available for campaigns. A large army would be collected for conquest; but a few days of fruitless march, a lack of

spoil as the result of battle, or a single defeat, would scatter these wild cavaliers much more rapidly than they could be brought together again from their comfortable quarters at home.

To meet such difficulties, which threatened to prevent all conquest, a force of regularly-paid troops was organized under Orkhan. These troops, principally infantry, formed a nucleus for any expedition, and, being on foot, could not run away with that facility which the mounted Ekindjis were wont to display when disappointed. But after a time these infantrymen became intolerable from their arrogance and insubordination. Without regular drill, they were beyond the control of their officers. Living among their own people, they were encouraged to refuse entering upon campaigns which promised only hard knocks, their friends siding with them against their king. Thus Orkhan often found his hands tied by their rebellions, to quell which he dared not use extreme measures.

Under these circumstances the proposition of one Kara Halil (the name means Black Friend) was promptly adopted by Orkhan. A corps of troops might be built up which would be devoted to their sovereign, because he was their foster-father; who would be devoted to their religion, because instructed from earliest childhood in the tenets of Mohammed; and who would be separated from the people, because they were not of the people.

These new troops were to be composed of the children of Christian parents, torn at a tender age from the homes and surroundings of their childhood. And thus cut off from all social connections they would have but one object in life, to fight well, that falling in battle they might well merit the paradise of Mohammed with its soft repose.

Orkhan lived to see the first battalion of these new troops put into the field—a thousand picked men and trained soldiers.

Near Amasia, in Asia Minor, there lived an old man of proverbial sanctity, whose followers had instructed the young soldiers through the years of their novitiate in the mysteries of the Mohammedan religion. To this holy man—Haji Bektash by name—Orkhan led the new battalion, for his blessing and for a name. The gray-bearded old sheikh, placing his hand upon the head of one of the tall striplings, said: "Let their name be *Yeni Tcheri*" (new troops—the Turkish word *Yeni Tcheri* having been corrupted by Europeans into *Janissary*). "Let their countenance shine among their fellows; let their arm be triumphant; their sword keen-edged; their spears steel; and let them ever return victorious!" And with this blessing the Janissaries commenced their career of brilliant victory, of rapine, and of blood.

Such was the veneration felt by the Janissaries for Haji Bektash, whom they regarded as their spiritual leader, that the scene of the blessing at Amasia was commemorated in their dress, by a fold of white woolen material which

fell from the back part of the head-dress, thus representing the position of the flowing sleeve of the old man as he laid his hand upon the head of the young soldier.

The organization thus commenced by Orkhan was perfected by his successor, Murad I. Orkhan ordered a thousand children a year to be taken as recruits; but in the midst of the conquests of Murad, while captives were so plenty that a good slave might be bought for a drink of "boza,"\* a pious Moslem, of a speculative tendency I am afraid, reminded the Sultan that the law setting aside one-fifth of the spoils for the king extended to persons as well as things, and that the Janissaries might be rapidly recruited by the assertion of this prerogative.

Murad at once gave orders to that effect, thus accomplishing the double result of enlarging the army and of enhancing the value of slaves.

This fifth was composed of the choicest children captured in war from the Christians, selection being made of those from seven to fourteen years of age. When first taken the children were divided into bands, and were called "Adjem Oghlans."† They were taught to read, carefully instructed in the Koran; and it seems probable that they were all initiated, as they could comprehend them, into the peculiar tenets of the Bektashee dervishes, so that the mysticism of that order exercised a powerful influence upon the organization, and unquestionably contributed to that remarkable *esprit du corps* which held the force together under all vicissitudes of circumstance.

Whatever may have been the precise extent of the bond subsisting between these dervishes and the Janissaries, it was of such a nature that the extinction of the one was necessarily accompanied by the prohibition of the other. And it is a curious fact that where Bektashee monasteries still exist in Turkey the officers of these monasteries are called by the same outlandish titles as were used to designate the regiments of Janissaries; and a band of these dervishes constantly accompanied the troops as a part of the organization—their duties being to make prayer for victory during battle. The Bektashee costume of one of these "chaplains" is still preserved in the Hall of the Janissaries at Constantinople.

For seven or eight years the Adjem Oghlans continued as novices under religious teachers. They were exercised in the use of arms while undergoing a most severe muscular discipline, and experiencing every hardship calculated to perfect the captive boys into sturdy, enduring men. When they had thus grown up into man's estate, full of devotion to the order, to their religion, and to their king, they were promoted into regiments in active service. A few of the finest-looking among them were detained

\* Boza—a mild fermented drink much in use among the Slavic races of European Turkey.

† Adjem Oghlans—children of foreign birth.

at the palace as body-guard or as pages. As all the boys, however, had been selected from multitudes of captives, the Janissaries were the finest men in the land for physique and personal appearance.

This was the means, then, by which the best blood of Christian nations was drawn from their veins to be turned to the destruction of those from whom it was derived; and so perfect was the working of the plan that Ottoman historians are loud in their praises of Orkhan for his wisdom in devising it. And while narrating the brilliant successes of the Janissaries, they speak as if these were merely incidental accompaniments of the benevolent measure whereby, says one, "no less than 300,000 Giaours were brought from the very gates of perdition safely within the portals of paradise!" The plan, however, was not altogether original with either Orkhan or his advisers; for they had doubtless heard of those bold Christian knights of St. John who fired military ardor by religious zeal, being a religious sect in themselves. They had known, too, of the example of the caliphs, who brought slaves from the distant wilds of Turkestan, to be formed into a distinct corps as body-guard to the royal person. And, indeed, the custom of having for body-guard and personal attendants slaves taken in war seems to have been a usage of most ancient sanction. Thus we read in the book of the prophet Daniel that Nebuchadnezzar ordered to be chosen from the Hebrew captives "children in whom was no blemish, but well-favored.....to stand in the king's presence," where undoubtedly they wore a sort of guard of honor, free from all suspicion of joining in conspiracies against the king, because they bore no relation to the people of the empire, and had no sympathies with them.

But whatever the origin of this policy of Orkhan's, it placed him at once upon the road to success. The chief of a handful of shepherd robbers was enabled by its means to leap into power at the head of thousands.

These new troops were organized into regiments or ortas (the word signifying a centre or a nucleus), which were divided into companies or odas (literally, rooms), and again into ojak or messes. The whole force of ortas, varying in number from ten under Murad I. to one hundred and ninety under Mahomet IV., was under command of a general, known simply as the Agha, who originally received office by promotion according to seniority of rank. This rule was, however, abolished under Mahomet II., the seventh Sultan, who found that the power of the order would become too much for him, unless he could check it by making the commander-in-chief a creature of his own appointment. He also arranged to have the Agha watched, by appointing for him a *kiatib* or clerk, who was never a member of the order.

Within the corps the Agha had absolute power. He could apply the *bastinado* at will to any officer or man under his command. You may still see his implements of punish-

ment in the Hall of the Janissaries. The lightest corporal punishment was inflicted with a whip which hangs on the wall; a whip whose handle is a rod of iron, and whose lash is a stout iron chain, terminated by a brass ball for a snapper. Near by are the rods of the *bastinado*, which resemble rather long base-ball clubs; while by the side of the grim old chieftain, who sits on a sofa smoking the *narguileh*, is an ugly-looking club of some hard wood, about two feet long, four inches thick at one end, and fashioned as a handle at the other. With this the officer would, in a moment of passion, dash to the ground any incorrigible wretch who might be brought before him for sentence.

At the first the pay of an Agha was fixed at 500 aspers per day,\* but was afterward very largely increased. He held office during good behavior, and on deposition, if the Sultan considered it unnecessary to behead him, was usually sent into exile as governor of some province.

Regimental officers used the most singular titles, all of them referring to the fact that they lived from the hand of the Sultan. The colonel was the *Chorbadi Bashi*, or *chief soup-dealer* of his regiment; then came the *Astchi Bashi*, or chief cook, as his lieutenant; the major was *Saka Bashi*, or chief water-carrier; a captain was *Oda Bashi*, or chief of the room; and the orderly sergeant was the *Bash Eski*, or chief venerable. There were also chief bakers and chief fish-distributors, who belonged to the field and staff. In every way possible these troops loved to exhibit their peculiar relation as foster-children to the government. The chief ornament of the head-dress on gala days was a wooden spoon stuck in by way of pompon. The veneration and regard which the Romans felt for their eagles, and which troops in modern times feel for their flag, the Janissaries expended upon the great copper kettles in which their cooked rations were served to them, and which thus became the most direct medium of communication between themselves and their king. These kettles, carried into battle, were the centre of the thickest fighting, and an ojak which lost its kettle suffered the deepest disgrace. On the other hand, in the later days of the corps, whenever the troops became dissatisfied, the signal of revolt was the displaying of these kettles bottom upward in front of their barracks, thus proclaiming their scorn of the support derived from the government; and many a time has the simple news that the kettles were so displayed carried terror through Constantinople and into the *se-raglio* itself.

As may be supposed, the army was kept under the strictest discipline. Members of the order were under vows of celibacy. Under no pretext could they sleep away from their bar-

\* The asper is a coin now long disused; it was the 120th part of a piaster. The piaster now rates at about 4½ cents, but was then worth about \$1 50, so that the 500 aspers equaled perhaps \$6.

racks. Death was the penalty of a broken vow. The pay of a private soldier was three aspers per day, with rations of meat, rice, oil, and bread. The pay was, however, augmented by long and meritorious service, until it equaled seven times the lowest rate, when the lucky man who had earned it became a fit candidate for promotion. Each man upon his admission to an *orta* had a peculiar mark, the seal of the order, tattooed upon his left arm above the elbow. This mark was round, about an inch and a quarter in diameter, and was composed of characters setting forth the name and age of the soldier. Under it was also tattooed the number of the *orta* to which the man belonged. Upon each increase of pay a new inscription was tattooed upon the arm of the fortunate soldier, and when pay-day came a man could assert his rights by simply stripping up his arm and displaying these primitive brevets.

When a man became disabled by reason of wounds or old age he was retired upon a pension, with the title of *oturak* or veteran (literally, one who sits down), and was permitted to marry and live away from the barracks upon the sole condition of making daily prayer for the success of his former comrades. His children also could be received into the corps of *Adjem Oghlans* on attaining the proper age.

Such were some of the customs of this notable body of men; and with such a rude organization they conquered a way from the gates of *Broosa* in *Bythinia* to the gates of *Vienna*. They preserved this organization for five hundred years; and even after their order became a drag upon the country, and brought the empire into its decadence, they were so far the life of the nation that their destruction well-nigh proved fatal to its existence, even as a surgical operation to remove a cancerous tumor may often terminate the life of the sufferer who endures it.

To undertake to give a history of the Janissaries would be to undertake a history of the Turkish Empire, so intimately were they connected with every important event during those five centuries. The limits of a paper like this will permit no history, nor yet an historical sketch. We may only take such a glance at salient points in the history as will best bring before our eyes this army as it was during that time. At that period the best disciplined soldiers in the world, and the fiercest fighters, were the Janissaries. To look at a single battle will well illustrate their peculiar manner of fighting, which was the same in all their battles.

In 1396 Sultan *Bayazid Yildirim*\* pushed his armies to the borders of Hungary and threatened to overrun Europe. The troops of *Servia* and *Bosnia* had already had disastrous experience with the Janissaries, under *Murad I.*, at

\* *Bayazid Yildirim* is the *Bajazet* of history, who was captured by *Timourlane*, and, as is commonly but erroneously reported, was shut up in a cage. *Yildirim* means *Thunder-bolt*.

*Kassova*, and they recoiled before him. The Byzantine Empire was prostrate at his feet, and the city of *Constantine* itself seemed within his grasp. Then went up a cry throughout Europe that the very existence of Christianity was endangered, and brave men flew to arms. France and Germany sent their best blood, the *Knights of St. John of Jerusalem* came up from their strong-hold at *Rhodes*, while every available man in *Hungary* was put into the field. King *Sigismond* found himself at the head of 100,000 men, and every nerve was strained to insure the success of the campaign as the army went out to drive out and utterly destroy the Turk. Sultan *Bayazid* made every preparation to hold his ground, and gathered about him a force of nearly twice the number of his enemy.

The two armies met near *Nicopolis*, where the Sultan had selected his position and awaited events. As the army of *Sigismond* came in sight of the great masses of Turkish troops drawn up on the plain there was a pause. The work of defeating these Turks seemed easy, they were so utterly without organization, and so little like warriors. True, they seemed to be well armed, but the long flowing robes were likely to interfere with the free use of the spear, while the heavy turban, or the long pointed felt cap of the *Spahis*, added to the general appearance of clumsiness. There was no regular order of battle; the great masses were moving, changing position constantly. Occasionally small bands of horsemen would ride out from the mass, and, circling around the plain, would discharge their arrows harmlessly toward the Christian knights, and retreat hastily as they came.

While regarding this strange scene the knights, who had come from France under the Count *De Nevers*, demanded the right to attack first. In vain King *Sigismond* urged caution; the French knights, numbering scarcely 4000, dashed to the front and at once charged. The iron-clad warriors scattered the Turkish irregulars in all directions, crushed the regular *Spahis*, and even the thin line of Janissaries who supported them. They heaved their way right and left through the ponderous masses, killing on all sides and showing quarter to none who came in their way. In an hour the whole Turkish army was apparently routed, and fled in wild dismay, throwing aside cloaks, turbans, arms, any thing which impeded flight. And on followed the French knights, still slaying, still triumphant, unchecked. They passed over a low hill which had partly obscured the Turkish position. There was a sight which made the boldest of them hesitate. Instead of a howling mass of disorderly fugitives with flowing robes and dishonored arms, here, close at hand, was a solid line of well-armed men, who, silent and regardless of the whirling panic of beaten irregulars which was sweeping by them, stood passively awaiting the attack of the Christians. Then those French knights

knew that they were in the presence of the Janissaries, and that the real battle was yet to commence. There was no time to retreat—their momentum had nearly carried them into the hostile ranks already. Some fled, but the most, brave men as they were, grasped their lances more firmly, and rode straight at the grim, black mass before them. Then in an instant the scene was changed. From the Turkish army went up their fierce war-cry, and the Janissaries rushed to meet the charge.

Sigismund had slowly followed the French knights with his army while they were driving the advance of Bayazid's force, and now they came into action just as the Janissaries had rolled their great lines over the handful of Frenchmen and were coming swiftly down upon the main body. The sight of this unexpected turn in affairs broke up the Christian force. The left wing fled through cowardice, the right wing selected this moment for treason, and King Sigismund had but 10,000 men left. They were strong, hearty Germans and Hungarians, it is true, but still only 10,000, with the whole force of Bayazid's Janissaries in the act of charging him in front, while the lately routed irregulars were now coming in on his flanks with undiminished zeal for Christian blood. Of course so unequal a battle could have but one result. That night King Sigismund fled alone from the field which had seen him that morning at the head of 100,000 men.

Such successes made the name of the Janissaries a terror throughout Europe. Their mode of fighting was always the same. The Janissary nucleus was always surrounded by an immense horde of irregular troops. In attack or defense their front was always covered by this mass of irregulars, who opened the battle and wearied the enemy long before he could get at the solid columns which composed the real army. In sieges, too, these wild, undisciplined masses filled the ditches with their bodies, and formed the ladders by which the Janissaries might mount to the breach. Thus coming in as the reserve to decide every battle, and to reap its glory, the Janissaries, while winning an immense prestige as fighters, became themselves proud and haughty. They felt themselves to be the only defenders of the faith—the supporters of the Empire—its very life.

Even as early as the reign of Murad II. they dared to rebel against the Sultan, when he abdicated in favor of his son; and their insubordination called him back from the soft pleasures of the harem in the gardens of Magnesia to the hardships of the field at Varna. And when the old man died, and his son again ascended the throne as Mahomet II., they absolutely forced him to pay them largess—a present in honor of his succession, establishing a custom which they were very careful not to allow to pass into disuse. And on his death, when Bayazid II. came to Constantinople to gird on the sword of Osman, the Bosphorus was covered with boats well filled with Janissaries, who thus went out

to meet the new Sultan. And him they obliged to stop in mid-stream, between Scutari and the Seraglio Point, to dismiss into ignominy and send back into Asia his newly-appointed Vezir.

And when Bayazid had arrived at the palace they thronged the gates, demanding, in the same breath (they having, during the interregnum, robbed a few shops and killed a few Christians in the streets), pardon for past offenses and an incentive to future good behavior in the shape of an increase of pay!

A Sultan commencing his reign by granting such requests could not be expected to have a quiet reign, and he accordingly existed in a constant state of fear of these soldiers. Once he was obliged to rescue Broosa from pillage at their hands by paying each man in the corps a commutation in hard cash for his share of the plunder so wealthy a city might be expected to yield; and a few years later, after they had been in a constant state of revolt for some time, they drove him from his throne to make way for his son Selim.

But under Suleiman the Magnificent the Janissaries saw their palmiest days. He loved these wild fellows, who had built up the empire from its small beginnings on the plains of the Sakkarius until it now comprised vast territory in Europe, Asia, and Africa, and the isles of the sea, while its master could with lofty propriety call himself "ruler of the two continents and lord of the two seas." He petted them to a wonderful extent. Their glorious record at the capture of Rhodes, in the battle of Mohacz, and in the numerous other brilliant victories of his reign of nearly fifty years, brought upon them favors greater than they had received from any previous Sultan, and from this period commences the decline of their effectiveness as an organization.

Loaded with privileges by Suleiman, their pay increased nearly threefold, their duties limited by many prescriptions, the men became less warlike and more arrogant, less the dread of infidels and more the terror of their own sovereigns from year to year. And on the day when the next Sultan, Selim II., presented himself before them at Belgrade without distributing the usual largess, they became bold, and declared that an Ottoman prince, to reach the throne, must first pass under the swords of his troops; and when the Sultan still failed to produce the customary backshish, they no sooner arrived at Constantinople than they reversed their soup-kettles, and made a grand rush at the seraglio. They penetrated within the gates, and soon brought Selim to such a realizing sense of his position that he emptied his treasury at their feet.

Selim was a drunkard, and during his reign the Janissaries became a set of roistering rowdies, infesting the innumerable wine-shops which sprung up all over the city, and making the streets unsafe for mortals by day or night.

Murad III. succeeded Selim, and attempted to enforce the laws of the faith against wine-

drinking; but the Janissaries raised such a turmoil the first day that he was constrained to issue a sage edict to the effect that the soldiers might drink wine ad libitum, provided they would not get drunk. During this reign a wise Jew invented a way of making much money by causing the material of one piaster to do duty for two when recoined, which was at once adopted and put in practice by the treasury as a new principle in political economy. This grand discovery in finance, however, so little pleased the Janissaries when pay-day brought them the light money that they rose *en masse* and attacked the palace. Murad barely escaped with his life on presenting to the infuriated troops the heads of his Vezir and his first Lord of the Treasury.

Revolt now commenced to be the normal condition of the Janissaries: revolt because they were kept in camp; because they were led to war; because the Sultan obeyed their commands; because he refused to obey them. In the absence of other good cause they revolted under Sultan Achmet I. because of an anti-tobacco proclamation issued by the Sheikh-ul-Islam, or great high-priest.

The Ulema (doctors of holy law) had pronounced tobacco to be inebriating in its effects; and, to use their language, "coffee, wine, tobacco, and opium are the four great ministers of the devil on earth, the four columns of the tent of voluptuousness." On the strength of this declaration the Sheikh-ul-Islam decreed the suppression of the use of tobacco. But the Janissaries went to work in defense of the weed, and having convinced multitudes of the common people that tobacco can not defile a man when it is only inhaled in fragrant vapor, to be at once expelled, they reversed their kettles, and again besieged the seraglio until the Sultan legalized smoking.

In vain the Sultans got up religious wars in the hope that the Janissaries might be killed off. The recruits who took their places became worse than any who had gone before, so carefully were they instructed in the traditions of the order.

To rule an empire in this condition the boy Osman II. was brought to the throne in 1618. His predecessor, the imbecile Mustapha, had been dethroned by the Janissaries. He himself was the first Sultan killed by them. With all a boy's ardent hatred he hated these turbulent guards, who so constantly claimed the chief power. His Vezir warmly encouraged this hatred; and before Osman was eighteen years old he had resolved to destroy the Janissaries, and to that end ordered new troops to be levied and thoroughly disciplined in Asia. This order was like spark to gunpowder. The Etmeidan\* re-

\* Etmeidan (literally, Place of Meat, or Meat Square) was so named from the custom of there cutting up and distributing to the Janissaries their daily rations of meat. Their principal barracks were on this square. The name is often confounded with that of the Atmeidan, or Horse Square, the ancient Hippodrome of Constantinople.

sounded with the great drums of the Janissaries. The kettles were placed in array in front of the barracks to summon in the scattered members from their houses and shops. And here the secret power of the order manifested itself—the power of the Bektashee dervishes. The priests said the word, and the whole tremendous force was brought out from all their varied occupations. The existence of the order had been threatened, and the camp-fires flashing all over the Etmeidan were the answer to the menace.

Osman was terrified by the giant he had raised into opposition, and announced that he was preparing to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, and that Asiatic levies had been ordered merely as an escort, and he ordered ships to be made ready for the purpose; but that day the whole army marched upon the seraglio.

The great mob filled the courts, forced all obstacles, beat in the gates, and penetrated the great audience hall of the palace, killing all they met, and seeking for Osman with curses and fierce cries. He had taken refuge in the harem, and the mob were vainly seeking entrance to that sacred place, when some one called out, "Where is Mustapha? we want him for our Sultan!" The cry was caught up from lip to lip, and the search was turned in that direction.

The harem of the old palace derives most of its light from the roof, which is pierced with small circular openings covered with bell-shaped glasses, such as you see on the roofs of baths in Constantinople of to-day. Unable to find any entrance to the building, the door being carefully concealed, the Janissaries scaled the walls and scattered over the roof, examining the rooms below through the small circular openings, while loudly calling for Mustapha, whom they knew to be imprisoned, according to custom, in some part of the harem.

At length a great shout announced that he was found; and while the men upon the roof hailed him as Sultan, those below, still unable to find the door, battered a hole in the wall, and led forth with acclamations the poor imbecile whom they had dethroned but four years before. Him they placed upon the great throne, and did him homage. Then eagerly hunting out the rash boy Osman from his hiding among the women, they led him away to the dungeons of the Seven Towers, where the bow-string ended his brief reign.

The Janissaries had now tasted blood. They had dared to lay hands on their king, to take away his life, and none dared to rebuke them. They had learned the full delight of being in power, and they were careful not to yield such vantage-ground. Their history for two long centuries after this tragedy is but a chapter of revolts, dethronements, and murders. There is no need to follow out the details—the story simply repeats itself. They had ceased to become soldiers except in name. They had been permitted to remain permanently located in city

garrisons until they had lost all pretense of discipline. With the slackness of discipline came the right to marry, to live with their families, and, finally, the necessities of their families carried many into trade. The sword grew dull, the musket rusty, and the Janissary became an artisan, privileged because he belonged to a great and powerful secret organization, but with no attribute of the soldier about him except his regularity in drawing the full pay of a soldier. And this was extorted by the brute force of the order from a weak and tottering government. To add to the stipend they thus received the men were accustomed to draw pay for their families—all the children, even the babies, being enrolled as faithful soldiers of the king! These men were outside of all law, paid no taxes, were answerable to no man for their deeds.

The immunities thus enjoyed drew crowds of adventurers to their ranks. Men paid large sums for the mere privilege of having that round mark tattooed upon the left arm, which protected the wearer from every inquiry as to the rights and wrongs of his everyday life. Christians and even Jews thus became members of the corps, with a keen eye to the pickings in each revolt.

Such a heterogeneous mixture of men were of course worth little as soldiers. They knew nothing of the use of arms. They were just as likely to put down ball first and then powder as to load their guns in any other way. They knew no better than to fill the gun-barrel with powder that the ball might range farther, and learned nothing from seeing comrades blown to pieces by similar experiments. If their comrades were engaged in fighting in front of them, their eagerness to take part in the battle while yet in a place of safety would lead them to fire volley after volley directly into the backs of their brethren, silencing the weak remonstrance of their officers by the calm assurance that "the ball of a Janissary knows a friend from an enemy!" A Janissary cavalry-man was cutting his reins every time he drew his sword; and the blow of his strong right arm, intended to cleave the skull of an infidel, more frequently laid open the head of his own horse!

The Janissary of this time is well represented by those fierce-looking figures in the Hall of Costumes at Constantinople, who keep guard while armed with sticks, and who beguile the weary hours of sentry duty by knitting stockings or plying the distaff.

But such peaceable pursuits were by no means favorite amusements of the army. They fought pitched battles with their mortal enemies the Spahis in the streets of Constantinople; for the time has been when the Spahis on the Atmeidan, and the Janissaries at the Etmeidan, have camped for days as in the presence of the enemy, skirmishing by day and by night among the houses, with as little reference to the inhabitants as though they had been mere outcroppings of the rocks. If a Janissary obtained a new gun he would try it upon a Christian

man or woman in the street. In fact, no atrocity was too great for them to commit. Being a religious order, they had the whole enormous influence of the Ulema upon their side; and people were instructed that these soldiers were the chosen ones of the Prophet, who could do no wrong. Constantinople was a rich pasture-ground in which they roamed at will, robbing and murdering without let or hindrance. They plundered houses, carried off the wives and daughters of rayahs,\* and even, on occasion, attacked the palaces of grandes of the realm, dragging forth the beauties of the harems to be sold in the street to the highest bidder. They rummaged the bazars, carrying off the richest goods from the shops without a word of objection from the frightened owners.

If a ship-load of wood or coal came into the harbor the vessel was at once boarded by Janissaries, who placed the mark of their *orta* upon her prow, thus putting her under their protection, and this entitled them to superintend the sales of cargo and to receive all moneys, which they afterward divided with the owners upon certain equitable principles of their own, which brought the largest share of the proceeds into their own pockets. They took possession of all vegetables brought into market, and sold them themselves according to the established laws of copartnerships, afterward claiming commission and expenses from the wretched gardeners to whom the goods belonged. Each day they marched in solemn procession to draw their rations, and assaulted all who got in their way. The captain of the mess marched at the head armed with a huge iron ladle four feet long; then came the men carrying the great kettles of food slung on poles, followed by a rear-guard armed with heavy whips. If any poor wretch failed to escape from the narrow street at their insolent cry, "Sagh ol" (take care of yourself), he was knocked down by that ponderous ladle at one blow, while the heavy whips of the rear-guard gave the prostrate man a lesson he would never forget. A Janissary hamal, or porter, would come up to you in the street and insist upon taking charge of the parcel in your hand, demanding in advance a sum for portorage equal to the value of the package, and then, after having received his hire, he would give you the option of carrying the bundle yourself or of paying him a backshish to do it for you. If you were building a house, Janissary carpenters would make a descent upon it, and driving away the regular laborers, would finish the building whenever and in whatever style they might fancy. And there was no redress for these outrages: all courts of "justice" were in their hands; they made and unmade Vezirs and governors of provinces; and the Sultan himself was but a servant of their will, trembling at their frowns, and seemingly but their steward to administer for their benefit the finances of the realm. The empire reeled under the terri-

\* Rayahs—Christian subjects of the Turkish Empire.

ble incubus, and it seemed that this power, before which all Europe trembled, would destroy itself at last.

Such was the state of affairs in 1793, when Sultan Selim III. commenced to form a new army called the Nizam-Djedid, which, dressed and drilled after European models, would, he hoped, become strong enough to rescue the country from these miscreants. But he little dreamed of the power the order possessed; and when his new troops began to show signs of efficiency he was astounded to find the Ulema and the people uniting with the Janissaries against him in such force that he was compelled to send away his Nizams into Asia. Profiting by wars which called the Janissaries from the city, he brought his new troops back; but again, so soon as he commenced to augment their force, the outcry was raised against the innovation, and again he was obliged to yield. Again war enabled him to send the Janissaries away, and to recall the Nizams. He placed them in charge of the defenses of the city, and brought in recruits from the Asiatic provinces to swell their ranks. Once more the Janissaries went to work, creating discord between the recruits and the regulars. A rising took place; the recruits, or *yamaks*, as they were called, forced the regulars to retreat into their barracks, while they themselves marched to the Etmeidan, where were the Janissary barracks; and bringing forth the notable kettles, they placed them on the square. Numbers of resident Janissaries assembled at once, and the rabble of the city rushed to arms. Selim, alarmed, issued an order disbanding the Nizams; but it was too late. The Ulema had fulminated a decree to the effect that a Sultan who introduced infidel customs and dress among true believers was unworthy the throne. Accordingly he was driven from the palace and shut up in the harem, and Mustapha IV. was proclaimed in his place. A tool of the party which had placed him in power, he at once ordered the destruction of the Nizam-Djedid, but they had already taken the hint and fled in all directions.

The next year Mustapha Bairactar Pasha came thundering at the gates of the seraglio with an army to reinstate Selim. The Sultan then had him strangled, and his body was thrown out of a window to the rebels below. In a transport of rage the palace was stormed, Sultan Mustapha was dethroned and thrown into the prison lately occupied by Selim, while Mahmoud II. was proclaimed Sultan.

Mahmoud had been almost constantly the companion of Selim during his captivity, and had entered warmly into all the theories of his cousin in regard to the means of producing prosperity once more in the Ottoman Empire; and he imbibed, moreover, all his hatred of the order of the Janissaries. Coming to the throne as he did he felt himself stronger than he was, and he vowed at once to destroy the many-headed hydra which held the empire in its foul embrace.

The Bairactar Pasha was made Grand Vezir, and at once revenged himself upon all the enemies of Selim. Even the harem of the deposed Mustapha was proscribed, and 174 women were sewn up in sacks and thrown into the Bosphorus. The Sultan turned his attention to the Janissaries. Fortified by a *fetva*\* from the Sheikh-ul-Islam, he directed the enforcement of the ancient discipline of the corps. Married members were cut off from their pay, and the unmarried were forced to give up their shops and live in the barracks, where they were regularly drilled in the use of arms, and subjected to severe discipline. The promulgation of such orders caused a ferment in the city. Again the religious element was stirred up, the Ulema sided with the Janissaries, and in the midst of the great fast of Ramadan the revolt broke out. The rebels fired the houses near the palace of the Grand Vezir, who was burned in his bed; and then they marched to attack the seraglio, where Mahmoud had hastily gathered the light artillery from Tophanè, and some new levies made under the obnoxious law. Fighting went on for two days with varied success, and all the while the fire kindled by the Janissaries was making havoc in the city and threatened to destroy it entirely.

Mahmoud saw that the fate of Selim hung over his head. His own troops were few and ill-conditioned; the Janissaries had the rabble of the whole city at their heels, urged on by the fanatical Ulema. One chance alone remained to him, and he made the bold stroke. He ordered the death of Mustapha, who still lay in the harem prison. Then he stood forth alone before the mob, the sole representative of the race of Osman, and no man dared lay hands on him. Then he annulled the decree for the reorganization of the army; gave up to the vengeance of the troops the officers who had fought for him within the seraglio; forever foreswore any attempt to revive the hated Nizam-Djedid, and in fact seemed to yield every thing—even going so far as to enroll himself as a Janissary in one of the ortas. But from that day the Janissaries were doomed. Mahmoud had yielded that he might more surely win, and for eighteen years he unflinchingly followed the line of policy upon which he had resolved. For eighteen years that man waited his time, working, watching, and plotting.

The wars in which Turkey was embroiled kept the Janissaries employed much of the time, and in peace he allowed them every license that they might work their own ruin. He succeeded in gaining the confidence of their allies the Ulema, and he lost no opportunity of sowing seeds of discord between them.

For many years there had been a corps of artillery at Tophanè, who were drilled in the European method. These Topjijs, as they were

\* *Fetva*, or *fetwa*—a decision of the high court of holy law—the Sheikh-ul-Islam being the great head of the Ulema, or doctors of law.

called, being simply artillerymen, and few in number, the Janissaries had never taken the trouble to be jealous of them. They merely treated them with supreme contempt, as beneath their notice. Mahmoud quietly increased the numbers of these *Topjis*, and used every effort to make them effective troops. The Greek revolution afforded a pretext for drilling them as infantry, and for making new additions to the corps; while these tokens of the Sultan's regard brought the soldiers themselves to look upon the proud Janissaries as their rivals for the royal favor: a feeling which Mahmoud found many quiet ways of increasing, while he sought continually to attach them to himself.

And so it came to pass that, in the year 1826, Mahmoud had at Constantinople 14,000 well-disciplined artillerymen, perfectly under his control, and thoroughly imbued with a deadly hatred for the Janissaries. Meanwhile they had been doing their best to assist the Sultan's designs. They constantly brought disgrace upon the Turkish flag by their capricious refusal to fight, and by their brutal blood-thirstiness when they chanced to win a battle. They had disgusted the people by their tyranny, the *Ulema* by arrogant assumptions of religious superiority, and their own generals by their cowardice and general worthlessness. And when Ibrahim Pasha's brilliant campaign in Greece showed what European drill had made of his troops, Mahmoud felt that the time had come for which he had waited all these years.

Quickly disembarassing himself of foreign complications by granting an ultimatum which Russia had drawn up expressly to produce war, he called a council of high dignitaries to consider the subject of the efficiency of the army. Luckily he had been able to find in the Koran a fit text for the deliberations of this sage body. "War," says the Prophet, "is a game of skill; in it, then, turn the weapons of your adversary to his own ruin," which evidently referred to a time when the armies of the faith would have occasion to adopt the dress and the tactics of infidels.

One old pasha compared the Janissaries to vain but wrinkled old women who prate much of their beauty fled years ago. Another reminded the council that the Janissaries no longer respected the *Ulema*, who had so often defended and assisted them. Another called attention to the constant disgrace they brought upon the Turkish flag by their lawlessness; and at last the council decided that the army must be reorganized. An order was drawn up directing a detail of men from each regiment of Janissaries, who were to be organized into a new corps under the name of The victorious Soldiers of the Prophet of God. The order fixed their uniform; their drill, after the European method, but interspersed with prayers at fixed intervals, in order to counteract the evil influence of infidel customs; their pay; their rations; and full organization down to the most minute details. This order was then

declared to be based upon the Koran by the learned Sheikh-ul-Islam, and was approved by the whole council, who also signed an agreement to carry out its provisions. This agreement, after receiving the signatures of the principal officers of the army, was read to an assembly of line officers, who were also invited to sign it. The enthusiasm was so great that those who had no seals rushed away to the engravers' to supply the want; and the scribe who drew up the document loudly lamented, in describing the scene, that his fine penmanship in this "rose-bud of elegant writing, newly blossomed in the garden of the law," should have been blemished by so many coarse seals, which nearly destroyed its legibility.

But all this enthusiasm was mere show, and died out when the law came to be carried into effect. With the very first drill the Janissaries began to murmur, and two weeks after, on the night of June 15, 1826, a revolt took place. They laid out their kettles in imposing array for the last time. Their ranks were speedily reinforced by crowds of miscreants of every hue, who flocked from all parts of the city, in hopes of new plunder, and were led on by the dervishes, who stirred up fanatical spirit by declamations against the infidel customs. They attacked the palace of their Agha, who barely escaped with his life. They sacked his palace and that of the Grand Vezir, and once more the city was in their hands.

Sultan Mahmoud at once came to the seraglio from his palace at Beshiktash, on the Bosphorus, and after ordering the whole force of *Topjis* from Scutari and Tophanè to rendezvous in the seraglio grounds, he sent a demand to the rebels to lay down their arms.

Again he stood that night, as he had stood in the same place eighteen years before, himself cooped up in the seraglio, the city in the hands of an infuriated soldiery, who were already howling at the very gates of his palace.

His demand for surrender the rebels rejected with scorn, and he at once summoned about him the *Ulema*, who declared the Janissaries to be enemies of the true faith.

With the dawn of day on the 16th the holy flag of the Prophet was brought out from the Treasury, and the Sultan marched his whole force to the Atmeidan, where, with a religious service at the mosque of Achmet, the sacred banner was unfurled, and crowds of the faithful began to swell the ranks of the Sultan's retainers. The Janissaries had thrown out pickets toward the seraglio, the line reaching from the Marmora to the Golden Horn; but this line was speedily forced by the advance of troops on all the principal streets, and soon all the outlying parties fell back along the great *Divan Yol* to their barracks at the Etmeidan, where they commenced to fortify themselves, the *Bektashee* dervishes meanwhile going about among the men to animate them into greater recklessness and fanaticism.

The site of the barracks, and the Etmeidan

itself, is now completely covered with houses, but it is laid down on the maps as about half a mile from the landing-wharf of Yeni Kapoo, on the Marmora side of the city. Upon a hill commanding this place the head-quarters of the royal troops were fixed, near the mosque of Sultan Mahomet, and here new crowds of devoted Moslems rallied to the support of the sacred standard. The Topjis then closed in upon the Etmeidan, meeting little resistance; and soon the great square was completely surrounded, and artillery was posted upon every commanding eminence, and in all the streets debouching upon the place.

These Janissaries were drawn up in front of their barracks awaiting attack, and sharpshooters from the windows were keeping up a most galling fire upon the troops crowded into the streets, when the Sultan sent in one more summons to surrender. The man who bore the message was killed. Then in an instant a hundred cannon opened upon the rebels. Some poured canister into the ranks marshaled on the square, and others sent shot and shell hurtling through the barracks. Once the Janissaries tried to break through the circle of fire; but the crowds who filled every street drove them back with fearful slaughter, and forced them to take refuge in the barracks. Then all the cannon concentrated upon the huge building such a fire of shell that soon the wretches within began to cry for mercy, for the barracks were on fire. Ah! so had thousands of old men, and wives, and maidens cried to them for mercy in days gone by, and they had shown no mercy. And now there was no one to heed their cries nor to pity them. Not for an instant did the great cannon cease their roar—not for a moment did the muskets hush their rattle, till the massive walls fell in, and the last poor wretch was dead. Not one escaped of those who had stood upon that square to fight against their sovereign.

The rebellion thus terribly crushed out in its first day, work yet remained to be done. There were still thousands of Janissaries scattered through the city. The proviues also were full of them. And when, the next day, a firman was issued abolishing the order, its dress, its pass-words, its barracks, and its very name, a panic seized upon all who had been connected with the order. They fled in all directions. Pursued, hunted, outlawed, they went through horrible tortures to remove that fatal but too indelible mark upon the arm which betrayed their secret. The bow-string and the cimeter were every where at work. The waters of the Bosphorus ran thick with gashed and mutilated bodies, and the scenes of the capital were repeated throughout the empire, until full 30,000 men had paid the penalty of crime for their corps. And so, among scenes of blood and violence, falls the curtain upon the tragedy of the Janissaries.

Near the Hippodrome in old Stamboul, just

in the edge of the mass of ruins and dwarfed houses which marks the path of the great fire of 1866, is a low arched gateway. And if by any chance you are led to enter, you find yourself in a long corridor lined with fierce-looking warriors. In that place, not a hundred yards from the marble mausoleum of the man who destroyed the order, you stand in the presence of the Janissaries as they were two hundred years ago. And these effigies, with perhaps here and there a gray-haired old man with a hideous scar upon his left arm above the elbow—who will tell you, with bated breath in memory of the old horror, that he was once a Janissary—these are all the relics that are left of the power that built up the Turkish Empire.

### FRANCES PALMER VERSUS FATE.

"Source of joy and woe,  
Foiler of stern hate,  
Lord of high and low,  
Woman calls thee 'Fate.'"

THE lady had lived for years on that dreadful border-land where easy affluence ends and the struggle to make both ends meet commences. She had been a poor gentleman's daughter, and an even poorer gentleman's wife; and her experiences in both positions had been remarkably unpleasant. But when she was about forty her husband died, leaving her to fight with the world, with a daughter of twenty, another of seventeen, and fifty pounds a year to support them upon.

The wife felt very desolate; but the woman on whom this burden was laid had no time to lose in mourning and lamentation. She determined to give one day, and one day only, to the deliberation of what she should do. At the end of that day she would have forced herself to chalk out a plan. It would then only remain for her to compel herself to follow it.

These were the difficulties that beset the situation. Her husband had been curator and librarian of a small country-town museum and library. He had been fitted by nature and education for a higher post, but he had lacked the energy to seek it, and had gone on contentedly, making just enough to live upon, until he died. When that event happened his widow found that he had made an effort to secure her from absolute want by buying the annuity of fifty pounds which has been mentioned.

Mr. Dillon had never been a success in the little town. He had been a little above the trades-people, and not quite up to the mark of the neighboring gentry, in the estimation of both these classes. The facts were that he was infinitely better born and bred than the first named, and infinitely better educated than the second. Blood and culture, however, are wont to fail when unsupported by prosperity and appreciation. He had always been a dreamy, over-sensitive, over-refined man for his status in the world. Consequently the world punished him for being any thing more than he