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- 22. ARSENAL.
- 23. ST. VENERANDA.
- 24. GALATA CHURCH.
- 25. EYUB.
- 26. OLD WALL.
- 27. IBRAHIM PASHA MOSQUE.

E.

THE SULTAN AND HIS SUBJECTS

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
SANCTA SOPHIA	I

CHAPTER II.

THE CHRISTIANS IN CONSTANTINOPLE	42
--	----

CHAPTER III.

THE GREEKS	106
----------------------	-----

CHAPTER IV.

THE ARMENIANS	155
-------------------------	-----

CHAPTER V.

THE JEWS IN CONSTANTINOPLE	209
--------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER VI.

BRUSA	225
-----------------	-----

CHAPTER VII.

	PAGE
A SACRED VILLAGE OF THE TURKS	244

CHAPTER VIII.

A SAUNTER BY THE WALLS OF CONSTANTINOPLE	264
--	-----

CHAPTER IX.

CONSTANTINOPLE IN 1810	289
----------------------------------	-----

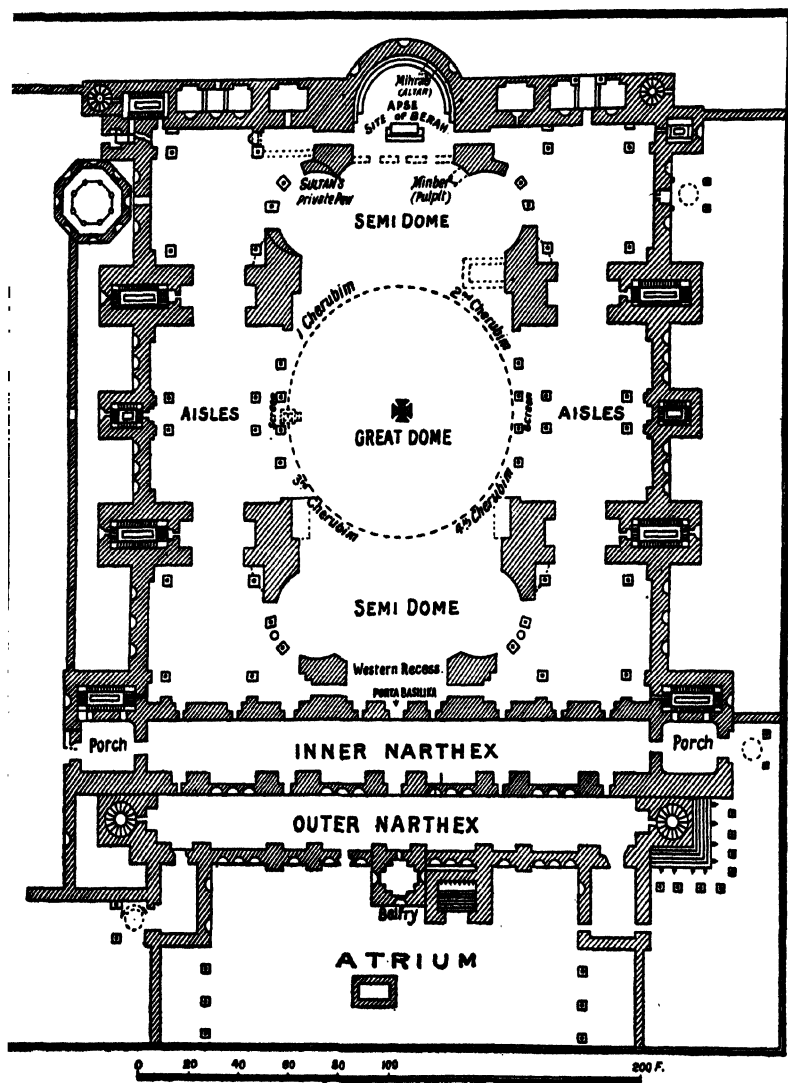
CHAPTER X.

IN THE BY-WAYS OF MODERN STAMBUL.	308
---	-----

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF EMPERORS AND SULTANS	331
---	-----

NOTES	339
-----------------	-----

INDEX	347
-----------------	-----



MOSQUE OF ST. SÓPHIA.

THE SULTAN AND HIS SUBJECTS.

CHAPTER I.

SANCTA SOPHIA.

CENTURIES before Gothic architecture was dreamt of, Agia Sophia — or Sancta Sophia, as we carelessly call the world-famous church, as though it were dedicated to some saint, and not to the Personification of Divine Wisdom—stood unrivalled, the most sumptuous edifice raised to the honour and glory of God, since the building of Solomon's Temple. Even now, although Mohammedan austerity has stripped it of its icons, shrines, and altars, it is the most perfect building ever designed for public worship. Within its spacious walls more people can see the Sanctuary, and hear the preacher, than in any other temple. It lacks, perchance, the mystic charm of our northern cathedrals, with their naves and aisles, like carven groves, leading the eye up to the chancel, where the elaborate splendour of high altar, and stained-glass window, marks the climax of ecclesiastical magnificence. There is nothing concealed in Sancta Sophia; no vista of columns and arches

fading softly into prism-tinted shadows, or shining in the light that falls through jewelled windows, as at Seville, Cologne, Rheims, Burgos, Canterbury, or Westminster; no rich side chapels, either—for almost every nook and corner is visible at a glance, and the whole truth stands revealed at once. Hence, there being neither deception nor illusion, the exceeding vastness of the edifice produces, even on a first visit, an overpowering and ineffaceable impression.

When we enter St. Peter's, we are driven to study detail—to compare, for instance, the size of the sturdy cherubim, who uphold the holy water basins, with our own insignificance—so as to realise the proportions of the edifice in which such gigantic figures look mere pigmies. Sancta Sophia—let me henceforth call it by its popular name—the largest square hall or room extant, immediately asserts its size, and the sense of space is further emphasized by the fact, that, in its present phase of existence, there are no altars, statues, shrines, or pictures, to interrupt the perspective, and divert attention. Except the prayer carpets, in winter, and mats, in summer—so arranged on the broad pavement as to front one way, towards Mecca—the interior is as unfurnished as any town hall or Quakers' meeting-house.

Externally, Sancta Sophia is inferior to any one of the great Imperial mosques of Stambul. The enormous dome is dwarfed by the ponderous but necessary buttresses, added by Sultan Achmet III., to protect it from the deteriorations of time and the

wreck of earthquakes. The Turks, moreover, have daubed the whole building with a coating of strawberry-coloured plaster, striped with broad bands of a deeper shade of the same hue—an unusual one in architectural decoration. After the Turkish conquest, heavy minarets were added by various Sultans, at long intervals, to the corners of the mosque. These, at certain distances, give it a rather ludicrous resemblance to a huge pink blancmange, flanked by four colossal white china candlesticks—a centre-piece for some giant's banqueting-table.

But the atmosphere of Constantinople is so diaphanous, and its sunshine so brilliant, that surprising effects are constantly produced, changing even the ugly outer shell of Sancta Sophia into a thing of beauty. From the Sea of Marmara its appearance is superb, incorporated as it seems to be with the otherwise commonplace modern Palace of Justice—a long white stucco building in classical style, which, from this point, appears to form a pedestal to support the dome, and its double pair of snowy minarets.

A mere illusion, this, but then all Constantinople viewed from the water is a fairy-like fantasy, dispelled, alas! in a great measure, the moment you set foot in its ill-paved streets and crooked lanes.

A series of Turbhés, or tombs, lying-in hospitals, baths, schools, and soup kitchens, surround the building with a bizarre jumble of squat leaden domes and porcelain-incrusted walls, not without a certain picturesque and essentially Oriental effect, but

in utter disregard for anything approaching symmetry. They are all ill-kept, too, grass-grown and weed-covered, and the windows—through which you may peep into the Turbhés to catch a glimpse of the shawl-covered coffins ranged within, each surmounted by a bulky turban—are begrimed with the dust and cobwebs of ages. It is not the fashion in Constantinople to weed public parks and gardens, nor to clean windows—even, as we have seen, those of the Sublime Porte!

Procopius, a Byzantine author, who probably witnessed Justinian's solemn dedication of the Church to Divine Wisdom (Agia Sophia) on December 26th, A.D. 537, thus describes its external appearance, when fresh from the hands of its two illustrious architects—Anthemius, of Tralles, and Isidorus, the Milesian. "It presents a most glorious spectacle," says he; "extraordinary to those who behold it, and altogether indescribable to those who are told of it. In height, it rises to the very heavens, and overtops the neighbouring buildings like a ship anchored among them. The dome looks as if suspended from the heavens by golden chains."

Those who have seen the church in our day may well smile as they read this splendid exaggeration, but, at the same time, it should not be forgotten that the dome of Sancta Sophia was then the loftiest on earth.*

* Some very ancient and curious engravings of Constantinople, shortly after the Turkish conquest, still exist, and in these the mosques and churches, though by no means lofty, appear, on account

Nearly a thousand years were yet to elapse before Brunelleschi should crown Santa Maria del Fiore at Florence with his stupendous cupola, or Michael Angelo dream of raising the dome of the Pantheon six hundred feet above the tomb of the Apostle on the Vatican. To the Mediæval world, the dome of Sancta Sophia was a wonder—a kind of anomaly—a thing to see, less because it was beautiful, than because it was marvellous—unique. Pilgrims and Crusaders, palmers and merchants, returning from the Byzantine capital, spun their usual tales, and spread the wildest reports about the “great church in the East” broadcast throughout credulous Western Europe. Thus it became a popular belief that, high up in the air, angels sustained the miraculous dome, above the jewelled shrines, which contained relics of almost everything mentioned in both Testaments, from the Ark of the Covenant to the veil of the Temple; a feather from the wing of the Archangel Gabriel, dropped when the Divine Ambassador announced the Birth of Christ to Our Lady; St. Peter’s chains; the trumpets blown by the priests at the fall of Jericho; even the gimlets and screws used in building up the Cross. So large a portion, indeed, of the true Cross lay among gold, gems, and sweet essences in the *bema* or sanctuary of the sacred fane, that, after the invasion of the Fourth Crusaders, in 1203, it sufficed to supply the rest of Europe with fragments of its much-treasured wood. Even of the lowness of the majority of the houses, to tower above their surroundings.

distant Norfolk got its share, and eager pilgrims travelled far to venerate the Holy Rood at Bromholm, singing "Ave Vera Crux" along the leafy lanes. King David, too, of Scotland, gave pious thanks for the tiny piece he secured, and duly enshrined, in Royal Holyrood.

Constantinople, in those early times, and indeed until but a few years back, was no pleasant three days' trip from Paris, by luxurious Orient Express, but a tedious sea voyage of more than a month's duration from Venice or Genoa, or something over a month's dangerous journey on horseback, overland from Vienna. There is a curious MS. account of the land journey of the Nuncio of Innocent III. to the Byzantine Court, in the days of our King John, which reads not unlike a modern explorer's experiences in Central Africa, so terrible were the worthy prelate's adventures in the Balkan Passes. But once the traveller entered the gates of Constantinople, he found himself suddenly transported from barbarism, into the midst of a civilisation of extreme, nay, of effeminate refinement. Even Rome, in the zenith of her Imperial power, was surpassed in the art of luxurious living by her daughter on the shores of the Golden Horn. If the prevailing artistic taste in Constantinople lacked Hellenic purity, and public as well as private buildings were surcharged with glittering mosaics and Oriental extravagances, the care with which the masterpieces of classical sculpture were displayed, and preserved, went far to compensate for what might have been deemed a lack of æsthetic reticence.

In that period of its greatest glory, Sancta Sophia, which occupied, on the Christian Acropolis of Byzantium, the same position as did the Parthenon on that of Classic Athens, was certainly surrounded by magnificent palaces. To the right it overlooked the Hippodrome, then one of the wonders of the world, and adorned with more statues, and finer ones, than are now housed in the Vatican or the Louvre.

As late as 1842, some vestiges were still discernible of the huge Atrium before the church, which enclosed within an army of marble pillars what is now a bare and dreary square. This graceful colonnade has been ruthlessly replaced by a hideous iron railing, bearing a heartbreaking resemblance to that which so sadly enhances the ugliness of some of the most in-artistic blots on modern London. In the centre of the ancient Atrium stood a "brazen sea," of running water, resting on the backs of sculptured beasts, resembling those mentioned in Scripture, as supporting a like basin in the Temple of Solomon. Here, too, some writers say, stood the three jasper columns, the pedestal of a colossal bronze statue of a knight on horseback—probably intended to represent Justinian—pointing towards Asia.

It would seem that the real entrance to the precincts of the church stood at least two hundred and fifty yards beyond the actual narthex, or vestibule, and, in this case, the Atrium itself must have been approached through several cloisters. According to Stephen of Novgorod (1350) there were as many as seven gates to be passed, before the pilgrims could

reach the great church itself. Whether this means that there were seven outer courtyards, or not, remains disputed, but the author of an Italian manuscript, preserved in the British Museum, describes the ruins of the outer buildings of Sancta Sophia as extending, in his time (1616), a very great distance. They have now entirely disappeared. Possibly, should excavations be made in this neighbourhood, the ground-plan of these external courtyards may be recovered. These stately outer shrines were admirably calculated to impress the approaching pilgrim with a sense of the overwhelming solemnity and beauty of the supreme object of his visit—that most holy shrine, where, in the Sanctuary of the church itself, rested the transcendently precious relics of the Redemption. Even when he had gained the first narthex, he was still at a considerable distance from the Holy of Holies, which, as he paused on the sacred threshold, he could discern glittering in the great apse, under the flicker of a thousand gold and silver lamps.

Several large cloisters were still in existence, in the first half of the sixteenth century. They are mentioned in a book in my possession, printed at Antwerp in 1536, and were, in those days, used as bazaars for the sale of rosaries and the facsimiles of certain relics of Mahomet, which are still preserved in the mosque itself, or in the Old Seraglio. These cloisters must have been swept away, to make room for the tomb of Sultan Selim, and his slaughtered family.

There was also a long ambulatory, or walk,

between columns. Bondelmonte mentions it as having a double range of a thousand pillars, and assures us that the Emperor, when he walked to Sancta Sophia, passed along this covered way, which was in reality a sort of great High Street, from the Pillar of Constantine, or Porphyry Column.

In the gardens of a house in this neighbourhood, into which I accidentally strayed one day, I saw quite a number of very fine Corinthian capitals, and large sections of columns, half hidden in the long grass, and growing vegetables. These may have belonged to some external portico ; but, after having studied the matter pretty closely, and on the spot, I feel certain that the church, although small in its actual dimensions when compared with our Western cathedrals, nevertheless justified the accounts of its surprising extent, if we consider the numerous adjuncts—chapels, shrines, colonnades, cloisters, fountains, ambulatories, libraries, priests' dwellings, and the patriarchate—forming part of the building. All these were, doubtless, so arranged as to appear one vast whole, which made the ancient Sancta Sophia the largest cathedral in the world, larger even, in a certain sense, than St. Peter's at Rome. As to the many magnificent fountains, it is almost impossible, now, to ascertain what they were like, or where they stood. We possess glowing descriptions of their magnificence, but I am inclined to think they must have resembled the Turkish fountains of the present time—which are probably modified reproductions of them—comparatively simple structures of various sizes, some of them coated with

bronze and marble, or with painted tiles, from which the water gushes, either out of the mouths of lions, or from bronze taps. One of them, however, near Basil's Church, in the garden, was shaped, we learn from contemporary writers, like a bronze pine-cone, from between the sections of which the water poured. Its enormous brazen basin was, moreover, ornamented with gilded figures of peacocks, ducks, and other water-fowl. I do not think there were many fountains in Byzantium, which threw the water up to any great height. Mr. Lethaby, the author of a remarkable work on *Sancta Sophia*, written in conjunction with the late Mr. Harold Swainson, who kindly read this chapter before it was sent to press, tells me he has discovered at least one description of a Byzantine fountain, which cast its spray high up in the air.

The Byzantines being extravagantly fond of flowers, and in the habit of planting flowering shrubs in large vases, along their public walks, and round their monuments, the whole effect of the external precincts of the majestic edifice must have been marvellously beautiful, all the more so as all its terraces and porticoes were so arranged, as to command views of the Bosphorus, Marmara, and Golden Horn.

The exterior of the church is now reduced to its simplest expression. The outer narthex has lost all its marbles and mosaics, and its rugged arcades look like the entrances to some tumble-down bazaar. Yet I have seen these dingy, darksome porticoes assume a certain weird beauty; as, for instance, when they served as refuges to some wild-looking pilgrims from

Asia Minor (dressed for all the world like the pictured patriarchs in an old family Bible), who never hesitated to light their cooking-fires in dangerous proximity to a building which has already suffered cruelly from the flames. In olden times this outer portico, now so rough and bare, had, in all probability, a roof of carved and gilded wood. The Baptistry, a Byzantine building, generally described as such, still stands to the north, but it is now used as a Turkish store. The jasper and onyx columns, the "sea" of brass, and the brazen beasts thereof, the wonderful clepsydra, or water-clock, which told not only the hours, but the seconds and minutes, have all gone the way of that once innumerable sculptured population of gods and goddesses, heroes and heroines, Emperors and Empresses, now represented by a stray foot, or a finger or two, built into the walls of some modern dwelling, or lying forlorn in some deserted garden in the vicinity.

Let us pause for a moment, to consider the buildings, dedicated to profane uses, which clustered round Sancta Sophia—on the famous Acropolis, within its formidable cincture of walls, pierced by several great gates. In this sacred enclosure, none were permitted to reside, except members of the Imperial blood, persons connected with the service of the Church, and all the multitude of officials, and of slaves, who waited on the Emperor and Empress, on the Patriarch and his priests.

To the south of the church was the Hippodrome, with its triumphal arches and tiers of columns, and its

army of marble statues. Here, crowning one triumphal entrance, were the bronze horses of Lysippus, which now adorn St. Mark's Church at Venice, and here, too, was that statue of Helen of Troy, "whose beauty of form and feature drove brave men distraught"—a reason, probably, which induced the Fourth Crusaders to pulverise it, lest a like evil fate might befall some of their own commanders. There was a colossal Hercules, too, and a silver statue of Venus by Praxiteles; an Apollo by Phidias; and an eagle clutching a magic serpent, by Paulinius of Tyana; and even "an ass and its rider, so life-like you could almost see them move." There was a gilded statue of Jupiter, with enamelled eyes, and one of Theodora, with a jewelled tiara on its silver head; in brief, twenty museums of sculpture in one, to enrich which the ruins of the classical world—Asia Minor, Egypt, and ancient Greece—were ransacked from end to end. Here, too, stood those three curious relics of remotest antiquity, the bronze tripod, with its three twisted snakes, whose heads,* spreading outwards, formerly supported the gold vessel which stood in front of the altar of Apollo's Temple at Delphi; the obelisk of Egyptian synate, which came from Heliopolis, where it stood some thousand years before Christ; and, finally, a pillar or obelisk of masonry, which in days of yore was covered "with

* Books printed long before Lady Mary Wortley Montagu visited Constantinople mention these serpents as headless. Lady Mary, on the contrary, distinctly says that in 1717 the heads were on the snakes. They may, perhaps, have been temporarily added of plaster for some fête or other.

plates of bronze that caused it to gleam like a column of light." The bronze has been plucked off, and there the poor column stands, a grim, gaunt, tottering pillar of blackened stone, which, in spite of its apparently unsafe condition, countless earthquakes have failed to overthrow. The brazen serpents have lost their heads, struck off, they say, by Mohammed at the time of the Conquest, and, of the three relics, the obelisk alone is perfect, with its hieroglyphs as clear-cut as when it was first erected on the banks of the Nile. But for these three curious monuments, the Hippodrome, or At'-Meidan, is as flat as a race-course. But go down yon long narrow lane, which will lead you to the Kutchuk Agia Sophia, or Little Saint Sophia, the ancient church of the Saints Sergius and Bacchus, and, passing to the right, turn your glance upwards—for by slow degrees you have descended some hundred feet towards the sea, which now lies within a stone's throw of you. Thence you will behold the enormous substructure of the Hippodrome, a grand fragment, consisting of rows of arches, one above the other, reminding one of that fine Roman ruin, the Theatre of Marcellus. It juts out imposingly like the hull of some great ship, and gives a clearer idea of the magnificence of the vanished monument, of which it was the principal support, than all the descriptions ever written. We can but long for the day when it shall be properly disengaged from the clinging mass of mean wooden dwellings that now hem it in and dishonour it! One imagines, too, that beneath it there must be some vast subterranean chamber, sur-

passing, possibly, in beauty the famous Hall of the Thousand and One Columns; for the Byzantines excelled in the construction of underground halls, and splendid cisterns, wherein they gathered the cool water brought from the forest of Belgrade over the countless arches of the great aqueducts of Heraclius and Valens. But the Hippodrome, a wonder certainly of the Mediæval world, was only one of many monuments clustered round Agia Sophia. There was, for instance, the Augustæum, or Great Forum, with its noble porticoes and colonnades, in the centre of which stood a group in marble, richly gilded, and lavishly adorned with gold and gems, representing Constantine and his mother, Helena, standing on either side of the Cross, and considered so sacred that to this day every orthodox church possesses a reproduction of it. Near at hand was the small marble temple, known as the Million, a centre whence distances were reckoned all over the Empire. On one side of the Augustæum stood the vast palace of the Senate, and on the other, the Patriarchate, surrounding which was a delicious garden, celebrated throughout the East for its fruits and flowers. Under the Patriarchate was a deep marble cistern, in which a traveller of the twelfth century saw baskets full of peaches, and figs, and melons, hanging up over the pellucid water to be kept cool, in readiness for His Holiness's table.

Surpassing all the palaces of the East in magnificence was that which was famous for nearly a thousand years as the Great Palace, the foundations of which were laid by Constantine, and the glories of which

were added to by a score of succeeding Emperors. The Great Palace was not one huge building, like the Royal palaces of the West, but a series of detached halls and apartments, linked together by corridors, cloisters, terraces, and gardens. It sloped gradually seaward to where a winding staircase of the purest marble descended to a landing-place, before which the galleys of the Emperor and Empress, and a fleet of gilded State barges and pleasure boats, were anchored in the blue waters of the Marmara. Near by, on the sea-walls, stood two round hollow towers, which were filled with pipes, so that when the wind blew, they, like gigantic Æolian harps, made solemn harmonies, repeating the wild and fascinating strain from tower to tower, "so that you would have thought you heard the voices of angels, now plaintively whispering, and now wailing as if in sorrow, or again bursting forth in joyous anthems." Not far, also, from the sea, was the Porphyry Hall, in which the Empresses were delivered of their children, the male infants being called, from the rare purple material of which the hall was built, *Porphyrogenitus*. Near this gorgeous chamber was the Hall of the Nineteen Couches, where the Easter and the Christmas banquets were served, and the Emperor, the Empress, the Patriarch, and all the Imperial Grand Dukes and Princes feasted. In their midst, twelve beggars were seated, to remind the Augustæ of the disciples of One who never dwelt in porphyry halls. In this hall, too, there was an ominous couch, called the bed of tears, for upon it the bodies of dead Emperors were laid and left in state,

surrounded by thousands of wax tapers, so that all might see the corpse and pray for the repose of the Imperial spirit, till, after three sad days, the dead Sovereign was carried for burial to the Church of the Apostles, in the heart of the city. Next came the Daphne, a noble hall of white marble relieved with golden mosaic, where the Empresses were married, and where also, strange to relate, the rite was solemnised for those subjects who were too poor to pay for their wedding finery, which was given them from the Imperial privy purse. Surpassing all these palaces in splendour, if that were possible, were the baths of Xuxipus, which were burnt to the ground during the famous riot of the Nikitas, only to be rebuilt with even greater magnificence, and peopled with a surprising multitude of statues, marble and bronze. Here was a very ancient statue of the great poet Homer, and another of Sappho, and others of Virgil, of Socrates, Themistocles, and Horace, and counterfeit presentments of all the poets and poetesses, philosophers, statesmen, and warriors of antiquity, gathered from a hundred cities of Asia Minor, which served to feed greedy Byzantium with marvellous treasures of art. Then there was the Hall of the Consistory, where the great Councils of the Church were held, in the centre of which the wonder-working rod of Moses was enshrined, in a casket of pure gold.

Yet another palace was called the Pyramidical House, because it was shaped like a pyramid, and on the top of it was an alabaster Pegasus, with golden wings outspread, ready to soar into the blue. This

joined the Palace of the Manaura, where the foreign Ambassadors were received, and behind which lay the Gardens of the Mesopotian, which were so sheltered that tropical plants grew luxuriantly within them. Higher up, near the Hippodrome, were the galleries of Achilles, full of wonderful pictures, and behind them were the Ponochotion, the Little or open Hippodrome, and the covered Hippodrome, where entertainments were given in winter.

Towards the sea stood the vast Palace of Bucoleon, a favourite residence of many Emperors, and beyond it, bathed by the waters of Marmara, the house of Justinian and Theodora, beyond which a jetty with a pharos, or lighthouse, jutted out into the sea. In addition to all these wonders, and in order, as it were, that the sacred Church of Byzantium—the city “loved of God”—should predominate everywhere, there were, within the enclosure of the Acropolis, a hundred churches and sixty monasteries. Everywhere, over the gates, and on the towers of the walls, appeared emblems of Christianity, or pious inscriptions, such as “Possessing Thee, O Christ,” “Theophilus, the pious Emperor, reared from new foundations this firm wall, which guard with Thy might, O Sovereign Ruler! and display to the end of time, standing unshattered and unmoved,” or “Jesus conquer,” or “Theodora built me, who was faithful in Christ,” and so forth.

Anything more extraordinary, more fantastic, than this astounding Acropolis, of which little trace now remains, but which, if inferior to that of Athens in purity of style, was greatly its superior in extent, can

hardly be imagined. Such an agglomeration of columns, of statues in marble and bronze, of flashing mosaics, of singular shaped domes and towers, had never been equalled in this world before, and will possibly never be seen on earth again.

The Crusaders seem—to the righteous indignation of Pope Innocent III., who, all honour to his memory, roundly denounced them as damnable vandals—to have held statues and images in an abhorrence unusual with good Catholics, for in three days they smashed nearly all the city boasted. With what looks like a keen eye to business, however, they converted those of metal into current coin. The story of the irreparable mischief these pious warriors achieved in Constantinople, in the early part of July, 1203, makes one's blood boil. Led by that blind old fanatic, Dandolo, they poured through the famous breach in the land walls—it is still just as they left it—and desolated the fairest of cities. Like locusts, they devoured all before them, and this, too, in the name of Christ and His holy Mother.

The Hippodrome was already greatly dilapidated when the Fourth Crusaders entered Byzantium. It probably suffered still more severely from a conflagration, rarely mentioned by historians, of which I found an account in the Genoese Archives, and also in Paspates' work on the "Old Palace." It appears that, hard by Sancta Sophia, a little mosque nestled, as if for safety, close to the Palace; in it the distinguished Mohammedan visitors of the Emperor went to worship. The sight of this harmless little building

so enraged the Crusaders that they set it on fire. The wind was high and the flames soon devoured not the mosque only, but all the neighbouring buildings right down to the sea. Mohammedanism was avenged, for half the Acropolis was in ashes before the fire, which raged during four days, was extinguished.

Sancta Sophia came in for its share of the general sacrilege, and a good half of its wonder-working relics were destroyed, or dispersed to the ends of the earth—carried off to grace other and newer shrines in distant lands. No discoverer of Australian or South African gold mine ever deemed himself half as lucky as did the Crusaders who overhauled the sacred store-house of Sancta Sophia. So great was the quantity (not to mention the quality) of the relics it contained, that the very walls of the church were reported to be cemented with a material more precious far than diamond dust—the crushed bones of Christian martyrs. The bloodstained soldiers of the Cross swarmed like ants in the sanctuaries, and round the altars, not of Sancta Sophia alone, but of the thousand four hundred and fifty churches of the holy city.

But Sancta Sophia contained the richest booty, and although the priests managed to conceal many of their treasures, the quantity stolen by these godly thieves was so great, that, within a few years, hundreds of Western cathedrals and abbeys received accessions of renown, from the thousands of pilgrims who flocked to visit their newly-imported relics. Vainly did the monks and priests strive to defend

* Ville-Hardouin declares there were 2,452 churches in the city.

their treasures. They were slain on their violated altar steps. Some of the more energetic among them—as I have previously said—contrived to hide a few of their holy possessions, the Crib of Bethlehem for instance, which is still venerated in Sancta Sophia; but the frantic crowd of fierce Crusaders soon made havoc of icons and jewels, and ruthlessly carried off gems and miracle-working bones.

Let us now enter the mosque as it stands to-day. To do this we must cross the rough, ill-kept exo (or outer) narthex already mentioned, which forms a remarkable contrast to the superb inner, or eso narthex, still rich in mosaics and in rare marbles, which line the walls and surround the nine sumptuous bronze doors. This porch is 250 feet long, by 20 wide, and two storeys in height.

Procopius tells us that here, in olden times, “swelled through the night the melodious sounds pleasing to the ears of Him Who giveth life to all, when the Psalm of David was sung in antiphonal strains—the Psalm of that sweet David whom the Divine voice of God Almighty praised.” This quotation clearly points to some portion of the Liturgy which was performed in the narthex—probably either very early in the morning or in the afternoon.

The nine doors of pure bronze which lead from the eso narthex into the church are of simple design, worthy of the best period of Hellenic art. There was formerly a plain cross on each, the arms of which the Turks have torn away, but strange to say, they have not effaced the essentially Christian inscriptions

surrounding them, such as, "Lord Jesus, help us!" "Mother of God, pray for Theodora Augusta!" "O Lord, help Theophilus!" "Christ, help Michael!"

Over the central door, the Porta Basilica, by which the Emperor entered, is figured an open gospel on a reading desk surmounted by a dove with outstretched wings. On the page appears the following legend, in Greek characters: "The Lord said, 'I am the door of the sheep. By Me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and go in and find pasture.'"

The inner narthex, for what reason I know not, evidently has some curious fascination for the lower order of Turks. You will rarely find it empty of some humble worshipper or other. I remember going to Sancta Sophia one summer morning very early, when some pilgrims from the interior of the country were visiting it. In front of one of the open doors, leading into the mosque, I saw three exceedingly handsome young men at prayers, with such an expression of intense devotion upon their faces as I have never seen but once before in my life, and that was in Rome, where I came across some *contadini*, like those Guercino loved to paint, praying with ecstatic fervour in the Church of Sant' Agostino, before the great marble figure of the Madonna of Good Help.

The narthex of Sancta Sophia is, to my mind, far grander than the vestibule of St. Peter, although, of course, much smaller, and infinitely less ornate. The proportions are nobler, and the rich but austere character of the decoration is more impressive. In ancient times, we are assured, it was full of small altars, en-

shrining holy relics. Here, also, the merchants who sold wax tapers to burn before the shrines and icons in the temple and its precincts, had their stalls, just as they have them now in all the Orthodox and Armenian churches throughout the East.

But in this particular narthex you are soon reminded that you are not in a Christian church, for a churlish and officious Mollah comes shuffling up to you, with a pair of cumbersome slippers in his hand, into which you must forthwith thrust your feet, lest you defile the prayer-carpets in the mosque, which you are now about to enter. Presently you stand under the mosaic-covered vault of the great church itself. The exceeding breadth of the space between the rows of pillars on each side, amazes one, and the eye wanders from pavement to roof, in delighted and awe-stricken admiration of the noble proportions of the entire structure, which bursts on your enchanted gaze in all its majestic and exquisite symmetry.

I am no architect, I cannot and do not propose to give technical details, and I care little how many feet broad or long this grand temple may be.* I merely record its impressive and surprising magnitude, and the subdued magnificence of its scheme of decoration, so harmonious in colour, so perfect in taste.

The wall space is completely lined with slabs of

* As a matter of fact, Sancta Sophia is 250 feet in length, 100 wide, and 180 high. The dome is 170 feet above the centre of the church. It is very little lower than a hemisphere, being 107 feet across, and is pierced by forty small windows. The dome of the Pantheon is 130 feet in diameter, St. Peter's 126, St. Paul's 108.

every conceivable variety of marble, which, together with the hundred and fifty-seven columns, one more beautiful than the other, were spoils torn from renowned temples of the Old World. The dome and the wide-spreading vaults, rest upon pillars, stolen from Isis and Osiris, from the Temple of the Sun at Baalbek and of the Moon at Heliopolis, from the fane of Diana at Ephesus, from that of Apollo at Delphi, and of Pallas at Athens. The polished surfaces of these marvellous columns reflected the torches of many a strange Pagan rite, ages before they glistened to the twinkle of the myriad little tapers used in the ceremonies of Byzantine Catholicism. Two enormous alabaster jars, brought from Pergamos, stand on either side of the nave. Some say they were placed there by Murād III., but better informed persons see in them evidences of Byzantine origin, and consider them to have been the holy water basins of the Byzantine Church. At any hour of the day you may see a Turk or two, squatting in front of them, performing the ablutions. With the exception of these two jars, the very steep Mimbār, or Friday pulpit, with its extinguisher-shaped canopy and delicately chiselled balustrade, the two tall wax candles on each side of the Mihrāb, which indicates the direction of Mecca, the prayer-carpet used by Mohammed, hung up in a glass case, and the curious red marble slabs, said to have formed part of the Crib of Bethlehem—the Mosque of Agia Sophia is empty. I ought, perhaps, to include in this scanty inventory the sort of cupboard of carved wood, painted white and gold, in which the Sultans used to attend

divine worship before the present Commander of the Faithful thought fit to shut himself up from public view at Yildiz Kiosk, and two or three rather elegant masbatas or platforms for the readers of the Koran. The Mihrāb, a honeycomb-pattern recess, is not, by the way, in the centre of the apse, so that the mats and carpets which point to it are arranged in oblique lines, and produce a singularly discordant effect.

The best station to take up, in order to realise the full majesty of the church, is a point immediately under the dome. Four six-winged cherubim seem to support the mighty vault on their huge pinions. The colouring of their plumes anticipated Burne-Jones by over a thousand years ; they wear his favourite hues of deep blue, metallic green, and tawny red. Islāmic abhorrence of the graphic art has masked their angelic countenances with golden vizors, an affront the tremendous spirits seem to resent, for their pinions have a ruffled air of angry motion—the result, possibly, of the light falling on the countless mosaic cubes of coloured glass of which they are composed.

Four monstrous shields, by their supreme ugliness and proximity to the cherubim, add insult to the injury these have received at Moslim hands. On their frightful pea-green painted discs Arabic hieroglyphics wriggle like living horrors in a magnified drop of Thames water, and record the names of the four champions of the Prophet, Abu-Bakr, Omār, Othmān, and Ali.

These inscriptions, hideous as they seem to us, are, in reality, masterpieces of Arabic calligraphy, from

the pen of no less a celebrity than Bichakji-zadeh Mustaphā Chelibi, calligraphist to Murād V. The only fault fairly to be found with them, is their hideous inappropriateness to the place they disfigure. In their own way they are wonderful, one single letter being thirty feet long.

Possibly because it was so much easier to efface them with paint, than to pick them out, the mosaics in Sancta Sophia are still intact, and occasionally, in certain strong lights, the outlines of the figures of Christ and of the saints can be discerned. Fossati exposed them almost entirely, and sketches were then made of them. These mosaics are composed, of course, of little cubes of various coloured glass enamel, applied to the vaults with cement, precisely in the same manner employed by the successors of the Byzantines in this art—the Venetians, whose mosaic works at Murano have been revived in our time with immense success by that very remarkable artist, the late Commendatore Salviati, and his son, Signor Giulio Salviati.

The great dome had no figures in it, and its ornamentation is now as it always was. The design is conventional, but extremely harmonious. Elsewhere the whole church glistened with many-coloured mosaics, excepting in the *gynækonitis*, or women's gallery, where an oft-repeated pattern was introduced with admirable effect. This still exists, and is in perfect preservation.

The mosaics in Sancta Sophia are of considerably later date than the church itself. Their escape from

the vandalism of the iconoclastic Emperors and Patriarchs, and above all from the fanaticism of the Turks, is almost miraculous. It is a pleasure, from the artistic point of view at all events, to think that, in all probability, at some not very distant date, when the Ottoman Empire shall have passed to its doom, these exquisite decorations will reappear in all their fadeless splendour, as fresh and beautiful as when they first were executed.

There can be little doubt that the real motive of Constantine, or possibly of Constantius, in building the first church, a most costly structure, in the form of a basilica, with a wooden roof, was to enshrine the great relic of the True Cross, which the Empress Helena discovered at Jerusalem in the year 326. St. Cyril, of Jerusalem, some twenty-five years later, mentions that portions of the Cross were even then scattered all over the world, and that the larger part was in Constantinople, carried thither by Helena, the Emperor's mother. Socrates, a very early authority on this subject, mentions that "Helena enclosed in a silver chest, and left in Jerusalem as a memorial, one part of the true Cross," but that the larger portion she sent to the Emperor, her son. Other writers have repeated the same story—with some variations—so that it is quite evident that in the fourth century Oriental veneration for relics had embraced the Sacred Wood, which was universally believed to have supported the agonised Body of the Christ.*

* There is a tradition that when the piece of the Cross discovered by the Empress Helena arrived in Constantinople, a most gorgeous

The Cross and implements of the Passion were by no means the most remarkable of the countless relics preserved in Sancta Sophia. There was an image close to the great door which a Christ-hating Jew had pierced in the neck with a knife, whereupon blood had flowed from it. This wound bled annually, on a certain day, to the pious satisfaction and enthusiasm of the people. There were also the table upon which Our Lord celebrated His last Supper, and His swaddling clothes, and the golden vessels of the Magi, and "a dish given by Olga, a Russian Princess, when she came to the Imperial City to be baptized, in the centre of which was a precious stone which displayed the image of Our Lord. The

procession went forth to receive it; and that, shortly afterwards, a fragment of it was sent by Constantine to Rome. The larger part, however, remained in a gorgeous shrine of gold and jewels in the *bema* of Sancta Sophia. The portion sent to Rome is now in the Basilica of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme.

In the reliquaries at the Ste. Chapelle in Paris, and at St. Mark's at Venice, the true Cross is represented as double-armed, with the figures of St. Constantine and St. Helena on each side of it.

At Sancta Sophia there were, as I have already said, many other relics of the Passion, besides the true Cross. The crown of thorns, for instance, which Baldwin II. removed to Paris in 1234, and presented to St. Louis, and which quite recently (1895) was encased in a new and exceedingly magnificent reliquary, studded with diamonds and other precious stones of great value. This relic is no longer in the Ste. Chapelle, built for its reception by St. Louis, but in the cathedral of Nôtre Dame. The Comte de Riant, in his intensely interesting work, "*Des Dépouilles Religieuses enlevées à Constantinople au XIII. siècle par les Latins*" (1875), enumerates a very long list of relics, which were originally in Sancta Sophia, and traces a great number of them to their new destinations.

edge of this dish blazed with hundreds of pearls, emeralds, rubies, and diamonds." In the Sacristy were kept the Royal chariots of Constantine and Helena, made of solid silver, and such a quantity of gold plate, enriched with pearls and jewels of all sorts, that it took a hundred persons to carry it in procession. By the entrance of the sanctuary stood what was called the "Crux Mensualis," which showed the human stature of Our Lord ; and, behind this Cross, was the tomb of Anna, a pious woman, who gave the land upon which the church was built, and "above it, a little sanctuary containing the figures of the holy women and Virgin mother holding the dead Christ upon her knees. The Virgin shed real tears, which fell upon the eyes of Christ." Beyond this "was the Chapel of Peter the Apostle and of St. Theophania. She was the guardian of the keys of Sancta Sophia, which the people used to kiss ; and here were preserved the iron chains of St. Peter, which were eventually taken to Rome."

It would seem that at the time of the Fourth Crusade there were very few tombs in the church, "and these few the tombs of Saints, before which burned many silver lamps." Near the door stood the column of St. Gregory, the miracle-worker, which was all covered with bronze plates. St. Gregory appeared near this column, "and the people kissed it, and rubbed their shoulders against it." Above this column of St. Gregory "was a great mosaic figure of Christ, blessing the people, which lacked the little finger of the right hand." When it was finished the artist looked

at it and said, "Lord, I have made Thee as if alive." Then a voice issued from the image and cried out, "When hast thou seen Me?" on which the artist was struck dumb and died, "and the finger was not finished, but was made in silver gilt." This figure was seen by Fossati, when restoring the church in 1848.

Greater wonders yet awaited those who were allowed to visit the inner sanctuary. "Here," says Robert de Clary, "hundreds of people prayed every day and kissed the spot where the Angel of the Lord stood. Over the altar, in the middle, hung the crown of the Emperor Constantine, set with endless stones and pearls, and beneath it an immense golden cross. The whole *bema* was built of solid gold, even the pavement was of silver and gold mixed." There "were thirty crowns of solid gold, blazing with jewels, hung by golden chains from the lofty vault above, each of which was supposed to represent one of the pieces of silver for which Our Lord was sold by Judas." Within "there was a marble slab, on which the Holy Virgin herself had appeared, as if in prayer." To sum up, all the legendary lore, and all the art, and all the wonder, of early Christendom were fixed and enshrined in incredible richness, on this spot, under the mighty roof which, so the earliest writer who attempted to describe the church declared, seemed to his wondering eyes "suspended by golden chains from the blue vault of heaven above."

One night in Ramazān—that oddest of all festivals, Lent and Carnival in one, when the Faithful fast for

thirty days and feast for thirty nights; when the mosques at sunset are illuminated, and Stambul, usually as dreary after dusk as any buried city, is alive with festive Mohammedans; when veiled women, with lanterns carried by slaves before them, are to be seen, in all directions, going to the Iftar or evening meal in their friends' Hareems; when Turks of all sorts and conditions sit sipping coffee before gaily-lighted little cafés, and small Turkish boys and girls roar with innocent and ignorant laughter, and clap their hands in childish delight at the impish improprieties of Karagheuz—when, I say, all these things and many others were simultaneously in progress in Stambul, I found myself, with a party of friends, within the *gynækonitis*, or women's gallery, of Sancta Sophia. We each gave a turbaned Mollah four shillings, for the privilege of witnessing the evening service, a privilege now readily granted to anybody who chooses to pay for it, but formerly, and not so very long ago either, impossible to obtain. These galleries are quite equal in beauty to the rest of the church. Porphyry, jasper, and verd-antique line the walls, and mosaic covers the vaults. The columns, of varying sizes and proportions, are all equally handsome, and being less lofty and therefore more easily studied, the rare beauty of their lace-like capitals is seen to the greatest advantage. The uncumbered space of these vast galleries would, I should think, accommodate fully ten thousand persons, although only those close to the parapet could follow the solemn liturgy in progress

below. On one of the balustrades you may still read this inscription : " Here is the seat of the Patrician Lady Theodora," and I was assured it was the identical place whence that terrible woman, who vaulted, one day, from the saddle of a circus horse on to the throne of Justinian, used to hear Mass.*

Involuntarily I thought of Sardou, and of the divine Sarah, and of the Porte St. Martin, where I first saw Theodora reincarnate herself in the greatest actress of our time. Looking down from the high-perched seat, Theodora's or another's, you obtain a matchless view of the whole building stretching below like a map. The famous porphyry columns are well in sight ; the *bema* and the tabernacle must have been visible to the greatest advantage. Theodora Augusta could, therefore, if ever she did sit there, participate in the pageants and rites of the Oriental Church without much craning of her neck.

On this night in Ramazān, 1894, some six thousand Turks stood in regular lines on the wide pavement, and performed with rhythmic regularity the gymnastics peculiar to Mohammedan worship. As if impelled by one and the same impulse, they rose and fell, whilst the untuneful chant of the worshippers re-echoed through the enormous pile, in twanging, nasal, Oriental elaboration of cadenza, never quite in tune and yet never ridiculous. Sincerity never is that, however unusual the method of ex-

* But probably it was not *that* Theodora's seat, else why the words " Patrician Lady " instead of Augusta ?

pression. The Ramazān service in Sancta Sophia is distinctly imposing, but the enormous wheels of light which hang from the ceiling are too close to the heads of the congregation, and drown it in a sort of golden fog.

The Empress Theodora saw another sight to this, when the high altar of purest gold, standing on a burnished sheet of the same precious metal, upheld a tabernacle close set with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds. On thrones of solid silver, inlaid with gold, and sparkling with gems, sat the Patriarch and the superior clergy. The altar screen was of ivory, and the veil, which, at the moment of consecration, was drawn across it, had five hundred thousand pearls, some as large as peas and beans, woven into its silk and golden brocade. The Emperor's chair was of gold; those of the Consuls and patricians, of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Thousands of gold and silver lamps hung before the innumerable icons, images, and relics distributed throughout the church. The treasures of the whole world seemed concentrated within this hall-like temple, whose sober-tinted marbles offered the most perfect of backgrounds for the riches accumulated within it. And the service was, in its way, worthy of the temple. Ten bishops assisted the Patriarch, and eight hundred priests, wearing gorgeous Eastern vestments, some flowing, some stiff with gold and silver, and encrusted with gems, moved with stately precision about the *bema* during Mass. There were a hundred eunuchs—for in its elaborate cere-

monial, this divine pantomime, if so I may dare to call it, employed even these; two hundred singing boys; one hundred deaconesses, who, in addition to cleaning the altars, scattered flowers before the Ark which contained the Host, when it was carried abroad in solemn procession. Three hundred musicians, in crimson silk edged with fur, played upon all manner of quaint Asiatic instruments—cymbals and harps, dulcimers, mandolines, tambourines, and zithers. For nearly a thousand years these ceremonies proceeded, without suffering much abatement of splendour; they seemed destined to last until the trump of doom.

But, on the fatal morning of May 25th, 1453, all was changed as by enchantment. The Turks rushed, like a bloody torrent, through the breach in the wall, near the gate of St. Romanus, spurred on by fanatical Dervishes and by the voice of their victorious Khaliph, Mohammed II. A trembling throng of refugees filled Sancta Sophia to overflowing, crying out to God and His Mother to save them. Monks, priests, nuns, patricians, plebeians, men, women, and children of all classes, crowded the sanctuary, the nave, and the galleries, praying for a miracle; but no promised archangel with flaming sword resisted Mohammed, as he proudly rode his erstwhile white charger (now dappled with gore) up to the altar, brandishing aloft the sword with which, on his passage through the Hippodrome, he had struck off the heads of the Delphic serpents. Then occurred a scene almost beyond description, but well worthy of a poet's or a painter's effort. The

shrieking congregation was hunted from shrine to shrine. Women struggled in the soldiers' arms and screamed for mercy. Cymbals crashed, drums beat, cries, groans, oaths, howls, re-echoed throughout the building. Towering over the hideous but most dramatic and picturesque confusion, Mohammed, on his charger, shouted his command to spare the lives of the vanquished. A worse fate than death was reserved for them. They were loaded with chains and sold into pitiless slavery. Then the pillage of the church began. Down went the icons and the lamps. The altars were overthrown, relics were outraged, and gems carried off. The golden thrones and the finest jewels were sent to the Imperial tent, and within an incredibly short time the church was as desolate as we now see it; only the saints and angels in the mosaic-covered domes and vaults, unbedaubed as yet, looked down with Byzantine stolidity on the strange scenes enacted so far below them. Later in the day the Mu'azzin ascended the tower, and for the first time his cry rang over Constantinople as he called the Faithful to their prayers in Agia Sophia. "Allah is God, and Mahomet is His Prophet," prayed the tired Turkish soldiers, thankful for victory and rest. That night, in the centre courts of the great church, under its fairy-like arcades, the Moslim warriors rested and slept, and, whilst they slumbered, the Christians were compelled to witness the desecration of their time-honoured fane—to gather its treasures of silver and gold—and to cast the bones of their venerated

saints in an unsightly pile. Never, not even in this strange capital of startling contrasts, did moon shine down on wilder scenes than those of that never-to-be-forgotten night in May, a date so momentous in the history of Europe that its memory and its effects endure even to the present hour.

So numerous are the facts and legends connected with Sancta Sophia, that one might fancy the incense which rose, for so many centuries, from the thousand censers used in its pontifical ceremonies, had converted itself into a vapour of legendary lore, which hovers yet, even in the remotest parts of the vast edifice. No church in the world has witnessed such strange sights or such pageants. What pen, for instance, could depict the stupendous magnificence of the consecration ceremony, when Justinian and Theodora rode in pompous procession through the city to consecrate the second Temple of Solomon?

In the inner narthex, Leo VI., the philosopher, found the brazen gates closed against him by the Patriarch, who fiercely denounced his unlawful marriage. High above, in a portion of the *gynækonitis*, shut off from the prying eyes of the women, the great Œcumenical Council of Constantinople was held, and the stormy voice of Photius wrangled with the Greek and Latin bishops, over the procession of the Holy Ghost. Later again, in 987, the Russian envoys of Vladimir, rude, unlettered men, stood by the porphyry columns to witness the pomp of a ritual which, in due time, became that of their native land, and which only a

few months ago revived, at Moscow, in the Church of the Assumption during the coronation ceremonies of Czar Nicholas II., something of the glories of old Agia Sophia.

On July 16th, 1054, just a few years before England passed under the rule of William the Norman, a mighty throng of orthodox clergy and people saw Cardinal Humbert, and two Latin bishops, stalk haughtily up the nave, till they reached the altar in the *bema*, whence they pronounced the Papal excommunication of the Orthodox Eastern Church, and anathematised the seven deadly heresies of the Greeks. "Thus was the seamless robe of the hitherto undivided Christian Church torn in twain," an act most disastrous to Europe, and, above all, to Eastern Christendom. Well may Mathas, Bishop of Thera, exclaim, "Bitterly fruitful have been the consequences of schism." Cut off from Latin civilisation and its progressive influences, Byzantium gradually declined, through the five hundred following years, until the Turks invaded her, destroyed her Empire, and pressed forward into Europe, as far as the gates of Vienna.

On Easter Day, 1204, a scene was enacted in the *bema* of Sancta Sophia, which had its counterpart at Nôtre Dame in 1794. The Crusaders, red-handed, and drunk with victory, placed a prostitute upon the patriarchal throne, and a mob, frenzied with blood and wine, bellowing obscenities, danced hand in hand round her. After this the church was reconsecrated, and reverted once

more to the Latin rite. In May, 1204, Baldwin, Count of Flanders, was here crowned first Latin Emperor of the East. A year later, solemn funereal rites were accorded to the remains of Dandolo, Doge of Venice, whose tomb is still to be seen in the left gallery.* He had reached the patriarchal age of ninety-seven, but so great were his physical and mental powers, that he may be truthfully described as the very brain of the Fourth Crusade.

A few months later, the bronze doors were, once more, thrown open, to receive the body of Mary of Burgundy, Baldwin's luckless bride. She had remained at home during the war, but, unable further to resist her longing to behold her lord, she embarked, at Marseilles, upon a vessel which was shattered on the coast of Palestine. Footsore and weary, the forlorn Princess wandered to Constantinople, but no husband was there to clasp her to his heart, for Baldwin was now the prisoner of Jonnace, King of Bulgaria, who put him to an awful death, and converted his skull into a drinking-cup.

Hearing, in Byzantium, of the fate of her lord, the forlorn Princess died of grief. The people, who sympathised with her sorrow, accorded her splendid obsequies, and her flower-decked corpse was carried into the *bema*, where the Requiem was sung.†

* Near a window, in the south side of the *gynækonitis*, may be seen, in the pavement, a marble slab, on which are cut, in now almost obliterated characters, the names Henricus Dandolo.

† Search has been made for the tomb of Mary of Burgundy. In all probability it will not be found in the church, but in one of the adjacent buildings, converted into a Turbhé.

If the historical facts connected with this tradition-haunted cathedral are of surpassing interest, its legends are no less attractive. An angel inspired its name, *Agia Sophia* (Divine Wisdom). Shortly after the foundation of the church had been laid by Justinian, a boy, who had been set to watch the workmen's tools, saw on a sudden, standing before him, a glittering figure, with wings reaching to heaven. The angel (for of course it was an angel) bade him go to the Emperor, and tell him that the church was to be named the "House of Divine Wisdom." The boy had the courage to go and announce what the angel had said to him, and the Emperor obeyed the angelic order.

Mohammedans are the first to tell you that angels can still be heard singing carols, on an Easter morning. Nay, Mollahs will assure you that, on entering the church very early on Easter Day, they have seen it thronged with a ghostly congregation, and have beheld countless lights burning round the altar.

Greek Christians will whisper to you, that in the dead of night, when the Moslim world around is sunk in sleep, a robed priestly figure steals out of the walled-up chapel, and says Mass, and the four angels in the great dome ruffle their wings, and raise their voices in praise of Christ.

Then there is a stone called the shining stone, which was brought from Persia, and placed in the west side of the gallery. In times of prosperity, when the sun shines upon it, it blazes like a diamond, but

when disaster is abroad, ten million suns would not make it sparkle. In the north-west part of the church there is a sweating column. If you place your hand within its hollow, you will withdraw your fingers dripping with water. After this, whatever may be your malady, you will surely be healed, and even if you die that instant, it will not be of the disease which afflicted you when you touched the stone, but of some other which has come upon you suddenly ! Then there is a certain window, through which, on the sultriest days, a refreshing breeze is wafted into the church ; and to the south-east, half-way up one of the finest columns, the rude outline of a left hand may be distinguished. Here, so runs the legend, the Conqueror, bestriding his war-horse, steadied himself with his hand against the wall, while he shouted the Moslim creed to the seething and distracted mob at his feet. The great height of the mark above the floor is due, so we are told, to the piles of slain on which the war-horse found its unsteady footing. In reality, I think, a close examination of this hand will prove it to be a Janissaric symbol ; for, in a very old work on Turkey, I find an exact reproduction of this hand among the secret symbols of the craft, a sort of freemasonry which sprang up among the Janissaries at a very early date.

The last time I was in Sancta Sophia, late one June afternoon, the mosque, resplendent with the evening sunlight, was nearly empty. A Persian woman, veiled and cloaked in deep blue linen, stood leaning against one of the big alabaster jars, a lonely,

mournful-looking figure. Presently I beheld a party of fourteen Catholic nuns, to whom, with much apparent courtesy, a Mollah was showing the lions of the mosque—the bloody hand impressed by Mohammed on the wall, the sweating column, the Crib of Bethlehem, and the Prophet's very own prayer-carpet brought from Mecca, which is hung up in a glass case like a precious piece of weaving at the South Kensington Museum. For aught I know, these excellent ladies may have been the first nuns to enter Sancta Sophia since that memorable 25th of May, 1453. They certainly formed a most picturesque group, pleasantly suggestive, too, of diminished Islāmic bigotry and prejudice. Just as they passed beneath the dome, I, who stood half-way up the nave, looked up and saw a strange sight. The sun, falling obliquely across the apse, revealed the solemn mosaic figure of Christ, struggling, as it were, to free itself from the thick veil of golden varnish in which the Turks have muffled it. For a moment it seemed to smile that strange Byzantine smile, at once stern and tender. It faded as suddenly as it had gleamed forth, and the good Sisters, who were far more preoccupied with the Holy Crib than with the mosaics above their heads, missed the benediction of which, none the less, they may have been the recipients.

Among the thousand and one legends connected with Sancta Sophia, there is one believed by Turk and Christian alike. On the terrible morning when the Conqueror rode his charger into the church, a priest was saying Mass before the altar ; the savage

soldiers drove him from his place, and would have killed him, but the walls opened, and bearing the consecrated elements in his hands, he disappeared. The marble slabs closed, with miraculous precision, behind him and his sacred burden, never to reopen until the Cross shall replace the Crescent on the dome of Agia Sophia.

Shall I who write, and you who read, be alive when that day dawns? Inshallah!

I cannot forbear paying a tribute of admiration, not unmingled with regret, to that interesting work, "The Church of Sancta Sophia," by W. R. Lethaby and Harold Swainson, published in 1894. On the very day I received a presentation copy of the volume, the papers published a telegraphic despatch from Cairo announcing the premature death, after a few days' illness, of one of its accomplished authors, Harold Swainson, a youth of the sweetest disposition, a true artist, and one who, doubtless, had he lived, judging from the enthusiasm with which he worked in conjunction with Mr. Lethaby at the important work in question, would have contributed immensely to the progress of architecture in England.

CHAPTER II.

THE CHRISTIANS IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE city of Byzantium, so the mythological story goes, was founded by Phidalia, the bride of Byzas, a son of the sea-god Poseidon by the nymph Keroessa. For ten years she watched her creation rise upon that exquisite site, which earth and sea combine to make a paradise, too often, alas ! turned by man's lust and cruelty into a hell. When the city was completely built, Phidalia called it after her husband Byzas—hence Byzantium.

Never had city so tragic a story, of abnormal crime, of devastating fires, of horrible massacres, of violent earthquakes, of deadly plagues, of fearful and protracted sieges. But it has been a history, too, of high artistic and commercial prosperity, of exceptional religious and intellectual activity, of unparalleled pageantry, Pagan, Christian, and Islāmic. A history, in a word, full of the most vivid contrasts, of the brightest sunshine, and the deepest gloom.

Even in remote antiquity Byzantium was a market of the greatest importance, where Greek, Phœnician, and Roman traders sought Oriental goods, which, on

their return home, they scattered throughout Central and Northern Europe, thereby accounting for the frequent mention in the myths, legends, and histories of countries so remote as Scotland and Scandinavia, of such articles of Eastern origin as ermine, sable, silk, gems, incense, and spices. It is not, however, until the sixth century of the Christian era that we obtain positive information concerning the state of commerce in Byzantium. From this date to the end of the last century the Venetian and Genoese archives—those of Monte Cassino and of the Vatican, and of the Dominican, Franciscan, and Jesuit missions, and the voluminous series of printed and manuscript works of Italian travel in the East, from the days of Marco Polo onwards—teem with minute details.

The first Italian colony settled in Constantinople was the Amalfian, about the close of the seventh century. This colony may therefore claim to be the pioneer of Italian enterprise and trade in the East. According to Du Cange, the Amalfians originally settled on the Golden Horn near the Church of the Saints Sergius and Bacchus,* in which they were able to

* This very beautiful specimen of Byzantine architecture, together with the adjacent church of the Saints Peter and Paul, was built by Justinian. The last-named church was exclusively Latin, and within it the representatives of the Roman See celebrated divine service when on a mission to Constantinople. Gregory the Great and Pope Virgilius both said Mass in this church, which was destroyed by the Turks in 1504. They left SS. Sergius and Bacchus intact, and converted into a mosque, now known as the Kutchuk Agia Sophia. In this church was a special chapel reserved for the Latins, and they retained it until the advent of the Turks.

- hear Mass in Latin. The Byzantines accorded the Amalfians many privileges and concessions, which
- Anna Comnena tells us were subsequently bestowed upon the Venetians by the Emperor Basil in 991. This colony declined correspondingly with the independent State in Italy which it represented. It was granted a harbour on the Golden Horn nearly opposite the present Custom House. Towards the end of the eighth century it was allowed to build a church, Santa Maria Amalphitarium de Latina, which was eventually made over to the Benedictine order. Although the Amalfians were never very numerous, they remained an independent body some time after the siege of the Fourth Crusaders in 1204. We find them mentioned in the archives of Monte Cassino, which declare that in 1206, in consequence of the Amalfians having joined the Venetians, Pisans, English, and Danes in a formidable street riot against the French, the Prior of Monte Cassino wrote to the Superior of the Benedictines in Constantinople, requesting him to caution the said Amalfians, Pisans, English, and Danes, to keep within their own quarters, and to cease disturbing the peace. The origin of the riot in question was very characteristic. There existed in those days, in a church belonging to the Venetians, an extremely sacred image of the Virgin and Child "painted by St. Luke." It had passed after many strange adventures into the possession of the Venetian colony, who enshrined it in the Church of St. Saviour, or Pantocrator (now Zeirek Djami). Shortly after the entry of the Latins, the Emperor

Baldwin ordered this picture to be transferred in the dead of the night to Sancta Sophia. The Venetians demanded its immediate restitution, which was haughtily refused. Thereupon, they rushed in a body, together with their allies, the Pisans, Amalfians, English, and Danes, to the great church, broke open the bronze gates, and notwithstanding the excommunication fulminated against them by the Latin Patriarch Morosini, carried it back in triumph to the Pantocrator, where it remained until the Mohammedan conquest.

The Amalfians seem to have been a tolerably well-behaved and orderly people, for they are rarely mentioned except in terms of praise—a fact which probably accounts for their being granted the extraordinary privilege of building a Latin monastery on Mount Athos. M. Aristodides, who was sent by the Greek Government on a mission to Mount Athos in 1874, there found several chrysobulos, or charters, in which this church and convent are mentioned as belonging to the Amalfians, and following the Latin rite, and being inhabited exclusively by monks who had come from Amalfi.

Very shortly after the appearance of the Amalfians on the Golden Horn, the Pisans followed, and obtained Imperial permission to establish themselves in Byzantium, where they dwelt in a series of tortuous streets on the ground now covered by the Great Mosque, and the dependencies of the Yeni Valideh, built, in the early part of the seventeenth century, by Tarkhann-Sultan Valideh, mother of Mohammed IV. Hereabouts they eventually erected a Latin

church, described in Byzantine history as Santa Maria de Pisani. Their dockyard and landing-stations were below those of the Amalfians, with whom they were usually on excellent terms. They had a Bailio or mayor of their own, a council consisting of ten elders, a civil tribunal, and were allotted seats of honour in the *bema* of Sancta Sophia at all the great religious ceremonies. On the other hand, their ill-disguised contempt for the "intriguing and all-devouring Genoese and Venetians"—deadly rivals, however, of each other—served the Byzantine policy, by helping it to keep the various Italian colonies apart, and preventing a formidable Latin alliance which might have become very dangerous to the ruling power. The ecclesiastical establishments of the Pisans were numerous, and included, besides Santa Maria, the monastery of St. Antonio á Pisani frequently mentioned in Byzantine history, and which in due time became the property of the Franciscans. It was situated on the Golden Horn below the Seraglio, and was in existence some years after the Turkish Conquest. During the siege of Constantinople by the Fourth Crusaders, the Pisans adopted a treacherous policy, siding with the Byzantines so long as the wind blew in their quarter, and veering round to assist their enemies the moment they thought it was safe to do so. They repeated this duplicity at the Mohammedan siege, but with results unfortunate for themselves, and never recovered their former importance. Fifty years after the Turkish occupation, in 1453, they ceased to be an independent community.

It was not to be expected that the Pisans should

have so many privileges without their formidable rivals, the Florentines, endeavouring to share them. Following the lead of the Lombards, already established in small numbers in Byzantium, they (the Florentines) soon obtained a charter, granting them the right to introduce their famous banking system, which they carried on for several centuries with surprising success in Constantinople. They do not seem to have attempted any sort of trading, but to have remained content with financial operations, in the execution of which they had the Lombards as competitors. The latter also carried on a very important export trade, through the Venetians, who brought the Oriental goods to Venice, where the Milanese merchants made their purchases, and dispersed them throughout the North of Europe. Their principal mart in London was in Lombard Street, still called after them. Neither the Florentines nor the Lombards can be exactly described as colonists. They were, however, great factors in the commercial organisation of mediæval Constantinople, although the nature of their operations did not demand a numerous staff of employés. Like the directors of the Ottoman Bank at present, they were more or less dependent on all parties, their policy being to interfere as little as possible in the political or religious differences of their clients.

The oil and silk merchants of Lucca also established themselves in Constantinople at an early period, but they did not form a corporation of their own. These lesser Italian colonies were insignificant when compared with the preponderating importance of the

Venetians and Genoese, who for centuries divided the commerce of the East between them.

The Venetians preceded the Genoese by fully 200 years. They first established themselves, in or about the beginning of the eighth century, on the Marmara side of the city, precisely where now stands the modern Kum Kapu, or Armenian quarter, and west of the Church of SS. Sergius and Bacchus. Mortman has successfully established that their Bailio—so their Podestà was called—dwelt in a palace near the Forum of Constantine, opposite the famous Burnt Column, beneath which Constantine the Great is said to have placed the Palladium of Rome. Some ruins of this palace are still visible, but the greater part was pulled down some years ago, to make room for the tomb of Fuad Pasha.

Towards the end of the ninth century, this colony shifted its quarters, probably with Imperial permission, to the Golden Horn, to a neighbourhood still easily defined, which extends from the Yeni Valideh Djami to the Second Bridge, and thence up the hill to the Zeirek Djami, or Church of the Pantocrator. Until the Turkish Conquest, this neighbourhood was entirely Venetian. Traces of the colony are still to be found, in the peculiar architecture of a number of curious old houses with overhanging balconies.

Byzantine taste undoubtedly exercised a prodigious influence on the Venetians and their art.

There can be no doubt that the early architecture of Venice was a direct imitation of the Oriental, and it has been stated that the Kakarieh Djami, or

Mosaic Mosque, served as a model for St. Mark's. Italy is certainly indebted to Byzantium for her finest ecclesiastical mosaics, while on the other hand Venice supplied the Byzantines for many centuries with the cubes for their own mosaic work.

Venetian artists constantly visited Byzantium, both before and after the Mohammedan Conquest; among them came Gentile Bellini and Pietro Vercellio, this last a nephew of Titian and a skilful draughtsman, who has left drawings of the Turkish costumes under Suleymān the Magnificent. In later times Canaletto—whose twelve splendid drawings representing scenes in Constantinople in the eighteenth century are now preserved at Yildiz Kiosk—journeyed to the Golden Horn. From the Byzantines the Venetians copied the characteristic boat associated for ever with the name of their fairy city. The gondola is but a modified edition of the caïque, which the Turks themselves found ready to their hand, when they converted the city of Byzas into Stambul. Even the Hareem-like seclusion in which the Venetians compelled their women to live was essentially Oriental in character, as were the veil, the cloak, and the high clogs, which so entertained Mr. Evelyn when he visited the Queen of the Adriatic, and commented upon the “discreet manner” in which the faces and figures of the ladies were concealed, and upon the high clogs, almost stilts, on which they were compelled to walk, supported on either side by two waiting-women, “so that they could not stray far from their homes”—a strange custom, which gave rise to the saying “that the

women of Venice were half women and half wood." These clogs, with heels a foot high, often richly inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, which the Venetians called *Ciopini*, are still used by the Turkish women in the baths, to save the soles of their feet from being scorched.*

For over a thousand years the Venetian galleys—as many often as a hundred in a day—sailed in and out of the Golden Horn. Not all of them, however, reached their destined port. They were often wrecked, quite as often were they captured by pirates. Many of these galleys carried on, and very openly, a hideous traffic in black and white slaves. In the one year 1316, 2,420 Asiatic slaves of all colours—*di tutti colori*—were brought to Venice for sale. The Genoese were equally guilty in this respect, and more than one Archbishop of Genoa denounced from the pulpit the "inhuman practice of selling men and women as beasts in the public market." Nevertheless, in the *Gazetta di Genova* for May 11th, 1786, the following advertisement appears: "For Sale—A fine negro lad, freshly imported from Constantinople, aged twelve years; speaks Italian fairly well." The import trade from Venice and Genoa to Constantinople included oil, wine, tar, essences, dried figs and grapes, macaroni (pasta), silk and cotton goods (manufactured), pictures, glass (Venetian), worked bronze, tapestries, musical instruments, books, paper, inlaid furniture, clocks, china, oranges, lemons, etc.

* "By the altitude of a chopine."—*Hamlet*, Act II., Scene ii. Evelyn calls the *chopines* worn by the Venetian ladies, "woodden scaffolds."

The following is a list of merchandise lost on board a Venetian galley wrecked off the Black Sea coast, near the entrance to the Bosphorus, in the autumn of 1360. The vessel was returning heavily laden from Trebizond—where the disaster occurred.* The captain and some of the crew were saved, and in their report they swore they had lost, besides “all hands,”

- 52 carpets, “those of Turkey” (*Di qualli di Turchia*).
- 6 barrels of wax.
- 7 „ of pitch.
- 2 qr. barrels of grain.
- 6 bales of silk stuffs.
- 10 barrels of dry fruit.
- 13 bales of fur—ermine, etc.
- 7 barrels of paint or dye ; possibly drugs.

Three small bags of gold-dust and seven of uncut gems were saved—being tied round the necks of two of the men who were rescued—but there were ten other similar bags lost. Then follows a list of ship furniture, including “two stoves with chimneys.”

The Venetians in Constantinople were exceedingly bigoted, and far from sociable in their dealings with their neighbours. “The Venetians in Constantinople were more Venetian than at home,” says Sanudo. As the Italian Renaissance occurred after the fall of Byzantium into the hands of the Turks, its effects were scarcely felt in Stambul, and it was not until the eighteenth century that the Venetian colony—by this

* *Cæsere Cantù commercio Genovese nel Levante. Canale—Repubblica Genovese.*

time comparatively insignificant—became Europeanised in costume and manner. In 1756 the wife of the Venetian Ambassador arrived from Venice, wearing the powdered wig and hooped petticoat of that period, and created a great sensation in the social circles of Galata and Pera, and in the Hareems of Stambul and Scutari. “The Turks looked on,” says one old writer, “with amazement,” as well they might, “and laughed in their sleeves at the exhibition of so fantastic and unnatural a fashion.”

In 1189, on the death of the Emperor Manuel, a riot broke out between the Latin colonies and the Greeks, who accused the Latins of assisting the Crusaders to destroy the Byzantine Empire, under pretext of rescuing the Holy Sepulchre from the infidels. The storm which had been brewing for years, burst at last with terrific force; the Venetian, Pisan, and Genoese quarters were invaded in the dead of night, and a frightful massacre ensued. Women and children were thrown out of the windows and caught on the soldiers' pikes, priests were slain before their altars, and for twenty-four hours the city was delivered over to one of those saturnalia of blood and rapine which have been only too common in Turkey, even up to the present day; fifty thousand Latins fled to their galleys, and set sail for Rhodes, Cyprus, and the Greek Islands. We have a very graphic reference to this occurrence in a letter, still extant, written in Arabic by Salādin the Great to Nachir-Iedin-Illah, of Baghdad, dated September, A.D. 1189:

"I have," says he, "received news to-day that a Venetian vessel has been captured off the coast of Egypt. It was full of Latins, escaping from Constantinople after a terrible riot, which has lately occurred there between the Greeks and the Latins. I learn that fifty thousand persons have fled, and that there is not a Latin left in the city. Several of their ships have been seized by pirates; our people have taken five hundred prisoners. They will sell some into slavery, and put the rest to death. Thus has Allah once again punished the so-called 'soldiers of the faith.'" (An evident allusion to the Crusaders.) "For this and many other benefits am I thankful unto Allah."

After this disaster the Italians forsook Constantinople for nearly ten years, and it was not till the restoration of the unhappy Isaac Angelus, 1203, that they ventured back to their old quarters.

From the outset the Greeks disapproved of the Crusaders. They resented the haughty airs of superiority assumed by their leaders, who refused to be dazzled by the magnificence of the Imperial Court, and they loathed the common soldiers, whose piety was frequently less conspicuous than their brutal rapacity. Even during the First Crusade the Byzantines spread a report that the crusading hordes came eastward, not so much to rescue the Sepulchre from the infidels as to pillage. Indeed, the behaviour of the Crusaders was not calculated to inspire confidence, for they plundered the Greeks as mercilessly as though they had been

Mohammedans, so that by the time the "third deluge" of pious warriors flooded the East, the Greeks held that the Turks and Kurds were preferable to these cross-bedecked bandits, who evidently held the object of their journey to justify their greed.

The Venetians, on the other hand, were fanatical supporters of the Crusaders, and were consequently distrusted by the Byzantines, and when it was known in Constantinople that the advent of a Fourth Crusade might soon be expected, the distrust of the Latins, and of the Venetians in particular, rose to fever heat. They were openly accused of abusing hospitality and of the blackest treachery, of which crimes, indeed, they were by no means innocent. The object of the Venetians — scarcely concealed — was to place an Emperor of their own faith upon the throne, and to use him as their tool. They failed to attain it, and thus prepared their own ruin, and the eventual triumph of their Genoese rivals, who ostentatiously sided with the Byzantines.

The Venetians maintained great state, and their Bailio was surrounded with an etiquette based on that of the Doge of Venice himself. On State occasions he wore a crimson robe, edged with ermine, and a cloak of cloth of gold, also heavily furred. On his head he wore a head-dress, fashioned after the celebrated "horn," or Phrygian cap of the Doge his master. His councillors were garbed in scarlet, a crimson silk umbrella was held over his head, and he was attended by numerous pages, and a bodyguard of several hundred men. Even after the schism, the

Bailio and his council attended the principal feasts of the Church in Sancta Sophia. "The excellent lady, the illustrious spouse of the most illustrious Bailio of the Serenissime Republic of Venice," was a great social figure at the Courts of the Greek and Latin Empresses, and on New Year's Day, attended by all her ladies and the wives of the principal Venetian merchants, she went in great state to pay homage to the Empress in the Hall of the Nineteen Couches, a ceremony kept up in the early years of the Turkish occupation when the Signora of the Bailio bent the knee to the Valideh-Sultan.

The Venetian women, even before Mohammed's conquest, wore heavy veils, sometimes made of cloth of gold, and richly embroidered with jewels, and led an exceedingly secluded life. Their husbands were bold adventurers, who roamed far into Asia Minor in quest of merchandise. Their faces were familiar in the markets of Smyrna, where the Venetians had a dépôt at Rhodes, at Chios, Crete, Siss, Angora, Trebizond, Odessa, Erzerum, Van, Bitlis, Tabriz, Ispahan, and Baghdad. Marco Polo found traces of their enterprise even on the confines of Tartary, and in places which he at first believed himself to have discovered.

The system of Capitulations or concessions, the frequent mention of which in works on Turkey is so apt to confuse the casual reader, has been excellently explained by Mr. Edwin Pears in his "*History of the Fourth Crusade*," but I do not agree with him that it was entirely of Byzantine origin, and only adopted by the Turks in the fourteenth century. In the *Père de*

Damas's very interesting work, "L'Histoire des Capitulations," there are many instances given of concessions granted by the Saracens to the chiefs of the two first Crusades, and notably to St. Louis of France. However, the privileges conceded by the Byzantines to foreigners were unquestionably continued by their successors, who possibly received an excellent lesson in the manner of bestowing them, when, towards the close of the fourteenth century, Sultan Bāyezīd I. requested Manuel Palæologos to allow a mosque to be built in Constantinople for the use of the Moham-medan merchants residing in that capital, whom he also begged might be judged not by Byzantine magistrates, but by their own Kadi. This concession was readily given, and the Mosque of Daoud Pasha was consequently built. It is the oldest mosque in Constantinople, and, though in a dilapidated condition, is still standing. I do not think, however, that it is the first "ever" erected in the city, for at the time of the Fourth Crusade a small mosque certainly existed close to St. Irene. This little mosque may have been of Persian and not of Ottoman origin, in which case Daoud Pasha Djami would be the first *Turkish* mosque opened in Constantinople—nearly sixty years before the conquest of the city. It is a forlorn place now, the roof has fallen in, and Imāms and worshippers alike have fled. In the courtyard lie some magnificent granite columns, near a dried-up fountain of beautiful design, overshadowed by one of the largest plane-trees I have ever seen.

The system of concessions which survived the

Byzantine Empire, and was adopted by the Turks, has been perpetuated to this day. Its most formal embodiment is the Capitulation granted to Francis I., in 1536, by Sultan Suleymān, with a view to diminishing the influence of the Italians, and of establishing diplomatic relations with France on a firm footing. The French Ambassador was given precedence over the Venetian Bailio, a privilege which roused much ill-feeling during two hundred years, the lives of successive Ambassadors and Baili being alike embittered by constant disputes for precedence in church or at Court. Thus, for instance, on the 17th of May, 1592, M. de Germigny, the Ambassador of Henri III. of France, went in state to the Church of St. Francis, at Galata, on the feast of Corpus Christi, and found his seats occupied by the Venetian Ambassador, Morosini and his suite, on which he ordered them to evacuate his pew. This they refused to do, and an ugly squabble ensued, in which M. de Germigny received a cut across his face with a staff. The matter so enraged the Ambassador that in a letter to Henri III. he remarked, "nothing but the sacred character of the place prevented my utterly losing my self-control (for I was suffering considerable pain), and of ejecting the said Venetian Bailio, Ambassador and people by force from the church, and I beg of your Majesty to assist me in erecting a church where your representatives can attend divine service without being insulted by this impertinent Bailio and his people, who have neither breeding nor temper." A little later another French Ambassador, M. de Lanscome, "a

very violent person," occupied the seat in the Church of St. George at Galata allotted to the Ambassador to His Imperial Majesty, and a disagreeable scene ensued, which, being reported to the Grand Vizir, resulted in the closing of the church "until M. de Lanscome shall have learnt better manners." *

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the Venetian colony had fallen very low; its chief preoccupation seems to have been an endeavour to preserve its social privileges. Venetian commerce in the East was reduced to a mere shadow of its former glory. Everywhere the Genoese were masters, and when on the discovery of America the tide of commerce was diverted from the East to the West, the importance of the Queen of the Adriatic in Constantinople completely disappeared. But her Eastern trade had so enriched her that even at the close of the eighteenth century Venice was still one of the richest towns in Europe. For two hundred years her nobles and her people had lived on the interest of the enormous sums of money accumulated during the great days of her Oriental enterprise.

The Genoese settled in Constantinople much later than the Venetians. The exact date of their first appearance is uncertain; it was probably about the middle of the ninth century. They lived very modestly at first, and attracted little or no notice, but by degrees their commercial condition began to shape itself, and in 1143 the Emperor John Comnenus granted them

* See the last volume printed of *English State Papers*, 1896—
"Correspondence of the Venetian Ambassadors in Constantinople."

certain privileges in acknowledgment of the courtesy extended by the Genoese Republic to his Ambassador when in Cilecia. These included a diminution of the tax on the import of Genoese goods into the Empire. A little later the Emperor sent an Ambassador to Genoa offering the Republic the same advantages for its colonists which had been previously granted to the Pisans, "a reduction in the customs tax and permission to live in community in the Byzantine capital." They were to have an "Archbishop Consuls, and Lawyers, as also a Cathedral Church." The Emperor was doubtless actuated by a desire to counterbalance the rapidly increasing power of the Venetians without openly offending them. About 1160, therefore, some two hundred Genoese families were duly established in the heart of the city, as far removed from the other colonies as possible. An empty church was assigned to them, and re-dedicated to St. Lawrence, as was the Cathedral of Genoa. On the site of the abandoned convent of the Calamos, the colonists erected a Consular Palace, a church, baths, cisterns, and other public edifices, and even began building their own houses in the massive Genoese style. But the Serenissime Republic suddenly concluded an alliance with the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, thus mortally offending the Byzantine Court. The Venetians and Pisans seized their opportunity, raided the Genoese quarter, hanged the Podestà, and slaughtered several hundreds of the colonists.

The dissensions between the Italian colonies made life in the city so unendurable after this sanguinary

event, that in 1200, only four years before the last Crusade, the Genoese were courteously invited to leave it, and establish themselves at Heraclea, in Thrace. This they were obliged, though with a very ill grace, to do. Their commerce suffered considerably from the change, and after prolonged negotiations they managed to obtain permission to return, and to settle, not, as is generally stated, at Galata, but on the hill above it, just outside the walls of Pera, already a fair-sized town, with a fortress castle, which the Latins subsequently—during the earlier years of the Latin domination—held against Palæologus.

The land walls of Galata had been already razed by the Emperor's order, and this enabled the Genoese, by degrees, to insinuate themselves into the lower town, or Galata proper. Be this as it may, towards the end of the twelfth century, Galata had become absolutely a Genoese town. The walls between it and its neighbour, Pera, were rebuilt, although the Genoese evidently included Pera in their jurisdiction. Among the papers preserved in the archives of St. Peter at Galata, the two towns are constantly described as "Galata, commonly called Pera," and as "Pera, otherwise Galata."

The Latins obtained possession of the principal churches and monasteries, among them being Sancta Sophia; the Church of the Holy Apostles, subsequently pulled down by Mohammed the Conqueror, and on the site of which he built the mosque which still bears his name; the Church of St. John of Jerusalem, where De Montmorency was buried, the Churches of St.

Akyndian, which belonged exclusively to the Venetians, the Pantocrator, or St. Saviour, St. John Chrysostom, St. Jeremiah, St. George Major, St. Lucia, St. Mark, St. Anastasia, St. Mary of Constantinople, St. Moses, St. Elias, St. Apollinaris, St. Mary of Blachernœ, St. Cross, St. Martin, St. Nicholas, St. Paul, St. Samuel, etc., etc.—some thirty in all.

Within a century, the colonists had restored the lofty Tower of Christ (which still exists) and built another of formidable dimensions, having attached to it a huge iron chain, which was carried from Galata to Constantinople, and raised and lowered to prevent or facilitate the entry or exit of ships.

The Genoese church of St. Francesco soon rivalled Sancta Sophia in magnificence, though not in size. Early travellers describe it as blazing with mosaics, rich in marbles, and equal in splendour to any church in Europe. It was eventually conceded to the Franciscan monks, who held it till the sixteenth century, when it was destroyed by fire, and rebuilt in 1697 as a mosque, by the Khāssekī-Sultan of Mohammed IV.

The Franciscan monks arrived in Constantinople very shortly after the foundation of the Order. They were closely followed by the Dominicans, who soon built two convents near Sancta Sophia. Next came the Benedictines, and indeed nearly all the Orders existing in Western Europe had branch houses in the city during the domination of the Latin Emperors. But before the Turkish Conquest there was only one

Roman Catholic nunnery, that of the Carthusian Sisters of Sancta Maria de Latina.

The next Latin church built in Galata was that of St. Peter, to which was annexed a Dominican Friary—both are still in existence. St. Benedict (St. Benoit) was handed over to the care of the Benedictine Order, and St. Paul, now the Arabi Djami, eventually became the head-quarters of the Dominicans.* Galata soon assumed a completely Genoese aspect. The houses were modelled after those of the Italian city. The Palace of the Podestà was sumptuous; a part of it, in the seventeenth century, became the French Embassy, and in our own time it contained the officers of the Ottoman Bank, until the new building was finished. The names of most of the great Genoese families will be found in the archives of Galata, all of them connected, in some way or other, either with the government of the colony, or with its commercial enterprise.

At the time of the Fourth Crusade the Genoese

* The number of churches in Constantinople before the Turkish occupation was incredibly great; but they were nearly all of them very small, for even Sancta Sophia, the largest, would not be considered of exceptional size in Western Europe. Du Cange states, according to Theodelus, that in the year 1100 there were 1,200 churches and 360 convents in the town. Ville-Hardouin asserts that "the number of churches and convents is so great that there are more in this town than in all the rest of the world put together." Robert de Clary declares that in the twelfth century there were 30,000 priests and monks resident in the town. When we consider that there were always 800 priests and clerks attached to the church of Sancta Sophia, this number does not seem excessive, and indeed, at the present moment, there are at least 10,000 priests and monks in Rome.

behaved only a shade less treacherously than the Venetians. In after years they had reason to repent their double dealing. Finding, on the downfall of the Greek Empire, that their prestige and power in Constantinople was considerably damaged in the eyes of their co-religionists, a great number withdrew, some going as far as the Sea of Azof, where there were Genoese stations, others—and these the most influential—following the Greek Imperial family into exile at Nice, in Asia Minor, whence they emerged after the successful restoration of the Palæologi. Palæologus (Michael VIII.) invited the few who still resided in Constantinople to join the young colony at Galata. By the Treaty of Nimpheum the waters of the Black Sea and of the Sea of Azof were closed to the Venetians as a punishment for their treachery.* Their commerce thus received a staggering blow, from which it never recovered, and when, in the fifteenth century, the Ottoman rule superseded the Byzantine, and all things were changed in Constantinople, the wealth of Venice began to decline—slowly, indeed, but not the less surely—and the Genoese were left undisputed lords of Eastern commerce. During the last half of the thirteenth and the whole of the fourteenth century, this commerce extended to a distance which seems incredible when we consider the primitive conditions

* As in Genoa itself, certain religious guilds became prominent and influential. None more so than the confraternity of Ste. Anne, which subsisted until the beginning of the present century, and whose archives form a continuous history of the city of Galata and of the Genoese colony for over 400 years.

of navigation and the small size of the ships in those days. The Genoese merchants were masters of the Black Sea. They made their head-quarters at Trebizond, whither they carried merchandise from places as remote as Bassora and Baghdad, and whence they sent it down the Black Sea to Galata, and so homeward to Genoa. Aleppo, one of their busiest stations, gave them access to the Mediterranean. Marco Polo found them on the Caspian Sea, and they were known and welcomed among the Armenians on the Plateau of the Taurus. "The Armenian gentlemen," says Marco Polo, "were at one time great sportsmen, and hard fighters, and now they are much given to drink, and are grown cowardly. On the Caspian Sea they have a town called Gizzia—by the Turks, Ayazza—where the Genoese and Venetians have stations, and buy silk, and wool, and such-like precious goods." The Genoese were well known in Cæsarea, and Siss was such a favourite resort with their merchants that they built themselves a church and Consulate there. Smyrna and Salonica were as familiar to them as their native port. There was not a harbour or town of Asia Minor, of any importance, which was not well acquainted with the standard of St. George, which was invariably hoisted over the galleys, habitations, and tents of these eager traders, whose enterprise carried them to Cyprus, Rhodes, Malta, Alexandria, Cairo, Tunis, and Tangiers—even to India and Ceylon. Michael VIII. (Palæologus) granted them permission to work the marble quarries of Mitylene, and the trade among the Greek Islands brought such

wealth to Genoa that the Genoese used to say, "It is of no use travelling, for in Genoa you can buy everything that is grown or made in any part of the world. You may dress in the silks of Persia and India, eat the grapes of Lemnos, drink the wines of Greece, suck oranges from Joppa, whilst your nostrils inhale the spices of Armenia and the incense of the Holy Land, and your feet are warmed by the carpets of Circassia."*

The political conduct of the Genoese at the time of the Turkish siege, and for some time previous, was undoubtedly actuated by sordid motives. The hopeless condition into which the Byzantine Empire had fallen had convinced them that it was wiser, in their own interests, to favour the Mohammedan power—since they felt certain it would eventually triumph—rather than waste money and influence in bolstering up a government which was rotten to the core. Fully thirty years before the last siege, therefore, they made a secret compact with the Turks. When Mohammed II. led his victorious army to Rumelli-Hissar on the Bosphorus, and built the celebrated castle the picturesque ruins of which we still admire, he allowed all Genoese galleys a free passage up and down the Bosphorus and into the Black Sea, but he seized every Venetian ship that attempted to pass, burnt the vessel, and drowned the crew. About two years before the Turkish siege the inhabitants of Galata sent a deputation to Mohammed II., begging him to remember their neutrality, and to spare Galata in case he took

* Canale, "*Storia del Commercio Genovese nel Levante.*"

possession of Constantinople. As a consequence of this petition, a Capitulation, signed by the Sultan, and dated from Adrianople, granted the Genoese immunity for themselves, their ships, their commerce, their treasures, and their churches. In the meantime, the city of Genoa, disapproving the conduct of her colonists, sent two galleys to the aid of the Greeks, under the command of Giovanni Giustiniani. A good many of the colonists themselves, horrified by the apathy and greed of their fellow-citizens at Galata, joined the Greeks and Venetians, choosing to die for the Cross rather than live by the Crescent. Thus the Republic defended the Empire, whilst the major part of its colonists sought to conciliate the Sultan. When Constantinople actually fell into the Conqueror's hands, the people of Galata were almost as terrified as the Venetians and Greeks themselves.

The heroic death of the Emperor Constantine and the hideous massacre which followed, the desecration of Sancta Sophia, and the knowledge that they were now destined to live under the rule of the most intolerant of theocracies, filled them with dismay. Thousands took refuge on board their ships, and set sail for the Greek Islands. Mohammed, however, did not spare them his opinion of their double dealing, and gave them to understand that he placed no great value on the assistance they had given him. But wisely considering the importance of their commercial activity, he issued a replica of the Adrianople Capitulation. "After ten years' siege," writes the Franciscan, Father Vigna, "Mohammed II., Emperor

of the Turks, made himself master of Constantinople on May 25th, 1453." Some days before the entry of the Turks a great number of holy relics were transferred from Constantinople to Pera, and thence to Genoa, "where they are still venerated in many churches—notably in that of Santa Maria di Castello." According to Hammer, Mohammed arrived at Galata five days later, and stipulated in a fresh Capitulation that the castle and the walls on the land side should be destroyed. Sauli, the last Podestà, informed his Government in June, 1453, "that the Sultan walked all over the city, and personally inspected everything. He ordered that, after an inventory of their contents had been made, seals should be affixed to the doors of the shops and houses of those who had fled. Of these inventories he gave me copies, commanding me to deliver them to the said Genoese on their return, so soon as they should give me proofs of their identity—that is to say, if they came back within three months—otherwise I was to return the said inventories to the Sultan, who would confiscate whatever property there might be." Notwithstanding the Sultan's benevolent intentions and his promises, an enormous number of Genoese, some 10,000, departed to Italian and other Mediterranean ports, and were never seen again in Galata, so that, in 1590, Moro, the Venetian Bailio, describes "Galata, once entirely inhabited by Christians," as being "populated by Turks." The Capitulation given at Galata—the original of which is in the possession of Baron Alfred Testa, and which is reprinted by M. Belin, in his noteworthy

"Histoire de la Latinité à Constantinople"—confirms the preservation of the churches, and freedom of worship, but prohibits the use of bells, and adds, "I will not convert their churches into mosques, but I now forbid them to build any more." Thus did the Genoese colony, after a prosperous and autonomous existence of over 200 years, decline rapidly after the fall of the Empire it had so faithlessly betrayed.

Towards the middle of the seventeenth century, such of the Embassies as had hitherto been established in Constantinople proper, left Stambul for palaces in Galata and Pera, which are still in existence. It was not, however, until the beginning of the eighteenth century that the Venetian Embassy buildings were finally abandoned and replaced by a Palace in Pera, which, at the fall of the Venetian Republic, passed into the hands of the Austrians, whose Embassy it remains. The Lion of St. Mark is still visible in the great hall, and the whole place retains evidences of Venetian taste. Traces of Italian, and more especially of Genoese, architecture are to be seen everywhere in Galata and in the older parts of Pera.

I remember making an antiquarian visit to Galata, in company with the Marchese Selvago, a member of an ancient Genoese family, and Attaché to the Italian Embassy. Among the places of interest which we inspected was the ex-Church of St. Paul, converted into a mosque in the seventeenth century. Its *campanile* is distinctly Genoese, but what interested us most was a half-hidden tomb under the principal

portico of the entrance, which, to the surprise and delight of the Marchese, evidently commemorated one of his own ancestors, who had been Podestà of Galata in the early part of the fourteenth century. It bears the name and arms of Udo Selvago, and is dated 1323. We were assured by the Mollah who led us through the mosque—a large but plain rectangular building—that under the matting, which, according to Moslim custom, covered the floor, there were many other old Genoese tombstones ornamented in *alto-rilievo*.

The interesting Church of St. Peter and St. Paul has belonged to the Dominicans for over five hundred years. It has been burnt down so often that very little of the original structure exists. Still, it contains one picture, said to be the famous Byzantine Madonna, originally in the Church of the Pantocrator, and there venerated under the title of Our Lady of Constantinople. It is one of the few Byzantine paintings which have survived to our day; it is not easy to determine, however, if it be the original picture or not. According to tradition, the real icon was given, after the siege of 1453, to the Janissaries, who tore it into fragments, to hang round their necks as talismans. There can be no doubt that the work of art in question is of great antiquity. The silver frame which covers it, is remarkably beautiful. Only the face, feet, and hands of the sacred figures are displayed, the rest is covered by a silver bas-relief of exquisite workmanship, indicating in relief the lines of the clothing and the limbs.

The walls of Galata were in existence forty years

ago, and must have been extremely picturesque. In the engraving of Constantinople from Galata, in 1635 (which forms the frontispiece of this volume), these walls are shown in all their formidable grandeur, when they must have been as impressive as those of Constantinople itself. They were enclosed by a moat, and had strong round and square towers, with five or six handsome Gothic gates, not unlike the few which still exist at Genoa. The whole architecture of Galata and Pera was modelled on that of the mother city. But every year sees the fine old picturesque Genoese houses disappear one by one, to be replaced by jerry-buildings of no architectural distinction. In a few years Galata, from the artistic point of view, will have become absolutely hideous.

A very curious old house still exists in which the poets, Andre Chénier and Joseph Chénier, were born. Chénier's mother—a Greek named Santa Omaka—was the wife of the French Consul Chénier. She was a woman of remarkable intellectual gifts, and doubtless inspired her sons with those lofty sentiments which brought the elder brother to the guillotine three days before the close of the Terror. The younger lived on, and is known to fame as the author of the "*Chant du Départ*," which shares the popularity of the "*Marseillaise*."

The archives of the various convents of Galata are full of interesting details, important to the student of ecclesiastical and even of commercial history. They contain some striking details of the rapidity with which the town has been burnt down over and

over again, and the equally surprising manner in which it has risen, phoenix-like, from its ashes. Galata was a centre of the mission work connected with the Latin Church until fifty years ago, when, owing to the increase of its cosmopolitan commerce, the majority of the convents were removed to Pera.

There are a few old Genoese families still living in Constantinople, among the most honoured being the Giustiniani, whose history is nearly coeval with that of the Republic. The Dandolos worthily represent the Venetians.

At one time—towards the middle of the sixteenth century—the Genoese population of Constantinople was considerably in excess of the Venetian, and was estimated at 100,000.* The Genoese galleys rarely ascended the Golden Horn beyond Galata, along the sea-wall of which port they lay at anchor. The Venetian galleys, on the other hand, frequently sought shelter in the upper part of the Horn, although their proper landing-place was on the sea-front, by the Marmara, almost immediately facing the Church of SS. Sergius and Bacchus.

In the earlier period of the colony, Genoese women in Galata, like their sisters among the other Italian colonies in Constantinople itself, went about veiled, and I am inclined to think that this custom influenced the female population of Genoa itself. In an old Italian work, which portrays the costumes of the women of Pera of the sixteenth century, they are shown wearing

* The Italian population in the fourteenth century was close upon 200,000 souls.

a flowered cotton scarf thrown over the heads, and almost completely screening the features. Forty years ago, almost all the women of the lower orders in Genoa wore, cast over their heads and about their shoulders, a *mezzaro*, or linen scarf, printed in vivid colours, with a distinctly Oriental pattern, the original designs of which were possibly imported from the Levant. Women of the upper class wore a white veil—nothing more nor less than the Turkish *yashmac* unfolded. The last Podestà of Galata and Pera was Giovanni Sauli, a member of an illustrious Genoese house. He was allowed by Mohammed the Conqueror to return in peace to his own country. This he did two years after the arrival of the Turks, and his correspondence during that period, now preserved in the Genoese Archives, throws much interesting light on events in Constantinople at the beginning of the Moslim domination.

After the abolition of the office of Podestà, the affairs of the colony were managed by a kind of politico-commercial guild—with a dash of religious authority in its constitution—known as the Serenissima Comunità di Pera e Galata. Twelve gentlemen, selected from the chief members of the community, met on certain days, in the Sacristy of the small and very ancient Church of St. Anne—attached to the great Church of San Francesco—to transact the necessary business. Several times a year they proceeded in state to Stambul, to do homage to the Grand Signor.

The Podestà himself was replaced by a Turkish Kaimakan, appointed by the Grand Vizir, who from

time to time made his influence felt in a manner which must have caused the Genoese bitterly to regret the easy-going Byzantine Government against which they had been so ready to conspire.

The first serious encroachment upon the Genoese settlement in Galata has considerable interest, and is, moreover, little known. In 1535 the Church of St. Paul (at present the Arabi Djami) was confiscated by the Turks and converted into a mosque, to accommodate a large number of Moors exiled from Spain, who had arrived in Constantinople, and whom the Sultan determined to establish in Galata, so as to reduce the Christian majority. These Moors are called, in all documents belonging to the Magnifica Comunità di Pera, *Grenatini*, or folk from Granada or Granata. They appear to have been very arrogant and to have given a good deal of trouble, so that the Comunità lodged many complaints against them in notes addressed to their own and to the French Governments. "They covet our churches, and are the direct cause of the recent murder of the Vicar-General, Mgr. Sangallo (1596). More arrogant rascals exist not, or more fanatical. They are far worse than the native Turks, whom they seem to look down upon and treat as inferiors." Very soon after the arrival of these Moors, a number of French merchants and their families came to Pera and Galata—a consequence, probably, of the friendly relations established between Suleymān and Francis I., and towards the close of the seventeenth century the town assumed its actual cosmopolitan character.

During the first half of the present century, principally on account of political troubles at home, a constant stream of Italian exiles flowed towards the Levant, and especially to Pera. Until 1867 they were as much divided among themselves as they were at home, but the unification of Italy has obliterated all rivalry, and they now rally loyally round their Ambassador. They number some 30,000, the majority being exceedingly poor, and engaged in petty commerce. They have long since ceased to wear any distinctive costume, and speak a kind of *patois* unknown in Italy, which blends all their native dialects with a certain number of Greek, Armenian, and Turkish words superadded — the whole pronounced in a curious guttural tone, peculiar to Galata. To see this interesting colony at its best, one should stand on a Sunday or festa outside the Churches of Santa Maria and St. Antonio, in the Grande Rue de Pera, as the crowded congregation disperses after Mass. The Perote Italians are a good-looking, pleasant-mannered, and a well-dressed people. They have excellent schools, usually directed by the members of their religious orders, a handsome hospital, and a club, where the national feasts are duly celebrated with much loyalty to the House of Savoy. I am assured there are very few Socialists or Republicans among them, and although they are generally very poor, they have an excellent reputation for honesty, notwithstanding the presence among them of a few notorious blacklegs. They keep very much to themselves, and if they associate with other

nationalities at all, it is almost invariably either with the Armenian or the Greek Uniates. It is extremely rare for an Italian to marry a schismatic, for whatever may be their religious or non-religious opinions at home, in their colonies the Italians, as a rule, are faithful to Mother Church. There are very few Italians in the employment of the Turkish Government. Although the Vicar Apostolic or Archbishop of Constantinople is almost always an Italian, his jurisdiction is not limited to those of his own nationality. He is, in fact, the Patriarch of the entire Latin community, which is especially fortunate at present in possessing Mgr. Bonnetti, for its ecclesiastical chief. His Excellency, who was formerly an officer in the Carabinieri, is not only a very intelligent and well-read man, but has the most delightful manners imaginable; through the dignity of the prelate transpires from time to time the frank joviality of the ex-cavalry officer. Beloved by his own flock, Mgr. Bonnetti is esteemed by the Christians of all denominations for his goodness and, above all, for his *bonhomie*. The violet robes of the excellent Latin Patriarch add an additional note of colour to many a scene of Perote life, which is even now so varied and picturesque.

Most Englishmen in Constantinople must feel a thrill of interest whenever they come across any trace of the ancient colony of the Varangians, or Warings. There can be no doubt that they were, directly or indirectly, our kinsmen. Tacitus mentions the Angli et Varini, who came from the land south of the

Baltic, at a later date known as the Waring Sea. One tribe is supposed to have migrated southwards, another passed to the west, and the men of this last were amongst our earliest ancestors. They are alluded to by the Venerable Bede as Rugians, and there was a certain correctness about this appellation, for their origin was undoubtedly Russian. The Varangians' emigration may be traced in the names of several of our counties and towns—Warwick, for instance, or *Waringwick*, Warnfords, and possibly Warrington, and many more too numerous to quote. These Norsemen resembled, according to tradition, the English and the Danes, "fair, with red or flaxen hair, and blue or gray eyes; their figures tall, and their shoulders broad. They were fierce warriors." Their earliest recorded trading seems to have been in slaves, probably the spoils of conquest, whom they brought to Constantinople and there sold for ready money or bartered for spices, furs, and gold. In the tenth century we find them, many thousand strong, encamped before Constantinople under the leadership of Olef, or Olif, a famous Waring chief, who was so far successful in his attempt to subjugate the Imperial city that he is said to have actually hung his shield upon the cross over the dome of Sancta Sophia. In the Chronicles of Nestor we find a mention of a treaty signed between the Byzantines and the Warings, by which these last obtained special privileges in the fur trade throughout the Empire. This document contains a curious interpolation: "The Warings may go nowhere without a passport properly signed with the Imperial cipher." "The

Russian Grand Dukes of Muscovy," the document continues, "are to be allowed to send as many ships and cargoes of furs and slaves and rare woods to Constantinople as they choose." This treaty was ratified on the Greek side, and also by such Russians as had already been baptized according to the Christian form of oath, but the Pagans took oath "by placing on the ground their swords, their shields, and their other arms." The noble mien of the strangers attracted the attention of the Byzantine Emperors, who resolved that to such brave fellows should be entrusted the immediate custody of their sacred persons. As an inducement to the handsome barbarians to settle in Constantinople, many privileges were granted to them, and several streets in a neighbourhood which to this day is known as the Vlanga Quarter were assigned to them. This region lies not far from the Kum Kapu, or Armenian Quarter, to the west of the Church of St. Sergius. The word Vlanga has no equivalent either in the Turkish or Greek languages. To this day a narrow street in the quarter is popularly known as the Vlanga, a contraction, probably, of the word Varangian. The church belonging to the first settlement of Warings stood westward of the façade of Sancta Sophia, and was known for many centuries as Panaia Varanyhistica, Our Lady of the Warings.

These stalwart guardsmen doubtless brought their wives and families and settled down in their new quarters, within an easy walk of the Palace of the Blachernæ. Towards the close of the eleventh century, and after the conquest of England by the Nor-

mans, a number of Englishmen who, according to Ordericus Vitalis, "had lost their liberty," set themselves zealously to discover a means of casting off the unaccustomed yoke. "Some fled to Sueno, King of the Danes, to excite him to the recovery of the inheritance of his grandfather, Canute. Not a few fled into exile to other regions, either from the mere desire of escaping from under the Norman ruler, or in the hope of acquiring wealth, and so being one day in a condition to renew the struggle at home. Some of these, in the bloom of youth, penetrated into a far-distant land, and offered themselves to the military service of the Constantinopolitan Emperor, that wise prince against whom Robert Guiscard, Duke of Apulia, had then raised all his forces. The English exiles were favourably received, and opposed in battle to the Normans, for whose encounter the Greeks themselves were too weak. Alexius began to build a town for the English, a little above Constantinople, at a place called Chevelot, but the trouble of the Normans from Sicily still increasing, he soon recalled them to the capital, and entrusted the principal palace, with all its treasures, to their keeping. This was the method in which the Saxon English found their way to Ionia, where they still remain, highly valued by the Emperor and the people." (Book IV., p. 508.)

That these men mentioned by Vitalis were English, and many of them Saxons, cannot be gainsaid. They built themselves a church, originally called St. Nicholas, a popular saint among the Anglo-Saxons, but later the name of St. Augustin of Canterbury was

added, and later yet a chapel to St. Thomas à Becket was annexed to the sacred edifice, a proof of the exiles' attachment to the saints of their native country. From time to time, doubtless, especially as the Crusaders began to pass through Constantinople on their way to the Holy Land, the British Varangian colonists renewed acquaintance, and even closer relations, with travellers from their native country, and so kept alive their affectionate interest in the land of their forefathers. Their church, converted into a mosque shortly after the Siege of Constantinople, remained as such until 1868, when, having fallen into a very ruinous condition, it was pulled down. It contained several very interesting tombs, which Paspates implored the English Embassy to claim from the Sultan, as being the tombs of Englishmen. From some cause or other the negotiations fell through, and the tombs were built into a wall. Paspates took tracings of them, which were unfortunately burnt, with his library and accumulated treasures, in the great fire of Pera in 1870. These English colonists spoke their own language, had their own laws, and I gather from the archives of Monte Cassino, "that the English in Constantinople were under the missionship of the Benedictine Order." Beyond these few facts very little is discoverable concerning their manners and customs; but according to local tradition they were universally esteemed for their excellent character, their bravery, their fidelity to the Emperor, and their respect for women. They are first spoken of as Varangians by Anna Comnena, the accomplished daughter of

the Emperor Alexis, in her famous "History." After the great siege of 1453 we hear no more about them. Some few, perhaps, lingered on in Constantinople, and ended by becoming Mohammedans, or by joining the Greek Church, but as an independent society they ceased to exist. In the part of Constantinople known as Vlanga, where, according to tradition, the families of these British guards dwelt, I have more than once noted, with some surprise, a number of fair-haired adults and children. The late Dr. Curtice, whose perfect knowledge of Constantinople and learned researches into the history of the city deserve wider recognition than they have yet received, first called my attention to this fact. Bulbuk tells us that in 1557 he found a number of Warings in the Crimea, and he gives us a long list of absolutely English words still in use among them. He ascribes to them a German origin, which certainly they do not possess. The Varangian Guard has been immortalised by Sir Walter Scott in one of his novels—not the most successful—"Count Robert of Paris." Sir Walter, who had never been in Constantinople, has described the ancient Byzantine city with remarkable accuracy. He, however, makes a curious mistake in mentioning "the tides" of the Marmara and the Bosphorus, both of them tideless.

The Warings were the first English colony established in Constantinople, but a number of English men and women were residing in the city for purely commercial purposes during the latter portion of the Byzantine rule. They may possibly have been the

descendants of Crusaders, who, for some reason or other, lingered in the splendid city in the hope of amassing wealth, or they may have been *bonâ fide* merchants. But English trade with the country we now call Turkey was, during the Middle Ages, exceedingly limited in its nature and operations, the Eastern goods conveyed to our shores being all purchased in the Italian markets from the Venetian or Genoese traders. A number of English priests, however, principally Benedictines, resided in Constantinople, and a close search among the archives of Monte Cassino, and of other great Benedictine monasteries, would probably reveal the existence of a complete and unbroken series of English missionaries in Byzantium from the eighth to the close of the fifteenth century.

The extraordinary changes made after the Turkish Conquest, not only in the aspect of the city, but in the nature of her commerce, seem to have resulted in the dispersal not only of the English, but of the Danish and Swedish colonies, as well as of the French. This last, with the exception of the Venetian and Genoese settlements, which never left the city, was the first to reacquire any degree of importance.

The evident decline of the Italian colonies in the East began to attract attention throughout Europe, towards the beginning of the last quarter of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and both the French and English struggled hard for the succession. The first step made by the great Queen was an attempt to establish friendly relations with Sultan Murâd III. Our astute monarch was determined to deter the

Grand Signor from forming any alliance with France or Spain, and to secure his support, political and commercial, in the Mediterranean Sea. Hitherto, when our ships sailed in Turkish waters, they had been forced to fly the French flag, in conformity with a treaty signed between Suleymān and Francis I. Elizabeth determined that this humiliation should come to an end; and she was successful, thanks to the efforts of her political agent in Constantinople, a merchant named William Harborne, whom she subsequently created her Ambassador. In 1579, a conversation took place between Cecil Lord Burleigh and Harborne as to the propriety of establishing commercial relations with the Sultan of Turkey, on a far more extensive scale than Great Britain had hitherto attempted. Paul Rycaut gives the date of this scheme as 1579, in contradiction to Sagrado, the Italian historian, who fixes it as 1582. Within the last two or three years, all the documents in connection with this remarkable event have been published in the State Papers, and the correctness of Rycaut's assertion has been satisfactorily verified. In February, 1580, an English vessel, minus a French flag, and flying the Royal Standard, anchored off the coast of the Island of Chios. The captain of this ship was William Harborne, shortly to become our first Ambassador to Turkey. He was charged with a double mission—firstly, to dispose of his cargo of cloth, and secondly, to carry out very delicate negotiations with the Sultan. Unfortunately the fact that Harborne was a diplomatic agent of the British Government

leaked out, and as soon as he reached Constantinople, he fell into a perfect network of intrigues spun by the French Ambassador, M. de Germigny, and the Venetian Chargé d’Affaires, Corazza, who was acting until a new Bailio should be appointed. Harborne’s bed was by no means of roses during the first weeks of his sojourn in Constantinople. Every sort of trap was laid for him. He was surrounded by spies, and the French and the Venetian Ambassadors vied with each other in their endeavours to discover the object of the young Englishman’s visit. Thus we find the Ambassador for Venice sending a Jewess, popularly known as Chiarezza, with presents to the Sultana mother, in order to purchase Her Majesty’s countenance to his manœuvres against English interests. The Jewish lady’s mission failed, however, for a letter preserved in the Venetian Archives informs us that the Sultana was ill, and the presents found their way to the Sultan, and bore no particular fruit one way or the other, as far as concerned the object for which they were sent.

Meanwhile Giovanni Francesco Morosini, the new Venetian Ambassador, arrived on the scene, and Mr. Harborne was more severely pressed than ever. Morosini wrote to the Doge, in October, 1583, “the English Ambassador makes no headway,” and that he, Morosini, has made the Grand Turk believe the “Queen of England to be of no account, and unable to injure the Sultan.” He concludes his letter thus : “It seems to me that the Turks make light of the English, as facts demonstrate, for five out of six

English vessels have been burned and their crews illtreated." The French Ambassador, M. de Germigny, is, "we learn," furious because the Sultan has received the English Ambassador (Harborne had already been raised to this responsible position). Then, on the 29th of the same month Morosini said that "Harborne's ship has arrived with a cargo of cloth and goods. The Turks are delighted, as there is no cloth left in the city." Meanwhile a notorious Jew, a sort of spy, David Passi by name, probably an Italian in the employ of the Venetians, is introduced upon the scene. He makes considerable mischief, and for two years Harborne achieves little or nothing. Still there are indications that the Sultan is by no means unwilling to allow the establishment of a chartered English trading company in the Levant. All these Venetian letters, by the way, are dated from the Vigné or vineyards of Pera, which would indicate that the Venetians had a villa at Pera at this period. It was not till much later that the Palace of Venice, as it was called in Stambul, was translated to the opposite side of the Bosphorus, to the Grande Rue de Pera, where it still stands, occupied by the Austrian Embassy.

The famous name of Drake now first appears in the Venetian despatches from Pera. He is described as that celebrated English "Corsair and adventurer," who had sent two beautiful silver vases to the Capitan Pasha in order to obtain his favour for the English cause. This incident gave rise to a wrangle, in which Harborne lost his temper. The Capitan Pasha, desiring to make

some return for Drake's presents, selected two pieces of Persian cloth of gold of great value, which he proposed to offer him. Instead of requesting the Ambassador to forward them to London, the Pasha employed the services of an ordinary sea captain, and at the same time he had the stupidity to send a Dragoman to the English Ambassador to make numerous inquiries as to the position and respectability of the aforementioned ship's captain, and to ask for Drake's correct address. On this Harborne flew into a great rage, and refused to allow the ship to leave the harbour. The Capitan Pasha likewise lost his temper, and ordered the pieces of cloth of gold to be returned to him, and thus, in all probability, Drake lost his chance of receiving a very magnificent gift. The Venetian Ambassador describes his English *confrère* as going about "fuming and trembling with exasperation," so that he was derided for his lack of self-control over this trivial incident.

It seems almost incredible, judging by the exceeding cleverness and ability with which he had hitherto conducted himself, that Harborne should have lost his temper over such a trifle, and in all probability the matter was much more serious, or the indignation much less loudly expressed, than the Venetian Ambassador thought fit to admit. On August 15th, 1588, Harborne was recalled. He was replaced by Sir Edward Barton, our second Ambassador to Constantinople.*

* In a certain sense, indeed, he was our first, for he went out with full ambassadorial credentials, whereas Harborne had been raised to the position whilst in Constantinople.

Harborne returned to England. His own despatches tell us he had thirty persons in his suite, and that he took nearly four months to reach Hamburg, where he arrived on the 9th of December. He journeyed *viâ* Servia, Roumania, Wallachia, and Moldavia, and probably remained some time in each important city on his route. Sir Edward Barton was instructed by the Queen to continue the negotiations for the creation of a so-called Turkey Company. He had naturally to encounter far fewer difficulties than his predecessor; and to him we owe the actual signing of a charter which became of such immense importance to British trade in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Sir Edward, who must have been a very young man when he began his diplomatic career, was seized with an attack of inflammation of the lungs, and died, after a very short illness, in 1597, at the early age of thirty-five. He is buried on the island of Halki, one of the Princes Islands, in the cemetery of the monastery of St. Mary. A marble tomb at the entrance of the burial-ground covers his remains. It bears an inscription to the effect that he was Queen Elizabeth's Ambassador to the Sultans Mohammed III. and Murâd III. Several historians have erroneously stated that Sir Edward Barton died of the plague, which carried off nineteen sisters of Sultan Mohammed III. in a single day.

The despatches of the French and Italian Ambassadors during this eventful period are strange reading, and the side-lights they cast on contemporary manners and customs singularly graphic. Thus Lipomano, the

Venetian envoy, the successor to Morosini, informs us "that there has been a great disturbance in the camp of the Janissaries," and that "last night," 28th October, 1588, "the Grand Signor has caused thirteen of them to be strangled and thirty-six drowned." And then again, the Genoese Ambassador relates that two Jewesses who went to the Seraglio with goods which they desired to offer for sale to the Valideh-Sultan, were suddenly seized by the eunuchs, robbed of their merchandise, and, it is presumed, strangled and drowned, "for they have never been heard of again."

Soon after the establishment of commercial relations between England and Turkey, a small English colony settled in the English factory of Galata. There must have been a Church of England chaplain about this time, for when Lady Anne Glover, the wife of the English Ambassador from James I., died, a curious incident took place. The Catholics, mostly French, had spread a story that the English, being Protestants, held no belief in God. Our compatriots, stung by this libel, seized the opportunity of the funeral of Lady Anne to make a grand religious demonstration, in which they were joined by the Dutch and German Protestants. A magnificent pageant was organised, and all the English followed the bier in mourning habits, the women wearing hoods and black silk scarves, and carrying prayer-books in their hands. There is no record as to where Lady Anne was buried. Most probably she was laid in the Greek or Armenian cemetery at Pera, for until the present century there was no English burial-place in Constantinople.

As the seventeenth century advances, our commercial interests in the East develop in a remarkable manner; but Constantinople was never, at any time, a favourite residence with the English. They always preferred Aleppo (where there was a very important factory), Smyrna, and Adrianople. At this last-named town, the English mustered in great force, at the beginning of the eighteenth century—the colony numbering something near two hundred families.

The despatches of our Ambassadors, preserved in the Record Office, contain endless accounts of troubles between the English merchants and the Turkish Government, and many strange incidents are related. For instance, in 1639, an Englishman, just arrived in Constantinople, was arrested for making an attempt to enter a mosque, to which act he was moved, as it would seem, by the merest curiosity. He would have been put to death at once but for the intervention of our Ambassador. Then an extraordinary discovery was made. The man was proved to be an escaped murderer. He was immediately condemned and executed, and his head was set up over the gate of the Embassy House in Pera. As I have said elsewhere, the history of Turkey has yet to be written, not only in its political, but in its social and commercial aspects. For this purpose a mine of information may be found in the archives of the various European Embassies, notably the Venetian, Genoese, Viennese, Polish, and English. These records, until the past few years, have been absolutely virgin soil.

Then we have endless disputes between the

English Ambassador and the Grand Vizir, and even with the Grand Signor himself, on the sempiternal etiquette of precedence. The Turks would not, for a long time, understand the difference which exists between an Envoy and an Ambassador, calling both by the same title, "Elche." Not unfrequently our Ambassadors got into serious trouble, usually over the most trivial matters. Somewhere in 1633, it suddenly came into the head of Sultan Murād IV. that his subjects were conspiring against him, and he therefore ordered a house-to-house search to be made for arms, and did not omit that of the English Ambassador, Sir Peter Winch, all of whose swords and weapons were seized, including the sword with which His Majesty, James I., had conferred the honour of knighthood upon him. Then there was a hubbub indeed. Sir Peter waxed exceeding wroth, and, if we may credit the despatches, so loud was his outcry, that the Sultan and Grand Vizir were stirred with alarm, and soon restored the cherished weapon to its owner. Possibly the Sultan was upset by an appalling event which had taken place a few days before. It seems that he was at his Palace on the Bosphorus, when a most awful storm occurred. "He was sleeping there one night in his Bed, he was on a sudden awakened by a terrible Lightning; which entering his Chamber rounded his Bed, leaving several marks on his Sheets and Quilts; and whilst he sought some place to hide himself in, it passed under his arm and burnt part of his shirt, the affrightment of which so astonished him, that he remained for some time in a swoon, which

for ever after did much impair the strength of his brain ; he now began to be sensible that there were other Thunder-bolts than those that proceed from his own Throne ; and like *Tiberius* learned to tremble at the voice of God. And so affected was the Sultan by this accident, that afterwards he dismissed divers of his Buffoons from the Court, and particularly a Mute whose ridiculous gestures were his common Divertisement, and he ordered five hundred dollars to be given in alms to the poor, and made a sacrifice of three hundred sheep."

Then, again, several of our Ambassadors have died in Constantinople, Sir John Harvey, for instance, and great disputes have ensued concerning their funerals, as to who should attend, and who should not ; and, in a word, nothing can be more amusing than the primitive ideas of these gentlemen, trying, and in many cases successfully, to maintain the dignity of the British lion on the shores of the Golden Horn, and opposite "that very centre of abomination, the Imperial Seraglio," as it was in the days of old.

Throughout the last century there was a distinct increase in the English colony at Constantinople ; but in the first years of the present it diminished considerably, to revive, however, under the able administration of Mr. Canning. Among the numerous merchants who, during the lapse of time between the reign of Elizabeth to that of Queen Victoria, have earned distinction in their lifetime, and left an honoured memory of their public careers in Constantinople, there are one or two who deserve special mention.

Mr. Montagu North, for instance, brother of Roger North, whose interesting autobiography was recently published by Dr. Jessop, bore the highest reputation throughout the Levant, both for wealth and for ability. Mr. North relates, in one of his letters, a very amusing anecdote of Sultan Mohammed IV. The Pādishāh, having heard of the existence of so remarkable a man in his capital, ordered him to be brought to the Seraglio for his inspection. What was Mr. North's amusement when he found that the Sultan, who would on no account contaminate himself by any near approach to an infidel, had established himself in one of the windows of the Seraglio commanding a beautiful view of the garden, in which North was trotted up and down "like a horse," to the intense satisfaction of the Shadow of God. In our own time, after the decline and total eclipse of the Levant Company in 1825, and the abrogation of its Charter, which had indeed long fallen into disuse, Mr. Black was the most conspicuous English merchant in Constantinople. He died in 1828, and the memory of his liberal hospitality and remarkable commercial ability still lingers in the city which he made his home. I think I am right in saying that the first attempt at introducing the modern banking system in Turkey is due to the Hanson family, whose well-known bank flourished in Constantinople for many years; the failure of this house, some time since, is fresh in the memory of all who take an interest in such matters, and need not therefore be related here. During the Crimean War, and after it, English

commerce in Constantinople received a remarkable impetus. We were in favour with the Turks, for and beside whom we had fought, and British goods were extensively introduced into the Grand Bazaar. Many English tradesmen opened shops in Pera, and for about twenty years we shared with the French what was almost a monopoly of European commerce in the Turkish capital and throughout the Empire. Since 1870, our Turkish trade has visibly declined, together with our political influence, and where there were once fifty English ships in the Horn, there are now not more than ten. The Germans have managed to replace us in every department. They have availed themselves of the change in the national costume, and have established enormous cheap clothing and boot shops, and they run almost all the restaurants and beer-houses in Pera and Galata, as well as throughout the whole country, wherever beer-house or restaurant can be made to pay. In the matter of restaurants, however, the Germans have a hard tussle with the Italians, who, in Turkey as elsewhere, display a singular aptitude for the management of eating-houses of every description,

For several hundred years before the fall of the Byzantine Empire a considerable number of French families, commonly called Franks, had settled in Constantinople. The greater number, doubtless, especially during the short-lived Latin Empire, came to the city in the trains of the various French princesses married to the Emperors.

We have no trace of the particular nature of the

occupation of these colonists, nor do we learn that any special quarter of the city was allotted to them. In all probability the majority were merchants, and some few may have been, or became, employed about the Court or exercised learned professions. They increased in numbers under the Frankish dynasty of the Latin Empire—so rapidly, indeed, that the jealousy of the Greeks and Italians was roused, and on the restoration of the Greek Empire a number of them were expelled. They do not seem at this period to have had any special independent existence and organisation, as was the case with the Venetian and Genoese colonies. They probably used the Church of SS. Sergius and Bacchus, and others, granted to the Latins at this time, and there certainly were a number of French monks, especially Benedictines, Franciscans, and Dominicans, in the monasteries in Constantinople.

The French colony proper did not rise to importance until after the famous Capitulation signed between Francis I. and Sultan Suleymān the Magnificent. The Sultan evidently desired not only to establish closer relations between himself and the French, but also to considerably diminish the influence of the Italians by attracting Catholics of every other nationality to Constantinople. The earlier Capitulations signed with France before the time of the Turkish occupation of Constantinople, unquestionably placed the Catholics and their missions under French protection. This protection was more formally asserted, and received Papal approbation, on the occasion of the establishment of regular diplomatic

relations between France and Turkey in 1524. From that date to this the French have maintained an unbroken line of Envoys, Plenipotentiaries, Ambassadors, agents, and official residents in Constantinople. Their first Envoy was an Italian named Frangipani. He arrived in 1524, and was shortly replaced by M. Antoine Rinçon. In 1535 the first Ambassador, M. Jean de Laforest, was sent to Constantinople, and signed a treaty of great importance with Sultan Suleymān. M. de Laforest did not remain long in Turkey. Having signed his treaty, he returned at once to Paris with the documents, and was replaced by a series of Envoys until the arrival of M. d'Aramon, the second Ambassador, in 1547. The third was M. Codignac, described as "Valet du chambre du Roy." M. de la Vigne came in 1557. Then for a period France was represented by Envoys ordinary and extraordinary. In 1566 M. du Boury appeared; then in 1572 we have a Bishop, M. de Noailles, Bishop of Acq.

The most remarkable Ambassador of the early period was probably le Chevalier de Germigny, Baron de Germoles, who represented Henri III. in 1580. He renewed the treaties and Capitulations signed by Sultan Suleymān and Francis I. The twelfth Ambassador, M. de Harvy-Lancy, Baron de la Mole (1611), has left a very curious series of letters throwing a singular side-light on the political and domestic history of Sultan Achmet I., which are preserved in the French National Archives. In 1673 M. d'Avieux once more renewed the treaties which were falling into abeyance. The most noteworthy French Am-

bassador to Constantinople, during the eighteenth century, was the Marquis de Villeneuve, who, in 1728, made a sixth renewal of the Capitulations and treaties, with an augmentation of no less than forty-two articles not included in those of 1604 and 1673. The Comte de Castellane, twenty-sixth Ambassador, was remarkable for the brilliant manner in which he maintained the French Embassy at Pera. He was the first Ambassador to entertain the ladies and gentlemen of the various colonies in the European style, and gave, I believe, the first ball ever seen in Constantinople. A ball is certainly mentioned for the first time in the archives of the Embassies at about this period as having created a good deal of scandal in the Hareems, the idea of such mingling of the sexes being sufficient to horrify any Moslim. The Great Revolution wrought mighty changes in the French Embassy at Constantinople. It broke out during the mission of the Comte de Choiseul-Gouffier, the thirtieth Ambassador, who was replaced in 1792 by Citoyen Descoches, ex-Marquis de Sainte-Croix. This gentleman, who remained in office throughout the whole of the Reign of Terror, was instructed by the French Government to insist on all the religious privileges and ceremonies which had always been connected with the French Embassies in the East being strictly observed. Mass was publicly celebrated in the chapel of the Embassy, and on certain solemn occasions the Ambassador went in state to the Church of St. Benoit. The Reign of Terror wisely respected the Catholic interests in the East, which are also the political interests of

France. At this time another Chargé d'Affaires, M. de Chalgrin, represented Louis XVIII., the legitimate monarch of France, in the Turkish capital. The Sultan's Government refused to recognise him, and there was considerable disturbance in society in consequence, the majority of the French colonists siding with the Royalists. There was no French Embassy in Constantinople from 1798 to 1802, the period of the Egyptian Campaign, and the French Chargé d'Affaires, M. Ruffin, was imprisoned for several months in the Seven Towers, and only liberated in 1801. This gentleman also represented Napoleon I. in 1805. The thirty-third French Ambassador was the celebrated Marshal Sebastiani, who was appointed in 1806. He married, in Constantinople, the lady who became the mother of the unhappy Duchesse de Praslin, whose murder, in 1848, led to very important political consequences, and was, in fact, the direct cause of the downfall of Louis Philippe. A brilliant Embassy was that of M. de la Valette, who represented Napoleon III. in 1860. The Vicomte de la Guéronnière, in 1870, was the forty-eighth Ambassador. He was soon replaced by the celebrated Comte de Vogué. No Ambassador represented France in Constantinople with greater popularity than the Marquis de Noailles (1880), and the splendid entertainments of the Comte de Montebello, whose Embassy only closed in 1891, are fresh in the memory of Perote society. The present representative of the French Government, an exceedingly able man, is M. A. Cambon, the fifty-fourth Ambassador. The French have the protection of all

the Latin clergy and laity throughout the Turkish Empire, especially the Jesuits and Capuchins, who are particularly mentioned in the French Capitulation of 1678.

The French archives contain a vast mass of information concerning Turkey, from the reign of Suleymān to the beginning of the present century. In wading through a great mass of documents connected with Turkish affairs in the *Bibliothèque Nationale* and in other French libraries, I have been struck with the curious fact that under the reigns of the four Louis, the taste for the picturesque could not have been anything like as strongly developed as it is at present. Evidently, in those days, the model for artistic magnificence was Versailles, and the Ambassadors and their attachés scarcely ever mention a Turkish pageant without sneering at the "outlandish" costumes, which, however, they are obliged to admit, were extremely magnificent.

The mission of M. de Villeneuve, under the reign of Louis XV., from 1728 to 1741, is one of the most interesting of any. This Ambassador was a man of great intelligence and cultivated taste, but even he prefers the super-elegance of Parisian fashions to the exuberance of fancy and carnival of colour which he beheld in the East. In his time, he tells us, turbans varied in shape according to the rank of those who wore them. Some were so enormous that even a giant seemed a dwarf staggering along with a tremendous turban on his head, as if he were carrying a huge bundle of linen to the wash; others, again, were small and dainty, and blazed with jewels, and were,

moreover, surmounted by waving plumes. The Sultans were, in those good old days, in the habit of giving a great variety of entertainments to the people. These usually took place in some open space, either on the shores of the Bosphorus, whither the crowd came in innumerable caiques, or on the heights above Pera. The throngs of every class assembled in tents to witness some barbaric form of theatrical entertainment, which we should doubtless vote exceedingly long and tiresome; but the groups of people watching this pageant must have formed in themselves a spectacle of the most brilliant description. Then there was the great procession of the Sureh-Emineh, or departure of the camel carrying the Sultan's gifts to Mecca—which, in our days, is far less picturesque than the fag-end of one of Hengler's circus processions, being shorn of nearly all its quondam splendour—and accounts of a hundred other public festivals, as picturesque as interesting, fill the pages of these fascinating memoirs and letters.

Whilst perusing these old memoirs and documents, I have been struck by the frequent allusions to the beauty of the gardens at Constantinople. At the present time there is scarcely a garden worth the name in the whole place; and the erstwhile gardens connected with the mosques are a mass of tangled weeds, nettles, thistles, and brambles, among which, however, I have seen, in the early spring, tulips, snowdrops, and hyacinths struggling to peep above the thick coating of decayed vegetation which almost smothers them. M. de Villeneuve informs us that the Sultans in his time, whatever may have been their

crimes, were devoted to horticulture, and that Constantinople in the early eighteenth century vied with Holland in floriculture. Sultan Ibrāhim was so devoted to flowers that he instituted several fêtes in their honour. The first was that in commemoration of the tulip, which was his favourite flower. So great was his devotion to this bulb that he ordered all his subjects to cultivate it. The gardens round the hundreds of mosques blazed with beds of variegated tulips, hyacinths, jonquils, and daffodils, but the tulip reigned everywhere supreme. The intermediary between the French Embassy and the Seraglio was a Swiss woman from Geneva, who possessed a great skill with her needle in the art of embroidery. This accomplishment had attracted the attention of the Valideh, and she was the means of obtaining for the French a great deal of valuable information. This woman told Villeneuve that she had witnessed the Feast of the Tulip in the gardens of the Imperial Palace, and that it far surpassed in beauty anything he could conceive. The Sultan had erected a long and richly-gilded gallery, which was filled with countless thousands of tulips—the most beautiful ever seen this side of Paradise. Among them the ladies of the Seraglio, wearing the most beautiful dresses, passed the day singing and dancing to the delight of the Pādishāh. At night the tulips were lighted up by thousands of little lamps, which produced a fairy-like effect. M. de Villeneuve, for the time being, almost wished he could have changed sex with the privileged lady from Geneva.

It is impossible in a mention of the French colony in Constantinople to omit a passing notice of Claude Alexandre de Bonneval, one of the most extraordinary of adventurers. Born in 1675, of an old family of Coussac, in the Limousin, Bonneval, even as a child, exhibited an enterprising and rebellious spirit, which did not win for him the affection of his superiors. Even the Jesuits found him too hard a nut to crack, and expelled him from their college. He proved too much for the Royal Marine corps, and was passed into the Guards; but soon the Guards would have none of him. Then he was exiled to Austria, where he entered the Imperial service. Once more, in 1725, his rebellious spirit caused his banishment to the Netherlands, where, however, his great natural ability was duly appreciated, and he became Master of Ordnance. A scandalous affair led to his being sent to prison, whence he escaped, and found his way to Constantinople. He straightway turned Mohammedan, took the name of Achmet, and made himself thenceforth heartily detested by the Jesuits and the French colony in general. The Sultan, however, appreciated him, and utilised his great administrative powers in the reorganisation of his artillery. In doing this he achieved such success that the Pādishāh rewarded his valour by creating him a Pasha of three tails. He arrested the victorious career of the Persian usurper, Thamasp Kahi Khan, and as a reward was appointed Governor of Chios. Here his overbearing manners, and the scandal of his domestic life, roused the indignation of his equals and the

sullen anger of his inferiors. He was recalled to Constantinople, and died there—some say poisoned—in May, 1747. The Memoirs attributed to him, although they give an excellent picture of the times in which he lived, are, however, spurious. On close examination of them, I am inclined to believe them to be absolutely apocryphal, but possibly based on papers found amongst his possessions after his death. Very few, out of the many thousands who visit the *tekkieh* of the Turning Dervishes in Pera, know where to find the grave of Bonneval. But his monument is still erect, and bears this inscription: "In the name of Almighty God, who alone is eternal. May the All Holy and most High God have mercy upon the faithful of both races, and forgive the Kounbaradji Pasha Achmet. Redjete 18, 1160, otherwise March 27, 1747. Beneath this tombstone rest the mortal remains of a man who, under other circumstances, might have rivalled Bonaparte in enterprise and adventure."

There are three French churches in Pera, St Peter, St. Benedict, and the Cathedral of the Holy Ghost, St. Esprit. The French missions are represented by various convents of monks and nuns, mostly devoted to educational purposes. Strange as it may seem, even at the present time, when the French Government cannot certainly be accused of favouring the Church, the French Ambassador and his staff attend Mass publicly every Sunday in the chapel attached to the Embassy, which, by the way, is in the possession of the Capuchins, which Order

was treated at home with the greatest severity during the religious persecution of 1880-1.

After the Crimean War France became extremely popular in Constantinople, and half the shops in Pera were owned by Frenchmen. Many large fortunes were made during this extravagant period, especially under Abd-ul-Aziz, the ladies of whose Hareem spent vast sums in the branch houses of the great Parisian milliners and jewellers, opened, as one would almost think, for their express temptation, in the Grande Rue de Pera. At the present moment the French colony is declining almost as rapidly as the English, both in influence and in numbers. Still, there must be at least 5,000 French residents in Galata and Pera and in the immediate neighbourhood of the city, and the French language is almost universally spoken in Constantinople.

There is a small but growing American colony, attracted partly by commerce and partly by religious interest; the American missions, as is well known, are active and considerable. The colony can hardly number more than a hundred residents.

There was at one time a very considerable Polish colony in Constantinople, but it is now almost extinct.

The Russians are increasing. They have a large establishment in Galata for the reception of pilgrims on their way to the Holy Land, and several important merchants, doing business between Odessa and the Crimea, have stores or Hanns in that quarter. The preponderance of the Russians, however, is due exclusively to the fact that diplomatic relations between

the two Empires happen to be in the hands of a very skilful politician, M. de Nelidoff. Russia has here, as elsewhere, several private agents—notably one lady who is said to write excellent Turkish verse. She spends her winters in Constantinople, at a leading hotel, forms the acquaintance of the more distinguished tourists, insinuates herself as much as possible into Turkish society, especially into the Hareems, and doubtless renders valuable service to her Government. The Russians have two churches—for although the Muscovite may lawfully frequent Orthodox places of worship, he prefers to have a church of his own.

Almost every important faith is, in fact, represented in Constantinople, and is allowed the greatest freedom of worship. The Roman Catholics have their religious processions in the streets, and even erect altars or *repositoires*, from which the Benediction is given. I have actually seen such processions accompanied by the Turkish military bands, and I must say that I have been struck by the reverential attitude of the Turks, male and female, who have chanced to find themselves on the road along which the procession made its way.

The numerous French, Italian, and Austrian missions throughout Asia Minor, Syria, and Palestine are entrusted to the Jesuits, who have nine missions, with head-quarters at Pera and Cæsarea—the Dominicans are mostly concentrated in Armenia proper, and the Franciscans, Capuchins, and Lazarists in Syria and Palestine.

To these may be added the Brothers of the

Christian Doctrine, who have schools in almost all the large cities of the Empire, and a great many religious houses for women belonging to nearly all the more important Orders. Most of these ladies keep schools for girls of all classes of society, and not a few of their institutions are attended by Mohammedan children, but only in Syria do they ever make a convert. The Jesuits have well-managed colleges in all their missions, and these are attended by youths of every denomination, and especially by Armenians, who are always eager to avail themselves of any educational advantages. The Dominican missions, as also the Franciscan, date from the foundation of the two Orders in the thirteenth century. The head-quarters of these missionaries are Smyrna, Pera, Van, and Mossul, which latter city is a great centre of Roman Catholic missionary activity, and contains the residence of the Apostolic Vicar—a magnificent palace—and handsome monasteries belonging to the principal Orders of missionaries, that of the Dominicans being exceptionally extensive and well organised.

The Maronites, who were united to the Church of Rome in 1182, number about 200,000 souls. They inhabit the Lebanon, and have been frequently victims of the Druses, notably in 1860, when some 16,000 of them were massacred. Their Metropolitan is the Patriarch of Antioch, who always adds the name of Peter to his own. They have nine bishoprics, of which Beyrout, Tripolis, Aleppo, Damascus, Baalbek, Sidon, and Cyprus are archiepiscopal, and two—Bitlis and Eden—episcopal sees. The Maronites have been

for many years past under the protection of France. There is a Maronite College in Rome. The liturgical language is Syriac, and the ritual closely resembles the Armenian, but is much less elaborate.

The Nestorians, or Jacobite Christians, are a small body, who hold the doctrine of Nestorius, that there are two persons as well as two natures in Jesus Christ. They have a Patriarch and three Bishops, but no monasteries. Their very old monastery at Mossul is in the hands of the Chaldean Catholics of the same rite.

It must be remembered that accurate statistics of the population of Turkey are extremely difficult to obtain. The Mohammedans invariably refuse to give the number of their women and children, and the Christians, for political reasons, are very shy, and consequently very apt to mislead inquirers.

CHAPTER III.

THE GREEKS.

THE Greek (Roum) population of Turkey, and more especially of Constantinople, may be divided into two distinct sections; the first, descendants of the Byzantines, who either remained in the city or returned to it after the siege of 1453; and the second, the progeny of those Greeks who, from time immemorial, have inhabited the coast lines of the Mediterranean, Marmara, the Bosphorus, and of the Black Sea as far as Varna, and those islands of the Archipelago which are still under Turkish rule, of which Crete and Chios are the principal. Very few Greeks comparatively live inland, in Turkey in Europe, except perhaps in Thessaly; but in every large town of Asia Minor a small and often very ancient Greek colony is invariably to be found.* Occasionally the Greek *rayas* of Turkey are mistaken for Hellenes, but this designation should only be given to the inhabitants of the present Kingdom of Greece.

They have also been confounded with the

* The total Greek population of the Turkish Empire is said not to exceed four and a half millions.

Albanians, who are not even remotely connected with them, being, in all probability, descendants of the ancient Pelasgi. Such of them as are not Mohammedans belong, not to the Orthodox Church, but to the Uniate, or Roman Catholic branch of the Greek religion.

At the time of the Turkish Conquest all sense of nationality amongst the Greeks had almost entirely disappeared. The Byzantine Empire, shorn of its possessions, well-nigh ruined, was a mere shadow of its former self. Many rich provinces, too, which, in the earlier Middle Ages, had been thickly populated by Greeks, had, by this time, fallen into the hands of the Genoese and Venetians, who soon forced the more prosperous among them to seek fortune elsewhere. The Crescent had already replaced the Cross on the churches of Adrianople and Philippopolis. A Florentine adventurer, Acciajuoli, had made himself master of the Attic provinces, and Cyprus was governed by the Lusignans. The Morea* at one extremity of the Empire, and Trebizond at the other, alone preserved a semblance of Grecian nationality; they were still held by Princes of the House of Comnenus. It would therefore be an error to assert

* Morea, the name borne by the ancient Peloponnesus since the Middle Ages, if not from as early a period as the fourth century. It is usually said to be derived from *morus*, a mulberry—the outline of the peninsula bearing a resemblance to the leaf of that tree; others, however, such as Fallmerayer, trace it back to the Slavic word *more*, the sea, which nearly encircles the Morea. The Morea forms the most southern part of the kingdom of Greece, and is divided into the monarchies of Argolis, Corinth, Laconia, Messina, Arcadia, Achaia, and Elis.

that the Turks overthrew the Greek Empire. All they did was to destroy its last remnants and to seize a capital, which, but for some special miraculous intervention of Providence, must soon have fallen to ruin as utter as that of Nineveh or Babylon.

Although the news of the fall of Constantinople flew westward from village to town, and from town to capital, with marvellous rapidity, fully three months passed before the details of the disaster, furnished in minute accounts sent from Galata by the Genoese Podestà, and from Constantinople itself by the Venetian Bailio, were known at the Courts of Northern Europe. Sauli, the last Genoese Podestà, some fifteen days after the siege, addressed a letter to the Doge of Genoa, in which he related the Conqueror's visit to Galata, and the favourable impression produced on the colony by the Pādishāh. He added: "The Greeks are struck with terror. They are flying in all directions. The sea is black with ships conveying fugitives who do not know where they dare land, and the monasteries on the islands in the neighbourhood of this city are thronged with their families and their treasures." * The majority of these fugitives belonged to the upper classes, who dreaded sharing the fate of those unfortunates who happened to be abroad when the Sultan entered his new capital, and who were then and there sold into slavery.

The concessions granted the Greeks by Mohammed-el-Fatih have been already detailed ("Reform in Turkey"). They were not very severely taxed, and

* Archivio della Banca di San Giorgio, Genoa.

after the Conquest they were exempted from military service. In Constantinople itself the Greeks, for fully three centuries, had, on the whole, but little cause for complaint. Commercially speaking, they soon eclipsed the Venetians and Genoese, whose power and influence declined rapidly during the last half of the sixteenth century, in consequence, no doubt, of the diversion of trade to Western Europe, to the West Indies, and to America, then newly discovered. Greek government, under the Sultans, was,* as elsewhere explained, purely theocratic. The people were placed, as we have already seen, under the immediate and absolute protection of their Patriarchs, archbishops, and bishops, and of the parish priests in the villages. They were permitted certain lay representatives; a *Kapu Kiaia*, who served as intermediary between the Sultan and the Divan, and, in the villages, a mayor, who was elected after Mass on the first Sunday after Easter in each year. He selected magistrates, who formed a sort of non-ecclesiastical municipal council, controlled, however, by the priest, who was bound to obey his bishop; the bishop in his turn owed obedience to his archbishop, and the archbishop to the Patriarch. These magistrates collected the taxes, which, except in time of war, were never excessive, and after appropriating as much as they dared, a privilege usually shared with the Pasha of the vilāyet, the rest was transmitted to the treasury in Constantinople. In a word, the condition of the Greeks in the Turkish capital, fifty years after the Conquest, was infinitely superior to

* See Chapter III., Vol. I.

what it had been for centuries before, a fact recognised by Gibbon, Montesquieu, Von Hammer, Villemain, and all other serious historians. At the same time they were subjected to many petty grievances, and were occasionally made to feel their subject condition in a vexatious and humiliating manner. The Mohammedan population, which soon numerically equalled—it has never quite surpassed—the Christian, occasionally treated them with an amount of insolence which must have been very galling. Under Sultan Bāyezīd, for instance, a law was passed ordering all Greeks and other *rayas* to salute even the humblest Mohammedan they might chance to meet in the street, and he was not bound, in any way, to return the compliment.

Sultan Selim I., having conceived the murderous idea of exterminating the entire Christian population, from which fell purpose he was only diverted by the celebrated Sheikh Jamali, determined to examine into the facts relating to the concessions which, he was assured, had been granted to the Greeks by his illustrious predecessor. For this purpose he summoned the Patriarch to the Palace, and demanded of him the instant production of the original of the Hattī Sherif in question. The Patriarch tremblingly assured His Majesty that this was impossible, as the document had been destroyed in a recent fire. “However,” said he, “there are three Janissaries still living, each of them over a hundred years old, who assisted at the siege. They will and can confirm in every particular the contents of the said Hattī Sherif.” Although this expedient saved the Greeks from a general massacre,

the greater number of their churches were forthwith converted into mosques. From this period until 1640, the last year of the reign of Sultan Murād IV., the Greeks led a fairly peaceful existence. This year, however, saw a massacre in the Morea, occasioned by the resistance of the Greeks to the exacted tribute of a boy from each family, who was to be brought up as a Janissary. In 1770 another insurrection, caused by the same grievance, took place in the Morea. A massacre of the entire Greek population was proposed by the Grand Vizir, but sternly resisted by the Sultan, who abrogated the law—one which had been the cause of much misery and bloodshed—compelling the Greeks and other Christians to give a male child to the corps of the Janissaries. There was naturally great rejoicing among Christians all over the Empire when this terrible tribute was abolished. In the Morea, in particular, the decree was received with enthusiasm, and even to this day frequent allusions will be found in the native folk-lore to mothers who had murdered their children rather than see them torn from their arms to be converted into Turks.

The Grand Vizir, Köprili Zade Mustaphā, brother of the Conqueror of Candia, has left a name worthy of lasting veneration by the Christians in Turkey, and especially by the Greeks. He exerted all his powers of persuasion to induce the Sultan to give Christians the same privileges as those enjoyed by Mohammedans. He even allowed them to build new churches, and to establish ecclesiastical seminaries for the education of the rising generation of clergy.

During an official progress through the provinces, he did so much good, abolished so many abuses, and assisted so many unfortunate families, that on his way back to Constantinople he was received everywhere with marks of the deepest respect. The villagers, with their "papas" or priests at their head, came to meet him, bringing him as an offering and a testimony of their gratitude, hundreds of live chickens. "See," said he, to the officers of his suite, "the fruits of tolerance. Mine has augmented the power of the Pādishāh, and I have brought down benedictions on a Government which until recently was universally detested." He further decreased the taxation of all *rayas*, dividing them into three distinct classes; the first class to pay four ducats, the second two, and the third only one ducat per head. This decree, known as the Nizam-djejid, or new order, held good until 1826. Köprili Mustaphā, of whom the Greeks used to say that he had "built more Christian churches than Justinian," was killed at the battle of Peterwarden in 1691. He was the last of his great family, which had given no less than three illustrious Vizirs to the Porte.

A great number of the noble Greek families which returned after the siege and settled in that quarter of Constantinople, known as the Phanar, finding the territorial wealth on which they had hitherto depended greatly diminished, through confiscation or other causes, devoted themselves to commerce. The moment was propitious, for the exceeding prosperity of the Italians in the Levant was beginning visibly to decline. The Phanariotes, as they were called, acted at first with

great prudence; they kept to themselves, and, for a long time, escaped any particular attention, either on the part of the Mohammedans, or on that of the other *rayas* among whom they dwelt. They formed alliances, especially with the Venetians, who were their immediate neighbours, and, little by little, increased their wealth and influence to such an extent, that towards the middle of the seventeenth century it was no longer possible to conceal either their financial prosperity or their personal importance. These, indeed, had grown world-famous, and the word Phanariote was synonymous, in every part of Europe, with the idea of riches and commercial power. Some twenty to thirty of these families now formed themselves into a sort of aristocracy; some claimed descent from the old Byzantine Emperors, the Kantakouzenos and the Palæologi; others, the Callimachi, and Hypsilantis, claimed Imperial blood through the female line only, whereas the Giuliani, the Morosi, and the Rosetti quartered their arms with those of the Doges of Venice, from whom, according to themselves, they descended. They arrogated the right to interfere in the spiritual and temporal affairs of their fellow citizens. They built magnificent palaces, of wood for the most part, it is true, but of immense size, and sumptuously furnished. Here and there, to this day, traces may be found in the Phanar of some of these old palaces, but the majority have long since been burnt to the ground, and the Greeks of a humbler class who live in the very modern dwellings which replace them, have lost all tradition of the almost regal families, the Komneni, the Ducaï, the

Palæologi, princes without principalities, all of them, who once held their state in this neighbourhood.

Convinced that wealth without education is of little value, the Phanariotes began at an early period to cultivate their minds, as well as to line their purses. They brought learned professors from Europe, who taught them foreign languages, and inspired them with an enthusiastic admiration for the literature of the great race from which they sprang. This intellectual movement among the Phanariotes eventually led to very important consequences. "In the Phanar," says Besbecq, "among the great families, all the children are taught not only to speak ancient and modern Greek, but Latin, Italian, French, German, Turkish, Arabic, and Persian." During the long, cold evenings in winter, it was the fashion to meet at each other's houses, and listen to some learned lecturer, and even the women prided themselves on their scholastic acquirements.

There was another motive, beside that of self-improvement, which induced the Phanariotes to dedicate themselves to such varied studies. They strove to impress the Turks with the advantages they might derive from a close intimacy with families at once so wealthy and so well instructed. In a word, they insinuated themselves into the Divan itself, and ended by indirectly governing the country. In the meantime, they established trading offices in all the principal ports of the Mediterranean, especially at Marseilles, and, in a measure—and that not a small one—they controlled the European money market.

We have many curious glimpses of their social life in the letters and memoirs of the time. No traveller

went to Constantinople in the seventeenth or eighteenth century, without being furnished with a letter of introduction to at least one of the great families in the Phanar. Their palaces must indeed have been as an oasis in the desert to the various Ambassadors, accustomed to the gaieties of their respective Courts, who soon found life in a city where women have little or no influence, and where the sexes are so completely separated, inextinguishably dull. This was a period when the French Ambassadors, Consuls, and merchants were advised by their Government, before leaving for their destination in Turkey and the Levant, not to take their wives with them unless they were sufficiently old and unattractive, and to leave their daughters, during their absence, in a convent.* Imagine, then, with what delight they frequented the sumptuous residences of the Phanariote princes, whose wives, even if they did wear turbans, were able to speak to them in their own language, and were, as a rule, better informed than the majority of the ladies they had left at home. In carnival time, the Phanar rivalled Venice in gaiety. Then it was the custom for parties from Pera to glide across the Golden Horn, in illuminated caïques, to join in the splendid revels organised by the Morosi, or the Ducaï, the Hypsilantis, or the Kantakouzenos. It is true that at these gatherings the gentlemen, so we are assured, were not permitted to dance with the ladies in the European fashion, but they were allowed to sit side by side with them at supper. The Phanariote gentlemen and their sons, their

* Archives des Affaires Étrangères: Turquie. Supplément, 1708-1710.

wives and daughters, wore the Oriental dress, and were covered with sumptuous jewels. They were attended by innumerable servants, some in Oriental costume; others in liveries suggested by those in vogue at the Court of France. Thousands of wax tapers illuminated the gilded halls; divans covered with the richest Persian carpets lined the inlaid walls of the great reception-rooms, in which curiosities from all parts of the world were arranged, sometimes in such a startling manner as to suggest the idea that æsthetic taste was not, perhaps, as thoroughly understood in the Phanar as were the graver matters of politics and literature. Thus we read that the Prince Hypsilanti had in his saloon no less than two hundred clocks, of which eighty were of the sort known as "Grand-fathers," an array which must have given the apartment a striking resemblance to a clockmaker's shop. There was a good deal of gambling, too, at the Phanar, and play occasionally ran as high as it did in the Ridotti of Venice. In the early part of the last century, French fashions prevailed to a considerable extent, and some of the great ladies of the Phanar shocked their more orthodox sisters—of a less exalted social position—by doffing their turbans, and sprinkling powder in their raven tresses; and, shocking to relate, the Rumana, that ancient national dance of the Greeks, supposed to be the identical measure Ariadne trod, was superseded by the minuet and the gavotte.

But the glories of the Phanar have faded like the baseless fabric of a vision, and left no trace behind. Beyond the Patriarch, and the officials in attendance

on him, no Greek of quality now inhabits the Phanar, and its splendour is but one of the thousand traditions which have so much charm for those travellers who, having visited Constantinople, take the trouble to study its former history.

It was owing, possibly, to their own native apathy and incapacity for business of any kind, that the Turks permitted the Phanariotes to occupy their extraordinary position unmolested. They frequently made use of their services. There were very few of these families who had not a representative at the Ottoman Court, known as a *Grammatikos*, or writer, whose duty was to interpret for the Grand Vizir, and for any foreigner who chanced to be granted an interview with that exalted personage, and to translate any documents in foreign languages which might need his attention. Towards the middle of the seventeenth century, under Mohammed IV., a native of Chios, named Panajoti, was *Grammatikos* to the Grand Vizir Köprili Ahmed Pasha. He was a perfect French scholar, a man of vast learning, and of unimpeachable integrity. But, his good qualities notwithstanding, he was the direct cause of certain events, the results of which made themselves felt in our century—I refer to the Crimean War. In his zeal for the orthodox religion, he obtained a firman from the Sultan which placed a portion of the Holy Sepulchre, hitherto belonging to the Latins, in the possession of the Greeks, and hence arose those interminable disputes between the Basilian and the Franciscan monks, which usually culminate in blows, at Easter time, and which, in 1853, had no

little share in bringing about that great war in which Turkey, for the first time in her history, found herself the ally of three Christian Powers. Panajoti died in 1673, and left a gap in the official world of the Sublime Porte which was not easily filled up. The Sultan cast about for a successor, and at last fixed upon a gentleman of the Phanar, also a native of the island of Chios, Alexander Mavrocordato. He also was a man of exceptional ability, who during a long life added no less than fifty volumes on history, diplomacy, medicine, archæology, to the literature of his nation. A great many of the facts mentioned in this chapter are drawn from a collection of letters written by Mavrocordato, which throw extraordinary light upon contemporary history in Turkey, for the writer was mixed up in almost all the political events of his time. His name will be found upon the treaty of peace signed between Turkey and Austria at Carlowitz, and on many other famous documents of the period. Although he never neglected the interests of his own people, he cannot be accused of betraying those of his employers. He was created Supreme Dragoman, or Universal Interpreter to the Porte, an office which, after his death, was invariably granted to some one or another of the great Phanariote families. He was succeeded in this exalted position by his own son, Nicholas Mavrocordato, who, having obtained much influence over the Sultan, was created Hospodar of Moldavia in place of the native prince Rakoviza, and later, on the disgrace and death of Stephen II., he was also made Hospodar of Wallachia. He was never allowed, however, to

leave Constantinople, where he remained, in the full enjoyment of his honorary titles, until his death. His son, Constantine Mavrocordato, inherited his principality, and was permitted to occupy the seat of government. He started for Moldavia with a guard of Janissaries and a numerous suite of Greeks. Thus, at a period when the Greek race was beginning to fret under the Turkish yoke, a handful was permitted to torment a neighbouring nation in the name of the Porte. The Greek Princes of Moldavia were despots of a kind, their sole responsibility being to an absolute and semi-barbarous Government, whose exorbitant taxation was a constant drain on their resources, and on those of their subjects. Yet they proved infinitely superior in every way to the native rulers who had preceded them. They devoted themselves to improving the education of both clergy and laity, and, by extending the study of the Greek language, sowed the seeds which a century later were to bring forth fruit in the shape of Greek Independence.

From 1715 to 1821 the Porte, which had been betrayed in the war against Peter the Great by the native Molda-Wallachian Princes, made a practice of governing those two principalities by Greeks of the Phanar, to the exclusion of the native Boyards. The great-grandson of the first Mavrocordato, Hospodar of Moldavia, was that member of the family who made such a splendid figure in the War of Greek Independence, and who, in due time, became the first Greek Ambassador to the Court of France.

It was impossible for so cultured a society as that

of the Phanar to endure for several generations without turning its attention to the deplorable and besotted state of ignorance into which the entire lower class of the Greek population had sunk. At no period since its separation from Western Christendom had the Greek Church done its duty towards the lower orders. They were permitted to fall into the direst darkness of superstition and ignorance, and although many of the Patriarchs and bishops were extremely learned, the inferior clergy was, and is, in great part, at the present day, so profoundly ignorant as not even to understand or be able to explain the dogmas of the religion it professes. The Phanariotes determined to make an effort to remedy this state of affairs. There was a college attached to the Patriarchal Palace, but this was deemed insufficient, and the instruction imparted was almost purely theological. Towards the close of the seventeenth century the Phanariote Princes clubbed together to establish colleges and schools, not in Constantinople only, but throughout the provinces. Hitherto Greek education had been entirely in the hands of the clergy. The schools on Mount Athos, at Janina, at Athens, in Thessaly, at Smyrna, Corinth, and Corfu were frequented only by young men who were destined for the ecclesiastical career, and all teaching imparted was in ancient Greek, which, as may be well imagined, rendered it absolutely useless for the ordinary purposes of life. "It is impossible," says Cantemir, in his "*History of the Ottoman Empire*," "to conceive anything like the degraded condition into which, at this period, the lower orders

of the Greeks, especially in the Asiatic provinces, had fallen. They were very little above the level of beasts. Even in the larger cities many of the leading merchants could not read or write, and were obliged to keep their accounts by means of notches on a stick, or by pebbles of various colours." Very soon, however, the natural intelligence of the Greek population, stimulated by a well-arranged educational system, developed in a remarkable manner, and towards the middle of the eighteenth century the schools of Constantinople and Janina had become famous, and attracted pupils from all parts of Europe and Asia Minor. The sons of the wealthier Greeks, after finishing their studies, were sent to Europe, especially to Paris and Vienna, to perfect themselves in the learned sciences. The Turkish Government, to its credit it must be admitted, threw little or no impediment in the way of this intellectual development, which indeed received direct encouragement from Sultan Selim III., who, on several occasions, presented prizes to the more successful Greek pupils.

Europe, and especially France, was already beginning to feel the effects of the liberal ideas so skilfully propagated by the philosophers of the eighteenth century, and those young Greek gentlemen who had elected to finish their studies in Paris and Vienna, where, under the Emperor Leopold II., revolutionary ideas were allowed considerable freedom of expression, came back to Turkey burning to free their race from the retrograde rule of the Mohammedans. Throughout the whole of the last half of the century, a sort of

intellectual fever possessed the wealthier Greeks in the Turkish Empire, especially in the Phanar. Libraries containing not only Greek, but also French and German works, were formed in all the principal cities, from Athens to Odessa. So extraordinary was the enthusiasm for learning, that the fair dames of the Phanar did not hesitate to sell their jewels to the ladies of the Seraglio, in order to procure funds wherewith to extend the great educational movement which they considered of such vital importance to their national interests and future independence. In a surprisingly short time the Greeks, who during three or four centuries had not produced more than a dozen men of conspicuous erudition, now became famous throughout Europe for the remarkable number of their literary and scientific writers. From the year 1775 to the close of the eighteenth century Turkey presented the spectacle of a nation in a state of reaction; the Turks themselves were moved by a spirit of reform, emanating from the Sultans Mustaphā II. and Selim III., and the Greeks were stirred to their very depths by the revolutionary undercurrent imported from France and Germany, and fostered by their increasing educational facilities. At Smyrna the educational movement took firm hold of the Greek population. Here a number of Roman Catholic missionaries, who spoke modern Greek fluently, volunteered to assist the schismatic clergy in the education of the Greek children of the city. At Naxos, at Athens, at Janina, the same thing occurred.

In 1750 an extraordinary event took place—the

foundation of the city of Sydonia in Asia Minor. A group of wealthy Greeks from Constantinople determined to build a town on the site of the abandoned Turkish city of Evalia. The project was not discountenanced by the Sublime Porte, and a firman for the purpose was granted by the Sultan. The prime mover in this scheme was a poor Greek monk named John Oconomos. He was a native of the village of Evalia, and whilst in a very humble position, had witnessed the sufferings of his fellow-countrymen under the Turkish yoke in this part of Asia Minor. He resolved forthwith to become a priest, a position which would enable him to assist his fellows, and then he made a tour of the entire Empire, collecting funds with which to build a purely Greek city, in the midst of perhaps the most hostile population in the whole of Asia Minor. None were to inhabit it but Christians. In a few years a handsome town was built, with broad streets, good houses, churches, colleges, and flourishing manufactures. Although from time to time the neighbouring Pashas and local fanatics menaced the security of the new colony, the Porte itself was entirely in its favour, and the little town flourished, and soon became a city whose fame spread rapidly over Europe. Its prosperity was mainly due to a Greek banker named Petraki, who had great credit at the Seraglio, and who most generously seconded the enterprise of Oconomos. The fact that an independent Greek city of this sort could be successfully established, undoubtedly inspired the Greeks with confidence in their own ability and enterprise, and

encouraged them to later and more far-reaching efforts to achieve their freedom.

As in the case of the present Armenian crisis, the movement for Greek emancipation commenced precisely in the same manner, by the creation of the educational facilities of the masses throughout the country. And if we follow the two subjects together, step by step, the analogy between the two insurrections grows more and more conspicuous.

It was not, however, at the Phanar, but at Salonica that the spark, which was eventually to cause so great a conflagration, was fired. The victories of Peter the Great had suggested, to a small group of patriots in this city, the idea that the Russian Napoleon might possibly be their heaven-born deliverer. Three of their number started for St. Petersburg, and placed before the enterprising Czar a scheme which undoubtedly flattered his ambition, and in a sense met with his entire approbation; but he very rightly judged that the time was not yet ripe for him to wrench the Byzantine Empire from the Turks, and thus build himself up an Oriental Power as mighty as that which Charlemagne had created in the West. Peter, whose genius had a very practical side, foresaw that it was impossible for him to carry out so colossal a project in his own lifetime, but he resolved to prepare the way for his successors. For this purpose he availed himself of the fact that although the Russian Church did not formally sever its connection with the See of Rome until the beginning of the thirteenth century, it was nevertheless identical, in every par-

ticular of dogma and ritual, with that of Constantinople, upon which, indeed, it had been modelled early in the ninth century. The liturgies are indeed said, in the Russian Church, in the Slavonic language, whereas in the Church of the Phanar ancient Greek is used; still, the Emperor conceived it possible for a union to be gradually effected between the two Churches. A number of Greek missionaries were therefore sent into the Turkish Empire, not with the view of converting the Greeks to the Russian faith, but to win their favour and persuade them of the veneration in which their ancient Church was held at Moscow. They brought with them magnificent presents from almost all the monasteries, gorgeous crowns for the images of the Virgin and saints, illuminated choir books and splendid vestments, such as the Greek Church had not known for centuries. Cargoes of Orthodox catechisms were also introduced into the country, all of which contained some allusion to the possibility of a future alliance between the two schisms. The Greek clergy and monks were delighted with these marks of Imperial favour, and so high indeed did their enthusiasm rise, that according to Villemain, they ended by canonising Czar Peter in his lifetime, and placing him amongst their saints. Prayers not for, but *to*, the Muscovite Emperor were said in some of their churches, especially at Mount Athos, which was already beginning to be peopled by Russian monks.

In 1720 Peter the Great concluded a treaty with the Porte in which for the first time Russia placed

herself on a footing with the great Catholic Powers, and obtained from the Turkish Government the same privileges for her pilgrims to the Holy Land as had already been accorded to those of the Latin and Greek Churches. This concession was afterwards incorporated in the eleventh article of the Treaty of Belgrade, signed in 1739, which also contains a rather loosely-constructed clause of almost ambiguous wording, but of vast importance, inasmuch as, read by the light of subsequent events, it was evidently intended to convey to the Turkish Government the fact that henceforth Russia assumed the protectorate of the Sultan's Orthodox subjects. The pretensions of the Czars to be considered the divinely appointed successors of Constantine the Great were now more gravely insisted upon than ever. Everything was done to allure the Greeks. Their merchant princes were received at St. Petersburg with open arms, and loaded with honours and presents; young Greeks were afforded every inducement to enter the Russian army; and tons of pamphlets were distributed in every Turkish city by the Czar's emissaries, where the Greek population was sufficiently important to make it worth while to keep the agitation against the Turks simmering. Fortune, however, did not second the projects of Czar Peter. Defeated on the banks of the Pruth, he was obliged to return to his capital without having effected anything of much importance either for himself or for the Greeks. He bequeathed, however, to the Imperial family a traditional policy anent the Greeks in Turkey, which none of his successors have neglected.

Under the reign of the Empress Anne, for instance (1736-41), Marshal Munich sent into the Æpyrus, and into the mountains of Thessaly, hundreds of Russian agents well-equipped with money and arms, and, moreover, supplied with proclamations of a highly inflammatory nature, which were secretly read to the Klephts, a sort of armed brigands, who in those days herded in the mountainous recesses of Æpyrus and Thessaly, and who, like the Kurds of our own time, had been organised by the Turks into an armed corps, destined to protect the towns and villages of their provinces against the incursions of the Islāmic Albanians. They held a traditional belief that they were descended from the ancient Greeks, and had entertained ill-defined ideas of freedom and independence which exactly suited the aims of Russia, and were forthwith utilised the better to keep up a state of effervescence, which occasionally alarmed the otherwise indifferent and indolent Turks. But the Sultan and the Sublime Porte remained inactive, biding their time.

The Empress Elizabeth (1742-62) continued the aggressive intrigues of her predecessor, and sent an army of secret emissaries into Rumelia, Anatolia, and Thessaly, and even to Constantinople itself, where at least one of them was caught, tortured, and incarcerated in the Seven Towers. Thus the Greek insurrection was fermented from without, precisely as in our own time the Armenian has been, and possibly by agents of the same nationality.

Even as early as the beginning of the last century,

the Greeks in the Turkish Empire were so well prepared to rebel at any moment, that John Chandler, an English traveller in Turkey at this period, tells us that wherever he went he found them fully convinced that "the Russians were destined by Heaven to be their early deliverers."

When Catherine II. ascended the throne, an opportunity presented itself to fire the mine which had been so long in preparation. The "Russian Messalina" selected Alexis Orloff, as is common fame, from among the lowest ranks of her army, to be not only her lover, but her partner in glory. Orloff, therefore, soon became worthy of the attention of so intriguing a people as the Greeks, and, presently, wherever the gigantic lover of Catherine went, there was sure to be seen in his company a certain very small Greek gentleman named Papapuolo. Orloff was an intelligent though ignorant man, but blessed with an ardent imagination. Papapuolo, on the other hand, was not only accomplished but learned. His duty it was to fire in the favourite of the Empress a keen desire to deliver from Mohammedan yoke those Christian members of an Orthodox Church, whose ancestors have left the most glorious of records in the annals of Art and Letters. When the project was propounded to her by Orloff, Catherine, who dabbled in literature and philosophy, expressed herself delighted with a scheme which she foresaw might earn for her immortal fame as, to use the high-sounding language of the period, "the champion of the Muses, the beneficent fairy who was to trample like a she-Perseus the Turkish dragon

beneath her feet, and unchain the captive Andromeda, otherwise Greece."

Sonnets to this effect were composed in Greek, and translated into French by Papapuolo and his friends, and dedicated to the vain Catherine, who, flattered therein, determined to defray the expenses of an attempt in favour of her romantic project. On this Papapuolo and a host of his emissaries flew from Russia to Greece, and alighted in the Peloponnesus, which was to be the scene of the first insurrectionary movement. Other agents were also sent to Montenegro, whose bishop had been consecrated at St. Petersburg, and who possessed a portrait of the Empress, which he pretended performed the same healing miracles which were usually attributed only to the icons of the Holy Virgin and saints. Presently a veritable fever for emancipation seized upon all the Greeks along the coasts of the Mediterranean, Marmara, and Black Seas, and even in the more secluded islands of the Archipelago. The agitation did not pass unobserved by the Turkish Government, which, however, made secret preparations and patiently awaited events. Orloff and his two brothers, meanwhile, accompanied by the Russian fleet, proceeded to Venice, always a rendezvous with the Greek merchants of the Levant. Shortly afterwards a number of Greek conspirators arrived at Venice to meet the agents of the Empress, from whom they received presents and sacks full of medals with the effigy of the Tzaritza, which were to be freely distributed among the common Greeks throughout the Levant and Asia Minor. Presently war between

Turkey and Russia was declared, the first engagement taking place on the frontiers of Moldavia ; but fortune was not with the Russians. Seeing her peril, the Empress manned her fleet, which consisted of ill-equipped and crazy old-fashioned galleons. The only purpose this measure served was to rouse the expectation of the Greeks to fever-heat, especially in the Morea, where a formidable insurrection broke out. A portion of the Turkish fleet was pursued into the little Gulf of Tchesmé, and burned, but beyond this the Empress won no laurels, and was compelled to beat an ignominious retreat, without even landing her troops to assist the unfortunate Greeks, whom Russia had almost compelled to rise, and who were now indiscriminately put to the sword by the infuriated Turks. In the Morea alone, 50,000 men, women, and children were massacred, and as there was scarcely anybody left to bury the dead, the pest broke out, which added greatly to the horror of the situation. The new and flourishing city of Sydonia was levelled to the ground, and the entire population slain. Scores of bishops and hundreds of priests, who had blessed the insurrectionary movement, were tortured to death, and the Russian officers and sailors, from the decks of the squadron, as it hurried homeward, although we are told they could see the flames of the burning cities along the coast, were powerless to afford the slightest assistance.

Four years later, on June 12th, 1774, the Treaty of Kutchuk-Kainardji was signed, which guaranteed the Greeks a few privileges, permitting the Russians to

navigate the Black Sea, and to establish Consulates and Vice-Consulates in all the ports of the Turkish Empire. It, moreover, contained a very important clause, whereby the Russian protectorate of the Orthodox Church and Christians in Turkey was formally acknowledged.

Catherine, true to her instincts, after the conquest of the Crimea, devoted herself to a political scheme which has been universally stigmatised as infamous—the dismemberment of Poland. To ensure the triumph of this abominable policy, it was necessary for her to be on the best terms with her sister Empress, Maria Theresa of Austria, the firm ally of Turkey. She consequently turned a cold shoulder on the aspirations of the Greeks, and sardonically advised them to content themselves with the “admirable government” of her quondam enemy, but actual friend, the Sultan. But so far as the Greeks were concerned, both Her Majesty and her ally had calculated without their host. That article in the Treaty of Kutchuk-Kainardji, which permitted Russia to establish Consulates in the Turkish ports, was eventually destined to furnish the enterprising Greeks with a formidable means of continuing their insurrectionary operations, and in an independent manner, too, which neither Catherine nor the Sultan could possibly have foreseen. These Russian Consulates were invariably filled up by Greeks, who, of course, favoured their co-nationalists, and afforded them every commercial advantage. They, moreover, allowed them to build a merchant fleet of their own, so that towards the close of the century

they possessed several hundred large and well-built vessels, sailing under the Russian flag, and equipped by no less than 17,000 well-trained sailors. The existence of this merchant fleet gave great impetus to Greek trade and enterprise, and eventually led to the establishment, in Marseilles, Paris, London, and even America, of numerous Greek merchant princes, whose wealthy descendants are still flourishing.

By the beginning of the century, so many influential Greek houses of business were established in all the great centres of Europe, that there was little difficulty, especially at such an epoch, in erecting revolutionary clubs in Marseilles, Paris, and London, with well-organised ramifications in Turkey itself. Money was not wanting, and the whole civilised world was intoxicated with revolutionary ideas and filled with a burning zeal for emancipation. These associations were secretly encouraged, not only by the Russian, but by the French and our own Governments. The chief centres of operations were Paris, London, and Vienna. The Philo-Greek clubs were known by picturesque, inspiring names: the Friend of Greece, the Philomuse, the Hetairé, the Lovers of Pallas, the Brothers of Plato, and the Myrtle of Athens. The Philomuse included among its many distinguished members no less illustrious a personage than Czar Alexander, who had been induced to enroll himself at the instigation of the celebrated Capo d'Istria, a member of an ancient Greek family from Corfu, and then in the service of the Russian Court.

Would I had space to dwell, even briefly, on the

noble deeds of numerous heroes and martyrs of the great Greek movement for independence; on the work and genius, for instance, of such lofty-minded patriots as Rhigas, the proto-martyr of the Greek cause, Coray, Dukas, Cartagi, Hypsilanti, and Mavrocordato; but the primary object of this book does not permit me to enter upon so fascinating and so interesting a subject.

The enthusiasm throughout Europe during the first quarter of this century, for the Greek cause, can only be likened to that which reigned everywhere, from 1848 to 1870, before the deliverance of Italy from foreign despotism, and her subsequent unification. Even its political adversaries were carried away by the sentiment of the day, and when the greatest English poet of his time lent his genius to the cause, even those who had exiled him as a leper from, perhaps, the most vicious and hypocritical society in Europe, felt their otherwise cold hearts beat the faster as they submitted to the stirring influence of his immortal lines. Who was there so mean of mind and heart that he could not make some sacrifice to infuse life into that Greece,

So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,

or who read of the

Clime of the unforgotten brave,
Whose land, from plain to mountain cave,
Was freedom's home and glory's grave,

and did not long, with the poet, to see resuscitated

Greece once more the home of freedom and the birth-place of newer glories?

Who cared now for the scandals of the bard who, with splendid generosity, had given what, in those days, was considered a prodigious sum, £10,000, to the cause of Greek independence, and who had himself rushed to the breach sword in hand? Only the fact that Missolonghi, which was fated to witness the death-scene of Byron, was destined also to behold the sealing of Greek independence, consoled cultured Europe for the loss of so gifted a son and so splendid a genius. Well is it that his statue in regenerated Athens should stand under the shadow of that semi-divine hill which is crowned by the ruined Parthenon, and in whose cleft nestle the ruins of a theatre which has witnessed the earliest triumphs of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides.

In 1822 the Charter of Greek Independence was promulgated under the presidency of Alexander Mavrocordato. But events had in the meantime occurred in Turkey which are so strikingly analogous to those which have recently taken place in Armenia, that I cannot forbear reverting to them. If the cause of Greece was espoused with enthusiasm in Europe, the fact that so large a number of *rayas* had ventured to rise against the standard of the Prophet in the dominions of his Khaliph, infuriated the Mohammedan population against the Greeks to the point of frenzy, and the well-intentioned Sultan was powerless to check a series of massacres infinitely more horrible than those recent ones at Erzerum and Van. On the 30th March, 1821, the Turkish population sprang

at the throat of the Christians, and a bloody tussle ensued. The Divan was powerless to check the outburst of popular fury. Early in the morning several Phanariotes, known to be connected with the Philo-Hellenic movement—among them being Michel Mano, Theodoros Rhigas, Jan Hyspilanti, and Michel Handjari—after having been solemnly anathematised by the Patriarch for their infidelity to the Sultan, were executed in different parts of Stambul. A Hattî Sherif was next promulgated arming all Mohammedans between the ages of seven and sixty years. The Janissaries, the Dervishes, and other fanatics now rushed into the streets, their hair in disorder, cutlasses in their hands, and, foaming with religious excitement, fired their co-religionists to exterminate the infidels, the enemies of Allah and His Prophet. The houses of the Greeks in Constantinople, Galata, and Pera, in all the villages along the shores of the Bosphorus and Marmara, were pillaged and burnt, and even the Franks had difficulty in escaping from their pursuers, not a few of them being murdered in the streets they tried to cross, in their attempts to seek protection at their Embassies.

On the 22nd April, Easter Day, the Patriarch Gregory, he who a few days before had actually excommunicated his flock for taking up arms against the Turks, was hanged after Mass, outside the doors of his cathedral. The low Jews, acting precisely as they have done within the past few months in Khassim Pasha, joined the Mohammedans against the Christians, dragged the body of the wretched Patriarch through the streets, and finally, to the delight of the mob, hurled it into the sea. By a strange coincidence,

it floated out, was fished up by the captain of a Greek ship, and taken by him to Odessa, where the Russian Government caused it to be buried with the greatest ceremony.

The spirit of massacre and extermination now extended all over the country. The Bishops of Ephesus, Nicomedia, and Adrianople, were put to death. For two months, outrages continued in all directions, and the news of them, when it reached the rest of Europe, produced an infinitely greater commotion than have the recent massacres in Armenia. In those days people were far more sentimental than they are now, and unquestionably these terrible events very materially assisted the eventual emancipation of that part of Greece which has, in our time, been elevated to the rank of a Kingdom, but which has unfortunately not fulfilled the promises which preceded its freedom.

During the last fifty years the Greek population of Turkey seems to have settled down, partly under the protection of Russia and partly under that of Greece, into a contented state of expectant apathy. The Phanariote families have almost entirely disappeared, and such as remain are represented in Galata and Pera by wealthy and highly estimable merchants and bankers, who, however, care more for the speculations of the Bourse than they do for the Iliads of Homer or the Orations of Demosthenes. That the spirit of the good old times is not utterly extinct is proved by the patriotic generosity with which they subscribe for their schools and colleges, and the numerous scientific and literary institutions in that city, which

doubtless, at the bottom of their hearts, they believe will one day exclusively belong to their own race.

Sultan Mahmūd II. behaved with magnanimity after the events above related. He certainly did not instigate or urge on the massacres. They were too much part and parcel of the Turkish system for any Sultan to stay them when once started, unless at the risk of his own head, and without effecting any good. As soon, however, as order was restored, Sultan Mahmūd set to work to reassure his Greek subjects, and so effectually, that, before long, not less than thirty thousand Greeks, encouraged by the Turkish ruler, emigrated from Greece proper into Turkey. Many of these have, during the past seventy years, risen to high positions in the Ottoman Government, and if their dreams of glory have been somewhat dimmed, certainly their material prosperity has not been much interfered with. They are, indeed, much better secured against possible attack than the Armenians.

A kind of tacit alliance between the Orthodox Church of the Phanar, and the Russian Church at Moscow, has been long since established, Moscow invariably sending representatives to the Holy Synod. The members of the Greek Orthodox Church throughout the Turkish Empire are, therefore, generally believed to be under the immediate protection of the Russian Government. The Hellenes, an extremely numerous body, are not, of course, subjects of the Sultan, but under the protection of their own Minister and Consuls. During the recent dreadful events in Asia Minor, the Greeks saved themselves by hanging a Russian flag out of

their windows, and even by placing notices over their shops, to the effect that they were members of the Orthodox Church, and in this sense subjects of the Czar. I have often thought that if the Armenians, who are supposed, in accordance with Article 60 of the Treaty of Berlin, to be under the protection of the British flag, had hung out a Union Jack or so, thousands of them would have been saved by this apparently trivial means. For the Turk has an innate respect for a flag, and will think twice before he attacks a house over which the banner of one of the great Powers is seen to float.

The Greek Church, since its separation from that of Rome, has always recognised the four Patriarchs of Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem as co-equal. But the See of Constantinople, for reasons too numerous to detail, has invariably been acknowledged by the Orthodox throughout the East as supreme in all matters of faith and spiritual discipline.*

The difference between the Greek Church and the Latin is much less great than is usually imagined by those who have not made a study of theology; and, moreover, that difference consists mainly in two points of doctrine, as the omission of the word *Filioque* in the creed and the arrangement of the procession of the Holy Trinity—matters far too august to dwell upon

* *Auctoritas patriarchæ Constantinopolitani maxima est. Eum enim tanquam vere œcumenicum reliqui tres Alexandrinus, Antiochæus et Hierosolymitanus venerantur. Gubernat ecclesiâs Asiæ minoris, insularum Ægei maris, totius Græciæ, Mœisæ superioris et inferioris, Valachiæ, Moldaviæ, Moscoviæ. In his solidam potestatem habet metropolitas, archiepiscopos, et episcopos creandi et deponendi.* (Crusii Turco-Græcia, p. 197.)

here, but the Greek view of which has always been considered heretical by the Western Churches.*

It is often said that the existence of Purgatory is not admitted by the Greeks. This is an error. The Greek Church teaches that there are two hells, one eternal and the other temporary, in which last souls are purged of their sins before they are admitted into Paradise. This is, after all, a mere distinction without a difference. According to that

* It will be remembered that in 1452 the Greek Patriarchate was removed from St. Sophia, which was converted into a mosque, to the Phanar, and that Mohammed granted the Greek Patriarch judicial as well as religious powers over his flock, and to this day he can summon criminals before him and inflict punishments. He has his own police and prisons, and is supreme arbiter in all disputes between Greeks and Greeks. The Council of the Patriarchate of the Phanar is called the Holy Synod—a body consisting of twelve Metropolitans, inclusive of the Patriarchs of Heraclea, Cyzicus, Nicomedia, and Chalcedon. The Synod chooses the new Patriarch, and the Porte grants the Berat, or diploma of investiture. The Patriarch may be tried and condemned by the Synod, but the sanction of the Porte is necessary before he can be legally deposed and punished. His Beatitude is represented at the Porte by the Great Logothete, invariably a layman, and by the Proteclicos, who, with twelve judges, forms a court of minor justice. The other Orthodox Patriarchs, with the exception of those of Alexandria, Jerusalem, and Antioch, though numerous, have only local influence. The Patriarch of Jerusalem lives at the Phanar, and acts as vicar-general to the Supreme Patriarch. The regular clergy of the Orthodox Church follow the rule of St. Basil, although a few houses of the still more ancient Order of St. Anthony of Egypt will be found on the shores of the Red Sea, and on the heights of Lebanon and Sinai. The monks in Athos are Basilian anchorites, or solitaries. At the present time there are, I am assured, on Athos a suspiciously large number of Russian monks, who have previously served in the army. There are religious women of the Greek persuasion (Basilians), but their convents are not numerous.

learned authority, Hefele, "In all other points of doctrine the Latin and Greek Churches are in full agreement. They, however, admit that the marriage tie can be dissolved by adultery." Therefore those occasional flirtations between certain Bishops of the Reform in this and other Protestant countries, and the Patriarchs of Constantinople, must appear to all unprejudiced persons rather equivocal. I have myself, in Constantinople, seen certain ministers of our National Church and of other Protestant communities, paying a homage to the Patriarch of Constantinople which they certainly would not have rendered the Pope of Rome.

There is, however, a great difference between the liturgies and ceremonies of the two great branches of the Christian Church. The Greek Church retains its ancient and elaborate rites, even when united to the Latin. Mass is celebrated in Greek, excepting in churches the congregation of which is either Slav or Roumanian. The liturgy of the Phanar is that of St. John Chrysostom, and this is used all the year round, except at Christmas and in Holy Week, when the liturgy of St. Basil is preferred. The vestments of the Greek priests are extremely magnificent and picturesque, but less so, I think, than those of the Armenians, which are more flowing and graceful. The much disputed colour, blue, is used, in both the Armenian and Greek Church, on festivals of the Virgin and on certain others—the Ascension, for instance—commemorating events in the life of Our Lord. Black vestments are never employed, not even at funerals. I should think that from a purely Protestant point of view the veneration of the Virgin

Mary, of saints, and of relics is carried to a greater excess in the Greek than in the Latin Church.

As regards the moral influence of the Greek Church in the East, I have been assured on the highest authority that, notwithstanding recent reforms, it is lamentably low. The effects of the terrible ignorance in which the lower class Greeks were plunged for many centuries have not yet been eradicated. The priests, too, in the country districts are ill-educated, dirty in their habits, and not always apt to set their flocks a good example. In a word, the Greek Church, like the Russian, has been recently and appropriately described by a celebrated French writer, as "the mummy of a faith, hidden away among the folds of its gorgeous embroideries."

The lower orders of Greeks are still profoundly ignorant and superstitious, and their religion does not seem in any way to affect their morals. I was informed, in Constantinople, that hundreds of women of notorious life make themselves dangerously ill by strictly observing the very numerous and rigid fasts of their religion—a practice which, however, does not in the slightest degree influence their peculiar method of earning their livelihood.

The vast majority of the Faithful are so ignorant of the doctrines of their Church that they could not consecutively relate to you the principal events in the life of Our Lord, which they usually pick up from a study of the icons or pictures hung up in the narthex of their churches, and which are usually mixed up with representations of an apocryphal character, sometimes of the most absurd kind.

Every church has its miracle-working image and its miraculous pool of water. All day long you will see streams of people kissing the images, and even the ground in front of them, and lighting tapers in their honour. Sermons are very rarely preached, and there is nothing to correspond with the missionary work of the Churches of Rome and England. As to the Bible, it is a completely closed book. Within the last fifteen years a distinct movement in the right direction has been made. The discipline and teaching in the seminaries, in all the larger cities, has been overhauled, and much is expected of the rising generation of clergy.

A number of young Greek priests used formerly to be sent to Leipzig to finish their studies, but as, on their return, they usually manifested what we should term the very "broadest" views, it has been deemed advisable to keep them at home.

If superstition is rampant among the lower orders of Greeks in Turkey at the present moment, scepticism is fast honeycombing the faith of the more educated. Unfortunately modern Greece has produced no literature worthy of the name; consequently the better educated Greeks, who generally speak three or four languages, are great readers of the worst class of French and German books, and soon become utter disbelievers. The nation is, however, fanatically attached to its religion, which in a certain sense is something more than a belief—a nationality, and they would sooner die than give it up. Neither the Roman Catholic nor the Protestant missionaries make the slightest headway among the Greeks; indeed, their hatred of the

Catholics, as Catholics, is intense and hereditary, and dates from the Middle Ages, being the result of the jealousy and detestation in which the Greeks have always held the Latins since the time of Constantine.

The bishops are always chosen from the Black, or regular clergy, and are of course celibates. The parish priests are allowed to marry once, but never twice, and a third marriage is considered incestuous in any walk of life.

The Greek Churches in union with Rome include the Ruthenian, which uses the Greek liturgy in a Slavonic version, the Greek Catholics of Italy, and the Catholics of the Græco-Roumaic rite in Hungary. The Greek population of Italy consists of about 200,000 souls, mostly descendants of Greek emigrants who flocked in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries to Venice, Leghorn, Rome, Naples, and Palermo, for commercial purposes. Severed, by circumstances beyond their control, from the Church of the Phanar, they obtained from the Pope the right to use their own liturgy, but were placed under the authority of Latin bishops. There are three great Greek seminaries in Italy—at Rome, Naples, and Palermo. The secular priests of this Church are allowed to marry. Signor Crispi, the ex-Prime Minister of Italy, is the son of a Greek priest, a native of Palermo.

The Græco-Roumaic Church is the result of a migration of a number of Greek schismatics into Hungary and Sienbenbürgen in the thirteenth century. These, through the efforts of the Jesuits, submitted to Rome in 1690. They number about 900,000, retain their liturgy, and are under the spiritual guidance of

the Archbishop of Fogras. Their priests are allowed to marry.

The Ruthenian Catholics, who use the Greek liturgy translated into the old Slavonic, are principally found in Russian Poland, in parts of Hungary, Galicia, and in Russia proper, in the neighbourhood of Kiev, whence this reunion with Rome originated early in the seventeenth century.

There is, in Turkey itself, another branch of the uniate Greek Church, which, in the beginning of the century, was much more important than it is at present. It owes its existence to the zeal of the Jesuits in the seventeenth century, and to the influence of Metchitar, whose missionary work in the East is related at considerable length in the chapter on the "Armenians." The liturgy is exactly the same as the Orthodox.

The Orthodox Church of the Phanar has not maintained its unity, as is usually believed, since it separated from Rome. In the fourteenth century, under Stephen II., King of Servia, the Servian Church separated and elected Joanitius I., Archbishop of Scopia, as supreme Patriarch, much to the indignation of the Holy Synod of the Phanar, which immediately thundered an excommunication against the Servians. This was not recalled until 1376, when Philopius, Patriarch of Constantinople, formally recognised the independence of the Servian Church. In 1776, a portion of Servia was absorbed by Austria, and Servian Orthodoxy was split into two distinct divisions, one Austrian and the other National. Since 1870, the Servian Church sends a delegate to the Synod at Constantinople, rather as a mark of respect, than of submission.

The Russian Church was, probably, never at any time under the spiritual supremacy of the Phanar, although Christianity passed from Constantinople to Russia, in the early part of the ninth century. According to Constantine Porphyrogenitus, a mission was sent, in 869, from Constantinople to Kiev, when Ignatius was Patriarch, and as he certainly acknowledged the supremacy of Peter, the first Russian Christians must have been in union with Rome. During the thirteenth century, however, the Russians formally declared the independence of their Church. There was a time when Peter the Great vacillated between electing himself supreme head of the Church, or placing the entire ecclesiastical affairs of his Empire in the hands of the Pope. He ended by arrogating to himself and his successors supremacy in the spiritual, as well as in the temporal, affairs of his people. I have already mentioned this fact.

It is true that the Russians, in order to retain political influence in Turkey, accepted the protectorate of the Orthodox subjects of the Sultan; but this did not involve a recognition on the part of the Patriarch of the Phanar of the superior claims of Moscow, and Moscow does not acknowledge any spiritual superiority in the person of the Phanariote Patriarch. The Russian Church is now always represented at the Holy Synod, and the Russian as well as the Greek Ambassadors always appear in state at all the great religious functions in the Patriarchal Church of the Phanar. Whenever the interests of either the Russians or the Greeks render a division between friends desirable, the true significance of this platonic friend-

ship will be seen. It is simply an unwritten treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, which can be brokered at any moment.

The Greeks have many processions, especially at Eastertide, when the Patriarch gives a public benediction at the top of the Grande Rue de Pera. Another very curious custom—the blessing of the Bosphorus—takes place in the early spring. A ring is thrown into the current, and notwithstanding the piercing cold, a number of naked youths dive for it. One of them generally manages to bring it to the surface, and is liberally rewarded for his pains.

The Greek funerals are among the most gruesome sights in Constantinople. The corpse, in all its former finery, is exposed on a bier, the cheeks being frequently painted to give a more lifelike appearance. When a Patriarch dies the body of his late Holiness, seated on a throne, is borne through the streets, much as the effigies of Guy Fawkes used to be carried a few years ago. No more weird sight can be imagined. The trembling corpse, in its glittering robes; the right hand tied up in the attitude of benediction; the cheeks coloured a vivid red; the ears and nostrils full of cotton-wool, impregnated with some chemical compound to arrest decomposition. On the occasion of the death of the late Patriarch, when the body was borne into the cathedral and placed by the altar, the odour emitted by his extinct Beatitude proved too much for the olfactory nerves of the Russian Ambassador, whose place was close beside the corpse—he fainted, and had to be carried out.

This habit of exposing the body is said to be derived from a very singular incident. Some hundred years ago the Greeks were suspected of a conspiracy to rebel against the Sultan. So great a number of them elected to die on the same day that the Government "smelt a rat." One or two of the numerous coffins, which were being carried to the cemetery with the usual pomp of the Orthodox Church, were forcibly opened, and found to be packed with arms. Ever since that day the Greeks have been forced to bury their dead with the face and hands uncovered. The present Sultan is reported, indeed, to have done all in his power to induce his Greek subjects to bury themselves respectably, in the ordinary fashion; but habit is strong, and hitherto his efforts have been unavailing. Another curious Greek ceremony is performed, on the last day of the Carnival, in the Church of Talatava. The crowd of masqueraders, most of them of the very lowest order, and in the tawdriest finery, press into the church to drink a spoonful of holy water, which sacred cordial will, they believe, bring them good luck throughout the year. In 1894, while this ceremony was in progress, and the square in front of the church was crammed with pierrots, dominos, columbines, Italian brigands, etc., the funeral procession of a young girl passed out of the church—the priests surrounding the open bier, on which lay the corpse, robed in a white satin dress with a wreath of orange flowers, and what looked like a bridal veil, cast over the hair.

It was a weird and impressive moment. The quips and gibes dropped into silence, and the merry-

makers, suddenly sobered, doffed their masks, and did homage to the majesty of Death, as the piteous *cortège* passed through their midst.

A question of far greater moment, since it bears directly upon that subdivision of the Eastern question known as the Macedonian, is the animosity which has now existed for nearly two hundred years, between the Greeks and Bulgarians. In the first half of the last century, the Greeks, at the instigation of the Turkish Government, undertook to Hellenise Bulgaria, whose Church, notwithstanding that it recognised the supremacy of the Phanar, held fast by the old Slavonic rite. Greek bishops, at the instigation of Russia, were everywhere appointed to replace those of Bulgarian birth, and a strong effort was made to change the Slavonic language in the liturgy, for the Greek. The Greek bishops and priests, in their zeal for proselytisation, committed some dreadful acts of vandalism : they burnt all the manuscripts and books in the libraries connected with their Sees, which treated of Bulgarian history, political or theological ; they caused hundreds of recalcitrant Bulgarian priests to be imprisoned ; and, in a word, soon made themselves so thoroughly detested, that the antipathy against them has never been effaced. So great was the wrath of the Bulgarians against the Greeks, that proposals were entered into for the readmission of the entire Bulgarian community into the fold of Rome, but this scheme, owing to Russian and Greek intrigue, was not successful. In 1821, when M. de Bouré was French Ambassador at Constantinople, another attempt at reunion with Rome

was made, and some 14,000 Bulgarians submitted to the See of Peter on the usual conditions, retaining their own liturgy. Russia, fearing that should Bulgaria ever become Roman Catholic, her influence in that country would be entirely destroyed, menaced the Turkish Government, and contrived to put a stop to any further attempt at Romish propaganda.

In 1878, when Bulgaria was emancipated from Turkish misrule, the newly created Government of Sofia remained oscillating between Russia and Austria, undecided which to choose as an ally. In course of time, notwithstanding the fact that they owed their liberty to Russian arms, a hatred of Russia and of things Russian possessed the Bulgarian people. It was actually proposed that, in order to ensure their complete independence, the Bulgarians should either pass over to Rome in a body, or create a National Church of their own. In the early eighties another step Romeward was taken, of which the present Pope did not neglect to avail himself. His Holiness immediately revived the office proper to the SS. Cyril and Methodius, the patrons of the Slavs, and a Slav pilgrimage to Rome was organised, to venerate the relics of those saints, which are preserved in the Church of the Holy Apostles. This pilgrimage was fairly successful, and considerable enthusiasm was manifested for the reunion of the two Churches. At this time Mgr. Rotelli, Papal Internuncio at Constantinople, was working hard in the cause which the Pope had so much at heart, and a great deal of correspondence ensued between the Pope, the Propa-

ganda, the Emperor of Austria, and himself. Suddenly, however, Francis Joseph threw cold water on a scheme which he had at first encouraged. He was persuaded that the reception of a large proportion of the Bulgarian people into the Latin Church would offend the Court of Russia, and possibly lead to political complications of a very serious nature.

Meanwhile a schism declared itself between the Bulgarians and the Orthodox Greeks of Constantinople. The Bulgarians elected an independent Exarch, who received the Sultan's orders, as Suzerain of Bulgaria, to take up his residence in Constantinople. The Bulgarians, who had hitherto frequented the Greek churches in Constantinople, now ceased to do so, and placed themselves entirely under the spiritual direction of their Exarch, Mgr. Joseph. So great was the exasperation of the Greeks at this rebellious act on the part of the Bulgarians, that the matter, when I was in Constantinople in 1894, suddenly became acute. The Bulgarian Exarch wished to purchase a palace in Pera, built by the late Italian Ambassador, Baron Blanc, and situated close to the German Embassy. The Greeks and their Patriarch, who objected to the Bulgarian Exarch residing in Pera, where they thought he would come into undesirably close contact with the various Embassies, and also with the Papal Nuncio, would not hear of it, and an intrigue was set on foot, which resulted in such serious complications that the Sultan, the better to pacify all parties, presented the Exarch with a piece of land beyond Pera close to the Bosphorus. The Greeks insisted that if the Bulgarians

chose to separate from them, their bishops and priests should have a distinctive costume. The Bulgarians retorted, through their Exarch, that they had not separated of their own accord, but that the Greeks had driven them to do so by their overbearing conduct. Since, however, the Bulgarians have not as yet formally acknowledged either the supremacy of Moscow or of the Phanar, their Church must be described as purely National, and not as Orthodox in the usual acceptance of the word.

The Bulgarians and their Church will probably take a very prominent part in the forthcoming Macedonian troubles, which have lately been cropping up in a most disquieting manner. Greece has long coveted Macedonia, which is brimful of traditions of the classical period of her history, but which is inhabited by a much larger proportion of Bulgarians than of Greeks. About two years ago, after many difficulties, the Sultan, as Suzerain of Bulgaria, was induced to authorise Mgr. Joseph, the Bulgarian Exarch, to consecrate fourteen Bulgarian bishops for the province of Macedonia. This simple act frenzied the Greeks—who rioted in the Macedonian towns—for hitherto the Sees which the Bulgarians coveted had been occupied exclusively by prelates of the Orthodox Church of the Phanar, and the consecration of a double series of bishops practising the same rites was, in the eyes of the Greeks, not only sacrilegious, but likely to give rise to much confusion. The Bulgarians wished to establish independent schools of their own, in which their language, instead of the Greek, should

be taught, and religious instruction be given by Bulgarian priests only. This matter of the Bulgarian schools in Macedonia is one of the leading features of the discontent which is manifested in that province, the Bulgarians alleging that the Turks favour the Greeks, and put every possible impediment in their way. On the other hand, the Greeks strongly object, as I have said, to the Bulgarian clergy wearing costumes identical with their own. They allege that these ecclesiastics intrigue against them, and try to obtain an overwhelming influence in the province, which will eventually prove disastrous to Greek designs on Macedonia.

Another interesting feature connected with the history of Christianity in Bulgaria is its association with one of the most curious and influential heresies, the Paulinians, which Gibbon described in his "Decline and Fall" as "having scattered over the West the seeds of the Reformation." The Paulinians, who were expelled from Constantinople at a very early date, settled themselves for a time in Bulgaria, where they made a great many converts. They rejected all sacraments, the intercession of saints, belief in miracles and purgatory, they abhorred images, and declined to believe the Blessed Virgin the Mother of God. So far, so good; but they also believe that a man's soul is of God, and his body of the devil, whereby his efforts to be virtuous are invariably hampered by his unfortunate physical condition. He was the tool of the two powers of good and evil, and had no will of his own. They rejected the Old Testament, and believed that

Jesus Christ brought His body down from heaven. They derived the name of Paulinians from their founder, Paul, who established a society near Samosata early in the third century. Persecuted in Asia Minor, the Paulinians passed into Bulgaria, whence they were driven, in the twelfth century, through Suabia, into the South of France. Here they undoubtedly mingled with the Albigensians, and possibly influenced them. In less than fifty years after their settlement in the south, they disappear, being in all probability absorbed in the newly-rising sects of Ante-Reformation Protestants. No trace of them, so far as I have been able to discover, now exists in Bulgaria.

As is often the case when there are many evils to redress, fresh trouble has broken out in the Turkish Empire within the past few months, and in a quarter where a year ago it would have been least expected. Then the public mind was absorbed by the Armenian question; but now the eyes of the civilised world are directed almost exclusively toward the Island of Crete, where, for many years past, the Turkish system of misgovernment has made itself only too unpleasantly conspicuous. It would show but a very ephemeral knowledge of contemporary Oriental politics to assert that the hand of Russia is not visible in the recent Cretan outbreak, or that the Athenian revolutionary committees have not been active in propagating among the Cretan population, perhaps, under the circumstances, an excessive desire to free themselves from the Mohammedan yoke. Be this as it may, the Cretan question is but a repetition of every

other event of the sort which has taken place since the Turks first asserted their presence in Europe. Every province they have lost has been wrenched from them in precisely the same manner. Misgovernment, illegal taxation, and tyrannical vexations of the most petty description have, at length, roused the spirit of the conquered to the point of exasperation. Then massacres have ensued, and finally foreign intervention. These pages will not be long before the public ere still greater events shall transpire in the Eastern portion of Europe. When the snow is melted in Macedonia, then will come the tug of war, and we shall see the sequence of that curious event which took place last year, when little baby Boris, much against the will of his parents, and to the absolute indifference of the Bulgarian people, was baptized into the Orthodox Church. Certainly Russia will not allow the Greeks to possess themselves of Macedonia, and it was only on the condition that the heir to their throne seceded from the Roman Catholic Church that the Czar lent his countenance to the scheme so dear to the Bulgarians of eventually occupying Macedonia, where their countrymen, as I have already pointed out, are in a considerable majority over the Greeks. If the remnant of the erstwhile colossal Turkish Empire in Europe is to be speedily divided up, I think it is safe to predict that Crete and Thessaly will be restored to Greece, and that Macedonia will pass under Bulgarian rule, but only on the condition that the latter consents to deliver herself up bound hand and foot to the Russian Autocrat.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ARMENIANS.

BETWEEN the Black Sea and the Caspian a vast high table-land stretches, dominated by Mount Ararat, which rises in its centre, and hemmed in by Mingrélia, Imerethi, Guria, Georgia, Chirvan, Ghilan, Aderbaidjan, and Kurdistan. It is scarred in all directions by mountain ranges—northwards by the Caucasus, southwards by the radiating spurs of the Taurus. Yet another smaller tract, annexed by former conquest to the larger territory, trends away from the shores of the Euxine and follows the Euphrates as far as Diarbekir. These two countries, some 420 geographical miles in width, and 900 in length, watered by the Tigris and Euphrates and their tributary streams, are still known as Greater and Lesser Armenia.

Here, in the district of Aram—so called, as some hold, after one of the sons of the Patriarch Shem—tradition has placed the cradle of the human race. The more learned Armenian historians call these regions Haigsdan—from Haig, the great-grandson of Japhet, who here sought refuge from Babylonian persecution, twenty-two centuries before Christ (2107

B.C.). The word Armenia is, however, according to some respectable authorities, derived from Aram, sixth successor of Haig, and a contemporary of Ninus.*

Cities renowned in dim antiquity were plentifully sprinkled over the two divisions of Armenia. Garin, sometime called Theodosopolis, and, more recently, by the name it still bears, Erzerum; Ani—celebrated in olden times for its Titanic buildings, now lying in ruin; Vagarchavad, of which the only vestiges remaining are the church and monasteries of Etchmiadzin; Ardachad, or Akhaljian, the ancient capital of the country; Tovin, or Dovin, many times destroyed and rebuilt; Van, founded, according to local tradition, by Semiramis; Edessa, once celebrated for its schools; Nisibé, the capital of the first Assacides; Erivan, famous for its majestic walls, parts of which are even now standing.

Before it fell a successive prey to Persians, Turks, and Russians, Armenia formed a kingdom in itself, which endured—from its foundation by Haig until the close of the fourteenth century—under four distinct dynasties; the Haician, the Archagourian, or Assacidian, the Pacradunian, or Pagratidian, and finally the Rupenian. None of these dynasties were regular in their succession. Thus the first three were parted from each other by several centuries, during which the country was the victim of its barbarian neighbours, and saw its princes murdered or imprisoned, and their thrones usurped by strangers, who drained the land of its resources.

* Strabon derives the name from Armenus, one of the Argonauts.

Much of the earlier history of Armenia may be graven in the as yet undeciphered cuneiform inscriptions of Van and of other venerable cities, the ruins of which still exist, though many, as in the case of the majority of ruins in Asia Minor, are mere mounds, whose thick earth mantle carefully guards its hidden secret until some favoured explorer shall earn the privilege of bringing it to light.

The religion of the primitive Armenians was probably a mixture of various Oriental forms of paganism—a blending of Sabeism, borrowed from the Chaldeans, of Magianism, from the Persians, and of Hellenic Pantheism, from the Greeks. This theory will, in a measure, account for the fact that ruins of temples dedicated to Jupiter, Venus, and Hercules are still to be found side by side with others sacred to the mystic rites of Mithra.* Zoroaster, too, was not without his influence on the religious rites and ceremonies of the Armenians. We may conclude the pre-Christian cultus of this people to have been an extraordinary mixture of ancient religions and superstitions, strongly influenced by that love of magic which still characterises the lower order of Armenians, reputed the subtlest palmists and fortune-tellers in the world, surpassing the gipsies, even, in their skill in occult science. Even at the present day, traces of the worship of Mithra subsist, in the peculiar form of head-dress worn by the Armenian priests of both rites—a small round conical cap, from which depends

* A subterranean temple to Mithra is still to be seen under the Church of San Clemente, in Rome.

a long veil, bearing a striking resemblance to the tiara of the Magi.

At the coming of Christ, Armenia was governed by several petty princes, of whom Abgarus,* King of Edessa, was the most conspicuous. A very ancient legend tells us that this sovereign, having heard of the appearance in Palestine of a great Prophet and Preacher, called Jesus of Nazareth, sent an artist named Ananias to paint His portrait. Our Lord, moved by compassion, permitted the youth to attempt a sketch of the Divine Countenance; but all his skill was useless—not a single feature could he trace correctly. Seeing the boy's distress, Our Saviour consoled him with gentle looks and words, and passing His hand across the canvas, left upon it that mysterious likeness which is still preserved in the Church of San Bartolomeo, at Genoa, whither it was carried from Constantinople some time in the fourteenth century. It is not so very improbable—not more so than in the case of other traditional miracles—that some incident, in which the story has its origin, may have drawn the early Apostles' attention to Armenia, for the oldest traditions declare that Thaddeus and Bartholomew appeared in that country not later than three years after the Crucifixion, converted Abgarus himself, and many of his courtiers, and baptized hundreds of persons eager to know the Gospel.†

* Abgarus, Tiridates, and Constantine are commemorated daily in the Mass.

† During a recent visit to Genoa, I was granted the privilege of seeing the famous *Santo Sudario*, or miraculous portrait of Christ,

Two centuries later some Syrian priests preached Christianity in various parts of Armenia, and began to build churches and monasteries; but the undoubted Apostle of the nation was St. Gregory, known as the Illuminator (*Lusavoritch*), descended from the illustrious house of the Persian *Assacides*. He converted King *Tiridates*, and conferred the patriarchal primacy on the See of *Etchmiadzin*. After thirty years spent in preaching, and in organising the Armenian Church, Gregory retired to a hermitage, and there died, at the age of eighty, A.D. 312.

in the Church of San Bartolomeo degli Armeni. The "Divine Countenance" is singularly majestic. The nose is straight, the forehead broad, the eyes dark and full of expression, the hair black and parted in the centre, the beard pointed, the moustache slightly drooping. The whole colouring is dark, well painted in the Byzantine style, and, considering the antiquity of the picture—it can be authoritatively traced through sixteen centuries—it is strangely well preserved. Setting aside the legend of its reputed supernatural origin, we know that in the eighth century it was among the relics in *Sancta Sophia*, and that it was then said to have been brought from *Edessa*, though how it got to Constantinople does not transpire. It is said that after the picture was brought by the artist from Jerusalem to *Edessa*, it was hidden for nearly four centuries, "because the Christian faith had declined." It is next heard of in 545, in Justinian's reign, by which time the inhabitants of *Edessa* were all Christians. The city was besieged by the Persians, and the bishop having implored divine aid, was inspired by a dream to discover the long-lost icon. He sought and found it, carried it up to the walls of the beleaguered town, and the Persian army forthwith took to flight. In 639 we have a distinct mention of the picture, when the matter of its authenticity was vouched for by Deacon *Leo* in the presence of 350 bishops, assembled at the Seventh General Council of *Edessa*. "When I left Syria," said he, "I went to *Edessa*, and there I saw the sacred portrait of Christ, not painted by hand of

The immediate results of the introduction of Christianity into Armenia were exceedingly beneficial. Schools and colleges were soon established, and presently yielded a rich harvest of men, distinguished alike for their learning and their sanctity: among them Mesrob, who invented the Armenian alphabet; St. James of Nisbe; the historian Phaustus of Byzantium; St. Izaak the Great, who with St. Mesrob first translated the Septuagint into the Armenian language; Moses of Khoren, the father of Armenian history; and the philosophical Patriarch Kiud, who was a disciple of Mesrob. This great intellectual movement lasted less than a century, when it was stifled by the Eutychian, or

man, which the faithful venerated in that city." The image was brought to Constantinople in the tenth century by Constantine VII. A magnificent procession went out to meet it, and it was solemnly placed on an altar in the Church of the Blachernæ. There it was venerated for some years; but it was finally taken to Sancta Sophia, where it remained until 1384, when it was presented by the Emperor to Montaldo, a Genoese knight who had rendered great service to the Byzantines, who brought it to Genoa, where it was ultimately enshrined in the Church of San Bartolomeo, where it still remains. This church and monastery was built by the pious Genoese to shelter some Basilian monks who had fled, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, from a persecution in Armenia. Their written account of that massacre, which seems to have taken place somewhere in the neighbourhood of Van, is still extant, and contains evidences of horrors equal to any which have been perpetrated within the last two years, and much the same in character. The fugitive friars first took shelter at Constantinople. They were kindly received, and furnished with money to take them to Genoa, where they evidently intended to build a convent and a school for the better education of the Armenians of the Latin rite. These Basilians retained possession of the church and monastery and of the famous relic until the dispersal of the monastic Orders at the end of the last century.

Monophysite controversy, which eventually brought about a schism between the Armenian and the Latin and Greek Churches.

From the fifth to the tenth century, Armenia was cut up into a number of principalities, squabbling and fighting among themselves. So enfeebled did the country become, that it soon fell a prey to the hordes of Kurds and Circassians on its borders, who have never ceased to be a standing menace, against which only the strength of unity and superior civilisation can hope to stand.

At the beginning of the tenth century, Kars, a small kingdom, the last to bear the proud name of Armenia, was founded in the north of the country. The city of Ani became the capital of this state, and for a time it flourished, producing some men of considerable eminence, but this prosperity was very transitory. The first years of the following century saw the Mongols pour down "like locusts" on the Armenian plateau and desolate it. The Princes of the Royal houses contrived, however, to escape to their impregnable castles, in the fastnesses of their mountains, and there entrenched, they continued to bear the empty title of Melik, or King. In this general dispersal, several of the Armenian Princes contrived to reach Cilecia, where they established a small kingdom, which managed to maintain its autonomy, though surrounded by the hostile Greeks and Latins of Iconium. When, however, the Crusaders first appeared in Asia Minor, the Kings of Tarsus, unluckily for themselves, conceived it politic to make

alliance with them. They fought gloriously under the banner of the Princes of Antioch, but they lost Tarsus, and even failed to secure the gratitude of their allies. Finding themselves between two fires—the Turks and the Latins—persuaded that the Latins would be eventually and permanently victorious, the Armenians placed Lusignan, King of Cyprus, upon the throne left vacant by the murder of their last legitimate sovereign. The Lusignan dynasty did not endure for long, and all the chivalry of the Knights of Rhodes, who, when Tarsus was attacked by the Mohammedans, flew to its rescue, failed to dislodge the victorious standard of the Prophet from the walls of the doomed city. Leo VI., last King of the Lusignan line, was first carried captive to Jerusalem, and thence sent to Paris, where he died, in 1393, and was buried in the Church of the Celestins.* This Prince left descendants, who have frequently and clamorously asserted their rights to the Armenian crown. The last well-authenticated claimant, Guy de Lusignan, died miserably in a Parisian cellar in 1795. Another pretender died at Milan, and in extreme poverty, early in this century. There is good reason to believe that there was more truth than appeared on the surface in the pretensions of a certain Armenian family named Khorian, which created a considerable stir some ten years ago. This was especially the case in England, when Archbishop

* It is not generally known that the tomb of this Prince, with its recumbent figure, is still to be seen in the crypt of Saint-Denis, whither it was removed, with other monuments, after the destruction of the Church of the Celestins.

Khorian, who was chosen to represent the Armenians at the Congress of Berlin, appeared in London society, and by his fine presence, distinguished bearing, and picturesque costume, won many important people to favour his cause and back his claim—far from a modest one—the Island of Cyprus to be made over to him and his family, *en attendant* the throne of Armenia! One of his brothers married an English lady, who is still living; the other settled in Paris, where he married the remarkably accomplished and musical Mdle. de Nosrois (now dead), well known as Princess Marie de Lusignan, of Cyprus, Jerusalem, and Armenia, and as a friend of Victor Hugo. I met Mgr. Khorian in 1884, and possess several very interesting letters in which he sets forth his claim to his regal titles in a tolerably coherent manner. He died, some six years since, in Constantinople, and, strange to relate, a Roman Catholic, having relinquished all pretension to the Archbishopric of Bekistash, which, by the way, he had created for himself.

From the destruction of the short Lusignan Dynasty up to the present time, Armenia has lain helpless in the hands of Turks, Mameluks, Byzantines, and Turks again, and so incessant has been the repetition of cruel massacres, that the only wonder is that a single Armenian remains to tell the dreadful tale.

In 1242 the whole of Armenia was overrun by the Mongols. This was the greatest disaster that ever befell the unhappy nation, for the slaughter was so tremendous that it never was able to recover its

numerical strength. In 1513 Sultan Selim I. conquered the western half of the kingdom, and the Egyptians subjugated a great portion of the eastern side. A little later, the Tartars overran and plundered the plateau of the Taurus, and the incessant brigandage of the Kurds and Persians made life unbearable to the peaceful Armenian farmers. By this time almost every vestige of ancient civilisation had been swept away.

It may be fairly asserted that in no other country of such undoubted antiquity have past generations of mankind left fewer marks. Some very fine and little known ruins of ancient fortresses and palaces do still exist—as the so-called palace of Semiramis at Van, and certain old and exceedingly interesting monasteries—but otherwise there is very little in Armenia, beyond its splendid scenery, to attract the traveller. Mr. H. F. B. Lynch, in his recent admirable series of papers on the Armenian question, describes the burrows of the Armenian and the Kurd as scarcely discernible in the landscape. The extent of territory included in Turkish and Russian Armenia could easily support a population of twenty millions. At the present moment there are not more than three millions of inhabitants in the two divisions of the plateau of the Taurus. On the Turkish side of Mount Ararat the population, according to the best calculation, amounts to about 1,500,000 souls, of whom, perhaps, 500,000 are Armenians, 500,000 Turks, 450,000 Kurds, 5,000 Greeks, and 7,000 of various nationalities. On the Russian side the population

may be 1,100,000, of whom *circa* 520,000 are Armenians.* The total Armenian population scattered over the world reaches about 3,000,000—2,500,000 in Turkey, and the rest in other parts of Europe, in Egypt, and in America. I take these figures, rather roughly, from four separate sources: from Quinet's "Empire Ottoman," published in 1891, from statistics supplied me by the Jesuit missionaries, and from those given by Mr. Taylor, our late Consul at Erzerum, and by Mr. Lynch. But an exact census of the population of this part of the world is almost unattainable. The Mohammedans, for instance, will not state the number of their women and children; and the Christians, in their anxiety to evade the military tax on male children, are always extremely reticent. As for the Kurdish and other semi-savage tribes, who dwell in inaccessible places, they have never been properly counted at all. In their case, mere guesswork is the only possible resource. The Jesuit missionaries, who make a point of collecting every kind of information in the countries where they labour, usually count the number of houses; thus, ten houses to the Mohammedans, five to the Armenians, six to the Greeks, and so forth.

My present purpose is to show that the kingdom of Armenia has so frequently changed its confines, that it can now only be considered as "a geographical expression," and that the true Armenians are so inferior, speaking numerically, to the other nationalities among whom they dwell, that it is absurd to compare

* After the Treaty of Adrianople, *circa* 500,000 Armenians crossed over into Russia.

their condition with that of the Bulgarians, who were in the proportion of three to four to their Turkish oppressors.

I will not here enlarge on the geographical peculiarities of the country. Of all the peoples who inhabit this region the Armenians are certainly the most remarkable. They have strongly marked features, which have led many to believe the nation to be of Semitic origin; they are exceedingly shrewd in business matters; so adroit, indeed, in financial transactions, that throughout the East it is popularly averred that "no Jew can flourish within ten miles of an Armenian." When all the surrounding tribes were lost in the intellectual sloth of barbarism, the Armenians possessed a literature. Almost all those resident in Asia speak Turkish, although the pure Haican language is taught in their schools. Several Turkish daily papers are expressly published in Haican characters for the benefit of such Armenians as cannot speak their national language. A great movement in favour of popular education occurred among them as early as 1830. With the assistance of wealthy emigrants and exiles, Armenian schools for boys and girls have been opened at Constantinople, Smyrna, Zeitun, Hadjin, Marasch, Aleppo, Angora, Cæsarea, Van, Mush, Bitlis, Erzerum, etc. The movement is all the more remarkable when we consider the painful condition of these people, surrounded as they are by hordes of armed barbarians, Kurds, Circassians, Lazes, Kazaz, Kizilbaches (devil worshippers), who for ages, especially in the rural districts, have rendered their

lives almost unendurable, and have made Armenian history one long tale of martyrdom. It is a mistake, however, to imagine, as, judging from the daily papers, some people seem to do, that the Armenians have only been exposed to these horrors during the latter half of this present century.

In the year 404 John Chrysostom, having denounced, in burning words, and to her face, the evil life led by the Empress Eudoxia, in Constantinople, was exiled to Cucusus, a small town in one of the valleys of the Taurus, just where the high-road, leading from Cappadocia into Persia, is crossed by another running through the Syrian province of Upper Armenia. It was a military station of some importance, established to ensure the safety of the few travellers who passed that way. St. John himself tells us that the town was a wretched little place, from the walls of which you could see the rare huts of the peasantry dotting the valley below. Here he dwelt with one Dioscorus. He had not been long installed in his new quarters, when a heavy fall of snow covered the town and its neighbourhood with its fleecy mantle. So bitter was the cold, writes the saint, that it was impossible for him, in his enfeebled state, to leave his chamber. One day some of his friends brought the appalling news that the Isaurians—or, as we should say, the Kurds—had swooped from their mountain lairs on to the plain below. They shortly reached the town, which they began to sack and pillage. The soldiers of the garrison were powerless to defend the place, and the brigands plundered

houses, burnt farms, carried off women and cattle, and massacred all who ventured to oppose them. St. John Chrysostom, with many of the unfortunate townsfolk, fled into the woods, and, after numerous adventures, eventually arrived in the city of Arabissus. The Isaurians, when their work of devastation at Cucusus was complete, followed the refugees, continuing their depredations as they went. "Like ferocious beasts," says the great orator, "they fell upon the unhappy inhabitants of Armenia, and devoured them. Trouble and disorder are universal. Hundreds of men, women, and children have been massacred; others have been frozen to death. The towns and villages are desolate; everywhere you see blood; everywhere you hear the groans of the dying, the shouts of the victors, the sobs and tears of the vanquished." Reading the passages in the letters of St. John Chrysostom, referring to this matter, one could almost fancy oneself perusing some sensational paragraph in a London evening paper, headed "Fresh outrages in Armenia."

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries a number of Armenian refugees appeared in Flanders, Holland, France, Italy, Spain, and even in England, where they sought the assistance of Edward III. They had been driven out of their homes by the Kurdish and Persian invaders, and had been wandering from country to country in search of hospitality. There used to be, in old Paris, a Rue d'Arménie, and the Armenians are frequently mentioned in the early archives of Bruges.

Again, somewhere in the first quarter of the fourteenth century, four Basilian monks arrived from the neighbourhood of Van, and implored the Archbishop of Genoa, Porchetto Spinola, to whom they were recommended by a Latin priest in Constantinople, for permission to found a monastery of their Order in his dioceses. They were kindly received by the archbishop, on whom their narrative of the dreadful massacres in their native country produced a profound impression. The "savages and the Saracens" had, they assured him, desolated their villages, burnt and pillaged their monasteries, and massacred so many people that the stench of the unburied bodies had produced a dreadful plague. And so through the centuries the cruel tale goes on. The archives of the Franciscan and Jesuit Fathers, employed as missionaries in the East, teem with references to the outrages committed by Kurds and other savage tribes on the population of the Taurus plateaux and of other parts of Armenia. A massacre which took place in 1825 was the subject of diplomatic representations to Sultan Mahmūd II. I have before me, as I write, a report presented to the Sultan in 1876 by the Armenian Patriarch of Constantinople. It gives a long and concise list of the yearly massacres and vexations to which the Armenians in the Taurus regions and in Asia Minor had been subjected during the years extending from 1860 to 1877. Armenian massacres are, in fact, as old as Armenia itself. A terrific slaughter of Armenians took place after the siege of Erzerum, in 1622. Seventy-two thousand

men, women, and children are said to have been put to the sword. In this year all the Armenians in the leading towns throughout Asia Minor suffered terribly.

When the Egyptian Khaliph destroyed the kingdom of Lesser Armenia, such of the inhabitants as escaped the general massacre took refuge in the gorges of the Taurus, which soon became the asylum of all who remained faithful to Christianity. The little state thus formed prospered, and has preserved, even to our day, a simple Patriarchal form of existence. It is known, on account of the number and beauty of its olive-trees, as "The Zeitun." Its total population amounts to between twenty-eight and thirty thousand souls. Until the time of the late Abd-ul-Aziz, the Zeitun remained independent. In 1861 the Turkish Government resolved to annex the little state. General Aziz Pasha marched at the head of a horde of ill-disciplined troops against the inoffensive people. The villages were sacked, the monasteries pillaged, and the bodies of the monks were buried with dogs, the more completely to defile them. The women and children were treated with a brutality that defies description, and then massacred. The news of these events reached Constantinople late in the year, and excited much indignation among the Ambassadors. Mgr., afterwards Cardinal, Hasoun, the Catholic Patriarch, undertook a mission to France in favour of the unfortunate Zeitunlis. This mission was partially successful. The Zeitunlis agreed to accept a Turkish Mudir, and even to pay an additional tax of

13,000 piastres per year. In 1878 fresh outrages occurred, owing to the action of the infamous Davud Effendi, the Mudir. A theft took place in his Konak, and he suspected an Armenian in his employ of being its author. The man denied his guilt and was put to the torture. His persistent assertion of his innocence so exasperated the Mudir that he murdered him. He was tried, and acquitted. On this, popular indignation became so furious against him, that the troops were called out, and some 4,000 persons put to death. Thanks, however, to the intervention of Kaimil Pasha and Veyssi Pasha, an amnesty was proclaimed; but from that day to this the Zeitun, once so peaceful and prosperous, has been the scene of constant and bloody struggles. Its unfortunate population has not escaped the sinister effects of the late massacres, and its desperate resistance, only last year, to the Sultan's forces, is in the memory of most of the English newspaper-reading community.

Averse as every thinking man must be to the methods, and to many of the objects of those persons who, for the last three years, have so sedulously endeavoured to drag this country into an ill-considered crusade against the Sultan, and the misgovernment for which, justly or unjustly, his critics would fain hold him responsible, it must be acknowledged that though other and more important interests may prevent the Powers from directly redressing the wrong, that wrong does exist in a most cruel and oppressive form. That the Armenians are a nation of *frondeurs*; that they are restless manœuvrers; that much of the suffering

brought on the poorer classes, the rank and file, so to speak, of the nation, is due to the machinations, often the unprincipled machinations, of those who direct the national feeling; that many Armenians are money-lenders or money-getters, not over-nice in their methods, and therefore hated by their Moslim fellow subjects—all this may, and must, be freely admitted. But, though there is no good purpose to serve at this present time by going into painful detail, and thus exacerbating an already sore subject, the fact remains, that the slaughter of men, women, and children, in the various parts of the Turkish Empire inhabited by this unhappy race, has amounted, within the last eighteen months, to something between 125,000 and 160,000. Sympathy, surely, is their right—even if more important national considerations must prevent an immediate and direct redress of the suffering inflicted—and a resolute endeavour and determination to leave no stone unturned which may effect a happy issue out of their afflictions.

The Armenian section of the Christian religion is divided into three denominations. The large majority of Armenians belong to the Gregorian Schism—the title adopted out of compliment to the great national saint, Gregory.* The United Armenian Church

* Until the beginning of the eighteenth century, and indeed until much later, the Armenians were obliged to celebrate their services at night, and a trace of this is observable in the fact that in out-of-the-way places their marriages and burials take place at night. They were, like all other Christians, not permitted to have bells until the reign of the present Sultan; but, as a particular favour, nearly two hundred years ago, the monastery of Etchmiadzin

enfolds a goodly number of believers (Armenian Catholics of the Latin Church), and a certain minority—converts of various English and American missionaries—profess divers forms of Protestantism.

In 451, under the Pontificate of Leo III., the fourth general Council of the Christian Church was held at Chalcedon (the modern Kadi Keui), in the magnificent Church of St. Euphemia.

Many Eastern monks persistently asserted that there was only one nature, and so only one person, in Our Lord. A certain Eutyches, an aged monk, who, for many years, had been Archimandrite of a monastery in Constantinople, was a conspicuous upholder of this doctrine. He thus expressed his belief: "I confess that Our Lord was of two natures before the Union—*i.e.* the Union of the two natures in the Incarnation. I confess one nature." This error of Eutyches will be easily recognised as cutting at the very root of received belief in the Incarnation. In Christ, he asserted, the human nature was lost in the divine, so that the Body of Christ was not as the body of a man. This heresy, which has never been accepted by any of the Western Protestant Churches, strikes a blow, not only at the Divinity, but also at the Humanity, of Christ, by ascribing to Him a kind of mixed nature, neither human nor divine. The Monophysite or Eutychian heresy did not, however, originate in the

was granted the use of bells. The Armenians fast much more rigorously than either the Greeks or Roman Catholics. Their most rigid fast, when they absolutely neither eat nor drink, is the one which precedes the feast of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary.

monastery over which Eutyches presided. The theory was a much older one, and had already, for over a century, roused great discussion in the Eastern Churches, notably in Egypt and in Persia. It would not be possible, in this place, to enter more fully into this extraordinary controversy, which led to the formation of many groups of apparently earnest thinkers, holding and teaching doctrines concerning Christ, both as God and Man, which, at the present time, would cause believer, and unbeliever, alike to smile. The dispute grew so bitter that it became evident that only the authoritative voice of Rome—at this time almost universally appealed to on such matters—could decide the question, and for this purpose the Council of Chalcedon was summoned. The Pope was represented by three Legates. In addition to these prelates some six hundred Patriarchs, archbishops, and bishops, belonging to the Latin, Greek, and Syrian Churches, attended the Council, although only two hundred and fifty took active part in the deliberations. There were, owing to the Persian persecution, no Armenian prelates present. The first sitting was held on October 8th, 451, and on the 1st of the following November the sessions closed, with a condemnation *in toto* of the Eutychian heresy. Eutyches was excommunicated, and his disciple, Dioscorus, deposed. The two heretics were, however, not so easily defeated. The Armenians, at this period, were on the worst of terms with the Greeks, and on the best with the Latins. Eutyches and Dioscorus immediately sent some two hundred of their disciples into Asia Minor,

to spread a false report, to the effect that the decision of the Council of Chalcedon was in their favour, and that it had been officially approved by the Pope, and by the Latins, whereas the Greeks had rejected it. News travelled very slowly in those days, and it was some time before the true facts were known, and then it was too late. The doctrine had been partly accepted by the Armenians, and it is fair to assume that political considerations, and a desire to propitiate the Latins, had largely influenced them in their decision.

It was long, however, before the Eutychian theory received the official, and even then half-hearted sanction of the Patriarch of Etchmiadzin,* the Primate of

* The statement that the See of Etchmiadzin has been supreme since the time of St. Gregory the Great is erroneous. There was indeed a continuous line of Patriarchs in this ancient cathedral monastery for about three centuries after the death of that saint; but, for some reason or other, on account possibly of the frequent incursions of the barbarians, Etchmiadzin was abandoned for several hundred years, during which period its Patriarchs wandered from town to town. We find them now at Vagharschad, the ancient capital, and then—after that city fell into the hands of the Tartars in 452—at Tovin, where they remained until that city, in its turn, was taken by the Turks towards the close of the tenth century. They then migrated to Ani. In 1394 they established themselves at Siss, in Cilecia, whither they had followed King Leo III., of the Lusignan line, who, as a matter of fact, was himself a Roman Catholic. In 1440 Gregory IX. (the Great) was elected Patriarch in Partibus. He introduced some changes into the Armenian ritual, whereupon a party was formed against him, and a council summoned, which deprived him of his See. The next elected Patriarch of Etchmiadzin resided in the famous monastery founded by St. Gregory, and from that day to this there has been a series of resident Patriarchs in the See. The name Etchmiadzin, it may be added, signifies “the descent of the third Person of the Trinity.”

the Armenian Church. This was finally granted at

The library at Etchmiadzin, concerning which so much has been reported, consists of about 400 volumes, and none of very great importance. There may, indeed, have been a very valuable library in the monastery in the sixteenth century; but it has been scattered, and the better portion of it will, perhaps, be found in the celebrated Armenian monastery on the little Venetian island of San Lazzaro. Several of the Patriarchs of Etchmiadzin have been men of very great distinction, none more so than Nersus the Great (364), who reformed and reorganised the Armenian rite, at a time, however, when the Gregorians were still in communion with the Latin and Greek Churches. Moses II., who founded the Armenian Era, which begins in A.D. 52, also invented the Gregorian Calendar, which fixes the dates of the movable feasts of Easter and Pentecost. He divided the year into twelve months of thirty days, beginning from August 1st, the ancient Armenian New Year. From 1440 down to the present time there have been 340 Patriarchs of Etchmiadzin. None deserves to be held in greater veneration than Nersus, who succeeded to the Patriarchal dignity in 1845, at the age of seventy. During an active life, spent mainly in the establishment of educational houses throughout the various parts of Armenia, and of the famous college of Tiflis, he incurred the displeasure of the Russian Government, and was exiled into Bessarabia, whence, however, he was eventually summoned to Etchmiadzin to take supreme charge of the Gregorian Church. His brilliant talents, his kindly and gentle disposition, endeared him to all, and he was looked up to by Gregorian and Roman Catholic Armenians alike as one of the finest characters which their race has produced in modern times.

Etchmiadzin is a very small town, situated in the neighbourhood of Mount Ararat. The description of the monastery given by the French traveller Cherdon, in the fourteenth century, tallies so excellently with that written a little over a year ago by Mr. Lynch in his interesting series of papers on Armenia, published in the *Contemporary Review*, as to prove that little or no change has taken place in that considerable interval. Hard by the chief monastery there are two others. The Patriarchal See, while fairly rich, is not excessively wealthy. There are twelve resident bishops, and about fifty priests, besides deacons, in the monastery.

the Synod of Vagharschad, A.D. 491. Even then the schism between the Armenian, the Latin, and Greek Churches was not quite definite, nor did it become so till the second Council of Tovin in 596, at which ten out of the forty Armenian bishops met, under the presidency of Abraham I., Patriarch of Etchmiadzin. Although this assembly partly accepted the heresy, it formally condemned the heretic, and cursed Eutyches in sound ecclesiastical language. The Armenians now found themselves in an unpleasant position, their acceptance of the Eutychian doctrine having equally offended the Pope and the Greeks. In the course of time they allowed the Eutychian tenets to drop into abeyance, and they can hardly be said, nowadays, either to accept or to reject them; the Gregorians, as the modern schismatics call themselves, being suspected, rather than openly accused, of Eutychianism. According to the most authoritative voices in the Gregorian Church, the Monophysite doctrine is not taught in Armenian schools of theology—the theory concerning the humanity and divinity of Our Lord, affirmed and accepted by the Western Churches, having taken its place.

Since the Council of Tovin, the Gregorian Armenians have undoubtedly denied the Papal supremacy, but they cannot fairly be said to have created a Pope for themselves in the person of the Patriarch of Etchmiadzin. This dignitary, although he is the supreme head of the whole Armenian community in all parts of the world, shares his spiritual authority with the Patriarch of Siss in Cilecia, as far as his

jurisdiction over the Armenians in the Turkish Empire is concerned. The Patriarch of Constantinople is under the Patriarchs of Etchmiadzin and Siss, but he holds equal rank with his colleague of Jerusalem, and these two rank fourth in the Gregorian hierarchy.*

It has been frequently stated that the Gregorians do not accept the doctrine of Purgatory. The doctrine is not actually taught in their theological schools and seminaries, but Masses and prayers for the dead are said in their churches, and the souls of the departed are specially prayed for in the Burial Service.

All controversy as to the real belief of the Gregorian Armenians is set at rest by a simple reference to the Mass books in daily use in their churches.

* There are numerous bishops and archbishops in the Armenian Church, as many sometimes as ten or twelve in one monastery. These, however, have a merely local influence, and are subordinate in every way to the four Patriarchs above mentioned. In connection with the Patriarchate of Siss, there is, I believe, a sort of traditional allegiance to Rome, for on more than one occasion, especially in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the Patriarchs of Siss attempted a reunion with the Papacy.

The Patriarch of the island of Aghtamar has little power, and his jurisdiction scarcely extends beyond the shores of the lake of Van. He is chiefly maintained by the revenues of his island monastery.

According to a very ancient and picturesque tradition, Christ himself founded the three monasteries at Etchmiadzin. It would appear that in olden times this district was haunted by demons of the most horrible sort. In answer to the prayers of the faithful, Our Lord appeared one night carrying His cross. Wherever He touched a rock the demons fled, and three churches were built to commemorate this wonder.

Their view of the doctrine of transubstantiation is admittedly identical with that of the Roman Catholic Church ; but even so well-informed a writer as Mr. Lynch has fallen into error as regards their doctrine concerning the intercession of the saints. In the Mass which is said every day in the Patriarchal Church of Etchmiadzin, and in all other Gregorian-Armenian Churches, the following words occur in the Introit :

“The Priest : ‘ By the intercession of Thy divine Mother, deign to hear us, O Lord, and deliver us from evil.’* ”

“The Deacon : ‘ By the intercession of Mary, most holy, and of all the saints, graciously hear us, O Lord !’ ”

“The Priest : ‘ Receive our prayers through the intercession of Mary, most holy sinless Mother of Christ, and add to her prayers on our behalf those of all Thy saints !’ ”

Then turning to the people the priest says : “ I confess to God Almighty, etc., to Mary Immaculate, and to all the saints, etc.”

As regards the doctrine of Purgatory in particular, in the Armenian catechism compiled in 1146 by St. Nersus, which sets forth the doctrine of the Trinity very clearly—adhering more closely than in the case of the Greek Church, to the theory of the humanity

* Among the relics exposed and venerated at Etchmiadzin in the present year of Grace, 1896, are the spear which pierced Our Lord's side, having the figure of a cross scratched upon it by St. Thaddeus himself, some bones of St. John the Baptist and other saints, the head of St. Rhipsime, the right hand and arm of the Illuminator, a chip of Noah's Ark, brought by an angel to St. James of Nesbia.

and divinity of Our Lord put forward by Roman Catholic authorities — the definition of Purgatory is left rather vague and indistinct, but the actual existence of the intercession of saints and prayers for the dead are acknowledged to be useful and pleasing in the sight of God. Towards the close of the Mass, just before the parting Benediction, the priest invariably prays silently for the dead, using these words: "Remember, O Lord, to have mercy on the souls of Thy faithful departed, that they may rest in peace, and obtain a place among Thy saints. Make them worthy of Thy mercy." The priest then prays again silently for such of his congregation as are sick, and for those who have died during the past week.

The Gregorian Armenians accepted the view of the Procession of the Trinity, which was the chief cause of the great schism between the Eastern and Western Churches in the tenth century. This is a doctrine too subtle and difficult of explanation to be fully treated here. The Latin formula is contained in the early creed, generally attributed to St. Athanasius: "The Holy Ghost is *from* the Father *and* the Son." The Greeks express it: "*From* the Father *through* the Son." But the doctrine so positively insisted upon by the Greek Church, is much less put forward by the Armenians. The Armenian schism is, in fact, a less militant and defined one than the Greek, and if an Armenian passes from the Gregorian to the Latin Church, he finds little or no change, either in dogma, liturgy, or ritual. He has

not to undergo re-baptism or confirmation ; but simply to publicly recognise the Papal supremacy, to reject the Eutychian heresy, and the Schismatic Procession of the Trinity, and to avow his belief in Purgatory. I defy any casual observer to tell the difference between the Gregorian and the Armenian Catholic Churches in matters of ceremonial and general arrangement. In both he will see the same three altars, raised on a marble platform across the apse, about four feet above the pavement—the centre one, a mass of artificial flowers and lights towering up to the ceiling, being the high altar—screened, at the moment of the Consecration of the Host, by a gorgeous curtain drawn round a circular pole of brass, exactly on the principle of a “tester” bedstead.* The priests wear the same Oriental and flowing robes, perform exactly the same ceremonies, to the accompaniment of a picturesque orchestra, consisting of a band of splendidly dressed acolytes, seated in a circle in front of the altar, who beat tambourines, cymbals, and little drums, whilst they chant in nasal tones the various hymns and psalms appropriate to the service.

Let no frequenter of Exeter Hall or of Armenian Atrocities Meetings deceive himself. The so-called “ancient National Church of Armenia” is essentially Eucharistic, and the “idolatrous mummeries of the Mass” are held quite as sacred by the Gregorians as they are by the followers of that terrible scarlet-robed

* There is also another curtain stretched right across the upper part of the church at High Mass.

lady whose habitual place of residence is said to be the Vatican! The doctrine of the Real Presence is the corner-stone of the ritual in the Gregorian Church. The Mass is identical in the Gregorian and in the Latin Armenian rite, and in both cases it is said in the ancient Armenian tongue.

The priestly vestments consist of the alb, girdle, maniple, stole, and chasuble, as in the Roman Church; but the Armenians add a collar of gold or silver stuff called *vagas*, from which a sort of metal amice, with the figures of the twelve Apostles upon it, is suspended, and a high cap with gold or silver crosses. The priest says Mass with covered head, till the Trisagion or consecration of the elements, when he removes his cap, amice, and sandals. A curious feature of the Armenian ritual is the use of a long pole, around the top of which silver cherubim are set (a survival, surely, of the old Roman *Flabellum*). Their wings make a chinking sound when the pole is shaken during Mass, at those points where a bell is rung in Roman Catholic churches.

Auricular confession is imperative before an Armenian penitent can receive Holy Communion. There are no confessionals—a church or chapel being set apart for the purpose of hearing confessions. A very picturesque sight, indeed, may be witnessed in the Gregorian churches in Holy Week, when the priest, in his gorgeous robes, sits on a sort of throne raised on several steps, to hear the confession of his parishioners. The penitent kneels by the priest's side, in the presence of many hundreds of others, who

will, in due time, take his place. Absolution is given by the imposition of hands, and is followed by a Benediction. The women confess in one chapel, the men in another. The Eucharist is administered throughout the entire day, relays of priests attending at the altar for the purpose, arrayed in their most splendid vestments, and attended by the deacons and sub-deacons, bearing lights. The communicant does not kneel, but receives the Host standing; possibly because the high and narrow platform on which the altar stands renders any other posture impossible. Throughout the service the lower orders of people fill the body of the church, and, curiously enough, go through exactly the same sacred gymnastics as the Mohammedans, rising and falling, and touching the marble floor with their foreheads, with rhythmic regularity. Precisely the same Easter ceremonial takes place in the Roman Catholic Armenian Churches—only there the Eucharist is not dispensed to the worshippers after the celebration of Mass. In both Churches the Sacrament is only given in one kind—in the form of unleavened bread.

Within the past twenty-five years considerable reforms have been introduced into the Gregorian Church. These are mainly the result of improved education among the clergy, and the selection of enlightened prelates for the See of Etchmiadzin. Thus, the practice of giving the Eucharist to little children, even to babies—on the plea that their innocence renders them fit subjects to receive the Host—has been almost entirely abolished. Ancient works on

Turkey, and especially on Constantinople, give many details of this curious ceremony, when four and five hundred children, many of them infants in arms, would be gathered together in one church, to receive that which believers in Christianity hold sacred above all other things. There was another ceremony, too, now only practised in the most out-of-the-way corners—the wholesale sacrifice of Easter lambs in the atrium of the church. This strange custom was accompanied at Etchmiadzin, up till about fifty years ago, by an annual miracle not unlike that of St. Januarius at Naples. A sacred relic—the arm of St. Gregory the Illuminator—was placed in a cauldron of oil, which forthwith, so the priests averred, began to boil and bubble. The miraculous liquid was then enclosed in small brass vessels, and sent to all the bishops and Patriarchs throughout the Empire, to serve as chrism in all such ceremonies as necessitate its use.

Another feature, common both to the Gregorian and to the Greek and the Latin Churches, is the invocation of saints, already mentioned, and the use of images and relics. It has been stated, quite recently, that the National Church of Armenia does not authorise images of the Virgin and saints. There is not a Gregorian church, from one end of the Turkish Empire to the other, which has not its icon of the Holy Family—plated with silver and gold, and bedecked with jewels—before which lamps burn day and night, with the little wax tapers which the faithful buy as they enter the sacred edifice. I have myself seen the priests, in the principal Gregorian churches

of Constantinople, presenting the celebrated icon popularly known as the Black Christ, to receive the kisses of the faithful. The image represents the head of Our Lord, the face only visible, through the elaborate repoussé work in solid silver. It blazes with magnificent offerings, diamond and pearl earrings, bracelets, and necklets. Many persons of the lower orders touch the ground with their foreheads before they touch the sacred picture with their lips. There are numerous shrines of Armenian saints all over Asia Minor, and not a monastery but has its collection of relics. In the Sasunk, where the recent massacres first broke out, there is a celebrated place of pilgrimage, where one of the many "authentic" heads of St. John Baptist is deposited. Hither believers come, from great distances, to be cured of all kinds of diseases, by simply touching with their lips the golden case containing the relic. In the Patriarchal Cathedral of Constantinople there are not only several images of the Virgin and Child, to which miraculous powers are ascribed, but there is a holy pool of clear water, which the priests hold to be a sovereign remedy against various maladies. St. Joseph, the foster-father of Christ, was accorded the title of Supreme Protector of the Gregorian Church, many centuries before this exalted position was conferred on him in the Latin Church. An interesting old Italian account exists of a great festival held in the Gregorian church at Galata in honour of St. Joseph in 1562. Briefly, the Gregorian Church—which is, in fact, the National Church of Armenia—is not in the least degree a

Protestant Church, in the usual English acceptation of that term. It is the twin sister of the Greek and Roman Churches, the difference between the two religions being, as I have already indicated, but very slight. Mgr. Azarian, the Catholic Armenian Patriarch of Constantinople, assured me that when an Armenian congregation joins the Roman Church, no change whatever is made in the ritual ; the priests are not reconsecrated, and they are allowed to retain their wives. There are only two monastic Orders in the Gregorian Church—the Hermits of St. Anthony of Egypt, and the Basilians. The priests are allowed to marry once in both Churches, and the bishops are selected from the regular clergy.

An Armenian monk cannot, except by special dispensation, become a bishop ; the bishops are usually chosen from the class of unmarried vartabeds, or doctors. The Patriarch may nominate, but the actual choice is usually made by the clergy and fathers of families. This selection is confirmed, and the bishop consecrated, by the Catholicos, or Patriarch. The rite of consecration closely resembles that of the Greek Church, but the Armenians anoint the head and thumbs of the bishop-elect with chrism, and he receives a ring as one of his official insignia. The Armenian bishops wear a mitre like that of the Latin Church. The bishop appoints the chorepiscopi ; convents, schools, hospitals, etc., are subject to him ; no altars may be set up or relics exposed for veneration without his leave.

The priests are divided into two classes, that of

the celibate vartabeds, or doctors—who are again subdivided into many grades—and the parish priests. The former are far more highly esteemed. They carry a staff as the mark of their office, and their chief duty consists in preaching. They live by collections made after the sermons.

The ordinary secular clergy, who are free to marry, are taken from the humbler classes, and trained either by a parish priest or at a monastery. The Armenians have the same minor orders as the Latins, and, like them, they reckon the subdiaconate among the greater orders. The priest is elected to his charge by the people, who, however, invariably accept the candidate proposed by the lay administrator of the church property; the election must then be approved by the bishop. The priests live by stole-fees, and by offerings in kind, at Epiphany and Easter. They also receive subsidies from a fund for pious uses. But they are very poor, and generally have to follow some trade.

The Gregorian Church in Asia Minor probably felt the influence of the Catholic revival in the East under the Jesuits during the seventeenth century. The decoration of the Gregorian high altar is exactly like that of the Roman, surcharged with artificial flowers and lights. A certain amount of artistic progress is admitted, and images, manifestly imported from Italy, and mostly the work of inferior seventeenth century artists, are used without scruple. Somewhere about the seventeenth century, too, the tall Roman mitre, essentially post-Reformation in its

design, was introduced. Blue vestments are used on the Feasts of the Virgin, both in the Gregorian and the United Armenian Churches.

The Dominican preaching friars appeared in Armenia as missionaries very soon after the foundation of this famous Order in the thirteenth century. To them was confided the duty of fanning the feeble spark of vitality in that section of the Armenian Church which still acknowledged the Pope as supreme pastor. The Dominicans still have numerous monasteries and schools in Asia Minor; the mother house of the Order is at Mosul. From the outset they seem to have exercised considerable influence, not over their own flock only, but also over the Gregorians, and they have always been greatly respected. In a very ancient Gregorian church at Bitlis, there is an almost equally ancient fresco representing St. Dominic. The archives of the good friars contain numerous accounts of wholesale massacres of Armenians during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and also of cases of individual martyrdom, whereof the victims might have saved their lives had they chosen to deny their faith. I was permitted to examine the archives of the Dominican monastery of St. Peter at Galata, and was surprised to find a number of entries of the amounts paid to Dominican fathers for sermons preached in the various Gregorian churches at Galata and Pera between the years 1776 and 1800—a proof that the Catholic and Gregorian Armenians must at this period have been on good terms; by no means an invariable condition, as the sequence will prove. In the last years of the sixteenth

century the Jesuit missionaries made their first appearance in Constantinople and also in Cæsarea. They opened colleges and schools and obtained a considerable hold over the Armenians, ever eager to avail themselves of any educational opportunity. They also made numerous (perhaps not wholly disinterested) converts.

The Siege of Constantinople by the Turks was not without beneficial results for the Armenians. Their bishop or Patriarch seems to have left Constantinople very soon after the schism of the sixth century, and to have wandered about from one city in Asia Minor to another, still bearing the title of Bishop of Constantinople—though whether he wielded any influence over the Armenians in the capital or not is a matter now beyond decision. The See was established at Brusa, under Orkhān I., at about the time when this city became the capital of the Turkish Empire. Five days after the great Siege, Mohammed ordered the Gregorian Patriarch of Brusa, Joachim II., to remove forthwith to the new capital, and to bring with him not less than 200 respectable families, of his own nationality. To these the Sultan offered many advantages, on condition they settled in Galata, and the ancient Church of St. Gregory was allotted to the Armenian Patriarchate. The new-comers did not remain very long at Galata, for Mohammed, perceiving the depopulation of the city wrought by the Siege and its attendant massacres, commanded them to cross the Golden Horn, and establish themselves in the Kum Kapu (Sand Gate), a district on the Sea

of Marmara, which had been more especially devastated. Some 30,000 other Armenians were invited to leave Asia Minor, and took up their abode in this settlement, where their descendants still live. These people seem to have grown rich, and flourished exceedingly, and to have enjoyed absolute peace for some 200 years. They are rarely mentioned in the annals of the city, until 1587, when Pope Sixtus the Fifth sent the Bishop of Sidon on a mission to Asia Minor, with a view of re-establishing relations with the Christians in the East. The mission was not crowned with success, and the bishop returned to Rome, carrying with him no greater treasure than the goodwill of the Patriarch of Cilecia, who went so far as to sign a confession of the Catholic Faith, in accordance with the Statutes of the Council of Florence. Several other attempts at reunion were made, without any better result.

The year 1675 saw the birth, at Sebastes in Cappadocia, of a child, who, under the name of Mechitar, was to leave an indelible mark on the history of the Armenians. Pious and apt in study, from his earliest years, the youth, at the age of twenty, formed the acquaintance of some Jesuit missionaries, whom he met by chance at Aleppo, and who induced him to embrace Catholicism. At first he desired to become a Jesuit too, but in due time a more independent spirit made itself evident, and after a visit to Rome, where he was kindly received by the Pope, the young convert resolved, with Papal approbation, to create an Order of his own, which was to

devote itself to the religious and educational interests of the Armenian people. After many trials—of which the opposition of the Propaganda to his scheme was not the least—he obtained leave from the Venetian Government to found a monastery on the deserted island of San Lazzaro. The Mechitirists, as the new monks were called, after making profound studies in the Latin and Italian languages, as well as in the Armenian, both ancient and vulgar, went out to Asia Minor, not to preach only, but to gather together, at any cost, every discoverable fragment of ancient Armenian literature. These precious volumes were carried to Venice, and thus was founded that celebrated library which has been a lighthouse to the Armenian people for now close upon 300 years. To this was presently added a printing-press, to be employed in the reproduction of all that was most valuable in Armenian literature, and the translation into that language of the best European books. The fathers devoted themselves to the compilation of an Armenian history, in which they have gathered together a surprising number of facts, deeply interesting to historical students.

Lord Byron was the first Englishman to call attention to this noble institution, in which he passed several days, and in a letter from Venice, dated 1816, he speaks warmly of the “neatness, the comfort, the gentleness, the unaffected devotion, the accomplishments, and the virtues of the Brethren of the Order, well fitted to strike the man of the world with the conviction that ‘there is another and a better’ even in

this life." Mechitar died in 1749 full of years and honours. Both he himself and his successors at San Lazzaro, are held in profound veneration by the Armenians of both communions.

The imprudent zeal of the European missionaries made itself conspicuously felt in Constantinople in 1699, when the Catholics, inspired by the French Embassy, entered on a propaganda which was bitterly resented by the Gregorians, to whose conversion it was directed. They ended by falling on the Catholics, and, unfortunately, the Patriarch Ephraim, an injudicious and fiery fellow, added fuel to the flames. Riots took place in Constantinople and Asia Minor, many persons on both sides lost their lives, and the Jesuit schools and colleges were closed. To make matters worse, a number of dissolute priests, driven from France and Italy by their own ill-conduct, and probably attracted by hope of gain, came to Turkey about this time under pretence of missionary work. Their scandalous conduct roused the indignation of the Christians and provoked the contempt of the Turks; and when a number of these rascals suddenly announced their intention of embracing Mohammedanism—one of them going the length of trampling upon a Consecrated Host in the presence of the Grand Vizir—the fury of the Christian population of all communities broke out afresh, and there was another riot in Constantinople, in which the Armenians and the Latins, or Catholics, were unfortunately and inextricably mixed. This matter led to intervention on the part of the French Ambassador, M. Furiol. He,

after much difficulty, obtained from the Porte the punishment of the Gregorian Patriarch, who had greatly excited the anger of his flock against the Catholics, and thus, for a short time, peace was re-established.

Shortly after, a Catholic Armenian priest, named Cosmos, made himself conspicuous by preaching a street crusade in favour of the reunion of the two Churches. He was arrested, together with two other priests, and executed near the Pamma Kapu Gate, on the 5th November, 1707. His body was buried at Balukli, and his tomb is, to this day, a place of pilgrimage for Roman Catholics and Catholic Armenians. This incident led to fresh rioting between the disputants, and from that date to 1759 scarcely a year went by without some outbreak or other, in which the Catholics, as a rule, came off the worst, though they soon avenged themselves by obtaining some measure or other against the Gregorians, through the intervention of the French, or any other Catholic Ambassador. In 1759 matters became so aggravated that the then reigning Sultan determined to put an end to the quarrel by dividing the sheep from the goats, confining all missionary work to Galata, and closing the only Armenian Catholic church in Stambul. From this date, until 1828, the Armenians in Constantinople seem to have enjoyed absolute peace, and, as I have said, there are many instances of Armenian Catholic priests preaching in Gregorian churches on high festivals. But in this year (1828), it will be remembered, the Greek insurrection assumed an acute phase, and the rumour ran through Constantinople that the Christians were pre-

paring to rise and trample Islām under foot. Now, the Roman Catholic Armenians have almost invariably been the richest portion of the community, usually engaged in banking and other financial business, a fact which has roused the jealousy of the humbler but infinitely more numerous Gregorians. These accused their Catholic fellows of having joined in a conspiracy against Sultan Mahmūd. The intrigue was so far successful that it brought about a commercial crisis of a most disastrous kind, and caused the imprisonment of no less than eight Armenian bankers. It also led to deplorable scenes in the streets, and to the massacre of a large number of absolutely innocent persons.

Thanks, however, to Count Guilleminot, the Sultan was made aware of the real nature of the information given him by the Gregorian plotters, and decided to punish the authors of the calumny with the utmost severity. On the 28th February, 1829, a decree was issued, separating the Roman Catholic from the Gregorian Armenians, and rendering the former independent. They were permitted to elect their own Patriarch, who has precisely the same authority over them as the Gregorian Patriarch has over his own flock. I will merely allude to the Cardinal Hasoun incident, which, some thirty years ago, occupied the attention of Europe, and very nearly created a schism in the Armenian Roman Catholic Church, but which, at the present time, is well-nigh entirely forgotten. Absolute peace now reigns between the two divisions of Armenian society. The Roman Catholic Armenians at present in Turkey

count about 100,000 souls, the majority of whom reside in Constantinople. They are, as a rule, richer and better educated than the Gregorians, and embrace European fashions and methods much more easily. It has been reported that they have not suffered much during recent events. This is an error. They have not, it is true, shown the revolutionary tendencies manifested by their schismatic brethren, and, owing possibly to the fact, that the majority of the Armenian official employés are Catholics, they may have been accused, with some semblance of justice, of favouring the Turkish Government against their co-nationalists. Their Patriarch, Mgr. Azarian, a very shrewd and able man, has contrived, during recent events, to keep himself in the background, and to screen his flock from observation, by insisting on their maintaining as unostentatious an attitude as has been possible. But I have before me, as I write, a list, supplied by Roman Catholic missionaries in Asia Minor, of between 4,000 and 5,000 Catholic Armenians of both sexes and all ages, who, in the course of the last eighteen months, have met with a barbarous death. The missionaries also speak in the highest terms of the Gregorians, and, in several of their letters, they declare that they have themselves seen cases of what might be called absolute martyrdom, in which men, women, and even very young children, willingly accepted death rather than deny their faith and embrace Mohammedanism.

It is commonly believed that the Armenians are of absolute Semitic origin. They are often said to belong to the family of Shem, whose descendants are believed

to have peopled Judea, Syria, Chaldea, the kingdom of Samaria, the whole of the Arabian Peninsula, and even Ethiopia. Yet I believe I am correct in saying—and I do so on the authority of the most learned Armenians, and of the present professor of Armenian literature in the Convent of San Lazzaro—that although the claim of descent from Haig denotes a distinct Hebrew origin, the nation has in reality very little affinity with the Semitic race. The languages of the countries just mentioned have undoubtedly a common root, and although, in the course of ages, they have fallen far apart in many points, their grammatical rules are identical. It is otherwise with the Armenian language, which evidently belongs to that Hindoo-Germanic family whose mother tongue is Sanscrit, “the perfect language,” which reproduces, in the highest degree of perfection, certain linguistic peculiarities noticeable in some others, such as the Zend, Persian, Greek, and Latin, and the tongues still spoken in Germany and Slavonia. The bi-syllabic peculiarity of the Sanscrit root distinguishes it, in a marked degree, from the two other chief languages of the human family, the Chinese and the Jewish.

It has been satisfactorily proved that the basis of the Armenian grammar is identical with that of the Greek, and also of the Sanscrit. The Armenian language contains many words of Greek, Sanscrit, and Persian derivation, all of them evidently ancient terms, describing objects of domestic use and of primary necessity. Again, the arrangement of sentences in the ancient Armenian tongue is so

exactly similar to that of the Greek, that an Armenian translation from the Greek may be said to be an absolute trace of the original. The Armenian language need not be considered as in any way inferior to the other languages of the Hindoo-Germanic family, but it certainly possesses a striking affinity with them, which proves that the Armenians are not, as usually stated, "Christian Jews," but a distinct race, much nearer akin to our own. The language is extremely beautiful, rich and harmonious, but the literature is not of extraordinary merit. It entirely dates from the Christian era. St. Mesrob did not, in fact, invent his alphabet till the fifth century. If any great Pagan Armenian literature had existed, some fragments of it would certainly have been preserved. The character of Armenian literature is therefore essentially historical and theological, and consequently of somewhat restricted character. St. Isaac and St. Mesrob, working together, translated the Bible into the Armenian language from the Greek Septuagint, and upon this translation the classic form of the Armenian language depends.*

The Armenian passion for Hebrew names, and certain of their national religious ceremonies, have been cited as proofs of the Semitic origin of this people. But the Oriental Christians of all times have delighted in honouring the Patriarchs and Prophets of the Old Testament, even by dedicating churches to them. In

* The ancient Haican tongue, though taught in the Armenian schools, is only used in divine service. Vulgar Armenian is a kind of patois, little known to the majority of the people who speak Turkish.

Venice, at one time a most anti-Semitic city, there are, or were, churches dedicated to St. Moses, St. Job, St. David, St. Simon, St. Zachariah, and even to St. Abraham—proof, if one were needed, of the strength of Oriental influences in the Republic during the Middle Ages.* That the Armenians possess, in a marked degree, the administrative and commercial, nay, even usurious instincts, is undeniable, but these instincts are common to all Orientals, and have only been sharpened, as in the case of the Jews, by education, circumstance, and also, in great measure, by stress of persecution.

The history of the Protestant Armenian community is not without interest. Until 1830, the only Protestants in Turkey were the foreigners living in the capital and in the larger cities. In 1820, two American missionaries, Messrs. Fisk and Parsons, visited Asia Minor, and in 1827 Mr. Grindley penetrated as far inland as Cappadocia. A few years later, Messrs. Smith, Dwight, and Dittrich, also Americans, visited the whole of Armenia, but although they distributed a number of Bibles and cart-loads of tracts, in the Turkish language, they do not seem to have made many converts—though their explorations, geographically speaking, were very interesting.

The Ottoman Government treated the missionaries with absolute tolerance, so long as they confined their efforts to the Christians, and the missionaries, being perfectly well aware that if they attempted to make

* Many churches in old Byzantium were dedicated to Hebrew Prophets and Patriarchs.

converts among the Mohammedans, both their neophytes and themselves would be in danger of their lives, bestowed their attention mainly on the Armenians, whose "national religion" was, at this time, much disorganised.

The American missionaries were followed by Englishmen, connected with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and other similar organisations, in Great Britain. In 1845, the English and American Protestant missionaries had made such headway among the Armenians, that the Patriarch of Etchmiadzin felt himself bound to approach Russia, and to ask the aid of that great protector of Orthodoxy, the Czar, against the encroachments of the "new heretics," as they were called. An appeal was consequently made by Czar Nicholas I., through his representative at Constantinople, to the Ottoman Government, urgently directing the attention of the Sublime Porte to the matter. The Patriarchs of Etchmiadzin and Constantinople launched an interdict against all Armenians who dared to change their religion, and a great number of the converts were thrown into prison. This deliberate persecution excited the indignation of England and Germany, and Sir Stratford de Redcliffe addressed so serious a remonstrance to the Porte, against the conduct of the heads of the National Armenian Church, that for a few weeks the peace of Europe hung in the balance. In the end, however, the subtle diplomacy of the Porte, backed by Russia, prevailed, and our Ambassador was obliged to accept a defeat.

In the following year, several hundreds of Armenians embraced Protestantism, at Nicomedia. The rage of the stricter Gregorians was fired by this apostasy *en masse*, and an awful excommunication was hurled against the heretics, who were cursed in their persons, their children, their houses, and their cattle. The virulence of this denunciation obliged the British Ambassador, in conjunction with the United States Minister, to take steps to induce the Sultan to separate the Protestant Armenians from the Gregorians, and to deliver the former from all allegiance to the Patriarch. The Sultan, perceiving the wisdom of this suggestion, consented. The result has been a very happy one for the Armenian Protestants, who have enjoyed peace and protection ever since. The community now numbers about 30,000 souls, distributed over all the principal cities, in which Armenians are established in large numbers.

The Turkish Government, so often accused of religious narrow-mindedness, is undoubtedly, in many instances, extremely tolerant. The Bible House, or head-quarters, of the American mission, for instance, is actually situated in the very heart of Stambul, within fifty yards of Sancta Sophia. We must not forget that Stambul is essentially a sacred city in Turkish—even as Rome is in Catholic—eyes, and I question whether a similar institution would have been permitted to exist so close to St. Peter's before 1870.

The efforts of the earlier Protestant missionaries were neither well-organised nor particularly successful; but the pioneers have been succeeded, within the past

twenty years, by a body of gentlemen of high character and learning, who, so far at least as the Americans are concerned, seemed rather more devoted to the educational, than to the purely religious, side of their mission. They have opened schools, and very successful ones, in all the larger cities throughout Armenia. Their pupils are of both sexes, and many of them belong to the best Armenian families. I am credibly informed that, as a rule, no change of religion is insisted upon by the missionaries in charge of these schools. The only fault to be found with the American missions is that their teaching is a little too thoroughly "go-ahead" to suit the conditions in which their pupils are eventually destined to live. Whether justly or unjustly, I cannot say, official Turkey views them with suspicion, as being centres of revolutionary propaganda. One or two of these missionaries have frankly admitted to me, that the education which the Armenians in Asia Minor were receiving—not from themselves only, but also from Roman Catholic, Dominican, Lazarist, and Jesuit missionaries—might tend to render the rising generation dissatisfied with its lot, adding, however, "the Armenians are so exceedingly intelligent that it seems a pity not to afford them every possible opportunity for improving themselves, and of rising in the scale of civilisation."

Though the enthusiastic encomiums of Lord Byron, after his visit to the Convent of San Lazzaro at Venice, may have drawn a certain attention to the Armenian people, I think their real introduction to the English nation is mainly due to Lady Stratford de Redcliffe.

This benevolent and gifted lady, by birth an Alexander of Sommerhill, belonged to a family which, for generations, had been distinguished by its zeal for Church interests in the East. Throughout her long and brilliant career as Ambassadors at Constantinople, Lady Stratford proved herself the equal, in her own department, of her illustrious husband, and to this day her influence is felt in Pera. Her first efforts, on her arrival at the Embassy, were to gather round her the somewhat scattered elements of the English colony, and, by dint of her own example, and her gentle powers of persuasion, to bring them into closer contact with their National Church. It was during her second stay in Constantinople that the outburst of bigotry on the part of the Gregorians against the Armenian Protestants, already referred to in this chapter, occurred. The Ambassadors at once formed committees at Pera, and in London, to assist the Armenian Protestants, and to defend their cause. Her appeals to her private friends, and to the public Press in England, attracted the attention of the great majority of English people to the hitherto unfamiliar name of Armenia. When, in 1850, our greatest of Ambassadors to the East, and his admirable wife, took final leave of Constantinople—a city with which their honoured name is associated for ever—among the hundreds who pressed forward to bid them a last farewell, none were more eager and more regretful, than the Armenian Protestants. Little do the thousands of Protestants who visit the East realise what they owe to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe! His efforts brought about the building of the first Pro-

testant church in Jerusalem, the recognition of the independence of the Protestant community in Turkey, and the permission for the open sale of the Bible in the Turkish bazaars.

Until forty years ago, the Armenians in Constantinople wore their distinctive costume—a small turban, a flowing purple robe, and red shoes. They have never been popular with their neighbours, but their passionate adherence to their old customs, and their exceeding aptitude and shrewdness in business has always commanded respect. A few old-fashioned Armenian families still reside in Kum Kapu.

Such a one I once visited, not—strange as it may seem to English readers unfamiliar with life in modern Constantinople—without due precaution, lest some spy should track me, and cause the good people trouble by reporting that we were engaged in any plot against the life of Abd-ul-Hamid. The worthy folk in question were comfortably off, and their house well, but plainly, furnished, in the Eastern style. The supper was excellent, though the food was too rich in flavour for my taste. Everything was exceedingly clean, but what struck me as singular was, that the wife—a well-educated woman, who spoke good Italian—and her two beautiful daughters, waited at table like servants, standing meekly with folded hands when not actively dispensing hospitality. After supper, one of the daughters of the house displayed her musical proficiency by turning the handle of a melodion, and was much applauded for this accomplishment.

Let me, for a moment, before we quit this

interesting and unhappy people, speak a final word on the subject of their present state of suffering. Effect without cause cannot exist, and there is no question that, if the truth were told, these systematic massacres of the Armenians would be shown to be a matter less of religion, than of personal antagonism. The Armenians of Asia Minor were, until quite recently, in precisely the semi-barbarous condition under which they laboured 1,000 years ago. But this status of civilisation, though not remarkable in itself, was higher, by many degrees, than that of their neighbours. They have always, as I have already pointed out, been distinguished for their keen business perceptions, and for a shrewdness in trading which gives rise to the Turkish conviction that no Jew can get the better of an Armenian. These peculiar instincts enable them to live, and even to acquire capital, under the most adverse circumstances. The Turks, who never can learn business habits, are dependent on the Armenians and Greeks for many of the necessities of their life. In Constantinople, in fact, it is currently asserted that the Turk is helpless without an Armenian to suggest to him what he should do and say. The Armenian in the capital, therefore—unless, as in recent events, he is exposed to exceptional peril—lives an easy life enough. But on the plateau of Armenia he is exposed to the chronic dangers incident to a semi-savage country, and, above all, to the terror of the periodical invasions of the Kurds, occasionally and erroneously confused, in our public prints, with the Turks proper. The Armenians

are a sedentary race, and make excellent farmers and tradesmen. These Kurds—savage nomads, who live by plunder in great part—are really the majority of the native population of the north of Asia Minor.

The condition of the whole of Asia Minor, notwithstanding the natural wealth of the country, is one of chronic desperation; the roads are wretched, the agricultural implements exceedingly primitive, and, while the inhabitants of one district may make a small profit on the sale of their corn, those in the next will very probably be dying of starvation. Only four years ago the Kurdish tribes who live near the source of the Aratus, in the Vilāyet of Erzerum, were thus dying at the rate of ten and twenty a day, and it required all the efforts of the authorities to prevent a greater degree of anarchy in the neighbourhood than actually occurred. The Kurd, as I have said, is a consumer, and not a producer. The Armenian is apt at manufacturing, and at dealing. The only Kurdish industry is the manufacture of carpets, of which the makers do not know how to dispose. The Armenian buys them for a trifle, and makes a big profit on his bargain. If the Kurd needs money, the Armenian lends it to him on heavy usury. If the wretched Kurd cannot pay the interest or the capital, the Armenian prosecutes him, just as the Jews are said to squeeze the peasants in Russia, and with the same result. The Kurd waits his opportunity, and as he has two means of making his presence unpleasantly felt, the position of the Armenian is a perilous one. The Kurd may swoop down on

his fields and villages, and plunder both ; or, in case of resistance, he may proceed to a general massacre. Occasionally the Armenian will turn and fight, and the Kurd gets the worst of it. Then comes on the scene that scourge of the Ottoman Empire, the needy official, the Pasha, who after years of intrigue, obtains the governorship of a Vilāyet with the sole object of making as much money as he possibly can, by every means, legitimate and illegitimate, which lies to his hand. The Armenian, generally the wealthiest of the Pasha's subjects, is pretty sure to be the object of his illegal methods of taxation. If he refuses to pay, the Kurds are allowed to pillage and massacre with impunity—not unfrequently sharing the booty with His Excellency. Thus the Armenian finds himself between two fires. On one side he is assailed by a well-organised revolutionary propaganda, directed not only against the Ottoman Government, but against the Sultan, its supreme chief, and unquestionably fomented by foreign intrigue ; on the other by the consequences of misgovernment and racial antipathy.

Since the Crimean War, the Armenians have clung with remarkable courage, and even obstinacy, to their hopes of regaining their independence. For some years after that event, no subjects of the Turkish Empire behaved better, or showed more loyalty to the Sultan, who was at that time surrounded by many able and sagacious Armenian officials. But the reforms necessary for the pacification of the provinces in which the Armenian population preponderates, have never been carried out. By the Treaty of Berlin, signed in

1876, Great Britain took over, in a particular manner, the interests of the Armenian population of Turkey. It was promised protection, with an insistence on the due execution of the measures of reform called for by its condition. Buoyed by these assurances, the revolutionary party, at home and abroad, has grown gradually bolder, and the Armenian agitation, which five years ago menaced the peace of Turkey, now threatens the peace of Europe. Injudicious speeches and excited meetings in England have roused the fanaticism of the Mohammedan population of Turkey to fever pitch. The massacres in the Sassunlick which startled Europe in the autumn of 1894, have been followed by a series of outrages far more terrible than is generally realised by the English public. The earlier horrors were so wilfully and purposely exaggerated, that the truth of what has since occurred has been, in a measure, discredited. Had the National Armenian Committees stuck to facts, instead of propagating a series of absurd stories, such as that of the Armenian ladies who, to protect their virtue, cast themselves from the summit of the rocks into the stream of the Euphrates, Europe would now be much more indignant than it is. Owing, in a great measure, to the inability of our Government to stir in the matter, without the assent of the other Powers, and to the hysterical exaggerations of probably well-intentioned, and in most cases absolutely ignorant, busybodies, something like 125,000 men and women, the majority of whom were as innocent of politics as the unhappy children who were butchered with them, have

been put to death. Not a few thoughtful persons directly accuse the Sultan, of having deliberately and purposely organised these horrible occurrences. The present writer does not share this view. The Sultan is too intelligent not to know, and fully appreciate, the fearful consequences of such treachery. But he is utterly helpless. Timid and nervous by nature, surrounded by exceptionally incapable advisers and parasites, and tottering at the head of a most childish and irrational Government, His Majesty is as powerless to stem the tide of religious fanaticism which the Armenians themselves, and their over-officious friends in England and elsewhere, have unloosed, as the legendary individual who is described as exhausting himself, in the endeavour to rake up the sea with a pitchfork.

CHAPTER V.

THE JEWS IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

NOWHERE have the Jews been less persecuted than in Turkey, yet nowhere, unless indeed in Poland, is their condition so degraded. The uncleanness of their habits, the miserable condition of their overcrowded dwellings, are alike indescribable. Yet they certainly form one of the most curious elements in the population of the most cosmopolitan city in the world.

The Hebrew colony in Turkey may be divided into two distinct sections—the descendants of those Jews who, coming direct from Palestine, settled in Constantinople after the fall of Jerusalem, and who, according to Benjamin of Tudela,* numbered, in the

* That exceedingly curious work, "The Travels of Benjamin of Tudela," of which the original was printed in Hebrew at Constantinople in 1543, and the first translation into French at Amsterdam in 1731, contains interesting facts concerning the various Jewish colonies in all parts of Asia Minor and Europe. The chronicler found the Jewish colony in Constantinople generally well off; but hated by the Greeks, for a very natural reason. "The majority were engaged in the tanning trade, and were in the habit of throwing away their dirty water across the streets. This," Benjamin adds, "made an intolerable stench, so that the people disliked them exceedingly, and maltreated them by throwing stones at them."

eleventh century, "about 1,000 souls, who dwelt in the suburb of Pera, because in Byzantium proper no Jews were allowed to live"; and the posterity of the Spanish and Portuguese Jews who fled from their adopted country during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, to escape the Inquisition. This last division greatly exceeds the first, both in numbers and in interesting qualities, and indeed the elder and smaller Jewish settlement may be said to be merged, to a great extent, into the younger, and more important, community.

When the Jews were driven out of Spain, in 1415, some of them settled at Brusa, the natural and artistic beauties of which place must have reminded such as came from Andalusia, of their lost Grenada. They were favourably received by Mohammed I., who welcomed them to the enchanting capital of his dominions. The close of the century (1492) witnessed a second Hebrew exodus from Spain, whence some 800,000 Jews were exiled. These seem to have divided into two hosts, one of which strayed from country to country, finding no resting-place, until at last, greatly reduced in numbers by fatigue, plague, fever, and general ill-treatment, the wanderers sought refuge in Rome, where they were kindly received by Pope Alexander VI.* (Borgia), on condition of their agreeing to pay a small annual tax. The other army of exiles journeyed towards the East. Those who came by sea, and who escaped the pirates, arrived safely enough. Those who made their way overland, across

* The Ghetto in Rome only dates from Paul IV.

Western Europe, were coldly greeted by their own people, especially in Poland and Hungary, and were, as may be imagined, sorely ill-treated by the Christians.

The first contingent of Jewish wanderers did not attempt to land at Constantinople, then in the power of the Greeks. It went, as I have already stated, to Brusa; but by the time the second emigration arrived, the Byzantine Empire had fallen, and Bāyezīd II. was Sultan. He was rather glad than otherwise of the advent of these Jews, the population of Constantinople having been notably diminished by the prolonged siege of 1453, and the massacre and exodus ensuing on it. He granted them exactly the same privileges which his predecessor, Mohammed II., had already bestowed upon the Christians. Crusius, in his "*Turco-Græcia*," says the Hebrews then numbered some 40,000, mostly merchants, doctors, artisans, scribes, and money-lenders. The Sultan permitted them to settle in that part of Constantinople which had suffered most—Balat, close to the walls, and the old Imperial Palace of the Blachernæ, where they built themselves wooden houses, and a number of synagogues and schools. It is a singular fact that they called these synagogues after the Spanish cities from which they had been driven, and to this day they are distinguished as "Cadiz," "Barcelona," "Cordova," "Toledo," "Grenada," etc.

In the course of a generation or so, the Jews had so multiplied that they were allowed to cross the Golden Horn and establish themselves in a rather forlorn suburb known as Hasskeui, where their

descendants still remain. They immediately adopted a costume as closely resembling that of the Moham-medans as the old sumptuary laws permitted. This may have been done to escape the persecution of their neighbours, the Greeks—always on the watch to do them an ill turn. The Turks treated them with far less consideration than they did the Christians, for they never forgot that the Jews had put Jesus to death, and Jesus, they consider, ranks only second to Mahomet. These Jews still speak Spanish, although, in the course of five centuries, the language has become a sort of patois, mixed with many Turkish, Greek, Armenian, and even Italian words. However, they can all understand pure Spanish. They never were popular with their Christian neighbours, but there is really no tangible explanation to account for their present unhappy condition of appearance, morals, and manners. I find no trace, in any history of Constantinople, of their having been subjected to any particular persecution, and they certainly have never been exposed to the periodical massacres which have decimated their Christian fellow-citizens. They seem always to have been a quiet, well-behaved people, rarely mentioned in the history of the city at all, except on the occasions of certain great festivities, when a certain number of them were usually selected to undergo various forms of public degradation, to amuse the populace. Early in the seventeenth century the Jews in Constantinople endured a sharp punishment for a most peculiar reason. Murād II., who was a drunkard, was prohibited wine by his phy-

sician, a Jew. To revenge himself he ordered some hundred Jews, in whose houses wine was discovered, to be hanged.

In 1666 an extraordinary Hebrew impostor, named Sabathai Levi, who proclaimed himself to be the Messiah, appeared in Constantinople. He is described as having been very handsome and exceedingly eloquent. He managed to make his way into some of the synagogues, and preached sermons which soon excited immense enthusiasm among the lower class of Jews. He even preached in the streets, but this was soon put a stop to. Rumours of the sensation he was creating at length reached the ears of the Grand Vizir, Köprili-Ahmed,* who ordering him to be brought before him, desired him, in a characteristically Oriental manner, to perform a miracle in his presence, "since," said he, "you are reputed to be one of the

* This Grand Vizir was the son of Köprili Pasha, and is notorious for his excessive cruelty. Paul Rycaut, first secretary to the English Embassy, and also British Consul at Smyrna under Lord Winchilsea, who represented Charles II. at the Court of Sultan Ibrāhim, describes him as "generous and free from avarice, a rare virtue in a Turk," and as altogether "an estimable person," with whom he was "personally intimate." Rycaut was in Constantinople throughout the whole of the affair of Sabathai, whom he frequently saw, and whose own account of the imposture occupies several pages of his interesting Memoirs. He says the enthusiasm of the Jews—not only in Constantinople, but throughout the whole of Turkey—for this extraordinary individual, knew no bounds.

Sabathai was not alone in his impostures. He was assisted by a man named Nathan, who was his accomplice, and pretended to be Elias. Nathan usually preceded Sabathai, and, as it were, prepared the way for him. Nehemiah Cohen, another of these

most wonderful miracle-workers of the age." "Willingly," replied Sabathai. "What miracle would your Excellency wish to witness?" "Well," answered the Vizir, who evidently possessed a certain sense of humour, "take off your clothes, and we will tie you to a tree in the garden. Then the archers shall shoot arrows at you, and if they do not pierce your hide, I shall believe you are indeed the Messiah." When the wretched man heard this proposal, he cast himself on his knees, and entreated the Grand Vizir to believe that his only reason for pretending to be the Messiah, was to persuade the Jews to embrace the true religion, that of Mahomet. After this episode, Sabathai was abstracted from public view, but he does not seem to have been imprisoned. He was deported to Smyrna, and there died in 1676. Meanwhile, the Jews in Constantinople, imagining their Messiah had been put to death, rose and attacked the Turks, and many

impostors, was a rival of Sabathai, and also pretended to be the Messiah; but he does not seem to have been particularly successful. Considering himself badly treated by the Jews, who refused to acknowledge him as the Son of God, he turned traitor, and was the main cause of the downfall of Sabathai, and of the terrible slaughter of the Jews which ensued. For he made certain statements to the effect that the entire Hebrew population of Constantinople and of the rest of Turkey intended to ferment a revolution in the Sultan's dominions, and to emancipate themselves from his government.

The Genoese archives place the number of Jews massacred on this occasion at 3,000. Many Turks also were killed before the riot was entirely suppressed. Sabathai died a natural death in 1676. There is a very full account of this business in the "*Fascio, or Collection of Letters of Giovanni Grillo*," Venetian Ambassador at the time, in the Venetian archives.

hundreds of persons were killed on both sides. After the disappearance of Sabathai, until 1821, the date of the Greek Insurrection, the Constantinopolitan Jews seem to have kept very much to themselves. On this occasion, however, they possessed themselves of the body of the murdered Greek Patriarch, Mgr. Gregory, and dragged it through the streets of Stambul, and further, they moreover assisted the Turks in sacking the Greek houses, just as in the present year they have helped to pillage those of the Armenians in the Khassim Pasha district.

A few years later, early in 1840, a riot of a very peculiar character took place at Damascus. In this a certain Spanish monk was murdered, and the Turks and Greeks accused the Jews of having been the authors of the crime. A week or so later, at Eastertide, the body of a child was found in the streets tied up in a sack, and a rumour immediately spread abroad that the Jews had killed the babe to drink its blood in their Paschal rites. A fight ensued, in which a number of Jews were killed, and the matter produced considerable excitement throughout Europe. The late Sir Moses Montefiore took an active part in promoting the creation of committees in favour of the "persecuted Jews of Syria," and on the 27th of June, 1840, at his instigation, Sir Robert Peel called the attention of Parliament to the Damascus matter. At the instance of England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, a firman was signed, on the 1st of the following September, whereby the Jews who had been arrested were set at liberty. In February of the following year, however,

a Greek child disappeared in the Island of Rhodes, and there was another display of animosity against the Jews, a number of whom were murdered. Once more the Powers intervened, this time successfully, and from that date, until quite recently, the Turkish Jews have attracted very little attention.

The Jewish population of the Turkish Empire does not at the present moment attain a higher figure than 400,000. There has been a diminution in the Jewish population of Constantinople proper, and an increase of from 12,000 to 18,000 in that of Salonica, and from 5,000 to 8,000 in that of Smyrna. At Jerusalem, the increase in the Jewish population, during the last few years, has been most remarkable. The Jews in the Holy City are now said to be more numerous than the Mohammedans or the Christians, and in consequence of the surprising Hebrew immigration which has lately taken place, new quarters have had to be built outside the walls. The Jewish population of the district of Zion is, so I learn on the best authority, close upon 60,000, whereas in 1842 it barely exceeded 8,000. According to the latest statistics, the total number of Jews in Constantinople is about 31,000. Half this number is settled at Balat, a third of the total at Hasskeui, and the rest in the towns and villages on both sides of the Bosphorus, and notably at Scutari. The Jews of Constantinople, especially those of Spanish origin, cannot be considered absolutely orthodox. They hold certain doctrines which are not common to the Jews of the rest of Europe. One of the most remarkable is a firm conviction, that every

human being is watched over by two spirits, one evil, the other good, who, throughout the mortal life, fight for the eventual and eternal possession of the soul. The good spirit is always on the right, and the evil (Schedim) on the left. The air, moreover, according to their belief, is full of good and bad spirits.

On the day preceding circumcision, the parents never leave their child for an instant, lest he should be maimed, or even killed, by Ashemidai, the king of the evil spirits, who hovers by, eager to wrest his soul from God. The lower class of Jews in Constantinople, most of whom are Talmudists, are extremely superstitious, and are said to practise in private certain curious rites, possibly derived from Egyptian sources. A very strange fact connected with the Spanish Jews is the prevalence amongst them of hereditary leprosy. I learnt from their leading medical man in Pera that there were at least 400 Jewish lepers in the capital; most of the terribly afflicted and featureless creatures—objects of horror too awful and sickening to describe, who sit in long and appalling rows outside the Nuri Osmān Mosque—are Jews. The disease does not seem to be contagious, and is unknown among the other Jews, or the Mohammedan and Christian population—unless they be wanderers from Asia, where this awful disease is still common.

Another class of Jews exists in Constantinople, in every way superior to the natives, and the members of which, having immigrated from Italy, Germany, and England, are not subjects of the Sultan.

These Jews are generally wealthy and highly educated, and they are usually confounded with the rest of the foreign population, whose manners they adopt, occasionally even assimilating their names to Christian appellations, by means of slight orthographical changes. The greater number are engaged in the tobacco trade, but recently a good many have become private bankers and money-lenders. The Jewish community in Constantinople is administered by a council, at the head of which is the High Rabbi, or Kat-Kham Bachi. Although he ought technically to enjoy exactly the same privileges as the Christian Patriarchs, this functionary seems rarely to be in a position to claim them with success. There are four Jewish tribunals in Stambul, and one at Scutari. These tribunals add considerably to the general confusion in the administration of justice, and are far from being well organised.

The synagogues, of which there are thirty-two, are mostly small, and very plainly decorated. The ritual followed is the Portuguese form. Most of the larger synagogues have schools attached to them, in which the Hebrew language, and the principles of the Jewish religion, Turkish, Greek, and the ordinary branches of commercial education, are taught. I visited several such schools, and they appeared to me as well managed as the extreme poverty of the Jewish population permits. The Reform Synagogue, in the Rue Cabrestan at Pera, is remarkable for its excellent choir, in which both male and female voices are employed. But the music, being generally selected

from modern composers, is a trifle theatrical for the occasion. The Rabbi wears a long black cloak and a green gold turban. He intones the service in precisely the same nasal manner as the Imāms in the mosques.

When the Jews first came over from Spain they must have been well educated, and they must have brought a good deal of money with them, for we find that in 1576, under Selim II., they obtained the privilege of establishing two Hebrew printing-presses, one in Constantinople and the other in Salonica, and some very remarkable works were printed by them. For a time, indeed, the Jewish schools in Constantinople were considered so excellent, that young Jews were sent to them even from Italy. A school which existed at Adrianople in the seventeenth century, had a European reputation, on account of the number of literary and scientific men which it produced. In due time it, with others, was closed, either by the act of the Turkish Government, or through lack of funds.

It is almost impossible to conceive anything more terrible than the condition into which the Jews in the capital have fallen, and this notwithstanding that they are, as a rule, a sober and law-abiding people. They marry exceedingly young, the lads at eighteen, the girls even under fifteen. The consequences of these early marriages are most disastrous. Large families are born, before the parents have acquired sufficient experience of life to bring them up properly. The houses are generally built of wood, and without any

sort of drainage—unless we accept the open sewer which runs along the centre of the street, and which, in hot weather, sends up the vilest stench, as a “sanitary improvement.” One of these open sewers, in the middle of the principal street leading from Khassim Pasha to Hasskeui, is enough to spread the plague through any ordinary city, and has, in fact, caused the death of more than one of the young *attachés* to our Embassy, which overlooks this hotbed of malarial fever. I have never in all my life seen a worse state of affairs than that which exists in these two Jewish quarters of Constantinople. I have seen houses in Balat and at Hasskeui where as many as twenty persons were crowded into one room.

It must be remembered, too, that while the winters in Constantinople are exceedingly severe—the snow very often remaining weeks upon the ground—the heat in summer is correspondingly great. How the Jews of Constantinople pick up a living at all is a mystery to the majority of people, but they are so frugal that, as the local saying goes, “what would starve a sparrow elsewhere, suffices to keep a Balat Jew alive.” There can be no doubt of their intelligence, and some of them are as good-looking as their forlorn circumstances—want of proper food and sanitary arrangements—permit. Many of them are purveyors of the worst forms of vice. It is almost invariably a Jew or an Armenian who accosts the stranger in the streets of Pera, of an evening, and invites his company to witness exhibitions best left undescribed. There was one tall and stately-looking old Hebrew who

haunted the Grande Rue de Pera, in my time, and who managed, on more than one occasion, to whisper, as I passed him, a polite request to accompany him to certain questionable places of entertainment. At last, one evening, evidently desiring to impress me with his respectability, he murmured in broken French: "Ne craignez rien, j'ai une position officielle, je suis le procureur des Ambassades." It would be very unjust to class the entire lower Hebrew population of Constantinople with this old ruffian. The majority are industrious, honest, hard-working people, and even the worst are said to be excellent husbands and fathers. All of them are very religious, and the synagogues are crowded on Saturdays. Then even my friend of the Embassies takes a rest, and I have beheld him praying with the greatest unction. The more educated class of Jews has produced some remarkable men, especially in the medical profession; and, as was the case with the Popes in the Middle Ages, the Sultan's doctor is almost invariably of Hebrew blood. I find no trace of a Jewess holding a high position in the Imperial Harem. But the Hebrew colony has produced one or two statesmen, as in our own time, the famous Kiamil Pasha, who was a Jew by birth and education, although, to advance his interest, he became a Mohammedan.

There are two other divisions of the Jewish family in the Turkish Empire, which are, however, but poorly represented in the capital—the Karaïtes and the Mamins. The first made their appearance in Byzantium early in the eighth century, and hold them-

selves to be the most orthodox of all Hebrews. They accept the Pentateuch only, reject the Talmud, and declare themselves to date from before the destruction of the first Temple, and to hold the traditions which were taught therein, uncorrupted. They number some sixty families in Constantinople and its environs, the principal colony being at Hasskeui. They are certainly more cleanly in their habits, and more prosperous, than the other native Jews. The Karaïtes are found also in Galicia, in Crimea, Mesopotamia, and even in Egypt. They are represented at the Sublime Porte by a chief of their own, known as the *Milleti-bachi*, and they have their own special synagogues and rabbis.

The Mamins are peculiar to Salonica—essentially a Jewish city: two-thirds of the population are Hebrews. These Mamins, or Turkish Jews, may be described as false Mohammedans. They affect all the external appearances and forms of Islām, attend the mosques, observe Ramazān and the other Moham-medan festivals, but practise their own rites secretly. They number some 5,000 souls, and rarely—as if in terror of revealing their secret allegiance to the faith of their ancestors—marry out of their own sect. They are possibly descendants of Jews who escaped some mediæval persecution, by outwardly embracing the religion of the Prophet.

I once visited a Jewish family, said to be extremely rich, at their residence at Hasskeui. The courtyard leading to the house—a large wooden *châlet*—was exceedingly dirty, and even a phenomenally large

honeysuckle in full bloom failed to perfume the air, which reeked with nauseous odours. But once we were inside the dwelling everything changed. It was not only comfortably furnished, in the Eastern style, but scrupulously clean. The head of the household, in a long flowing Oriental dress, received us with great courtesy. He spoke excellent Spanish, and introduced me to his wife and daughters. The elder lady was very stout, and wore some of the finest diamond rings I have ever seen in my life. The daughters were very pretty, and a son, who came in during the course of the afternoon, was extremely good-looking. The lady spoke Spanish, and one of the daughters played the piano exceedingly well. They told me some startling stories of the extreme poverty and almost hopeless misery in which some of their neighbours lived. "And yet," added the lady, "somehow or other God helps them along, and they manage to live; and when they can get on to the Bosphorus, and take a row up to the Sweet Waters, they are perfectly happy." This lady had visited France and Italy, and was well-informed on many subjects. Whilst I was partaking of a cup of excellent Russian tea, a number of Jewish women of the lower class came to the gate, and were each sent away with a loaf of bread and a small bag of rice. I could not forbear remarking on the beautiful jewels my hostess wore. She told me they had been in her family for many generations, and that she only wore them to do honour to a guest, otherwise she kept them carefully hidden, although there was no danger of any of the

Jews in the neighbourhood stealing them. Her husband assured me that many of the poorer Jews had jewels concealed in case of need—for it is always easy to raise money on jewellery in the East. Formerly, added my host, in his father's time, when there were no banks in Constantinople, most people invested all their capital in jewels and golden ornaments; but, little by little the establishment of banks, and the increasing depression in trade, had forced them to disperse their treasures, and the amazing quantity of gems formerly to be seen in Constantinople has now almost entirely vanished, together with the splendid costumes which were worn even as late as fifty years since. The lady of the house most kindly showed me some old dresses which had belonged to her mother—they were magnificent, made of the richest brocades, embroidered with gold and seed pearls. Both the husband and wife deplored the condition of their neighbours; but they seemed to consider that until there was a radical change in the Government, there was no chance of amelioration. The lady very pithily added, as we shook hands for the last time: "When an open sewer is tolerated in the centre of the main thoroughfare of a suburb of this importance, what can you expect?" I was rather surprised to see persons who evidently had a good deal of money, living in such an objectionable quarter; but I afterwards learnt that my host and his wife were well-known money-lenders, and that it was necessary for them to live amongst those who called on them for assistance.

CHAPTER VI.

BRUSA.

THERE are certain places whose combined natural and artistic beauties well-nigh baffle description, and amongst these, I, who have been much of a wanderer, rank Brusa, the ancient capital of the Turkish Empire, which — some two hundred years before Christ — Hannibal persuaded Prusias, King of Bithynia, with whom he had taken refuge, to found on the rocky slopes of Olympus.

The outline of the “throne of Zeus” recalls forcibly, though on a gigantic scale, that of the group of hills half-way up which nestles the picturesque English town of Malvern. The natural position is almost identical, but here the resemblance ends. Brusa is grand, Malvern only pretty.

Some writers have disputed the fact that Zeus ever established his court on this particular Olympus, and affirm the gods dwelt on another mountain, of the same name, in the island of Cyprus, but I am personally disposed to rest my fullest faith on the time-honoured traditions of the place, and to firmly believe this Bithynian Olympus to be the *poludendros*

Olympus of Euripides, the *frondosus Olympus* of Virgil, and the *Opacus Olympus* of Horace. No other mountain in the world, I feel convinced, could be so pre-eminently suited to be the residence of so august a deity.* Snow, to Immortals, is doubtless a mere form of eider-down, and on these noble heights Jupiter, Juno, and all their host, must have found the amplest accommodation, sufficiently removed from earth to avoid the weariness of unsought personal encounter with their earthly clients. Here, then, the Iliads opened, and here Great Zeus

Spoke, and awful bent his noble brows,
Shook his ambrosial curls, gave the nod,
The stamp of Fate, and sanction of the gods.
High Heav'n with trembling the dread sign took,
And all Olympus to its centre shook !

This, and none other, is "the great Olympus," which George Chapman, in his sterner translation, tells us "the gods call Briareus, 'the Olympus crown'd with snow,' up to 'whose lofty crags the ever-living gods mounted, Jove first in ascension,' and 'in the morn's first light, from this supremest height' beheld 'all that many-headed hill.'"

Unlike Jove, I did not make a complete "ascension" of Olympus, but, on my second visit to Brusa, I climbed sufficiently high to be able to judge for myself

* There are, as a matter of fact, four other mountains named Olympus: one in Cyprus, a second in Lycia, a third on the borders of Laconia and Arcadia, and a fourth on the frontiers of Thrace and Macedonia.

of the appropriateness of this splendid mountain, with its broad tableland-like crest, for the purposes for which the master of the gods selected it.

I remember finding myself, for instance, in a sort of ravine. High above me frowned rocky boulders, their summits white with snow, but in the cleft there lay a pleasant meadow, bordered by opening vistas through an oak and chestnut forest, the magnificent trees of which, in all their varied shades of green, covered the mountain slope until lost in a pale violet mist. The moss and tangled grass at my feet were dotted with countless scarlet and purple anemones. There were fields of jonquils, and carpets of violet-tinted primroses.* A brooklet, formed, doubtless, by the melting snow above, babbled merrily along, falling in tiny cascades, and then spreading into little lakes, girt by tall spears of yellow and blue iris.

The nearer rocks were thickly hung with garlands of the dainty pink-scented laurel. The atmosphere was heavily laden with the perfume of a hundred flowers. Birds sang in the trees, and little gray squirrels gambolled nimbly on the trunk of a fallen tree, struck by lightning, which lay across the path. White, fleecy clouds, driven by the summer breeze, made the blueness of the heavens above shine yet more intensely. Presently, from the distant crown of Olympus slid just such a rainbow as the one Iris, the celestial messenger of the gods, was wont to choose whereon to glide to earth, and notably on that never-

* I brought away with me some roots of these dainty mauve primuli, and they have flourished exceedingly on English soil.

to-be-forgotten occasion of her first visit to fair Helen of Troy :

Meantime to beauteous Helen from the skies,
The various goddess of the rainbow flies.
Like Laodice in form and face
The loveliest nymph of Priam's royal race,
Here in the palace at the loom she found
The golden web, her own sad story crown'd.
The Trojan war she weaved, herself the prize,
And the sure triumph of her fatal eyes.
To whom the goddess of the painted bow :
Approach and view the wondrous scene below.
Each heavy Greek and valiant Trojan knight,
So dreadful late and furious for the fight,
Now rest their spears or lean upon their shields,
Ceas'd is the war and silent all the fields.

I felt in my soul, that here, indeed, in the great pre-Homeric days, the gods had lived. These mighty rocks have re-echoed Zeus's thundering voice as he upbraided his jealous spouse, and in the shrill whistle of a quickly risen storm—which overwhelmed us so unexpectedly that before we knew where we were, we were drenched to our very skins—I seemed to catch the vibrations of her angry expostulations with her lord. Who knows, perchance the very flowers at my feet were originally planted by Venus or by Flora? And lo! as I pondered on these memories, a glorious eagle, Zeus's own bird, hovered close above our heads.

I have a constitutional horror of precipices, and on that day I went no further. I had seen enough to fill me with admiration. For surely a glimpse of Elysium should suffice any mortal!

Yet I wished that I had approached Brusa by such a road as the one which led me to this entrancing ravine, and not by a vulgar steam tramway from Mundania, the little seaport where I landed from the Constantinople boat. The fussy little tram steered me safely enough, it is true, to my destination, through a lovely open country—rich in pasture-land, and with here and there a minaret and a dome to recall the East, else the landscape was unusually English in outline and colouring, dotted with comfortable-looking farms and silk factories, embedded in luxuriant mulberry groves.

But the railway station at old-world Brusa was a most unromantic fact, a facsimile of the ordinary terminus, to be found in almost every second-class provincial town in France; a wooden railway station with a bookstall, a buffet, and staring advertisements of “*Amer Picon*” and “*Absinthe*,” and of the weary infant howling for its favourite Pears’ Soap, and smiling exasperatingly when he has “got it”; a trivial modern wooden railway station, in short, as entirely out of keeping with the associations which centre round the mountain of the gods as it would have been with the portico of the Parthenon.

Excellent public carriages, however, awaited us, and we drove, along a well-kept road, up into Brusa. As I have said, I confess I should have preferred to have made my entry into the ancient capital of Turkey on a horse, or a camel, or in an araba, or even on a donkey, and as we drove along I prepared for bitter disappointment. This place, said I to myself,

will turn out to have been even more desperately modernised than Constantinople.

When, however, we did at length reach the comfortable "Hôtel d'Anatolie," and I went out, after an excellent dinner, for my first stroll in the narrow streets of Brusa, I soon realised that it was possible, in the East, to have well-kept roads and clean streets without obliterating the picturesque. Never shall I forget that walk! The late afternoon was beautiful, the air balmy, and the cleanly streets, which at every turn presented a new picture, were a joy to walk in, after the ruts and gutters of Pera. Here were fine old wooden Turkish houses, not unlike gigantic Swiss chalets, with their overhanging balconies and storeys, which sometimes broke the outline of the dome of some venerable mosque guarded by its tapering minaret.

I crossed broad open spaces occupied by the Harems of some famous Djami or other, in whose Turbhés sleep the founders of the Ottoman Dynasty, overshadowed by the gnarled and wide-spreading branches of huge plane-trees, or contrasting vividly with the black green of groves of cypress-trees. Here and there striped awnings, stretching across the street, intercepted the rays of the declining sun, and afforded delightfully vivid contrasts of light and shade. The open shops were full of interest. The windows of many were framed in grand old Persian and Kurdish carpets, rich in tone, admirably faded by time to the most approved æsthetic tints. Here were wonderful squares of gold and silver embroidery;

heaped-up samples of Brusa brocade, and piles of snowy Turkish towelling—for the manufacture of which Brusa has for ages been famous. Then came a bootmaker's shop, with row upon row of yellow boots and slippers bunched together round the shutterless window as if they were fruits. On the sill sat the cobbler himself, turban on head, working with the same primitive implements which were used, doubtless, in cobbling the sandals of Moses and Aaron, or of that very self-same porter who had so agreeable an experience with the three beauteous ladies of Baghdad.

There were fruit-shops, too, where baskets full of unripe cherries, apricots, and plums were exposed for sale, among the bright green new peas, and packages of tender young vine-leaves, which the Turks use so lavishly in their cooking, as they also do unripe fruit of all sorts, of which they make such excellent preserves. Then I remember the delight with which I discovered a coppersmith's, with a furnace glowing in its cavernous depths, and shedding a ruddy light abroad, making bright fiery discs upon huge wheels of polished metal, and on rows of colossal saucepan-lids, which looked, for all the world, like those shields Homer tells us the Trojans leant upon. Thence it gambolled on the rows of little gold-looking brass coffee-pots, whilst all the time, in the lurid gloaming at the back, close to the furnace, the smith and his men, naked to the waist, were working like Cyclops.

Near the entrance to the Bazaar we found a very large barber's shop, through the open window of

which I counted eight Turks all in a row, having their heads shaved by as many chatty little barbers.*

The Bazaar, unlike that of Stambul—save for two long arcades—is open to the winds of heaven. There are some curious things to be picked up in this Bazaar, especially in the *bite*, or louse bazaar, as they significantly call it, where second-hand articles are disposed of, and into which a tourist, perhaps wisely, rarely ventures. It seemed to me, however, that the greater part of the Bazaar had been handed over to the French and Belgian manufactories of Brusa silk and towelling. The samples of striped satin for furniture covering struck me as particularly beautiful, especially when the old patterns and tints were preserved. But I afterwards learnt that the Turkish women rarely purchase at these factories, preferring European goods, Manchester calicoes, and Lyons and Turinese silks to their own, which are much richer and more durable. Almost all the silk goods manufactured at Brusa are exported, but I fear the colours and designs have greatly deteriorated in artistic merit, although possibly no previous period has seen such exquisitely diaphanous muslins and gauzes produced as at the present day.

When we got back to High Street, if I may so call the broadish thoroughfare leading to the hotel, we noticed—it was the eve of a Jewish festival—a number of houses belonging to the Israelitish com-

* All the lower orders in Turkey have their heads shaved once a week, otherwise, in hot weather, the fez and the turban would be insupportable.

munity, brightly lighted up. The windows being open, we could see family parties, almost all in the old costume, taking their supper. In the centre of each table, I invariably observed a very curious brass lamp, of the same shape as several I have picked up in the market-places of Flanders and Holland. A tall stem with a singular bird-like snout—a quaint, old-world looking lamp indeed, but not a particularly brilliant illuminator. The synagogue, too, was blazing with light from numerous chandeliers, and was filled with a large congregation, whose chanting sounded dolefully enough.

During the night I heard a curious sound in the garden of the hotel. I had been accustomed to the barking of the dogs in Constantinople ; but this “Yap, yap!” was much shriller than that of any dog. At breakfast the next morning I asked what it was, and was told that numerous jackals descend into the town by night and act as scavengers. They do no particular harm, unless the poultry be ill-guarded.

Daylight in no way dispelled the delightful impressions of the preceding evening. The town is divided into several quarters, by deep ravines, at the bottom of which torrents rush precipitously into the plain, and are crossed by most picturesque old bridges. The water in some of these torrents is so strongly impregnated with iron, soda, and sulphur as to stain the rocks with brilliant colours.

The mosques of Brusa, much more ancient, most of them, than those of Constantinople, are said to be as many as the days of the year. Not a few are of

exceeding beauty and interest. Every mosque and bath, and almost every house, stands in its own garden, shadowed by plane, sycamore, cypress, and fig trees, and full of rose and pomegranate bushes. The flora of Brusa and the immediate neighbourhood is, in fact, so varied and so remarkable, that from a very early date it has attracted the attention of botanists. The surrounding country is considered the cradle-land of many of our sweetest spring flowers, the hyacinth, the snowdrop, the jonquil, and the tulip, which would seem, in process of time, to have spread themselves so far abroad, that now, and for many decades, they have decked the gardens of the New World.

Although many of the more ancient mosques, built by the earlier Sultans, were completely ruined by the earthquake of 1855, several of the grandest and most interesting, historically speaking, have either altogether escaped injury, or have been most judiciously restored, thanks to the zeal of that very remarkable man, Vefyk Pasha, to whom Brusa owes a deeper debt of gratitude than she can ever repay. This enlightened governor, endowed with a keen sense of the beautiful, and a noble zeal for the preservation of the antique, exerted himself, while he held office, not only to preserve the national monuments, but also to render the city agreeable to strangers, by repaving the streets, creating admirable roads, and augmenting its attractions by every means in his power. The government of Vefyk Pasha proved that an intelligent man, with a free hand, may give back prosperity to the fertile countries, which

have been so cruelly misused and drained of their resources by rapacious Turkish officials. To him the civilised world owes the preservation of that marvel of Ottoman architecture, the Yechili Djami or Green Mosque, built by Sultan Mohammed I., in 1420, out of the ruins of an old Byzantine church, the form of which it still preserves. It is decorated, internally, in the most lavish manner, with what may probably be the finest Persian tiles in the world. The scheme of colour is in green of every shade, from the darkest cypress to the tenderest hues of the young vine. The designs of the innumerable arabesques, not one of which is repeated throughout the edifice, are exquisite, and the reposeful and harmonious beauty of the whole building passes all description. A marble fountain, encrusted with the same lovely porcelain, stands in the centre of this delightful place of worship; and the plaintive murmur of the trickling water adds not a little to the charm of its surroundings. One's first impression is of absolute astonishment. It seems incredible that mere tiles should produce so rich, though so simple, an effect.

Little by little the eye becomes accustomed to the subdued light, and one begins to study and realise the beauty of the wreaths of flowers, the variety of the arabesques, and of the lengthy sentences from the Koran—all in every variety of green. Through a number of small windows in the roof, the light falls on the marble floor, and quivers on the surface of the babbling fountain.

Prior to the earthquake, four huge minarets,

covered with green tiles, stood at the corners of the mosque, but these have entirely disappeared, and have been replaced by the usual minarets, thickly white-washed. Hard by, in the shade of the plane-trees, is the Turbhé of Mohammed I., the builder of the famous Green Mosque, also encrusted with green tiles. The mausoleum is circular in shape, and stands under a huge cupola of beautiful shape and decoration. The Mihrāb is particularly fine, its honeycombed recess rising from the floor, almost to the roof, and glistening with emerald porcelain. This Turbhé also contains some of the finest specimens of Persian stained glass in existence.

I could not help regretting, whilst in this tomb, the small amount of attention given in England to ceramic decoration. Nothing could be better suited to our climate, especially for restaurants and the vestibules of theatres and hotels, and it surely should not be difficult even to copy the designs for which the Persians were famous, and of which many specimens still exist in our museums.

The Persian stained glass, too, of which there are some fine specimens in the enormous mosque of Sultan Suleymān in Stambul, strikes me as better adapted to non-religious purposes, than any we now possess. The rather conventional designs follow closely on that of the Cashmir shawl, and the glass, which is thick, but peculiarly rich in colour, has a gem-like appearance which I have never seen, even in the noblest specimens of mediæval stained glass.

Othmān and Orkhān, the two first Sultans of the

present dynasty, sleep in adjacent mausoleums, constructed with the materials of what had been, before the second decade of the fourteenth century, a Christian church. Very little of the original building, with its singular inverted columns, exists at the present time, these exceptionally interesting Turbhés having been almost entirely destroyed by the great earthquake. In their restored form they present a very modern appearance, the only ancient objects within them being the Cashmir shawls which cover the tombs of the two Sultans. Theodora, the Christian Sultana, is supposed to be buried outside, in what was the garden, but the precise spot where she rests is now lost. Othmān's Turbhé, resembling in almost every particular that of his son, from which it is separated by about twenty paces, contains a goodly collection of nameless coffins, small and great, each surmounted by prodigious turbans and covered by costly but time-worn, even rat and moth-eaten, shawls. Some fine old silver candlesticks containing colossal wax candles stand here and there. A number of Turks are usually to be seen squatting on the ground telling their beads—indeed, wherever you see a Turk he is pretty sure to have a Subha, or rosary, in his hand. The Mohammedan rosary consists of a hundred beads, and is used to count the ninety-nine attributes of Allah, or the *Tashih*, "Holy God," or the *Tahmid*, "Praised be God," or the *Takbir*, "God is great." In the bazaars, rosaries, made of all sorts of precious stones, down to cypress and other common wood, and costing from twenty sovereigns to twenty farthings, are sold as

plentifully as Catholic beads in the neighbourhood of St. Sulpice in Paris. Rarely is the rosary out of a Mohammedan's hand. If he is not praying he is playing with it. Many Christians—even Englishmen—in the East, adopt the habit of toying with this sacred string of beads, and it soon becomes an indispensable habit, a sort of soothing occupation for idle hands.

The view from the gardens which surround the tombs of these two first Othmān Sultans is magnificent. Below you lies the city, with its numerous minarets and cupolas, and bath domes. Beyond it, the plain, with a silver river meandering through it. To the left, the snowy peaks of Olympus, and behind you, high up on the slopes of the hills, the ruins of a Roman aqueduct, and of several towers of prodigious size, half buried in the abundant foliage which shadows a torrent of the clearest water I have ever seen. This rushing cataract feeds half the cisterns in the town. Not far from the famous Turbhé I have just described, these waters fall into a deep basin edged with moss and fern, and thence find their way in pleasant streams under the groves of colossal oak and plane-trees, whose grateful shade attracts the whole population of the town, on Friday and Sunday afternoons in spring and summer. Here there is always a sweet breeze, and any quantity of wild flowers; snowdrops, auriculas, pale mauve primroses, white violets, in May; wild roses and lilacs in June.

Another remarkable mosque and Turbhé is that of Murād I., 1413. It stands in an ill-kept garden, which, when I visited it, was one sheet of large

cabbage roses, whose blossoms hid all sign of their leaves. The mosque itself is a fairly handsome structure. It contains some Persian carpets as old as itself, if not older. Murād's tomb is altogether striking. He desired, against all the rules of Khaliphate etiquette, to be buried "in earth, so that the rain might fall upon his grave."

For this purpose a plain wooden coffin was placed in the centre of the mausoleum under a window kept perpetually open. The lid was removed and the coffin filled up with earth, in which a peculiar sort of grass is cultivated, and kept like the softest and richest velvet, a Mollah being in perpetual attendance to see that it is properly cut. Whenever it rains, "the waters of heaven" fall through the open window on the coffin below. The most unpretentious royal burial-place, certainly, in the wide world.

The Mollah who showed me over this mausoleum gave me no peace until I passed nine times through the circle of a colossal rosary hanging from the adjacent wall. This, he told me, would certainly bring me good luck, for the rosary had belonged to a famous and sacred Dervish, and those who only touched it were sure to have good fortune.

In a side chapel, the roof of which is supported by porphyry columns, are the coffins of four of Murād's little sons. From this you pass into yet another tomb-house, in which are the remains of young Mus-taphā, the victim of Roxalana's ambition and jealousy. This tomb, although in a dilapidated condition, still preserves its ceramic decorations. Beyond it is a

chapel containing the tomb of another murdered Prince, the romantic but unfortunate Jem, poisoned, at the instigation of his brother Bāyezīd, by the Borgias at Naples, where he had sought refuge. About ten yards further on is the Turbhé of Moham-med Effendi, son of Sultan Bāyezīd, who built a fine mosque, now half-ruined, at the corner of which stands a shattered but mammoth minaret, at one time said to be the largest and loftiest in the world.

The Ulu Djami, or Great Mosque, begun by Murād I., and finished by Bāyezīd I., stands in the centre of the town, a most picturesque building, with a surprising number of small domes and half cupolas. Its Harem serves as a kind of forum for the town folk, and is always filled with a number of quaint people, droning the happy hours away, smoking their chibouks. Here you may sit by the hour, and study Oriental life, and watch the picturesque, ever-changing groups, in their infinite variety of costumes. The interior of this mosque contains some very curious iron-work, and a large octangular fountain, which sounds cool and soothing on a hot summer day.

The traveller who has exhausted the mosques has still the baths to interest him. Even before the Christian era, Brusa was a famous health resort.

Thither, long before Christ, came invalids from all parts of the Eastern World, to get rid of their gout and their rheumatism. The country, for miles around, is rich in sulphur and iron springs, hot and cold, sometimes within a few inches of each other, so that the same small fountain supplies both ; and it is currently

reported that boilers would be unnecessary in many houses in the town, were it not that the water is so impregnated with mineral as to make it unfit for ordinary purposes. Some of the existing bath-houses are exceedingly ancient. The Great and the Little Baths, for instance, were founded by Justinian, and opened with much ceremony by Theodora. The Emperor had been taking the baths for some time, before his consort came from Constantinople, to inaugurate them with unusual pomp. Theodora's journey lasted a fortnight. The ex-circus girl brought with her a train of five thousand persons of both sexes. She herself was suffering from some ailment, and remained two months at Brusa, using the hot iron and sulphur waters, which, we are assured, greatly benefited her health. The Eske, built by Rustem Pasha, the son-in-law of Suleymān the Magnificent, is not only the largest, but the best managed of the numerous bath-houses. It has an enormous central dome, and a fine fountain in the Caldarium. The waters are very strongly impregnated with sulphur and iron. The boiling water rushes out of this bath, until it reaches a precipice, whence it tumbles, smoking and fuming, into the plain below. In the village of Chekirgeh, a suburb of Brusa, there is a perfect nest of sulphur baths, and some hot springs. The Ghazi Hunkiar, founded by Murād I., is the largest. This is a fine Gothic building, with a splendid tessellated pavement. Judging from the design of the marbles, I should think they had been taken from some Byzantine building. In connection with these bath-houses, and indeed in all the

Turkish baths I visited in the East, I would call attention to two remarkable facts. In the first place, the Caldarium is not heated to the same excess as in England — never above 150° (F.), and nobody remains in it over a few minutes. The atmosphere, moreover, is kept moist by the gentle currents of water which pour from the fountain, and trickle in all directions over the pavement, through just such channels as adorned the grand old meat dishes of bygone times, to convey the gravy to both sides of the joint. This simple process keeps the air moist, and thus creates a perfect but draughtless system of ventilation, without raising clouds of vapour. The soaping and shampooing commence almost as soon as you enter the bath, and continue at intervals until the bather thinks fit to withdraw to the resting-room, where a sort of massage is administered, which facilitates the circulation, and creates a gentle irritation on the surface of the skin. After a cup of coffee and a sleep, the patient feels singularly buoyant and invigorated. I am certain that our notion of a Turkish bath is in the main erroneous. Our baths are all too hot and too dry, and the bather remains too long in the hot-room before he is shampooed. Everybody in Turkey takes this form of bath, at least once or twice a week, and this, undoubtedly, has prevented a number of diseases, which would otherwise, owing to the absolute lack of drainage, be only too prevalent. You will often see men of the poorer class, going into the Caldarium, where they will stay about ten minutes, and thence into the soaping-room, after which, they

dry themselves and go about their business. In the mineral baths of Brusa, after the patients are sufficiently warm, they are placed in the tank, and swim or flounder for a time in the strongly mineralised water. Should Turkey ever be blessed with a reasonable Government, which would permit of enterprise, there is no question as to the future of Brusa. It must eventually develop into a favourite health resort, especially during the early spring and autumn. The winter months are excessively cold, and the summer, extremely sultry. Any traveller inspired to go so far, may be glad of an assurance that the "Hôtel d'Anatolie" is as excellently managed, by a French lady, as any of the best provincial hotels in France.

CHAPTER VII.

A SACRED VILLAGE OF THE TURKS.

NEVER shall I forget my first visit to the village of Eyub Sultan—the stronghold of the Turks of the old school—in whose inhospitable streets the Giaour dwells not, and the floor of whose thrice holy mosque knows not the pressure of infidel foot. Closer examination might, I dare say, prove that the said hated Giaour has dwelt, and still dwells, indeed, at Eyub, and that unbelievers have passed, ere this, beneath the great white dome which rises above the uncorrupted body of Abu Eyub Khalid Ensari,* the champion of the Prophet, here discovered, in 1453, by the great Sheikh Alshenseddin, who, before the fall of Byzantium, beheld in a vision the precise spot where the holy corpse was concealed. Has not, for an instance, Pierre Loti himself assured us he spent months here, with the fair but frail Aziyade? And

* Eyub's end was not particularly heroic or romantic—he died of dysentery during the Arab siege in 672. In their hasty retreat the Arabs had to abandon the remains of their venerable saint. They buried him stealthily at night, and his place of sepulture remained lost to memory until 1453.

did not a certain *Chargé d’Affaires* swear me an oath, that, crowned with a *fez*, and accompanied by his *kawās*, he contrived to elude the vigilance of the Faithful, and beheld that Holy Shrine, which, like the *Ka’bah* at Mecca, should never be seen save of true believer’s eyes?

But one must be a *Pierre Loti*, surely, to care to reside, even in imagination, at *Eyub*, for it is literally a village of tombs, and one must be the *Baron de V.* to risk one’s life for the sake of seeing the interior of any Turkish mosque.

It had been snowing hard all the morning, when I took *caïque* at *Khassim Pasha*, at the foot of the second bridge of boats, and glided over the still, gray waters of the Golden Horn in the quiet winter’s afternoon, under a leaden sky, the domes and minarets of *Stambul* gleaming ghostly in their snowy shrouds. What made me choose such an un-Eastern afternoon for an expedition to a village so essentially Eastern as *Eyub*? *Caprice*, or *Kismet*? I know not; but I remember now that half-way on my journey, I heartily wished myself home again, for I was nearly frozen, and even my fur coat, closely muffled round me, failed to keep out the nipping wind; while, as if to add insult to injury, a letter from a friend in England, snugly hid in one of the pockets, congratulated me on being in “the balmy air of the South,” and “basking in the sunshine of Turkey.”

Past the *Phanar*—the quarter of Constantinople to which Mohammed II. relegated the Greeks who survived the Siege, and where rises, entirely screening

from view two most interesting old mosques, formerly Christian churches, the Zeirek Kilisse Djamisi,* and the Fethiyeh Djamisi †—a very modern and very ugly High School for Greek boys. Past Balat—whose name, a corruption of *palaton*, recalls the Imperial Byzantine Palace of the Blachernæ, which filled the space where the filthiest colony of Jews on earth now swarms; past a superb buttress of the old walls of Heraclæ, half hidden by spire-like groups of cypress-trees, standing out like a regiment of dusky giants against the snow-laden clouds. The Golden Horn lay well-nigh deserted; the useless Turkish Fleet sleeping idly at the foot of the Admiralty, a few fishing vessels, and one or two ugly panting steam ferry-boats—the refuse of the Hudson River, I believe, which somehow or other have found their way here—a barge or so, laden with wood or coal, and two or three caïques, were all the craft visible on either side of this curious inner port, wherein the fleets of Europe could easily find shelter. My caïqueje, a good old Turk, whom I had already employed several times—once to take me straight across the Bosphorus to Kadi Keui—fancied me, I think, a sort of lunatic Giaour; for what but lunacy could inspire a wish to visit Eyub on such a bitter afternoon? “My good Hamid,” I would have said to him, if I could have spoken Turkish, “I go to Eyub because I take pleasure in contrasts; and what stranger contrast can

* St. Saviour, or Pantocrator.

† Mosque of the Conqueror, formerly Church of St. Mary Panmakaristos, converted into a mosque by Mohammed III., 1591.

I possibly find than domes and minarets wrapped in snow—the East shaking hands with the North Pole?”

Hamid, in his sheepskin, rowed as swiftly as his muscular old arms allowed. Very old he looked, with his bright gray eyes and brown face, his hooked nose, and what would have been a fine brow, but for the sharp line cut across it, by a turban of spotless white linen, out of the centre of which rose the fez, a vivid spot of brilliant colour. This veteran and I not understanding each other, he, to while away the time, sang me a Turkish song; anywhere else I should have wished Hamid farther, for his interminable nasal cadences would have been intolerably irritating. Here they were in perfect harmony with the Oriental background of hazy domes and minarets.

At last we reached the little landing-place of Eyub Sultan, half buried in snow, and flanked by three enormous Turkish houses, with gardens running down to the water's edge, the loneliest and most dreary-looking dwellings imaginable, built of wood, blackened with age, the lattice of the Hareem windows falling in, and the two or three huge Italian terra-cotta vases in the gardens broken, and overgrown with ivy, whose black-green leaves shone speckled with little discs of snow.

Once on shore, we straightway ascended to the great street of tombs; tombs of Sultans, Vizirs, Pashas, and Sheikhs-ul-Islām, on either side, some very handsome; that of Adeleh-Sultan, a sister of the late Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz, and her two little ones, for instance, with its brilliant gold trellis, through

which the coffins are visible covered with sumptuous shawls, each with two enormous wax candles on either side, towering towards the white roof, hung with numerous glass chandeliers. Against the walls are ranged at least a dozen clocks of all kinds, mostly of English and French manufacture of the last century, but with Turkish figures. In one corner I noticed a splendid old "grandfather's" clock, and, on a bracket, an exquisite little ormulu timepiece, which might have come from the sale of Madame du Barry's property. The inscriptions on the tombs of the two children buried beside their mother in this Turbhé, are celebrated; on one: "A flower that had scarcely blossomed, torn prematurely from its stem," on the other: "Here lies one who has passed to those bowers where roses never fade, for they are moistened by a mother's tears! Say a *fatieh* (prayer) for his beatitude!"

I have been assured, on good authority, that these children were not murdered, as has recently been stated, I think, by Mrs. Elliot, in her "Idle Woman in Constantinople," but that they really died of diphtheria. There was no reason for doing away with them, for they had not the slightest chance of succeeding to the Imperial throne. The beautiful tomb was scrupulously cared for. Not so a very large one, a little higher up the street, the windows of which were broken, so that the snow had drifted in over the prayer-carpet, and even on to the dozen or so of shawl-covered coffins.

At the corner of the street, which is quite a quarter

of a mile long, stood a beautiful Turkish fountain, covered with icicles ; next it was a large tomb, into which I actually could not see, the windows were so thick with dust and cobwebs. At the end of this tomb was a gate, opening on to a large courtyard or cloister, in the centre of which was a well, backed by a group of cypress-trees. Here two Turkish women, very closely veiled, were filling their classic-shaped pitchers. Four or five urchins were in their company, who, on noticing me, glared viciously, and hissed, "Giaour ! Giaour !" with all the venom of little serpents. One small personage made up a snowball as quickly as he possibly could, inserting in the middle of it, as I noticed, a jagged stone. His mother also perceived the aggressive act, and before the snowball was completed, she gave him two such resounding slaps on either side of his face as were likely, I should think, to teach him better manners for the rest of his natural life. The other urchins, cowed by her prompt action, looked viciously at the woman, yelled " Giaour ! Giaour !" and cleared off as fast as their legs could carry them, leaving my friend of the snowball prostrate in the snow, and howling dismally.

I had been told that Eyub was a dangerous place for a European to visit alone, and was prepared for this sort of reception ; but not for such an exhibition of common-sense on the part of Turkish women, and I felt inclined, had prudence permitted it, to lift my hat, and thank the good woman for her kind offices ; but you must take no notice, for good or evil, of a "Turkey lady," as rare old Knolles would say.

Good breeding demands you should feign ignorance of her presence, even as Turkish morals command her to conceal herself from public gaze.

At the end of this street I came across another extremely fine tomb, in which I counted no less than seven coffins, covered with rich shawls; and, from the fact that they had enormous cone-shaped turbans at their heads, instead of fez, I should imagine them to be of considerable antiquity. Here also I saw a magnificent clock, richly ornamented with *vernis Martin*. What an odd fate, thought I, for a French clock, that must originally have been made for some personage of the Court of Louis XV.—La Pompadour herself, perchance—to end its days in a Turkish tomb at Eyub!

Turning to the left, I found myself in what I might call the High Street of Eyub, a somewhat lively thoroughfare, lined with old Turkish wooden houses and shops, containing, alas! for the most part, very indifferent European goods. In one window, to my horror, not to say indignation, I perceived a certain famous advertising cartoon, representing a monkey shaving himself, and using by way of mirror a polished frying-pan. Oh, how I have hated that wretched monkey ever since!

Beyond this shop was yet another enclosed tomb, that of the famous Sokolli Pasha, foully murdered by Sultan Selim II. A beautiful iron trellis surrounds it. Then came a toymaker's stall, with the funniest Turkish toys imaginable. Then a tailor's shop with a cartoon in the window, which I should have liked

to tear down, picturing forth the latest London fashions. Then a baker's, with a red furnace at the back, throwing the form of a half-naked baker, who must have been fairly roasted on one side and cruelly frozen on the other, into vivid relief. Then a Turkish fountain thickly hung with long icicles, and next to it a cavernous fruit shop, with piles of oranges, and apples, and dates, and nuts, and long strings of onions hung against the black wall; while in the dim distance, lighted up by the fire in a stove, a number of Turks squatted on divans smoking their chibouks. A party of Turkish women, closely veiled, with a negro slave who led a little white donkey with two enormous panniers slung across his back, were buying oranges and dried fruits, which the negro and the shop-boy were packing in the panniers. The ladies, the donkey, and the negro formed a wonderfully picturesque group, the vivid scarlet and blue *feridjés* contrasting brilliantly with their snow-white surroundings. A number of Turbhés followed, each surmounted by a squat leaden dome, and then a Turkish bath, from which the steam poured out in clouds, while the bath-boys played snowball before the open door.

Presently I stood in front of the great gate leading into the courtyard of the celebrated Mosque of Eyub Sultan, in the centre of which is a magnificent plane-tree. An old gray woman, ugly as an abstracted Fate, was scattering Indian corn to a huge flock of dark pigeons, the noise of whose wings resounded through the quiet courtyard like the rushing of a cataract—there must have been several thousands of them.

Beyond the arch, and into this singularly picturesque cloister, or harem, I dared not venture, and all I could see of the mosque were the lovely Persian tiles which ornament its façade, and the bright red curtain over the principal door, the heavy folds of which were lifted from time to time as some of the Faithful passed in to prayers.

Such was my first glimpse of Eyub, and of the mosque where the Sultans, on the fifth or sixth day after their accession, are invested with the sword of Othmān, a ceremony called Taklidi-Séif, and equivalent to the coronation of our Kings at Westminster.* The Natrib-ul-echraf, a chief of the Emirs, opens the service with special prayers, and the chief of the Mevlevee Dervishes, who bears the title of Chelibi Effendi, comes from his residence at Koniah to preside at the investiture. It is a very gorgeous spectacle indeed, or so at least it used to be, but Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid II. deprived it of half its glory. I knew an old gentleman at Pera who saw the investiture of Abd-ul-Medjid. That was a sight worth seeing, for the Sultan rode from the old Seraglio surrounded by all his Court, and the trappings of his horse were of pure gold, and the horse-cloth was embroidered with thousands of pearls. He passed to the Mosque of Mohammed II., and thence, having venerated the Conqueror's tomb, to Eyub, with all his Pashas and his Court, the Sheikh-ul-Islām, and the Grand Vizir, following in his train. Next came the ladies of the Court in arabas or gilded

* The procession usually starts from the Mosque of Sultan Mohammed the Conqueror.

wagons, glittering with tinsel, and drawn by white bullocks, whose huge curled horns were hung with bright blue beads and little bits of looking-glass, and all sorts of charms against the evil eye. The mob which lined the streets could see the jewels glittering under the *yashmacs*, and admire the eunuchs' costumes of crimson velvet and cloth of gold, and the Pashas with their diamond aigrettes in their fez ; and all the Orientalism of it, which, like many other things, beautiful or picturesque, civilisation, as man calls it, is fast improving off the face of the earth. Very little Oriental colour remained when Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid II. was invested, on the 7th of September, 1872. Still, even then, there were halberdiers dressed in scarlet, richly embroidered with gold, with green feathers two yards high in their turbans, the Sheikh-ul-Islām wore his green cloak, the Ameers their Cashmere headgear, and the Ulemas their snow-white turbans ; the crowd was enormous, and the Turkish women in their best *feridjés* looked like poppy beds, blossoming on every available space in the innumerable cemeteries, big and little, which rise in terraces one above the other, and line the streets of this strange village of the living and the dead.

But these things have passed, or are fast passing, away, and ten years hence, I fear, there will be about as much costume to be seen in Eyub as about Drury Lane, inasmuch as the modern Turk buys up all the second-hand clothing of Europe, and wears it, whether it fits him well or not. Short trousers, displaying the full hideousness of side-spring boots, an ill-fitting

frock-coat, no cravat or collar, and a common coarse fez, complete your modern Turk's costume.

Why cannot these people accept what is good in our civilisation without casting aside the graceful and comfortable garments of their ancestors, so suitable to their climate and habits, and so infinitely superior, in every way, to the frightful dress of modern Europe, that discord in the harmony of our much-vaunted æsthetic progress?

From such reflections I turned for consolation to the sweetmeat shop before mentioned—a genuine Eastern sweetmeat shop, just such a one as you might fancy the three ladies of Baghdad patronised on that famous morning when they went their rounds with the Porter, and met the three Kalenderees, sons of Kings; and yet every one of those sweetmeats have I seen in Norfolk villages—Turkey rock, white and striped with red, and fragrant of peppermint, and bull's-eyes, and cocoanut paste, and hardbake—nay, even toffee, beloved of our youth! As I gazed on the good things I fell to speculating, and said within myself, “How came these here?” and this brought me to the conclusion that the question I should rather have asked myself was, “How came they there?” Now, all over Constantinople you will see those homely cates for sale, but you cannot purchase them for love or money between England and the walls of Stambul. Did our crusading forefathers bring the first bull's-eyes home with them, and did the cunning fingers of fair English dames repeat and perpetuate the triumph of the Eastern sweetmeat-seller's art? I bought

some Turkish rock—not that sickly, sticky stuff they call Turkish delight, *Rahat Lakum*, and which is only fit to eat when you buy it at the foot of the Second Bridge, of Hadji Baba, Sweetmeat Maker to his Most Godlike Majesty, Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid—but the real article, fragrant of peppermint, crisp to the teeth, and melting in the mouth. The sweetmeat merchant was a fine old Turkish gentleman, with a white beard, who wore a turban and a long caftan of black stuff lined with fur. He was not a particularly courteous person, in fact he did not appear exactly to welcome my presence at Eyub. I suppose he thought it sacrilegious, but he took my money willingly enough all the same.

By the time I got back to the caïque, wherein Hamid sat waiting for me somewhat impatiently, blowing his half-frozen fingers, the short afternoon had closed in, the wind had fallen, and when we landed at the foot of the bridge at Khassim Pasha, the night was upon us.

The next time I went to Eyub was in early summer, and again Hamid was my Charon. It was a Friday, and the Golden Horn was alive with hundreds of caïques, full of Turkish women hastening to the Sweet Waters of Europe. Caïque after caïque passed us, laden with veiled ladies with their children, who hurried on, laughing and singing, to spend the afternoon on the grass near the Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz's Kiosk, and stare at the Court ladies, occupying an almost interminable line of well-appointed broughams, drawn up under the trees.

This time the deserted gardens of the three Turkish houses at the Eyub landing-place were bright with flowers. The giant polonia-trees in the Street of Tombs were full of purple bloom; the wisteria hung in such masses as to make one side of the otherwise gloomy thoroughfare glow with colour. Over the walls of the old gardens the lilac and laburnum peeped, and long trailing sprays of the pretty little Banksia rose fell in primrose-coloured showers. The street was full of people; hundreds of women passed by closely veiled, and crowded into the harem of the thrice holy mosque. The sinful wickedness of Pera, where the Turkish women go "almost unveiled, Effendim," may not be attempted here! The sky above was exquisitely, positively, blue as the bluest turquoise; and the great plane-tree in the courtyard of the mosque was heavy with bright green leaves—so dense, indeed, was the foliage, that the pigeons had taken refuge from the hot sunshine under its shade. In and out of the mosque, group upon group of chattering Turkish women and children came and went. The sweetmeat sellers moved about with their great trays full of all sorts of dainties, piled up in pyramids, pink, and yellow, and white, and brown, and *yeurt*, or curds and whey, was being sold in all directions. It was a charming scene, full of thoroughly Oriental flavour, with scarce a European in sight to mar the effect.

On the occasion of this second visit, I managed to get nearer the great mosque than on my first. It is not very large, but its proportions are extremely fine, and

the exterior is richly decorated with fine Persian tiles. According to an engraving, after a sketch by D'Ohsson, taken during the last century, the interior is exceedingly simple. The tomb of the saint is of oblong shape, surrounded by a screen, and concealed with costly shawls. At the head is a turban, and at the foot, two huge solid silver candlesticks.

The harem of the mosque, entirely built of white marble, is enchanting, and—a very rare thing in Turkey—it is admirably cared for, no dust or dirt being allowed to pollute so holy a place. The noble trees, which shade the harem, the fair proportion of the wonderfully elegant minarets, and the flocks of pigeons hovering round the fountain, add to the charm of one of the most fascinating spots in the whole East. It quite deserves the inscription which surrounds the dome: "In the year of the Hegira, 863 (1450), Sultan Mohammed II. built this mosque. May it resemble Paradise. It has been made the house of God, whose followers are to be revered."

On the height behind Eyub, is the most remarkable cemetery in Turkey, with the sole exception of the one at Scutari. Every good old-fashioned Turk desires to be buried either at Eyub or at Scutari, where Giaour tourists rarely tread. You begin the ascent of the cemetery a little beyond the tomb of the celebrated Grand Vizir, Sokolli, who, after the death of Suleymān I., victoriously concluded the campaign of Szigeth. Under the forest of cypress-trees, some of which rise to an immense height, with trunks whose girth can only be described as gigantic, the Turkish

tombs cluster literally in millions. Some of great antiquity have tumbled to pieces, or, leaning oddly to one side, emphasize that melancholy, neglected appearance peculiar to everything approaching the monumental in Turkey. These contrast quaintly with the newly-erected, brightly-gilded, and vividly-painted tombs in their vicinity, which, in due course of time, will crumble to pieces like the rest. If the Turk be the most sober of men, he must, I think, e'en take it out after death, for there is nothing on earth so drunken and disorderly-looking as a Turkish cemetery, where, after a year or so, scarcely a monument stands upright. But the general effect is weird, and, in a sense, overwhelming; for—since no Turk may be buried above another, lest, at the Judgment, he should inconvenience his predecessor in death, by indecorously pushing him up to the Judgment-seat—a Turkish cemetery of the importance of the one in Scutari, and of this at Eyub, is literally, in every sense of the word, a Field of Death.*

* The two most sacred cemeteries in Constantinople are Scutari, famous for its cypress-trees, which are so thick as to form a veritable forest, and Eyub. In both places you are sure to meet with a number of Turkish funerals, especially of the lower class, which, however, are not very interesting. The chief object of the mourners is to hurry the body to the grave as fast as possible, for, according to popular tradition, the spirit is in torment until the body is underground.

The Mohammedan funeral service is not recited in the graveyard, it being too polluted a place for so sacred an office; but either in a mosque or in some open space near the dwelling of the deceased person or the graveyard. The owner of the corpse, *i.e.*, the nearest relative, is the proper person to recite the service, but it is usually said

But on this particular Friday the cemetery at Eyub was gay with picnickers, and almost every large tomb, commanding a good view, was crowded with Turkish women, squatting on their carpets, and enjoying their afternoon coffee. When a group of tombs grows sufficiently dilapidated to warrant the speculation, some Armenian or Greek is sure to seize on the space, and convert it into an *al-fresco* café. No stranger contrast can be imagined than this burial-ground full of living people, eating, drinking, and gossiping, the women, of course, keeping apart from the men, neither heeding them nor noticed by them. After all, a Turkish cemetery is an essentially cheerful place. I am one of those who would not care to go alone at midnight through an English village churchyard, unless I could not avoid it, but over and over again, in the dark hours, I have contentedly rested my weary bones on a Turkish grave, with none to keep me company save the great tall black cypress-trees, and the ruined tombstones.

From the crest of the great cemetery at Eyub you look on one of the noblest views in all the world. In the foreground lie the tombs and the

by the family Imām. The following is the order of the service: Some one present calls out, "Here begins the prayer for the dead." Then those present arrange themselves in three, five, or seven rows opposite the corpse with their faces Quiblah-wards (*i.e.*, towards Mecca). The Imām stands in front of the ranks opposite the head (the Shi'ahs stand opposite the loins of a man) of the corpse if it be that of a male, or the waist if it be that of a female. The whole company having taken up the *Kuyam*, or standing position, the Imām recites the Nizah, or prayer for the dead.

majestic avenues of cypress-trees. In the second distance come the white outlines of the dome and minarets of the Mosque at Eyub, the dusky roofs of the old-fashioned houses of the sacred village, and the innumerable cupolas of the tombs of the great ones of the Turkish earth, who sleep soundly beneath them. Beyond is the grand outline of the ruined Byzantine walls of Constantinople, and yet further, stretching to the Sea of Marmara, the city itself, with its domes and minarets. Galata, with the Tower of Christ, and Pera, with its Embassies, its church towers, and its cypresses, rise to the left, backed by a long line of barren hills scattered over with little white obelisks, erected to mark the spots where the arrows of certain sporting Sultans have fallen.

The Golden Horn, winding past Pera, reflects the ugly white palace of the Admiralty, passes a range of hideous manufactories, with their chimneys casting up smoke which they ought to be forced by law to consume on the premises; past slopes dotted with Armenian, Turkish, Catholic, and Greek cemeteries; past tumble-down villages with deserted mosques, Greek churches and convents; past the low range of hills which forms the entry to the valley of the Sweet Waters of Europe, where the brine begins to mix with the fresh water, and the "Horn of Abundance" is met by a rather attenuated stream which has a reputation for beauty greater than it really deserves. From the heights of Eyub you get the finest sunset effects, probably, in Europe. I have seen the Golden Horn suddenly turn golden in very earnest—a sheet

of glittering orange gold! And I have seen the enchanting outline of Constantinople take on the colour of an amethyst, against a sky rich with every tint that Turner ever lifted from his palette—opal, rose, ruby, gold, emerald, aqua-marine, topaz; nay, beryl and agate—for sometimes the feathery clouds will be as rich in tawny colours as the fairest cairngorm ever discovered north of the Clyde. Seen from this height, the City of the Sultans is worthy of its fame. The astonishing beauty of the natural position makes itself felt, and one wonders what might have been, had the Greek civilisation continued unchecked, and eventually undergone the beneficent influence of the Italian Renaissance. But let us be just, at all events to Turkish genius; it is to the Sultans, undoubtedly, that Stambul owes her unique and fairy-like array of domes and minarets.

The last time I passed through this cemetery I was bent on a strange errand—to visit the famous witch of Eyub. I own up boldly to what some men call credulity and superstition—a love of the preternatural. I had heard a good deal about this particular witch—how she had told the Sultan some secret which inspired him to banish her from Pera, and how she had pointed out to an old friend of my own the place where a certain ring she had lost was hidden. It was rather a weary walk. The afternoon was hot, and the white tombstones threw back the glare. At last we reached a curious sort of plateau, not unlike an English village green, with a brook running across it, and a number of old houses standing

a little way back, so as to exhibit to advantage a tumble-down mosque with a broken minaret. A few lounging soldiers, some veiled women hanging out clothes to dry, and a number of goats, lent a feeble animation to an otherwise sleepy scene. Accosting a soldier, a civil fellow enough, we asked which was the house of Fathma, the Witch. He soon pointed it out, and we knocked at her door, not exactly, I'm afraid, with beating hearts, for be you as credulous as you like, this present age is but a sceptical one.

Fathma was at home, so a dirty urchin informed us, as he conducted us down a dark, narrow passage into a neglected garden at the back of the premises. Here we found a young woman seated on the edge of a well, nursing a child. She hastily threw a shawl over her head and face, and rose to summon her grandmother. Shortly afterwards a tall, stout figure, closely veiled, appeared before us. She made the usual obeisance, and then fell to praying with great apparent unction, before the tomb of a saintly Dervish, which stood in one corner of the garden, half hidden in weeds, but still, after a fashion, cared for—for some broken lanterns, each containing a little burning oil lamp, hung on the battered iron rail which surrounded the Turbhé. When Fathma Hanum had finished her prayer she made signs to my dragoman and myself to approach her, and sat herself down on the brink of what was, I am pretty sure, the opening of an ancient Byzantine cistern.* The venerable lady refused to proceed to

* See note on cisterns at end of volume.

any prophecy until she was handsomely paid, and I am bound to admit that if my dragoman translated accurately, she told me nothing of any interest, but the sight of her was well worth the reward she claimed for the exercise of her so-called gift, and she lingers yet on my memory's disc a graceful figure clad in white, like a substantial ghost. She had a peculiarly low, sweet voice, but otherwise, I am afraid, she was somewhat a fraud.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SAUNTER BY THE WALLS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

"I HAVE seen," wrote Lord Byron to his mother, "the ruins of Athens, of Ephesus, and of Delphi—I have traversed a great part of Turkey, of Asia, and of Europe, but I never beheld a work of nature or of art which yielded an impression like the prospect of the walls of Constantinople from the end of the Golden Horn to the Seven Towers." The poet was right, but is it not lamentable that he has not left even a single sonnet to immortalise a sight which moved him so deeply?

Only half a century ago the wall on the Golden Horn rose proud and intact over the water, while Galata was surrounded by a prodigious girdle of mediæval fortifications. The effect—admirable even yet—of the twin cities rising from the sea, was then infinitely more picturesque than it is at the present day. Now the walls on the Golden Horn have been almost completely overthrown, and the sole vestige of its mediæval glory left to Galata is the huge Tower of Christ, which rears its stately head above the waste of hideous modern houses, with their ugly roofs and

glaring advertisement-covered walls—a very desert of vulgarity, only redeemed here and there by the spire of a church, the minaret or cupola of some mosque, and by occasional rows of little domes, which mark the Medrassés and the public baths. Things were very different when Sir George Wheeler, in 1675, expressed his enthusiastic delight at seeing how completely the glorious walls screened everything mean and unworthy from view, so that the city “presented the most fairy-like scene imaginable. In many places there is not room to pass between the square towers of the walls which jut out into the Sea of Marmara, or into the waters of the Golden Horn.” This last statement holds good, even now, of a few hundred yards of sea-wall immediately under the Seraglio, which are still as perfect as when first built, and bear many Byzantine inscriptions, the only memorials of the Emperors remaining in the place. The tombs of the Greek and Latin Cæsars have long since vanished, but these inscriptions, recording their names and their deeds, are as perfect as if they had been chiselled but yesterday.

I was fortunate enough to saunter, for the first time, by the walls of Constantinople in the company of Mr. Edwin Pears, whose admirable work, “The Siege of Constantinople by the Fourth Crusaders,” should be in the hands of every pilgrim to Stambul. We took caïque one beautiful spring afternoon and landed at Balat, the Jewish quarter, where the proverbially untidy population—it was on a Sabbath day—was idling in the streets, no longer dressed in gabar-

dines, turbans, and red slippers, but in the shabbiest second-hand clothing brought wholesale from Berlin—old frock-coats with the nap long since worn off, and even in cast-off German uniforms. Half-naked little Hebrews played in the gutters, and their slatternly mothers and sisters lolled out of the windows, or sat in chattering groups on the door-steps.

We had not landed, however, to inspect the filth of Balat, but to visit the little Atik Mustaphā Pasha Djamisi, formerly the church of SS. Peter and Mark, originally erected to receive the Himation, or Incorruptible Robe of the Virgin. This had been stolen from Jerusalem in 459 by the two patrician pilgrims, Galvinus and Candidus, who brought it to Constantinople, where it was first enshrined in this queer little box-like church, the walls of which are of extraordinary thickness, and the windows grated like those of any dungeon.

Atik Mustaphā's tiny mosque stands in a quiet grass-grown spot shaded by fine old plane-trees. A very interesting object lies in the street opposite, a huge Colymbethra, or baptismal font, fashioned out of one enormous block of marble. It is big enough to contain the full-grown neophyte who descended into it by three steps to receive baptism. Recently, at the risk of their lives, some pious Greeks cleansed it by night, for it is still looked upon by the Christians of the neighbourhood, who would give much to extract it from its present degraded position, as a most sacred object, but they dare not move it for fear of rousing the vengeance of the Turks. The local tradition has

it that the day which sees the great font restored to its place will witness the fall of the last minaret in Constantinople.

Presently we reached the Evanserâi quarter, which covers the site of the aristocratic suburb of the ancient Byzantine city, situated near the outer wall of the Great Palace, of which the only trace now left is the Ayazma, or Holy Pool, over which rose the famous Church of our Lady of the Blachernœ—the Lourdes of ancient Constantinople. This church was even richer than Sancta Sophia in gold and gems, the offerings of countless potentates and pilgrims from all parts of the mediæval world. It was built, like most Greek churches, over a pool or well (Ayazma), whose health-giving waters are still said to possess miraculous qualities. Hither, during nearly a thousand years, the Emperors and Empresses came twice a year, in all the barbaric pomp of Byzantine state, to plunge into the Ayazma, precisely after the fashion of the pilgrims who now crowd to Lourdes. Their “*Béatific Magnificences*” descended, fully dressed, into the Holy Pool. But even in those days some consideration was given to economy, and the Imperial *Lentium*, or bathing-gown of cloth of gold, was so made, we are assured, as to protect the robes of State from being injured by the water. For centuries no traveller ever passed through Constantinople without offering up a prayer at this wonder-working shrine. Mere contact with the chest of pure gold, studded with gems, wherein lay the relic, sufficed to cure any malady, provided the pilgrim deserved the miracle.

During the terrible Siege of Constantinople in 626, when the Avars, having taken Scutari, advanced right up to the Palace walls, Heraclius caused the Holy Robe to be carried processionally round the walls. And lo! the barbarians fled "as though struck blind by some great light." The last scene of the tragedy, as the legend relates it, is picturesquely surprising. The Khagan of the Avars attempted to ascend the Golden Horn, but his fleet, formidable as it was, had to confront a more than mortal foe. The Panagia* descended in person from the blue and fought for the sons of the city "well guarded by God." She turned away the aggressors' arrows, thrust aside their shields, and when the unequal combat closed, the standard of Byzantium waved over the walls, set there by her thrice holy hands. "I saw," said the Khagan, "a Woman armed like a dazzling amazon, holding a flaming sword in her hand, run along the walls from tower to tower—I sought to follow her, but oh! deception, she led me into horrible danger, and then made herself air." The people, in gratitude for their preservation, built this shrine—the famous Blachernæ. A feast commemorating this miraculous intervention is still celebrated throughout the Greek world, and the hymn composed over a thousand years ago, to the Virgin, beginning "Akalthistos Hymnos,"† still rises in her honour.

* Madonna.

† Drapeyron, "The Emperor Heraclius and the Byzantine Empire in the Seventh Century," page 236-237, etc.

To the Church of the Blachernæ, Heraclius brought those portions of the true Cross which the Empress Helena had left at Jerusalem, and they were enshrined in the same gorgeous reliquary as the spotless Himation, when removed from the little Church of SS. Peter and Mark. The Roman Emperor Lecapinus once wore this holy garment as a cuirass, "and the arrows which struck him turned away as if their points were wool, for what weapon could pierce such Heaven-forged armour?"

No Byzantine warrior ventured to lead his troops to battle unless he had held a vigil before the glittering shrine which, according to some old writers, shone "like a constellation." The Fourth Crusaders carried off many relics from the church, but their mailed fingers never once profaned the Himation. And when the Turks destroyed the Sanctuary, the Robe and the Image of the Panagia Blachernitessa alike disappeared, "thus eluding their unholy designs."*

Some years ago the Greek community bought, at a very high price, the ground on which the ruins

* There is strong evidence that the famous image of the Virgin, so greatly venerated at Naples as the Madonna di Constantinopoli, is the identical Virgin of the Blachernæ. It certainly is of Byzantine origin, and was brought to Naples shortly after 1453. A little church has been built, in the reign of Mahmūd II., over the original Ayazma of the Blachernæ. It is annexed to a monastery of Russian Basilian monks. In the outer narthex is a curious collection of silver objects and exvotis, found when the workmen were excavating the foundation of the new church, which is a great place of pilgrimage with the Christians of all denominations, but of course principally with the Orthodox.

stand, and built over them a modest little church, which protects the Ayazma. But when the long-desired day arrives and the hated minarets are prostrate in the dust, another shrine to the Panagia Blachernitessa, more gorgeous even than the first, will surely rise in this place.

Close to the ruins of the Church of the Blachernœ, which undoubtedly stood within the walls, is the Kynigon, or Gate of the Hunter, through which the Emperors passed on their way to slay big game in the vast forest of Belgrade, which extended in olden times from the Black Sea to the gates of the city.

As we walked along my learned friend told me legend upon legend, for every stone hereabouts is familiar to him—and every stone has its history. The irregular ground, stretching in every direction, covers immense mounds of ruins, now overbuilt with shabby wooden houses, among which, however, are some fine specimens of the Turkish mansions, built of wood, like huge Swiss *châlets*. The dwellers in this quarter often find themselves quite accidentally in some subterranean passage or vaulted chamber. My dragoman, Antonio, an Armenian, lived here for many years with his mother. Some time ago a kitchen floor in their house was out of order, and a mason had to be called in to repair it. In course of digging the earth suddenly fell in, and a big hole appeared. This led to the discovery of a subterranean apartment, lined with marble, and supported by eight fluted columns of verd-antique. Beyond this first chamber was a second, almost equally handsome, in

which were found two marble busts and a quantity of silver coin.

Close by the Kynigon are the ruins of an immense hall, where portions of the mosaic pavement are still visible, and here and there are traces of arches and columns which give a fair idea of its former splendour. The space is full of almond-trees, laden, when I first went there, with delicious dainty blossoms, while, under a gigantic plane-tree close by, a Turkish child, staff in hand, was tending a few goats. This hall evidently belonged to the Blachernæ Palace.

When, for reasons of safety, the Emperors abandoned the Mega Palation, or Great Palace, and allowed that vast aggregation of halls and dwellings to tumble to ruin (the Turks eventually converted the remaining fragments into their Seraglio), they took up their abode in the distant north-west corner of the city, and converted a summer villa, built, in the sixth century, by Anasthasius I., into a most marvellous edifice, far surpassing the old palace in size. It was rendered impregnable by a triple girdle of walls and fortifications. Benjamin of Tudela, who was conducted over it in 1106, avers that "its marbles and mosaics, its magnificent gardens and innumerable fountains, fairly dazzled" his "sight." Nothing now remains of all this glory, save outer walls, which are almost perfect, numberless huge blocks of uncouth and unconnected ruin, and, strange to relate, at least one authentic relic—a mammoth drain-pipe. All is shapeless, or else buried under that luxuriant vegetation which ruins seem to foster. Plane-trees, hundreds of

years old, spread their vigorous branches in what may have been my lady's chamber, and rows of cabbages* and other vegetables fill up the space where once upon a time a deep moat ran; on the dank sides of the great ditch cluster scores of little wooden Turkish houses, whose fanatical inmates scowl upon the prying antiquary. The enormous square of masonry containing the almond orchard I have just mentioned, formed, according to tradition, part of the Hall of Ambassadors. Here, or hereabouts, Alexius Komnenos received the first Crusaders, and strove to dazzle them by the gorgeous splendour of his Court. He sat with his Empress under "a tree, whose mighty branches and broad leaves were wrought in pure gold," and "the walls of the hall were hung with cloth of gold, and with embroideries of birds and flowers in colours so natural they seemed to be real." The crowd of nobles, eunuchs, fan and incense bearers, and the heaps of gold, silver, and jewels in the treasury, nearly dazed the Crusaders. There were a great number of ladies present, "clad so richly,† they could not be more so"—"*qu'elles ne pouvaient l'être davantage*," and these houris, who wore trailing robes of rich silk and golden tissue, and who glittered with a thousand coloured gems, surrounded the Empress, "*qui était mulct belle dame et mulct gentile*." Awestruck, the warriors passed through the endless halls—not a chamber was

* It is a very curious fact that almost all the old moats surrounding mediæval towns, whose walls are still standing, are invariably converted into kitchen gardens—vide Sandwich, Montreuil-sur-Mer, etc

† Robert de Clery's "*Chronique*," reprinted Paris, 1876.

spared them—silent and wondering. After the interminable visitation of the palace came gifts rich and rare, golden cups, stiff brocades, and costly embroideries, carpets from Persia and Asia Minor, amber beads, and rare furs, cinnamon and spices to take home to wives and sweethearts, and finally a banquet, at which the Knights of the Cross and their men sat down in their thousands, and got, so it would seem, “dreadfully drunk.” Godfrey de Bouillon was so captivated by all he saw and heard, that, oblivious of his dignity, he knelt to kiss Komnenos’ hand. And so the Crusaders departed, through the very gate, perchance, where the Turkish boy even now passed with his goat!

In this palace, too, the gallant Constantine, the last and the most sympathetic figure in the whole of Byzantine history, grandeur, and folly, spent the last months of his heroic life, watching with tired eyes the slow, relentless advance of the white-turbaned Moslim tide. Near by is the little low-arched door known as the Kerkopoporta. Was it treacherously left open on the fatal night of May 25th, 1453? The Byzantine historians declare it was walled up—the Turkish vow it was open. However it may have been, a group of Turkish soldiers, led by the giant negro Hassan, whose feats of daring are legendary in the wild story of the Siege, stole in and scaled the battlements.

The genius and audacity of Mohammed inspired him with a daring plan. He resolved to transport his galleys over the solid land, and launch them from the

hills into those very waters from which the well-defended chain had so far shut them out. He ordered a broad plank highway to be constructed from the inner extremity of the harbour up the ravine, over the level top of the plateau, and down the ravine of Khassim Pasha on the other side of Galata. Immense quantities of oil and grease were poured upon the wooden road to render its smooth surface still more slippery. Hundreds of rollers were prepared. Sixty-eight ships, with sails spread to catch the favouring winds, were drawn in a single night, by long files of soldiers, on rollers to the top of the plateau; then they were let down with the resistlessness of fate into the Golden Horn, and the investment of the doomed city was complete. Then on a sudden there was a fearful tumult, as at Mohammed's word of command, 15,000 Janissaries, who had been kept back, were unleashed, and, spurred on by the Dervishes, dashed madly to the breach. Giustiniani, although badly wounded, to hide his shame, sought refuge in flight. Not so Constantine. He saw that all was lost. Yet there he stood, praying and watching. The Mohammedan host, rising with fateful precision, beat on in tumultuous waves of tempestuous humanity—their white turbans looking for all the world like foam—and broke the silence with their yells and shouts of "Allah Akbar! Allah Akbar!" as if all the fiends of hell had suddenly been let loose against the distracted city.

"Would to Christ," cried the deserted Emperor, "some Christian would kill me, so that I might be spared this sight." Then five Janissaries made at him,

howling, "Allah Akbar!" He cut down three, but the fourth and fifth silenced his prayer for ever with their scimitars.

Some time in April, 1894,* I visited the Abu Vega, a very low quarter of Stambul. In a yard, where some Bulgarian refugees were still encamped, I was shown what looked like a new-made grave, under a stately cypress-tree. A few days previous, with the permission of the Sultan, the Greek Patriarch had caused the stone coffin, which is said to contain the bones of the last Byzantine Emperor, to be lifted from its neglected resting-place beneath the tree, and carried, for decent burial, to the cemetery which surrounds the Church of the Orthodox Patriarchate, where the remains of the gallant Constantine will rest till a fitting monument be erected over him.

On either side of the Blachernœ stretches a triple row of walls, a procession of towers and bastions, their harsh yellowish-white stones softened by clusters of Judas-trees, whose lovely purple blossoms in early spring lend additional enchantment to one of the strangest and most impressive scenes the world can boast. Not far off is a rampart which has a peculiar interest for English travellers, for on the 12th of July, 1203, it was gloriously defended by the English of the Warangian guard.†

* I purchased a piece of the outer coffin of wood which was still lying in the grave. It was burnt with the rest of my curios, carpets, and effects in the fire at Misiri's Hotel on April 18th, 1894.

† See chapter on "Christians in Constantinople."

The most remarkable portion of these ruins is that in the neighbourhood of the Blachernœ Gate, which formerly led from the Palace into the country now occupied by the suburbs of Otakchida and Eyub. In the days of the Byzantines there stood, beyond this Gate, a small hippodrome and several convents, of which the fortified Abbey of the Saints Cosmos and Damian was the most celebrated.

The scene at this point is indescribably imposing. The triple row of walls, in most perfect preservation, towers up in all directions. Some are covered with ivy, but as a rule they are naked, and you can still decipher the many inscriptions, which seem as sharply cut as when they were first graven. At intervals, crosses, and the image of the Lamb of God, recall the Christian origin of the mighty fortifications. Such inscriptions as "The most puissant Prince in Christ, Romanus, built this wall;" and "O Christ, O divine Christ, preserve the City!" and so forth, occur constantly, from the Blachernœ to the Seven Towers. Over the walled-up second gate of the Blachernœ is a long inscription in honour of the Emperor Theophilus, "the Iconoclast."

Fortunately, for humanity's sake, the Turks never discovered the prisons of Anemas, the state dungeons of the Blachernœ, or Heaven only knows what horrors would have been added to the list which closed with the last page of Byzantine history. This terrible prison-house was overlooked for nearly 500 years, until 1850, when Paspates remarked a crannied hole on the northern side of the noble tower fronting

the south wall of the Palace of the Blachernœ. He edged his way in and found himself in a long vaulted passage, about three feet high, and two wide. At the end of this, he discovered a small room, and beyond it several others of larger proportions—one forty feet long. Nearly as far as this I have been myself, but I was soon driven back by the foul atmosphere and by a flock of disturbed bats, and was glad to crawl again into pure air and sunshine. I saw quite enough, however, to convince me that Scott's description of these prisons, in "Count Robert of Paris," was very accurate. Forty-six cells have already been discovered, but they are choked up with stones. There are probably hundreds of others—a perfect network of dungeons—communicating with the palace above. Mr. Grosvenor says he distinctly saw traces of these, when, some years since, he explored the place, as far as was then possible. The captives must have lived in total darkness, and in air foul and damp beyond description. Surely the gate of the prison of Anemas should have borne the dreadful legend Dante saw inscribed over the portals of hell, "*Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate nella città dolente!*"

Countless have been the tragedies here enacted; none more pathetic than the closing scenes in the life of the infamous Andronicos I., the most cruel of all the Byzantine Emperors, who yet must have had some extraordinary personal attraction, for he was tended to the end by his heroic wife, who implored permission to suffer with him. In the dungeon cell she gave birth to a child, Kalo-John, who was torn from her

breast and dashed to pieces before her eyes, against the prison wall. Then the light was extinguished, and the miserable Emperor and Empress lived on with their unburied child, until death released them. Emperors and Empresses, warriors and priests, and even monks and nuns, have here languished away their lives in starvation and utter darkness—the long, stony corridors have re-echoed again and again with the sobs and the shrieks of the imprisoned. How calm it all is now, on this fine spring afternoon! The grand old tower above is wreathed with twining honeysuckle tendrils, the long grasses at its iron feet are alive with tiny blue butterflies, and timid, little green lizards scan you from their holes in the masonry, and dart bright, inquiring glances at the venturesome stranger who dares disturb the harmless jailers of the empty prison-house.

Beyond the Tower of Anemas is the still more famous Tower of Izaac Angelus, one of the finest specimens of mediæval architecture in the world. Here Izaac Angelus dwelt for a time, and loved to gaze out upon the glorious stretch of country beyond. But his brother, Alexius III., the Usurper, soon deprived him of this pleasure, by plucking out his eyes. Beyond the tower of Izaac Angelus lies another magnificent group of ruins, those of the so-called Palace of the Hebdemon, more popularly known as the Palace of Constantine, and by the Turks as Tekfur Serai. It is in the very heart of the gipsy quarter, on the sixth of the Seven Hills. It juts out from the walls, and its window, overlooking the

Golden Horn and the northern side of the city, still retains the balustrade of a balcony from which the last Constantine surveyed Byzantium on the eve of its fall. It is a noble relic, and, although greatly dilapidated, by far the most important, as to size, of all the remains of ancient Constantinople. Was it built by Constantine the Great? The peculiar construction of the lower storey seems to indicate that its foundations date as far back as the fourth century, but the upper storeys are evidently much more modern. They point out another balcony as the one whence Justinian hurled Belisarius upon the pavement below, which miraculously softened, so that the Prince, rising to his feet uninjured, bowed gracefully to his would-be murderer, and thereby so firmly established himself in the graces of the Emperor that he considered him, ever afterwards, as a brother. There is another very curious legend connected with this ruin. It appears that on the occasion of a state visit paid by Justinian, in 549, the Emperor lost a priceless diamond, which was never found. Nine hundred years later, when the Hebdeemon was already a wreck, a shepherd picked up a glittering object, which passed, from hand to hand, into those of a Jew. He endeavoured to sell it for an enormous sum, but the Grand Vizir, hearing of the matter, caused the Jew and the stone to be brought before him. The gem he gave to his master, Mohammed II. To the Jew he administered a sound thrashing. This diamond is still in the Treasury, and is accounted one of the most beautiful in the world.

Returning into the city, we went down a narrow lane bordered by old Turkish houses, some of them handsome and evidently belonging to well-to-do people ; others, close to their more opulent neighbours, in such a state of dilapidation as only to afford shelter to gipsies, whose womenfolk wear the old Turkish costume—full trousers, short jacket, and a twisted handkerchief covering their dark hair, invariably braided in two long tails.

By far the most beautiful women I saw in Constantinople are those of the gipsy colony on the walls. They have very delicate aquiline features, the brightest of dark-brown eyes, and the whitest of teeth. Their expression is exceptionally intelligent. Naturally, on seeing a stranger, they are eager to tell his fortune and to pick his pocket. As I had my fortune told by them several times, it is only just to say that they did not relieve me of my handkerchief nor of my money. Their method of prophecy is precisely that of their fellows all the world over, either by the lines in the palm of the hand, or by the cards ; the “ fair gentleman ” and the “ dark lady ” being nearest to your heart, or farthest from it, as the soothsayer thinks fit to predict. I had been told it was dangerous to venture into this gipsy colony alone, but I ended by going repeatedly, and I never met with any misadventure.

Although the reverse of cleanly in their persons, these gipsies keep their houses wonderfully neat ; not a speck of dust is to be seen on the floor, the white-washed walls, or on the white linen cloth, with a broad

red border to it, which covers the long divans surrounding the rooms—the only furniture to be seen, tables, chairs, and cupboards being considered absolutely superfluous.

These Constantinopolitan gipsies, who number many thousands, are supposed to be among the first settled in Europe. A great number appear to have arrived in Byzantium about the time of the Second Crusade, and to have established themselves where they are now, close to the walls. They wander, it seems, very far into Europe, and are absent many months at a time, but after a while they return to their old homes—such as they are—in Stambul. They speak a language of their own, which contains a great deal of Hindostanee mingled with Turkish,* Greek, and Armenian. On special days of the year they hold high revels, and then they may be seen dancing in certain open spaces which abound in this deserted quarter of the town. Many hundreds of them assemble on the green sward under the huge plane-trees. The men are stalwart fellows, the youths moustached, but the old men wear long beards. They still don a sort of apology for their old costume, the baggy trousers and sandals, for instance, to which they often add a cast-off frock-coat instead of the caftan of former times. A coil of white cotton serves them as a turban, but their vivid-coloured waistbands are stuck full of pistols and yatakans. They have their own band of musicians, who play upon

* See a most interesting work by Paspates on the words and idioms used by the Turkish gipsies, published in 1870.

quaint Turkish instruments, drums, viols, flutes, and mandolines of various shapes, and who squat upon the ground, Eastern fashion, in a circle, and strum and bang away, regardless of time or harmony, but evidently to the intense delight of their patrons.* The old gipsy women are simply frightful, a sort of cross between a mummy and an ape, who stretch out their cold, monkey-like paws for backsheesh, in a manner which recalls only too forcibly the weird sisters in *Macbeth*, or those three Fates immortalised in the Pitti, by Michael Angelo. The young women and girls are, as I have said, very lovely. It is a pleasant sight to see the gipsies dance—the men by themselves, never with the women, who, on the other hand, dance together, the whole company keeping up a sort of “Oh, oh, oh!” and beating time with their hands. Meanwhile, in another part of the space, the preparations for a primitive banquet are in progress. Whole sheep are roasted over a sort of camp fire, and cauldrons of rice are boiled. The Turks and Armenians from the neighbourhood, meantime, assemble in hundreds, on the tops of the adjacent walls, but merely as spectators, the Mohammedan women, as usual, sitting apart. On a fine afternoon this scene is very striking, but one which

* The Tchinghamies, or gipsies, mostly of Egyptian origin, to the number of about 200,000, wander about over the Turkish Empire without fixing themselves in any particular spot, although they seem for many generations to have considered their colony near the walls of the capital as their head-quarters. The Turkish official papers describe them as Mohammedans, though in reality they have no fixed religious belief.

very few Europeans ever take the trouble to witness.

In these clear spaces, in and about the walls, too, on a Sunday afternoon in summer, you can sometimes see the Armenians dance. They form a circle consisting of from forty to fifty men and women, holding each other by the hand or round the neck, so close together as to form a compact body, the leader of the dance being the only one who detaches himself from the rest. He holds the person next to him at arm's length. In the centre of the ring squat the musicians, whose instruments consist of a small guitar with wire strings, and a couple of bag-pipes, like those common in Scotland, only not played with the same spirit and with no attempt at harmony. The master of the ceremonies has a muslin handkerchief in his hand, which he lifts up and down, now posing himself on one foot, and then on the other, the rest of the party doing exactly the same thing with more or less clumsiness, hopping and balancing themselves from foot to foot as they slowly work round the circle; and so they dance by the hour without showing the least sign of fatigue, or indeed of any particular pleasure. The non-dancers stand in admiring groups outside the magic circle.

The spaces in front of the walls, too, are much used by professional wrestlers for practice. Wrestling is still a very lucrative profession in Constantinople, and a first-class wrestler—usually a Greek—can make a very handsome living by attending the entertainments of the rich Pashas and Effendis. The wrestlers

are generally, when exercising, naked to the waist, and some of them are men of enormous strength, who can throw their opponents in a manner which would bring down the house in certain English sporting clubs. The late Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz was exceedingly fond of witnessing a wrestling match, and it was for this reason a Greek wrestler was introduced by Abd-ul-Hamid to give evidence that his luckless predecessor had been murdered.

We passed the famous breach in the walls, through which the Crusaders penetrated on the morning of July 25th, 1203. It is exactly as it was then left. Marble cannon-balls strew the ground; the Siege might have taken place as recently as a month ago. Here the picturesqueness of the scene is enhanced by a delightful glimpse of distant Constantinople, the walls having crumbled down so low as to enable you to see the outline of the great mosques, even as far as the Suleymānieh, at the other extremity of the city.

We were now close to the Adrianople Gate, almost entirely destroyed, alas! by the earthquake of 1894; we followed the triumphal way of Justinian, once smoothly paved with huge blocks of marble, but now much like the bed of an Alpine torrent. It runs between an immense Turkish cemetery and the triple range of walls, all the way from the Golden Horn to the Palace of the Seven Towers. Turning up a long lane under the trees, we presently reached the Greek convent of Balukli, where you are shown the living miraculous fish, cooked on the one side and

au naturel on the other.* Here also stood a palace, long since destroyed, but which in its time was the scene of many historical events—the reception, for instance, of Cardinal Humbert and Louis VII. of France—great events in the history of the Crusades.

At Easter there is a pilgrimage and fair held in the courtyard of the monastery of Balukli, which, even a short time ago, was a most interesting sight, by reason of the variety of costumes worn by the motley throng of pilgrims. At the present time Whitechapel can furnish almost as picturesque a crowd. Indeed, if we except the Mohammedan women with their white veils, who sit in rows under the trees in the cemetery, placidly watching the interminable throng of Christian devotees going to the shrine, and the few Albanians in their white-kilted skirts, I verily believe that our East End costers are more like pictures than these Greeks and Armenians, in their dirty second-hand European “togs.” But they are very sociable, good-natured, and well-behaved, and, like the Italians, know perfectly well how to blend a minimum of piety with a maximum of merriment. So after they have kissed the image of Our Lady of Balukli, and partaken of a draught of water from the fountain, they spend

* A monk was engaged in frying fish beside this well when the Turks stormed the city. Upon tidings reaching him that the assault had proved successful, he incredulously exclaimed, “I will believe that when these fish jump from the pan into the water.” They jumped, of course, as the city had indeed fallen, and their descendants have retained the appearance of fish incompletely fried. The fish are really white-bellied carp.

the afternoon, like the Greeks of old, in dancing the Rumana under the trees.

The culminating point of picturesque beauty in the historical panorama of the walls of Stambul is the Palace of the Seven Towers, built by Mohammed II., 1458. Like the Tower of London and the Bastille, it was a State prison. It forms a quadrangle, formerly guarded by seven towers, of which only five now remain. The fortress palace, which occupied the centre, has long since disappeared, and its site is covered by a kitchen garden. Here the Janissaries, in the zenith of their power, brought Sultans and Vizirs to meet their dread fate, in a grim portion of the fortress known as the "Place of Heads," which you are shown by an uncommonly pleasant-looking old Turk furnished with a lantern. There is an awful well in the courtyard called the "Well of Blood," into which the heads of the executed were thrown.

The crumbling walls, now so richly clad with vegetation, have witnessed the ghastliest of tortures, the most supreme agonies which human beings are capable of inflicting and enduring. Here, on the Porte declaring war against the States they represented, refractory Ambassadors were imprisoned, the last being the French representative in 1798.

The sea-walls have suffered greatly from the effects of earthquakes and the wanton destruction of modern improvements—the railway company pulled down some of the finest. Still, here and there, a grand tower rises straight out of the sea, and under the Seraglio there are some noble remains, among them

the famous terrace from which, tradition says, in the good old times, such ladies of the Imperial Hareem as displeased the Commander of the Faithful were lowered in their fatal sacks into the caiques which awaited them below, to take and "drown 'em in the Bosphorus."

That many naughty ladies were so disposed of I make no doubt, but I question whether this terrace was really the scene of their execution. There is another place hard by, where a low arch still opens on to a tiny canal, leading from the sea into the garden of the Imperial Palace, which is more probably the spot whither the poor creatures were brought from the Seraglio, and packed on board the fatal boats.

I returned to the walls again and again. I saw them at sunset, when they were as crimson as the blood which so often, in bygone times, reddened the waters of their broad moat—at noonday, when the yellow stone of which they are built shimmered in the golden light—and after nightfall, when the weird beauty of the scene was enhanced a hundred-fold by the glory of an Eastern moon. Then the tall cypresses, black in the shade of night, contrasted vividly with the thousands of fantastic Turkish tombstones, white as ghosts, that stretched for miles back into the country, while the towers, and gates, and walls, and bastions—three rows of them—stood here, in gloomy grandeur, and there, bathed in the brightness of that exquisite light. A thousand nightingales sang in the laurel bushes which line the base of the prodigious wall which screens the living city from the city of

the dead. How beautiful it all was! How full of memories—how calm—how utter in its peace! how overwhelming in its sadness! a gigantic monument to fallen dynasties, faiths, and peoples.

All the time, as we walked along, on that lovely night in June—meeting no one—with the long stretch of wall on one side, and the great cemetery on the other, certain serene movements in Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" stole into my memory; and whenever, since then, that divine melody falls on my ear, the stately walls and towers of Stambul, and the field of death beyond them, rise vividly before me and haunt me for hours afterwards. And a hundred times a hundred have I recalled, with feelings of delight, not unmingled with sadness, that never-to-be-forgotten moonlight saunter by the walls of Constantinople.

CHAPTER IX.

CONSTANTINOPLE IN 1810.

WITH the object of conveying some idea of the progress made in Constantinople—and more or less, consequently, in the rest of Turkey—during the last fifty years, I propose to give some details about the city as it appeared at the time of the accession of Mahmūd II., grandfather of his present Majesty.* These I shall presently contrast with my own more recent experiences.

“We arrived,” writes the traveller whose correspondence I am permitted to quote, “in the harbour of Constantinople on a fine morning in the month of May, 1810, having left Genoa in a sailing vessel about six weeks previously. In our company, on board, were several French ladies and gentlemen, mostly of the Royalist party, who, being greatly impoverished by the late Revolution, were leaving

* The details of this chapter are derived from private letters, written by an English gentleman who visited Constantinople in 1810. They were entrusted to me by a friend, in whose family they have been carefully preserved. They are written in a very loose style, without any attempt at literary elegance, but contain many interesting details. These I have selected, adding others from contemporary sources.

their country to seek fortune in the Levant. They entertained us not a little with their adventures and narrow escapes, under the Reign of Terror, and we were sorry to part with them, which we did at Smyrna—only two gentlemen of their nationality continuing with us as far as Constantinople. One of these, who was a nobleman of distinguished family, roused me very early, as we entered harbour, and invited me to come on deck. The sun was just rising over the magnificent panorama of cities which form Constantinople, and which are three in number, Stambul—where the Turks dwell—and Galata and Pera, where are the Embassies, and where the foreign colonies mostly reside. It would be quite impossible for me to describe the splendour of the scene stretched before my delighted vision. The Turkish town is so closely surrounded by formidable walls and towers that you cannot distinguish the mean streets within, but only perceive a number of the most mighty domes—belonging to the Imperial mosques—I ever beheld, not excepting even those of Rome, and a multitude of tall white marble towers, very slender, like candlesticks, which are called minarets. Galata is likewise environed by prodigious mediæval walls, as romantic as any described in the exciting fictions of Mr. Horace Walpole and Mrs. Anne Radcliffe. There are no bridges,* and the waters of the Golden

* Although Justinian spanned the Golden Horn with a bridge at the upper end, where it is narrowest, at Defstardar Isklessi, it was not until the fifties of the present century that the Golden Horn was crossed by a bridge. It seems, however, that an extemporary bridge

Horn, which are so deep they could accommodate all the fleets of Europe, sweep on without interruption, between Stambul and Galata, as far as 'The Sweet Waters of Europe,' some five miles inland.

"We perceived the harbour to be full of sailing vessels, and ships of all kinds, from every part of Europe, but what pleased us most were the countless *caïques*—narrow, long boats like the Venetian gondolas—which shot like arrows in all directions, and with marvellous swiftness. We noticed also a number of state barges, at anchor, close to the Seraglio, or Royal Palace, one of which was presently set in motion by no less than twenty-five oarsmen, in scarlet liveries. At the prow was a sort of parasol of crimson and cloth of gold, under which, my friend told us—he had been in Constantinople before—the Sultan was wont to take his seat. The oarsmen, who are Greek slaves, and are the best rowers in the world, were merely exercising their skill in the early hours of the morning. All this movement upon the waters was most agreeable to watch, the more so as the sun was warm, and the atmosphere so pure we could see things at an incredible distance. The snow-capped peak of Mount Olympus, for instance, which we were assured was fifty miles away, and, on the horizon of the Sea of Marmara, the outline of the group of Princes Islands completed a panorama which for beauty, I think, can nowhere be excelled.

"It was fully ten o'clock before we were permitted of boats existed, from time to time, throughout the whole of the Middle Ages.

to land at Galata, where we were met by our old friend Mr. Black,* who, as you know, is the wealthiest English merchant in these parts of the world. He came to greet us, accompanied by two of the most outlandish-looking individuals imaginable. They were dressed in a kind of savage uniform, and had as many swords and pistols in their waistbands as would have served a half-dozen of our own soldiers. Upon their heads they wore a kind of head-dress of cloth, like an immense pudding-poke standing on end, in the centre of which were two wooden spoons. Mr. Black, perceiving our curiosity, informed us that these barbarians were members of the celebrated Guard of Janissaries, some of whom are hired out to the principal Europeans to watch over their safety, no Turk daring to do any one under such protection the slightest injury. Once in your service these fellows are said to be faithful enough, and to make themselves useful, if you pay them well. We beheld so many of them, later on, that they soon ceased to interest us. Several little strong men, called Hamals, or porters, pounced upon our luggage—large trunks which were very heavy, being full of things we had been commissioned to bring from England—and scurried off with a rapidity that was quite surprising, their legs seeming to bend under the weight of their burdens. These small bandy-legged fellows are Armenians,† and

* Mr. William Black was the wealthiest British merchant in the Levant from 1796 to 1832, when he died at Pera.

† The writer is in error. The Hamals are not all of them Armenians, for there are many Turks among them.—R. D.

are much stronger than our horses. They do all the portage of the city. When the porters had started we mounted horses, and, followed by the Janissaries, also on horseback, ascended a street which was almost perpendicular, and which is called Step Street, because its pavement is set like a series of steps. At the top of this street, which is very narrow, we found ourselves—after we had passed through one of the gates of the city of Galata—in the Grande Rue de Pera. The houses which line it are nearly all made of wood, with the second storey projecting over the street. There are fine balconies in front of all the windows, bulging out over the lower storey, so that that part of the mansion which is devoted to shops is always in gloom, even when the sun shines brightest. In this tunnel-like thoroughfare moves the most motley crowd imaginable. Here are people belonging to innumerable nationalities, all dressed in their respective costumes—Greeks, Armenians, Albanians, Negroes, Egyptians, Arabs, Persians, Circassians, Kurds, Turks, Catholic monks of various Orders, and also a multitude of Mohammedan and Christian women, but all of them veiled, so that you can only see their eyes peeping out between the white folds of their linen face-coverings. The sight of this strange mob thrusting its way through the narrow lane-like streets, seeking to avoid the long strings of camels bringing merchandise from the interior of the country, or the porters hurrying along with sedan chairs, containing ladies on their way to do their shopping, or the huge Arabas, or State carriages of

the Pashas, which are decorated with scarlet silk hangings, and sometimes drawn by as many as six white oxen, their sweeping horns covered with charms intended to protect them from the evil eye, is something never to forget. Then, again, there are so many men on horseback, that it is at the risk of your life you walk along, and you also have no little difficulty in preventing yourself from treading upon the dogs who lie coiled up, regardless of the traffic.

“These beasts, which are of a long-haired, yellow breed, are said to be exceedingly intelligent. They sleep all day long, but by night, as I know to my cost, they are exceedingly watchful, and howl so dismally and quarrel so fiercely, that it is next to impossible to sleep, until you grow accustomed to their barking. They are so numerous that I have seen as many as fifty of them in one short street. They perform the office of scavengers, and eat up all the filth which is cast out during the night. I do assure you I was quite bewildered by all the strange sights which I beheld in my short journey from the harbour to Mr. Black’s house. This house overlooks an immense cemetery, full of strange tombs, which are made in the shape of squat columns of white marble, on the tops of which are sculptured turbans for the men, and a kind of flower-pot with roses in it, painted a vivid red, when the monument is erected over the body of a woman. These tombs, which are countless, are shaded by the most lofty cypress-trees I have ever seen, many of them being

as tall as our church steeples, which in shape they much resemble. Such a prospect as a cemetery before the windows of one's house would not be considered cheerful in any other country, but here the *Petit Champ des Morts*, as they call it, is quite a gay resort. In the course of our first afternoon, which happened to be a holiday, hundreds of Turkish men and women came and picnicked among the tombs; and where there was a clear space, professional dancers and jugglers performed, who, together with the sweetmeat-sellers, the pipe-feeders, or persons who supply the smokers—and everybody in this country is a smoker—with tobacco and fire, compose a scene, the like of which I had never conceived possible. To add to the strangeness of it all, the men were dressed like the Patriarchs in Mr. Stackhouse's Family Bible, with cloaks and huge turbans. I assure you I recognised so many of my old familiar friends in Sacred History, that I had enough to do for some hours with watching their proceedings from the verandah of Mr. Black's mansion, and I heartily wish, Sir, that you had been with me to see and enjoy it all. We dined at dusk, and during the meal, which was cooked in the English style, we were waited upon by Greek servants,* who, I give you my word, are dressed exactly like the ladies of the ballet in the Italian Opera. I rubbed my eyes with amazement when I first clapped them on the queer-looking fellows. They come from Albania, and their skirts, which are short to the

* Albanians.

knee, are made of white linen, so closely plaited that they stick out all round like big mushrooms. They have leggings, which are bound to their limbs with leathern thongs, their shoes turn up in the Oriental fashion, and at the tips of the toes is a tuft of wool like a tassel. Their jackets are of crimson velvet, richly embroidered with gold, and on their heads they wear a fez or skull-cap of poppy-coloured cloth, with a long black silk tassel—a very becoming head-dress, I do assure you, and I am not certain that I do not prefer these Greeks to our own servants in livery. After we had had dinner, Mr. Black, who is still a bachelor, proposed that we should spend the evening at the house of a Greek neighbour, whose ladies speak French, and sing agreeably to the zither.

“I was surprised to find, when we got out into the street, that it had turned so cold, for the day had been very hot; but I was informed that the climate here is the most variable in the world. When we were in the streets we were treated to another very singular sight. All the people whom business or pleasure oblige to go abroad after sunset, are impelled by law to carry immense horn lanterns. Those who are wealthy go attended by slaves or servants who carry lanterns affixed to poles, and also a whip in their hands to keep off importunate beggars and even cut-throats. We formed quite a procession, there being no less than four lantern bearers in front of us, and two behind, besides the Janissaries. We hadn't very far to go, and soon found ourselves in the hall of the house of the Greek

family in question. Here we had to take off our shoes, and put on richly embroidered morocco slippers provided for us by the servants—the Christians are not allowed to have slaves. The master of the house, wearing a very rich robe of blue velvet, gorgeously embroidered, greeted us with great courtesy, and as he spoke excellent French we were soon on good terms. He led us to the top of the staircase on to which the reception-room opened. In this, stately chamber we found his lady and daughters ready to welcome us. The lady, whose name was Persephone, must have been, at no distant date, a great beauty, for her features were remarkably regular, and she had large, soft, lustrous black eyes. But she was prodigiously fat. She wore her hair in two long black braids, which reached almost to her waist, under a turban of white muslin, glittering with jewels, and a mantle of striped silk edged with swansdown. Her tiny hands blazed with jewels—she had a ring with a cross of diamonds of great lustre upon each of her thumbs. Her daughters were pretty girls of modest demeanour, dressed very much like their mother, but without turbans or jewels. These ladies conducted us into the drawing-room, as we should call it, a vast apartment, very sparsely but richly furnished, the floor spread with the most beautiful carpets. Round the walls were divans covered with striped silk damask, made at Brusa. In the centre of the room was a thing they are pleased to call a *tandour*—a sort of table, with a brazier underneath, full of hot coals, and covered with a counterpane of richly embroidered

velvet. We all seated ourselves around it, drawing the coverlet over our knees, so as to enjoy the heat, which, by the way, soon grew excessive, and we were glad to move away from it, when we were called to partake of refreshments. The *tandour* takes the place, in this country, of the stove in some others, and, as the servants occasionally upset it, or neglect to sweep away the coals which fall from it, it is said to be the cause of half the fires in Constantinople. Yet it is a very comfortable sort of substitute for a fireplace, and in the winter evenings the family invariably sit round it to gossip, tell stories, play games, and even make music. The coverlet can be stretched so tight as to serve the purpose of a table. There is another heating apparatus in vogue in this country, called a *mangal*. It is made of brass, sometimes of very elegant design. When filled with hot coals it sheds a pleasant heat, but it is apt to make the atmosphere over-drowsy.

“We retired early, and being very weary, I went to bed ; but alas ! I could not sleep. The dogs in the street below made such a frightful noise that for hours I could not close my eyes, and whenever I did doze off, Begtchi, the night-watch, came by with a heavy iron club, which he beat with all his might upon the stones, to assure the people that there were no fires in the neighbourhood.* However, towards

* Begtchi still goes his rounds banging with an iron spade on the pavement every half an hour, making a disturbance calculated to call up the dead, and the dogs still bark as vigorously as they did a hundred years ago. See Note C, end of volume.—R. D.

dawn, I fell into a deep sleep, from which I did not awake until it was nearly ten o'clock in the morning. My host now came to rouse me, in order that we might go over to Stambul, as there was a great festivity in honour of the marriage of the Sultan's niece, Adahlet Sultan, to the son of the Grand Vizir. Mr. Black assured me the pageant was well worth seeing, but as it was not to occur until three in the afternoon, he determined to take me first to see some of the sights of the Turkish capital, and decided we should obtain noontide refreshment in the bazaar. So after breakfast we walked down the ill-paved streets to Galata, where we took boat, and passed across the Golden Horn to Stambul. We landed in front of that beautiful mosque which Lady Mary Wortley Montagu has so greatly praised, and which is called the Yeni Valideh Djami. Upon my word, Sir, I wish you had been with us, for we now found ourselves in the strangest place on earth. We were in the fish-market, where they sell some of the finest of fish, and monstrous big crabs and delicious prawns. The crowd of villainish-looking buyers and sellers baffles all description. I should have liked Mr. Kemble to see them; such costumes were never beheld at Covent Garden! It seemed to me that everybody was differently dressed from his neighbour, and Mr. Black tells me that it is by his garments you can tell to what trade a man belongs. There was a vast number of women, all of them closely veiled, and many attended by black slaves, bargaining with the fisher-folk, and the noise and hubbub were so deafening that I could hardly

hear the muezzin calling to prayers from the minarets of the neighbouring mosques. The people heard him, however, for a good half of the men left their fish stalls and rushed to the little fountains which surround the lower storey of the sacred edifice, and set to work to wash their hands, and feet, and faces, before going in to prayer. For the Turks are a very pious people, and many of those who did not go into the mosque spread carpets, and kneeling down upon them with their faces towards Mecca, touched the earth with their foreheads—which struck me as quite the strangest fashion of doing one's devotions. From the market-place, passing under a beautiful Gothic archway, we ascended a narrow street, bordered with fine large wooden houses with richly gilded balconies, which leads from the harbour to the famous Mosque of Sancta Sophia, and here again were many strange sights to attract our attention. Some hundred yards from the mosque (which I was not able to see until many months after my arrival in Constantinople, no Christian being permitted to enter it unless provided with a firman from the Sultan) we fell in with the Grand Vizir himself, who was going on foot from the Palace of the Sublime Porte to the Seraglio, to wait upon the Sultan. His Highness was robed in white satin, and had a turban in the shape of an egg upon his head, the front of which glittered with many diamonds. Over his shoulders he wore an ample cloak of dark cloth. He was surrounded by a great number of persons who I take to be were his councillors, and who wore enormous turbans, some

of them shaped like pumpkins, and others as high as a chimney-pot. Then there came a great many Janissaries, and in front of the whole party ran a number of stalwart negro slaves, with whips in their hands, which they flourished in a most dangerous manner to keep off the mob, which I am bound to say, being doubtless accustomed to the sight, paid less attention to the Grand Vizir than a crowd of Londoners would have bestowed on such a strange-looking set walking up the Haymarket, or down Bond Street.

“Mr. Black proposed we should follow the Grand Vizir's escort as far as we might, towards the Imperial Palace, which is reached through a fine archway, from which a long avenue of cypress-trees leads up to the first courtyard of that mysterious building, upon which only a generation or so back no Christian dared to glance, on pain of death. To my horror, I perceived over the gate, and along the wall on either side of it, no less than twenty freshly cut human heads, stuck upon poles. They had belonged, a few hours before, to certain disobedient eunuchs who had offended the Pādishāh. Near here there is a great tree, which is called the Janissaries' tree, the enormous branches of which are often so thickly hung with strangled men that it is a sickening sight to look on. This, however, I did not behold, but Mr. Black said he had seen it on several occasions thus laden with ghastly fruit. Just as we were turning our backs upon the Seraglio, which we dared not approach within many yards, there issued from

it a most picturesque *cortège*, consisting of over a hundred carriages or arabas, each drawn by four magnificent white bullocks. These arabas are built like our farm waggon, but so richly gilded and ornamented that the wood of which they are constructed is quite concealed. Over each is spread an umbrella-shaped awning of crimson silk or satin, embroidered with gold. The interiors of these vehicles are filled with cushions of silk and satin, and even cloth of gold, among which the ladies of the Imperial Harem reclined when they go out for an airing, their faces veiled with cloth of gold, embroidered muslin, and other beautiful fabrics. Mr. Black cautioned me not to stare as the arabas passed us, and I was much amused to notice that all the Turks turned their backs upon them so as not to see the fair and laughing inmates. Each carriage had an escort of eunuchs, some on horseback and others running on foot, all of them in fantastic dresses. By the time the long line of carriages had gone by I was quite bewildered with ill-suppressed curiosity, and should have vastly liked to have gone closer to them, but such a proceeding would have led me into terrible trouble—even death. We next visited the site of the ancient hippodrome, which is now turned into a horse fair, where dealers exercise their horses before intending purchasers. As the wedding procession was to pass this way, an immense booth, or, as we should call it, stand, had been here erected for the ladies of the Imperial Seraglio. There are very few vestiges of antiquity in the neighbourhood, but to console me for their absence Mr.

Black knocked at the door of the house of a Turkish friend and asked that we might be allowed to visit the Eri Batan Seraï, or Water Palace, which is an enormous Byzantine cistern full of water, well worthy of inspection. After we had gratified our curiosity we went down the widest street in the city, which goes from Sancta Sophia to the Adrianople Gate, and passed the famous Burnt Column, under which, according to tradition, Constantine buried the Palladium of Ancient Rome. Not far from here is a very large Mosque* which stands exactly facing one of the chief entrances of the Grand Bazaar. On either side of its harem or courtyard were seated some hundreds of beggars with their legs crossed under them, all of them lepers, the most hideous and unhappy creatures on earth, some of them being quite children, and absolutely featureless. Once past this ghastly regiment we plunged into the Great Bazaar, which is a city in itself, a labyrinth of arcades of every description, the arches, some pointed, others flat, supported by a multitude of columns. Beneath these arcades, on either side, are the shops, all of them open to the public and unglazed. Very few European goods are to be seen, but, on the other hand, the collection of Oriental stuffs, of carpets, armour, jewels, fruits and spices, is far beyond my powers of enumeration. In the centre of the Great Bazaar, which is kept very clean, is a sort of sanctuary known as the Bechistan, in which are

* He evidently means the Nuri Osmān Mosque, built in the eighteenth century, the harem of which is always haunted by dozens of lepers, mostly Jews, who sit in rows begging for alms.

offered for sale the finest jewels, coats of armour, swords inlaid with jewels, or damascened by the greatest artists, amber, priceless embroideries—in a word, all sorts of costly objects which only those whose wealth is beyond the dream of avarice can dream of purchasing. All the merchants sit cross-legged in front of their shops, and wear monumental turbans upon their heads. You can distinguish whether they are Mohammedans or Christians by the colour of their slippers, for only the true believers may wear yellow shoes, whereas the Rayas or Christian subjects of the Grand Turk wear them of various hues, according to their nationality. Our progress through the maze of the Great Bazaar was frequently hindered by strings of camels which take up all the central space, and sometimes give unpleasant kicks to the unwary. There were countless ladies making purchases, every one attended by at least two slaves. In the Bazaar we found a well-provided eating-house, and I partook, for the first time in my life, of pilaff, a succulent preparation of stewed meat, generally mutton, eaten with admirably cooked rice. As we were Christians they gave us a bottle of Greek wine, and afterwards we partook of coffee *à la Turque*—a mere spoonful of it—very delicious, served in the prettiest little egg-cups I ever beheld. Just as we were leaving the Bazaar by the gate which opens on the Mosque of Sultan Bāyezīd, our attention was attracted to a horrible sight. A thief had been caught red-handed, and had been nailed by his ears and feet to the open shutter of the shop he had endeavoured to

rob. The poor wretch was yelling in pain, and a group of boys were tormenting him with burnt feathers, which they thrust under his nose. He was, I was told, to hang thus in torment for two days, without food or water, when, if he was not dead, he would be released and driven out of the Bazaar. We next visited the harem or courtyard of the Mosque of Sultan Bāyezīd, which is the most beautiful in Constantinople, having noble columns of porphyry and Gothic arches of black and white marble. Here they feed countless pigeons every day, and the rustling, as they descend to pick up the seed, sounds like the roar of a cataract. Mr. Black tells me that these birds are the progeny of two pigeons, the offering of a poor widow towards the completion of this temple to Allah. The Sultan was so pleased with the simple-minded woman's gift that he decreed that no one should disturb the birds and their descendants, and thus they have increased and multiplied beyond calculation.* In the square of Bāyezīd, towards three o'clock, we fell in with the procession of the bride's presents proceeding to her husband's house in the village of Eyub. All the Imperial arabas which we had already seen, with their fair burdens, were in the line, and in addition to them there were musicians playing upon a variety of antique instruments, rebecs, flutes, guitars, fifes and drums, and even bagpipes, the whole concert producing the most horrible uproar ever heard outside of a lunatic asylum. There were literally hundreds of slaves in the procession carrying gilded cases, like

* *The pigeons are still there, as numerous as ever.*—R. D.

bird-cages, containing all kinds of costly gifts, carpets from every part of Asia Minor and Persia, embroideries, ornaments of gold and silver, parrots, rare singing birds, jewels, fans, and sweetmeats. Each case was covered with a pink veil so transparent that the eager crowd could easily discern what was beneath it. Then came, borne on the shoulders of some forty powerful men, an artificial tree about sixty feet in height, the branches and leaves of which were thickly gilt, and hung with pretty presents, such as toys and trifling ornaments suspended by coloured ribbons. This tree excited great enthusiasm, but as the Turks do not applaud with their hands, their approbation was signified by a noise like the purring of a multitude of cats. More musicians followed, then a troop of Janissaries, many hundreds of them, wild and terrible-looking creatures. Next came some forty black slaves with long whips in their hands, who ran in front of an immense tent made of cloth of gold, beneath which the bride was carried in a litter on the shoulders of a number of damsels, whose charms, however, as also those of their mistress, the eye of mortal man was not permitted to look on.

“And as if Providence desired to show us special favour, when we had watched the passing of this interminable throng, we were graced by a vision of the young Sultan himself, who, riding a noble Arab, and followed by a glittering escort of Vizirs, Pashas, Emirs, Imāms, and Effendis, sped rapidly by us in an opposite direction to that taken by the bridal procession of his niece. The Sultan’s turban had in it a

heron's plume clasped with a crescent brooch of huge diamonds. We had a very good view of him, and perceiving evidently that we were strangers, he smiled very graciously upon us as he passed, but the common Turkish people touched the ground with their heads before him so as to avoid being dazzled by the glory of the Shadow of God.

"My eyes ached when we reached home with all I had seen, I can assure you! I must not forget to tell you, before closing this letter, that all the houses in this extraordinary city are painted in various colours according to the nationality and religion of their inhabitants. White for the Mohammedans, grey for the Armenians, pink for the Greeks, and purple for the Jews. At night I was disturbed again, not only by the dogs, but by an awful cry of *Ianghen Var*, which means fire! Mr. Black insisted on my getting out of bed, and coming with him on to the flat roof of his house, whence we could see across the Golden Horn some hundred houses blazing in the distance.* This, however, he assured me was quite a small fire, not worth our troubling ourselves for. Not a day passes without a conflagration occurring somewhere in the city."

* This must have been the great fire which occurred in May, 1810, and destroyed all the quarter of Stambul near the Mosque of Sultan Suleymān the Magnificent.

CHAPTER X.

IN THE BY-WAYS OF MODERN STAMBUL.

THE first impression of a visit to Stambul is distinctly disappointing, though this sensation wears off as one discovers how much of the bygone charm still lingers in out-of-the-way corners, and that the Mohammedan population is merely masquerading, after all, in the European garb, which neither fits nor suits it. Alas! the Stambul of the "good old times" is but a memory, which old residents who kindly escort you to see the sights fondly conjure up, involuntarily destroying much of your pleasure, as they assure you how infinitely more characteristic and picturesque things were even so lately as when Abd-ul-Aziz reigned in Turkey.

Not the least regrettable of the many changes the capital of Islām has undergone in the past fifteen years, is the almost total disappearance of the Eastern dresses, which, with the mosques and their minarets, once gave the city that romantic air which poets have sung in almost every language under the sun. With the many-hued caftans, the huge turbans, the yellow shoes, and flowing robes, the quaint arabas, the

sedan-chairs and the litters, which, together with innumerable horses, were formerly the only means of locomotion known to the Turks, have utterly passed away. The railways, by altering the commercial conditions of the city, have diverted the routes of those caravans of camels which erstwhile added their touch of barbaric colour to the narrow streets, and to the spacious squares, facing the Imperial mosques. Now and then, in an out-of-the-way quarter of the town—by the great Mosque of Sultan Selim, for instance—you may chance, even yet, on a dozen small camels, laden with charcoal, emerging in single file from some precipitous lane, but such a poor show will hardly console you for the absence of those interminable chains of mighty, ungainly creatures, laden with merchandise from Asia Minor, which once filled the streets of the Sultan's city, sorely to the inconvenience, it may be, of the ordinary passer-by, but greatly to the delight of the traveller seeking the picturesque.

But the spell of enchantment, which from the days of Byzas to our own has rested on Stambul, is not yet entirely broken. One Sunday afternoon, in an out-of-the-way quarter of the city, in the harem of the Mosquè of Khodja Mustaphā Pasha—once the Church of St. Andrew—my delighted eyes fell on a group of genuine old Turks, in their brightest caftans—yellow, and red, and black—and great turbans like giant white tomatoes, squatting tailor fashion in a circle on the grass, under an ancient cypress-tree from whose boughs still hangs the iron chain said to

detect deceit or robbery, and to fall suddenly on the culprit's head, annihilating him utterly, and there listening to a dusky lad, as he intoned chapter after chapter of the Koran ; whilst at a little distance, on the ruined parapet of the land wall, backed by the bluest of skies, a number of veiled Mohammedan women, looking for all the world like a flock of snow-white pigeons, settled down in the sunshine for their afternoon gossip.

Then again, how often have I lost myself for hours—nay, for whole days—in those out-of-the-way quarters of Stambûl, where labyrinths of nameless little streets and houses surround some weather-beaten mosque, which in its time has been a Christian church ! In these quiet by-ways the life of the Oriental city still pursues its course, unchanging and unchanged. Here may the artist come, and the poet too—for here the Past sturdily refuses to amalgamate with the Present. In spring the wisteria falls like a purple mantle over the fronts of the houses, tumble-down all of them, but quaint and picturesque beyond compare. The flower-laden garlands even creep across the street, and often cast a shade of dainty lilac over some crumbling fragment of stern Byzantine ruin. Here are mysterious Turkish dwellings girt by high-walled gardens, their only entrance formidable conventual-looking portals.

Before them you may sometimes see a “merchant” with his heavily-laden donkey, ring, and wait with stubborn patience, till the mysterious gate opens, and a hastily-veiled negress issues forth to bargain

for water-melons and other necessary wares. Keep watch at a safe distance, you will be presently rewarded by a glimpse of the Hanum herself, and may listen to the shrill bargaining of the trio :—the donkey man invariably most obsequious, the mistress and maid as invariably defiant. After what to Western notions would seem an unconscionable waste of time, and a hundred “Effendims” and “Mashallas,” the bargain is concluded; the Hanum and her negress disappear, the gate shuts with a hollow clang, and the little donkey and the merchant go down under the arching wisterias, past a half-ruined mosque, whose minaret stands out sharp against the black-green cypress behind it, and the peep of the deep blue Sea of Marmara which gleams between two fine old mosques, with the filmy peaked outline of the Princes Islands floating on its horizon.

There is a street, hard by the Second Bridge—it runs, in fact, directly up the hill from the said bridge to the ancient church of Pantocrator (Zeirek Kilisse Djamisi)—a street of one-storeyed houses, with cellar-like shops, mostly inhabited by shoemakers and cobblers, and “merchants”—I cling to that good old Arabian Nights expression—who sit cross-legged on their benches from early dawn to sunset, plying their trades. The houses are painted yellow. Here and there this line is broken by rows of Turbhés, through the heavily-grated windows of which you may count the lines of turbaned coffins, and mark the kaim, or tomb watcher, telling his beads, and to all appearances paying his devotions to some big old cat, tabby or

other, lying coiled up in the streak of sunlight which bars the time-worn cashmere shawl cast across yon coffin, wherein sleeps, it may be, some Valideh-Sultan, the murderess of all her children, whose little coffins, the turbans affixed to them slightly inclined to indicate the violent manner in which their occupants took leave of life, cluster round her monumental resting-place, just as chickens nestle to the parent hen.

At the top of this street stands the Leather Bazaar. Its venerable arcades are grown so weak with age as to necessitate all sorts of ingenious devices to prop them up. But what a paradise of the picturesque is here, my masters; what fine fragments of Saracenic architecture; what deep shadows; what brilliant lights falling upon the leather dealers, who, to a man, wear the old costume, and who embroider their saddles and stirrup-straps, their harness and their reins, with a multitude of blue and white beads, in precisely the same patterns which I have noticed on similar articles made by the Tuscarora Indians at the foot of the Niagara Falls! Wandering in and out of the Bazaar as tame as lap-dogs are numerous pet rams, huge creatures, with monumental horns and fattened tails, weighing an incredible number of pounds, their woolly coats dyed a vivid brick-red.

Beyond the leather merchants' Bazaar is that of the cord-winders, a most dilapidated place, above whose tumble-down roofs rises, a good couple of hundred feet, the stupendous outline of the Aqueduct of Valens, spanning the city with row upon row of Roman arches, festooned with ivy, maiden-hair fern,

and many another dainty creeper, and dripping drops of purest crystal in the sunlight. Occasionally, under one of these arches, a train of muleteers will sweep, singing some old Turkish ditty as they go, or you may have to run for your life to escape the furious onrush of a battalion of Turkish cavalry, dashing by regardless of man, woman, or child, and raising, as they clatter down the ill-paved street, a cloud of golden dust, which utterly obliterates both aqueduct and distant sea.

Round the hundreds of mosques in Constantinople, Mohammedan life still throbs, with a strength that seems to double in intensity as it approaches the sacred shrines, which are the very heart, as it were, of the Moslim faith. Beware of drawing too near the door of the great Mosque of Mohammed El Fatih,* at prayer time. Your imprudence will be rebuked by the Mollahs with scowls of unutterable loathing and contempt, and they will even drive you, with imprecations, back to a respectful distance, whence you may, if so you choose, watch them pass into the gloaming of the sanctuary.

If you have the nerve to try the experiment, disguise yourself with a fez and caftan, take on as Oriental an appearance as you may, and boldly enter Sancta Sophia some Friday afternoon. As the advancing shades of evening fill the huge space with subdued tones of infinite beauty, the groups of bending worshippers will form pictures never to be

* This mosque was erected by Mohammed the Conqueror, and was intended by him to be the finest in the Turkish kingdom.

effaced from the disc of your memory, and the long cadences of the officiating Imām, that quiver through the aisles as the congregation rises and falls with rhythmic regularity, will linger for ever in your wondering ears.

On a certain day, late in the spring of each year, the glorious courtyard of the Ahmedieh, the mosque with the six minarets, is delivered over to a sort of sacred juvenile carnival, during which half the urchins, rich and poor, of the city of Stambul are treated to sweetmeats and sherbet, and play all sorts of games with marbles and tops while their veiled mothers watch them contentedly, seated in picturesque groups on their gay carpets, under the lovely Gothic arcade, supported by porphyry and verd-antique columns, stolen from half the temples of antiquity.

Near the Ahmedieh Mosque there is a fountain of such beauty that one would fain see it cased in crystal, to protect the exquisite arabesques which adorn it, and the wonderful shelving roof which shadows its running water, from all chance of harm. Here, all day long, women come with their pitchers, children play, and the men who hire out horses bring their beasts to drink. This fountain, with a hundred of others, all more or less ruinous, is among the many charming features of Constantinople, which so far have escaped the sacrilegious touch of modern improvements.

And what delightful days can be spent among the hundreds of old mosques in the heart of Stambul, so many of which have been Christian churches! It is

true that they resemble each other monotonously, but there is scarcely one of them which does not contain some special feature, and their surrounding court-yards, neglected but usually shaded by the finest plane-trees in the world, are the resort of a dronish company of gossips of the quaintest description—people who literally haunt the harems of the mosques, of which they make a sort of forum, and place of general meeting, from dawn to nightfall. They will sit for hours whispering to each other, and smoking their chibouks, apparently absorbed in a kind of sensuous abstraction from all things earthly, which seems to me akin to that beatific condition of which the Buddhists speak with so much pious enthusiasm.

In certain out-of-the-way mosques, too—at the Zeirek Djamisi, for instance—if you get hold of a good-natured Mollah who, for a consideration, will let you wander at your will within the sacred precincts, you may discover curious traces of pre-Mohammedan times, a head of Christ in mosaic, or the prismatic coloured wings of an angel, which a decay of plaster has revealed. In the courtyard of the said Zeirek Djamisi is a prodigious sarcophagus of porphyry of most noble design, which is supposed to have contained the body of the foundress, the Empress Irene. Her bones have long since turned to dust, for now the superb tomb is converted into a horse-trough, at which you will sometimes see a group of those extremely handsome horses which are always on hire in the streets of Constantinople.

Hard by this mosque is a lonesome, narrow street

lined with very old Turkish houses, with overhanging windows jealously latticed. Veiled women flit past, and sometimes you may still see in this ancient thoroughfare a genuine Turk of the old school, going leisurely home to his Konak, dressed for all the world like Abraham in the Family Bible, bestriding a little white donkey, which seems to fairly stagger under the weight of his venerable master. In the gardens about this part of Stambul, are any number of beautiful Corinthian capitals, half-buried columns, some of them of the purest marbles, and occasionally you may even discover a half-hidden doorway, probably leading to some subterranean passage, or else into a cistern.

Down in a valley, near the Adrianople Gate, stands a mosque externally of modern appearance, for it has been freshly painted and generally bedaubed, so that very little of its ancient elegance remains intact ; but once you pass the threshold of the Kakarieh Djami, or mosaic mosque, formerly the Church of the Chora, or in the Fields, you come closer to Byzantine times than in any other spot in Constantinople, more so even than in Sancta Sophia. The whole place still throbs with Christian life, and seems to protest against its profanation by Mohammedan worship. In the outer narthex some great artist, whose name is now forgotten, but who had unquestionably the honour of inspiring early Italian art, has related, in the most brilliant colouring and with the most devotional feeling, the life of the Virgin Mary. Over the door of the inner narthex is a magnificent fresco of Christ, holding in His left hand an open Gospel, upon the

leaf of which appears written in Greek, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I——" the extended right hand in the act of blessing graphically completes the sentence, and the calm, tender expression confirms it. The church itself, though small, is so richly and tastefully decorated with frescoes and mosaics as to be absolutely enchanting, and if it did not serve as the model of St. Mark's at Venice, it deserved the honour.

On summer evenings, down at Kum Kapu by the Sea of Marmara, the Armenians assemble in their thousands in their Sunday-go-to-meeting dress—half European, half Eastern—to listen to the band which plays on the space now cleared, on a portion of the ancient harbour of the Heptus-kalon; the countless little wooden coffee-houses, jutting out into the sea on improvised piers, are thronged with shrimp and oyster parties, and for once in a while "the persecuted ones" forget their grievances and make merry.

Never shall I forget one fine morning in June on which I took caïque from Seraglio Point to this very spot. Suddenly, as by enchantment, a terrific storm burst over Marmara, and in a trice old Hamid the caïqueje, and I, were drenched to our very skins. He made for the shore as fast as he could ply his oars, and landed me opposite an enormous cavernous café, established in what had evidently once been a hall in some Byzantine palace, the very name of which is utterly forgotten. It was as dark as Hades, and crowded with the roughest but most picturesque Turks, of the lowest order. Now and again the

flicker from a turf fire, burning fiercely on the bare soil, lighted up the dog's-tooth pattern of what had been an elaborate Byzantine archway, with a Greek inscription running round it. As we entered, dripping and cold, the whole wild company rose to welcome us, made us sit by the fire to dry ourselves, and offered us tiny cups of steaming coffee. And not a piastre would they accept in return for their hospitality, although they were mostly poor *caïquejes* and workmen employed in the neighbouring woodyard.

The Great Bazaar is still full of wonderful sights and corners, although few Oriental goods are now sold therein, and the stalls are laden with the vilest trumpery from Manchester, Birmingham, Paris, and Berlin, while scarcely a merchant wears the true Eastern garb. Yet the general effect is striking, what with the vast labyrinth of pillars and arcades, the crowd of veiled women, the play of light and shade, and the occasional apparition, as of some ghost out of the past, of a magnificently-robed figure in full Oriental costume, doubtless a stranger from Bokhara or some other equally remote spot.

A visit to the Old Seraglio, too, is full of charm; the broad, deserted courtyards, the forsaken library, the throne-room with its latticed throne, on which no Sultan has sat for nearly a hundred years, and never Sultan will sit again, and, above all, the divinely beautiful Baghdad Kiosk, reproduced by Sultan Selim from one which had fascinated him during a visit to his Arabian capital. This stands out white and glittering against the deepest cobalt sea, intercepting

the view of Scutari, but permitting a glimpse, between its snowy wall and the remains of the awful Kaffesse, of the quiet cemetery above Kadi Keui, in which so many Crimean heroes sleep their last sound sleep. Then there is the Treasury, with its quaint ceremonial at the door, in which some twenty of His Majesty the Sultan's servants take part, saying a certain prayer before the ponderous key may be turned in the lock, and yourself admitted into the strangest of museums, where is a throne of solid gold, studded with 10,000 pearls as big as filberts; where the most exquisite specimens of ancient armour, damascened with gold and silver, and gemmed with rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and even diamonds, hang side by side with modern umbrellas and dressing-bags, with odious ivory handles and fittings manufactured in the Palais Royal; where there are serried ranks of bowls brimful of uncut gems, and priceless fans which may have belonged to Madame de Pompadour, clocks big and little by the hundred, watches, opera-glasses—a sort of huge *Mont de Piété*, in fact, where, the pledges having long since run out, everything is put on exhibition. Some of the most beautiful Sèvres china in the world is here, sent by Louis XIV. to Sultan Mustaphā, and leaning against the finest vase is a black lace parasol with coral handle, which the Empress Eugénie gave to Mehri-Sultan, the unfortunate wife of Abd-ul-Aziz. In the same case is a mannikin fashioned out of a pearl as big as a pigeon's egg, with an opal for his face, and a ruby as large as a hazel nut by way of turban. In a separate chamber there is

a ghastly collection of waxen effigies of long since departed Sultans—Sultans who have left a glorious name in history, like Suleymān and Selim, and Sultans who were deposed and strangled with every mark of infamy, like Othmān and Ibrāhim, set side by side in their glass cases, dressed in the State robes they wore in life, and bedecked with all their most precious jewels. The wonderful big-flowered and gorgeous but gaudy brocades have faded, and even the jewels seem to shed merely a mockery of light. Suleymān, blazing with diamonds, with an emerald in his turban in size as a goose's egg; Ibrāhim, one blush of rubies; Selim, with thirty-three rows of pearls round his neck, each pearl as large as a pigeon's egg; and so on *ad infinitum*, all down the long line from Mohammed the Conqueror even to Mahmūd the Reformer. Then there is the garden, with its mighty plane-trees, its grand ilex fences, and its fragrant myrtle hedges, an exquisite foreground to the wonderful panorama of the Bosphorus or the Sea of Marmara. Here and there rise airily-fashioned kiosks, each of them bound up with some romantic tale of love or crime. Many a time and oft has Roxalana feasted her lovely eyes on the enchanting scene, or meditated, perchance, some scheme of vengeance on the fair Circassian lady—mother of young Mustaphā—who, in a fit of jealous fury, once scratched her rival's beautiful face.

In yonder kiosk, chequered with black and white marble, dwelt the Armenian giantess, who taught the ferocious Ibrāhim to fawn to her like any lap-dog.

There, again, Machpeïka whiled away the sultry hours, and the Italian Baffa devised a myriad intrigues. The three wives of Sultan Selim II. were strangled in yonder ruined building to your right. The ilex grove beyond it leads to the mysterious canal, down which they say many a Georgian and Circassian beauty has gone to her watery grave. The place is enchanted—haunted. Woe to the barbarian hand that shall essay to break the spell!

The Seraglio has a perfection of its own, even in its ruin, a deserted palace indeed—a garden grown rank and wild—but peopled with a wondrous throng of memories, some gay, some grave, some terrible, some tender, all thrilling with a romance, and tinged with a brilliant colour, that will never be seen again.

There is another collection of decayed wooden figures, rapidly turning to dust, in the Museum of the Janissaries, at the top of the At'Meidan, or Hippodrome, where you can behold represented and costumed most accurately, too, every type of Constantinopolitan life, from the Sheikh-ul-Islām to the dwarf who used always to attend upon the Shadows of God, in the days before Sultan Mahmūd II. had the evil inspiration to change the national costume. The figures are hideous; not a few are *sans* eyes, *sans* teeth, and *sans* everything. Their dresses, however, dusty and time-stained though they be, are strictly accurate, and the whole weird collection gives one a better idea of costume in Stambul between the years 1453 and 1826 than can be obtained from all the illustrated books on the subject extant. This place is

associated with a quaint adventure. I had taken with me my excellent Armenian dragoman, who was explaining to me some of the figures, when two Turkish ladies, very closely veiled and evidently from the provinces, came up to us, and, without asking by your leave or no, annexed my dragoman, and insisted upon his going the round with them and explaining the show. When their curiosity was gratified, they made me a polite bow, presented the man with some small coins, and sailed off triumphantly.

In the gardens of the Old Seraglio stand two kiosks forming the Museum of Antiquities, one called the Chinili or Porcelain Kiosk, which yet contains some exquisite and very old tiles, and the other modern and Neo-Classic, which contains the series of sarcophagi discovered at Sidon in 1887. The famous sarcophagus of Alexander the Great, by reason of its delicate chisellings, its grace of design, and infinite daintiness of colouring, strikes me as being worthier of being the monument of Oberon and Titania than of a dead warrior. In its way it is the most perfect vision of loveliness, and the most ethereal object wrought in marble, bequeathed to us by Hellenic art and antiquity.

In the heat of summer, when there is scarcely a breath of air stirring in Stambul, and you might poach eggs on the wooden pavement of the great Bridge, in crossing which you feel as if you were being held upon a plate to the sun to be roasted alive ; when the wretched dogs lie panting in the shade, and the pigeons seem too hot and uncomfortable even to pick up the seeds thrown them by the charitable ; when

the leaden domes of the mosques vibrate with caloric, and the minarets stand out against the brazen sky like so many white-hot pokers ; when the only cool things visible are the luscious figs on the fruit-dealers' stalls at the corners of the streets, heaped up together with water-melons and big purple and white grapes from the Bosphorus—in a word, when Stambul has been turned by the sun into a sort of fiery furnace—the Persians indulge in a religious festivity, the hot horror of which baffles description and nearly defies belief.

On the tenth night of Muharrem, in a picturesque old hahn not far from the Yeni Valideh Mosque, the Persians, with their Ambassador at their head, hold a revel of blood. As the shades of evening grow deeper, the surrounding houses, mostly inhabited by subjects of the Shah, are brilliantly illuminated ; an enormous crowd fills every spot of vantage, eagerly expecting to witness, by the light of a number of bonfires, the coming procession. Presently it emerges from the gloaming, headed by long files of children dressed in white, some riding on horseback, others running by the side of their mounted companions, gesticulating and shouting as if possessed, "Hasan, Husain !" Next follows a throng of from a thousand to fifteen hundred barefooted men and boys dressed only in their shirts. Some of them are armed with swords, others with heavy iron chains. In their midst is a white riderless horse with two doves tied to its saddle. These pretty frightened creatures are emblematic of the souls of the martyred Hasan and Husain. On seeing these sacred symbols the crowd loses all

self-control. The shrieks of "Vah Husain! Vah Hasan!" grow louder and wilder and wilder yet, the spectators joining in the shouting, beating their breasts with rhythmic violence, and even, in their frenzy, foaming at the mouth. Then the chains begin to swing, not in the air, but on the bare backs of the penitents, so that soon their lacerated flesh streams with blood. The whole scene of horror winds up by a company of men with swords in their hands rushing forward with the maddest of gestures, cutting themselves in very earnest, so that one has to stand back to avoid being sprinkled with the spurting blood. Backwards and forwards sways the procession, wilder and wilder grow the cries and yells, more and more lurid glow the bonfires, which are constantly being fed with petroleum, the stench of which, mingling with the smell of blood, is sickening. Nevertheless the scene is weirdly, fearfully picturesque. The play of light and shade, the tossing of arms, the wild, almost agonised expressions on the upturned faces, the rhythmic shouts of "Husain, Hasan, Hasan, Husain!" the regular thud of the falling weapons, the excitement, the fanaticism, the horror, the deviltry of it all is so surprisingly terrific, that only those who have witnessed it can realise its demoniacal fascination. The legend of Hasan and Husain, who are commemorated by the Shi'ahs in this annual outburst of fanaticism, is a simple and poetic one, in which the affections of the two martyr-brothers have been most pathetically related by the Persian poets; but I do not believe that one man in a hundred of those who participate in or witness

this awful performance could distinguish Hasan from Husain. It has, however, penetrated into the souls of these pious folk that it is agreeable in the sight of Allah and His Prophet thus to shout and lacerate themselves, and, for the matter of that, it seems ever to have been a belief among men that the Father of all Mercies loves the smell of human blood, and revels in the sight of human suffering! *

The beautiful "Sweet Waters of Europe"! No, surely they are not beautiful! and the waters are certainly the reverse of sweet! They are as fallow, too, as the stream of the Thames between London Bridge and Westminster. Their channel is narrow, and the hills on either side of it are brown and bare. Yet at certain moments the Sweet Waters of Europe are transfigured. In April, for instance, when the meadows on either side are white and golden with snowdrops and jonquils, and you may gather great basketfuls of violets and primroses under the old plane-trees.

Then, on Friday afternoons in May, the gaudily-dressed Turkish women come and cluster on the sward, and spread their carpets, and bask in the sunshine; and through the windows of the broughams drawn up in line under the great plane-trees, the fair ladies of the Imperial Palace peep at the passing crowd from the folds of their snowy *yashmacs*. Alas! only thirty years ago, instead of sitting in those broughams, their Highnesses and Excellencies displayed themselves on the embroidered cushions of

* See note at end of volume on the Persian colony.

their arabas, and eunuchs in full Oriental costumes rode backwards and forwards on the finest of Arab horses, jealously guarding or making believe to guard the fair forbidden fruit these monstrous ugly wretches have in charge! Now the eunuch sits on the box like any other footman, white or coloured, save that he wears a fez instead of a cockaded hat, and your friends assure you, regardless of the shock to your feelings they inflict, that the ladies wear Redfern's tailor-made gowns, and sport the latest Paris fashions under their *feridjés*.

Still, the Friday crowd at the Sweet Waters of Europe is amusing, and, as you sit and sip your coffee at one of the innumerable booths, generally under the direction of a lively Armenian, you get many a quaint glimpse of Oriental life and manners, almost the last you will obtain, if, like the author of this work, your days in Turkey are numbered.

But presently—suddenly, almost as if by magic—the crowd disperses, and the Turkish women hurry homewards in all directions. Sunset is at hand, so we will swallow our last cup of coffee, re-enter our caïque, and Hamid shall row us slowly home. Now it is that the Sweet Waters of Europe assume their most enchanting aspect. We may have thought them hideous as we came. We think them lovely now. The magic touch of the sinking sun has changed the dross to gold. The ugly brown hills are violet and pink; the factory chimneys stand out like columns of ebony against an opal-tinted sky; the muddy Sweet Waters, as they join the salt wavelets of the Golden

Horn, ripple with discs of gold ; the very rushes that rise out of the waters have turned to emerald spears ; the sky, in which the sun has rapidly sunk, is of such a vivid orange, shading off into such infinite and exquisite tints of blue, amethyst, and ruby, that I defy the mightiest artist of any time to transfer them to his canvas. Caïque after caïque glides swiftly past, the mandolines tinkle, and the long-drawn nasal cadenzas of Eastern music, attenuated by distance, sound almost pleasantly through the growing silence of the twilight. Now comes a huge black barge crowded with women, muffled in their *yashmacs*, listening to the story of some negress crouched in front of them on her heels, on a bit of carpet, her voice so shrill that were you a Turk, you might make out her tale even at this distance. A steam launch passès, full of Europeans, then a coal barge, then swarms of caïques, full of Turks—the women in some, the men in others. All the little cafés on the shore are lighted up with Chinese lanterns, and the Armenian and Greek women sit upon the crumbling parapets and smoke their cigarettes, and laugh aloud, and clap their hands, and call out to their friends in the boats, and are answered back, and so on and on we go, past Eyub, past Balata, and under the Second Bridge, the grand outline of Constantinople now standing out vividly in purest indigo against the splendid and slowly deepening shades of orange, which shall have faded down, before we land, to palest lemon colour.

Lights begin to glimmer from the windows ; when

we reach the head of the bridge the crowd diminishes, and, as we cross it, we see only a few belated women hurrying home to their Hareems, or the carriage of some Pasha or Minister, surrounded by an escort of roughly-clad men on horseback, whirling by us in a cloud of dust. The little sentries, on their wooden stands, present arms to their Excellencies, and the four old gentlemen in garments very like nightshirts, who take the money at either end of the bridge, look almost picturesque in the fading light, and their voices sound cheerily as they bid us "Good night." We enter the Grande Rue de Galata, and begin our ascent of steep Step Street, disturbing the dogs as we go, and watch the merchants putting up their shutters, and notice the Jews going into their synagogue, and so at last we reach the foot of the great Tower of Christ, and turn into a narrow street, which vividly recalls a similar one in Genoa to my mind—so narrow, indeed, that people might shake hands across it out of the windows of the lofty houses on either side. Then out into the Petit Champ, past the Constantinople Club, to our brightly-lighted hotel, overlooking the public gardens, where the band is playing for the benefit of the Cook's tourists, and the Greeks and Armenians, and the odds and ends of Christian Europe, all of them enthralled by the strains of the sempiternal *Intermezzo*! Over the way is Stambul, fast asleep, already wrapped in the shades of night as in a shroud. The stars are shining, and the moon has risen serenely over the Golden Horn. After the *table d'hôte* we will go, if you like, to listen to Verdi's

Otello, fairly well sung in the outdoor theatre over the way, in what was Théophile Gautier's favourite haunt, Le Petit Champ des Morts (The Little Field of Death), which the hand of the modern builder has mercilessly disturbed, and whose engraved tombstones you will find embedded, most of them upside down, in half the walls of the neighbourhood.

Or if it please you to steal away from the motley throng, down yon side-street, into the long, sad grove of cypress-trees hard by the British Embassy, you shall find yourself once more in the Turkey of old days, among the quaint, tottering tombstones, nodding to their fall under the deep shade of their guardian trees, so appropriate, in their gloomy grandeur, to this home of silence and of death. And as you sit and meditate on some broad tombstone, and watch the moonlight creep across the open space before your seat, from the old Turkish suburb of Khassim Pasha, just below you, the sound of quaint nasal music rises to the twanging of many a rebec and guitar. While from the bandstand, in the intervals, a classic Western air falls on your ear. Is it? It is! No! Yes! "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay"!

And now a vision—a dream of the near future, it may hap—rises before my eyes. I see a Stambul of broad streets and boulevards, whose tall houses overtop and dwarf the ancient domes and minarets. I see hotels, and restaurants, and opera-houses and theatres, and shops with plate-glass windows; telephones, too, I see, and tramcars, auto-mobiles, and even the harmless (is it harmless?) and necessary bicycle. I see a

Constantinople in which the dear old dogs have ceased from troubling, and Begtchi is at rest,* and from which all that still lingers of romance has faded away into one dead-level of material Western so-called civilisation, when a hideous iron bridge shall bind Scutari in Asia to Seraglio Point, and vulgarise for ever the noblest and most romantic prospect, probably, the world can boast !

Alas ! my prophetic soul ! will it come to this ? Shall we indeed be forced to cry "Eheu fugaces" ?

One last look—as I stand on deck, and the great ship bears me away across the Marmara—on the enchanting outline of the city of the Sultans, fast fading into the mists of eventide. A feeling of deepest melancholy steals over me, a regret closely akin to that which stirs us as we bid reluctant farewell to some old familiar friend, whom we know stricken with deadly disease—whose face we shall never see again on this side of the grave. Modern Constantinople, indeed, may still endure ; but Stambul, Stambul of the Moslim warrior, Stambul of the Moslim priest, is fast hurrying to its inevitable doom.

* A few years ago an enterprising French firm offered the Turkish Government 500,000 francs to be allowed to convert the 150,000 dogs into—gloves. The Sultan refused, and the poor beasts were saved from death only to suffer mutilation from the increase of traffic—the tramcars and the cabs—things unknown to their handsome forbears. Begtchi might easily be spared. He is a distinct and most unromantic nuisance.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST.

EMPERORS AT CONSTANTINOPLE, 330—1453. THEIR EMPRESSES.

THE FLAVIAN DYNASTY.

- 1 Constantine I. the Great . 330—337 . Fausta.
- 2 Constantine II., son of 1 . 337—340
Constantine II., son of 1 . 337—360 (1) Eusebia; (2) Faustina.
Constans I., son of 1 . 337—350
- 3 Julian the Apostate, nephew
of 1 360—363 . Julia Helena.

OF NO DYNASTY.

- 4 Jovian 363—364 . Carito.
- 5 Valens 364—378 . Dominica.
- 6 Gratian, nephew of his
predecessor . . 378—383 . Constantia.

THE THEodosian DYNASTY.

- 7 Theodosius the Great . 379—395 . (1) Flacilla; (2) Galla.
- 8 Arcadius, son of above . 395—408 . Aelia Eudoxia.
- 9 Theodosius II., the younger
son of Arcadius . . 408—450 . Eudoxia (Athenais).
- 10 Pulcheria the Saint, daughter
of Arcadius . . . 450—453 .
- 11 Marcian, husband of Pul-
cheria 450—457 . Saint Pulcheria.

THE THRACIAN DYNASTY.

- 12 Leo I. the Great . . . 457—474 . Aelia Verina.
 13 Leo II., son of Leo I. . . 474 .
 14 Zeno I. the Isaurian, son-
 in-law of Leo I. . . . 474—491 . Ariadne.
 15 Basiliscus, brother-in-law
 of Leo I. 475 .
 16 Anastasius, husband of
 widow of Zeno I. . . 491—518 . Ariadne.

THE DYNASTY OF JUSTINIAN.

- 17 Justin I. the Elder . . . 518—527 . Euphemia.
 18 Justinian I. the Great,
 nephew of Justin I. . . 527—565 . Theodora.
 19 Justin II. the Younger,
 nephew of 18 565—578 . Sophia.
 20 Tiberios II., son-in-law of 19 . 578—582 . Anastasia.
 21 Maurice, son-in-law of 20. . 582—602 . Constantina.

OF NO DYNASTY.

- 22 Phokas I. 602—610 . Leontia.

THE HERAKLIAN DYNASTY.

- 23 Heraklios I. 610—641 (1) Eudoxia; (2) Martina.
 24 Constantine III., son of 23 . 641 . Gregoria.
 25 Herakleonas, son of 23 . 641 .
 26 Constans II., son of 24 . 641—668 .
 27 Constantine IV. Pogonatos,
 son of Constans II. . . 668—685 . Anastasia.
 28 Justinian II. Rhinotmetos,
 son of Constantine IV. . 685—694 .

OF NO DYNASTY.

- 29 Leontios. 695—698 .
 30 Tiberios III. Apsimaris . 698—705 .

THE HERAKLIAN DYNASTY.

- 28 Justinian II. Rhinotmetos 705—711 . Theodora.
31 Tiberios IV., son of 28 . 711 .

OF NO DYNASTY.

- 32 Philippikos (Bardanes) . 711—713 .
33 Anastasios II. (Artemios) 713—716 .
34 Theodosios III. . . 716—717 .

THE ISAURIAN DYNASTY.

- 35 Leo III. the Isaurian . 717—741 . Anna.
36 Constantine V. Kopronymos,
son of 35 . . . 741—775 . (1) Irene ; (2) Maria
Eudoxia.
37 Leo IV. Kazaros, son of 36 775—780 . Irene.
38 Constantine VI. Porphy-
rogenitus, son of 37 . 780—797 (1) Maria ; (2) Theodote.
39 Irene, widow of 37 . . 797—802 .

OF NO DYNASTY.

- 40 Nicephoros I. Logothetes 802—811 .
41 Staurakios, son of 40 . 811 . Theophano.
42 Michael I. Rhangabe (Kouro-
palates), son-in-law of 40 811—813 . Prokopia.
43 Leo V. the Armenian . 813—820 . Theodosia.

THE ISAURIAN DYNASTY.

- 44 Michael II., son-in-law of 38 820—829 . Euphrosyne.
45 Theophilos, son of 44 . 829—842 . Theodora.
46 Michael III., son of 45 . 842—867 . Theodora.

47	Basil I.	867—886	(1) Maria; (2) Eudoxia.
48	Constantine VII., son of 47	868—878	
49	Leo VI. the Philosopher, son of 47	886—911	(1) Theophano; (2) Zoe; (3) Eudoxia; (4) Zoe.
50	Alexander, son of 47	911—912	
51	Constantine VIII. Porphy- rogenitus, son of 49	912—919	Elene.
52	Romanos I. Lekapenos, father-in-law of 51	919—945	Theodora.
	Christophos, son of 52	919—945	
	Stephanos, son of 52	919—945	
	Constantine, son of 52	919—945	
51	Constantine VIII. Porphy- rogenitus	945—959	Elene.
53	Romanos II., son of 51	959—963	(1) Bertha; (2) Theo- phano.
54	Nicephoros II. Phokas, husband of widow of 53	963—969	Theophano.
55	John I. Zimiskes, son-in-law of 51	969—975	Theodora.
56	Basil II. Boulgaroktonos, son of 53	969—1025	
57	Constantine IX., son of 53	969—1028	Elene.
58	Romanos III. Argyros, son-in-law of 57	1028—1034	Zoe.
59	Michael IV. the Paphla- gonian, son-in-law of 57	1034—1041	Zoe.
60	Michael V. Kalaphates, nephew of 59	1041—1042	
61	Constantine X. Monoma- chos, son-in-law of 57	1042—1054	Zoe.
62	Zoe, daughter of 57	1042—1052	
63	Theodora, daughter of 57	1042—1056	

64 Michael VI. Stratonikos 1055—1057 .

DYNASTY OF THE KOMNENOI AND DUCAI.

- 65 Isaac I. Komnenos . 1057—1059 . Katherine.
 66 Constantine XI. Ducas,
 adopted by 65 . . 1059—1067 . Eudoxia.
 67 Eudoxia, widow of 66 . 1067—1071 .
 68 Michael VII. Parapinaces,
 son of 66 . . . 1067—1078 . Maria.
 69 Andronicos, son of 66 . 1067 .
 70 Constantine XII., son of 66 1067 .
 71 Romanos IV. Diogenes,
 husband of 67 . . 1068—1071 . Eudoxia.
 72 Nicephoros III. Botoniates,
 husband of widow of 68 1078—1081 . Maria.
 73 Alexios I. Komnenos,
 nephew of 65 . . 1081—1118 . Irene.
 74 John II. Komnenos, son
 of 73. . . . 1118—1143 . Irene.
 75 Manuel I. Komnenos, son
 of 74. . . . 1143—1180 . (1) Bertha; (2) Irene.
 76 Alexios II. Komnenos,
 son of 75 . . . 1180—1183 . (1) Irene; (2) Agnes.
 77 Andronicos I. Komnenos,
 nephew of 74 . . 1183—1185 . Agnes.

THE DYNASTY OF THE ANGELOI.

- 78 Isaac II. Angelos, great-
 grandson of 73 . . 1185—1195 . Margarita.
 79 Alexios III., brother of 78 1195—1203 . Euphrosyne.
 78 Isaac II. Angelos . . 1203—1204 .
 80 Alexios IV. the Younger,
 son of Isaac II. . . 1203—1204 .
 81 Alexios V. Mourtzouphles,
 son-in-law of 79 . 1204 . Eudoxia.

THE LATIN EMPERORS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

- 82 Baldwin I., Count of
Flanders . . . 1204—1205 . Marie.
83 Henry I., his brother . 1206—1216 . Agnes.
84 Peter, son-in-law of 82 . 1216—1219 . Yolande.
85 Robert, son of 84 . . 1219—1228 .
86 Baldwin II., son of 84 . 1228—1261 . Marie.
87 John, father-in-law of 86 1231—1237 . Marie.

THE BYZANTINE EMPERORS AT NICE.

- 1 Theodore Lascaris I.,
son-in-law of 79 . . 1206—1222 (1) Anna; (2) Philippina;
(3) Marie.
2 John III., son-in-law of 1 1222—1255 . (1) Irene; (2) Anna.
3 Theodore Lascaris II.,
son-in-law of 2 . . 1255—1259 . Elene.
4 John IV., son of 3 . 1259—1260 .
5 Michael VIII. Palæologos,
great-grandson of 79 . 1260 . Theodora.

THE DYNASTY OF THE PALÆOLOGOI.

- 88 Michael VIII. . . 1261—1282 . Theodora.
89 Andronicos II. the Elder,
son of 88 . . . 1282—1328 . (1) Anna; (2) Irene.
90 Michael IX., son of 89 . 1295—1320 .
91 Andronicos III. the Younger,
son of 90 . . . 1328—1341 . (1) Jeanne; (2) Anne.
92 John V., son of 91 . . 1341—1391 . (1) Elene; (2) Eudoxia.
93 John VI. Kantakouzenos,
father-in-law of 92 . 1347—1355 . Irene.
94 Matthias, son of 93 . 1355 .
95 Andronicos IV., son of 92 1355 .
96 Manuel II., son of 92 . 1391—1425 . Irene.
97 John VII., son of 95 . 1399 .
98 John VIII., son of 96 . 1425—1448 . (1) Anna; (2) Sophie;
(3) Maria.
99 Constantine XIII. (Dragoses),
son of Manuel II. . 1448—1453 .

1	Sultan Othmān I. Ghazi the Victorious, son of Erthogrul Shah	1300—1326
2	Sultan Orkhān Ghazi the Victorious, son of 1	1326—1360
3	Sultan Murād I. Ghazi the Victorious, son of 2	1360—1389
4	Sultan Bāyezid I. Ilderim the Thunderbolt, son of 3 Interregnum	1389—1403 1403—1413
5	Sultan Mohammed I., son of 4	1413—1421
6	Sultan Murād II., son of 5	1421—1451
7	Sultan Mohammed II. el-Fatih, the Conqueror, son of 6	1451—1481
8	Sultan Bāyezid II., son of 7	1481—1512
9	Sultan Selim I. Yavouz the Ferocious, son of 8	1512—1520
10	Sultan Suleymān I. el-Kanuni the Legislator, the Magnificent, the Sublime, son of 9	1520—1566
11	Sultan Selim II. Mest, the Drunkard, son of 10	1566—1574
12	Sultan Murād III., son of 11	1574—1595
13	Sultan Mohammed III., son of 12	1595—1603
14	Sultan Achmet I., son of 13	1603—1617
15	Sultan Mustaphā I., son of 13	1617—1617
16	Sultan Othmān II., son of 14	1617—1622
15	Sultan Mustaphā I., son of 13	1622—1623
17	Sultan Murād IV. Ghazi the Victorious, son of 14	1623—1640
18	Sultan Ibrāhim, son of 14	1640—1648
19	Sultan Mohammed IV., son of 18	1648—1687
20	Sultan Suleymān II., son of 18	1687—1691
21	Sultan Achmet II., son of 18	1691—1695
22	Sultan Mustaphā II., son of 19	1695—1703
23	Sultan Achmet III., son of 19	1703—1730
24	Sultan Mahmūd I., son of 22	1730—1754
25	Sultan Othmān III., son of 22	1754—1757
26	Sultan Mustaphā III., son of 23	1757—1774
27	Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid I., son of 23	1774—1789
28	Sultan Selim III., son of 26	1789—1807
29	Sultan Mustaphā IV., son of 27	1807—1808

THE OTTOMAN SULTANS (*continued*).

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|----|--|-----------|
| 30 | Sultan Mahmūd II. the Reformer, the Great, son of 27 | 1808—1839 |
| 31 | Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid, son of 30 | 1839—1861 |
| 32 | Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz, son of 30 | 1861—1876 |
| 33 | Sultan Murād V., son of 31 | 1876—1876 |
| 34 | Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid II., son of 31 | 1876— |

NOTES.

NOTE A.

A mistake is often made, even by authoritative historians, by confounding At' Meidan with Et' Meidan. The first is the Turkish name for the old Byzantine Hippodrome, and signifies horse-market or square, whereas Et' Meidan means meat-market. This latter is situated fully a mile and a half from the At' Meidan, and was the quarter most affected by the Janissaries; here their revolt was mercilessly resisted by Sultan Mahmüd II., in 1826. The square was soon afterwards nearly destroyed by a fire ignited by the Sultan's artillery. In the centre of this now deserted and barren place a mound of grass, bricks, and stones, marks the site of the Orta Djamisi, or Soldier's Mosque, in which the Janissaries took the oath of allegiance to the Prophet, and to his vicar the Sultan.—Vol. I., chap. iii., "Reform in Turkey."

NOTE B.

KARAGHEUZ.—The real meaning of the name Karagheuz is "black-eye." It is evidently derived from *Kara* (black) and *gheuz* (eye). The police of late years have so greatly interfered with this individual and his jests, that it is not often that a stranger has the privilege of beholding him at what might be called his best. In public he is now sufficiently reticent, but in private, and when sure of impunity, his obscenities baffle belief, and can only be described as absolutely sadic.—Vol. I., chap. x., "Karagheuz and the Stage in Turkey."

NOTE C.

COLUMNS.—There are still standing no less than five Byzantine columns in various parts of Constantinople. The Burnt or Porphyry Column, on the summit of the second hill, is in a ruinous condition, having been frequently damaged by fire. It was originally brought from Rome, and, according to tradition, by Constantine himself, whose statue, in the guise of Apollo, stood upon the top at a height of 125 feet from the base. The Palladium of Rome is supposed to be buried underneath, together with a considerable relic of the True Cross. A special service in honour of Constantine used to be celebrated yearly at the foot of this column. Mass was said and a hymn sung in praise of Constantine, and his mother Helena. The statue of Apollo (Constantine) was hurled to the ground by a gale of wind during the reign of Bottoniates. The next finest column is that of Marcian, near the Mosque of Sultan Mohammed II. It is of granite, and 33 feet high. The capital, in the Corinthian style, is very fine. The statue of the Emperor has long since been lost; the pedestal is exceedingly handsome, and ornamented with victorios, crosses, and inscriptions. Of the column of Arcadius at the Avret Bazaar, on the seventh hill, only the colossal pedestal exists. It is a superb fragment, very highly ornamented, and about 20 feet high. The interior of this column, which was 159 feet high, was hollow, and contained a spiral staircase leading to the summit. Externally a series of bas-reliefs, suggested by those on the Trajan Column in Rome, recorded the career and victories of Arcadius, whose silver statue was overthrown by an earthquake in 740. The interior of the pedestal is worth inspecting; it consists of several large square rooms, in one of which is the door leading to the partially destroyed stairway above alluded to. The ascension of the remaining steps repays the trouble, as the view from the top is exceedingly beautiful. In the gardens of the Seraglio is a perfect Corinthian column 50 feet high. It was erected, according to tradition, A.D. 267, to record the victory of Theodosius over the Goths, and is therefore the oldest monument in the city.—Vol. II., chap. i., “*Sancta Sophia*.”

NOTE D.

CISTERNS.—The ancient city of Constantinople was magnificently provided with water by two superb aqueducts, the Constantinian and

the Valens ; ruins of the latter still exist. There were, moreover, something like a hundred cisterns, big and little. Of these, thirty and possibly more, are extant. Almost every important church had its Ayezma, or sacred pool, in reality a small cistern of pure water. Several of these are still visible under such of the mosques as were formerly churches ; one of the very finest being under Sancta Sophia. The largest and best preserved of the Imperial cisterns is the Yeri Batan Seraï, or underground palace. It is situated near Sancta Sophia, and is ascribed to Constantine the Great. Enlarged by Justinian to serve the Basilica, or law courts, it was then surrounded by a portico full of shops for the sale of books, writing materials, lawyers' briefs, etc. These have, of course, disappeared. The cistern is 336 feet long by 182 feet in width. Its roof is supported by 336 white marble columns, in 12 rows of 28 columns each, producing a marvellous effect, as the columns, which rise out of the deep green water, are exceedingly handsome. The cistern of Philoxenus (Bin-bir-derek) or cistern of 1,001 columns, is near the Hippodrome. It is 125 feet long, and supported by 212 columns of great beauty. The whole place has not been excavated, and is perfectly dry, being now used as a silk factory. It could easily be restored to its original use. The cistern of Theodosius is 175 feet long by 75 feet in width, and has 35 columns of white marble. The cistern of Photius has 80 columns, and that of Pulcheria 28 columns. There are also several open cisterns—the Chukur Bostan, which is 510 feet by 408 feet ; and the Cistern Boni, nearly 800 feet square. It is situated near the Suleymānieh Mosque, and could hold at least 6,571,720 cubic feet of water. Needless to say it is dry, and for the most part built over. When any important excavations take place, a cistern is sure to be discovered. Not very long ago, when the foundations of the Dette Publique were laid, a beautiful circular cistern was unearthed. It was full of large water jars.

NOTE E.

THE HIPPODROME of Constantinople was not merely a place of amusement ; it was a museum of art, and also the principal forum of the city, in which the Emperors were proclaimed, victorious generals rewarded, criminals executed, heretics burned, wild beasts exhibited, and races and other athletic sports held. Its exact seating capacity

is not now known. From the fact that 30,000 persons are reported to have been killed in the arena during the famous riots of the Blues and Greens, under Justinian, it is thought probable that 120,000 persons could assist at any given function without being inconvenienced. It was already in a ruinous condition at the time of the Turkish siege, in 1453.—Vol. II., chap. i.

NOTE F.

CLIMATE.—People who are in search of a mild climate should avoid Constantinople in the winter, when it is often much colder than London. The atmospheric changes are exceedingly rapid, and the author has gone to bed on a comparatively mild night to wake up in the morning to find the whole town covered with snow, and a biting wind blowing. In 1894 there was barely a leaf on any of the trees until quite the end of the first week in May, when it suddenly became intensely hot. The winds from the Black Sea were almost always very bleak and cold. In summer, however, they are delightfully cooling. In 1880 there were sixty-eight nights with frost, and the Golden Horn was frozen over. In 1428 the ice in the Sea of Marmara and in the Golden Horn was so thick that it broke down the sea-wall. In summer the heat is exceedingly great, although it seldom lasts more than a week without some agreeable break. The time to visit Constantinople is from May to the end of June, and from September to the end of November, when the temperature is generally very pleasant and healthy.

NOTE G.

DOGS.—The dogs of Constantinople have been so frequently misrepresented and decried, that I feel a few words in their behalf will be interesting. I find frequent mention in Byzantine history of dogs existing in unusual numbers in the streets of the city. As an instance, when Byzantium was besieged by Philip of Macedon, "the citizens were warned of the approach of the enemy by the howling of the dogs in the streets," which roused the drowsy garrison, and thus the Macedonians were driven back. During the pestilence in the reign of Andronicos I., a wholesale slaughter of the dogs was

ordered, as it was feared that they might spread the infection. However, in all probability, the Byzantine dogs were not of the same breed as the Turkish, nor were they used for the same purpose. According to tradition, the actual Constantinopolitan dogs followed the Turkish army into the city after its fall, in 1453. The same breed of dog will be found in almost every town or village throughout the Ottoman Empire. In appearance, these dogs, which are about the size of a collie, are not unlike the Australian dingoes, tawny in colour, with a furry coat, a bushy tail, and pointed ears. The breed is less pure now than it was formerly, owing to the importation of other kinds of dogs at the time of the Crimean War. Still, the majority of the dogs remain uncontaminated, and when in good condition, are handsome beasts. They are very sociable, and rarely aggressive; and if the slightest notice is taken of them, they will return the civility in the most caressing and affable manner. Since the introduction of carriages, tram-cars, and omnibuses, the animals have led a very precarious existence indeed, and are often cruelly maimed, and present a pitiable appearance. They, moreover, suffer greatly from mange. During the daytime they lie coiled up in the sun, regardless of the many dangers to which they are exposed; but at night they are very wakeful, howling and barking incessantly. It is quite true that they never stray beyond their own quarter, a fact doubtless due to the scarcity of provisions, which renders the animals of a certain locality jealous of intruders; but they never pursue a stranger over their boundary line. Some naturalists are of opinion that these dogs are of a primitive race, half wolf and half jackal. They are not, however, as is almost universally thought, scavengers in the literal sense of the word; they only pick up such scraps as suit their purpose out of the dustbins which are placed outside every door late at night to be carried away early in the morning. As a rule the dogs are kindly treated; most people supply them with water, and when there is a likelihood of an increase in the canine population a large box is usually reserved for them, in which the puppies are born. This box frequently takes up the full breadth of the pavement, and pedestrians have to step aside into the mud in order to pass. As the pups are exceedingly pretty, they are made great pets of by the children, and fed with scraps of a better quality than their parents are able to find. The Turks, who consider the dog an unclean

animal, never touch them ; but otherwise they treat them most humanely, and not infrequently small legacies are left to provide food for the street dogs of the neighbourhood in which the deceased lived. On the other hand the low Armenians and Greeks are often very brutal, and owing to the noise made by the dogs at night, a great number are surreptitiously poisoned off annually. I think I may safely say there are more dogs in Pera than in Stambul. This is probably due to the great number of hotels and restaurants, outside which the beasts can get better provisions. They never attempt by any chance to enter a house or shop, but wait patiently outside for their food. It is exceedingly rare to hear of any one being bitten by them, although occasionally they may snap when trodden upon or kicked. Cases of hydrophobia are almost unknown amongst these dogs. This is attributed to the free and uncontrolled lives they lead. They are exceedingly intelligent, but almost every attempt to introduce them into other countries has failed. A friend of mine brought some puppies over to England, but they soon became savage, the result, I believe, of over-feeding, and had to be killed. An instance of their extreme intelligence was related to me by Mr. Pears, whose family had for some years been kind to the dogs in their street, giving them scraps from their table, and setting out pans of water for them in the hot weather. One of the ladies, on her return from a visit to England, brought with her a little black-and-tan terrier. In Constantinople, as is well known, no dog of any other breed dares put in an appearance in the streets, as he is sure to be attacked and probably killed by his canine rivals. This terrier, however, on one or two occasions, eluding the vigilance of his mistress, escaped, and Mrs. S—— was surprised to see that the other dogs took no unfriendly notice of him. In the course of time the animals became fast friends, the terrier joining whenever he chose in the gambols of the street dogs. One day, however, he went beyond his comrades' boundary line, and in an instant was pounced upon by the dogs in the next district. His kindly friends, seeing him in peril, flew to his assistance, and one of their number with great difficulty seized him by the scuff of the neck, and carried him bodily back to Mr. Pears' house, on the doorsteps of which he deposited the truant. The whole party waited the appearance of the lady, to whom they indicated by their significant looks and distressed manner the danger through which her terrier had passed,

and the bravery they had themselves displayed in the cause of a family which had been so kind and hospitable to them. During my stay in Constantinople the dogs in my street formed a sort of body-guard, and escorted me to the corner of the street when I went out and to the hotel when I came back. This amiable condescension on their part, however, was not quite platonic. I usually supplied myself with biscuits, which I distributed among my singular escort. There was one dog we called Sarah Bernhardt on account of the length and thinness of her body. This poor animal became very ill, and a friend of mine—an English doctor who was staying in the hotel—determined to give her a dose of medicine, which had a very satisfactory result. She attached herself to him from that day, and, although she never wandered beyond her confines, in a hundred ways she showed her appreciation of his medical skill. He went away, and was absent some two months. On his return Sarah Bernhardt, who had become much fatter, recognised him at once. We used to sit and have our coffee in a courtyard at the back of the hotel, and were generally favoured with the company of the fair Sarah. One day she pulled the doctor's coat in so significant a manner, that he determined to follow and see what she wanted. The creature led him to the next street, where she drew his attention to a box in which there were about half-a-dozen very young puppies. She looked up in his face as much as to say, "Do you see how pretty they are!" and then released him. Some years ago, under Sultan Mahmūd II., an attempt was made to get rid of the dogs, and for this purpose they were taken to an island lying off the coast, it being contrary to the law to kill them. They one and all swam back to the mainland, an act which so delighted the Turks that they have never been molested since. There can, however, be no doubt that, with the increase of traffic, and what some people are pleased to term "modern progress," these sagacious creatures will gradually disappear. Their intelligence and gentleness, however, deserve to be remembered.

NOTE H.

THE PERSIANS.—There is a very numerous Persian colony in Constantinople, between 10,000 and 15,000, mostly settled in the neighbourhood of Sancta Sophia. They are said to belong almost

exclusively to the Tudjik race, which is one of the handsomest in Asia. In former times the Persians in Constantinople were very easily distinguished from the rest of the Moslim population by their lofty astrachan head-dress—of which they still wear a modified edition—and the colour of their hair and beards, which were invariably dyed a vivid red. They are not well favoured by the Turks, who look upon them as heretics, and are jealous of their superior commercial ability. A few years ago they almost monopolised the tobacco trade, but since this has fallen exclusively into the hands of the Régie, their wealth has considerably diminished. They have a bazaar of their own in which they sell carpets, arms, metal ware, tea, astrachan, and spices. The ambulating carpet-sellers, to be met with all over the town, are mostly Persians.—Vol. II., chap. x., page 322.

INDEX.

- AALI PASHA, statesman, i. 112
- ABASSIDES DYNASTY founded by El Saffa, i. 3, 261-2; is overthrown by Ottomans, i. 266
- ABD-UL-AZIZ, i. 10; proclaimed Sultan, issues Fetwa, at first he has only one wife, finds empire almost bankrupt, i. 187; his government under Fuad and Ali Pashas, visits Europe, i. 189; made a K.G., i. 190, note; conspiracy against him, i. 190; his death, i. 192; his fondness for the opera, i. 357
- ABD-UL-HAMID I. Succeeds Mustapha III., his reign, is beaten by Russia, succeeded by Selim III., i. 161
- ABD-UL-HAMID II. His brothers, i. 6; had some liberty when young, i. 10; his court, scale of cookery, serving of meals, i. 15; sends the Baïram Maiden to school at Scutari, i. 19; his everyday life at Yildiz Kiosk, i. 34; when he is visible, i. 47; his theatre, how he keeps his mad brother Murad V., i. 52; starts Pan-Islamism, i. 59; constitutes himself a prisoner, i. 132, 192; his falling off, reason for same, i. 182; succeeds Abd-ul-Aziz, i. 192; promises to uphold the constitution, and works against it, his popularity, i. 193; situation of Turkey on his accession, i. 193; his interference with his Generals, result of same, refuses to cross Bosphorus, i. 195; his reforms, steamboats, education, i. 196; the difficulties which he has to contend against, i. 199; his law against the vandalism of the Mollahs, i. 69
- ABDULLAH-AS-ZAGGAI, last Khaliph of Granada, i. 58
- ABD-UL-MEDJID marries Besma, i. 16; succeeds Mahmūd II. and continues his schemes of reform, his character and surname, i. 183; political state of Turkey at his accession, i. 184; dies, i. 187; his extravagance at marriage of his daughter with Ali Galib, i. 187
- ABD-UL-RAHMAN, first Khaliph of Cordova, i. 58, note
- ABGARUS, King of Edessa, his conversion, etc., ii. 158
- ABRAHAM I., Patriarch of Etchmiadzin, ii. 177
- ABU ALI, last Khaliph of Cordova, i. 58, note
- ABU - BAKR - AS - SIDDIG succeeds the Prophet, i. 2
- ABU EYUB KHALID ENSARI, his tomb and death, ii. 244
- ABU VEGA, Constantine's coffin at, ii. 275
- ACCIAJUOLI, Florentine adventurer, conquers Attic provinces, ii. 107
- ACHILLES, galleries of, ii. 17
- ACHMET I. reigns under Machpeïka and Tarkhann, tobacco introduced in his reign, i. 140
- ACHMET II., his life in the Kafes, i. 11, 12

- ACHMET III., printing-press introduced in his reign, i. 154
- ACROPOLIS of Byzantium, ii. 17 ; burnt by Crusaders, ii. 18, 19
- ADAHLET SULTAN, pageant at her marriage, ii. 299
- ADALET, Turkish novel by, i. 238
- ADAM one of the Moslim saints, i. 58
- ADELEH SULTAN, grand-daughter of Naschedil Sultan, i. 170 ; her tomb, ii. 246
- ADRIANOPLE, peace preliminaries at, i. 194 ; treaty of, ii. 165, note ; was favourite residence of the English in Turkey, ii. 107
- ADVENTURERS in Constantinople and Turkey, i. 293
- AGHA OF JANISSARIES and Sipāhis, i. 123
- AGHIRLICK, or dower, i. 229
- AGIA SOPHIA, real name of Sancta Sophia, ii. 1 ; origin of name, ii. 38
- AGRICULTURE, neglect of, in Turkey, i. 303 ; possibilities of, i. 304
- AHMED, Mosque of, i. 343
- AHMED VEYFĀK PASHA, Governor of Brusa, translates French and English plays, restores Yechili or tile mosque, i. 360, ii. 234
- AKTCHI - DĒDĒ, title of sub-chief of Dervishes, i. 99
- AL - ABBAS, founder of Abassides dynasty, encourages learning, i. 262
- AL-FAZEL, of the Barmecide, his life spared by Harun-al-Rashid, i. 263, note
- AL-TABARI, historian, i. 263, note
- ALAIKĒS, name by which young girls in the Hareem are known, i. 30
- ALBANIANS often mistaken for the Greeks, ii. 107, 295 ; their descent and religion, ii. 107 ; their dress, ii. 285
- ALEM-PENAH, title of Sultan, i. 56
- ALEPPO, i. 4 ; favourite resort of English in Turkey in seventeenth century, ii. 88
- ALEXANDER I. of Russia becomes a member of the Philomuse Club, ii. 132
- ALEXANDER the Great, his sarcophagus, ii. 322
- ALEXANDER VI., Pope, i. 126
- ALEXIUS III. puts out his brother Isaac's eyes, ii. 278
- ALI asserts his claim as Mahomet's successor, is murdered with his sons, i. 2
- ALI GALIB marries a daughter of Abd-ul-Medjid, i. 188
- ALI PASHA, minister of Abd-ul-Aziz, i. 188 ; dies, i. 190
- ALKINDI, his Arabic version of Aristotle, i. 266
- ALSHENSEDDIN, Sheikh, discovers tomb of Eyub, ii. 244
- AMALFIANS, ii. 43 ; their privileges, ii. 44 ; their character, ii. 45
- AMANAT, the, or relics of the Prophet, i. 59
- AMBASSADORS, first to European Court, i. 171 ; accredited to all European Courts by Mahmūd II., i. 177 ; list of French, ii. 94-8 ; list of English, i. 173
- AMERICAN colony in Constantinople, ii. 102 ; missionaries amongst Armenians, ii. 198
- AMIEN tortured in Paris, i. 283
- AMPTHILL, Lord, i. 181
- ANANIAS, painter of the "Black Christ," ii. 185
- ANASTHASIUS I., his villa, ii. 271
- ANDRONICUS I., Emperor, dies in dungeons of Anemas, his wife and child, ii. 277
- ANEMAS, prisons of, at Blachernœ, ii. 276
- ANGELUS, ISAAC, ii. 53 ; tower of, ii. 278
- ANGORA, i. 4
- ANI, ancient Armenian city, ii. 156 ; capital of Kars, ii. 161
- ANNA KOMNENA, or Komnena, historian, i. 323 ; ii. 44, 80
- ANNE, Empress of Russia, ii. 127
- ANTHEMIUS of Tralles, architect of S. Sophia, ii. 4

- ANTIGONI, Greek Theological Seminary at, i. 289
- AQUEDUCT OF VALENS, ii. 312
- ARABIAN CIVILISATION, i. 260-267; reaction against, i. 267
- ARABIAN NIGHTS, the, i. 264
- ARABISSUS, John Chrysostom flies to, ii. 168
- ARCADIUS, column of, at the Avret Bazaar, ii. 340
- ARCHAGOURIAN or Assacidian Dynasty of the Armenians, ii. 156
- ARCHBISHOP OF CONSTANTINOPLE, Mgr. Bonnetti, ii. 75
- ARDACHAD or Akhaljian, ancient capital of Armenia, ii. 156
- ARDAHAN retained by Russia, i. 194
- ARISTOTLE, translation of, into Arabic, i. 266
- ARMENIA, Marco Polo's visit to, ii. 64; Church of, ii. 140; education, i. 289; extent of, ii. 156; origin of name, ii. 156; its old cities, ii. 156-164; and dynasties, ii. 156. GOVERNMENT of, in year 1, ii. 158; in fifth to tenth centuries, ii. 161. MASSACRES of its inhabitants, the frequent, ii. 164-5; in fourteenth century, in 1629, 1825, etc., ii. 169; number killed in eighteen months, ii. 172; reason of massacres, ii. 204. INHABITANTS, number of, ii. 164-5; is invaded by Selim I. and Mongols, ii. 164; now only a geographical term, ii. 165. RELIGION, early, of, ii. 157; present, its three parts, ii. 172; archbishops and bishops, ii. 178, note; the real belief and mass book, ii. 179; ritual, ii. 180; vestments, etc., ii. 182; confession, ii. 182; reforms in — religion in last twenty years, ii. 183. PRIESTS, the two divisions of, ii. 187. PROTESTANTS IN ARMENIA, ii. 198; persecution of, 198, and Sir Stratford de Redcliffe, ii. 199; are excommunicated, ii. 200. ROMAN CATHOLICS, their number, ii. 195
- ARMENIANS, their shrewdness in business, ii. 166; their language, ii. 166, 196; their schools and neighbours, ii. 166; appear in Flanders, France, etc., ii. 168; their character, ii. 171; their dancing, ii. 283; their descent, ii. 196; their liking for Hebrew names, ii. 157; their costume, ii. 203; are money-lenders and extortioners, ii. 205; visit to a family of, ii. 203-4; of the Zeitun, ii. 170
- ARMY, Turkish, drilled by a German, i. 301; its bad condition, i. 301; Christians not allowed in, i. 302
- ARTANIÉ HANUM, or middle lady, title of third wife, i. 232
- ARZODESSI, or Supreme Courts, i. 66
- ASSASSINS, Hammer's history of the, i. 86
- ASSURBANIPAL, or Sardanapalus, his cruelty, i. 292
- AT'MEIDAN, or Hippodrome of Constantinople, ii. 13, confused with the Er'Meidan, or Meat Market, Note A.
- ATIK MUSTAPHA PASHA DJAMISI Mosque, visit to the, ii. 266
- ATTIC PROVINCES, Acciajuoli conquers, ii. 109
- AUGUSTEUM, the, or Great Forum, ii. 14
- AVERROES, Arabian philosopher, ii. 266
- AYAZMA, or holy pool, the Lourdes of Constantinople, ii. 269
- AZAN, the, or call to prayer, i. 254
- AZARIAN, Mgr., present Armenian Patriarch, ii. 195
- AZIZ PASHA, General, massacres Armenians of the Zeitun, ii. 170
- BABYLON, ii. 108
- BAFFA, the, or Safiā, i. 22; becomes Valideh, her rule, i. 22; her death, i. 22, 139; is mother of Mohammed III., whom she incites to kill his nineteen brothers, called the Italian Sul-

- tana, is real ruler, her confederate, her reputation, is strangled, i. 139
- BAGHDAD of Harun-al-Rashid, and Rome of Leo X., resemblance between, i. 261 ; its population and learning, i. 263, 263 note ; Kiosk, the, ii. 318
- BAÏRAM Maiden, the, i. 19
- BAJAZET, Racine's tragedy of, i. 20
- BALAT, Jew settlement of, ii. 216
- BALDWIN, Count of Flanders, first Latin Emperor of East, ii. 37 ; his wife and death, ii. 37 ; steals icon from Venetians, ii. 45
- BALIAN, architect designer of the Baghtcheh, i. 46
- BALL, the first in Constantinople, ii. 95
- BALUKLI, fair at, ii. 285 ; its miraculous fish, ii. 284 ; tomb of Cosmos at, ii. 193
- BANKING and the Hanson family, ii. 91
- BANKRUPTCY of Turkey, the, i. 190
- BAPTISMAL FONT, or Colymbethra at Atik Mustapha's Mosque, ii. 266-7
- BAPTIST, St. John the, his head, ii. 185
- BARAÏCKTAR, minister of Selim III., i. 162 ; avenges his murder, i. 163
- BARBAROSSA, Emperor, ii. 59
- BARMECIDE, family of, i. 261, 263, 263 note
- BARTON, Sir Edward, Ambassador of Queen Elizabeth, i. 173 ; intrigues against him, his instructions, death, and charter due to his efforts, ii. 86
- BASIL, Emperor, gives Venetians privileges, ii. 44
- BATHS in Turkey, i. 213 ; English imitation of, wrong, ii. 242
- BATOUM, Russia retains, i. 194
- BAYEZID, son of Roxalana, i. 27 ; succeeds Mohammed II., i. 126 ; his connection with Pope Alexander VI., his brother Jem, is succeeded by Selim I., i. 126
- BAZAAR in Constantinople in 1810, its Bechistan, ii. 313
- BAZAAR, the leather, ii. 312 ; rams in, ii. 312
- BEARD AND HAIR, Sultan's, must be dyed black, i. 7, note
- BECHISTAN of Bazaar, ii. 313
- BEGGARS banished from Constantinople, i. 176
- BEGTCHI, or night watchman, ii. 298
- BEKTASHEE Dervishes. See DER-VISHES.
- BELGRADE, description of, i. 327 ; Treaty of, ii. 126
- BELIN, his "Histoire de la Latinité à Constantinople," ii. 68
- BELISARIUS thrown from balcony, ii. 279
- BENJAMIN OF TUDELA on the Jews, ii. 209 note ; on the Palace of the Emperors, ii. 271
- BERLIN, Treaty of, i. 194 ; ii. 207
- BERNHARDT, Madame, and the Turkish theatre, i. 357
- BESBECQ on education of Phanar, ii. 114
- BESMA becomes wife of Mahmūd II., i. 16 ; and mother of Abd-ul-Aziz, sketch of her life, character, and death, builds Yeni Valideh Djami, story about her, i. 17
- BESMA, married wife of Abd-ul-Medjid, i. 28 ; her divorce, i. 29
- BESSARABIA, i. 194
- BETROTHAL, ceremony of, i. 229
- BEYERLEYBEY Serai Palace, i. 170
- BIBLE translated into Armenian by St. Mesrob and St. Isaac, ii. 197
- BIBLE HOUSE, head-quarters of American missionaries, ii. 200
- BICHAKJI ZADEH MUSTAPHA CHELIBI, calligraphist to Murad IV., his work in Sancta Sophia, ii. 25
- BISHOP of Constantinople, ii. 189
- BISHOPS, Armenian, election of, ii. 186
- BISHOPS of Ephesus, Nicomedia, and Adrianople, put to death, ii. 136

- BLACHERNÆ, church of, its relics, ii. 269; surroundings and prisons of palace of, ii. 276
- BLACK, Mr., English merchant of importance, i. 91; ii. 192
- BLACK STONE, or Ka'bah of Mecca, i. 256, 256 note
- BLACQUE, journalist, his papers, i. 170
- BOABDIL El Cecho, last Khaliph of Granada, i. 58, note
- BOCARETTI on Constantinople in seventeenth century, i. 156
- BONDELMONTE on Sancta Sophia, ii. 9
- BONNETTI, Mgr., Archbishop of Constantinople, ii. 75
- BONNEVAL, Claude de, adventurer, his life, ii. 100; memoirs and tomb, ii. 101
- BORIS, PRINCE, ii. 154
- BOSNIA retained by Russia, i. 194
- BOSPHORUS, the, i. 325; is spoilt by ugly buildings, i. 325-6; blessing of the, ii. 146
- BOY, early education of a Turkish, i. 225-7
- BOYARDS, the, ii. 119
- BRIDGES of Constantinople, ii. 290, 311
- BRUSA chosen as capital of empire, i. 5; description of, its origin, not unlike Malvern, ii. 225; its railway and shops, ii. 230; its bazaar, ii. 232; its silk manufactures, ii. 232; jackals in, ii. 233; its mosques, ii. 233; flora of, ii. 234; Vefyk Pasha and its mosques, ii. 234; a health resort for a long time, ii. 240; Theodora's visit to, ii. 241; its baths, ii. 241
- BUCOLEON, palace of, ii. 17
- BULGARIANS and Greeks, ii. 148, 150; and Russians, 149; their religion, ii. 149
- BURNT COLUMN, the, ii. 48, 303
- BUYUK HANUM, or Great Lady, title of chief wife, i. 232
- BUYUKDERÉ described, i. 327
- BYRON, LORD, anecdote of, i. 165 note; on ruins of Constantinople, ii. 264; his mention of the Mechitirists' library and convent at San Lazzaro, ii. 191
- BYZANTINES, their fondness for flowers, ii. 10
- BYZANTIUM, its Acropolis, ii. 19; number of its churches, 19 note; its foundation by Phidalia, ii. 42
- BYZAS, husband of Phidalia, ii. 42
- CAILLARD, Sir Vincent, manager of the Dette Publique, i. 300, 305
- CALLIMACHI, great Phanariote family, ii. 113
- CANALETTO, artist, his work, ii. 49
- CANNING. See REDCLIFFE, LORD STRATFORD DE.
- CAPITULATIONS, or concessions, explained by Mr. E. Pears, ii. 55; "L'histoire des," ii. 56-57; granted by Suleyman, ii. 57; of Adrianople, ii. 66; replica of same, ii. 66; of Galata, ii. 67; original MS. of, ii. 67
- CARLOWITZ, Treaty of, ii. 118
- CARNOT, President, report of his death at Constantinople, i. 295
- CATHERINE II. and Orloff, ii. 128; makes war on Turkey, ii. 129; consequent massacre of Greeks, abandons them, wars on Poland, allies with Turkey, ii. 131
- CATHOLIC education in Constantinople, i. 289
- CEMETERY at Eyub and Scutari, ii. 257, 258, note; splendid view from, ii. 259
- CENSOR and school-books, i. 10; paralyses journalism, i. 174; and education, i. 194; stories of the, i. 294-6; and the stage, i. 361
- CENSUS, first Turkish under Mohammed II., i. 124; difficulty of taking in Turkey, ii. 105; in Armenia, ii. 165
- CHAIN across the Bosphorus, ii. 61
- CHAMPIONS of the Prophet, the four, ii. 24
- CHANDLER, John, ii. 128
- CHARITY School, description of a, at Constantinople, i. 286

- CHARLES VI. of France, father-in-law to Mohammed II., i. 21
- CHÉNIER, André and Joseph, their house at Galata, ii. 70
- CHEKIRGEH, suburb of Brusa, its hot springs and baths, ii. 241
- CHILDREN, kidnapping of, ii. 248 ; traffic in, i. 218
- CHIOS, massacre of Christians at, in 1825, i. 279
- CHOPINE, or patten of Venetian women, reference to, in *Hamlet*, ii. 50
- CHOSROES NUSCHIRVAN, of the Persian Sassanidæ, collects ancient MSS., i. 261
- CHRIST, account of, in Koran, i. 61, note; one of the Moslim Saints, i. 88; comes next to Mahomet in Moslim religion, i. 260; mosaic of, in Sancta Sophia, and legend of same, ii. 158; the "Black Christ" Armenian icon, description of, ii. 185
- CHRISTIANS in Constantinople, ii. 43-105; not allowed in Moham-medan Army, i. 302; massacre of, at Chios in 1825, i. 279; their cruelty to the Moslim prisoners, i. 125; are protected after Lepanto by Selim II., i. 137; massacres of, at Damascus and Djedda, ii. 184
- CHRVSOPOLIS, city of, and Field of the Dead, i. 308
- CHRVSOSTOM, John, is banished to Cucusus, ii. 167; letters of, *re* the massacre by the Kurds, ii. 168
- CHURCH of Greece and Russia, ii. 137; Latin and Grecian, difference between, ii. 138; Patriarch of the Greek Church, ii. 138; the Holy Synod, ii. 139, 139, note; ceremonies of the Greek, ii. 141; branches of, ii. 143; its processions, ii. 146
- CHURCHES, number of, in Constantinople, ii. 62
- CICALA Pasha, defeat of Austrians and Transylvanians by, at Kerezlia, i. 139
- CIRCASSIA annexed by Russia, i. 246
- CISTERNS of Constantinople, ii. 340, note
- CLIMATE of Turkey, ii. 342, note
- CLOCKS in mosques, i. 72; in tombs of Eyub, ii. 248
- CLOCK-WINDERS. See MOAKITS.
- CLUBS, Greek revolutionary, ii. 132
- COAL-MINES in Turkey, i. 305
- COFFEE introduced, i. 133; account of, i. 201, note; poisoned, what it is, i. 240
- COINAGE first stamped with effigy of Sultan, ii. 177
- COLUMNS in Constantinople, ii. 340, note
- COMMISSION on Finance formed by Fuad Pasha, its results, i. 188
- COMNENA, ANNA, historian, i. 323; ii. 44, 80
- COMNENOS, John, Emperor grants privileges to Genoese, ii. 58
- COMNENOS, House of, ii. 107; great Phanariote family of, ii. 113
- CONCESSIONS. See CAPITULATIONS.
- CONCORDIA Music-hall, i. 359
- CONSTANTINE and Siege of Constantinople, ii. 273; his death, ii. 274; his tomb, ii. 275
- CONSTANTINE, his object in building Sancta Sophia, his death, ii. 66
- CONSTANTINOPLE entered by Turks, i. 115; its condition in 1752, described by Bocaretto, i. 156; is not now Eastern Europe's central market, i. 196; description of, ii. 3; its luxury in olden times, its early trade, and luxury, ii. 42; its fall, ii. 66; letters describing it in 1810, ii. 289; its dogs (see DOGS in Constantinople).
- CONSTITUTION of the Young Turkey party, i. 191
- COSMOS, Catholic Armenian, preaches street crusade, his tomb at Balukli, ii. 193
- COSTUME, Old Turkish. See MONTAGU.

- COUNT DE CHOLET, his "Voyages en Turquie d'Asie," i. 240
- COURT OF MOHAMMED II., i. 123
- COWLEY, Lord, i. 181
- CRESCENT, Turkey's symbol, i. 114, note
- CRETAN question, the, ii. 153
- CRIMEAN monument at Scutari, i. 311; war, and trade, ii. 92; cause of, ii. 117; effects of, i. 183, 187
- CRISPI, Signor, son of Greek priest, ii. 143
- CROSS, the True, relics of, ii. 5; its discovery by Empress Helena, ii. 26
- CRUSADERS, their vandalism, i. 267; ii. 18-20; Crusaders' Tree, the, i. 327; their shocking behaviour in Sancta Sophia, ii. 36; their rapacity, ii. 53; their entertainment by Alexius Komnenos, ii. 272; their breach in the walls of Constantinople, ii. 284
- CRUX MENSUALIS, the, ii. 28
- CUCUSUS, massacre by the Turks at, ii. 167
- CURRIÉ, Sir P., Ambassador, i. 181-2
- CURZON, Robert, i. 181
- CUSTOM HOUSE officials at Constantinople, i. 287-8
- CYPRUS, governed by Lusignans, ii. 107; taken by English, i. 187; by Turks from Venetians, i. 135
- DAMASCUS, i. 4; massacre of Christians at, i. 188; Jewish riot at, ii. 215
- DANDOLO, Doge of Venice, leads vandalism of Crusaders, ii. 18; buried in S. Sophia, ii. 37
- DANDOLOS, old Venetian family, ii. 71
- DANUBE Delta handed over to European syndicate, i. 188
- DAOUD PASHA, Grand Vizir, i. 143; mosque of, oldest in Constantinople, ii. 56
- DARI EFFENDI, Ambassador to Paris, i. 172
- DAVID PASSI makes mischief for Harborne, ii. 84
- DAVUD EFFENDI, Mudir of the Zeitun, his cruelty, ii. 171
- DE BREVES, Savary, French Ambassador at Turkish Court, i. 141
- DE HARLAY, Achille, his curious adventure, i. 141
- DE NOUS, French Envoy, i. 142
- DE TOTT, Baron, and Suez Canal, i. 135, 160; on the Janissaries, i. 150, 160; adviser to Mustaphâ III., his description of Turkish weapons and forces, i. 159; of the insolence of the Janissaries, i. 160
- DÉDÉS, their duties, i. 99
- DERVISH PASHA, Ambassador to St. Petersburg, i. 171; Secretary to Embassy in England, i. 172
- DERVISHES, i. 66; origin of name, i. 79; their beliefs and practices, i. 80; founded by Khaliph Ali, i. 81; their original name, i. 81; become freethinkers, i. 82; are not priests, i. 84; Suleyman I. lessens power of, i. 80; creation of the Janissaries and the —, i. 81; are still an influential body, i. 81; insurrection of, under Mahmûd II., i. 178. ORDERS OF, list of, i. 84; their costumes, i. 85; creeds of, i. 87; chiefs of, i. 98. BEKTASHEE, description of rise of, i. 97; anecdote about, i. 97; the present Bektâshee and Young Turkey party, i. 97; use the printing-press, i. 156; attempt to suppress them, i. 156; Mahmûd II. and, i. 176; their chapels, change in their belief, i. 155. DANCING —, how founded, their idea of future life, are persecuted, i. 82; service of, and its meaning, i. 90-4. HOWLING —, performance of, i. 94; extravagances of, in olden times, i. 95, note
- DESTERDARS, the Minister of Finance, i. 123
- DESTRUCTION of Greek MSS., wholesale, i. 268

- DETTE PUBLIQUE instituted, i. 188, 300
 DEVIL worshippers or Kazil-bachis, ii. 166
 DIAMOND of Justinian, story of its loss and recovery, ii. 279
 DIODORUS, friend of John Chrysostom, ii. 167
 DIPLOMATIC relations between the Powers and Turkey established, i. 171
 DIVAN and early Sultans, i. 132
 DIVORCE, laws relating to, i. 204 ; facility of, i. 216 ; stories about, i. 204-5, 216, 217, 218
 DJEANGHIR, son of Roxalana, i. 27
 DJEDDA, massacre of Christians at, i. 184
 DOCTOR and ladies of Hareem, i. 31
 DOCTRINE of Islamism, i. 60
 DOGS in Constantinople, i. 258, 294 ; proposal to make into gloves, ii. 330 ; note on, ii. 342
 D'OHSSON on the distribution of the Wakuf, i. 110
 DOLMA BAGHTCHEH, residence of Abd-ul-Medjid, its architect and description, i. 46
 DOMINICAN schools, i. 289 ; missionaries in Armenia, their accounts of the massacres, ii. 188
 DONIZETTI, ballet-master under Abd-ul-Medjid, his adventure, i. 358-9
 DOOMSDAY Book of Mohammed II., i. 124
 DOWER of Mohammedan women, i. 203, 229
 DRAKE, Sir Francis, ii. 84-5
 DRESS of Mohammedan women, i. 211-2
 DROWNING of ladies of Hareem, i. 53 ; ii. 287
 DU BARRY, Mme., her passport destroyed in fire at Misiri's hotel, i. 334
 DUBUC DE RIVÉRY, Mdlle. See NASCHEDIL SULTAN.
 DUCAÏ, great Phanariote family, ii. 113
 DUFFERIN, Lord, i. 181
 DURMISTARS. See TURLAKI.
 DYNAMO and Dynamite, Abd-ul-Hamid II.'s confusion of, i. 52
 EARTHQUAKE, the, of 1865, ii. 234 ; of 1894, ii. 284
 EASTERN cruelty, example of, i. 292
 EDESSA, ancient Armenian city, ii. 156
 EDUCATION, early, of a boy (see BOY) of a royal prince, i. 9 ; of youth of lower classes, i. 238 ; its badness, i. 285-6 ; Christian —, i. 289
 EKKINDEE, third daily prayer, i. 90
 EFFENDI, meaning of, i. 8
 EGYPT and Turkey separate, i. 174
 ELECTRICITY and Abd-ul-Hamid II., i. 52
 ELENA, defeat of Russians at, i. 195
 ELIZABETH, Queen, makes friends with Turkey, ii. 81 ; her Ambassadors, ii. 81
 ELIZABETH of Russia and the Greek Revolution, ii. 127
 EL SAFFA, founder of Abassides dynasty, i. 3
 EMBASSIES, unpublished records of the European, and material for a history of Turkey, ii. 88
 ENGLAND takes Cyprus, i. 195
 ENGLISH, the, at Kadi Keui, i. 312 ; old in Constantinople, ii. 78 ; settle at Galata, their factory, ii. 87 ; increase in Canning's time, ii. 87 ; early — trade with Constantinople, ii. 81
 EQUALITY of SEXES recognised in Koran, i. 204, note
 ERI BATAN SERAÏ or Water Palace, ii. 303
 ERIVAN, ancient Armenian city, ii. 156
 ERTHOGRUL, father of Othman, i. 4 ; made governor of Bosnia, i. 5
 ESKI SERAÏ, built by Mohammed II., made dower house of Sultans' widows, i. 45, 121
 ESPIONAGE in Turkey, its result, i. 189
 ESRAR. See HASSEESH.

- ETCHMIADZIN, see of, ii. 175, note; monastery, library, Patriarch of, ii. 175, 176 note
- ETIQUETTE of Hareem. See HAREEM.
- EUCLID, Galenus, and Ptolemy, their encyclopædias in Arabic, i. 266
- EUDOXIA, Empress, denounced by John Chrysostom, ii. 167
- EUROPEAN cruelty, example of, i. 293; atrocities, i. 283-4
- EUROPEANISING of Turkey, the, i. 183
- EUTYCHES and Eutyichian heresy, ii. 160, 173, 174
- EYUB, his tomb, i. 88. See EYUB SULTAN.
- EYUB SULTAN, a visit to, ii. 244; discovery of Eyub's tomb at, ii. 244; may not be seen by unbelievers, ii. 245; adventures of author at, ii. 280; inscription on dome of mosque, ii. 257; Sokolli Pasha's tomb at, ii. 256
- EYUB, witch of, a visit to, ii. 262
- FAILURE OF ISLAM, the, i. 252-275
- FAKEERS, i. 105. See DERVISHES.
- FALL of Ottoman Empire, begins with Suleyman the Magnificent, i. 130
- FAMILIES, great Phanariote, ii. 113
- FAMOUS men under Suleyman, i. 129, 130
- FATHMA, witch of Eyub, ii. 262
- FATIMAH, Mahomet's only daughter, i. 2
- FAZIL, Mustapha, leads Young Turkey party, is banished, i. 189
- FEAST OF THE TULIP, ii. 99
- FEMALE children buried alive, i. 202
- FEZ CAP adopted by Turks, i. 168 note, 183; where made, i. 305
- FIELD OF DEAD, i. 308; a popular resort for loungers, i. 309
- FIRE, or Hiangen Var, i. 329, ii. 207
- FIRE at Misiri's hotel, in which Author's MSS. were burnt, i. 330-34; great, at Pera, caused by Dervishes, i. 177; great, at Constantinople in 1810, ii. 309, note
- FISH, miraculous, at Balukli, legend of, ii. 285
- FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, her hospital at Scutari, i. 311
- FLORENTINES in Constantinople rival the Pisans, obtain a charter, work at finance against the Lombards, ii. 47
- FLOWERS in Constantinople, ii. 98
- FOGRAS, Archbishop of, ii. 144
- FORTUNE-TELLING in Turkey, i. 103
- FRANCIS I. of France, his capitulation with Suleyman, ii. 94
- FRANCIS JOSEPH, Emperor, ii. 150
- FRANCISCAN Colleges, i. 289
- FRANGIPANI, Count, ii. 94; first resident French Ambassador, i. 129
- FRANKS in Constantinople, ii. 92
- FRENCH Sultana, mother of Mohammed II., i. 21, 168; colony, rise of, ii. 93; present decline of, ii. 102; Ambassadors, list of, ii. 94-8; Ambassador given precedence of Venetian Bailo, resulting quarrels, ii. 57-8; population after the Crimea, ii. 102; residents in Pera and Galata, ii. 102
- FUAD PASHA, his Commission on Finance, i. 188; death of, i. 189
- FUAD PASHA is hindered in his work by Abd-ul-Hamid II. after Elena, i. 195
- FUNERALS, oddity of Greek, ii. 146; reason of, ii. 147; Moham-medan, ii. 258, note
- GALATA, Venetian theatre at, i. 537; its churches, ii. 62; anti-quarian visit to, ii. 68; its walls, ii. 69; Chénier's house in, ii. 70; archives of convents of, ii. 70; its government after abolition of Podesta, ii. 72
- GAUTIER, Théophile, on Constantinople, i. 183
- GEDIKLIS, meaning of, i. 16

- GENOESE are rivals of Amalfians, ii. 46; their importance, ii. 48; supersede Venetians, ii. 58; their privileges, ii. 58; their treaty with Barbarossa, its result, ii. 59; are shifted to Heraclea, allowed to return, ii. 60; settle in Galata, their treachery during fourth Crusade, their commerce, ii. 63-5; their political policy, ii. 65; make compact with Turks, ii. 65; their treatment by Mohammed II., ii. 67; tombs in Galata, ii. 68; old Genoese families still in Galata, ii. 71; population in sixteenth century, ii. 71; female costume in old times, ii. 71
- GENTILE BELLINI, artist, ii. 40
- GENTLEST OF SULTANS, surname of Abd-ul-Medjid, i. 183
- GERMANS, competition of, in Constantinople, i. 92
- GEURUJI Seers, or Dellal, matrimonial agents, i. 227
- GHAZI HUNKIAR, bath of Murad I., ii. 241
- GHAZI KHAN, title of Sultan, i. 58, note
- GHETTO the Jewish quarter at Rome, ii. 210
- GIGI, i. 333
- GIPSY Colony, beauty of the women, ii. 280; number of the, their language, dress, Paspates' work on, ii. 281; their dancing, ii. 282
- GIULIANI, Phanariote family, ii. 113
- GIUSTINIANI, old Venetian family, ii. 71
- GLOVER, Sir R., Ambassador, i. 173; Lady Anne, quarrel at her death, ii. 87
- GONDOLAS and Caïques are similar, ii. 49
- GRÆCO-ROUMAIC Church, ii. 143-4
- GRAMMATIKOS, or Court writers, ii. 117
- GRAND MISTRESS of the Robes. See HASNADA OUSTA.
- GRAND VIZIR first created, i. 13; his costume, i. 14; duties and position, i. 13, 123; origin of title, i. 58, note; a nineteenth century, visit to, i. 336, *et seq.*; a visit to the, in 1810, letter describing, i. 342; his dress in 1810, ii. 300
- GREAT PALACE, the, description of, ii. 15, 16; Moses' rod in, ii. 16
- GREEK CHURCH excommunicated, ii. 36; independence of, ii. 134
- REVOLUTION, i. 174; rise of, ii. 124; European enthusiasm for, its martyrs, ii. 133; family, visit to a, in 1810, ii. 296; colonies in all towns, ii. 106; insurrection in the Morea, ii. 111; Princes of Moldavia, ii. 119; revolutionary clubs, ii. 132; population of Italy, ii. 143; bishops, their vandalism, ii. 148
- GREEKS, the, in Constantinople, ii. 106-54; the two classes of, ii. 106; confused with Albanians, ii. 107, 296; and Hellenes, ii. 107; concessions granted them by Mohammed II., ii. 108; object to the Crusaders, ii. 53; their intermediary, ii. 109; minor magistrates, better condition after conquest, ii. 109; treatment of, by Bayezid, ii. 110; of the Phanar, start commerce, ii. 112; ally with Venetians, ii. 113; start an aristocracy, their great families, ii. 114-9; ignorance of lower classes, ii. 120, 141; build a fleet, ii. 132; massacres of the, ii. 134-5; scepticism of upper orders, ii. 142; and Bulgarians, ii. 148
- GREGORIAN schism, ii. 172
- GREGORY, SAINT, "the illuminator," the Armenian Apostle, ii. 159; his descent, conversions, turns hermit, dies, ii. 159
- GREGORY, Patriarch of Greek Church, hanged, ii. 135
- GUEBUS and Magians, or fire-worshippers, i. 256
- GUL KHANEH, Hatti Sherif of, i. 184; contents, effect, reception, and result of, i. 184

- HADJI AÏVAT and Karagheuz, the Turkish Punch, i. 348
- HADJI BABA, sweetmeat maker, ii. 255
- HADJI BEKTASH, i. 81; originates order of Bektâshee Dervishes, blesses the Janissaries, i. 147
- HADJIRA, Turkish novel by Adalet, i. 238
- HAFIZ PASHA, Secretary of State to Murâd III., murdered by Janissaries, i. 145
- HAICIAN, Armenian dynasty, ii. 156
- HAIG, founder of Armenian kingdom, ii. 155-6
- HAIGSDAN, ii. 155
- HALKI, school for Greek boys at, i. 289
- HALL of 1,001 columns, ii. 14, and note on Cisterns
- HAMDİ BEY, son of Helmi Pasha, antiquary, etc., i. 280
- HAMLET, reference to chopines in, ii. 50
- HAMMAMJINAH, bath woman. See BESMA.
- HAMMER's history of Order of Assassins, i. 80
- HANSON family, and banking in Constantinople, ii. 91
- HARBORN, Sir E., Ambassador of Queen Elizabeth, i. 173
- HARBORNE, WILLIAM, Ambassador of Queen Elizabeth, confers with Lord Burleigh, ii. 82; his difficulties, ii. 83-5; is recalled, ii. 85; his account of his journey, ii. 86
- HAREEM, numbers in, i. 15; classes of its women, their nationality, i. 16; liberty of, i. 33, 44; furniture of the, i. 30; supplied with slave children, i. 29; how these are brought up, i. 30; description of, of Suleymân, i. 40; of Bakr Effendi by Lady Montagu, i. 35, *et seq.*; account of visit to, i. 221; etiquette of the, i. 233-4; how time is passed in, i. 234; ignorance of the women, infant mortality in, i. 235; story of same, i. 235-6; a romance of the, i. 250
- HAREMLICK, description of the, i. 50
- HARRAN, city of, i. 263
- HARUN-AL-RASHID, i. 3; encourages learning, i. 262; slaughters Barmecide family, i. 263-4
- HARVEY, Sir John, Ambassador, ii. 90
- HASAN HUSEIN. See PERSIAN religious ceremony.
- HASNADA OUSTA, Grand Mistress of the Robes, her importance, i. 29
- HASSAN, negro giant at taking of Constantinople, ii. 273
- HASSAN HAIRULLAH, i. 65; Sheikh-ul-Islâm conspires against Abdul-Aziz, i. 190; sent to Taaf, is still living, i. 193
- HASSEESH, its use and abuse, i. 105; its danger, manufacture, and sale, i. 106-8
- HASSKEVI, Jewish quarter at Constantinople, ii. 212
- HAT, i. 58, short for Hatti.
- HATIBUTALLAH, Turkish poetess, i. 33
- HATTI HUMAYUN, Turkish writ, i. 58
- HATTI SHERIF, i. 58; of Gul Khaneh, by Reshid Pasha, i. 184
- HAY, Sir J. Drummond, i. 181
- HEBDEMON or Palace of Constantine, ii. 278
- HEFELE on the Greek and Latin Churches, ii. 140
- HELEN, her statue destroyed by Crusaders, ii. 16
- HELENA, wife of Constantine, discovers True Cross, ii. 26
- HELLENES, the, confused with Greeks in Constantinople, ii. 137
- HELMİ PASHA, the story of, i. 179
- HEPTUS KALON, old harbour of, ii. 317
- HERACLÉ, coal-mines at, i. 305
- HERZEGOVINA, i. 194
- HIANGEN VAR, or fire, i. 329, ii. 307; Sultan had formerly to attend, i. 330. See FIRE.
- HIPPODROME of Constantinople, ii. 7, 12; its statuary destroyed

- by Crusaders, its present remains, ii. 13; burnt, ii. 18-19. Also ii. 341, note
- HOLY POOL, or Ayazma of Blachernœ, the Lourdes of Constantinople, ii. 267
- HOLY ROBE, its miraculous powers at Siege of Constantinople, ii. 268
- HOLY SYNOD, the, ii. 139, note
- HOMAGE to the Sultan at Kurban Baïram, i. 47
- HOMER, his statue, ii. 16
- HORACE, his statue, ii. 16
- HÔTEL d'Anatolie, at Brusa, ii. 243
- HOWE, SIR R., Ambassador, i. 173
- HUBERT, Cardinal, excommunicates Greek Church, ii. 36
- HUNKIAR, title of Sultan, i. 57
- HUSSEIN AVNI PASHA conspires against Abd-ul-Aziz, i. 190
- HYPHILANTIS, great Phanariote family, ii. 113
- IBMVFID, science of figures for talismans, i. 101
- IBRAHIM, favourite of Suleymân, i. 129, 152
- IBRAHIM I. succeeds Murâd IV., defies the Janissaries, is strangled by their Agha, i. 154; drowns all his Hareem, i. 53; his fondness for flowers, ii. 99
- IBRIK DJAMI Mosque in memory of Mihrimah, i. 310
- ICONS in Armenian churches, ii. 184
- IKBALS, what they are, i. 16
- IMAMS, or Mollahs, meaning of, i. 67, note; description of, i. 68; their ignorance and dishonesty, Abd-ul-Hamid's law against, i. 69; story of one, i. 69-70; divisions of, i. 70
- INFANT mortality in Turkey, i. 235, 237
- INHERITANCE, custom of female, i. 229
- INNOCENT III. on the Crusaders' vandalism, ii. 18
- INTELLECTUAL progress an impossibility for the Moslems, i. 258
- IRENE, her tomb, i. 21; story of her death, ii. 22
- IRENE THE GREAT, i. 315-7; her ghost, i. 317
- ISAAC ANGELUS, ii. 53, 278
- ISAAC THE GREAT, ii. 160
- ISIDORUS, the Milesian, Architect of Sancta Sophia, ii. 4
- ISLAM, the failure of, i. 275
- ISLAM Namâz, i. 90
- ISLAMISM merges all nationalities, i. 257; unorthodox state of, under great Khaliphs, divided into many sections, i. 265
- ISMI JELEEL HUIJREH, room of Dervishes, i. 90
- ISTAMBOL, origin of name, i. 52, note
- ISTAMBOUL Effendesi, one of the Superior Magistrates, i. 75
- ITALIANS, modern, in Constantinople, ii. 74
- ITALY, Greek population of, Greek seminaries in, ii. 143
- JACKALS at Brusa, ii. 233
- JAMALI, Sheikh, his goodness to the Christians, ii. 110
- JANISSARIES, their banner, i. 19, 147; are created, i. 81; history of the, i. 146-9; their rations and titles, i. 147; become insubordinate, i. 149; their court, i. 150-1; their insolence, i. 150-2; their disorganisation in 1824, i. 124; are destroyed, i. 175-6; their present representatives, i. 150; how originally recruited, i. 148; allowed to marry, murder Hafiz Pasha, i. 145; and Ibrâhim, i. 154; freemasonry amongst, ii. 39; personal guards, ii. 292; museum of the, costumes in, ii. 321
- JEM, brother of Bâyezid, his murder, i. 126; ii. 240
- JESUIT Colleges, i. 289; missionaries in Armenia, ii. 189
- JEWS introduce printing into Constantinople, i. 155, note; ii. 219; their degradation, ii. 209; their numbers, ii. 210; settle at Brusa,

- received by Alexander VI., ii. 210; numbers according to Crusius in "Turco-Groecia," ii. 211; settle in the Hasskeui, ii. 211; language, ii. 212; Murād II.'s treatment of, ii. 212; Sabbathai Levi, ii. 213; his removal by Köprili Pasha, ii. 213; consequent riots, ii. 214; assist Turks in Greek revolution, ii. 215; population of Turkey, ii. 216; increase of, at Smyrna, Salonica, etc., ii. 217; leprosy amongst, ii. 217; foreign Jews in Constantinople, Jewish tribunals, synagogues, schools, the Reform Synagogue and its choir, ii. 218; their early marriages, ii. 219; bad conditions of life amongst, at Balat and Hasskeui, ii. 220; Sultan's doctor a Jew, Kiamil Pasha, ii. 221; the Karaïtes and the Mamins, ii. 222; visit to a Jewish family, ii. 222
- JOACHIM II., Gregorian Patriarch of Brusa, ii. 189
- JOHN, eunuch, favourite of Zoë, i. 319; is banished and dies, i. 320
- JOHNACE, King of Bulgaria, puts Baldwin, Count of Flanders, to death, ii. 37
- JOSEPH, Mgr., Exarch of Bulgaria, consecrates fourteen bishops, ii. 150
- JOSEPH NASSI, favourite of Selim II., a Jew, i. 135
- JOURNALISM in Turkey, i. 162, 170, 171
- JUSTICE in Turkey, i. 74-8
- JUSTICES of the peace, i. 76
- JUSTINIAN'S aqueduct repaired by Suleymān, i. 130; and Theodora's house, ii. 17
- KA'BAH, or black stone of Mecca, i. 256
- KADI, Justice of the peace, i. 76
- KADIKUÏ, the ancient Chalchedon, i. 307, 312; English district of Constantinople, its beauty, i. 313
- KADI-UL-ASKER, the superior magistrates of Empire, i. 75
- KADIJA, Mahomet's wife, i. 205
- KADINÉS, their degrees and names, i. 18
- KAFES, or cages in which princes spend minority, i. 11-12
- KAIMAKAN replaces Italian Podestas, ii. 72
- KAIMS, mosque servants, i. 73
- KAISSARLI Achmet Pasha conspires against Abd-ul-Aziz, i. 190
- KAKARIEH Djami or mosaic mosque, i. 189; ii. 316
- KALENDEREES, branch of Dervishes, i. 105
- KALFAS, governesses of the Harem, i. 30
- KANTAKOUZENOS, Phanariote family, ii. 113
- KANUN NAME, Mohammed II.'s code of laws, i. 122
- KARAGHEUZ, the Turkish Punch, i. 225, 243, *et seq.* and Note
- KARAÏTES, Jews, ii. 222
- KARS retained by Russia, i. 194; kingdom of, founded, ii. 161
- KAT KAPU, or Sand Gate, Armenian quarter, i. 119
- KELMI, Turkish dramatist, i. 354
- KEREZLIA, battle of, i. 139
- KHALIPH, meaning of, i. 55, note
- KHALIPH ALI, father of Dervish movement, i. 81
- KHALIL Djendereli invents Janissaries, i. 81
- KHASSEKI-SULTAN, title of, i. 16
- KHATIBS, or preachers, i. 71, 72
- KHORIAN, family of, their claim to Armenian Crown, ii. 162
- KIAMIL PASHA, a Jew, ii. 221
- KIDNAPPING of children, i. 248
- KIUD, Patriarch, the philosopher, ii. 160
- KIZLAR Aghasi, chief of Black Eunuchs, i. 14
- KLEPHTS, the, of Cypyrus, ii. 127
- KNOLLES, his description of Sultan Achmet's pageant, i. 44
- KOMNENOS. See COMNENOS.

- KÖPRILI PASHA, minister, i. 112 ; his tolerance of the Christians, i. 111 ; tour of provinces, i. 112 ; is killed, i. 112
- KÖPRILI Ahmed, Grand Vizir, and Sabathai Levi, ii. 213
- KORAN, how originated, i. 257 ; on Women, i. 205, 206
- KOSTAKY, Russian prince imprisoned, i. 141
- KULAHs, legend of, i. 86, note
- KULBACHI, priestess of Yarrabox, i. 249
- KUM KAPU, original quarter of Venetians, ii. 48
- KURBAN BA'IRAM, the day of homage and holiday time, i. 47
- KUTAYA, Selim II. governor of, i. 134
- KUTCHUK Hanum, or little lady, title of fourth wife, i. 233
- KUTCHUK Kainardji, Treaty of, ii. 130
- KYNIGON, or Gate of the Hunter, ii. 270
- LALA MUSTAPHA, Admiral of Turkish Fleet, his cruelty, i. 136
- LAMBS, sacrifice of, at Easter, ii. 184
- LANTERNS, law as to carrying, ii. 296
- LATINS, their churches in Constantinople, ii. 60, 62
- LAW of accession found necessary, i. 2 ; is made, i. 5 ; law of inheritance, i. 111. Code of laws of Mohammed II., i. 122 ; law as to women's property, i. 203
- LAYARD, i. 181
- LEO III., Pope, Council of Christian Church under, ii. 173
- LEO VI., Emperor, ii. 35, 162 ; his grave, ii. 162, note
- LEPANTO, battle of, i. 135 ; receipt of news at Rome and at Constantinople, i. 136
- LEPERS in Constantinople, ii. 217, 303
- LETHABY, Mr., his book on Sancta Sophia, on Byzantine fountains, ii. 141
- LETTER describing Hareem of Suleymān, i. 40
- LIPOMANO, Venetian Envoy, his account of his time, ii. 87
- LITERARY Turks, i. 31, 130
- LOMBARDS, the, their connection with Venetians, and Lombard Street, ii. 47
- LOURDES of Constantinople, the, ii. 267
- LUCCA, merchants from, at Constantinople, ii. 47
- LUSIGNANS govern Cyprus, ii. 107, 162
- LUSIGNAN, Guy de, pretender to Armenian Crown, ii. 162
- LUXURY, the result of, on the Turks, i. 115
- LYCÉ, Greek, i. 288
- LYNCH, H. F. B., his papers on the Armenian question, ii. 164
- MACEDONIA Question, the, ii. 148 ; riot of the Greeks in, ii. 151
- MACHPEÏKA SULTAN, i. 140 ; builds Tchinili mosque, i. 310
- MAGISTRATES, the superior, i. 75
- MADONNA, the Byzantine, ii. 69, 269, note ; at the siege of Constantinople, ii. 268
- MAGYAR language similar to Turkish, i. 299
- MAHMUD Abdullah, i. 58, note
- MAHMUD I., i. 157-8
- MAHMUD II. hidden in a stove by his mother, i. 12, 163 ; comes to throne, i. 163 ; drops all Mustaphā's women and ministers into the Bosphorus, i. 54, 164 ; his supposed ignorance, i. 168 ; his reforms, i. 168-73 ; destroys Janissaries, i. 175-6 ; abolishes Dervishes, i. 176 ; the army, navy, and education under him, i. 176 ; publishes newspapers, i. 177 ; his order of merit, i. 177 ; steamers, quarantines, Ambassadors to all Courts, coinage, etc., i. 177 ; gives a ball, i. 177 ; puts down insurrections, i. 177-8 ; anecdote of, and Dervishes, i. 178,

- and Bektāshee Dervishes, i. 179;
England's treachery to him, i.
181; sumptuary law, i. 183; dies,
i. 180; exterminates Wāhhābis
and Mamelukes, i. 270; tries
Christian soldiers, i. 302; his
charger's grave, i. 308
- MAHMUD NEDDIN Pasha, his ex-
travagance, i. 190
- MAIMOUN, Khaliph, one of the
great, i. 264
- MAMINS, division of the Jews, ii.
221-2
- MANAURA, Palace of the, ii. 17
- MANSUR and learning, i. 262-4
- MANUEL, EMPEROR, riots at his
death, ii. 52
- MANUEL PALÆOLOGOS, Emperor,
ii. 56
- MAPSHATI, their duties, i. 76
- MARIONETTES, i. 362-4
- MARONITES, the, their colleges,
bishops, etc., ii. 104
- MARRIAGE of Orkhān II. with
Theodora, i. 16; of Suleymān
with Roxalana, of Abd-ul-Medjid
with Besma, i. 16; Laws as to, i.
215; amongst the Greek clergy,
ii. 143; ceremony, i. 231
- MARWAN the usurper, succeeds
Mūāwiyah I., i. 3
- MATRIMONIAL AGENTS, i. 227
- MAULAWI JALALU'D-DIN founds
dancing Dervishes, his idea of
future life, is persecuted, i. 82
- MAVROCORDATO, Princess, present
Ambassadress, i. 288. ALEXAN-
DER —, writer to Mohammed IV.,
his works, ii. 118; Nicholas —,
son of above, ii. 118; Constantine,
son of 2, ii. 119; Alexander —,
and charter of Greek indepen-
dence, ii. 134
- MAVRUDI EFFENDI, Ambassador
to England, i. 172
- MECHITAR, founder of Mechitirist
order, ii. 190-2
- MEELEK SHAH extends kingdom,
and patronises arts and letters, i. 4
- MEHEMET ALI entrusted with ex-
termination of Wāhhābis, i. 270
- MEHMED RESHID Pasha con-
spires against Abd-ul-Aziz, i.
190
- MESOPOPIAN, gardens of, ii. 17
- MESROB, inventor of Armenian
alphabet, ii. 160, 197
- MICHAEL IV., Emperor, marries
Zoë, i. 319-20
- MICHAEL V., adopted son of above,
banishes his uncle, exiles Zoë, is
deposed, i. 321
- MICHAEL VIII., ii. 63, 64
- MIDHAT Pasha conspires against
Abd-ul-Aziz, i. 65, 190; banished
to Taaf, his death, i. 193
- MIHRAB, or Mecca indicator, ii. 23,
etc.
- MIHRIMAH, daughter of Roxalana
and Suleyman, i. 27; her mosque,
i. 310; daughter of Mahmūd II.,
festivities at her marriage, i. 355
- MILLION, the, centre of all dis-
tances in Turkey, ii. 14
- MINING industry, bad condition of,
i. 305
- MIRHI Hanum, poetess, story of
her life, i. 32
- MISIRI'S Hotel, fire at, destruction
of Author's MSS. in, i. 330-4
- MISSIONARIES, European, in 1699,
their foolishness, ii. 192; Ameri-
can, amongst the Armenians, ii.
198; English, objected to by
Patriarch of Etchmiadzin, ii. 199;
modern, to the Armenians, their
teaching, ii. 201; Catholic, in
Turkey, ii. 103; their head-
quarters and branches, ii. 104
- MISSOLONGHI, death of Byron at,
ii. 134
- MITHRA, temples to, traces of now,
ii. 157
- MOAKITS, or clock-winders, i. 72
- MOATS, note on, ii. 272
- MODA, death of Emperor Maurice
Tiberius at, i. 314
- MOHAMMED, brother of Othmān II.,
is strangled, and curses his
brother, ii. 143
- MOHAMMED Agha, first Ambassa-
dor to European Court, i. 172

- MOHAMMED Effendi, Ambassador to Warsaw, i. 171
 MOHAMMED IBN ABD-UL-WAHAB starts the Wahhābi reform, i. 268
 MOHAMMED, son of Roxalana, i. 27
 MOHAMMED El-Fatih, mosque of, ii. 313
 MOHAMMED Effendi, his tomb, ii. 240
 MOHAMMED I. builds Yechili Djami, ii. 225; his tomb, ii. 236
 MOHAMMED II. (the Conqueror), his hand-mark in Sancta Sophia, ii. 89; makes inventories of Genoese property, ii. 67; — and the Armenians, ii. 189; carries his galleys overland, ii. 273; takes Constantinople, i. 114; enters same, i. 115; changes name to Stambul, his law of succession, is brother-in-law to Richard II. (?), reorganises state, i. 116; his toleration of Christians, i. 17, 119; makes code of laws, i. 122; reorganises Harem, Pashas, makes census, and Doomsday Book, i. 124; rebuilds Sea Palace, i. 122
 MOHAMMED III., son of Safiā, kills his nineteen brothers, his gentle character and poetical temperament, ruled by his mother, dies, i. 139
 MOHAMMED IV., Mr. North's anecdote of, ii. 91; beheads Mufti Istambul, i. 132
 MAHOMET THE PROPHET. See PROPHET.
 MOLLAHS, degrees of their chiefs, i. 75; oppose tobacco, i. 140
 MOLLAR Hunkiar, his duties, i. 98-9
 MONGOLS invade Armenia, ii. 161, 163
 MONITEUR DE L'ORIENT. See NEWSPAPERS.
 MONOMACHUS, Emperor, marries Zoë, his mistress, i. 322
 MONTEFIORE, Sir Moses, ii. 215
 MONTAGU, Lady M. W.'s letter re Turkish dress, i. 35-7; introduces inoculation against small-pox, i. 173; Mr. W.—, Ambassador, i. 173
 MONTNEGRO declared independent, i. 194
 MOORS, importation of, into Galata, ii. 73
 MOREA, the old name of Peloponnesus, ii. 157, note; Greek insurrection at, in 1770, ii. 111
 MOROSI, Phanariote family, ii. 113
 MOROSINI, Giovanni, Venetian Ambassador, and Mr. Harborne, ii. 83
 MOSAICS of Sancta Sophia, ii. 25; Mosaic Mosque, ii. 49
 MOSES, his rod, ii. 16; of Khoren, Armenian historian, ii. 160; — II., founder of Armenian Era, ii. 176
 MOSQUE of Omār at Jerusalem, i. 63; furniture of, i. 63
 MOSSUL and Roman Catholic Missions, ii. 104
 MOTECALLEMIN or freethinking clubs of Baghdad, under Greek Khaliphs, i. 265
 MOURNING not a Turkish custom, its equivalent, i. 222
 MUAWIYAH I., i. 2, 3; — II., i. 3
 MUZZIN, or prayer-caller, his duties, what he says, his reputation, i. 70-1
 MUDIR OF ZEITUN, ii. 171
 MUFTI. See KADI.
 MUFTI Jamali, his liberality to the Christians, i. 127
 MUFTI Istambul Radessy beheaded by Mohammed IV., i. 131-2
 MUNICH, Marshal, foments Greek revolution, ii. 127
 MURAD I., his tomb, ii. 238
 MURAD II., i. 5
 MURAD III. succeeds Selim II., i. 138; massacre of Armenians in his reign, i. 144; siege of Erzerum, plague breaks out, famine, description of same by Mr. Cook, i. 144; rebellion of Janissaries, i. 138; murder of Hâfiz Pasha, massacre of the Janissaries, i. 145

- MURAD IV. compared with Pedro the Cruel, had a great idea of the sword as a universal remedy, his religious persecutions and mercy to the poor, i. 152; dies in an orgy, i. 153; description of his little ways by Paul Rycaut, i. 153; is succeeded by Ibrāhim, i. 154
- MURAD V. kept a prisoner by Abd-ul-Hamid II., i. 52; is placed on the throne, i. 190; shows signs of insanity, i. 191; is deposed and succeeded by Abd-ul-Hamid II., i. 192
- MURDERER, escaped, story of, ii. 88
- MURIBS, i. 99
- MUSIC-HALLS and Cafés chantants at Pera, i. 359
- MUSTAPHA, cousin to Selim III., i. 12, 162; murders him, i. 163; is murdered, i. 164
- MUSTAPHA, brother of Sultan Suleyman, i. 27; is murdered at instigation of Roxalana, i. 27; his tomb, ii. 238
- MUSTAPHA I. succeeds Achmet I., spent most of his time in Kafes, i. 140; story of Prince Kostaky's imprisonment, i. 141; imprisons French Embassy, is imprisoned himself, and deposed, succeeded by Othmān II., i. 142; is re-instated, and privately made away with, i. 143
- MUSTAPHA III. succeeds Othmān, is unpopular, shows sparks of wisdom, curtails ladies' expenses, chooses Raghib Pasha as his Grand Vizir, i. 158; his connection with Baron De Tott, i. 159; dies, i. 160; is succeeded by Abd-ul-Hamid I., i. 161
- MUSTAPHA IV., i. 12, 163
- MUSURUS, Ambassador, and first Christian Pasha, i. 190, note
- NAÏB, their duties, i. 76
- NAKIB-UL-ESHRAF, i. 75
- NAPIER, Lord, i. 181
- NASCHEDIL SULTAN, mother of Mahmud II., a French woman, her story, i. 168-9
- NATHAN, accomplice of Sabathai Levi, the impostor, ii. 218
- NAVARINO, battle of, i. 180
- NAVY, shocking condition of Turkish, i. 302
- NAZALI, Egyptian Princess, story of, i. 243
- NEDJIB PASHA, i. 190
- NELIDOFF, present Russian Ambassador, ii. 103
- NERSUS THE GREAT, Patriarch of Etchmiadzin, ii. 176, note
- NESTOR, chronicles of, *re* the Warings, ii. 76
- NESTORIANS, or Jacobite Christians, their belief, patriarch, etc., ii. 105
- NEWSPAPER, first French, published in Turkey, i. 170
- NEWSPAPERS, various, published in Turkey, i. 162, 170
- NEWTON, i. 181
- NICEA, i. 4
- NICHANIFTKAR, Mahmud II.'s order of merit, i. 177
- NICHANJI, secretary for signature of Sultan, i. 123
- NICHOLAS, Grand Duke, of Russia, i. 195
- NICHOLAS I. of Russia, and the Protestant Armenians, ii. 199
- NICHOLAS II. of Russia, ii. 36
- NIGHTINGALE, Florence, i. 311
- NIKITAS, riot of the, ii. 16
- NINEVEH, ii. 108
- NISBE, St. James of, ii. 160
- NISIBÉ, ancient Armenian city, ii. 156
- NOAILLES, Marquis de, affronts Selim II., i. 137
- NORTH, Mr., merchant prince, his anecdote of Mohammed IV., ii. 91
- NOVEL, Turkish, by Adalet, i. 31
- NUNNERY, first, in Constantinople, ii. 62
- NYPHEUM, Treaty of, ii. 63
- OCONOMOS, John, originator of Sydonia, ii. 123

- ŒCUMENICAL Council held in S. Sophia, ii. 35
 OGUSES Turks, i. 5
 OLEF or OLIF, Waring chief, ii. 76
 OLYMPUS, Mount, at Brusa, the real one, the other Olympi, ii. 225-6
 OMAR succeeds Abu - Bakr - as - Siddig, i. 2
 OMMADES Dynasty, last of, massacred with family, i. 3
 ORDER OF MERIT, Mahmud II.'s. See NICHANIFTKAR.
 ORDERICUS VITALIS, account in, of early English settlers, ii. 78
 ORGANISATION of Hareem under Mohammed II., i. 124
 ORKHAN I. founds see of Constantinople, ii. 189; his tomb, ii. 237; son of Othmān, consolidates Empire, makes Brusa capital, i. 5
 ORKHAN II. marries Theodora, i. 16
 ORLOFF, Catherine II.'s lover, and the Greek Revolution, ii. 128
 OSMAN PASHA, i. 194
 OTHMAN founds Ottoman Empire, i. 4; stories about him, marries daughter of Edebalı, i. 5; story of courtship, their son Orkhān, i. 5; creates Janissaries, i. 81, 114; his official Court, i. 123; his tomb, ii. 237
 OTHMAN II. makes peace with the French, i. 142; curtails power of Sheikh-ul-Islām, strangles his brother, who curses him, is murdered by Janissaries, kills six of them, i. 143
 OTHMAN III. passes fifty years in Kafes, i. 9; his reign, i. 158
 OTHMANLI or Turkish Empire founded by Othmān, i. 4
 OTTOMAN BANK, the Imperial, formed, i. 188
 PADISHAH, title of Sultan, i. 59
 PALACE OF THE NINE TOWERS, description of, ii. 286
 PALÆOLOGI, Phanariote family, ii. 113
 PAN-ISLAMISM, Abd-ul-Hamid II. starts, i. 59; its failure, i. 60
 PANAJOTI, writer to Köprili Ahmed, the indirect cause of Crimean War, ii. 117-8
 PAPAPUOLO and Orloff, and Greek revolution, ii. 128
 PARDOE, Miss, her book on Turkey, i. 214
 PARLIAMENT, the first Turkish, i. 191-2
 PASHAS, meaning of their tails, their grouping under Mohammed II., their privileges, i. 124 and note
 PATRIARCH, Greek, past and present powers of, i. 118
 PAULINIAN heresy, the, ii. 152
 PEARS, Mr. E., his book, ii. 265
 PELASGI, the Albanians descended from, ii. 107
 PERA, its French churches, ii. 101
 PERSIAN monarchs who were Khaliphs, i. 58, note; religious ceremony, curious, ii. 323, and Note on —; have retained nationality in spite of Islām, i. 257, note
 PETER THE GREAT, ii. 119; encourages Greek revolution, ii. 124; his treaty with Turkey, ii. 125
 PETERWARDEN, battle of, Köprili Mustaphā killed at, ii. 112
 PETRAKI, Greek banker, his connection with Sydonia, ii. 123
 PESTH, principal market of Eastern Europe at present, i. 196
 PHANAR, the Greeks of, engage in commerce, ii. 112; its importance, ii. 113
 PHANARIOTES, the great families, ii. 113; their education and palaces, ii. 113, 114; Besbecq on, ii. 114; result of education, social life amongst, ii. 116; have representatives at Court, ii. 117; their Grammatikos, ii. 117; educate lower classes, ii. 120; their schools, ii. 120-1; execution of number of, ii. 135; disappearance of — families, ii. 136
 PHAUSTUS of Byzantium, historian, ii. 160

- PHIDALIA, foundress of Byzantium, ii. 42
- PHILIPPOLIS, city of, ii. 157
- PHOCAS, his revolution, i. 314
- PHOTIUS, schism of, i. 261; ii. 35
- PIERRE LOTI and Eyub Sultan, lives there, ii. 244
- PIGEONS at Eyub, ii. 251; at Constantinople, ii. 305
- PIPE FEEDERS, ii. 295
- PISANS, colony of, in Byzantium, ii. 45-6
- "PLEASURES of Light," poem by Sidi, i. 32, 33
- PLEVNA, its defence by Osman Digna, i. 194
- PODESTA of the Venetians, ii. 48; office abolished, ii. 72
- POETS, Turkish, i. 31-2
- POLITENESS, innate, of the Turk, i. 239, 280
- POLITICAL position of Turks before conquest, i. 114
- POLYGAMY, the Prophet on, i. 207
- PONOCROTION or little hippodrome, ii. 17
- PONSONBY, Lord, signs first treaty between Turkey and England, i. 181
- PORCELAIN Kiosk, the, ii. 322
- PRAYERS, how said in Constantinople, i. 67
- PRIESTHOOD, its wealth badly administered, i. 110-11
- PRIESTS dissolute, shocking behaviour of, in 1699, ii. 192
- PRINCES ISLANDS, the pleasure resort of Stambul, i. 307, 323
- PRINCES of provinces under Mohammed II. become Mohammedans, i. 124
- PRINKIPO, chief of Princes Islands, i. 307; described, i. 314; is the Bournemouth of Stambul, its monasterial prisons, etc., i. 315
- PRINTING-PRESS introduced into Turkey, i. 154; opposed by priests, i. 155; is used by Bek-tāshee Dervishes, i. 156
- PROCOPIUS, Byzantine author's description of S. Sophia, ii. 4, 20
- PRODUCE of Turkey, i. 303
- PROPHET, THE, made no law of succession, reason of this, his relics, i. 47; ii. 23; his knowledge of Gospels, i. 61; declares Koran infallible, i. 61; reforms laws relating to women, institutes the Hareem, i. 203; his contempt for women, i. 205; polygamy, i. 207; his regulations for women, i. 210; has fifteen wives, leaves no male heir, i. 1
- PROTESTANT ARMENIANS, ii. 198
- PURGATORY and Islām, i. 88; and the Greek Church, ii. 139; and the Armenian Church, ii. 178-9
- PYRAMIDICAL house, the, ii. 16, 17
- QUARANTINE instituted by Mahmud II., i. 177
- QUIRINI, Italian boy, tortured by Lāla Mustaphā, i. 136
- RABBI, or Kat Kham Bachi, i. 126
- RACINE changes names of Mach-peika and Tarkhann in his "Bajazet," i. 20
- RADCLIFFE, Anne, Mrs., ii. 290
- RAGHIB PASHA, i. 112, 158; adviser to Mustaphā III., helped by Schiller, i. 158
- RAILWAY between Varna and Rustchuk, i. 188
- RAMAZAN, not Ramādan, i. 62, note
- RAMS, tame, in Leather Bazaar, ii. 312
- RASHID PASHA conspires against Abd-ul-Aziz, i. 190
- RAÜF PASHA, Grand Vizir to Abd-ul-Medjid, i. 185
- RAWLINSON, i. 181
- REACTION against Arabian civilisation, ii. 267
- REBIEH GOULOUS, wife of Mohammed IV., her origin, i. 310
- RECHAD Effendi, brother of present Sultan, i. 6, 7, 8
- REDCLIFFE, Sir Stratford de, and Armenian Patriarch, ii. 199; Lady —, her birth and work in connection with Armenia, ii. 202;

- LORD** — is English plenipotentiary in Turkey, his description of Mahmūd II., i. 164 ; his dress, etc., i. 165-6 ; his story of Byron, 165, note ; his estimate of Mahmūd II.'s character, i. 179 ; his staff, i. 180-1
- REFORM** Synagogue, the, its choir, ii. 218
- REFORMS** in women's dress, i. 121
- REGENERATION** of Turkey, a suggestion for, i. 305-7
- RELICS** at Sancta Sophia, ii. 5, 19, 27, 29 ; at Etchmiadzin, ii. 179, note ; Armenian, ii. 184-5 ; of Prophet may only be handled by Sultan, i. 59
- RELIGION** of Islām, its failings, incongruity of, at present time, i. 252-3 ; is dying, i. 254-6 ; is divided into several sects, i. 257, note
- RENEGADE PRINCES**, their goings on in seventeenth century, i. 151 ; their cruelty, i. 152
- RESHID PASHA** and the Gul Khaneh Hatti Sherif, i. 184
- RESPECT** of Turk for parents, i. 238
- REVOLUTION**, the French, ii. 95 ; Greek, i. 174. See **GREEKS**.
- RICHARD II.** of England, brother-in-law to Mohammed II. (?), i. 21
- RISTORI** at the Turkish theatre, i. 357
- RITUAL** of Islām, i. 61 ; its slight modifications since beginning, i. 64
- RIZA PASHA**, minister to Abd-ul-Medjid, i. 185
- ROADS** in Turkey, i. 304, 304 note
- ROBERT** College at Rumelli-Hissar, i. 290-1
- ROMANOS ARGRUS**, Emperor, husband of Zoë, i. 318
- ROSETTI**, great Phanariote family, ii. 113
- ROSSA**. See **ROXALANA**.
- ROSSI** at the Turkish theatre, i. 357
- ROTELLI**, Mgr., and the Bulgarians, ii. 149
- RCUMANIA** declared independent, i. 124
- ROXALANA**, also **Rossa**, marries Suleymān, i. 16 ; account of the marriage from an Italian letter, i. 25-6 ; her origin unknown, i. 24 ; was perhaps a Christian, i. 23 ; her portrait, i. 27 ; has Mustapha murdered, i. 27 ; rules Suleyman, i. 132 ; her cruelty, children, government, death, i. 28
- ROXANE**, Racine's, confused with Roxalana, i. 20
- RUMELLI-HISSAR**, American college at, i. 290, 291, 327
- RUPENIAN** Dynasty of Armenia, ii. 156
- RUSSELL**, Odo, i. 181
- RUSSIA** and the Greek revolution, ii. 126
- RUSSIAN** lady spy and Turkish verse, ii. 103 ; Church and Bulgarians, ii. 149
- RUSSIANS** in Constantinople, their churches, Ambassadors, spies, ii. 202, 203
- RUSTCHUK**, Pasha of. See **BARAÏKTKAR**.
- RUSTEM**, statesman in Suleyman's reign, his mosque for the preservation of his collection of Persian tiles, i. 129
- RUTHENIAN** branch of Greek Church, ii. 143-4
- RYCAUT**, PAUL, his work on Turkey, secretary to Earl of Winchilsea, i. 173
- SABATHAI LEVI**, Jewish impostor, and Köprili Ahmed, ii. 213
- SABBATH** days of the Turks, i. 297
- SAFIA**. See the **BAFFA**.
- ST. FRANCESCO**, church of, ii. 61
- ST. GREGORY**, the Illuminator, Apostle of Armenian Church, ii. 28
- ST. PETER'S** at Rome compared with St. Sophia, ii. 2, 9
- SS. SERGIUS** and **Bacchus**, churches of, ii. 43

- SALADIN the Great, his letter describing flight of rioters, ii. 52
- SALONICA, the birthplace of Greek revolution, ii. 124
- SALVIATIS, father and son, revive mosaic work, ii. 25
- SALVINI and Turkish theatre, i. 357
- SAN LAZZARO, monastery of Mechitirists at, ii. 192
- SAN STEFANO, Treaty of, i. 194
- SANCTA MARIA DEL FIORE at Florence, its cupola, ii. 5
- SANCTA SOPHIA, its riches badly managed, i. 110; its great size, ii. 1; compared with other cathedrals and St. Peter's, ii. 2; its blanc-mangy appearance, surrounding buildings, ii. 3; its architects, ii. 4; tales of the Crusaders about, its relics, ii. 5, 19, 27, 29; bygone beauties and outer buildings, ii. 7, 8; its fountains and present simplicity, ii. 10; its statuary, ii. 11; porch and bronze doors, ii. 20-21; its absolute size, ii. 22, note; its dome and present furniture, ii. 23; its mosaics defaced, ii. 25; service in, in Theodora's days, ii. 32; spoiled by the Turks, ii. 33; legends of, ii. 38; its sweating column, ii. 39; shining stone, ii. 38; miraculous window, mark of Mohammed's hand, which is really a Janissary symbol, ii. 39
- SANTONS, or Saints, i. 83; story of one, i. 89
- SAPPHO, her statue, ii. 16
- SARDANAPALUS, or Assurbanipal, his cruelty, i. 292
- SARUN EFFENDI, Minister for Foreign Affairs, i. 185
- SASSUNLICK, massacres at the, much exaggerated, ii. 208
- SASUNK, the, ii. 185
- SAULI, last Podestà of Galata, ii. 67, 72; his letter on fall of Constantinople, ii. 108
- SAVONAROLA, i. 270
- SCHILLER, German professor, advises Raghib Pasha under Mustapha III., i. 158
- SCHOOLS OF THEOLOGY, or Medrassés, of Mohammedans, i. 78; medical, law, fine art, etc., of Constantinople, i. 287
- SCLERENA, mistress of Monomachus, i. 322
- SCOPIA, Joannitus I., Archbishop of, ii. 244
- SCOTT, Sir Walter, *re* Varangian Guard, his blunder as to tides, ii. 80
- SCUTARI, its mosques, i. 307-9
- SELAMLICK, ceremony of the, i. 48
- SELIM, son of present Sultan, i. 6
- SELIM I., the Ferocious, i. 58, 126; proposes to destroy the Christians, i. 127, ii. 110; converts churches into mosques, i. 127, ii. 111; conquers Armenia, ii. 164; his wholesale massacres of Janissaries, Shi'ahs, etc., annexes Egypt, inaugurates Sureh Emineh, his death, character, and literary attainments, i. 126
- SELIM II., his law for seclusion of princes, i. 6; is a coward and drunkard, his Grand Vizir, i. 134; Cyprus annexed, i. 135; protects Christians after Lepanto, i. 137; his behaviour at the news of same, i. 137; allows Mohammedans amongst Janissaries, i. 150
- SELIM III. succeeds Abd-ul-Hamid I., joins Russia and England against Napoleon, i. 161; allows French newspaper, i. 162, 170; his reforms, deposed by Sheikh-ul-Islam, murdered by Mustapha, his minister Baraïcktar, i. 163; spends fifteen years in Kafes, i. 12
- SELJUKS, Turkish, conquer empire, i. 3; succession under their rule, i. 4
- SERAGLIO, official residence of Sultans, i. 45-6; burnt in 1865, i. 46

- SERVANTS other than slaves in Turkey, i. 248
- SERVIA declared independent, i. 194
- SERVIAN Church, rise of the, ii. 144
- SHAGIRDS, or novices, i. 16
- SHAH ISMAIL SEFEWI, founds Sûfis dynasty, i. 80
- SHAHZADE Mosque, built by Roxalana, i. 28; a lady's mosque, i. 343
- SHEIKH, i. 99
- SHEIKH SA'UD, son of Abd-ul-Aziz, i. 269
- SHEIKH-UL-ISLAM, the, is Vicar-General, i. 13; supreme interpreter of the Koran, i. 66; his salary, costume, powers, i. 66; salary of, increased, i. 131, note; must be consulted by Sultan in danger, i. 55; must consent to deposition of a Sultan, i. 59, 65; opposes introduction of tobacco, i. 140; his power reduced under Othman II., i. 143; — Hassan Hairullah, i. 190
- SHI'AHs, section of Mohammedans, Persians, their number, i. 257, note
- SHOES, throwing of old, at a Turkish wedding, i. 231
- SIDI, poetess, i. 32-3
- SINAN, architect of Suleymanieh, i. 130
- SIPAHIS, i. 123
- SKINDJI HANUM, or second lady, title of, i. 232
- SLAVE traffic of Venetians, ii. 50; question, the, i. 245; traffic in, i. 246; effect of annexation of Circassia on — trade, i. 246; Mohammedan — illegal, i. 247; kidnapping —, i. 248; clubs of, i. 249; Sultan usually son of — woman, i. 16
- SLIPPERS, distinguishing mark of nationality, ii. 304
- SMALL-POX, inoculation introduced by Lady Montagu, i. 173
- SMRE - UL - MUSLEMIN, title of Sultan, i. 57
- SMYRNA, resort of English in Turkey, ii. 88
- SOCRATES, his statue, ii. 16
- SOFIA, Government of, and Russia, ii. 149
- SOFTAS, meaning of, i. 78; their studies, i. 79
- SOKOLLI, minister of Selim II., Suez Canal and —, Lala Mustapha and —, is murdered, i. 135; his tomb at Eyub, ii. 250
- STAMBUL and its environs, i. 307
- STANLEY LANE POOLE on Mohammedan women, i. 206 note, 207 note
- STANLEY OF ALDERLEY, Lord, i. 181
- STEAMBOATS first allowed on Bosphorus, i. 177
- STEP-CHILDREN often ill-treated in Hareems, i. 241
- STEPHEN OF NOVGOROD and Sancta Sophia, ii. 7
- STEPHEN II., King of Servia, ii. 144
- STEPHEN V. of Moldavia, his cruelty to Mohammedans, i. 125
- STOVES, curious, in Constantinople, ii. 297-8
- STRANGFORD, Lord, i. 181
- SUBHA, or rosary of the Turks, ii. 237
- SUBLIME PORTE, origin of term, its four dignitaries, i. 123
- SUEZ CANAL, i. 135, 160
- SUFIS dynasty, i. 80; their austerity and degeneration, i. 82-3
- SUFISHABI, original name of Der-vishes, i. 81
- SULEYMAN I., "the Legislator," "the Magnificent," grants privileges to foreigners, hates Italians, i. 128; his decrees recounted by D'Ohs-son, first resident Ambassador under, i. 129; his mosques, famous statesmen of his time, i. 129, 130, 155; fall of Empire dates from —, i. 130; his Hareem, i. 40; marries Roxalana, i. 16; settles degrees of Mollahs, i. 75; increases power of priests, i. 136; exempts Ulemas from taxation, i. 131; ceases to appear at Divan,

- his favourite, ruled by his wife, i. 132 ; coffee introduced in his reign, his luxury, allows the Janisaries to marry, i. 133 ; his cruelty to Christians, i. 134
- SULEYMAN II. passes thirty-nine years in Kafes, i. 11
- SULEYMAN EFFENDI, brother of present Sultan, i. 6
- SULEYMAN SHAH, i. 5
- SULEYMAN PASHA conspires against Abd-ul-Aziz, i. 190
- SULTAN, the, had formerly to attend fires, i. 330 ; present — and Armenian massacres, ii. 208 ; is supreme chief of Islam, but not an ecclesiastic, i. 55 ; cannot start new doctrines, i. 56 ; his titles, i. 56, 58 note ; meaning of word —, i. 57, note ; can only be deposed by Sheikh-ul-Islam, i. 59 ; his privileges, i. 59 ; supposed to know only Turkish and Arabic, i. 35 ; must dye his beard black, i. 7, note
- SULTANA, or Sultanness, not Turkish words, i. 18, note
- SUNSET effects in Constantinople and Eyub, ii. 260
- SUPERSTITIONS of the Turks, i. 101-3
- SWAINSON, Mr. H. See LETHABY.
- SWEETMEATS, Turkish, ii. 254
- SWEET WATERS of EUROPE, description of, ii. 325
- SYDONIA, its founding, ii. 123 ; is destroyed, ii. 130
- SZIGETH, campaign of, by Sokolli, ii. 257
- TAAF, conspirators against Abd-ul-Aziz banished to, i. 193
- TAKLIDI SÉIF, or investiture with sword of Othman, ii. 252-3
- TALATAVA, curious ceremony at church of, ii. 147
- TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AV, ii. 329
- TARKHANN, Valideh-Sultan, kills all seed royal, builds mosque, i. 20 ; heroine of Racine's play, i. 20 ; governs Achmet I., i. 140
- TATCH-UL-MESTOURAT, title of Valideh-Sultan, i. 18
- TCHERAGAN Palace, where Abd-ul-Aziz commits suicide, i. 46
- TCHINILI DJAMI, or tile mosque, built by Machpeïka Sultan, i. 310
- TEKFUR SERAÏ, or Palace of Constantine, ii. 278
- TEKKIEH, meaning of, i. 85
- THAMASP Kahi Khan, Persian usurper, and Bonneval, ii. 100
- THEATRE in Turkey, i. 353 ; Venetian — at Galata, i. 357 ; at Yildiz Kiosk, i. 52
- THEMISTOCLES, his statue, ii. 16
- THEODORA, Christian Sultana marries Orkhan II., i. 16 ; her tomb, ii. 237
- THEODORA, joint Empress with Zoë, i. 317 ; becomes nun, i. 318 ; reinstated, i. 321
- THEODORA, wife of Justinian, her seat in Sancta Sophia, ii. 31 ; her visit to Brusa, ii. 241
- THEOLOGICAL seminary, Greek, at Antigoni, i. 289
- THEOPHANA, Empress, grandmother of Zoë, i. 317
- THIEF, treatment of a bazaar, in 1810, ii. 304
- THOMAS A BECKET, chapel of the English to, in Constantinople, ii. 79
- TIBERIUS, Maurice, Greek Emperor, story of his murder, i. 313
- TIRIDATES, King, converted by St. Gregory, ii. 159
- TOBACCO introduced, i. 140 ; present — trade, i. 305
- TOLERATION of present Turks, i. 298 ; ii. 103
- TOMB-KEEPERS, or Turbhé-bachi, i. 73
- TOMBS, difference between male and female, ii. 294
- TOODJI-BACHI, or general of artillery, i. 123
- TORTURE chamber of Yildiz Kiosk, i. 52
- TOVIN, Council of, ii. 177

- TOWER OF CHRIST, ii. 264 ; of Isaac Angelus, ii. 278
- TRADITIONISTS or Sunni, sect of Mohammedans, i. 257
- TREASURY, the wonders of the, ii. 319
- TREBIZOND and Erzerum, road between, i. 188
- TUGHRA, i. 58, note
- TULIP, feast of the, ii. 99
- TURK does not like to be called so, i. 276 ; his house his castle, i. 54 ; exception to this, i. 59 ; his mixed ancestry, i. 277 ; his politeness, i. 239, 280-1 ; his hospitality and wit, i. 281 ; his honesty, i. 282 ; his intellect, i. 283 ; incongruity of his dress, i. 284-5 ; his religious feeling, i. 297 ; his tolerance, i. 298 ; his conservatism in agriculture, i. 304
- TURKEY, terrible condition of, in the seventeenth century, i. 151 ; speculations as to its improvement and future, i. 197 ; a suggestion for its regeneration, i. 306-7
- TURKEY COMPANY, Sir E. Barton and the, ii. 86
- TURKISH rapacity, a reason for, i. 207, 208 ; government, its toleration, ii. 200 ; its corruption, i. 285 ; baths, English imitation of, wrong, ii. 242 ; crowd, its silence, i. 309 ; language unlike all European languages save Magyar, i. 299
- TURLAKI, or Durmistars, i. 84
- ULEMAS, i. 70, 73 ; their duties and qualifications, i. 74 ; exempt from taxation, i. 131
- ULU DJAMI, or Great Mosque at Brusa, ii. 240
- UNDERGROUND passages in Constantinople, stories of, ii. 270
- UNORTHODOX Sheikh, friend of Author, conversation with, i. 272
- VAGARCHAVAD, ancient Armenian city, ii. 156
- VAGARSCHAD, Synod of, ii. 177
- VALENS, Aqueduct of, ii. 312
- VALIDEH-SULTAN, what she is, i. 18 ; her present of Bairam Maiden, i. 19
- VAN, founded by Semiramis, ancient Armenian city, ii. 156
- VARANGIANS, or Warings. See WARINGS.
- VARTABEDS, or doctors, ii. 186
- VEFYK PASHA, his restoration of mosques at Brusa, ii. 234
- VENETIAN galley, wreck of a, inventory of loss, ii. 51
- VENETIANS, the, their privileges, and riot, ii. 44 ; importance of, ii. 47-8 ; their architecture, ii. 49 ; their artists and slave traffic, ii. 50 ; their bigotry, ii. 51 ; support the Crusaders, ii. 54 ; women's dress, their trading dépôts, ii. 55 ; fall very low and lose commerce, ii. 58
- VENICE, churches to St. Moses, etc., in, ii. 198
- VERCELLIO, PIETRO, his work, ii. 49
- VERDI THEATRE, i. 359
- VERNINAC publishes first newspaper in Turkey, i. 162
- VINCENT, Sir E., manages Turkish finance, i. 300
- VIRGIL, his statue, ii. 16
- VIRGIN, incorruptible robe of, or Himation, ii. 268
- VIZIR. See GRAND VIZIR.
- VLADIMIR'S envoys at Sancta Sophia, ii. 35
- WAHHABIS, sect of Mohammedans, i. 257, 269, 270, 271
- WAKUF, the wealth of the Church, i. 109 ; its three varieties, i. 110 ; present bad condition, i. 111
- WALLAS, Wovod of Wallachia, cruelty to Mohammedans of, i. 125
- WALPOLE, HORACE, ii. 290
- WAR-ED-DIN EFFENDI, brother of present Sultan, i. 6
- WARINGS, or Varangians, ii. 75 ; their chief, Olef, ii. 76 ; their quarters and churches, ii. 77 ; defend the Blachernæ ii. 275

- WASHBURN, Dr., Principal of Robert College, i. 290
 WATER CLOCK of Sancta Sophia, or clepsydra, ii. 11
 WELL of Blood at Palace of Towers, ii. 286
 WHEELER, Sir J., ii. 265
 WHITE, Sir W., i. 181
 WHITTAKER, Mr., editor of the *Levant Herald*, i. 171
 WINCH, Sir Peter, Ambassador, seizure of his weapons, ii. 89
 WINCHILSEA, Earl of, i. 173
 WINDOW, miraculous, in Sancta Sophia, ii. 39
 WISE women in Turkey, i. 235-6
 WITCH of Eyub, visit to, ii. 261
 WITNESS, Turkish law as to female, i. 241
 WIVES, easily got rid of, i. 54 ; various names of, i. 232
 WOMEN, position of, under old Arabs and after Prophet's reforms, i. 202 ; how protected, i. 205 ; her legal position, i. 206 ; dress of, in olden times and now, i. 209 ; sumptuary laws governing, i. 211-13 ; her piety, i. 215 ; liberty of, i. 241 ; recreations, i. 242 ; cannot leave Empire, i. 243 ; their emancipation in future, i. 244 ; their modesty, story of, i. 251. WOMAN QUESTION, the great question of the East, i. 219 ; their ignorance, i. 220
 WOODS PASHA drills Turkish army, i. 300
 WRESTLERS, Greek, ii. 283
 XUXIPUS, baths of, ii. 16
 YARRABOX, priestess of, i. 249
 YASHMAC, meaning of, i. 211 ; not a Turkish invention, i. 219
 YAVOUZ, the Ferocious, surname of Selim I. See SELIM I.
 YECHILI DJAMI, or green mosque at Brusa, ii. 235
 YILDIZ KIOSK built by present Sultan, i. 47 ; described, i. 50-52
 YOUNG TURKEY PARTY, i. 97, 189 ; what it wanted, its constitution, i. 191
 ZAPEION, school for Greeks, i. 288
 ZAPTHALI, the Turkish police, i. 77 ; their brutality, i. 78
 ZEIREK Kilisse Djamisi, ii. 246
 ZEITUN, the Armenian community at, ii. 170 ; massacre at, in 1878, ii. 171
 ZEKI PASHA, i. 18
 ZEYNEB Effendi, poetess, i. 32
 ZILLAH, title of the Sultan, i. 56
 ZINDITE, sect of Mohammedans, their belief, i. 265
 ZOE, Empress, i. 315 ; her parentage, i. 317 ; marries Romanos Argrus, i. 318 ; her lover Michael, i. 318 ; adopts a son, death of her husband, i. 320 ; is exiled, i. 320 ; reinstated, i. 321 ; her licentiousness, i. 321-2 ; marries a third time, dies, i. 322
 ZOROASTER, influence of, on early Armenians, ii. 157
 ZOUCHE, Lord, i. 181

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