

among the women, who have a superstitious horror of all innovation, and who cling to their old habits and their old associations with a perseverance worthy of a better cause.

The Teskari, or Custom-House, is also situated at Galata, where passengers and merchandise are landed from the different vessels which are constantly arriving in the harbour; and the extreme urbanity and politeness of the officers of the establishment to travellers, has been a constant theme of admiration and acknowledgment with all sojourners in the East.

When a group of strangers approach the Teskari, the only inquiry made, is, whether they have brought out any merchandise for the purposes of traffic; and a simple negative from the parties addressed suffices for the unimpeded passage of the travellers to their resting-place.

Few are the weary and the wayworn who, at that moment, would wish themselves at the Custom-house of London, or at one of the still more irritating Douanes of France!

THE TCHERNBERLÈ TASCH.

"A tale of the times of old."

OSSIAN.

THE Tchernberlè Tasch, or Burnt Pillar, is a striking Roman remain, within a short walk of the Seraskier's Tower. It is a relic of the Temple of Apollo at Rome, whence it was transported to Stamboul by Constantine, and placed upon an hexagonal pedestal. It was surmounted by a fine statue of the god, from the immortal chisel of Phidias, which the conqueror appropriated with more ambition than modesty, and beneath which he caused to be inscribed, "The Justice of the Sun to the Illustrious Constantine." The destruction of this noble statue is variously described by different writers. Genaro Esquilichi asserts that it was overthrown by a thunderbolt; while the sententious Anna de Comnena mentions its prostration by a strong southerly wind, during the reign of her kinsman Alexius; and moreover declares that several persons were killed by its

fall. Other authors speak more vaguely, naming the storm-shock as a cause of its partial destruction, and alluding to the second accident as having also tended to its final demolition. The shaft of the pillar measures ninety feet in height; it is circular, and girdled at regular distances with garlands of laurel and oak-leaves; but its beauty is entirely gone, as it has suffered so severely from the repeated conflagrations in its immediate vicinity, that it is cracked in every direction, and merely kept together by a strong wirework, which has been carefully woven about it.

The pedestal upon which it stands measures thirty feet at its base, and is rendered interesting by the fact, that several portions of the Holy Cross were built up within it, and that the space amid which it stood consequently became a popular place of prayer, every mounted passenger reverently alighting from his horse as he passed before it; but the Moslem, not recognising the divinity of the relics enshrined within its solid masonry, nor the sanctity of the spot thus hallowed, have surrounded the pillar on every side with mean and unsightly houses; and it is only in one solitary direction that the anxious antiquary can obtain a satisfactory view of this singular monument. The pedestal bears a Greek inscription, now nearly obliterated, which has been translated thus:—

“O Christ, Master and Protector of the World, I dedicate to Thee this City, subject to Thee; and the Sceptre and the Empire of Rome. Guard the City, and protect it from all evil!”

THE FERRY AT SCUTARI.

“The tints of beauty, which the sun above
Spread, as though left as tokens of his love
For that fair clime which had for ages given
Earth's loveliest pictures to his light from heaven.”

JAMES BIRD.

SCUTARI, the Chrysopolis of the Greeks, occupying the promontory opposite Constantinople, won its ancient name from the circumstance that here, during their European wanderings, the Persians deposited their treasures, and paid their tribute. The Turks now call it Iskuidar, and entertain vast reverence for

its wide necropolis; while the handsome Kislas, or barrack, which dominates the town, is an object of no less admiration to the Frank traveller.

Its main street, leading from the ferry to this military establishment, is much wider than any in Stamboul; lessening, however, from the plain upon which the barracks are built, where it degenerates into a narrow, and somewhat difficult road, continuing to the summit of the Bulgurlhu Daghi, a link of the Bithynian chain, dominating the Euxine. At its base stretches away the vast and sombre cemetery, of which mention has already been made; and beside it extends a wide plain, known as the "Pilgrim's Plain," from its being the starting point of the caravans assembling for Mecca. Here, on particular occasions, tens of thousands of the pious congregate, clothing the plain with tents and banners; and hence they start for the tomb of their Prophet;—the *Ihrām*, or holy dress, is assumed;—and from that moment they are no longer free to deprive any thing of life; indeed, to so extreme a pitch is this observance carried, that the very vermin upon their persons remain unmolested: a fact which accounts for the filthy and loathsome state of the santons and hadjis who infest the city, and whom to touch is almost infection. The dignity of *hadj*i, however, is only conceded to those who have performed their pilgrimage; and such have hitherto been objects of marked respect, though recent innovations have greatly tended to diminish their consequence. Considerable inconvenience is at times experienced from these "chartered libertines," who, under the guise of religion, drive a lucrative trade by making pilgrimages for more wealthy individuals, who are glad, by paying a liberal sum to these itinerant pietists to exempt themselves from an arduous, fatiguing, and hazardous journey; and as the accommodating creed of the Korān permits this deputy-devotion, there are swarms of vagabond-devotees ever ready to perform it for their more wealthy compatriots; and on their return to Constantinople, when they have received the wages of their venture, they infest the public thoroughfares with filth, to parade their holiness; and at night occupy the most squalid khans, or the ruined tombs, both of which are too often desecrated by their debaucheries.

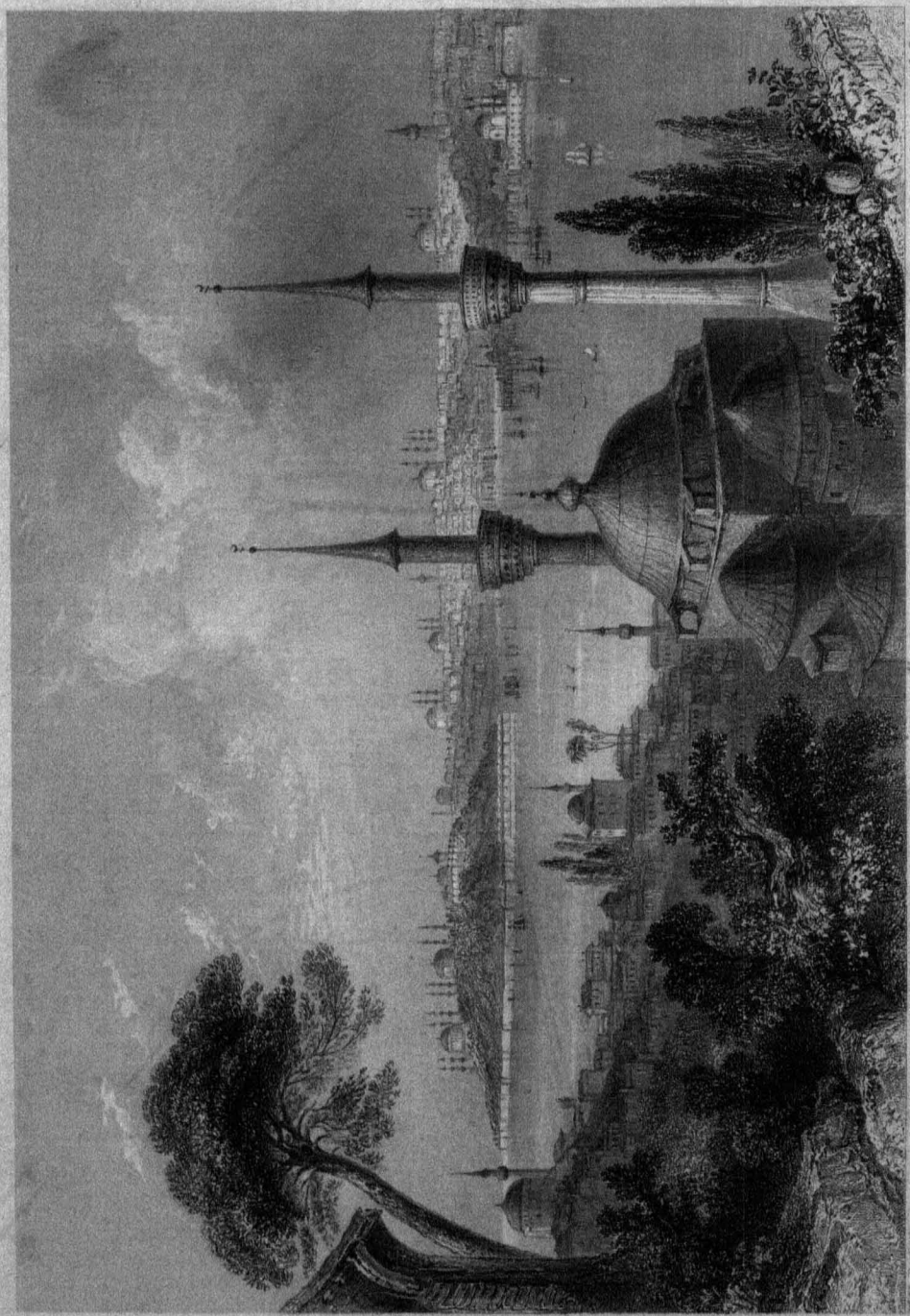
Let it not be inferred, however, that all the hadjis are of this description: many of them leave their homes and their families full of pious ardour, and genuine enthusiasm, looking towards Mecca as the Jew looks towards Jerusalem, or the Christian towards eternity—full of hope, of faith, of long-suffering, and of charity; ready to help and to uphold their fainting brother on the way, and content to lay down their lives when the goal is won.

The start of a caravan is eminently picturesque and oriental; and as the

writer of these sketches never had the advantage of being witness to one of these interesting ceremonies, it has been deemed desirable to give its description in the words of a distinguished traveller.

“ In the spring of the year the pilgrims from Constantinople and the vicinity assemble on the large plain of Scutari; and, as it was a sight worth contemplating, I crossed the Bosphorus with some friends to see it. The whole of this extensive space seemed to be covered with a vast multitude, as if all the inhabitants of the city were about to proceed on their pilgrimage. After some time the wave of the multitude subsided, and they assumed a regular order. First appeared the Emir Hadji, or Leader of the Pilgrims, carried in a litter, or tartaravan, between stately mules, and accompanied by several others. Then the crowd arranged themselves according to their several companies, or corporations, each preceded by a banner, with some device to mark it, and attended by a train of camels bearing cradles or litters, to accommodate and carry on the sick who might faint by the way. They were accompanied by the Imaum, or officiating minister, to perform the functions of his office to all that needed, and crowds of antics, or jesters, who threw themselves into ridiculous postures to amuse them. Some were of another cast. They seemed like maniacs—they cried, and howled, and foamed at the mouth, and were supposed to be under the influence of a demon, to be expelled only by this pilgrimage. Then followed troops of armed horsemen, and, finally, droves of camels loaded with provisions and furniture, and among them torches to enlighten their march when they proceeded in the night.

“ But the most remarkable object was the camel that bore the Mahmel, or covering of the Prophet's Tomb. This seems to be essential to all tombs of his descendants, as those of the Sultans in their mausoleums at Constantinople are covered with them. This for Mecca consisted of bales of velvet, embossed with characters in gold, and containing sundry sentences from the Korān. The camel which bore it was white, and was considered so sacred as never to be employed for any other purpose, but exempt from all labour. He was adorned with plumes of red feathers, had bells suspended from him, and was caparisoned with rich housings. The people pressed eagerly to touch the holy animal, and those who could not come near unbound their turbans, and cast one end of it towards him, if haply any part of their dress might be sanctified by such contact. Even the air through which he passed had valuable qualities communicated to it. The multitude seemed to grasp it by handfuls, and thrust it into their bosoms, or placed it on their bare heads under their turbans. I found it was the general belief that this was the actual camel that bore Mahomet in his hegeira, or



J. C. Schmitt

CONSTANTINOPLE.
(von Sculzi)

CONSTANTINOPLE, VON DER SCHÜTZE

London, Published for the Proprietors by Geo. W. Smith, 25, Abchurch Lane, 1843

flight; and so it was not without reason they attributed extraordinary properties to the animal on whom Allah had conferred such a miraculous longevity."*

The Imperial kiosque at Scutari is a lovely little edifice, built on the very edge of the rock overhanging the Propontis, and commanding a glorious view of Constantinople, the harbour, the European shore, and the sunny sea of Marmora, frequently crowded with shipping, awaiting a favourable wind to cast anchor in the Golden Horn. Its walls are painted in pale green; and its snow-white jalousies give to it a cheerful holiday look, which the plain but beautiful arrangements of its interior tend greatly to heighten. It is indeed as pretty a toy as even Imperial caprice could engender, and holds its place worthily among the fifty-seven residences of its illustrious owner.

The barrack of Scutari, which is occupied by the Imperial Guard, is remarkable even in Turkey, where these establishments are always princely both in their extent and construction: it is a quadrangle, flanked with square towers, built in three sections, gradually lessening, and each crested by a slight spire. The gate of entrance is lofty, and elaborately wrought in iron, giving ingress to a noble square or court, where twelve thousand men may be commodiously exercised; and surrounded on three sides by an open gallery, screening the long ranges of apartments above the basement of the building. The ground floor is occupied by workshops; the whole of the clothing, cartridges, and other equipments, excepting arms, being manufactured within the precincts of the barrack, and very creditably produced. The kitchens are vast, cleanly, and convenient, and elaborately fitted with apparatus for steam, and the vessels used in cooking scrupulously kept; while the vegetable store, where piles of every description of herb and root necessary to the cooks are carefully housed, are floored, lined, and roofed with marble; and copious basins of the same material, are supplied with the purest and coolest water, from the fountain of the magnificent mosque of Selim III., which stands immediately opposite to the principal gate of the barrack.

The armouries, clothing-stores, and regimental schools, are all in the highest order; and no disrule awakens the ready echoes of the extensive building. Indeed, it would be difficult to find throughout the whole of Europe, a nobler military establishment than that of the Turkish Imperial Guard at Scutari.

Hence, a somewhat steep descent sweeps downward to the ferry, which is generally crowded with bales of merchandise, piles of fruit, laden donkeys, lounging hadjis, and busy boatmen, clamorous for passengers; while the magni-

* Dr. Walsh's "Residence in Constantinople," vol. ii. pp. 461, 462.

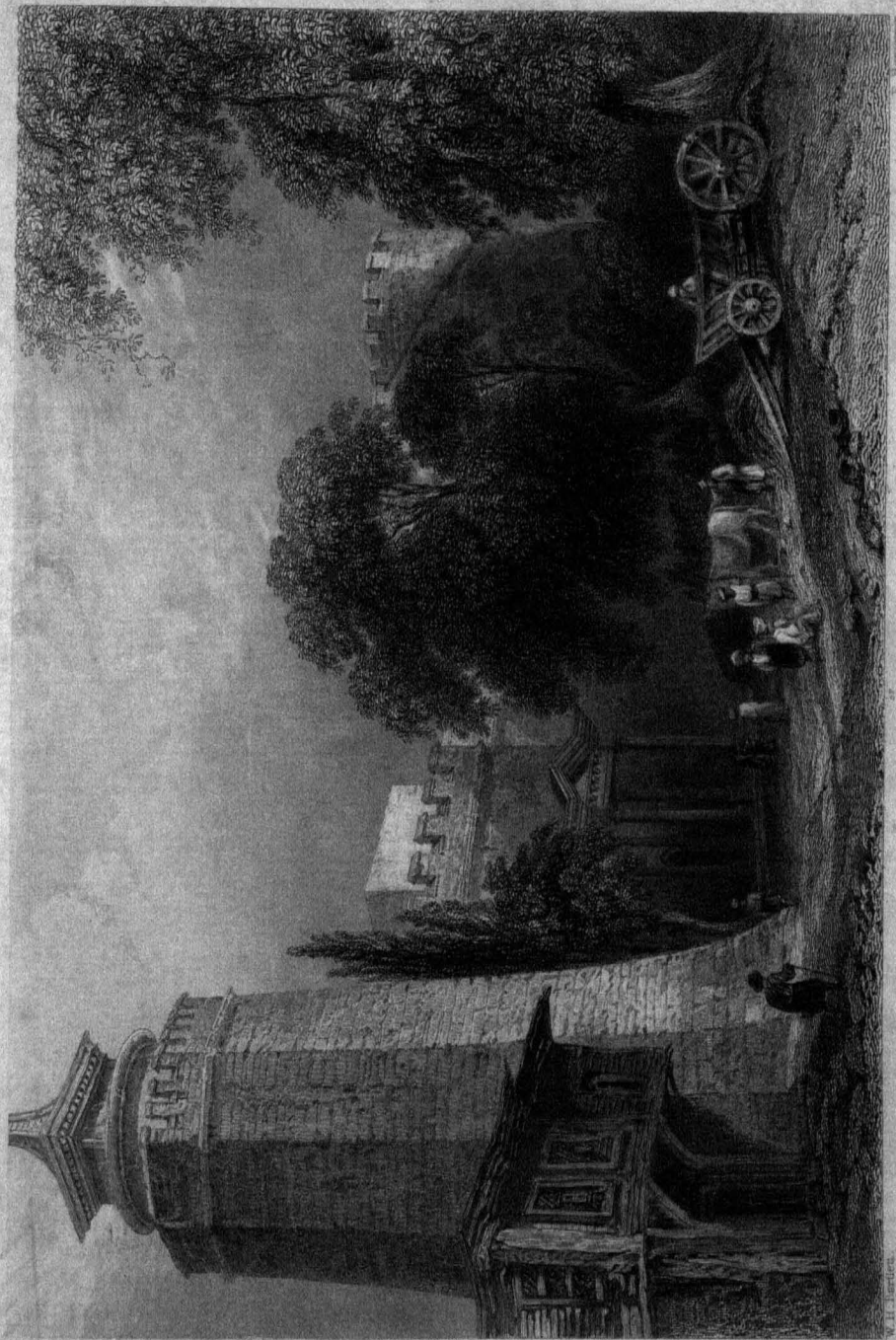
ficient views of Stamboul and its environs, which are commanded from the hanging gardens of the principal residences overlooking the Sea of Marmora, are almost beyond description.

Immediately before them runs the glittering current, sweeping the sunshiny waves onward from the Bosphorus into the far-reaching Propontis; girdling with liquid light the rocky foundations of the isle-seated Guz-Couli; and, finally, mingling with the world of waters mapped out before it; while beyond rises the long castellated wall of the ancient city of the Constantines, lost to the view at one point amid a cluster of Imperial kiosques, and at the other, beneath the gloomy shadows of the *Yëaidhe*—the mysterious prison of the Seven Towers—which link the land and seaward sides of the external wall, forming an angle eminently picturesque, from its startling contrast to every surrounding object. The original design of the fortress, as has been elsewhere stated, can no longer be traced beyond the walls, only four of the towers now remaining, the other three having been prostrated by earthquakes, and suffered to moulder away unrenewed.

At intervals along the wall appear the latticed kiosques of the Imperial Seraï, whence the incarcerated beauties of the harem look forth upon the bright scene without; while above and about them rise the shadowy plane trees, the leafy beeches, lofty cypresses, feathery acacias, and other magnificent trees of the palace gardens. Away, amid the heaving waves, lies the archipelago of islands formerly called Demonesia, or the Demon Islands (since modified into the Princess' Islands,) lying about nine miles from Constantinople, within a short row of the Asian coast. Of these, four are extremely fertile, and partially inhabited; the nearest to Stamboul is Proté, so called from its situation, it being the first approached from the Bosphorus. It is about three miles in extent; and is a favourite resort with the Greeks of the Fanar, many of whom spend the summer months in its pleasant valley, situated between two rather abrupt acclivities. A small village is built on the east side of the island; and on one of the heights stands a monastery, looming out cold and bare against the horizon, without a tree to soften down its rigid outline,—a mark alike for the hot sunshine and the laden storm-cloud.

The second of the group is known as "Platé," from its being a dead flat; though many of the Franks, disregarding the ancient Greek name, call it "Gull Island," from the immense number of those birds which are to be found there, feeding on the clustering marine plants by which it is covered, and rearing their young, undisturbed by the vicinity of a busy and crowded city.

The next island, Oxea, is the highest of the whole, and is surrounded by steep and rugged precipices, which render it extremely picturesque from the water;



ENTRANCE TO THE SEVEN TOWERS.

VIEW OF THE SEVEN TOWERS.

VIEW OF THE SEVEN TOWERS.

particularly on the eastern side, where the bend of the shore forms a fine bay, beautifully framed in by tall and jagged rocks. On this island still exist some very interesting and curious remains of the reservoirs which formerly supplied the whole archipelago with water; fresh springs being rare on any of the other islands. Two of them yet remain almost perfect, and the water which they contain is clear and pure. The ruins of various edifices are also apparent in many of the precipitous portions of the islands: walls of bricks made flat, and cemented together with lime and powdered tiles, are to be found on all sides, and small water-cisterns are numerous in every direction. The most remarkable vegetable production of the island is the giant fennel, which here grows commonly twelve feet in height, and almost assumes the importance of a forest tree, as it spreads abroad the deep shadows of its feathery umbels.

The next island is that of Pitya. It is small, and boasts but slight remnants of the abundance of pine wood with which it is stated to have been once covered; possessing, moreover, no single object of interest to compensate for the loss: while Antigone, the ancient Panormus, about a mile beyond, boasts its vineyards and its villages, its monastery crowning an eminence which dominates the whole island; and the presence of the learned and illustrious exile, Constantius, Archbishop of Mount Sinai, and ex-Patriarch of Constantinople—a prelate renowned alike for his virtues and his erudition, who was deposed and banished by the Turks for his literary productions; not the least obnoxious among them being a Statistical Account of the past and present State of Constantinople, printed at Venice in 1824, in modern Greek, for the use of his countrymen—a work during whose compilation he had incurred considerable personal risk, disguising himself as a dervish, in order to penetrate into their sanctuaries; and which had cost him not only his liberty, but even great pecuniary embarrassment, his income in exile being barely sufficient to secure to him the common comforts of life.

From Antigone the traveller proceeds to Chalki, perhaps the most interesting islet of the group, from the fact that it abounds with spars, and that the remains of mines are still perceptible, as well as piles of the waste flung from the shafts centuries ago. At Chalki stands the monastery of the Trinity, probably so named from the fact that it occupies one of the three headlands for which the island is remarkable. It was once very extensive, but was nearly destroyed by fire; the wing containing the chapel is, however, still perfect, and its porch is an object of great curiosity to travellers, from the fact of its containing an extraordinary and somewhat grotesque representation of the Last Day. On a second height stands another convent, dedicated to the Virgin; and approached by a very fine road, commanding glorious views of the surrounding landscape, and fringed

with arbutus, cistus, myrtle, and pine trees, among which the convent is embosomed.

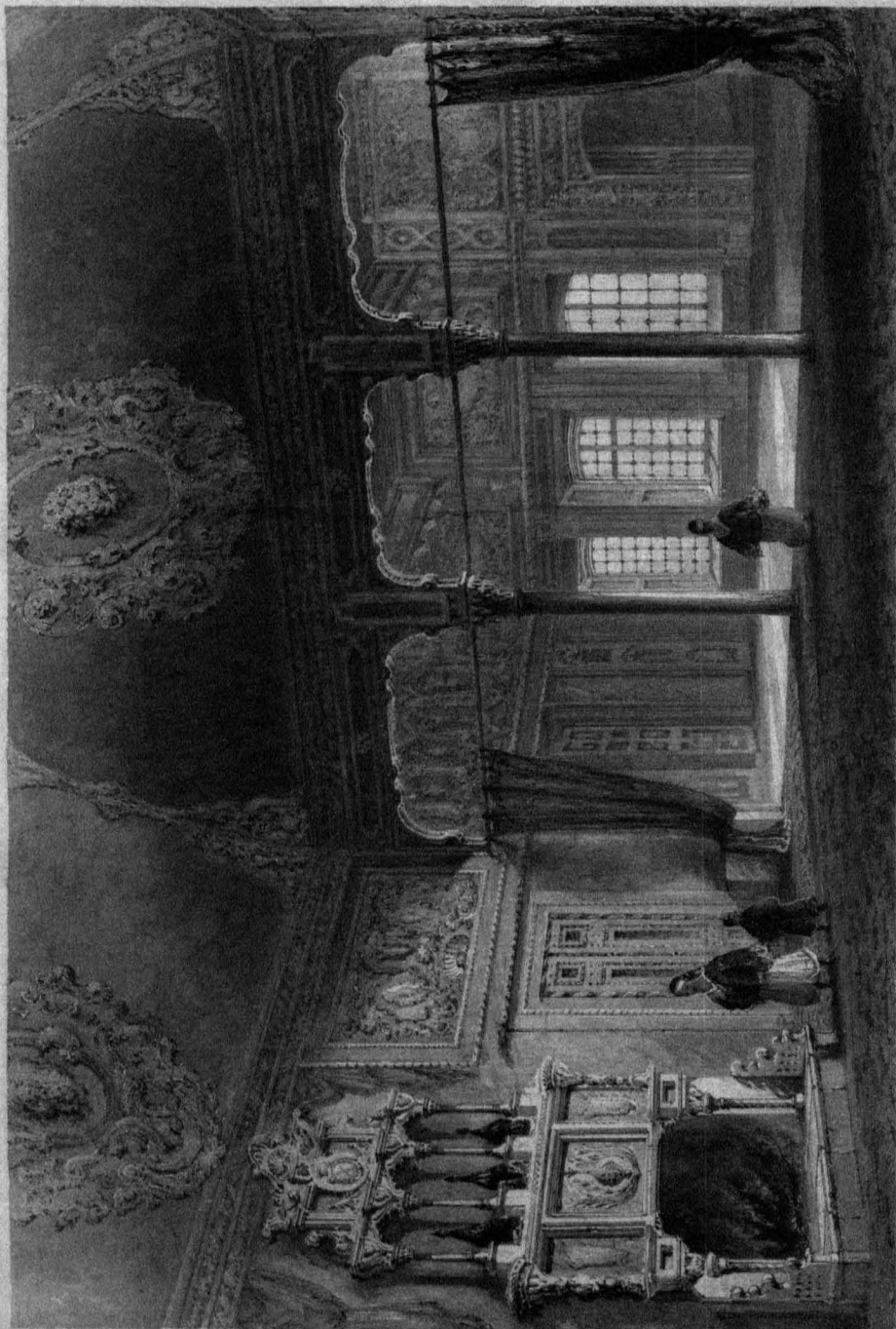
The first resident British Ambassador at the Ottoman Court retired to this island in order to recruit his health, which had suffered from the climate, and ultimately died here. His tomb is now destroyed, and the inscription-stone is inserted sideways in the wall above the entrance gate of the monastery, whence it cannot be removed without an Imperial firman.

Four noble lines of cypress trees, sweeping downward to the shore, lead to a splendid palace, formerly belonging to Prince Mavroyeni, who after serving in the Turkish army against Russia, was decapitated by the Grand Vèzir for some alleged offence; which proved, however, so inadequate in the eyes of the Sultan, that he struck off the heads of the Vèzir and his son, and bestowed the palace and gardens of the unhappy victim upon the family of Affendooli, whose representative was executed at the commencement of the Greek revolution. The house was sacked by the Turks, and then became for a time the summer residence of the Austrian minister, Baron Ottenfels; but it is now a favourite resort of the Sultan, who has caused it to be fitted up in the most costly manner; and who occasionally, during his sojourn on the island, gives sumptuous balls in the European style to the respectable Greek inhabitants and visitors.

Next comes Prinkipo, celebrated for the cruelties and subsequent exile of Irene, the widow of Flavius Leo, who gave its name to the island, which is the largest and most populous of the group. The town, seated on its eastern shore, contains upwards of three hundred inhabitants; its circumference is about eight miles, and the remains of a convent still exist, which was formerly tenanted by a sisterhood of fifty nuns. A monastery in a state of dilapidation, dedicated to the Transfiguration, and now occupied by a solitary monk, gray with age, stands on the summit of one of the heights; while another, crowning the loftiest hill on the island, and inscribed to St. George, is celebrated for its sanctity, and much frequented by the Greeks.

The two remaining islands of Neandros and Antirovithi are mere rocks, wholly uninhabited, and only occasionally visited for the purposes of sport, as they abound with sea-fowl and rabbits.

On the verge of the horizon rises Mount Olympus, with its crown of snow, and mantle of vapour; while far away stretches the rocky coast of Asia, hemming in one of the noblest scenes of earth and water under the wide canopy of heaven.



E. CHUBB

V. H. VANDER

A TURKISH APARTMENT IN THE FANAR.

Ein türkisches Zimmer im Fanar

L'Appartement Turc dans le Fanar

A TURKISH APARTMENT.

"The moveables were prodigally rich :
Sofas 'twas half a sin to sit upon,
So costly were they ; carpets every stitch
Of workmanship so rare, that made you wish
You could glide o'er them like a golden fish."
BYRON.

NOTHING can exceed the beautiful cleanliness of a Turkish harem, save its order : not a grain of dust, nor a footmark, sullies the surface of the Indian matting that covers the large halls whence the several apartments branch off in every direction ; while the furniture of the rooms themselves is always fresh, and scrupulously arranged. The ceilings are elaborately ornamented ; and in the houses of the rich, where the apartments are of great size, a curtain of tapestry is frequently used as a mean of reducing their extent. The windows are always closely set together, and very numerous ; and where the room chances to be situated in an angle of the building, the three unconnected sides have very much the appearance of a lantern.

The interior chosen by the artist as the subject of his sketch is a fair specimen of the higher order of domestic architecture, and belongs to a house once inhabited by one of the Greek princes, which will account for the ample hearth,—an accessory never found in an apartment originally designed by a Turk ; in every other respect it is precisely the description of room common to every handsome harem.

At the lower end of each apartment are large closets for the reception of the bedding (for none are appropriated exclusively as sleeping chambers), and the slaves of the household no sooner ascertain that the visitor has risen, than half a dozen of them commence removing every vestige of the couch, and depositing within the closet the mattresses of embroidered satin, the sheet of gauze, or worked muslin, the half dozen pillows of brocaded silk, and the wadded coverlets, rich with silver fringe, and gay with party-coloured needle work, which have

formed the bed. A low sofa or divan runs round the other three sides of the apartment, luxuriously supplied with cushions, and richly covered with cut velvet or embroidered satin; and the floor is invariably spread with soft and handsome carpets.

It is an amusing fact, that an idea of impropriety is attached by Europeans who have never visited the East, to the very name of a harem; while it is not less laughable, that they can never give a reason for the prejudice! How little foundation exists for so unaccountable a fancy must be evident at once, when it is stated that the harem, or women's apartments, are held so sacred by the Turks themselves, that they remain inviolate even in cases of popular disturbance, or individual delinquency; the mob never suffering their violence to betray them into an intrusion on the wives of their victims; and the search after a fugitive ceasing the moment that the door of the harem separates him from his pursuers.

It is also a fact, that although a Turk has an undoubted right to enter the apartments of his wives at all hours, it is a privilege of which he rarely, if ever, avails himself. One room in the harem is appropriated to the master of the house, and therein he awaits the appearance of the individual with whom he wishes to converse, and who is summoned to his presence by a slave. Should he, on passing to this apartment, see slippers at the foot of the stairs (a token that a female visitor is in the harem), he cannot, under any pretence whatever, intrude himself into her presence; it is a liberty which every woman in the empire would resent; and when guests are on a visit of some days, he sends a slave forward to announce his approach, and thus gives them time and opportunity to withdraw.

Every good harem has a commodious bath, and a garden gay with flowers and fountains attached to it, where the women may wander at will among the leaves and birds, or dream away the sultry hours in their pretty kiosques overhanging the Bosphorus; where from behind the shade of their latticed casements they can breathe the cool air from the water, and mark the arrowy speed of the graceful caiques, as they fly along the channel.

The amusements of the harem are few and simple;—the bath is its greatest luxury, the remainder of the day being spent in lounging on the divan, listening to the music of the zebec, played by one of the slaves, and accompanied by the voices of others; in the arrangement of the jewels worn upon the turban; in playing with the birds whose gilded cages glitter upon the walls; in spoiling all the children within reach; in eating sweetmeats, and drinking water; or amid the cool shadows of the garden, hearkening to the fall of the fountains and the

whisperings of the leaves, or listening to the wondrous tales of the Massaldjhe,* ever a welcome guest in the harem, where her marvellous narrations are received with a deep attention and a perfect faith eminently inspiring. Then there is the *namaz*, or prayer, five times a day, never neglected by Turkish women; when deeply veiled, as unworthy to appear before Allah with a bare brow, they spread their prayer-carpet, and turning their faces Mecca-ward, they humbly and earnestly perform their devotions. These are their home-occupations; but it is a great fallacy to imagine that Turkish females are like birds in a cage, or captives in a cell;—far from it; there is not a public festival, be it Turk, Frank, Armenian, or Greek, where they are not to be seen in numbers, sitting upon their carpets, or in their carriages, surrounded by slaves and attendants, eager and delighted spectators of the revel. Then they have their gilded and glittering caiques on the Bosphorus, where, protected by their veils, their ample mantles, and their negro guard, they spend long hours in passing from house to house, visiting their acquaintance, and gathering and dispensing the gossip of the city.

All this may, and indeed must appear startling, to persons who have accustomed themselves to believe that Turkish wives were morally manacled slaves. There are, probably, no women so little trammelled in the world; so free to come and to go unquestioned, provided that they are suitably attended; while it is equally certain that they enjoy this privilege like innocent and happy children, making their pleasures of the flowers and the sunshine; and revelling like the birds and bees amid the summer brightness, profiting by the enjoyment of the passing hour, and reckless or thoughtless of the future.

THE SLAVE-MARKET.

“Veritatis simplex oratio est.”

SCHOOL CLASSICS.

THE fables which have been both written and painted on the subject of the *Yeser Bazâr*, or Slave-Market of Constantinople, with a tenacity of error perfectly extraordinary, have tended to excite in Europe a feeling of horror and

* Professional tale-teller.

disgust, totally uncalled for by the aspect of the place itself. This is no arena for controversy; nor has the writer of these sketches either wish or intention to defend a traffic utterly revolting to every principle of our nature; but justice to the Turkish nation calls for a contradiction of those absurd and indelicate episodes with which the active and wonder-creating imaginations of certain writers and artists have laboured to render the name of the *Yesèr Bazâr* odious, not only inferentially, but actually. A sentimental chapter is easily woven of the tears and terror of a fair and fainting girl, torn from her home and her kindred, and exposed to the gaze of a coarse and ribald crowd; a pretty picture may be readily produced when the formal quadrangle of the market is relieved by groups of beautiful Georgians or Circassians, habited in flowing draperies of white muslin, and unveiled by the coarse hands of the dealer to gratify the whim of every lounging passenger; but surely if the creators of these flimsy prettinesses were to reflect for a moment that they are not only violating good taste in their own persons, but moreover libelling a whole people, and distorting truth at the same time, they would consent to sacrifice a sentence, or to dispense with an effect, in order to be at once more decent, more veracious, and more just.

It is only those who look superficially at the East,—the travellers against time, who make deduction serve for experience, and inference for fact,—who fall into such gross errors as these; and Turkey is not a country to be described on inference and deduction. Not one of those who have spread the fallacy which we are now deprecating, ever witnessed the revolting spectacle born of their own fancy. How does Dr. Walsh speak of the *Yezèr Bazâr*? And we quote him, not only because he was resident in Constantinople many years, looking deeply and earnestly into its institutions, but because the whole tone and tendency of his work must at once acquit him of any leaning to the Turkish people:—

“Here decorum is no further violated than in the act of sale. It consists of a quadrangular building, with an open court in the middle. Round this are raised platforms, on which black slaves sit; behind are latticed windows, lighting apartments where the white and more costly women are shut up till they are sold; and there is a certain decency and propriety observed in the purchase.”*

The wanton exposure, therefore, which has been represented as a concomitant of the sale of slaves in the *Yesèr Bazâr*, did not originate with the Turks; to whom Dr. Walsh (certainly not their most lenient historian) thus concedes the merit of “decency and propriety.”

We have been somewhat prolix on this point, because it is one which has been deeply and painfully felt by many individuals of the calumniated nation; and

* Dr. Walsh's “Residence in Constantinople,” vol. ii. p. 2.

also because it is an useless and cruel misrepresentation of facts, of which common justice demands the refutation. There is always a painful and a revolting association connected with the idea of slavery, and an insurmountable disgust excited by the spectacle of money given in exchange for human beings; but, beyond this, (and assuredly this is enough!) there is nothing either to distress or to disgust in the slave-market of Constantinople. No wanton cruelty, no idle insult is permitted: the slaves, in many instances, select their own purchaser from among the bidders; and they know that when once received into a Turkish family, they become members of it in every sense of the word, and are almost universally sure to rise in the world if they conduct themselves worthily. The Circassians and Georgians are generally brought there by their parents at their own request; preferring a youth of ease, and a future of probable luxury, to labour in the fields, and the life of household drudgery, which must be their lot if they continued in their own mountain-homes. These voluntary slaves occupy the closed apartments, and are only seen by such individuals as are likely to purchase them; care being taken to protect them against gratuitous annoyance, and the gaze of the idlers who throng the court. The utmost order, decency, and quiet prevail; and a military guard is stationed at the entrance to enforce them, should the necessity for interference occur, which is, however, very rarely the case.

The Negro slaves squat in groups upon their mats all over the court; some laughing, jesting, and devouring huge slices of *pasteek*,* or clusters of purple grapes; others sleeping; and some again looking anxious, or sulky, or sad, according to their mood; but nothing takes place around them which can embitter their position: the Turks never make either a sport or a jest of human suffering, or human degradation; they have not yet discovered that it is witty to do so; and accordingly they drive their odious bargain seriously and quietly, and lead away the slaves whom they purchase without one act of wanton cruelty or tyrannical assumption.

The Yesèr Bazār is situated in the immediate vicinity of the Tchernberlè Tasch, or Burnt Pillar; and commands a view of the mosque of Osmaniè, or "the Light of Osman;" a splendid temple of pure white marble, beautifully covered with carpets of bright and rich colours, and having the *Mihrab*, or niche at its eastern extremity, guarded by a gilded railing. Like almost every mosque in the city, it is embosomed in fine maple trees, which, springing from amid the marble pavement of the court, spread their leafy branches far and wide, and afford a sweet and refreshing resting-place for the eye, which has been pained by immediate contact with the interior of the Slave-Market.

* Water-melon.

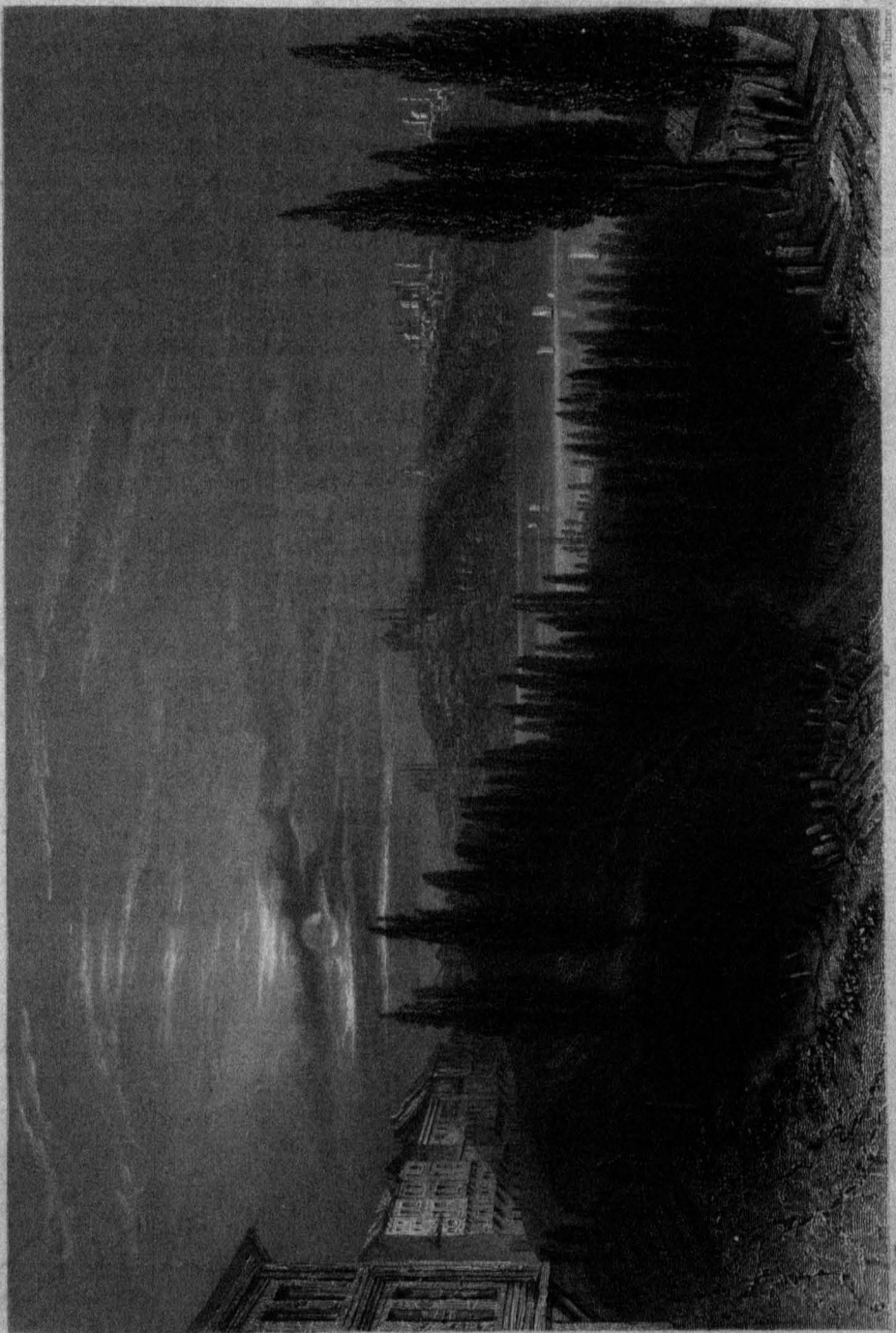
PETIT CHAMPS DES MORTS, PERA.

"Come, wander with me in the place of graves—
The tall trees wave a welcome, and the wind
Sighs like soft music through the clustered tombs.
Come, wander with me there, where thousands rest;
We shall not waken them—theirs is the sleep
Which, dreamless, knows no waking."

THERE is certainly nothing which more impresses the mind or fills the imagination of the traveller in Turkey, than the appearance and situation of the burial places. The sunniest spots, where all is gaiety and gladness, yet find room for a grave, without being saddened by the partial occupancy of death. The gardens of the great are open to the remains of those who have been dear to them in life, and the lovely *Acacia Gul-ibrasim*, or "silk rose," is often gathered from the tomb of a dead beauty to adorn the hair of a living one; nor does the soft wind which sighs through the branches of the pensile willow by which it is overshadowed seem more sad, nor its cool shade less welcome to the survivor, because they are the accessories to a grave.

In the grounds of the Sultan's "Palace of the Sweet Waters" there is a tomb of fair white marble, erected immediately beneath the windows of his own private apartments, to the memory of one whom he had loved and lost—a beautiful Odalique, who died in the first bloom of her youth and favour—whom the Imperial Poet immortalized in song—whom the man wept in the solitude of his chamber—and whose head was laid low where he could at least see the fresh turf spring about her tomb.

The Reis Effendi, an old gray man, in whom it might have been thought that the weight of years and the cares of office must have worn out the sensibilities which lead us to yearn after the departed, and to cling morbidly to the poor remnant which is shrouded in the grave;—even he, surrounded by state intrigues, each of which might have cost him both place and power; hastening to the termination of his earthly pilgrimage, and accustomed to the sight of death for long and weary years;—even he, when in the winter of his days he lost one whom he deeply loved, suffered not the body to be borne away from him, but



THE PETIT CHAMP-DES-MOÛTS, PERA.

THE KAPING TOUTINAT, GREENHALL, PERA.

LA PETIT CHAMP-DES-MOÛTS, PERA.

raised the tomb in his garden, where, beneath the long shadows of the over-arching trees, he could sit on the cold marble of the gilded sepulchre, and weep. And yet it was but upon the grave of a young child that he shed these bitter and frequent tears—the little son of a dead daughter, who had not yet seen seven summers: but the boy had clung to him, had never learnt to bow before his greatness, but had sat upon his knee, and made a plaything of his gray beard, as he prattled to him in the language of the heart in which there is no guile: and the hoary statesman loved the child—and lost him; and he felt bitterly that he had not time enough left on earth to learn so to love another!

And there stood the little tomb in that shady garden, with its gilded turban, and its fond record, where the grandsire could look upon it unobserved.

Is there a narrow nook at the corner of a street in the most crowded thoroughfares of the city,—there you will find a headstone and a grave. Like the ancient Romans, from whom they probably imbibed the custom, the Turks form burial-places by the way side; and, like them, they also inscribe upon their tombs the most beautiful lessons of resignation and philosophy.

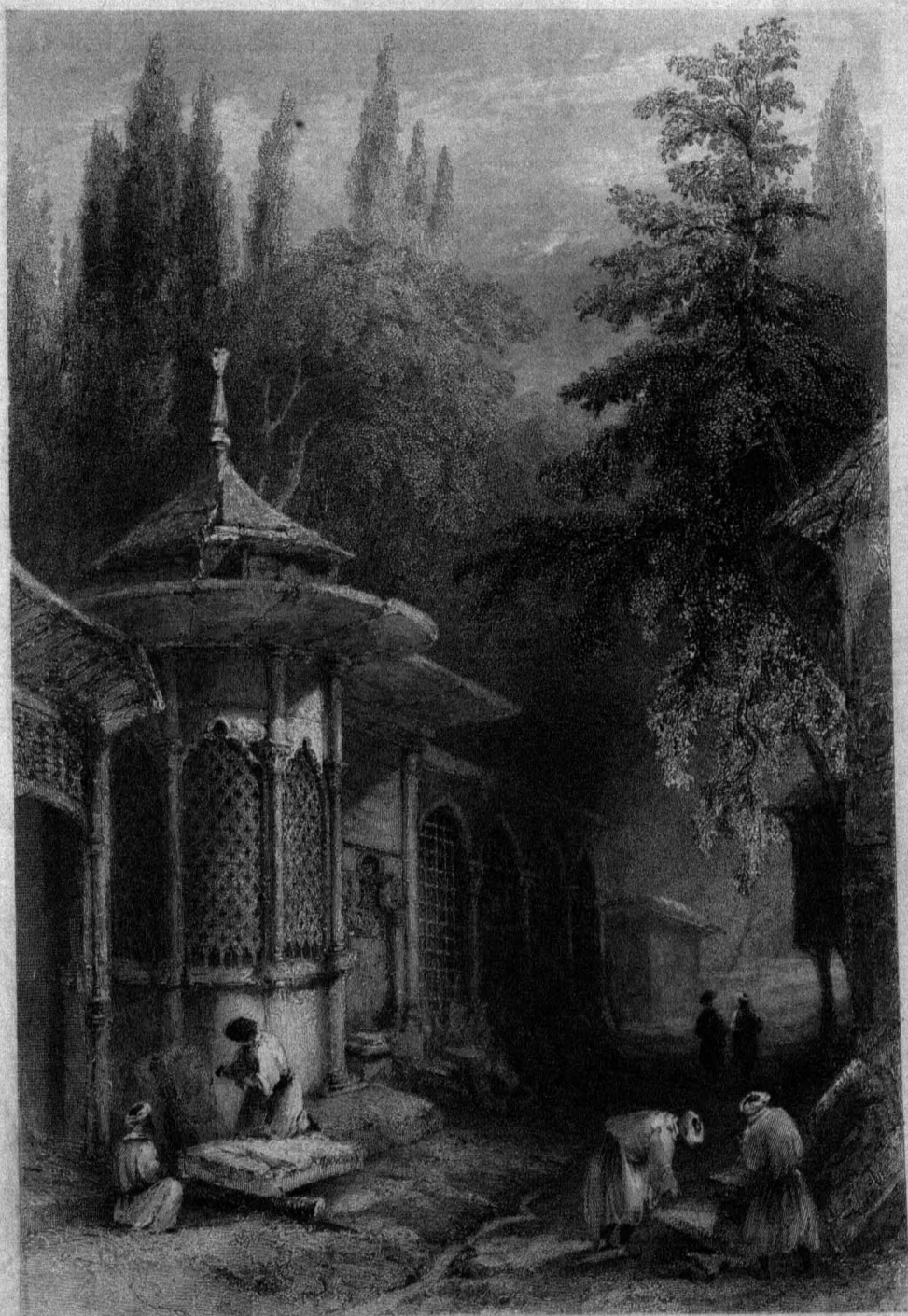
The Petit Champs, or lesser Necropolis of Pera, offers a singular spectacle: it is entirely sacred to the Musselmauns, (who never suffer the ashes of their dead to mingle with Infidel clay,) and fringes with its dark cypresses the crest and a portion of the declivity of the hill which dominates the post: it is hemmed in with houses, overlooked by a hundred casements, grazed by cattle, loud with greetings and gossipry; and commands from its higher points extensive and noble views of the harbour and the opposite shore. The ground is very undulating, forming deep dells where the sunshine never penetrates, and then suddenly and abruptly rising, as though to fling its funereal grove in contact with the blue sky above it. There are footpaths among the trees, sunny glades gleaming out from among the dark shadows, headstones clustered against the grassy slopes, and guard-houses with their portals thronged with lounging soldiers, arousing the echoes of the death-forest by the clash of steel.

In the bottom of the valley, in the very midst of the cemetery, stands a small octagonal building, from whose solitary chimney a dense white cloud of smoke may generally be seen to emerge, wreath itself for an instant about the nearest cypresses, and finally lose itself in the atmosphere. This is the dead-house, to which the body of every deceased Moslem destined for interment in this burial-place is brought, in order that the last worldly duties may be performed—the corpse carefully washed, the beard shorn, the nails cut, and the limbs decently composed; and this is a ceremony never omitted, ere what was so lately a True Believer is laid to rest in the narrow grave.

On the verge of the cemetery, where it touches on the faubourg of Pera, the rocky ground rises precipitately, forming a natural division between the habitations of the dead and the living; but not a hand's space has been left waste by either. A narrow road along the side of the descent alone separates the houses of the Perotes from the graves of the Moslem, which lean against the base of the ridge. These houses have many of them terraces overlooking the cemetery,—gay with flowers, loud with laughter, and bright with smiles: trees have been planted before them; cafés, where the young and the idle congregate during the summer evenings to enjoy their ices and cigars, awaken with their light revelry the echoes of the death-place; and many a fond couple wander away amid the graves, and sit hand in hand upon some lettered stone, to exchange their vows, and to lay plans for the future on the very threshold of the past!

Some of the Turkish tombs are very elaborate and beautiful, particularly in the solemn Necropolis of Scutari: there are none of the prettinesses of Père-la-Chaise to be found amid its wide solitudes; and it is equally free from colossal statues of statesmen, looking as though they had been transplanted from a council-chamber or a cathedral, and appalling representations of grinning skeletons and eyeless skulls; no fanciful calembourgs on roses and reine-marguerites are graven into the eternal stone, which had been better enshrined in some gilded volume:—all is stern, and still, and solemn: the fatuities of life have no place in that city of the dead; its very atmosphere is unlike that which is breathed elsewhere, for the clustering together of the cypresses diffuses a strong aroma of resin, purifying the air, and counteracting the pernicious effects of such a mass of perishing mortality as that which lies below; while its deep shadows, and its occasional gleams of light falling upon the myriad head-stones scattered around, are like glimpses of an unknown world.

Those head-stones themselves form a striking and peculiar feature of the scene; they are extremely picturesque and various in design; and as the Musselmauns never disturb the ashes of the dead, and never bury and re-bury on the same spot, as is too commonly the case in the more narrow and confined grave-yards of Europe, the time-worn, weather-stained, and leaning column, beneath which the clammy *human* soil has failed, is seen in juxta-position with the brightly-gilded, fresh-lettered pillar of yesterday, against which time has yet had no power, and over which no storm-cloud has yet burst, standing turban-crowned and erect, telling its tale of recent bereavement. At the base of many of these columns a small reservoir for water is hollowed in the stone that marks the dimensions of the grave, to slake the thirst of the wandering dogs and birds which may chance to pass through the cemetery; while the sex of the dead may be at once distinguished



W. H. Bartlett.

W. F. Rogers.

TOMB IN THE CEMETERY OF SCUTARI.

by the turban (varying in form according to the rank of the deceased, and faithfully serving as the index to his social position) which marks the grave of the man, and the sculptured rose-branch that indicates the resting-place of the female.

Nothing can be more marked than the contrast between the Turkish and the Christian burial-grounds. The Greek cemetery at Pera is slovenly and ill kept; the slabs covering the bodies are mutilated and defaced by wanton violence; the trees, scantily distributed among them, are hacked and ragged; and were it not that it is on three of its sides overlooked by houses, it would present the very embodiment of desolation.

The Frank grave-yard is as obnoxious to good taste as that of the Greeks to good feeling. There are Latin inscriptions, signifying nothing which can awaken either sympathy or devotion; flourishes of French sentiment in prose and rhyme; injunctions to pray for the souls of the departed, coupled with Italian elaborations of eulogy and despair; concise English records of births, ages, deaths, and diseases; and all the common-places of an ordinary grave-yard, without a single object which can tend to deepen a solemn or a pious thought.

But the Armenian necropolis is well worthy the attention of the stranger. It is a thickly-peopled spot, where the acacia-trees blossom in their scented beauty, and shed their withered flowers, like a sweet pall dropped by the hand of nature on the quiet graves. The Armenian tombs are peculiarly inscribed, giving you a lesson, and reading you a homily as you wander among them. The noble Armenian character is graven deeply into the stone; name and date are duly set forth; but that which renders these slabs (for there is not an upright head-stone in any Eastern cemetery, save those of the Turks and Jews) peculiarly distinctive, is the singular custom observed by this people, of graving upon the tomb an emblem of the profession or trade of the deceased.

Thus the priest is distinguished even beyond the grave by the mitre that surmounts his name; the diamond-merchant by a group of ornaments; the money-changer by a pair of scales; the florist by a knot of flowers: besides many more ignoble hieroglyphics, such as the razor and basin of the barber, the shears of the tailor, and so on; and when the calling is one which may have been followed by either sex, a book, placed immediately above the appropriate emblem, distinguishes the grave of the man.

Nor is this all; for the victims of a violent death have also their distinctive mark; and more than one tomb in this extraordinary burial-place presents the rude representation of a headless trunk, from whose severed throat the gushing blood is spiriting upwards like a fountain, while the head itself is pillowed on the clasped hands!

Many of the more ancient of the tombs are very richly and intricately wrought; and the shapes of several of these sarcophagi are eminently classical; but nearly all the modern ones are mere oblong slabs, mounted in some cases upon circular pedestals three or four inches in height, and perfectly simple in design. The situation of the Armenian burial-place is superb; and it is generally occupied by groups of people of that nation, seated upon the grave-stones, beneath the cool shadows of the acacia-trees, talking and smoking, as though no symbol of the dead were near.

Death has no gloom for the philosophical Orientals!

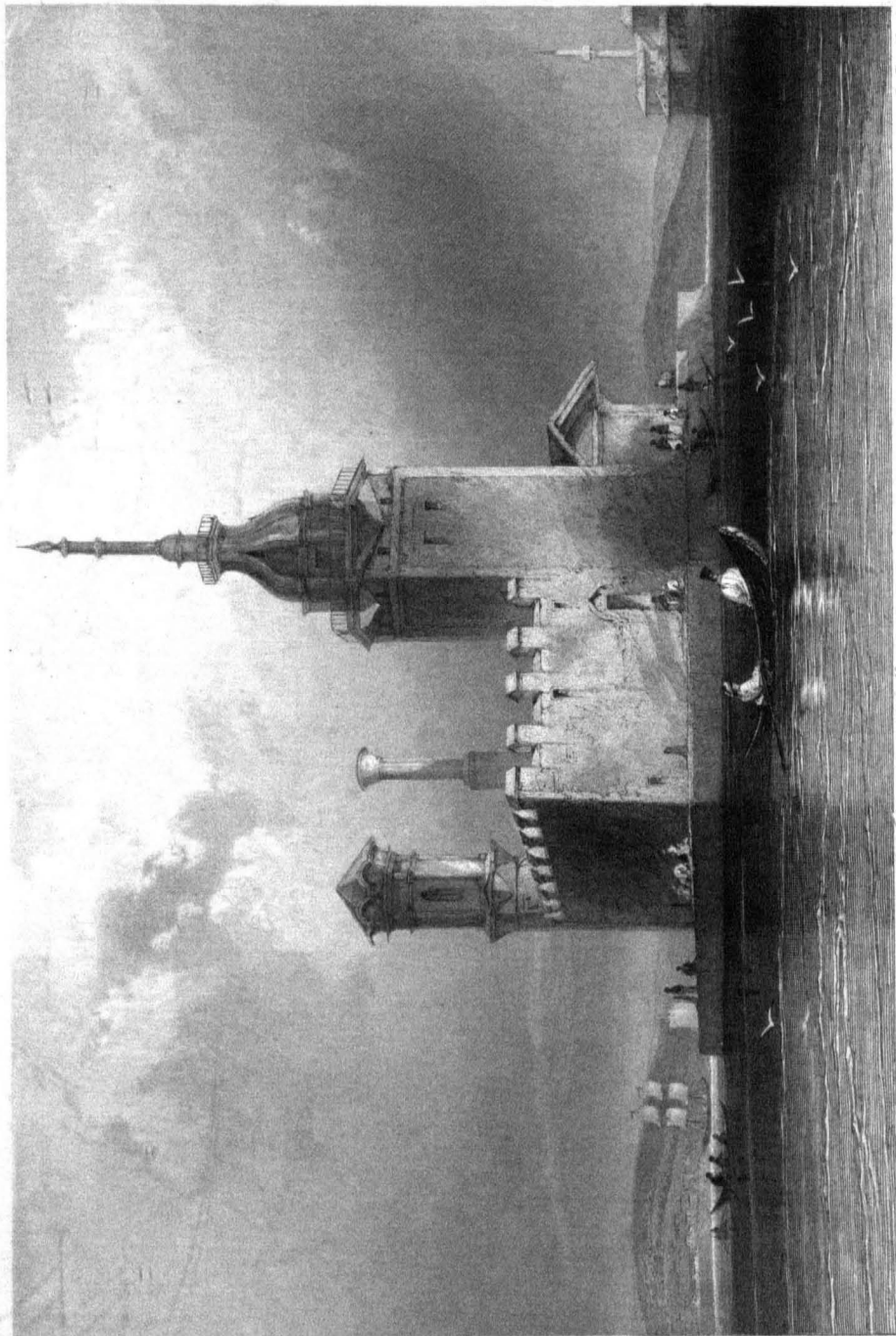
THE GUZ-COULI, OR MAIDEN'S TOWER.

A fairy-fortress, girdled by the sea,
Rock-seated, and alone; whose single tower
Was mirrored in the waves, and from whose heights
The eye glanced round on two fair cities, spread
Along still fairer shores.

MS.

THE popular and poetical traditions attached to this sea-girdled edifice have already been given, and its peculiar position has rendered it a very striking object in several of the sketches of Mr. Bartlett; it is, indeed, so essentially one of the "Beauties of the Bosphorus," that it could not fail to create its own interest, even were it without its peculiar record; but such is far from being the case. The massaldjhes love to tell the tale of the fair and high-born girl, who died, Cleopatra-like, from the bite of an adder, within its walls; the poets love to sing the adventures of the Persian Prince who delivered the imprisoned beauty on a night of storm, when there was no tell-tale moon to reveal the enterprise to jealous guards and watchful eunuchs; and when the wild waves of the Propontis were lashing themselves to foam against the rocky shores of Asia, while the hoarse gusts which swept down from the Black Sea, driving the current of the Bosphorus madly before them, swelled the midnight diapason, and was sweeter than the voice of the bûlbûl of Nishapor in the ears of the lovers.

But neither has the sober historian passed it by; and pretty and fanciful as may be the fables which we have quoted, we are bound in our turn to treat the



THE GUZ CULL, OR MAIDEN'S TOWER.

DER GÜZ CÜLLÜ, ODER MÄDCHEN THURM.

LE CUL-CÜLLÜ, OU TOUR DE LA DEMOISELLE.

subject more gravely; and to admit that the island-fortress owed its erection to a more rational impulse than obedience to a wild dream, or the desire to counteract a still wilder prophecy.

The Square Tower, now known as the Guz-Couli, was, it is stated, originally built by the Emperor Manuel, for the purpose of communicating with the point of coast occupied by the Seraï Bournou by means of an iron chain, which, on the approach of an hostile fleet, was drawn across the whole mouth of the strait, protecting both the harbour and the channel from the occupancy of the intruders. No other trace of this ingenious expedient now remains, however, and the historian is consequently as traditional as the poet; nor do the Turks appear to be at all aware that the Guz-Couli was ever appropriated to such an use—to them it is now a plague-hospital, and nothing more; while many European travellers, full of old associations, combine the peculiar situation of the castle with memories of Hero, Leander, and the Hellespont, and, confirmed in their error by its modern appellation of Guz-Couli, without hesitation christen it “Leander’s Tower.”

By whatever name it may be called, it is a very pleasing object from both shores, and stands amid the waves like the guardian of the strait.

BEBEC,

ON THE BOSPHORUS.

‘ Nor oft I’ve seen such sight, nor heard such song,
As woo’d the eye, and thrill’d the Bosphorus along.”

BYRON.

THIS very pretty village, situated about midway of the Bosphorus, and stretching for a considerable distance along the European shore, is chiefly remarkable from the channel for its beautifully-shaded square, overarched by forest-trees, of gigantic growth, and an Imperial Kiosque, formerly an object of much mystery and dread, but which has now lost in romance as much as it has gained in beauty; for having become a favourite retreat of the Sultan, it has lately been gaily, and, indeed, tastefully painted.

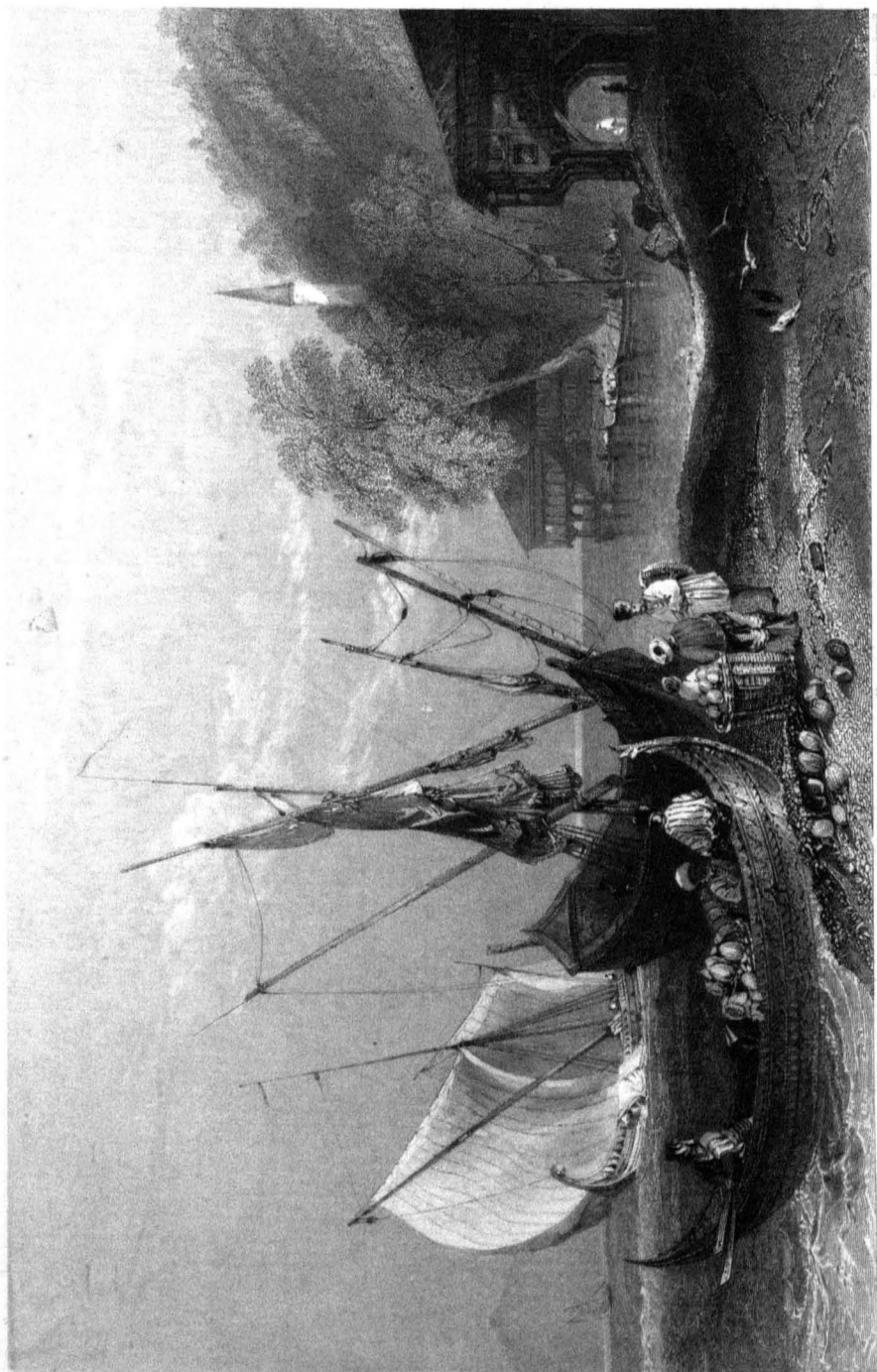
The Kiosque of Bebec possesses an historical interest from the fact that it was at one time the appointed rendezvous of those European ambassadors with

whom the Sultan wished to confer without the cognisance of the other Frank ministers, or of the members of his own government. At that period it was suffered to remain in a state of partial disrepair, in order that it might not attract attention; and thither the envoy whose presence was desired quietly proceeded in his barge, without state or ceremony of any description; and, having landed, entered the building, and awaited the arrival of the Moslem monarch; there, with closed jalousies, through which they could themselves see every thing which passed along the channel without being visible to any one, sat the Sultan and the minister weaving the intricate web of diplomacy; and thence, when the conference was ended, they departed with the same mystery and caution. Of the present Sultan, however, it may truly be said that *il a changé tout cela*—he no longer gives audiences stealthily; and the Kiosque of Bebec has, consequently, become a mere Imperial *pied-à-terre* for an hour of relaxation.

Nor was this the only remarkable feature in the history of this summer-pavilion; for it was once the chosen lounge of the famous, or rather celebrated Ali Pasha of Tepeleni, whose tiger heart and bitter expiation have alike been the theme of story and of song. In this Kiosque he is affirmed to have spent some hours each day when he was Camaican to the Vèzir, ere he was removed to his command at Yanina; and to have amused his idleness by studying the "human face divine" as keenly, and far more cruelly, than Lavater; as he ever carried his deductions to a pitch fatal to those on whom he speculated; for he had no sooner suffered his eye to rest for a moment on some physiognomy which displeased him, than a motion of his hand arrested the progress of the passing boat; the obnoxious countenance was brought into immediate contact with that of the ruthless dignitary, and the unhappy individual by whom it was owned was sternly greeted with an assurance that he must be a rogue, and the son of rogues, or that Allah the All-merciful! would never have cursed him with so ill-looking a face, whereon were written characters of evil, which the Pasha could read as though they had been inscribed by the pen of a *khoja** upon a skin of parchment; a man wearing such a countenance must necessarily be a *karadhan*† of the vilest class, and all unfit to walk at large among the chosen people of Mahomet; and such being the case, the miserable victim of ugliness was forthwith consigned to the gallies to expiate his inferred crimes! Expostulation was vain, for the Camaican was a sophist; and with cat-like cruelty he was ever ready to sport a moment with the agonies of his victim, in order to

* Scribe.

† Literally "black soul"—the acmé of opprobrium.



HREC, ON THE HOSPITALS.

congratulate the trembling wretch who quailed before him, gasping out assurances of his innocence of all offence, either against his faith or his neighbour, that the opportunity was taken from him of perpetrating all the misdeeds which were registered in his face, and from whose dark effects the Pasha had so fortunately rescued the public: for there they were; and if yet to do, the greater the blessing which had been vouchsafed to him in an interference that might prevent them altogether. And upon these premises, or rather to satisfy this caprice, it is seriously asserted that so many miserable and guiltless wretches were sent to suffer and to die amid the filth, and squalor, and toil of the public bagnio, that the Sultan found it necessary to interfere with the pursuit of his minister, and to compel a discontinuance of the pastime.

It was possibly from a consciousness of his own great personal beauty that Ali indulged in so inhuman a hatred towards those who were less physically gifted; and that his taste for bringing his victim into immediate contact with himself, grew out of the savage vanity of forcing upon him a sense of his own ugliness. Be that as it may, he is described by those who knew him as one of the mildest and most benevolent looking of men.

On the page of the poet the same record is inscribed; for thus "the Childe" bears witness to the fidelity of the description at a later period of the Pasha's life:—

" In marble-paved pavilion, where a spring
Of living water from the centre rose,
Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling,
And soft voluptuous couches breathed repose,
ALI reclined, a man of wars and woes;
Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,
While gentleness her milder radiance throws
Along that aged venerable face,
The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him with disgrace.

" It is not that yon hoary lengthening beard
Ill suits the passions which belong to youth;
Love conquers age—so Hafiz hath averr'd,
So sings the Teian, and he sings in sooth—
But crimes that scorn the tender voice of ruth,
Beseeeming all men ill, but most the man
In years, have mark'd him with a tiger's tooth;
Blood follows blood, and through their mortal span,
In bloodier acts conclude those who with blood began."

On the crest of the hill behind Bebec, there is an oak wood, in whose depths is a small space covered with short fresh turf, without a single tree, where the human voice awakens a multiplied echo so singular as to have become a source of much amusement to its visitors. A horse, galloped rapidly round the enclo-

sure, produces precisely the effect upon the ear of a distant charge of cavalry; and a peal of laughter is so extraordinarily prolonged, as almost to turn wonder into pain.

The village of Bebec is principally inhabited by Greeks.

A PUBLIC KHAN.

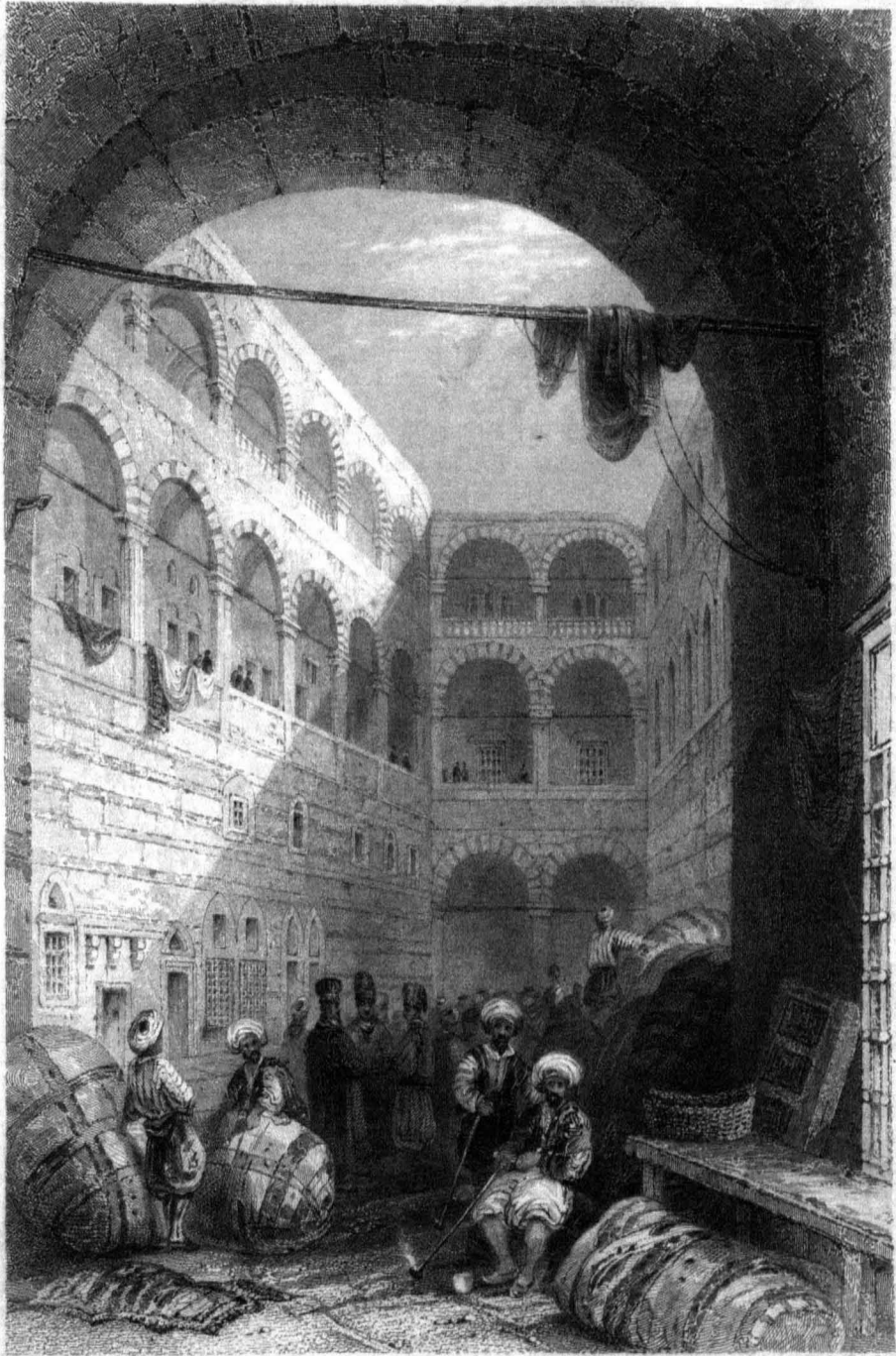
A place where merchants congregate—where wealth
Takes many forms—is bartered, bought, and sold;
Is earned by labour, flung away on chance,
Exchanged, computed, watched with eager eyes,
Weighed, balanced, won, and scattered o'er the globe.—MS.

THE Khans, or Caravanseraïs of the East, are as purely oriental in their character as the Mosques in whose immediate neighbourhood they are generally situated, or the Bazârs which they supply with merchandise.

The Caravanseraï, or lodging of the caravan, is a large quadrangular court, surrounded by stone buildings, solidly massed, and presenting much the appearance of the inner cloisters of a monastery. The apartments on the basement serve as counting-houses for the merchants, one only being reserved as a coffee-kiosque, for the accommodation of the tenants of the Khan, which always has a fine fountain in the centre of its paved court, and is closed two hours before midnight by a pair of massive gates; beside one of which is the little hut of the Khanjhi, who is answerable for all comers and goers after that time, until day-break; a precaution rendered highly necessary by the immense value of the merchandise which is frequently contained in these establishments.

The upper story of the building is faced by an open gallery, supported on arches, which stretches round the entire square, and is reached by exterior flights of stone steps, situated at two of its angles; and from this gallery open the store-rooms of the merchants, which are generally filled with bags of raw silk, European cottons, bales of rich stuffs, tobaccos, spices, arms—and, in short, all the most precious articles of Eastern traffic.

It must not, however, be imagined that the articles here described are to be found promiscuously in every Khan; on the contrary, the silk-merchants have their own peculiar rendezvous; the hyperbolical Persians pile their gold and silver stuffs apart; and the gebeli-dealers sort their various tobaccos in a caravanseraï of their own; while the mere traveller, pilgrim, and dervish, take up their abode in



W. D. Barrow

J. C. Bentley

A PUBLIC KHAN.

PHAN PUBLIC

EINE UNENTGELTICHE HERBERGE

common in very inferior Khans, where heat, vermin, and filth are their certain companions; and where the acquaintanceless European, driven to this resource in towns where no hotels exist, is initiated into a thousand personal miseries, of which he could previously have formed no idea.

The Khan of the silk-merchants at Broussa in Asia Minor is a very beautiful establishment, with a noble gate-way, opening from the bazār of the city, finely set in a frame-work of mosaiced porcelain; while its Caravanseraī for pilgrims is wretched in the extreme. And the same distinction is visible in those of Constantinople itself, where dervishes, santons, and other wayfarers, who can afford to pay for their scanty lodging, and yet more scanty fare, leave behind them traces of disorder and want of cleanliness, which are, indeed, almost enough to challenge the skill of all the khanjhis of the city to obliterate.

Dr. Walsh, in the first volume of his "Residence in Constantinople," gives an account of his arrival in a Turkish hamlet, situated in a magnificent valley, surrounded by the distant branches of Mount Rhodope, when on his way overland to Stamboul from the Dardanelles—which, as it not only gives an admirable picture of one of the inferior village Caravanseraīs of the East, but also illustrates a virtue universally practised in Turkey, we shall extract entire:—

"The villages scattered about these mountains are inhabited by Turks, Greeks, or Armenians; if by the former, a traveller is never admitted into a house, but must lie in the stable with his horse, at a place called a Khan. This is generally a very large edifice, like one of the great cow-houses in England, filled with cattle of all kinds. At one end is a little enclosure, separated by a low partition, just sufficiently high to prevent the cattle from walking over him, but in other respects a continuation of the stable. That in which I now found myself had the luxury of a bit of rugged straw mat, just large enough for me to sit on; and I found myself lodged with about fifty buffaloes and camels. A traveller gets nothing to eat but what he brings with him, and my stock of provisions consisted of a grain of coffee in a paper in one waistcoat pocket, and a little zacchari, or brown sugar, in the other. Hasan had a bag of tobacco. I had eaten nothing from the first light in the morning, and I was as hungry as tired, after a long day's ride; but there I sat solitary, between three mud walls, on a bit of dirty straw mat, with the more fortunate cattle crunching their provender about me. Occasionally, a camel, or a buffalo, would put his neck across the partition, and having looked at me with considerable curiosity, would then begin to move his jaws just close to my face, as if to mock my hunger. Meantime, Hasan sat cross-legged before me, smoking his pipe with the most imperturbable gravity, quite reconciled to the state of inanity in which we were doomed to pass

the night. I several times gave him an imploring look, and put my finger in my mouth, closing my teeth on it, that even a Turk might comprehend what I wanted. Hasan slowly moved his head, and said, 'Yoke,' the first word I had heard him utter. I hoped that yoke might have something to say to eggs, but I was mistaken; yoke, I found, was Turkish for 'nothing.' I now made myself about a thimbleful of coffee, in a little tin measure, which I found among some embers in an earthen pot in the corner, and stretching myself out for the night, I took Hasan's pipe, and smoked myself into a doze.

"I know not how long I remained in this state, but when I opened my eyes, I found by the light of a lamp stuck in the wall, the place crowded with Turks, sitting round me cross-legged, three or four deep, all smoking and silently gazing on me, waiting, apparently, until I should awake. I asked for Hasan, whom I could not see; and one of them, rather a truculent-looking man, drew his hand across his throat, and with a solemn countenance, motioned me to hold my peace. 'Here then,' said I to myself, 'I am about to suffer the penalty of travelling with a false firman;* my janissary has been punished in the summary way of a Turk, and I must submit to whatever they please to do to myself; the Elchi Bey† can't protect a British subject in this remote place.' While engaged in these pleasant reflections, a joint-stool was brought in and set before me, and a large metal tray laid on it, with a number of broad horn spoons, like shovels. I had some vague notions of barbarian nations feeding people before they kill them; and here was my last meal.

"The first course was a basin, the size of a cauldron, of pease-porridge, which was soon dispatched by the company; the next was a seasoned substance, like macaroni; and the last was a bowl of an acidulated liquor, the most grateful I ever tasted. During the whole of the entertainment, not a sound was uttered, nor was I ever asked to eat. But a man in a green turban, to mark his being a descendant of Mahomet, and who seemed the master of the feast, had his eye on me. When he saw me relaxing with my spoon, he said not a word; but he nudged the man next him with his elbow, and he his neighbour, till it came round to me; and in this way I was pressed to eat more. A large bunch of grapes was fished up from the bottom of the last bowl, and held for a moment by the Turk in the green turban; it was then passed on to me, without any one helping himself, and laid on the tray before me; and it seemed a part of the ceremonial of the entertainment. When every thing was removed, I was presented with a cup of coffee, and a pipe; but having declined them, one of the company laid the side of his head on his hand, intimating that I should go to sleep; I drew my

* Passport, or safe-conduct, granted by the authorities to travellers.

† Ambassador.

cloak over me as I was bid, and when I awoke in the morning, I found the company still sitting round me, smoking as before I fell asleep. The horses were now brought to the door, and my hosts departed as silently as they entered, without asking remuneration, or seeming to expect even thanks. I afterwards found that my friendly Turks were the voivode and principal men of the village, who, being informed that I was a stranger and a Frank with a firman, had given me an entertainment; and the man who drew his hand across his throat, had intimated that Hasan had gone to get himself shaved and dressed for dinner. There was something singular in their taciturn hospitality, but the kindness of a Turk is divested of all pretension; it is rude, but cordial, whenever it is offered."

At the town of Rodosto, the same writer says:—

"The Khans for travellers here are of a most enormous size, some of them, apparently, as large as Westminster Hall, and resembling it in appearance; an open edifice, with a high roof, supported on naked walls, unbroken by any object. Some of them contain two or three hundred horses, or camels, which appear like mice ranged round the floor below."

But the *khanjhis*, or keepers of the Khan, must not themselves be passed over without a word of mention. They are usually keen-witted, crafty, intelligent men—the very focus of all the news and gossip of the city; chartered rascals, moreover, who will cheat every one to his face who has any thing to lose, and against whom every one is consequently on his guard; but who are at the same time so true to the trust reposed in them, that the goods of the merchants, however valuable, are never violated when once placed in the charge of the *khanjhi*, who will die at his post rather than suffer even a suspicious eye to rest upon them.

There is a certain foppery about the *khanjhi* of a first-rate Caravanseraï; he wears his turban with an air, carries his chibouque between the second and third fingers of his right hand, and flourishes a tusbee in his left, as though it had never any other employment than that of coquetting with the beads of the chaplet; although his well-worn slippers, and the weather-stained folds of his dress, tell a tale of more active and useful occupations.

The *khanjhis* are universally patient and good-humoured, and from living constantly among strangers, are much less prejudiced in favour of their own habits and manners than most of their countrymen; though they evidently consider the mere visitors to the establishment as decided intruders, interfering with the comfort and seclusion of their tenants, and trammelling them in their business; and consequently receive the parting *backshish** of the stranger with a grim satisfaction wondrously amusing.

* Present.

Altogether, could the wandering European make the acquaintance of a khanjhi in every Eastern city that he visits, without being compelled to make that of the Khan itself, he would enjoy a novel and interesting phase of society, totally distinct from all that he had left behind him in the far west.

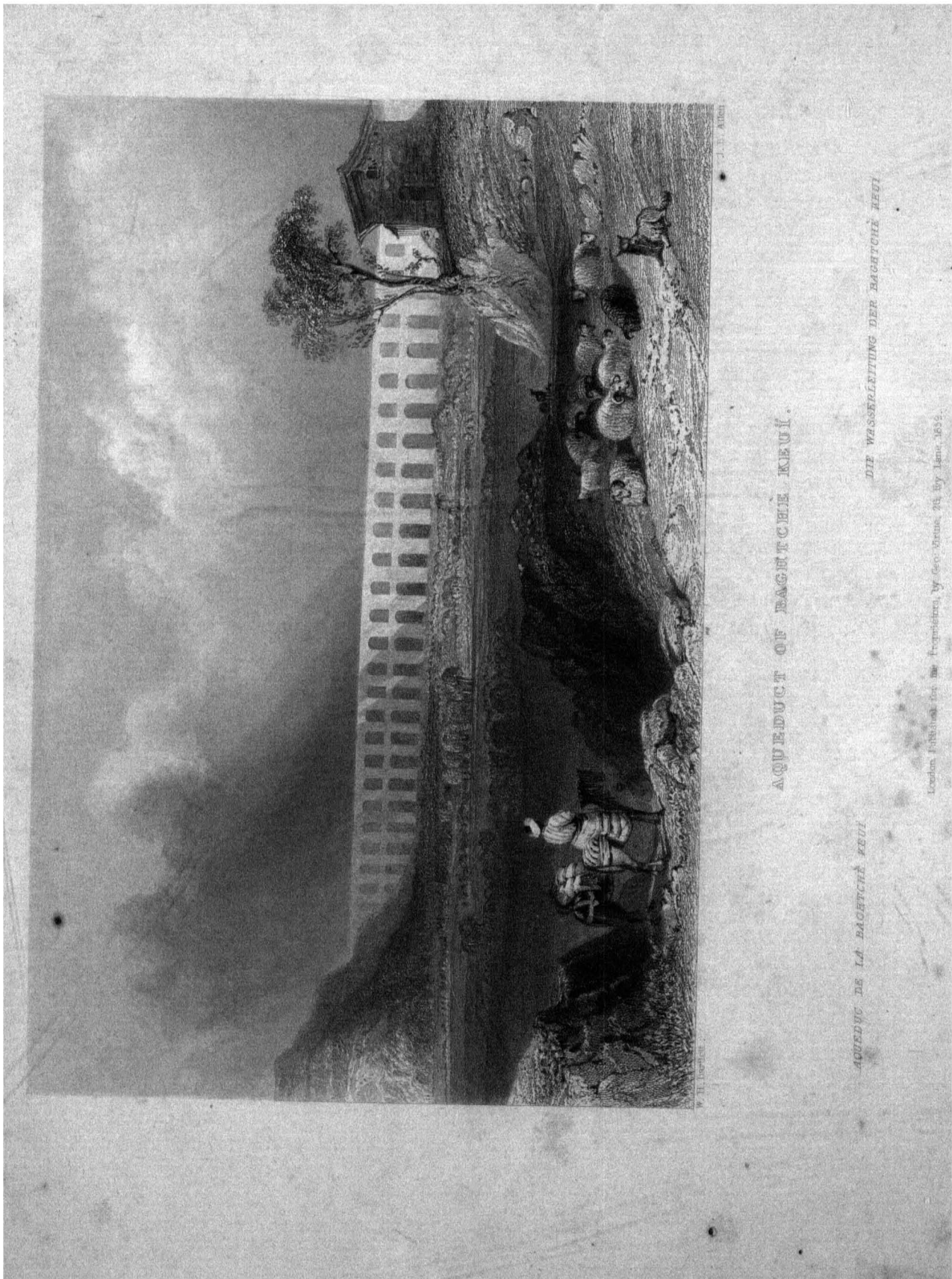
FORT BEIL-GOROD,

ON THE BOSPHORUS.

"Where glide the Bosphor's lovely waters,
All palace-lined from sea to sea."
N. P. WILLIS.

THE fortress of Beil-Gorod, which forms the subject of the accompanying sketch, is situated immediately opposite to the Jouchi Dajhi, or Giant's Grave. It is in the most efficient state of any of the double line of forts bristling the shores of the Bosphorus; and is frequently visited by Sultan Mahmoud, who, during the summer months, occasionally spends whole days at Beil-Gorod, whither he repairs in his gilded barge, attended by a train of Pashas and Beys in their graceful caiques, sweeping along the channel like a flight of swans.

It is a singular and beautiful sight to watch the action of the rowers in the larger boats, or galleys, pulling six or eight pairs of oars, as, clad in a uniform dress composed of white silk shirts with loose open sleeves, cotton drawers of extreme width, and small red caps scarcely covering the crown of their shaven heads, they bend to the long sweep of the pliant oars with an action as symmetrical as though it were produced by machinery, and increase their speed to the utmost stretch, when two rival boats are striving for the lead,—while on every occasional rencontre with each other on the same course, the foremost boat makes it a point of honour not to lose its place; the rowers voluntarily exerting their strength and skill in mimic regattas of perpetual recurrence. The caiques themselves are beautiful; long and narrow, with high prows glittering with gilding, and raised sterns, where the attendants sit behind their employers, who occupy the bottom of the boat, which is always luxuriously carpetted and cushioned, the build of the caique not admitting of transverse seats, even did the habits of the Osmanli favour them: and thus they skim along upon the ripple like wild birds; or bound over the "Devil's current" with the assist-



AQUEDUCT OF BÂTONNE KENT.

AQUEDUC DE LA BÂTONNE KENT

DIE WASSERLEITUNG DER BÂTONNE KENT

London: Published for the Proprietors, by Geo. Meane, 24, St. John, 1856.

ance of the *yelik*, or towing-rope, which is flung on board by persons who gain a subsistence in assisting the labouring boats through the whirling eddies, where the oars of the boatmen cannot avail. A small silver coin, its amount depending on the liberality of the traveller, repays this service; and the *Sheitan Akindessi* once passed, the oars are resumed, the *yelik* cast off, and the freed caique again shoots forward like an arrow.

There is probably no boat in the world so thoroughly elegant—the canoe of the Indian, the gondola of the Venetian, even the antique classical-looking bark of the Arab, beautiful as it is, must yield the palm to the fairy boats of the Bosphorus.

The situation of Beil-Gorod is very fine, as it commands the entrance of the Bosphorus from the Euxine; and every vessel bound from the “Sea of Storms” to the Golden City necessarily passes before it, producing a constantly varied panorama full of movement and interest. The Jouchi Daghi frames in the picture on one side, sobering its tints, and recalling the tradition of its former occupant, who, if he did not actually “sit upon a rock, and bob for whales,” was, according to the legend, quite able to have done so, had he wished it; while in the other direction the “ocean-stream,” winding between its romantic snores, stretches away far as the eye can reach, now lost behind some wooded height, now seen again beyond it, until earth and water, bay and mountain, become blent in one pure glittering purple, and are lost amid the horizon.

THE AQUEDUCT OF BAGHTCHÈ-KEUL.

Closed be the eye which coldly has beheld
 The long-enduring monuments of eld,
 Nor read upon their proud and hoar decay
 A lesson to the vanity, which, based
 Upon the empty follies of to-day,
 Lets all the soul's best feelings run to waste.—MS.

ALLUSION has already been made to this fine old aqueduct, which spans the beautiful meadow above Buyukdèrè with its lofty arches. The view from it is singularly lovely, and very extensive; valley and mountain, land and water,

waste and forest, are spread out on all sides in noble combination; while the deep stillness of the spot gives a sublimity to the landscape which must be felt to be understood.

There is a season called by the Turks *Patlinjam Melktem*, a time in autumn remarkable for producing a particular species of gourd, when a north-east wind invariably sets in, and the Black Sea, violently driven against the western shore, sends forth a low and solemn moaning like the continuous voice of human agony. The effect of this awful diapason from the aqueduct of Baghtchè-Keui is thrilling,—one long wail of woe fills the air—while the wild waves, hurled against the rocks at the mouth of the Bosphorus, carry upon their crests the foaming banner of destruction, warning from their vicinage the daring bark which would essay the entrance of the Boghaz. At this period dense banks of fog are packed against the rocks, and the whole line of coast presents one mass of heavy uniform obscurity; rendering a passage, at all times sufficiently perilous, almost impossible: the entrance is flanked by two bold and abrupt promontories, crowned with light-houses, and known as the Phanaraki Points. A small village is situated near each of these beacon-towers: and at no great distance stand two of the channel-fortresses, strikingly defined against the dark green rocks on which they are built.

Between the two promontories, but considerably on the European side of the Boghaz, stands one of the Symplegades; the other is at a considerable distance, quite within the Euxine, and very close to the shore. Dr. Walsh, who visited this latter, gives the following very graphic and interesting account of it:—

“We landed with some difficulty, the great swell rising nearly half way up the rock, and threatening to throw our light skiff on the ledge of some precipice. It stands about half a mile from the light-house point of the European shore, just within the Black Sea. It consists of a rocky eminence, twenty or thirty yards in height, and two or three hundred in circumference. On the summit is a very beautiful circular pedestal of pure white marble and fine sculpture. It is four feet three inches in height, and two feet seven inches in diameter; round it is a rich festoon of flowers, supported on bulls' heads, with stars between the folds. It is of superior workmanship, and seems to have been sculptured at an era when the arts were cultivated; but of its origin, date, or name, there is nothing certain; even its shape is not agreed on. The Byzantine historian, Dionysius, says the Romans erected a fane on this rock, and hence it is called ‘the Altar.’ Whatever might have been its original destination, it was latterly appropriated to another use; this is the opinion of Gillius, who saw it in 1545. There stood upon it a Corinthian column, and the monument





W. H. Bartlett.

J. B. Long.

VIEW THROUGH THE AQUEDUCT OF BAHIGNE K'U.

POINT DE VUE A TRAVERS L'AQUEDUC DE BAHIGNE K'U.

ANSICHT DURCH DEN WASSERLEITUNG BAHEIGEN K'U.

obtained the name of 'Pompey's Pillar,' by which it is sometimes known. There was a vague tradition that he had erected it after his victory over Mithridates, whose kingdom of Pontus was close beside, on the coast of Asia. He named a city on the coast, built by that monarch, 'Pompeiopolis;'^{*} but there is no historical record of erecting a column; and Pompey has lost the reputation of this pillar, as well as of that at Alexandria, which it now appears was raised to Dioclesian. When Tournefort visited the rock in 1700, he saw the pillar, twelve feet in length, but it has now disappeared. On the summit of the pedestal which remains, are four square apertures sunk into it, and they seem to have been intended to fasten on the top some other object. There is now no inscription, or trace of it, except some modern scribbling of travellers who have visited the spot; the earliest I could find was dated 1623. This beautiful piece of sculpture, on the summit of so remote and solitary a rock, is a very striking object, and strongly contrasted with the rude wildness of every thing about it.

"The substance of which the rock is formed seems an extraordinary composition. It is a kind of breccia, of various coloured lava, trap, basalt, and limestone, intersected by veins of agate, or chalcedony, of considerable extent. It seems, in fact, an agglomeration of heterogeneous substances, fused together by the action of intense fire. But the colour most predominant is blue or dark green, arising from the presence of some metallic oxide. This has conferred upon the rocks their comparatively modern name: when they were no longer an object of terror, and ceased to crush ships between them, they lost their first appellation, and were called from their hue, Cyanean, a property which remains to this day."[†]

In a season of storm, such as we have endeavoured to describe, the ear of the wanderer lingering at Baghtchè-Keuï is more thrall'd than the eye; for it is only when the lightning shimmers for an instant on the foam-crested waves by which the rocks are girdled, that the sublimity of the scene can be discerned,—when the "vexed Symplegades" are battling with the billows, and the dark coast casts back the watery charge with a moan of thunder, as though it mourned over the devastation which might be borne onward upon the wild and reckless storm-waves. The aqueduct should be visited at a more genial season, for its wide sweep of prospect to be fully enjoyed.

The valley of Buyukdèrè is the largest glen on the European shore of the channel, extending for five or six miles, and boasting its historical interest as well as its picturesque beauty; for here it was, in a flower-laden meadow of about a mile in width, that the doughty Godfrey de Bouillon encamped his

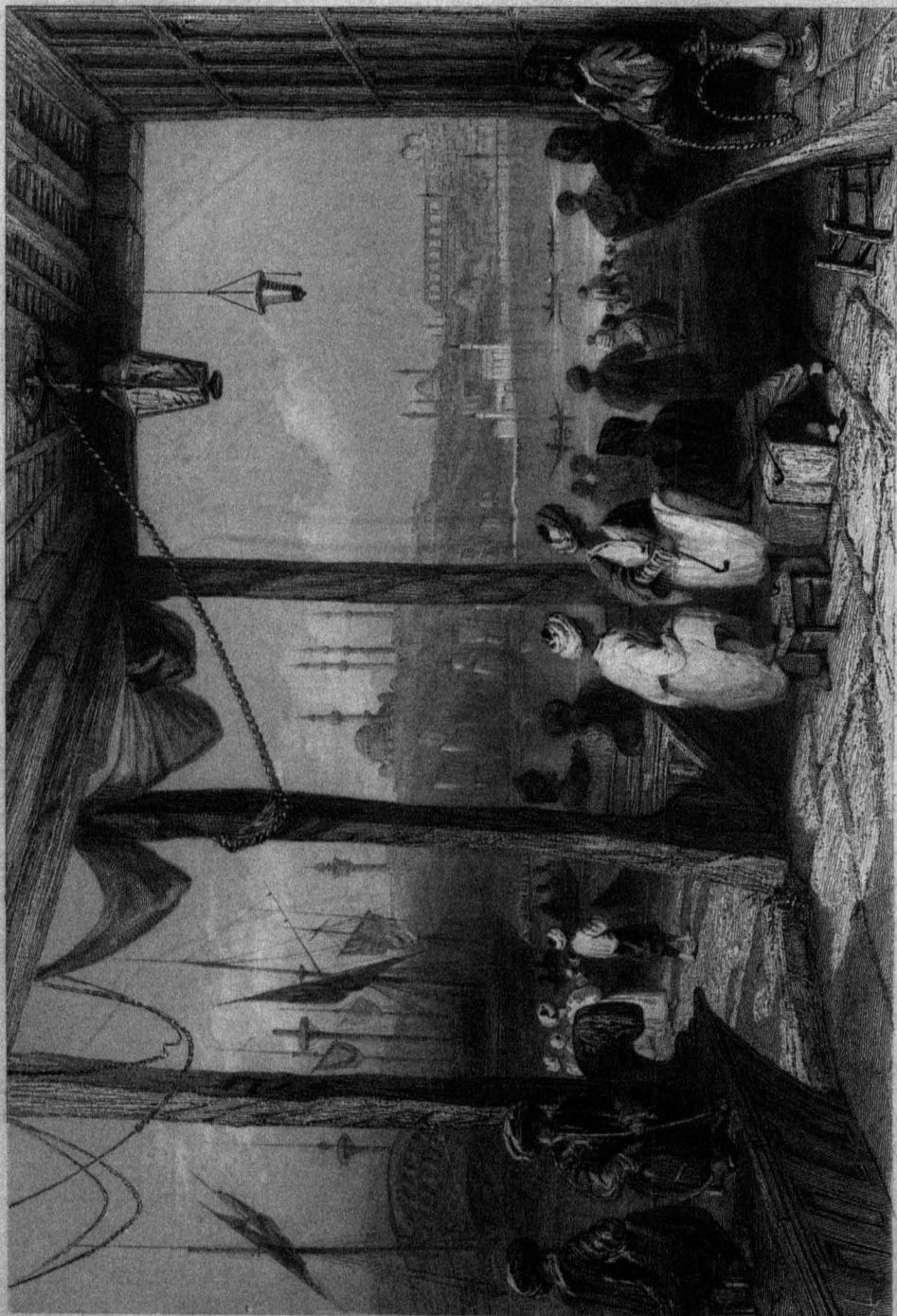
^{*} Pliny, lib. vi. cap. 2.

[†] Walsh's Residence at Constantinople, vol. i. pp. 282, 283.

Crusaders in the year 1097, when they were on their way to the siege of Micæa, —a reminiscence which is often renewed by the sight of Turkish tents on the same spot; the meadow of Buyukdèrè being a favourite resort of the Sultan, who in the summer months repairs thither to witness wrestling matches, the exercise of the *jereed*, and other athletic games performed in the open air.

Near the centre of the valley stands a platanus of enormous size, which is considered to be probably the largest in the world. It measures forty-seven yards in circumference near the root, and it is asserted that its branches overshadow a circular extent of upwards of four hundred feet. The enormous trunk is divided into fourteen stems, the forks of several being now hidden by the soil which has accumulated above them, while others are distant as much as seven or eight feet from the earth. One has been broken off at an immense height, and another is entirely hollow, apparently from fire, and is frequently used by the goat-herds as a refuge during storms.

Perhaps no platanus ever sung by the ancients, honoured by the admiration of an Emperor, haunted by the philosopher and the patriot, or nourished by the Anacreontic libations of Roman revellers, deserved immortality more fully than that of Buyukdèrè. A French naturalist has conjectured that it must have existed more than two thousand years; yet still its gigantic branches spread far and wide, garlanded with fair fresh leaves, and its sturdy boughs rebound from the pressure of the tempest-wind which sweeps over them in its fury, with all the firm free vigour of eternal youth: generations pass away—the infant rises into the boy—the boy strengthens into the man—manhood withers into old age—and the grave closes over the dead:—another race succeeds, and yet another, and another; while the same tree lives on, hale, and green, and flourishing, mocking at poor mortality, and weaving a new web of beauty with every changing season. The triumph of man's strength and of man's ingenuity, the stately aqueduct of Baghtchè-Keui, still stands indeed, and has also endured throughout its weary centuries; but like all man's works it is perishable and imperfect. The ponderous masonry is loosened and displaced—the surface of the stone is corroded by the tooth of time, and the action of the atmosphere—lichens and caper-plants have rooted themselves amid the interstices of the building; and while the platanus bursts out into fresh youth with every coming spring, each revolving year renders the human monument more weak and hoar and writes upon its gigantic arches the characters of decay.



COFFEE KIOSQUE, ON THE PORT.

A COFFEE-KIOSQUE.

'Tis the resort of public men ; the haunt
Of wealthy idlers ; and the trysting-place
Of such as have no home to indicate.
A place where each may come and go at will,
Think his own thoughts, pursue his own affairs,
Or fling his ore of feeling and of sense
Into the common crucible.

MS.

EVEN as the English have their *tavern*, the French their *restaurant*, and the Portuguese their *estralagem*, so have the Turks their Coffee-Kiosque—the rendezvous alike of the idle and the exhausted—of the man of pleasure who lives only for self-indulgence, and the man of business who reluctantly snatches an hour of relaxation from the all-absorbing toils of commerce. What the public baths are to the women of Turkey, the public coffee-houses are to their lords—the head-quarters of gossipry, and news, and enjoyment—where every passing event is canvassed, and weighed, and judged; and time is suffered to slide by as carelessly as though it might one day be redeemed.

In the villages, the Coffee-Kiosques are erected in pleasant shady nooks, where the maples shed a glory and a grace over the hamlet, (for these are never wanting in a village on the Bosphorus;) and where, with the leaves above their heads, canopied by the bright blue sky which peeps in among them as if to lend them an added beauty, and the “ocean-stream” flowing at their feet, the placid and nature-loving Moslems inhale the fragrance of the chibouque, and drain their tiny cups of scented mocha. But in the city, few are the coffee-kiosques which can boast better shade than that of the deeply projecting roof of the building, which, flung boldly forward several feet from the walls of the house itself, serves to shelter the open terrace that stretches along each side of the edifice; and this terrace, furnished with wide seats, on which the visitor can lounge at ease, forms the nearest approach to out-of-door enjoyment compatible with their situation.

The Coffee-Kiosque chosen by the artist for his sketch, is that of Pieri Pasha, near the Arsenal, and overlooking the harbour—a position eminently calculated to render it popular. The moving panorama which it commands, is a perpetual

source of interest; and the breeze comes softly from the sea of Marmora, with freshness and perfume on its wing.

The amusements provided, or rather customary, at these places of resort, are numerous, but seldom commence before noon, the morning passing listlessly away in the gossipry of which mention has already been made. They consist principally of music, (the performers being usually young Jews,) improvisation, matches at tric-trac, and an exhibition somewhat resembling a magic-lantern in effect, though not in principle; the mover of the puppets occupying an angle of the apartment screened off, and presenting a front covered with muslin stretched over a frame, against which the puppets are pressed, to exhibit their grotesque antics. Their performance is accompanied by the ceaseless *recitative* of the exhibitor, who must be a decided humourist, if not a genuine wit, to judge by the effect of his oration. The Turks are too well-bred, and too self-possessed, to indulge in the boisterous laughter which is often elicited by a clever mime in Europe; but the low quiet chuckle, and the hand passed slowly and complacently over the beard, proclaim their thorough appreciation of the attempt to amuse them: nor is the mountebank backward in deciding on the precise moment in which the richest harvest may be reaped; for no sooner has he secured the good-will of his audience by a burst of humour, and excited their curiosity by a mystery, than forth he pops from his concealment with a little metal basin in his hand to levy contributions; and this ceremony is repeated several times during the evening.

The Improvisatori generally accompany themselves on a rude sort of guitar, which they twang most unmercifully, as they pour forth their lays of love, or their tales of tradition, in a heavy, monotonous, sleep-inspiring drawl, never seeming themselves to become inspired by their subject; while their hearers, apparently quite insensible to the soporific medium through which the legends are conveyed, frequently betray extreme emotion as they listen, grasping the hilts of the *handjars** in their girdles, setting their teeth firmly, clenching their fingers rigidly upon their palms, and drawing their breath hard, as though their respiration were impeded.

The Hebrew music already mentioned comprises several performers, and the instruments are commonly a small Arab drum, two or three bad guitars, and a tambourine; these are relieved by the voices of the younger boys, which are generally very thin and shrill, and they sometimes accompany their songs with a heavy languishing movement—a caricature of the graceful dance of the Harem.

That some of these establishments, however, not only emulate, but even

* Daggers.

exceed in luxury and magnificence the most costly and fashionable European "Clubs," we have the evidence of Mr. St. John, (no mean authority on oriental subjects,) who thus describes one visited by himself during a season of high festival:—

"We now proceeded to the coffee-house of Kodjia Ben Lolo, near the great *Hammams*,* the approaches to which were so crowded, that it was with much difficulty we found our way in. This establishment, which is on a grand scale, corresponds in a great measure with our ideas of Oriental splendour. Erected, like a caravanseraï, about a spacious quadrangular court, it contains an infinite number of magnificent rooms, paved with marble, and furnished with superb divans of crimson velvet, bordered with gold fringe a foot deep. The windows are glazed, if one may so speak, with large panes of gypsum,† gorgeously painted in various colours; and in the midst of the principal apartment, an elegant marble fountain, constantly playing, maintains an agreeable freshness in the air. None but opulent Turks frequent this establishment, the expense of the entertainment being considerable.

* * * * *

"Small brazen censers, placed on the summit of pyramidal flower-stands, and constantly burning, filled the apartment with the perfume of sandal-wood, benzoin, and wood of aloes, intermingled with the rich odours of Indian myrtle, jasmine, and other rare or sweet plants."‡

In establishments, such as the one here described, the most rare and costly coffee and tobacco is served to the guests, by the owner of the house; but in the common run of Coffee-kiosques, each individual brings his own tobacco in a small bag, which he carries amid the folds of the shawl that he wears about his waist, or, should he have adopted the new costume, in his bosom. A brazier, full of heated charcoal, stands in the apartment, and the stranger is no sooner seated, and has filled his chibouque, (two almost simultaneous operations,) than the *caféjhe* seizes a small live coal in a pair of iron pincers, and deposits it on the summit of the tobacco. When the customer has smoked a few long whiffs, he calls for coffee, which is made over another and larger brazier, and handed to him in its minute cup of porcelain, standing in a metal *zarf*;|| and the few paras which, on departing, are paid for the coffee, are considered a sufficient compensation to the attentive *caféjhe* for his house-room, his goblets of clear cool

* Public Baths.

† The art of painting on glass, or gypsum, is practised in great perfection at Cairo.

‡ Tales of the Ramad'han, by J. A. St. John, Esq.

|| The *zarf* is a small stand, shaped like an egg-cup, and of about the same size.

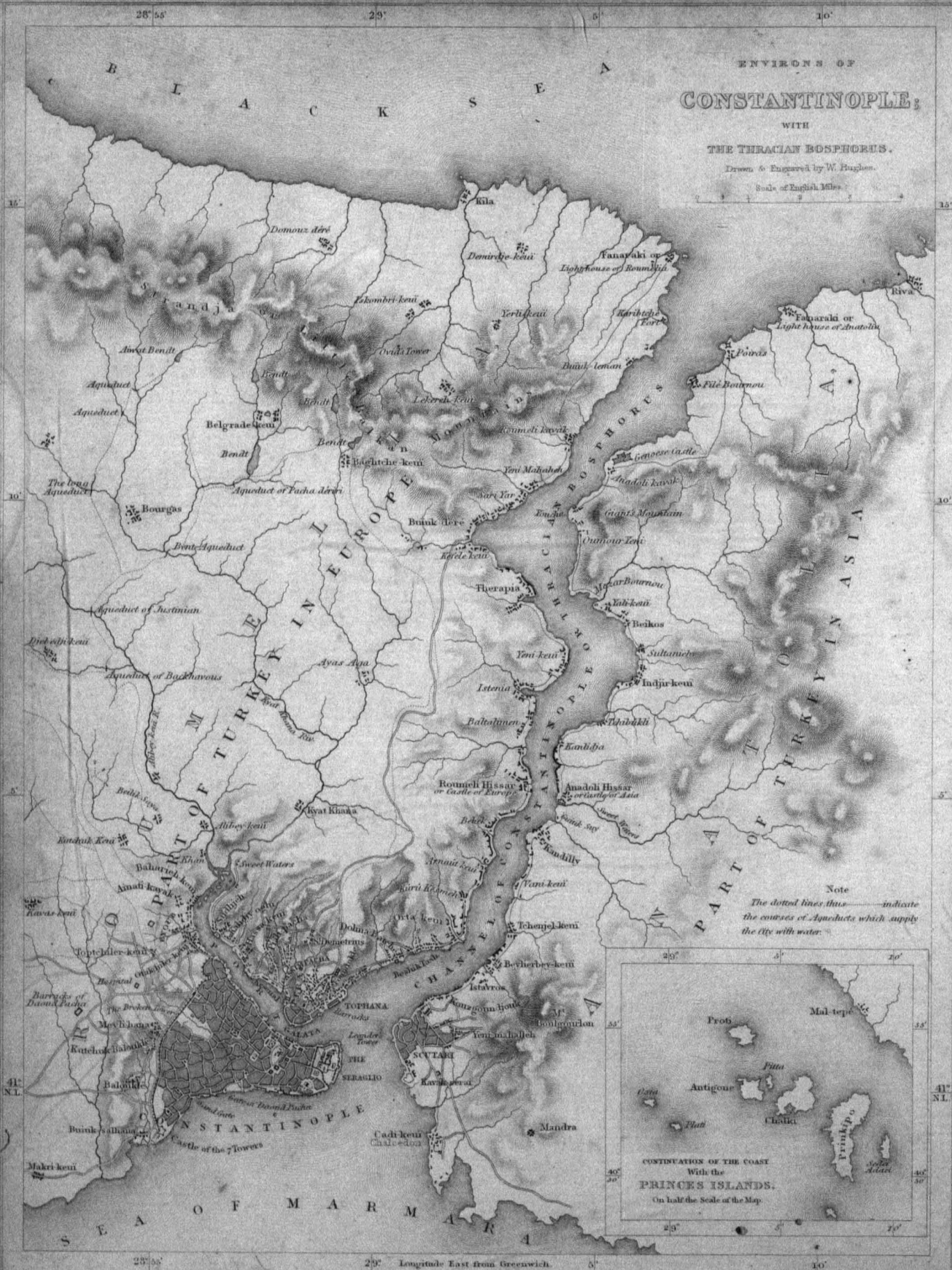
water, and his exhausted charcoal, as well as for the article for which they profess to pay.

There is a marked difference in the method of smoking pursued by the upper class of Turks and that practised by the poorer orders. The wealthy and fastidious Effendi fills the *boudaka** of his chibouque with the mild and costly tobacco of Salonica, which he inhales, until round the edges of the bowl a circle of white ash is formed, which rises buoyantly from the superincumbent morsel of heated charcoal, when he immediately empties the *boudaka*, and flings the exhausted weed away, for its aroma has then perished, and the tobacco, to a connoisseur, has become worthless; while the boatmen and mechanics smoke the strong, coarse produce of Latakia, even to the last fragment. There are other varieties of the "scented weed" imported from the Crimea, Ormus, Circassia, and different parts of the East, but the two already quoted are by far the most popular, and the most extensively consumed.

There were, formerly, establishments at Constantinople, called Teriarki Tcharchi, or opium-houses, but these exist no longer; they were conducted on the same principle as the Coffee-Kiosques; but in the Teriarki Tcharchi, the comparatively innoxious use of tobacco was accompanied by that of opium, which was handed from guest to guest, made up into pills. One of them, no longer appropriated to its original purpose, but rapidly mouldering to decay, may still be seen in the neighbourhood of the Mosque of Solimaniè. It differs in nothing from a common coffee-house, save in its extent, which is considerable; and the miserable victims to this singular vice, so painfully described by the Baron de Tott, nearly a hundred years ago, are fortunately no longer to be seen, as the use of opium is now considered disgraceful by the Turks; and an individual addicted to its use, is regarded as that almost obsolete animal, a sot, would be among ourselves.

The motive of such of the population as still adhere to this disgraceful practice in private—a practice reprobated by the respectable portion of the community, and formally forbidden by the government, is, as they express it, to *make kef*; a phrase perfectly untranslatable, but which would seem to mean the creation of a species of unnatural but pleasurable excitement, unconnected with any physical exertion, as *kef* may be made where the person under the operation of the drug lies quietly on his cushions, wrapped in a sort of drowsiness indicative of no emotion whatever to the lookers-on; although it is asserted that there are frequent cases where the effects of the *kef* would be well worthy the attention of any oriental police-office.

* Bowl of red clay, frequently gilt, and always beautifully formed.



Landing, 1965, headed for the Promontory by the Vene. 23 Dec 1965.

The habit of opium-eating, is, however, rapidly declining among the Turks. Denounced by the government, despised by the bulk of the population, and only practised by the dissipated and the depraved, it will probably soon cease to exist altogether; while the legitimate Coffee-Kiosque, quiet, orderly, and moderate, is as essential a feature of the country as the Mosque, the Khan, or the Tcharchi.

THE BOSPHORUS.

The chain is forged, the web is wrought,
 Woven of memory and thought;
 And to myself each link is set
 Alike with fondness and regret.
 Oh! could I only call to view
 Each scene in its own fairy hue,
 And the same brightness that it wore
 For me, on Bosphor's lovely shore,
 The eye, in lingering o'er my line,
 Would see the gilded minaret shine,
 Trace the stern mountain's lofty peak,
 Bound onward with the swift caique,
 And count the thousand glories o'er
 Of either palace-girdled shore;
 Spell-bound by thy bright witcheries,
 Fair city of the Triple seas!

MS.

ERE I take my leave of the reader, whom I have endeavoured, in conjunction with Mr. Bartlett, to interest in one of the most glorious portions of the earth, I cannot deny myself the gratification of once more addressing him in my own proper person.

In the volume which is now nearly completed, space was not permitted to me for mention of many things on which it would have been a pleasure to expatiate; nor have I made an effort towards this self-indulgence. The work is a purely descriptive one, and I have followed the talented artist wheresoever he has led me, and have found him no inefficient guide. Together we have visited mosques, wandered in burial-places, clombed mountains, and glided over the sun-lighted Bosphorus: and there were times when such a pilgrimage would have been deemed no trifling undertaking; but STEAM has now annihilated both time and space; and we can only hope that our pictorial and literary pictures may induce

the traveller on his summer trip to Palmyra, Balbek, or Jerusalem, not to overlook in his haste the fair city of Byzantium.

Snatches of exquisite poetry have frequently been written on the subject of the Bosphorus; from the days of Lady Mary Wortley Montague to our own, every pilgrim-bard has wooed the glorious "ocean-stream" in song—every traveller has freely offered to it the meed of his admiration; yet still I feel convinced that those who know it only by verse and story cannot form a correct or adequate idea of its peculiar beauties. The description of one tourist gives a balloon view of the whole channel, sweeping it from the Euxine to the Sea of Marmora, levelling mountains, prostrating forests, and making curved lines straight; while an eminent French traveller and *littérateur*, in an eloquent and elegant burst of imaginative genius, setting fact at defiance, removes some of the windings of the Strait, and enlarges the range of vision with true poetic license, in order to present a more rich and animated *tableau* at a single *coup d'œil*, instead of distinguishing the series of points in keeping with the original. This bold and energetic style of verbal painting may produce a powerful picture, well calculated to impress the mind of the reader, but it by no means does justice to its subject, for the surpassing beauty of the Bosphorus is its exquisite variety. History and fable go hand in hand, walking over its waters, and awakening pleasant memories of the past; but it needed not these additional incitements to admiration, for nature has woven so powerful a spell about its shores that the present scarcely asks the *prestige* of the past. The liveliest creations of the fancy are not likely to be disappointed on the spot; and hence there is no reason why even the most enthusiastic tourist should overcharge the colouring, or aim at additional ornament in grouping the details.

The true charm of the Bosphorus, as I have already remarked, lies in its endless variety of perspective: it is like a garland, woven by the hand of beauty, of which each blossom is brighter than the last; not a rock, not a tree, not a tower, could be displaced without injury to the whole. Rival castles, looking each upon the other from the shores of Europe and of Asia, stand on the nearest point of approach between the two coasts, and seem at one interval to close the entrance of the channel; but, as the rapid *caïque* starts onward, they yield to laughing groves, and painted palaces, and hamlets scattered along the lip of the water, and mirrored in the waves; and the beautiful curve is lost only to be succeeded by another, and another. At almost every boat's length the vista changes, and presents new combinations; inlets and glens at intervals peeping out in their pleasant greenery, break the rigid outline of the rocks; valleys, such as even Rasselas might have loved to dwell in, studded with trees to the very edge

of the current which their branches overhang, are sheltered by the woods on the sloping sides of the adjacent heights—the cypress and pine retaining throughout the year their deep perpetual green, and the brighter foliage ever shifting under the breeze, and wearing new shapes and hues as it sweeps over them.

A range of populous villages, composed of party-coloured houses, intermingled with trees and gardens, and handsome mansions backed by lofty hills, extends for about twelve miles on either shore; the finest sites being occupied by the palaces and kiosques of the court, either erected or embellished by the present Sultan, with their bright façades and fanciful parapets glittering in the sun-light; while numerous private villas are interspersed among them, always gaily and fancifully painted when belonging to a Turk, and in sober grey or lead-colour when tenanted by an Armenian or a Greek, Christians not being permitted to use any other colours on the exterior of their dwellings; while the houses of the Jews are invariably black. These villas frequently have terraces, formed into parterres and flower-beds, cut in the face of the precipitous rocks, and leading by winding steps to the pretty kiosque, or pavilion, pitched like an eyrie on the cliff above; others have gardens laid out along the banks of the channel, whose rose-wreaths, suspended from the walls, almost drop into the current; while their fading blossoms, scattering their loosened petals on the tide, freight it as with a fleet of fairy barks!

One Imperial Kiosque, perched on the apex of a cone-like rock on the Asiatic coast, about midway of the strait, is a very conspicuous object. From below it appears as though it covered the whole summit of the height; not a tree breaks its beautiful Grecian outline as it stands out in strong relief against the intense blue of the sky, and it is very appropriately called the “Kiosque of the Sun.”

It has been said that travellers should never set foot in the city of Constantinople, in order not to dispel by unsightly contacts in its mean and narrow streets the glorious illusion of the spectacle from the waters. This assertion is hyper-fastidious, and must have emanated from a mind totally unable to appreciate the treasures to which those streets conduct. Should the Tchernberlè Tasch remain unvisited because the unsavoury lanes in its vicinity are disagreeable to traverse? Should the Palace of Belisarius be avoided because Jews burrow among the ruins? Should the Mosques, the Khans, the Tcharchi, and the Serai, continue unexplored, because the wandering Sybarite cannot walk to them over rose-leaves? Surely some sacrifice may well be made in order to insure a pilgrimage round the old, ivy-clad, historical walls of Byzantium, or a glance into one of its stately Mosques—some annoyance undergone to obtain an opportunity of studying the national character, and judging of the national manners.

The most celebrated view in the environs is that from the Burlgurlhu Daghi, behind Scutari, overlooking the Marmora, the city, the harbour, and the whole line of coast in the direction of Asia Minor; but, by ascending some other peak a few miles from the shore, the oblique and narrow strait of the Bosphorus may be traced in all its windings, until diminished in appearance to a mere meadow rivulet; while at each extremity of the horizon, seemingly linked together by this silver chain, the Euxine and the Propontis spread their broad waters.

A ramble over the mountain-heights of the Asian coast is delicious: the pure cool wind comes lovingly to your cheek, untainted by one touch of earth; and the silence is unbroken, save by the shrill whistle of the shepherd, and the responsive bark of his trusty dog; the call of the goat-herd to his truant flock; the short keen stroke of the woodcutter; or, frequently, the rustle of a pheasant springing from the copse beside you, rather startled than alarmed, and sailing away in all his primitive glory and wildness, such as he is still found in his native woods of the Phasis.

The Bosphorus wears the most animated appearance early in June, when the trees are in full foliage, and every leaf is redolent of life, ere the heats have withered the herbage, and when a light southerly wind is wafting hundreds of vessels up the strait towards the Black Sea, the inner tiers almost touching the houses with their spars; while all the caiques are plying busily between the city and the villages on the channel, laughter is ringing out on the clear air, roses blossoming along the banks, and the waters are buoyant with life and motion, and adding to the magic of the landscape.

But to be seen in all its beauty, it should be looked upon by moonlight. Then it is that the occupants of the spacious mansions which overhang its waters enjoy to the fullest perfection the magnificence of the scene around them. The glare of noonday reveals too fully the colours of the picture, and the garish sun withers as it shines; while the deep, purple, star-encrusted sky, the pure moonlight, and the holy quiet of evening, lend to it, on the contrary, a mysterious indistinctness which doubles its attraction.

The inhabitants of the capital are conscious of this fact; and, during the summer months, when they occupy their marine villas, one of their favourite recreations is to seat themselves upon their seaward terraces to enjoy the passing music of the caiques which skim over the ripple, freighted with amateur minstrels gliding from house to house, and warbling their good-night at each, to the accompaniment of a guitar; or in listening to the evening hymns of the seamen on board the Italian and Greek vessels anchored in the strait; amused at intervals by the rolling by of a huge shoal of porpoises on their way to the

harbour, (where they frequently abound,) gambolling in the moonlight, and plunging among the waves with a sound like thunder; while, in the distance, loom out the dark mountains of the Asian coast, casting their long dusky shadows far across the water; and close beside them are the quivering summits of the tall trees on the edge of the channel, sparkling like silver, and lending the last touch of loveliness to a landscape, perhaps unparalleled in the world.

The Bay of Naples—the fairest and most picturesque points of the Rhine—the approach to sea-seated Venice—the entrance of the Tagus—and the noblest portions of the Danube, have each in turn been quoted as all-excelling, and unsurpassable in natural beauty; but who that has anchored in the Golden Horn, just where beyond the shadow of the Guz-Couli, his eye could wander onward along the channel, will not at once yield the palm to the “rolling seas between the Bosphorus?” Truly, the Bay of Naples boasts its volcanic mountain, which in sublimity must stand unrivalled; but it has not the freshness, the changefulness, the never-ending variety of the Golden Horn; and it, moreover, wants the strait which renders the site of the Moslem city unique in its character. The great German streams, noble and majestic as they may be, are devoid of those lovely breaks and varied vistas which render the Bosphorus so beautiful, and divest it of all tameness and monotony; grandeur and softness vie with each other upon its banks; and it is, moreover, the swift ocean-tide which flows between them, while the shores of the Danube and the Rhine are laved only by the waters of one of its humble tributaries.

And now my pleasant task is ended. I have exhausted the artist's portfolio, and I have nothing left to do, save to take leave of the reader, who has wandered with me in idea under the sunny skies of the fair East.

I have said little—almost nothing, of the inhabitants of the “City of the Sultan;” not because I could not have said much, very much, which might have gratified both them and myself, but because the nature of the present work did not admit of my doing so; and it is only now, at the “eleventh hour,” that I permit myself to remark, that the courtesy, kindness, and friendship, which I universally experienced from the natives of the country, and the veneration which I felt for their many virtues, tended greatly to endear to my heart “The Beauties of the Bosphorus.”

CONCLUSION.

“ ————— upon mine honour,
I free you from it. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do.”

KING HENRY VIII.

At this crisis, when both the political and transition state of Turkey render it a subject of more than usual importance to all who are interested in Oriental affairs, a work on the Bosphorus would be incomplete if wanting a record of the most remarkable period of its modern history, during the presence of the Russian expedition, which arrived upon its shores in February, 1833; and this I am fortunately enabled to give through the kindness of a diplomatic friend who was resident at Constantinople at the time, and who obligingly furnished me with the very interesting details.

It was known that the Sultan had accepted the offer of Russian assistance, after having in vain applied to France and England in the extremity to which he was driven by Mehemet Ali. But the design had been decidedly disapproved of in a grand council of his people and ministers, summoned to take it into consideration:—“ Were it the English, they might bid them welcome; but to invite the Muscovite infidel, their bitter and hereditary foe, was inadmissible; they would rather leave the event to Providence.” Not so judged the Sultan, who had seen no reason to change his mind. The battle of Konia was his last cast, and had been lost; he had no army left, and the people would not fight in his cause; whilst Ibrahim, at the head of his victorious troops, had advanced to within a fortnight's march of the capital, and menaced the throne. The order for relief from Russia had been despatched by the Envoy, under discretionary authority from his Court, and never been recalled; a circumstance of which only a few Europeans were aware, besides the parties to the arrangement. Various rumours on the subject were afloat, and the public in anxious suspense, when all doubt was ended by the intelligence that the Russian fleet had appeared in

sight. Hearing the news, numbers of persons crowded the windows of the houses which commanded a view of the passage from the Black Sea, whence they could discern one or two large ships already advanced within the channel, followed by several others, looming in the distance. The blue cross in a white field soon became visible, salutes were interchanged with the Turkish batteries, and, in another hour, a Russian squadron of seven line-of-battle ships was anchored at Buyukdère.

Never before had a naval force visited these waters since they owned the sway of the Crescent, but what bore its emblem. A single frigate, or, occasionally, a two-decker, conveying an Ambassador, was admitted as a favour—their mission being regarded as a tribute to the sublime dignity of the Porte. Even the English, the heroes of the sea, and countrymen of Nelson, had, under Duckworth, ventured only in sight of the bristled walls of Stamboul, but not in reach of their cannon; and the granite masses launched from the huge guns of the Dardanelles, had taken revenge on their return for their audacity in forcing an entrance. For nearly four centuries since its conquest from the Greeks, the Imperial City of Islamism had not bowed to the dominion of strangers.

The Ghiaours, the fleet of the Muscov Ghiaours, arrived! It seemed incredible to the astonished and bewildered Turks. They would not at first believe the assurances of eye-witnesses of the fact; and numbers ascended the channel, and gazed on the ships, before they were fully satisfied. "Ah! where are our own that fought so manfully at Navarino?" some exclaimed. Others, "Why did we not make a stand in defence of our Sultan and country, when we might have squeezed like paste (as truly they could) the handful of infidels that crossed the Balkans with Diebitch?" Mehemet Ali was also a favourite with the populace, and they wished him success in order to keep out the Russians, with hopes of better fortune under his command. A Turkish workman standing by as their ships entered, cast one look at them, and then quietly resumed his labour, with the ejaculation, "Zavali Mehemet Ali yeldizin caboul edemez;" It was not your destiny, Mehemet Ali—your star would not permit.

An encampment was ordered for the Russian troops on the hills, on the Asiatic side, above Unkiar Skelessi,* famous afterwards for the treaty concluded there before their departure; but in the country, more noted for the delightful valley of the same name to which it is the landing-place. Mouravieff, the commander-in-chief of the army, was a bluff, uncouth Russian, who seemed indifferent to intercourse with strangers, and concerned only with his military duties, taking notice of no one but to give his orders and receive visitors of rank with a stiff,

* Literally the Sultan's pier, whence the plain in the vicinity is also called the Sultan's valley.

formal salute. He scarce felt at ease, more than his soldiers, as to what part they might have to act, and how the inhabitants would endure their presence. Strict precautions were taken to keep the men within their lines, placed where not a hut or human being was to be seen in their immediate neighbourhood; and the ships in sight, not two miles distant, with which they could communicate. The Turks, however, suppressed their indignation, submitting to circumstances which they could not control, and considering that the strangers had come by the authority of their Sultan. Their national character, at times furious and ungovernable on sudden excitement, is tractable under command, and guided by calm discretion when they have time for reflection; and there is, perhaps, scarcely an instance of a people entertaining such a rooted animosity, and restraining it so completely, when thus placed in contact with the objects of their hate.

The heights soon exhibited a novel and picturesque appearance, dotted over by the Russian encampment; and some regiments of Turkish guards, with their circular and blue tents, according to national usage, shortly after took their quarters a little below, in unwonted fraternity. The representatives of the other great powers, anxious to see the Sultan's new allies dismissed as quickly as possible, made an arrangement in a few weeks to that effect. It was proposed by the French Ambassador, supported by the Austrian, under the guarantee of the former, that Mehemet Ali should accept the terms. Our minister, who was only *ad interim*, of minor rank, and without instructions, also assisting in promoting a settlement. The compact, however, was rejected by Mehemet Ali, and disapproved of by the French government; and although the basis was far more favourable to the Porte than that of the Convention of Kutaya afterwards concluded, as Adana and Tarsus were reserved, and Syria only ceded to the Egyptian chieftain, it was fortunate for the Sultan that the sailing of the expedition, if ever seriously intended at the time, did not then take place. A few days before that fixed for the purpose, news arrived of an event which caused its indefinite postponement, and superseded all diplomatic combinations.

Smyrna, the second city in Turkey, with a population of 120,000 inhabitants, had withdrawn from its allegiance to the Porte, and under circumstances, notwithstanding the gravity of the change, perfectly ridiculous. Ibrahim's detached parties had already assumed the command of Magnesia, another city, thirty miles distant; and from thence, three individuals, the bearers of a pretended letter, with his sanction, presented themselves to the Governor of Smyrna, requiring him to abdicate in favour of a successor appointed by their Chief. The Egyptian General, who had agreed to an armistice until an answer should be received from

his father to the recent proposals, disavowed having sent the summons when called on for an explanation. It had, however, been immediately obeyed by the notables of Smyrna, who, when consulted on the occasion, judged submission to be the most prudent course; and an intriguing personage of their own body, named Buladauli, who contrived the plot, was, without a dissentient voice, installed in the Government, like Sancho Panza in that of Barrataria. The customs and other branches of the revenue, of which he took possession, showed afterwards by the empty state of the money chests, deep traces of his ten days' administration, for it lasted no longer. As soon as the matter came to be understood, orders were despatched by the Porte to the legitimate Governor to resume his functions. On the firman to that effect being read, the foreign Consuls, who, without instruction, had judiciously declined to acknowledge the intruder, again hoisted their flags, his mock lordship decamped, and in the brief space mentioned, a second revolution took place as tranquilly as the first. No violence or disorder occurred on either occasion; and the principals in the contrivance having sought Ibrahim's protection, no other individual suffered, either at that time, or since, the slightest molestation for having been its dupes. But the example must have been dangerous, perhaps contagious, at the capital, on the first shock, had the Sultan possessed no foreign support. It was at the option of England to have rendered him the service he then received from another power; and we may regret to this day that our Government did not seize the opportunity of securing the lasting advantage to both countries to which it would have led.

Further reinforcements for the fleet and army next followed from Russia, accompanied by Count Orloff, as Ambassador Extraordinary, and invested with the supreme command by sea and land. Shortly before, in March, Lord Ponsonby arrived to fill his post, and, with his political associate and colleague, Admiral Roussin, the French Ambassador, saw with great dissatisfaction this increase of strength, and appearance of a prolonged sojourn.* It was remarked that the Russian ships, in conveying the new troops to the camp, passed under their Excellencies' windows at Therapia, making a sweep, as if for the purpose, before proceeding to the opposite side. A corvette, armed *en flute*, with her decks crowded, and a band playing, was particularly conspicuous in paying this compliment; one of the most unwelcome serenades to which Lord Ponsonby, a thorough anti-Russian in politics, had probably ever been treated.

From the first entrance of the squadron, there had been abundant firing of salutes for distinguished visitors; and in mutual courtesy between the flags of Russia and the Porte, every national anniversary receiving from both the like honours. But now began the full roar of cannon, till scarce an hour elapsed but

the whole line of the channel re-echoed with the sound, and as much powder was expended as might have sufficed to decide the fate of the empire in battle. When the fine season set in, with calm, cloudless nights, the tones of the Russian sentinel's challenge, mellowed in traversing the water to the European shore, fell on the ear in the stillness with an effect not easy to describe. Again, on the morrow, recommenced the continuous discharge of artillery from the ships and forts, as the Sultan, or other high personages, passed in state in their visits to the military stations. The stirring news and discussions of the day more seriously occupied the public mind amidst this joyous show of ceremony and cordiality between the Porte and its allies, since it was yet uncertain how the event might terminate for the country, and with whom the sovereignty would remain. From their warlike attitude on the hills, where they were making additional entrenchments and depôts, it appeared that the danger for which the Russians had been summoned was not past, or that they were in no haste to depart. Suspicions were not wanting that the temptation to keep possession was too strong for them to resist. But reserve and distrust gradually gave way to more placid feelings and cheerful prospects; and *fêtes* and spectacles assumed their wonted gaiety. Some of the foreign ministers, who had hitherto declined visiting the camp, attended a grand review, where it was announced that the Sultan was to be present; and the whole diplomatic corps, invited by his special desire, came in full pomp to meet his Highness.

He was received with due honours on landing by Count Orloff, and after consulting his pleasure, aides-de-camp were sent off at full gallop to form the troops immediately under arms, till then remaining at ease near their posts. They were placed under the Sultan's command for the day, the General-in-chief acting as his adjutant, and repeating the orders for the different manœuvres, after they had been first submitted to his approbation. The Sultan, equipped in a splendid military cloak, the collar ornamented with diamonds, a surtout, light pantaloons, boots, with massive gold spurs, and a red fur cap, rode through the field on a noble Arab charger with the ardour of an accomplished horseman, and the air of a soldier, attended by Orloff and a numerous staff. All the expertness of Russian tactics was displayed, and men and officers decked in their best attire; the soldiers, having their mustachoes stiffened with grease, and their chests thickly padded. The evolutions, performed with due precision, presented nothing remarkable, with the exception of one manœuvre, in which two battalions crossed each other's ranks by companies, each file spreading a little for the purpose, and the first battalion occupying the ground from which the former retired. A Russian officer, standing by, observed, that this manœuvre, which the Turks did not comprehend, had cost them dear in battle. It is, however, known in our army, and allows

any corps which may be weakened or harassed in action, or whose services might be more effective at some other point, to be relieved by an almost instantaneous change, scarce requiring any additional space, and in no degree deranging the order of the line in bringing up the reserves.

The extent of the valley afforded more than ample room for the exercises, and an immense concourse of spectators assembled, of both sexes and of every nation. The whole scene was, from the circumstances, exciting, far beyond mere parade, for the Russian force, stated to consist of fifteen thousand troops, appeared to have been far overrated when their camp was emptied; and they had, moreover, brought with them but a single troop of Cossack cavalry, and a very slender train of light artillery.

At the close of the review the Sultan received the staff and the members of the diplomacy in an adjoining kiosk, the same in which the treaty was afterwards signed. His position was a trying one for a sovereign, as he stood in the midst of a foreign soldiery, whom he might consider as his masters, having accepted their protection against his own subjects. It was therefore expected that he would appear somewhat subdued on the occasion,—not such, however, was his bearing; and never did he acquit himself with more *éclat*. Count Orloff was very remarkable during the ceremony of audience; a fearless soldier, of massive stature, and renowned as one of the most powerful men living for muscular strength, a noble and a courtier; and, still more, he was the generalissimo and delegate of his Emperor, selected by him, and entrusted with unlimited powers for this important service; but in the presence of Sultan Mahmoud he seemed completely overcome by the commanding aspect of the Turkish sovereign; and his looks and attitude, in tendering his homage, bespoke that sort of submissiveness and awe which he might himself inspire in his own humblest dependents. It is this imposing, lofty air, accompanied by extreme energy of will, which has given to the Sultan the wonderful ascendant he possesses over the minds of all who surround him. Those who have been accustomed to intercourse with royalty, and contact with the most distinguished statesmen and geniuses of their time, speak of the Moslem monarch as the most remarkable person they have ever seen, beside whom every other individual sinks into insignificance. A stranger meeting him *incognito*, would be struck by his appearance, as if denoting a more than common dignity; and at times, the expression of his countenance will cause an impression which none other could excite. His features are manly, though not regular, his cheeks being angular and prominent, and his complexion is flushed, when he is in exercise, as if from vigorous health. His person is a little above the middle size, neither spare nor corpulent, well-proportioned

except in the legs, which are bent slightly inwards from the knee; and his whole appearance much enhanced by a handsome jet beard, arranged and preserved with special care. In minute attention to his person and dress he resembles George IV.; but he is, both physically and mentally, more active than that monarch. While flattered by the deference he inspires, and the observance of the forms of devotedness paid to absolute sovereignty in the East, he assumes no studious gestures, or affectation of majesty. Regality is stamped by nature on his brow, animating every feature and every movement; and even on that day, when surrounded by Russian bayonets, and his armies scattered in the field by a vassal—his spirit remained unquenched—he was “every inch a king!”

Terms had, meanwhile, been made with Ibrahim, whose army was withdrawn from Kutuya to Syria; and the Russians, who had only waited for the intelligence of his having retired within his own boundary, quitted the country a few weeks after the review. During their stay, they constantly remained twelve miles distant from Constantinople, which was not even in sight from their position; and the precautions taken in keeping the men to their quarters, and the placid temper of the inhabitants, prevented any squabbles of the least consequence arising between them. Their semi-barbarism was, however, constantly showing itself to strangers, in some shape or other. On one occasion, during an inspection of the troops, the Crown Prince of Bavaria, a tall slim youth, was presented to the Sultan on the ground. As the concluding ceremony, a soldier of each regiment advanced singly to his Imperial Highness, and gave the history of his corps, recapitulating the actions in which it had acquired its honorary titles. No one offered to explain; but the names of the places had almost all reference to campaigns in Turkey or Persia, whence the Sultan could sufficiently understand the drift of an address, not calculated to revive in his mind any agreeable recollections. It appeared to me that the mortification was harsh and displaced, if designed to gratify Russian pride; or very bad taste if it were mere formality. The artificial step and starched attitude of the soldier in this piece of acting were highly amusing and ludicrous; not a muscle of his boorish features changed as he delivered his set speech; after which he presented arms, turned round, and marched off with the same automaton strut. This rapidity was more conspicuous in a single individual than when the men were seen *en masse*, and proved how perfectly Russian discipline reduced them to mere living machines, guided by an instinctive impulse to obedience, the character for which this army is justly distinguished. So severe are the rules, and so rigidly are they observed, that several of their sentinels perished at St. Petersburg, some years since, during an inundation of the Neva, from remaining at their post till submerged, when

they could have saved themselves on the first rise of the waters, by a prompt retreat, which they dared not attempt without receiving orders in the regular routine.

One of the minor Perote Diplomatsists, who had gone *en grande tenue* to the camp at Unkiar Skelessi, had a soldier assigned to him, in compliment, as his attendant in taking a survey. By this guide, who could only speak Russian, not a word of which the other understood, he was led round their quarters, obliged to listen to long unintelligible details, till his patience became exhausted, and he made some significant signs of a desire to depart. But he was a prisoner; for the soldier, who had received orders to show and to explain to his charge every thing necessary, fulfilled his instructions to the letter, and detained him for hours, to complete his office; not sparing an item from the titles of the colonels, and the distinctions in the colours of each regiment or battalion, down to the calibre of a howitzer, and the mess in their kettles, which was not of the most savoury description, consisting of beans and other coarse vegetables, and sour crout, eaten with black bread, with the addition of an allowance of fresh meat twice a week. On this rude fare the men looked prim and hardy enough in their limbs, but dingy in their complexion, and stunted in size.

One morning in the beginning of July, their tents were struck; ten thousand troops, with their equipage, reembarked, and their fleet advanced before evening to the head of the Bosphorus. A single vessel was reserved for Count Orloff, who followed the next day, having been occupied to the last in the settlement of the secret treaty relating to the Dardanelles, which was signed on the 8th July, 1833. The Russians came to the Moslem nation as friends, and might have left with the glory of generosity towards their ally, but for this act of rapacity, which emulated the prowess of a bird of prey leaving the marks of its talons on its victim. Orloff had well performed his mission in obtaining the consent of the Porte to the contract, of which it is believed he carried the draft in his pocket—giving to Russia the power she had not attempted to enforce, of closing or opening the passage for ships of war at her pleasure. Such was the General's eagerness to arrive, under the apprehension that affairs might be already so settled as to thwart his object, that he flew into a violent rage with the captain of the ship for losing some hours' way, by mistake, in making the Bosphorus, and he is stated to have knocked him down on the quarter-deck. Their naval officers, nettled at this story being made public, denied the concluding circumstance, but admitted the remainder. Orloff had next a trial of pride, as well as temper, to undergo, which he is not likely to have borne with complacency. It happened that both himself and Lord Ponsonby waited on the

Sultan the same day for their introductory audience; and his Lordship learning that Count Orloff, who had preceded him to the palace, was to be honoured with the earliest reception, sent in a message that in such case he would quit the country without delivering his credentials. They were of equal rank as ambassadors, but the British envoy asserted his right of precedence from priority of arrival at the capital, which regulates the etiquette, and carried his point, leaving the Count to pass the time as he best might, till the ceremony of his own presentation was ended.

The legitimate line of the Orloffs is extinct, and the name is now borne by two natural nephews of the famous Prince Orloff, the favourite of Catharine, and the leader in the conspiracy which deprived the Emperor Paul of his throne and life. Count Alexis, who figured in the expedition, owes his honours and favour to the zeal which he displayed in supporting the reigning Emperor at the time of the insurrection at St. Petersburg, in December 1826, on his Majesty's accession to the throne. The brother of Alexis, who had unhappily connected himself with the revolutionists, was said, by an English writer, to have obtained a remission of the severer part of his sentence; but there is every reason to believe that he continued up to that very period an exile in Siberia, to expiate his crime. Such is the diversity of fortune, and the extreme of summary reward and punishment among Russian nobles of the same family at the present day.

A stone, erected at the foot of their lines, near the sea, commemorates by a simple inscription of dates in Turkish, the visit of the Muscovite forces to the Bosphorus; no other vestiges of the event being now visible, save in the bare and shorn aspect of the hills on which they were encamped; and, doubtlessly many a longing on their part did that visit excite for their permanent establishment in a land and climate, so superior to their own flat and icy regions.

