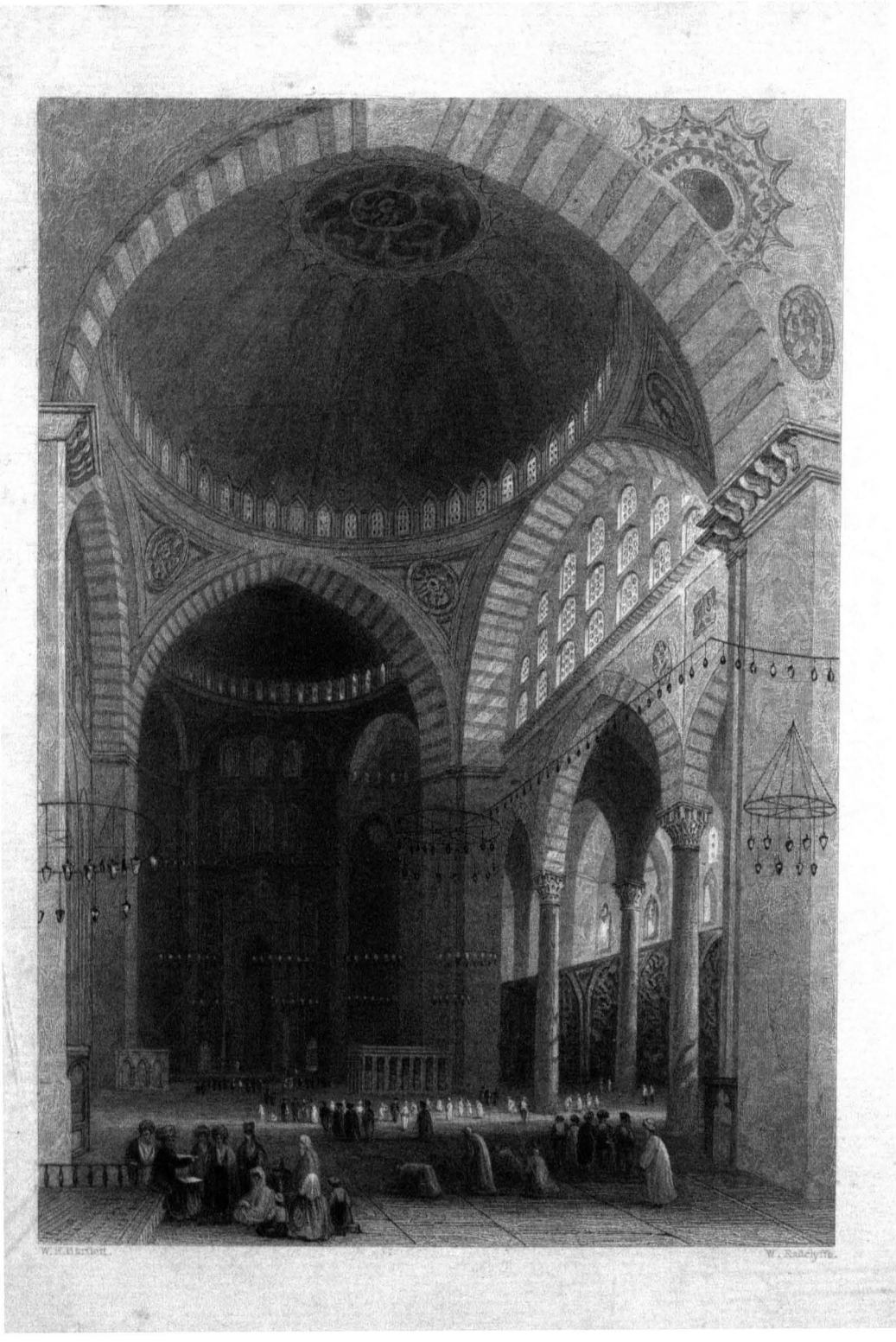


mosque in the city. But the four columns of porphyry which occupy the angles of the edifice, are the boast of Suleimaniè. The rare relics of a pagan temple, they are of the most exquisite symmetry and finish, and are supposed to have originally served as pedestals to as many antique statues. Hanging arches of that delicate Arabian architecture so little known in Europe, and so justly prized by the Turks, relieve the base of the dome; and the cornice of the platform on which the meuzzin performs his prostrations, and regulates the devotions of the faithful during the service, is finely chiselled to represent a wreath of lotus leaves. The pulpit is shaped like the blossom of the arum, and being composed of fine white marble, has the effect of a gigantic flower petrified into stone. The great entrance-gates of the edifice are very costly, being thickly inlaid with devices of mother-of-pearl; and the marble floor is over-strown with rich carpets.

The entire roof of the building is highly ornamented, and sentences from the Korān, beautifully written in the oriental character, are scattered over the walls. The *mihrab*, or niche at the eastern extremity of the edifice, occupying the position which, when the ground-plan of the Mahommedan temples was borrowed from St. Sophia, was filled by the christian altar, is also inscribed with the names of the Deity and the Prophets. The immense wax candles that flank the mihrab are lighted every night during the reading of the Korān by the officiating Kiatib.* Those at the mosque of St. Sophia are eighteen inches in circumference, and last for twelve months; and the waxen giants of Suleimaniè, although considerably smaller, are still of enormous size; but as these are merely supposed to light the holy page of the priest, the body of the building is illuminated by thousands of small coloured lamps, suspended from the roof in various devices, by slight rods of iron, and producing to an European eye, a festal effect strangely incompatible with the sacred uses of the place.

But Suleimaniè possesses one peculiar feature, to which it is indebted for an interest beyond all the other mosques of Constantinople, and one of so high and honourable a character, that it is even more worthy of record than its pillars of porphyry, or its "cunning work" in glass and marble; and it is of so distinctive a nature that it must not be passed over in silence.

A richly wrought gallery, extending along the whole northern face of the edifice, is heaped with chests of sundry sizes, and of all descriptions, from the rude trunk of cypress-wood, painted a dull green, and decorated with huge groups of flowers, tawdrily and clumsily executed — the treasure-hoard of the petty trader, or the roving tatar†—to the heavy iron-clamped strong box of the

* Reader of the Koran. † Professional courier.

exiled noble, or the wandering merchant: these are piled one on the other to the very roof of the building, and each is carefully marked with some hieroglyphic known only to its absent owner, and to its temporary guardians. Each package, when received by the authorities at Suleimanië, is described and registered with the most scrupulous exactness; and when once it has been deposited within the holy precincts of the mosque, it remains intact and inviolate, whatever time may elapse, or whatever changes may ensue ere it is reclaimed by its proper owner, either in the government, or the institutions of the Empire. The sacredness of the trust is felt, acknowledged, and respected; and men of every nation, and professors of every creed, are free to deposit their property within the walls of Suleimanië, secure of its restoration whenever they may see fit to reclaim it.

It is said that the amount of treasure in gold, silver, jewels, and rich stuffs, thus collected together, is immense; and that many of the chests have occupied their place in the gallery for a century. But this fact does not operate against their security—no seal is ever forced at Suleimanië; and this great national bank, for such it truly is, remains untouched and sacred throughout every popular convulsion, and every intestine change. Here the Turkish government exercises no despotism, exacts no avaniah,* levies no tax; and amid all its reverses, and all its necessities, preserves an admirable integrity which is less generally known than it deserves to be.

THE PORT OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

> "Where'er we gaze, around, above, below,
> What rainbow-tints, what magic charms are found!
> Rock, river, forest, mountain—all abound,
> And bluest skies that harmonize the whole."
>
> BYRON.

THERE is no better point whence to obtain a view of the Port of Constantinople than from the great cemetery of the "Infidel Hill" of Pera. The harbour lies at your feet, crowded with shipping, moored in treble lines along the shore, and filling every little creek and bay. The minaretted city cresting

* Fine.

W. H. Bartlett.

J. H. Le Keux.

A. J. Bartlett.
G. E. Richardson.

the opposite height like a diadem, stretches along in all the splendour of its mosques and palaces; terminated in one direction by the Eski-Seraï, glittering among its cypresses and plane-trees, and enclosed within the picturesque walls, which are washed by the blue waves of the Bosphorus and the Propontis, to which the hoary trees that overhang them pay back their tribute of shade and freshness; and on the other, by the historical suburb of Eyoub; while, in the distance, the bright sea of Marmora dances in the light, bearing a thousand gleaming sails upon its bosom, and its scattered islands heave up their fantastic outline like marine monsters; the Thracian Olympus, and the mountain-chain of which it is the monarch, form the frame-work of the picture; while Scutari closes in upon the eye, sweeping gracefully along the edge of the Propontis, until it grows into majesty as it nears the Bosphorus, and flings over the waves of "the ocean-stream," the stately shadow of Burlgurlhu Daghi.

Innumerable caïques dart from shore to shore across the harbour, freighted with veiled women, and men of many lands; and the shrill warning cry of the boatmen as they shoot along, cutting through the water like wild-birds, continually passing and repassing, and yet never coming in collision—the crowds of sea-fowl sporting among the shipping, and diving under the oars of every boat—the light bridge, flung like a fairy-wand across the port—all conspire to render the Golden Horn one of the most picturesque scenes in the world; while above the bright landscape and the glittering sea, spreads a sky of such intense and vivid blue, as invests every object with a tint and a distinctness from which it derives a new and a peculiar beauty.

The variety of costume, the constant succession of living groups, and the rapid motion of the arrowy caïques, are altogether beyond the reach of description; while the pencil of the artist can alone convey any distinct idea of the numerous objects of interest and beauty which throng the shores. Close beside the termination of the floating bridge, where it abuts on the Stamboul side of the harbour, (at a gateway known as "the Gate of the Garden," owing to its vicinity to the grounds of the ancient palace,) and close under the walls, stands a green pavilion, in which former Sultans were accustomed to give audience to the European Ambassadors; while immediately above it, erected on a buttress of the wall itself, is a light-looking summer saloon, canopied with creeping plants, called the Kiosque of Pearls, whence the sovereign can overlook the whole extent of the port and the European shore. Not far from this pretty kiosque, and level with the water's edge, is a low iron door, through which the bodies of those who were executed within the Seraglio are said to have been cast into the sea at midnight, and committed to the current that sweeps rapidly round

the point; but it bears little appearance of having latterly been in request, as its massy hinges are rusted, and immovable.

Stately trees, sweeping downward to the water—lofty minarets, shooting gracefully towards heaven — crowds of shipping—groups of human beings, varying alike in feature, language, and costume—lofty mountains, far-stretching forests, and thickly peopled hills—the junction of two seas—an unrivalled landscape, and a cloudless sky, are among the many distinctive glories of the Golden Horn.

ENTRANCE TO THE BLACK SEA.

" Then by the lightning's blaze to mark
Some toiling tempest-shatter'd bark;
Her vain distress-guns hear:
And when a second sheet of light
Flash'd o'er the blackness of the night—
To see no vessel there!"

COLERIDGE.

THE entrance to the Black Sea, as seen from the summit of the Jouchi-Daghi, or Giant's Mountain, (the spot selected by the artist,) is the grandest *coup-d'œil* on the Bosphorus. As the line of shore terminates on either hand, the picturesque and jagged rocks suddenly yield to a low and sandy stretch of coast; and beyond are visible the " Blue Symplegades," heaving up their dark and irregular masses from the encircling waters of the Sea of Storms, which, stretching far away on all sides, is ultimately blent with the horizon.

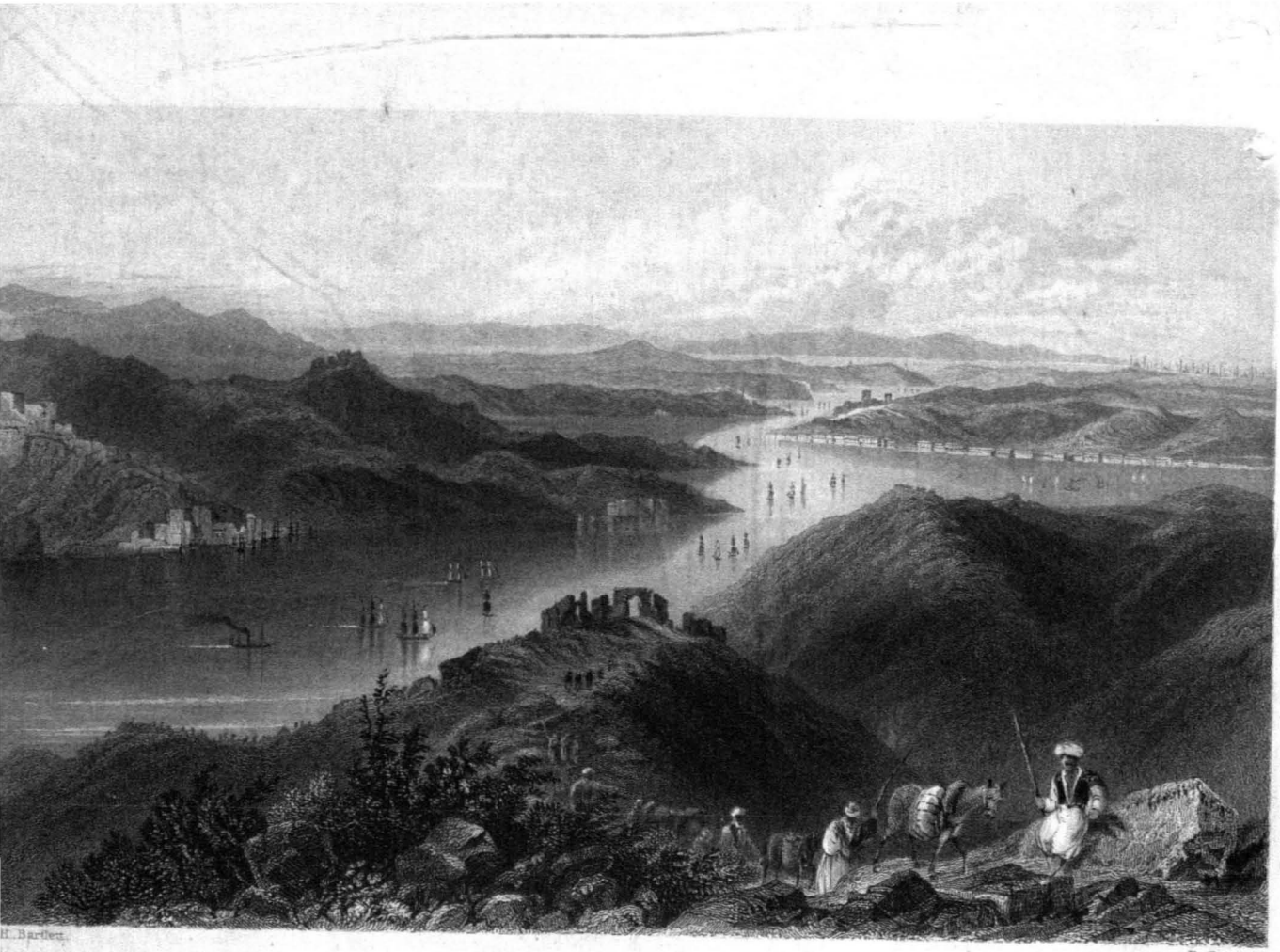
The ruins of two Genoese Castles crown the abrupt peaks of a portion of the mountain-chain of which the Jouchi-Daghi is the monarch. One of them, whose mouldering walls descend nearly to the lip of the channel, has its beautiful legend of womanly high-heartedness; for a tale is there recorded of a young fair girl, scarcely yet arrived at the first years of womanhood, the daughter of the Governor, who defended the fortress for three entire days after the death of her father, who fell mortally wounded by a poisoned arrow, as he was gallantly meeting the enemy; and with a diminished and despairing garrison, boldly held the castle until she was herself killed in its defence. Fable has now peopled

W. H. Bartlett. S. Bradshaw

ENTRANCE TO THE BLACK SEA.

(From the Giant's Grave.)

ENTRÉE DE LA MER NOIRE, VUE DU TOMBEAU DU GÉANT. EINFAHRT IN'S SCHWARZEN MEER, VON DER RIESEN-GRUFT GESEHEN.



H. Bartlett.

E. Benjamin.

THE BOSPHORUS.

(Opposite the Genoese Castle)

LE BOSPHORE, VU DU COTÉ OPPOSÉ AU CHATEAU GÉNOIS

the gray old pile with supernatural visitants; but if the spirit of that high and heroic girl still presides within the walls, their contact can scarcely be dreaded.

It is impossible to write of the Bosphorus without enthusiasm, for both its historical and fabulous associations serve to deepen its actual beauty; while the endless variety of its perspective keeps the eye and the mind continually on the stretch, never cheating either the one or the other of the anticipated feast. Could it be contemplated in its entire length, and swept from sea to sea by one long gaze, much of its charm would necessarily be lost with its novelty; but as it winds in graceful curves between its enchanting shores, it is like a chain of cunningly wrought gold, of which, as it uncoils, every link appears more beautiful than the last. The caïque of the traveller is one moment overshadowed by the tall trees of the "Hill of the Thousand Nightingales," and in the next instant it is darting past a brightly-painted palace; now it is with some difficulty urged forward against the eddying Sheitan Akindissi, or Devil's Current, where the mad waves leap to its high and pointed prow; and now, as by some sudden spell, it is again gliding over a surface blue, and clear, and almost rippleless. Valleys, gay in their eternal greenery, are succeeded by steep and wooded hills; villages fringe the little bays, and villas crown the picturesque and fantastic heights; a double line of fortresses stud the shores from the castle of Mahomet to the entrance of the Black Sea; cemeteries, contrasting their white head-stones with the dark foliage of the cypresses by which they are overshadowed, lean on the hill-side, and stretch to the very edge of the channel; and between and among these objects, pass, in perpetual movement, the gilded galleys of the Sultan, the splendid barges of the ministers, the graceful caïques of the veiled beauties of the city, ships of war, Arab barks, quaint in their form and covering, merchant-brigs, and every description of small craft; now seeming, in the distance, to be plying among the trees by which the channel is overhung, and anon shaking out their white sails to meet the shifting wind, and bounding into the centre of the stream.

From the European side of the strait, immediately opposite the old Genoese Castle, the *coup-d'œil* is, perhaps, even more beautiful than on that of Asia, for the traveller commands from thence a scene of unparalleled variety, as he looks towards Constantinople. Far away, on the extreme right, cluster the domes and minarets of the hill-seated city, while the distant line is continued by the shores of Asia Minor, dominated by Mount Olympus, and sweeping the horizon until the eye is unable to follow them. At their base lies the sea of Marmora, looking calm and sunny like some inland lake; while the foreground of the picture is formed by the undulating banks and glorious channel of the Bosphorus—castled rocks, laughing valleys, bays, where the busy caïques come

and go like aquatic birds over the ripple—and gay green woods, which change both in form and in colour as the fresh breeze sweeps through their leafy depths. Nor is it the least curious feature of the scene, that, as the boat of the wanderer dances upon the channel-wave, his ear catches the gay sounds of laughter, or the voices of his fellow-men, from both sides of the stream—alike from the shores of Europe and of Asia—and he feels himself to be, for the moment, a connecting link between two distinct portions of the earth!

From the time-worn ruins of the old Genoese Castle, the opposite shore is full of scenic interest. A succession of small fortresses, niched into the *débouches* of several of the low valleys at the base of the rocky chain, gleam out gay and white against the dark background of the mountains, and pretty villages, and overhanging groves, are mirrored in the blue waters of the channel.

Therapia and Buyukdèrè, (or the Great Bay,) however, deserve more especial mention, being the favourite summer residences of the European Ambassadors, and, consequently, the occasional focus of the Frank aristocracy. Both are beautifully situated: Buyukdèrè stands boldly near the very junction of the two seas, while Therapia is less exposed to the tempest-blasts of the "storm-vexed Euxine," by occupying a station higher up the channel. It is backed by a richly-wooded hill, on which the houses of the upper town have, however, considerably and very picturesquely encroached. And here the English and French embassies, since the great fire of Pera, when the ambassadorial residences were destroyed, have entirely established themselves, only occasionally visiting the city; and hence the commerce of the place has become very respectable, and the appearance of its inhabitants acquired no slight tinge of the restlessness and business-like manner of their Frank visitors.

The lower town occupies the edge of a small bay, the point of land by which it is terminated standing out abruptly into the channel, as if for the mere purpose of effect, and a long terrace stretching away from its opposite face. On this terrace stand the two ambassadorial residences; the "Palace" of the English Legation being a small, half-ruinous, irregularly-gabled wooden building, without "mark or likelihood," and that of France, by comparison, a handsome and spacious edifice, with a noble garden.

At Therapia the Sultan has both a summer-palace and a kiosque, each touching upon the channel. The former is a plain unpretending pile, looking extremely like a manufactory, scantily furnished, and but rarely visited by its Imperial owner; but the grounds attached to it are most magnificent, and extend over three leagues of land, the whole of which is enclosed by high walls. The ornamental timber is of the rarest and finest description, and the entire face of

the height behind the palace is thickly and richly wooded, while fountains, kiosques, and terraces, abound. These gardens are generally visited on horseback, in consequence of their great extent; and nothing can be more delicious on a sultry day, when the mountain-tops are steaming under the hot sunshine, than to loiter among the groves, or along the majestic avenues of these lordly grounds, with the leaves quivering above your head, and the long shadows lying dark and cool upon your path. The kiosque is an octagonal, brightly-painted, many-windowed retreat, commanding views on all sides of the Bosphorus and its shores, and overshadowed by a couple of very fine maple-trees. Buyukdèrè is altogether on a grander scale; backed by a noble meadow, gay and green, at whose extremity is seen the stately aqueduct of Baghtchè-keuï, it extends gracefully along the lip of the shore at the base of a sloping ridge, (the terminus of one of the branches of Mount Hæmus,) rich with vineyards and gardens. Its houses are light and handsome, fringing the channel for a considerable distance, and only parted from it by a stately terrace of immense length and breadth, the favourite promenade of the inhabitants.

Nothing can be more beautiful than the view from Buyukdèrè on a summer night, when the intense blue of the sky is reflected by the waves of the "ocean-stream," which take a fringe of pearl as they heave themselves gently against the terrace, and then break away in light; while the moon, clear, and polished like a silver shield, floods earth and sea with lustre, and the stars tremble brightly about her, as though they were too glad for rest.

But the sublimity of a tempest from the same spot, as it rolls onward from the Euxine to the Bosphorus, mocks at description. Fold upon fold, shade upon shade, the dense vapour rolls along, wrapping itself about the hills, and draping them in darkness; the distance becomes blotted out—space is no longer a feature of the scene—and as the awe-inspiring storm-cloud spreads itself over every object, the hoarse voice of the blast sweeps onward with it, deepening its terrors; while, through the impenetrable gloom, in every lapse of the wind, the ear is deafened by the wild dash of the angry billows, as they chafe against the rocky barriers of the coast!

The nerves must be strong indeed which would not be shaken in such an hour, when standing on the Jouchi-Daghi, amid three storm-tossed seas, and under a sky freighted with terrors; a sail, perchance, labouring in the distance, tempest-shattered, but toiling on for life, revealed only at intervals as the fierce but transient lightning cuts like a fiery scymetar through the thick vapour, and lost at last, none can tell how nor where, amid the shrill requiem of the sea-birds.

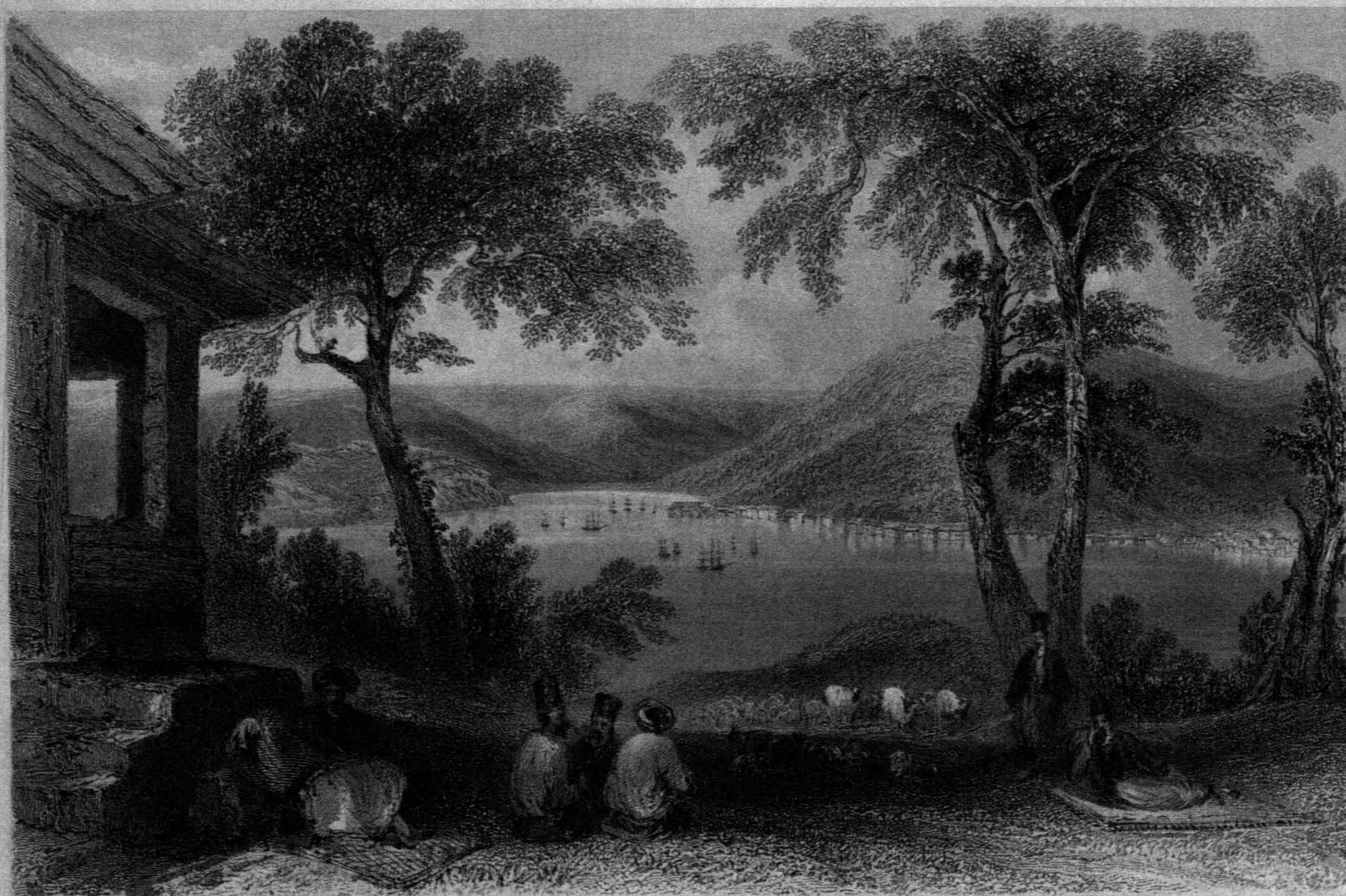
Nor must the Giant's Mountain itself be passed over in silence, claiming, as it does, the notice of the traveller, not more by its stateliness of outline, than by its romantic legend; both the one and the other being occasionally so enveloped in clouds, that it is difficult to determine the exact features of either.

This noble height is, during the summer months, a favourite resort of the Franks, who, fanned by the cool breezes from the Black Sea, and regaled by one of the finest views in nature, give pic-nic parties and dances under the shade of the trees, or in the neat wooden tenement appropriated to visitors, near the Tekiè, or Convent, which occupies its summit. The Dervishes who inhabit this mountain-hermitage derive no inconsiderable portion of their revenue from the presents tendered by their guests, and willingly show to the stranger their small but well-kept chapel, and the grave of their gigantic hero, who has given his name to the spot; and with the most devout and solemn simplicity, the narrow oblong enclosure, thickly planted with rose and jasmine-trees, called the "Giant's Grave," is then pointed out by the simple recluses. It is about fifty feet in length, guarded with the most religious care, lighted by a lamp which is constantly kept burning in one of the alcoves, and rich in propitiatory offerings of strips of cloth, and rags of every tint and texture.

The Mussulmauns affirm that the "illustrious dead" was a Dervish, whose sanctity equalled his stature; a belief which does him infinite honour, as he is said to have seated himself on the summit of the mountain, while he bathed his feet in the cool waters of Buyukdèrè. His mode of interment must, consequently, have been similar to the planting of a flag-staff, as the grave is not too long to admit the breadth of his shoulders; and this perpendicular burial can alone account for its comparatively pigmy dimensions — unless, indeed, the mountain is hallowed only by containing a mere fragment of his remains. His history, and the epoch in which he flourished, are alike unknown; but as his sanctity is undoubted, they are minor facts, unworthy of analysis.

Such is the Mahommedan tradition; that of the Christians, if quite as apochryphal, is at least much more poetical.

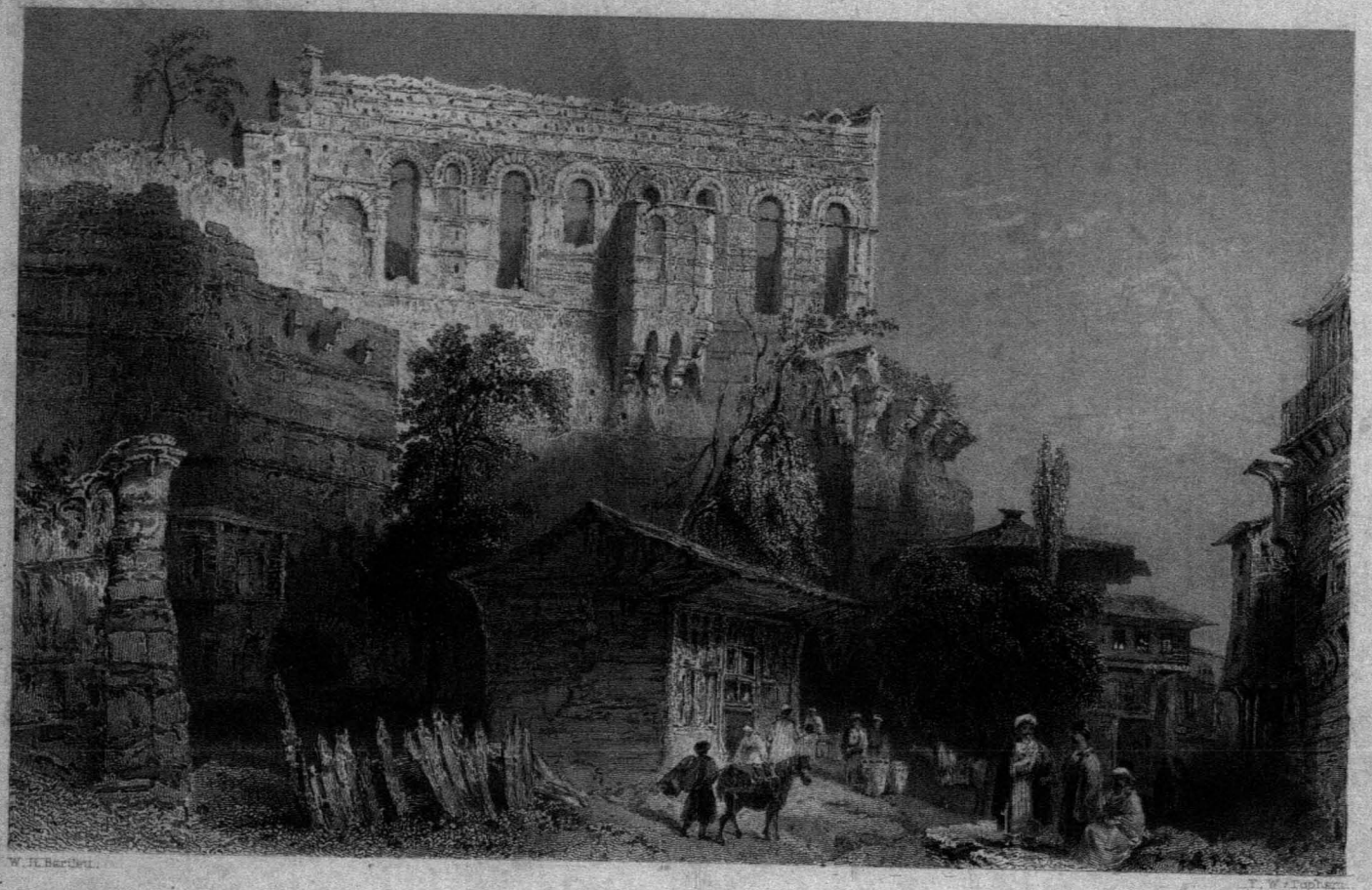
Their legend saith, that the grave of the Jouchi-Daghi contains the bones of a huge and ferocious giant, to whom the Symplegades were thralled vassals; and who, from his station on the mountain-crest, watched the approach of every vessel that ventured to brave the billows of the Euxine. It was at his beck that the subject-islands wandered over the waters, and crushed between their rocky sides all those unwary barks which, tempted by the vision of a new El Dorado beyond the channel, sought to force the passage of the Bosphorus. It was he also, who, fearful lest any daring vessel might escape through the rocky



W.H. Bartlett. S. Bradshaw.

BUYUK-DÈRÈ.

(From the Giants Grave)



W. H. Bartlett.

PALACE OF BELISARIUS.

barrier during his transient and infrequent slumber, created that swift and dangerous reaction of the tide midway of the channel, well known as the "Devil's Current;" while he is likewise accused of devouring drowning mariners, conjuring up tempests, and of having tinged the waters of the Black Sea by performing his ablutions in its polluted bosom!

Such is the legend of the Jouchi-Daghi, and such the glorious scene spread out beneath it.

THE PALACE OF BELISARIUS.

"To what base uses may we come at last!"
SHAKSPEARE.

THE ruin known by the name of the Palace of Belisarius, is situated at an angle of the city walls; and, according to the authority of the learned Constantius, Archbishop of Senaï, and Ex-Patriarch of Constantinople, (still in exile for his work on the Antiquities of Byzantium,) it was one of the Imperial residences of the first Constantine; and he asserts, that it owes its present designation to the fact of its being placed in a quarter of the city called Balata, a corruption of Balati, or the Gate of the Palace, which has gradually grown, from the hasty and undigested impressions of Frank travellers, into the Palace of Belisarius. There are the remains of a lofty and handsome gate-way, and the disposition of the masonry is highly extolled by architects; but to the mere tourist, the ruined Palace of Constantine, reft of its old-world associations, is possessed of little interest; and that little is absolutely negatived by the price which he is compelled to pay for a visit to its neighbourhood. To all oriental travellers it will be sufficient to state that the building has been given up to the Jews as a pauper-hospital, for them to understand at once that it is almost unapproachable, being the head-quarters of filth, and the hotbed of pestilence, where every sense is pained by scents and sights calculated to inspire dread and disgust.

Masses of the fallen masonry cumber the foundations of the ruin, and every niche is alive with its noisome tenant; here it is a sallow and fleshless crone, whose lean and shrivelled hands can with difficulty disengage themselves from

the filthy rags which are wrapped about her, in order to stretch themselves supplicatingly towards the stranger; while her cracked voice screams out in doggrel Spanish a petition for relief, as servile as it is eager; there it is a reckless child, with the marked features of its race, rolling naked under the hot sunshine, and gambolling with the wretched and half-starved dogs of the miserable colony. On one side the visitor is jostled by disease, and on the other persecuted by importunity; while a number of wretched houses have grown up about the ruin, whose dilapidated roofs, shattered lattices, and windows stuffed with rags and grass to exclude the weather, are in melancholy keeping with their inhabitants.

Under these circumstances it will readily be believed that a visit to the desecrated palace of Constantine requires a painful effort on the part of an European traveller, whose eyes are taxed with the contemplation and contact of the most nauseous objects; and whose sympathies cannot fail to be excited by a congregated misery which he must feel his utter incapacity to relieve. Nor can the most determined antiquary hope to discover any relic of old to repay him for even an hour's sojourn within the ruin, when he remembers that it is thickly tenanted by a horde of necessitous and keen-witted Hebrews, who are familiar with every recess of the dilapidated edifice.

From afar off the crumbling pile is a noble and majestic object, but, like many and more familiar things, it will not bear a nearer contact without losing all its best attributes. Close beside it the common sewers of the city empty themselves into the port; and, altogether, it may well be said, in the words of Shakspeare—

'It is unsavoury, and smacks not with our humour."

W. H. Bartlett. R. Wallis.

THE SERAGLIO POINT.

POINTE DU SERAIL. DAS ENDE DER SERAGLIO STRASSE

THE SERAGLIO POINT.

" *Claudius*:—Look forth—What see you?
" *Benedict*:—Every thing, and nothing!
Bright skies, clear waters, sunshine, snow, and flowers;
Islands, that seem as if in sport they laved
Their bosoms in the tide; and shores that smile
At their own beauty, mirrored in the glass
Of a blue, waveless sea; dwellings that rise
Upon the eye like party-coloured flowers;
And a warm sunshine, wantoning in sport
With the white veil of winter, cast about
A foot-defying mountain, round whose brow
The amorous clouds cling like a bridal garland.
And ever and anon there flits a sail
Over the surface of the waters, swift,
And graceful as the passage of a spirit,
Bound on some pure behest."

OLD PLAY.

THE Seraglio Point has been so often described in this volume, that it is merely necessary to introduce the present beautiful sketch, by explaining that it is taken from a height, and, consequently, compresses and embraces a greater number of objects than have yet been introduced into one view of this celebrated spot. The Seraï Bournou is more fully revealed, with its clustering domes and kiosques; St. Sophia lords it more majestically over the Seven Hills; and the glimpse of the harbour is shut in by a portion of one of the quaintly-fashioned houses so peculiar to the locality. In the distance rises Mount Olympus, pale with its eternal snows; with one fantastic rock looming out of the blue waters immediately beneath it, like a huge marine monster sleeping under the still sunshine. To the left, still stretching along the same line of coast, cluster the nest of islets, once known as the "Demon Islands," and said to have been haunted by a foul spirit; who, however, it may be presumed—

" Visits no more the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous;"

as three holy houses have been erected within their limits, and a royal lady sheltered there safely for many days to elude a hated and infidel suitor; whence

these pleasant retreats have since been more invitingly christened the "Princess' Islands;" and they are now a place of great resort with the holiday-loving Greeks, during the summer months. On the extreme left lies Scutari, with its noble and palace-like barrack and mosque, over which the rock-seated Guz-couli, rising up amid the waters, seems to be standing sentinel; while the narrow stretch of land, running in a direct line into the sea, is occupied by the poor dingy little Greek town of Cadi Kŭi, which is built upon the site of the ancient Chalcedon—called, in derision, the "City of the Blind," in contempt for the wretched taste and narrow policy of the Greeks, who founded it several years before they took possession of the superior position occupied by the present capital.

Add to these several and enduring features of the scene, the constant passage of hundreds of swift and arrow-like caïques, of fleets of merchantmen of all lands, of the high-prowed and classical Arabian barks, and, occasionally, the stately ships of war, with their blood-red flag glittering with a silver crescent, gracefully making their way to their moorings off the palace of Beshik-Tash—and the artist will readily be forgiven, though he should have multiplied his memories of so glorious a spectacle.

YENIKEUIJ.

"Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: all
Plung'd in the foaming brine—cry'd
Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here!"

SHAKSPEARE.

THERE are few prettier villages on the Bosphorus than Yenikeuij, which is situated on the European shore, within two miles of Therapia. The houses, in numerous instances, overhang the sea; and the beating of the waves against the narrow terraces, as the rapid current forces them onward, keeps up a constant murmur, which, in the hot months, is extremely refreshing. The heights above the hamlet are profusely wooded; and many wealthy Armenian Sarafs and Greek merchants have their *maisons de plaisance* among them.

W. H. Bartlett.

J. T. Willmore.

YENIKEUIJ, ON THE BOSPHORUS.

The largest mansion in the village was built by the celebrated and unfortunate Dooz Oglou, the great banker and diplomatist, and one of the most talented, as well as the wealthiest Armenian in Turkey. When high in favour with the Sultan, he purchased a small kiosque at Yenikeuï, and formed so great an attachment to the locality, that he determined on erecting there a residence worthy of his princely fortunes. This spacious palace—for, although, as is common in the country, the building is almost entirely composed of wood, it cannot be consistently called by any other name—presents a comparatively insignificant façade to the water; but occupies the whole line from thence to the foot of the height, and traverses the public street of the village by a covered bridge, which is occupied by a wide gallery leading to the dining saloon.

To obtain sufficient space for the erection of this noble dwelling, and the formation of the grounds about it, Dooz Oglou purchased no less than five and thirty houses, for which he paid, in every instance, several hundred piastres beyond the demand of their owner; and once established, he filled his spacious apartments with costly furniture, and all the luxuries which unbounded wealth and a fine taste could command. Alas! he was but gilding his own ruin, and lavishing his resources upon a pile which was not even destined to be his monument. This outlay awoke the cupidity of the Ottoman court, which was at that period much more venal than it is at present, and his ostentation alarmed its vanity; he was accused of usury, or treason, or both—for the nature of his crime was never very clearly defined—his property was confiscated, and he was hanged upon his own threshold, from a staple driven into the wood-work of the gate opening upon the seaward terrace. The mansion at Yenikeuï was subsequently presented by the Sultan to Nicholas Aristarchi, the present Logotheti,* by whom it is inhabited during the summer.

Yenikeuï is also remarkable as being one of the three hamlets in which the Greek "Festival of Fire," instituted in commemoration of the second capture of Constantinople by the Cæsars, is still permitted to be held. This singular ceremony was formerly common in all the Greek villages, and even in that quarter of the capital itself in which that nation reside; but the privilege of promiscuous illumination has been withdrawn, owing to the great risk of conflagration to which it subjected the city; and the festival is now held only at Yenikeuï, Therapia, and Buyukdèrè.

Artificial islands, formed of hurdles, and heaped with inflammable matter, are formed in the bay—caïques, saturated with bitumen, are moored off the shore—and lines of bonfires are raised along the coast, linking the three hamlets

* Archi-Chancellor of the Patriarchate, and Head of the Greek Synod in 1836.

together—all of which are simultaneously ignited at a given signal, and the effect is awfully grand and impressive. The dim outline of the Asian hills is suddenly revealed, as by the touch of an enchanter's wand, and seems to be traced in gold; the ripple of the channel dances along like sparks of fire; while around, and on every side, are to be seen groups of people in their holiday-dresses, seated upon mats and carpets, enjoying the extraordinary spectacle.

But, perhaps, the most novel feature of the entertainment is presented by a crowd of men, partially clad in white cotton, their shaven heads bare, and their arms tossing wildly in the air; who, with shrieks and yells, which are sullenly thrown back by the rocky heights above them, at one time feed the fires that are floating in the bay, above their waists in water; and at others, joining hands, dance in a fantastic circle round their flaming islands. Meanwhile, servants are flitting here and there, holding paper lanterns, and guiding the different parties of revellers to the houses of their respective friends; while the channel is alive with caïques, each with a light at its prow, and freighted with mirth and music.

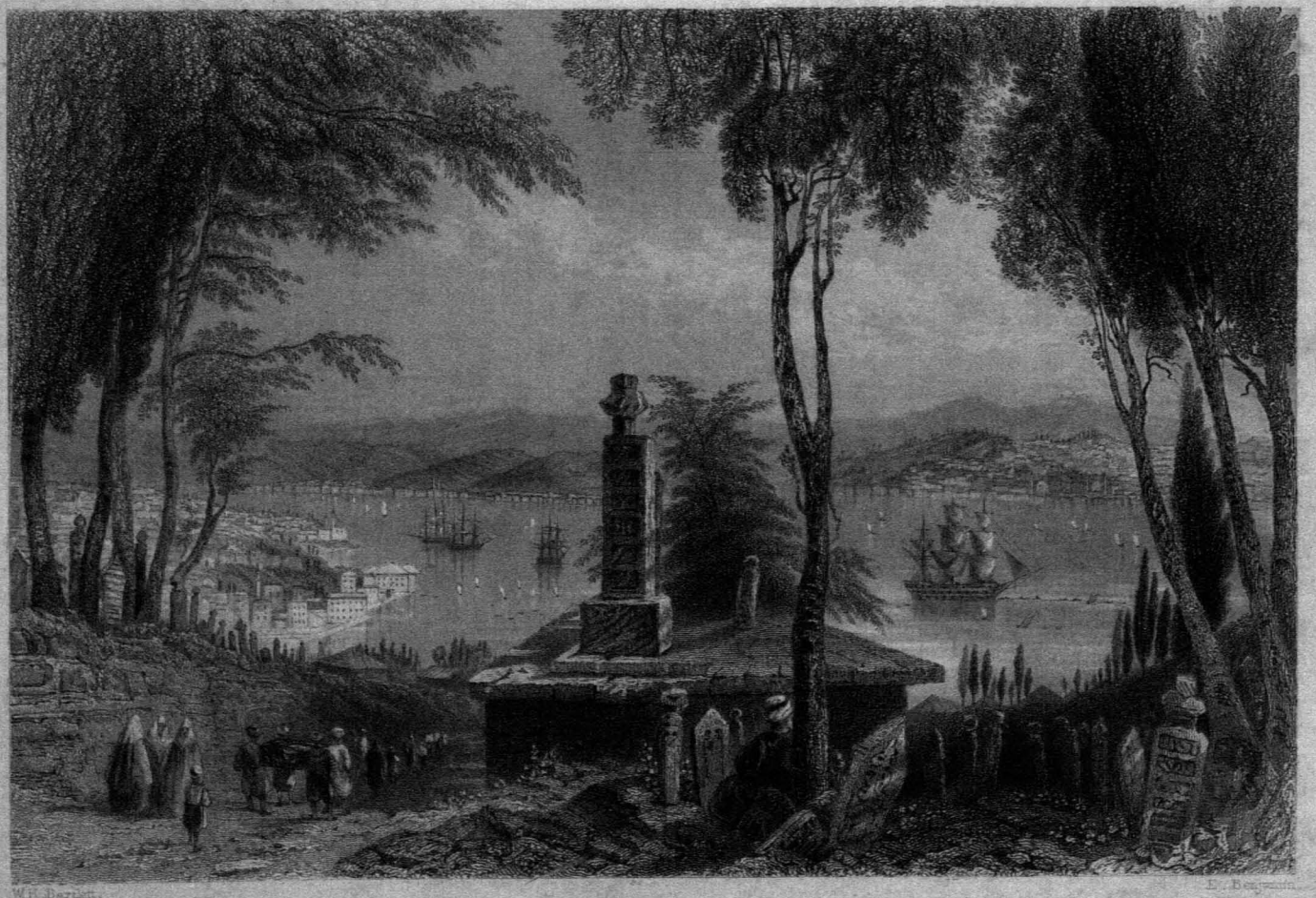
These wild sports continue for hours, until the fuel and the energies of the assistants are alike exhausted, when the fires gradually die away; though the pale light of morning not unfrequently breaks above many a homeward-bound caïque, ere it is safely moored beside the terrace of its owner.

DOLMA-BATCHE, FROM THE GRAND CHAMPS DES MORTS.

" Fair the vernal mead,
Fair the high grove, the sea, the sun, the stars,
True impress each of their creating sire."

COLERIDGE.

DOLMA-BATCHÈ, or the Valley of the Gourds, is a fair and fertile spot, situated between Top-hannè and Beshik-Tash, and partially occupied by an Imperial residence, seated on the lip of the channel, along which its gilded terraces stretch for a considerable distance, and are succeeded by the Palace itself, gay with paint and bright with gold, which, in turn, yields its place to groves and kiosques overhanging the water; while its spacious gardens and pleasure-grounds, jealously walled in for the use of the ladies of the Imperial Harem, fill a large portion of the valley. Beyond these guarded precincts the



W.H. Bartlett.

E. Benjamin

DOLMA-BATCHÉ.

(From the Necropolis at Pera.)

ground gradually rises, rich with vegetation; while clusters of fruit-trees overshadow the gourds for which the spot is famous, and the bright patches of Indian corn that are scattered on all sides.

The spot chosen by the artist to give a glimpse of this lovely valley, is one which is much frequented by the Turks: it is a height at the extremity of the beautiful Necropolis of Pera, whence the land suddenly takes a downward slope, and descends to the edge of the Bosphorus, covered with foliage; the almond-tree mingling its bright sunny green with the dense hues of the cypress, and the apple-blossom laughing out in its pure beauty beside the overshadowing and majestic maple. The cemetery itself is very picturesque, occupying a portion of this same slope, where it descends less abruptly to the sea; and then stretching away like a dark fringe along the edge of the height for a considerable distance, in the direction of Pèra.

The Turks have a singular tradition attached to this burial-place, of which mention must not be omitted. They believe that, on particular anniversaries, sparks of fire exude from the graves, and lose themselves among the boughs of the cypresses by which they are overshadowed; an idea so eminently poetical, that it induces a disinclination to canvass its rationality.

A wooden kiosque occupies the crest of the hill immediately above the valley, and is a favourite resort with all classes of people who can afford to enjoy an hour's leisure in the balmy season, and to indulge themselves in the contemplation of one of the loveliest spots on the Bosphorus. The Cafejhi, by whom it is tenanted, not only provides the everlasting coffee, and the eternal chibouque, but also adds a low wicker stool for the accommodation of his visitor, which enables him to select his own favourite spot beneath the sheltering branches of the trees planted about the kiosque; and to feast his vision with the fair scene, whose blended beauties can gain no single charm from mere verbal description with which they have not already been embued by the pencil of Mr. Bartlett.

A BENDT IN THE FOREST OF BELGRADE.

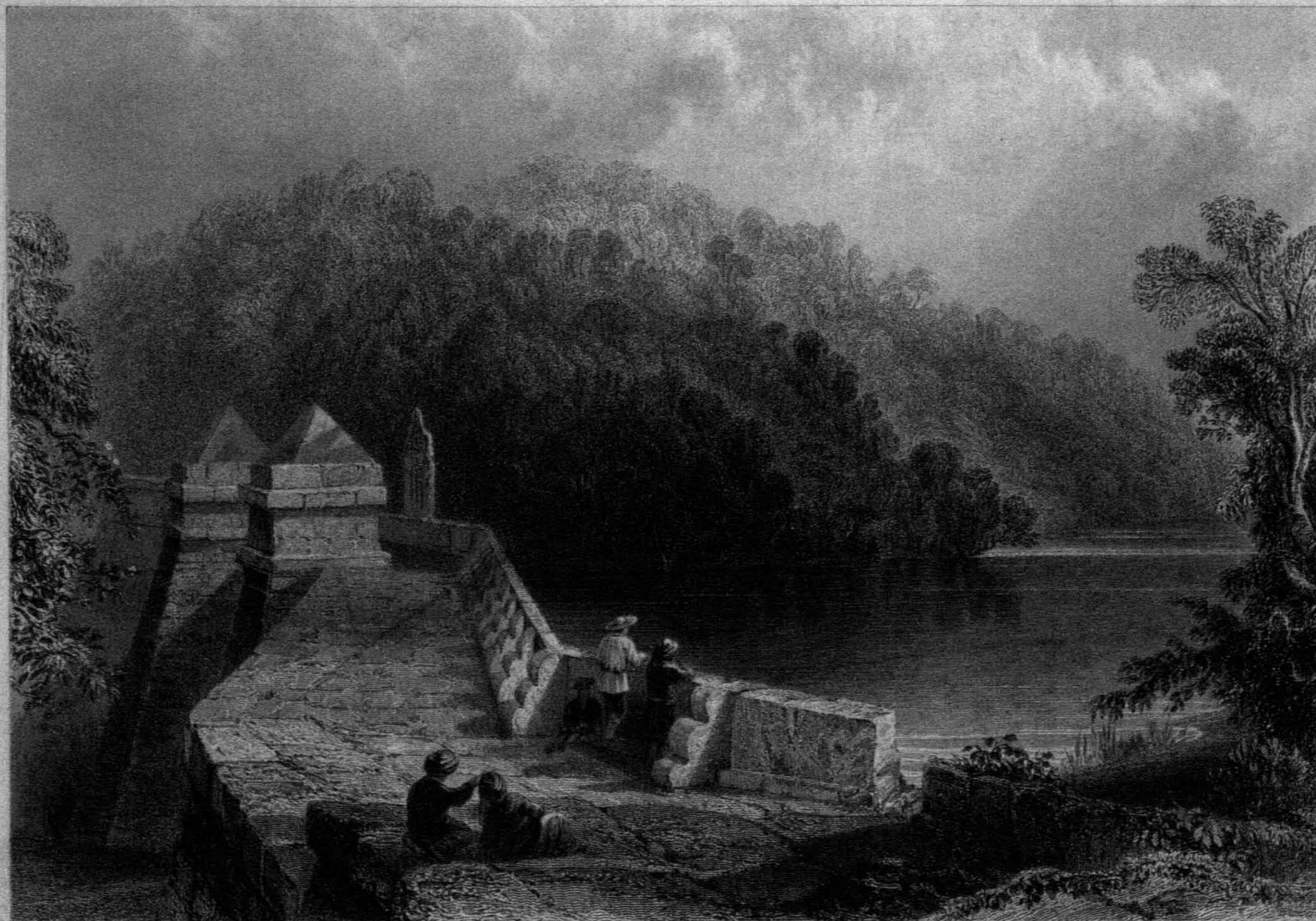
" A lovely spot, half sunshine, and half shade,
Where flickering boughs a shifting picture made;
And tranquil waters, 'mid the general hush,
Gazed on the sun until they stole his blush!"

The village of Belgrade, formerly called Beil Gorod, (a word signifying, in the Sclavonian language, White Fortress,) is situated at the termination of the Great Bendt, or Reservoir, which forms the subject of the accompanying sketch. Nothing can exceed in beauty the situation of this mountain-hamlet, nestled in a green valley bright with turf and flowers, and traversed by a sparkling stream, which, after winding gracefully for two or three miles through the plain, finally empties itself into the Bendt.

The heights by which the valley is encompassed are a portion of the chain of the Lower Balcan, and are, in this immediate neighbourhood, richly clothed with stately forests of chestnut, maple, oak, and other noble timber; while the glen itself is studded with groups of beech-trees, whose soft and fantastic outlines cut gracefully against the sunny sky, and whose flexile and leafy branches throw their long and refreshing shadows across the grass, and the dancing ripple of the pigmy river.

But Belgrade, beautiful as it undoubtedly is, is nevertheless much changed since the year 1717, when the talented Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, courting its shades in the sultry month of June, thus wrote to the immortal bard of Twickenham.

" The heats of Constantinople have driven me to this place, which perfectly answers the description of the Elysian fields. I am in the middle of a wood, consisting chiefly of fruit-trees, watered by a vast number of fountains famous for the excellency of their water, and divided into many shady walks, upon short grass, that seems to me artificial, but, I am assured, is the pure work of nature, and within view of the Black Sea, from whence we perpetually enjoy the refreshment of cool breezes, that make us insensible of the heat of the summer.



W. H. Bartlett. R. Wallis.

A BENDT.

in the Forest above Belgrade.

The village is only inhabited by the richest amongst the Christians, who meet every night at a fountain, forty paces from my house, to sing and dance. The beauty and dress of the women exactly resemble the ideas of the ancient nymphs, as they are given us by the representations of the poets and painters."*

When the fair and gifted Ambassadress sketched this beautiful picture of the spot, she must have been, as she herself expresses it, "in the middle of a wood;" for, until the summer of 1823, the Valley of Belgrade was rich in chestnut, beech, oak, walnut, lime-trees, plantains, and every description of forest timber; but, unfortunately for the lover of "the gay green wood," the recesses of Belgrade became at that period the retreat of parties of the scattered Janissaries, who had escaped during the massacre; and who, carrying along with them all the surviving rabble of the city who had espoused their cause, and sided with them during the carnage, divided themselves between the forest of Belgrade and the heights of Moudania; the more active passing over into Asia Minor, and infesting the mountains as far as Broussa; and the less far-seeing, concealing themselves in the dense woods bordering the Black Sea. Here the wretched men subsisted for a time on fruits and herbs; but, despairing of brighter fortune, they soon became desperate, and sallying forth upon every chance traveller, in parties of eight or ten, as they had associated themselves, they constantly robbed, and occasionally murdered, until the roads were considered to be impassable. Various, and even strenuous efforts were made by the government to capture or disperse them, but as they amounted to some hundreds, they set at defiance both the soldiery and the police; and although an occasional straggler was captured by the troops, summarily strangled, and his body flung by the wayside for the purpose of terrifying his comrades into submission, no effect was produced; until the Sultan, irritated and wearied by their prolonged enormities, decided on setting fire to the forest, and thus destroying their stronghold. This expedient was accordingly adopted; the woods were ignited in several directions, and a military *cordon* established on the heights, with strict orders to fire upon every individual who attempted to escape. Could the mind have been freed from the consciousness that the fierce flames were serving as the ministers of a painful and relentless death, the scene would have been surpassingly magnificent!

The primeval forest which had stood tall and dark upon the earth in solemn grandeur for centuries, challenging the antiquity of the hoary heights beyond, and excluding from its mysterious depths the brightness of the stars; defying the glorious day-beam which failed to penetrate its wild recesses, and concealing

* Lady Montagu's Letters, Vol. I. page 162, Sharpe's edition

amid its trackless wilderness a thousand things of life, became suddenly girdled with fire—the tall trees shivered, crackled, swayed, leant towards each other as the tongues of flame bound them in one apparently solid mass—stood out for an instant, charred and leafless against the sky, as the scared ocean-wind struggled for a brief interval with its rival element—and then fell with a crash that woke the caverned echoes of Asia, while the leaping waves that chafed against the bleak Symplegades, caught the deep tint, and turned the sea to gold; and the majestic aqueduct of Baghtchè-kèuï, above the valley, lost for a time its snowy tint, and seemed to be formed of sculptured ore.

The ruin wrought bravely. Belgrade was girt with fire; the flames extended for several square miles, and ere many hours elapsed, all was desolation; while, (meet accompaniment for such a scene!) the constant report of musquetry was blent with the shrieks of human agony, and the deep groan of human suffering filled up the horrid diapason. Of all who had been sheltered by the forest of Belgrade, it was believed that not one escaped with life. Most of the fugitives fell beneath the bullets of the soldiery; while a few, strong and stern even in extremity, disdained to fly merely to exchange a death of suffering for a prompter end at the hands of their exulting victors; and thus they perished in their silent fortitude, with the forest-trees amid which they had been so long hidden.

The Bendts, or Tanks, are of classic origin, having been formed by the Greek Emperors when Byzantium became a second Rome, and the necessities of an increasing population rendered it imperative on their rulers to secure to the growing city a sure and sufficient supply of water. They were constructed with considerable ingenuity, extreme care, and great cost; and their preservation was anxiously insured by repeated edicts, several of which are still in the Imperial Library of the Eski Seraï, insisting strongly upon their immense utility, regulating the planting of the trees by which they were to be surrounded, and prohibiting, under pain of the Imperial displeasure, and a heavy fine, the abstraction of water by any individual whomsoever; every such offender being compelled, upon detection, to pay a pound of gold for each ounce weight of water!

All the rills which trickle through the valley have been directed to one point, and now unite in a stream of considerable volume, which flows between two hills, and finally empties itself into the Great Bendt; while, in every instance where a similar arrangement is feasible in this region of springs and moisture, another of these mountain-reservoirs, smaller in size, but equally perfect in construction, will repay the search of the traveller.

The Suy-Terrasi, by whose means the water is now conveyed on a summit

W. H. Bartlett. J. C. Bentley

AQUEDUCT OF VALENS.

(In the City.)

AQUEDUC DE VALENS. *WASSERLEITUNG DES K. VALENS.*

London, Published for the Proprietors, by Geo: Virtue, 26, Ivy Lane, 1839.

level, were described earlier in the work; and their effect, scattered for miles over the face of the country, from the Black Sea to Pera, is extremely singular, setting all the conjectures of the uninitiated at defiance. These were invented at a later period by the Turks themselves, in order to avoid the enormous outlay necessary to the erection of Aqueducts; but they were not allowed, nevertheless, to supersede them altogether—a fact which must gratify every lover of the picturesque, as he gazes on the majestic Aqueduct of Validè, which is flung across the fair valley of Buyuk-dèrè, terminating the vista as seen from the Bosphorus, and linking the heights with a range of snowy arches.

Another, of more vast, but, perhaps, less graceful proportions, and certainly less happily situated, is that of Solyman, near Pyrgo, of which a sketch has been already given. It dominates a valley one thousand six hundred feet in width, is formed by a double range of fifty arches, and is of very imposing appearance, and constructed with great solidity.

The Aqueduct of Valens is one of the most striking objects that meets the eye of the stranger, as he gazes enraptured on the far-famed city of the Bosphorus. Dark, and hoar, and massy, it links two of the seven hills, and spans the peopled valley with a giant grasp; in strong contrast to the gaiety and glitter of the marble mosques, and party-coloured houses. Festoons of the graceful wild-vine, and the scented honeysuckle, drapery its mouldering masonry; masses of the caper-plant, with its beautiful blossoms, conceal the ravages of time; lichens trail among its arches; and a variety of stone plants, fed by the moisture which is continually oozing through the interstices of the building, flourish in picturesque luxuriance, and lend a glory to its decay. Historians allude to several other Aqueducts, which they assert to have had existence in Constantinople, but no trace now remains within the walls of the city of any, save this; and its origin is thus curiously accounted for by a modern traveller.

"The Emperor, incensed at the conduct of the people of Chalcedon, who had favoured the party of Procopius, ordered their walls to be pulled down. Among the stones was found one with an oracular inscription, implying that 'the walls of Chalcedon would bring a great supply of water to the city;' and, to complete the prophecy, Valens erected his Aqueduct with the materials."*

It is impossible to calculate how often this venerable ruin must have overlooked a scene of flame and terror; in 1836, the streets by which it is surrounded were levelled by an extensive conflagration, that lit up the sky of midnight with a wild and lurid gleam, and turned the ripple of the channel into liquid metal. Every object within the harbour was as visible as at noonday, but wore a

* Dr. Walsh's Journey from Constantinople.

spectral brightness never to be forgotten by those who witnessed the grand and imposing spectacle; the dark hulls of the shipping seemed to float upon a sea of molten lead, while the delicate tracery of the cordage appeared to be hanging in links of gold from mast to mast. The dome of St. Sophia glowed like a huge carbuncle; and the slender minarets stood out like silver wands from an atmosphere of brass; while the rigid cypresses, whose dense foliage flung back the unnatural brightness as if in mockery, loomed darkly on the eye like the presiding forms of destroying demons overlooking their work of devastation.

Amid all this ruin, the Aqueduct of Valens remained unscathed. Some portions of its leafy coronal, parched by the intense heat, hung on the morrow, scorched and blighted; but the hoary remnant of by-gone centuries still soared proudly above the prostrate city at its feet, and received as incense the smoke of its destruction.

No single inscription can now be traced on any portion of the work; not a lettered stone has ever repaid the search of the curious, or rewarded the labour of the antiquary; and the tradition cited by Dr. Walsh is said to be the only record of its date, or of its founder. To the picturesque traveller, the Aqueduct of Valens will, however, require no historical interest to lend it value; as of all the antiquities of Constantinople, none form so prominent a feature in the landscape, or tend so greatly to contrast their classic and graceful shadowing with the broad lights and vivid colouring of the remainder of the picture.

Many others exist without the city, but all more or less in a state of decay; the Turks, by an unaccountable fatality, neglecting their aqueducts and cisterns, while they are rigorously strict on the subject of the Bendts; planting the embankments; and condemning to severe penalties, not only the "drawers of water," but also the "hewers of wood," who may be rash enough to exercise their vocation within the guarded precincts.

The cisterns of the city are, in many instances, merely immense tanks, or wells, excavated beneath the houses, and intended to act as reservoirs for rain-water; but these are far from being the most important; four vast subterraneans being yet in existence, which were the work of the Greek Emperors, and which were formerly supplied by aqueducts from the waters of the Bendts. One of them, called by the Turks Ben-Veber-Direg, is supported by three hundred and thirty-six pillars of rough marble; and is known as the "Thousand and One," because the separate blocks employed in forming the columns are said to amount to that mystic number; but in the time of the Romans this cistern enjoyed the appellation of the "Stranger's Friend," being a public reservoir, of which every comer might claim his share. The tank was computed to contain

W. H. Bartlett. J. Carter

CISTERN OF BIN-VEBER-DIREG.

(Or the Thousand and One)

CITERNE DE BIN-VEBER-DIREG OU LES MILLE ET UNE. DIE CISTERNE BIN-VEBER-DIREG (ODER DIE TAUSENDETE UND EINE)

one million two hundred and thirty-seven thousand, nine hundred and thirty-nine cubic feet of water, and to suffice for the consumption of the whole city more than fifty days. It is now, however, perfectly dry, and filled with earth to one-third the height of the columns; and is the damp and unwholesome resort of a score or two of silk-twisters, who ply their rapid wheels beneath its hoary and time-tinted arches. Tradition says that the water-courses were diverted from this reservoir by order of the Emperor, who, when digging the foundations of Saint Sophia, caused all the soil to be flung into the cistern, rather than submit to the delay necessary to its transport beyond the walls of the city. The channel worn in the stone by the water that once flowed into it, is distinguishable on three different sides of the reservoir, which is lighted by narrow grated windows, level with the street; and the loud clamours of the silk-twisters, as they besiege the visitor for backschish, (*Anglicè* money,) prolonged by the dull and distant echoes of the vaulted recesses, die away with a sound so hollow and supernatural as to induce a momentary belief that no human being could have given them utterance.

A second and smaller tank, known only as the Boudroum, or Subterranean, is situated in the same quarter of the city, not ten minutes' walk from Bin-Veber-Direg; and, although of lesser dimensions, is infinitely handsomer; the columns being at least three times the circumference of those in the other cisterns, uncovered to their base, and composed of a single block. Two only of the pillars are imperfect, and the *coup-d'œil* from midway of the stone stair which leads into the vault is most imposing. Here, not a sound breaks the deep and dreary silence; for, although this reservoir is tenanted during the day like the other, the squalid and miserable objects who frequent it, and who earn a scanty and painful subsistence by spinning cotton, are too much enervated by the clammy and unwholesome atmosphere of the place to have any strength to lavish upon supplication; nor, indeed, to the humane traveller who may chance to visit their gloomy work-room would supplication be necessary, for one glance at their pallid and livid faces, and their bent and attenuated bodies, must be more effective than any words, whatever were the tale of wretchedness those words might tell.

But there yet remains one subterranean beneath the city streets which has not been entirely diverted from its original purpose; the most vast and impressive, the most dim and mysterious of all; and one which has defied alike the power of time, and the curiosity of a newer and less glorious generation—the far-spreading and extraordinary Hall of Waters, known by the Turks as the Yèrè-Batan-Seraï, or Swallowed-up Palace. The roof of this

immense cistern is supported, like that of Bin-Veber-Direg, by marble columns, distant about ten feet from each other, each formed from a single block, with elaborately wrought capitals, and, in some instances, entirely covered throughout the whole length of the shaft with sculptured ornaments in high relief to the level of the water, which varies in depth according to the season, from five to fifteen feet.

The spot whence the traveller looks through the gloomy arches of the Yèrè-Batan-Seraï, is not a regularly constructed entrance to the vault, (nor is it known if such an one really exists,) but an opening, formed by the failure of several of the pillars, which, yielding to the superincumbent weight, have caused the roof to fall in, and thus revealed the watery waste beneath. Nor does any boat now offer the means of penetrating the wilderness of columns: so many accidents having occurred through the rashness of strangers who could not be prevailed upon to forego the gratification of their perilous curiosity, and their desire of ascertaining the size of the subterranean—a fact hitherto undetermined—that the little bark was removed; and the traveller is, consequently, fain to rest satisfied with the view of this extraordinary structure which he commands from the ruined aperture.

The artist has embodied in his drawing a melancholy incident, which took place only a few years back, in this singular spot. He has shadowed forth the adventure of a young, spirited, high-hearted Englishman, who, on his visit to the vault, was so excited by the wild mystery of the place—its undefined limits, its deep silence, its dim majesty, and the desire of being the first to discover its extent, that he resolved to put forth alone in a small boat, which at that period was moored beside one of the columns.

Vain were all the expostulations of the worthy old Effendi, in the garden of whose house the accidental revelation of the Yèrè-Batan-Seraï had taken place; vain were the examples of previous failure repeated to the reckless adventurer by his anxious dragoman;* equally vain the threats of foul air, imaginary Afrits, and visionary dangers, marshalled in long array before him;—when did an Englishman ever yield to such arguments? He laughed at the terrors of his companions, and declared his determination to explore the subterranean. What was it but a cistern—the work of men's hands? and would they weakly endeavour to persuade him that he could not achieve his purpose? Opposition did but render him the more resolved; and such was the power of his excited eloquence, that he almost persuaded his hearers of the certainty of his success; he did all, indeed, save engage them to become his partners in the attempt: and when they

* Interpreter.

W. H. Bartlett. After a sketch by Miss Pardoe. J. C. Williams.

YERÈ BATAN SERAÏ.

had furnished him with the torches of bitumen which were to light him on his way, and that he had gaily pushed off his little bark, laughing at the pusillanimity of those who stood to witness his departure, until the echoes of his reckless mirth rang through the dim arches, and died away in hollow mutterings deep in the distance; they flung themselves down upon the earth on their soft mats, and prepared their chibouques, with a strong faith in the success of his hardy adventure.

Gradually a crowd, to whom the bold attempt of the young Frank had been whispered, stole one by one into the garden of the Effendi, and clustered about the cistern. At times they fancied that they distinguished strange sounds sweeping through the subterranean, and mingling with the fall of the large drops which gathered on the vaulted roofs, grew into size and weight, and then plashed heavily on the broad sheet of water beneath; at others, some one among them, deceived by a sun-glint shimmering through the leaves of the noble trees of the garden, and reflected in the still basin, proclaimed the return of the boat, and the flashing of the torch; but the boat came not. Hours passed away, and the watchers wearied at their post; expectation became weakened; hope waxed fainter and fainter; the brief twilight softened for a short interval the face of nature; and then down fell the darkness, glooming athwart the net-work of the silvery stars that were woven over the deep blue of the tranquil heavens.

A low whisper grew audible among the awe-struck group: their watch had endured long; it was now almost unavailing—the reckless Infidel had met his fate! Each went to his home, and told the tale in his harem; and many a fair cheek paled, and many a bright eye grew dim with tears that night, in the city of the Moslem.

Morning came—bright, rosy, laughing morning—and all was fair, and gay, and sunny, in that happy clime; and as the watchers resumed their station upon the brink of the subterranean, each turned a long searching gaze into its depths: but they looked in vain—the boat and its doomed freight never appeared again!

The brain grows dizzy as it attempts to follow in idea the mysterious progress of the fated wanderer over those mysterious waters! Rapid was the splash of his oar as the little bark bounded away; the torch-light flashed broadly upon the gleaming columns of the vault, and were cast back from the marble far over the rippleless sheet beneath; his reckless laughter made wild music until it was lost in the distance, and that he could no longer distinguish the anxious group whom he had left behind; and then—*then*—all was still, and dark, and solitary about him! Above, dome succeeded dome; around, column rose beside column; beneath, far as the eye could penetrate the gloom, the still, waveless water spread

itself out, to the right and to the left, before and behind—the same wild, stern, chilling monotony reigned throughout the subterranean!

For a time, perchance, he rowed on in a straight line—his watery path could thus be easily retraced—and still the vista lengthened as he went. Hours crept slowly by, and his vigorous arm relaxed somewhat of its strength; and the atmosphere grew dense, and engendered strange vapours, which pressed upon his brain, and induced a languor that caused him to draw in his oars, and ruminate for a while upon the scene around him. The torch had grown more feeble in its effects, and the shadowy darkness of the vaulted aisles by which he was encompassed on all sides pressed more closely upon him, and he strained his eye-balls to look deeper into their black depths! His breathing, too, became impeded; and the hand was less firm than its wont, which loosened the kerchief about his neck: while in the act of doing so, he suffered the little boat to swing round, and at once became conscious that he no longer recognised the avenue by which he had entered the vault.

As the frightful truth flashed upon him, he again seized the oars with the impulse of despair, and laboured until big drops of moisture rolled down his clammy brow, and every nerve quivered; but what availed his toil? He knew not in what direction he was advancing—whether he were indeed returning to his friends, and to that world which he had so rashly abandoned; or only plunging further into the mysterious subterranean.

Meanwhile, who can doubt that the fœtid and unwholesome atmosphere was slowly and surely doing its work, and that the high heart sank gradually, sickening beneath the horrors of this living death—the victim sitting motionless for a time to ascertain whether the slightest under-current from some hidden spring might not give a faint impetus to the boat, and thus afford a hope of escape; and learning, as the still caïque lay like a log upon the water, that there was *no* hope! And then the doomed one laughed—laughed long and loudly, until the echoes of that unnatural mirth were cast back in mockery upon the idiot who had given it voice; and ten thousand gibbering fiends seemed to be coining it into foul and bitter words, and bandying them to and fro with fierce and wanton industry! Then came clouds of dusky and unnatural forms, woven out of the darkness, pressing upon each other to board the little boat, and to overset it—and then he shrieked as the icy waters rose to his chin, and he gasped for breath—when suddenly he was saved, he knew not how; and he lay on the fresh greensward of a sweet meadow near his old ancestral home, with his head on his mother's lap, and a fair girl bending over him, and singing in a low soft voice, to which his ear had been long familiar, a simple ballad, which

he had loved from his boyhood; and he listened long, until at length he dropped asleep to that fond familiar music.

He awoke once more—awoke to madness and despair! He remembered all —*all!* and his brain failed beneath the horrors of the retrospect! He was again a maniac; and in his first fierce paroxysm, he dashed the still burning torch into the hissing waters, and the darkness fell upon him—crushed him—pressed upon his heart, and upon his throat—and who shall say how that wild tragedy was terminated?

Other, but more prudent attempts have since been made, but, as yet, no determined limits have been assigned to the Yèrè-Batan-Seraï; in three other directions the roof has failed, but these have occurred in such distant quarters of the city, that far from resolving to the curious the question of its extent, they have only been enabled to arrive at the fact, that it stretches under a great portion of Constantinople, and even beyond its walls; and that the same apparently endless avenues of arches, multiplied, *ad infinitum*, on the right and left, stretch in dim, mysterious, monotonous, and chilling silence beneath the crowded streets of a busy capital—canopied by darkness, while all is light above—and yawning like a vast sepulchre to receive the load of human life and human treasure, which time must ultimately hurl in one huge ruin into its greedy depths!

The Yèrè-Batan-Seraï is, without any exception, the noblest remain of Roman intellect and industry in Constantinople

MOSQUE OF SULTAN BAJAZET.

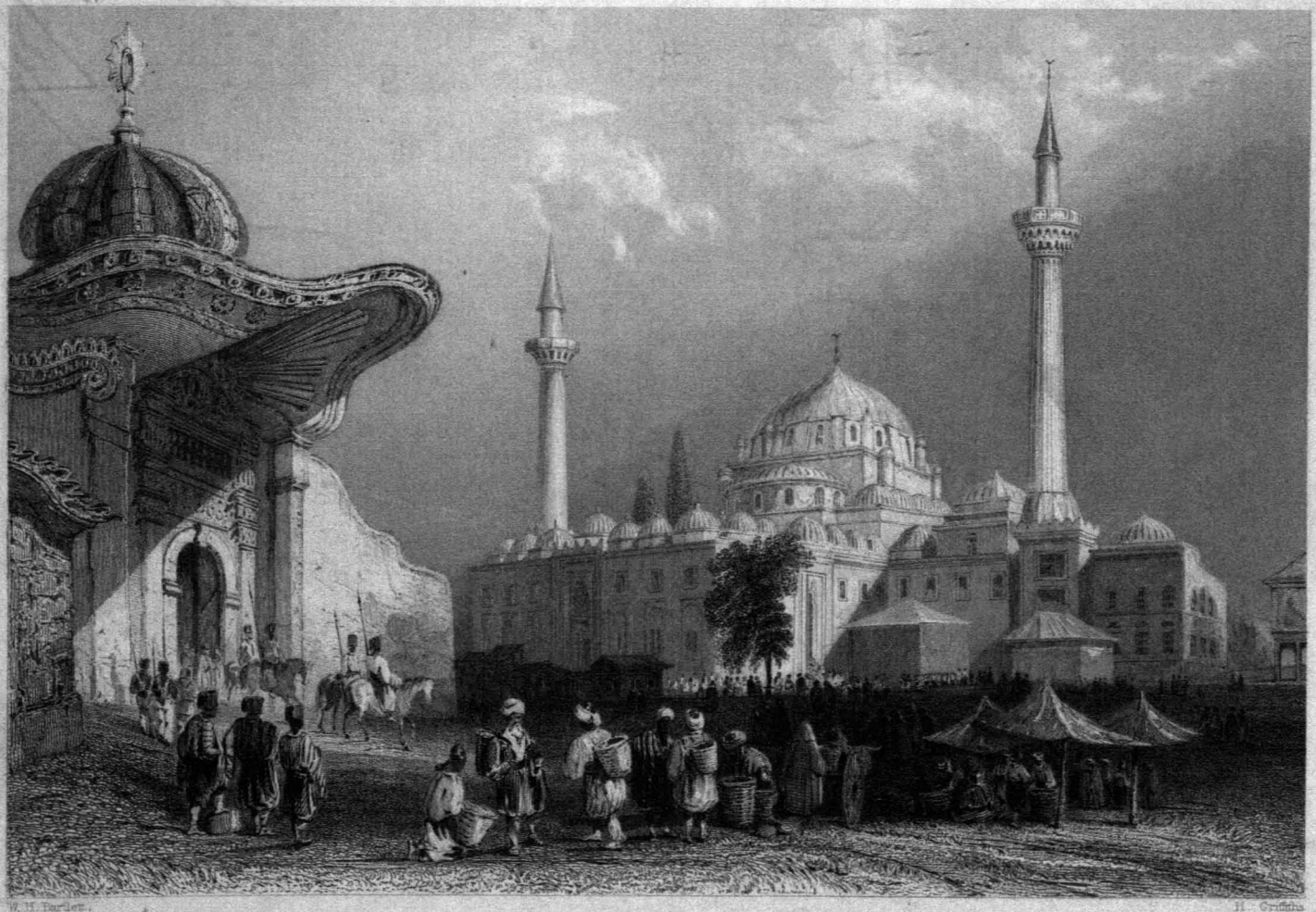
"This enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round:
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here."

BYRON.

THE Mosque of Sultan Bajazet is situated in the angle of a large open area, known as the "Square of the Seraskier," from the circumstance that his palace, or rather its extensive court, forms another side of the enclosure; its large and lofty projecting gate, elaborately wrought and fretted with gold, and surmounted by a dome crowned with an immense gilded star, being, perhaps, the most oriental feature of the scene.

The Mosque of Bajazet is built in the immediate neighbourhood of the great Tcharchi, or Bazār, and hence the square is constantly thronged with merchants, traders, and strangers, passing to and from this vast commercial mart; while groups of *khamals*, or street-porters, lounge on every side with their baskets, waiting to be hired by such visitors to the Tcharchi as chance to make purchases. Numbers of Greek and Armenian *mahalibè** and *yahourt*† merchants are also perpetually to be seen; the first with their dainty fare temptingly set forth upon fine linen cloths, and protected from the sun by huge white umbrellas, looking like gigantic mushrooms; and the others, wandering from side to side, balancing the large wooden scales on which the small basins of red clay, containing the *yahourt*, are arranged with extreme care and cleanliness; while, at intervals, the water-venders cross the path, with their classically-moulded earthen pitchers on their shoulders, and their capacious goblets of crystal, carried on a narrow tray attached to the leathern girdle about their waists; giving out, as they move along, the low, plaintive, and by no means unmusical cry peculiar to their calling; and exerting a very successful rivalry with the sherbetjhes, who plant their portable fountains under the cool shadows

* A composition resembling blanc-mange, and very popular in Turkey.
† Sour and congealed milk.



W. H. Bartlett. H. Griffiths

W. H. Bartlett. J. Ingham

COURT OF THE MOSQUE OF BAJAZET.

of some lofty wall, and invite customers by the fairy chime of the metal bells which the flow of the beverage keeps in perpetual play.

Occasionally, a detachment of the Seraskier's guard pass into the square, and after having demurely walked their horses from beneath the august *kapousi*, or gate, suddenly break into a brisker pace as they speed on their errand, scattering the lounging populace to the right and left, as their eager horses bound from the stroke of the iron stirrup. And well may they hasten on their way, for those errands frequently involve a question of life and death; all criminals taken in *flagrante delicto* within the precincts of the city being first committed to the prisons of the Seraskier, whence the tidings of their crime and capture are transmitted to the Porte.

The portal of the Mosque is very beautiful, being elaborately wrought in the Saracenic taste, with those receding dentated arches which look as though they were formed by stalactites; and the battans of the gate itself being skilfully inlaid with mother-of-pearl, in arabesques. Its exterior galleries are also very gracefully designed, and the form and fashion of its two slender minarets singularly pleasing.

The court of the Mosque is a favourite rendezvous with the merchants trading in the Tcharchi, who frequently retire for a time from their shops to smoke a chibouque beside the fountain, under the shadow of the maple-trees; or to complete there a bargain more legitimately commenced in the great mart itself; all commercial transactions of any extent being uniformly concluded over a pipe, or broken off with the same ceremony. Nor may it be uninteresting to remark, that, whenever a Turkish trader decides on retiring for an hour's relaxation from the labours of his calling, he does not trouble himself to place his merchandise under lock and key, even in this extensive thoroughfare; but simply letting fall a tapestry curtain above the platform on which he is accustomed to sit and to display his wares, as a signal that he is away, he goes quietly to the coffee-kiosque without one misgiving as to the safety of his property, which is sacred during his absence; a trust in the public integrity which was never in any instance known to be violated.

But the most remarkable object in the vicinity, is decidedly the *Yanguen Kiosque*, or Fire Tower, which occupies a portion of the palace court. It is of immense height, of a circular form, and entirely surrounded almost at its summit by windows, which command a view of every quarter of the city; the apartment from which they open being the head-quarters of the fire-guard, six of whom are constantly on duty day and night, relieving each other every second hour like military sentinels. At sun-set, in order

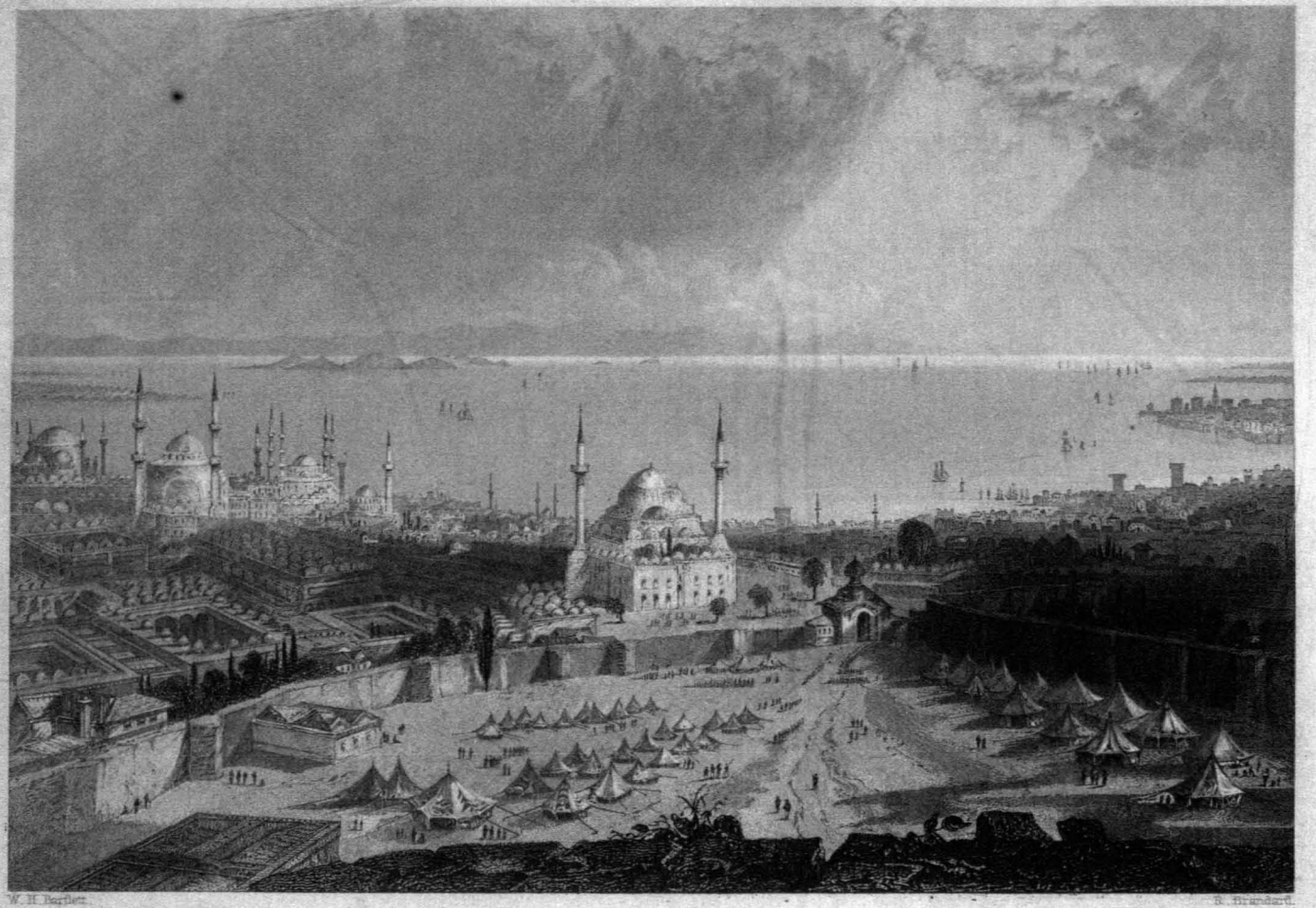
to counteract the feeling of weariness which grows upon the watchers as the darkness gathers about them, the individual on duty wears a pair of wooden slippers, with double heels, the lower of which beats against the floor by a spring at every step of the wearer, keeping up a perpetual noise quite sufficient to assist his efforts against sleep, although, when he resigns his watch, he throws himself down upon his mat, and slumbers in happy heedlessness of the dissonance.

On the first appearance of a fire, the sentinel gives the alarm to a second division of the guard, occupying the lower portion of the Tower; and having indicated the quarter of the city in which the conflagration has burst forth, he returns to his post, and leaves them to do their duty. This consists in summoning the firemen, who are a bold and hardy band (less judiciously trained, perhaps, than those of England, but yielding nothing to them in courage and perseverance)—in informing the authorities of the misfortune, when every Pasha within reach is compelled to repair to the spot, and to assist, by his counsels and exertions, in repairing or subduing the evil—and in warning the inhabitants of the city and suburbs of the impending catastrophe. This latter ceremony is performed by traversing the streets, armed with a long staff shod with iron, which is perpetually and violently struck against the rude pavement by the fireman, who having thus "murdered sleep," next shouts at the pitch of his voice, "*Yanguen var*—There is a fire!" adding, an instant afterwards, "*Scutari-a—Galata-a—Stamboul-da*"—as the case may be; thus indicating to his anxious listeners the scene of terror, in order to enable those who have friends or property in that neighbourhood to speed to their rescue.

In a city of wood like Constantinople, where, save only the Mosques, the Khans, and the Tcharchi, there are very few buildings of stone, conflagrations are of frequent and almost continual occurrence, and scarcely a night passes in which the trembling Frank is not awakened by the hoarse cry of *Yanguen var* beneath his window; casements are hastily flung up; heads are anxiously protruded; and then there is a hurried tramp along the streets, as with swift step and labouring breath those hurry by who fear to be involved in the catastrophe; while others quietly return to court a renewal of the rest which has been so rudely broken, thanking Allah, or the Panagia,* according to their several creeds, that their turn is not yet come!

Such is the use of the Fire-Tower, which, moreover, affords to the lover of nature an enjoyment probably unrivalled in the world, as from its immense height it commands a series of views, so varied and so magnificent, as almost to defy competition. Immediately beneath it lies the court of the

* Virgin.



W. H. Bartlett. R. Brandard.

THE SEA OF MARMORA.

(From the Seraskiers Tower)

MER DE MARMORA, VUE DE LA TOUR DU SERASKIER. *DAS MARMOR-MEER. (VOM SCHLOSS DES SERASKIER.)*

London, Published for the Proprietors, by Geo. Virtue, 26, Ivy Lane, 1839.

Palace, with the noble dwelling of the Seraskier, the long range of grated prisons, and the green tents of the guard, forming a pigmy encampment; the dome and minarets of the Mosque of Bajazet appear beyond the walls, beside the clustering and far-reaching roofs of the Tcharchi; and this is, perhaps, the only point from which the traveller can form a just estimate of the immense extent of the far-famed Bazārs of Constantinople. But it is the distance—the stretch of sea and shore, of isle and mountain, of lake and forest, of light and shadow—the infinite variety, the surpassing majesty of nature in her brightest and most beautiful of garbs, which make the pulses bound, and the brow burn, as the traveller looks down and around him; awe-struck, spell-bound, and silent, drinking in deep draughts of loveliness, and seeming to revel in a new existence!

On one side, the city of Constantinople is spread out beneath him like a map; and he gazes on its thousand domes, and its five thousand minarets; its majestic maples dwindled into bushes; and its dark cypresses seeming like finger-posts indicating the scattered resting-places of the dead—upon its busy khans, its crowded Tcharchi, its luxurious palaces, and its gloomy prisons. The hand and mind of man are visible throughout, and human pride swells high during the contemplation of human power; but let the gazer move a few paces onward—only to the next window—and he will be instantly rebuked. There stretches away the sea of Marmora—the sunny Propontis—with its rocky islets, and its glittering waves, dancing beneath the bright blue sky; Mount Olympus, stately with its crown of snow and its mantle of vapour, perceptible on the verge of the horizon; and the glorious Bosphorus, winding between its rich and peopled shores, guiding his vision onward to the Sea of Storms. Another move, and the Golden Horn is before him; a thousand barks safely moored within its land-locked limits, pouring forth the riches of other lands, or lading with the treasures of this; the flag of many nations flying proudly at their masts, and the voices of many lands swelling upon the breeze. When his eye is sated, and his mind is satisfied with this spirit-stirring scene, a few feet onward he will find a spot whence he may repose his excited vision on the dark and arid rocks which enclose the lovely "Valley of the Sweet Waters;" the most delicious spot of earth that ever was cinctured by a mountain-girdle; and lose himself in fancy amid its woods and waters, the golden-latticed chambers of its summer palace, and the veiled beauties who inhabit them.

Such is a faint outline of the majestic and varied scenes to be enjoyed at the expense of the fatigue attendant on mounting the three hundred and thirty steps of the *Yanguen Kiosque*—a physical exertion which is forgotten at the first

glance from its dizzy height upon the fairy wonders of the surrounding objects; the busy breathing city—the sweet still valley—the ocean-channel, linking two quarters of the globe as with a silver string—and the wide sea, the unfathomable, trackless, mysterious sea, bounding the vision, where it blends in one deep, rich, purple tint, with the far horizon.

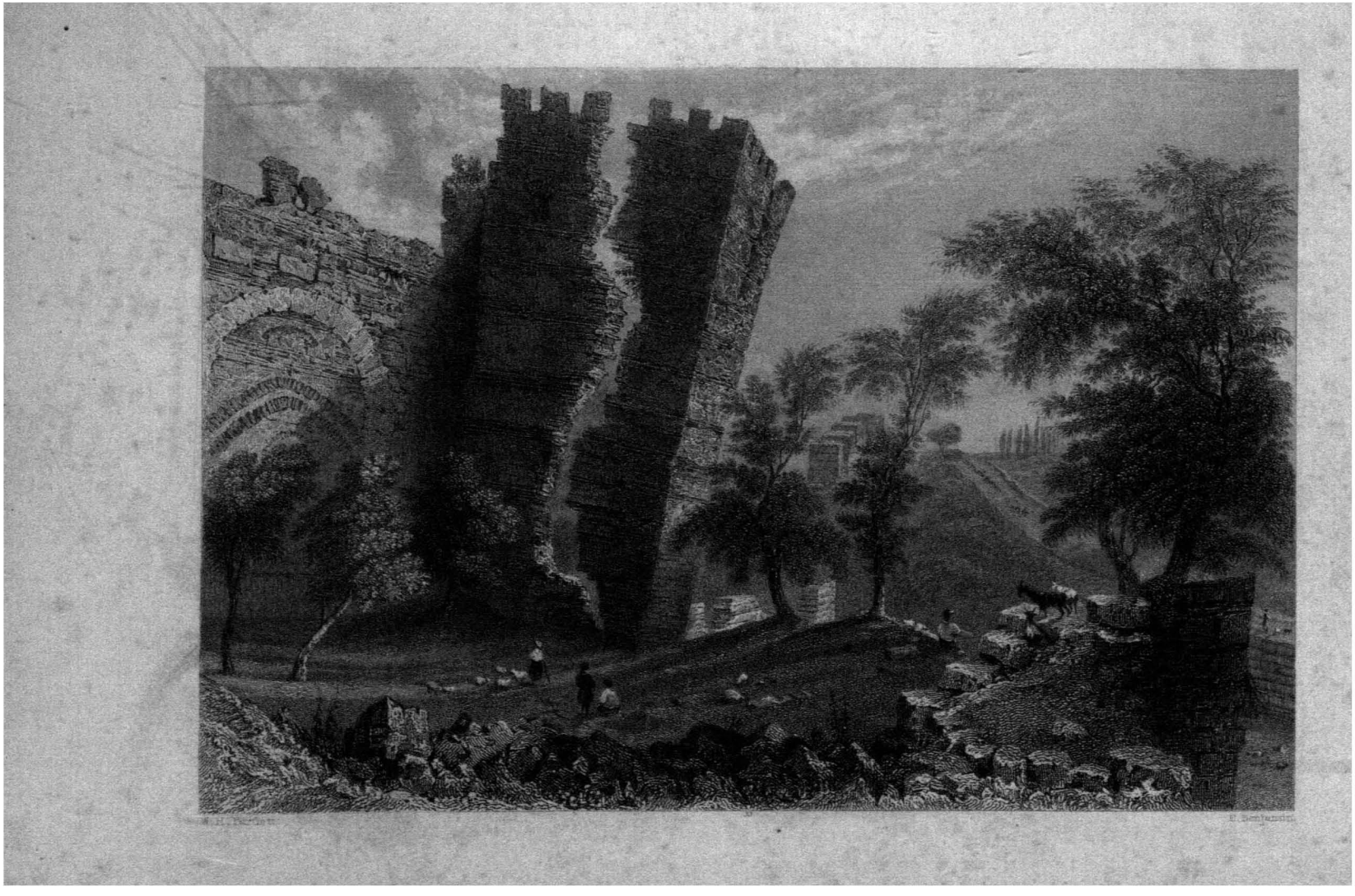
THE RIVEN TOWER,

(NEAR THE TOP-KAPOUSI.)

" 'Twas studded with old sturdy trees,
That bent not to the roughest breeze;
* * * * *
But these were few, and far between,
Set thick with shrubs more young and green,
Luxuriant with their annual leaves,
Ere strown by those autumnal eves
That nip the forest's foliage dead,
Discolour'd with a lifeless red,
Which stands thereon like stiffen'd gore
Upon the slain when battle's o'er."

BYRON.

THIS very remarkable object overhangs the fosse, or ditch, surrounding the city, and is one of the two hundred and eighteen towers surmounting the walls. It is a singular monument of the last siege, when it was stricken by one of the marble balls used by the Turks in their heavy pieces of ordnance; which it is supposed must have been partially spent ere it fell upon the tower, as although its weight rove it to the very earth, cleaving through the solid masonry, and forcing the two portions asunder, it failed to overthrow either; and there, after the lapse of centuries, still stands, or rather leans, the ruin, nodding over the moat like the remnant of some feudal castle, amid the wild fig-trees and luxuriant foliage which now choak up the ditch, fill every rift and chasm of the mouldering walls, and contend with the dense coating of ivy, lichens, and other creeping plants by which they are clothed. This striking monument of the fall of the Greek Empire stands near the Top-Kapousi, or " Gate of the Cannon," and, consequently, not far from the spot where fell the last and bravest of the Paleologi; and beside it grows a splendid specimen of the *Pistacia Terebinthus*, of unusual



W. H. Bartlett. J. Coulbert.

ISTENIA, NEAR THERAPIA.

ISTENIA PRÈS DE THÉRAPIA. *ISTENIA BEI THERAPIA.*

London, Published for the Proprietors, by Geo. Virtue, 26, Ivy Lane, 1839.

size, whose bright leaves and scarlet berries are perfectly magnificent during the season.

Association is thus blent with natural beauty in wreathing about the Riven Tower a distinct and powerful interest for the imagination; while the extraordinary duration of the pile in so apparently insecure and threatening a state, when, to the eye, it seems as though the next gust of wind heaving its ivied drapery must inevitably prostrate it to the earth, cannot fail to attract the notice of the curious in gravitation, from whose law it appears to be so singularly exempt.

ISTENIA.

" —— in famed Attica such lovely dales
Are rarely seen; nor can fair Tempè boast
A charm they know not; loved Parnassus fails,
Though classic ground and consecrated most,
To match some spots that lurk within this lowering coast."

BYRON.

THE beautiful little village of Istenia, called by the Greeks Mirgheun, and principally inhabited by that nation, is situated in one of the prettiest spots on the Bosphorus; although the opposite shore is rocky, sterile, and fantastically flung together; the edge of the water at the base of the dusky chain of hills, being, however, fringed with houses, and gay with trees.

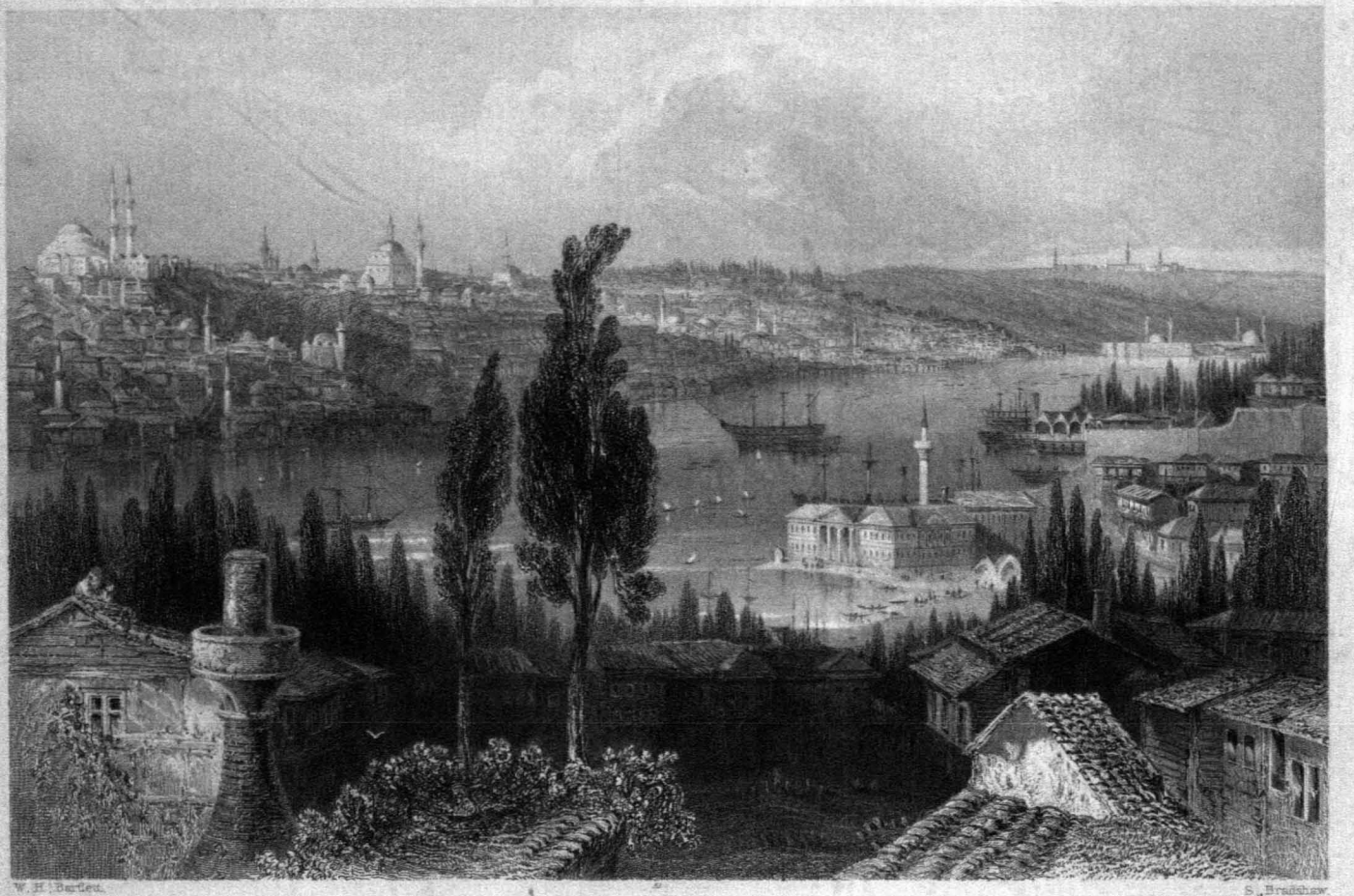
The Moorish fountain, which forms the subject of the accompanying sketch, is of an extremely graceful character, and built of a marble whose whiteness is almost dazzling. It occupies the termination of the main street of the village, where it touches upon the channel; and is entirely overshadowed by the far-stretching branches of a glorious maple-tree, which after spreading its gay green canopy over the dome and richly-wrought roof of the fountain, finally mingles its leafy honours with those of two other trees of the same description, beneath whose shelter the cool wooden terraces of a couple of coffee-kiosques have been erected.

Crowds of caïques dance on the heaving current within twenty paces of the fountain; the transparent nets of the fishermen hang in festoons from the

branches; veiled women come and go with their earthen vessels in quest of the pure water of the village spring; the gay sounds of the zebec ring out from the coffee-kiosques; the channel-wind, as it sweeps along the ripple, awakens the mysterious music of the leaves which overhang it; the white sails of the passing vessels glimmer in the sun-light—the fruit-merchants heap up their luscious stores in tempting profusion, ready to be conveyed in boats to the markets of the city—and the whole scene is so cool, so shady, and so still, that it is not wonderful that the nature-loving Orientals should have selected it as a village site, even in a land abounding with pleasant glens, and nooks teeming with loveliness.

The broad street, opening from the shore, climbs the hill behind it; its irregularly gabled and many-coloured houses finally terminating in vineyards and olive-groves; while a mountain-stream, feeding the wheels of a mill, goes dancing in the light, now fully visible, and now buried beneath the dense vege tation upon its banks, until it throws itself into the Bosphorus. A very pretty, well-kept, and rather extensive garden, belonging to Achmet Pasha, occupies a portion of the height behind the village; and is succeeded by a small forest, where groups of Turkish and Greek ladies are constantly to be seen during the summer months, enjoying the *dolce far niente* so congenial to the climate; forming gipsy-parties under the trees, or sauntering slowly along beneath the dense shadows of the boughs, collecting the beautiful wild-flowers which abound in that pleasant place.

Many of the Greek merchants have their summer residences at Mirgheun; and there is, consequently, an air of cheerfulness imparted to the village by the freshly-painted houses of these gentlemen, which adds much to its attraction; while, in its immediate neighbourhood, the traveller will look upon the castle-fortress of Mahomet, with the peaceful little cemetery of Isari sleeping at its foot.



W. H. Bartlett. S. Bradshaw

THE ARSENAL FROM PERA.

THE ARSENAL,

(FROM PERA.)

The sunshine fell not on that place of graves,
But wantoned with the waves, and with the hills,
Blushed on the rose, and turned the leaves to gold:
While shadows stretched in darkness o'er the dead.

THE spot whence the artist has obtained his view of the Turkish Arsenal at Pieri Pasha, commands the harbour about midway, and, consequently, presents it to the eye under an essentially different character from that of any of his preceding sketches. The building itself terminates the long line of docks, warehouses, rope-walks, and workshops, appertaining to the Imperial establishment, which extends from Galata for a mile and a half along the lip of the water; and which, in whatever point of view it is considered, must be admitted to be highly creditable to the government. The wet docks are very ably constructed and are enclosed within high walls of stone, whence a pair of noble gates open upon the harbour. The dry docks are also on a very magnificent scale, one of them (constructed by a French engineer) being nearly three hundred and fifty feet in length. The Tershana, or Admiralty, independently of its position, standing as it does upon a point of land projecting into the harbour, is in itself a very pleasing object; it is in the Russian taste, gaily and carefully painted, and has a noble entrance. It commands from its different casements the whole extent of the Golden Horn, which it sweeps from the village of Eyoub to the entrance of the sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus; and an upper suite of apartments have been richly fitted up for the occasional occupation of the Sultan, who frequently amuses himself by watching the progress of the magnificent ships built for his navy, and the business-like bustle of the workmen.

The vessels which are constructed at Pieri Pasha are worthy of the Arsenal from which they emanate, being finely built, and perfectly equipped. The superintendent of the establishment is an American, in high favour with the Sultan; who in order to preserve the brigs and ships of the line, only suffers

them to cruise during the summer, and at the fall of each year causes them to be anchored in the Bosphorus, where they produce a beautiful effect from the shore.

Above the Admiralty stand the ruins of what was once the palace of the Capudan Pasha, looking more like the remains of an aqueduct than of a dwelling; and forming a long line of arches extremely picturesque in their effect. Before it spreads the harbour, bounded by the seven hills of the Golden City, and the wide and historical plain of Daoud Pasha; and beside it stands the barrack of Kassim Pasha, whence the cemetery of Pera stretches away, built in by houses, and covering every height and hollow, until it is bounded by the streets of the infidel faubourg.

The little nook which lay at the artist's feet, as he looked upon the scene that I have endeavoured to describe, gives an admirable idea of this singular necropolis. Every house, whose upper stories overhang the graves, is filled with tenants, wholly unsaddened by their constant companionship with death; the headstones are closely clustered together, each group denoting the resting-place of a family, and situated as near to the habitation of the surviving relatives as circumstances will permit; while rigid cypresses deepen the gloom of the death-glen, and parasitical plants trail along the walls, and wave their feathery branches over the mouldering sods.

It was in this very corner of the far-spreading cemetery, that, in the year 1836, a Frank lady, residing in Pera, was one day attracted by a line of graves, flung up on the border of a narrow pathway through the hollow; they had evidently all been filled since sunrise, for there was that fresh, humid, clammy look about the mould which it loses after four-and-twenty hours' exposure to the atmosphere; and the work was still going on as she reached the spot. The idea of plague was instantly suggested; for, as her eye rapidly ran over the nineteen graves already completed, and then fell upon the four others which were in process of preparation, it was evident that some unusual cause must have produced so fatal an effect, this obscure nook being so very minute a portion of the burial-ground, as to receive seldom more than one new tenant weekly. It had been one of her favourite haunts; for she loved its stillness, its long deep shadows, and its almost unbroken solitude, coupled with the feeling that she was within sight and hearing of her fellow-beings, although apparently alone; and she was painfully startled by so unexpected an invasion of the hallowed spot.

Plague was indeed naturally the first thought, and she shuddered sickeningly as she uttered the inquiry: it was a relief to be negatively answered, though the


W. H. Bartlett.
R. Wallis

tale of the grave-digger was sad enough. He was consigning to the earth the wretched fever-stricken victims who had been rescued from a life of slavery by an Austrian brig, then anchored in the Golden Horn. They had been taken by pirates in the Archipelago—youths, women, old men, and children! The ocean-robber, grown daring and haughty by success, had attacked the Austrian, and had been taken; but retribution came too late to the pirate to avail his wretched prisoners. They had all perished miserably within a few hours of each other, just as the minarets of Constantinople, cutting against the horizon, gave them a blessed glimpse of home; and this dark, silent glen had been selected as their resting-place—they could not have found one more fitting!

THE TOWER OF GALATA.

'Twas night—and over sea and land there fell
The silver mantle of the midnight queen:
While dark and long the shadows stretched away
'Neath sighing cypresses and lofty towers.

THE suburb of Galata occupies a portion of the base of the hill upon which Pera is built, and is the focus of European commerce in Constantinople. Many of its streets are of considerable width; and some of its houses, inhabited by the principal Frank merchants, of even princely dimensions. A magnificent Armenian schismatic church is conspicuous among its religious edifices, while the constant traffic kept up with the shipping in the harbour fills its stores with men of many nations, and its thoroughfares with the clamour of many tongues.

The name of the suburb is stated to be a corruption of γάλα, or milk, Galata having originally been the milk-market of the Lower Empire. It subsequently became the site of a Genoese town, that people having, during the period of the Crusades, established themselves on this eligible spot for forwarding their commercial undertakings; its situation between the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn being eminently calculated for every species of maritime traffic. Here they continued for some time, effecting an immense trade with every commercial

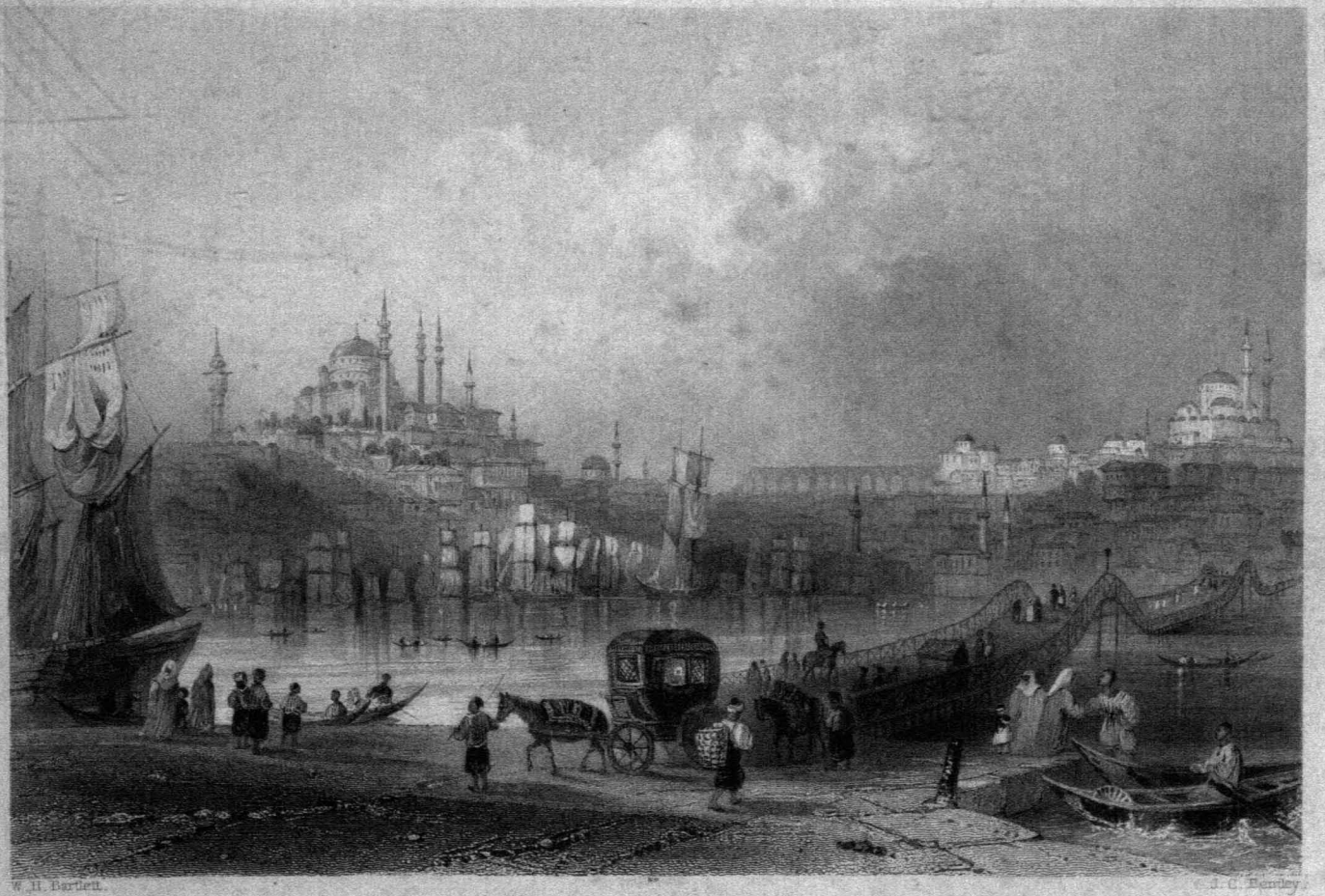
nation, until at length their increased and increasing prosperity excited the jealousy of the Venetians, who, after engaging them in a quarrel, profited by their own superior strength, and prostrated nearly the whole suburb. The Genoese, beaten and unhoused, fled to Constantinople for shelter and protection; where they were favourably received by Cantacuzene the Emperor, who supplied them with means to rebuild their desolated dwellings, and even allowed them to surround their town with a wall, protected by a wide ditch.

It is on this line of wall, now rapidly crumbling away into picturesque ruin, and wholly worthless as a mean of defence, that the Tower of Galata is situated. It was originally built to commemorate the fall of some of the principal Genoese settlers, who died upon this spot in the defence of their lives and properties; but having in process of time partially perished, and become not only useless, but dangerous, the Turks renewed, or rather reconstructed it with great solidity, to serve as a second Fire-Tower; for which service it is admirably calculated, as it commands the shipping in the harbour, and all the European suburbs of the city. A handsome gallery surrounds the "look-out house," near its summit; and as an object from the Marmora, on approaching the Golden Horn, it is extremely striking.

Notwithstanding the dilapidated state of the walls, the gates which separate Galata from Pera are still closed every night by the Turks, though a kind word and a small coin to the guard will always suffice to open them for any tardy passenger.

The coffee-kiosques are constantly crowded with Maltese, Genoese, Greek, Ragusan, and Italian seamen, who are in want of ships, and who are hired by merchant-vessels to supply the casualties in their own crews; and these lounging and unregulated idlers are, perhaps, with the exception of the bazār near the water's edge, which is always dirty, unsavory, and thronged with the rabble from the ferries—the most intolerable nuisances to the stranger that he has to encounter in his wanderings about the city.

A novel feature in the Golden Horn, is the Floating-bridge by which it is spanned, and which has been constructed within the last three years. It is flung across the harbour from the ferry of Galata, and is a great and commodious mean of communication with the opposite shore. Two rather lofty arches admit the passage of small craft beneath the bridge, which is singularly elegant in its design; and a small toll is exacted from each passenger, horse, or carriage, by which it is traversed. Many are the individuals who still, however, prefer the more uncertain and expensive mode of reaching the city through the medium of the caiques which ply between the two shores; and these are principally to be found



W. H. Bartlett. J. C. Bentley.

THE FLOATING BRIDGE.

W. H. Bartlett. J. Carter.

THE TCHERNBERLE TASH, OR BURNT PILLAR.

LE TCHERNBERLE TASH, OU COLONNE BRULEE. DER TCHERNBERLE TASH, ODER GEBRANNTE SAULE.